

and the price at which he bought, or nominally bought, for no stock changes hands. As palatial offices are occupied, it would appear that large numbers of speculators lose their money in this way. This system, when analysed, is neither more nor less than betting upon the rise and fall of the market, the broker being to all intents and purposes the bookmaker.' And yet our anti-gambling leagues quietly swallow this camel and then strain mightily at the gnat of the sixpenny 'chance' in a bazaar ticket. Consistency is a jewel, but theirs is clearly not a jewel of everyday wear.

### Some New Zealand 'Bulls'

'Bulls'—by which we mean, not the quadrupeds, but the mental no-thoroughfares, of that name—are not by any means all raised in Ireland. In his 'Irish History and Irish Character' Goldwin Smith says: 'The source of Irish bulls is a national quickness of wit, which, when uncontrolled by judgment and education, tumbles in its haste into laughable blunders. Such a "bull" as "The Minister had a majority in everything but numbers," is merely a lively idea expressed without reflection.' In his 'Irish Life and Character,' MacDonagh gives expression to a similar idea. 'A "bull,"' says he, 'is not evidence of stupidity; quite the contrary. Mental confusion is, of course, in every case the source of its origin, but that mental confusion often arises from rapidity of thought—from a plethora of ideas which, in the course of expression, get mixed up and confused in an odd and ludicrous fashion, like objects in a dissolving view. "Bulls," to put it briefly, more often spring from mental quickness than from mental sluggishness.' A 'bull' is no blunder, according to MacDonagh; it is a gift. Sydney Smith's long and labored definition of a 'bull' may be very well in its way but it is scarcely as illuminating as that of the Irish peasant: 'If you was dhruvin' along the road and you seen three cows lyin' down in a field, an' one of 'em is stan'in' up—that one is an Irish "bull".' When the Yorkshire and Lancashire Agricultural Society ordered some copies of Miss Edgeworth's 'Essay on Irish "Bulls"' for the use of members, they were indignant at finding that the book treated of a form of mental confusion and not of sturdy quadrupeds from the rich pastures of Kildare, Meath, or the Golden Vale

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But we have said that all the 'bulls' are by no means raised on Irish pastures. Practically every country furnishes its fair quota of this delightful confusion of thought to add to the gaiety of the nations. New Zealand political life has produced a goodly collection of this form of unconscious drollery. On Saturday week, for instance, the spokesman of the Taranaki deputation to Ministers worked off the following exquisite specimen: 'While coming to attend this deputation in the coach with three horses we got stuck firmly in the mud, and had to walk back one mile and a half to get shovels to dig ourselves out.' Some time ago, the Chairman of the Wellington Conciliation Board, in addressing the parties to the tailoring dispute, declared that they were 'flinging formidable-looking logs at each others' heads and asking them at the point of the bayonet to swallow these things!'

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During the past few years members of the New Zealand House of Representatives have collectively perpetrated nearly as many 'bulls' as did Sir Boyle Roche in his palmiest days in the Irish House of Commons. 'Never!' exclaimed an indignant legislator some time ago, 'never! as long as I have a seat on the floor of this House!' On another occasion an Opposition member was rib-roasting one of the occupants of the Treasury benches and described him as 'a cock-robin crowing on his own dunghill.' During the same sitting a Ministerialist member summed up the individualism and keen competition of our day by declaring that 'every man had to paddle his own canoe, and if he didn't he

would be kicked to one side and walked over.' 'I am glad,' said Mr. Hogg in the House two years ago, 'to see that there are no absentees present.' This was, on the self-same day, equalled by Mr. Haselden. In the course of his maiden speech on the Compulsory Taking of Land Bill, he spoke of a woman who was the first 'man' to carry a gun into the wild and woolly back-blocks in order to prevent her land from being taken away. And—not to mention other 'bulls' galore—did not Mr. Buchanan refer to Mr. O'Meara as, in his haste to speak, 'straining like a greyhound at the leash trying to get in his oar'? It is comforting to reflect that such unconscious expressions of incongruous ideas are due rather to mental quickness than to mental lethargy. But the Green Isle clearly enjoys no monopoly of the business of raising 'bulls,' although there seems to be a freshness and flavor about the Irish article which is all its very own.

### Mourning over Leo

It has been said that Leo XIII. was the first Pope that the Protestant world has known. Leo gave to the Papacy a temporal prestige such as it had never known since the Piedmontese troops entered the Eternal City through the breach in its walls in 1870. The mantle of his far-spreading charity extended to the separated Churches of East and West, and, largely through him, the Protestant denominations, for the first time since the Reformation, laid aside to a great extent the old bogie fear of the Papacy, forgot to refer to the occupant of St. Peter's Chair as the 'Man of Sin' and 'Son of Perdition,' and joined in eulogy and sorrow around his open grave. When the last and long-expected summons came, the aged Pontiff received it in the spirit which found expression in the words of the Catholic poet Davenant:—

'O harmless death, whom still the valiant brave,  
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite,  
And all the good embrace, who know the grave  
A short, dark passage to eternal light!'

The mails during the past two weeks convey a pleasing idea of the wondrous change which has come over the spirit of the non-Catholic world in reference to the Papacy. Not alone the secular papers, but the Protestant press and pulpit, and non-Catholic officialdom, in Great Britain, America, etc., have vied with each other in eulogies of the late Pontiff. Of the many poetic tributes to his memory that appeared in the non-Catholic press of England and America, we extract the following stanzas from the pages of 'Punch, the London Charivari':—

'The long day closes and the strife is dumb,  
Thither he goes where temporal loss is gain,  
Where he that asks to enter must become  
A little child again.

'And, since in perfect humbleness of heart  
He sought his Church's honor, not his own,  
All faiths are one to share the mourner's part  
Beside the empty throne.

'High Guardian of the mysteries of God,  
His circling love enwrapped the human race;  
For every creed the Pontiff's lifted rod  
Blossomed with flowers of grace.

'The nations' peace he had for dearest cause;  
Kings from his counsel caught a starry sign;  
Christlike he fostered loyalty to laws,  
These earthly, those divine.'

And it concludes by saying that 'so shall the heart of grief not soon be cold' for the venerable old Pontiff who worked his work and went to his rest in the fulness of labors, years, and honor.

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