

CLIPPINGS.

Mr Jaymes Payn in his "Note-book" alludes with righteous indignation to an incident which recently occurred near Falmouth. "Two lads fell through the ice one Sunday where the water was deep and the ice rotten. They were rescued by the courage and conduct of a clergyman, who thrice risked his life in the attempt, and himself fell in. On reaching the shore he was saluted by the snuffing reproof from a parishioneer, "Six days shalt thou labour, Mr Blank." "The only parallel to this," continues Mr Payn, "is found in the conduct of the American young lady who, being rowed by her lover on a lake, and coming on a drowning man, insisted on being set on shore (from motives of delicacy) previous to any attempt to save him."

Mr Frank Lockwood can tell a good story as well as draw a funny cartoon. In the *Idler* for the current month he remarks, *à propos* of the protection of witnesses from bullying counsel, that sometimes it is counsel who wants protection. "I was defending a man at York once," he relates, "who was accused of stealing cattle, 'beasts' they call them up there. I said to a witness, 'Now, my man, you say that you saw so-and-so; how far can you see a beast to know it?' 'Just as far off as I am from you,' he smartly replied. You may imagine the laugh there was against me." As an illustration of the humour which sometimes proceeds from the dock, the following may be taken.—A man, some years ago, was had up for stealing a horse. "Yours is a very serious offence,"

The late journalist, Monty Browne, once managed the Bondi Aquarium in Sydney, and a queer story is told of the way in which he severed his connection with it. He and the proprietors did not get on very well together, and one day an argument arose in the auditorium, where there was a large pastry stall. Monty took his temper, and, picking up the jam and custard tarts in handfuls, he pelleted his employers out of the place. Monty then "resigned," but he always held that he had won a great moral victory.

Australians will well remember "Monty" with his very long, slim figure, his reddish complexion, his active enterprising nature, and his kindly genial, sympathetic disposition. He was a rapid, fluent, and facile writer, and was possessed of a real enthusiasm in securing for his paper the earliest and fullest news. In fact, he was, in Janket parlance, a "live journalist" and the man who would get ahead of him would have had to rise very early in the morning. Many a youthful reporter and reader-boy has had occasion to remember Monty Browne with gratitude for his friendly counsel, willing help, and

generous encouragement. He always had a penchant for the stage, and when in course of time he took to the business of theatrical management he abandoned a profession in which he was fitted to take a conspicuous position, and at the same time did not advance his fortunes by the change. In his later years he was leader of the principal theatre at Adelaide, but up to the last remained the same sanguine, enterprising, good-hearted Monty Browne that we knew and highly esteemed of yore. Farewell, Monty.