

Personal Gossip.

Mt. Morganaire Darcy at one time was drawing £40,000 a year from Q.'s great mine. Before he struck it rich he was a happy-go-lucky Rockhampton lawyer, with creditors galore. Old time Northerners who have met him in London speak well of his hospitality.

Bowler "Tom" Richardson is rapidly becoming a "light of other days." The Surrey express' fast delivery has lost much of the devil that characterised his first Australian tour, and now the critics shake their heads and assert "his bowling is not what it was." Apropos of Richardson's bowling, Clem Hill: "We like him." By-the-bye, when THE CRITIC some months ago labelled Clem "Australia's premier bat," many people scoffed, but the young Adelaidean has by his late exploits at the wickets fairly earned that title.

Strange that Howe, who advocated an old-age pension scheme in the Federal Convention, is branded as a radical in Melbourne, whereas according to S.A. estimates (in some quarters) he is a rank conservative.

There is something of a bond of union between ex-*Register* editor Finlayson and Joseph Fisher, one of our wealthy and prominent men and once a *Register* proprietor. Both started as office boys on the paper.

Adelaide newspaper compositors are in fear and trembling. The dreaded linotypes arrive early next month, and there will be a gradual reduction in the respective staffs. *Apropos*, it is stated that managing printer Jeffrey, of the *Advertiser*, strenuously objected to the machine to the day of his death; but it was inevitable, and comps. are almost glad that the suspense is now over.

"Exhibition" Joubert will direct the Coolgardie exhibition, which is expected to open

A Barrier constable, shortly to immigrate, one night was actually arrested. He was "squiffy" outside an hotel and was chaffed. Mechanically, on hearing the word "drunk," he whipped out his handcuffs, put one clasp on his left wrist, and ran himself into the charge-room at the lock up. It seems a tall yarn, but THE CRITIC can vouch for its truth.

Father Zundolovich, recently transferred from Broken Hill to Wilcannia, has not yet been able to thoroughly master the English language. He is always ready to take instruction from anyone. One Sunday, in Broken Hill, he was counting over some money before Bishop Dunne. "I hev'," he said, "ten quids, forty bobs, sixty-three sprats, thirty scrums." "What?" said the Bishop. "Who told you to call the coins by those names?" "Father Connelly, your Lordship," tremblingly replied the little priest. The Bishop smiled. Father Connelly is an Irishman.

A brother of Colonel Spalding, Resident of Lord Howe Island, and recently Artillery Commandant in the N.S.W. Military Forces, is a warder in the Broken Hill Hospital. Also, a brother of Harry ("Andy") Gribben, the actor, who did big things on the burlesque stage in Australia before he went to England, is in the Silver City Police Force.

Peter Waite, S.A.'s hard-headed pastoralist is reckoned the shrewdest squatter in Australia. And that's something in these days of M'Caughey, Rickettson, and Tyson. He was once a watchmaker, but he early found his metier in wool growing.

Said that Bowler "Tom" Richardson had no taste for this English tour. It was only with great difficulty that Stoddart persuaded him to come.

Veteran runholder C. B. Fisher, with a three million failure behind him, has not lost hope of making another fortune out of squatting before he seeks the brighter land. He has a scheme