

MR. A. J. WHITE'S SALE.

THE stock of the late Iron and Woodware Company, which Mr. A. J. White is now selling off in the Octagon, Dunedin, contains a numerous and valuable assortment of furniture of every kind. The articles are all perfectly new and in first-class condition, and the workmanship and finish shown by them are unrivalled. Such an opportunity as is now offered to the public is not one likely to occur again—if ever, and those who let it pass by will have cause to regret having done so. The reductions made are enormous, and prices compared with the original prices and the character of the goods offered for sale, may be set down as merely nominal. The stock comprises curtains, carpeting, table-covers, and rugs, of the choicest and most durable kinds; chairs of all sorts, from the strong but neat kitchen chair to the gorgeous arm-chair that might grace a luxurious drawing-room. An assortment of tables of a like kind; wardrobes with and without mirrors; bedsteads, both iron and wooden, among which we particularly noticed a handsome construction of kauri wood fit for the first dwelling in the land; wash-hand stands and chamber sets, dressing tables, looking glasses, book cases, lounges, sofas—everything in short, that could possibly be required. Among the more noticeable articles are some complete suites of drawing-room and dining-room furniture planned with exquisite taste and skilfully put together; a wardrobe of honeysuckle wood, made in three compartments, and with a mirror in the middle door; a bedroom suite in inlaid New Zealand woods, made, and cheaply made, at a cost of £100, but now reduced to £60. Another great reduction is shown in the price of a really magnificent piece of furniture—a cabinet called the Exhibition Cabinet, and which is a marvel of carving and inlaid New Zealand woods. The first price of this article was £200, and it is now offered for £40. The assortment of goods, in a word—is one that would be creditable to a show-room in the first capital in Europe,—and contains, besides, articles, in the way of constructions in native woods, that would be sought for there in vain. As we have already said, the sale affords an opportunity not easily to be found, and which will be regretted by those who allow it to pass by unheeded.

THE CARDINAL AND THE CONSULS.

HIS Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, was the chief guest to meet the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at a banquet given by the Association of Foreign Consuls in London at the Hotel Metropole, on Tuesday, July 3rd. In returning thanks for the toast of the representatives of the churches of the world, his Eminence said: "We are all brothers, God grant that your countries may never be decimated, but that the vigorous root of that Christianity which you preserve, may remain and bear fruit, and may never wither. I cannot return thanks without remembering that we are—as I may, without affectation or assumption, say—we are met together in the imperial commercial city of the world. I believe that none who bear me, no representative of any foreign country, will hesitate for a moment to say that this great overgrown London is the centre of the commerce of the world. Even the Consul of New York will not think I am assuming too much when I say that London has an antiquity, if not an expansion in its commerce which even New York cannot equal. With that remembrance, I know that on my left sits one who was the chief magistrate of this city some years ago (Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, M.P.), and on my right is one who holds that greatest municipal office in our British Empire at this moment. I regret I was not able to be here last year, and it is with great thankfulness I am here to-night. I claim the greater part of this distinguished assembly as my flock, and there are those who would not acknowledge me perhaps as their pastor, nevertheless, I may claim them in charity as belonging also to me. The moral powers that once bound the nations of the world together in the form of diplomacy, parchment, and protocols, have ceased to bind them closely now, and the sovereignties of the old world are making an experiment of binding nations together by the most enormous military powers the world has ever seen. I disbelieve in these bonds, and I do profoundly believe in Christian and commercial brotherhood in the arts of peace. In the interweaving of nations one with another, in the mutual interests of our humanity—the wants on the one side, and the fruits of nature and toil on the other, I believe that these are much more constraining, much more durable, much more just, much more peaceful, and full of all the prosperities that can bless mankind. I will not claim for myself an expression happily used by the distinguished lady who sits on my right (the Lady Mayoress). She said: 'This is an assembly of the ambassadors of commerce,' and no expression could more precisely and succinctly put before you the great importance of assembling year by year, as I hope the consuls of London will, and, thereby, uniting more and more together that common interest of our brotherhood, which binds us more powerfully than any bonds of iron or of war. In the providence of God, our English speech is at present the most widespread, I believe since the Latin tongue covered the face of the earth, and I hope the message which will be wafted to and fro, which will be heard in other lands, will be a message of peace and goodwill to all the nations of the world.

The Life and Letters of "Bucksbot" Forster has been published in London, as a sort of Tory campaign document, and Correspondent Smalley is so related that he cables his admiration to the *New York Tribune*. "His letters," says Smalley, "are admirable. They are the man, simple, manly, frank and true as steel. The story of his escapes from assassination read (*sic*) like so many romances." They probably are. Forster was a despicable tyrant who deserved a tyrant's death, but did not get it. His valor was displayed by proxy. His janissaries made war on poor peasants, women and children. He earned and received the contempt of every honorable man, and he naturally wins the admiration of Smalley.

General News.

Brother Anthony, president of the De la Salle Institute of the Christian Brothers, New York City, is, the *Pilot* believes, the pioneer in a movement which we trust will soon be general in Catholic schools—the awarding of special prizes for excellence in athletic games, military drill, etc. When instructors of youth shall have thoroughly understood the necessity of the sound and supple body to the perfect work of the well-trained mind, and shall have given to physical culture in the curriculum of our boys' and girls' schools the honourable place which is its due, the sum not alone of human happiness, but of virtue as well, will speedily and mightily increase.

A Parliamentary Return showing the fleets of England, France, Russia, Germany, and Italy up to the 1st day of April last, giving in detail battle ships, cruisers, coast defence vessels, and torpedo vessels and torpedo boats built and building, moved for by Lord Charles Beresford, is published this week. The number of battle ships of England completed is 42; completing and building, 7; coast defence vessels, 12; armour cruisers completed, 6; unarmoured, 53; completing and building, armoured, 6; unarmoured, 15; torpedo vessels completed, 3; completing and building, 12, including two sharpshooters for Australasia; torpedo store ships, 2; torpedo boats, first-class, 86; second, 73. The total battle ships of France completed and building are set down at 30; coast defence vessels, 19; armed cruisers, 4; unarmoured 63; torpedo vessels, 8; torpedo boats, 124. Russia has 9 battle ships, 24 coast defence vessels, 25 armoured cruisers, 3 torpedo vessels, and 24 torpedo boats. Germany has 13 battle ships, 15 armoured coast defence vessels, 29 unarmoured cruisers, 4 torpedo vessels, and 92 torpedo boats. Italy has 21 battle ships completed and building, 21 unarmoured cruisers, 13 torpedo vessels, and 96 torpedo boats.

Under the caption, "The Rascally Farmers—Why Don't They Pay?"—the *Dublin Freeman* publishes this suggestive letter from "A Dublin Shopkeeper":—"July 1. Sir, I spent a few weeks lately in the County Limerick, which is always largely used for dairy purposes. The result of my observation is that pure new milk fresh from the cow is delivered at the creameries in Newcastle West and Kilmeeady at 3½d a gallon. The Kilmeeady concern is elegantly got up, and received daily the milk of about 1,000 cows. New laid eggs may be had there at 4½d a dozen, and I saw upland meadow on foot offered at 10s a ton. Is it any wonder that farmers can't pay the old impossible rents? We pay 4d a quart here for milk and the unfortunate farmer in Limerick sells four quarts for 3½d. I will make no observation on these facts, but I would respectfully invite public attention to them through the *Freeman*. I enclose name, but not for present publication."

Mr. A. B. Forwood's calculation as to the Naval Estimates which would satisfy Admiral Hornby is interesting. Admiral Hornby wants 286 cruisers, as against 142 now built or building. The extra 44 cruisers would cost 37½ millions sterling. To keep up the enlarged fleet and to keep it in repair would cost 1½ million per annum in excess of the present vote. The manning, victualling, and other votes would cost 2½ millions extra, making a total of 4½ millions permanently added to the Naval Estimates, which would amount to 18½ millions per annum. The building of the extra 142 cruisers would entail a further expense of seven millions per annum. So far Mr. Forwood. But why this elaborate demonstration of the impossibility of an impracticable scheme? Forwood would have deserved better of his country if he had contented himself with emphasising the "open secret" that "our naval armaments and stores of munitions of war, and their mode of supply, were far from satisfactory, not to say in a serious condition of depletion."

General Sheridan has written his memoirs, which, it is expected, will be published in two volumes towards the end of the year. A member of the publishing firm says that the General's narrative is very interesting. "He had used the first person, and his book read like a romance. It was full of the General's adventures from the time of his graduation at West Point to the Franco-Prussian war, of which he was a spectator. In simple language he had given a graphic account of his Indian fights and his part in the late war. The book was so much like a story that it would sell even if the General's name was not connected with it as the author. Whenever General Sheridan had found it necessary to use statistics he had put them in the form of notes, so that the narrative was never broken. Frequently the writing was strong and showed a clever literary hand. He had given a masterly account of his memorable ride from Winchester."

The crowd at Potsdam actually chered the young Emperor when he was following his father's coffin to the grave. A Royal funeral is always a miserable mockery, for there must inevitably be a large number of persons in the cortege who, although arrayed in all the trappings of woe, are nevertheless as merry as grise in reality. A few years ago, on the day of the funeral of one of the most prominent members of the English Royal family, the coffin was lying in state in a chamber hung with black; but a distinguished foreigner, who entered to deposit an Imperial wreath, was scandalised to find two well-known noblemen standing at its foot in animated conversation, and laughing heartily. A formerly prominent member of the household was once appointed to remain in attendance on the coffin of a deceased member of the Royal Family on the day before the funeral. He was supposed to sit on one side, apparently absorbed in grief, but a person who entered hurriedly found him lounging in an easy chair, which he had dragged in from the next room, with a pile of newspapers and a French novel, and his feet resting on one end of the stand on which the coffin was placed.—*Truth*.