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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ON August 20, Mr. Gladstone made a speech at MR. GLADSTONE'S Hawarden to some two thousand Liberals who SPEECH AT visited him there for the purpose of taking part in HAWARDEN. a presentation made to him on the occasion of his golden wedding by the members of the Burslem Liberal Association. The presentation took the form of a vase made in the local potteries, and the figures represented on it of Poland and Ireland gave Mr. Gladstone a key-note for his address. He said it was lamentable that, under the government of Russia only, could a parallel case be found to that which in the case of Ireland prevailed under the Government of England. Still more, he added, the case was not perfectly parallel, for Russia could plead that in former generations the Poles had fought desperately against her—whereas Ireland had never been hostile to England. England had invaded her and put down her heel upon her neck and that for many generations. The speaker then referred to the broken pledges of the Government with regard to coercion and went on to say, that, whatever might be his sympathy for Ireland, the chief feeling by which he was filled was for the shame of England in the face of the world. He next dealt with the *Times* commission, appointed, he said, instead of the Parliamentary committee demanded by Mr. Parnell—and to which he and his friends had been willing to trust themselves although they knew that its majority must be hostile to them. Now, however, continued the speaker, that the matter was settled and Mr. Parnell about to be tried on vague and general charges—although the letters alleged to be written by him must form the main issue, it was essential to justice that the two parties should stand upon an equal footing. But the commission, he said, was to extend its inquiry over several years, beginning with 1879. How was Mr. Parnell to defend himself? The *Times* would have the advantage of the most eminent counsel in the country, an expensive luxury, as Lord Herschell, speaking in the House of Lords, had called it. Mr. Parnell would need no less, and, therefore, for him, a man of moderate independence, the meaning of the matter was pecuniary ruin. The *Times*, on the contrary, represented a mine of enormous wealth, and would at the same time make money by publishing reports of the proceedings. This was a pretty equality the Parliamentary majority wished to see established in the case. But this was not all. If Mr. Parnell were found guilty, his good name, on which he depended, would be ruined. The *Times*, however, did not depend on its good name, and was protected by a special clause in the Act from any action at law and from paying one farthing's damages. The speaker added an approval of Mr. Parnell's action at Edinburgh in which, were it convicted of libel, the *Times* would suffer in its purse, a point where probably its feelings were quite as acute as in any other department.—Mr. Gladstone then dwelt on the imprisonment of 21 out of the 85 Parnellite Members, condemning the manner in which they were treated. He also referred scathingly to the cases of Mr. Mandeville and Dr. Bidley, and more especially to the treatment given in Parliament to the verdict of the jury in the inquest on Mr. Mandeville—as legal, he said, as that in the Supreme Court in Westminster Hall. But of which, notwithstanding the Government's biased respect for the law, Mr. Balfour had said in the House of Commons that it ought to be treated with contempt. Mr. Gladstone's practical conclusion was to impress upon his hearers the necessity of instructing their Tory friends as to the true facts of the question, so that they might feel the responsibility that devolved upon them in registering their votes, and no longer be thoughtlessly or ignorantly led in doing so merely by a desire to please or serve employers or superiors, as if the matter were indifferent to them and involved no responsibility.

A QUEER TRIUMPH.

THE nature of a cause may very well be judged by the manner in which it is defended. When we find the *Times* and the Unionists generally triumphing because Mr. Gladstone in his Hawarden speech made

a slip as to a contrast instituted by him with regard to the prisoners of Balfour and those of Bomba of Naples, we need not be at much pains to draw our conclusions. Mr. Gladstone, in condemning the

treatment given to the Nationalists in gaol, especially alluded to their being forced into the companionship of felons—men, who, he said, went to gaol from motives that were selfish and degrading, whereas political prisoners, even if they were mistaken, had acted from public motives—and, in this particular case, said the speaker, "I believe their actions tend much more to the repression of crime than to the commission of crime." This enforced companionship with felons, he added, distinguished the treatment given to the Irish political prisoners from that King Bomba had inflicted on Poerto and his comrades. In this, it seems, Mr. Gladstone was wrong, for he himself described the prisoners alluded to as in some instances chained to felons. But what anyone can make of this more than a slip of Mr. Gladstone's memory—more particularly since he must have known that the details he had given in his letters to Lord Aberdeen were still at hand to his opponents, it is difficult to see. No part of Mr. Gladstone's argument falls to the ground except that in which he states that Irish prisoners were worse treated than those in Naples. And what he says of the treatment of the Irish prisoners still remains true. "These gentlemen," he says, "going into prison find themselves put upon a footing of equality with all the felons of the country; and here, gentlemen—I don't like to be mealy-mouthed in such a case—it is a shameful, it is an inhuman and brutal proceeding, not of the Irish constabulary, who are the faithful and obedient instruments of what they are told is the law, but of the Irish Government, the English Government, and of the majority of the House of Commons, and not of the Parliament itself"—King Bomba, perhaps, in his time might have argued that he was a humane man. Many things bad before his days been done in prisons that he did not attempt. There was neither the rack nor the boot. No instrument of torture, in fact, was employed by him. And, indeed, King Bomba's prisoners were in a particular or two better treated than those of Balfour. They, for example, were allowed to receive food from their friends outside, and not starved as John Mandeville was. But we challenge contradiction that, taking into consideration the circumstances of the different times, the remnants of an older world that, in the time of King Bomba, still lurked in many places; the secret and deadly nature of the conspiracies formed by revolutionists; the temptations and abuses of absolute power; as contrasted with English enlightenment of the present day; the constitutional and open proceedings of the men imprisoned; and the freedom and fair-play that are proclaimed as the first principles of English rule; there is a closer comparison to be instituted between the respective usage of the prisoners than Mr. Gladstone actually drew, and, doubtless, in refraining from withdrawing the particular accusation made by him he perceives all this. Bomba did not make use of the rack or the boot, but he chained his prisoners together—the political prisoner sometimes linked to the felon. Balfour does not make use of the chain, but he does make use of the plank bed—a true instrument of torture as Mr. Labouchere explains in *Truth*. Bomba allowed his political prisoners to be supplied by their friends outside with food; Balfour, when they are suffering from diarrhoea, places his on bread and water, and when their throats are sore, gives them husks that they cannot swallow. There is not in English prisons the boot or the rack or the chain, but there is sleeplessness and hunger, and, as a result, comes death. There is, besides, as in Bomba's prison, the companionship of felons. Yet because Mr. Gladstone's contrast does not hold good, there is triumph in Unionist quarters. But the triumph that is so secured cannot differ much from defeat, and the nature of the cause so defended is evident. Let the Unionist party triumph and rejoice, then, because their champion is not in every minute point a Bomba. It should be enough to shame them that he is a Balfour, approaching the example of King Bomba as closely as he dare, and as they venture to permit him.

WE have now had an opportunity of reading Mr. THAT SENSIBLE Edward Wakefield's "sensible letter" in the *Times*. LETTER. And a sensible letter we admit it perhaps is, for the sensibleness of a matter may be determined in various ways, and it sometimes depends more or less upon the circumstances that direct or influence the individual concerned. But as to the logic of Mr. Wakefield's letter, that is quite another affair. It begins, in a word, by decrying an agitation which it concludes by completely justifying. Mr. Wakefield quotes statistics copiously and

proves by them that, not only is the Chinese population of the colonies insignificant at present but that it is considerably less than it was some years ago—with apparently a tendency still to diminish. That the writer is hard on the vices of the white men, and loud in admiration of the virtues of the Chinese, we take as a matter of course, John Chinaman is a virtuous and exemplary being for those whom it suits to have him so, and the European working classes are vicious and capable only of affording a warning to people who judge of them from the same standing place. As we have said before, nevertheless, a sufficient proof of the nature of John Chinaman's virtue seems to be given us in the undoubted fact that the very lowest and most degraded members of the white population are capable of becoming more degraded still by keeping company with him. In the lowest depth there is still a lower depth, and that is found in the Chinese quarters. Those good people, moreover, who so much admire the virtues of the Chinese, take good care to admire them only from a convenient and profitable distance. Mr. Wakefield, however, concludes his letter by destroying the argument he has advanced against agitation from the small and diminished numbers of the Chinese in the colonies. In the concluding paragraph he tells us plainly and without concealment, that at least half of Australasia must become the inheritance of these people, and that this will be for the great benefit of the empire generally—as well as for that of European settlers in the colonies. But it is not our purpose to enter into any prolonged discussion as to the pros and cons of the case. It is to be hoped the great majority of the European settlers will understand quite enough about it to take the part the preservation of their classes from inevitable degradation imperatively demands of them. What we would point out is the complete manner in which Mr. Wakefield justifies the agitation he condemns, and shows the hand of the party whose interests he advocates. If Australasia is to be peopled by the Chinese in the future—and to speak of their being confined to certain distinct portions of the colonies is simply absurd—agitation is certainly vain; but if this is to be prevented, as prevented it should be, there can be no wiser step than that of taking time by the forelock. The working classes are now warned of the future the monopolists have planned for them, and they say to be fore-warned is to be fore-armed. Still we may admit that Mr. Wakefield has written a very sensible letter, and one that should have its due reward.

A FRENCH professor who was present at the eighth centenary of the university of Bologna last June, gives some particulars of the celebration and his experiences there, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which are worth attention. The law school of Bologna, he tells us, is of doubtful origin and the probabilities are that it was founded in old Roman times, and survived the barbarian invasions. What is certain is that Italy, so far as learning was concerned, always held a position in advance of other countries, and there is still extant a petition, most probably written by a German monk, to the Emperor Henry III., begging of him to have fathers teach their children to read, so that they may study the law, as is the case in Italy. It is proved then, that in the year 1045 there were schools in the Italian towns which were regarded, at least from a distance, as flourishing. Of these, that at Bologna was the principal, and in the beginning of the 13th century the students there numbered 10,000—which we may remark in passing, is, as this professor tells us, the total number of students in the colleges of Paris to-day, under the education craze and enlightenment of the period. Accommodation could not be found for these students in lecture rooms, and the strange spectacle was seen of their being taught in the streets. The eighth centenary, therefore, of the university was in some sense a fiction, for as a school of law it had existed much longer than eight hundred years, but as a university not so long. The year was chosen, reckoning in an arbitrary way, from the career of a professor named Irnerius, who had been of more than ordinary distinction, and the day, the 12th of June was selected, because on that day in 1859 the Austrians, hearing of the disaster of Magenta, had withdrawn from the city. As to the celebration, there were processions, and addresses, and displays of various kinds, but of no particular interest to us. The description given by the writer, however, of King Humbert, as he listened with complacency to Carducci's glowing panegyric of Mazzini, is very significant, and fully justifies the professor's conclusion, that the only enduring monarch of the times must be he who agrees, as the late Comte de Chambord finely refused, to be, as he said, *le roi légitime de la révolution*. The writer also remarks on the significance of the instance made by the Italian speakers on the durability of the present state of things. Their discourses struck him forcibly as showing the dread they felt of a restoration of the temporal power. The invocation of Mazzini and Garibaldi, and the presence of a legitimate king of the revolution, were not sufficient, it would appear, to reassure them on this point. This great revolutionary demonstration, therefore, for such it was intended for, had its weak points, and failed in some degree as a triumph. But, as we see, the experiences of the French professor are not without their importance and suggestiveness.

DEFECTIVE MARKS.

It appears that the marks of Catholicity made evil by the late congress of the Church of England are not without their blemishes. There is, for example, the Protestant Bishop of Liverpool who writes to the *Times* showing anything but a Catholic spirit, and dissenting very strongly from a good deal that has been done. His Lordship actually throws doubt on the nature of the assembly as representing his whole community, and writes of it as "the so-called Pan-Anglican conference." But if it was not even Pan-Anglican how could it be universal? The Bishop thinks his Church would do much better were it to confine its attention to the needs of its own congregation than by going about the world concerning itself in the affairs of other communities, and stretching out the right hand of fellowship to all sorts of heterogeneous bodies. There, he says, are the divisions of the Church with respect to what he calls the doctrine and the ritual of the Lord's Supper—unhappy divisions, he says, which he considers far more deserving of attention than the condition of the Scandinavian or Greek Churches, or the Old Catholic movement. The Bishop, moreover, is as determined as ever was Jenny Geddes herself with respect to the re-admission of the Mass, and quite as resolute as he in pronouncing against auricular confession. Though, as to the re-admission of the Mass into a community where it never existed, and where it is impossible that it could exist, the Bishop may make himself quite easy about that, and, as to auricular confession, without the power conferred upon the priesthood, it is hard to understand what good purpose it can serve. On the whole, however, the Bishop of Liverpool seems to take a common sense view of the matter, and to see the points that are really of importance for his Church, if it is to keep together. We have the highest authority for saying that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and a union of the Church of England with other non-Catholic and Protestant bodies, so far from enabling it to contradict this truth, must hasten the fulfilment by increasing the divisions. The marks of Catholicity, indeed, shown by the Pan-Anglican Congress, were of such a nature as to prove in a very conclusive manner that there is no sense in which the Church of England is Catholic.

A LOST TREASURE OF FATHER JELLABY'S.

Who would not have a handle to his name? Verily the privileges of rank are worth fighting for. No wonder my Lord Robert Montague could not think of continuing a member of a Church that permitted men to maintain liberal principles. So long as it was worth his Lordship's while, he remained firm to his conversion. He condescended to be looked upon as a most devout member of the Catholic Church, and was the white-headed laddie of worthy Father Jellaby. His Lordship's soul was worth whole scores of the souls of mere original Irish Catholics, and Father Jellaby was ready to swear by him. But the hour came when things suffered a slight change. An Irish constituency could no longer be found to return his Lordship to Parliament; the *canaille* generally were found to have aspirations that no true scion of nobility could possibly approve of, but which the Church still could not be prevailed upon to condemn. His Lordship accordingly reconsidered his condescension, perceived he could no longer patronise the Church of God, discovered that the Jesuits were most nefarious plotters, and that even the venerable Cardinal Manning himself was no better than he ought to be. In a trice he jumped back, as quick as any transformation in a pantomime, from the character of a Catholic zealot into that of an Orange champion. But what would you have? Must we not all make profitable employment of the talent God has given us and put our advantages to their best use? My Lord Robert Montague had his rank and name for his talent, and he saw that the privileges of his class were threatened. Father Jellaby, no doubt, tenderly excuses his necessity and his temptation to this hour, blaming those miserable Irish. But we see, meantime, how my Lord Robert Montague makes use of his talent. Here is Mr. Justice Kay, who explains the matter to us in open court.—"People (said Mr. Justice Kay) who have the right to write a title of honour before their names, and who know that they can influence others, should act not only honestly but honourably. This transaction was neither honest nor honourable, and was one which should be publicly condemned." The transaction alluded to, we may state for the information of our readers, was one in which Lord Robert Montague had given his name as a director—a decoy-duck—to a bogus company, for the consideration of £1000 advanced to him out of the funds of the company, and the words we have quoted were those in which the Judge, while ordering his Lordship to repay the money, with 5 per cent. interest and costs, commented on his conduct. We see, then, the true nobility of scions of the aristocracy who find their devotion as Catholics affected by the liberality with which the Church deals with the rights of the people, and in favour of whom certain ecclesiastics are fervent, for their part, in opposing and denouncing the cause of a Catholic people. It would, as we see, have profited the Catholic Church a great deal to have retained Lord Robert Montague as one of her members, and she suffers a severe loss in his withdrawal from her fold. Perhaps, on the contrary, certain of her ecclesiastics, whose zeal appears to be but

little tempered by discretion or charity, may receive from this case a profitable lesson, of which they stand sadly in need. They may be quite convinced that the convert whose fidelity to the Church is hindered or alienated by worldly reasons is little worth either gaining or retaining. At all events, we wish the Protestantism to which Lord Robert Montague has returned as a champion, joy of its acquisition. The Church has had a narrow escape of being disgraced by him, and is a debtor for this to the Irish National cause.

FOO CUTE BY HALF.

Ireland is not a country flowing with milk and honey; it is at least, what some people might prefer, that is, one which abounds in ready money and whiskey. An American Catholic named Hurlbert, and well known as a contributor to the English periodicals and a man who of late years has interested himself much in European affairs generally, makes this discovery. He has, it appears, recently devoted himself a good deal to an examination of Irish affairs, and, being at once a devout Catholic,—which we are given to understand, secured for him the confidence of the priests and the more religious laymen,—and a cute Yankee, which enabled him to see and discern the nature of things that must have escaped the close observation of tourists who were not cute, he has been able to give to the world some useful fruits of his experience. To the combination of cuteness and religion, therefore, we are indebted for a very remarkable production. So keen and so far reaching was Mr. Hurlbert's sight, in fact, that we could have no difficulty in believing he saw the whole panorama revealed to him without ever having crossed the channel at all. He saw Ireland in short transformed in such a manner that her own mother as the saying is, if she had one, could not recognise her, and every one of us who knows anything of the country can feel nothing but amazement in reading his book. It contradicts all our recollections, and sets us completely upside down.—According to Mr. Hurlbert, Sir James Caird made a grievous mistake in his conclusions as to the failure of the land to yield rent,—for the tenantry are wealthy people,—having no more poverty among them than is to be met with, for example, in the very richest districts of the flourishing kingdom of Belgium. They are a people, moreover, of theatrical tastes. Even the evictions are got up by them for their own particular delight and profit. For going through with those, for instance, at Glenbeigh they were paid a very liberal sum.—The agents, indeed, are commonly tempted with proffered bribes by the tenants to evict them, so profitable do they find the matter. Mr. Hurlbert, too, appears to have fallen in with some very admirable witnesses. There was, for example, a certain policeman, of whom he tells us, as the *Times* in which we find a review of his work tells us of himself, that he was a devout Catholic, and verily Catholic devotion at the present day manifests itself sometimes in a very curious fashion. This devout Catholic was one Sergeant Mahoney, who, being a clever slip of a boy, quick in the wits as well as lively with the tongue, and understanding what was for his own advantage, had taught himself shorthand, which he had just made use of in taking down an English version, and a very free translation we may suppose to suit the Sergeant's genius, if not his interests, of an Irish speech made by Father M'Fadden, and in consequence of which Father M'Fadden had been convicted of coercion felony. But, according to the devout and gentlemanly Sergeant Mahoney, for Mr. Hurlbert describes him as one of nature's gentlemen—a character, he says, often to be met with among the whiskey-drinking, plundering, Irish peasantry, and queer devilment, on Mr. Hurlbert's showing, must such a character be composed of—Gweedore is an El Dorado itself, and Father M'Fadden a Cæsar. But if Mr. Hurlbert reports Sergeant Mahoney correctly, and the shameful tissue of slander and innuendo published by him be not the writer's own invention, we have a convincing proof of the kind of rascals upon whose word the lives and liberty of respectable men depends under Balfour's rule in Ireland. In any case we have an example of the rascality employed to discredit the Irish movement. Mr. Hurlbert, in a word, has rather overdone his task, for it is evident that he went to Ireland—if he did go there at all, and did not elsewhere compose a work of imagination—commissioned to write in the anti-Irish interests. His book rather detracts from his reputation as a cute Yankee by the flagrancy of its falsehood, and, as to his character as a devout Catholic, the rancour of his attack upon priests, the unscrupulousness of his calumnies, and the sympathy he expresses for Russian rule in Poland, as well as for Balfourism in Ireland, are quite enough to explain it. He may, nevertheless, be a devout member of the Norfolk following, whose devotion generally is of a peculiar kind.

THAT SNOW AGAIN.

The London correspondent of the *Dunedin Evening Star*, who still attempts to be a very heavy swell, but who succeeds, as usual, in being an egregious snob, writes in the interests of the aristocratic world, whom, perhaps, on the pretence of influencing colonial opinion, he persuades to admit him—as on occasion they admit, for example, the waiters from Gunters and other useful nobodies, upon their premises; though if, as he implies, his informants as to Irish matters rise no higher than to the level of the Galway shoneen, we

may reasonably doubt the standing of his patrons. In the instance to which we allude, this correspondent treats of Mr. Parnell's action at Edinburgh, which, contrary to all journalistic precedent, is discussed and decided in advance by all the Tory organs and their hangers-on so as to betray their trepidation, and the loss at the sight of such imminent danger of their presence of mind. There is, however, nothing suspicious in Mr. Parnell's having taken this action, after waiting many months, and only in connection with the Commission. He has done so in order to defeat and punish an infamous plot formed to ruin him both in character and in fortune, and which has been planned and initiated with an audacity and unfairness that no one could have supposed possible in a country like England. But Mr. Gladstone's explanation and approval of Mr. Parnell's course, made in his Hawarden speech, make any further defence of it unnecessary. The way, meantime, in which the supporters of the *Times*, even to the smallest fry among them, attack Mr. Parnell with the petty, truculent schoolboy-like, gibe that he has been forced into this proceeding betrays their own consternation, while it serves to show us how wise the Irish party were in biding their time and not suffering themselves to be taunted into giving an advantage to men who are without scruple and without shame.—Considering what London journalists and London correspondents commonly are, the Parnellites had the best possible reason to suspect the fairness of a London jury. Besides, Mr. Parnell availed himself of the first opportunity offered him of seeking to clear his character as a Member of Parliament in the regular manner, by demanding a Parliamentary Committee to inquire into the matter, and, as Mr. Gladstone points out, he showed his honesty in this by doing so, although he knew that the majority of the Committee must be hostile to him. This correspondent, however, to whom we allude, writes for the special purpose of making an attack on Mr. Parnell's moral character of that kind to which every man is liable who can be assailed by degraded people, and which of us is safe from this? Some previous attempt had been made by the same class of people to spy upon Mr. Parnell's movements for a similar purpose, but it was denounced by one of the Unionist leaders, who, it was hinted, would have found reprisals awkward, were they taken. We do not mention the name of this leader or allude more fully to the matter because such inquiries and such reports come more properly, as we see, within the province of the blackguard pure and simple, and we have no desire to be mixed up in them. But if the correspondent of the *Star* has, as he implies, derived his information on this subject from a Galway shoneen, he was in congenial company—whether the scene was a London pot-house or an anti-room in some less particular gentleman's residence. Our correspondent concludes with an appropriate remark and one which might also have graced the lips of the Galway shoneen and been found congenial, like the tattle as to Mr. Parnell, by the correspondent of the *Star*, though, as we know of old, that pretentious scribe modifies his distant echoes of the higher circles by a bigotry which has ere now impelled him to send to his paper false and foul representations of Catholic matters. Of such a nature is the concluding paragraph of his scandalous communication, in which he accuses the Irish priesthood and peasantry of condoning agrarian murder and outrage on Catholic principles. But a communication that deals throughout with tittle-tattle and gossip of a prurient kind may, consistently end with a coarse and degraded sneer at religion. And if this correspondent had any regard for decency or truth, he would not be judged capable by the people who patronise him of influencing colonial opinion as they desire. In attempting to sway the mind of the *canaille*, as they consider our settlers, they know how to choose their instruments.

Excessive rains in France have caused wide-spread ruination of crops. The vintage will be inferior.

United Ireland has done good service in publishing a copy of the circular which Divisional Magistrate Cullen, "under the personal direction" of brave Mr. Balfour, has addressed to his subordinates.—"Copy.—I. The new form is to be filled in cases of every eviction, if possible before the eviction, and transmitted through me; if not possible before, then after the eviction, attached to the eviction report, and a copy attached to the duplicate for me. II. In all important evictions likely to cause comment, a reference should be made to me before protection is promised unless the County Inspector is of opinion that the delay thus involved would be distinctly mischievous. III. All harsh evictions should be reported to me before protection is promised. IV. Protection in cases of demolition of houses, or the wholesale clearing of estates, should not be given without previous reference to me. V. In any other cases of evictions, previous instructions regarding protection are still to be adhered to.—F. N. CULLEN, D.M."—Assuming this document to be genuine (and it is but justice to say that *United Ireland* has never yet published a circular that did not turn out to be genuine), I desire to call attention to paragraph II.—"In all important evictions likely to cause comment, reference should be made to me before protection is promised." So now we know the sense in which "Brave Mr. Balfour" is brave. It is the sense in which Venus advised the boy Adonis to be brave, "*Fortis fugacibus esto*," said the amiable goddess. It is now, as *United Ireland* suggests, the plain duty of Irish peasantry and their leaders to take care that every eviction shall "cause comment." Every man who goes out quietly in an enemy of his country.—*Truth*.

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THOMAS KIRK, Proprietor.

The Botanical Gardens Hotel now being finished, the proprietor begs to inform his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to receive Boarders and resident Families. The Hotel is easy of access (being in close proximity to the Gardens), overlooks the grounds, and in one of the healthiest parts of the town. The cars stop at the door every six minutes. Large and well ventilated Bed-rooms, Parlours, Sitting-rooms, etc.

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ORNAMENTS, VASES, ETC.,

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M A T H E S O N B R O S.,
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(Near Paterson and M'Leod's)

Owing to the Dissolution of Partnership between Mr. G. C. and Mr. T. C. Matheson, as advertised in the 'Gazette,' the business has to be wound up, and to effect a quick sale all Goods will be Sold at Prices that will ensure a Speedy Clearance. Hotelkeepers, Hawkers and Storekeepers liberally dealt with. As the leading families of Dunedin have for the last twenty years been supplied from this establishment, it is hardly necessary to point out that the Stock consists principally of the Highest and Best Class of Goods, which can now be bought at the price of common goods.

In view of Mr. G. C. Matheson's early departure from New Zealand, the sale will only continue for One Month, after which the balance of the stock will be sold by tender.

It is requested that all accounts be paid during September.

Inspection of the Stock Invited.

There are over One Thousand beautiful Articles suitable for Birthday and Marriage Gifts.

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OPEN and CLOSE FIRE LOOKING
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Scotch Notes.

The action of Archbishop Smith in the case of Mr. Flannigan, late President of the Catholic Young Men's Society at Edinburgh, is still the subject of discussion. The matter has been made more interesting by the publication of a letter from the Rev. George Angus to the Archbishop which is supposed to have influenced his Grace. That mild and humble cleric, who, according to all appearances, might most suitably have been, for example, Brother *Tambour-major*, in a brigade of the Knights Templars towards the days of their decline, reminds the Archbishop of his "p's" and "q's" in a very arbitrary manner, and beats the reveille in his Grace's ears right savagely. His reverence has the charity to refer to Mr. T. D. Sullivan as a "jail-bird"—although someone might instruct him—if his invincible ignorance had also tidened this fact from him, that St. Peter himself was more than once in gaol. He winds up by an awful threat that if the conduct of the National League continues, in his own words, "It will be absolutely necessary for me to publicly disavow my connection with these insolent Catholics who deliberately defend a scheme of robbery condemned by the law of the land and pronounced by the Pope to be contrary to the law of God,"—that is to say the Plan of Campaign. Still may we not plead that libel is also condemned by the law of the land and forbidden by the law of God and of the Church. But what a fire-up must there not be on the occasion when his reverence should put his threat into execution, though, probably the regret of the people from whom his connection was, with the utmost violence and among many maledictions, severed would be expressed in the old saying—"Joy be with him." Archbishop Smith, meantime, protests that he himself is a fervent Home Ruler—but not after the pattern of Mr. Gladstone, whose scheme his Grace declares to mean separation. And, verily, Home Rulers at the present day are of many patterns. There for instance is also Bishop Vaughan of Salford, who if we may judge by the professions as to its principles of his congenial organ the *London Tablet* is a Home Ruler as well, yet who, besides all the rest, on a late occasion took his place on the platform at Manchester as an open supporter of Mr. Balfour's, and who was one of the most sympathetic and delighted listeners while that Statesman humbly described his struggle with Mr. O'Brien in Tullamore. It should, we confess, add greatly to the interest of the situation to see a Catholic bishop immensely tickled by the details of treatment that at length led to premature death and suicide. We may, therefore, accept with some hesitation various declarations of a sympathy for Home Rule, and pay some attention to the nature of the Home Rule spoken of with certain mental reservations, and to the motives of the men who declare themselves in its favour. The Irish Catholics of Edinburgh, that is the great bulk of the Catholic population are preparing to present Mr. Flannigan with a testimonial. But perhaps Mr. Angus will persuade the Archbishop that the matter is of little consequence, the tailors and tinkers and tradesmen generally whom his reverence's aristocratic soul despises, as quite unworthy of the attention of any distinguished ecclesiastic, forming the great body of the subscribers. There are ecclesiastics in fact, in Great Britain, who would have the Church a sicken net containing only gold and silver fishes—each without a blemish, and of the most ancient descent—from the whale, for example, that swallowed Jonah.

Whatever may be the rage that fills celestial minds, the Home Rule cause is nevertheless still briskly supported in Scotland. In Edinburgh itself Mr. Flannigan on again taking the chair at a meeting of the League, addressed on the occasion by Mr. Deasy M.P., has been received with enthusiasm as affording in his own person an instance of the bitter bit—a man boycotted for having upheld boycotting. At Aberdeen Mr. T. D. Sullivan, the "gool-bird" for duty after the example of St. Peter, has spoken at a great Liberal demonstration held to protest against the imprisonment of John Dillon and where the utmost enthusiasm was shown. A similar demonstration attended by some 8,000 people has taken place at Dundee, and other meetings of the same kind have been held with marked success elsewhere.

A curious fault in the Scottish code of laws has been brought to light at Aberdeen. The occasion was that on which a child cruelly maltreated by a man and woman who had adopted her was sent by the Bailie to an industrial school, the magistrate regretting that he was not enabled by law to deal with the offending people as they deserved. This is surely a grave defect that should be remedied without delay and which must be all the more apparent, judged by the necessity for such a law made evident by the proceedings of the London Society for the protection of children, of whose work the reports contain such harrowing details. We may not expect to find in Scotland anything to compare with what occurs in London under the peculiar conditions of life in so vast and crowded a city. But still the need must exist everywhere for the special protection of the helpless.

An illustration of what the farmer's life in Scotland must often have been hitherto has just been furnished in the case of a farm in Forfarshire re-let by its owner, Lord Wharaccliffe. The new tenant takes the holding—one of the best in the county—at a reduction in the rent of 45 per cent., and after the landlord has spent a large sum on improvements. But in all probability, had it not been for the current agitation of the land question, and the consequent coming of landlords to their senses, some unfortunate tenant would still have to struggle on in semi-starvation and the victim of that time-honoured system of usury, resistance to which is still in some quarters condemned as robbery.

The lodging of arrestments, at the instance of Mr. Parnell, in the hands of the newspaper agents at Edinburgh, against the proprietor and the printer and publisher of the *Times*, a step made necessary by the law of Scotland, has occasioned some stir. The damages are laid at £50,000, and the action is founded on the publications made under the heading "Parnellism and Orime." The summons avers—"That the whole of the aforesaid letters and articles above quoted are false and forged. None was written by or signed by the pursuer, or with his knowledge or authority, nor have any of them ever been seen by him; and in the said letters and statements, all of which are of and concerning the pursuer, it is falsely, calumniously, and maliciously alleged and represented by the defendants: (1) that the pursuer condoned and approved the murder of Mr. Burke in the Phoenix Park, Dublin; (2) that in order to pacify certain individuals he wrote letters excusing his public condemnation of the crime; (3) that he supplied funds to enable Frank Byrnes to escape to France, in the knowledge that a warrant had been issued against him for his participation in the said crime; and (4) that he wrote a letter to Mr. P. Egan, instigating him to accomplish the murder of Mr. W. E. Forster, who was then Chief Secretary for Ireland. The aforesaid letters and statements were published and commented on in almost all the newspapers published in Great Britain, Europe, and the colonies, have formed the subject of discussion in both Houses of Parliament, and have ever since their publication been much commented on and discussed by the general community. They have been extremely hurtful to the feelings of the pursuer, and greatly injurious to his personal and political character and reputation."—The trial, it is said, will take place in October at the Edinburgh Court of Session, before Lord Kinneir and a jury. The matter excites much interest, and is variously discussed.

Among the distinguished visitors to the moors this season are the Comte de Paris and his party who have the shooting at Loch Kennard, where their sport is most successful. The Comtesse and her daughter, the Princess Héloïse of Orleans, are particularly noted for their unerring shots, and show themselves ardent in these pursuits not generally followed by ladies. The strangeness of the matter, however, may not be without its more piquant points for the French society whom it is the object of this family to please—and which object this family, in accordance with their traditions are not at all likely to over-look.

Scotland loses, for a time at least, a bright and noble son, and India gains by her loss. The scion of an ancient house in question, is the Lord Colin Campbell, who leaves Inverary for the purpose of practising as a barrister in Bombay. We have heard from Chackray of Sir Barnes Newcome, as he pathetically alluded on the lecturer's platform to the domestic affections. Some case or other may occur in which Lord Colin will have a similar opportunity of displaying the heart that is in him, and Indian society will doubtless be able to appreciate the display. Let us wish his Lordship and the Indians good luck in their respective spheres and their mutual relations.

Her Majesty the Queen has visited Glasgow for the second time during her reign, her former visit having taken place just 39 years before. Her Majesty was the guest of Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell, at Blythswood, a fine estate on the Clyde, situated about seven miles from the city, and where she enjoyed the retirement to which she is so much addicted. Great doings, however, attend on her Majesty's visit to the exhibition, which was the chief occasion of her coming, although she also opened the new municipal buildings, the city being magnificently adorned and densely crowded, and all manifestations made, that an enthusiastic loyalty could suggest. The display of flags in the streets is spoken of as particularly striking. The crowds, they say, could only have been surpassed in London itself. The Queen expressed herself as very much impressed by what she had witnessed.

The disciples of Isaac Walton have been delighted by the capture of the largest salmon known to the oldest inhabitant of any river bank in Great Britain. The monster weighed 65 lbs., and was taken at Scotecraig in the estuary of the Tay—in which river several large fish had already this season met their fate. A companion in misfortune captured at the same time weighed 47 lbs.

Mr. A. J. Balfour has been disporting himself at North Berwick, where his skill as a golf-player has excited admiration. Nero fiddling once more! The skull at a Persian feast has been represented in the case of this sporting promoter of sudden death by the police protection accompanying him.

The crofters' commission is now engaged with the state of affairs in Orkney, where the crofters know two classes of oppressors, the landlords properly so-called, and the larger tenants who impose a system of *corvees* on them under penalty of eviction. The farms rented by these task-masters, besides, had been formerly occupied by the crofters, who were obliged to move back on the more sterile tracts and make room for them. The people are described as patient, intelligent, and respectable in every way, but almost driven beyond the bounds of human endurance.

A contest is going on between the North-Western and the Great Northern railways as to which shall succeed in running the fastest train from London to Edinburgh. The fight began by an announcement from the North Western that the 9 hours, so far occupied in the run, would be shortened by half-an-hour. To this the Great Northern responded with an announcement that it would make the time shorter still, and do the distance in 8 hours. The contest has been maintained with spirit, time being set at defiance with great boldness, until the run is now made in from 7½ to 7¾ hours. As yet no accident has happened, but considering the tremendous speed that has to be maintained, and the recklessness engendered of rivalry, it is much to

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be feared that a catastrophe may put an end to the strife and confer upon the public a not wholly undeserved reward for having encouraged it.

Scotland has been favoured with some very distinguished visitors of late. Notable among them his Majesty the King of the Belgians—who attended Mass at Oban on August 10. Tourists, indeed, have generally been attracted by the Glasgow Exhibition, and those from Germany are particularly numerous. Loyal Britons, however, have in some instances been made indignant by the way in which the wandering German, in public places and conveyances, expressed himself as to the Royal family of Great Britain. The Empress Victoria has been very soundly abused by him, and even her Majesty's august mother has not escaped rebuke or comment. The Empress, meantime, is expected to visit the Highlands a little later in the season, where she will reside for some weeks at Abergeldie.

Parisian Notes.

THE strikes have at length terminated, in the manner common to such movements, that is, by the starving out of the men engaged in them. But although there is a great deal of misery in Paris, where, in some branches of trade, the sweating system, known in French as *merchandage*, prevails even under worse circumstances than in London, and where the consequent destitution of the people, more especially of the women, has a most disastrous effect upon the morality of the city, the strikes were not altogether based upon the necessities of the classes engaged in them, but were furthered, and in some instances undertaken, on purely revolutionary motives. The spirit that actuated the men may, indeed, be perceived from the reproaches addressed to the Premier by the delegates that waited on him, and by whom it was represented as a peculiar hardship that the police and troops had been permitted to oppose the people in their riots. The disturbances, then, may perhaps be over for a time, but no assurance can be entertained against their recurrence. The causes from which they arose, the hardship which undoubtedly presses on the people, and which, under no form of Government has been exceeded, and the feeling of discontent, being still as strong as ever. The state of things, in fact, under the Republic goes from bad to worse, and sooner or later must result fatally for the system under which it exists.

Although France had little right to expect anything from the Emperor William II. and was fully aware of the fact it could not be expected that his Majesty's late speech at Frankfort should fail to be felt here. The occasion was that on which the Emperor took the opportunity of removing, as he said, the stigma that had been cast upon the memory of his father by the report that it had been his intention to surrender the conquered territory of Alsace-Lorraine. The Emperor contradicted the report indignantly and protested that the whole German army and people would choose annihilation rather than consent to any such surrender. The boast is felt to be as wanton as it is insulting, nor has it done much to clear the memory of the Emperor Frederick, as his son pretended to desire, for, whatever the policy of that Emperor might have been, as guided by expediency or necessity, the well known fact that he had, in advance, looked upon any seizure of territory as a certain cause of warring wars still proves what his true mind must have been. Still the action of William II., has occasioned no surprise, no gracious act or conciliating policy on his part being attended—but, on the contrary, every expectation existing as to the manifestation of his evil disposition—of which perhaps more anon.

It is, they say, an ill wind that blows nobody good. General Boulanger probably owes it to the defiance hurled at France in the Emperor William's Frankfort speech that his star once more appears well above the horizon. Boulanger has been returned in the elections for the three departments of Somme, Charente Inferieure, and Nord, by a majority of 101,894. It is not to be supposed, however, that very firm or ardent hopes are placed upon Boulanger as a leader against the Germans. But, for want of a better man, and for the time being, he represents in a particular manner the more martial spirit of the country. Therefore anything which occurs to arouse that spirit promotes his interests. Boulanger, so far as he is so, is the hero of the hour, owing to the force of circumstances, and not for any particular virtue he is believed to possess. But, if he profits by the results, no doubt he will know how to enjoy the situation.

A good deal of significance is supposed by sanguine people to be attached to the fact that, during the late visit of the Emperor William to Russia, the Czar, when he appeared with his illustrious visitor in public, invariably spoke in the French language, and not in German; not even in Russian, of which William II. is said to have made a particular study. The fact does seem rather suggestive, notwithstanding the common use of French by educated Russians.

The Medical Congress recently held in Paris has given a warning as to the infectious nature of consumption that should prove of use, though it may also in some degree show the hopelessness of effectually checking the disease. The microbes, it seems, may be inhaled by people frequenting places in which the patient has spit out, although the spittle has dried. This necessitates very cleanly and careful usage, which, nevertheless, it will prove difficult to enforce. Old milk-cows are also to be avoided, whether they continue to give milk or are found in the butchers' shops in the shape of beef, they being the most part infected with the malady and capable of conveying it to human beings.

The unhappy Queen of Servia is now staying at Versailles—where she is avoiding the service of certain citations necessarily preliminary to the divorce which her worthless husband is trying to obtain. Should these be served and the Queen fail to appear, the case must necessarily go against her. But were she to venture a return to Servia the fate which might overtake her is doubtful. Rumour has it that it would certainly take at least the form of confinement in a mad-house. Her Majesty, a great heiress and a great beauty, is another sad example of the vanity of worldly glories. And what seems the saddest feature of the case is that she has in no way deserved her misfortunes—being in everything a woman worthy of respect and sympathy. Her royal spouse, on the other hand, possesses, they say, a very different character.

THE ARREARS OF INJUSTICE.

(The Nation, August 25.)

PARLIAMENT has no sooner adjourned, than the effects of its flagrant neglect of Ireland during the session that has just ended again become visible in results of disorder and brutal repression. At the opening of the session the Irish members pressed on the attention of the House of Commons the question of the arrears that accrued on the rental which the Commission issued in 1886, and the Judges, acting under powers given them by the Act of 1887, pronounced to be inequitable, crushing, and unpayable. The arrears are the subject of all the contentions and quarrels on all the estates where the evictor and the bailiffs are at work. Had they been abolished, or even materially reduced, the Plan of Campaign would have been suppressed, and boycotting would have disappeared by this time; for the Plan of Campaign and boycotting are merely the rude weapons wherewith the defenceless tenants make good the defence denied them by the law. But the Parliament refused to listen to the appeal. They wasted what are now bewailed as priceless hours in the attempt to provide a requital for the unfortunate Colonel King-Harman's tergiversation; and the arrears-burdened tenants are left face to face with another winter of raidings, repulses, and penal imprisonments by the Parliament that, through sheer, lazy ignorance, allowed these unjust burdens to accrue.

The consequences are already upon us. The maddened peasants of Clare have given expression in deeds that have rung throughout the land to the bitter sense of wrong which this accumulation of injustice and cruel neglect has produced among them. And on last Thursday, at Coolroe, in the county Wexford, a scene was enacted which, but for the peaceful intervention of the veteran priest, Canon D'yle, of Ramsgrange, would probably have culminated in a tragedy as bloody as that of Ballycohey. Everything points to the conclusion that if these impossible arrears are to be enforced at the point of the bayonet the winter of 1888-9 will be one of the most disturbed and one of the most deplorable of our recent history. The tenants who are being pursued are exasperated by the conscienceless persistence in the levying of a rent the unfairness and injustice of which are registered in the statute-book. The Judges of the land have declared its unfairness; the whole of Ireland, not even excluding Mr. Balfour's advisers, knows the impossibility of paying it; and the tenants, with even the Removable Magistrates, who are now superseding the Emergency men in the actual work of extermination, declaring that the rents are exorbitant, are not likely to surrender their homes without a struggle. Wexford—peaceful, crimeless, stainless Wexford—has proved that just in proportion to the orderliness and industry of the people attacked will be the bitterness of the resistance. When such men are moved we know from history what is likely to be the result.

It is a cursed fatuity that is driving the Executive and the landlord to this felon's work. What is the use of it? Recover the rents they cannot; for the rents are not there. Re-let the evicted lands they cannot; for no man will take an evicted farm. Mr. Balfour, with all his brag, has not yet been able to discover a man ready to take and work an evicted farm on any other terms than those of payment by the landlord, instead of to the landlord. The tenants are using the farms from which they were driven with so much pomp and brutality on the Vandeleur estates a fortnight ago. The evicted tenants of Coolroe are even now back in their homesteads. The expensive display of military and police, and the organised ruffianism of their treatment of the people have done nothing but impress the tenants with the consciousness of what a rabid thing landlordism yet is in its toothless and withered decay, and in what a villainous work Mr. Balfour is engaged in trying to restore its vigour and lost powers. The peace of the country is to be confounded, the homes of the peasants battered and broken, the peasants themselves harassed and imprisoned, simply because the Parliament of Westminster can do nothing for Ireland but coerce it; and because the statesmanship of Mr. Balfour can rise no higher than the brutality that killed John Mandeville because he helped to save the Mitchelstown tenantry, and that continues to keep the same alternative of cowardly silence or fatal suffering before every man in Ireland who has a heart to feel for his fellows.

Justice Day, one of the three commissioners selected to compose the Government's Court of Inquiry into the *Times* forgeries, is an English Catholic Tory. His fitness for the Bench, and especially for the conduct of such a case as this, may be judged from his remark during a recent trial of three Irishmen for assault at Liverpool: "Such a dastardly, cowardly, and brutal crime could not have happened in England, except among the Irish." The other members are Sir James Haugan, a "moderate Liberal," and Justice Smith, a Tory. Gladstonians are not represented on the Commission, of course.

Henry M. Vimont, of Millersburg, Ky., was sent to an insane asylum the other day. He smoked one hundred cigarettes per day.

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By its use, one-half the labour is saved
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Dublin Notes.

(From the National papers.)

TUESDAY, August 14 was a gala day in Kilkenny to welcome his Eminence Cardinal Moran, on his visit to the diocese where he won so much popularity as a Bishop. The remembrance of his recent pronouncement was in everyone's mind, and added not a little to the extraordinary enthusiasm with which he was greeted. On the following morning his Eminence was presented with addresses from the Corporation and the various Young Men's Societies and Confraternities in the city. In reply, he expressed his gratification at the reception he had received, and assured them of the deep interest he continued to take in his country's welfare, though separated from her by so many thousand miles of sea. He dwelt on the prosperity of the Australian Colonies, and pointed out how much that prosperity was due to the possession of native legislatures, where wise and beneficial laws were enacted by the people for themselves. Coercion Bills there, he said, were unknown, and he confidently looked forward to the time when such would come to be in Ireland merely memories of a hateful past.

Lord Salisbury poured forth the vials of his wrath in the Lords on Friday, August 10, on the members of the House of Commons who had dared to criticise the composition of the Commission which has been formed to obtain evidence for the *Times*, and to fish for evidence against the Irish Nationalists. "We have," said his lordship, "selected the most able and the most impartial of the judges." It would seem, therefore, that the Premier admits that some judges are more impartial than others. I (*Truth*), hardly see, therefore, why he should complain that Liberals do not estimate this relative impartiality precisely as he does. He considers Mr. Justice Day more impartial in respect to Irish matters than other of his colleagues on the Bench. Why, therefore, should he impute it to us as a crime that we consider others to be more impartial than Mr. Justice Day? This judge prostituted his ermine at Liverpool by indulging from the Bench in such abuse of Irishmen that even the Tory papers protested, and we have it on record that his colleague on the Belfast Commission, who necessarily was thrown much with him, regarded him as made out of the clay from which the worst of Spanish inquisitors were moulded. Which judges, I am curious to know, does Lord Salisbury consider less impartial.

The *Times* is in a high state of trepidation. How cruel, it blubbered on Monday, August 13, of Mr. Parnell to bring an action against "us"; how wicked, too, to bring it in a Scotch Court, where the verdict is that of a majority, instead of in an English Court, where "we" could not be found guilty without a unanimous verdict. It is, indeed, hard upon the *Times*. "We," we's old friend Mr. Smith, and we's council the Attorney-General have just forced a measure through the House of Commons which will in a few days deprive Mr. Parnell of those costs and damages which are his right, if he can show that the "letters" are forgeries. "We" thought itself safe, and poor "we" now finds itself, by an abrupt flank movement of its victim, still (like any other citizen who has not a First Lord of the Treasury and an Attorney-General to look after its interests) pecuniarily responsible for its libellous mare's nest.

On Tuesday the *Times* was even more funny than on Monday. The Scotch action of Mr. Parnell, which on Monday surprised the *Times*, surprised, according to that astounding journal, "all not wholly indifferent to public opinion in Great Britain." And why? Because it is of a piece with the Irish Nationalists' general mode of procedure towards Acts of Parliament "which they find inconvenient," it being the well-known course of these malignant wretches to "circumvent, cripple, or paralyse the operations of the law."

Mr. Parnell's action in Scotland has had one good effect—it has stirred up the *Times* Protection Commissioners. It will now be a neck-and-neck race between the Commission and the Scotch court. All the better. The quicker the Commission works, the less likely will it be to fill its hands too full. But, let them work fast or slow, I (*Truth*) confess that I do not hope (or, for that matter, fear) much from the Commissioners. The burden which has been cast upon them is a great deal too broad and too heavy for their backs. They are, indeed, all three very excellent men, for whom personally and professionally I entertain the highest possible respect. In any ordinary question between man and man, or Crown and alleged criminal, I would trust their character and judgment implicitly. If the point submitted to them had been (as it most assuredly ought to have been) merely the authenticity or spuriousness of the "Parnell letters," I for my part, and I imagine Mr. Parnell, too, would have been quite content to abide their decision. This would have been a single, small, and simple matter, which they could easily have handled. But the questions actually submitted to them through the tyranny of the Tory and Liberal-Unionist majority and the clever "ship" of Mr. Walter's "old friend" are neither few, nor small, nor simple.

The *Times* and the Right Hon. W. H. Smith have been making a handsome thing out of the sale of the mass of rubbish entitled "Parnellism and Crime," which, indeed, would be more properly called "Walterism and Crime" or "Smithism and slime"; but Walter's purse is likely to be depleted to no small extent by the cost of Mr. Parnell's action in Scotland, as well as those which will result from the proceedings of the Commission. Still the fame which the *Times* acquired in connection with the alleged Parnell letters may easily be turned to commercial account by that enterprising journal. It will, perhaps, set up in front of its office a sign-board bearing such inscriptions as "Facsimile letters produced while you wait. Forgeries executed with neatness and despatch. Charges moderate," and no doubt it will not lack patronage.

On Monday, August 27, two thousand Liberals called on Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, and presented him with an illuminated address and a handsomely-designed vase. The right hon. gentleman, in reply, took occasion to refer to the charges against Mr. Parnell, and particularly to the letters alleged by the *Times* to have been written

by him. Mr. Gladstone laid stress on the fact that these documents constitute the main issue that has to be tried, and expressed a hope that the Commission would immediately inquire into their authenticity. The speaker added that Mr. Parnell cannot stand on an equal footing with the *Times* before the forthcoming Commission. "It is properly observed," continued the right hon. gentleman, "that this inquiry may extend over years. How is Mr. Parnell to defend himself? He is to defend himself by counsel. The most eminent counsel in the country will be employed against him. Such a suit would mean personal ruin for the defendant. The *Times*, on the contrary, represents a mine of enormous wealth, and can well afford to defray its own expenses." The right hon. gentleman concluded an admirable speech with a keen criticism of Dr. Barr's conduct at the late proceedings at the Mandeville inquest, his remarks having been greeted throughout with the warmest applause.

Nothing so much proves the earnestness and sincerity with which the English Liberals have espoused the Irish cause as the spontaneous and unsolicited formation of the English Parnell Defence Fund. It is not only a clear proof of the sympathy entertained by the leaders of the great Liberal party for the Irish people and their representatives, but it also shows what the popular Liberal opinion in England is of the *Times* allegations. The idea of starting the fund was adopted at the meeting of the Gladstonian members of the Liberal Reform Club, when the following resolution was proposed by Mr. Crossfield, and adopted unanimously:—"That in the opinion of this meeting it is desirable to form a Parnell Defence Fund to assist Mr. Parnell and his colleagues in defraying the heavy expenses which must be incurred in connection with the accusations of the *Times* newspaper." Mr. H. W. Meade-King presided, and a committee was formed, which comprises some well-known and influential names, amongst them Messrs. Holt, Munspratt, Evans, Lovell, and E. N. Russell, the editor of the *Daily Post*. With such a start, backed as it is by the whole Liberal party, the undertaking cannot fail to be a success and a great encouragement to Mr. Parnell and his party, as well as to the whole Irish race, both at home and abroad.

Mr. William O'Brien was accorded on Tuesday August 21, an enthusiastic reception at the hands of the Barrow-in-Furrows Liberal Association. Five thousand people assembled on the occasion to do him befitting honours. On the walls in the interior of the building where the demonstration took place were scrolls bearing the significant legends, "Remember Mitchelstown" and "Our Watchword is Equal Rights and Equal Laws." A resolution tendering a hearty welcome to Mr. O'Brien having been passed unanimously, that gentleman said he would deliver to the people of Ireland the message of friendship and good-will that had just been spoken from English hearts. Referring to the *Times* allegations, Mr. O'Brien said: "We are prepared to accept the battle on these charges, and to fight to the death. We accept the issue. We will stand or fall by it; but let there be no mistake. The *Times* and its confederates will have to stand or fall by it also. Either these charges are true—and if they are, let us be hunted remorselessly from public life, aye from life altogether; or else they are false. If they prove to be as foul a conspiracy as ever was concocted for the ruin of men's reputation and for the destruction of a nation's cause, then I hope for the honour and the fair fame of England that the failure of those charges will be visited with eternal infamy, not only for the *Times* newspaper, but for the Tory Ministry, and for their Liberal-Unionist allies also." Mr. O'Brien having dwelt at some length on Balfour's treatment of Irish political prisoners and the cruel evictions now going on throughout the country, expressed a wish that the day would soon come when coercionists and exterminators would have no more power in the land. The hon. gentleman's speech was characterised with all his wonted fervour and enthusiasm, and evoked the stormy cheers of his English audience.

Mr. Greenwood, editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, one of the bitterest enemies of Ireland on the English Tory Press, has lost his organ voice. He has resigned his editorship "under stress of the strongest compulsion." His bitter Toryism has cost the provider of the vehicle for its exploitation ninety thousand pounds, it is said. The *Saturday Review* is also on the fall. A consoling fact for Irishmen. Cromwellianism does not pay.

Now that Mr. Balfour is again about to become for some months' time monarch of all he surveys, in the unfortunate country which groans under his misrule, a sharp eye must be kept upon him and his subordinates. We know pretty well what sort of men he and his tools are. After the Mitchelstown massacre, the scandalous Dillon sentence, the "one-man riot" for which Mr. Roche revenged himself upon a personal enemy, the astounding and impudent evidence of Dr. Barr in the Mandeville and Ridley inquests, and, lastly, the O'Kelly kidnap and conviction, it is no longer possible for anybody to doubt that recklessness, cruelty, cowardice, and above all, meanness and subterfuge, are the Balfourean arts of government. I (*Truth*) shall be curious to observe in what fresh places these amiable qualities break out during the recess, and will promise to "spot" them as they arise.

The evidence at the inquests on the death of Dr. Ridley discloses a state of things in Tullamore prison, which one could hardly have imagined could exist even in a Siberian political prison. This unfortunate Dr. Ridley admitted again and again that the health of Mr. O'Brien, M.P., Mr. Lane, M.P., and others was suffering, owing to the severity of the treatment to which they were subjected. He secretly supplied them with food, and he implored them to forgive him, because, if he were to act fairly and honestly as a medical man, his bread would be taken away from him by his superiors. As Mr. Mandeville was not a Member of Parliament, he seems to have had scant sympathy for him, and looked on while he was being done to death. Rather than stand a cross-examination, and to have his weakness publicly disclosed, he killed himself. He was not a hero, but, compared with Dr. Barr, the members of the Prison Board, and the members of the Irish Executive, he was an angel of light.

Parliament has been no sooner adjourned, and, thereby the chief means of the exposure of Irish grievances and wrongs cut than the Eviction War begins with vigour and unrelenting fury. would, indeed, seem as if it were arranged to commence on the same

SPRING, 1888.

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NEW GOODS	New Tinsel Trimmings New Buttons New Hosiery New Socks	Hose, from 6d to 4s 6d per pair.
EXCELLENT VALUE.	Flannelettes Flannels Calicoes and Sheetings Cretonnes and Quilts	Flannelettes from 4½d to 10½d.
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The rooms, which are the largest, airiest, and most comfortable in Christchurch, combined with the ample

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attached to the Hotel, make it the finest place in New Zealand for the accommodation of Tourists, Travellers, and Families.

The Cuisine is under the Superintendence of a First-Class Chef.

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GREAT SALE.—Goods purchased at Enormous Reductions now to be cleared, Selling at Less than usual Cost Price. Come and See the Goods. It will pay you to visit Mrs. Loft's during this *bona fide* Sale. It is Fresh Goods that are being parted with to make room for goods ordered.

To attract customers, and to make it worth while to pay a special visit to the Arcade, Mrs. Loft has determined to place a **SALE PRICE** upon every Class of Goods. If the goods are not ticketed, the Public may rely upon only being charged sale prices. Examine and contrast the following goods:—

Men's Colonial-made Bluchers, 6s 3d and 6s 9d.
Men's Colonial-made Balmorals, 8s 11d.
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Men's English-made Balmorals, 7s 11d.
Women's Lace Boots, 4s 11d. Women's Leather Slippers, 3s 6d.
Women's Elastic Boots, 4s 6d and 4s 11d.
Women's Cashmere Slippers, 1s 11d.

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JAM PRIMO.

Some time since we published a small paragraph on the unsatisfactory nature of much of the jam retailed in the Colony. This reached Messrs. Kirkpatrick and Co., of Nelson, and they went to work in a very practical fashion to prove that the jams manufactured by the firm were of the best quality. Two cases of assorted jams were sent to this office, with a request that we would thoroughly test the jam along with other brands, and give our opinion. We are happy to state, frankly and fully, that we have been very much surprised, & s prior to the receipt of Messrs. Kirkpatrick's gift we were unaware that New Zealand could boast of an industry of which it has so much reason to be proud. The various sorts of jam were tested by a number of persons, who compared the samples with other brands, and the general verdict is that not only are Messrs. Kirkpatrick's productions far and away better than any other New Zealand brand we can obtain, but they are superior to English jams in being firmer. The nearest approach to the excellence of the Nelson jam was that contained in tins bearing the name of a Tasmanian firm, but even in this comparison the Nelson article came out a long way best. We are pleased to be able to give unstinted praise to a genuine local industry, the product of which we can unreservedly recommend to consumers. All of the many persons who have tested the samples are loud in their praise, and we must unreservedly congratulate Messrs. Kirkpatrick and Co. upon turning out a genuine fruit jam fit to grace the tables and please the palates of the most luxurious and fastidious.—*Hawke's Bay Herald*, July 18.

Samples of Kirkpatrick and Co.'s "K" brand of jam have been forwarded to us, and we are free to confess that they appear to be in every way excellent, and as they become better known in the local market will meet with much appreciation from the heads of households. The maker asserts that none but the purest fruits grown in Nelson are used in his manufactures, and we are content to accept that assurance. Certainly the jams possess a richness and freshness of flavour that bears that assertion out.—*Dunedin Star*, July 3.

S. KIRKPATRICK AND CO.,

MANUFACTURERS. NELSON.

day the evictions that were attempted at the close of last week, ending August 18. In County Wexford scenes were enacted which were described as baffling all powers of description, and struggles between the people and the forces of the Crown took place which would be a disgrace to a civilised Government, and which ended in a victory for the oppressed, who were about to be morally robbed in accordance with the "just laws" of the present incapable Tory Government. Even their dependant official—their representative and saviour—who was carrying out their orders and their venerated "justices," acknowledged that he was participating in carrying out proceedings that were cruel and harsh, unfair and unjust. Mr. Considine, K.M., acknowledged before the brutal scene commenced that the offer made by the tenants to their landlord, Mr. Byrne, on his estate at Coolroe, near Burkestown, in the County Wexford, was "fair" and what "the landlord ought to accept." Yet he was bound to carry out the "law," and he expressed his regret and dislike at having to do so. The result was only too creditable to the first tenant attacked, who defended his just rights and property with a courage and determination worthy of emulation.

The Irish Tory Press is unanimous in calling for the condign punishment of Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., for having cheered the brave inmates of the little garrison at Coolroe for their bravery and daring. Of course the usual cant about the upholding of the law is indulged in, while the conduct of the landlord, Mr. Byrne, or Clarricarde II., as he is now called in the district, is not as much as alluded to, nor the extraordinary opinion expressed by the Removable Magistrate upon his refusal to come to terms. Indeed, the *Daily Express* professes ignorance regarding the landlord's position, though, not being acquainted with the particulars of the landlord's demands, it "assumes," with a certain amount of impudence, that "the tenants indebtedness was very considerable extending over a long period of years," and this on the head of the "clerical advocate" of the tenants' cause having professed "two years' rent for three, and one for the remainder at Griffith's valuation, without costs, if the eviction were abandoned." These are the terms which the resident magistrate, who evidently did know something about the matter, thought "fair." This organ, which describes those who witnessed the eviction as a "mob," moreover fails to see the victory gained by the inmates of the house, since, after surrendering, they were handcuffed and marched off! The *Mail* regards the occurrence as "a most unpleasant one," and naively suggests that such an incident should be "the last of the kind during the recess," and advocates "ample measures" being adopted to prevent the recurrence of what will form "the principal subject on Home Rule platforms for some time to come."

Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, M.P., was sentenced on Saturday, August 11, by the Coercion Court, presided over by Removables Henn and Smyth, to four months' imprisonment for a conspiracy, the proof of the existence of which was about as shaky as the law by which the case was tried. During the proceedings it was shown how the police dogged the footsteps of this Irish member when he was engaged in a perfectly legal and constitutional right of visiting his constituents. We venture to assert that such conduct on the part of the servants of the public towards their masters dare not for one instant be indulged in in England, and that if it were for a moment practised by the Tory Government their existence in power would be of a very short though, perhaps, lively duration. Another remarkable instance was the plea, upheld by the Removables, that the books containing the evidence upon which the prosecution was based were privileged. Privileges, forsooth, seem now to be a "right divine" of Balfour and his minions, while every vestige of the people's privileges have vanished under this modern Cromwellian's barbarous Coercion Act. That, however, Consable Madden's notes were held to be "privileged" and not permitted by the counsel for the Crown to be inspected by the uninitiated, is not so very surprising when we reflect upon the tests made on previous occasions upon some, no doubt, very similar precious documents with a result that was anything but counselling to their authors.

The first demonstration of what is likely to turn out an annual series occurred at Ballyneety on Sunday in commemoration of the great hero Sarsfield. Though for the past two hundred years the demonstrations held in honour of the great Irishman, of whose memory Irishmen all the world over are only too proud, have been few and far between, the fact was due to neither want of enthusiasm nor apathy, but more to the fact that no representative body had come forward to inaugurate a demonstration until the Sarsfield Branch of the National League did so recently. We are glad to say and the result is a great success. At eleven o'clock on Sunday a procession of about 2,000 persons was formed outside the Sarsfield Branch of the National League, and, with bands playing, marched through the town of Limerick, visiting all its old historic parts, taking in the Treaty Stone at Thomond Gate and the Sarsfield Statue in Cathedral-place. Then a journey in waggonettes and carriages was undertaken to Ballyneety, sixteen miles distant from Limerick. Along the whole route the greatest enthusiasm was displayed, and the countryfolk at different stages joined in the procession. A meeting was held on the famous Sarsfield Rock, which overlooks the spot where the great Irish soldier blew into atoms the siege train of King William, and where they bivouacked the night before descending on Limerick in the morning. The Mayor of Limerick, as well as Mr. Finucane, M.P., and other speakers addressed the meeting, which passed off quietly and was in every way a success, in spite of the interference of the police who insisted on being present with a Government reporter.

The Ridley inquest has ended in the only way possible. The unfortunate, good-natured, and weak-minded young man was "driven to it." The sentence of all mankind (out of Primrose habitations) is "Woe to them who drove him." Many men have, in one way or another, been done to death by Mr. Balfour; but in no instance is his responsibility so direct and crushing as in these two Tullamore cases. He deliberately sent the brazen-faced stick-at-nothing Barr to force the hand of Dr. Ridley, who maintained, so long as he dared, poor fellow, that to the best of his judgment Mr. Mandeville was unfit for punishment, and by this infamous coercion, and through fear of the inevitable exposure of trust betrayed and weak-minded

wrong-doing, he drove the wretched Ridley to suicide. Balfour is the homicide; Balfour is the criminal. Of course, Barr is a criminal too (and a most offensive one); but we can afford (provided, of course, that he is not set up for life at the expense of the taxpayer) to forget the inconceivably odious (but immeasurably little) Barr. I (*Truth*) confess at this moment that I do not remember the names of the ruffians who smothered the babies in the Tower. It is enough for me to know that hunc-backed Richard was at the bottom of the business.

It is, of course, especially shocking that perfectly honest and innocent—nay, most worthy and estimable—men, like Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Hooper, Mr. Lane and Mr. Mandeville, should be tortured and put to death (as the case may be, and the strength of their constitutions may determine) in prison. But I (*Truth*) own that I am not altogether comfortable at the thought that even genuine criminals—men who really have done wrong and deserve punishment—should have their lives taken or their constitutions wrecked at the whim and pleasure of gaol governors or prison boards, or under the mere routine tortures of our prison system. Take the plank-bed, for instance. Here is Dr. Moorhead's definition of the plank-bed:—"An instrument of torture about 6 feet long, 2 feet wide, with an incline plane of 8 inches on the highest point, and about 4 inches on the lowest." The effect of the plank-bed is to deprive the victim of sleep. It is the most monstrous instrument of torture "ever devised by the perverted ingenuity of man." I don't know the inventor's name, but I should not be in the least surprised if it turned out to be "Barr" or "Balfour." I do not think it could have been "Chamberlain" for I am sure I could never have forgotten "Chamberlain." We pride ourselves, in these humanitarian days, on having got rid of racks and thumb screws. But, for my part, if I were in gaol, I should infinitely prefer an occasional rack or thumb screw (say once a week or three times a month) and quiet nights, to the present plan of no "torture" and no sleep.

Alarming reports are once more current regarding the condition of Mr. John Dillon's health, which is by no means regarded as satisfactory. It appears that since his incarceration he has lost considerably in weight and has become visibly weaker. His eyes are much swollen, and the continued rainy weather has a very depressing and injurious effect on his system. It is feared that a further prolongation of his imprisonment will have a fatal effect. Does Mr. Balfour wish in his malice to add another name to the martyrology roll of Ireland? The thought of the shortening of John Dillon's days by his cowardly gaoler is one which the Irish people will not stand. It is to be hoped that the full truth concerning his health may soon be definitely ascertained, and measures taken to ensure that his life shall be safe even in his enemy's hands.

We commend to all Nationalists the movement of protest that is being started in connection with the prolonged imprisonment of Tom Moroney. Whatever shadow of an excuse originally existed for his imprisonment has long since disappeared. His continued incarceration can achieve nothing; and if punishment is meant he has been sufficiently punished. We can discover no other reason for its continuance than the vindictiveness of a Tory judge who has carried his partisan temper to the Bench. Until now his revenge on a man who has defied successfully the attempts of this partisan to help the landlords in their extortions, has been accomplishing itself in darkness and silence for two long years. If the scandal is to continue any longer let the gaze of the public be concentrated on it. Judge Boyd may attempt to brazen it out; but the public feeling evoked will in the long run prove too strong for him. The coercionists will learn, too, that not even the weakest that suffers in this fight will be forgotten. We heartily applaud the Dublin branches of the National League for their appreciation of the Limerick man's unbreakable spirit.

A truly Homeric battle of birds is reported to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* by an eye-witness, in a letter from Sophia. Early on Thursday morning (he says) we saw an unusually large number of eagles, probably about two hundred, taking their flight towards the mountains of the Jutra. A crowd of persons watched the spectacle, and the crowd greatly increased a few hours later, when a number of storks, not fewer than 300, flew straight towards the regiment of eagles, evidently bent on war. In an instant, eagles and storks were mingled in deadly affray. It was a fearful combat. Every now and then a wounded or dead bird, stork or eagle, fell to the ground. The battle lasted for nearly an hour, when the two armies, apparently weary of fight, flew off in opposite directions. Upon a rough reckoning it was estimated that at least a third of the combatants fell in the severe struggle. The prefect sent some men up into the mountains to count the dead eagles and storks. The people are quite eager to know which of the two armies was victorious. Probably, as in many wars of unfeathered bipeds, the advantage lay on neither side.

If anything were needed to add a touch of interest to the pathetic story of the Prince Imperial's death in Zululand, it is furnished in the statement recently made public by Messrs. Dent, the watchmakers. In 1878 a gold watch bearing the monogram "N" was made by their firm for the Empress Eugénie for presentation to the young Prince. This week the battered back of the watch, still bearing the monogram, was brought to their establishment by Messrs. Weill and Harburg, who informed them that six years ago it had been bought by a client of theirs at Kimberley from a Zulu. The diamond fields attract native workers from every tribe in South Africa; and so in the fullness of time it came about that the broken remnant of the watch torn from the poor slain Prince in that obscure Zululand donga where he met his death has found its way to its original makers, from whom, probably, it will pass to the Empress. Perhaps the Zulu who sold the back-plate was himself a participator in that strangely improbable yet, as it turned out, possible drama of death in which the imperial hope of France fell so untimely. Nothing is impossible in history. Who twenty years since could have dared to foretell that the great-nephew of the great Napoleon would within the year fall before the assegais of a barbarous tribe in the interior of Africa?—*St. James's Gazette*.

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Diary of the Week.

WEDNESDAY, 10th.

EARTHQUAKE shock at Westport.—Late Governor of Queensland buried with military honours.—Platform in Catholic Church in Pennsylvania collapses; several persons fatally injured; Archbishop Ryan narrowly escapes.—Campbell, M.P. Fermanagh South, commences libel action against the *Times*, as Parnell's secretary accused of writing forged letters.—William O'Brien eulogises resistance of League at Waterford to evictors, and advocates smashing landlords and coercionists.—Bloodhounds fail to discover London murderers.

THURSDAY, 11th.

London wool brokers agree to proposal of Australian growers for farthing bids at sales.—Irrigation settlement to be established on Nepean river.

FRIDAY, 12th.

Railway station at Opawa, near Christchurch, burned down; incendiarism suspected.—Earthquake shocks, severe at Westport, slight at Christchurch and Kaikoura.

SATURDAY, 13th.

Earthquake shocks at Woodville and Masterton.—Harrington noticed by Parnell commission to produce books and letters of League. Invincibles revived at Dublin.—Attitude of Emperor William at Vienna causes anti-German reaction in Russia.

MONDAY, 15th.

Young man in Yorkshire kicks his mother to death; dismembers and burns remains.—Dublin committee appeals in aid of Parnell defence fund.—Emperor William has interview with Pope.

TUESDAY, 17th.

Whangarei Farmers' Club protest against dismissal of Elliott, Sheep Inspector.—Emperor William crowns tomb of Victor Emanuel at Rome.

SALISBURY'S LAUREATE.

MR. GOSCHEN'S eloquence was by no means the only instrument of conversion relied upon by the Durham Conservatives in their recent demonstration at Wyngard Park. According to a correspondent of the *North Eastern Gazette* the poetic muse of the Tory party was invoked on the occasion, with a success which must have surprised, and possibly delighted, Mr. Goschen. Here are two samples of the Unionist poems distributed broadcast among Lord Londonderry's guests:—

THE G.O.M.

When the Grand Old Man goes to his doom
He will ride in a fiery chariot,
And sit in state
On a red-hot plate
'Twi'x Satan and Judas Iscariot.

Says the Devil, "My place is quite full, as you see,
But I'll try and do all that I can.
So I'll let Ananias and Judas go free,
And take in the Grand Old Man."
But the Devil soon found the whole thing a sell,
For old Gladdy corrupted all people in Hell.

GONE, GONE.

Gone from the sweets of office,
Gone from the head of affairs;
Gone in the head, they tell us:
Gone—and nobody cares;
Gone, not to join the angels,
Gone to reflect on the past,
Gone into Opposition;
Gladstone's gone at last!

Gone, let us hope for ever,
Gone, whither none can tell,
Gone, let us hope to Heaven,
There are devils enough in Hell.
Says Satan, "The place is as full as can be,
But I like to make room if I can."
So he let Ananias and Judas go free,
And took in the Grand Old Man.

If Lord Tennyson should cease to be Poet Laureate Lord Salisbury need now be at no loss to find his successor.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

It should be welcome news to hotelkeepers, storekeepers, and the public generally that Mr. J. D. Feraud, MacLaggan street, Dunedin, has reduced his price list. Mr. Feraud's aerated waters, wines, and cordials bear the highest reputation, and have gained the approval of all authorities to whom they have been submitted for test or trial.

Mr. W. Heffernan, late of the Shamrock Hotel, Bendigo, Victoria, has become proprietor of the Pier Hotel. The house will be found convenient and well managed in every respect, and thoroughly in keeping with the reputation in his business deservedly possessed by Mr. Heffernan.

Coercion is the one cause on which the Government majority is still solid. On the Local Government Bill and on the King-Harman Bill is had been falling and falling, till it almost reached the vanishing point. But this (Wednesday) morning it went up again at a bound to the maximum point, the figure of 93 being within one of the largest possible majorities that the Government can now command. At the general election the full majority was 114. The following table, showing how it has been reduced to 94, may be of interest:—

"REMEMBER MITCHELSTOWN."

(The Nation, August 25)

THE inquest on Dr. Bidley concluded on Friday of last week. Despite the swearing of Dr. Barr, whose statements on oath were about as sincere and true as his patron, Mr. Balfour's, in the House of Commons, the jury came to a unanimous verdict. They declare that Dr. Bidley killed himself in a fit of temporary insanity, caused by the fear of the revelations at the inquest on Mr. Mandeville. They further assert that Dr. Bidley was compelled to act in his official capacity in contravention of his own humane and considerate views. They add an expression of sympathy with Mrs. Mandeville, whom Mr. Balfour's deputy declared on oath to be a perjurer, proving thereby his own reckless disregard of the sanctity of an oath. For Mrs. Mandeville deposed merely as to the nature of the communications made her by her husband; and what could Dr. Barr know of them. They link to this expression of sympathy another with the afflicted wife of the unfortunate Dr. Bidley. They condemn "the reckless and unfounded charges made by Dr. Barr against the medical men and poor Mr. Mandeville"; and they vindicate Dr. Moorhead against the attacks that were made upon him.

The whole clique of the Disunionist Press, taking its cue from Mr. Balfour and Dr. Barr, profess the utmost contempt for this verdict, treating it as if it were a foregone declaration. But an analysis of the composition of the jury proves that it was at least half composed of men of a political hue specially favourable, if they allowed favour to influence them at all, to the police and prison authorities. No fewer than four of the jury were Protestant Conservatives. One was a Catholic Whig Justice of the Peace. Another was an army pensioner. Only two of the jury were members of the National League. A jury more disposed in its majority to take a view favourable to the authorities could not be manufactured even by the veteran packer, Mr. Patrick Coll. Their verdict is perfectly unassailable from the ground of the constitution of the jury. The jury, moreover, gave the case most patient consideration. Their questioning of the witnesses throughout the inquiry was in splendid contrast to the inept and inconsequent queries of the Crown Counsel. Their examination was directed simply to elicit the truth, and with no ulterior political purpose. Mr. Lennox, who took a leading part in questioning the witnesses, is a Northern Protestant. There can be no doubt, therefore, that this verdict is the honest delivery of an impartial jury. That it is as true as it is honest will be the conclusion of every man who brings an unbiased mind to the consideration of the case. Mr. Lane's evidence alone is a complete justification of the opinion that Dr. Bidley's humanity was terrorised by the orders and criticisms of the Prisons Board. The inquiry establishes another claim of blood against the Balfour regime.

Miserable and unfortunate as the whole case is, yet it has its valuable lessons. It proves that if the twenty years of unhalting and unchecked coercion is to continue, the instruments for the execution of its brutality will not be so easily found. Here and there, through even Castle officialism, there will be men alive to the instincts of decency and humanity. The prison doctors are not all Dr. Barrs, nor all the prison governors Fetherstonhaughs. The Castle departments will require a new rigging, and Mr. Balfour will have to go a little abroad for his tortures. Nor will he be able to work his way in the dark. As long as there is an authority in Ireland not amenable to Castle menace or Castle gold a means will be found to unmask the murderous cruelty of the Balfourian gaolers. Mr. Balfour's own cynicism and his Chinese insensibility may shut him out from the category of men whom martyr-suffering in manly defence of what the sufferer believes to be the right can touch; but the heart has not yet been plucked out of the British people, however it may be petrified by the luxuriousness of a pampered class. And this dreadful picture of the Irish Protestant doctor, nursed in traditions and feelings antagonistic to the aspirations of his countrymen, yet driven in madness to death rather than stand responsible before the world for the pitiless brutality of Balfourism, will make itself felt on the heart of Great Britain.

"Five-and-twenty pounds a year" is the modest stipend offered by the vicar of a Yorkshire parish in the advertising columns of our contemporary, the *Schoolmaster*, for a teacher for a moorland school in his neighbourhood. The candidate must be certificated and a churchman; he must also be able to play the harmonium; finally, his merits must be attested by four gentlemen, of whom two must be clergymen, speaking from their personal knowledge. On close examination of the terms it appears that the actual salary is £20, to which is added £2, the estimated rental value of the schoolmaster's two-roomed cottage, admitted to be "rough," and the children's school fees, which together make up the total amount. The vacant post, we learn from the same source, has been filled by a "most excellent man" for some years, so that the possibility at least of existing on the salary referred to—assuming that "this most excellent man" had no other means of living—seems, incredible as it may appear, to be established. Moreover, the vicar has already received "a good many applications." This latter fact we gather from a letter from the vicar himself, in which he bitterly complains that his advertisement has brought upon him some "rude letters" through the post, and voluntarily explains that the value of his own living is only £380, out of which he has to pay four assistant clergy and two lay workers, leaving him, "after the greatest economy"—all these persons living together in the vicarage—a deficiency of £150 a year to come out of "his small private means." Clearly the vicar has, on his statement of the case, no very easy time of it. Still, as his own experience has taught him that five gentlemen living under one roof require for their subsistence £530 a year, even with "the greatest economy," we are left without any solution of the problem of how the poor village schoolmaster, the certificated student, the orthodox churchman, the accomplished harmonium player, the personal friend of "two clergymen," can be expected to provide for all his earthly wants with £25 a year.—*London Daily News*.

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Ask for Ladies' Goat V
Levant Lace Shoes 23
Ask for Youths' Strong T
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Ask for Girls' French S
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(Signed) J. G. BLACK, M.A., L.S.,
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FOR OAMARU.—BEAUTIFUL STAR s.s., on Tuesdays and Fridays. Passengers from Dunedin wharf at 10 p.m. Cargo till 3 p.m.
FOR LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, PICTON, NELSON, TARANAKI, AND MANUKAU.—WANAKA, s.s., on Monday, October 22. Passengers 3 p.m., from wharf.
FOR AUCKLAND, VIA LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, NAPIER, and GISBORNE.—TE ANAU, s.s., on Wednesday, October 24.
FOR MELBOURNE, VIA BLUFF.—MARARO, s.s., on Thursday, October 25.
FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, NAPIER, GISBORNE, and AUCKLAND.—TE ANAU, s.s., on Wednesday, October 24.
FOR SYDNEY, VIA TIMARU, LYTTELTON, and WELLINGTON.—WAKATIPU, s.s., about Saturday, October 27.
FOR FIJI, from AUCKLAND.—ARAWATA, s.s., about Saturday, November 10.
FOR TONGA, SAMOA, and TAHITI.—RICHMOND, s.s., from Auckland in November. Freight and passengers booked through. Full particulars on application.

SPECIAL CARGO AND PASSENGER SERVICE.

Reduced Fares by these Steamers.
For TIMARU, AKAROA, LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, NELSON, and WESTPORT.—GHAFTON, s.s., on Friday, October 26. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 4 p.m.
For GKEYMOUTH (taking cargo for Hokitika) via Oamaru, Timaru, Lyttelton, and Wellington.—MAWHEKA, s.s., early.
For AUCKLAND, via Oamaru, Timaru, Napier, Gisborne and Tauranga. A Steamer early. Cargo at wharf.
OFFICES: Corner of Vogel, Water, and Cumberland Streets.

RAILWAY HOTEL,

TAUPO QUAY, WANGANUI.

THOS. CODY, Proprietor.

Good accommodation for boarders and travellers.

Best brands of liquors kept in stock.

Commercial.

MR. DONALD STRONACH (on behalf of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, Limited) reports for the week ending October 17, as follows:—

Stocks & Cattle.—Some business is being done in these now, and as the season advances, with favourable weather, an increased demand will ensue, when no doubt prices will be obtained which will be more conformable to the views of sellers. During the week we placed 250 head at a satisfactory price, and have some very choice stores now in our hands for private sale.

Store Sheep.—The market continues inactive, and with the exception of the small odd lots usually offered at the weekly sales there is nothing of any consequence passing. We have enquiries for good half-breeds, 4 to 6-tooth.

Wool.—We are in receipt of the following telegram, dated 10th inst., from our London office:—"The wool sales closed at the level of last sales, except greasy merino, which has advanced $\frac{1}{4}$ d per lb.; scoured, do $\frac{1}{4}$ d to 1d per lb.; fine greasy crossbred, $\frac{1}{4}$ d per lb.; fine washed crossbred, $\frac{1}{4}$ d to 1d per lb.; fine scoured crossbred, $\frac{1}{4}$ d to 1d per lb.; greasy crossbred lambs has declined $\frac{1}{4}$ d to 1d per lb since close of last sales. The sales comprise about 221,000 bales, 1,100 of which have been held over for future disposal; 102,000 bales have been taken to the Continent, and only 1000 bales for America."

There is nothing of any consequence doing in the local market, it being rather early for shearing. Prospects for the coming season, however, are considered to be very favourable for a large business being done at the Dunedin sales, it being understood that a number of fresh buyers purpose visiting this market during the coming season. Growers may therefore safely reckon upon good competition for all wools they may offer. We would, at the same time, advise growers to carefully consider the advantage so much more likely to be derived by submitting their clips to public competition than selling privately.

Sheepskins.—We had a good attendance of buyers at our sale on Monday and spirited competition for all lots of red, prices realised being about equal to last week's, quality considered. Country dry crossbreds, low to medium, brought 1s 2d to 3s 7d; do do merino, 1s 5d to 3s 5d; medium to full-wooled crossbreds, 3s 10d to 6s 1d; do do merino, 3s 9d to 4s 6d; butcher's green crossbreds, best, 6s 5d, 6d 1d, 5s 8d, 5s 4d, 6s 1d; medium, 4s 10d, 4s 7d, 4s 3d, 4s 2d; do do merino, 4s, 4s 3d, 4s 6d, 4s 8d; lambskins, 7d to 1s.

Rabbitskins.—There is no improvement in the position of the market. Our London cablegram dated 15th inst., advises that best descriptions have advanced one penny, and inferior sorts $\frac{1}{4}$ d per lb since last sales. We offered a moderate catalogue on Monday when the usual buyers were in attendance, biddings were moderately active but prices realised were unsatisfactory as compared with late sales.

Hides.—There is no quotable alteration to note in values, the position of the market being about the same as when we last reported. The demand continues fairly active, but very little show for any improvement. We quote inferior and bulls, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ d to 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ d; light, 2d to 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ d; medium, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ d to 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ d; heavy, 3d to 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ d; over 60 lbs in faultless condition, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ d to 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ d per lb.

Tallow.—In sympathy with the hardening tendency of the London market this product continues firm. Shippers are operating fairly, and with the market quite bare except the small stocks held by manufacturers, prices are likely to further improve. We quote prime rendered mutton, 19s 6d to 21s 6d; medium to good 17s to 18s 6d; inferior and mixed, 14s 6d to 16s 6d; rough fat inferior, 9s to 9s 6d; medium to good 10s to 13s; best 13s 6d to 14s per cwt.

Grain.—Wheat: The local market is quiet, the business transacted during the past week being on a small scale. Buyers are not disposed to operate at late quotations, and to effect sales a concession on late rates would have to be made. Sellers, however, are not over anxious to do business at less money, considering the continued firm tone of the London market. Fowls food is in fair request, but buyers are not inclined to operate to any extent, prices at present demanded being rather high for export. We quote prime milling velvet and Turcan, 3s 7d to 3s 10 $\frac{1}{2}$; medium to good, 3s 3d to 3s 6d; inferior to medium, 2s 3d to 3s (ex store, sacks weighed in).—Oats: The demand during the week has not been very brisk, chiefly owing to the Australian markets being more than fully supplied with the heavy shipments lately arriving from New Zealand, and consequently offer less inducement for speculation, at the same time a moderate business is being done for shipment coastwise, also for local requirements. At the moment there are no indications of any immediate improvement, but it is quite possible considering the small stocks on hand that further on higher prices may be obtained. We quote stout, bright milling, 2s 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ d to 2s 3d; best feed, 2s 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ d to 2s 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ d; medium to good, 2s to 2s 1d; inferior to medium, 1s 9d to 2s (ex store, sacks weighed in; $\frac{1}{4}$ d extra for b. Dunedin).—Barley: There is no alteration in the tone of the market, which continues inanimate. During the week we placed two or three lines prime Northern for malting, the only quality at all saleable. Medium has no attention. We quote prime malting, 3s 10d to 4s 1d (sacks extra); medium, nominal, 3s 3d to 3s 6d; feed and milling, 2s to 3s (ex store).

Ryegrass Seed is only in very moderate demand, which is not by any means equal to the clearing off of old stocks. We quote local-grown undressed, 1s 6d to 2s 3d; dressed, 2s 9d to 3s 3d; Poverty Bay undressed, 3s 3d to 3s 9d; dressed, 4s 9d to 5s 6d (sacks extra) Cocksfoot, market quiet, with less inquiry. We quote best, 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ d to 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ d; medium, 3d to 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ d per lb.

Potatoes.—The market is less active; at the same time good Northern are saleable at from 70s to 72s 6d; Southern, 45s to 60s per ton.

Dairy Produce.—Butter is coming to hand more freely; prime salted is now obtainable at from 9d to 10d per lb.—Cheese: We have sold during the past few days 240 tons of cheese—the new

season's make, from five of our best factories. The price realised is considerably in excess of last season's ruling rates.

GRAIN AND SEED REPORT.

Messrs SAMUEL ORR AND CO., Stafford street, report for the week ending October 17, as follows:—

Wheat.—The market during the week has been as quiet as the one previous, even though prices at Home are going up, and likely to continue so for some time. Millers have been laying in stocks pretty freely—at least, before the advance, and are consequently not inclined, so long as they have sufficient to work upon, to give higher rates. Prime wheat is good stock, and holders, who are few, will be always able to command good values—say, 3s 9d to 3s 10d; medium, 3s 3d to 3s 7d; inferior and fowl feed, 2s 6d to 3s, with little demand.

Oats.—Few offerings, and arrivals limited. Notwithstanding the quietness of the market, prices have been maintained, and during the week we sold prime milling oats at up to 2s 3d; medium to good stout feed, 2s to 2s 2d; inferior and off-colour, 1s 8d to 1s 11d.

Barley.—Prime malting up to 4s; feed and milling, nominal. Chaff.—Owing to windy weather, prices advanced to £3 10s, but our quotations now are—£3 7s 6d for tip-top oaten sheaf; ordinary, £2 15s to £3 2s 6d.

Seeds.—Ryegrass: Demand not so brisk as last week; tendency is for clean, heavy, machine-dressed, while farmers' samples are being neglected. Poverty Bay is being sold at up to 4s 6d for dressed; 3s 6d to 4s undressed.—Cocksfoot and Timothy: The demand shows signs of falling-off, and it may now be said that the bulk of our spring sowing is over; prices, nevertheless remain firm, as do clover.

Messrs ARTHUR McDONALD AND CO., auctioneers, report for the week ending October 17 as follows:—

As intimated last week, we have secured the large stores recently occupied by the Mutual Agency Co., an immediately opposite our old premises in Bond street, so that we are now in possession of one of the largest wool warehouses in this city, and which is being thoroughly renovated for the reception of the increasing clips.

Wool.—Cablegrams to hand report the closing of the fourth series of London auctions on the 10th inst., at prices firm at the advance previously reported.

Sheepskins.—Prices have improved. On Monday we cleared a large catalogue at full values.

Tallow and Bough Fat.—Market firm. We repeat last quotations.

Hides.—Market dull.

Horsehair.—We have sold 3 bales and 42 bags during the week on account of various vendors at 1s per lb.

Rabbitskins.—We are in receipt of a cablegram from our London agents reporting an advance of 1d to 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ d per lb. As buyers had been anticipating this for some time past, there is very little alteration in the local market, which, however, is very firm, especially for prime full season lines; while medium and inferior are not commanding so much attention. Quotations are: prime winter greys, 16d to 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ d; best spring, 1s to 1s 0 $\frac{1}{4}$ d; medium spring, 8d to 10d; winter, coloured, 9d to 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ d.

Wheat.—The English and Continental markets continue to exhibit a strong tone. The local millers are well supplied, and are not anxious to operate.

Oats.—We have sold as follows:—Prime milling, 2s 3d; best bright feed, 2s 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ d to 2s 2d; medium to good feed, 2s to 2s 1d. There is no demand for seed.

Poverty Bay Ryegrass.—We quote at 3s 9d per bushel for prime. Freezing sheep continue in good demand at 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ d to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ d per lb. delivered at Burnside or Oamaru freezing works.

Chaff is in fair enquiry at £3 per ton.

Salt Butter.—Owing to large supplies of fresh being placed on the market, prices have given way and 8d is now top price.

MR. F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale prices, bags included: Oats, medium to prime, 1s 10d to 2s 2d. Wheat: milling, 3s 6d to 4s; fowls', 3s to 3s 2d. Barley: malting, 4s to 4s 6d; milling, 3s 6d; feed, 2s 6d to 3s. Chaff: medium, £2 15s to £3 2s 6d. Hay: oaten, £3; r.g., best, £3. Bran, £3 10s, Pollard, £3 10s. Potatoes: Northern, £3 10s; Taieri, £3 5s; Southern, £3. Butter: fresh, 8d to 10d; salt, 8d. Cheese, market bare of factory, and up to 5d obtainable for best brands; medium, 4d. Eggs, plentiful, 7d. Flour, stone, £9 10s to £10; roller, £10 10s to £11 5s. Oatmeal, firm, £11.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Jewish Messenger*, of New York, commenting on the present agitation over the school question in Boston, remarks:—"We fear the cry of 'Catholic wolf' is raised too often by Protestant shepherds, who forget that a Protestant wolf is just as objectionable to Catholic priests." Elsewhere, touching on the American Catholic University, it has the following:—"Our Catholic brethren have made a brilliant beginning, and they are to be congratulated. They set an example of educational and religious zeal which some very plausible people criticize as behind the age in free and enlightened America; but as the dynamite, not the Messianic, era is apparently dawning on free and enlightened America, a well-equipped university and a creed that upholds personal morality are influences surely not to be despised."

Dr. John Hall, the burly Presbyterian preacher imported from Belfast some decades ago to give new life to his decaying sect in New York, at a late meeting of British Presbyterians, consoled them by telling them that the Catholic Church was making no progress in America! No doubt, there is still a large field for us to occupy, but such a statement, as a reproach to any Christian denomination, comes with a peculiarly bad grace from a representative of New York Presbyterians, of whom it was told by the daily papers of New York, at the very time that Dr. Hall was making it, that Presbyterians were not holding their own in New York, their members going over en masse to the more fashionable Anglican Establishment. We commend to Dr. Hall's attention the list of Protestant churches unfilled, closed, and offered for sale, and the list of Catholic churches opened every week in the year.—*Catholic Review*.

[CIRCULAR.]

IN continuing the responsibility of a Dental Practice, I have adopted the modern system of doing business, adding the latest appliances, and carefully making myself and assistants perfect in our several branches.

Many friends have supported me most liberally—some for years. I take this opportunity of thanking them, and to express a hope that they will find it advantageous to still further increase my obligations to them.

To those to whom I have not had the pleasure of attending in the past or latterly, I can only add that I shall be very pleased to see them, and will do my best to prove my worthiness of their support and confidence.

I venture to think that, in the interests of patients generally, I am not out of place in calling attention to the fact that for the last 26 years I have bestowed my attention to the climatic, artistic, and general requirements of a Dental Practice in this Colony.

In conclusion, I can only repeat my earnest desire to carry out consistently and honestly the sentiment of good faith, which has been my rule in past years.—Yours faithfully,

JOHN P. ARMSTRONG, Dentist.

Please Note Undermentioned

SCALE OF FEES:

Full Set of Artificial Teeth	£8 0 0
Nitrous Oxide Gas	0 7 6
Stoppings, from	0 5 0
Painless Extraction	0 5 0
Ordinary Extraction	0 2 6

Regulating, Gold Stoppings, etc., according to cases.

The following facts may be noted:—

The **£8 SET OF TEETH**, is as good in every respect as used to be charged double the money for. The reason is owing to a remarkably advantageous arrangement for getting materials, etc., of a superior quality at a cheap price.

The **PAINLESS EXTRACTION** is a new idea, entirely free from bad after effects. Although most difficult cases have been undertaken, not more than 1 per cent. have felt the slightest pain, while numbers testify to its efficacy.

Arrangements can always be made for payment by degrees. Scrupulous care is taken in each and every case, ensuring best and uniform results.

HOURS OF ATTENDANCE: FROM 9 A.M. TO 6 P.M.

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Direct Importer of the Best and Most Popular IRISH and CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

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Customers' Orders promptly attended to.

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This compact little Book is Neatly Bound and contains 132 pages 12mo demy.

It has been specially compiled for the requirements of New Zealand and Australian colonies, and is earnestly recommended by the

Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Dunedin; His Grace

Archbishop Redwood, of Wellington; Most Rev. Dr.

Luck, Bishop of Auckland; Most Rev. Dr. Grimes,

Bishop of Christchurch; Most Rev. Dr. Byrne,

Bishop of Bathurst; Most Rev. Dr.

Corbett, Bishop of Sale; Most Rev.

Dr. Lanigan, Bishop of Goul-

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Bishop of Ceram; Most

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Maitland

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May be made with Schools and Catholic Stationers for the Sale of

ST. JOSEPH'S PRAYER BOOK.

PRICE, POST FREE, TO ALL PARTS OF THE COLONY, **rod.**
STAMPS MAY BE SENT.

BANK OF NEW ZEALAND.

APPPLICATIONS will be received at any office of the Bank, up to 30th inst., for Shares of New Issue of 25,000 on colonial registers, from shareholders at par, from public at one pound premium. Preference will be given to shareholders in proportion to their present holdings; thereafter allotment will be made *pro rata* of number of shares applied for. Payment to be made—one pound on application, four pounds on allotment, two pounds 1st of February next, balance upon not less than three months' notice; premium payable on allotment. Allottees of new shares will be required to agree that Directors may at their option receive from holders of old shares three pounds per share, reinstating these shares at ten pounds paid without corresponding increase of liability. It is not proposed to accept this three pounds per share at an early date.

By order of the Board.

GEO. BUCKLEY, President

NEW PUBLICATION.

"THE HISTORY OF IRELAND,"

From the Earliest Period to the Present Time,

BY MARTIN HAVERTY.

THE Work is derived from Native Annals, and from the researches of Dr. O'Donovan, Professor Eugene Curry, the B.V. C. P. Meehan, Dr. E. R. Madden, and other eminent scholars, and from all the resources of Irish History now available.

The Book will contain about 900 pages, with 19 full-page steel engravings, and numerous coloured plates, comprising views of famous Historic Places and Distinguished Irishmen. Beautifully bound; full morocco; gilt sides and edges.

Orders are now being booked for Copies of this Publication by Mr. Scanlan, agent for Southland district.

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SPRING AND SUMMER DRAPERY AND CLOTHING,
Which they have marked at Exceedingly
LOW PRICES FOR CASH.

The Best Value for the Money in the City.

DRESSMAKING & MILLINERY IN THE NEWEST STYLES
And at the Lowest Rates.

ADDRESS—

MACLAGGAN STREET, DUNEDIN.

RIVERTON ART-UNION.

(Postponed to November 3.)

(Continued.)

THE Very Rev. M. Walsh desires to acknowledge with many thanks, the receipt of blocks of tickets with accompanying amounts from the following:

	£	s.	d.
Miss J. Bonney, Dunedin	2	0 0
Mrs W. Cameron, Iona	1	0 0
Miss M. Fitzgerald, Orepuki	2	0 0
Mr E. McManus, Clyde	0	6 0
Mrs J. Holland, Gore	1	18 0
Mr J. Dwyer, Oamaru	0	9 6
Mrs J. Turley, South Dunedin...	2	0 0
Mr J. Drumm, St. Kilda	1	0 0
„ M. Sullivan, South Dunedin	0	4 0
„ J. Edmonds, Dunedin	2	0 0
„ J. Barry, Orepuki	1	0 0
Miss L. Bonney, Dunedin	2	0 0

(To be continued.)

NOTICE.

ALL persons interested in the Riverton Art-Union may rest assured that the Drawing postponed to November 3 will certainly take place on that date. Those still holding Books of Tickets will please return same, sold or unsold, as soon as possible, but not later than November 1.

J. M. HALL, Hon. Sec.

NOTICE.

The undermentioned are appointed Agents for this Journal in their respective districts:—

- Mr. P. Barry, merchant, Napier.
- W. Lyons, Waipawa.
- A. Haughey, Hawera.
- W. O'Grady, Patea.
- W. Geerin, New Plymouth.
- A. McDuff, Wanganui.
- P. Joyce, Catholic teacher, Thames.
- T. Green, merchant, Maniaia.
- J. O'Connor, Palmerston North.
- J. M. Grace, Auckland.

TO THE BURGESSES OF DUNEDIN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I beg to announce that I shall solicit your Suffrages at the forthcoming Election of Mayor of the City, and in due course shall lay my views on municipal matters before you.

H. GOURLEY.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1888.

PROGRESS AND JUSTICE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The Catholics of New Zealand provide, at their own sole expense, an excellent education for their own children. Yet such is the sense of justice and policy in the New Zealand Legislature that it compels these Catholics, after having manfully provided for their own children, to contribute largely towards the free and godless education of other people's children!!! This is tyranny, oppression, and plunder.

WHAT IS TO BE THOUGHT OF IT?



ABLEGRAMS are not always to be relied upon, but when circumstances are calculated to corroborate them it is not always imprudent to accept them as reliable. The world has been recently informed by cablegram that the Emperor of Germany has paid the Pope a visit and informed his Holiness that he had better abandon all hope

of the restoration of the temporal power of the Holy See, and that he would do well to join the alliance of the conservative Powers, one of which is Italy. This is strange in its mode of conception, and very wonderful in point of policy. It is only by an effort of the imagination—of an imagination perverted, too—that anyone could place Italy amongst conservative nations. Why, the present Kingdom of Italy is the child of the revolution, and could never have had existence except as the child of revolution and the offspring of contempt for all conservative principles. Then, on the score of policy, it does not seem wise on the part of a great ruler to trust in the stability of a Government, which only dates from yesterday, is entirely supported by anarchists and soldiers, and which is in reality in conflict with at least three-fourths of the people of the Italian Peninsula. But were it not for the vagaries of the German Emperor, we should pay no attention whatever to this cablegram. It is an outrageous thing for an Emperor visiting the Pope—the Pope, violently deprived of his states—to advise his Holiness to concede all to his despoiler; and not only that, but to become the ally and the abettor of the plunderer. We are not, however, indisposed to admit that the man who, within a few weeks of the death of his grand-father and father, could undertake a pleasure trip through Europe, and in Rome itself crown the statue of VICTOR EMMANUEL, is very capable of such folly. Were it not for this consideration, we should unhesitatingly reject the cablegram. It is very remarkable that Prince BISMARCK has not accompanied the Emperor in this journey, nor have any of the great German statesmen accompanied him. This is significant, and sets serious people thinking whether the wise heads who have had such a large part in the establishment of the new German Empire approve of their

Emperor's proceedings. They know, as any well-informed man in Europe knows, that the overwhelming majority of the people of the States of the Church is in favour of the restoration of the Pope's temporal power, and if the Piedmontese troops were withdrawn the people would to-morrow place themselves once again under the government of the Pope. Under these circumstances, no man of common sense can think otherwise than that the hold of the Italian Government in the Roman States is very precarious. Things in Italy are in a state of violence, the strain is enormous, and the Government is very insecure. In fact, the present state of things cannot last. The German Emperor, in leaning on the Italian Government, is leaning on a reed which the first pressure will crush to atoms. And he must be a shallow man, or an imbecile, who fails to see this. But the crowning absurdity of the Emperor was the coronation of the statue of VICTOR EMMANUEL. This king had, indeed, one kingly virtue; he possessed animal courage, but that is all that was in any way remarkable about him. But if the Emperor were to employ himself in crowning the statues of all brave men, he would have a busy time of it, and he would be much better employed in crowning the statues of the innumerable brave men amongst his own subjects who bled and died to erect a great empire for him. This act of the Emperor of Germany in Rome in relation to VICTOR EMMANUEL will lower him in the eyes of all Catholics and of all men of common sense, who will see in this act the summit of the folly of a dupe, and the cunning of a revolution which, if it could, would dethrone himself, and which is now merely playing a part in order the better to be able in the near future to dethrone all kings and emperors. There can be no doubt that the new Emperor of Germany is not a wise man. He may be an able warrior; it is said he is so; but few, if any, will regard him as a wise politician or an able ruler. His subjects in Germany would do well to get him back home again as soon as possible, and they ought to take care not to let him travel again without Prince BISMARCK or some such able politician. If they do not they will run the risk of seeing the noble fabric it cost them so much to rear crumble into pieces before their eyes, through the *gaucherie* of their softy of an Emperor.

On Sunday last the Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart at Greytown was blessed and opened by Most Rev. Dr. Moran. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at 11.30, Rev. Fathers O'Neill and Lynch being deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The bishop in his sermon gave a highly interesting account of the rise and progress of Christianity in Poland which is the native land of the principal portion of the Greytown congregation. At the conclusion of the ceremony a collection was made, which, together with proceeds of tickets realised £75. His Lordship the Bishop congratulated the congregation and their pastor, on being in possession of a neat and commodious church for the practice of their holy religion.

There are few Englishmen (says the *Pall Mall Budget* of August 23), who will not read with sympathy and admiration the story of the gallant struggle which James Somers and his eleven kinsfolk made against 200 police and Emergency-men last week in county Wexford. They had converted their little house into a veritable fortress. An earthen rampart was thrown up to the height of twenty feet around the house; in front of this a trench five feet deep had been dug, and the doors and windows were closed by gates and bars. The gallant garrison of twenty defended themselves against battering ram and bayonet charges for eight hours, and at last only capitulated when the roof of their little stronghold caught fire. The justification of their action is to be found in the fact that the eviction took place for a rent which the resident magistrate had in vain urged the landlord to reduce; the offer of the tenants having been a just one, which the magistrate thought the landlord should have accepted.

I HEAR (says *Truth*) that Mr. Chamberlain submitted to a friend the letters from Mr. Parnell to Mr. O'Shea on which he relied to prove his case against the former gentleman, and that the friend advised him that he had no case. Hence the "climb down" in his letter to the *Times*. In his letter to Mr. O'Shea, Mr. Parnell distinctly stated that he could not accept either Mr. Chamberlain's Local Government scheme or any other local Government scheme as a settlement of the Irish question. As for the assertion that Mr. Parnell had stated that the Government must legislate against boycotting and intimidation, it rests, even according to Mr. Chamberlain, upon the mere statement of Mr. O'Shea, and it is entirely incorrect. The Coercion Bill, with the clauses marked in the margin of which Mr. Parnell approved, has not been forthcoming. In its stead, Mr. Chamberlain publishes a Bill with a pen run through the clauses of which, according to Mr

O'Shea, Mr. Parnell specially disapproved. Never was there such a collapse.

MR. GLADSTONE'S political speech at Hawarden (says the *Paisley Mail Gazette*) was chiefly interesting—apart from its vehement eloquence—for his vindication of Mr. Parnell's action in the Scotch courts. Mr. Gladstone is clearly convinced—as the *Freeman's Journal* and Archbishop Walsh are—that Mr. Parnell has discovered the missing clue to the origin of the famous letters, and that he will be able to prove exactly how the *Times* was either hoodwinked or an accomplice in the "forgery." If this be so, Mr. Parnell's legal action is only what he always announced as his intention, and it will have the advantage of securing the punishment of the *Times* for "a wicked and outrageous wrong." The *Times* has already given notice that it will do all it can to balk the Scotch action. It will be necessary, therefore, to watch very closely the preliminary proceedings of the English Commission. The way in which the judges deal with the "forged letters" will be a touchstone of their fairness.

THE Emperor William has had a cordial reception at Rome, where all that was to be expected, with a little more, has taken place. The little more has been the health-drinking to the Italian and German armies, and the allusions made by his Imperial Majesty to the manner in which German unity had been won by the sword, and the consequent analogy implying perpetual agreement between the Italian and German nations. This seems in some degree to point to an alliance of offence. As to the meeting of the Emperor and the Pope, it was naturally friendly, but we may doubt the genuineness of any particular detail given. That especially to the effect that the Emperor had advised the final abandonment of the temporal power, and an alliance instead with the conservative Sovereigns, seems very untrustworthy. It is hardly possible that his Majesty would have presumed to give any such advice. Had he done so, however, the effect must be contrary to that desired by him. Such advice would show how much the Pope stood in need of complete independence so that his actions should be directed by no external influence, and so that no union with despotism should make the Papacy an object of suspicion to the masses. The decoration by the Emperor of Signor Crispi, with the order of the Black Eagle, and his Majesty's remark that no one had ever deserved it more, may be taken as a necessary part of the ceremonial. It is quite impossible that the Emperor can have any confidence in the statesman so honoured by him.

NEARLY the whole of the dissenting ministers of Ireland, we are told, have risen up in a protest against Home Rule, and are about to banquet Lord Salisbury as a pledge of their resolution and sincerity. But who, we should like to know, are the dissenting ministers of Ireland, and what is their importance? Taking away the Orangemen of Ulster, whose opposition, with its true reasons, has always been known, the dissenters of Ireland are a very insignificant body, indeed, and, in fact, a man might quite well live in the country all his life without so much as seeing one of their ministers at a distance. The truth is he must, as a rule, go out of his way to do so, and then he would have mighty little to see as a reward for his pains. Things must be going hard with Balfour, when he has to get up this agitation as a last resource. But as for the banquet, is there not Secret Service money enough in the coffers of the Castle, to pay for a much more pretentious feed? Lord Salisbury filled with the victuals and drink of a genuine dissenting banquet of the kind, would as anxiously call for an antidote as any man ever represented in *Punch*, as having partaken of a cheap champagne supper. The protest and petition of these dissenting ministers are among the chief jokes of the period. But there would be nothing in the way of a joke to the Prime Minister in the inevitable cholera that must ensue should he venture to enjoy himself at that feed, and supposing there were no Secret Service money available. Poor fellows, we do not grudge them their banquet. The probabilities are they stand sorely in need of it, and the money would probably go into worse stomachs than theirs. Seediness, after all, is neither a vice nor a crime.

THE Dublin committee, we see, are appealing for aid to the Parnell defence fund. The need is pressing, as Mr. Gladstone besides has very clearly and powerfully explained it in his Hawarden speech. On the one side is the *Times* with mines of wealth at its command and actually making money by its reports of the commission and the libel action; on the other is Mr. Parnell, a man of moderate fortune, but under the necessity of bearing expenses that must swamp the owner of super-abundant riches. Nor is the cause in which he must meet such an enormous strain that of Mr. Parnell himself. It is the cause of the Irish people to which he sacrifices his life and all his resources, and on the results of the inquiry and the action their interests depend. It should, therefore, devolve upon the Irish people to meet the necessities of the hour, and they may justly be called on to act generously in the matter. As our Christchurch correspondent also points out, the Irish inhabitants of Westport have already recognised their duty in the case, and are engaged in its performance, the example they

give the rest of the colony being most praiseworthy and deserving of imitation. We are confident, however, that very little persuasion will be required in the matter, and that everywhere an anxiety will be spontaneously felt to have a part in so honourable and necessary an undertaking. New Zealand hitherto has kept well to the fore in aiding the great cause, according to her means, and we need have no apprehension that she will now prove backward. No fervent appeal therefore, on our part is necessary, but we can leave the cause in the hands of our Irish readers feeling convinced as we do that of themselves they will, as usual, do all that concerns their credit, and reflects honourably on their liberality and goodness of heart.

IT is again reported that two nationalist delegates are about to visit these colonies. It appears definitely settled that one of them is to be Mr. John Dillon, and there is not a man in the party whom we should more gladly receive or be prouder to see. For the other the names of Mr. T. D. Sullivan and Sir Thomas Esmond are mentioned, and to either we shall accord a hearty welcome. Were the choice given us, however, we should, as it seems but right and natural, prefer the visit of the tried veteran. Sir Thomas Esmond is a fine young fellow, who does honour to the cause he represents, and is deservedly admired wherever he goes. But T. D. Sullivan is the old and trusty friend and leader of the Irish race; the sweet singer too whose strains have long cheered the exile's dwelling, and nothing but ingratitude could prefer any man to him. Besides there would be something to look forward to in the verses that Mr. Sullivan would be sure to give us afterwards, and of which Ireland and our southern lands would be the common theme. Nevertheless a hundred thousand welcomes shall await the delegates, be they who they may.

WE have much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the honourable position obtained by the Catholic Colleges of New South Wales in the Senior Public Examination, recently held at the Sydney University. Thirty-six, out of one hundred and ten successful candidates are from the Catholic Colleges—a fact which, taking into consideration that the Catholics are less than one-third of the population, and labour under considerable disadvantages, speaks volumes for the teaching powers of our educational institutions. Marist Brothers' College, 13 pupils passed; Jesuit College, 6 passed; Bathurst College, 5 passed; Goulbourn College, 4 passed; St. Vincent's College, 3 passed; Marist Brothers' High School, 3 passed; Maitland College, 2 passed. Total, 36.

NOWADAYS, when the world is moving on, and the Church of England apparently moving with it—if, indeed, it is not going somewhat faster—the appearance of Dr. Nevill in a London church, wearing a cope and cloth-of-gold mitre, as reported the other day, may perhaps cause no amazement. Time was, however, and that not so very long ago, when the arrival of Macaulay's New Zealander himself could have occasioned no greater commotion. His Lordship, it seems, not only made the imposing appearance alluded to, but also took part in ceremonies in which banners, and candles, and incense were used. The Bishop, we have no doubt comported himself so as in all respects to do honour to his adopted country, but could the quiet old fathers of a generation or two have arisen, in their plain old gowns and surplices, not to speak of their Geneva bands, though perhaps these, coming also from foreign parts, were wont as well to give some hint of universality, their astonishment would have been very pronounced. It might have taken the explanation, given on the occasion by the Bishop to someone or another as an additional mark of Catholicity, that a rod driven through the earth from the spot where his Lordship made his appearance would come out close to his residence when he was at home, to explain the phenomenon to them. Indeed it is very probable that some at least among them would think it quite time for the New Zealander of literary prediction to make his famous sketch. But in the days when tattooed heads were the chief curiosity brought to the old country from New Zealand, who could foresee how much more remarkable phenomena lay in the womb of the future? The world moves fast to-day, as we have said, and what is universal must necessarily move with it.

THE judges who form the Parnell commission have evidently been taken a good deal aback by the refusal of Mr. Graham, the counsel for the *Times*, to make any definite charges against particular persons, or to do anything more than attempt to substantiate in a general sort of a way the accusations published in the articles called "Parnellism and Crime." The court seems to have expressed their disapproval of the course without disguise. But as the object of the inquiry has all along been apparent, and the intention of the Government plain, there is nothing to astonish us in the matter. We are told the Irish party express themselves satisfied with the situation, and we can easily believe that they have reason to be so.

WE have received from Mr. M. Ryan, Broadfield, £1 in aid of the evicted tenants fund.

His Eminence Cardinal Moran has taken his farewell of Ireland and set out upon his return to Australia. The Cardinal, as his parting word, has expressed his conviction that the immediate concession of Home Rule alone will prevent the formation of secret societies among the Irish people—an event to be dreaded by their friends, and which it must be the chief object of good government to hinder—which, moreover, bad government might find more troublesome than it had bargained for, and attended by dangers that it would prove hard, if not impossible for it to check. But that the Government now in power will be warned, even by so high an authority as Cardinal Moran, we have little hope. The Cardinal, meantime, has also testified to the union which exists between the clergy and the people, and shown his sympathy with the existing situation by subscribing £50 towards the Parnell Defence fund, which has also been done by the Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel. In taking his leave of Ireland, we are further told his Eminence expressed the gladness with which he looked forward to his return to his home in the Southern world. His Eminence may, indeed, bring with him on his voyage a light heart, for not only can he enjoy the consciousness of having done a great and noble work on behalf of his oppressed countrymen, but he may look forward to the grateful and joyous reception that awaits him from their more fortunate brethren. The Irishmen of the colonies must, indeed, be found wanting in gratitude were they not prepared to receive with enthusiasm one, not only distinguished by his exalted rank, but by his noble qualities and magnificent services to their race, as the greatest son of Holy Church who has ever set foot on Australasian soil.

Mrs. MONA CAIRD, a lady with a craze, has created a sensation by an article published by her in one of the periodicals, whose object it is to solve the question, "Is marriage a failure." As her a state matter for solution, one might think, at this period of the world's history. The lady's opinion is, of course, that although she herself is tolerably well suited with a husband, and he tremendously well and altogether beyond his deserts suited with a wife, for the more unfortunate generality of the human race it is otherwise, and marriage is a failure. The lady, who somewhat inconsistently, it might appear, is indignant at being supposed to advocate what is commonly known as "free love" seems to find her solution in a free and easy system of divorce, which would naturally come to pretty much the same thing. She is quite ready to make short work of all difficulties, and would, without an instant's hesitation, cut every Gordian knot that might oppose itself to her. She says, for example, that, to quote her own words, "There is a great superstition as to the importance of the identical father and the identical mother taking care of their own children." And of course young chickens, and even perhaps young goslings, can be hatched out and reared without troubling any father or mother at all in the matter, so that there may be some congenial analogy to guide this lady in her megrims. This specimen of her argument should, however, suffice for us, and we can only regret that it is among the rights of women, not only occasionally to have very little wit, but to make known their failure to the world.

A REPORT has reached our contemporary, the *Bruce Herald*, of the death of the Rev. Father Lenehan, late of Milton. Details, however, are not given, and the rumour lacks confirmation. We, therefore, refrain from referring at greater length to the matter.

A BEAUTIFUL painting in oils executed by Miss Kate Fagan, and handsomely framed, has been presented by the young lady in question to the Dominican Nuns' bazaar, where it will be among the chief attractions of Mrs. Fraser's stall. Another oil painting, the Madonna, also a very beautiful work of art, and richly framed, has been forwarded as well to the convent, the donor's name being, probably by accident, omitted. A meeting of the ladies interested in the bazaar will take place in St. Joseph's schoolroom on Tuesday, when several points brought forward at the last meeting will be submitted for further discussion.

MR. SCANLAN, a gentleman recently out from Ireland, is now in the Gore district, taking orders for the new publication, "History of Ireland." We wish him all the success the book deserves. It is comprehensive and sound in its contents, and will take the form of a volume creditable to any library.

LORD SALISBURY, then, has method in his madness. Who, if not he, should support the rights of property? His Lordship, it seems, is the owner of whole rows of houses in St. Martin's parish in London, which are let chiefly to Polish Jews. His Lordship, it is mentioned, does not display that interest and solicitude which, as it is well known, he feels for the welfare of the masses by personally visiting his houses or his tenants—but, as in the case of a noted philanthropist, spoken of by Dickens in "Little Dorrit," deals with them through an agent. The houses are said to be in a dilapidated condition. Indeed, at a late meeting of the parish vestry, they were de-

scribed as "disgraceful." But no doubt, like most London lodging houses they are made to pay. It is fortunate, then, for the rights of property that their protection lies in the hands of a man who thoroughly understands the subject—owing to his personal experience. But what about the rights of the people who own no property and whose case is hardly likely to be so well understood by his Lordship?

THE reports from Rome of the doings of the German Emperor have excited extreme indignation among our Irish Catholic settlers. Could the Roman curia witness the spontaneity of the feeling, and note its sincerity, and the immediate and unhesitating method of its expression, we fancy it would lead to some hesitation on their part, in receiving reports as to Irish disaffection and disloyalty to the Holy See. The Pope evidently stands first in the affections of the Irish people, and it would require a miracle of iniquity to remove him thence. But that furnishes no excuse for the party who are trying to play the rôle of a thaumaturgist in the matter.

THE German Emperor, (says *Truth*) is exceedingly bitter against the Queen, and one of the official papers at Berlin has been instructed to announce that Germany and Russia have decided to treat England "as non-existent." Her Majesty has expressed her opinion, in the strongest possible terms, that her grandson has behaved very badly towards his mother, that he insulted her, and that he manifested gross disrespect towards his father's memory by rushing off to join in a series of festivities at a foreign Court before the wreaths on the late Emperor's coffin were withered. The young Emperor, in whom filial affection or respect for his "forbear" are not strong points, has responded to these exhortations with at least equal acrimony, and I am told that he has adopted a truculent tone in his correspondence with his English relatives for which a precedent might in vain be searched in the annals of the Queen's reign. Her Majesty and the Empress Augusta are in perfect accord on the subject, and the Empress has espoused the side of her daughter-in-law with great zeal throughout the quarrel.

"THE proposal (says the *Wanganui Yeoman*) by a settler in another column to abolish the education system and apply the money "saved" to public works and the settlement of the land, is one of the most hopeless forms of materialism. We have surely thrown away sufficient money on public works for the benefit of the few, without robbing the children of the many to throw away more. A man without education is not much better than the beast of the field, a mere animal, and sometimes a very dangerous animal. It is the cultivation of the mind that makes man a responsible being, and our education system is by far the best thing the State has done for the people. A selfish spirit of materialism would deprive the people of this precious boon, but we fancy the citadel can be defended successfully whenever it is assailed. The danger is, that it may be sapped and undermined, but we have seen sufficient to make us believe the constituencies of the colony will not be unfaithful to their trust whenever the tocsin of alarm is sounded." But if you only cultivate the mind, good friend, and neglect the heart and conscience, your responsible being may still continue a beast, even if he knows a trick or two to keep him in better quarters than the field, and may stand a chance of becoming responsible for a great deal of devilment. We, however, quote the precious paragraph as a sample of the tocsin note which has reduced the colony to its present pickle, and by sounding which interested men are always able to confuse the intelligence of the people, and make their profit of them. The tocsin of the education cry is like an alarm raised by thieves to throw householders off their guard and rob the houses.

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. They guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. The artificial teeth gives general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read—[ADVT.]

Mr. John P. Armstrong continues to keep himself on a level with the times, by adopting, in connection with his practice as a dentist, all the most approved appliances of the day. Mr. Armstrong's long experience of the particular requirements of the colony gives him an advantage that cannot fail to be of much benefit to his patients.

Messrs. A. and T. Inglis, George street, Dunedin, are holding an exhibition in their millinery department, for which they claim unrivalled success. Ladies will find themselves well repaid by a visit to the department where all their requirements are provided for with the utmost skill and taste.

Applications for shares in the Bank of New Zealand will be received up to the 30th inst. Persons in search of a safe and profitable investment are not likely to find a better opportunity than that now offered to them.

Messrs. C. Johnson and Co., Maclaggan St. Dunedin, announce the arrival of their Spring and Summer stock. The drapery and clothing in question which as usual are of the best possible qualities, will be marked at extremely low prices.

A. & T. INGLIS

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

The immense success of our Millinery Department has more than realised our most sanguine expectations.

FANCY DRESS DEPARTMENT.

In this department we shall show a choice selection of Novelties in fancy stripes, checks, &c.

Beige, Foulle, and other new fabrics, in all the very latest colors, at strictly wholesale prices. In Prints, Gingham, and other washing materials, a very choice selection.

MANCHESTER DEPARTMENT.

CALICOES, CALICOES, CALICOES.—We shall show a grand lot of all the leading and reliable makes, consisting of over 800 pieces in fine, medium, and heavy makes. These have all been marked at prices that will defy competition. White and Coloured Quilts, Toilet Covers, Towels, Glass-cloths, Tea-cloths, also a large quantity of Table Linen, white and unbleached, at bargain prices. A splendid lot of Shirtings, Sheetings, Pinacores, Muslins, and Galateas; about 150 pieces of Oatmeal Cloth, in cream, pink, and sky. These goods were bought as job, and are well worth 7½d to 8½d per yard. We have marked this lot to clear 4½d and 5½d.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

In this department we shall show a choice selection of all the leading novelties in Dolmans, Jackets, &c., both black and coloured. A grand lot of Liberty Silk Garibaldi Jackets, in all the leading colours, at bargain prices.

Bargains in Ladies' and Children's Costumes, Skirts, Dust Cloaks, Tennis Jackets, Jerseys, &c., all the very latest styles, for Saturday and following days.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

CORSETS, CORSETS.—We are showing a very large stock in all the newest shapes from the best English and French makers.

UMBRELLAS, UMBRELLAS.—See our pretty handles at 1s 6d each. Children's Umbrellas at 10½d each. Silver Ring Handles, 2s 3d each. Our Special—Satin De Chine, fancy handles, 7s 6d.

SWISS EMBROIDERIES, SWISS EMBROIDERIES.—We are noted for pretty patterns and good value. Our New Season's Goods are now open for inspection. White, from 1d per yard; Coloured, from 2d per yard; Flouncing Embroideries, from 3s 3d per yard.

RIBBONS, RIBBONS.—All the Newest Shades from 1½d per yard. Satinette Picot, Satin and Faille Picot, Ottoman Picot, Faille Picot, Moire Picot, Moire Satin Edge, Faille Satin Edge.

LACES, LACES.—White, Cream, Beige, pretty patterns, from 1d per yard; Flouncing Laces, 36in wide, at 1s 3d per yard. Tinsel Laces for antimacassars. Linen Torchon Laces for Pinacores, Special.—All-Silk Spanish Scarf Lace, Cream and Black, 5in wide, at 4½d per yard.

Dress Ornaments, Beaded Ornaments, in all the new shades. Drops, Beaded Cuffs and Collars and Beaded Fronts. Coloured Striped Silks (all Silk), 1s 6d per yard. Coloured Plushes, 2s 3d per yard. Black and Coloured Striped Plush, 4s 11d per yard. Black Satin Mervelex, grand value, 5s 3d per yard. Black Satin, 24in wide, 2s 3d per yard.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Men's Tweed Suits, from 19s 6d.
Men's Tweed Coats, from 9s 6d.
Men's Tweed Trousers, from 4s 6d.
Youths' Trouser Suits, from 12s 6d.
Youths' Trousers, from 6s 6d
Youths' Coats, from 7s 6d
Boys' Trouser Suits, from 9s 6d
Boys' Trousers, from 4s 6d
Boys' Coats, from 6s 9d
Boys' Knicker Suits, from 4s 6d
Men's New Zealand Suits, from 37s 6d
Men's New Zealand Trousers and Vests, from 19s 6d
Men's New Zealand Coats, from 17s 6d
Men's New Zealand Trousers, from 9s 9d
Youths' New Zealand Suits, from 25s
Youths' New Zealand Trousers, from 9s 6d
Boys' New Zealand Trouser Suits, from 19s 6d
Boys' New Zealand Knicker Suits, from 12s 6d.

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White and Regatta Shirts in all sizes and prices—value unequalled.

100 Dozen Heavy Cotton and Union Shirts at astonishing prices, being job and bankrupt stock lines.

50 Dozen Boys' and Youths' Shirts, grand value.

Underclothing in Wool, Merino, and Cotton, several large purchases, rare value.

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500 Pieces Tapestry Carpet, from 1s 11d to 3s 6d.
350 Pieces Brussels Carpet, from 3s 6d.

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50 Trunks Ladies' and Children's Boots and Shoes, just landed. Our own make of Boots are the cheapest and best in the city.

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is too Well Known to require puffing, and there are specialties too many to enumerate. Compelled to sell quickly. Early inspection invited, when, if you don't see what you want, ask for it, Impossible to show the thousand and one useful articles we keep.

During sale we are offering special value in Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Fenders, Cutlery, Brush-ware, etc., etc., Large Galvanised Baths, 26 inches, 5s 6d; Ash Pans, 3s 6d; Fancy Wire Bird-cages, from 4s; own make Roller Skates, 12s 6d; good useful kitchen brilliant burning Lamp from 2s 6d.

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ITEMS FROM TEMUKA.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

Temuka, October 5, 1888.

IMPROVEMENTS IN ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

THE Rev. Father Fauvel is never tired of making improvements to his famous church, and bringing it nearer and nearer to perfection. His heart and soul seem to be fixed on beautifying the abode in which dwells the Saviour of mankind, and making it look more impressive in a spiritual sense. The latest step in this direction is the placing of the statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on a handsome pedestal, which stands at the north-west end of, and a few paces from, the Communion rails. The pedestal has been handsomely got up, and the painter has faithfully imitated what is known as black and gold marble—indeed, so much so as to deceive one at a distance. It is not necessary for me to describe the statue, as that has been already done by me. On the panels and caps Father Fauvel has caused to be printed scriptural quotations and other beautiful ejaculations. On the west (front) side are: "My son, give Me thy heart" (Proverbs xxiii., 26); "Come to Me all you that labour and are burdened, and I will refresh you. Take up My yoke upon you and learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls" (Matt. xi., 28 and 29); "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments" (Matt. xix., 17). On the north side; "Praise be to God!" "Create a clean heart in me, O God, and renew a right spirit within my bowels" (Psalm l.); "Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on us!" "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found" (Isaiah, lvi., 6). On the south side: "Love be to Jesus!" "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God" (Matt. v., 8); "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine!" "Walk before Me and be perfect" (Genesis xvii., 7). This completes the number on the Sacred Heart pedestal. The large crucifix which formerly projected from the north-west end of the vestry, above the wall has been taken down from its lofty position and placed on a similar pedestal to that of the Sacred Heart on the south end, in an opposite position to the statue. I must remark the rev. father acted with much wisdom to effect this alteration. Previously the face of the crucified Saviour was not so visible as now. Though on the pedestal are some stirring inscriptions, yet none can be so impressive on the heart as the excruciating suffering which is so beautifully portrayed on the countenance of the Redeemer of mankind. Anyone to gaze thoughtfully on that wan face cannot fail to be hurriedly carried to the scene of the crucifixion on Mount Calvary. The streams of blood from the wounds must undoubtedly recall to the pious, as well as the irreligious beholder, the necessity for the shedding of that blood, and bring to the mind of all that as often as a mortal sin is committed a new crucifixion is brought about again. To the sinner it should be an aid to contrition. But it is impossible to describe the lesson the Christian learns from the scene. On the cap of this pedestal is painted a spear, near which is the text: "One of the soldiers with a spear opened His side" (John xix., 34); also a hammer, with the text: "They have pierced My hands and My feet" (Psalm xxi., 17). The nails, crown of thorns, and sponge, are likewise there. The cap bears also the words: "O Crucis spes unica!" The panels are inscribed as follows:—Front: "He loved me and delivered himself for me" (Gal. ii., 20); "And, bearing His cross, He went forth to that place which is called Calvary" (John xix., 17); "O, all ye that pass by the way, attend, and see if there be any sorrow like to My sorrow" (Lament. i., 12); "Mors tua, Jesu, vita nostra." On the south side: "He that taketh not up his cross and followeth Me, is not worthy of Me" (Matt. x., 38); "Whosoever doth not carry his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple" (Luke xiv., 23). On the north: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me" (Luke ix., 23); "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ" (Gal. vi., 14).—Your readers will, no doubt, remember my description of the beautiful Adoring Angels we have in our church. Previously the ten angels were turned to the altar; now four of them face the body of the church. They stand on the wall—one on each side of the lateral altars. The improvements are certainly an acquisition to the appearance of the church. It is the prayer of everyone that the Rev. Father Fauvel may long be spared to continue his good work; and all breathe freely, as we have been assured by our beloved Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Grimes, that death alone will—temporarily, I hope—separate the good pastor from his devoted flock.

COMMEMORATION OF THE DEAD.

On Sunday, September 30, the generally glittering appearance of the main altar of St. Joseph's Church was wonderfully changed—it being impressively draped in black, and making the general appearance very solemn. The congregation was larger than usual, and first Mass was celebrated by the pastor of the church. It was most beautiful to behold the large number (over 150) who approached the Holy of Holies, in obedience to the command of the Holy Father, for the repose of the souls of the departed faithful. At half-past ten o'clock, the Rev. Father Fauvel celebrated a Solemn High Mass for the dead, and in his sermon—the text being, "Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of God has touched me" (Job xix., 21)—he most plaintively appealed to his congregation on behalf of the souls in purgatory, and at length spoke on the sufferings they endured.—The choir, under the conductorship of one of the Sisters, rendered a solemn Gregorian requiem, the "Dies Irae," and "O Salutaris" (Galuppi).—In the evening, the holy Rosary was recited, followed by the devotion of Stations of the Cross. After a sermon, the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament brought the day's ceremonies to a close.

THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The Rev. Father Fauvel has commenced his appeal on behalf of those who are still without the knowledge of God. On last Sunday week, the rev. gentleman preached his first sermon on the above subject, taking for his text Luke vi., 38: "Give, and it shall be given to you: good measure, and pressed down, and shaken together, and

running over shall they give unto your bosom. For with the same measure that you shall mete, withal it shall be measured to you again." After having clearly shown from Scripture that it is absolutely necessary to perform works of mercy, the rev. father claimed that none were so efficacious as the noble work of the propagation of the faith, which was a continuation of the work which our Lord came upon earth to begin. He spoke at length on the advantages derived by the members, and all could be such, as it required only once to offer the *Pater* and *Ave* of our morning prayers, and subscribe a halfpenny per week. Speaking of foreign missions, the rev. gentleman said that savages who not many years ago committed all sorts of vices, were now the best of Christians. There were still 900,000,000 pagans, and, therefore, we had a large field to perform missionary work in. All could be missionaries by becoming members of the society. After speaking at great length on matters bearing on the subject, Father Fauvel wound up with a very touching appeal to all to join. Last year \$52 were sent, and this year he trusted would not be less fruitful. Yesterday (October 7), the Rev. Father Fauvel again returned to the subject of the propagation of the faith. He took, for his text, "Redeem thou thy sins with alms, and thy iniquities with works of mercy" (Daniel iv., 24). The rev. father again dwelt at length on the subject, and besought the collectors to work most energetically. After dealing with the propagation of the faith, the Rev. Father Fauvel said he had still something to speak on the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. After dwelling on the advantages accruing to its members, and their duty, the rev. gentleman read from the Messenger of the Sacred Heart many miracles wrought through devotion to the Sacred Heart.

CONFIRMATION AT ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

On Sunday next the Right Rev. Dr. Grimes, Bishop of Christchurch, will administer the Sacrament of Confirmation in the above church. His arrival is anxiously awaited.

THE BAZAAR.

The ladies who are engaged in the good work of collecting for the bazaar have been working most assiduously, and I am pleased to be able to state there is every probability of their efforts being crowned with success. They deserve every praise for their strenuous endeavors to clear off the debt on our church.

THE QUEEN'S CORONATION.

FIFTY years ago, on the 28th of June, 1838, the crown of these realms was placed upon the head of Queen Victoria. Mr. Greville's version, of what he saw and thought, which was only given to the world forty-seven years after it was penned, will be perused with interest:—

The coronation (which, thank God, is over) went off very well. The day was fine, without heat or rain—the innumerable multitude which thronged the streets orderly and satisfied. The appearance of the Abbey was beautiful, particularly the benches of the peeresses, who were blazing with diamonds. The Queen looked very diminutive, and the effect of the procession itself was spoiled by being too crowded; there was not interval enough between the Queen and the lords and others going before her. The Bishop of London (Blomfield) preached a very good sermon. The different actors in the ceremonial were very imperfect in their parts, and had neglected to rehearse them. Lord John Tynne, who officiated for the Dean of Westminster, told me that no one knew what was to be done except the Archbishop himself (who had rehearsed), Lord Willoughby (who is experienced in these matters), and the Duke of Wellington, and constantly there was a continual difficulty and embarrassment, and the Queen never knew what she was to do next. They made her leave her chair and enter into St. Edward's chapel before the prayers were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the Archbishop. She said to Lord John Tynne, "Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know; and at the end, when the orb was put into her hand, she said to him, "What am I to do with it?" "Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand." "Am I?" she said; "it is very heavy." The ruby ring was made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the Archbishop was to put it on, she extended the former, but he said it must be on the latter. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put it there, and, as he insisted, she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on; but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over, she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water in order to get it off. The noise and confusion were very great when the medals were thrown about by Lord Surrey; everybody scrambling with all their might and main to get them, and none more vigorously than the Maids of Honour. There was a great demonstration of applause when the Duke of Wellington did homage. Lord Rolle, who is between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. Her first impulse was to rise; and when afterwards he came again to do homage, she said, "May I not get up and meet him?" and then rose from the throne and advanced down one or two of the steps to prevent his coming up—an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation. (The Queen sent in the evening to inquire after Lord Rolle.) It is, in fact, the remarkable union of naivete, kindness, good-nature, with propriety and dignity, which makes her so admirable and so endearing to those about her, as she certainly is. I have been repeatedly told that they are all warmly attached to her, but that all feel the impossibility of for a moment losing sight of the respect which they owe her. She never ceases to be a Queen, but is always the most charming, cheerful, obliging, and unaffected Queen in the world. The procession was very handsome, and the Extraordinary Ambassadors produced some gorgeous equipages. The thing best worth seeing was the town itself and the countless multitudes through which the procession passed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer told me that he had been informed £200,000 had been paid for seats alone, and the number of people who have flocked

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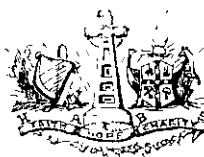
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into London has been estimated at 500,000. It is said that a million has had a sight of the show one way or another. These numbers are possibly exaggerated, but they really were prodigious. From Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey, by the way they took, which must be two or three miles in length, there was a dense mass of people; the seats and benches were all full, every window was occupied, the roofs of the houses were covered with spectators, for the most part well-dressed, and from the great space through which they were distributed, there was no extraordinary pressure, and consequently no room for violence or ill-humour.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

KATE MITCHELL was one of those unfortunate women whose surplus physical energies distinguish them from others of their sex. As a child she was known as a "tomboy," and prim mothers held her up as an awful warning to their little daughters; while in her own home the question of how to subdue her buoyant spirits was wrestled over with true maternal solicitude. When she grew up, society frowned upon her as a "hoysie," and her way was beset with thorns.

At eighteen she could row, and swim, and ride, and play lawn tennis like a boy. She was a great walker, and upon one occasion had walked to Mount Diablo and back in two days, with her brother and a couple of friends—a feat which alone would have sufficed to place her under a ban in San Francisco's best society. That she sang like a bird, danced like a sylph, and was, altogether, a very amiable, pure-minded girl, was a small offset for the sum of her iniquities, and although she was exceedingly popular among a set of young and irresponsible boys, conservative circles frowned upon her, and it was generally understood that she was a young person of most radical and dangerous tendencies.

It was, therefore, a matter of polite regret when the announcement of her coming nuptial with one of this same conservative circle was received. Tom Middleton was a promising young lawyer, of excellent family and irreproachable manners. It had been generally understood that Tom's ideal was of a different type, and more after the pattern of the elegant society women with whom he had been accustomed to associate. His intimate friend and boon companion, Jack Spencer, who had always disapproved of Kate, undertook to pose as the mouthpiece of society, and echoed its sentiments in Tom's unwilling ear. Tom stood staunchly by his colours, but his friend's words sank deep into his soul, nevertheless. He secretly resolved that, for his sake and her own, Kate must be "toned down."

He succeeded even beyond his hopes. Nine years after her marriage, few would have recognised in the quiet, repressed woman the gay and spry girl of former days. Kate was fond of her husband, and the alchemy of love had wrought the change; but it is a dangerous thing to meddle with spiritual chemistry as well as the forces of the material world, and if Tom had known what pent-up longings and rebellious inclinations raged beneath his wife's quiet exterior he might have repented his success. But he went on callously and blindly, as men will when dealing with delicate forces which they cannot understand, and Kate kept her grievances to herself. Two children came—the elder a girl, a fiery, untamed little creature, who made the mother's heart ache, as she saw in the child a reflex of herself; the other, a boy, sturdy, deliberate, like his father. When the children grew larger and needed room for exercise and outdoor air, which their city home would not afford, they took up their residence in a little country home, not so far away but that Tom could travel back and forth daily and attend to his business, and it is here that our story finds them.

One grey December day, Kate stood at her window, gazing out upon the landscape. It had been a dull, tiresome week. Several days before Tom had started off on a long-promised vacation, which was to be dedicated to a hunt in the mountains, in company with a party of friends. She was thinking, with envy, of this hunting party, and wondering, half-bitterly, why amusements that were conceded to be proper and healthful for men should not be healthful and proper for women. How she would have enjoyed the long tramps over the hills, the excitement of the hunt, the joy of holding a good gun on her shoulder, and knowing that she could sight and shoot with the best of them! She felt a wicked talace as she thought of the showers that had fallen in the valley and the clouds that had hung constantly over the mountains. She was lonely, dull and cross, and chafed against her hedged-in life, with its narrow boundaries, its senseless restraints.

There was a rush of feet through the house; the door of her room opened, and the children burst in.

"Mamma, the creek is up! Take us down to see it!"

The childish longing for novelty and excitement found an instant echo in her heart. They had run in from outdoor play, and were bonneted and cloaked, with rubber overshoes to protect their feet from the damp earth. As for her, it was refreshing to evade Bridget's vigilant eye, and to steal out of the front door in her loose house-dress, bare-headed, and with worsted slippers on her feet. They followed a garden path for a little distance, and then entered a narrow lane leading to a place where they were accustomed to ford in the summer time, but over which now swept a seething, tempestuous flood.

As they looked and listened, Kate realised that this was no ordinary freshet, but the product of a heavy rainfall over the whole vast watershed, which had accumulated its forces in thousands of tiny rivulets, and, joining issue with the mountain stream, plunged down its narrow channel, a mighty and irresistible power.

Even as they looked she saw a wall of water suddenly rear up above and come down towards them like a miniature tidal wave.

The dam built by the new water company had given way!

They ran back from the shore to higher ground, and not a moment too soon. The stream rose several feet in a second. It cut into the solid banks on either side, and bushes and young trees rooted up and sucked it by the greedy current, went spinning by. A giant sycamore wavered, flung out its bare and skeleton limbs as if in ghostly protest, and fell far out into the stream, interlocking

its branches with a sturdy evergreen oak which stood on the opposite bank, while its trunk, loosely anchored by long, snake-like roots, tossed helplessly in mid-stream.

"Mamma, see the big boards coming?" cried out her little daughter.

Kate looked far up the stream, and saw a great timber sailing leisurely along. Now it caught on a projecting snag and swung half about, now it caught on a submerged island, and idly disengaged itself and sauntered on. Behind it was another, and yet another—the stream was black with them.

"Oh, my God! The railroad bridge!"

The railroad bridge, and the afternoon train now nearly due soon to rush down a steep grade to a leap into that yawning chasm. Her first impulse was to start up the canon, but she instantly checked herself. What folly, when miles of overflow lay between her and the doomed train! Word must be sent to the station, and from there a telegram to the next stopping place above the bridge. But how? The hired man! Jim had gone an hour before to the village to get the mail, and have his daily gossip with the loungers of the place. Even if he were here, neither horse nor man was fleet enough to cover the circuitous road that lay between. Then she looked at the prostrate sycamore. Down the stream, leisurely, but nearer and nearer still sailed the great timbers.

"Marian, take little brother, and go straight to the house and stay there till mamma comes back."

She had already pulled herself up by one of the roots and was creeping stealthily along the swaying trunk. Here her dress caught on a branch; there she had to climb down and crawl along with her feet under the water to avoid an upright limb. Once she slipped and lost her hold, and was nearly sucked into the eddying current, but she caught at a stout projection and swung herself up again.

She could hear the swash of the heavy timbers up-stream as they rocked lazily upon the water, but she did not dare to look. Before her the main trunk of the tree was lost, and she saw two diverging limbs, one low in the water, the other locked with the oak in mid-air. Which to take? She dared not hesitate, but began a perilous climb along the upper limb, slippery, naked in places, wavering so that she grew giddy and shut her eyes to keep from falling. And so, lying prone upon it, hand over hand, she crept the entire length, and the great stick of timber struck heavily against the fallen sycamore, and just as Kate swung herself into the branches of the oak she felt her support give way, and with a groan, and crash, and wild up-tossings of its skeleton arms, the old tree tore loose from its moorings, and was swept down stream towards the bay.

Her hands torn and bleeding, Kate Middleton reached solid ground at length, and first her maternal instinct asserted itself, and she looked back and saw her children standing still and looking after her. She pointed home with a gesture they dare not disobey; she saw them turn and run up the lane, then sped along her way.

She was not light of foot as in her girlhood; whereas she was once fleet as a deer, and swift motion was a very joy to her, she now realised that she was growing to be a stout and middle-aged woman. She moved heavily and clumsily, and laboured for breath, and her feet were like clods beneath her. There was a mile of rough and rocky ground to be covered before she reached the station, and the train—oh, but to possess once more the agility of her girlhood!

Which would be first? Would the train, flying across the upper levels of the Coast Range, reach the next station before the brave woman had sent her message of warning? How many times she asked herself the question she could not have told. She scarcely dared hope that she might be in time. Her heart seemed ready to burst with grief for the terrible misery threatening so many happy homes. Alas! for the orphaned children who might cry aloud to heaven that night! Alas! for fathers and mothers whom the morrow might behold bowed down with sorrow! Alas! for husbands and wives—

She was crossing the bed of one of the many abandoned channels of the impetuous mountain stream, a rock pathway, strewn with the spoils of by-gone freshets, where, even then, a shallow stream was rippling past, token of the torrent's surplus force. She faltered, smitten by a new and awful thought. What if Tom—Tom who was not to come for two days more; Tom who had started out in an altogether different direction—should have cut short his excursion, or with his party, driven home by the continued rains, somehow, wandered to one of the upper stations and boarded the train there.

Where was her vaunted physical strength now? What was she, after all, but a weak, wretched woman, with trembling limbs, every muscle clogged by this great horror that had taken possession of her, a fierce pain gripping at her heart, something rising in her throat which suffocated her, her eyes filled with babyish tears? Thank God! her brain kept clear and true to its purpose, and urged on the flagging body. On, on, over little hillocks, across level stretches of sand, down new ravines she ran. Once she cut her foot cruelly on a sharp stone and remembered, for the first time that she had on the light worsted slippers she had worn in the house, and had carelessly neglected to exchange for walking boots when she started down to the creek with her children. She even bethought herself that her loose house dress was scarcely the style of apparel in which she should like to present herself at the station, could she have her choice, and in the same breath sent up a prayer of thankfulness for its light weight, which scarcely encumbered her movements.

With all the rest of her senses dulled, her hearing appeared to have become preternaturally sharp. She seemed to hear the clatter of the approaching train twelve miles away. The throb, throb, throb of the engine kept pace with her beating heart. She heard the hollow echoes from the neighbouring hills as the train crept over embankments, its deafening clamour as it rushed across trestle-work, its dull rumble as it rolled over solid ground. She even seemed to see the engineer as he laid his hand on the escape-valve, ready to give the iron monster voice as it neared the little mountain town, then the wild shriek of the escaping steam, the clangour of the bell, the puff, puff, as the train slackened speed, the clatter of the brakes, the jangle of the couplings.

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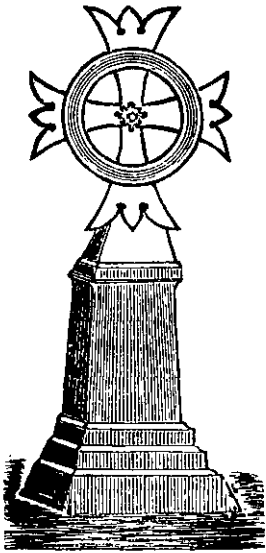
NEW ZEALAND DIRECTORS: Edwina John Spence (Dalgety and Co.), Chairman; George Beetham, M.H.R., Wellington; Seymour Thorne George, Auckland; J. B. Harcourt, Wellington; The Hon. W. J. M. Larnach, O.M.G., M.H.R., Dunedin; The Hon. George McLean, M.L.C., Dunedin; Frederick J. Moss, M.H.R., Auckland; The Hon. Edmund William Parker, Christchurch; The Hon. Sir Robert Stout, K.C.M.G., Dunedin; Leonard Harper, Christchurch.
 FRANCIS J. FOX, General Secretary for N.Z.

"THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA—LA—LA." READ THIS.

ALL Flower and Vegetable Seeds delivered at your door at Catalogue Prices. Cash must accompany the order. Wm. Hurst, Strategem, American Wonder, Bliss's Abundance, and other new and early Peas. Myatt's Ashleaf (true) and other Early Kidney Potatoes. Be sure and send for my beautifully illustrated Seed Catalogue; pronounced a work of art. Agent for Trigg's collection of Carnations and Picotees. WALTER BULL, 193 George street and Princes street (under the Grand Hotel), Dunedin.

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 MONUMENTAL MASON,
 CHRISTCHURCH.
 [Established 1872.]

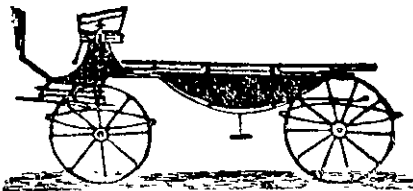
Monuments from £2 to £120, and a large stock of marble and other Materials to select from.



Ornamental Work of all kinds executed in stone, iron and timber. Grave Railings

Designs and Estimates forwarded on application

MONUMENTAL WORKS,
 MADRAS STREET SOUTH.



NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

WE BEG to notify our customers and friends generally we have removed our place of Business to our New Premises (opposite Reid and Gray's, Princes Street South), where we shall be able to execute all orders with punctuality and care.
 HORDERN, BRAYSHAW, AND WHITE,
 DUNEDIN CARRIAGE FACTORY,
 Princes Street South,
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KAITANGATA RAILWAY AND COAL COMPANY (LIMITED).

KAITANGATA COAL.

The Company beg to intimate to their Patrons, as a safeguard against the imposition of other Coals, that the KAITANGATA has a Bright Shining Appearance, Lights Quickly, and Lasts; Free from Smell of any kind, and is singularly Superior in every way for Household Consumption.

Universal Satisfaction is Guaranteed to Householders by the use of this Company's Coal.

Procurable from all Coal Merchants.

FACTORY: 190 GEORGE ST. Op. Morris's.



HIGH STREET Opposite D.I.C.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

I have much pleasure in announcing to my patrons and friends, who have so liberally supported me for the past seven years, that I have taken those commodious and centrally-situated premises, 190 George street, where I will now have the most complete facilities for carrying out all the branches of my Parasol and Umbrella business.

For the convenience of my numerous Customers in Caversham, Roslyn, Mornington, etc., I have opened a BRANCH SHOP in HIGH STREET (opposite D.I.C.), where I have on hand a Large and Varied Assortment of Materials for Umbrellas, Parasols, etc. Repairs, etc., at the very lowest prices in the City. Competition defied. Factory: 190 George street. A. MARTINELLI.

NOONDAY OIL.

Now Landing, ex Woodlark, from New York.

If you want a good light, use the best and save trouble.

All the Cans in this shipment of Oil have the New Tap, with revolving top and long spout. This top serves as lamp-filler, canvent, faucet, and can-filler; saves labor; no soiling of hands.

NOONDAY FOR WASHING CLOTHES. A few tablespoonfuls of Noonday Oil saves half the labour.

Full directions can be obtained from your Grocer.

WANTED KNOWN—

THOMAS GORMAN,
 HORSESHOER, GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
 and WHEELWRIGHT.

All kinds of Jobbing done.

NORTH ROAD, TIMARU.

THE ASHBURTON HOTEL, EAST STREET.

Proprietor MR. DEVANE.
 A Private Family and Commercial Hotel, five minutes from Railway Station. Private Apartments for Families. The Best Brands of Wines and Spirits. Billiard Room. Tariff Moderate. Special Terms per week for Private Families.

ALLIANCE HOTEL,

THAMES ST., OAMARU.

(Lately occupied by Mrs. Grant.)

A. J. ADAMS, having taken the above well-known Hotel, begs to intimate to his numerous country friends and the travelling public generally that he is now prepared to offer them every Accommodation at a small charge, viz., Meals and Bed, 1s; Boarders, £1 per week. A superior table kept. Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths; also a good Billiard Table.

The Alliance Hotel is well-known as the best working man's Hotel in Oamaru.

A. J. ADAMS, Proprietor.

SANITARY PIPE AND STONEWARE FACTORY, KENSINGTON.

THE undersigned having purchased the above Works, is prepared to sell at Lowest Current Rates.
 J. H. LAMBERT.

NORTH-EAST VALLEY AND KENSINGTON.

SPOT CASH NOX ALL.—It is knocking all rivals out. Cash on the spot again wins. Public Benefit Boot Co.

SPOT CASH we must have to enable us to squeeze a living profit from a bed-rock price. Public Benefit, Drnedin.

SPOT CASH will secure inducements that no other consideration would secure. Public Benefit Boot Co.

SPOT CASH is the trusty friend, the powerful advocate, more eloquent than the human tongue. Public Benefit.

SPOT CASH Conquers.—Backed by this mighty ally, we win a red-hot victory. Public Benefit, Dunedia.

SPOT CASH for perfect stem winders, or hard pan specialties. Public Benefit Boot Company, Princes street, Dunedin.

WIDEAWAKE Shoebuyers. Headquarters for every sort. Spot Cash. Public Benefit Boot Company, Dunedin.

BIG DRIVES.—Those who wish to dig at root of prices try Public Benefit Boot Company, Dunedin.

HARD HITTING BARGAINS. Spot Cash again wins. Public Benefit Boot Company, 46 Princes street, Dnnedin.

SPOT CASH takes them quick. No chance to make old stock here. Public Benefit Boot Company, Dunedin.

SPOT CASH is Invincible, Infallible, Omnipotent. The solid rock of bottom prices has been struck. Public Benefit.

GO SEE the great difference between Spot Cash and Credit. Public Benefit Boot Company, 46 Princes street, Dunedin.

SPOT CASH is for live. Boot and Shoe buyers. Solid bargains Sell like hot cakes year round. Public Benefit Boot Co. Princes street, Dunedin.

Would she never reach the little red station-house, now plainly in sight at the end of the smooth gravelled road? She was passing the post-office, where people idly gazed at her. What matter! If only there were a horse and buggy in sight, to help her on her way! If only one of the loungers would understand and take up the mission which her spent strength seemed inadequate to fulfil! But she might not turn aside.

On the depot platform more loungers, Jim among them, rolling a quid of tobacco in his cheek, and talking earnestly about the state of the weather and the prospects of the growing crops. They all looked upon her as a mad woman as she ran past them. Jim muttered an expletive under his breath, moved by the strong indignation that must always possess a self-respecting servant when master or mistress does something derogatory to the dignity of his "family."

The station-master was in his office talking with a gentleman who had come down from the mountains and was waiting to take the train to the city. He was clad in a hunting-suit, and was talking with some excitement.

"It has rained all the week," he was saying; "you think it rains here in the valley, but, great guns! you should be up in the mountains in a rain-storm. Sheets and sheets of it—blizzards of sleet and hail, and the wind blowing like a hurricane. We broke camp yesterday. I took a bee-line down here. The rest crossed the hills to the station above. They'll be down on the four-o'clock."

Voice and speaker were familiar to the woman who stood in the doorway, both hands pressed to her panting breast. The words came only too distinctly to her quickened senses. Then her premonitions were true, and Tom—Tom was on that fatal train. Again her body reeled, but her steady brain saved her.

"Stop the train! The bridge is gone!" she cried. Both men looked up, startled at the words. With the prompt movement of a man trained to obey orders, the agent leaped to his instrument; the other man, slower to comprehend, came forward, the look of amazement on his face, and he viewed the singular apparition in the doorway, giving place to amused indulgence, as he recognised the speaker. What an eccentric, impetuous girl! Kate Mitchell always was, and what a life she must lead Tom Middleton!

"This is quite an unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Middleton," he said, smiling.

She waved him back with a single imperious gesture. There was a brief silence. The operator listened intently, with his head resting on his hand. Kate Middleton remained standing in the doorway, her hands clasped low, her face blanched with dread, and all her soul absorbed in listening. Jack Spencer slowly comprehending the meaning of the scene, waited, his interest growing with every moment's delay.

At last it came, the monotonous click, click, conveying its portentous message in a language unknown to two of the three listeners. The operator arose from his chair.

"Just in time. The train was pulling out of the station but they stopped her."

Kate Middleton clutched at the doorway. For the first time in her life her head gave way. She was again on the swaying sycamore, and the limb was cracking, breaking, going down. She felt the water on her face, and opened her eyes, to find Jack Spencer supporting her head, and the station agent pouring ice-cold water over her.

"She'll be all right in a minute," said Jack, cheerfully. "Now, Mrs. Middleton, with your permission, I'll see you home."

She borrowed a hat and cloak from the station agent's wife. Jim brought up the horses. Jack Spencer handed her into the wagon with grave courtesy, and they drove off. Some of the loungers, dimly understanding what she had done, looked on curiously. That was all. No fuss, no formal tributes, no speech-making even from the two who understood. There was no deputation of strong men to tender her public tribute in voices shaken by sobs. Contrary to all tradition, and unlike any hero or heroine who ever saved a train from wreck, she was on the wrong side of the bridge, and the people most deeply concerned were nine miles away.

Neither honour nor praise awaited Kate in her own home. Bridget scolded her, and put her to bed, and declared that she "wud surely catch her death a-cold, an' she deserved it well," and tried to save her from the consequences of her misdeeds at the same time. Of the children, Harry surlously resented her base desertion of them on the bank of the raging stream, and Marian, with her mother's spirit of adventure strong upon her, terrified the household by avowing her intention of going across the water on a tree the first time she could escape parental authority.

The mother had her reward, nevertheless. Late that night, when the children were asleep, and Bridget had relaxed guard, Kate escaped from bed, and, donning a wrapper and shawl, laid herself down upon the lounge before the open fire, to enjoy scanning the daily paper. The rain fell steadily without, so steadily that the sound of a horse's hoofs coming up the sodden driveway was scarcely distinguishable from the patter of the rain-drops. Kate started up as she heard a step outside the door; another moment, and Tom was before her, looking very solemn, like a newly-materialised ghost.

"Tom?" she cried, sharply, and then she seemed to cower before him; yet not before him, but the horror of the afternoon, which again descended upon her and took possession of her. Tom, her husband, might have been one of that grisly throng of mangled, crushed, dead, and dying phantoms of the might-have-been, ever torturing her mental vision. She pressed her hands over her eyes, as if they might bar out the sight.

"Oh, you ought not; you never should do such a thing," she said. "After all, she had nerves, and they had been sorely tried that day."

"What do you mean?" gravely demanded Tom. This was indeed a sorry greeting, if ever all he had been through.

"You shouldn't have come home in this unexpected way; you should let people know when you are coming."

"Kate," said Tom, solemnly, seating himself on the sofa and drawing her down beside him, "you will speak differently when you know how near I came to not coming home at all; I have travelled

twelve miles over a rough mountain road to get here to-night. We were just starting out of Prescitta when we were notified that the bridge—three miles below there—six miles above here, Kate—had been carried away.

"How did you find out?" Kate was herself again. There was a little twinkle in her eyes, but her lip trembled.

"As to that," replied Tom, reports are somewhat vague. But all accounts agree it was a woman. And she did wonderful things. The bridge-tender's wife, I believe. Floated down stream on a timber, somebody said. Started, all dripping, for the station, and got there in an unconscionably short time. Not a minute to spare. If it hadn't been for her?—oh, it was a wonderful feat, everybody says."

"But how—very—unladylike!" said Kate in a shocked voice, stooping to pick up something from the floor.

"Unladylike!" cried Tom, excitedly. "I tell you, Kate, that was something worth while. Very different from your lawn tennis practice. When a woman puts her strength to such a use—and such a strain as it must have been, by Jove! Why, Kate, I doubt if you could so much as walk to town and back. But when a woman saves two or three hundred lives at one stroke—My goodness, Kate! What have you been doing to your foot?"

For Mrs. Middleton had unconsciously pushed the wounded foot into sight, and its load of bandages piled up by Bridget's clumsy fingers, and finished with a red flannel swathing, was indeed calculated to strike terror to the beholder.

"I—I took a little walk to-day," replied Kate, guiltily, trying to hide the foot again beneath the hem of her dress. "But don't let us talk about that, Tom. I'm sorry I seemed queer and cold when you came in. I wasn't feeling well, and you—you looked so. It made me shiver."

Like many people who are dauntless in the presence of real danger, Kate had all her life been shy of praise. If she could have kept the knowledge of her escapade, as she mentally termed it, from her husband, she would gladly have done it. But, stupid as he was in some ways, obtuse as he was, he was not to be put off in this way. He was already on his knees beside her, cutting threads, removing pins, and undoing cloths, in spite of her protests, until he disclosed a little foot, purple with bruises, and an ugly, gaping cut in one side.

"No wonder you are not yourself to-night. A 'little walk!' I should say so. Kate, what have you been up to now?"

"I had on my slippers," confessed the culprit, "and—there wasn't time to change them. Let it alone, Tom. It'll be all right to-morrow."

"A 'little walk!'" persisted Tom. "Great Caesar, Kate, you are not to be trusted alone any more than a two-year-old babe; I'll never dare to go off and leave you again."

"If I hadn't taken my little walk, you—you—you mightn't have had the chance!" cried poor Kate, cornered at last.

"My soul!" cried Tom, a light dawning upon him at last; "it was you."

I think he kissed the little lame, bruised feet. I am afraid he did a great many foolish things and humbled himself most lamentably to show his love for his brave young wife, his pride in her, and his contrition.

There was a purse made up by the passengers on the overland train that fateful day, to reward the plucky woman who had saved them from such a frightful disaster, but they were never able to find her out. The station-master and Jack Spencer kept their secret well. The only subscription that ever reached its destination was Tom Middleton's. His wife sometimes wears a very ugly bracelet set with a couple of very large and ponderous gold coins. When people question her about it she replies that it is a medal Tom once awarded her for a race she won. It is generally understood that she refers to some rowing match or horseback ride, for there are boats on the pond now, saddle-horses in Tom's stable, and a tennis-court on the lawn. But even as she answers Kate sees again the railroad train, with its precious living freight, thundering on to destruction, and a woman, bare-headed, wild-eyed, with dragged dress and bleeding feet, racing desperately across a rough country, in a mad effort to avert the impending danger.—*Argonaut.*

A correspondent writes as follows to a home paper:—Recent events have caused some of our English friends to look with feelings approaching to dismay on Irish Catholics and on their loyalty to the Church. What evidence does the "Society for the Propagation of the Faith" give us on this head? The *M. y* report of the annals of the above society has just come into my hands, containing the contributions from each diocese in England, Ireland, and Scotland, to the funds of the association. I have taken the trouble to add up the contributions from each country separately (the secretary of the association has kindly and considerably collected them under one total). The figures are suggestive. Ireland contributes (in francs), 164,304; England, 47,069. The amount contributed from the diocese (Cashel and Emly) of that *enfant terrible*—Dr. Croke—76,633, far exceeds the entire collection from England. *Verb. sap.*

A St. Petersburg newspaper gives some interesting particulars about the increased study of Russian abroad. It seems that the "sweet-flowing Russ" is most diligently studied in Germany; and it is now being learned by a large number of people in England likewise. At the Berlin Military Academy Russian is obligatory, and it is spoken a good deal in military circles all over the Fatherland. There is in Germany a considerable demand for Russian-speaking journalists, since all the principal newspapers keep a careful eye upon Russian affairs, and in the somewhat elementary arrangement of most German newspaper offices this can only be done by the presence on the staff of a contributor who knows the language. In commercial circles a knowledge of Russian is likewise found very useful, and many young business-men go to St. Petersburg for a time to perfect themselves in the language. In the English army, as we know, special inducements are held out to officers to learn Russian; and, according to the St. Petersburg journal, many of our young officers are so eager to learn the Muscovite tongue that when they happen to be stationed in a town where no instructor is to be had they spell out the Russian Bible by the aid of an English one. Let us hope this is true.—*St. James's Gazette.*

GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

CHIEF ADVANTAGES.
 Low premiums and large bonuses.
 Funds kept in New Zealand.
 Claims paid immediately after proof of death.
 Most liberal conditions.
 Low New Zealand mortality.
 Economical management.
 State security.

TOTAL SUM ASSURED (including Bonus Additions) ... £7,135,243
 TOTAL FUNDS (the whole invested in New Zealand) ... £1,328,493
 In addition to the above funds, the office has an ANNUAL INCOME of over ... £268,000

The Surplus Cash Profits in 1885 were £242,556

OPENING OF TONTINE SAVINGS FUND SECTION
 Tontine Savings Fund System Policies are now being issued.

New Assurers and existing Assurance Policyholders will be allowed to join this section. All profits accruing after entering the section are set apart to be divided among the policyholders remaining in the section at the end of 1900, when liberal returns in cash are anticipated.

The principles of the Tontine and mode of keeping accounts are not kept secret, as in case of other Tontines advertised.

Information can be obtained at the Head Office and all Branches and Agencies, and also from the Travelling Agents of the Department.

F. W. FRANKLAND,
 Actuary and Principal Officer.
 D. M. LUCKIE,
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 WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANT,
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 GREAT KING STREET, DUNEDIN
 (Opposite Hospital).

Cash buyer of Oats, Butter and Potatoes

THE EQUITABLE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION OF NEW ZEALAND.

HEAD OFFICE—

RATTRAY STREET, DUNEDIN,
 Opposite Triangle, near Railway Station.

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE, ACCIDENT.

Lowest Rates of Premium.

W. C. KIRKCALDY,
 General Manager.

Suites of OFFICES in New Building TO LET. Apply

THE EQUITABLE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION OF NEW ZEALAND.

READ BROTHERS BULL-DOG BEER.

The Finest Bottled Ale and Stout imported.
 Further supplies Now Landing ex Taranaki, in pints and quarts—champagne bottles.

Trade Mark. DOG'S HEAD (see model), of which the President of the Bull-Dog Club in London writes to Messrs Read Brothers as follows:—"The finest British Bull-Dog ever known was Champion "Crib," owned by Mr Thomas Turton, of Sheffield. But "every dog has his day," and "Crib" has long since departed. Your admirable model may, however, be considered to represent a typically perfect dog. If your Beer carries as good a head as your dog it will be hard to beat.

"(Signed) JAMES W BERRIE,
 "President of the Bull-Dog Club."

Orders for the above Beer promptly executed by

W. & G. TURNBULL & CO.,

Agents for Dunedin.

THE UNITED FRIENDLY SOCIETIES' DISPENSARY,
 Ross' ARCADE (Op. Post Office), TIMARU,
 Is now Open. The general Public can rely on their being faithfully supplied with PURE DRUGS, Genuine PATENT MEDICINES, and SUPERIOR ARTICLES in Brushware and Fancy Goods.

Country residents in Washdyke, Temuka, St. Andrews, Pareora, Pleasant Point, Fairlie Creek, Winchester, and the surrounding district should patronise the institution.

Readers of the TABLET should not forget to support it. Prescriptions accurately and skillfully dispensed. All charges strictly moderate.

Motto: "Union is strength. Fair Trade."
 Public patronage respectfully invited.

G. E. WARBURTON,
 Registered Chemist, Manager

C. C. MCCARTHY,
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QUESTIONS ANSWERED!!!!

Ask the most eminent physician
 Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike, refreshing sleep always?

And they will tell you unhesitatingly
 "Some form of Hops!!!!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu!"

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you
 "Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients

"Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.

Women gone nearly crazy!!!!

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula, erysipelas!

"Saltreum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail

"Nature is heir to"

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighbourhood in the known world.

None genuine without a bunch of green hops on the white label, and Dr. Soule's name blown in the bottle. BEWARE of all the vile poisonous stuff made to imitate the above.

SOUTHERN CROSS HOTEL,
 ADDINGTON.

THIS FAMILY HOTEL, replete with every convenience for Travellers and Boarders, is situated on the important Addington Junction, in close proximity to the Canterbury Sale Yards, Canterbury Agricultural Society's new Show Grounds, and Government Workshops,
 Good Stabling, including loose boxes and yards.
 Trams pass every half-hour.

P. BURKE.

D A V I D S C O T T,
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 LEAD LIGHT AND CHURCH
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 SIGN WRITER,
 OCTAGON,
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B A R R E T T S H O T E L
 LAMBTON QUAY,
 WELLINGTON.

C. O'DRISCOLL ... Proprietor:
 (Late of the Supreme Court Hotel, Dunedin.)

Begs to inform his numerous friends and the public generally that he has taken the above Hotel. It is centrally situated, has been recently built, and is well furnished: Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths. Good Accommodation for visitors and Boarders. Charges moderate. Spacious Handball Court attached
 Dunedin XXXX Ale always on Tap.

C. O'DRISCOLL, Proprietor

V E N E T I A N B L I N D S

V E N E T I A N B L I N D S
 At Moderate Prices.

PATERSON BURK & CO.,
 STUART ST.
 (Opposite St. Paul's Church.)

H A R P O F E R I N H O T E L

QUEENSTOWN.
 MRS. M'BRIDE ... Proprietress.

The above commodious and comfortable hotel offers first-class accommodation to tourists and others visiting the Lake scenery



THE GREATEST
 WONDER OF MODERN TIMES!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

Long experience has proved these famous remedies to be most effectual in curing either the dangerous maladies or the slighter complaints which are more particularly incidental to the life of a miner, or to those living in the bush.

Occasional doses of these Pills will guard the system against those evils which so often beset the human race, viz:—coughs, colds, and all disorders of the liver and stomach—the frequent forerunners of fever, dysentery, diarrhoea, and cholera.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Is the most effectual remedy for old sores, wounds, ulcers, rheumatism, and all skin diseases; in fact, when used according to the printed directions, it never fails to cure alike, deep and superficial ailments.

The Pills and Ointment are Manufactured only at
 533, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

And are sold by all Vendors of Medicines throughout the Civilized World; with directions for use in almost every language.

Beware of counterfeits that may emanate from the United States. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I AM glad to say that there seems to be a general opinion among commercial men here that New Zealand has seen the worst of its troubles. There appears to be a decided impression that a re-action is setting in. Mr. G. G. Stead's last monthly report is very reassuring. Mr. Stead states that he hopes that before the end of the harvest the depression will have entirely passed away. The reasons upon which Mr. Stead bases this hope are that wool maintains a fair price in the Home Country, that the frozen meat trade is growing in extent and is becoming more remunerative to the producer in this Colony, and that our wheat is bringing a better price in the markets of the world than it has done for some time. These are healthy signs which may be taken as indications that the worst stage of New Zealand's recent attack of financial debility has passed. There was room for improvement in the fortunes of the farmers. They have struggled hard and borne the financial "squeeze" bravely, and they deserve that the tension of the effort to make ends meet should be a little slackened.

Numbers of people continue leaving here for Melbourne. Week after week one continually hears of families selling out and taking their departure for the Australian Babylon. As, for centuries past, the lights of London have had an irresistible attraction for country people, who thought that, could they only reach the great city, their fortunes would be made, so do the people in New Zealand appear to regard Melbourne. They think that by the banks of the Yarra fortune with outstretched arms is waiting to receive them. Men without money or without any special qualifications to gain their livelihood flock away, believing that somehow or other they will get work "on the other side." They arrive there to find their mistake. Unable to find employment, they become miserable and penniless in Victoria, and their wives and children are in a similar condition in this Colony. It would have been infinitely better in many cases if those who have taken part in the exodus had remained in New Zealand and faced their difficulties. A man without skill and with no capital but his labour can do much better in New Zealand yet than in Melbourne. After the abnormal wave of artificial prosperity which is now sweeping over the colony subsides, there will be in Melbourne abject poverty and misery among the labouring classes such as has never been experienced in New Zealand in the very worst times through which it has passed.

Some of the papers here grow very sarcastic at the expense of the Lunatic Asylum authorities. There seems to be always a small contingent of escaped lunatics from Sunnyside at large about the country. Last week two of the runaways, after an adventurous career, were captured. During Dr. Macgregor's visit to Victoria in search of the best method of combining strict economy with the pauper's right to live, he should endeavour to discover some means of sharpening the wits of medical superintendents and their subordinates, in order to make escapes from the asylums under him of less frequent occurrence than is the case at present. As it is, the Government must be spending more money just now upon recapturing escapees, than the philosophical doctor is likely to save by his utilitarian plans or by touring in Victoria.

The season for athletic sports has fairly set in in Christchurch, and every Saturday afternoon Lancaster and Hagley parks are the scenes of spirited contests between athletic teams. Lacrosse, the new Canadian game, appears to be growing rapidly in popular favour. It is free from the old complaint of slowness which used to be made against cricket and is not distinguished by the brutal trials of strength which caused so many people to object to football. The ladies here are all very enthusiastic patrons of our door sports. On fine afternoons numbers of ladies turn out to all kinds of matches and crowd the lawns at the parks. The lacrosse match on Saturday between Otago and Canterbury seemed to possess unusual attraction for the beauty and fashion of our pleasure-loving city. The day was most unpleasant. A high north-west wind blew all day and the city was enveloped in dust until towards evening when a light rain fell. Still the ladies turned up at Lancaster, probably the fact that the players were to wear for the first time the proper lacrosse dress had something to do with the large attendance of ladies. Spectacular effects, bright colours, and any thing new have irresistible attractions for the feminine mind. Besides, there was a kind of vague rumour that one of the great ladies of Christchurch, was to dispense tea upon the occasion. In the "upper circles" in Christchurch women of the Mrs. Snobby-Snobbery type are by no means rare, and by them the chance of getting a cup of tea from the fur hand of a member of a family which is supposed to "be rolling in riches," was not to be neglected even though a nor-wester was bent upon things as unpleasant as possible. I would back the Anglo-Colonial portion of this aristocratic community to hold its own against any equal number of persons on this earth—to furnish forth the largest percentage of thorough-going snobs. In nothing does this snobbish spirit exhibit itself more offensively than in what may be called national snobbishness. They all appear to think that to be English is to be heaven-born. One would think, to hear them talk, that England and the English had copyrighted all the virtues. Again and again the expression, "it is so English," is heard applied to anything which is praiseworthy, while actions which are the reverse are decubed as being so very "un-English." Thus they go on blindly, and in the most fatuous manner, worshipping their national fetish and kissing its feet of clay. They never seem to realise how thoroughly "English" it is to crush the national life and the hope out of a people, to rob them of their liberty and refuse to make restitution, and to send to starve and die in vile dungeons every man who has the courage to assert his right to the privileges of a free man in what ought to be a free country.

The West Coast people are again, as they always are, well to the front when there is an opportunity of stretching out a helping hand across the water to Ireland. I see by the daily papers that subscriptions are to be raised at Westport in aid of the Parnell Defence Fund. That

is an object in which all Irish people, out of common gratitude to Charles Stuart Parnell, should join. The Irish leader, bravely and unflinchingly, has fought for the Irish cause. It is because he is what he is, a man without a price, true in heart and soul to his country, and faithful to the trust reposed in him by its people that the *Times* is his bitter enemy. He could not be bought; corruption dared not approach him, and nothing remained but to slander him. The *Times* has at its back all the wealth and power of wealthy England. Parnell has nothing to fall back upon but the generosity of the people, whose battle for freedom he has so bravely fought. It is because he has upheld their rights that he has been attacked in the cowardly manner in which he has been attacked. It is because he has been the ablest friend that the Irish nation has ever had in the English House of Commons, that the great English journal, the mouthpiece of the enemies of Ireland, has sought in such a dastardly way to ruin him. By all the laws of chivalry, in the observance of which the Irish people were never yet deficient, Charles Stuart Parnell ought not to be left to bear the brunt of the persecution which he has incurred through his devotion to Ireland. Irish people in every portion of the world ought to regard it as their bounden duty to aid the Irish leader to free his name from the foul stain which the *Times* has sought to cast upon it. I am glad to see that the Westport people have recognised their duty in the matter, and I hope that other places will do the same. I am afraid though, that it would be a vain hope to expect that the example of the Westport people will have much effect here. We are very apathetic in regard to Irish matters. Should T. D. Sullivan and John Dillon visit us during their proposed Australian tour, I am afraid that we would have some difficulty in establishing a claim to be considered patriots. Certainly, I think our chance of doing so would be small indeed, if we were to be judged by our acts, for it must be admitted that we have not distinguished ourselves by aiding our country in its day of trial. Another duty which I think Irish people all over the colonies should discharge is to make some formal and united recognition of Cardinal Moran's action in regard to Ireland during his recent visit to Rome. Cardinal Moran has acted a straight out, manly part. He did not disguise his sentiments. He was not one thing in his own diocese, and another thing in Rome. He did not play patriot when and where it suited his own book to do so, and then leave no record of his opinions, where professing them openly would be likely to produce good results. He fearlessly joined his voice to the voices of Ireland's friends, and for having done so he deserves the best thanks that the people in these colonies can give him. The grateful feelings with which the compatriots of the Cardinal must regard his noble action on behalf of their country, should assume some tangible shape to greet him upon his return.

Dr. Grimes, I believe, is to be asked to re-deliver his lecture upon Lourdes at an early date. The ladies of the congregation have been very much displeased at having been denied the pleasure of hearing the Bishop's lecture when it was given before the Society. In consequence of this feeling, Mr. Lonergan with his customary gallantry asked the Bishop to give the ladies an opportunity of hearing the lecture. To this request Dr. Grimes, I think, has courteously promised to accede.

The Hibernian Hall is almost completed. The windows are in and it has received its first coat of paint. The manner of celebrating the opening has not yet been decided upon.

Next Sunday, being the third Sunday of the month, the subscriptions in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul Society will, I suppose, be taken up as usual. It is to be hoped that the people will see the wisdom of laying up treasures for themselves in heaven by dropping a few stray coins into the little boxes for the poor.

The people here are not enthusiastic leaders to the Lord. I was told by a gentleman who collects on a certain "beat" the weekly subscriptions towards paying off the debt upon the parish, that the sum which he gleans upon his weekly round amounts to five shillings and one penny. To obtain this he has to "do" three streets, each a mile long, and various bye streets. What would Dunedin collectors for St. Joseph's Cathedral have said to that? Some of the weekly subscribers pay three pence a week, others lay down one shilling and a penny as their quarter's subscription. I am afraid that at this rate it will take the parish a long time to free itself from the financial bonds which bind it so tightly.

There is a decided feeling among a great many people here that the "Archdiocese" should come to the rescue. In times past, when this parish formed part of the diocese of Wellington, the people paid generously towards institutions in Wellington. They did this on the common wealth principle. This view of the case has not been shared by the "Archdiocese." This new diocese was sent adrift to make its way in the world handicapped with a heavy patrimonial debt. Some people assert that the least that could have been done for this poor struggling juvenile see, would have been for its debts to have been paid by the parent diocese. With a clean sheet it might have made head way. As it is, it is quite certain however energetic Father Cummings may be, that he cannot do much to improve the parish, without money and with his hands tied with debt.

In the report, in my last letter of the Bishop's lecture upon Lourdes, by a typographical error, our Blessed Lady was robbed of the credit of the cures performed at Lourdes. The word "miraculous water" was printed "mineral water." Of course as we all know the water of Lourdes has been analysed and has been proven to contain no mineral properties which could account for the wonderful effects of the water.

Dr. Grimes is at Temuka just now. He gave Confirmation there on Sunday and will return to town on Thursday.

It is gratifying to be able to record another brilliant victory for the Catholic Colleges of New South Wales. At the recent public examinations held at the Sydney University, 110 Catholic candidates passed. Twenty-one came from Queensland. Of the remaining eighty-nine, thirty-six were from the Catholic Colleges of New South Wales. The Marist Brothers' College heads the list with thirteen pupils. This is a very bright feather, indeed, in the scholastic cap of the Little Brothers of Mary.

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Next Sunday Father Cummings will preach a charity sermon on behalf of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and a collection will be made in aid of that object. From the Rev. Father's well known ability as a speaker and from his well known charity towards the poor, an unusual treat may be expected.

BALFOURISM.

The following letters over the signature of "A Scotchman," have appeared in one of the Oamaru papers:—

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR.—Some cablegrams have recently been published conveying the singular intelligence that Mr. Balfour, the Irish Secretary, maintains that "kindness" has been the prevailing treatment of his Government towards Ireland and its political prisoners. If he has arrived at this extraordinary conclusion honestly, it is a melancholy illustration how ignorance, prejudice, and autocratic feeling, obscure the mental vision of men who are presumed to be capable of occupying high and responsible positions. That Mr. Balfour should also assert that if a local Parliament be given to Ireland, it would be necessary to "reconquer Ireland," proves his total incapacity to grasp and act upon the only principles of government that are applicable at this stage of the world's history. The Home Rule desired and demanded by Ireland, and that which I approve of, is equally desirable and almost as necessary for England, Scotland, and Wales. It does not involve in the slightest degree the possibility of separation from that Imperial Government to which each of them would contribute its fair share. The union that Mr. Balfour would maintain is a union that is based upon force and fear, acting upon a people helplessly weak, but profoundly touched with a sentiment of nationality, and a conviction that they are treated now as if their country was only recently conquered. Canada and Australia would today be in the same rebellious and discontented condition as Ireland, had the British Government continued a similar policy as that which Mr. Balfour and the Unionists so perversely maintain. But the sound statesmanship which granted self-government to these off-shoots of the Empire, has prevented such a hideous calamity, and loyalty to the right nature is the prevailing feeling of these countries. The Tory Governments, that would force the maintenance of a union that was obtained by force and bribery, and to which Ireland, properly represented, would never have consented and never has to this hour, are determined never to yield to any demands from Ireland. It matters not what they are, nor in what manner they are desired or demanded. The history of the last 88 years shows that peaceful solution by constitutional means is ineffectual, and that violent measures of agitation and combination are equally powerless to ensure redress. They despise the first, proclaiming Ireland to be content because peaceful, and they denounce the other, because they savour of rebellion. Ireland is thus placed "between the devil and the deep sea." But, thanks to her noble-minded, self-sacrificing patriots, she has, bit by bit, got some of her righteous claims attended to. The passing of the Emancipation Act and the abolition of that cruel anachronism of an English Church largely supported from Irish funds, have been obtained. No one would now dare to advocate a return to such absurd anomalies, but they were as seriously advocated at one time as being necessary for Ireland as the so-called Union is now by Mr. Balfour and his associates. The revolution of the wheel of time and the enlightenment of the electors may soon place a "mandate" in the hands of their opponents to grant the full demand of the Irish people. What, then, will be the position of the Tory Unionists? Their opposition to the carrying-out of the mandate—especially if on the lines of Lord Randolph Churchill's menaces—would smell of treason. If the peculiar "kindness" of Mr. Balfour be then melted out to them, I wonder how he will regard it. Will he maintain it to be sweet and reasonable that they should be treated as common criminals? Or would the friends of Balfour consider it charitable work and conducive to the amity between the two countries, were he to be done to death as poor Mandeville was? I trow not. They would use another word besides "kin'ness" for such atrocious and illegal punishment.

But, *mirabile dictu* Mr. Balfour has been defending Christianity against Positivism. If Christianity is to be judged by deeds and not the words of such a champion, I will back Positivism to win. All its supporters cry out against such an advocate. Has he not learned that where coercion has failed love has conquered, where the law of compulsion was trampled upon the law of love and gospel charity have constrained a loyal obedience? If he would know how to rule Ireland, let him learn from Scripture how even the Almighty (with reverence be it spoken) had to abandon the threatenings of forceful law, and replace them by the constraints of gratitude. So let it be with Ireland. I will be surprised if Balfour himself be not surprised at the inevitable result. Let it be tried. If a failure, the reconquering of Ireland by mighty England would be but an amusing episode as compared with the prolonged agony of a coercive policy that is fruitless of everything but the production of miserable discontent.

Ah, for Christianity! if it has to depend upon the advocacy of a man like Balfour, whose instincts and training are wholly with the high and mighty, and who knows not what meaneth the "brotherhood of man."

In my letter reflecting on Mr. Balfour and his peculiar method of pacifying Ireland, and deprecating his defence of Christianity when his deeds are so entirely opposed to the spirit of the gospel, I indicated an opinion that Home Rule was desirable for Scotland. It has always appeared incomprehensible to me why intelligent men cannot perceive how utterly impossible it is for the Imperial Parliament, constituted as it is, to give justice in matters appertaining simply to the internal concerns of countries, as parts of the Empire. I will illustrate my meaning by referring to momentous decisions in

the past, and to serious questions that will in the near future require settlement. It is known as a fact that when the great Disruption of the Church of Scotland was brought about in 1843, the claims of the "non-intrusion" party—now the Free Church—were disallowed and rejected by Parliament. How could it have been otherwise? The large majority of English and Irish members, who neither knew nor cared for the independence of the Church, over-ruled the handful of Scotch members. And now as the result of legislation by an united Parliament, we witness an Established Church in Scotland that does not adequately represent the wishes of the people. Had the question—a purely national one—been left to a local parliament in Scotland, there can be no doubt that no breaking up of the National Church would have taken place. And now there looms in the near distance the still greater and more far-reaching problem of the disestablishment of that remnant of the Church of Scotland, which, from its comparative non-representation of the people, is an anachronism. Can the solution of such a question be, in any fairness, left to a Parliament composed of a majority of men who know nothing of the subject, further than what is antagonistic to anything like disestablishment? It will ever be regretted if it be allowed to come up for decision to such a tribunal—and it should be kept in abeyance until Home Rule be secured for Scotland—a result as certain as that it will shortly be gained for Ireland. There are important questions affecting Scotland, and it only, that no Imperial Parliament can cope with, or should indeed be permitted to attempt if the wishes of the country affected are to be consulted and granted. The same principle applies to England and Wales, especially the latter; for why should Scotchmen or Irishmen interfere with matters of which they are profoundly ignorant, or superciliously careless, or prejudicially opposed to? That is my case for Home Rule for each of the countries named, and of the working of which there is the satisfactory illustration of the United States. Each state has its own Government, but all are united and take part in the legislation and policy of America as a great power amongst the nations of the earth. If there be a serious flaw in my argument let it be produced and enforced, for I am open to conviction.

A SCOTCHMAN.

General News.

Sir Richard F. Burton understands his countrymen when he says of the English missionaries who misrepresent their success in Africa because they dare not tell the truth: "The fact is, England's chronic disease is religiosity in the few and hypocrisy in the many."

The Minister of War in the new Spanish Ministry, according to English papers bears the name of O'Ryan. In the Spanish press it is, of course O'Ryan, for the illustrious soldier is one of the descendants of the Irish "wild geese." General O'Ryan is, all Spaniards are ready to admit, a brave soldier. He is, however, too good a Catholic to escape the attacks of the Spanish Liberals. He is, they say, a reactionary, but as he is fond of reciting the rosary, he will, at least, teach the army their prayers. Upon this the *Siglo Futuro* appropriately remarks that it is well for Spain to have a General who knows not only how to preserve her laurels, but to inspire her soldiers with a true sense of their duty to God—*Catholic Times*.

Recorder Smyth, of New York, says that the real first-class bank burglars are nearly all English. The Irish are essentially fighters and violators of the excise laws. They rarely use a knife or pistol, but catch something handy, like a club or a chair, and hit hard. The American is the smartest and brightest of all criminals. He is the forger and shrewd fraud. The Germans are the most peaceful of criminals, the Hebrews generally get into trouble about fraud or stealing, and negroes are liars, thieves and fighters. It is a compliment to Scotchmen that Recorder Smyth has nothing to say about them; but it is more than probable he classes them with Englishmen.

It is now reported that when Sheridan was galloping down to Winchester to "save the day," he was met by a party of British-Americans, who had landed from a "Confederate" cruiser that had been built and manned in Liverpool. "Who is that?" asked one of the Britishers, trying to stop a man in blue, who was running after his great cap, rifle in hand. "That's Sheridan!" shouted the soldier as he passed; "and there's going to be a—of a fight?" The British-Americans held a hurried consultation, and then started down the road toward Winchester, crying out, "Sheridan is an Irishman and a Catholic! Stop him! Stop him!" But the men in blue who were hurrying after the General never heeded them, and the Britishers dropped out of the race when a shell screamed over their heads. They never dared to assail Sheridan from that day till he lay dying at Nonquitt, when they hissed the hero's name at an anti-Catholic meeting in Faneuil Hall.—*Pilot*.

The London correspondent of the *Dublin Freeman*, "wiring" on a recent Sunday evening, says.—"A Catholic religious procession about half a mile long, marched through the streets of Westminster this afternoon. The procession was headed by three priests of the Society of Jesus, and was accompanied by about a dozen bands. Statues of our Lord and of the Blessed Virgin were borne under canopies, and a number of processionists carried candles in their hands. The front of the procession consisted of about five hundred little girls, clad in white and wearing blue and green sashes, and the remainder was made up principally of the members of the League of the Cross and their friends, wearing the green sashes of the society, with the harp and shamrock inscribed thereon. The procession marched specially past the residence of Cardinal Manning, and his Eminence came out into the street to see it pass. The people respectfully saluted the aged Cardinal as they passed, and his Eminence, who appeared much gratified by the demonstration, repeatedly lifted his hat in acknowledgment. The procession attracted thousands of Protestant spectators into the streets, and it must be recorded to their great credit that not one tittle of insult escaped them while the processionists were passing."

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(Late of the Munster Arms).

P. O'BRIEN, having taken the above
spacious and centrally situated Hotel, has had
it completely renovated and furnished through-
out under his own supervision. He is, there-
fore, prepared to offer specially good accom-
modation to Boarders, Country Visitors, and
his Friends the Public generally, and he has
every confidence in inviting their patronage.
Single Bedrooms, Apartments for Families,
Private Sitting Rooms, A Good Table, Liquors of
the Best Brands only. Terms Strictly
Moderate. Passengers called for the early
Trains.

D O U G L A S H O T E L.
OCTAGON, DUNEDIN,
(Next Town Hall).

J. LISTON - - - PROPRIETOR.

Having made several extensive alterations
and fitted up one of Alcock's best Billiard
Tables for the Comfort and Convenience of
patrons, hopes, by strict attention to business,
to meet with a fair share of Public Patronage:
First-class accommodation for Boarders and
Travellers. Terms moderate.

The Hotel is centrally situated, close to the
Shipping and Railway station.

Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

None but the Best of Wines and Spirits
kept on Stock.

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B A Y L E Y ' S H O T E L,
Corner of
ARCADE & HIGH ST., DUNEDIN.

MRS. W. K. CARMALT, - Proprietress
All Wines and Spirits kept by me are of the
very best procurable Brands. None but the
Best English and Colonial Ale and Beer kept
in Stock.

B R U N N E R C O A L C O M P A N Y ' S
COAL BUSINESS.

We beg to thank the public for the liberal
patronage accorded to us in the past, and to
intimate that the said business will be con-
ducted on the same premises by our successors
—The Grey Valley Coal Company (Limited)
—under the general management of our Mr.
M. Kennedy, and we beg to solicit for the
said Company a continuance of the said
liberal patronage.

ACCOUNTS.—We request that all claims
against the business of the Brunner Coal Co.,
or against the Steamers, may be sent in not
later than the 17th inst. for payment.

KENNEDY BROS.

T H E G R E Y V A L L E Y C O A L
COMPANY (LIMITED),

BATTRAY STREET WHARF, DUNEDIN,
Includes

Wallsend, Coalpit Heath & Brunner Collieries.

Having taken over the Brunner Coal Com-
pany's business on shore and afloat, it will be
our constant aim not only to maintain, but
to largely extend the said business. The pos-
session of these three celebrated Collieries
enables us to do so most advantageously for
our customers.

There will also be a large supply of the
best Coalbrookdale and Newcastle and all
local Coals on hand. Sales from the com-
bined mines last year were 160,000 tons.

TO COUNTRY BLACKSMITHS AND
MERCHANTS.

We have constantly arriving cargoes of best
Double-screened Brunner Nuts, so favourably
known for smithy purposes. Orders by post
or otherwise punctually attended to. Del-
ivered in any quantity at Railway Station
in bags or waggons.

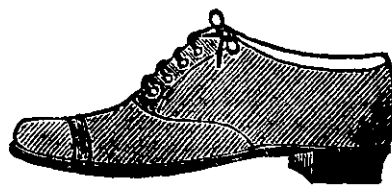
TO MALTERS AND IRONFOUNDERS.

We are large manufacturers of Coke for
malting and smelting purposes—cannot be
equalled.

TO BRICKLAYERS AND CONTRACTORS.

We manufacture at our Mines all Kinds of
Fire Clay Goods, equal to best imported,
and much cheaper. Fire Bricks, Fire Clay,
and all kinds of Fire Tiles for Bake Ovens
Ranges and Grates, &c., &c., kept in stock.

GREY VALLEY COAL CO. (LIMITED),
P. M'ARDLE,
Local Manager.



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BOOT MANUFACTURERS AND
DIRECT IMPORTERS,

Specially invite Inspection of the Immense
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NEW BOOTS for WINTER WEAR.

Prices defy keenest competition.

Address:

GEORGE STREET,

Near Octagon

J O H N G I L L I E S,

Cabinet-maker, Upholsterer, and Under-
taker, 18 George Street Dunedin (late Craig
and Gillies), begs to notify that the Liquidation
of the late firm is now closed.

The Business in future will be carried on by
John Gillies, who now takes this opportunity
to thank his numerous friends and the public
generally for their patronage in the past, and
respectfully solicits their future favors, when
his long practical experience in the trade will
be made use of for the benefit of his customers.

The present large stock on hand and to arrive
will be offered at sweeping reductions.

The public are heartily invited to call and
inspect the stock of

FURNITURE, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS,
FLOORCLOTHS, BEDSTEADS,
AND BEDDING

of every description.

House Furnishing on the Time-payment
System.

Factory: 11 Great King Street.

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TELEGRAPH LINE ROYAL MAIL
COACHES.

PASSING THROUGH
THE GRANDEST SCENERY;
IN THE WORLD.

C O B B & C O ' S Telegraph Line of

Royal Mail Coaches from Christchurch to
Hokitika, Greymouth, Kumara, Ross, Reefton
and Westport, leave Springfield every Tuesday
and Friday on arrival of first train from
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Wednesday and Saturday.

Return Fares £7 0 0

CASSIDY, BINNIE & CO., Proprietors

Springfield,

Agent, W. F. WARNER,

Commercial Hotel, Christchurch.

O L D C L U B L I V E R Y & B A I T
STABLES,

M A C L A G G A N S T R E E T

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THOMAS POWER Proprietor
Saddle Horses, Carriages, and Buggies
for Hire.

B A R R E T T ' S H O T E L
HIGH & MANCHESTER STREETS,
CHRISTCHURCH.

This new and commodious Hotel occupies
a most central position in the best business
part of the City, and is in close proximity to
the Post Office, Railway Station, etc.

The Rooms being lofty, well-ventilated, and
superbly furnished, it offers unrivalled accom-
modation to Families, Tourists and Travellers.

Those visiting Christchurch will find it to
their advantage to inquire for the above Hotel.
Large and comfortably furnished Billiard
Room, with Two of Alcock's Prize Medal
Tables.

JOHN BARRETT

EXCITING SCENE AT AN EVICTION.

A NEW Ross correspondent telegraphs:—A desperate scene took place at an eviction near this town on Thursday, on the estate of a local landlord, named James Byrne. The tenant, whose name is Thomas Summers, had joined the Plan of Campaign two years ago. Within the past two weeks, the eviction being expected, he had made preparation to resist the Sheriff. In order to resist the battering-ram large earthworks were thrown up all round the house, and outside these work trenches were dug to the depth of 4 feet. Inside the house a pump was erected, so that the supply of water should not run short. About 500 police were present with Mr. Considine, R.M. Before the proceedings began an offer was made on behalf of the tenant which the Resident Magistrate and the officials pressed the landlord to accept as a fair one, but without success. After a desperate fight of three hours, the Emergency men failed to gain possession, and gave up the struggle. The ram was practically useless, and the moment scaling ladders were placed against the walls iron bars were thrust out, and the ladders struck down with a crash. The inmates of the house used iron bars, poles, syringes, hoses, and other instruments.

At length, when the Emergency men gave up, the landlord was asked again to settle, but would not. An American gentleman present offered to pay half the rent owed by the tenant, but Mr. Byrne said he would not allow strangers to interfere in his business. Mr. Considine then ordered forty police with batons to rush up the earthworks and endeavour to effect an entrance. In a few minutes they were driven back, some of them cut and bleeding. Charge after charge was made by the constabulary, only to be repulsed. Canon Doyle now interfered, and said it was a shame for the police to be engaged in such work when a good settlement had been offered. Mr. Considine said he had to enforce the Queen's writ, and he would do so. The police were then ordered to fix bayonets, and about 20 men rushed up the earthworks. They got upon the roof, while the defenders attempted to drive them back with bars and hot water. A desperate fight ensued, the police endeavouring to reach the inmates by thrusting their bayonets through the roofs. The crowd outside meanwhile cheering wildly. At first it was thought the police would succeed in capturing the house, but as the night continued the inmates got the mastery, and shortly afterwards a policeman received a blow from a bar, stumbled and fell from the top of the house. This was the turning point of the affray. One by one the police were knocked down, rifle and bayonet in hand, until at length the whole body of police were compelled to retreat.

A similar charge was afterwards made, but without success, and then the landlord was again asked to come to terms, but he refused, saying he wanted his land. He afterwards applied for extra police protection, but was denied it. Many of the police were cut and bruised—several of them received splashes of tar in the face and had their helmets battered and clothing torn. Towards six o'clock in the evening Mr. Redmond, M.P., and Canon Doyle, seeing that one of the gables of the house was on fire, and the inmates in danger, asked the defenders to come out, which they reluctantly did. They numbered twelve, comprising the tenant, his two sons, his brother, and eight neighbours. They were immediately arrested and brought before Mr. Considine, at Arthurstown, and remanded for a week.

The *London Tablet*, organ of the Catholic Tories of England, and a malign enemy of Home Rule for Ireland, has lost its entire circulation among the bishops and priests of Irish birth or extraction. We are informed from London that a subscription has recently been raised for the *Tablet* among English Tories, large sums being contributed by Protestant aristocracy.

Lately a party of forty, seventeen of whom were ladies left Southampton by the Tartar to join the Trappist Fathers and Mission Sisters who are working among the Zulus in Natal. Special accommodation was provided on board under the direction of Father David from Natal, who is at present in London, and the party will be met at Durban by some priests of the Order. The Holy Father sent his blessing to the Sisters, known in the Cape as the "Red Sisters," on account of the colour of their dress, and it is expected that this token of esteem is preparatory to a formal approbation.

Notre Dame has seen many great scenes, but few perhaps more religiously impressive than the opening of the Eucharistic Congress the other day, when 5,000 men, each bearing a candle, and all singing the *Pange Lingua*, went before the Blessed Sacrament in procession. They had passed twice around the Cathedral—laymen in the van, and the clergy of Paris next—before the Host, carried by the Archbishop, had left the choir. Monsignor Mermillod followed, with two prelates of the Pope's household, and then a throng of priests and monks. Father Mossabré preached on the words, *Christum regem adoremus*.—*Weekly Register*.

A number of Catholic missionaries shortly will start for the southern part of Mexico. Their object is the conversion to Christianity of a tribe of aborigines still subsisting in the States of Campeche, Jacalan, and Tabasco, and numbering probably 25,000 souls. It is said that these natives retain all the religious and social observances and tenets of the Aztecs, and have the horrible rite of human sacrifice as an element of their primitive savageness. This country has never been explored, but it is a matter of popular belief in Tabasco that in the heart of their forest houses the Lacondons have a city with temples and bazaars similar to those found by the Spaniards at their landing in the land of the Aztec. Few whites have ever penetrated the country referred to, and those who had the temerity to do so have never returned. The undertaking of the missionaries is considered of a dangerous character and has elicited the opinion from the Mexican Press that religious zeal and a self-sacrificing spirit among the Catholic clergy of these days are as great as at the time of St. Francis Xavier and his companions. The heroic band consists of Jesuits and Passionists, and has the approval of the Mexican hierarchy and the co-operation of the Government in all its efforts for the conversion of this remnant of heathenism.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM A VETERAN.

As this is Jubilee year it tends to make one look back and think of the flight of time, and in this way I am reminded that I am one of the veterans in the sale of your valuable and successful medicine. I have sold it from the very first, and have sent it into every county in England and many parts of Scotland. Well do I remember the first circular you sent out some nine or ten years ago. You had come to England from America to introduce Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I was struck by a paragraph in which you used these words:—"Being a stranger in a strange land, I do not wish the people to feel that I want to take the least advantage over them. I feel that I have a remedy that will cure disease, and I have so much confidence in it that I authorise my agents to refund the money if people should say that they have not benefitted by its use." I felt at once that you would never say that unless the medicine had merit, and I applied for the agency, a step which I now look back upon with pride and satisfaction.

Ever since that time I have found it by far the best remedy for Indigestion and Dyspepsia I have met with, and I have sold thousands of bottles. It has never failed in any case where there were any of the following symptoms:—Nervous or sick headache, sourness of the stomach, rising of the food after eating, a sense of fullness and heaviness, dizziness, bad breath, slime and mucus on the gums and teeth, constipation and yellowness of the eyes and skin, dull and sleepy sensations, ringing in the ears, heartburn, loss of appetite, and, in short, wherever there are signs that the system is clogged, and the blood is out of order. Upon repeated inquiries, covering a great variety of ailments, my customers have always answered, "I am better," or "I am perfectly well." What I have seldom or never seen before in the case of any medicine, is that people tell each other of its virtues, and those who have been cured say to the suffering: "Go and get Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, it will make you well." Out of the hundreds of cures I will name one or two that happen to come into my mind.

Two old gentlemen, whose names they would not like me to give you, had been martyrs to Indigestion and Dyspepsia for many years. They had tried all kinds of medicine without relief. One of them was so bad he could not bear a glass of ale. Both were advised to use the Syrup, and both recovered, and were as hale and hearty as men in the prime of life.

A remarkable case is that of a house painter, named Jeffries, who lived in Penhurst, in Kent. His business obliged him to expose himself a great deal to wind and weather, and he was seized with rheumatism, and his joints soon swelled up with dropsy, and were very stiff and painful. Nothing that the doctors could do seemed to reach the seat of the trouble. It so crippled him that he could do hardly any work, and for the whole of the winter of 1878 to '79, he had to give up and take to his bed. He had been afflicted in this sorry way for three years, and was getting worn out and discouraged. Besides, he had spent over £13 for what he called "doctor's stuff," without the least benefit. In the spring he heard of what Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup has done for others, and bought a 2s 6d bottle of me. In a few days he sent me word he was much better—before he had finished the bottle. He then sent to me for a 4s 6d bottle, and as I was going that way I carried it down to him myself. On getting to his house what was my astonishment and surprise to find him out in the garden weeding an onion bed. I could hardly believe my own eyes, and said:—

"You ought not to be out here, man, it may be the death of you, after being laid up all the winter with rheumatism and dropsy."

His reply was:—"There is no danger. The weather is fine, and Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup has done for me in a few days what the doctors could not do in three years. I think I shall get well now."

He kept on with the Syrup, and in three weeks he was at work again, and has had no return of the trouble for now nearly ten years. Any medicine that can do this should be known all over the world.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed)

RUPERT GRAHAM,
Of GRAHAM & SON.

Holloway House, Sunbury,
Middlesex, June 25th, 1887.

The above wonderful cure of Rheumatism was the result of the remarkable power of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup to cleanse the blood of the poisonous humours that arise from Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup is for sale by all chemists and medicine vendors, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 35 Farringdon Road, London, Eng.

"It seems," says the *London Star*, "now more perilous to be an Irish member than a tramp or a pick-pocket. Mr. J. J. O'Kelly made a speech a month ago. On Tuesday night, after the rising of the House, he was seized by policemen and put in custody. The prosecution of Mr. O'Kelly might have been right or wrong, but there was not the smallest necessity for the mode of procedure. Mr. O'Kelly could have been summoned to Boyle to answer the charge brought against him—he is not the man to shirk any issue he has raised—and he could have gone to Ireland and stood his trial without the degradation and inconvenience of arrest. But this would not have suited the policy of Mr. Balfour. His first pleasure and purpose seems to be to degrade his political opponents, and then to torture and starve them in gaol.

"I DON'T WANT THAT STUFF,"

Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia, which had made her miserable for fourteen years. At the first attack thereafter it was administered to her with such good results, that she continued its use till cured, and made so enthusiastic in its praise, that she induced twenty-two of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters. "Standard."

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PEACOCK'S CELEBRATED JAMS!

THE BEST IN THE MARKET.

FROM CHOICEST FRUITS.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

NELSON MOATE & Co's

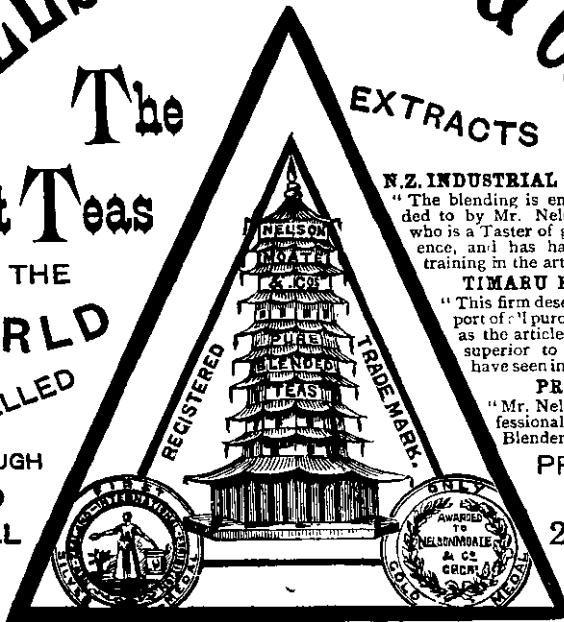
The **EXTRACTS**

Best Teas

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UNRIVALLED

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N.Z. INDUSTRIAL GAZETTE.

"The blending is entirely attended to by Mr. Nelson himself, who is a Taster of great experience, and has had a special training in the art"

TIMARU HERALD.

"This firm deserves the support of all purchasers of Tea as the article they offer is superior to anything we have seen in this Colony"

PRESS.

"Mr. Nelson is a professional Taster and Blender."

PRICES:

2/- 2/4

2/8 3/-

3/4 & 4/-

per lb.

PURE BLENDED TEAS.

AUCKLAND, WELLINGTON, CHRISTCHURCH, DUNEDIN.

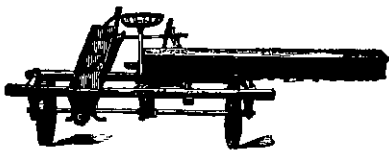
AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

REID & GRAY'S

IMPROVED

BROADCAST

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GRAIN

GRASS, and

TURNIP SOWER

Sows uniformly regular under all conditions, and can be entrusted to the guidance of a boy

JOINTED PULVERISING DISC HARROWS, in sizes from six to twelve feet wide. **GRAIN DRILLS**, from 11 to 17 Coulters.—The Grain being covered at once prevents the birds from taking the seed.

PATENT BAGGERS (Single or Double).—One of these Single-baggers cut, when timed 70 bags in half an hour. Send for Testimonials.

Also, Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 **CHAFFCUTTERS**, with all Latest Improvements. Over 8000 Made. **DOUBLE-FURROW PLOUGHS**. Over 8000 Made. **CAMBRIDGE ROLLERS**.—All sizes, with Plain and Serrated Rings, or all Plain Rings. **STEEL ZIG-ZAG HARROWS**.

Flexible Tripod Harrows, Square Link Chain Harrows, all sizes; Chaffcutters and Baggers, all sizes, at Reduced Prices; Horse-Gears, 1, 2, 3, and 4-horse also New Pattern Light 2-horse Gear; Fencing Standards, Plain and Barbed Fencing Wire, Wire Strainers, Drays, Turnip & Manure Drills, Grubbers, Acme Harrows, Corn Bruisers, &c.

REID AND GRAY'S TURNIP SOWERS, with or without Guano Sowers; all sizes, 1 to 16 Coulters, and 7 to 14 inches apart; made to sow turnips and manure down the same tube, or in two, one following the other. This drill is very specially commended by all those who have used them. **TESTIMONIAL** just received:—"Timaru, 1st May.—Messrs. Reid and Gray,—Dear Sirs—In reference to the Turnip and Manure Drill which I purchased from you in November last year, for George Gray Russell, Esq., Otupua, Timaru, I have pleasure in stating that it is the best Drill I have seen for distributing artificial manure, either in a dry or damp state; it never clogs, and is easily regulated as to quantity, and distributes the manure with perfect regularity, and gave good satisfaction.—Yours truly, ALEX. WYLLIE."

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**ENGINEERS AND IRONFOUNDERS
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BELLHANGERS, AND
GENERAL ELECTRO-PLATERS ETC**
Drawings, Specifications, and Estimates
Given on application.

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Being Manufacturers and Importers of all the Metal Goods used by us, we can afford to do our work Cheaper and Better than any other Firm in New Zealand, thus

DEFYING COMPETITION.

Our Manufactures have been exhibited at all the New Zealand and Intercolonial Exhibitions held during the last ten years, and in every instance have secured the Best Prizes offered, numbering Three Gold, Seven Silver, and Five Bronze Medals, besides a large number of First-Class Certificates, which are to be seen at our Warehouse.

To ensure despatch in executing our orders, we cast in Iron and Brass daily.

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J. M I L L E A

(Late Angus Wilson),

BOOTMAKER,

23, GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN,
(Next Carroll's Hotel).

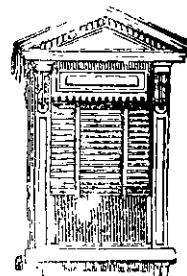
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