

RIVERTON ART-UNION.

(Western Star, November 7.)

CONSIDERABLE excitement was manifested on Saturday over the drawing of the Art-Union tickets at the Oddfellows' Hall. The weather was wet and disagreeable, and consequently the number of country visitors was not so numerous as otherwise would have been the case, but the townspeople interested rolled up in large numbers, and the Hall, for the last few hours of the drawing, was well filled with those anxious to see if they had been lucky enough to draw a prize.

His Worship the Mayor (Mr. Taylor) opened the proceedings at 10 a.m. In a few well-chosen sentences he said it gave him very great pleasure to be present to wish success to the undertaking for which the Art-Union had been got up.

The drawing then commenced, and was kept up without intermission until 9 p.m. For the first few hours none of the chief prizes were drawn, the first to be announced being No. 3, the lady's gold watch, which went to Miss B. Leven, a resident at Milton. The first prize was drawn at 5 a.m., and the lucky number was found to belong to Mr. P. Cogan, who lives at Kyeburn. The ticket denoting that the holder was to become possessed of a double-furrow plough came out of the box about 7 p.m.; this prize also went to a distance, the ticket-holder being at Waikouaiti, the name of the winner being Master E. Cain, son of a farmer at Beacousfield. As the lad's father had taken a whole book of tickets, the luck of a member of the family was well-deserved. Although the chief prizes went away from Southland, the remaining ones were pretty evenly divided over where the tickets were held. Among those who are known to have drawn prizes in the Western District might be mentioned, 6th prize, silver watch, Mr. D. Hart, Otautau; 9th, History of Ireland, Mr. J. McKay, Gummie's Bush; 13th, lady's gold ring, Mr. E. H. Bruce, Riverton. The fourth prize, sewing machine, was secured by Mrs. Hill, Invercargill. It might be mentioned that, at the request of the Rev. Father Walsh, the drawing was altogether conducted by Protestants. In our advertising columns will be found the numbers of the winning tickets, together with the prize numbers. A declaration under the hand of the Mayor is at foot, setting forth that the drawing was carried out in the fairest possible manner. This, we should have thought, was hardly necessary, but those who directed the affairs of the Art Union are regular sticklers, and insisted on having everything carried out in such a manner that no one could possibly complain.

The Rev. Father Walsh, at the conclusion of the drawing, said:—Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is not my intention at this late hour of night to detain you with a long speech; however, the close of the Art-Union calls for a few remarks on my part. The drawing has been now very successfully brought to a close. His Worship the Mayor delivered a very able and instructive inaugural address this morning, and after declaring the Art-Union open, the drawing has been carried on unceasingly during the day and a portion of the night with great credit to all concerned. The gentlemen engaged in the drawing deserve the greatest praise for the unflinching zeal, unflinching patience, and steady perseverance which they brought to their allotted task. On this account we have been able to bring the drawing to a conclusion much sooner than anticipated. From what has fallen under your own notice during the day, you will no doubt be fully impressed with the thorough fairness with which it was conducted—in a public hall, under mayoral auspices, and in your own presence; by such means as these you have given undeniable evidence of the just and honorable method by which the fate of all interested has been just decided. You will, I am certain, be glad to learn that the Art-Union is a grand financial success; after all the labour, and all the anxiety as to the result, this is very satisfactory and very consoling. The Catholics of this mission have now within their reach the means of liquidating the entire debt on their churches and presbytery. This success, no doubt, is due to several causes: In the first place it is due to the union and harmony with which the Catholics worked, as well as to the untiring energy with which they laboured in their own cause. In the second place much of the success is due to the kind, liberal and very generous patronage accorded us by our non-Catholic friends—particularly in this and surrounding districts, and throughout all Otago and Southland. And in the third place, the zealous and generous co-operation of our Catholic brethren throughout the Colony has largely contributed to bring about the grand result just achieved. We have every reason to be grateful to a kind and beneficent Providence, which has inspired all to work so harmoniously in such a praiseworthy and deserving cause, and with such eminent success. I regret much that few, if any, of the valuable prizes remain in Riverton. However, as the result just arrived at is entirely your own work, you must not be dissatisfied. You have been good enough to send away the best of the prizes to other places; and in doing so, you were, perhaps, only giving farther proof of the good taste and consideration for others which are your usual characteristics. I beg to thank you very much. To the Mayor, who so ably presided at the drawing, to you, ladies and gentlemen, to all our Catholic and non-Catholic friends throughout the Colony, who have rendered the least assistance to our Art-Union, on my own account, and on behalf of the Catholics of this mission, I desire to tender the expression of our sincerest gratitude.

We are pleased to be able to state that as a result of the Art-Union, the whole of the debt existing on the Catholic churches at Riverton, Orepuki and Wrey's Bush has been paid off. Altogether the sum of £532 was realised.

FROM THE HUB.

There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic value as Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetiser, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure; don't wait until you are prostrate by a disease that may take months for you to recover in. "Boston Globe."

WHY HE DID NOT GO TO THE HOSPITAL.

HE COULD LEAP THROUGH THE AIR.

My object in writing is twofold: to express my gratitude for a great benefit, and to tell a short story which cannot fail to interest the feelings of many others. It is all about myself, but I have remarked that when a man tells the honest truth about himself he is all the more likely to be of use to his fellow creatures. To begin then, you must I had long been more or less subject to attacks of bronchitis, a complaint that you are aware is very common in Great Britain in certain seasons of the year. Some months ago I had a very severe turn of it, worse, I think, than I ever had before. It was probably brought on by my catching cold, as we are all apt to do when we least expect it. Weeks passed by, and my trouble proved to be very obstinate. It would not yield to medicine, and as I also began to have violent racking pains in my limbs and back, I became greatly alarmed. I could neither eat nor sleep. If I had been a feeble, sickly man, I should have thought less strangely of it; but as, on the contrary, I was hearty and robust, I feared some new and terrible thing had got hold of me, which might make my strength of no avail against it. I say, that was the way I thought.

Presently, I could not even lie down for the pain all over my body. I asked my doctor what he thought of my condition, and he frankly said, "I am sorry to have to tell you that you are getting worse!" This so frightened my friends, as well as myself, that they said "Thomas, you must go to the Hospital; it may be your only chance for life!"

But I didn't want to go to the hospital. Who does, when he thinks he can possibly get along without doing it? I am a labouring man, with a large family depending on me for support, and I might almost as well be in my grave as to be laid on my back in a hospital unable to lift a hand for months, or God only knows how long. Right at this point I had a thought flash across my mind like a streak of sunshine in a cloudy day. I had heard and read a good deal about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I resolved, before consenting to be taken to the hospital, I would try that well-known remedy. On this I gave up the doctor's medicine and began taking the Syrup. Mark the wonderful result! I had taken but three doses within twenty-four hours when I was seized with a fit of coughing, and threw up the phlegm and mucus off my chest by the mouthful. The Syrup had loosened and broken it up. Continuing with the Syrup, the racking pain, which I believe came from the bitter and poison humours in my blood and joints, soon left me entirely, and I felt like going to sleep, and I did sleep sound and quiet. Then I felt hungry, with a natural appetite, and as I ate I soon got strong and well.

I felt I could leap through the air with delight.

In a week I was able to go to my work again. It doesn't seem possible, yet it is true, and the neighbours know it. There are plenty of witnesses to prove it. And, therefore, when I preach the good news of the great power of Seigel's Syrup to cure pain and disease far and wide, nobody will wonder at me.

THOMAS CANNING.

75 Military-road, Canterbury, Kent.

Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup is for sale by all chemists and medicine vendors; and by the Proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 25 Farringdon-road, London, E.C., England.

It is a very strong argument in favour of the claims of the Catholic Church to be the only true Church established by Christ, that so many convicts, in view of the speedy approach of an eternity into which they are to be plunged, prefer the ministry of the Catholic priests to that of the representative of the numerous denominations. The approach of death to us sharpens the reasoning powers.

The Philadelphia Record describes the quarters of the Hungarians, Poles, Italians and Swedes at Pencoyd, Pa., where 1,300 men make iron for a bounty of 68 per cent., which is paid to the millionaires. Eighteen workmen live in one house, with five beds in one room ten feet square. On the lower floor bags of straw are the beds, which are piled up during the day to give room for the kitchen. Fifty-two men live in two small houses. These contract labourers are gradually supplanting all the native workers.

"I suggested," writes a visitor to the modest quarters of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who are nursing the yellow fever sufferers at Jacksonville, Fla., "that I would like to offer a *prie-dieu* to them for their chapel," but the nun who was escorting him said, with a sad smile: "We would not have time to use it, but we say our prayers while we are attending to the sick." She epitomised the practical spirit of Catholic piety. Ever since the plague broke out in Jacksonville, Father William J. Kenay and the good Sisters above named, who came on from St. Augustine, have been unwearied in their devotion to the sufferers. But that, after all, is what Catholic priests and religious are for. Twenty-four priests and forty-nine religious women died serving the sick in the yellow-fever epidemic of 1878. An interesting account of these martyrs of charity is contained in "Heroes and Heroines of Memphis," by the Rev. D. A. Quinn, of Providence, R.I.

WOMAN'S WISDOM.

"She insists that it is more important that her family shall be kept in full health, than that she should have all the fashionable dresses and styles of the times. She therefore sees to it that each member of her family is supplied with enough of Dr. Soule's American Hop Bitters at the first appearance of any symptoms of ill-health, to prevent a fit of sickness with its attendant expense, care and anxiety. All women should exercise their wisdom in this way." "New Haven Palladium."