

WELLINGTON.

(From our own Correspondent.)

June 8, 1889.

The Mayor's Ball, given in honour of our new Governor and in the celebration of her Majesty's birthday, was a brilliant and successful affair. The drilled, in which it was held, and which ordinarily wears a plain and unpretending aspect, was converted by master hands in a veritable fairy palace. The most noticeable of the costumes was that of Lady Onslow who wore a magnificent toilette of Ottoman silk with satin stripes, a tiara of diamonds, clusters of diamonds in the back and front of her dress, and a diamond necklace; Mrs. Duthie, the Mayoress, wore a costume of a dark shade of terra-cotta plush, with silk panels, and garnets; Miss Duthie wore a silk dress of a pale salmon colour. Among the married ladies black and cardinal predominated, and among the young ladies, pale blue, pink and cream colour prevailed.

There does seem something out of harmony with the fitness of things when an opera house or theatre is used for every day political purposes. To the theatre, people go for an hour or two to be beguiled of their cares while listening to the beautiful poetical plays of the "immortal bard," to the bright and sparkling operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, or to one or other of the thousand and one productions that have been written for their delight and amusement; and so, when such places, sacred to music and the drama, are invaded by political crowds there seems a sort of vandalism in it. In Wellington there is not a public hall large enough for a member of Parliament to address his constituents in, or where a concert could be held. The necessity for such an institution is so obvious that it hardly needs pointing out.

Although Wellington is the capital of New Zealand, it is strange, though true, that students who matriculate here, if they are not rich enough to bear the expense of a trip to, and a prolonged residence in, either Canterbury, Otago or Auckland, must give up the idea of a university course. To remedy this matter an influential deputation, among whom I noticed the name of Dr. Watters, S.M., D.D., rector St. Patrick's College, waited upon the Premier and urged upon him the necessity there was for establishing and endowing a university college in Wellington. The Premier said he cordially sympathised with the wishes of the deputation, and the concluding portion of his reply contained the following words, "I admit the fullest extent possible that the views of the deputation are right. It is a matter of colonial importance that a university college should be established here, and as far as I am personally concerned, I shall be only too pleased to do anything I can in the matter."

St. Patrick's College football team are upholding the honour of their institution against all comers. Last season they won laurels on many a well-stricken field, and wound up by winning the junior cup. Should they retain the dash and nerve which have distinguished them, and succeed in winning the cup again this season, it becomes their own. I notice they have already played five matches this season, winning four, and only losing the first match, which, by the way, footballers do not count either way. Two of their wins count towards the cup; their victory on Saturday, 1st inst., over the Wellington Navals, when St. Patrick's boys scored 25 points to *nil*, is worthy of record.

The social meeting of the Wellington Branch, I.N.L., which was held in the Marist Brothers' school buildings, Boulcott street, on the evening of Monday, the 3rd inst., was quite up to the usual standard as regards attendance. After the usual preliminaries, the chairman, Mr. Bohan, announced that, through no fault of the officers, the programmes which should have been distributed had not come to hand from the printer. The following ladies and gentlemen then performed the following impromptu programme to the evident delight of the audience:—Song, "The Owl," Mr. E. D. Dunne; song, "Barney O'Hea," Mrs. Snaddon (encore, "The Swanee River"); song, Mr. Connolly; song, "Come back to Erin," Miss Huett; song, Miss O'Driscoll, with violin obligato by Master Cimino; address, "National," Mr. O'Dea; reading, selected, Mr. Hickson; song, "Home they brought her Warrior dead," Miss Ross; duet, Mr. and Mrs. Connolly; reading, selected, Mr. Lawlor. Miss O'Driscoll presided at the piano during the evening in her usual finished style. In the course of his address, Mr. O'Dea said that if he had had more time given him to prepare his notes, he would speak at more length. He would leave the "great" question to be dealt with by the delegates who would soon be among them. These gentlemen came to the colonies, not alone to raise funds, but also to put matters in their true light before the public, both here and in Australia, and to rebut the accusations and calumnies of that portion of the Press who were so inimicable to Ireland and the Irish. Mr. O'Dea delivered himself of an eloquent eulogium on the ability and gentlemanly bearing of this talented trio, which Ireland has sent out to us to plead her cause; and wound up by saying that South Australia has sounded the key note in their magnificent reception, which the rest of the colonies would not be slow to take up. A vote of thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who had taken part in the programme, and the usual compliment to the chair, brought the proceedings to a close.

The murder at Kaiwarra of Mr. Thomas Hawkins raised widespread feelings of horror and indignation. Kaiwarra is a small village lying about a mile and a half to the north of this City; it could almost be called a suburb of Wellington. On Friday, 31st May, at 10.20 a.m., the unfortunate man, so foully done to death by some person at present unknown, left his home, (the Homebush farm, Kaiwarra,) and came into Wellington with horse and trap to transact some business. Not returning at his usual time, his family became alarmed. His wife's cousin went in search of him, found the horse and trap on the road at a short distance from the house, and about twenty or thirty chains further on, the lifeless body of the owner. Dr. Cahill, who was telephoned for, was soon on the spot, and finding life to be extinct, had the body conveyed to the Morgue to await *post mortem*. On Saturday morning, he (Dr. Cahill) made a *post mortem* examination, which disclosed the fearful facts that deceased, who in

life had been a strong, healthy man, had been first shot dead, and then stabbed several times while lying on the road face downwards. The Doctor's report, apart from its professional phraseology, is clear and able, and almost too precise in its horrible details. An inquest was held on Monday, the 3rd instant, at 9 a.m., before H. W. Robinson, Esq., Coroner, and a special jury; and after hearing Dr. Cahill's evidence, with that of the other witnesses, proceedings were adjourned for one week from date at the request of Inspector Thomson. Early on Wednesday, the detectives arrested one Louis Chemis, an Italian labourer resident at Kaiwarra, on suspicion of having committed the deed. He is alleged to have used threats towards the deceased, and there is a case now pending in the Supreme Court between Chemis and the deceased. The officers made an extensive search of the premises occupied by Chemis and his wife, where they found a double-edged dagger, and a double-barrelled gun, but not the slightest trace of blood. The accused and his wife were present while the search was being made, but they showed no traces of alarm. The prisoner, for whom Mr. Devine appeared, was remanded for 8 days, bail being refused.

Pre-sessional addresses have been delivered by three Wellington Members, viz., Mr. Menteth, Dr. Newman, and Mr. Fisher, M.H.R.'s. Considerable attention was directed towards Mr. Fisher's address, as he was so lately a Member of the Government now in office, and the Opera House was crowded to the doors to hear him. He spoke on Monday evening, the 3rd inst., so by this time your readers must be in possession of the leading points in his address.

The news from the United States, giving details of the appalling catastrophe by which the town of Johnstown, with most of its inhabitants, was wiped out of existence is so original in its nature, so unlike anything that has ever occurred before, that a feeling of wonder takes possession of one, and one almost forgets to feel the awe that such a calamity ought to inspire, in speculating as to how such a thing could happen. I suppose we must wait for the mail for the full explanation of this truly terrible visitation.

HOW PILLS ARE MADE.

The custom of taking medicine in the form of pills dates far back in history. The object is to enable us to swallow easily in a condensed form disagreeable and nauseous, but very useful drugs. To what vast dimensions pill-taking has grown may be imagined when we say that in England alone about 2,000,000,000 (two thousand million) pills are consumed every year. In early days pills were made slowly by hand, as the demand was comparatively small. To-day they are produced with infinitely greater rapidity by machines especially contrived for the purpose, and with greater accuracy, too, in the proportion of the various ingredients employed.

No form of medication can be better than a pill, provided only it is intelligently prepared. But right here occurs the difficulty. Easy as it may seem to make a pill, or a million of them, there are really very few pills that can be honestly commended for popular use. Most of them either undershoot or overshoot the mark. As everybody takes pills of some kind, it may be as well to mention what a good, safe, and reliable pill should be. Now, when one feels dull and sleepy, and has more or less pain in the head, sides, and back, he may be sure his bowels are constipated, and his liver sluggish. To remedy this unhappy state of things there is nothing like a good cathartic pill. It will act like a charm by stimulating the liver into doing its duty, and ridding the digestive organs of the accumulated poisonous matter.

But the good pill does not gripe and pain us, neither does it make us sick and miserable for a few hours or a whole day. It acts on the entire glandular system at the same time, else the after-effect of the pill will be worse than the disease itself. The griping caused by most pills is the result of irritating drugs which they contain. Such pills are harmful and should never be used. They sometimes even produce hemorrhoids. Without having any particular desire to praise one pill above another, we may, nevertheless, name Mother Seigel's Pills manufactured by the well-known house of A. J. White Limited, 35 Farringdon Road, London, and now sold by all chemists and medicine vendors, as the only one we know of that actually possesses every desirable quality. They remove the pressure upon the brain, correct the liver, and cause the bowels to act in ease and regularity. They never gripe or produce the slightest sickness of the stomach, or any other unpleasant feeling or symptom. Neither do they induce further constipation, as nearly all other pills do. Ah

further and crowning merit, Mother Seigel's pills are covered with a tasteless and harmless coating, which causes them to resemble pearls, thus rendering them as pleasant to the palate as they are effective in curing disease. If you have a severe cold and are threatened with a fever, with pains in the head, back, and limbs, one or two doses will break up the cold and prevent the fever. A coated tongue, with a brackish taste in the mouth, is caused by foul matter in the stomach. A dose of Seigel's Pills will effect a speedy cure. Oftentimes partially decayed food in the stomach and bowels produces sickness, nausea, etc. Cleanse the bowels with a dose of these pills, and good health will follow.

Unlike many kinds of pills, they do not make you feel worse before you are better. They are, without doubt, the best family physic ever discovered. They remove all obstructions to the natural functions in either sex without any unpleasant effects.