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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

PARTICULARS recently published of the career of ODDS AND ENDS. Adrian Lemmi, the newly-elected president of Palladic Masonry, show that the man is worthy of his post. Lemmi was born of Catholic parents at Leghorn in April, 1822, and the registration of his baptism as a Catholic is in existence. He was found guilty at Marseilles in 1844 of robbery and swindling, and, in 1846, at Constantinople, no doubt under false pretences, he became a Jew. Of the Masonic grade over which Lemmi presides things are told almost too bad for repetition, and which would be altogether incredible were they not supported by the testimony of most reliable men, and the printed documents of the Society. Dr Bataille, for example, in his work "The Devil in the Nineteenth Century," gives an account of an outrage on the Blessed Eucharist which he witnessed during the reception of a Mistress Mason at Singapore, when God and His Christ were cursed, and Lucifer was invoked as thrice holy and a saint. Most truly does the Bishop of Grenoble declare that God is the enemy they pursue. "It is not," he says, "the nun, the priest, the Pope, they want to annihilate; no, it is God! The Lord could say to-day to his religious congregations, as to Samuel:—"It is not you they reject, it is Me, that I reign no longer over them." Has not the Church, therefore, been wise in warning her people against the membership—even in the outer and well-meaning grades—of a Society which is capable of such developments?

In contrast with this evil picture of Freemasonry, we present our readers with a sketch of Catholic action as it is given by a non-Catholic writer. The scene is laid in an island of the Lipari group lying between Sicily and Italy. The people are described as living a life of true Arcadian simplicity, in peace and plenty:—"There is no lawyer and no prison; yet there are no disputes over boundary lines, no quarrels between debtor and creditor, and no theft. There is no liquor-seller, nor tobacconist, nor tea-merchant; and yet the people are not unsocial nor gloomy. There is no almshouse and no beggar." The ruling spirit of this isle, which is named Panaria, is the parish priest. "When he came to Panaria he found no port, no post, no school, no church, no anything, but a verdant and fertile island, and a people, not savage nor bad, but utterly illiterate—*inalfabeti*, as the Italians say. He has remained there unto this day, devoting himself to their welfare as faithfully as Father Damien to his lepers—baptising, marrying, burying, preaching, teaching, and growing old serenely in his consecrated service. Thanks to his untiring efforts, Panaria has now a little port, and postal communication with the mainland, a submarine telegraph to Sicily, a school, and a commodious church, where, three hundred and sixty-five mornings of the year, and fifty-two afternoons, there is a service. All the public offices are united in one person. . . . Padre Michelangelo is . . . priest, mayor, harbour-master, postmaster, and master of the marine telegraph, aided in the last-named office, however, by his widowed niece." This testimony of a non-Catholic writer—Adelia Gates in the *Leisure Hour* for September or October—to the nature of the people of Southern Italy and the worth of their priests is very much to the purpose just now when an effort is being made to discredit both people and priests in the interests of those worthies of whom Adrian Lemmi and the Society over which he presides are the friends and representatives.

Mr P. L. Connellan, the Rome correspondent of the *Boston Pilot*, gives a review of a book on the condition of Sicily, just published by a Member of the Italian Parliament, named San Giugliano, who is himself a Sicilian. This author, we are told, attributes all the evil to the wretchedness of the people, arising from landlordism and excessive taxation. To these causes, he says, both socialism and brigandage are due, and not to any inherent wickedness in the character of the people. "That the Deputy San Giugliano is not partial to the Catholic Church, and is no friend of the clergy," writes Mr Connellan, "are soon made evident. This renders his testimony to the misgovernment of the island all the more forcible.

He says: 'Clericalism itself, even when it openly anathematizes or threatens the integrity of the country, is regarded by many with benevolence, because in its doctrines and in its tendencies they see a conservative force, which auxiliary does not appear to them superfluous against the subversive currents, which become every day more menacing.' Well, I may add here that it was the constant practices of the authorities, working under the favour of the Italian Government, to blacken and deride the Catholic clergy by all manner of falsehood and insinuation and, by implication, the religion of which they were the ministers, that have rendered the Sicilians to-day socialists and members of the *Fasci*, over which neither clergy nor Government have any further a controlling or beneficial influence. So much for the truth in San Giugliano's sneer at what he terms 'clericalism.'

Considerable anxiety (writes Mr Connellan again) is felt concerning the fate of the Pope, if the revolutionary movement, now rapidly spreading throughout several districts of Italy, break out in Rome. People are asking what are the guarantees and defences made for the safety of the Head of the Christian world. Every one here knows how the Italian Government, while pretending to extend all liberty and freedom to the Pontiff, has hampered his action at home. Every outrage committed against the rights and person of the Pope has either been permitted, or condoned or pardoned by this Government. One of the most widely-spread anti-Catholic journals published in Rome is allowed to publish this with impunity. After having published a glaring falsehood against the Pops, it says let the Holy See profit by this as a warning that "whether compromisers or uncompromisers, the enemies who are in the Vatican are all intent on profiting by every misfortune of ours for their crooked aims." The object of this wicked insinuation is evident: it is to instil in the minds of the mob that the dwellers in the Vatican, beginning with the Pope, are the enemies of Italy, and that they gloat over the sorrows and sufferings of the people. All this is allowed to pass unchecked because Italy enjoys a free press.

Mr Connellan also points to a possibility that is of moment to the world at large. "The Italian Government, in its 'Law of Guarantees,'" he writes, "reserves to itself rights over the Vatican library and the museums and galleries of that Pontifical Palace. No one outside of Rome, and few in it consider what this means. It means that when the Italian Government, whether through want of money, or from a mere whim, decrees the taking possession of the Vatican library and the Vatican museums and galleries, the thing will be done—and the most valuable library, and most varied and rich—in an artistic and antiquarian point of view—of all the galleries in the world, will come to the possession of that Government. But that is not the worst of it. The same Government which made the Victor Emanuel Library, out of the spoils of fifty nine monastic libraries, losing thousands of precious volumes in the transformation, and losing other valuable objects besides, such as the first letter of Columbus—a document valued at 2000000—has not learned much respect for Papal documents and books that show the evil fate that awaits the sacrilegious by appeal to the history of the world."

A distinguished member of the American Catholic Press has just departed this life, in the person of Dr George Dering Wolff, editor of the *Philadelphia Catholic Standard*. Dr Wolff was of German descent, and the son of the Rev Bernard C Wolff, sometime professor of theology in the German Reformed Seminary at Mercersburg, Pa. He had himself also been a minister of the German Reformed Church. He became a convert to Catholicism when 49 years of age, in the year 1871, and since then had been occupied variously in Catholic literary pursuits. He had been editor of the *Catholic Standard* since 1872.—*R.I.P.*

Some of the utterances made at meetings of the London unemployed in the beginning of February, though probably mere empty bluster, were rather of an ugly kind. The men had been angered by being prevented by the police from marching from Tower Hill to Trafalgar Square through Fleet street and the Strand. Mr John E. Williams, their organiser, declared, accordingly, that if blows were on the side of the police, chemicals were on the side of the workmen. "If struck," he added, "the unemployed were determined to use them and send the police to heaven by chemical parcel post, with a piece of explosive the size of a penny which could be

carried in the pocket." At one of the meetings it was also asserted that, if work were denied them, the unemployed were morally justified in helping themselves to the accumulations of wealth created by their own toil. All this, as we have said, may, indeed, be mere sound and fury. Considering, however, the temper of the times, elsewhere, it may possibly have a more sinister significance.

During the past few years (says the *Melbourne Advocate*) a considerable number of Catholics who worship according to the Greek rite have arrived in this city, and as their numbers increased the want of a priest who could minister to their spiritual needs was keenly felt. Early last year a meeting of Oriental Catholics was held, under the presidency of Mr Abraham Khaled, Vice-Consul for Turkey, and it was resolved to petition the Patriarch of Jerusalem to send a missionary priest of the Greek rite with the object of permanently establishing a church here for the benefit of the Oriental residents. Accordingly the Patriarch was pleased to appoint the Rev Malathois Nammar, a priest of the Order of St Basil of Jerusalem to the position, and the rev gentleman arrived in Melbourne recently. On his arrival he waited upon the Archbishop of Melbourne and received the usual faculties for the discharge of his sacerdotal functions in the Archdiocese. His Grace also kindly placed his own private chapel at the disposal of Father Nammar, where he has since celebrated Mass according to the Oriental rite for the benefit of his compatriots. Since his arrival Father Nammar has been actively engaged in the duties of his mission, and has been most cordially received by his people, who greatly appreciate his ministrations, and who, owing to the good Father's thorough acquaintance with the various Eastern dialects, have been enabled to receive the consolations of religion in their own language. Father Nammar was ordained to the priesthood eighteen years ago by his Beatitude Gregory Joseph, Patriarch of Antioch, Jerusalem, Alexandria, and all the Orient. From the clergy and laity in Melbourne he has received many generous donations for his pious object, and he hopes very shortly to be able to open a temporary building for the use of his congregation.

As we foresaw and predicted, the licensing elections have proved favourable to the Prohibition party. If the full measure has not been carried, sufficient, at least, has been done to strengthen the hands of its advocates and nerve them for renewed efforts. So far, however, as their anxiety is sincere and their object is wise we may wish them success. What we doubt is both the one and the other. We question whether a great many of these people have anything in view except ends of their own. And we believe that there is hardly room to question the folly of the extreme on which they insist. Carried to its logical conclusion, it means a considerable alteration of the face of the world, and a general revolution in trade and industry. Breweries and distilleries must be closed as well as public houses. Barley-growers must change their crop. Vineyards and bopyards must be rooted out. A vast deal, in fact, that it is absurd even to propose must take place. Meantime, the elections have proved once more the necessity that exists for an amendment in the Franchise Act, with regard to the method of voting. It is absolutely necessary to protect the polling booths against the presence of touts and tricksters. Above all the fanatical woman must be forced to ply her importunities elsewhere. The electors, in a word, must be protected against the impudent interference, that, both in the general election and that held last week, was rampant—to the great annoyance of many voters, and, we doubt not, the complete confusion and misdirection of some. Fanaticism cannot be suppressed by law—or by anything else for the matter of that—but, at least, it may be held in check. As things now are, if the ballot is observed in the letter it is, in the spirit, glaringly violated.

Our contemporary the *Cromwell Argus* quotes from a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* a paragraph which for unscrupulous calumny it would be hard to beat. The writer accuses the Chinese *literati* of designing, "like the Irish agitators," to get rid of intruders, whom accordingly they denounce as desirable objects of murder to their countrymen. The Mandarins afterwards extend to the murderers "the same protection which is extended to Irish criminals by the Land League." It is of course vain to complain of the license indulged in by a writer who belongs to the party whose self-assumed privilege is *carte blanche* in the matter of calumnious lying. A newspaper, however, which provides its readers with pabulum to rival that supplied by the late Mr Pigott to the *London Times* is hardly to be congratulated for its good taste. The readers of the *Cromwell Argus* perhaps may be particularly interested in the morality of the Chinese. It would nevertheless be little to their disadvantage to pursue their inquiries without partaking in a false and infamous accusation against men who possess the confidence and sympathy of many of their fellow-colonists. Possibly our contemporary also aspires to the privilege to which we have referred.

Our friend at Keokuk has made a new departure. He now furnishes the *Dunedin Star* with a rignarole in which palaver takes a distinguished place. Our friend, it appears, entertains quite an admiration for the Catholic Church, and is ready to bestow on her a certain amount of patronage. Has our friend forgotten those words of his that we have here still before us, as written by him under date

September 8?—"This (a beat a garbled quotation from the *Catholic World*, number or date not given) is an honest statement of the position of the Roman Church on the question of universal education. It enforces one of her mottoes that 'ignorance is the mother of devotion.' Rome never changes. Her methods are adapted to times, conditions, and circumstances, but through the ages, with sleepless vigilance, she fixes her policy, and pursues it to success through temporary defeat. There is no question that Rome would destroy our public school system if she could." And again: "Our hope is that another generation of Catholic children taught in the public schools will turn the tide against Rome for ever." Yet now our friend says: "I am not blind to the great merit and inestimable service of the Roman Catholic Church." He goes on to quote with an assumption of sympathy all sorts of civil things said of the Church at the late Parliament of Religions by one Dr. Schaef. Did our Keokuk friend then pay a visit to the counterfeit Blarney-stone at the recent Exhibition in Chicago? Even his blarney seems of a spurious kind. Our friend, moreover, accuses the TABLET of making use of "vituperative epithets and lying personal abuse," an accusation which, although we cannot class it as blarney of any kind, is undoubtedly spurious. All that the TABLET was accountable for was an exposure in adequate and well-merited terms of false and unscrupulous assertions and impudently garbled quotations. As to our friend's denial that the parochial schools ever equal those of the State, a sufficient refutation of it is the fact that in America, as elsewhere, whenever the two are brought into competition the parochial schools are the victors, which was again the case, for example, the other day at Chicago, where their exhibit was infinitely better than that of the more pretentious system. Of the qualifications of our friend to explain the attitude or disposition of Catholics, notwithstanding his declaration that side by side with his Catholic brother he has marched to battle—and perhaps showed that brother the way in retiring therefrom—we may judge from the tone of his previous utterances. However, it may suit him now to adopt a strain of palaver his bitterness remains in black and white. With our friend's claims on behalf of the justice of the secular system and his statements in general as to its excellence, we may contrast, for instance, a passage quoted by Chief Inspector Fitch, in his recent report to the Imperial Parliament on education in America. Mr Fitch quotes from an article contributed by Dr John Bascon, formerly president of the Wisconsin University, to the *Forum*. He describes the writer as one "whose long experience and whose interest in the whole subject of public instruction give exceptional weight to his opinion." Dr Bascon condemns the enforced support of the public schools by those who do not accept them as, broadly, taxation without representation. "Now," he adds, "when religious instruction is coming to be distinctly disclaimed in the public schools, when private instruction makes this disclaimer a ground of its own existence, and when parochial training is first defined and then accepted in place of public instruction, this policy assumes the appearance of extended and glaring injustice. . . . The sense of injustice will deepen year by year, the religious sentiments which underlie the parochial school will be fed by the very opposition which they meet, and the public feeling arrayed against these schools will itself become an intolerant sentiment of belief or unbelief associated with religion. No condition could well be more hostile to the steady growth of public instruction than this policy." There is common sense, to be contrasted with rignarole and palaver.

"Bankrupt Italy!" is the startling caption to be seen on most items of news now coming from King Humbert's kingdom. "United Italy" and "Italy redeemed" were watchwords in the past, but it seems pretty clear now that Italy, when it consisted of three kingdoms, had a much happier and more contented population than it has ever had since. There is a very serious deficit in the Italian Budget this year, and this deficit, which amounts to one hundred and thirty million lire, the Government propose to make good by laying additional taxes upon the over-burdened tax-payers of the peninsula. The financial troubles of Italy are, it is stated, likely to have for one of their side effects the development of a new industry. The duty on imported mineral oil is so heavy as to render it prohibitive in price, and it is being substituted by that extracted from grape stones, which yield from 10 to 15 per cent of clear, colourless, inodorous oil, burning without smoke. Peasants have been in the habit of making this in small quantities after every vintage for home consumption, but now it is engaging the attention of commerce.

The time has come when the claim of the Lords to block democratic legislation must be sternly challenged. A Liberal Government cannot allow the rights of the people to be flibbed by a permanent Tory committee, and the *Daily Chronicle* gives some excellent advice to Ministers on this subject:—"If they present the country with a set of botched measures they will not get a hand from the men on whom alone they could reckon for support. If this applies to the Bills of this session it applies still more forcibly to the measures of the new. Let us have short, strong, simply drafted Bills—drastic registration reform, one man one vote, and a big popular Budget. Let these measures be firmly pressed through the Commons and submitted to the Lords to take or leave. Then the Government can go to the country with a record of their administrative work which the House of Lords could not stop and the democratic Bills which the Lords have spoiled. We shall then get a clean straight issue, and in our opinion the Government can reckon on a great victory."

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HOLY WEEK IN DUNEDIN.

THE ceremonies of last week, "Holy Week," were carried out with great solemnity in St. Joseph's Cathedral. The office of Tenebræ commenced, as usual, on Wednesday evening. The members of the clergy present were the Very Rev. Fathers O'Leary and Lynch, Rector; and the Rev. Fathers J. O'Neill, J. O'Donnell, Murphy, and Ryan. The Lamentations were sung by Fathers O'Leary, O'Neill, and Lynch, and all the priests took part in singing the lessons. A sanctuary choir chanted the verse "Jerusalem" and, antiphonally with the priests, the "Benedictus" and the "Miserere." The harmonies in each case were remarkably good. A discord introduced into those of the "Jerusalem" had an admirable effect. The chant was necessarily Gregorian, and its solemnity and grandeur were well brought out and sustained. The voices blended thoroughly and produced full, rich chords, that reverberated finely through the nave and aisles.

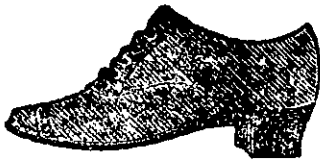
On Holy Thursday High Mass was commenced at 7 a.m. Father O'Leary acted as celebrant, with Father Murphy as deacon, Father O'Donnell as sub-deacon, and Father Lynch, master of ceremonies. The high altar had been adorned appropriately for the occasion by the Dominican Nuns, who, however, had reserved their supreme effort for the altar of repose. This was the altar in the North aisle—erected beneath the arch which is ultimately to lead from the aisle into the transept. From a wreath of orange blossoms and lilies of the valley, fixed near the top of the arch, a drapery was suspended—broadening as it fell, and when it reached the tabernacle covering the whole breadth of the wall at the back of the altar. The folds and curvature were charmingly graceful. The tints varied, with nice and minute gradations, from rich cream-colour in the middle to snow white at the sides, and, at the edges, transparency. The textures were soft and filmy, and nothing lighter or more ethereal than the whole can be imagined. Against this background, from the summit of the tabernacle—which bore a gilt cross garlanded with lilies—down, were placed clusters of foliage and white flowers, relieved here and there by the delicate rose-colour of the *lilium*.

before—stretched almost completely around the church. Their manner was becoming and reverent, and, not only their method of walking in the procession, but the orderly and quiet way in which they left their seats to join in it and returned to them on falling out, gave conclusive proof of the perfect training and care of devoted and skilful teachers. Besides the first communicants the school children made a general communion. Large numbers of the adults of the congregation, which was very numerous, also approached the altar. Adoration throughout the day was maintained by the women of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, and throughout the night by the men of the Confraternity of the Holy Family. Crowds of other worshippers also visited the church.

On Good Friday the celebrant of the Mass of the Pre-sanctified was Father J. O'Neill; the deacon, Father Murphy; and the sub-deacon, Father J. O'Donnell. In singing the Passion, Father O'Leary took the part of the Christus, Father O'Neill that of the *chronista*, and Father Lynch that of the *synagoga*. A touching sermon on the Passion was preached by Father Lynch. The ceremonies terminated with the adoration of the cross. The church was densely crowded, many being unable to find seats. At 3 p.m. the Stations of the Cross were recited. At Tenebræ, in the evening, the chanting and singing seemed even more solemn and sonorous than before. The singing of the Lamentations in particular was most plaintive and fine. On the conclusion of the office a relic of the true Cross was exposed for the veneration of the faithful. Father Lynch explained that this privilege was due to the kindness of the Dominican nuns, to whom the relic had been sent from Rome by a kind friend and patron of their community, the venerable Monsignor Kirby, Archbishop of Ephesus. Monsignor Kirby, of whose distinguished career, as our readers will remember, we a week or two since quoted a sketch from Mr. P. L. Connellan, the Rome correspondent of the *Boston Pilot*, said Father Lynch, had long been a friend of the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, and had always taken an interest in the welfare of the Dominican community in this city. A niece of his Grace, we may add, is one of its members. The very rev. speaker went on to refer to the discovery of the Cross by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, and

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lanceifolium and the *bigonia*. Sprays of the sago-moss were cunningly woven among the snowy tissues. Candelsticks of iridescent glass, with prismatic pendants were margined with those of burnished brass, and the wax-lights were supplemented by fairy lamps. The steps of the altar and the ground for some feet around them were covered by a crimson carpet. The tone was that of grace, delicacy and refinement. Occasionally in the daytime the effect was enhanced by the colours, which, cast by the sunbeams from the painted windows at the epistle side, fell on the opposite clustered pillars of the arch. The scene in the church during the celebration of the Mass was one of great beauty. A first communion of the school children took place, and the boys and girls nearly filled the nave, the girls veiled and all in white, the boys neatly dressed and wearing the pink ribbon of the Holy Childhood or the blue ribbon of the first communicant. Those communicating for the first time held lighted candles, wreathed with flowers, in their hands. The preacher on the occasion was the Very Rev. Father O'Leary, who delivered a fervent, pithy, and able sermon on the Blessed Sacrament. The music was performed by the choir of the Dominican nuns, who sang, with the accompaniment of their organ, the "Kyrie" and "Gloria" of Missingh's Mass, and when, after the "Gloria," the organ was silenced, Webbe's "Credo," "Sanctus," and "Agnus Dei; O'Leary's "Lauda Sion" and the Gregorian "Pange Lingua." The choir deserve especial praise for the excellence of their unaccompanied singing, and the manner in which they sustained the pitch. The procession in which the Most Holy was borne to the altar of repose was touching and beautiful in the extreme. It was headed by a cross-bearer attended by acolytes. The girls of the schools—St. Patrick's, South Dunedin, St. Joseph's, and the Convent High School—walked next clad, as we have said, in spotless white. Then came the boys of St. Patrick's and the Christian Brothers' Schools—the first communicants carrying their lighted candles. Some ten or twelve miles of girls, scattering flowers, folk-wed, and, finally, came the Blessed Sacrament, borne by the celebrant of the Mass beneath the canopy, which was carried by four senior pupils of the Christian Brothers. The line of children walking two and two—those behind pressing close on those

the nature of the veneration due to it. The relic, which is enclosed in a handsome gold and jewelled reliquary, was then exposed by the Very Rev. Father O'Leary, in accordance with the rules prescribed by the ritual. The congregation were permitted to approach the sanctuary rails and kiss it. Afterwards, before the congregation, which was very large, separated, at the request of Father Lynch, a prayer was offered for the Bishop, who, they were told, had been greatly pleased to hear of the manner in which his people were attending the ceremonies of the week.

On Holy Saturday the ceremonies commenced at 7 a.m. Father Hunt acted as celebrant and blessed the font. Father Lynch acted as deacon, singing the "Exultet," and blessing the paschal candle. Father Murphy acted as sub-deacon, and Father Ryan as master of ceremonies. Father Mackay assisted at the reading of the prophecies, and in other portions of the ceremonial. The music was Webbe's "Kyrie," sung unaccompanied, and, with the organ, Concone's "Gloria." On the termination of the Mass, vespers were sung, all ending with the joyous outburst of the "Regina Cæli." The Dominican Choir, as before, gave an admirable account of themselves. On this morning, also, notwithstanding the great length of the ceremonies, there were a full congregation and numerous communicants.

The great festival of the Resurrection does not, properly speaking, enter into Holy Week; but it is that in which all the ceremonies of the season, as it were, are consummated. The church had put on its holiday gear. The statues and pictures were once more uncovered. The shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour had been hung with festoons of flowers, and adorned also with tapers and bouquets. A crimson scroll with the legend, in ornamental silver letters, "Surrexit Dominus Vere," had been fixed above the high altar, beneath the western window, and on the clustered pillars at either side were similar scrolls of a smaller size with the word "Alleluia" on each. The temporary wings and the back of the altar bore a profusion of flowers and wax candles. A *missa cantata* was celebrated at 11 a.m. by the Rev. Father Murphy. The choir of the cathedral, whose solo singers were Miss Mary Morrison, now a visitor from Invercargill, soprano; Miss Kate Murphy, contralto; Mr.

A. & T. I N G L I S

Beg to announce that they will show their first shipments of

AUTUMN AND WINTER NOVELTIES

On

 SATURDAY, 17th FEBRUARY,

Which consist of 219 cases ex Maori, 64 cases ex Gothic, 46 cases ex Ruahine, as follows:—

MANCHESTER DEPARTMENT.

Large Shipments of Calicoes, Sheetings, Cotton and Union Shirtings, Tickings, Towels, Towellings, Glass Cloths, Damask Table Linens (bleached and unbleached), Quilts, Counterpanes, Bed Rugs, Travelling Rugs and Flannels; in a word, all kinds of Household Furnishings, of the Best Qualities and at Lowest Prices in the Colony.

We have made special arrangements for large deliveries of Colonial Blankets, and our prices will be found the lowest. Best Qualities only kept in Stock.

SPECIAL.—Over 500 pieces of Flannelette, in various qualities and latest designs, at lower prices than ever. Intending purchasers would make a considerable saving by writing for patterns and prices.

FANCY DRESS DEPARTMENT.

Large shipments of all the latest Dress Materials for the coming season, comprising Whipcord, Cheviot and Estamens Serges, Cheviot Tweeds, French Foulle Serges, Diagonal Stripes &c., also a very special line of Black and Coloured French Merinos, and Black and Coloured French Cashmeres.

Our prices for these will be found much below what is usually charged for the same goods.

Immense Shipments of the celebrated Louis Velveten in all the newest shades, also in Black.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

A splendid assortment of trimmed and untrimmed Hats and Bonnets in both Straw and Felt.

A lovely lot of little girls' and boys' Hats in Beaver, Felt, Straw, Plush, and a variety of other new Materials.

Latest novelties in Wings, Birds, Feathers, Beaver Mounts, &c. Jet and steel ornaments and trimmings in endless variety.

A choice lot of Sealskin Hats with Beaver and Sable brims. Lovely goods.

Newest shapes in Ladies' Gem and Sailor Hats.

Ladies Aprons, Plain and Fancy, newest styles and Materials.

UNDERCLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

A lovely lot of Walking Costumes, suitable for little boys and girls, in Plush, Fritze cloth, Lambswool, and other new and rich materials.

A rich lot of Pelisses in newest materials and shades.

Baby Linen—including Robes, Gown, Bibs, Headsquares, etc

A large and varied assortment of children's Wool Hats and Hoods.

Ladies' Underclothing, Flannelette Underclothing

SILK DEPARTMENT.

We respectfully ask Ladies' inspection of our large range of Evening Silks, in Armure, Merveilleux, Surab, Faille Francaise, Shot Surab, Bengalene, etc. In addition to above a job line in Broché, Pongee in evening shades, marked low to clear. Special purchase, a German Manufacturer's stock of plush, in Cardinal, Olive, Emerald, Peacock, Gold, Navy, Brown.

FANCY DEPARTMENT.

Novelties in Ribbon, Roman Striped, Ombre Velvet and Satin. New shades in Double-faced Satin, Moirae, Velvet and Satin

Lace for Evening Wear, Beaded Trimming, Fur Trimming in Raccoon, Bear, Fox, Skunk, Oppossum, Imitation Beaver, Astrachans in Cream, Black, etc.

Our Umbrella stock is unusually attractive, the handles very pretty, the material excellent, and the prices low.

CORSET DEPARTMENT.

We have a choice stock including those well known makes, viz: Thomson's True Fit, Izol, Y and N, Dr Warner's "Coraline," Dr Corner's "Centurion," Crossine, Thomson's Glove Fitting, Bronn's "Dermesthetic," and other makes, sizes 18 to 39.

GLOVE DEPARTMENT.

Novelties in Ladies' Beaver Top Gloves, Fur-lined Gloves, Dogskin Gloves, Doeskin Driving Gloves, Children's Lined and Unlined Gloves.

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' and Children's Knitted Hose, Ladies' and Children's Cashmere Hose, Children's Plain and Fancy Cashmere Socks.

Also a large shipment of Haberdeshery at our usual low prices.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

10 Cases of Ladies' and Children's Ulsters in all the leading materials and styles.

3 Cases of Ladies' Tweed and Cashmere Waterproofs with three Capes in all colours.

2 Cases of Novelties in Ladies' Plush and Seallette, Jackets and Capes.

6 Cases Ladies' and Children's Jackets with the new Capes in Black, Navy and Brown.

2 Cases Ladies' Fur-edged Cloaks in Black, Navy, etc, with the new Butterfly Capes.

1 Case Ladies Tea Gowns in Maroon, Cardinal and Fancy Flannels (Latest Styles)

1 Case Novelties in Furs in the New Butterfly Capes, New Boas, Pleated Pelerines in Bear, Fox, Moutton Goat, Thibet, etc.

MEN'S MERCERY DEPARTMENT.

New Goods for this department have just arrived in faultless condition, and at a low value. Have only room to note a few lines:—

DOZEN WHITE SHIRTS in all sizes up to 18in. For this class of goods we are particularly famed—being made of the most reliable material, and of superior make. For all other kinds of shirts in Boys', Youth's, and Men's, we offer the best values in the Colony.

FLEXIBLE HATS.—Our present shipment comprises the newest shapes, and are all of excellent value, and are offered at our usual cash prices. UNDERCLOTHING in Cotton, Merino, and Wool in large assortment, at prices to suit all. TWEEDS.—Our stock is very extensive in Home and Colonial, and no better value can be obtained. Umbrellas, Braces, Ties, Gloves, Hose, and Half-hose, and all other goods pertaining to a mercery stock as to satisfy our numerous buyers.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

In addition to our usual extensive stock in this department we have purchased for cash the following large lines of Mens', Youths', and Boys' clothing, which we commend to our customers for quality and value:—500 Men's Colonial Tweed suits, 750 do trousers, 250 do trousers and vests, 450 Youth's do suits, 650 Boy's do, 475 do knicker suits, 950 Men's, Boy's, and Youth's Colonial Mole Trousers. Also just landed, ex Maori:—125 Men's Black Worsted Suits, 250 Men's Blue Serge Suits, 750 Boy's Sailor Suits.

CARPET DEPARTMENT.

The latest novelties in Brussels and Tapestry Carpets and Art Squares, all qualities and sizes, also new Pushettes and Art Serges; all newest shades. Chenille Art Curtains, and Real Swiss Guipure Curtains. New Cretonnes and Art Muslin in all the newest designs. Linoleums and Floorcloths all widths and qualities. Also a very beautiful lot of fancy Plush and Plushette Embroidered Mantel-piece Borders, Hearth Rugs in endless variety. Fancy Madras Curtain Muslin, all the newest colourings.

BOOT DEPARTMENT.

We have just landed 100 Trunks and Cases of Boots and Shoes superior in value to anything ever offered in Dunedin, viz:—New Walking Shoes, New Evening shoes, New Shippers, New Children's Boots. High-class and medium quality Men's Boots; all at the lowest possible prices.

HOUSEHOLD FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

All the Latest Specialities in Electro Silver-Plated Goods, Brushware of all kinds. Dinner Belles and Gongs, Enamel and Arate Ware, Chairs and American Novelties of all descriptions.

Parties Furnishing or requiring any household requisite should inspect our Warehouse before purchasing elsewhere.

We have in stock a large variety of Iron Bedsteads and Bedding of all kinds.

Furniture, Good, Artistic, and Inexpensive; Wringers, Mangles, Travelling Boxes, Weighing Scales Fitters, Lamp Soves, Cutlery, Fenders and Fire Irons. Crockery and Glassware. In fact everything that is required either for Cottage or Mansion.

DO NOT FAIL TO VISIT THIS DEPARTMENT.

A. & T. I N G L I S,

CASH EMPORIUM, GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

Edward Eager, tenor; and Mr W. Cantwell, bass—had been strengthened by an orchestra under the leadership of Mr E. Parker. Mr W. T. Ward conducted, and Mr Albert Vallis was in his place at the organ. The music was the "Twelfth Mass"—we no longer dare to say Mozart's, because the critics of a more modern school pronounce the attribution not only false, but monstrous and absurd. Still, the survivor of a less enlightened age may recollect performances of this Mass in places of some repute in the world of music, where it was taken as genuine. Any poor, old, half-doting Nestor, nevertheless, must hang his head before the bold-tongued Diomedes of the day and acknowledge that the sons, if they are not in truth better and more virile than their fathers, have at least the advantage of an audience that believes in their superiority. The Twelfth Mass, at any rate, whoever may have been its composer, Mozart or a tyro, has qualities that, in the ordinary ear, seem to make it very suitable to a festival performance. It is, in short, festal music—melodious, jocund, and sonorous. The performance was excellent; the chords were massive, resonant and well defined. The solo parts were creditably sung. The bass was duly effective in the opening "Kyrie eleison," and in the "Quoniam tu solus" of the "Gloria." The tenor in the "Incarnatus" was expressive and mellow. The soprano, also, was sweet and clear, its sustained notes in the concluding part of the "Benedictus" being particularly good. The instruments, too, did praiseworthy service. The strings, as usual, had the principal part, doing their work all through caputally. The cornets were especially telling in the opening of the "Gloria," and in the symphony of the "Benedictus" the flute was admirably played—wherever, indeed, throughout the Mass a symphony occurred the performance of all the instruments was most pleasing. At the offertory the organist played Mendelssohn's 3rd sonata for the organ, a soft, sweet, dreamy piece of music. The outgoing voluntary, also played on the organ, was the "Schiller March." The preacher was the Very Rev Father Lynch, who prefaced his sermon by thanking the members of the congregation for their generous contributions of Easter dues. The very rev speaker referred again to the consolation given to the Bishop by the attendance at the ceremonies of the past week, and especially by the communion of the children on Holy Thursday. His Lordship, he said, had also heard of the communions of so many adults with great pleasure. The preacher alluded to the dense congregation now present. At the 8 a.m. Mass, he said, there had been nearly as many and almost all had received Holy Communion. He thanked the members of the confraternities for their attendance at the church on Holy Thursday, the men especially who had kept watch during the night. Father Lynch also thanked the choir and the gentlemen who had so kindly given them their assistance for their services. The very rev preacher took for his subject the Resurrection and delivered an instructive and well-considered sermon in which he argued clearly and conclusively in support of the great doctrine of the Catholic Church and in refutation of those who denied it—adducing as examples Strauss and Renan. The church was densely crowded, a large number of non-Catholics being among those present.—In the evening after Vespers Father Murphy preached on the Gospel of the day, in a very earnest and impressive sermon, deducing the practical lesson of Christian life given by the resurrection of Christ and explaining how the Saviour had arisen from the dead for our sanctification and to kindle in us a love for His sacred person. The resurrection, said the preacher, was a mystery of love. On the conclusion of the sermon the song, "Thou didst not leave His soul in hell," from Handel's Messiah, was sung very expressively by Mr Jones. Mr William Corrigan played a beautiful solo on the clarinet, and Miss Mary Morrison gave a sweet interpretation of the "Holy City."—Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament was afterwards given by Father Murphy, the choir of the church singing the Litany of Loretto and the proper hymns. The church was densely crowded by an attentive congregation.

The French Senate have adopted a motion in favour of granting to women the right of voting at elections to the tribunals of commerce.

There is something impressive in the career and character of Comte de Mun, who has just been elected deputy for Morlaix. For many years the influence of the Count has been steadily rising. By birth and accomplishments he is an aristocrat, and yet the most uncompromised Radical in the French Chamber admires and trusts him. The Comte de Mun is the eloquent and earnest advocate of Christian Socialism. The Comte, in his early days a Reactionist, has been learning and growing with the times. He has done much to reconcile French Catholics to the Republic.—*Irish Weekly*

Bradstreet's, the well-known trade paper, has collected statistics as to the number of unemployed in 119 of the chief cities in the United States. The number out of work in these cities is somewhat over 801,000. The number dependant on this army of unemployed is estimated at 2,000,000. In fifteen of the most important cities in the States of New York and New Jersey there are 223,250 unemployed, and 563,760 dependant for their support on these quarters of a million wage workers, who are seeking in vain for employment to keep the wolf from the door. In twenty-one cities in New England there are 66,200 idle men, who, when at work, are the breadwinners for 154,400 persons.

LINES FOR LITTLE FOLK.

ST PAUL, the first hermit, was born in Upper Egypt, about the year 230, and became an orphan at the age of fifteen, being very rich and highly educated. Fearing lest the tortures of a terrible persecution might endanger his perseverance, he retired into a remote village. But his pagan brother-in-law denounced him, and, abandoning all he had, Paul fled into the desert. His first design was to return to the world when the persecution was over, but, tasting great delights in prayer and penance, he remained the rest of his life in solitude. After many wanderings he found in the depths of the desert a small space enclosed by rocks, where a solitary palm-tree grew with a spring of water at its foot. Here he spent ninety years in penance, prayer, and contemplation. God revealed his existence to St Anthony, who sought him for three days. Seeing a thirsty she-wolf run through an opening in the rocks, Anthony followed her to look for water, and found Paul. They knew each other at once, and praised God together. Having passed the night in prayer, at dawn of day Paul told Anthony he was about to die, and asked to be buried in the cloak given to Anthony by St Athanasius. Anthony hastened to fetch it, and, on his way back, saw Paul rise to Heaven in glory. He found his dead body kneeling as if in prayer, and two lions came and dug his grave. Paul died in his one hundred and thirteenth year.

The game of Personalities must be played only by people well known to one another. One member of the party must go out of the room, when each other member must arrange to answer any question put to him by the absentee on his return, in the tone of mind, although not the voice, of some other member of the party. The player who has been outside the door now comes back and puts a question to each of the party in turn. He must guess whom each in turn is personating, although the voice of the individual is kept. This game is immensely amusing if well played.

The players of Wretches' (Retsch't) Outlines (of whom the more there are the merrier) seat themselves at a table. Each is provided with a piece of note paper and a pen and ink and pencil. Each player draws a line at random on his page in ink, which he then passes to his neighbour, who must make a picture out of it as best he may, preserving the line originally made, and adding on to it. Short lines are supposed to make funnier pictures. The picture is completed in pencil. Articles of furniture, faces of men, women and animals, flowers, etc., may be evolved by adding to the first line made.

Adjectives and Verbs is another funny game. The chief player writes a letter in private, leaving out all adjectives and verbs. He then asks each member of the company in turn for an adjective or verb, which he writes in the blank space he has left previously. When the letter is finished he reads it aloud.—*Pilot*.

I have a little lesson
In numbers every day;
And, if you like, I'll tell you
The kind I have to say—
I call them play.

There was a little pigeon,
And when he said "Coo-coo!"
Another little pigeon
Close down beside him flew—
Then there were two.

Two pretty ships were sailing
As grandly as could be;
And "Ship ahoy!" another
Sailed out upon the sea—
Then there were three.

I had a pretty rose-bush
That grew beside my door;
Three roses bloomed upon it,
And soon there came one more—
Then there were four.

Four bees a-gathering honey—
The busiest things alive;
And soon there came another
From out the crowded hive.
Then there were five.

Those last were rather hard ones—
The roses and the bees;
But my mamma says "Numbers
Get harder by degrees."
Harder than these!

—St Nicholas.

D. DAWSON, Practical Watchmaker and Jeweller,
Exchange Court, Princes Street, DUNEDIN.
Agent for N. Lazarus's specialite Spectacles. Sights Tested by his Patent
Process. Those with Defective Sights invited to inspect



AUCKLAND.

(From our own Correspondent.)

March 22, 1894.

THE events of the week have been more than usually interesting owing in great measure, as might be expected, to the St Patrick's Day celebrations, which, as is customary with us, passed off with us most successfully.

On Sunday, 18th inst., at St Patrick's Cathedral, the Mass at 11 o'clock—preceded by the distribution of the palms—was celebrated by the Rev Father Doyle, the singing of the choir, under the direction of Mr Hiscocks, being remarkably good. At the evening service—the Cathedral being thronged in every part—the Rev Father Hackett preached the annual discourse on St Patrick. The rev gentleman selected his text from Isaiah: "How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of Him who bringeth glad tidings of salvation." Having compared Ireland to the afflicted daughter of Sion before she rejected the Messiah, Father Hackett traced the life of Ireland's apostolic deliverer from the days of his captivity. The life of St Patrick in exile was spent in prayer and mortification of body, and when he escaped from captivity he proceeded to Tours, where he studied under the guidance of his uncle, St Martin. He proceeded thence to Rome. Patrick believed in the Gospel precept, "No man should preach unless he is sent." He knew that Rome was the great centre from which the life-blood flows through the Universal Church, and there sat the successor of Him who said: "Feed My lambs; feed My sheep." To Rome he therefore journeyed on foot, was there consecrated bishop, and received authority to preach to the Irish people. At Rome Patrick laid the foundations of the Irish Church on the impregnable Rock of Peter, against which the powers of earth and hell can never prevail. It was at Rome that Patrick formed the first link in that unbroken chain of affection and filial obedience that has bound the heart of the Irish nation through centuries of sunshine and sorrow to the chair of apostolic truth. The arrival of Patrick in Ireland was then described in language befitting the theme so passionately dwelt upon by the eloquent Father. Blessed was the day and blessed for ever in the history of Ireland the moment when the feet of her apostle rested on her green shores. The people whom he came to rescue from paganism were a martial race, whose valour was their boast. They were intensely wedded to their religion and its pagan rites, but they were subdued by the power of the cross and led willing captives to the meek religion of Jesus Christ. The discourse, of which the foregoing is a very imperfect *resumé*, was a gem of pulpit oratory and listened to throughout with wrapt attention. The choir, as in the morning, sang with good effect.

At St Benedict's the impressive ceremony of the distribution of the palms took place before the High Mass, which was celebrated by the Rev Father Downey. The story of the Passion was read by the Rev Dr Egan from the pulpit. The choir sang Farmer's Mass in B flat. At Vespers the Rev Dr Egan preached on the festival of Palm Sunday and the spirit of Holy Week.

On Saturday, the 17th inst., St. Patrick's Day was celebrated with wonted zest. It would be impossible in the space ordinarily allotted to your correspondent to give all the details of the festive proceedings of the day. At 9 o'clock Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Hilary, of the Passionist Order. There was a crowded congregation. His Lordship Bishop Luck preached an impressive sermon on the fidelity of Ireland to the Catholic faith. After Mass the children were marshalled under the superintendence of their respective pastors, and proceeded to the Domain, followed by members of the Australasian Catholic Benefit Society and the Hibernian Society in full regalia. The children taking part in the procession, which was one of the largest ever witnessed here, comprised those from St. Mary's Orphanage "Star of the Sea," the pupils of the Sisters of Mercy's school (Hobson street), the pupils of the Mariet Brothers' schools (Wellington street and Cook street), and the pupils of the Sacred Heart School (Ponsonby). These were subsequently joined by contingents from St. Benedicts, from St John's, Parnell; from Otahuhu, Panmure, and other neighbouring districts. Four bands were in attendance and rendered really excellent music throughout the day. The Rev Fathers Hackett, Egan, Lenihan, and the committee of management deserve great credit for the enthusiastic manner in which they carried out their programme. The scene in the domain was of a most animated description, and, notwithstanding the variable state of the weather, all present, young and old, enjoyed themselves most heartily. Among those present were his Lordship Bishop Luck, his Worship the Mayor (Mr J. J. Holland), and Mr Crowther, M.H.R. The customary sports in the afternoon passed off most successfully, the silver medal annually given by the Rev Father Lenihan falling to the lot of John O'Sullivan.

On Monday the 19th inst, a grand concert in celebration of St Patrick's Day was held in St James's Hall. Amongst those present were Fathers Hilary and Marcellus, C.P.; the Rev Father Hackett, Adm; Monsignor McDonald (Panmure), who, on entering the

hall, received quite an ovation, and Fathers Doyle, Walsh (Tasmania) and Purton, O.S.B., Mr J. D. Connolly, U.S. Consul. The concert was also honoured by the presence of the Hon J. G. and Mrs Ward accompanied by all the members of the Postal Conference and a distinguished party of ladies. An attractive programme was provided, the various items of which, both vocal and instrumental, were most effectively rendered. Misses Clara and Colleta Lorrigan secured the honour of the evening by their exquisite rendering of the duets "Flow on thou shining river," and "Sainted Mother," the latter especially winning the warmest manifestations of approbation. An admirable impression was also produced by the little pupils of St Patrick's school, whose singing of "The dear harp of Ireland" and "Let Erin remember," was greeted with prolonged applause. Mr Hiscocks conducted the orchestra in a most acceptable manner.

On Tuesday, the 20th inst., the delegates of the Postal Conference, whose labours have just terminated, made an excursion round the Waitemata Harbour at the invitation of the City Council and Harbour Board. The trip was a most enjoyable one, the visitors expressing unstinted admiration of our lovely harbour and its surrounding scenery. Expressions also of wonder were freely vented why Auckland, in preference to Wellington, should not have been selected as the seat of Government. Shortly after the return of the excursionists two very pleasing incidents took place—viz., the presentation to Mr and Mrs Ward by the delegates of handsome souvenirs of their visit. Speeches appropriate to the occasion were duly delivered. The conspicuous ability shown by Mr Ward when presiding over the proceedings of the Conference has won for him golden opinions.

On the evening of Thursday, the 16th inst., the usual fortnightly meeting of the Auckland branch of the Irish National Federation was held in the hall, Chapel square. Routine business having been disposed of, a resolution expressing the branch's regret at Mr Gladstone's retirement from the headship of the Liberal party, and sympathy with him in his illness, and testifying the gratitude for Mr Gladstone's efforts to grant local government to Ireland was unanimously carried. All the members present seemed to vie with each other in paying eulogistic tributes to England's greatest statesman. Of the speeches delivered those by Messrs Speight and M'Alister were especially noteworthy, being brimful of national hopes and aspirations. Towards the close of the meeting it was announced that the committee intended sending home for works of Irish literature for the use of members.

The Catholics of Auckland have hailed with much pleasure the announcement that the Rev Father Walsh, late of Tasmania, has come to undertake missionary work here, also the Rev. Father Purton, formerly of Dunedin. The Rev. Father Hilary, Passionist, is likewise to preach at the Cathedral on Holy Thursday evening and Good Friday morning and evening. The same Rev Father will also give a retreat to the nuns and clergy of the diocese shortly after Easter, and will afterwards proceed south where other duties await him.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ANGELUS.

THE *Revista Cattolica*, in replying to the *New York Tribune*, gives the following account of the origin of the Angelus.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, it says, there appeared in the heavens the famous comet of Halley. The Pope Calixtus III, believing that the comet was a demon which had come to destroy the Papal power, commanded that bells should be rung three times a day as an infallible means of fighting away the evil spirit. On this the *Revista* makes the following correction:—

The *New York Tribune* is greatly mistaken. The origin of the Angelus dates back to the year 1090 when Urban II. established and promulgated the beautiful practice, in a Council at Clermont, in order to lead the faithful to honour the Blessed Virgin, and to implore her help for the Christian fleet which was then fighting the Turks. The same devotion was confirmed by John XXII., in 1318, in a Bull published on the 13 of October, and in 1327 in another Bull published on the 7th of May.

The Popes Calixtus III., Paul III., Alexander VII., and Clement X., strongly recommended the pious custom, and enriched it with many indulgences.

This is, according to ecclesiastical history, the origin of the devotion called the Angelus. This is very different from the origin given by the *Tribune*. But in this comet, in this demon, in this supposition, in this danger to the Papal throne, there is an unmistakable proof of an inventive genius which is only equalled by the lies that established the Reformation.

In this summary given by the *Revista*, the comet forms the basis of the falsehoods; the supposed demon is a falsehood; the superstition alleged to depend upon it, is equally false, and the supposed danger to the Papal throne is given as a false reason for an infamous falsehood, worthy of a Freemason.

STEAM ARTESIAN WELL SINKER.

House and Sanitary Plumber. Hot and Cold Water Services.
 Founder and General Engineer. Maker of the Celebrated
 Titan Steel Windmill. Creamery and Butter Factory
 Machinery, Contractor to the Central Dairy Company.
 Pumps, Pipes, Rams, Gasfittings, etc, etc, fixed at Lowest Rates.
 Estimates and Plans on Application.
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 Providence Works, Lichfield street, CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

S T. C L A I R, D U N E D I N.

SUPERIOR BOARD AND RESIDENCE; piano, bath, etc.
 Private Rooms if required.
 House well sheltered; close to Trams and salt water Baths.

M R S. E V A T T,
 Selborne House, Victoria Street, St Clair.

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THORNDON QUAY, WELLINGTON.
JAMES DEALY ... Proprietor.
 This well-known Hotel is in close proximity to both railway stations, thereby offering great facility to the travelling public of being able to leave by the early trains.
 Guests may depend upon being called in time, a porter being kept for that purpose.
 The Bedrooms are all well and comfortably furnished, and the Fittings and Accommodation throughout is all that could be desired.
 The Wines and Spirits are all of the choicest and best brands. Dunedin XXXX Beer always on tap.
Table d'Hote daily from 12 to 2, and Meals at all hours for travellers.
 Free Stabling.

C R I T E R I O N H O T E L

PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.
JAMES LISTON ... Proprietor
 (Late of the Douglas Hotel).
 Having purchased the lease and good-will of the above popular and centrally-situated Hotel, J. L. hopes, by strict attention to the comfort of his boarders, travellers, and the public in general, and having made several necessary alterations, to meet with a fair share of the public patronage.
 Suites of rooms for Families. Terms strictly moderate.
 A Special feature, is LUNCHEON from 12 to 2 o'clock.
 Hot, Cold and Shower Baths.
 The very best of Wines, Ales, and Spirits kept in stock.
 Two of Alcock's best Billiard Tables,
 A Night Porter in attendance.
JAMES LISTON.

C O O K I N G R A N G E S

The Patent Prize Range
ZEALANDIA
 Requires no Setting, and will burn any Coal.
VERANDAH CASTINGS of all kinds,
 Catalogues on Application.
BARNINGHAM & CO.,
 VICTORIA FOUNDRY, GEORGE ST., DUNEDIN
 (Opposite Knox Church).

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AUCTIONEERS, WOOLBROKERS, STOCK AND STATION AGENTS, &c., DUNEDIN,
 Are prepared to receive Wool, Grain, Sheepskins, Hides, Rabbitskins, &c., for sale at their Premises.
 Weekly sales of Fat and Store Stock will be held at Burnside, commencing next Wednesday, the 29th inst. Sheepskins, Rabbitskins Hides, Tallow, &c., by Auction every Tuesday.
 Liberal advances made on all produce consigned for sale here or shipment to their London agents.

Cornsacks, Woolpacks, Twine, &c., supplied at current rates.
STRONACH BROS & MORRIS,
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HAT AND CAP MANUFACTURERS, SHIRT AND WATERPROOF COAT MAKERS.

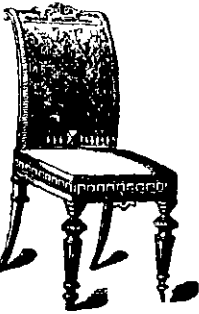
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 Fire and Marine Risks accepted at Lowest Current Rates.
 All Profits made in New Zealand are invested here.
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FURNISHING UNDERTAKER.
 Funerals conducted in Town or Country at the Shortest Notice, and at Moderate Charges.
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Stafford Street, Timaru.
 The above Hotel having been partly re-built, renovated and re-furnished, the proprietor is now prepared to offer first-class Accommodation to those requiring such.
 Private Suites of Rooms for Families; Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.
 Wines and Spirits of the best procurable brands.
 Dunedin XXXX and special brewed local Ale always on tap.

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TALLOES AND RENOVATORS, OCTAGON, DUNEDIN.
 Gentlemen's Own Material's Made Up.
 All kinds of Cleaning, Dyeing, Repairing, etc
 Punctuality strictly observed.
 Note the Address.

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St George Brand. New Season.
WE ARE NOW TINNING the OUTPUT of the Burnside and Oamaru Freezing Works. Needless to say these are the selected **SHEEP** for export, the **TONGUES** of which are much preferable to the ordinary run of this article.
 Prepared under a new process, which gives a finer Flavour and more Jelly.
 Retail Price: 1s per tin.

To be had from the Trade generally; or from
IRVINE AND STEVENSON,
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14 MANCHESTER STREET AND
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C H R I S T C H U R C H.
 Carts sent to all parts of town and suburbs daily. Orders taken for all kinds of Fancy Goods.
C H A S. B Y E R S
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Having purchased the **SAW MILLS and BUSINESS** OF **MR. JAMES GILMOUR,** King st., Dunedin,
 And having also secured the adjoining **PREMISES in ST. ANDREW STREET** in which the **TIMBER BUSINESS** was carried on for many years by **Mr GEORGE O'DRISCOLL** (who is the present Manager of this Company),
 Beg to notify that they are now prepared to execute orders for every description of **BUILDING MATERIAL** the **Lowest Possible Prices.**

A SASH, DOOR, & TURNERY FACTORY is now being erected, where Joiners' work, to suit the requirements of Contractors, will also be done.

TIMBER delivered from the **BUSH MILLS** direct, Along the Line of Railway North and South **AT MILL PRICES,** Railway freight only added.

A large stock of **SEASONED TIMBER,** Both New Zealand and Foreign, Will be kept in the Dunedin Yards Also the best brands of **CEMENT** And a varied assortment of **BUILDERS' IRONMONGERY.**

DUNEDIN TIMBER AND HARDWARE COMPANY,
 KING AND ST. ANDREW STREETS.
G. O'DRISCOLL, Manager.

Irish News.

(From the Irish World)

Antrim.—The Belfast young Ireland Society met in St Mary's Hall last week. Mr Frank Marlowe presided, Messrs Thomas Magee, John Rooney, hon treasurer; Joseph Devlin, hon secretary; J. McGillan, J. Nesbitt, John McDonald, T. J. Haona, and John Dillon were present. Mr Devlin proceeded with the reading of the lecture, brimful of information upon the history of Ulster's opposition to Irish reform, but especially with the idle threats and bombast indulged in by Ulstermen with regard to Home Rule. It was shown at the time of the disestablishment of the Church even more absurd boasts and threats were indulged in by a section of Ulstermen. Time had shown how vain was all this boasting and how hollow were the pretences of the so-called loyal minority in Ireland.

Armagh.—A beautiful statue of Archbishop McGettigan, the late primate of Armagh, has just been completed at Armagh. It stands opposite one of the three entrances of St Patrick's Cathedral. The statue, which is eight feet in height, stands on a pedestal about nine feet high, the entire height being slightly over 17 feet and the weight two tons. The pedestal is of Mountcharles stone. The primate is standing with his right hand raised in blessing, while the other points to a miniature spire of St Patrick's Cathedral, indicating that he completed the noble edifice. The dress consists of soutane, rochet and mozzetto.

Ulster is not a labourer's El Dorado, as Tories and Unionists strive to make out, and Mr John Dillon, M.P., on a recent visit to Lurgan said so. He stated: "Look at Leitner, look at Munster, and look at Connaught, wherever labourers' houses are wanting in

exertions for the spiritual and temporal interests of the parish. He improved the chapels of Carrigaholt and Doonaba, and erected new national schools at Moven, between Carrigaholt and Killee. He took a lively interest in the fostering of the fishing industry in Carrigaholt, and, with other men in that village, after the new pier had been erected, succeeded in forming a fishing company in the village. They purchased some excellent smacks, and employment was given to the hitherto unemployed. The industry has been a great success, large quantities of the fish being shipped annually to Cork, Dublin, and England. Up to that time the French and Manx fishing boats had the coast to themselves. Father Brennan's death has created intense and widespread regret throughout Carrigaholt and west of Loop Head.

Cork.—The English cruiser Champion was proceeding from Esquimalt, British Columbia, to Honolulu, and when off Cape Flattery on the 7th of December encountered a heavy gale, which caused her to roll 35 degrees each way. A heavy locker broke from the lashings and crushed Michael Butler, son of a Queenstown pilot, against an anchor. Both his legs were broken. The doctor amputated one of them, and he lingered until the 22nd, when he died, just as the vessel was entering her port of destination. Much sympathy is felt here for Mr Butler. On the day that his son received the fatal injuries his son Thomas, aged 18, was buried at Queenstown. Singular coincidence, truly.

Donegal.—They continue to make a little "mountain dew" in Inishowen yet. Natives like something strong which has escaped the gauger. Why should a tax be placed on people's own industry? Early the other morning, when Constables Lewis, Green, and Halfpenny were on patrol in Cullourt townland, they observed a fire, which they concluded was underneath a still. By dint of crawling on hands and knees they managed to get within a short distance of

SARGOOD, SON & EWEN,
MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED
STANDARD BRAND BOOTS & SHOES
DUNEDIN.

BE SURE THE BOOTS YOU PURCHASE
HAVE THE
STANDARD TRADE MARK
ON THE HEEL.

REGISTERED **STANDARD TRADE MARK** BRANDED **STANDARD BRAND**

IT HAVING COME ON THE HEEL
TO OUR KNOWLEDGE THAT INFERIOR
MADE BOOTS ARE BEING SOLD FOR STANDARD MAKE PLEASE
INSIST ON HAVING THE TRADE MARK ON THE HEEL.

ONLY GENUINE WHEN

the southern provinces they are going up by the hundreds. Here in this province, in this county, which we are always told in the South of Ireland is a model for us, where are the labourers' houses being built? I say it is a disgrace and a scandalous shame that landlords who control the Board of Guardians here have not availed themselves of the powers which the Legislature gave them and constructed comfortable houses for the agricultural labourers. Another thing which astonishes me more than I can tell you is, I was told that up here in Ulster all the working classes were as prosperous as could be, and I was told that wages were enormously high in prosperous Ulster. What do I find? I find that the wages of agricultural labourers here in Armagh are not a bit higher than they are in Connaught."

Carlow.—The farm from which Mr Waters was evicted at Kilkenny, Borris, by Mr B. D. Pack Beresford, was taken possession of by a pure type of the ascendancy class from Fenagh. It appears Mr Waters was only three days late in tendering the rent due, and this little legal point was availed of to keep the tenant out of possession. Every effort was made to make a settlement, but failed. He put his cattle on the farm last week, and some enlivening scenes were witnessed on last Sunday and Thursday between the "planter" and Mr Waters concerning the cattle.

Clare.—The Rev Patrick Brennan, parish priest of Carrigaholt, died at Kiltrush, December 29. He took ill on Christmas Day, and could not celebrate the three Masses as was his wont. Next day he took to his bed, and, despite all the efforts of medical skill, died from spasms of the heart. Father Brennan was promoted from a curacy in Birr to the parish eight years ago on the decease of Father O'Donovan, P.P., and since then was indefatigable in his

the still, at which they saw two men, who took to run away. Without a moment's hesitation Constables Halfpenny and Green divested themselves of all impediments, each singled out his man, and started in pursuit. After a most exciting chase Constable Green overtook and captured one of the men, who proved to be Solomon Colhoune, of Knockglass. The other escaped. The police seized a still, still-head, worm, etc. The prisoner was brought before Mr Harvey, J.P., who admitted him to bail to appear at the next Petty Sessions.

Down.—Morgan, John, of Magobridge, County Down; last heard from Babylon, New Zealand, in 1888; sought for by his mother. Reply to Dublin *Freeman*.

Galway.—In 1812 a famous election took place in Galway between Valentine Blake and Mr Ponsobny, the late member. The latter was elected after a severe contest, but on petition Blake got the seat. The party who supported Blake called themselves Independents, so the name is not new in Galway anyway as applied to a political party. One of the great cries at the time was "no non-resident."

Moran, Patrick; left Tuam, County Galway, 20 years ago; last heard of in Sydney in April, 1892, leaving for Western Australia; sought for by his mother. Reply to Dublin *Freeman*.

Kildare.—Last week a preliminary committee meeting was held at Leixlip, taking initiative steps towards the establishing of a branch of the Irish Industrial League, with a view of re-establishing some of the town's former industries. The Rev Father Hackett occupied the chair. There was a large and representative attendance. Proposed by Mr M. Dunne and seconded by Mr Prendergast: "That the letter and circular from the Irish Industrial League be and are hereby approved of, and that for the purpose of carrying out the

AMERICAN COACH FACTORY,
126 Cashel Street, Christchurch.
Painting and Repairs at very Lowest Rates.

G. D. CRONIN,
Late HOWLAND & CRONIN.

Buggies, Carts, Wagons, and Vehicles
of every description & unequalled for
Finish, Durability, and Cheapness.

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Junction of High, Madras and St. Asaph Streets,
CHRISTCHURCH.

T. B. GAFFNEY Proprietor.

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Suites of excellently-furnished rooms set apart for private families. The cuisine under efficient management.

Terms Strictly Moderate.

HOT, COLD, AND SHOWER BATHS.

The Commodious Cellars always well stocked with best quality Wines, Spirit and Ales.

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(As originally imported by Mr A. R. PRESTON) always in stock. MR PRESTON is now on my staff, and all orders addressed to him will receive my prompt attention.

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ARMAGH STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

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The great Specific for CONSUMPTION.

A Certain Cure for Pulmonary Consumption and all Diseases of the Lungs. Numbers of people throughout the world have been cured by the timely use of this Balsam.

CARROLL'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC

A sure Cure for Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, and all Diseases of the Respiratory Organs.

T. M. CARROLL, CHEMIST,
Rattray Street, Dunedin.

MRS. LOFT.

GREAT CLEARING SALE

If you want good and real bargains

Come to
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And you will get them.

Ladies' Elastic Sides	6s 11d
Ladies' Button Boots	7s 11d and 8s 11d	
Ladies' Balmorals	8s 11d
Baby's Strap Shoes	from 1s upwards
Boys' and Girls Boots, size 10 to 13	...	from 3s 11d
Childrens' Strong Boots, size 4 to 6	...	1s 11d
Mens' Sewn Balmorals	9s 11d
Mens' Oxford Shoes	6s 11d
Mens' Canvas Shoes	3s 11d
Mens' Carpet Slippers	1s 11d
Mens' Bunchers, strong	6s 6d

Don't forget MRS. LOFT intends to clear

HER VALUABLE STOCK.

Prices too numerous to mention.

SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.

J. MERRELL, Manager.

CENTRAL HOTEL

PALMERSTON NORTH,
(Next Theatre Royal).

MAURICE CRONIN, late of Wellington, has just taken over the well-known Central Hotel, where he intends conducting business in First-class Style. The Best Accommodation provided for Patrons. The Liquors kept in stock are of the Best Brands.

A Good Billiard Table. Night Porter specially engaged.

MAURICE CRONIN PROPRIETOR

NOTICE.

All communications connected with the Commercial Department of the N.Z. TABLET Newspaper are to be addressed to John Murray, Secretary, to whom also Post Office Orders and Cheques are in all instances to be made payable.

To insure publication in any particular issue of the paper communications must reach this office not later than Tuesday morning.

M. R. JOHN P. ARMSTRONG

SURGEON DENTIST,

Begs to announce that he has quite recovered and is able to ATTEND to all his PATIENTS PERSONALLY. Having Two Surgeries, with all the modern conveniences, no delay will be experienced.

Cases made without Palates where applicable.

For the convenience of Patients we have TWO SURGERIES, Replete with Every Modern Convenience.

FILLINGS A SPECIALITY.

Fees Moderate, compatible with the Highest Workmanship

COLONIAL MUTUAL BUILDINGS,
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ELEVATOR AT WORK ALL DAY.

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Corner of Princes and High Streets (Entrance from Princes Street).

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THE GREATEST SUCCESS OF MODERN TIMES!

A TRIUMPH OF MECHANICAL GENIUS!

I offer to Families, Dressmakers, Tailors and Dealers GREATER Opportunities than any COMPANY in THE WORLD!

LIGHT-RUNNING! NOISELESS! PERFECTION!
The Greatest Elements of Success. New Woodwork, New Improvements, and a Reputation of Excellence, Durability, and Light-running Qualities that stand Pre-eminent.

Read List of Very Valuable Improvements of LOCHHEAD'S PATENT NEW HIGH-ARM, NOISELESS, LIGHT-RUNNING WERTHEIM SEWING MACHINES.

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All Classes of Sewing Machines Repaired, and Duplicate Parts kept in Stock. Perambulators, Mangles, Portable Boilers, Washing Machines, Wringers, Wire Mattresses, and Knife-cleaners for Cash or Time Payments.

BRANCHES: 255 High Street, Triangle, Christchurch; Tay Street Invercargill; Stafford Street, Timaru; Main Road, Ashburton; and Nelson.

ROBERT LOCHHEAD, PROPRIETOR.

T E S T E D S E E D S.

MANGELS.—Norbiton, Giant, Long Red, Yellow, Intermediate, globe, etc.

SWEDES—Champion, Elphant, Monarch, and Improved Purple Top, etc.

YELLOWS.—Aberdeen, Green Top and Purple Top, Dale's and Fosteron, Hybride, etc.

WHITES—Devon Greystone, White and Green Globes, Purple Top, Mammoth, etc.

Samples and Prices on Application.

NEW "MODEL" SEED DRILL.—The most useful for Turnip, Mangel, and Carrot seeds. All who have used it are enthusiastic in its praise.

"IRON AGE" HORSE HOE AND CULTIVATOR.—Adjustable to any drilled crop, easily converted to WEEDEB or DOUBLE PLOUGH. Unequaled for the efficiency of its operations, and excellency of its get up.

RELIANCE CHEMICAL MANURE CO'S FERTILISERS give definite and satisfactory results wherever applied. List of prices, testimonials, etc., on application.

"AGITATOR" SPRAY PUMPS, Insecticides and Free Washes.

HOWDEN AND MONCRIEFF,
SEEDSMEN AND NURSERYMEN,
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HOWARTH'S PATENT SAFETY CATCH FOR LIFTS.

The above Catch is the best for the following reasons:—1st—Experts say so. 2nd—It is most accurate and certain. 3rd—There is no tear or wear, and no intricate parts to get out of order. 4th—It has successfully stood the most severe tests, and WOULD NOT EVEN IF THE PISTON ROD BROKE. 5th—It has been in use in Dunedin for the last six years and has given the greatest satisfaction. For example, in the stores of the Union Steam Ship Company, Messrs A. and J. McFarlane, Thomson and Co, Rose, Wilson, and Co, Phoenix Bond, and several other lifts.

Sole Maker:

JOSEPH SPARROW,
ENGINEER, RATTRAY STREET, DUNEDIN.

objects contained therein a public meeting be called for such purpose."

Kilkenny.—Cooke, John B, left Callan, county Kilkenny in 1886, last heard of in Paramatta, Sydney, New South Wales; sought for by his brother. Reply to Dublin *Freeman* office or Malahide.

King's.—Geraghty, Thomas, left Coolour, Bhode, King's County, for Australia 46 years ago, last heard of from Western Australia; also his brother Patrick, who left for the same place 38 years ago; sought for by their sister. Reply to Dublin *Freeman* office.

Leitrim.—Out of the population of the county, 78,618 only 23 persons speak Irish only, and 5,599 Irish and English.

Limerick.—Most Rev Dr O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, delivered an address at the distribution of prizes at the Laurelhill Convent School. In reference to female education, he was sorry to perceive an effort was being made to force them to accept the intermediate system working so largely in boys' schools, and in his opinion nothing would be more ruinous to the true interests of their female schools than to accept that system as it now existed.

So mild and soft has been the weather in and around the city of the violated treaty recently that butterflies were caught near the railway station.

Longford.—The population of the county in 1891 was 52,647, out of which not one person spoke Irish only, and but 252 spoke Irish and English; the rest English only.

The Longford correspondent of the *Roscommon Herald* says: "The usual fun and frolic of St. Stephen's Day was indulged in by young and old. The 'Wren Boys' paid the Christmas visit, followed by an admiring crowd of youngsters. A hunt took place near town, and a football match under the auspices of the local Rugby Club took place. In the evening the Longford Club gave an improvised dance. A varied programme of music and plenty of good dancing kept a large company going till the 'wee sma' hours' of the morning."

Monaghan.—Of the 86,206 inhabitants in the county in 1891, not one spoke Irish only, and but 2,847 spoke Irish and English; the rest English only.

Roscommon.—The meet of the staghounds for the season, at Roscommon, took place last week. Mr William J. Taintor, master, together with the huntsman and whips, arrived with the hounds, and soon afterwards several horsemen collected. The stag was enlarged at the Lenabane racecourse, and soon afterwards the hounds were put on; but they were immediately interrupted by crowds of country people on all sides, who stated that they would not allow their lands to be hunted over so long as exterminators were allowed among them.

Sligo.—Of the 98,013 inhabitants of the county in 1891, but 147 spoke Irish only; 21,189 spoke Irish and English; the remainder English only.

Westmeath.—The Most Rev Dr Nulty has erected a turret clock and a new chime of bells in Mullingar Church, and last Sunday the bells rang out their first peal. They possess a remarkably fine tone, and can be heard at a considerable distance. This magnificent and costly gift is undeniably a boon to the town, and all classes will cordially unite in thanking Dr Nulty for his generosity.

The following land cases were lately decided:—John Kenny, tenant; Captain Thomas J. Smyth, landlord; old rent, £90; judicial rent, £72; increased to £80. William Killarney, tenant; Captain Francis Lambert, landlord; old rent, £24 8s 2d; judicial rent, £17 10s; confirmed. Margaret Green, tenant; representatives of Matthew Crawford, landlord; old rent, £28 5s 9d; judicial rent, £21 10s; increased to £24 10s. Mr Downer, solicitor, Mullingar, represented the tenants in all the Westmeath cases.

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street The guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth give 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.]

A good story is told in connection with Mr Gladstone's partial failure of sight and hearing to which he alludes in his message from Biarritz. A certain great lady, who is Mr Gladstone's senior by some two or three years, and who rivals him in vitality and energy, sometimes compares notes with the Prime Minister of their respective "form." They are very strong opponents, it may be added, though fast personal friends. Mr Gladstone was lamenting to her the other day that where he felt the disadvantages of old age was in the matter of sight and hearing. Her ladyship replied triumphantly that her eyes and ears were still as sharp as ever. Where she sometimes was conscious of not being so young as once was in an occasional failure of memory and inability to find words on the spur of the moment. "That," said the Prime Minister with a chuckle, "is a loss which I have never experienced."

MRS CALAP GOES TO SEE MRS MILLS.

AND it was not for an hour's chat over a cup of tea that she went to see her, but on a much more serious matter. For Mrs Mills had been quoted in the newspapers as having said something which might be of importance to Mrs Calap, and also to others. Now the newspapers print so many things that nobody can make head or tail of, that Mrs Calap thought the only sure way was to go and see Mrs Mills and ask her if it was true what was said. What Mrs Mills told her is contained in the annexed statement made about a year afterwards:

"I, Jane Calap, of 3, Vincent Street, York Road, Leeds, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—

"In the early part of November, 1887, I fell into a low, weak state. I was tired, languid and weary and felt as if something had come over me. All my bones ached and I had so much pain that I did not know where to put myself. I was constantly vomiting, sometimes a green, bitter fluid came away, at other times frothy water. I had a dull, heavy pain at the right side, the whites of my eyes were a yellow colour, and my skin was sallow as if I had the jaundice. I had an awful taste in the mouth, my tongue and teeth being covered with slime so thick that I had to scrape it away. My appetite fell away, and after eating the simplest and lightest food I had so much pain that it nearly killed me. I had always great pain and weight at my chest and through to my back, also a gnawing sinking sensation at the pit of my stomach. I was greatly troubled with wind which rolled all over me, and gave me so much pain it was like spasms, for I could not straighten myself. I gradually got weaker and weaker, and felt so weak and exhausted that I could scarcely drag myself along. As time went on I wasted away until I got as thin as a match, and could barely walk across the floor. I felt so downhearted that I used to say I shall never get better any more in this world. I took all sorts of medicines, but finding myself getting worse I got a recommendation to the Leeds Infirmary, where I was attended to by several doctors, who gave me medicines which I took month after month, but I got no better. The doctors sounded my chest and lungs, and seemed puzzled with my sufferings, for they frequently changed my medicine. Getting no better I next went to the Dispensary in North street, and persevered taking their medicines, but it was all to no purpose. I now gave up taking physic, for I had lost all faith in it, and my sufferings continued until January, 1891, when I heard a neighbour of mine, Mrs Ann Mills, 40, Bread street, having been cured (after the doctors had given her up) by a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I went with my daughter to see Mrs Mills, who told me that Seigel's Syrup had saved her life, and would do me good. I got a bottle of the medicine, and after taking a few doses I felt relief. I continued with the Syrup, and after taking three bottles all the pain left me, my food agreed with me and I gradually gained strength. I can now take any kind of food and never feel any distress and am as strong as ever I was. After my recovery a lady customer of mine said to me, 'Mrs Calap, whatever have you been taking, for you do look so well.' I told her, as I tell everyone, that Seigel's Syrup has made me a new woman, and but for it I should not be alive. I wish others to know of the benefit I have derived from the medicine, and I give full permission to the proprietors to use this statement as they may think fit, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true. By virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declaration Act, 1835 (Will. IV. c. 62.)"

"Declared before me at Leeds this

"25th day of January, 1892.

"(Signed) ALF COOKE J.P.

"*Ex Mayor of Leeds.*"

(Signed)

JANE CALAP.

The public may remember the account of Mrs Mills' illness and recovery, published some time ago. We are glad that Mrs Calap heard of it and went straight to that lady herself for the information she wanted. The visit resulted just as might have been expected. Both our good friends had suffered from the same disease, indigestion and dyspepsia, and the remedy which cured in the first case was equally successful in that of her neighbour. No wonder Mrs Calap had lost all faith in physic, and is Mother Seigel's Syrup were "physic," we should not look for people to have faith in it either. But it is a remedy, not "physic." It doesn't upset and disgust, it soothes and heals. Men fall ill, to be sure, but women bear most of the pain in this sad world, and when once acquainted they and 'Mother Seigel' are 'ever' the best of friends," like Joe and Pifs in Dickens' story.

The loss of life in English mines during the past year appears to have been very considerable. According to a Parliamentary return issued on Friday the total lives lost by accident in and about the coal mines of Great Britain and Ireland during 1893 was 1,056. Of these 411 resulted from falls of metal, 103 deaths occurred in the shafts, 265 deaths come under the head of miscellaneous underground accidents, and 119 persons lost their lives by machinery and other accidents on the surface. The total deaths for 1892 were 1,016, and thus last year's record marks an increase of forty.

Quite unnoticed by the Press, one of the best of modern song-writers passed away a few days ago in the person of Dr John Francis Waller. As song-writer, as humourist, and as scholar, he ranks high among Irish writers. Born in Limerick in 1809, Dr Waller entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he had a most distinguished career. He became editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, in succession to his intimate friend, Charles Lever, with whom, at all times, he carried on a most interesting correspondence. Besides his numerous poems, mostly published over his signature of "Jonathan Speke Slingsby," Dr Waller edited many of the English poets and superintended the publication of "The Imperial Dictionary of Biography," a most useful work. He occupied an official post in Dublin for many years, and retired not long ago, since which time he had lived in London, and at his country seat, Bishop's Stortford.—*Cork Examiner.*

W O O L.

W O O L.

THE NEW ZEALAND LAND ASSOCIATION

(LIMITED) Acting for

THE NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY CO. (LIMITED),

Will conduct WOOL SALES during the Season at the

OTAGO WOOL AND GRAIN STORES, DUNEDIN.

DUNEDIN WOOL SALES (1893-94).

First Sale, 21st December, 1893; Second Sale, 11th January; Third Sale, 2nd February; Fourth Sale, 22nd February, 1894.

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES MADE ON CONSIGNMENTS.

ANDREW TODD, Manager.

THE Favourite KITCHEN RANGE
IS
SHACKLOCK'S "ORION."
It burns Lignite, Coal, or Wood.
REQUIRES NO SETTING.

Most Economical and Durable
Range made.
Supplied with High or Low
Pressure Boiler.

Prices and Advice given for all
kinds of Cooking and Heating
Apparatus.

Tomb Bailing, Fretwork, & General Castings.
Repairs Effected.

H. E. SHACKLOCK,
Foundry: Crawford Street, Dunedin.

JOHN GILLIES
Furniture, Carpet, Floorcloths, and
Linoleum Warehouse,

8 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

Has just landed Brussels and Tapestry
Carpet of magnificent designs, Floorcloths
and Linoleums, all widths up to 12 feet in
new designs and various qualities.

Bedsteads and Bedding all kinds fresh
and new.

A large assortment of Bamboo Tables,
Whatnots, Brackets, Screens, Stools, new
colourings and designs.

A large stock of New Furniture of latest
new styles.

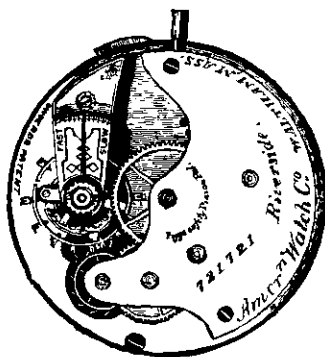
Houses Furnished on the Time Payment
System. Terms very easy. Everybody in
town and country cordially invited to visit
and inspect our Immense Stock.

VENETIAN BLINDS

VENETIAN BLINDS!
At Moderate Prices.

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

ARTHUR JOHN SHAW
(Successor to Peter Adair),
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,
13 RATTBAY STREET, DUNEDIN.



Special Shipment of English Lever and
Waltham Watches just arrived.
Large and Varied Selection of Jewellery
suitable for Presentation.
REPAIRS A SPECIALTY.

THE BEST CEMENT EX-
HIBITED—MAORI BRAND.

Vide Jurors' Report N.Z. Exhibition
The above was given, with TWO FIRST-
CLASS AWARDS, after most thorough tests
by experts, proving our CEMENT to be equal
to the best the world can produce.

Having recently erected extensive works,
supplied with the most modern plant obtain-
able, which is supervised by a Skilled Cement
Maker from England, with confidence we re-
quest Engineers, Architects, and others to
TEST our CEMENT side by side with the best
English obtainable.

Milburn LIME at Lowest Rates.
MILBURN LIME AND CEMENT COM-
PANY (LIMITED), Dunedin.
FRANK OAKDEN, Manager.

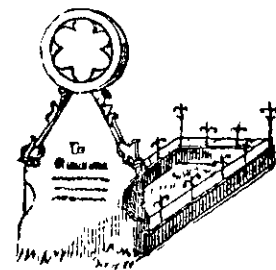
SOUTH END MONUMENTAL WORKS
Established 1865.

H. PALMER,
STONE MASON & SCULPTOR,
Princes Street South, Dunedin.

Monuments and Tombstones erected of
New Zealand Granite, Scotch Granite, and
Italian and American Marble.

Tomb Railings in great variety.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED.
Town and Country Orders promptly
attended to.

S. MCBRIDE
Sophia Street, Timaru.



Just received, ex Rangoon,
a shipment of Red and Grey
Granite Crosses and Hand-
stones direct from the best
Scottish quarries.
Inspection invited.

CORBETT AND CO
PLUMBERS, &c., OCTAGON,
DUNEDIN.

PATENTEES and SOLE MANUFAC-
TURERS of the CORBETT PATENT
EXHAUST COWL AND VENTI-
LATOR.

Best and Cheapest in the Market
Telephone: 263.

PRINCE ALFRED HOTEL
GREAT KING STREET NORTH,
DUNEDIN.

EDWARD KIRK ... Proprietor.
(Late of Zeehan, and formerly of the Botani-
cal Gardens Hotel, N.E. Valley).

Having purchased the above well-known
commodious and centrally-situated hotel, and
having made extensive alterations, the pro-
prietor is now in a position to offer first-class
accommodation to private families, boarders,
and travellers.

Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

The very best of Wines, Ales, and Spirits
kept in stock and supplied to customers.
Suites of rooms for families. One of Alcock's
prize billiard tables.

Terms strictly moderate.

J. RHODES & CO
DUNEDIN
STEAM DYEING & CLEANING WORKS
116 George Street, Dunedin.

We would respectfully solicit orders for
Dyeing and Cleaning. Every description of
Damask, Tapestries, Lace, Ladies' and Gen-
tlemen's Wearing Apparel, Feathers, &c.,
Cleaned or Dyed carefully and well. Terms
moderate. Goods to be dyed Black for
Mourning receive prompt attention.

H. B. KIRK

MANUFACTURER OF
Building Bricks, Wall Bricks and Round
Chimney Bricks, Salt Glazed Sanitary Drain
Pipes (from 3in. to 21in. diameter, with
all the necessary junctions), Stench
Traps (of all sizes), Chimney Pots
and Air Bricks (all sizes), Fire
Bricks, Bakers' Blocks, Flower
and Seed Pots.

Also in Stock—For Sale—
Lime, Cement, Plaster of Paris, Cow
Hair, Fireclay (ground and
raw), Sand, Shingle,
etc., etc.

Agent for Butherford Bros. Hydraulic Lime.

CHRISTCHURCH DEPOT AND OFFICE,
193 TUAM STREET.
TELEPHONE: No. 432.

MESSRS THOMSON AND CO.
Gentlemen.

Please forward one case of your Soda
Water per New Zealand Express Company.
I daresay you may think it strange of me
writing for this small order, but it is for a
sick person, and the doctor expressly stipu-
lated for your brand, and will have no other
which I look upon as a great compliment to
your manufacture.

I am, yours truly,

A. J. S. HEADLAND.

Oamaru, September 11, 1893.
SANITARY PIPE AND STONEWARE
FACTORY, KENSINGTON.

THE undersigned having purchased
the above Work is prepared to sell at Lowest

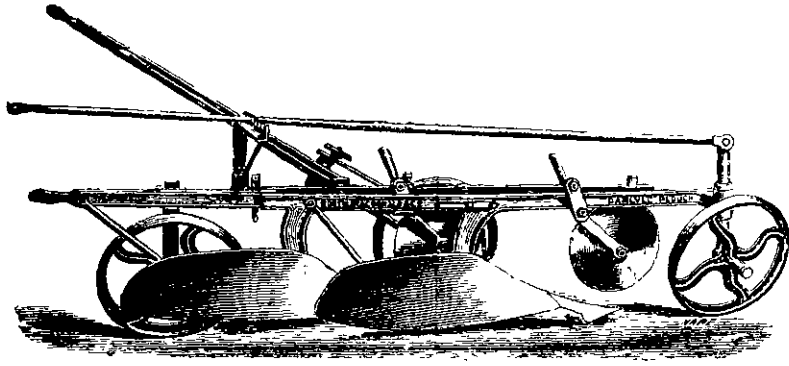
Current Rates
J. H. LAMBERT.
NORTH-EAST VALLEY AND KENSINGTON

Cater to the Canterbury Saleyards' Co.;
Canterbury Yeomanry Cavalry; Agri-
cultural and Pastoral Association.

BURKE'S HOTEL
Corner of High and Manchester Streets
CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

Hot, cold, and shower baths. The best
accommodation in Christchurch on the Most
Reasonable terms. Special Arrangements
made with Theatrical Companies, Associa-
tions, and others, on application to P.
BURKE, Proprietor. All communications
promptly attended to.
P.O. BOX, 364 TELEPHONE 428

MAKE FARMING PAY



THIS YEAR by using the LATEST and BEST
IMPLEMENTS.

We shall be glad to send you our 1894

CATALOGUE,

which will please you. Kindly hold over your
Orders till you have seen it.

Mention this paper when writing.

BOOTH, MACDONALD & CO., CARLYLE IMPLEMENT AND IRON WORKS
CHRISTCHURCH

Commercial.

A. TODD, on behalf of THE NEW ZEALAND LAND ASSOCIATION LIMITED, report for week ending March 28, as follows:—

Store Cattle—A very satisfactory tone continues to pervade the market, no alterations of any consequence to be reported in regard to either the demand or prices obtaining. All descriptions are readily taken up, though grown steers have the preference, but very few of these are available and do not fail to realise very full prices when on the market.

Store Sheep—The demand for these is now more pronounced, and a considerable number change hands at the country sales held at the various points from week to week, but there is no improvement of any consequence apparent in the prices ruling, which are this season more in favour of buyers. Crossbred sheep, both sexes, young and aged, if good mouths, also young merinos of both sexes, are saleable; while aged merino are difficult to place except at very poor prices.

Rams—At the annual ram and ewe fair held at Burnside last week, 22nd inst, under the auspices of the Otago Agricultural and Pastoral Association, the demand was not characterised by any excitement, and although a good deal of business was done the bidding, except on rare occasions, lacked spirit. A good number of the animals disposed of were placed privately, with prices invariably in buyers' favour. We placed several pens two-tooth Romney Marsh rams at 2 to 2½ guineas; also some pens of Border Leicester flock rams, two-tooth, to 3 guineas; full mouth do at 1½ guineas.

Sheepskins—The supply for several weeks back has been very much less extensive, in consequence the catalogues presented are much smaller, and with moderately fair competition clearances are readily effected. Country dry crossbreds, inferior to medium, fetching 1s 10d to 2s 9d; do do merino, 1s 5d to 1s 10d; medium to full-woolled crossbreds 3s to 4s 3d; best, 4s 4d to 4s 6d; extra heavy, 4s 9d to 5s 3d; full-woolled merino, good, 1s 11d to 2s 11d; best 3s to 4s; dry pelts, 1s to 1s 4d; best green crossbred pelts, 2s to 2s 4d; extra large, 3d to 6d more; medium to good, 1s 8d to 1s 11d; green lambskins, best, 2s to 2s 3d; medium, 1s 9d to 1s 11d each.

Rabbitskins—The demand for these is fairly active, but prices, in sympathy with the exceedingly low rates prevailing at Home, continue low and unsatisfactory, all offering, however, are readily placed. Quotations for spring skins, 6d to 7½d; summer do, 4½d to 5½d; suckers, half-grown, and inferior, 1½d to 3½d per lb.

Hides—A 1 available find a ready market, but no change to note in values, which rule: For heavy, in faultless condition, say 60 lb and over, at 2½ to 3d, very few of such offering; medium, 1½d to 2d; inferior and light, 1d to 1½d per lb.

Tallow—The market remains firm, late quotations being so far fully maintained, and which we repeat, say for best rendered mutton, 21s to 22s 6d; medium to good, 18s 6d to 20s 6d; inferior to medium, 13s 6d to 17s 6d; rough fat, best fresh mutton tallow, 14s to 14s 6d; medium to good, 12s 6d to 13s 9d; inferior to medium, 11s to 12s 3d per cwt. ex store.

Grain—Wheat: The market is quite lifeless; business in the meantime is comparatively stagnant. Advices from home are as unsatisfactory as ever, and somehow we hardly think they can be much worse. Quotations for prime milling, Tuscan and velvet, 2s 7d to 2s 9d; extra choice velvet a shade more; medium to good, 2s 5d to 2s 6d; inferior to medium, 2s to 2s 4d, ex store, sacks weighed in, terms. Oats: The holidays during the past week have doubtless interfered with business to some extent. The demand, however, we regret to find, is not very brisk in any case. At the moment there is no inducement to consign to the Australian markets, and the grain is hardly in condition to ship Home. Best feed and milling, 1s 4d to 1s 5d; medium to good, 1s 3d to 1s 4d, sacks extra, ex store, but very few are to be picked up at these prices. Barley: All available in prime condition has good inquiry and readily placed, but the quantity offered of really good is limited, while a good many samples of inferior are now offering for which there is no demand. Quotations

for prime malting, 3s 9d to 4s; extra prime a shade more; medium, nominal, 3s 3d to 3s 6d; milling, 2s 6d to 3s; feed, nominal, 1s 9d to 2s ex store, sacks extra, terms.

Grass Seeds—Perennial ryegrass seed, clean, shelly and heavy, is in fair demand, while roughly grown, big seed undressed, is rather difficult now to place, and as the bulk of the offerings consist of such business is somewhat flat. Quotations for machine dressed, good to best, 3s to 3s 3d; extra choice perennial, 3s 6d to 4s, ex store, sacks extra, net. Cocksfoot: Market quiet. Prices range from 3½d to 4½d per lb.

Potatoes—The market has been fairly well supplied during the past week. Prices, in consequence, show rather a downward tendency. Quotations—For best, L2 15s to L3; medium, L2 7s 6d to L2 17s 6d per ton (ex store, sacks weighed in, net).

Chaff—The business done since last reporting is much on the same lines as on the previous week. Quotations—For prime old sheaf, L2 15s to L3; best new, L2 7s 6d to L2 12s 6d; medium to good, L2 to L2 5s; inferior to medium, L1 10s to L1 17s 6d per ton (ex truck, sacks ex ra, net).

Dairy Produce—Market unchanged. Prime salt butter, dairy-made, slow sale at 6d to 6½d; medium, 3½d to 4½d per lb. Factory made, 9d to 10d per lb.—Factory cheese, dull. Medium size, 4½d to 4¾d; loaf do, 4¾d to 5d; dairy-made, 2d to 4d per lb.

Flax—The supply is limited, but quite sufficient for requirements, which we regret are not extensive. Quotations—For medium to good, L13 10s to L14 10s; extra well got up, a shade more; inferior, nominally L10 10s to L12 10s per ton (ex store).

MESSES DONALD REID AND CO report as follows:—

Rabbitskins—Owing to Monday being a holiday we did not hold any sale this week.

Sheepskins—Our catalogue for our sale on Tuesday was a small one and did not include any lots of heavy-woolled skins. Green crossbreds sold at 1s 9d to 2s 1d; do merino, 1s 2d to 1s 8d; do lamb, 1s 10d to 2s 3d; dry crossbreds, 2s to 4s 3d.

Hides—There is a strong demand for heavy hides. We quote: Prime heavy, 2½d to 3d per lb.; medium, 2d to 2½d do; light, 1½d to 1¾d do; inferior, 1d to 1½d do.

Tallow—We quote: Prime rendered, 20s to 21s 6d per cwt.; medium, 17s to 19s; inferior, 15s to 16s; rough fat, 10s to 14s 6d.

Wheat—Prime old, 2s 9d to 2s 10d; prime new, 2s 7d to 2s 1d; medium, 2s 5d to 2s 6d; inferior, 2s to 2s 4d (ex store).

Oats—Milling, 1s 4d to 1s 4½d; feed, 1s 3d to 1s 3½d (ex store, sacks extra).

Potatoes—Supplies have continued heavy since we last reported, and prices are considerably lower. We quote:—Best, £2 15s to £3; ordinary, £2 7s 6d to £2 12s 6d; small and green, £2 to £2 5s; kidney, £2 15s to £3 5s.

Chaff—Prime oaten is scarce, and is in keen demand. We quote:—Prime oaten £2 12s 6d to £2 17s 6d; medium, £2 5s to £2 10s; inferior, £2 to £2 2s 6d; wheat-n. £1 10s to £1 15s.

Grass Seed—There is a good inquiry for small heavy seed, but large and light are not wanted.

Country Sales—48 cattle, 231 sheep and horses were entered for sale at the Taieri Sale Yards yesterday.

MR F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale price only—Oats: New feed, 1s 5d to 1s 6d; old, 1s 7d to 1s 9d. Wheat: Milling, 2s 8d to 2s 10d; fowls' wheat, 2s 0d to 2s 3d. Chaff: Inferior to medium, 30s to 45s; good to prime, £3 5s to £4 0s. Hay: oats, £3 0s; ryegrass, £2 5s. Potatoes: Kidneys, £2 15s; derwents, £4 0s. Flour: Stone, £6 10s to £7 0s; roller, £7 10s to £8 0s. Oatmeal, 25lbs, £9 0s; bulk, £8 10s. Butter, fresh, 6d, 7d to 9d; salt, 6d, poor demand. Eggs, 1s per dozen (market fair supply.)

Cardinal Gibbons has sent to the Pope at Rome portraits of President Cleveland and ex President Harrison. The Cardinal said: "The Holy Father expressed a desire for the portraits, and I got two very good ones. His desire for them shows the interest he takes in America and Americans."

FURS. FURS. FURS.
IMPORTANT NOTICE.
L. BALOS, FURRIER
 (late of the Octagon) has REMOVED to 153 GEORGE STREET, Dunedin, where he will be pleased to receive orders for all kind of Furs. Rugs, Hearth Rugs, Mats, Capes, Victorias, Boas, Tippets, Muffs, Hand-bags, etc., always on hand. Ladies' Seal-skin jackets, Re-cut and Re-lined, also Rugs and all kinds of Furs. Repaired and Refined. All work finished in an artistic and superior style—Unequaled.

SCOTT AND WILSON
 MANUFACTURERS OF
 VENETIAN BLINDS, SELF-COILING SHUTTERS.

S. & W. hold the only **FIRST AWARDS** at the New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition for above Manufactures.

REPAIRS IN ALL BRANCHES
 Promptly and thoroughly attended to.
ST. ANDREW STREET, DUNEDIN
 (Between George and Cumberland streets)

NEW AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS.

M. FRAER AND SONS,

CASH DRAPERY DEPOT,

GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

Inspection invited. No one asked to buy.
NEW DRESS MATERIALS—All the Latest Novelties in Hop, Sacs, Sergee, Amazons, Diagonals, Tweeds, Cashmeres, Fancies, Cretonnes, etc., etc.—a grand range.
LOUIS VELVETTES,—All the Newest Shades and Best Qualities.

THE SHOW ROOM
 Replete with all the **LATEST NOVELTIES MILLINERY**.—The Latest Parisian Bonnets, Hats, etc., in endless variety—Birds, Feathers, Lace, etc., etc. Fur and Fancy Boas, Corsets, Umbrellas, Trimmings, etc., etc.

WE CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION to our Stock of Ladies' Mantles, Capes, Fur-lined Cloaks, Jackets, Macintoshes, etc., etc. The Value and Quality not Equalled in Dunedin.
DRESSMAKING—Latest styles, Moderate Prices.

OUR HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT
 Contains Blankets, Sheetings, Quilts, Cretonnes, Curtains, Towels, Tablings, Shirtings, etc., etc. All Special Value.
AN EARLY CALL WILL REPAY YOU.
 Our Prices all round are the cheapest in Dunedin. Our Goods are all Superlative Quality.

M. FRAER AND SONS, GEORGE STREET.

SANITATION.

J. AND R. SCOTT
 SANITARY ENGINEERS,
 BATHAY STREET, DUNEDIN
 (Opposite D.I.C.).

PLUMBERS, TINSMITHS, GASFITTERS, BELLHANGERS, ZINC & IRONWORKERS.

J. SCOTT having made a special study (while in the Home Country) of Sanitation Heating and Ventilation, and also gained Diploma from the Worshipful Company of Plumbers, London, is now prepared to fit up Dwelling Houses and all kinds of Public Buildings with the latest Sanitary Plumber Work.

People entrusting them with their work will find it done only in that style which emanates from practical men.

JOBGING WORK DONE BY COMPETENT MEN.
 Charges Moderate. Estimates Given.

COMMERCIAL AND FAMILY HOTEL.

Close to Railway Station,
THE SQUARE, PALMERSTON NORTH.

The Palmerston Club has its rooms in this Hotel.

A porter meets every train.

MISS CRAWFORD Proprietress.

MESSAGERIES MARITIMES.

DUNEDIN, SYDNEY, or MELBOURNE to LONDON.

Overland from MARSEILLES via PARIS, steamers under Postal Contract with the Government of France.
 Calling at MELBOURNE, ADELAIDE, KING GEORGE'S SOUND, MAHE, SUEZ, and PORT SAID.

Passengers Booked to BOMBAY, REUNION, MAURITIUS, & EAST COAST of AFRICA

Steamers	Tons	Leave Sydney	Leave Melbourne	Leave Adelaide
Armand Bebic	6537	Mar 27	Mar 31	April 2
Australien	6428	April 27	May 1	May 3
Ville de la Ciotat	6537	May 27	May 31	June 2

PASSENGERS BOOKED THROUGH FROM DUNEDIN.

Rates of passage money to Marseilles, from £24 to £65, including table wines and Suez Canal dues on passengers.

RETURN TICKETS issued at the following rates:—

	1st Class	2nd Class	3rd Class
Available nine months	£105	£70	£42

Saloon Passengers booked through to London, via Paris. Best railway accommodation, luggage conveyed free, and a fortnight allowed from Marseilles en route. First-class, £70; Second-class, £50.

By special arrangement an ENGLISH INTERPRETER will attend on board upon arrival of steamer at Marseilles, to give passengers every assistance in disembarking, passing their luggage through the Customs, etc. He will also accompany them in the train to Paris and Calais.

NEILL & CO., LIMITED,
 Agents, Dunedin.

NORDEUTSCHER - LLOYD IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL.

SYDNEY, MELBOURNE and ADELAIDE to SOUTHAMPTON, ANTWERP, and BREMEN,

Via Colombo and Suez Canal, Taking Passengers for London, Connecting from Alexandria by Direct Mail and Passenger Line To BRINDISI and GENOA.

Will be despatched as follows (if practicable):—

Steamers	Tons	Leave Sydney	Leave Melbourne	Leave Adelaide
Hohenstaufen	4364	Mar 29	Mar 31	April 4
Oldenburg	4264	April 26	April 28	May 2
Karlsruhe	4364	May 24	May 26	May 30

And thereafter every four weeks.

Passage from Dunedin to Southampton, Antwerp, and Bremen ... £18 to £67 10s.

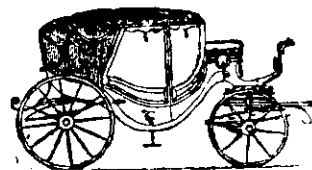
SPECIAL RETURN TICKETS TO EUROPE
 Passages from Europe can be prepaid in the colonies.

For freight or passage apply to
 NEILL & CO., LIMITED,
 Agents, Dunedin.

PLANTING SEASON. 1893
 Great Reduction in Price, owing to Expiration of Lease.

KERR & BARNETT
 Have on Sale—
 Fruit Trees, Ornamental Trees and Shrubs.
 Contract planting done by experienced workmen. Contractors and large parties liberally dealt with. Catalogues free on application.
STANMORE NURSERY, Christchurch.

MARK SINCLAIR,
 COACHBUILDER AND IMPORTER,
 GT. KING AND ST ANDREW STREETS,
 DUNEDIN.
 AND AT BURNSIDE, GREEN ISLAND.



Country Orders receive Special Attention.
 Correspondence Invited.

Every Description of Carriage and Buggy built to order; also Farm Drays, Waggon, and Spring Carts.
 All kinds of Repairs at Lowest Prices.

Largest Prize-Taker in Carriages until Prizes were discontinued.

PARKER, FINLAY, & LEEDHAM'S RINK
 LIVERY, LETTING, and COMMERCIAL STABLES

(Formerly Royal George).
 MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN,
 Will OPEN on WEDNESDAY, 21st March.

Carriages and Buggies for Hire.
 Carriages for Wedding Parties on the Shortest Notice.

Superior Saddle and Harness Horses for Sale or Hire.

Commercial Travellers liberally dealt with. Four-in-Hand Teams a Specialty. Horses Bought and Sold on Commission. Gentlemen favouring the Proprietors with charge of their horses at livery will receive Every Attention.

In connection with the above, the **SHOEING FOGG** has been leased to Mr. PHIL. WALSH (late of Criterion Forge), who is so well and favourably known in his business as not to require further comment.



UNION STEAM SHIP COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND, LIMITED.

The above Company will despatch steamers as under:—

FOR LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON. — ROTORUA, s.s., on Monday, April 2. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 3 p.m. Cargo till noon.

NELSON VIA LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON. — ROTORUA, s.s., on Monday, April 2. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 3 p.m. Cargo till noon.

FOR AUCKLAND, VIA LYTTLETON WELLINGTON, NAPIER, and GISBORNE. — WAIHORA, s.s., on Wednesday, April 4. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 3 p.m.

FOR NAPIER WHARF, VIA OAMARU, TIMARU & LYTTLETON—KAWATIRI, s.s., at 10 Monday, April 2.

FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON, and AUCKLAND—WAIHORA, s.s., on Wednesday, April 4. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 3 p.m.

FOR MELBOURNE, VIA BLUFF AND HOBART—WAIRARAPA, s.s., on Thursday, April 5. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 3 p.m.

FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTLETON, WELLINGTON. — A Steamer early.

FOR WESTPORT, VIA TIMARU, AKAROA, LYTTLETON, and WELLINGTON. — BRUNNER, s.s., on Friday, April 6. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 6 p.m. Cargo till 2 p.m.

FOR GREYMOUTH AND HOKITIKA, VIA OAMARU, TIMARU, LYTTLETON, and WELLINGTON — HERALD, s.s., early.

FOR FIJI, from AUCKLAND. — TAVIUNI, s.s., about Thursday, March 29.

FOR TONGA and SAMOA, from AUCKLAND. — OVALAU, s.s., about Wednesday, April 11.

OFFICES: Corner Vogel, Water, and Cumberland streets.

NEW CYCLE BUSINESS

Christchurch — **BECKWITH & DIFORT** beg to announce that they have commenced Business as Cycle Manufacturers, &c., in premises next Mr Horsley, Tuam street, opposite Nelson, Moore's, and trust to receive a share of public support. Repairs receive best attention. Christchurch. Victory Cycle Works.

Correspondence.

[We are not responsible for the opinions expressed by our Correspondents.]

THE GREEN FLAG.

TO THE EDITOR N.Z. TABLET.

SIR.—In reference to the above I am very thankful to your correspondent, "Pro Patria," for reminding me of the mistake I made in saying that the Green Flag was never seen in this city; but certainly it is very seldom seen. I must apologise, for I am fully aware of Mr Barrett's patriotism which cannot be disputed.

I fully appreciate all your correspondent said in regard to both Mr Barrett and Mr Burke, who are certainly warm-hearted Irishmen, but I think your correspondent will find I am correct when I say that the Hibernian flag was the *only* green flag flying last St Patrick's Day.

With regard to Mr Barrett, if I thought my correspondence hurt the feelings of that gentleman I would apologise personally to him, for I hold him in the highest esteem.—I am, etc.,

CHRISTCHURCH OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE SAVIOURS OF ITALY.

In a letter to *United Ireland* Frank Hugh O'Donnell writes as follows:—

In view of the sad and terrible events in Italy and Sicily, the people reduced to famine and despair by extortion and misgovernment, the desperate insurrections of the starving peasantry, the proclamation of martial law by the Piedmontese Tyranny, the wholesale fusillades, the wholesale arrests, the prohibition of public meetings, the censorship of the Press, the accumulation of seventy thousand troops in Sicily alone—in view of all these significant and shameful indications of the state of public welfare in New Italy, I would be permitted to write a postscript to that correspondence with a German Radical enemy of Irish Nationality which appeared in your columns some months ago.

On that occasion, in defending O'Clery's masterly history of the Neo-Italian Revolution, I had to mention the terrible atrocities committed by the Piedmontese invaders of the Two Sicilies—atrocities which the Masonic Press of these countries has systematically ignored, but which literally deluged and soaked with blood the unhappy lands of the Sicilians and Neapolitans for a dozen years after the Garibaldian incursion of 1860 began the execution of the long-prepared plot of Cavour and Palmerston. At the present moment, when the spurious "Unification" effected for the interests of English policy in the Mediterranean by the Piedmontese and their Masonic accomplices is sinking in ruin and dishonour, and when even trebling the British fleet will not compensate for the consequences of that collapse, a brief notice of some of the infamies on which New Italy was founded may be both useful and opportune.

Circumstances led me, the other day, to take up one of the most remarkable books of recent times, the "Memoirs of an ex-Minister, the Autobiography of the Earl of Malmesbury, K.G." The Earl of Malmesbury in question was Foreign Secretary in two or three Cabinets, and for some time leader of the House of Lords. In his autobiography, under the date of 28th of February, 1862—that is, when the Piedmontese and the Garibaldians were already for two years in possession of the two Sicilies, we find the following notice of the proceedings of the invading army:—

Lord Derby brought forward yesterday the question of which he had given notice respecting a most infamous proclamation issued by the military commandant of Lucera, near Naples, ordering every human being to withdraw in three days from a certain district or to be shot as brigands, and the woods, houses, and cattle to be destroyed.

"Of course, Lord John Russell and the Duke of Argyll denied the authenticity of this Piedmontese scoundrelism, but it was per-

fectly authentic all the same, and a couple of weeks afterwards the whole facts were published. The Duke of Argyll, who thus stood up for the murderous work of the Piedmontese allies of England, is the same coroneted renegade to the Gaelic blood who fatigues the columns of the *Times* with abuse of Irish rights. Here is how the Earl of Malmesbury relates, under the date of the 20th March, 1862, the details as to the Massacre Proclamation issued by the Piedmontese Government:—

A letter from Italy states that the Proclamation of Lucera, issued by Fantoni, who according to Lord Russell, was alone responsible for it, was really issued by General della Rovere when Minister of War, and that three colonels were dismissed summarily for not carrying out their orders with sufficient severity. Fantoni's conduct was in pursuance of direct orders from Generals Govone and Chiabrera, commanding in the Neapolitan provinces, who have since been decorated as Grand Officers of Saint Maurice.

Lord Malmesbury adds in a footnote:—"The cruelties of the Piedmontese armies to the Neapolitan Royalists taken prisoners were unsurpassed in any civil war or by any tyrant."

It is needless to go into further details. I have met scores of eye witnesses of the Piedmontese barbarities. I was allowed to read the reports which a distinguished officer representing one of the greatest European Powers sent to his Government on the massacres and burnings and torturings during the Piedmontese reign of terror in Southern Italy. All that devil work was done with the knowledge, assistance, and approval of Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston, Mr W. E. Gladstone, and other eminent English Liberals and Coercionists. The blood-soaked edifice of Piedmontese crime and English complicity is now tottering to its base, and not even Earl Spencer's zeal for the British navy will prevent the coming of retribution.

The *Daily News* says:—"The most remarkable feature of yesterday's debate in the House of Lords was the Duke of Devonshire's refusal to assist Lord Salisbury any further in the work of mangling the Local Government Bill. This piece of sturdy independence on the part of the Duke has saved the compound householder, and may perhaps be found to have saved the bill. We must in fairness add that it will increase the Duke of Devonshire's reputation for prudence, sense, and sagacity. The Duke of Devonshire again interposed to prevent his Tory allies from depriving London of popularly elected guardians. We doubt whether the alliance will stand many more of these shocks.

The *Daily Chronicle* says:—"The country can have some idea of what the House of Lords is doing by the fact that the Duke of Devonshire has found it necessary to disavow Lord Salisbury in open debate, to pronounce against the abolition of compounding, and to compel the Tory leader to abandon his whole crusade for the disenfranchisement of the agricultural labour and the final ruin of the bill. We do not say that this sets the situation in any way at rest. But, at any rate, after the Duke of Devonshire's revolt—the revolt be it remembered of the strongest and least-inspired Whig in the country—against Lord Salisbury's wrecking the whole attempt to alter the incidence of local rating and shovel it at one heave on to the shoulders of the poorest class of occupier, is now utterly broken down. The Duke of Devonshire has been compelled to humiliate Lord Salisbury in the face of the world in order to secure this result.

"It will be remembered," writes a *Westminster Gazette* correspondent, "that not long ago the Bishop of St Asaph's sons met with an accident when out driving, but it was not mentioned that two Jesuit priests happened to be on the spot at the time. One was a qualified medical man, and at once rendered assistance. On calling at the Palace to make inquiry for the sufferers, it turned out that the same Jesuit had attended the Bishop, when a young clergyman on board ship, in a somewhat serious illness, and that though they had become fast friends at the time they had never met till again the Jesuit medico had a second time done a kindness to the prelate he had nursed back to life in bygone days."

The Pope's Encyclical on Biblical Studies has created quite sensation among the scholars of all European nations. It has formed the subject of discussion, comment and laudation in reviews in Germany and England—the greater number of which are Protestant Lutheran. Besides, several Catholic faculties of France and Belgium have sent to the Pope addresses expressive of their full adhesion to the doctrines unfolded in that valuable Encyclical, which thus puts an end to the keen and impassioned discussions upon certain interpretations of the Sacred Scriptures, which divided the learned in the Catholic world.

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Sunday Corner.

CALENDAR—APRIL 1—7.

Sunday, April 1—Low Sunday.
Monday, April 2—Annunciation of the B.V.M. † (transferred from March 25).
Tuesday, April 3—S. Gabriel, Archangel (transferred from March 18).
Wednesday, April 4—S. Joseph, Spouse of B.V.M., and Patron of Universal Church ‡ (transferred from March 19).
Thursday, April 5—S. Vincent Ferrer, confessor.
Friday, April 6—S. Xystus I., Pope, martyr.
Saturday, April 7—S. Celestine I., Pope, confessor.

* Low Sunday, 1891, will be the thirty-eighth anniversary of the consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. Moran. Dr. Moran was consecrated Bishop of Dardanum *in partibus* and Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern Provinces of Cape Colony by Archbishop (afterwards Cardinal) Cullen in Carlow Cathedral on Low Sunday, 1856.

Low Sunday, the octave of Easter, is so called because in olden times those newly baptised laid aside on this day the white robes with which after baptism they were clothed on Holy Saturday. It is also called Quasimodo Sunday, from the first word in the Mass of the day. It used to be styled Close Easter, because it closed the Easter week.

† From very earliest times the Latin Church celebrated this feast on the 25th March. In some parts of Europe for a while it was celebrated on the 18th December or 18th January. As Easter Sunday occurred this year on March 25th, the celebration is transferred to April 2. We are told that Mary, at the time of the annunciation, was a young girl 14 years old. She had vowed her virginity to God, and hence her trouble when the angel declared she was to become a mother, and her joy when she was told that though the Word would be born of her she would remain a virgin.

‡ In 1871 St Joseph was proclaimed by Pius IX. patron and protector of the whole Church. The special feast of his patronage is celebrated on the third Sunday after Easter. St Teresa and St Francis de Sales were great propagators of devotion to Saint Joseph, which is daily increasing among the faithful.

The New Zealand Tablet.


FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1894.

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.

A MANLY UTTERANCE.

 In a recent issue we referred to the change in public opinion on the education question manifested in various ways throughout Australasia. We declared that, in our own experience, the acknowledged steadfastness of purpose shown by Catholics in supporting their own schools, the acknowledged excellence of the secular teaching imparted in religious schools, and the acknowledged spread of indifference in matters of religion among the colonial youth were telling slowly but surely in changing the trend of public opinion. A few years ago the Presbyterians of Victoria showed alarm at the "increasing paganism" of the times, and blamed "secular" education for the deplorable results. In other places since then the Anglicans have re-echoed their words. Now we find a representative man, in a bold and manly way, advocating the granting of justice to Roman Catholics. It is surely significant that the president of the Victoria and Tasmania United Wesleyan Conference did not hesitate to tell his Church that the solution of the Catholic difficulty would be both "just and statesmanlike." To be sure this was received with murmurs of dissent. But plain speaking of this kind shows clearly that President WHITTINGTON has the courage of his opinions and knows that his words will not fall on totally arid soil. He recognises, without doubt, that we have with us a large number of the liberal-minded and most enlightened Protestants. He says, as reported in the *Argus*, March 6, that both Catholics and Protestants "were utterly dissatisfied because they saw a large proportion of the children growing up in practical heathenism and without any adequate instruction in morality." So far so good. His words were applauded when he insisted on the necessity of religious training. Bigotry asserted itself when he approached a solution of the difficulty. He passed, in review, the effect, or rather non-effect, of mere Sunday-school teaching by untrained volunteers, the difficulties in the way of ministers personally instructing in the schoolroom at off hours, and

JAMES LOGIE, 233 Cashel Street West, CHRISTCHURCH, has just received his summer Stock of Boots and Shoes which he recommends to his customers and the public. CANVAS SHOES in great variety. Bespoke Work a specialty. REPAIRS NEATLY EXECUTED.

the inadequacy of the platform of the National Scripture Education League. Then, he said—we quote the *ipsissima verba* as reported in our Melbourne contemporary:—"He spoke only for himself, but he would assert that the true solution was to be found in conceding to the Roman Catholics their claims (murmurs of dissent). He did not expect that all present would agree with him, but he would assert that in paying the Roman Catholics for the results of their secular instruction would be found a solution of the question which would be both just and statesmanlike." Bishop MORAN, again and again in these columns and on the public platform has declared, in the very words of the rev president of the Wesleyan Conference, that to do simple justice to the Catholic body, which pays for its own schools after paying for the free and godless education of other people's children, would be both just and statesmanlike. Our gleam of hope is brightened by reading the refreshing, manly speech of Mr WHITTINGTON. If we be only true to ourselves and loyal to our natural leaders, the mist of prejudice will be soon dispelled, and long-deferred justice will reign and triumph.

AMONG the celebrations of St Patrick's Day, not the least was that presided over at Panmure by Monsignor MacDonald. A highly successful concert was given the previous evening, and on the festival some four or five hundred children were entertained at the glebe—where there were sports, a baby show, and music,—two bands and a Highland piper. At Hawera and New Plymouth also picnics of the Catholic schools came off with great *colat*. The respective pastors, the Very Rev Father Mulvill and the Rev Fathers McKenna and Flood, contributed much by their exertions to the pleasure and success of the day.

It is to be feared that Mr Chamberlain has ere this come to the conclusion that there are more wild beasts in the United Kingdom than those bred in Ireland. In a speech made by him at Edinburgh the other day he referred to the National party as "Irish tigers"—terrorising the Government. His carriage has now been stoned in the streets of Edinburgh, as we are told, by "roughs." All the worse for "Joe" if even the dregs of the people are disgusted at his conduct.

Our contemporary the Wanganui *Zeeman*, in a leader on the state of Italy, quotes a passage from the letter of a tourist, which may be taken as illustrating the value of the opinions pronounced by members of the class in general:—"Italy was in a very bad state when Garibaldi helped to make her free and combined," writes Mr Sergeant, "and since then she has made enormous progress, but they still want another Garibaldi, or rather a Ballance, to emancipate her from the chains of land monopoly and unfettered foreign competition. In other words, Italians need for their cure a hair of the dog that bit them. What they want, in fact, is some one to free them from the oppression of the tricksters and tyrants into whose hands Garibaldi betrayed them.

SIR WESTBY BROOKE PERCEVAL, the Agent-General for New Zealand in London (says a contemporary) is not, it appears, a grandson of Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister, who met with an untimely end, but belongs to the Irish branch of the historic family, his father having been the late Westby Hawkeshaw Perceval, of Knightsbrook, in the County of Meath, who, on the sale of the last of the family estates under the Irish Encumbered Estates Court, purchased land in New Zealand from the Canterbury Land Association, and proceeded to the Britain of the South, viz., Tasmania, in the year 1853.

A CLERICAL correspondent sends me ("Incog." of the *Bombay Catholic Examiner*) from the Central Provinces two quotations from Joseph de Maistre, the well-known Catholic writer, which bear upon the subject I have been recently discussing in this column. For the benefit of those readers who take an interest in the question, I give a translation of the extracts. Speaking of "*le sublime féminin*," De Maistre says:—"The error of certain women is, to imagine that, in order to be distinguished, they must be so after the manner of men. Women are by no means condemned to mediocrity; they may even aim at the sublime, but it must be the sublime *féminin*. The woman can be superior only as a woman; as soon as she wishes to emulate man, she is only a monkey." In the next paragraph he tells us that "learning is a very dangerous thing for women. It exposes them habitually to the danger of displeasing both men and women—men who do not wish to be equalled; and women, who do not like to be surpassed. Learning, of its own nature, likes to appear, for we are all very proud. But here precisely is the grave danger, for woman can with safety be learned only when she conceals—at least in great part—what she knows, with more care than the other sex take to display their knowledge. It is easier to find a husband for a coquette than for a learned lady, since to marry a *savant* one must be without

pride, which is rare; whereas to marry a coquette one need only be a fool, which is very common."

HIS Eminence the Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney (says the *Freeman's Journal*, of March 17) thus opens the Pastoral issued by him this week: "It has seemed well in the ways of Divine Providence that I should be freed from the severe illness from which I was suffering for some months and be restored to my former health. It now becomes my pleasing duty to return thanks, with all the outpouring of paternal affection, to the Catholic faithful of this diocese, who, in union with their zealous clergy and devoted religious communities, during this period of my illness, were so persevering and so earnest in the prayers which they offered to Heaven in my behalf. Such affectionate sympathy and such cordial union of the flock with its spiritual pastor cannot but be truly pleasing to our Divine Lord, the Prince of pastors. It is a proof to the world of the incomparable unity by which we are all bound together in the sacred bonds of Divine Faith, and it cannot fail to obtain many graces from Heaven alike for the pastor and for the whole flock. Your reward for such piety can come only from God. For my part, the only return that I can make is to devote entirely to your spiritual welfare whatever span of life it may please Almighty God to assign me, and to be mindful daily at the Altar, when offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, of your pious intentions, that all those graces and blessings of which you stand in need may be abundantly bestowed upon you. The Blessed Virgin, Help of Christians, Chief Patron of the Australian Church, and the other Saints, Patrons of this diocese, will I trust, unite their prayers with mine that those gifts of the Divine Mercy may be your rich inheritance."

BUSINESS (says the *Westport Times*, of March 14) was suspended in town this afternoon and flags were flown at half-mast on the shipping in port, as a mark of respect to the late Mr Scanlon, whose funeral took place at 2.30 p.m. The coffin was borne from the family residence to St Canice's Church by old friends of the deceased. The cortege was one of the longest ever seen in Westport, including some fifty carriages, many horsemen, and hundreds of mourners on foot. In addition to the large number of townspeople present, residents of Reefton, Charleston, Addison's, Brighton, Mokihinui, Denniston, Cape Foulwind, Lyell, and other outside localities swelled the sad procession. The funeral service was conducted by the Very Rev Father Walehe. Mr Scanlon's death has thrown a gloom over the community, for, with his family, he was held in affectionate esteem by all with whom he came in contact during his long residence on the Coast.

OUR esteemed contemporary the *Triad* for the current month comes rather late to hand—as we are going to Press. We must, therefore, defer our notice of it until next week.

THE LORD ABBOT OF MOUNT MELLERAY.

"THE vacancy in the exalted and important position of Lord Abbot of the Cistercian Monastery, Mount Melleray, caused by the lamented death of the Right Rev Dr Fitzpatrick," says the *Irish Catholic*, "has been filled by the election of Father Delaney, who has discharged the duties of Prior for the last 30 years. The Abbot-elect is a native of the County Longford, and after completing his studies in the monastery, joined the Cistercian Order, and was subsequently ordained priest. His eminent abilities were early recognised, and during his long tenure of the Priorship he had to act as first superior and representative of the Lord Abbot whenever the latter was personally incapacitated from the discharge of his duties through absence or illness."

The new Lord Abbot of the famous Monastery of Mount Melleray, County Waterford, Ireland, was born in the parish of Cashel, County Longford, in May, 1836. Like most of the saints in the calendar, he was blessed with a saintly mother. In his youth he gave indications of a more exalted state than that in which he was then living. To this day his memory is revered in Cashel by all who had the honour of knowing him in his youth. When his parents decided that their "John" had a vocation to the priesthood, they entrusted their secret to the present Very Rev Canon Kearney, of Moate, County Westmeath, Ireland. He was then C.C. of Killasbee, County Longford. In accordance with Canon Kearney's decision John Delaney was sent to Mr Kelly's classical school at Roscommon. In a short time the late lamented Canon Monaghan, then Administrator of the parish of Laneborough, expressed a wish that John Delaney should be sent to Mount Melleray seminary. It was then the heartiest wish of Canon Monaghan and of Dr Delaney's parents that the young man should become a secular priest, and labour for the salvation of souls in his native diocese. God decreed otherwise. Scarcely had he entered Mount Melleray Collegiate Seminary than the First President of the Institute, Bro F. Xavier Mulvill, wished to see John a member of the "Order." After due deliberation John decided to give up secular life and joined the "Order." In a

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few years he was ordained priest, and ultimate y chosen as Prior—a position which he has held for upwards of thirty years. This is a brief epitome of the life of one who has so long won by merit the highest honours his brethren could confer on him. A few years ago he was elected Lord Abbot of Mount St Joseph Monastery, Roscrea, but though Rome with all its authority urged him to accept the position and dignity, he declined. No doubt he did so on the advice of his confessor, the late lamented and holy Father Paul known to many in New Zealand emigrating from Ireland, and following his words of advice to serve our Lord in his vineyard; and no doubt the new Lord Abbot has accepted his present position as the last request of Father Paul. After remaining with her parents till she saw them dead for upwards of fifty years his sister Anne died at Holy Cross Convent, Wimborne, Dorset, England, as a professed *religieuse* of the Order. The Right Rev Prelate has a brother (Br Joseph) in Mount St Joseph, Roscrea, and a nephew, Very Rev Father Mulvhill, Hawera, labouring in New Zealand. We wish the Right Rev Prelate many long years of success in his new sphere.

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ONE more have we had the bustle and excitement of the elections, and the busy struggles of the two opposite parties to secure the much-coveted three-fifths majority. The result has been most satisfactory I consider, the moderate party being in power in most cases. The "no license" principle would be, I fear, an extremely violent method of dealing with the drink evil. The present state of things should have a two-fold effect; firstly, it will close the worst-conducted public houses; and secondly, those that are left will no doubt exert all their endeavours to preserve a respectable standard in the future.

The annual encampment of the local volunteers is being held at Ohair, near the Kaiapoi Railway Station this year, under very favourable weather. The Easter season is anxiously looked forward to by our volunteers for the novelty of a few days of camp life and the excitement of a sham fight. The camp is visited by ministers from four different sects, but I have my doubts as to the success of their missions, for, as a rule, I think the majority of those who attend camp are not of a class who relish very much religious instruction. Those who wish to observe Good Friday and Easter in a Christian manner will most likely stay at home and do so.

The services at the pro-Cathedral during Holy Week have been considerably longer than on previous years, owing to the Redemptorist Fathers being in our midst. The Triduum was continued on Monday night when Father Shearman delivered a discourse on the conduct of the women towards our Lord and their treatment of Him during His passion. On Tuesday night Father Burke preached a very touching sermon on the life and death of a Christian. On Wednesday morning the ceremony of blessing the altar stones for the diocese was performed by his Lordship the Bishop. On Good Friday the new cross was erected and blessed by his Lordship as a memento of the mission.

Easter Sunday dawned a bright and glorious morning and the number of communicants at the seven o'clock Mass was about the largest that has been seen for a considerable time. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and banners, and looked very cheerful after the past few weeks of sombre silence and mourning. At 11 o'clock Pontifical High Mass was sung by his Lordship, assisted by Rev Father Cummings, V.G.; Father Bell, and Father Burke. Rev Brother Joseph acted as master of ceremonies. The choir, under the able leadership of Mr Funston, sang Haydn's Imperial Mass. The soloists were Mrs J. P. Kelly, soprano; Misses Cronin and Bryant, alto; Mr Dougall, tenor; and Mr G. D. Cronin, Bass. Miss Funston presided at the organ, and the "Hec Dies" was sung as an offertory. In the evening there were Pontifical Vespers and Rev Father Burke preached, the subject being "Catholic Teaching and Modern Unbelief." The rev preacher dwelt at considerable length on the fearful growth of freethought during the last twenty years and exhorted his hearers never to trust to their own opinions but to always listen to and abide by the teachings of that Church which was founded on a rock and supported by Christ Himself. After Vespers his Lordship wished the congregation all the joys of the season, and spoke in a touching manner of the great work done by the Redemptorist Fathers, who, he regretted to say, would shortly be leaving our shores and probably would not be seen here again.

On dit the choir are likely to lose the services of their alto primo. The bans of marriage were declared for the first time between Mr E. C. Bowler and Miss Nellie Cronin. I am sure she has the best wishes of the choir, and all who have known her, in her new sphere of life.

People who suffer from troubles of their teeth will find it much to their advantage to consult Mr B. Seymour, surgeon dentist, Colombo street, Christchurch. Mr B. Seymour is master of all the newest and most approved methods, and his charges are extremely moderate.

THE MISSION AT ST. MARY'S, CHRISTCHURCH.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

SINCE the good Fathers of the Redemptorist Order closed their mission at the pro-Cathedral some four months ago, they have had a pretty busy time of it through several parts of Canterbury and the parishes on the West Coast which go to make up this widely-extending diocese. During their opening discourses at their present mission one could gather that they were well pleased with the result of their labours—that they found a living faith amongst a people who at once recognised, with the spirit of their Catholic forefathers in the old land, the importance of the opportunity to attain to that vigorous glowing faith which has been the glory of the race from which the most of them have sprung. The Rev Father Burke had not proceeded far into the first sermon of the mission when one was compelled to recognise that the campaign against the power of evil and the allurements of the world was being opened by a veteran eloquent champion who had fought many fights against the subtle forces that bear down into sin weak, struggling humanity. This opening effort to arouse within the people dispositions proper to the occasion was well sustained by the Rev Father Mangan, whose vigorous and unmistakably earnest style bore the impress deep, I have no doubt, into the minds of the very large congregation, that these Fathers were fully bent on bringing "peace on earth," not alone "to men of good will," but peace of mind to many against their will. In fact, from the opening sermon, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul," there followed, alternately, evening discourses devoted to arouse a true Catholic fervour; and morning instruction, designed to lead the mind up to the most effectual way of carrying out the important work of the mission—a good confession. During the second week the evenings were devoted to telling sermons on Catholic doctrine, matters which non-Catholics profess such difficulty in understanding, and to a treatment of some of the great attributes of Catholic faith—the unceasing anxiety of the Church to seek her fallen children, to encourage them to hope in their repentance, and to sustain them amidst the difficulties which beset their good resolutions. Marked as illustrating the spirit of Christianity, diffused by the Church amongst her members, was Father Burke's sermon on the prodigal son. In a clear and striking light the preacher enabled his hearers to view the spirit of Catholicity contrasted with their daily experience of the unforgiving ways of the world, which, in effect, says, "All of you who fail to march along with head erect in my way, and fall on the road, do not trouble us about picking you up. We cannot afford the time; please die and don't block the way. Instructions on the ten commandments and the precepts of the Church mostly occupied the last mornings. On the evening devoted to special devotion to the Blessed Virgin the church on that occasion, as well as on so many other during the mission, was literally packed, the passages between the rows of pews and at each side of the church having to be utilised for seats. An altar was erected within the sanctuary on the Gospel side on which a statue of our Blessed Lady was surrounded by a blaze of light from amongst which a profusion of many coloured flowers threw out a rich glow, making altogether a captivating sight, and giving an evidence of the strong loving devotion of the parish to the Mother of God. Father Mangan's sermon on the occasion was an earnest, eloquent exposition of Catholic teaching on this devotion. He showed up in forcible language the glaring inconsistency of those people who criticise so adversely our attitude of veneration and trust in her powerful intercession, yet who themselves are foremost often in the advocacy for monuments and other tokens of respect and veneration for persons of worldly importance, and do not hesitate to use intermediaries for the attainment of their ends. The mission was closed by Father Mangan, who gave a very touching address, and many were the expressions of regret that the last night had arrived. The following Monday was devoted to the ceremony of erecting the Mission Cross. In connection therewith it was announced that a lady had promised to subscribe an amount equal to that which would be made up by the congregation for a figure. As the collection was, I believe, up to the Rev. Father's expectation we may soon expect to see, after the Father reaches Sydney, a suitable figure on the commemorative cross. It is not too much to say in closing this subject that the many who thronged the church at early morning and at evening during this fortnight will long remember the kindly zeal, the eloquence, the clearness of their instructions, and the unsparring manner in which the Fathers laid themselves at the disposal of the people from six o'clock in the morning till 11 at night. We also had the pleasure of hearing Father Plunket's venerable voice on one occasion and also of hearing from him a touching sermon on Good Friday night on the Passion. We also had Father Shearman's assistance in the confessional. Father Mangan celebrated High Mass on Easter Sunday, Fathers Le Menant and Marrauc being respectively deacon and sub-deacon. Father Le Menant preached at High Mass and at Vespers Father Mangan preached what we must look upon, for some time at all events, as his last sermon at St Mary's.

The subject was "Human Respect," which the Rev Father pointed out makes the vilest of slaves when people submit to its dictates to do wrong. The missionaries leave, I believe, on Wednesday for Sydney. That they may be long spared health and strength to carry on their good work will be the prayer of all those who have had the happiness of hearing or meeting them during their visit to this diocese.

MOUNT MELLERAY.

THE monastery is a large pile of buildings, erected on the slope of the mountain, and is surrounded by a wide tract of cultivated land, which, till the monks came, was only mountain heath. Their labours have made this mountain like a garden, where hitherto, only sheep and goats could find subsistence, no waving corn and herds of cattle were to be seen. It is only about sixty years since the monks came here, and what a change since then has this heath-clad mountain undergone. Driven out of France, they came here at that time and spent, it is said, the first nights on this cold, lonely mountain, under the shelter of upturned carts and waggons. And now there is almost a town of houses, among them a college for students; groves and rows of trees, wide expanse of cultivated land, and herds of cattle, all the result of the labour and toil of these poor monks. This religious Order is the most severe and austere in the Church.

The monks never taste tea, eggs, flesh meat or fish. They live on vegetables, and take only one meal and a collation in the day, but during Lent only one meal. They rise at 2 o'clock in the morning and assemble in the church to say the divine office. They sleep only five hours at night, and observe perpetual silence, never speak to one another. They labour and pray incessantly. The community consists at present of 60 members, 30 priests and 30 lay monks. All join in labour with their hands. Well did a priest from Australia, Rev Father Phelan, a distinguished writer and professor, who was going through an eight days' retreat here, reply to me, as I was remarking on the absence of lectures for retreatants, that there could be no more eloquent and instructive lecture than the sight of these spiritual and heroic men incessantly working and praying, sublimest example of edification in the Church of God.

The white pile of monastic buildings up on the mountain side, and a conspicuous object to the country below, as it stretches away far and wide to the valley of the Backwater, on to Ynghal, on the one side, and on the other, on to Dunravan, speaks eloquently to the inhabitants of the dignity and value of labour and devotedness to it and at the same time of the sublime aspirations of religion. The farmer, when he rises in the morning and looks up to this pharos of light, and thinks of the monks there who have been up a great part of the night chanting hymns to God in the church, and are now at their work almost before he has risen from his bed, most be encouraged and urged on resignedly to labour and duty. On entering the monastery I was courteously received by the guest master and shown to my room. He appeared to be about sixty-five years of age, and benignity and kindness were in his looks. He had been in Australia when a young priest on the mission for ten years, but, tired of the world, he came home and buried himself, as it were, here.

During the time I was there five priests and nine or ten lay gentlemen were there also. Our fare was substantial and generous; breakfast at 8.30 o'clock of tea, eggs, bread and the sweetest and freshest of butter; dinner at 1, of good pure beef or mutton, and tea at 5 o'clock. My room being over the quadrangle round which runs the corridor leading to the chapel, I was kept awake a good part of the night at first by the singing of the monks in the chapel. It was certainly an object lesson to one on his soft bed listening to these poor monks thus spending a great part of the night together in the church, chanting hymns to God. Every morning at 7 o'clock there was High Mass, at which all the guests were expected to be present. It was an edifying sight to see the pale, emaciated monks in their white habits, and the hoods drawn over their heads, file past into the choir, a few men bent with age and infirmity. One old monk was almost bent double, and as he toddled his way to the choir he reminded me of some of the saints of old, of Simeon in the temple, or of St Liguori. He has the character among the brethren of a saint.

There were some young priests among them, fresh and happy looking. There was a young doctor, a novice, a fine looking man, and as he filed past, bowing low towards the high altar, the cloak he wore spreading out around him, I thought I seldom saw a finer or more dignified looking man. This young man, it appears, was a dispensary doctor in a town not far from the college of Maynooth, and worldly prospects were before him, but, tired of the world and its vanities, he retired here to devote himself, wishing to be unknown and forgotten, to the service of God. The ceremonies of the High Mass differ in some points from those of Masses outside. Some of them are peculiar to the Order and have come down unchanged from the days of St Bernard; for the religious Orders are tenacious of

their customs. One old monk over 70 years of age was master of ceremonies, and, as he moved about the altar, tall and graceful in his long flowing habit, his pale face and white hands, almost transparent looking, and when, as a monk advanced from the choir to receive the kiss of peace, the old man, accompanying the sub-deacon far down the church to give the kiss, bowed gracefully low at meeting and parting, I thought him a very interesting figure.

In the sacristy, which is large, spacious, and splendidly furnished, is to be seen a fine bust of St. Bernard, the face flesh coloured. It is said to be a good likeness. The neck is exceptionally small, a characteristic, it seems, of the great saint. Placed so, with the head turned slightly to one side, as to overlook, as it were, the priests as they robed for Mass, it seemed to bring back vividly to inspiring life and example of St. Bernard. I said Mass in one of the little chapels of which there is a number, and was attended by a young priest of the order. At the end of mass I had occasion to ask him a question (none other was present), whether such a thing should be said or not, which he could have easily answered by yes or no. But the closed lips would not open although he had been giving me responses during Mass. He only kept patting his breast with the fingers of his right hand, and looking at me with his large lustrous eyes. The gesture evidently meant yes, that it was his wish, but no vocal sound would be emitted. It was rigid adherence to severe rule, perpetual silence, which was not to be broken but by the permission of a superior. He was a young priest, apparently under 30 years of age, his face refined, handsome, and intellectual looking, and his hands and wrists soft and white as those of a lady, evidencing that he was exempted from manual labour, being in all likelihood a professor in the college.

Together with a number of guests, we were shown over the workshops of the monastery, a very interesting sight. The master guest first conducts us to the smith's workshop. As we enter, a monk, in his habit, is hammering a shoe on the anvil, a large gray horse standing by. We next enter the bakery, where a monk, a fine-looking man, of pale face and black beard, is standing with bared arms beside a large trough of kneaded dough. As we entered the plumber's shop an old monk is bending over a gas pipe with uplitted mallet. He never looked round or took the slightest notice of our presence. And lastly, we were brought to see the little graveyard. Then the monk who was conducting us remarked that all the brethren slept in their coffins at night, meaning that they when dead were buried in the habits they slept in and without a coffin. The grave is opened, and the corpse of the dead brother in his habit is laid in it and the earth is shovelled in over it. It is hard to see the cold earth fall on and cover the face we love. And still these monks witness and subject to this treatment the remains of a brother, though they love each other dearly. But they submit to it in a spirit of penance and mortification. They treat the body during life with severity and neglect, and they do so also in death. It is not through want of love, reverence, and respect for each other that this treatment is gone through with the dead, for the members of religious orders love one another dearly. The love of the world is selfish, inconsistent, and fickle; but the love of the religious for each other is unselfish, pure, and true. "See how these Christians love one another," was the saying of the pagans with regard to the early Christians. And this spirit of love and charity is still especially to be seen among the members of religious orders, notwithstanding what the world may think or say.—*Belfast Examiner*.

N A P I E R.

(From our own Correspondent.)

March 22, 1894.

THE late floods in Hawke's Bay, I am sorry to say, have left their evil effects after them. That deadly disease, typhoid fever, has made its appearance throughout the country, and a large number of people have already succumbed to it. It is supposed the quantity of stock that was drowned in the flood has resulted in the present outbreak.

On Sunday last a young woman named Monogue, who had been employed for some time at the Napier Hospital, was buried, the cause of her death being the above-named disease. Her remains were conveyed to St Mary's Catholic Church, where the ceremony usually performed over the dead was attended to by Father Kerrigan, who, in a few appropriate words, expressed his sympathy with the bereaved relations, and consoled them by saying that she had always been a good, practical Catholic when alive, and had received the rites of her Church before death.

At St Mary's on Sunday evening, Father Kerrigan preached a sermon on St Patrick. He gave a short history of that saint's life from the age of 16 to 60 years, when he was consecrated a bishop by St Celestine. Father Kerrigan gave a graphic description of the trials and dangers St Patrick had to encounter in the great work he was engaged in. He found Ireland a heathen land, the majority of the people being idolators; but under his guidance Ireland was made a Catholic country. The rev gentle-

man also explained how St Patrick taught the mystery of the Trinity by the aid of the little shamrock. There was one thing, however, that the Rev Father did not seem certain about, and that was as to where St Patrick was born. He said he was the son of a Roman officer, his mother being a French lady, and was born, some accounts said, in Brittany, France, while others said Scotland. This reminds me of a letter in one of the local papers the other day signed "Claverhouse," saying that St Patrick was a Scotchman, and asking how it was the people of that country did not commemorate St Patrick's Day. Can you, Mr Editor, throw any light on the subject as to the great saint's nationality?

A very successful concert, in aid of the annual prize and picnic fund, was held in the Marist Brothers' school last week, and proved a great success in every way. Mr Scath, who had the management, deserves credit for the way in which it was carried out. Miss Brickell, a new arrival, gave great satisfaction in several vocal items. A strong orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr South, added to the success of the concert. The other performers' efforts were appreciated by the large audience present. After paying expenses the Brothers had a good sum in hand.

Yesterday the election of a committee and the local option poll under the Alcoholic Liquors Sale Control Act was held. Very much interest was not manifested in the election. It was thought that under the extended franchise the temperance party would be able to place their own nominees on the committee. Such, however, was not the case, six moderates being elected to two of the anti-liquor candidates. Mr Carnell, M.H.R., and Mr Lascelles were the successful gentlemen on the temperance ticket. With regard to local option, the latter party were also unsuccessful, for although 298 votes were cast for reduction, 341 for no licenses, and only 128 for hotels to remain as at present, the poll was void under the Act and therefore there can be no reduction. This, I think, is to be regretted, as there are far too many hotels in the town, the licensees of some of which do not conduct them as they should be conducted. In the

TIM HEALY ON THE SITUATION.

THE *Irish Catholic* of February 10 thus reports Tim Healy, speaking at Kilkenny:—

We say to the people—We will make no rash or foolish pledges or promises to them, we will start no scatter-brain policies, we won't go, as the Americans say, rainbow-chasing (laughter). We will work along with the solid road under our feet to gain ground inch by inch until we come to the last mile-stone (cheers). We have no special nostrums to lay before the people. We say the first duty of a member of Parliament is to be honest and to do his best for the people, and if your member is honest, that is the first and the last essential that is required of him. With honest members to build up an honest party, and you bid them to give them your honest support, I believe the Irish party in the House of Commons will be irresistible (cheers). No doubt we are told, we will be told, that having got the Liberal Government into office it has not put a crown of glory on all our heads. No, we never promised that it would. The contract that we undertook when this fight commenced was that we would carry a Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons, and we have carried a Home Rule Bill (cheers), and now when the Government are doing their best to help us to pass that bill into law by pulverising the House of Lords, am I to go barking at them and snapping at them because they sent up a score of police to Bradley to protect him? Which is the more important? Why, I would not grudge them to send a regiment of soldiers and a park of artillery to Bradley if they would pass the Home Rule Bill, and while the Government of the country is engaged in doing the serious and important work which it has undertaken at our request I am not disposed to criticise every frown on their face or every wrinkle in their skin. I look at the thews and sinews. The cause of Ireland is a sacred cause, a solemn cause, it has been sanctified by long years of effort, of suffering, and of blood. The investments of many generations are at stake in

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Particulars Given on Application.

election of the committee there were 580 informal votes, and 1082 at the local option poll.

Meers Brown, Ewing and Co., Princes street, Dunedin, are now showing their winter goods. The stock has been specially selected, and both taste and discrimination have been exercised in the matter. Ladies will find all their wants provided for in a manner to ensure their complete satisfaction. The firm's tailoring department is also most deserving of patronage. Samples and prices may be had on application.

The teas sent out by the Empire Tea Company, Wellington, combine all the excellent qualities insured by unremitting care and a thorough understanding of the business. The company's blended teas cannot be surpassed.

On Sunday (Jan 28) at the late Mass, in the Church of St Andrew, Westland Row, Dublin, the Rev Peter Finlay, S.J., preached a sermon in aid of the House of Mercy and Sick and Dying Poor, under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, Baggot Street. The preacher in the course of an able and forcible sermon dwelt on the character of the work performed by the Sisters of Mercy, who approached more nearly than any earthly system to the ideal of Christian charity. Their labours were manifold, but might be grouped under two heads—the education and the relief and protection of the poor.

The suicide of M. and Madame Caubet and their unhappy daughter was one of those episodes of domestic life in France which startles the world now and again by their tragic character. In all probability the Caubet family calculated on the effects of this sensational exit from life upon the volatile Parisians. M. Caubet and his wife and daughter were undoubtedly in impecunious circumstances; but they were hardly driven to desperation. There are thousands of families in England to-day on whom to-morrow's sun will shine without the prospect of a meal, and who yet live on in resignation to their fate. The horror of descending a step lower in the social ladder is said to be abhorrent to the French *bourgeois*. This is a very universal trait of human nature indeed; it is not characteristic of the French alone. The real explanation of the tragedy lies in the fact that disbelief in God was openly professed by the Caubet household. The absence of faith is one of the most prolific sources of self-destruction; it deprives the world of all beauty, leaves the heart without real enjoyment, and plunges the soul in unendurable despair.

this struggle. You and your fathers have fought and have conquered. Victory for you, their children, and your children is now in sight. Let no temporary depression or failure put any stagger in your hearts; acquit yourselves like men—men earnest, patriotic, fraternal, and determined, and be assured before long we shall come here some day to address meetings such as this, and to see in the hour of triumph the light of victory in the thousands of eyes such as those which now look into our faces (cheers). The cause that you have to maintain is not only the cause of the Irish race at home, but of millions of your exiled children across the seas. How many people at this meeting but have some good son or some kindly girl far away in America or Australia, in Canada or South Africa? And to every one of them this message of success would bring a thrill of joy, of hope, of communion with the Gael and their cause at home—

One in name and one in fame
Are the sea-divided Gael.

Very far beyond the narrow shores of Ireland the men and the women of our race are looking to-day at this struggle from beyond the seas. Their help is freely, gladly, and generously given. Let us do nothing to disgrace their efforts, but let us join with them, we who fight the battle at home and they who lift up their hands with assistance from afar; let us join together in one great army, by the aid of which, with union, with determination, and with strength we shall sweep on to a speedy and certain triumph (loud cheers).

One of the saddest incidents in the suppression of the numerous disturbances which occurred in Sicily, is that related by the *Giornale di Sicilia*, as having taken place at Marineo:—"Am night the soldiers sent to Marineo was a certain Bonafede, a native of Marineo, where his parents and relations lived. The poor soldier, in obedience to the orders of his superiors, fired on the rioters. The heart-rending nature of his grief may be imagined when among the killed his mother's corpse was found!"

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Dublin Notes.

(From Contemporaries.)

We find the following testimony from Rev Thomas Morgan, Presbyterian minister of Rosrevor, County Down:—"Though the Catholics are 90 per cent of the population, I have never, during the long period of forty-four years spent in the ministry of the Presbyterian congregation at Rosrevor, received the slightest insult from a single one of them, nor anything but the greatest goodwill, friendship and respect."

The first important meeting outside Dublin for the preservation of the Irish language as a spoken tongue, under the auspices of the Gaelic League, was that held at Galway, Most Rev Dr M'Cormack taking the chair. The Rev Professor O'Growney said that the great principle of the Gaelic League was their appeal to the people, knowing that tens of thousands had always been most anxious to learn to read and speak the native tongue. They had never had any doubt of the success of their appeal, but the meeting of that night in Galway would give immense encouragement to those working for the preservation of the Irish language as a living tongue. The Gaelic League had arranged with all the booksellers in Galway to procure any Irish books or papers that might be wanted, and anyone wishing for or unable to procure Irish books should communicate with the Central Branch, 4 College Green, Dublin. After paying a tribute to the devotion of many national teachers to the old tongue, he added that a great number of teachers could now easily procure certificates for teaching Irish, and thus make a handsome addition to their salaries, while at the same time doing a patriotic work. The Gaelic League would be happy to advise and assist in every possible way such teachers. The Most Rev Dr M'Cormack, in acknowledging the vote of thanks, told several stories about the hardships of those who in the past, knew nothing but Irish, and who, in consequence, were boycotted by the anti-Irish taskmaster.

We direct attention to an advertisement appearing at the foot of our military correspondent's notes. It comes all the way from the camp at Rajpur, in India, where the *Weekly Freeman* solaces the lives of soldiers during their exile from home and friends. This advertisement is the effort of a comrade to find out the relatives of an Irish soldier who had made himself beloved by every man in the battery of artillery with which he served. But there is much more to be learned than this. The private letter accompanying the inquiry for certain persons gives us the reason that influences our correspondent. He had been stricken down with cholera and was watched by his Irish comrade (Hogan), who refused to leave him, and the faithful and devoted fellow caught the disease and died within twenty-four hours. A feeling of gratitude no doubt actuates the surviving comrade in his endeavour to discover the relatives of the man to whom he owes his life, and we trust that some of our readers may be instrumental in aiding him in his object.

A meeting of the Glasgow Gaelic Society last week, ending Feb 3, was favoured by a lecture from the Professor of Gaelic in Maynooth College, Rev Father O'Growney. A crowded attendance of the members and friends assembled to hear what proved a learned and most interesting discourse on "Scotland and Irish Gaelic." Father O'Growney held and the meeting concurred—(1) That the student of early Scottish history, archaeology, music, manners, and customs must look to Irish history for a firm foundation for his studies; (2) that if we study the Christian and more recent periods in Scotland we cannot ignore the corresponding periods in Irish history with their similar characteristics; (3) that Ireland and Scotland had for many centuries one common Gaelic tongue, and that the modern formation of that old tongue must be studied in the light of the older language; (4) that the older Gaelic literature, now for the most part preserved in Irish MSS., is to a great extent a common inheritance of the Gaelic-speaking people of Ireland and Scotland, and that as it enshrines in most fitting language the thoughts and aspirations of our ancestors, it merits at our hands our most careful study and appreciation. Father O'Growney's lecture, it may be added, has formed another factor in cementing the union of hearts among the people of Scotland and Ireland.

The greatest difficulty has been experienced in obtaining information respecting the Allan Liner *Corean*, which put into Killybegs harbour on Friday, February 2, in a disabled condition. Some important particulars have been, however, obtained, from which it would appear that the vessel had a narrow escape from complete shipwreck off our coast on Thursday night and early on Friday. The crew are mostly German, and the rest are from Glasgow and Donegal, who had joined the ship at Glasgow. The passengers are men, women, and children, and most of them appear to be very poor. They had taken passage in the *Corean*, which sailed from Glasgow for New York about nine days ago, and would by this, being a ten-day boat, have reached her destination but for the late severe weather she encountered when five days on her voyage, being then about six hundred miles west of the Irish coast. Despite all efforts she drifted

before the gale on the Irish coast, and her position was extremely critical on Thursday, when showing distress signals to the coastguards at Seafield, on the Malbay coast, below Miltown. From the stress of weather in a terrible sea some of her boats were taken away, and the cargo, which was a general one, shifted, and this caused the ship to list to the port side, and a large quantity of water got into the stokehole. Her pumps, rendered defective, were worked by the crew, and a good deal of panic set in among the passengers, some of whom helped at the pumps. The alarm had reached its utmost when it was found that her fires had been quenched by the water, and the coastguards signalled to keep off the coast, as there was no possible chance of escape for the vessel on the west coast of Clare, and to make for the Shannon if possible. The pumps were again taken to with superhuman efforts, and in this way the safe anchorage of the Scatterry Roadsteads was reached on Friday.

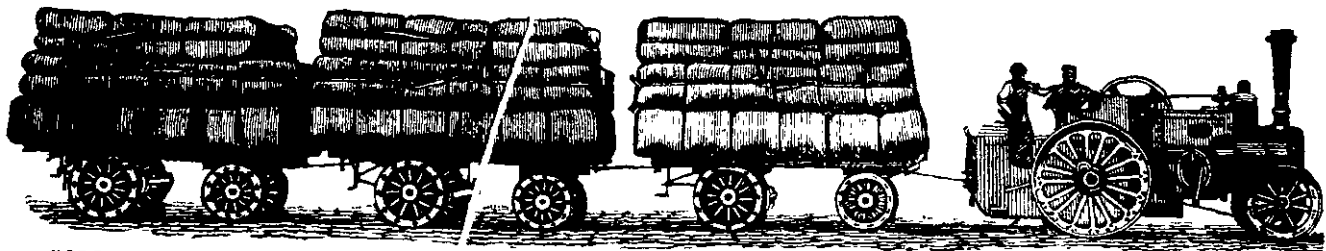
His Grace the Most Rev Dr Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, arrived in Westport quite unexpectedly on Monday evening, February 5, accompanied by Mr William O'Brien, M.P., to whose beautiful residence, Mallow Cottage, they both drove. Great disappointment was felt that the Archbishop of Cashel's visit to the West was not known beforehand. As soon as it was learned that his Grace had arrived at Mallow Cottage the greatest excitement prevailed in town, and it was immediately decided to testify the feelings of veneration that are entertained for his Grace's name and fame in Westport. A meeting of the leading townspeople was at once held, and a deputation went down to Mr O'Brien, M.P., to request the Archbishop to give the priests and the people of Westport an opportunity of presenting an address of welcome. The deputation were informed that his Grace's visit was entirely a private one, but that the request of the townspeople would be communicated to him. To-day the Rev Bernard MacDermott, Adm, received the following letter in reply:—"Mallow Cottage, Westport, County Mayo, February 6, 1894.—My Dear Father MacDermott and Friends—I am given to understand by our mutual friend, Mr William O'Brien, that the priests and people of Westport are desirous of publicly welcoming me to their neighbourhood and presenting me with an address. For this gratifying proof of their good wishes and esteem I feel deeply grateful, and only regret that, for reasons which it is needless to specify, I am constrained to forego the contemplated honour. I am here on a strictly private visit to Mr O'Brien, and I shall content myself with thanking you, as I sincerely do, for the high compliment that you meant to pay me, and remain, my dear Father MacDermott and friends, yours very faithfully,—T. W. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel. The Rev B. MacDermott, Adm, the Presbytery, Westport."

The brilliant and most successful conversazione held on Feb 6, in St Vincent's Hospital, Stephen's Green, may be fairly called the secular side of the celebration of the golden jubilee of Mrs Margison, Superioress-General of the Sisters of Charity. To the singular success of the festivities there is no doubt the popularity of the great hospital in charge of the good Sisters and of its staff of medical attendants in a large degree contributed. The whole institution was *en fete* for the occasion. The spacious rooms and interminable halls and passages were all exquisitely decorated with flowers and thronged even to overflowing with delighted visitors. Never was there such a crowd. It is no exaggeration to say that every square foot sustained its man or woman as the case might be. All the world and his wife and sons and daughters and relatives to the tenth degree appeared to be there. The living stream moved slowly through the long halls, overflowed into the spacious rooms, and filled them with interested and interesting visitors. With all the throng, so admirable were the arrangements, there was nothing of pressure or confusion. The assembly was like a score of "at homes" rolled into one. Old friends met and interchanged greetings at every corner. There was the cheerful murmur of pleasant chit-chat and subdued peals of laughter from one to another of the many places of entertainment provided within the spacious precincts of the institution. The question of which room was most popular with the visitors is, perhaps, hard to settle, but the palm must, perhaps, be awarded to the room where Dr M'Arde, Dr M'Hugh and others made science, stripped of pedantry and hard names, exert itself most successfully for the general amusement. There were there microscopes and a multitude of other scopes, whose final syllable only it is possible for the lay memory to retain. But most popular of all was the table on which were piled the complicated cords and the innumerable receivers of a telephone in direct communication with a concert in Belfast. It was only necessary to place two of these receivers to one's ears and one was transported to the Northern capital, over a hundred miles away—so far at least as the sense of hearing was concerned. Here was, indeed, annihilating space with a vengeance. Everyone knows, of course, that these things can be done, and are done. They have grown almost commonplace to hear about. But it was quite a different thing to actively participate in the scientific miracle. A concert of the first class was given in another room. The demonstration theatre of the hospital scarcely knew itself, filled to overflowing as it was with a gaily-dressed crowd that shook and shouted with

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- 7th.—Old Pianos taken in exchange and full market value allowed.
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RESERVES HEALTH AND EYESIGHT.
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- The Blessed Virgin in the Fathers of the First Six Centuries, by Father Livius 13s
- Life Ven. Joseph Benedict Cottolengo. 5s
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laughter at the pleasantries in the several items of a variety entertainment. The doctors were everywhere, doing the honours of the profession. The nurses, in their neat, cheerful costumes, passed up and down among the visitors, and now and then one caught a passing glimpse of the good Sisters in whose honour the function was held. It was a revelation to pass from the theatre, the concert hall, or the chamber where science held its levee to the long, airy wards, with the long rows of spotless beds on which the patient sufferers lay, their sufferings alleviated, their health restored by every device that the highest medical skill or the most tender human sympathy could bring. It was an effective reminder that the festivities were being held in the very temple of the highest and purest form of charity of which modern civilisation can boast.

The last return of agrarian outrages is a record. In the quarter there were only three offences against the person in the whole of Ireland, all of them aggravated assaults. There were only fifty-nine offences of all kinds, and of these twenty-one were threatening letters. The number of offences in Clare was twelve, of which six were threatening letters. We are sorry to see that there were still nine cases of cattle maiming distributed among all the provinces.

The Dublin correspondent of the *Daily News* states that there is some doubt as to the effect of the certificates of conformity which has been given to Mr Michael Davitt by the decision of the Court of Appeal, but it is almost certain that it is not a certificate which makes him eligible to re-enter Parliament. The Bankruptcy Act of 1883 does not extend to Ireland, but section 32, which provides that bankruptcy shall disqualify a debtor from sitting in Parliament, does; and it is provided that "the above disqualifications" (including exclusions from Parliament) "will be removed and cease, if and when the adjudication of bankruptcy against the bankrupt is annulled, or if he obtains from the Court his discharge with a certificate to the effect that his bankruptcy was caused through misfortune without any misconduct on his part." The certificate obtained by Mr Davitt does not correspond to this description, and as his bankruptcy has not been annulled it is feared the disqualification still exists. If so (says the English journal) it will be a matter of extreme regret to every Irish Nationalist. This imperfect state of the law with regard to Ireland is evidently the result of an oversight, and while it remains as it is it is difficult to see how any person adjudicated a bankrupt in Ireland could have his disqualification as to Parliament removed.

L I S E T T E.

(By HARRIET AGNES ANDERSON, in the *Catholic World*.)

I.

LISETTE sped with light feet down the path leading from the Mer de Glace. The snow of last winter had long since melted away, and the beauty of full summer gladdened the hearts of the crowds of Alpine tourists who had come to make the ascent of Mount Blanc. The small stones clattered softly down before her, and rolled gently to a stopping place, a short space whence they had started. The hem of her gown swept the flowers and the young blades of grass as she ran, and they bent tenderly and respectfully towards her. Her pale face was upheld to the breeze, and the sunlight that quivered and shook through the green leaves fell on the brown of her hair and kissed it to a glinting gold. The blue of the heavens above smiled down upon her. Lisette's upraised eyes held a sweet, troubled look. She felt vaguely the vast beauty of those skies. Her lips trembled in a half smile. There was a bit of the poetess in Lisette, which showed itself in the quiver of her fine nostrils as she gazed.

But Lisette must look to her steps. Rough stones, half sunk in the earth, stood in the way; but she sprang from one to another with swift, sure leaps, each one graceful as the flight of a bird.

A party of American tourists going up, some on mules, others walking, stared at her in mild surprise. One of them turned around, clapped her hands delightedly, watched her as she sprang away, and exclaimed:

"Look! she is like a chamois. Have you ever seen anything so light, so sure-footed, so quick?"

"That is the wife of Ambroise Martin," said one of the guides. "He is one of those who are to go on the expedition the day following to-morrow, mademoiselle."

Their voices became soft and distant as they mounted upwards, and finally were lost altogether. But Lisette heard not one word; she sprang away, flinging her slight shape forward, or, at some especially steep point, bracing herself sturdily, with sliding feet. Sometimes one hand held her thin, short skirts away from gnarled root or jagged stone, but her speedy steps took on ever a quicker pace. Soft-curled tendrils loosed themselves from the severely smooth hair and brushed against her face, and forehead, and long, brown neck. Her cheeks took on a soft flush which deepened as she neared the bottom; it was

easy to jog along the broadened path, the head tilted back a little, the arms swinging loosely at the sides. When she had arrived at the foot she was quite warm and panting; but she stopped only to say a few words of greeting to some peasants who were looking through a little telescope at a number of people coming down Mount Blanc. When she had gained the broad path that led to her house her pace slackened a bit, but her steps were still rapid.

Lisette was hastening to get back to her little son, Pierre, whom she had left in the morning with an ailment; so she had placed him under the charge of her young sister Berthe. Mme. Louise Simond, the woman at the half-way house on the way to the Mer de Glace, she who had always been so kind to Lisette, was ill, and Lisette had taken her place in order to aid Mme. Simond's youngest daughter, who was not much more than a child; but in the afternoon the second daughter had come, and Lisette was free. Not, however, before she had been able to see Ambroise Martin, her husband, who was taking a party of English ladies up to the Mer de Glace.

The day, though fair, was quite close and sultry, and she felt, with her running, very warm and uncomfortable. But now and then a truant breeze would spring up which was delicious, and which fanned her flushed cheeks and somewhat disarranged her neat hair. She brushed back with an impatient hand the stray little locks which would caress the eyes.

But when she reached the house she was rejoiced to find that Pierre had quite recovered—her sister Berthe had taken very good charge of him. In fact he was well enough for her to take him with her to meet Ambroise at the *Hôtel Royal et de Saussure*, where the English ladies were stopping.

Lisette was accustomed to lead the mules home while Ambroise arranged his affairs with his employers. Pierre was extremely fond of riding home on one of the mules, and he almost invariably accompanied his mother.

To-day, as usual, Ambroise lifted him up in his strong arms and placed him in the saddle, and Pierre delighted and beaming, rode off; his mother leading the mules, while he shouted and waved aloft one sturdy arm. Ambroise stood gazing after the figures of his wife and Pierre, and the two mules, until they had disappeared around the corner. There was a happy look in his eyes, and he forgot for a moment his negotiations with his English ladies.

A question from one of the Englishwomen recalled him from his dreams.

"It is my wife," he answered, "and our little boy Pierre;" and there was a proud, contented ring in his voice as he spoke.

But Ambroise had good reason to be contented and proud of all that belonged to him. He was proud of his two brothers who were doing so well in the world, one a soldier in the army, the other a distinguished gentleman's valet and quite an educated man, as Ambroise had informed one of the Englishwomen that afternoon. He was proud, very proud of his wife, Lisette, who was so good and so pretty—proudest of all of his small son Pierre, who was such a strong little lad. Pierre was now four years old and a veritable child of heaven, and he intended to have the boy educated like his brother, so that he should become a splendid man. He was proud, too, of Lisette's younger sister Berthe, who lived with them, and was growing up to be a fine, brave girl; proud of the two mules, proud of the cow La Grise.

Ambroise had not always lived in Chamounix. He had moved there from a neighbouring town, with his aged widowed mother, when he was a long, lanky youth of eighteen, and he had later taken up the occupation of guide, and soon gained the reputation of being one of the best in Chamounix.

The parents of these two were now dead; and with their share of money which the old people had left, besides the goodly revenue always coming in from Ambroise's skill as a guide, they were able to provide for all their wants, and more, for these were simple and few. They owned the two mules and La Grise, the stately cow which in summer-time Lisette, or perhaps Berthe, would each morning drive to pasture. This dignified La Grise, walking with demure forefeet planted firmly forward, really did not need a single touch of the stick beneath Lisette's arm to guide her, so well she knew her way; so that Lisette could knit while walking, or perhaps say her rosary while the ball at La Grise's neck clanged quaint music on the fresh, early morning air.

Now, on this Saturday afternoon, Ambroise had been specially engaged by the English ladies for their little expedition to the Mer de Glace. They had made an earnest solicitation for him, so anxious were they for his services, and had obtained him, though the guide-chef was bound to employ each guide in turn. And on Monday he was to go on an expedition to the top of Mont Blanc. Lisette, as she walked homewards that day, remembered the time of Ambroise's first ascent up this Mont Blanc, and smiled at the recollection. For then she had been dreadfully averse to his going, and had clung to him at the moment of parting with frightened tears in her sweet gray eyes. But Ambroise had laughed at her fears and had consoled her.

Zealandia

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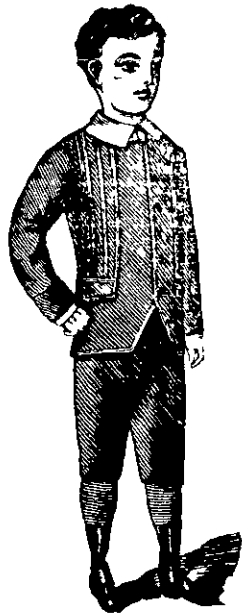
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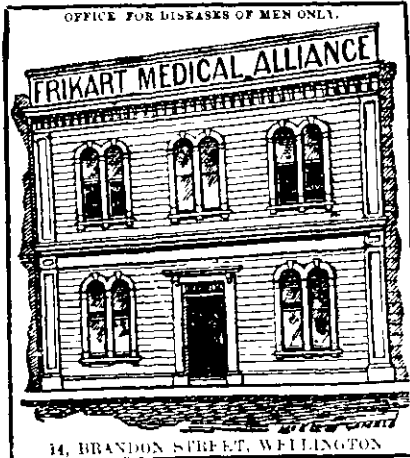
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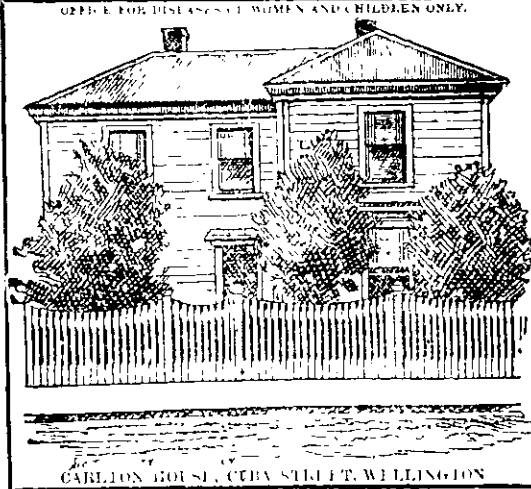
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"Afraid!—thou, a woman born and brought up in Chamounix—thou knowest there has been no accident there for years and years, and then that was in the early spring and it had rained. Nothing ever happens, no one knows that better than myself." Notwithstanding, she had gone that day to the church in the village and had prayed not a little, and she had prayed still more in thanksgiving when Ambroise had returned safe and sound. Since then he had made the ascent many times, and she no longer experienced these fears; indeed, she was rejoiced whenever the opportunity offered itself, for it would bring in a neat little sum.

On Monday Lisette, with Pierre, saw Ambroise off as usual. He was to meet at their hotel a party of Americans who were to go on the expedition. Lisette's eyes followed him until he had disappeared down the road. Pierre stood, his little hand in his mother's, his sturdy bare legs glistening in the sun, and watched his father, too, until he strode away out of sight. Pierre's rosebud of a mouth, which showed character and decision even at that early age, was screwed up now into a funny little smile; his blue eyes gleamed. He adored his father. When he grew up into a man, he, Pierre, intended to become just such a man as his father. And he would be a soldier, and fight for his country, and do brave deeds, and perhaps become a very great person. And he would always say his prayers night and morning, so that his papa would be very proud of him.

Tuesday was a gloomy, drizzling day—a contrast to the bright Monday. On Wednesday, however, it cleared again, and in the afternoon Lisette had occasion to go to the village of Chamounix. She expected Ambroise home that evening. When she arrived in the town she noticed the unemployed guides standing about in groups and talking very earnestly, and seriously, with here and there one or two women. To be sure, the unemployed guides usually stood about thus in little groups, but in a manner lazier, more indifferent, and not in this solemn, absorbed fashion. Passing Lisette heard the words, "Mont Blanc—accident," and her heart stood still, not hesitating an instant, she went straight up to the man standing nearest her, who was talking with a woman.

"What is the matter," she said, "and what is this I hear about the Mount Blanc and an accident?"

Then this fellow did a cowardly thing; yet he could scarcely be blamed, for with Lisette coming suddenly upon him in this way without a word of warning, he lost his head and could not tell her the truth. He was frightened, and he stammered out the first thing that came to him. "There has been an accident—an accident—on the Mont Blanc—it was an avalanche, and the rope broke; two were killed." "O my God! who?" "The German gentleman of the party and one guide, Alphonse Michel—the guide, Alphonse Michel. That is all, that is all. The rest are safe and are coming down. They have recovered the body of the guide, and are coming down. One, in recovering it, has been a little hurt—that is all—not seriously—but they are all perfectly safe."

But he lied; for it was Ambroise Martin, Lisette's husband, who had been killed, and not Alphonse Michel. And fearing more questions, the man moved away with the woman with whom he had been talking, who was his wife, and who had been too dumbfounded to say a word.

Now, Lisette believed him, but she determined, nevertheless, to make further inquiries at the Hôtel Royal, whence the party had started. Then a strange thing happened. For the garçon to whom she put the questions unknowingly made the same mistake that the man in the village deliberately had made. "There has been an accident to the party who started from here to make the ascent of the Mont Blanc," he said. And he went on to tell her how on Tuesday they had started from the Grands-Mulets, and were on their way to the top, when an avalanche had come and two had been swept away before the others could draw a second breath. The others were safe, however. It was only these two—the German gentleman in the party of Americans and one guide—Alphonse Michel. They had succeeded in recovering the body of the guide almost immediately, and it had been at the Grands-Mulets over night, and now they were bringing it down. He did not know whether they had yet found the German gentleman. One of the men had come down immediately with the news. It was a terrible thing, indeed; but it was fortunate that no one else had been killed. One of the other guides—he who had recovered the body, had been a little hurt, but not seriously. What is the name? One Ambroise Martin.

Lisette started. "Hein—Ambroise Martin—that is my husband"; and she stepped out of the hotel with her brows puckered into a little worried expression; she did not like to hear that Ambroise had been hurt. But it was brave of him, was it not, and like him to have recovered the dead guide's body? And just at that moment, as if to verify the waiter's statement, Rose Michel, the wife of Alphonse Michel, passed, weeping, on another woman's arm.

Lisette having accomplished her errand, then walked homeward, meditating seriously on all that had happened. Was it not strange—the will of the good God? He did what was for the best, certainly; but those two had been married only a year. It was very sad. She must see if she could comfort or aid this poor Rose Michel in her great trouble.

Musing on many things, she at last saw coming towards her a little procession of men, two of them bearing between them an ugly thing—the litter with the body of the guide.

"But they have passed Rose Michel's house—it is strange," thought Lisette; and then she saw them stop at her own home, which stood a little way down the road. "Why, why are they stopping there—oh!"

Lisette stood perfectly still. An iron band, cruel and merciless, grasped her heart, and seemed to squeeze upward in rushing flood all the blood therein, choking her, dyeing her throat and face crimson, so that her heart was left dry and sere; and then, did not that crimson flood fall back into it again slowly, drop by drop, each like some ponderous weight? And she turned ghastly white. She felt herself growing deadly cold from top to toe, and for a moment she could not move—she was as one paralysed. Then with all her might she ran to where that ugly procession had stopped at her own door, and there lay Ambroise, beautiful and smiling, but dead—dead!

Lisette uttered not a shriek—not a sound. She sank on her knees. She bent forward staring, her arms hanging down stiffly a little back from her body, with strenuously closed fists. She had the look of a hypnotised person: the mouth open in a round O, the eyes wide, distended, glassy. Like the head of a Marie Antonette after the execution, she wore an expression of bewildered astonishment and surprise, rather than of terror or pain. And she remained motionless for thirty dreadful seconds, gazing at the inanimate object which lay before her. Those about her stood as if mesmerised, in complete silence, and stared in a frightened way at the tragic, fascinated form. Those thirty seconds seemed interminable, and they thought she would never move. But as the knowledge of what had happened grew within her, her gaze changed, becoming less stupefied, more wild. And with the horror growing unbearably, she upraised her arms, which sought the air with hands clenched in fierce anguish. The half-closed lids showed the intense pain in the gray eyes; deep furrows came between the brows; the head was thrown back; the open mouth took an agonised droop. It was an attitude expressive of deepest despair. She swayed once, and fell forward without a moan prone on the earth with extended arms. All this happened in less than a minute, and not an outcry was uttered, nor a single sound. The quiet of the grave reigned; and they picked her up and carried her into the house, following slowly with their other burden lying frozen—horridly stiff and still. It was terrible; shriekings, and shriekings again and again, they would not so much have minded. They had come prepared for loud outcries and wailings; they had expected a painful scene; but nothing they had expected seemed so dreadful as this dumb and tortured agony and despair.

(To be concluded.)

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Mrs A. Hunter, Manchester, street, Christchurch, N.Z., who writes on March 30, 1893.—I have been suffering for months past from indigestion and pains in the back and side, tired and languid feeling, lowness of spirits. I have tried many cures, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I have spent a lot of money in doctors. At last I was recommended to try Clements' Tonic, which I did; I have taken two bottles, and I can truly say I have never found any remedy do me as much good as Clements' Tonic. I would recommend anybody who is suffering from these complaints to try Clements' Tonic, and I feel sure it will do them good.—I am, yours truly, A. Hunter, Manchester street, Christchurch, N.Z.

It seems that the wine which the Kaiser sent to Prince Bismarck was old Moselle. In this country the favourite among German wines is Hock, which is a drier wine, with more delicate quality than the Moselle, in making which the flavour of the Moselle grapes is as far as possible persevered. When Moselle is drunk it is as often sparkling as still. But Prince Bismarck's favourite wine is still Moselle. During his speeches in the Reichstag he used to take copious libations of Moselle and seltzer water, being careful that the proportions were nicely adjusted. Count Herbert Bismarck, who was literally his bottle holder, had to consume any glass in which there was too much seltzer. It may be mentioned that still Moselle was also Mr Parnell's favourite wine, and if the dinner bills of the House of Commons were preserved it would be found that in a large number of cases the "chief's" dinner consisted of a simple steak and half a bottle of Moselle. Perhaps this similarity of taste was not the only point which Bismarck and Mr Parnell had in common.

IRISH SELF-RELIANCE.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

The *Home Rule Bulletin*, the organ of the Irish National Federation of America, in an article headed "Irish Self-Reliance," says:—

It is often asserted that the agricultural classes in Ireland are, generally speaking, a selfish community. People who make such accusations do so on very slender grounds. They belong to the order of reasoners who think the logic of facts unnecessary where a sweeping assertion has to be made and disproof is not easy. We believe it to be a cruel and gratuitous libel on a great and warm-hearted people.

The agricultural population of Ireland is the bulk of the population. They constitute fully three-fourths, if not more, of the whole. Without much exaggeration they may be spoken of as the whole people. Those who find this groundless slander at them practically attempt what Edmund Burke declared to be an impossibility. They try to indict a whole nation.

It is the agricultural population of Ireland who have always furnished the bulk of the sinews of war for all the political movements in the country, during the present century at least, and they often did so in periods of great distress to their class.

The mode in which they are now springing to the support of their evicted brethren, in response to the appeal recently made affords a striking proof that their generosity is not an ephemeral or fickle attribute. They have not wearied out with iteration. Year after year they have been called upon to put their hands in their pockets for the same object, and they have invariably done so not only without grumbling or hesitation, but with cheerfulness and whole-hearted cordiality. The evicted have no shame in accepting such help. It was for a cause that they suffered, and they have an irresistible claim upon the support of their class everywhere in Ireland.

Very gratifying it is to peruse the latest reports regarding the progress of the fund in Ireland. Everywhere there is activity and emulation. Many individuals are giving generously; in almost every parish the collections of the humbler classes go to swell the general chest. Before this sheet goes to press the printed lists give reason to believe that the total up to date will amount up to, if not exceed, fifteen thousand dollars.

Looking over the lists of subscriptions, it cannot fail to strike the reader that even the poorest parishes in Ireland—namely, those in some portions of Connaught, are making noble efforts to put themselves in evidence. Some portions of Ulster, too—notably parishes in Donegal—conspicuous always for their poverty—are bravely struggling to do their duty.

Regarding Ulster, the state of things is in some quarters rather paradoxical. We find, for instance, the Ballymena Board of Poor Law Guardians passing resolutions and entering into correspondence with Lord Ripon and Mr John Dillon, M.P., with a view to putting a stop to evictions. Ballymena is the centre of a strongly anti-National district, and we are safe in assuming that the Poor Law Board there is fairly representative of this element among the Ulster farmers. This class was remarkable for consistent opposition to Home Rule and the land agitation during all the years of twin struggle, yet there were none more eager to take advantage of the benefits which the popular party by degrees wrung from the landlord Legislature than those very men. They send bitter anti-Nationalists to Parliament; yet it is to the popular leaders they now turn for relief from such landlord injustice as they still suffer from. We do not find that they contribute anything, as a class, towards the sustentation of their fellow-farmers in the south and west who adopted a more manly attitude in the land struggle.

This inconsistent conduct is brought home to them very pointedly in a letter from Mr John Dillon in reply to a recent resolution of theirs on the subject of lessening evictions. To continue to send men to Parliament whose constant effort it is to thwart the Nationalist members' endeavours to diminish the landlords' powers of eviction, and then cry out for help to the popular party, is, indeed, as he reminds them, a little anomalous.

Protestant Ulster and Presbyterian Ulster is being constantly held up before the world by Unionist showmen as the one redeeming spot in a demoralised island. If it were consistently anti-National, one might admire it for mistaken fidelity to principle. There is a good deal of the canny Scot about this portion of Ulster, we see however; and this is a quality which does not commend itself to many outside the ranks of camp followers who roam the field when the battle is over in search of bounty.

Here in America there are some who pride themselves on being what they call Scotch-Irish. We commend this little peculiarity of these *confreres* in Ireland to their earnest attention.

Meantime, to the descendants of those who in other years were driven out of Ireland by landlord oppression, we commend the example of the more generous-hearted tillers of the soil who still fight Ireland's battle. It is inspiring to find so true a spirit still animating those at home, showing as it does that the pristine virtues of courage and camaraderie flourish undiminished among our faithful people.

(From Contemporaries.)

THE beatification of the Venerable D'Avila will coincide with the visit of the great Spanish pilgrimage to the Eternal City in April.

In one diocese of Sicily the Bishop found that the poor people had pawned the coverings of their beds for an aggregate of £320. From his own poverty, and by the help of others, he has restored all these to their owners.

The rapidity with which the Sisterhood of Mercy has grown in America since the time its first convent was founded, half a century ago, at Pittsburgh, can be estimated from the fact that it now numbers more than 200 houses in the United States.

General Melline, who became Grand Master of the French Freemasons in 1870, was renounced to the Church before his death, which took place lately. He passed away embracing the crucifix.

The Rev Gabriel Corkemaz, a Maronite priest of Mount Lebanon, Syria, has arrived in New York with the object of becoming a missionary among the Arabic speaking Catholics of the United States who worship according to the Maronite rite.

The Anti-Catholic Press of Italy has been trying to make out that the priests were fomenters of the disorders in Sicily. What the Bishops and priests are doing is spending every penny they can scrape together in helping the starving people to find food. So far from fomenting disorder they are in this way helping to remove its chief cause, and they are impoverishing themselves and their churches in order to do so.

The following four Anglican clergymen recently received into the Catholic Church, have had the Sacrament of Confirmation administered to them by Cardinal Vaughan: The Revs Sutherland Macklem, of St Cuthbert's Earl's Court; Richard Somerville Wood, M.A., chaplain to her Majesty's Forces; Hugh C. Briggs M.A., of St Stephen's Devonport, and All Saint's, Plymouth; and Horace Chapman, M.A., for many years rector of Donhead, St Andrew, near Salisbury.

A window of the time of Henry VII, has been discovered embedded in the wall of Gray's Inn, formerly a Catholic Church. Also a holy water stoup of the epoch of Mary, which was bricked up in the process of age and infidelity. This latter has of course not been restored to its original purpose. There is no knowing but it may be yet. Success to the English Bansomers.

Mgr Livinhac, Superior of the White Fathers, has published an account of the doings of Captain Lugard in Uganda, wherein he states that the fury of Protestant missionaries instigated many acts of barbarism against the poor naive Catholics in July, 1892. Catholic buildings were destroyed and the communities of neophytes dispersed. To-day the fruit of that abominable conduct is being reaped tenfold. The Mussulmans brought in to oppose the Catholics have turned round against the Protestants and their English supporters. The events which have happened north of the Nyanza fully justify the predictions made by Mgr Hirth three or four years ago.

The Executive Committee of the Jubilee Fetes has arranged the details of the closing ceremony in connection with the Pope's Jubilee year. The ceremony will consist of a Mass celebrated by his Holiness in St Peter's, in grand state, followed by the *Te Deum*. Sixty thousand tickets are to be given out for this final celebration. The interior of the vast Basilica will be elaborately decorated with red and gold hangings; and special tribunes will be erected for the diplomatic corps, the Roman aristocracy, and the heads of the different religious orders. The entrance of the Pope into the church, followed by all the members of the Pontifical Court, and all the Cardinals present in Rome, will be announced from the dome by a musical blast from the silver trumpets. The Pope has considerably improved in health, but his doctors desire that he should not over-exert himself.

The massacre of Catholics by the Cossacks in the Church of Krosche, in the Province of Kovno, appears to be only one among many outrages lately inflicted on the Catholics of Russia. Last year three churches were destroyed at Kudvynce, in Podolia; in Volhynia another was partly destroyed and the presbytery confiscated; a third was razed to the ground in Lithuania. "In the Government of Minsk," writes a correspondent of the *Chronicle*, "churches are changed into taverns. In one of these I read the old inscription, '*Gloria tibi Domine!*' and under it a metal placard, 'brandy sold wholesale and retail.' Priests may not go beyond a second parish without special permission. The Catholic bishops are completely controlled by the generals in command, and can do nothing in their dioceses without fear of the fate of the Bishop of Vilna, Hryniewiecki, who was banished to Siberia. Mr Harry de Windt may sneer at the "highly-coloured, blood-curdling" state of affairs pictured by Mr Kennan, but the truth is that Mr Kennan minimises rather than exaggerates the horror of the scenes to be witnessed in Russia. We ourselves, says the *Catholic Times*, have positive evidence both from correspondents in Russia and Russians now living in this country to the effect that the outrages to which the members of the

Roman Church are subjected by the Russian officials surpasses all description.

In the midst of the depressing accounts which are telegraphed every day concerning the social condition of Italy, it is pleasant to be reminded from time to time that there is another side to the picture. In spite of all their troubles, the pious Italians resolved that the Papal Jubilee should not merely offer an occasion for a momentary outburst of devotion to the Holy See, but that it should bear permanent fruit in the foundation of good works throughout the whole country. The *Civiltà Cattolica* has just commenced publishing in instalments the exceedingly lengthy list of all these commemorative undertakings, a list which cannot fail to fill with generous envy the hearts of a scattered Catholic community such as we in England form. Churches and chapels, schools and convents are being built, free houses for seminarians have been established, statues and monuments erected, and—what in the present condition of Italy must give to the aged Pontiff the greatest consolation of all, as being especially needful—an immense number of Catholic associations for young men and of free Catholic libraries have been formed, besides societies innumerable for religious and philanthropic purposes. Such generosity in good works, and such a spontaneous demonstration of affection towards the person of the Holy Father, surely offer the most effective of all answers to the domineering pretensions of the Italian freebought party.

The controversy regarding the immuring of nuns is, as we learn from the Catholic papers received by the last mail, practically at an end. Father Thurston has, to quote the words of a contemporary, disposed of Mr Rider Haggard's original statement in a most effective way, and nobody else has come forward with a single scrap of evidence in support of this grotesque charge. Mr Haggard when in Mexico saw the desiccated body of a young woman, and was assured that it had been found immured in the walls of a religious building." As it happens, however, a statement has been received from the director of the museum, who had been previously communicated with, and from it we are made acquainted with the following facts:—First, that there is no foundation for the story that the remains are those of an immured nun; secondly, that they, with some others, have been preserved only in order to illustrate the well-known phenomenon of the preserving influence of the Mexican climate on dead bodies; and lastly, that these, together with some other remains, were found in two of the common cemeteries when the latter were closed some

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

At Mount St Anne's, Milltown, County Dublin, the noviciate of the Irish Sisters of Charity, a most impressive and interesting ceremony was recently celebrated in honour of the golden jubilee of the Superior-General of the Order, Mother Mary Francis Scholastica Margison, who has been fifty years a professed nun in this Order, which, of all others, is so truly Irish in its origin, in its life, in its every work. The occasion was a remarkable one, for the Institute of the Irish Sisters of Charity being of the present century, and therefore in its infancy as compared with many other Catholic religious congregations, this is the first time in the history of the Sisterhood that a Superior-General celebrates her jubilee of fifty years. Therefore, the festival has been kept as the golden wedding that proves how truly, how indissolubly, binding was, and is, the link that weds the Sisters of Charity to their chosen ones—Christ's Irish poor.

The celebration was of deep and touching interest, not only for the Sisters themselves, but for the public at large, of all classes and creeds—for the work of this particular Sisterhood reaches every class and every creed amongst us, and that to a far greater degree than is generally realised. Catholic in every sense of the word, the Sister of Charity, in her good works, recognises no religious distinction. The rule of her life forbids her to interfere with the beliefs of others, and the poor Protestant, Jew, unbeliever, knocking at the convent door, needs no other credentials than those of poverty and suffering. Therefore, the members of every creed have an especial interest in a Sisterhood whose institution in our midst has proved such a blessing to the poor.

The Sisters of Charity—who are they, and what is their work? Of Irish books written in the last quarter of a century there is one which has been placed by historians and other learned men of letters in the foremost rank amongst such books, both as a biography and an historical work; this is the "Life of Mary Aikenhead, Foundress of the Order of Irish Sisters of Charity," written by the late Mrs Sarah Atkinson. This biography gives a very beautiful description of the foundation, the rise, and the establishment amongst us of the Irish Sisters of Charity, and from it we learn how, just seventy-eight years ago, when the Catholics of this country were emerging from the painful state of bondage and suffering in which they had been kept during centuries of varying penal laws, a young Cork lady of

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time ago. As Father Thurston in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* very rightly observes, further comment on this matter is now absolutely needless.

Religious fallacies are hard to kill, but it might have been thought that the theory that St Patrick professed the creed of Luther and Queen Elizabeth had been long since abandoned by the leading divines amongst our Protestant fellow countrymen. That the contrary is the fact we are reminded by the able letter which the Rev Francis McElvogue, of the Cathedral, Armagh, has addressed to the *Armagh Guardian*, and which we reproduce elsewhere. Father McElvogue's letter, it will be seen, was called forth by the recent imprudent utterances in the pulpit of the Protestant Cathedral of our Primatial city by the Very Rev Dean Chadwick and the Rev Dr King Irwin. The Dean, indeed, went so far as to speak of the Catholic Church as an "Italian Schism"! This, which was after all only impertinence, he followed up by a challenge to the world at large to show how the Church to which he belongs originally became possessed of the vast estates of which Disestablishment has bereft her. The Dean triumphantly asked: "What act ever tore these from other hands to transfer them to ours?" Father McElvogue quotes ample evidence to show the nature of the legislation which robbed the Catholic people of this country of their lands and estates to transfer them to Protestant owners; while as to the Dean's challenge with reference to the church lands it must surely be needless to remind him that the snatching of the king's supremacy, the enforcement of the king's liturgy, the preferment of men of the king's morals to high ecclesiastical and prelatial place—imposed and sustained as such measures were by the sword and gibbet—were quite sufficient to secure the possession of our cathedrals and churches for Protestant lands without direct enactment of confiscation. The "Italian Schism" to which the Dean referred was the refusal—coat what it might—of the worthy priest and the honest laymen to abandon the Faith of Patrick in exchange for the doctrines of the apostate Monk of Augsburg. Farther McElvogue has done well, he has battered the Dean and the Doctor with the artillery belonging to their own camp, and gives good evidence that he is quite prepared to "keep them on the run."

good fortune and position, whose feeling heart led her to notice and to realise how great are the sorrows of the poor—a vast field for meditation—conceived the idea of a religious order of women whose lives should be devoted, in private and in public, to the services of the destitute. In those days Mary Aikenhead's thought was a bold one; the terrors of penal times were still strong in the hearts of Catholics, so long unaccustomed to any freedom, civil or religious; the ancient public charitable institutions had long been suppressed, and it was a thing unknown and unheard of that nuns should be seen in public hospitals giving their tender, motherly care alike to suffering men, women, and children; nuns had never been seen in the streets, going on their errands of mercy from house to house, visiting, comforting, alleviating the woes of their wretched inmates; nuns had never yet been seen in the public schools, instructing the ignorant; in the prisons, winning the poor outcasts of society back to repentance, hope, and self-respect, or preparing the condemned criminals to go before their God. All these and a hundred other good works were conceived in the large heart of Mary Aikenhead, who, blessed in her undertaking by the Most Rev Dr Murray, then Archbishop of Dublin, began in 1815, in company with one other generous young Irish lady, that mission of truly Christian mercy never since interrupted even for one hour.

These two women, young in years, comparatively, in the world, and in business affairs, simply took for their motto and the guiding impulse of their life the legend, "*Caritas Christi urget nos.*" Broad, tender, unbogoted, Divinely human, like Christ Himself, it taught sympathy for every woe of mind and body, and it urged, ever more and more, each day enlarging the hearts it filled, until no work in any way beneficial to the poor seemed too great, too difficult for Mother Mary Aikenhead and the daughters whom, before long, she saw gathered around her in hundreds and spread far and wide throughout the land.

It has been said that so fully did the sublime motto of her order fill the foundress's heart that she succeeded in instilling its very spirit, and much of her own fine nature, into every member of her congregation, from the beginning to the present hour, and it would certainly seem as if the Mother General who, for the last eighteen years, has ruled over the now widespread association, had, indeed,

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inherited the same nature, the same intellect, quick to understand, prompt to carry out every good work, no matter how arduous, that can in any way advance the one object of her Order—the well-being of the poor.

To speak much of the virtues and personal qualities is not compatible with the privacy of one who has elected to hide her individuality under the name of Sister of Charity. It may, however, be said here that to those who know many of the communities under her rule it is evident that the Superior-General, who has just celebrated her golden jubilee, rules not alone with a wisdom equal to that which founded this noble Order, but with such a generous heart and spirit that all her children regard her less as their superior than as a beloved mother for whom each one truly feels the tenderness of a daughter. The only personal record then, which is made at this public ceremonial, is that Mrs Anne Margison, in religion Mother Mary Francis Scholastica, was born in Preston, Lancashire, March 3rd, 1818, and is partly English and partly Irish by descent, her father's mother having been Irish. When in her 23rd year Miss Margison entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity, and was professed after the usual term of probation, nearly three years. The whole of her earlier religious life was devoted to the care of the sick in St Vincent's Hospital, of which she was superior for eighteen years, up to the time of her election as Superior-General of the Order, in 1876, since which time she has resided at the Novitiate, so that the greater part of Mrs Margison's long and useful life has been spent amongst and for the Irish. Once only in all those long years did she revisit England, when she had the privilege of attending the death-bed of her only brother, who had also devoted his life to the service of God. Father Margison was a distinguished member of the Benedictine Order.

SEASONABLE FESTIVITIES.

(Tuapeka Times, March 21.)

ST. PATRICK'S concert took place in the Town Hall, Lawrence, on Friday evening last and was an unqualified success, the house being packed, notwithstanding the very inclement state of the weather.

At the conclusion of the entertainment, Father O'Leary warmly thanked the audience for their attendance in such large numbers on such a wet night, and cordially acknowledged his indebtedness to the performers for their services, especially thanking Mr and Mrs Woods, pianist and accompanist, who had rendered such excellent service during the evening.

The compulsory postponement of the sports from Friday until the following day (Saturday) owing to the inclemency of the weather was not attended by any advantage from an atmospherical point of view. But there was no other course open to the committee. After the first four events on the programme had been gone through on Friday, under circumstances far from pleasant, the state of the course and the temper of both contestants and spectators rendered a postponement unavoidable. There was, however, little, if any, improvement in the weather on the following day. The rain came down from an early hour of the day in a settled, steady drizzle that forbade any hope of improvement; but it was decided to go through with all the events and exhaust the programme under any circumstances. It was a bold resolve, but yet a wise one, and the heat that could be taken under the circumstances. To hold the sports over until the following week would bring with it no guarantee of better weather, and besides, there were a number of competitors present from a distance whose presence could not be relied on again. Had the weather been favourable, the day's sports would have been one of the best yet held in Lawrence. The programme was an exceptionally good one, from an athletic standpoint, and the stakes were big enough in these dull days to tempt an unusually large number of competitors from a distance to enter the lists. For instance, there were as many as fourteen nominations for St Patrick's bandicap, and of these twelve accepted, but only eight came to the scratch, the other four leaving by the morning train on Saturday. The attendance of the public, too, would have been many times larger had the weather been less forbidding. But miserable as the day was on Saturday, between 100 and 150 people put in an appearance on the grounds and watched the programme of events to its conclusion.

(Waimate Times, March 21.)

Notwithstanding the somewhat unpropitious weather on Saturday night, a very large audience assembled at the Oddfellow's Hall to obtain an evening's enjoyment at what has now become one of the popular entertainments of the year—St Patrick's School entertainment. The programme from first to last was carried through with credit to all concerned, and the various performers, juvenile and adult, were greeted with hearty applause for the manner in which they acquitted themselves. The school children gave abundant evidence that they had had patient and careful training bestowed upon them, some of the young actors displaying considerable ability and provoking much laughter by their performances. Such was the case

with Pat Booney (W. Ferriter) in "The omnibus." The other parts in the same farce were also well portrayed. The tableaux at the end of the first part was an excellent representation, the various scenes, or rather situations, displayed being realistically presented to the audience by the young ladies who took part. The choruses and dialogues of which there were quite a number, by the boys and girls were all well rendered, "The Red Chignon," a dialogue by Misses Osborne, Halsey, O'Sha, St George, Edwards, and Maslan being very amusing. A bigger chorus by the boys, who marched on to the stage with blackened faces and white suits, took immensely. Miss Sara Evans, Miss Osborne, and Miss Bartos each gave well-rendered vocal items during the evening and were warmly encored. An instrumental quartette, Miss Tregoning and Mr Langdown, violin; Mr Harwood, Cornet; and Miss Dooley, piano, was listened to most appreciatively, this, no doubt, being one of the best items on the programme. Step-dances were given by Messrs O'Connor and M. Carthy. The accompaniments were contributed by Misses Dooley, Osborne, and Bartos. The stage we should add, was nicely draped and lighted, and too much credit cannot be given to those who were entrusted to carry out the arrangements.

YANKEE NOTIONS.

"I SAW a funny thing in Cheyenne a few weeks ago," said a Detroiter who returned from a Western trip the other day. "I was wandering around town to see the elephant and chance led me into a big saloon where all the scrappers made their headquarters. Back of the saloon was a building where a professor of the manly art gave instructions, and where the 'pugs' thumped each other at exhibitions. They were 'trying out' a new arrival that day, and I should say there were forty or fifty tough-looking chaps in the place. Soon after I entered a young man who had come through from Denver in my car dropped in. He couldn't have been over 24 years of age, while he was over six feet tall and his weight only 120 pounds. He was long-faced, thin and long-legged and reminded you of nothing so much as a boy on stilts. Two men were getting ready to go on when long leg peeled off his coat, vest, and collar, put them in my charge, and climbed upon the platform."

"That was a 'def' to the crowd?"

"Exactly, and in about a minute they put a man up to punch his head off. They gave long legs a second, and the first thing he did was to take the glasses off the young man's nose. The latter reached for them and said:

"Excuse me, but I always fight with my glasses on."

"But they'll get knocked off or jammed into your face."

"Don't you believe it! It's never happened yet, and I don't think it will now."

"The scrapper over in the other corner couldn't make it out. He was a man so sure of himself that he was going to put up his dukes with a pair of eye-glasses on his nose. He must, perforce be a knock-out from Knockersville, and it was better to retreat than to carry around a broken jaw. He therefore retreated. Several others came forward, but when they saw long legs seated cross-legged in his corner with those glasses poised so jauntily they didn't want anything of him. Then he got up and said:—

"Gentlemen, there is no limit to weight. I always fight in glasses, as I'm a little near-sighted. I will, however, remove my glass eye and false teeth if deems it best. Will your best man step up here for a couple of rounds?"

"But no one stepped. He waited a minute or two and then pulled off the gloves with a look of disappointment and got into his clothes, and we went out together. He didn't look to me at all like a scrapper, and as we walked down the street I said:—

"What sort of a deal were you giving that crowd?"

"A gigantic bluff," he answered with a laugh.

"Are you a fighter?"

"I never struck a blow in my life, not even in fun."

"But suppose one of those scrappers had tackled you?"

"I should have backed down and asked 'em all up to drink. But there was no danger. I've tried it half a dozen times before, and the glasses always settles 'em."

"How about the glass eye and the false teeth?"

"I simply rung 'em in to help on the bluff. Haven't got a false tooth in my head, and both eyes are perfect. It's a bluff of my invention, and works like a charm. Please don't give it away."

"And that afternoon," said the Detroiter in conclusion, "when we took the train east there were a hundred sports down to the depot to see long legs off, and I'm a duffer if they didn't present him with a bottle of wine and give him three cheers and a tiger!"—Free Press.

Editor Boom City Buzzer.—There's another fellow waiting out there with a gun. Ah, me! An editor's lot is not a happy one. If that man should kill me he would lose nothing, as there are plenty of other fools willing to take my place here and keep him supplied with the news of the day at five cents a copy.

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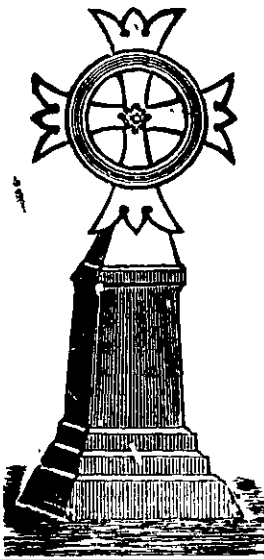
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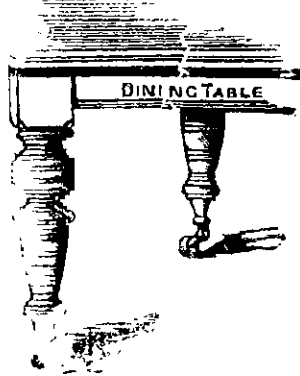
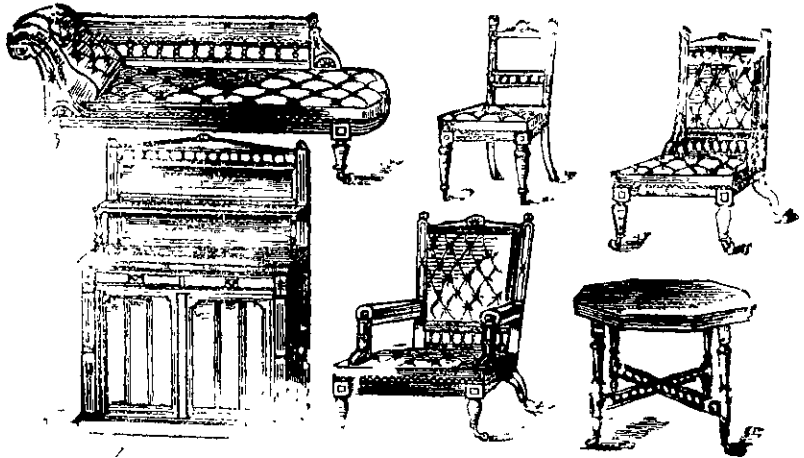
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JOHN P. FIBREY, Proprietor.

Friend—You are a good shot and can pick him off with perfect safety right from this window.

Editor—Hah! If you were running this paper, you'd soon be bankrupt. If I should kill him I'd lose a subscriber.—*New York Weekly.*

ANCESTRY OF THE LATE MARSHAL MACMAHON.

MARSHAL MACMAHON was of the Clare MacMahons. These Clare MacMahons differ in descent from the Ulster or Monaghan MacMahons. The latter are of the race of Clan Colla of the line of Heremon, while the former are descendants from the O'Briens, kings of Munster, of the race of Heber.

Patrick MacMahon, of Torrodale, in the County of Limerick, was married to Margaret, daughter of John O'Sullivan, of Bantry, in the County of Cork, of the house of O'Sullivan Beare. Identified with the cause of the Stuarts, he sheathed his sword at the treaty of Limerick, and retired with his wife to the friendly shores of France. There his son, John MacMahon, of Antrim, married an heiress, and was created Count d'Equilly. On the 28th of September, 1749, the Count applied to the Irish Government of that day, accompanying the application with the necessary fees, &c., for the officers of the Ulster King-at-Arms, to have his genealogy, together with the records, &c., of his family, duly authenticated, collected and recorded, "in order that his children and their posterity in France, might have sufficient proof of the proud fact that they were Irish."

In these records he is described as of "the noble family, paternally, of the MacMahons of Clondirala, in Clare; and, maternally, of the noble family of O'Sullivan Beare." He was grandfather of the Marshal Duke of Magenta.

The Count's genealogy commences in the middle of the fifteenth century, and traces through eight generations:—

Terence MacMahon, proprietor of Clondirala, married Helena, daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, died in 1472, and was interred in the Monastery of Ashelin, in Munster.

He was succeeded by his son, Donatus MacMahon, who married Honora O'Brien, of the noble family of Thomond, and his son, Terence MacMahon, married Joanna, daughter of John MacNamara, of Dobaghtin, commonly styled "MacNamara Beagb," and had a son, Bernard MacMahon, whose wife was Margareta, daughter of Donatus O'Brien, of Daugh.

Montagh MacMahon, son of Bernard, married Eleanora, daughter of William O'Neil, of Emri, colonel of a cavalry regiment in the army of Charles I, and was father of Maurice MacMahon, whose wife Helena was daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, of Ballinoo, Knight of Glyna.

Mortagh MacMahon, son of Maurice, married Helena, daughter of Emmanuel MacSheehy, of Ballylinoo, and was father of the above-named Patrick MacMahon, who married Margareta, daughter of John O'Sullivan, mother of John, first Count d'Equilly.

The descent of the Count MacMahon, maternally, through the O'Sullivans, is as follows:—

Mortagh O'Sullivan Bere, of Bantry, in the County of Cork, married Mary Ann, daughter of James Lord De-mond, and dying was interred 1541 in the Convent of Friars Minor, Cork. His son, John O'Sullivan, of Bantry, married Joanna, daughter of Gerald de Courcy, Baron of Kinsale, and died 1578, leaving Daniel O'Sullivan, his son, who married Anne, daughter of Christopher O'Driscoll, of Baltimore, in the County of Cork, and died at Madrid, leaving his son John Sullivan, of Bantry, who married Margaret, daughter of James O'Donovan, of Roscarberry, County of Cork. Bartholomew O'Sullivan, son of John, was colonel in the army of James II, at the siege of Limerick, and married Helena, daughter of Thomas Fitzmaurice, Baron of Kerry. His son, Major John O'Sullivan, of Bantry, married Honoria, daughter of Robert McCarthy, of Castro Leonino, in the County of Cork, grandson of Daniel McCarthy, Lord of Glenclare, and Margaret, his wife, daughter of Donogh, Lord Desmond, and died in 1731. Their daughter was Margareta, who married Patrick MacMahon, of Torrodale. Through his grandmother Helena, daughter of Emmanuel McSheehy, John MacMahon, Count d'Equilly, was related to the Fitzgibbonas of Ballynahinch, the Lacyas of Ballingarry, the Purcellas of Crough, the Lysaghts of Shandagan, the O'Callaghans, the McNamaras of Crivagh, the MacMahons of Corrigolt, and through the McCartys and Fitzgeralds, with all the leading families of Munster, of the native and Anglo-Norman descent.—*Ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores.*—*Boston Pilot.*

Socialism would appear to be on the wane in England, and in fact the Social Democratic Federation seems to be losing whatever grip it had upon a small section of the public. The more moderate amongst the Socialists are returning to Radicalism, perhaps they have begun to realise the fact that nothing practical comes from utterly impracticable organisations. The attack upon Mr John Burns who has worked strenuously in Parliament to obtain all the benefits he can for the workman, has only rebounded to the credit of that most practical Labour leader.

A WATCHWORD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

When you find a certain lack
In the stiffness of your back
At a threatened fierce attack,
Just the hour
That you need your every power,
Look a bit
For a thought to baffle it,
Just recall that every knave,
Every coward, can be brave,
Till the time
That his courage should be prime—
Then 'tis fled.
Keep your head!
What a folly 'tis to lose it
Just the time you want to use it.
When the ghost of some old shirk
Comes to plague you and to lurk
In your study or your work,
Here's a hit
Like enough will settle it.
Knowledge is a worthy prize;
Knowledge comes to him who tries—
Whose endeavour
Ceases never.
Everybody would be wise
As his neighbour,
Were it not that those who labour,
For the trophy creep, creep, creep,
While the others lag or sleep;
And the sun comes up some day
To behold one on his way
Past the goal
Which the soul
Of another has desired,
But whose motto was—"I'm tired,"

When the task of keeping guard—
Of your heart—
Keeping weary watch and ward
Of the part
You are called upon to play
Every day—
Is becoming dry and hard—
Conscience languid, virtue irksome,
Good behaviour growing worksome—
Think this thought:
Doubtless everybody could,
Doubtless everybody would,
Be superlatively good.
Were it not
That it's harder keeping straight
Than it is to deviate;
And to keep the way of right,
You must have the pluck to fight.

—*St. Nicholas* for January.

The trades union returns for 1892 show a decrease of funds in most of the English and Scotch unions, but in the Irish unions the tendency is rather the other way. It cannot be said, however, that the funds are very large in amount. The total funds on 31st December, 1892, amounted to less than £8000, and of this sum the flax-dressers accounted for £1961; the powerloom tenters for £1337, and the flaxroughers for £674. The largest sum held by any union out of Ulster was £311, held by the Waterford and Limerick engineers. In Scotland the same number of unions held £58,331. Of course, I need hardly say that many of the unions put down as English have branches in Ireland and Scotland. Such are the Amalgamated Engineers, with 70,000 members and £21,400; and the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, with 30,000 men and £12,000. Altogether there are in the United Kingdom just short of 1,100,000 members of registered members of trades unions, and they hold funds averaging £1 10s a man.

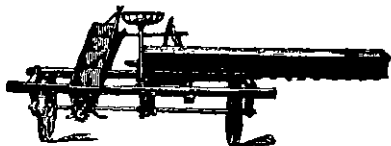
A few weeks ago an old negress came from Bridgetown, on the island of Barbadoes, to a missionary and asked him to read three Masses for Victor Hugo. The missionary was astonished, and at first believed that he had misunderstood the visitor. But the negress replied to his questions that years ago she had given aid to Hugo's daughter, who had married an English officer against the will of her father, and had fled with him to Barbadoes. The officer deserted his wife, who consequently became almost insane, and was cared for in that condition by the negress. The negress wrote to the poet of the sad condition of his child. Hugo sent her 2,000 francs and had her to go to Paris with his daughter. After remaining a time in the house of the author the negress decided to return to Barbadoes. One reason for this was the fact that the poor daughter had become incurably insane and had been consigned to an asylum. The poet who respected the negress because of the love she had borne his daughter, said to her before her departure from Paris: "When you hear of my death in your native country have three Masses read for me." The old woman, who first heard of the death of Victor Hugo a few months ago, has now fulfilled the wishes of the poet.

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REID & GRAY'S



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