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S. KIRKPATRICK & CO., Manufacturers, NELSON, N.Z.

heard in time to come, much more than in the past, as a good singer is always remembered when a programme is being made up. So also is Miss Blumsky. Her songs are very much appreciated, as is always seen by the encores which she receives. Miss Poff's playing of the piano is all that can be wished for. We had the pleasure for the first time of hearing Miss Shaskey sing. She sang "What is home without a mother" very nicely, but was a little nervous. With practice she will become a very nice singer. Miss Murphy also sang nicely but was also rather nervous. Of course, our performers are all young, and, therefore, it cannot be expected that they should face an audience with as much confidence as older ones. Miss Nelly Joyce gave us a taste of her powers of reciting by giving us "Curfew shall not ring to-night" in a very good style, showing that with practice she shall become very clever as a reciter.

Just a word or two about the gentlemen performers. Messrs Ross and Blumsky are the making of two very good comic singers. Their singing and acting are all that can be wished for by a Papanui audience. Mr John Delahunt as a comic singer cannot be surpassed, as was seen by the hearty encores which he received, and deservedly too. I hope we shall always have the pleasure of seeing him on our programmes. Mr Smyth as a story-teller was all at home in his little yarn about the death of Habby and Janet. Master Jack Joyce and his violin went very well. With more age and practice he will become a very good performer on his instrument. Master Willie Murphy sings very nicely, but a little to high, and also with more experience will be able to take his place among the best of our Papanui singers. Mr J. Joyce was quite at home in "Shamus O'Brien," just as if he had lately arrived from the Glen of Aberlow. The different parts were given with all the native feeling and spirit of one who understood the habits and customs of the troubled times which the piece dealt with. The farce of "Put a penny in the slot," by Messrs Blumsky, Ross, and Luke, brought a very pleasant entertainment to a close, everyone being quite satisfied with the efforts which had been made to amuse them.

It should interest persons engaged in building to know that Lysaght's "orb brand" galvanised corrugated iron is the best in the market.

Mr James A. Haig, 7 Colombo street, Sydenham, calls attention to his excellent stock of boots and shoes. All the work connected with the trade is done by Mr Haig in the most satisfactory manner possible and at charges of which no one can reasonably complain.

Messrs Arthur Briccoe and Company, may be called upon with advantage by all those who require the services of the iron-monger or iron merchant. Everything included in the business may be ordered of them and will be found of the best qualities and to contain the newest improvements.

Argentina's last revolution cost the people six millions of dollars. The cost does not count; they must have them.

The *Daily Chronicle* prints an interview given by Ida Weldon on the eve of her campaign to expose lynching and other kindred horrors in the Southern States of North America. Commenting thereon, the *Chronicle* says that, although there are some extenuating circumstances, it is a question whether the Southern States are really fitted for self-government. England believed the opposite when it helped the Southern States all it could to smash the Union.

Mr T. B. Snowie writes to the *Inverness Courier*:—In your issue of 18th inst, a paragraph appears about the revolver found at Ouldoon Moor, and now in my possession. The writer who contradicted the accuracy must be a person of no consequence. Several experts as to relics of bygone times have examined it, and they all admit that the revolver is one of French make, and had undoubtedly been in use at the date referred to. I shall be glad to have other qualified parties to examine it, and if their decision will enhance the verdict of a would-be critic, I will then give in; but certainly I cannot entertain his idea of its being a Belgian-manufactured weapon of destruction, as in Belgium they were not known at that date. If your authority will furnish me with barrowfuls of the same I shall be glad to deal with him, as he evidently does not know what he has written about.

THE WALTER BENTLEY COMPANY.

We alluded last week in a note to the play "The silence of Dean Maitland," with which this company began their season on Wednesday, the 1st inst, at the Princess Theatre, Dunedin. We have nothing to retract of what we then said of the story dramatised. Mr D. G. Wingfield, however, is the play-wright not Mr Walter Bentley as we wrongly assumed—and his work has been cleverly done. The play, although the subject in itself is heavy, and as we still think, offensive, is by no means tedious. It is, in fact, even though there may be some contradiction in the idea, bright, and in some parts lively. The tragic conclusion is of very considerable power. The religious leaning of the piece, nevertheless, is most unwholesome. There is nothing to show that the religion of the culprit is not sincere. On the contrary, it seems to enter largely into the motive of his heartless conduct. As in the book, in a word, the hypocrite is not—like Moliere's Tartuffe—a hypocrite from without, but from within. Nor is the character consistent. The man, for example, who is so impudently cool and collected in his interview with the youth claiming, and, as he knows too well, truly claiming to be his son is not the man to break down finally and avow his guilt. There is too much strength for the weakness of the character, and too much weakness for its strength. In both situations, notwithstanding, Mr Bentley's acting was admirable. The sang-froid and cynicism shown in the one were, in their own particular way, as fine as the emotion and passion—fully expressed, but not over-strained, of the other. The members of the company who support Mr Bentley in his part—which is, necessarily, that in which all the interest centres, are very competent for the task. All act with spirit and intelligence.

A play of a different kind is the farcical comedy, "Friends and Foes" This is a translation and adaptation from the French of Victorien Sardou. The scene, however, is laid in England, and the characters—with two exceptions, an Anglo-Frenchman, and a Chinese Irishman—are English. The young Parisian retains something of the morality of the boulevards, and in the marring of his evil design the plot of the play consists. The Chinese Irishman is of the usual stage pattern, though more amusingly than offensively so, and indeed, he shines by comparison with the Anglo-Saxon oddities with whom accident associates him. How the brogue enters into a translation from M. Sardou remains a mystery that the translator alone can explain. In this play Mr Bentley takes the part of a doctor, a man given to the new sciences, yet without—though more over-dry and matter of fact—not without a touch of kindness. Mr Bentley plays the part capably—sustaining throughout the half-sarcastic, half-gold-natured tone. Miss Ida Gresham, as Cecile—a young wife, who fortunately recollects herself in time—acts with intelligence and grace—and all the other characters are well represented.

The play for the last two nights—Monday and Tuesday—has been the Silver King, in which Mr Bentley has one of his best parts. The character of Wilfrid Denver gives him scope for varied and most effective acting. The play is too well-known to need our description, and its lasting popularity testifies to its merits. The other principal parts have been well filled by Miss Ida Gresham (Nellie Denver), Miss Tempest (Henry Corkett); Mr Rede (Jaikes); Mr Boothman ("Spider"); Mr Mario Majeroni (Geoffrey Ware); Mr J. H. Martin (Coombe); and Mr Johnson Weir (Uripps). The minor characters have been also suitably represented, and, in every respect the piece has been creditably produced.

Mr H. J. Lloyd, an Irish journalist, is busily engaged on a history of "Irish Literary Societies," and the book, which is to be brought out in London, is to be extended to three volumes.

W. J. SULLIVAN (late of Sydney) begs to announce that he has commenced **Tailor and Habitmaker Business** at 85 Colombo street (near Tuam street), **CHRISTCHURCH**. A trial respectfully solicited. Patterns on view from all the leading warehouses.