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I doubt altogether and go into perfect certainty on the other side. The severe view, however, taken of Mr Davitt's conduct by our rev correspondent has evidently not been shared by the priesthood generally. We shall not point to the rev gentleman who invited Mr Davitt to speak on the occasion, for referring to which our rev correspondent castigates us. And we do not know that "Bub" need squeak any the less for the balmy words that accompany his whipping. A bazaar, we admit, is an exceptional occasion. We shall, therefore, only remark in passing that eleven priests were present, and that the Archbishop sent his good wishes and blessing. But we see that at a meeting addressed by Mr Davitt at Loughrea on Sunday, January 5, the chair was taken by the Rev R. Meagher, Adm, and the second chair by the Very Rev Canon Canton, P.P., Athenry. These priests, who undoubtedly had carefully watched, and were aware of all that had been said or written in London, would not have countenanced Mr Davitt had he been accountable for the furious anti-Catholic language quoted by our rev correspondent, or had they had reason to believe that he could approve of any such language. Our Catholic contemporaries besides—the *Edinburg Herald* and the *Glasgow Observer*—had taken the same view of the Greenock speech as we took. The fact is, we took the speech as we found it. We had already, in the more authoritative and solemn portion of our paper—our leading columns—condemned, in the strongest manner possible, the opposition given in London to Cardinal Vaughan. We had with great regret seen Mr Davitt implicated in the matter, and we were relieved to find an utterance in which he seemed to give expression to a penitent spirit. We cannot for our part accept Mr Davitt as a vulgar adventurer who is ready to disguise his opinions on mercenary considerations. There are some points in his opinions with which we totally disagree, but his whole life has given proof of his honesty and disinterestedness. He certainly does not deserve to be ranked with "charlatans" of any class. If, moreover, we have shown any exceptional softness with regard to Mr Davitt, and, with all due respect to our rev correspondent, we cannot even now see that we have done so. We are hardly ready to blush for it. The pathos of his history as well as his services to Ireland, merit for him some especial consideration.—*Ed. N.Z. TABLET*]

DEATH OF A BRILLIANT YOUNG MAN.

(*Thames Advertiser*, January 30).

PAPERS to hand by the last Sydney mail announce the death of John de Lacy O'Reilly, son of Mr Peter O'Reilly, headmaster of the Superior Public School, Cambridgeville, and cousin of the Rev Father O'Reilly, of the Thames. The following appears in the local paper on the subject:—"The deceased, a brilliant young Catholic native, was for four years one of the most successful members of the teaching staff of St Ignatius' College, Riverview. He fell a victim to typhoid fever in his 28th year. Mr O'Reilly had only been called to the Bar in October, and on the very day he was stricken down by the illness which carried him off he was to have appeared in Court with his first brief. Mr O'Reilly had all the qualities that go to make a favourite—a sunny disposition, a manly bearing, a kindly heart, and a genial temper. Everyone who knew him held him in affectionate esteem; and those who had opportunities of correctly estimating his high personal character and great ability looked to him as a man who was destined to make a mark, and a big one, in the world. In the best sense he was a 'self-made man,' and he owed the position he had reached entirely to his brains and his industry. During the four years Mr O'Reilly was connected with St Ignatius' College he enjoyed a remarkable popularity, both with the Jesuit Fathers and the boys, and all were very sorry when the hard-working and good-hearted master left Riverview to study for the Bar. In St Joseph's Church, Newtown, the Sunday after the funeral, the Very Rev Dean Blattery spoke in very sympathetic terms of the sad closing of the bright young life. The Dean said the deceased was a man of admirable moral character and great intellectual strength and had he been spared, he would, in all probability, have proved a worthy successor to Edward Butler at the Bar. In *Our Alma Mater*

(the college magazine of St Ignatius, Riverview), which was issued on the day Mr O'Reilly died, the following paragraph appeared:—"Our greatly respected and esteemed master, Mr J. de L. O'Reilly, donned the barrister's wig and gown in October. All his Riverview friends congratulate him."—*R.I.P.*

THE HANDFUL OF THINGS WE KNOW.

SEVERAL years ago an American humourist and poet published some verses called "Little breeches." This was an odd name given to a very small boy who was caught out in a tremendous snowstorm, and finally found in some hay quite a distance from the house. However the boy got there bothered everybody to explain. It was certain he never could have walked. So his father said the angels must have done it; they just stooped down and toted him to where it was safe and warm," he said. The poetry about it (supposed to have been written by the youngster's father) starts off in this way:—

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've a middling tight grip, sir,
On the handful of things I know.

That's it; *This handful of things we know.* There aren't many of 'em, but there are a few. And one of them is this: that for a hundred results there is only one cause. Nature develops and makes differences; never a new force.

Here, for example, is an incident which shows our meaning. About Christmas 1889, Mr E. B. Wright had an attack of influenza. Previous to this he had always been strong and hearty. Well, he got over the influenza; still it had given him (as he says) "a shake." After this he got along fairly well, until February of this year (1892) when the influenza attacked him again. This time the malady "meant busin-ss." Nearly every bone and muscle in his body ached like sore teeth. His skin was hot and dry, and to bed he was obliged to go. For sixteen days he was under a doctor. At the end of that time he found himself alive and that was about all you could say for him.

In his letter he goes on to tell what happened next. "I had a foul taste in the mouth," he says, "and my teeth and tongue were covered with a thick slimy phlegm. My wife says my tongue was like an oyster shell, and I'm sure it was rough as a nutmeg grater. What I ate, which wasn't much, gave me pain in the chest and sides. After a mouthful or two I felt full and blown out, and I used to swell to a great size. By-and-by a hacking cough set in and my breathing got short and quick. At night I lay for hours gasping for breath, and often coughed so I was afraid I should burst a blood vessel. I got weaker and weaker and *was like a broken-minded horse.* The doctor said it was asthma, but he wasn't able to relieve it. Although I live only two minutes walk from the factory where I work, I had to stop and rest on my way many a time.

"Thus matters went with me until June, 1892. Then one day I took up the *Essex Newsman*, and read of a man living at Essexham, near Bungay, having been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got some of this medicine from the International Tea Company, Braintree. After a few doses my breathing grew easier, and by keeping on with the Syrup my food soon digested, the cough left me, and I gained strength. I am now as strong as ever, can eat anything, and walk for miles. I am a brushmaker, and work at the factory of Messrs John West and Sons, High Street, Braintree, and have lived in this town over forty years. (Signed) E. B. WRIGHT, Sandpit Road, Braintree, Essex, August 23rd, 1892."

Now let us see how this illustrates the proposition we started out with. For almost three years Mr Wright was ill with what seemed like a series of different diseases. He had the influenza twice, the asthma one, and another disease which he gives no name to—even if he recognised it. Look for a moment at the variety and incongruity of the pains and troubles he mentions, but he doesn't describe them all, either. You would fancy he had had a dozen ailments at least. Yet he had but *one*—indigestion and dyspepsia—of which all his bodily disturbances (influenza included—a blood disease) were symptoms. All came out of the stomach, and when Seigel's Syrup set that right the others quietly departed.

What, then, is *one thing* of "the handful of things we know"? Answer: That nearly all sorts of diseases are really symptoms of indigestion and dyspepsia, and that Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cures it. Double that fact up in your fist and hold on to it tight.

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