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alone of all the Celtic races had either invented or acquired and gifted to Scotland. All the other branches of the Celtic tongue—Welsh, Cornish, Armorican and Manx—as well as the Scotch Gaelic of 300 years, as evidenced by the poems preserved by the Dean of Lismore, were all more or less phonetically spelt; and the speaker showed by examples the philological advantages possessed by the present-day method of Irish and Scotch Gaelic spelling as compared with the phonetic method. The speaker concluded by hoping that the warmest fraternal feelings would ever exist between the two societies so closely knit together by the ties of a common mother tongue.

The gold medal offered by the Very Rev Father Lynch for the best essay on the Irish Gaelic language and literature has been won by Mr Patrick Hall, who wrote under the *nom de plume*, borrowed for the occasion from Dr Douglas Hyde, of "An Chraobhin Aoibhinn." We publish the essay in another place. We may add that all the essays sent in were, without exception, very creditable—namely those signed respectively "Sneas" and "Samonn an Chnoic."

In the *Pilot* of January 26 a correspondent gives some particulars of the work as it goes on in Boston. "The Irish school of the Philo-Celtic Society," he writes, "re-formed its classes last Sunday for the spring session. The junior class, which is composed of twenty-five members, received its first lesson from Superintendent John O'Daig, who gave a systematic exposition of Irish orthography, showing that Irish is superior to any other language in its system of writing words, and explaining at length the celebrated canon of Celtic orthography, known as "*Caol le caol agus leathan le leathan*." (Slender to slender and broad to broad.) At 5.30 o'clock the pupils gave their usual weekly exhibition, which is free to the public, and consists for the most part of songs, readings and recitations in the Irish tongue. President John P. Lane presided."

There is, it seems, a Scottish delicacy not, like some others, famous throughout the world at large. It is known to the initiated as a "ceapaire," and is described as a Sandwich made of oatcake butter and cheese. A certain Highland matron is thus celebrated in Gaelic verse for her generosity with regard to it:—

A the bhain taigh na srulaigh,  
'S e do dhutchas bhi fial;  
'S iomadh ceapaire maib garbh  
Rinn thu dhomb-sa gun diol.

It will not, perhaps, be out of place to contrast with the generosity of the Highland matron the charity ascribed by an Irish beggar to a certain house. He thus described the alms bestowed on him:—

'Bá mór leathan ar bheagan taois.  
Mug nó fada agus baonne fada shóis.  
A big broad cake of little dough,  
A big long mug and milk long down.

The *Gaelic Journal* for January, besides the pages devoted to the memory of the late Mr Cleaver, in the panegyric of which we have spoken and a fine poem on the same theme, contains a quantity of matter also of great interest. There is a continuation of that folk lore of Ireland, which in its particular way, has hardly any equal and cannot be surpassed, combining, as it does, the visions of a quaint and weird imagination with an insight into a simple and guileless peasant life. There is a song of Donegal in which the fate of a stray sheep is described with a very pretty pathos. Riddles from MS in the British Museum; proverbs; notes in which curious points are explained or examined; and some other contributions, complete an excellent number. The publication merits all the

support that can be given to it and deserves the widest possible circulation.

### THE GOOD SLEEP OF A BAD MAN.

In a certain prison that we have all heard of lay a convict upon his narrow iron cot. He was to be hanged the next morning. Yet he lay there, covered by a rough blanket, sleeping as quietly and soundly as a tired schoolboy. Occasionally the guard in the passage outside peered between the bars of the cell, only to find his charge breathing deeply and regularly. This man had violated the law prohibiting murder; yet he had not violated the physical laws governing his own body, and Nature rewarded him as if he had been the noblest of his race.

That same night, less than a mile away, a rich man tossed and tumbled upon his luxurious bed. He was a good and useful member of society, yet he could not sleep. And, worse still, this happened to him every night. Sleep—that blessing, which the Psalmist says, "God giveth his beloved," was practically as strange to this man. What ailed him? The tortures of conscience? Want of money? The fear of enemies? Nothing of the sort. Then why didn't he sleep as well as the murderer? You would like to know? Right, let us look into the matter.

"I got no sleep at night; I would lie for hours tossing about. In the morning I was worse tired than when I went to bed."

Thus writes Mrs Eliza Mathews, of 1, North Road, Burnt Oak, Edgware, near London, under date of September 22nd, 1892. Just two years before this time she lost her health. A foul taste in the mouth, loss of appetite, and great distress after eating were among the first things she complained of. She craved food at times, and fancied she could eat heartily, yet when the very dishes she had asked for were set before her she turned from them as though they were filth from the gutter. Her skin grew sallow, her eyes yellow, and she had a constant pain at her chest, sides, and between her shoulders. Her bowels were constipated, and the least exertion set her heart thumping as if it must jump up into her mouth. At such times it was as much as ever that she could get her breath. She got so thin and weak she was no good for work. She couldn't walk out doors without stopping to rest every few rods almost.

The doctor did what he could for her, all any doctor could do. At first he said he thought her illness was owing to the smell of the farm-yard. This looked possible. Even the smell of violets has made strong men turn pale and faint dead away. Yet the doctor was wrong. If he had been right, she would have got better when the family left the farm at Bentley Priory and went to live at Burnt Oak. But she was not improved by the change of air; she grew worse and worse.

"In May, 1887," says Mrs Mathews, "I went over to Chelmsford to visit my aunt, Mrs Troughton. She told me of the good Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had done her when she had indigestion and dyspepsia. She bought me a bottle, and I began taking it. After a few doses I felt relief. I kept on taking it, and in two months I was strong and well as ever. My husband and friends were astonished, yet I assured them that Seigel's Syrup had done it. Yours truly, (Signed) ELIZA MATHEWS."

The point is plain enough. The convict slept soundly because he was a healthy man, although he was a wicked one. Our rich friend rolled about all night because his nerves were unstrung by the state of his stomach. Our correspondent was prostrated by the same thing—indigestion and dyspepsia. The remedy named cured her because it has that power. The reason remains a secret with the roots and herbs from which it is made. Yet so long as it drives away disease and gives us back our health and strength, who cares for its mystery? Results, not arguments, are what we all want.

"Burnt Oak House, Edgware, September, 22nd, 1892. I have known Mrs Mathews for some seven years, and remember her long and lingering illness. She informs me that Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cured her, after medical and other means failed. Mrs Mathews is a lady of respectability, and her word can be implicitly relied upon. You can use this statement in any way you may think proper. Yours truly, (Signed) T. H. HOUSE, Grocer and General Provision Dealer, Burnt Oak Stores, Edgware."

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