

She recognised how her sin was coming back upon her as a punishment in his words. She was a proud woman, and he touched her to the quick. "Will you not do it for your mother, then?" she asked.

"Suppose Frances Clyde heard I had been talking with a Catholic priest," he suggested, impatiently, "Don't you see, people would put it down to a hypocritical desire to conciliate her?"

How like he was to her, after all! He would let his stubborn pride and the everlasting fear of "what people would say" stand in the way of his salvation. Mother-like, she sacrificed herself for his good in humiliating herself before him.

"Louis," she began, bravely, "I gave up my soul and peace of mind because I loved your father more than God. I allowed him and his family to influence me as they would, and did not trouble myself about your religion because I didn't care. But when I thought I was going to lose you, I realised what an awful thing it would be if you died unrepented and I was the cause; so I promised Heaven then to come back to the Church if it would only spare you to me. You say I have done a great deal for you, though God knows I would do a hundred times as much to earn you an hour's happiness. Still, I have never asked anything of you in return, and I don't ask now that you enter the Church now to please me. I only want you to see a priest and inquire into its truths. Couldn't you do that for your mother?"

She was on her knees beside him now, her heart in her eyes tears streaming down her cheeks. Louis did not remember ever having seen her weep before. A sudden gush of affection filled his heart. He put his arms about her neck as though he were a child again.

"I will do anything you ask, mother," he said.

Ralph was at the bottom of the whole affair in the end. The Clydes' country residence, in the suburbs of Washington, and the house which the De Montquesnils had taken for Louis' benefit happened to be in close proximity, and Ralph watched his neighbours narrowly. He especially noticed the fact that Father W—— had been going in and out of the house considerably. In fact, Louis

allowed to flag, and the Irishmen of Southland have just reason to be proud of the success of their sports.

In the evening the Irish drama "For Honour's Sake" was staged. This is a brightly written piece, and went with a swing from the beginning. The honours of the evening rested with Miss Bradley and Mr T. J. Anthony. The former, as the faithful Katty Moriarty, sustained her part so ably that I question if another amateur in the Colony could surpass it. The character is very true to life with that dash of philosophy so often found in the Irish peasantry, who always wish to look at the bright side of things. As Crofty, the rollicking Irish carrier, Mr Anthony was entirely at home, and every credit must be given to his portrayal of the part, it being entirely free from the vulgar caricatures of this class of character one is accustomed to see on the stage. His songs, too, were well chosen, and heartily received. As Honor O'Neill, Miss Hishon had a difficult character to fill, and she did it well. In the scene on the summit of Slieve Bawn, when she reveals the crime she believes herself to have committed—the murder of Lord Rankley—she was, perhaps, a little defective in spirit, but one must make allowances in the case of amateurs. In all else she played well, and her singing in the last act of the delightful old Irish song "Tis sad to say farewell" was well worth going a long distance to hear; indeed, many in the theatre were moved to tears. Mr McVatty in the character of Reginald Mulvaney, the moving spirit of all the villainy acted up to the reputation which has made him a favourite with Invercargill audiences. Mr Ashcroft, however, in the character of Michael O'Neill, the brother, who, to shield his sister has taken on his own shoulders the consequence of her imagined crime, was not well suited; his representation was too heavy even for a fugitive from justice. Miss K. Kirwan, as Milly Cassidy, sang well, and acted spiritedly enough to give promise of even better things in future. Mr McKay in the thankless part of Larry Farrell did well, though he hardly put enough venom into some of his utterances. The minor characters were all well filled, especially those of Widow Cassidy, by Miss Anthony, and Gerald O'Neill, by Mr Godward. The scenery was from the brush of Mr H. G. Jagers, and did him credit, particularly the exterior of O'Neill's house in the first act, and the church scene in the last act.

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had finally asked voluntarily to join the Church, and one Friday morning the priest brought him Holy Communion. Perhaps at that moment, when for the first time Louis received his Sacramental Lord, he realised, too, that it was a possible thing to love God more than the woman he was to marry.

It was the first Friday in May, and Frances and Ralph were coming out of St——'s after Mass when they met Father W—— on the church pavement.

"Frances," he said, stopping them, "I have just been over to give young De Montquesnil Holy Communion."

SPORTS AND PLAY AT INVERCARGILL.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

THE 9th annual gathering of the Irish Athletic Society was held here on Wednesday, 20th inst. Heavy showers fell during the day till nearly one o'clock, and this must have prevented large numbers of country people from setting out. The weather cleared up about one o'clock, and nearly 2,000 people were on the ground during the afternoon. The sports were kept going with spirit, and the gathering was in every respect very successful. Public interest centred in the St Patrick's Handicap, of £32 10s and a trophy, run under Sheffield rules. The various heats were very interesting and when the final was to be run the excitement became painfully intense. The winner proved to be W. Homer, who received a good start and ran very consistently during the day. Sports of all kinds were going on all the time. If you were tired of watching the wrestling you had only to move a little further on to see an Irish jig, a high jump, throwing the stone, or running hop, step and jump. The bicycle races seemed to take the fancy of the public considerably. Second only to the St Patrick's Handicap in point of interest were the sawing and chopping events. For the former ten pairs competed and the contestants in the latter event numbered seventeen. A very close contest saw Hodgett the winner of the latter. The Invercargill Garrison Band enlivened the proceedings by their sweet music. Altogether the officials must be complimented on having a most successful gathering. The interest of the spectators was never

As showing the enterprise (save the mark!) of our Invercargill papers, it may be mentioned that the reporter of the morning paper went behind the scenes to ask the manager what was the plot of the play. Yet the same reporter had the coolness (to put it mildly) to write a critique of the play, and to make tremble beneath his fearful frown, those whom he singled out for special censure. The leading male character was completely ignored, no doubt as being *infra dignitatem* of the high and mighty representative of the *Southland Times*. The same reason we must charitably suppose kept him from paying sufficient attention to the play to follow the plot. The evening paper by a strange coincidence followed in the same strain, taking the characters in the same order, and, *incredible dictu!* leaving out all mention of the identical characters that its morning contemporary had ignored. Of course it would be high treason to insinuate that such an enterprising paper as the *Southland Daily News* would think of serving up to its readers anything that was not perfectly original, so I mention the fact as a mere coincidence, but one which has caused no little amusement. The Dramatic Society will, I understand, have a substantial credit balance over their play, and they richly deserve it.

Miss Kitty Tyrrel (Mrs Harry Ewins) died suddenly on the stage of the Elephant and Castle Theatre, London, during a performance of the pantomime, "Dick Whittington," in which she was playing the part of King Cat. Shortly after delivering the lines, "His road to fortune he'll pave o'er my corse," the actress joined in a duet and dance, retiring apparently in the best of health. Directly she reached the wings Mrs Tyrrel dropped down dead.

Cardinal Richard, a Paris correspondent says, leads an ascetic life, but his asceticism is exempt from sourness. He is not less emaciated than the late Cardinal Manning, but has a far sweeter countenance. His manner has penetrating grace and delicacy. By his daily war against the flesh he has worn himself to the merest shadow. Still his health is excellent. At the close of the Notre Dame all the archbishops and bishops united with Cardinal Richard in giving their benediction. As the congregation seemed deeply convinced of the apostolic power of these prelates, and as the aesthetic sensibilities were made keen by a musical service full of poetry, and a sermon remarkable for clear, nervous expression and high-toned eloquence, the effect of the collective benediction was most imposing.

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