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Dublin Notes.

(From contemporaries.)

At an early hour on 24th January, the people of Castlereagh were alarmed by the report that the castle of the late T. G. W. Sandford, which is situate in the demesne adjacent to the town, was on fire. The castle was occupied—the Property being in Chancery—by an English family named Wyndham. In a couple of hours the magnificent mansion was reduced to ashes, with the exception of two small wings, which were saved by the efforts of the R.I.C., some of them risking their lives in their endeavours to save the building. Happily no person was injured. The damage done is estimated at several thousand pounds, but it is covered by insurance. The castle was previously burned in 1788.

There is a weekly auction of linen goods in Belfast at which nothing is ever sold. About two hundred years ago there were two halls for selling linen in Belfast, the white linen hall and the brown linen hall. In the former all bleached linen was sold, while the latter was exclusively reserved for the sale of brown or unbleached goods. Nearly a century ago a linen manufacturer in Belfast endowed the latter institution, and the deed of endowment contained a clause to the effect that a market should be held in the hall every Friday. Linen, however, began to be disposed of in other ways, and the halls were no longer useful. The white linen hall was made into public offices, but the brown linen hall still remains to fulfil its original functions. Every Friday morning, Mr M'Nicholl, an old man, opens the door, takes his stand in the middle of the hall, and puts a single bale of unbleached linen up to auction. It is always the same old man and the same old bale. Nobody ever comes to buy it, because few people are aware of this remarkable custom. There is also a linen hall in Limerick, which for very many years has not been used for the purpose for which it was built.

The succession of Captain Naylor Leyland, the retiring M.P. for Colchester, from the Tory Party has undoubtedly created widespread surprise. As far as his speecher in the House went he seemed to be a Tory of the highest and driest school, devoted to the landed interest and all other interests dear to the Tory mind. He was, however, a very regular follower of the debates, and had latterly spoken very rarely. The Unionists, unable to understand the process of enlightenment which a Tory of receptive mind might undergo from constant watching of the tactics of his party, are charitable enough to suggest that Captain Naylor Leyland's mind has been affected by a recent illness. This, however, is not even plausible, because, in the first place, the resignation on the grounds assigned was forwarded before the illness; and, in the second, Captain Leyland has given as coherent and conclusive an explanation of his action as any man in the Three Kingdoms could frame. The simple truth is that he has been converted from Toryism to Liberalism or Radicalism by his experience of Parliament, and he has had the courage to confess the fact. The contest in Colchester will be watched with great interest, and, as the Unionist majority was only 61, the Home Rule candidate should have a good chance of getting in.

Miss Julia Peel, the Speaker's eldest daughter's engagement to Mr Rochfort M'Guire, M.P., is officially announced. Rochfort M'Guire, has for years past been "taken up" and trusted by the Rothschilds. He was originally discovered, or remembered, by Cecil Rhodes, when selecting his band of Argonauts, the two men having been at Oxford together. M'Guire, the usual handsome young Irish gentleman, with no capital save his brains, intended himself for the Indian civil service, passed the terrific examination successfully, but was "cast" by the doctors for some weakness in his eyes. He stuck to his university, and became a Fellow of All Souls. His rare genius for whist-playing made him famous there. The story of his visit to Lobengula and of his securing the concession which ended in the Rhodesification of Matabeleland has often been told. M'Guire was ultimately sent back to England, and a seat for Parnellite constituency was obtained for him. He represents the Chartered Com-

pany in the House with characteristic closeness and tact, but holds very much aloof from his colleagues. He is shy in manner, handsome, shallow, curly hair, drooping eyelids, rather too much of an old-fashioned Tory for the modern House of Commons.

It was a unique and handsome compliment that was paid to Mr Ludwig lately in St Mary's Hall, Belfast. In presence of a crowded audience, who had listened with evident delight to his singing of some of our best Irish songs, he was presented with an address on behalf of the Young Ireland Society, under whose auspices the concert was given. Mr McCartan, the president of the society, in well-chosen words, referred to the abilities of the famed baritone and to the pre-eminent services he had rendered to the cause of Irish nationality by his superb renderings of the gems of Irish ballad literature. Mr John Dillon, too paid a fine tribute to Mr Ludwig. We can only say that these tributes are richly merited. All Mr Ludwig's audience will agree with the remark. Right well has he done his part popularising Irish ideals through the medium of Irish songs. It is not generally known that Charles Santley, the greatest English baritone of the century, on his retirement from the operatic stage presented Mr Ludwig with his stage wardrobe, worth over £500. It was the Irish baritone who was the means of leading Santley into the Church. Ludwig was singing Gounod's "There is a Green Hill Far Away" at the Passionists' Church, Highgate. Santley was present. While the Irishman was singing Santley turned to Father Vincent Grogan (now Superior of the Passionists in Australia), and remarked "No man could sing like that unless he was a Catholic." Father Vincent took the hint and within a fortnight Charles Santley, the premier baritone of England, was received into the Church.

Irishmen are once again to the front. From Symon's report upon the annual course of musketry in India for the past year, long-range volley-firing of a party of picked shots belonging to the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers (the old "Fanghs") seems to have been a remarkable performance, and some artillery officers who were present were much impressed by it. The target was a rectangle, 25 feet by 100 feet, with a screen in front, 25 yards broad. Hits upon the screen were not counted, but only those upon the surface of the rectangle itself. Fire was opened with sights adjusted for 1700 yards, the second volley was at 1800, the third at 1850, and the fourth at 1900 yards. The latter range was main aimed until ten rounds in all had been fired. The result was surprising—rounds 49; hits, 201; per centage, 4068. Such shooting as this would make it very disagreeable for anything within sight. The 2nd Connaught Rangers were second in the entire army for the Queen's Cup, and also twelfth in the revolver competition. Everyone knows what Irishmen have done at Wimbledon and Bisley with their limited resources; and the last musketry returns of the Militia force of the three kingdoms showed Irish battalions with the highest scores.

The Beresfords are essentially a fighting family, and anyone in search of a scrap may always be obliged if he waits on either Charlie, Marcus, or Bill, as the amiable trio are familiarly called. Charlie is a sailor, and when a mere midshipman he was never content unless fighting, and was soon champion slugger of the "Queen's Navee," whilst his heroic deed with his little gunboat at the blockade of Alexandria, when he ran his vessel under the walls of the fort, regardless of a tremendous fire, and silenced all the guns of the enemy, created such a sensation at the time that the story is not likely to be soon forgotten. Charlie's clean-shaven face makes him appear to be a cross between a clergyman and a prize fighter out of work. Marcus is a devoted follower of horse racing, has acted as starter for the English Jockey Club, was an excellent rider on the flat, and over the fences, and manages to make the game pay. Lord William has passed much of his times in India, where he is regarded as the pillar and foundation of the turf, upon which he has had much success. At one time he would see no good in Australian horses, but as the despised "Walers" continued to down his favourites they managed to make him open his eyes, and he has raced several of them, including Myall King. Metal, now in Mr Baldwin's stud at Durham Court, won the Vicroy's Cup for Lord William, who is undoubtedly a man of many parts and wide accomplishments. He is reported to

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