

respondent takes our "Civis" for a Protestant because of his row with the TABLET. But, says our "Civis," that proves nothing. "A man doesn't need to be a Protestant to qualify for a row with the TABLET." Our "Civis" adds, in effect, that it does not suit his purpose to reveal of what religion he is, at least in his character as a writer of notes. And, in fact, we may admit the matter to be doubtful. The question is one that we, for our part, should be sorry to be called upon to decide. Nevertheless, we have no hesitation in saying that the Protestantism—not necessarily the religious Protestantism—of our "Civis" is very pronounced. The "ugly Puritan element" is one not easily to be got rid of, and it has its secular as well as its religious aspect. We have never had the least difficulty about perceiving it in our "Civis," and, in fact, it is very apparent in the note to which we now refer. It is not, therefore, from his personal experience that our "Civis" derives his conclusion that it "doesn't need to be a Protestant to have a row with the TABLET." Whether in cases in which our "Civis" may have had a row, which might be taken as a meeting of Greek with Greek—as, for example, with Ritualist, Non-conformist, or Rationalist, his Protestantism was equally clear, it is not for us to say. We never go out of our way to interfere in matters that do not concern us. The busy-body and mischief-maker, indeed, we look upon as rather a contemptible sort of person.

That is not at all an agreeable remark to be suspected of a friendly young Czar who has just married a granddaughter of her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen. He has, it is hinted, declared that if England does not accommodate herself to such Chino-Japanese arrangements as Russia finds suitable, she shall suffer for it in India. If these are the words of the bridegroom just emerging from his honeymoon, what may we not expect by-and-by? A worse sentiment could hardly be expressed after a year's experience of a mother-in-law. But the Chino-Japanese situation is of much interest—although as yet nothing can be very certainly foreseen as to how it may be determined. England should be interested in preventing the Japanese from obtaining an undue preponderance. But how she can

may judge by the cab'grams very necessary to contradict false notions respecting the financial position of the colony. The *Financial Times* reports of it as having made a good impression in England. Here, however, the impression made, that is on a certain party, is the worst imaginable. In Wellington, we learn from the correspondent of the *Daily Times*, they are stamping mad, and denounce the Treasurer as one who has very little regard for the truth. Meantime we see the practical answer given to the strictures passed the other night so humorously by Captain Russell on Mr Ward's absence.

We thought so and moreover we said so. The Hon John McKenzie, speaking the other night at Hastings, went through almost all the figures gone through in Dunedin by Captain Russell with totally different, but quite as reliable results. The *Dunedin Star*, nevertheless, points out that the Hon John left untouched Captain Russell's statement that each settler on Cheviot had cost the Government £1000—that is, we suppose, £218,000 for there are 218 settlers. There is no rule, however, without its exception, real or imaginary. An interesting calculation for the *Star*, meantime, and one that might very brilliantly display our contemporary's talents would be—that of the cost to the country, negatively of course, but none the less tellingly, of every settler that Captain Russell and his party have generally managed to keep from settlement. A heavier cost than that of Cheviot ten times over has been the cost to the country of their desert tracts.

But there is the eagle ruffling up his feathers in a northern direction. "New York, April 25.—the Lower House of the Legislature of the State of New York has passed a resolution inviting Canada to agree to annexation by the United States." The Lower House, we fancy, has had an idle hour. Lions and eagles of an equal calibre know how to respect one another.

Messrs A. and T. Inglis, George street, Dunedin, having made an advantageous purchase of the stock in Vansteen's estate, are able to offer, on and after Saturday, the 27th inst., to their patrons, and the public in general, bargains of a superior quality and to suit all requirements.

We have again to call the attention of our readers to Mr Hiscock's advertisement for the sale of a Catholic repository at Auckland—an opportunity that may not soon again occur.

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A D R E A M.

(Concluded.)

THE moment the Divine Judge finished speaking, the good angel-guardian took the soul in his arms. It appeared to me like a beautiful golden vase, but so clear and radiant that I could in some mysterious way see through and through it. Not the smallest flaw or stain of any kind could I perceive without or within. Suddenly as thought the angel held the soul for the merest instant before the eyes of the Divine Judge when there darted therefrom a ray of refulgent brightness which shone with transcendent splendour above, below, and right through the soul. Involuntarily I tried to shade my eyes from the dazzling brilliancy of that wondrous light, but, on again looking at the soul, I saw therein several very small dark spots which could never have been noticed but for the intense effulgence with which it was now illumined. I at once concluded that these were the stains caused by venial sins. Swifter than lightning the angel sped from the Divine Presence away towards a far distant valley carrying in his arms the soul of my dear young friend. I looked with silent terror as I saw the ground open in the centre of the valley, and noticed fierce flames darting forth which reached the very heavens. Ever and anon I caught the sounds of plaintive wailing coming from the midst of that fiery dungeon, and though the sounds betokened suffering to which no earthly pain could for a moment be compared, yet intermingled with that moan of deepest woe were tones of resignation, the sounds of which brought some slight comfort to my terrified heart. On looking still more closely into the flames I saw beautiful bright angels with golden coloured wings descending and ascending perpetually. Going down they invariably carried in their hands something which seemed like a chalice containing a bright red liquid, and returning to heaven they bore, lovingly pressed to their bosome, some soul that had been entirely purified by the contents of the mystic chalice. So intent was I on watching all this, that for the moment I lost sight of John. It was, however, but for a moment. Presently I raised my eyes, and poised fair over the centre of the fierce furnace was 'he guardian angel with John's soul clasped

do so without furthering the Eastern advance of France or Russia remains to be seen.

On the authority of Mrs Crawford, who is the Paris correspondent of *Truth*, the Queen is said to be in a dangerous state of health. Her Majesty, she says, is suffering from a rheumatic affection which at any moment may be fatal. She is, nevertheless, reported officially to be in excellent health. But the probabilities seem in favour of the correspondent of *Truth*.

A bomb-paragraph is going the rounds of the papers respecting something that took place in Hungary, and a mandate issued by a Cardinal named "Isidorus"—apparently a special elevation to the purple made for the occasion by our good contemporary the *Dunedin Star*—forbidding the Catholic clergy in America to ride bicycles. The fact is, nevertheless, that it was published at Rome some months ago that the Catholic clergy might make use of bicycles if it suited them—and at the same time it was stated that the idea of the machine in question had originated with a Catholic priest. Hunting wheels in Hungary, and creating cardinals at Rome is quite in keeping, meantime, with the idiosyncrasies of the *Star* and his like-minded brethren. Such wild-goose chases are altogether in their line.

The British lion and the American eagle seem pretty well matched. The scream of the bird does not mean much more than the roar of the beast. A British expedition has proceeded to Nicaragua to recover from that Republic a sum of £15,000 demanded as a penalty for the expulsion and arrest of certain British officials and subjects. President Cleveland, meantime, declares that no one must interfere with the Southern Republics, and no one must dare to infringe the Monroe doctrine without incurring the vengeance of Uncle Sam. The present case, however, he explains, does not call for interference, and the Britisher may walk off with his booty. Now-a-days eagle and lion are a little remarkable for caution—and no doubt they are right. If they would be as mild at ordinary times as in hours of danger, however, they might seem more respectable.

Mr Ward appears to be doing good work in London. An address delivered there by him to the Chamber of Commerce, seemed, if we

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