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solicitors' examination. Mr Dolan intends studying law as an unattached student of the Canterbury College, Wellington, New Zealand, and his brilliant success reflects credit on his talents, as well as on the Silgo College, where he received his early education.

Tyrone.—The Right Rev John Gallagher, who has just been appointed by the Pope Coadjutor to the Bishop of Goulburn, New South Wales, is a native of Castleberg, County Tyrone, and a relative of the late accomplished priest of Termonamangan, the Rev James M'Laughlin, P.P. His Lordship's appointment has been heard of with great satisfaction in his native country.

Waterford.—On Sunday, at the morning and evening service, it was announced that no future service would be held in the old Presbyterian Church Lismore, owing to its unsafe condition. The members were requested to remove their property. Following day while this was being done, one of the principles supporting the roof lost its hold in the walls and came down with a sudden crash, bringing the ead ceiling and cornices with it, crushing to atoms every pew it came in contact with, and breaking several gasaliers. A lady who came to remove her books was leaving the building and had scarcely reached the door when she was followed by a cloud of lime dust and a crash like thunder. It was providential that this did not occur on the previous day when a large congregation was present.

CURRENT TOPICS.

was not far distant when England would renew her fidelity to the Pope.

Probate of the will of the late Mr T. M. M'Laughlin, the well-known mining speculator, of Beefton, has been granted. The value of deceased's estate is £21,000, and the succession duties will amount to a little over £2100.

The *Columbian Banner* gives the following samples of its editor's mail:—St Louis, May 2.—To the Editor: Your paper lacks ginger. Why don't you pitch into the bankers' pool. I am unable borrow a dollar.—DEAD BROKE. Kansas City, May 3.—To the Editor: Stop my paper. It's no good. You haven't said a word about my wife's dress.—CONSTANT READER, Boston, May 4.—To the Editor: What will you pay for a 17-column article on the "Thousness of the Here?" The *World* has offered 2500 sols.—JUNIORS, New York, May 6.—To the Editor: On my next visit to Kansas City I shall take pleasure in whaling the life out of you for comments derogatory of my ability as a talker.—JAMES CORBETT.

A SPRING-TIME MEMORY.

(By ETHEL GREENE, in the *Weekly Freeman*.)

(Concluded).

"Not a bit of it," declared Dora, laughing. "Alfred and I will go and ask Mrs Walker to have dinner as soon as possible."

"Mamma," screamed Alfred at this juncture, "will they soon be makin' hay on dat hill?" pointing to the wavy slope of feathery green.

"Hay of that? No, my darling, that's not gras."

"Den here goes. I'll take a roll in it. One, two, tres an' away," and before his mother could even guess at his meaning, the boy had thrown himself into the bank of waving green and disappeared.

With an awful scream of wildest despair, which rang out with fearful distinctness on the still air, and was heard even by the revellers on the lawn, his mother sprang after him. A young man with a bright joyous face, who was in the act of breaking the wishing bone of a chicken with a brown-haired, dark-eyed girl, suddenly snapped it—getting the shorter portion—as he looked upward.

"What's that, Nell?" he asked.

"A bird, I fancy," was the rep y. "See, I've got my wish."

Down, down, through the merciful yielding boughs, which bent with her weight, giving forth a pungent odour as she fell from tree to tree, went Dora, down to where her boy sat gazing upwards from the tangled greenery of fern and frocken. As her feet touched the ground she caught at a branch to steady herself, and then staggering forward threw herself beside him, clasping him to her breast.

"Oo came, too, ma," cried Alfred gleefully. "I made a hole in de grass an' flew down."

"My God, I thank thee!" murmured Dora; then her eyes closed and she fell back.

Alfred shook her frantically, and for the first time in his young life, failing to meet with a response, he lifted up his voice and roared lustly.

"There's something wrong over there," declared the joyous young lover to his sweetheart. "Come, Nell, let us see if we can be of any help."

They found Dora lying white and still among the ferns, and Alfred roaring with all the might of his strong young lungs.

Dora's scream roused Philip, who jumped up just in time to see his wife's dress flutter for an instant on the tree-tops ere she disappeared. For a second he stood gazing helplessly at the crushed branches; then, as he dimly comprehended the awful thing that had befallen him, his dark, clear complexion blanched to the hue of death, and he turned and fled towards the keeper's cottage.

"My wife and my child have gone over the cliff," he told Mrs Walker with the calmness of despair. "Send someone at once for the nearest doctor," and then he hurried on.

"I wouldn't ha' thought he cared, he wore so quiet like," averred this matron when recounting the catastrophe on many subsequent occasions, "only for his ghastly face an' the awful look in his eyes, I never saw such a look in the face of a mortal man before, an' I hope I never may again."

Running, slipping, falling, torn by branches of trees, Philip at length reached the bottom of the zig-zag path which led from the keeper's cottage to the valley beneath. To the right he saw a number of people assembled and towards them he ran. He knew what he should see when he reached them—his young wife battered into a shapeless mass, his boy dead. With no gentle hand he parted the crowd and knelt beside her, calling her by every endearing name which love and despair could conjure up. In his agony he almost forgot his boy.

"He's her husband," was whispered from mouth to mouth; and then a very stout lady, whose face, between fright and heat, was the colour of a healthy beet-root, took heart of grace, and, patting him on the back, encouragingly panted, "Don't 'ee be so frightened, there's a dear; she's only fainted."

"Fainted!" echoed Philip. "She's dead. Could she fall from yonder height," glancing upwards, "and live?"

"Fell from the top! Oh, lawks-a-deary me, did she for sure?" asked the stout old lady, looking round on the group and shaking her head ominously, as much as to say, "that alters the case." "It was the little fellow's cries we heard, and we ran to see what was the matter," she explained.

"Where is my boy?" asked Philip, wearily, and for answer the dark-haired, brown-eyed girl, who had broken the wishing-bone and got her wish, came forward and gently placed the boy beside him.

"I'se not hurt, pa," said Alfred, putting his little arms around his father's neck. "I jumped through the grass, an' mamma jumped too," and the child commenced to roar afresh as he dimly comprehended that though he was not hurt, his mother was.

"Cheer up, sir, here comes the doctor," called a voice from the outskirts, and the crowd fell back as a bright bay horse we seen galloping up the avenue.

"She fell from the cliff," whispered the stout lady as Dr Bernard knelt down beside his patient.

"H'm! Fell from the cliff did you say? That's sheer nonsense. Why, there's not a bone broken," said the doctor when he had made a cursory examination. "You are her husband, sir? It

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