

Government." Mr O'Brien, in a word, dealt very severely with Mr Redmond—not even sparing his powers as a speaker—which he described as those of a composer of "flowery debating school orations." He moreover accredited him with success in assassinating a Home Rule Government, and bringing back Lord Salisbury, Mr Balfour, and Mr Chamberlain.

Of Mr J. F. X. O'Brien, on the other hand, Mr William O'Brien spoke in very high terms—though, perhaps, in magnifying, as such, an ex-Fenian, he showed some slight inconsistency with the ridicule and contempt thrown by him on the Fenian movement in his book "When we were Boys." Mr J. F. X. O'Brien, we may explain, is a native of the County Cork, now aged sixty-three, who, at the age of twenty-five, had emigrated to America where he had served during the civil war as assistant surgeon, with the rank of Captain. He afterwards returned to Ireland, and occupied a respectable position in Cork when Fenianism was set on foot. In this he took an active part—his chief feat being his capture, as colonel of a regiment, of a police barrack at a place named Ballyknockane—in which he also displayed great humanity, and a nice consideration for human life. This, exploit, nevertheless, formed a chief count in an indictment, on which he was sentenced by the notorious Judge Keogh to be hanged, drawn, and quartered—the sentence being commuted to one of penal servitude for life. Mr O'Brien was released, after several years' imprisonment, in the general amnesty.

Mr William O'Brien, in alluding to the general election, which was then approaching, spoke a word or two worthy of recollection. If only the Irish people were true to themselves, he said in effect, and returned a united party, he had no fear of the coercionists:—"I am not sure," he said, "that in the designs of Providence it may not turn out to be a blessing in disguise to have the Tories and the Coercionists back again for a while, because either one or two things would be the result. Sir Robert, nevertheless, was not too benevo-

The death of the second Lord Gough at the age of 80 admonishes of the flight of time those of us who remember the victories in India of his father. Him we recollect as a tall, upright, soldier-like looking man with snow white hair and moustache. It was whispered, however, whether truly or falsely we do not know, that in disposition, he was something more than parsimonious—or in plain English, a miser.

Besides the property near Booterstown, Dublin, where the second Lord Gough died last June, he owned an estate in the County Galway, that namely of Lough Cootra, near Gort, purchased from a community of nuns for whom in turn it had been bought when, as the property of Lord Gort, it was sold in the Encumbered Estates Court. For the purposes of the religious community the place had been to and unsuitable.

The death of Lord Gough besides recalls an episode, once of stirring interest, but which perhaps on a generation that knew not Joseph, if it has been ever heard of by them, has made little impression. We allude to the persistent—and even desperate, attempts made by a certain Major Carden to become, whether she would or no, the husband of his Lordship's sister-in-law, Miss Arbuthnot. All Ireland was roused one day at hearing that, as this young lady had been returning home the previous Sunday from church, the vehicle in which, with some members of her family, she was driving, had been stopped, and a determined fight made by Carden to carry her off by force.

It was in the County Tipperary, if we recollect aright, that this event occurred. At any rate it was not in Dublin or Galway. In fact, when the young lady with her sister, then the Hon Mrs Gough, first arrived West of the Shannon, there was a good deal of curiosity to see her, as a heroine of romances—a position which possibly she found rather trying. Nothing indeed could be less like a poetic vision of such associations than was Miss Arbuthnot personally. She was

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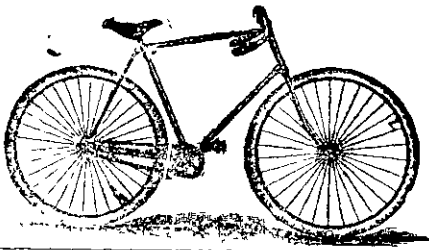
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will happen—either they will go back upon the days of Mitchelstown, and in that case they will simply brace up the spirit of the country to the old fighting form, or if, what in my opinion is very much more likely, they have a genuine or a solid Irish party to deal with, they will have a little more sense than to go back to the days of Mitchelstown, and we will probably find that on the Home Rule question, and on the land question, and on the evicted tenants' question, and on the amnesty question, and on the education question we will experience another specimen of that Tory flexibility which in 1885 led Lord Salisbury to hint at a measure of Home Rule even more drastic than Mr Gladstone's.

The debate on the budget has been dragging its somewhat dreary length at Wellington throughout the week. There is not very much to be gleaned from the summarised reports of the speeches. We are, however, told that Mr Allen, as usual, contributed "something solid"—too dense, perhaps, for transmission by wire, as nothing very important appears in the words as reported.

Mr Ward, had given Sir Robert Stout an opportunity for the airing of his qualities—benevolence, in regard of the taxation of widows—philosophy, with respect to a failure to provide for the elegant or too philosophic to take advantage of a fortunate discovery. By some fluke or another he had come across a copy of the Canadian tariff of 1894, and found out that Mr Ward in the Statement had quoted instead of it that of 1890. This, as Father Prout has it, was an "eureka moment," and Sir Robert made the most of it. A slip, no doubt, had occurred, but it did not amount to very much.

"Uncle: 'If you pass your examination I will pay all your debts.' Student: 'So you want me to study simply for the benefit of my creditors?'"

in appearance, a young lady of quiet but resolute dignity, and, one would say, of sound common sense.

For the escapade in question, Carden suffered a couple of years' imprisonment. That, however, did not cool his ardour, and, after his release, Miss Arbuthnot continued to be importuned by him. Even during her visits to her relatives in England he contrived to bribe servants to convey letters to her.

Indirectly then, the death of the second Lord Gough renews for us memories not only of war but of love.

A society paper speculates—not inappositely, as it appears to us—on a question as to why her Most Gracious Majesty, as Head of the Church of England, wears no special costume. She receives her archbishops and bishops, says our contemporary "in her low-necked, short-sleeved, full dress robes, such as no Roman Catholic lady would wear in the company of ecclesiastics." Our contemporary points out that, nevertheless, it would have been quite easy to plan robes suitable to the character—instancing military accoutrements worn sometimes at reviews by both Elizabeth and Victoria—as well as the "toggerly" of a doctor of music worn by the Princess of Wales. Her Majesty, however takes brevet rank only as a Doctor of Divinity.

Archbishop Laud was a great favourite at Court. One day, however, he annoyed the king by suggesting that his Majesty was hasty in a step he was about taking. "It is not for you to dictate to me," said the monarch in a rage. "As a chess player," replied Laud, "your Majesty ought to know that it is not at all unusual for a bishop to check a king."

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