

Mr Gladstone has delivered a rattling speech against the Turks, at a meeting at Chester, convened, we are, somewhat doubtfully perhaps, told, by the Duke of Westminster. The speaker, in effect, recommended short shrift for the offenders. The speech, it is explained, will probably go a long way in strengthening Lord Salisbury's hands to deal sternly in the matter—a diplomatic rendering, we conclude, of the necessity thus imposed upon Lord Salisbury of doing so.

It is not, however, to be concluded that, where the Turks are concerned, it is all such plain sailing. The Sultan, to the Mohammedan world represents the head of their religion. It was, for example, reported that the Shahzada—that is the Prince Nasrulla of Afghanistan, son of the Ameer, now, or recently, visiting England—and regarded there as an ally worth pleasing—on his way home would visit Constantinople to pay religious homage to the potentate there. Turkish enmity, therefore, or the dissatisfaction of the Sultan, might not be without its results on the aspect of things in India and the neighbouring territories. Lord Salisbury may possibly be in a tighter place in the matter than many people suppose.

Another thing said about the Shahzada was that they were going to make him a Freemason—Masonry being open to Mohammedans, Parsees, Jews, and the sweepings of mankind in general. Nasrulla Khan, therefore, was to be received promiscuously by the Grand Lodge of England—just, for instance, as Sir Robert Stout had been received by the Grand Orient of France or Italy.

Liberty of conscience, then, has its limits in Protestant Germany. A recruit of the "Mennonit" sect, for example, recently refused to carry arms, as contrary to the precepts of his creed. The consequence is, that he has been sent to gaol for a year—the Emperor having personally confirmed the sentence.

A Chinese editor recently returned a MS.—a copy of verses most probably—with an explanation that, were it to be published by him, literature must come to a stop. No reader, he said, who read it would ever be bothered reading anything unequal to it, and no writer could ever write anything to equal it. The heathen Chinese may have his faults, but there is still wisdom in the land of Sinim—*verbum sap.*

"I came pretty near being complimented to-day," said Willie Washington. "How was that?" asked his friend. "Miss Cayenne told me I was a perfect magazine poem." "Indeed!" "Y-a-a-as; she said I didn't have an idea in me."

The "Claimant" continues, indeed, a most mysterious person. Now they deny his claim to be Arthur Orton. Sir Roger they say he is not, nor yet Orton—but a Tichborne of the bond sinister—inclined, perhaps, a little more than usual to the left.

The Nelson education Board has complied with the request of the Rev Fathers Walsh and Rolland that the Catholic schools at Westport and Reefton should be examined by the Government Inspectors.

A correspondent thinks it significant that in the same number of the *Colonist*, that of August 1st, in which the consent of the Board is reported, an extract from a book by Dr Strong, an American Congregational minister, is quoted, in which details are given of the decadence of Protestant Christianity in the United States. During the past 30 years, says the writer, thousands of churches have died there from exhaustion.

"There are ninety-five towns and plantations in Maine where no religious services of any sort are held, and there are more villages in Illinois without the Gospel than in any other State in the Union. In one village, with two disused Protestant churches and one active Roman Catholic church, there were 14 saloons, all within a distance of a quarter of a mile. There were, a few years ago in one town, a large Presbyterian church, two Methodist churches, a Baptist church, and a flourishing Baptist seminary. To-day the Presbyterian church is used as a barn, the Baptist church is abandoned, the two Methodist churches are almost extinct, and the Baptist seminary is utilised as a Roman Catholic church. We have large city populations where there is only one church to 10, 20, and even 40 thousand souls."

By the way, what would be the moral effects of that rattlesnake stuff? Might it by chance be administered with good effect? There are people we know for whom it is vouched by Holy Writ that the poison of asps is under their tongues. How would it be if the venom of the rattle-snake, on homœopathic principles, were applied to them above that unruly member—our old Tory friends, for instance? We should recommend for experiment Lord Salisbury

and Mr Balfour, or above all, Joe Chamberlain. Moral homœopathy might perhaps work without the aid of antidotes.

A person—a rather snobbish person—who does in London the letters of a "Miss Colonia" for the *Dunedin Star*, gives her impressions of a sermon recently preached on the reunion of Christendom by Cardinal Vaughan. The Cardinal does not come up as an orator to this person's standard, and she rather sneers at his high-bred manner. His Eminence, too, displeased her father—if she has a father, and if she has why does she expose the weakness of a foolishly choleric old party, who must come out of church rather than sit still and hear patiently to the end opinions that do not suit him? If she has not, why does she invent an elderly introcible—as well as other relatives—whom it is at least bad taste to introduce to the public? The chief fault, however, found by this person with Cardinal Vaughan—that which she seems to represent as routing her irritable parent, was the fact that his Eminence attributed to the Protestant mind a condition of doubt. What, meantime, does a noted spokesman of Protestant Christianity say:

"There is more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half your creeds"

"Miss Colonia's" parent, then, might more consistently have sat the sermon out. When, moreover, the traditional bull charges the traditional rag, the virus is in the beast and not in the colour. It was all papa's temper. For our own part we manage, as a rule, to glance over "Miss Colonia's" letter without ramming the paper under the grate.

"Cholley Clumpey: 'I see that earrings are coming into fashion again. Have your ears ever been bored?' Miss Caustic: 'What a question! Haven't I often listened to your twaddle?'"

The news that comes from Sydney, that a promise is given of a market for wool in Japan, may be received by us with mingled feelings, since we are also told that the purchasers will manufacture from this wool goods to be sent here for sale. This necessarily means that factories maintained at a starvation rate of wages are to be brought into competition with those where our own work-people are trying to earn a decent livelihood.

We saw last week from the extract quoted by us, from a lecture recently delivered on the subject in San Francisco, that a trying competition with the cheap labour of certain Asiatic countries was a danger of the near future, and we were warned especially as to the competition of Japan. A French traveller—to wit, the redoubtable Dr Bataille—had, however, already described for us the cleverness, in substituting themselves for others, of the peoples in question.

At one time, the Doctor informed us, it had been a good trade for Europeans to travel as buyers of silk-worm eggs in the East—but, after a little Easterns perceived the advantage of cutting out their visitors, and cunningly availed themselves of it. Still the main business remained a little longer in the hands of European companies, but here also, in due time, the Asiatics insinuated themselves, and so monopolised the trade in all its branches.

An opening of markets in Japan for our raw material therefore—glorious as for the moment it must appear to the deserving squatter, and welcome as it may seem to others of us, is not without its graver considerations as well.

High life continues to make rather a suspicious show. Two cases have been reported this week, in which it appears to figure with some discredit. In the first, one lady of quality has accused another of writing obscene letters—for which it is hinted she is herself accountable. In the second—the Lady Frances Gaming has been committed for trial on a charge of forging her father's name to bills of exchange. May Fair, then, threatens to make its mark rather heavily this year in the criminal statistics of the country.

An enemy—we may say a virulent enemy—has sent us a clipping from a Bristol paper, purporting to give the substance of a letter from a priest in Donegal to the *Irish Times*. We, for our part, recognise in the writer only a simple cleric whose goodness of heart makes him over-thankful for small mercies:—"Father Martin says candidly that he writes 'in order to advertise Killybegs and its neighbourhood as a beautiful seaside resort, and to thank Mr Balfour for having given to us the Killybegs and Glenties lines, constructed and equipped at the expense of the State, and free of all local cost, when he was Chief Secretary in this country.' That's it, you see, too good a heart and too grateful a temperament. Of Father Martin's qualifications as a politician the following will inform our readers:—"He says farther on, 'Mr Balfour having given us so many good measures in the past, what may we not expect from him if he be again called back to power? He is the greatest statesman of the age, and instinctively sees what the country needs.'" The Bristol editor says there are a great many Irish priests who agree with Father

JAMES ALLAN. House Painter and Decorator, Importer of Paperhangings, Plain and Sheet Glass. Estimates given for Renovating on the Shortest Notice. PLEASE NOTE ADDRESS—
148 Armagh Street, nearly opposite O'Brien's Boot Factory, CHRISTCHURCH.

RAINBOW'S INVIGORATOR is the best all-round Medicine in the World, and cannot be beaten by any skill in existence as a Blood Purifier. DIRECTIONS—Take a half-teaspoonful after meals, in a little sugar and water. To act as a purgative take one and a half to two teaspoonfuls at bedtime.

RAINBOW & SONS' INVIGORATOR for New Life. Try it and be your own judge. RAINBOW'S INVIGORATOR is the best all-round Medicine in the World, and cannot be beaten by any skill in existence as a Blood Purifier. DIRECTIONS—Take a half-teaspoonful after meals, in a little sugar and water. To act as a purgative take one and a half to two teaspoonfuls at bedtime.

HEART DISEASE, INDIGESTION.