

"Agitator: 'Are you a human being?' Sandwich Man: 'What?' Agitator: 'I say are you a human being or are you a chattel—a thing—a soulless creature of flesh and blood, made in the likeness of man, but without any of the attributes of manhood? Do you know the human race exists? You talk, you can stand upright, you wear clothes, you have hands, feet, head, body, and powers of locomotion, yet you voluntarily surrender yourself to wage slavery? At the bidding of some representative of organised greed you place that badge of servitude upon yourself, and without a blush of shame march forth into the light of day to advertise your infamy! Have you sold your birthright for a dog collar? Where is the manliness, the independence, the liberty that was born in you? Where is the spirit that should nerve you to throw off the galling yoke—?' Sandwich Man: 'Say, you cork up that mouth of yours and get out of my way! I'm something of a walking delegate myself.'"

An ex-detective named McCausland, a non-Catholic, writing recently in a local paper gives his opinion as follows of the public schools of Chicago:—"I have a son thirty years old whom I am proud of, and he was never in the public schools of Chicago sixty days. I have three boys; but if I had five hundred, not one of them would I educate in the Chicago public schools. I would not send my boy to the city schools, because I fear that he might go from there to the penitentiary. Two-thirds of the inmates of the Cook County goal come from the public schools. I know hundreds of cases of boys—and girls too—who have become absolutely demoralised by associations."

My dear Father Hyacinth (wrote Cardinal Newman in 1870 to the unfortunate ecclesiastic named):—"I am always pleased to hear from you and of you. It grieved me bitterly that you should have separated yourself from the one true fold of Christ, and it grieves me still more to find from your letter that you are still in a position of isolation. I know how generous your motives are, and how much provocation you as well as others have received in the ecclesiastical

he has come bravely to the front. In the report given by a recent number of the *Cork Examiner*, of a fête at Killarney, for example, we find the following:—"A capital exhibition of horse jumping took place. The entries were numerous, but the unpropitious weather of the past few days doubtless prevented many from competing. Notwithstanding, the competition was very keen, and the jumping first-class. The winner turned up in a beautiful little mare, Scotia, owned by Mr St John Donovan, and cleverly ridden by Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P."

Writing on my information of Sunday last (August 4) (says the *Freeman's* London correspondent) with respect to the Government policy for Ireland, Sir J. Wemyss Reid says in the *Speaker*, "I see that the *Freeman's Journal* speaks of the Endowment of a Roman Catholic University as being one of the schemes contemplated by Ministers. My private information leads me to believe that this statement is well founded. Of course these are early days in which to be discussing the future proposals of Ministers with regard to Ireland; but from all I learn the policy to be adopted will be one of liberal bribery in the first instance, and if that should not suffice of still more liberal concession. The complete failure of the Balfourian system of coercion is recognised by everybody, and it was never more true than it is to-day that the old 'game of law and order' is up so far as Ireland is concerned. The works of Mr Gladstone and the Gladstone Parliament manifestly live after them."

The following is a telegram under date Woodford, Co Galway, Friday, August 9: To-day a murderous assault was committed on a Clanricarde tenant under the following circumstances: The agent, Mr Tener, his police escort, a body of emergency men, and some police from Rossmore Station went on the lands of Rossmore and attempted to fence off a portion of land belonging to a tenant named Con Tully. The Tullys resisted, and young Con, a strapping son of the tenant, pushed his way through the agent's party, and seizing a stake which they had just planted struggled to pull it up again. He was immediately set upon by armed ruffians, and although old

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events which have been passing around us. But nothing which has taken place justifies our separation from the one Church. There is a fable in one of our English poets, of which the moral is given thus:

'Beware of dangerous steps; the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.

Let us be patient. The turn of things may not take place in our time; but there will be surely, sooner or later, an energetic and a stern Nemesis for imperious acts, such as now afflict us. The Church is the mother of high and low, of the rulers as well as of the ruled, *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. If she declares by her various voices that the Pope is infallible in certain matters, in the same matters infallible be us. What bishops and people say all over the earth, that is the truth, whatever complaint we may have against certain ecclesiastical proceedings. Let us not oppose ourselves to the universal voice. God bless you and keep you!

Ireland (says the London *Times*) stands out in striking contrast to the result of the contests in the other parts of the United Kingdom. The Unionists have made notable gains in Scotland and still more, proportionally, in Wales. In England the opinion of the predominant party has been pronounced more decisively than at any time in our recent history. But the Irish constituencies remain by a great, and, indeed, slightly increased, majority Separatists.

The *Kerry Weekly Reporter*, in announcing that Sir Thomas Esmonde would come forward again for West Kerry, speaks in a highly appreciative manner of the candidate. "All shades of politics," says our contemporary, "have been pleased with the businesslike tactics of the Baronet during the last three years." Considering, moreover, the depths of some at least of the shades involved, this is no light saying. Never, in fact, was any one, under greater difficulties, all things to all men. Sir Thomas Esmonde deserves hearty congratulations.

It is not, meantime, only in the political arena that Sir Thomas Esmonde has been gaining distinction. In the world of sport also,

Tully appealed to the police to interfere his son was struck down before his eyes, having received first a blow on the back from a heavy mallet, and then one on the head from an iron bar, which inflicted a fearful wound, tearing half the scalp and crushing the skull. The young man was carried insensible into his home near by, and at the moment of wiring little hope is entertained of his recovery. Two emergency men named Nesbitt and Macaulay were arrested.

Among the *on dits* of the period is one to the effect that the late Czar, as also his father, was a heavy drinker. It is added that the Czar now reigning is sober but soft-headed.

A German newspaper recently offered a prize for the best epiphany of Prince Bismarck. The following was adjudged the winner:—"He made Germany great enough to be his burial place."

The bride recently wedded by the Duke of Argyll, it appears, did not come to his Grace empty-handed. She had been bequeathed a large fortune by a lover who died on the day fixed for their wedding. This too, seems at variance with the extreme youth assigned by some reports to the lady.

"When I marry I want a wife who is easily pleased," observed Evergreen "That's the kind you'll get," replied the rest of the crowd, in chorus."

The belief was current in the clubs last week (says *Modern Society* of August 10) that the visit of the Duke of York to the Premier meant something—something for the Duke himself. The plan, it appears, is to abolish the Lord Lieutenantcy of Ireland altogether, and to establish a Royal residence in place of the present Vice-regal Palace; so, naturally, the Duke of York, who one day will be King of England, is designated as the first occupant of the new Royal residence in Ireland.

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