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Molière again! How genius embraces all ages in its grasp, those to come no less than those gone by. We allude in particular to a speech made the other night by Dr Batchelor at the meeting of the Dunedin Parliamentary Union. No member of the Faculty under the Grand Monarque was capable of an utterance more delightful. The curious may consult especially the recommendation made by Dr Diafoirus of his son as a suitor. Why, in Dr Batchelor we find quite a time-honoured acquaintance. Thanks, we say again, to the clairvoyance of the eye of genius. The medical matchmaker still remains screamingly farcical. More or less farcical, indeed, was the Doctor throughout.

A MOTHER OF SORROWS.

(CAROLINE MASON in *Catholic News*.)

IT was the dawning of a new July day with no dawn wind to stir the dead hot air or to move the dust, fine as an impalpable powder which lay thickly everywhere.

The trees of Portsea Square stood black and motionless, their dense foliage rising above and stretching over the trodden grass and littered asphalt walks.

There was a salt smell from the harbour, but no wind with it, for the tide was at its lowest ebb. It was ebb tide, too, in the faint pulses of sick men and women and little children, and in the sinking hearts of those who had watched with them for the morning, but to whom the morning had brought no hope.

From the windows of a chamber in the brick row on the east side of the little park the faint light of a night lamp still shone through the clustering vine leaves. Glasses of medicine, a bowl of ice, a tall white pitcher stood upon the window sill, placed there for coolness.

Within the room bore marks of haste and confusion, which showed it to have been a battlefield between life and death through the night; and a tall woman in a white dress was walking to and fro, carrying a child in her arms. The little face was wan and pitifully sunken about the eyes. The mother's face was fair and beautiful, but it wore the stamp which only mortal anguish gives.

A wicker cradle stood beside the unused bed, draped daintily with lace and silk. As the mother walked some unseen dread turned her face grey and ashy, and, breaking from her steady pace up and down the room, she crossed to the cradle and laid the baby down. It moaned and moved its head restlessly upon the pillow, but the mother left the room and passed with swift feet to another door, where she knocked and spoke. Returning, she took the child again in her arms and walked as before.

Presently a woman appeared in the doorway, an older woman, with heavy eyes and a grievous droop of the mouth. She took the baby from the mother's arms.

"Now go and rest, Mary," she said, drowsily; "you have not slept all night. There are three hours yet before anyone will be stirring in the house."

The mother, who had been called Mary, bent and kissed her baby and without speaking left the room. She stood for a moment at a window in the hall outside, looking down into the park.

"Yes, it is there again," she said, softly. "Poor mother! Poor little baby!" she spoke in a soothing tone, half dreamily.

What she saw was the pale coloured canopy of a baby carriage, moving slowly to and fro under the dusty trees. She had seen it there at midnight. As she looked she panted for breath and strove against a dull faintness which crept over her. An impulse was upon her to escape from the house, even from her sick child, but chiefly from that terror of hopeless malice which had overtaken her just now, and which she knew was coming back.

"By and by it will come to stay," she said to herself, as she passed down the staircase, resting her feverish hand upon the cool rail, "when the baby dies. Then I can never get away from it again."

She had reached the foot of the stairs now and stood in the dim light for a moment, her hands clasped and pressed against her forehead, her whole frame trembling.

"Then—O God pity me!"

The words were breathed rather than spoken and the look on her face was of despair.

Opening the house door, she crossed the street and entering the park between the iron posts she passed into the shadows of the trees, and walked on hardly knowing where she went. But the trees seemed to smother her and the oppression of the languorous air was as of a hand laid tangibly upon her heart. From a church tower a clock struck 4 and the birds began to wake up in the trees.

She had reached the central fountain now, and in the little open space she saw something which startled her for a moment, although she knew it well—the pale canopy of the baby carriage she had watched night after night from her window.

It was drawn up beside one of the wooden seats, and on this seat a young woman was sitting, in a clean cotton gown, with a white handkerchief tied upon her breast—a woman with a brown face and smooth black hair. One hand laid lightly upon the handle of the little carriage, and its touch, even upon the wooden frame, was infinitely caressing; the light pressure, which was scarcely more than a pulsation, served to give a soft, continuous motion. In her other hand the woman held a Rosary; her eyes were closed; her lips were moving in prayer.

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