

panel and restores the volume lying on top of the ladder to its accustomed position was the work of a few seconds. I would move nothing—examine nothing till Philip had been told and the darling boys. How could I enjoy this unheard of discovery unless they were present to share my wonder and delight.

With steps that might have rivalled Atalanta's for swiftness I darted into the hall, snatched up a straw hat—whether my own or one of the boys I did not wait to see and took my way across the lawn. Egbert and Denis would be expecting me at the trout-stream, but how little guessed the news I was hastening to bring.

"What an age you've been! they both cried in aggrieved tones as I emerged from the wood.

"Do hurry up; the afternoon is almost gone."

"Your displeasure is highly complimentary," I replied, sitting down on a prostrate beech trunk; "but I could not come sooner, I've been busy."

"Busy, indeed," quoth Egbert scornfully; "I wonder where the business came in; you went to sleep more likely, while we've had tea ready and the kettle boiling for hours."

"I am very sorry," I answered meekly, "especially as I have only come to ask you both to go back with me at once. Oh, boys, boys, such an extraordinary thing has happened!"

I proceeded to give a hurried description of my adventure in the library, and when I had finished Egbert threw his cap into the air.

"Hurrah," he cried in the wildest excitement, "hurrah, St Anthony has not forgotten us after all."

"St Anthony," I echoed remorsefully, and then stopped abruptly. How could I, in the face of what had just occurred, confess that since the morning I had never once remembered my holy patron?

The sharp pangs of well-merited self-reproach wrung my heart and dimmed the brightness of my joy. I felt humiliated, convicted of supreme ingratitude, and entirely unworthy of the happiness which seemed within my grasp. Surely it was nothing short of contemptible to rejoice as I had done in my own unaided discovery, when perhaps all the time my hand had been guided in the search. I scarcely heard what the boys said to me as I eagerly pursued the

MICHAEL DAVITT IN NEW ZEALAND.

(Southland Times, November 7.)

THE lecture delivered by Mr Michael Davitt, M.P., in the Theatre yesterday evening was largely attended, probably four or five hundred ladies and gentlemen being present. The City Guards Band played a number of selections on the balcony before the time appointed for Mr Davitt's appearance before the audience.

The Mayor (Mr W. B. Scandrett) presided, and in introducing the lecturer, said most of those present were no doubt more or less familiar with British politics, and especially with the politics of Ireland, an island containing so much that was beautiful in nature and so much that was of interest in history; an island of warm-hearted men and women full of patriotism for the land of their birth, who, go where they might, always continued loyal and patriotic Irishmen and Irishwomen. Ireland had given to the world many of its most notable men, men who had in all times occupied the highest positions in British and foreign countries. Amongst those in power and those seeking power in our own times there many able legislators, administrators and public men. The people were not required to agree with all these men said or did, but one thing generally would be admitted and admired, and that was their patriotism. The gentleman who would address the audience that evening was a man brimful of patriotism, a true-hearted Irishman who had never yet tried to serve his own interests, but was full of zeal for the welfare of his native-land.

Mr Davitt was received with prolonged applause, and began by expressing his deep gratitude for the hearty reception he had met with in Invercargill, a reception which had satisfied him that the people of New Zealand were not behind those of the other colonies in extending courtesy and kindness to visitors from Europe. From what he had already experienced he was confident that whether the people of New Zealand agreed with his opinions or not he was certain to receive a fair hearing and considerate treatment. He thought he would only be anticipating the wish of his audience if, before proceeding with his lecture, he said a word or two with regard to the subject

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train of thought Egbert's words suggested, and I registered an inward vow that, from that day forward, heartfelt love and humble confidence should prove the sincerity of my devotion to my saint.

Philip joined us on our way back to the house, and ere half an hour had passed the hiding-place had been thoroughly searched. The notes that seemed so valuable in my eyes were not by any means the most important part of the treasure-trove. There were bonds also, and securities—dingy-looking papers which represented no inconsiderable amount of wealth, as Phil presently proceeded to explain, while I listened like one in a dream.

It was of this secret impromptu bank that grandpa had doubtless wished to speak. And in truth it seemed hardly possible even now to believe in such good fortune. But nevertheless the happy fact remained. Our dear old home was saved. No need now to leave the roof we loved so well, and wander forth into a world whose kindness we certainly had no desire to put to the test—no need to separate; no need to picture a contemptuous stranger reigning in Phi's stead.

"St Anthony's hiding-place, as Egbert called it, contained, if not untold gold, at least amply sufficient to ensure absolute freedom from all pecuniary cares.

For the future we have no anxiety either for ourselves or for the estate. We possessed not only the "moderate competency" of which a well-known spiritual writer speaks, but something over and above, wherewith we hoped to brighten the lives and lessen the poverty of those around us. And I think four happier or more grateful hearts never beat that ours on that memorable June day when, as Egbert stontly affirms, St Anthony found us our treasure-trove!

P.P.P.—Pacific Pain Palliative cures all Sprains, Neuralgia Rheumatic, and similar ills. To be had from all chemists.—ADVT.

Mrs Jane Barlow is an Irish lady whose work bids fair to take a prominent place in the literature of the day. She is daughter of the Rev Dr Barlow, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and, although as yet she has written comparatively little, her work bears the stamp of indubitable power. Her most important public book is "Irish Idylls," published in 1892. All her works reveal deep insight into Irish peasant life.

of the recent English elections as bearing upon Home Rule. Many of his countrymen felt incensed to be discouraged at the results of the elections, but he argued that there was no reason for loss of hope and that in the end, despite the present temporary triumph of Lord Salisbury and Mr Chamberlain, the great end the Irish Party had in view would be gained. He then proceeded with his subject "The Trend of the Labour Movement in Great Britain," and at the outset quoted statistics to show the small proportion of the wage-earning classes that belonged to any of the labour organisations. He described the evils at present existing in large centres of population in Great Britain, attributed those evils to the laws which governed the production and distribution of wealth, quoted figures to show how unproportionately labour was represented in the House of Commons as compared with vested interests, and outlined, in contrast the remedies proposed by the Tory and Liberal parties. He discussed the platforms of the advanced Liberals and Socialists, and in concluding an able and instructive lecture—a lecture avowedly intended to impart information rather than to carry an audience away by means of oratorical and declamatory effect. He expressed the opinion that, pleasant as socialism might be to regard from a Utopian point of view, it could only be a dream until all mankind were on the same level of capability, self-restraint, and brotherly love—until indeed there was a new humanity. At the close of the lecture Mr Davitt, by way of illustrating the old methods of electioneering, read two bills, an English and an Irish one, presented to successful candidates after the poll, and thereby created roars of laughter. He was frequently applauded, and resumed his seat amid enthusiastic demonstrations of approval.

In answer to a question Mr Davitt indignantly repudiated any insinuation as to the administration of the Irish Evicted Tenants Fund, stated that the accounts of the fund had been submitted not to their own auditors but to public accountants in Dublin, and quoted Mr Balfour's statement that however he might disagree with the opinions of the Irish Party he gave every credit for honesty of motive.

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