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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

TURKISH ATROCITIES, A PRIEST BURNED ALIVE. HARROWING accounts of Turkish atrocities come daily to hand. A priest in Crete was mutilated by the loss of his nose and ears, then burnt alive over a fire made of sacred pictures. A number of churches, St. John Panagia, Prophet Elias, Archangelos, were desecrated and plundered. In the district of Heracleo six villages were sacked and burned. Christian priests and people were slaughtered. One woman was slain after seeing both her children butchered on her knees. Ineffectual protest is made by humane individuals, but professedly Christian nations still allow the wretched Sultan to reign and degrade humanity. Truly the days of crusaders and Catholic Europe have passed away.

"CONFESSION" AMONG ANGLICANS. THE Right Rev. Dr. Ryle, Anglican Bishop of Liverpool, does not believe in confession. His Lordship recently denounced the practice which, according to the Anglican Vicar of St. Peter's Dock Church, is on the increase in London. Three thousand two hundred and fifty "confessions" were heard in the parish of the latter last year as against 3126 during the previous year. Dr. Ryle, who is evidently ignorant or crassly heedless of the exhortations in the Book of Common Prayer, said recently in the course of a sermon at Liverpool:—"We have fallen on days when people thought the way to heaven was to go and confess their sins to a priest. He was not referring to Roman Catholics but to the mischievous habit of certain clergymen, and that in Liverpool, of encouraging young men and women, and even children, to confess to them, and of giving absolution after they had confessed. It was utterly contrary to the Word of God, he believed, and he was quite sure that it was not in accordance with the Prayer Book. Above all, there was the foolishness and silliness of it. It was amazing to him that men and women could think that it would do them any good to go and confess to a priest and get absolution." We often find among Anglicans themselves downright ignorance of what is clearly laid down in their official manual of prayers and ordinances. In the "Visitation of the Sick" it is prescribed "that the sick person shall be moved to make a special confession of his sins . . . after which the priest shall absolve him after this sort:—Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who hath left power to His Church to absolve all sinners who truly repent and believe in Him, of His great mercy forgive thee these offences: And by His authority, committed to me, I absolve thee from all thy sins. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." The point of death is not the only time at which confession and the seeking of absolution are recommended. Before the administration of Communion the minister gives the following warning:—"If there be any of you who cannot quiet his own conscience . . . let him come to me or to some other discreet or learned minister of God's Word and open his grief that . . . he may receive the benefit of absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice." How is it that intelligent Anglicans "though so near" are "yet so far" from the Church of their fathers?

CONFESSION IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS. DR. RYLE, of Liverpool, does not believe in confession for those whom Prior Vaughan called the "home heathen." Mr. Louis Becke, the charming novelist, whose works on the "sweet islands of the Pacific" have attracted so much attention, is a believer in the practice of Confession for the thorough reclaiming of the "dark heathen." To a London *Chronicle* reporter he referred in the course of an interview to the missionary question:—"The islands are practically missionaries' colonies, are they not?" asked the interviewer. "Yes," sighed Mr Becke, "they are, unfortunately. I use the word unfortunately advisedly, for Christianity, especially

in Tonga, has changed a fine warlike race into a set of oily, groveling hypocrites. Of course there are missionaries and missionaries, and the individual in these elements is everything. The Roman Catholic priests do magnificent work and their system of confession more than anything else keeps the native converts in the right path." The "dark heathen" has learned much in the way of crime from the "white heathen." Human nature is much the same the world over. What is a good remedial agent abroad should be effective at home.

AKIN TO CREMATION.

WE have in New Zealand enthusiasts in the matter of funeral reform—of "rational burial," as they term their fad. Without doubt money is uselessly squandered in the purchase of perishable wreaths. The pagan element, observable in the attempt to remove the gloom of the grave, and neutralise the sermon preached by death should be sedulously eliminated. Flowers are symbolical of joy and innocence, and are only rightly employed when children with the waters of baptism fresh on the brow, go, in the purity of untarnished soul, straight to the throne of God. Apart from the needless expenditure, modern customs are out of harmony with Christian feeling at the solemn hour. But misguided enthusiasts may go too far. The Sanitary Burial Association of London advocates a so-called reform which fringes on the practice of cremation. Cremation, as our readers are aware, is strongly advocated by continental enemies of the Catholic Church. Reduce the body to dust as soon as possible—away with Christian burial is their motto. The latter is not the aim of the sanitary burial associates. The former is their avowed object, as the "exhibition of sanitary coffins" at Great Russell street, Bloomsbury, shows. A large number of clergymen and doctors visited the gruesome show. "The coffins exhibited," (says a Home paper), "are of the ordinary size and shape, but are made of perishable material, and contain a specially-made powder, which acts as an immediate disinfectant and ultimate destroyer of the corpse. This method of burial, it is claimed, produces speedy dissolution of the body, and has been approved by the Church of England Burial Reform Association.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON ANGLICAN ORDERS.

WHAT did Cardinal Newman think about the question of the validity of Anglican Orders? He was a just adversary, and a man ever open to fair argument. His opinion should be of interest, at all events, just now when High Church Anglicans are so much disturbed by the unfavourable discussion of Leo XIII. This is what the great writer and thinker says of the Anglican Communion:—"As to its possession of episcopal succession from the time of the Apostles, it may have it, and if the Holy See ever so decided, I will believe it as being a decision of a higher judgment than my own; but for myself, I must have St. Philip's gift, who saw the sacerdotal character on the head of a gaily-attired youngster before I can by my own wit acquiesce in it." These words of a thoughtful writer whom Anglicans very generally admire, are specially interesting at the present moment.

AN UNIQUE ANNIVERSARY. HER Majesty Queen Victoria has entered upon the sixtieth year of her reign. It was intended to commemorate the event in a fitting manner on September 23, but at her Majesty's desire the celebration has been postponed. The Premier of this Colony has received intimation that while the Queen is much gratified to observe such general expressions of loyalty and affection towards her in regard to the fact that she will shortly have reigned for a longer period than any other British sovereign, it is her Majesty's wish that did she be spared to rule over her beloved subjects for such a period any recognition or celebration of that event should be reserved until she has actually completed a reign of sixty years. The sixtieth anniversary—an unique event in English history—will occur on June 21. Without doubt the celebration if her Majesty be spared, will be worthy of the occasion. Meantime congratulatory tele-

COMPARE SIZE AND WEIGHT OF STICKS.

Smoke T. R. Williams' JUNO. Smoke.

grams and cablegrams pour in from all quarters, and in these messages of felicitation all loyal subjects join.

We complain frequently of bad coal gas. Now it ADULTERATION seems, at Home at all events, that adulterated gas EVERYWHERE, is not uncommon. The *British Medical Journal* has the following:—"At the annual meeting of the British Medical Association recently held at Carlisle. Dr. J. S. Haldane called attention to the fact which threatened to become a grave public danger—namely, that many gas companies now were adulterating their coal gas with water gas, so that the percentage of carbon monoxide in the mixture as supplied was often 18 to 22 instead of 5 to 6. The presence of the latter in such a large quantity constitutes a serious danger."

AN infidel's test.—This story is told by the BISHOP OF PLYMOUTH as an incident of the French Revolution, when impiety ran riot:—"Some young men having come into church and seeing people going to confession, it was suggested that one of their number should also go to confession. The idea was fully approved of and one was appointed. He knelt in the confessional and he commenced in this sort:—"I have cursed God and will do so again. I have given up all religion and don't care a straw for all its teaching," etc., etc. The priest listened and then moved, one cannot help thinking, by the Holy Spirit, said: "For your penance, obtain a crucifix, place it on a table, kneel before it attentively for a minute look at it and then say, 'He died for me, and I don't care a straw for Him.'" The young man's friends were delighted and insisted on his doing his penance. They procured a crucifix, made him kneel as ordered and bade him repeat the words. He began, "He died for me, and I—" Here he stopped, but his friends urged his going on, He did so, but to their bewilderment it was to say, "Yes, He did die for me, and I will never sin against Him again." He then arose and rushed away from his companions and never stopped till he knelt at the confessional, this time a sincere penitent.

The Archbishop of Freiburg-in-Brisgau presided recently at a social reunion held in honour of thirty-three of his priests, who have just celebrated their silver jubilees. Of the thirty-three thirty were present.

THE BRETON FISHER FOLK.

(By M. Betham-Edwards.)

Slowly the sea restored them one by one,
Sweet babes, fair girls, sires, matrons in their prime,
Bruised by the rocks, defaced by weed and slime,
The tide bore back. Then tenderly was done
All love could do, and each poor body drest
In cerements quaint and fine, while many a prayer
Was breathed for those whose shipwrecked ones lay there.
Who might not even know their place of rest.
Then with such pomp of seaboard circumstances
As might be, they were buried by the waves,
And priestly blessing fell on English graves,
"Under the cross, in the dear land of France."
May evermore the beauteous tale be read
How Breton fishers cared for England's dead!

The following paragraph, which we take from the *Southern Cross*, will be read with interest by members of Catholic choirs throughout New Zealand:—"In a letter received by an Adelaide friend the pleasing announcement is made of the reception into the Catholic Church of Mrs. W. Neilson, the wife of the well-known member of the Royal Comic Opera Company. The reception took place at Wellington, New Zealand, July 25, the Rev. Father Devoy, S.M., officiating. The newly-made convert was presented with a lovely prayer book by Father Devoy, and a presentation of a relic mounted and fixed in a glass case with the Pope's seal attached, was made by Rev. Father Gregory, of Auckland. Mrs Neilson visited Adelaide with the company to which she belongs on several occasions and gave great assistance to our choirs. She was a very popular artiste, and made hosts of friends while in this city."

The conversion is announced of Mrs. Bridger, wife of the well-known Positivist writer.

At a recent banquet at Blenheim Lord Glasgow, who shortly leaves New Zealand, made an amusing speech, in the course of which he said:—"He thought he might admit so much—that he had not done anything, made no wrong steps which, on leaving the Colony, he would wish to withdraw (applause). At the same time it must be remembered that there was very little that a Governor could go wrong in (laughter). He had his advisers; they put papers before him to sign. He must take off his hat to the people when they took off their hats (which was not often), be agreeable wherever he goes,

and tread on nobody's toes (laughter). This conception of a Governor's position was not a very broad one, but it was consideration of it from only one point of view. In performance of his duties the Governor may have a very great influence on the welfare of the country.

BEATI MISERICORDIÆ.

Who showeth mercy, mercy shall he gain
Perfect and plenteous in his time of need;
He that hath pity shall be blest indeed,
And from the Fount of Pity shall obtain
Endless compassion: surely not in vain
The poor forgiveness He hath made the meed
Whereby He shall forgive us, when we plead
To Him for pardon. In thine hour of pain
The mercy thou hast given He will give
In fullest measure, mercy all His own;
And He, the Lord of Love, in Whom we live,
To Whom belongeth mercy, Who alone
Hath pardon as His sole prerogative,
Shall show to thee mercy thou hast shown.

—FRANCIS W. GREY in *Catholic World*.

An article by the Rev. A. Downes-Shaw, in the August number of *The Charity Organisation Review* gives information which will astonish some persons who readily give money to the professional tramp. By a recognised code of signals these latter convey to each other such information as might be found in the pages of a well-edited Labour Gazette, notifying to their comrades the most likely houses for their purposes, and conversely the roads and quarters inhabited by hard-hearted and close-fisted individuals. Clothes and food are generally bestowed on them in kind, and money goes to pay for their lodging and to supply them with luxuries, such as beer, spirits or tobacco. One family was said by a speaker at the Birmingham Church Congress to be in receipt of an income of seven pounds a week, secured on the infinite gullibility of human nature. The father wrote begging letters, the mother did the pathetic dodge at street corners with a dummy baby and the children earned a comfortable maintenance by street begging. A respectable girl, known to the writer of the article, married a professional beggar, or as she euphemistically termed it, "an asker," and excused her descent in the social scale by saying that it paid well. Her husband, she averred, could visit sixty streets in a day, "and it was a very bad street where he did not get a penny."

The Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Coadjutor-Bishop, has taken charge of St. Joseph's Church, Macquarie street, Hobart, in succession to the late Dean Woods.

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS OF SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

THE *Melbourne Advocate* has begun the publication of the memoirs of the Hon. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy K.C.M.G., written by the veteran statesman himself. It is entitled "My life in two Hemispheres." The following excerpt from the first chapter contains an account of his school days:—"Some account of my early school days will help the reader to understand the social condition of Ulster at that time. The Ulster Catholics had been deprived by the Puritan Parliament in Dublin of their lands, their churches, and their schools at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and they were long forbidden by statute to obtain education at home or abroad, or to possess property in land. At the time I speak of their schools were still very often what were then known as "poor schools." The schoolroom was commonly a barn or a garret, the furniture rude and scanty, the walls and windows bare, and some of the pupils probably shoeless and unwashed. But these establishments were regarded as evidence of remarkable progress by those who remembered the "hedge schools" of a previous generation, which had not even the shelter of a roof. My first schoolmaster was a one-handed man, named Neill Quinn, who had probably become a teacher because this deficiency unfitted him for any other employment. He performed duties which were merely manual with marvellous dexterity, mending a pen, for example, as speedily and skilfully as a man with two hands. A long loop of twine passed through two holes in a table held the quill flat, and was kept fast by his foot in the other end of the loop, while he trimmed it with his right hand, which happily remained. Of the elements of education, Mr Quinn did not teach much, I fear, but he told us stories, generally little apologues or homilies, intended to impart a homely moral. His rudimentary science was taught with a scanty equipment of instruments, but he contrived to make it impressive. One day he let his hat fall from his head to the floor, and exclaimed—"Now, boys, which of you will tell me why that hat fell down to the ground instead of falling up to the ceiling?"

My escape from this primitive institution was one of the most fortunate incidents of my life. My eldest sister, a girl of vigorous wit met me one day coming home from school in the midst of a clamouring swarm of urchins, some of them bare-footed and ragged, and all riotous and undisciplined, and she peremptorily declared that I should never return to that society. But where was I to go? There was not a Catholic school in the county a

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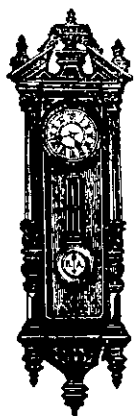
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whit better. There was, however, a classical academy in the town taught by a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. John Bleckley, where the boarders were sons of the small gentry and professional men of two or three neighbouring counties, and the day boys sons of the principal townspeople. There were about fifty pupils, all Protestants or Presbyterians; a Catholic boy had never been seen within the walls. It needed a considerable stock of moral courage to contemplate sending me to such an establishment, where I might be ill-received, or, if not ill-received, where I might be taught to despise the boys of my own race and creed whom I had quitted. The consent of my guardian, a parish priest living a dozen miles away, had to be obtained, and he had liberality and good sense enough to approve of the project. Mr Bleckley received me graciously, but during the first day one of the boys told me (what I soon learned had been muttered among many others) that it was unpardonable presumption for a Papist to come among them. But the bigotry of boys is mostly inherited from their elders, and has little root. This lad, Mat Trumble, son of a lieutenant in the British Army, but also grandson of a chaplain of the volunteers, afterwards a notable United Irishman, soon became my close friend. He was a youth of good intellect, resolute will and considerable reading, and with such aid I did not do badly in the strange society on which I intruded. During the first year a boys' parliament, a boys' regiment, a boys' newspaper were established, which I did something to initiate, and my connection with them was vehemently resisted in the name of Protestant ascendancy. But after a fierce debate the majority voted my emancipation, three years before the legislators of larger growth at St Stephen's made a similar concession to my seniors. I used to boast that I was the first Catholic emancipated in Ireland, but though tolerated, I was never allowed altogether to forget that I belonged to the race who were beaten at the Bayne. A cynical lad, who afterwards became a noted local preacher, sometimes occupied the recreation hour with marvellous stories of Popish atrocities, designed for my edification. One of them, which I can still recall after seventy years, is worth repeating as a specimen of the legends current in Ulster:—

A farmer's son—so the story ran—went to confession, and, as his offences were serious, the priest made a tally with a chalk on the sleeve of his coat, that the penance might be proportionate to the sins. "I was too intimate with a neighbour's daughter, your reverence." "Very bad," says the priest, "making a stroke on his arm with the chalk. "There was a baby, your reverence, and to keep it dark, I made her throw it in the river." "Oh, you unfortunate miscreant," cried the priest, making two long strokes on his arm. "I'm afraid you'll never see purgatory! Anything else?" "Yes, your reverence—God forgive me—there's something worse. The girl took to fretting. I was afraid she'd tell her people, and I shoved her into a bog-hole." "Away with you!" cried the priest, starting to his feet in a rage. "I can't absolve a double murderer, who has hid his crime from punishment." "But, your reverence, wait a minute. I forgot to tell you she was a black Presbyterian." "Poo! poo!" says the priest, brushing the score off his arm. "why did you make me dirty my coat?"

Mat Trumble, who was present, remarked that if the story was true—and, doubtless, it wasn't—the priest might have found a precedent in Anglo-Irish history, when the violation of a married woman, with which two Norman soldiers were charged in a court of the Pale, ended in a judgment that no offence was proved, as the victim was a mere Irishwoman!

The Presbyterian planters from whom my schoolfellows were descended preserved to an amazing degree the characteristics of their Scottish ancestors. They were thrifty, industrious and parsimonious, and sometimes spoke a language worthy of Dumfriesshire. Their familiar sayings were of the same origin. "Keep the halter shank in your ain hand," was a pawkie warning against a rash confidence, or "Don't let the want come at the web's end," an exhortation to foresight. The name employed to designate a courtesan was "an idle girl," a phrase which implies a population devoted to labour and duty. The few books which circulated among them were steeped in the bitterness of hereditary feuds. I remember being horror-struck by a copy of "Fox's Book of Martyrs," with illustrations fit to poison the spirit of a community for a century. Men reared for the liberal professions might in time outlive these prejudices, but with the poor and ignorant time only deepens them. But the nationalities sometimes mingled marvelously. I can recall more than one descendant of Puritan settlers smitten with sympathy for the Celtic tongue and Celtic traditions, and, on the other hand, O'Neills and MacMahons speaking a dialect that might pass muster in Midlothian and practising economies which would charm Sir Andrew Wylie.

The Catholic World.

(From contemporaries.)

AMERICA.—The New Apostolic-Delegate U.S.A. and Ireland.—Monsignor Martinelli—or Most Rev. Dr. Martinelli—for he will now be raised to the archiepiscopate—was for over sixteen years a member of the Irish Augustinian community at Santa Muria in Posterula. Nearly all the younger Augustinian Fathers in Ireland and Australia, where they are in charge of many missions, studied theology under him. Moreover, he visited Dublin in 1891 to preside over the Chapter of the Province, which was held in that year in the Church of SS. Augustine and John. On that occasion the new Archbishop made a visitation of the Irish Province, so that he is well acquainted with Ireland and her affairs. The experience will be of much value to his Grace in his new career, in view of the essentially Irish spirit and character of the Catholics of America—bishops, priests and people. It is fair to suppose that his Irish associations have developed in the new Archbishop a sympathy with the country and people that gave birth to the Church where now his

lot is cast; and that as his influence in the Church increases it will be the influence of a prelate who knows Ireland and Irish America.

Number of Converts in the Year.—It is estimated by a writer in the *New York Press* that in the past year there have been something like one hundred thousand converts to the Catholic Church in the United States. These figures were obtained from the Paolist Fathers, whose missionary work among Protestants has already borne such a wonderful fruit.

Archbishop Martinelli—Apostolic-Delegate—remains Prior-General of the Augustinians.—It is intended for the moment (says the Roman correspondent of the *Catholic Times*, August 14) that Very Rev. Father Martinelli should combine his old function of Prior-General of the Augustinian Order with the new one of Apostolic-Delegate to the United States. The Procurator-General of the Order, Rev. Father Rodriguez, has accordingly been named his representative in Rome. Later on, if experience shows this combination does not work well, a change will be made and a new Superior-General elected. Father Martinelli's deceased brother, the Cardinal—a dignity to which he is now well on the road himself—was likewise a member of the Order of St. Augustine.

An important American synod.—We learn from a contemporary that the priests of the St. Louis diocese, U.S.A. were to assemble in synod at Kenrick Seminary on September 8th, and it was expected that several important rules would be promulgated. One law already framed for approval provides that marriages must be performed at Nuptial Mass, except by special leave of the archbishop. Another ruling provides that "a school must be built in any parish where a school does not at present exist, within two years from the promulgation of these decrees, unless the bishop, for grave reasons, judges that it should not be erected. The priest who for that period delays the erection and maintenance of a school, or does not heed repeated warnings of the bishop, will merit removal from his church."

AUSTRALIA.—Cardinal Moran's Birthday.—Wednesday, the 16th inst., was the 66th anniversary of the Cardinal's birthday. His Eminence celebrated his usual Mass in the cathedral, and during the day received many congratulations. Marquess Jennings was one of the first to call at St. Mary's. In the afternoon his Eminence presided at a meeting held at Kogarah in connection with St. Mary's Cathedral Fair. This was the 24th fair meeting at which his Eminence had taken the chair since the inauguration of the fair movement.

Ordination Ceremonies at St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney.—There was an exceedingly large congregation at the half-past eight o'clock Mass at St. Mary's Cathedral on Sunday morning September 13th, when a number of the ecclesiastical students from St. Patrick's College, Manly, were ordained deacons and sub-deacons by the Cardinal-Archbishop. Mass was celebrated by his Eminence, and the following ecclesiastics were ordained:—Sub-deacons: Messrs Frederick Admison (Adelaide) Henry Bakker (Melbourne), Michael Masterton (Brisbane), Joseph King (Melbourne), and Peter Mahoney (Sindhurst, Victoria); deacons: The Revs. Matthew Brodie (Auckland), Michael Flemming (Sydney), Peter Murphy (Liverpool), John Kelly (Sydney), and Francis Burton (Brisbane). The Very Revs. Dr. Murphy (President of St. Patrick's College, Manly) and Dr. O'Haran (Administrator of St. Mary's Cathedral) assisted at the ceremonies. At the 11 o'clock Mass the Revs. M. Flemming and P. Murphy exercised, for the first time, their sacred functions as deacon and subdeacon respectively at the High Mass, which was celebrated by the Rev. Father Whyte. The music was Beethoven's "Mass in C."

ENGLAND.—Prior Vaughan better.—The *London Universe*, August 15, says:—"On inquiry at Archbishop's House, Westminster, our representative was informed that the latest news of the Very Rev. Prior Vaughan is reassuring. His illness at first caused some alarm, but during the past few days he has been steadily improving. We understand that the Prior is at present in Chicago."

FRANCE.—Ecclesiastic Knights.—In the list of those decorated with the Legion of Honour on the occasion of the French national festival appears the name of one priest, Mgr. Angouard, Bishop of Sineta and Vicar-Apostolic of Ubangi, who for nineteen years has exercised his ministry on the Gaboon and the Congo. The roll of the Legion of Honour contains but five treasured knights, viz. Mgr. Caspard, Bishop of Hué in Annam; Mgr. Van Camelbeke, whose labours in Cochinchina have extended over three-and-thirty years; Mgr. Potron, Bishop of Jericho; Father Schmitt, resident in Siam since 1863, whose knowledge of the country and the language proved very useful to the Delimitation Commission on the Upper Mekong; and Father Dupuy, of Antananarivo, without whom the French Resident would have found it difficult to escape from the Malagasy capital on the outbreak of hostilities.

Parish Priests of Vallon-sur-Gee live long.—Vallon-sur-Gee, in the department of the Sarthe, can boast that it has had but two parish priests in 111 years. The Abbé Pineau held office there from 1785 to 1842, and his successor, the Abbé Paris, still performs all the duties with efficiency.

A French Nun honoured.—For years Rosa Bonheur has enjoyed the glory of being the only woman on whom has been bestowed the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Now, however, she must share the honour with another of her sex, who, though not known by her palette and brush, has nevertheless the reverence and homage of the French nation. It has just been announced that Sister Marie Chantal, a French nun, who has been Superior of the Hospice-General of Tours since 1863, has been made chevalier in the Legion of Honour. She accompanied the French troops through the disastrous war of 1870-71 and rendered incalculably great services on the battlefield. Though her own life was constantly in

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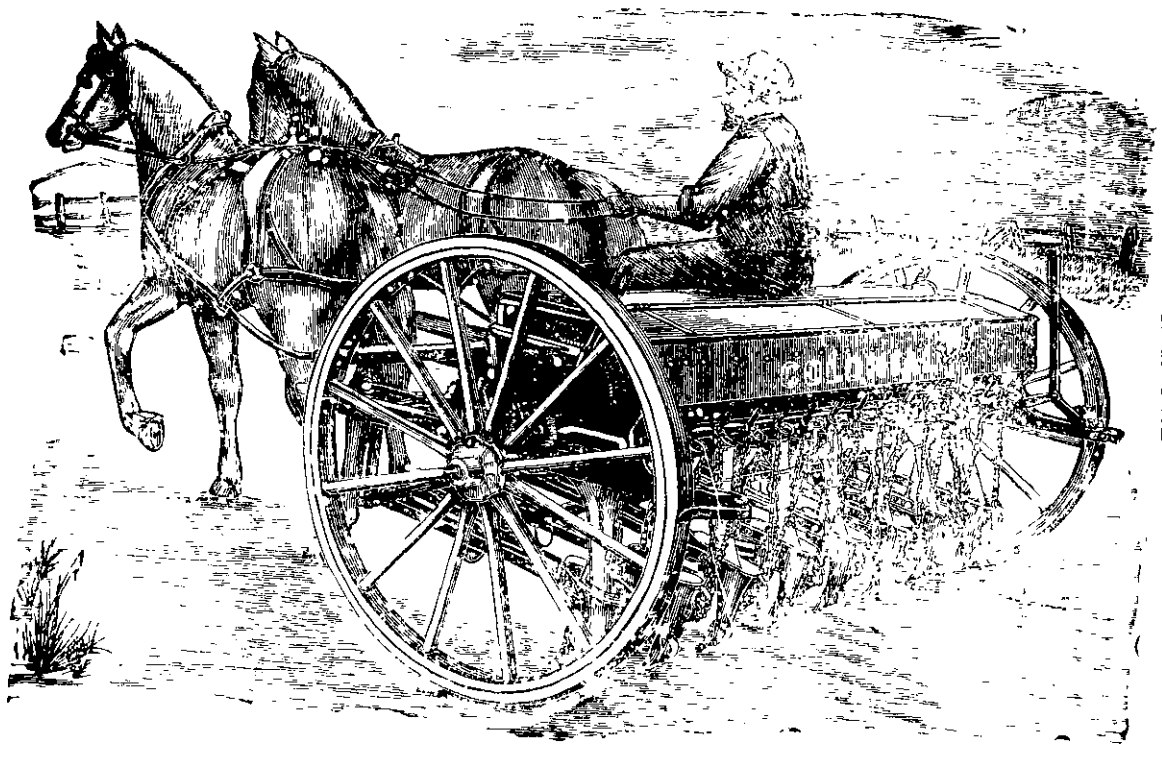
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danger, she directed with Christian intrepidity the ambulance brigades and was untiring in her attentions to the wounded. It was stated at the close of the war by one of the generals, who accorded her such eulogistic praise as seldom befalls to mortals while in the flesh, that she saved more lives than did half the medical men in the army. And for her bravery under trying circumstances and her aid, this sweet-faced, black-robed bride of the Church has been decorated with a medal for which a Frenchman would lay down his life or go through untold suffering. For the last twenty-eight years her services have been mainly directed towards ministering to the patients of the military hospitals.

MANITOBA.—The School Question.—Mr T. C. Down, in the *Nineteenth Century* for July, tells the story of the Manitoba school question. He tells us "The history of the last six years of Protestant domination in Manitoba affords such a display of tyranny and oppression as would seem at the present time to be incredible. The treatment of the Roman Catholics, by which they are wholly deprived of the enjoyment of the rights in the education of their children secured to them by the constitution, comes as near to persecution as can well be conceived in these days of boasted toleration and enlightenment."

ITALY.—A Labour Paper with Priest Editor.—The Rev. Professor Pastori, one of the editors of the *Osservatore Cattolico*, of Milan, has taken the editorship of the *Lavoratore Italiano*, a Catholic journal in the interests of labour published simultaneously at Vienna, Milan, and Zurich.

ROME.—The new Secretary of the Inquisition.—The secretaryship of the Inquisition, vacant through the death of Cardinal Monaco La Valetta, has been entrusted to Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar-General of his Holiness. It was first offered to Cardinal Ledochowski, but his Eminence begged to be allowed to decline it.

SAXONY.—The Pope and Prince Maximilian of Saxony.—To more than one member of royalty his Holiness has of late been sending complimentary presents. Prince Maximilian of Saxony, who celebrated his first Mass on the 2nd August, has, through the intermediary of Mgr. Wahl, been the recipient of a handsome gold medal. On one side of the medal is the figure of the Pope, and on the reverse side the device: "Fiat unum ovile et unus pastor"—"Let there be one fold and one pastor"—the thought uppermost in Leo XIII.'s mind.

V A R I A

CURING DRUNKENNESS.

The surgeon in charge of the troops at Vancouver barracks has adopted a novel means of curing drunkenness. No man is taken on the sick list unless his condition is such that he is unable to work, and all cases of drunkenness are treated as acute alcoholic poisoning. The drunken man is taken to the operating room, and his stomach emptied by means of the stomach-pump, and thoroughly washed out with a two per cent. solution of soda. Then he is given a bowl of hot beef extract with cayenne pepper, and is allowed an hour's rest, at the end of which time he is packed off to duty again. Medically this is found an excellent plan, allaying the nervous symptoms and giving tone to the digestive organs. Morally it is equally good. For drunkenness has been reduced to a minimum since it was begun.

READY WIT.

Sarasate once found his memory deserting him at a recital: he discovered the reason, however, in time to prevent a failure. A lady was fanning herself in the front row of stalls. The violinist stopped playing and said: "Madame, how can I play two-four time when you are beating six-eight?" The lady stopped fanning and the recital continued successfully.

OATMEAL WATER.

Oatmeal water is declared by many people to be the best possible drink for hot weather, and if flavoured with a lemon is very pleasant. Boil a quarter of a pound of oatmeal with the thin rind of a lemon in three quarts of water for twenty minutes; when cool add the juice of a lemon; sweeten with brown sugar and strain. The Irish method of making oatmeal water is far preferable. In a quart of water steep a handful of oatmeal; cover and let it stand for two hours; add lemon to taste. This is a most refreshing and nourishing summer drink.

PENSIONS FOR EVERYBODY.

There is in operation in Denmark a law giving every Danish subject, man and woman, the right to a pension at 60 years of age. Exception is made of persons convicted of crime; who have fraudulently made over their property to relatives or others; who have brought themselves to distress by extravagance or evil-living; who have during the preceding ten years received relief from the poor-law; or who have been convicted of mendacity. Applications are addressed to the parish, who make all inquiries, and fix the amount of the relief to be granted.

THE QUICKEST TRAIN IN EUROPE.

The quickest train in Europe runs from Carlisle to Aberdeen. The distance is 240½ miles. The actual run is done in 246 minutes, but the direct run from start to finish would take only 234 minutes. The "flying average" pace when fairly under way, is about 61½ miles an hour. This is done without "racing," no urging on of poor, anxious overpressed drivers and firemen, and all done with a smoothly-running train, with the utmost care at all awkward curves or junctions. Twelve miles an hour is about the "flying average" here.

WHALES ATTACK A SHIP.

The s.s. Seminole, on its way from New York to Jacksonville (Fla.) met with a singular accident. In running into a school of whales, one of the big fish was struck by the ship, when five of the other whales, some of which appeared to be from 75ft. to 100ft. in

length, seemed enraged, and, withdrawing to a short distance from the steamer, bore down on her with headlong speed. Four times they attacked the ship, but suffering severely and spouting great quantities of blood, they gave up the unequal contest. The ship arrived in port on August 5, a good deal shaken, and many of her plates deeply indented.

THE LONGEST BRIDGE.

The longest bridge in the world is the Lion bridge near Sangang, in China. It extends five-and-a-quarter miles over an area of the Yellow Sea, and is supported by 300 huge stone arches. The roadway is 70ft. above the water, and is enclosed in an iron network. A marble lion 21ft. long rests on the crown of each pillar. The bridge was built at the command of the Emperor Keing Long.

DEATH OF THE INVENTOR OF A "FLYING" MACHINE.

Herr Lilienthal, the inventor of a navigable flying machine, recently made an experimental journey, starting from Goemberg, in the province of Brandenburg. He had flown along safely for over 200yds. when a gush of wind suddenly caught and carried him upwards, causing him to lose control over his wings. The unfortunate man fell perpendicularly to the ground, broke his spine, and died soon afterwards.

SOME PECULIARITIES OF ENGLISH.

A writer in the *Commonwealth* mentions some peculiarities of the English language which embarrass foreigners:—

"We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes; But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes. The one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese; Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese. You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice, But the plural of house is houses, not hices. If the plural of man is always called men, Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? The cow in the plural may be cows or kine, But a cow if repeated is never called kine; And the plural of vow is vows, never vine. If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet, And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet? If one is a tooth a whole set are teeth, Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth? If the singular's this and the plural is these, Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese? Then one may be that and three would be those, Yet hat in the plural would never be hose; And the plural of cat is cats, not cose. We speak of a brother and also of brethren, But though we say mother we never say methren. Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him; But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim! So the English, I think, you all will agree, Is the greatest language you ever did see.

MONKEYS AS MINERS.

According to the *Revue Scientifique*, a French mine-owner in the Transvaal has some monkeys infected with the *auri sacra fames*. It has happened in this way: The mine owner had originally two little monkeys, which were in the habit of accompanying their master in his visit to the mines. They saw the workmen gathering the ore, and soon learned to imitate them and to distinguish traces of the precious metal. They thus became of use to their employer, who procured twenty-four others, which, having been initiated into the mysteries of mining by the two first pioneers, soon became so expert as to fill the places of five or six men. The monkeys are extremely honest, says the voracious correspondent of the *Revue*, for they have not yet been perverted by their human fellow-workers, and never try to appropriate nuggets!

A HISTORICAL HOTEL.

The oldest hotel in Europe, and certainly that which boasts of the longest and most august record of visitors, is the Golden Cross at the old Imperial, town of Regensburg, or Ratisbon, as we insist upon spelling it. A recent visitor gives an interesting account of the mediæval character that the famous inn still retains and of its throng of historical associations. The Emperor Charles the Fifth stayed at this Gasthof in 1546, and it was there that in the following year was born his natural son, Don John of Austria, the victor of Lepanto, whose mother, Barbara Blomberg, was a lovely maid of the Golden Cross when the great Kaiser looked with eyes of favour on her. The walls of the hostelry now bear an inscription to the euphemistic effect that Kaiser Karl "kissed a maiden's lips" who had issue the Conqueror of the Turk and the saviour of Christendom. The Golden Cross has never known any dimness in the splendour of its reputation among European hotels. Its existing visitors' books date from 1819, and contain, we are told, the names of more than 500 imperial, royal and princely personages. The ill-fated Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, spent his honeymoon at the old place, and, by a pathetic coincidence, his brother, the present Emperor of Austria, was staying there when the news arrived that Maximilian had been shot. At the Golden Cross, however, they are less proud of regal favour than of having entertained Bismarck, whose bedroom is still preserved as it was when he slept in it.

A NOVEL INDUSTRY.

A novel industry has been introduced in the United States, in the manufacture of sacks for paper. The latter is a special product, made from the refuse of hempen ropes, which, by treatment with lime, furnishes a very strong material, intermediate between ordinary paper and sacking. The American millers are said to find the paper sacks quite satisfactory as receptacles for flour, and the sole factory for them in the State of New York supplies 140,000 a day, with a capacity of over 100 pounds at the wholesale price of 1½d each.

P.P.P.—The great remedy for Sciatica, Sprains, Neuralgia. To be had from all chemists.—ADVT.

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"STERLING" STEEL DISC HARROWS IN SAME STYLE.

Dont' purchase till you have seen them. Circulars ready shortly. Send for one. Mention this paper.

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FARMERS and others who want Seeds for this Season's Sowing cannot do better than to consult them as to their requirements, as their knowledge of Seeds is equalled by very few in the Colony. Samples and Quotations, which will be found most reasonable, sent on application.

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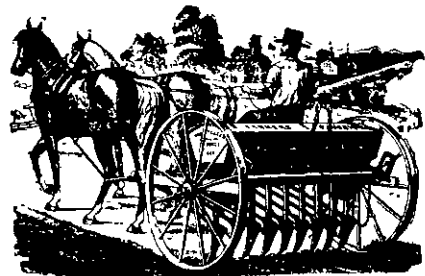
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ADVANTAGES OF CONSIGNING TO AGENTS.

We need scarcely point out to Vendors the many advantages of entrusting their consignments to responsible agents who have facilities for classing the skins and for showing them to the best advantage, and whose whole aim is to conserve owners' interests and secure the highest price for their consignments.

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By offering the skins at Public Auction at fixed dates duly advertised, and when all the buyers are in attendance, the widest range of competition is secured; and it must be quite apparent that under no other condition can Vendors expect to secure the same full value for their consignments as can be obtained by thus selling at Public Auction.

SKINS VALUED AND CLASSED.

Every consignment received by us is carefully valued and, where necessary, classed before being sold, and every effort is made to secure the highest market value for the consignments. CHARGE are on the LOWEST SCALE, and account sales are rendered immediately after sale.

ADDRESS.

Rabbitskins for sale in Dunedin should be addressed to DONALD REID & CO., Dunedin, when they will reach us in due course. We pay railage on arrival of any lots consigned to us, and give same our prompt and careful attention immediately on arrival.

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In Half-Size Bottles,

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A record of nearly 60 years in curing affections of the Throat and Lungs, Colds, Coughs, La Grippe and Pneumonia. Pleasant to take, sure to cure.

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Bottled only at Springs, Wai-Rongoa. The New Zealand Medical Journal says - "In regard to the Water itself, as a table beverage it can be confidently recommended. Beautifully cool, clear, and effervescent, the taste clean, with just sufficient chalybeate astringency to remind one that there are healing virtues as well as simple refreshment in the liquid, this Mineral Water ought soon to become popular amongst all who can afford the very slight cost entailed."

We supply the Dunedin and Wellington Hospitals, the Union Company's entire fleet, and Bellamy's with our Pure Mineral Water. Specially-made Soda Water for Invalids. For Permit to visit Springs apply Dunedin Office. THOMSON AND CO., Office - Dunedin.

BRINSLEY AND COMPANY'S PATENT "CHAMPION" RANGE IS THE GREATEST FUEL SAVER OF THE CENTURY.

Requires no fixing. Burns wood, lignite, or any class of coal with splendid results. JOHN A. D. ADAMS, Esq., writes: I have pleasure in saying that the 3ft Range which you have sent me is working splendidly. I hear no complaints, and am informed that it is a real coal-saver."

G. E. BRAY, Esq., writes: The Range you fitted in my residence works extremely well, cooks splendidly, even with lignite. Am perfectly satisfied with it. I think you have a sure fortune in the "Champion" Range."

Numerous other testimonials, the originals of which can be seen at our office. BRINSLEY AND COMPANY (Opposite A. and T. Burt's Workshops), CUMBERLAND STREET.

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This well-known Hotel is in close proximity to both Railway Stations, thereby offering great facility to the travelling public of being able to leave by the early trains.

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The Bedrooms are well and comfortably furnished, and the Fit ings and Accommodation throughout is all that could be desired.

The Wines and Spirits are all of the Choicest and Best Brands. Dunedin XXXX Beer always on tap.

Table d'Hote daily from 12 to 2, and Meals at all hours for travellers.

Free Stabling.

Irish News.

(From Contemporaries.)

ANTRIM.—Origin of the Giant's Causeway.—Just now, when the Giant's Causeway occupies so much of public attention, it may be interesting to note what the opinion of the scientists is as regards the origin or natural development of this vast pile. There does not appear to be a perfect agreement among geologists as to how these basaltic pillars and colonnades ultimately came to be as they are. Those who have endeavoured to solve this problem and thus unravel a terrestrial mystery range themselves under two classes: The Plutonians, as they are called, advocate volcanic, and the Neptunians aqueous action. But instead of the flame and the water theories quite another solution of the difficulty has been suggested by a Captain Allan, of the Royal Navy. Observations carried on during a residence in Jamaica convinced him that both Staffa and the Giant's Causeway were simply the relics of forests of stupendous bamboos of a remote period. The notion that the various symmetrical substances ranged here on the ocean's edge had originally cooled down from molten torrents of lava, Captain Allan pronounced to be contrary to the laws of crystallisation. But furthermore, the joinery and shape of the Causeway pillars, balls and sockets alike, distinctly point, he maintains, to a something other than fire or water as their primitive source. Besides, that a piece of coal was once part and parcel of an arboreal growth, and that a large collection of stone trees exists at present in Texas, seem to supply, so Captain Allan argues, unanswerable evidence against the flame or flood theory for the origin of the stupendous objects on the coast of Antrim, themselves, in any case, the silent growth of ages.

CARLOW.—Congratulatory of Judge Gibson.—Judge Gibson presided at the County Assizes held in Carlow on the 15th ult. Addressing the Grand Jury, he said: "There is only one bill to go before you at the assizes, but it is a little more important than usual. I have to congratulate you on the state of the county, which, like the other counties at the assizes, is characterised by great freedom from crime."

DUBLIN.—Twenty-five Thousand Dollars Go a Begging.—A woman named Delia McGreen, a native of Dublin, who has been living since 1880 in Nova Scotia, died at Providence, Rhode Island, recently. From her appearance and mode of life she was believed to be poor, but when her belongings were overhauled property worth 25,000 dollars was found concealed in a bustle which she always wore. Part of the property was in American bank bills and Bank of England notes. North-Western Railway securities represented a large sum, and bank-books showed that considerable amounts had been deposited. The woman has no known heirs there, but is believed to have relatives in England or Ireland. The body has been placed in the receiving-vault, and the money is held in court awaiting a claimant.

DONEGAL.—Peaceful State of the County.—Justice Madden opened the Commission of Assize for County Donegal in Lifford Courthouse on the 18th ult. Addressing the jury, he said: "I am happy to be able to repeat the congratulations that it was my privilege to address to you only a few months ago on the occasion of my first visit to your beautiful county as a going judge of assize. Occasional acts of violence must be expected to occur in every community, but judging from the returns which had been furnished to me in the ordinary course and the information supplied, I am glad to conclude that the general condition of your county is thoroughly satisfactory."

KING'S COUNTY.—A Remarkable King's County Centenarian.—Mrs. Margaret Hobbs, of Barnaboy House, Frankford (says the King's County *Vindicator*, July 25), has entered upon her 103rd birthday, enjoying excellent general health, her only ailment being deafness. This venerable lady was born on July 18, 1794, and is a daughter of the late Simpson Hackett, J.P., Rivers-town, Birr. She married Captain Thomas Hobbs, 92nd Highlanders, who was leading his company in a gallant charge at Quatre Bras on the day before Waterloo, when he was wounded badly, the most serious injury being a bullet in the thigh, which could never be extracted. He lived, however, to be colonel commanding a foot regiment, and of the marriage there were fourteen children, six of whom are now living.

KERRY.—Boating on the Killarney Lakes.—Since the recent regretted melancholy drowning fatality on the Killarney lakes (writes a correspondent of the Cork *Herald*, August 1) there appears to be a great antipathy on the part of strangers to go out boating. This has been remarked by some of the professional boatmen, who naturally are incensed at it. Now, barring when the lakes are unusually agitated by desperately inclement and stormy weather, a party of strangers are as safe in the hands of the professional boatmen on the lakes as sitting in their hotel dining-room, and never has there been a drowning accident when the boats are managed by these careful and experienced boatmen. There was no professional oarsman in the racing boat of the Aghadoe Rowing Club, out of which poor Trench and Griffin were drowned. Perhaps, if there had been the sad fatality would not have occurred, but in justice to these boatmen who ply for hire on the Killarney Lakes, it is only right to say that a drowning accident has never yet been associated with them, and in the sad cases that have occurred the boats have been under the management of amateurs, as on the last occasion.

KILKENNY.—White Gloves Again.—Mr. Justice Gibson was the recipient of white gloves at the assizes held in Kilkenny. In the county court there were only two criminal cases. The judge congratulated the grand jury on the peaceful state of the city and county respectively.

MAYO.—A Devoted Irishman.—One of the most pathetic deaths in the mission field during the last quarter was that of Father Damascene, a devoted erudite Irishman, who for twenty years has been associated with schools in the far East. He was a native of Castlebar, in County Mayo, where his family have historic associations, and he was carefully educated in some of the chief Continental seats of learning. He became a member of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and his first important engagement was at Tooting College, which he subsequently exchanged for the Kennington Academy. During his residence in London he became a conspicuous figure in scholastic coteries, who keenly felt his loss when he decided to accept a post in St. Benedict's College, Colombo, whence he migrated to Singapore and Hongkong. In April last he proceeded to Rangoon, where he was soon after struck down by dysentery, and in three months was dead.—*R.I.P.*

MEATH.—New church at Bohermeen.—The amount realised at the bazaar held in Bohermeen recently, will enable the parish priest, Father O'Reilly, to commence the erection of a new church worthy of the associations of the parish. It will take the place of the old chapel, where the parishioners have worshipped for many years.

WESTMEATH.—Discovery of an old Irish Map.—A rare and valuable document as affecting Irish history has been discovered (says a Mullingar correspondent) by some labouring men who were removing the roof of an old and disused house at Turtestown. An oblong tin box was found, which, when opened, was found to contain only a mouldy and partly discoloured roll of vellum. A gentleman to whom the map was brought carefully perused the contents, and found that the vellum parchment was nothing less than a map of Ulster, bearing the date of 1607. The map seems to have been marked with wonderful care and exactness. The various centres of strife in the northern province as it then stood are set out, and the draughtsman points out in the sketch bogs, mountains, fastnesses, passes and vantage points for military operations with a wonderful minuteness. The appearance of the map and the marks of usage upon it would lead to the belief that it was first used by the army of Lord Mountjoy after the battle of Kinsale and the retreat of Hugh O'Neill, and subsequently by one of the surveying parties appointed under James the First to apportion the confiscated lands of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell. The territories of the ancient Irish clans, the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the O'Dohertys, the MacMahons, the Macguires are shown on the map, whilst it also contains the sites of the principal fortresses, fortified towns, and forts.

WICKLOW.—Peaceful state of the county.—Mr Justice Johnson opened the assizes at Wicklow. Addressing the grand jurors, he said: "There are only four cases on the calendar in which bills will be sent up to you. They are of the ordinary character which you must always find in a country. The county inspector tells me that although there is a some slight increase in the number of reported cases, he does not attach any importance to it."

GENERAL.

Ireland's Population.—The population of Ireland is still going down. The births annually greatly exceed the deaths, but emigration still steps in as the counterbalancing agent, and drains the country of the flower of its youth. Within the last quarter Ireland has lost 11,145 in population, which brings down the numbers of our people to 4,560,000, as estimated by the Registrar-General.

MO CREEVIN ERINN ALUINN, O.

(From the Irish.)

My Harp is strung, but the fire has left me
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!
Here's the song I sung ere the years bereft me,
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!
I'll strike this harp while a pulse is beating,
To her I loved in the long ago.
Tho' the smile and tear in each chord be meeting,
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!

From *Knoc-maol-dhonn* to the Hill of Tory,
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!
See, a rosy crown on thy ruins hoary,
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!
On Pillar Tower and rath of Viking,
On Norman castle in strength below,
And on Saxon stronghold the light is striking
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!

I've little thought for thine old-time splendour,
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!
Thy battles fought or their base surrender
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!
Thy love of Love, or thy Saint's devotion,
Thy high-heaped scorn of every foe,
Thy Sunburst blazing beyond the ocean,
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!

A hamlet keeping in Commeragh shadows,
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!
The Suir sleeping between the meadows,
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!
The waving woods and the sky within it—
The blue above and the brown below.
The waking song of the lark and linnet,
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!

The hills behind in their purple heather,
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!
The soft south wind and the sun together,
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!
The wisp of smoke from each cabin stealing,

COMPARE SIZE AND WEIGHT OF STICKS.

Smoke T. C. Williams' J. J. N. O. Smoke.

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TAILOR,

PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN
(Next A.M.P. Buildings),

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CLERICAL SUITS A SPECIALITY,
SOUTANES FROM 50s.

W. Iles has the Highest Credentials as a Cutter, having been for Eight Years with the late Mr James Reid, of Wellington, tailor to five successive Governors, and more recently with Messrs Brown, Ewing, and Co. of this city.

CRITERION HOTEL

PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

JAMES LISTON ... Proprietor
(Late of the Douglas Hotel).

Having purchased the lease and goodwill of the above popular and centrally-situated Hotel, J. L. hopes, by strict attention to the comfort of his boarders, travellers, and the public in general, and having made several necessary alterations, to meet with a fair share of the public patronage.

Suites of rooms for families. Terms strictly moderate.

A Special feature: Is LUNCHEON from 12 to 2 o'clock.

Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

The very best of Wines, Ales, and Spirit-kept in stock.

Two of Alcock's best Billiard Tables.

A Night Porter in attendance.

JAMES LISTON.



THE GREATEST
WONDER OF MODERN TIMES!

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS

It is experience has proved the efficacy of these pills in curing either the dangerous maladies of the slightest complaints which are more particularly attended to the life of a miner, or to those living in the East.

Occasional doses of these Pills will guard the system against those evils which so often beset the human race, viz—coughs, colds, and all disorders of the liver and stomach—the frequent forerunners of fever, dysentery, diarrhoea, and cholera.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Is the most effectual remedy for old sores, wounds, ulcers, rheumatism and all skin diseases, in fact, when used according to the printed directions, it never fails to cure alike, deep and superficial ailments.

These Medicines may be obtained from all respectable Druggists and Store-keepers throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

They are prepared only by the Proprietor, Thomas Holloway, 533, Oxford Street, London.

Beware of counterfeits that may emanate from the United States.

ART WICKER FURNITURE AND BASKET MANUFACTURER.

HOFFMAN AND CO

145 TUAM STREET

(Three doors from A. J. White's).

All kinds of Basketware kept in stock. Every description and Latest Designs of Art Wicker Furnitures made to order by skilled labour.

Wholesale and Retail.

CHAIRS, ETC., RE-CANED.



JOHN HISLOP

Watchmaker, Jeweller, and Optician,
74 PRINCES STREET.

Note Address—74 Princes street, Dunedin.

D. THOMAS

(Late Matson, Cox and Co'),

AUCTIONEER, LAND INSURANCE AND ESTATE AGENT, VALUATOR, WOOL AND GRAIN BROKER. ASHBURTON.

LOANS NEGOTIATED.
WEEKLY SALES of Live Stock at Tinwald and Ashburton respectively.
FORENIGHTLY Sales of Sheepskins, Fat, Hide, etc. on Fridays.
SALES OF WOOL throughout the Season.
GRAIN BOUGHT and SOLD on Commission.
CLEARANCE SALES as per arrangement.
Agent for Matson and Co, Christchurch, Booth, Macdonald and Co, Christchurch, Massey, Harris Reaper and Binder, White's Sheep Dip, London and Lancashire Insurance Co; Wright, Stephenson and Co, Dunedin; Colonial Investment Co, Dunedin; Graham's Foot Rot Composition, Planet Jar Garden and Field Tools.

D THOMAS Auctioneer.



MANCHESTER STREET SOUTH,

Near Railway Station,
CHRISTCHURCH.

WINDMILLS, SEED AND GRAIN
CLEANING MACHINERY.

JOHN MARSHALL

(Late of Springston)

Has removed to 201 St Asaph street, Christchurch, and is Manufacturing WINDMILLS of the Most Simple, Strong, and Durable Make. None but the very best iron and steel is used in their manufacture.

Derricks supplied of either Wood or Iron.

Windmills from £5 upwards; Derricks from £1 10s upwards.

I have had a large experience amongst Harvesting Machinery, and all work entrusted to me will have my most careful attention.

JOHN MARSHALL,
Agricultural Engineer,
204 ST ASAPH STREET, CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

THE
KAITANGATA RAILWAY
AND COAL COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE ORIGINAL AND REAL KAITANGATA COAL.

The KAITANGATA COAL

From this Company's Pit
CAN BE RELIED UPON FOR SUPERIOR QUALITY

And most satisfactory results, and the Public are respectfully requested to ask their Merchants for the ORIGINAL AND REAL KAITANGATA COAL.

This Company has
ALWAYS KEPT FAITH WITH THE PUBLIC

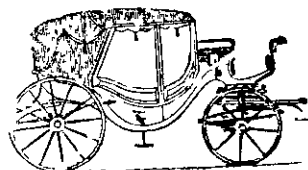
In representing the Quality of its Coal, but unfortunately for this class of business they cannot guide the Public as in the case of patent medicines, where it is said that nothing is genuine except such and such is on the cork, the seal, the label, or the bottle. Consumers, however, can depend on certain characteristics—namely, that the ORIGINAL AND REAL KAITANGATA

Coal has a
BRIGHT, SHINING LUSTRE, LIGHTS QUICKLY, LASTS LONG,

And is thereby
EASILY DISTINGUISHED from other COALS MINED IN THE DISTRICT.

MARK SINCLAIR

COACHBUILDER AND IMPORTER.
GREAT KING AND ST ANDREW STREETS, DUNEDIN
AND AT BURNSIDE, GREEN ISLAND.



Country Orders receive Special Attention.
Correspondence Invited.

Every Description of Carriage and Buggy built to order; also Farm Drays Waggon, and Spring Carts.
All kinds of Repairs at Lowest Prices.
Largest Prize-taker in Carriages until Prizes were discontinued.

JAMES SAMMON AND CO

AUCTIONEERS, COMMISSION, HOUSE & LAND AGENTS, VALUATORS, DOWLING STREET, DUNEDIN.

SANITARY PIPE

AND STONWARE FACTORY,
KENSINGTON.

The undersigned, having purchased the above Works, is prepared to sell at Lowest Current Rates.

J. H. LAMBERT,
NORTH-EAST VALLEY AND KENSINGTON.

E. F. LAWRENCE

BUTCHER,

82 and 84 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

The Cheapest Shop in Town for Prime Ox Beef, Wether Mutton, Dairy Fed Pork, beautiful Lamb, Fat Veal, etc.

Small Goods a Speciality—fresh daily.
Cooked Mince Beef, Cooked Hams, Cooked Ox Tongues got ready on the shortest notice for Picnics and Parties.

Families waited upon daily for orders.

TO the Catholics of St. Mary's Parish, Manchester street, Christchurch.—Kindly take notice that I am selling Boots and Shoes of every description at PRICES TO MEET THE TIMES. Repairing a speciality.—CH - RLES WELLS, Bootmaker, 278 Colombo street North, Christchurch (next Mann's butcher's shop).

HENRY HUGHES, INTERNATIONAL PATENT & TRADE MARKS OFFICE, Chamber of Commerce, 42 LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON, Consulting Engineer and Patent Agent
Fel. Aust. Inst. P. A., For. Memb. Chart. Inst. P. A. London. Also at 71 Cathedral Square, Christchurch; corner Manse street, Dunedin; Victoria Arcade Auckland; Tennyson street, Napier. Patents and Trade Marks secured in all countries.

WOOL. WOOL.

N.Z. LOAN & MERCANTILE AGENCY CO., LD

ARE NOW MAKING

**LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES at LOWEST CURRENT RATES of Interest
On GROWING CLIPS OF WOOL.**

GRASS SEEDS.—Choice and Carefully Selected Stock of all descriptions now on hand for Spring Sowing.

FAT STOCK.—Sales conducted every Wednesday at Burnside Yards.

ANDREW TODD, Manager, DUNEDIN.

The sun-kissed Cross, in the rising glow,
The chapel bell thro' the woodland pealing,
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!

May peace forever brood o'er thy valleys,
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!

'Till long endeavour thy spirit rallies,
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!

Then like those mists that the morn is shaking,
Thy sons shall scatter the Saxon foe
And Freedom's shout says the day is breaking
Mo Creevin Erinn aluinn, O!

WILLIAM DOLLARD.—The Pilot

Message from New Zealand.—Mr Davitt, M.P., says the *Freeman's Journal*, has received the following cable from Mr Callan, Dunedin, N.Z.:—"Nationalists in Dunedin appoint you their delegate. Strongly urge unity. CALLAN."

Shrinkage of Population.—Shrinkage of population in France is causing consternation, but we have had a fearful example of that in Ireland, where the number of people now-a-days is far less than it was forty years ago, and even less than it was at the beginning of the century. By the annual report of the Local Government Board just issued, it appears there were an average daily number of 40,208 in the workhouses and 56,619 enjoying outdoor relief. This is less than last year, when the estimated population was less than 4,574,807, and the average daily number relieved amounted to one in forty-six. Each census the tale grows more woeful, and shows that, whether owing to continued emigrating or other cause, the able-bodied dwellers continue to dwindle. Alas! that the wealth of Ireland, its bone and sinew, should be on the decrease.

Poor Mrs. Parnell.—Mrs. Delia Parnell has written a letter to a New York paper declaring that her son is not dead. Nobody, she asserts, saw his remains, his wife having been deprived of the privilege of gazing on the corpse. She believes either he was the victim of an English assassin who mutilated the corpse beyond all possibility of recognition, or the "uncrowned king" is still in the land of the living. It may be necessary to add that the lady is eighty-one years of age, and is credited with a strong tendency to insanity. That would account for the hallucination. It is further corroborated by her hints that there were Popish plots against his existence. The body that has been lying under the sod in Glasnevin for so many years is that of somebody else, according to her story. The poor lady is to be pitied.

Commercial.

THE NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY COMPANY, LIMITED, report for the week ended September 29, as follows:—

Wheat.—Owing entirely to the reluctance on the part of growers to push sales, the market continues firm and late rates well maintained. Quotations for prime milling 1s 2½d to 1s 4½d; best stout feed, 1s to 1s 8½d; extra prime, 1s 8½d; medium, 1s 7½d to 1s 8d; inferior, 1s 5d to 1s 6½d (ex store, sacks extra, net).

Barley.—Market exceedingly flat, quotations nominal, say, for prime malting, 3s to 3s 3d; medium, 2s 3d to 2s 9d; feed and milling, 1s 8d to 2s (net, ex store, sacks extra).

Grass Seeds.—The business done in ryegrass seed is confined to the small lots required by farmers which will take some time to materially reduce present stocks. Quotation for best dressed, 3s 5d to 3s 6d; extra prime, 3s 9d to 4s 3d (ex store, sacks extra). Cocksfoot remains very firm, best-dressed fetching 5½d to 5¾d; medium, 4½d to 5½d per lb, (net, ex store, sacks extra).

Chaff.—The market being over supplied prices show no improvement, best fetching £2 7s 6d to £2 10s; extra prime, £2 12s 6d; medium, £1 17s 6d to £2 5s; inferior up to 30s per ton, (ex truck, sacks returned).

Potatoes.—Market unchanged, best northern Derwents fetching 60s to 65s; medium, 50s to 57s 6d per ton (ex store, sacks weighed in, net).

Sheepskins.—Are in fair demand, but prices are easier, best green crossbreds fetching 4s 3d to 4s 7d; extra heavy, a shade

more; medium, 3s 3d to 4s; best dry crossbreds, 4½d to 5½d; medium, 3d to 4d; best do merino, 3d to 4d; medium, 2d to 3d per lb.

Rabbitskins.—Good competition is experienced at the auction sales. Prime winter does are fetching 12d to 12½d; best do bucks and does mixed, 10d to 11d; medium, 8d to 9½d, autumn, 5d to 6½d; inferior and summer, 1d to 1½d per lb.

Hides.—Best fetch 2d to 2½d; extra heavy, 3d to 3½d; light, 1½d to 1¾d; inferior, 1d to 1¼d per lb.

Tallow and Fat.—Moderate demand. Quotations for country rendered, 10s 6d to 15s; best mutton caul fat, 11s to 12s; medium to good, 9s 6d to 10s 6d; inferior to medium, 8s 6d to 9s per cwt (ex store, net).

MESSRS DONALD REID AND Co. report that prices ruled as under at their auction sale to-day:—

Oats.—No change in values to report, and nearly all consignments forward are being cleared at current rates. Prime milling, 1s 8½d to 1s 9½d; good to best feed, 1s 8d to 1s 8½d; medium, 1s 6½d to 1s 7½d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—The demand for milling samples is not very keen. Fowl wheat is in more request at 3s to 3s 3d per bushel (sacks in).

Potatoes.—Supplies to-day were heavier than of late and values a shade easier. Southern Derwents sold at L2 17s 6d to L2 19s. Prime northern are worth L3 to L3 2s 6d per ton (sacks in).

Chaff.—The market is glutted with chaff of medium quality, which is in very poor demand. We submitted about 60 tons to-day. For prime heavy chaff the demand was good, and all lines of this class were cleared at L2 10s to L2 12s 6d per ton (bags extra). Medium quality was almost unsaleable.

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

Messrs. WRIGHT, STEPHENSON, AND Co. report as follows:—

At Saturday's sale there was a poor entry of horses and a moderate number of buyers. Those forward consisted chiefly of light and inferior hacks and harness horses. Young and sound draughts are very scarce, and are in great demand. Horses answering this description are readily saleable at good prices. Good spring van horses are also much inquired after, and when staunch young animals of this class are forthcoming they meet with a good deal of attention, and are readily sold at satisfactory prices. Upstanding buggy horses are in much better demand than they have been lately, and a few of these sorts were disposed of at first-class prices, light and inferior horses also met with a better demand than usual, and a number were sold at fair prices. We quote—First-class heavy young draughts at from L23 to L33; medium do, L20 to L25; aged do, L15 to L19; good hacks and strong carriage horses, L15 to L20; spring cart sorts, L11 to L15; light hacks, L7 to L10; inferior do, L2 to L5.

MR. F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale price only—Oats: Feed, 1s 7d to 1s 8d; milling, 1s 9d (easier); seed oats of all kinds quieter at various prices from 1s 9d to 2s. Wheat: Fowls' 2s 6d to 3s 2d, fair demand; milling, 3s 6d to 3s 10d. Chaff, L2 to L2 10s. Hay: Oaten, L3. Ryegrass, L2 10s to L3. Straw: 27s to 28s, pressed and loose. Potatoes: Kidneys (seed), L2 to L2 10s; Derwents, L2 12s 6d to L3 5s. Flour: Sacks, L19 10s to L10; roller, stone, L8 to L8 10s. Oatmeal: In 25lbs, L10. Butter: Dairy, 7d to 10d; factory, 11d to 1s. Eggs, 6d. Onions, 12s per cwt; Frisco, 15s. Bran, L2 10s. Pollard, 70s.

We draw the attention of our readers to the prospectus of the Bruce Woollen Manufacturing Company, Limited, which appears in our advertising columns. A perusal of the prospectus and the list of provisional directors will satisfy anyone that the company will be a success.

The Otago Licensed Victuallers' Association advertise in this issue particulars of a competition for the best original essay on "The beneficial uses of alcohol and alcoholic liquors."

The Reverend E. A. Scott once told a story of an old clergyman, who said that there were four enemies to the peace of the Church. Canonically there were only three—the world, the flesh and the devil; but he had found a fourth—the choir.

LAW & ANDRELL wish to inform the General Public that they have opened as HAIRDRESSERS AND TOBACCONISTS, at No. 17 Willis Street, Wellington. All kinds of Hairwork done on Shortest Notice. Country Orders promptly attended to.

W. GREGG AND CO
DUNEDIN.
 Established 1861.
 Proprietors of the Celebrated
CLUB BRAND COFFEE

also
ARABIAN, EXHIBITION, ELEPHANT,
 and other Brands, Unsurpassed for Value.

MANUFACTURERS of EAGLE BRAND
STARCH (equal to, and rapidly displacing,
 the best imported), also **ECRU PINK,**
HELIOTROPE, and other **COLOURED**
STARCHES; **SODA CRYSTALS, FLA-**
YOURING ESSENCES, GENUINE MA-
DRASCURRY POWDER, PURE PEPPERS
AND SPICES, GUARANTEED.

Ask your Grocer for above Brands, and you
 will get Good Value for your money.

W. GREGG & CO., DUNEDIN.



J. C. FENTON,
UNDERTAKER,
 HIGH STREET,
RANGIORA.

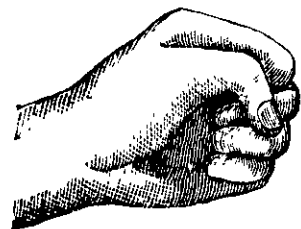
DR. ROBINSON, Surgeon Dentist, Arti-
 ficial Teeth, full sets, £10.

REMOVED to Corner of George and St.
 Andrew streets (over Irvine and
 Stevenson's).

GEORGE STREET. The regulation of
 Children's Teeth a speciality. All
 fees moderate.

NOTE the Address: Dr Robinson, George
 street (over Irvine and Stevenson's).

SHOULD THIS MEET THE EYE OF



ANY
 PERSON
 It may
 draw his
 attention
 to the fact
 that

SYMINGTON'S
EDINBURGH COFFEE
ESSENCES

Have an Enormous Sale in every English-
 speaking country.

If you don't know how useful and palatable
 and cheap they are, try one bottle.

All Wide-awake and Up-to-date Storekeepers
 Sell Them.

HOTELS FOR SALE

- Country Hotel and 35 acres Land.
 - Country Hotel, rent £4, price £750.
 - Country Commercial Hotel, big business.
 - Hotel, Wanganui district.
 - Hotel in good bush district.
 - Suburban Hotel, low price.
 - Hotel, Palmerston North.
 - Hotel, Forty-mile Bush.
 - Small Country Hotel and 120 acres Land.
 - Hotel in Taranaki District.
 - Hotel, Napier.
 - Hotel, Rangitikei District.
 - Hotel, Marlborough District.
 - Hotel in Wellington, doing a trade which
 is worked at very little expense.
- DWAN BROS.,**
 WILLIS STREET, WELLINGTON.

221 CASHEL STREET.
FISH! FRESH!! FISH!!!

Daily Supplies of every description can
 now be obtained at prices the public have
 hitherto desired in vain.

McWILLIAMS' Fish and Oyster Saloon
 (just opened) is at 221 Cashel street, seven
 doors West of Ballantyne and Co's, where all
 carriage and other orders for household de-
 livery will be promptly and accurately
 attended to, and early delivery given by
 McWilliams' own Epress Carts. The Lun-
 cheon and Supper rooms are laid out *en suite*
 newly furnished and decorated. Private
 Saloon for Ladies. Tourists on the River and
 visitors to the Museum and others will find
 McWilliams Fish Luncheon Rooms has sup-
 plied a long-felt want at most Moderate
 Charges.

McWILLIAMS,
 221 CASHEL STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

W. WALTON AND CO
 MASONS, BRICKLAYERS,
 AND MONUMENTAL MASONS,
 MACKAY STREET, GREYMOOUTH.

The Best Stock of Marble and Granite
 Monuments and Headstones on
 the West Coast.

IMPERISHABLE LETTERING DONE.
 Send for Designs.

Concrete Kerbing always on hand.

WESTPORT COAL COMPANY
 (LIMITED).

The Company have now the pleasure to
 announce that they have a SUPPLY of their
 Celebrated **COALBROOKDALE COAL** in
 Stock, which can be had of all Dealers, or
 from the Company's own yard.

TELEPHONE 61.

"PRINCIPLE NOT PARTY"
THE LIBERTY LEAGUE

"Every man may claim the fullest liberty
 to do all that he wills, provided that he in-
 fringes not the equal freedom of any other
 man."—HERBERT SPENCER.

**CONSTITUTION AND OBJECTS OF THE
 LEAGUE.**

1. The Liberty League is composed of men
 and women who are prepared to use
 every constitutional means to uphold
 and protect the liberty of the subject.
2. The League is entirely free from politi-
 cal party bias
3. The League will not give its support to
 any candidate for parliamentary honours
 who is an extremist or faddist upon
 any subject affecting injuriously the in-
 dividual rights of the people.
4. The League considers that some of the
 most serious menaces to personal liberty
 are the attempts now being made to
 force Prohibition and other restrictive
 legislation upon the public of New Zea-
 land; and that were such attempt-
 successful, it would only be the fore-
 runner of continuous tyrannical en-
 croachments upon individual freedom.
5. The League will advocate and support
 every reform having for its object the
 extension of personal liberty.

All persons in sympathy with the above
 object are cordially invited to enrol their
 names at the Office of the League, Manse and
 High streets corner.

C. W. FOUNTAIN,
 Secretary.

Established 1859.
NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE
COMPANY
 (FIRE AND MARINE).
 Capital £1,000,000. Paid-up Capital and
 Reserves, £435,000.
OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND BRANCH SUB-
AGENCIES.

Abbotsford ..	D. Buchanan
Alexandra South ...	James Rivers
Blueskin ...	A. Kilpatrick
Balclutha ...	Blakwood and Chapman
Broad Bay ...	Geo. Green
Clinton ...	Wm. Moffat
Caversham ...	George Allen
Cromwell ...	Henry Hotop
Duntroon ...	Wm. Sutherland
Greytown ...	J. Williams
Hampden ...	Edward Lefevre
Heriot ...	C. Todd, junr.
Henley ...	Donald Malcolm
INVERCARGILL ...	E. B. Pilcher, Mgr.
Kakanui ...	William Barr
Kaitangata ...	William Kelly
Kaikorai ...	Jno. Fraser
Kurow ...	John Orr
Lawrence ...	Herbert and Co.
Livingstone ...	M. Osterberg
Mosgiel ...	J. E. Jago
Maheno ...	John Hankin
Milton ...	Jas. Elder Brown
Moeraki ...	Edward Lefevre
Naseby ...	Robert Glenn
North-East Valley ...	Wm. Mitchell
Outram ...	H. Wilson and Co.
OAMARU ...	J. B. Grave, Mgr.
Otepopo ...	Charles Beckingsale
Owake ...	Jno. Craig
Papakaio ...	Dunn and Cameron
Port Chalmers ...	Alex. Rae
Palmerston ...	Charles Crump
Pembroke ...	Robert McDougall
Ravensbourne ...	C. E. George
Woodhaugh ...	E. S. Clarke

Every Description of Property Insured
 against Loss or Damage at Lowest Current
 Rates of Premium.

Special Facilities afforded to Shippers and
 Importers. **JAMES EDGAR,**
 Branch Manager.

Offices: Corner of

RATRAY AND CRAWFORD STREETS
DUNEDIN.

UNION STEAM SHIP
COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND,
LIMITED.

SPECIALLY REDUCED FARES
IN FORCE BY ALL STEAMERS
OVER ALL THE COMPANY'S
LINE.

Steamers will be despatched as under—
LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON—

Flora	Mon., Oct. 5	3 p.m. D'din
Tarawera	Wed., Oct. 7	3 p.m. D'din
Hauroro	Thurs., Oct. 8	4 p.m. D'din
NAPIER, GISBORNE and AUCKLAND—		
Tarawera	Wed., Oct. 7	3 p.m. D'din
Te Anau	Thurs., Oct. 15	2 p.m. D'din
SYDNEY, via WELLINGTON—		
Hauroro	Thurs., Oct. 8	4 p.m. Wharf
Talune	Mon., Oct. 17	1.30 p.m. D'din

SYDNEY via AUCKLAND—

Tarawera	Wed., Oct. 7	3 p.m. D'din
Waihora	Wed., Oct. 21	3 p.m. D'din
MELBOURNE via BLUFF and HOBART—		
Wakatipu	Thurs., Oct. 8	3 p.m. D'din
Mararoa	Mon., Oct. 19	2 p.m. D'din
WESTPORT, via TIMARU, AKAROA, LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON—		
Brunner †	Frid., Oct. 9	5 p.m. D'din
Onapere *	Frid., Oct. 16	5 p.m. D'din
† Calls Nelson		* Calls New Plymouth

GREYMOOUTH, via OAMARU, TIMARU,
LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON—

Herald	Wed., Oct. 7	10 p.m. D'din
TONGA, SAMOA, FIJI and SYDNEY—		
Ovalau	About Oct. 21	From Auckland
FIJI (SUVA and LEVUKA)—		
Upolu	about Oct. 8	From Auckland
TAHITI and RARATONGA—		
Corinna	about Oct. 5	From Auckland

DRINK ONLY "SPRING BLOSSOM" TEA. Packed in 4lb, 1lb, 5lb and 10lb air-tight (net weight) Tins.
HIGH AND DELICIOUS IN LIQUOR

MARRIAGE AT WAITATI.

ON Tuesday, September 29, a large number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Colehan, of Saratoga House, assembled in the Church of St. Brigid, Waitati. The occasion was the marriage of their eldest daughter, Miss Mary Colehan, to Mr. Walter Muldowney, of Sydney. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Father Lynch, St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin. The pretty church was very nicely decorated for the joyous occasion with choice flowers. The floral decorations in house and church elicited praise from the numerous guests. The bride was attired in white brocaded silk, trimmed with white chiffon and pearl passementerie. She carried a shower bouquet. Mr. James Carroll was groomsmen. The bridesmaids were Misses Marcella, Nellie, Nora and Winnie Colehan. Miss Jeannie West played devotional music at the Mass and the wedding march as the happy couple left the church.

Nearly a hundred guests sat down to the breakfast. The health of the bride and bridegroom was proposed by Father Lynch. The rev. gentleman said it gave him great pleasure to accede to the request and wish in the name of all present long life and the greatest happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Muldowney. He read a number of congratulatory telegrams and letters from various parts of the Colony, including one from the member for the district, Mr. Green, M.H.R. Rev. Father O'Donnell, of Gore, who at one time had been pastor of the district also sent a very kind message. A letter from Mr. A. Macdonald, Dunedin, written in the name of about forty members of the Warehousemen's Club, Dunedin, gave expression to the very general respect in which Mr. and Mrs. Colehan and family are held. Father Lynch spoke of Mrs. Muldowney as an excellent young lady who would make a good wife. He had learned from Sydney visitors, at present in Dunedin, that Mr. Muldowney was the stamp of man her friends would desire for her husband. Mr. Muldowney returned thanks for himself and bride, and assured those present that nothing would be wanting on his part to make his wife happy and comfortable in her new home. He proposed the health of the bridesmaids. The toast was gracefully responded to by the groomsmen, Mr. James Carroll.

Another toast—"Mr. and Mrs. Colehan"—was proposed by Rev. Mr. Finlayson, Presbyterian clergyman. The rev. gentleman, as an old resident of Waitati, said he had very great pleasure in felicitating the parents on the occasion of their daughter's marriage. He had known Mr. and Mrs. Colehan for very many years, and could say that they had won and retained the great respect of the whole community.

Mr. Colehan briefly acknowledged the heartiness of the toast, and the warm-hearted manner in which Mr. Finlayson had spoken.

Mr. John Carroll, the uncle of the bride, also expressed the gratitude of the members of the family for the great kindness and respect shown on the occasion. He felt sure that the bride would have as happy a home in Australia as she had in New Zealand, and that was saying a great deal.

Mr. Bastian responded to "The ladies," the subject of Mr. S. G. Smith's toast.

After breakfast the wedding presents were inspected by the guests. "Numerous and costly" would be rather a common way of designating an unusually large collection of useful and valuable articles. The present of the bridegroom was a pearl brooch. The bridesmaids gave their sister a gold brooch. A very handsome and costly gift was sent by the members of the Warehousemen's Club. The cases containing the many presents received will add considerably to the luggage of the happy couple on the journey to their home in Sydney. Mr. and Mrs. Muldowney, amidst renewed congratulations, showers of rice, and repeated good wishes, left for Oamaru by the afternoon train.

PUPILS OF THE DOMINICAN NUNS COMPLIMENT THE BISHOP OF DUNEDIN.

ON Monday, the eve of the Feast of St. Michael, the pupils of the Dominican Convent High School paid a graceful tribute of respect to the Most Rev. Dr. Verdon. This took the form of a musical and dramatic entertainment in honour of the Bishop's Feast, and the children were gratified by the presence of his Lordship and the Rev. Fathers Boyle, C.M., Hanly, C.M., Lynch, Murphy and McGrath.

A short speech by Miss G. O'Connell explained that the children hoped to please their Bishop by the little play to follow, and consequently they had resolved to do their very best. But they only looked on this as a beginning. They hoped to celebrate many, many returns of St. Michael's Day, and prayed that his Lordship would find each more happy than the last if such were possible.

The following programme was then gone through:—Pianoforte solo, "Norwegian bridal march" (Greig); "Alexius, or the Hidden Gem" (in two acts), act 1, scenes 1, 2, and 3; song, selected; scenes 4 and 5: pianoforte solo, "Tarantella" (Raff); *tableaux*; pianoforte solo, "Valse" (Chopin); act 2, scenes 1 and 2; violin solo, selected; last scene; piano solo, "Souvenir de Varsovie"; *tableau*; song, selected.

The play, entitled "Alexius, or the Hidden Gem," is of great beauty. Briefly, the plot is this:—Alexius, the only son of a wealthy Roman Senator, leaves his home, by the command of God, to wander as a pilgrim for the space of five years. At the end of that time he again receives an order from heaven, to return to the place of his birth, and to die there. Disguised by his pilgrim's dress, he travels home, and, under the name of Ignotus, is received by his father, Euphemianus, with extraordinary kindness. The household slaves of the Senator are indignant that a pilgrim, "a beggar," should be so honoured, and their jealousy finds vent in a thousand ways, but nothing can shake the virtue of Alexius. No word of complaint ever passes his lips. After the failure of a plot to make him appear

guilty of attempting the life of his benefactor, Alexius for some time continues to live as before, loved by Euphemianus and persecuted by his servants. At last circumstances concur to prove that the youth had tried to rob the house of its valuables. Even Euphemianus is forced to believe in his guilt. Alexius makes no defence, and when conjured to acknowledge his guilt seems unable to understand. This is God's appointed time. The youth recognises so much. He is "to die a thief reputed in that heart where upon earth alone I cared for love." Gasping out these words he seems to faint, but when raised and laid on a couch it is evident that he is dead. All are shocked, but none more so than Euphemianus, who considers that the youth died impenitent, and worse still blaspheming, for he had heard the invocations addressed to the angels by Alexius in his last moments. The entrance of the adopted son of the senator causes a diversion, and this boy, who dearly loved Alexius, draws attention to two facts which go far to prove the innocence of his dead friend. While these are being discussed, a commotion is heard, and two men who have been caught on the premises are brought in. They confess the robbery. Now Carinus (the adopted son) discovers in the hand of the dead saint the history of his life. The grief of the father is extreme. He reproaches himself bitterly, and deplores his wretchedness in moving terms, but his closing speech in the play reveals a soul at peace. Addressing Carinus, he says:—

"Oh Carinus; stay,

The mystery now I read of this great day,

Which to my house, through ways by us least thought,

More glory, than all the earth's renown, has brought.

I read its lesson, too, so high and true

By him well taught, so best learnt by you;

None in the Church's golden diadem

Can shine, that is not long, a hidden gem."

The stage was skilfully done up, and some *tableaux* shown between the scenes were artistic and truly beautiful. It is not fair to criticise the private performance of the High School pupils, but one cannot help marking how naturally and how sweetly Miss Isabel Seelye acted the part of the youthful St. Alexius. Her performance was consistent throughout, and in the death scene especially she showed a wonderful appreciation of her part. Miss Lizzie Herbert as Bibulus, a coloured slave, made a perfect rascal, and this, in her part, is high praise. The parts of Euphemianus (Miss M. O'Neill), Proculus, the tyrannical steward (Miss N. O'Neill), Eusebius, a slave, friend of Alexius (Miss M. Blaney), Gannio, friend and accomplice of Bibulus (Miss M. Burns), were well bestowed on the young ladies named. Indeed, each character, from St. Alexius to the blackest little slave was made the most of by the child to whom it was assigned.

After the play his Lordship said a few very kind words to the children. He reminded them that they had said they were going to do their best. They had succeeded. He did not think that anything superior to the musical items they had enjoyed and the play they had witnessed had been produced in any convent school visited by him. At the time of his consecration he had expressed the same opinion of the delightful entertainment then presented. But it was not surprising that the pupils of the Dominican Nuns should succeed, as these good Sisters were eminently successful in every work they undertook. The High School was a credit to the Dunedin diocese, it was so admirably conducted, and the children were extremely fortunate in being able to get such a thoroughly good education combined with moral and religious training. He simply did not know how to thank them for the celebration of his festival—the festival of St. Michael, but he was indeed sincerely grateful. At his Lordship's invitation the Very Rev. F. Boyle, C.M., addressed the children. He said that the play had been a sermon, and no one could follow it without feeling that it conveyed the sublime lesson of charity in a forcible manner. The performers had acquitted themselves wonderfully well, and he could not have enjoyed an evening more. He congratulated his Lordship on the recurrence of his Feast and he hoped that such congratulations might be offered for many years to come.

The Rev. Father Hanly, C.M., then said a few words. He had expected much from New Zealand children, for he had heard a cantata performed in another part of the Colony some years ago, and he had thought at the time that it could not be excelled. He did not think, however, that the performance of that evening could have been better. The play was very beautiful, showing as it did the beauty of virtue. It was in honour of his Lordship. He almost envied the Bishop his glorious patron, St. Michael. This saint was a favourite patron throughout the Church and he had great pleasure in felicitating the Bishop on the occasion of the great Archangel's Feast.

On the recent occasion of a big bazaar the Limerick people took it into their heads to have it decided by popular vote who was the most beautiful woman in the city. The result of the ballot placed Miss Shaw, daughter of Mr. W. Shaw, J.P., at the head of the poll, a proud distinction in a place so renowned for the comeliness of its women, says *Regno's*.

Intending purchasers of bicycles would do well to inspect the stock of ladies and gentlemen's cycles which have just been imported from America by the Massey-Harris Company, whose show room is in the Octagon. The machines are replete with all the latest and best appliances and are said by experts to be equal to any machine in the market. Inspection, we are sure, will bear out the high opinion that has been passed on these machines.

Joseph Knott, temperance lecturer, of Christchurch, has applied for letters patent for an improved "combined gasometer." Whereupon a contemporary remarks: "This is really too funny. We are afraid to comment lest we should do Joseph an injustice."

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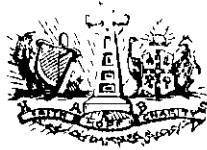
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The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1896.

**PROGRESS AND JUSTICE IN THE NINETEENTH
CENTURY.**

THE Catholics of New Zealand provide, at their own sole
expense, an excellent education for their own children. Yet
such is the sense of justice and policy in the New Zealand
Legislature that it compels these Catholics, after having
manfully provided for their own children, to contribute
largely towards the free and godless education of other
people's children!!! This is tyranny, oppression and
plunder.

PRE-ELECTION POLICY.

ARE all Catholic adults on the electoral roll?
We have drawn attention to this important
matter many times of late, and now, for per-
haps the last time before the closing of the
rolls, insist on the necessity of every Catholic
young man and young woman seeing to it at
once that their names are upon the registered
list of voters. We have good reason to fear
that many of the fair sex are apathetic. They are opposed
to female franchise, have no sympathy with the political
new woman, and though most desirous of obtaining justice
on the school question, neglect or put off till too late the
easy work of registration. This should really be done for
them by their brothers or parents or husbands. Before
last election registration committees in the large centres
secured good Catholic representation. The system does not
seem to have been extensively revived on this occasion.
Every Catholic man, however, should act as if he
was a member of such a committee, and secure
the placing on the electoral roll of all eligible persons
in his immediate neighbourhood, who would be staunch on
the education question. Though Catholics are numerically
weak, they are often a determining factor at election time.
When perfect solidarity characterises their action they are
always a power to be reckoned with. Just now woovers of
electors are at work in many districts. Promises are asked
and pledges given. Our readers know from past experience
that the only wise election policy is "silence—watch
narrowly the attitude of the various candidates—strike
together when the moment for action arrives." "On principle I
do not tell anyone for whom I shall vote. I intend to vote
for the best man"—is a good answer to every candidate who
seeks a vote. It is by no means necessary or advisable to
proclaim from the housetops for whom the Catholic vote will
be given. On the contrary it is better as a rule to wait and
finally determine how a vote is to be cast when there is no doubt
about the reliability of the advocate of Catholic claims. It has
happened more than once that candidates gave expression in
one part of a large electorate to views diametrically opposed
to assertions made in a distant portion of the country. The

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only safe course for Catholic electors is to be guided by the impartial advice of their natural leaders on the school question. They have deeply at heart the best interests of the children and are surely more desirous of advancing even the material interests of the young than those whose only aim in many cases is a seat in Parliament and the coveted honorarium.

At St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday Mr. Nottingham, a violinist who has lately come from Sydney and who settles in Dunedin, played a violin solo as an offertorium. Mr. Nottingham produces a good tone and plays with much expression.

THE annual reunion of the Waitaki Gaelic Society was held on Friday last and among the visitors present on the occasion was the Very Rev. Father Mackay, of Oamaru. The Very Rev. Father, in thanking the Society for the kind invitation extended to him, said he was always pleased to stand shoulder to shoulder with his "brither Scots." He could speak confidently on behalf of the visitors as to their having thoroughly enjoyed themselves. He had been carried back a long way—he would not care to say how long or they would say he was getting too old—by the familiar strains to which he had listened. He hoped the Society would have many happy reunions before it.

THE annual re-union of the former pupils of the Dominican nuns is unavoidably postponed.

THE *Nelson Colonist* thus concludes a review of the report presented by the Banking Committee of the Legislative Council.—"The most satisfactory point in the report is the complete vindication of Mr. J. G. Ward of any improper, or selfish motive in connection with his part in the whole business. The report contains, however, the following sentence. 'Your Committee is of opinion that Mr. Ward ought, when he became aware that his financial position was seriously involved, to have acquainted his colleagues in the Government, and that he ought to have tendered his resignation of the office of Colonial Treasurer.' A similar opinion was expressed in these columns at the time the disclosure came, and it is to be regretted that that course was not adopted, but it is satisfactory in the public interests to find that the Committee declare that Mr. Ward did not in his official position seek to advantage his private position, but that he rather placed himself at a disadvantage while seeking to serve the Colony."

OWING to the present delicate state of health of Mr Thomas Bracken, it will be practically impossible for him to do anything substantial for himself in the future, and in view of this a number of the friends and admirers of the poet met together on Thursday evening last to consider the best means of rendering assistance to him and his family. Mr T. S. Graham occupied the chair and among those present were Messrs J. B. Callan, J. J. Connor and H. Gourley. Apologies were read from a large number of prominent citizens, all of whom expressed hearty sympathy with the object of the meeting. After some discussion Mr. McIndoe moved, Mr. Callan seconded, and it was carried unanimously.—That a national fund be raised by subscriptions throughout New Zealand for the benefit of Mr Bracken and his family, details regarding the forming and application of the same to be left in the hands of a committee consisting of those now present, with power to add to their number. Messrs Graham and Reid were appointed joint treasurers and secretaries.

THE *Vierge* of Paris ascribes the conversion of Jules Simon, a short time before his death, to the influence of his little granddaughter, fresh from the catechism class attended by her in the Madeleine in preparation for her first Communion. Madame Simon formerly a fanatical freethinker, had preceded her husband in her reconciliation with the Church, and had been for some years a Catholic, while the mother of the child, though a Jewess, had never interfered with her daughter's religious training. To the latter the aged Statesman spontaneously confided his desire to see a priest on his death-bed, and she was the intermediary in bringing him a confessor. He received all the sacraments in the full possession of his faculties and with every appearance of penitence and fervour.

FRANCIS GEORGE WIDDOWS, an ex-Franciscan monk, has been lecturing in the south of England and "exposing Romanism." The *East Kent Gazette*, in the account it gives of one of these lectures, says that the lecturer, in the story of his life, omitted at least one important event, and quotes from its issue of May 5th, 1888, the record of his sentence, while minister of a chapel in South Hackney, to a long term of imprisonment for conspiracy and felony. *Truth*

says that this sentence "for one of the most abominable crimes known to the law," was not his first, and it speaks in strong terms of the bigotry of those who are not ashamed to give their countenance and support to a lecturer of Widdows's character and antecedents. "What sort of religionists must they be," it asks, "who accept the ministrations of a man of this stamp?"

CONSIDERING the attempt (says a recent issue of the *Thames Star*) which is being made in many places—notably in the mining districts of the Up-Country—to rob the working man of his day of rest, a sermon on the Sabbath preached by the Rev. Father O'Reilly last Sunday touches on many points of secular interest. The Rev. Father took for his text St. Luke, XIV., quoting these verses: "And Jesus, answering, spoke to the lawyers and Pharisees, saying: 'Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?' But they held their peace. But He, taking him, healed him and sent him away." The Rev. Father O'Reilly said that Our Blessed Lord was God as well as man. As God he had with the other two persons of the Adorable Trinity, the Father and the Holy Ghost, given the Ten Commandments on Mount Sinai to Moses, one of which said: "Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day." The preacher pointed out that before no other commandment of the ten was the word 'remember' used when God gave them to Moses. This was done to impress upon the Jews and all mankind the imperative necessity of keeping holy the Sabbath day. But Our Blessed Saviour, as God, knew the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, and he knew that what was required to fulfil this commandment was to worship God on this day, to rest and to abstain from unnecessary servile works. He therefore proposed the case of an ass or an ox falling into a pit, and asked which of them would not immediately remove him. As the law of charity constrains us to cure the sick on the Sabbath, so likewise in order to avoid cruelty to animals it would be necessary to remove a poor beast from such a position lest it might die. The moral of this would appear to be that all good works of absolute necessity are lawful on the Sabbath; while all labour for gain and servile or mercenary work are in conflict with the tenets of the Church. The flagrant attempt to deprive the worker of his day of rest is therefore contrary both to the letter and the spirit of the Christian religion. After a reference to the reason why the early Catholic Church changed the Sabbath from the seventh day of the week to the first day (the day of Christ's resurrection), the preacher spoke of the continental observances of Sunday and the secularising influence of the French revolution in the 18th century. He impressed on good Catholics the absolute necessity of keeping holy the Lord's day by attending holy Mass on each Sunday. The holy sacrifice of the Mass was both a sacrifice and a sacrament. They should spend some portion of each Sunday in prayer and spiritual reading. They should make the Lord's day a day of rest. They should keep it holy, but innocent amusements such as a walk on that day were not condemned. But they should abstain on this day (as on every other) from all sinful amusements, and, above all, from wicked profanation of the Lord's day. Thus, they would keep the commandment of God.

The Benedictine Priory of St. Augustine's Ramsgate, England, has been raised by the Pope to the dignity of an abbey, and the Prior, the Right Rev. Thomas Bergh, has been made Abbot, with the title of Abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury. This is the first English abbey of (Black) Benedictines founded since the Reformation, the abbey of Buckfast being a French foundation.

THE Hon. E. Blake, M.P., speaking at Edinburgh on Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, quoted, according to the *S. H. Review*, the following instance of disproportionate representation.—Taking the Counties of Donegal, Waterford, Tipperary, Kerry and Sligo, he affirmed, among other things, that whilst the aggregate population of these was in the proportion of 660,000 Catholics to 73,000 Protestants, the aggregate grand juries of the five counties were composed of 114 Protestants and only two Catholics.

THE following is from an Oamaru exchange—A Gael from the back country came into town recently nursing a huge jaw in which a tooth had gone wrong, and moaning with his countryman Burns—

"My curse upon thy venom'd stang
That racks my tortured gums along."

He repaired promptly to a local dentist and was shown into the waiting room. Presently the dentist, who is small in stature, entered. To him the brawny Celt: "Are you the body that pu's teeth?" "Yes," replied the professional man. "Ah, weel," was the emphatic response of the visitor after a careful mental summing of the surgeon's physical capacity. "ye winna pu' mine's," and he marched forth once more into a cold and unsympathetic world.

For Our Young Readers.

THE CAPTIVE OF THE CORSAIRS.

"BOYS," called Uncle George, "if you don't come pretty soon you'll miss your story, and the fire will be out. And what under the sun are you playing at anyway?"

"Pirates," screamed Billy, whose face and hands, were fearfully and wonderfully decorated with blackberry juice. "Don't you see, we're pirates, and that boat is the British man-of-war?"

"It's the first time I ever saw a British warship fly the stars and stripes," said Uncle George, but no one heard him.

The crucial moment had come. The pirates boarded the Prince of Wales, put the entire crew to death with wooden swords, captured the men-at-arms, and sank the brave craft in six inches of water. That done the exultant victors wash their faces, and set on pirates, prisoners and all had arranged a peace, and were sitting around the fire as quiet as mice.

"Once upon a time," began Uncle George, in good old-fashioned way of beginning a story, "three savage-looking pirate ships were cruising around the Gulf of Lyons, lying in wait for whatever prey might chance to come in their way. They had plenty of sail spread, but not enough to keep them flying as deftly as they would, for the day was calm. What was this power which kept them darting from point to point of unseen commanders? Ah, it was the steady strokes of a large number of rowers, each one of whom was a Christian prisoner. There they sat, their arms rising and falling together, chained to their places.

"And now a pretty little coasting vessel appeared, her white sails looking like the wings of a dove, and her captain peacefully giving his orders, and gazing at the beautiful French coast, where the quiet homes and lofty churches clustered in the soft sunshine. And all at once there came swooping down upon that innocent vessel the corsairs, armed to the teeth. There could be but one ending to so ill-balanced a contest. When the smoke cleared away, part of the crew of the coaster lay dead; and the rest of them, the passengers as well, were the captives of the African brigantines. There was one exception—the poor captain, who had not surrendered, but had dared to resist the pirates, was put to death upon the spot.

"Among the passengers was a young priest, who was returning home from a French seaport, whither he had gone to collect a small legacy left him by a distant relative. He had been educated at much sacrifice by his good father, who, it is said, sold the horses from the plough in order that his son might follow the career for which he longed. And now the young priest, after all those years of struggling and self-denial, lay in the hold of a pirate ship, wounded and in chains.

"The corsairs made all haste to run into a safe harbour with their ill-gotten freight; and the prisoners were offered for sale in the slave market, much as if they had been cattle. They were obliged to wear a coarse robe of blue and white, which was the badge of slavery, and to hear themselves discussed by the ignorant and savage hordes who flocked to see the new band of Christians. Our young priest was bought by a fisherman. He brought but a small price, as he looked very ill and delicate, but even at that his master considered him a bad bargain, for he grew sea-sick as quickly as our Angus does whenever his boat rocks a little, and was of no use upon the water."

"I pity him," broke in Angus, "if he was the sort of sailor that I am."

"Pretty soon," went on Uncle George, "he became the property of one of those old fellows who were trying to learn how to make gold out of stone and diamonds out of charcoal—a sort of astrologer, but a very learned man. He saw at once that he had a treasure in his young intelligent slave and grew very fond of him. Finally he offered him his liberty and the prospect of inheriting his wealth, but there was a condition attached—the Christian must become a Mahomedan. This was a temptation, but with it came the grace to resist it, and the captive priest bravely said, 'Nay.'

"When the old physician died the priest—I am not quite ready yet to tell you his name—became the property of a Frenchman, who had also been captured, and who had, unlike our hero, been unable to hold out when freedom was offered him, but was now a Mahomedan with three wives. It was the slave's duty to work in the field under a sun whose rays were almost unbearable, but he never once lost hope or faith.

"Sometimes the wives of his renegade master would go to him after his work was done and ask him concerning his religion, which they had come to admire by witnessing how patiently he bore his sufferings; and one of them became so impressed by his answers that she won her husband back from his false religion to the belief he had renounced. A poor Turkish woman, ignorant and untaught, did this.

"After the master took this step in private he wished for only one thing—to go home; partly, no doubt, because he realised his sin, partly because the face of his slave recalled to him the friends of his youth, and for the reason that if he were known to have forsaken the faith of Mahomet he would be walled up alive—a favourite way the Moors had of disposing of such cases.

"So one night master and slave fled together in a little boat back to sunny France, which was their native land. They reached it safely, and we can easily believe in the renegade's penitence from the fact that he at once, after greeting his people, entered a brotherhood at Rome, and spent the rest of his life in tending the sick in hospitals.

"Although I have taken some time in telling you this it is but one incident in the good priest's eventful life. I must mention one more adventure—if it can be called that—and then our worthy daughter will sound 'taps.'

"The young priest, through the influence of a nobleman whose sons he taught, was appointed chaplain to the prison ships which

lie in the French harbours; and there became so interested in one of the prisoners that he actually changed clothes with him, letting him escape, and taking his place for some time without detection. A number of innocent men were then undergoing a cruel imprisonment, and no doubt this was one of them. Father de Paul—there, I have told you who he was!—was released, but he bore the scars made by the chains to his dying day. He is known to us as St Vincent de Paul."—*Ave Maria.*

O B I T U A R Y.

WE deeply regret to record the death, in Europe, on Saturday, September 19, at the early age of 19, of Patrick Francis, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kennedy. A cable message to Mr. Gasquoine conveyed the sad news to New Zealand. The deceased young man accompanied his parents to the Home country. He had been suffering from heart disease for some time, and it was thought that the sea voyage and an enjoyable trip would brace him up and completely restore him to health. We join the very large circle of friends throughout the Colony in tendering heartfelt sympathy to the sorrowing parents and the members of their family. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy are most respected Irish Catholics. They are always well to the fore whenever there is question of helping faith and fatherland. The deceased was an estimable young man. His fellow-students at St. Patrick's (Wellington), Manly Seminary (Sydney), and the Jesuits' College (Riverview), will learn, with much regret, of the death of a deservedly popular companion. May his soul rest in peace.—Amen.

A NEW COMPETITION FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

1. Three book prizes will be given to the three smartest young readers under 16 years, who locate the greatest number of the sentences which will appear in four issues of the N. Z. TABLET—September 11th, 18th, 25th and October 2.

2. Competitors must mention the PAGE, COLUMN AND NUMBER OF LINE in which each sentence occurs.

3. Illustration: The sentence in issue of last week "We shall both pray for you," is found on page 23, column 2, line 35.

4. Competitors must cut out coupon headed "Tax Competition Coupon," and forwarded with *nom de plume* on face of coupon, and name, age and address in sealed envelope—the latter to be opened by editor after "Tax" gives the award.

5. Should more than three competitors successfully locate all the sentences, the writing of the competitors will be taken into account. Each competitor will therefore transcribe in best style and enclose with coupon the three sentences above the leader entitled "Progress and Justice in the Nineteenth Century."

6. To give time to all our readers in north and south islands, the competition will be open till October 15, on or before which day all letters addressed "Tax, care editor N. Z. TABLET" must reach Dunedin.

NOTE—"Tax" competitors should send in the four filled coupons enclosed in an envelope.

"TAX'S COMPETITION COUPON."
(NEW ZEALAND TABLET, September 18).

LOCATE SENTENCE I.—Gorham decisions and the rest.

To be found—Page.....Column.....Line.....

LOCATE SENTENCE II.—They have deeply at heart the best interests of their children.

To be found—Page.....Column.....Line.....

LOCATE SENTENCE III.—A strange moment!

To be found—Page.....Column.....Line.....

LOCATE SENTENCE IV.—"What sort of religionists must they be?"

To be found—Page.....Column.....Line.....

LOCATE SENTENCE V.—A similar opinion was expressed in these columns.

To be found—Page.....Column.....Line.....

LOCATE SENTENCE VI.—Many of the fair sex are apathetic.

To be found—Page.....Column.....Line.....

The *nom de plume* of the competitor who filled in the foregoing is.....

XYLOTECHNOGRAPHICA

Is the name of a process for staining wood various colours. A much easier name to remember is "Wolfe," the inventor of Wolfe's Schnapps.

The Sydney *Bulletin* says—During the stay of the octogenarian pianist, de Kontski, in Brisbane, he visited the Catholic Convent to give a pianoforte recital for the benefit of the Sisters. The latter desired that some of the elder scholars should also hear him, but the ancient would have none of that. "I blay vor de seesters," said he "not vor de gals. Il de gals vant to hear me blay. dey gan come to de gotocit."

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Have gained 28 FIRST AWARDS. This is sufficient proof of the quality: so be

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OF THE

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The whole of which are now submitted to the Public,

Payable as follows:—3s 4d per share on application, 3s 4d per share on allotment, the balance in calls of not more than 3s 4d per share at intervals of not less than three months. As soon as 15,000 shares have been applied for the Company will be registered.

Up to June 30, 1896, 8,500 shares had been subscribed.

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H. G. COOMBE, Commercial Hotel, Milton.
J. A. DUTHIE, Auctioneer, Milton.
F. GRANT, Milton Hotel.
W. GREY, Farmer, Milburn.
W. MOORE, Merchant, Milton.
F. MCLEOD, Draper, Milton.
J. W. PETRIE, Manager National Bank, Milton.
E. F. PALMER, Farmer, Clarkeville.
H. RANSOME, Clothier, Milton.
M. KETT, Royal Hotel, Milton.
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J. B. SCANLAN, Fellmonger, Milton.
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HON. SECRETARY :

Mr. R. A. PYKE.

The Company is formed for the purpose of carrying on Woollen Mills in the Bruce District. It is proposed that the Mills shall be erected in or near the township of Milton, where excellent sites are available, possessing many natural advantages. Amongst these may be mentioned a plentiful supply of water: also within a few miles of Milton, cheap coal of excellent quality is easily obtainable for working the Mills. If the company is conducted, as it is intended it shall be, on thorough business lines, its shares will prove a capital investment, as it can be stated, without a shadow of a doubt, that, for the permanent investment of capital, New Zealand Woollen Mills afford comparatively a better position than most other sources of investment. At the present time they are not only paying their way, but are returning from five to eight per cent. on the capital invested. These Mills, in the majority of cases, are working night and day, and are unable to supply the demands made upon them. In fact, the New Zealand Woollen Mills are stocked with orders for months ahead, and are not in a position, at present, to execute any fresh orders for goods. It will thus be seen that the pressure placed upon the Woollen Mills of the Colony, warrant the starting of another Mill to supply the demand which those now in existence are unable to satisfy. For some time past the expansion that has taken place in the output of mills in New Zealand has been very great. A glance at the trade statistics shows that the importation of woollen goods is, year by year, steadily decreasing in volume, and the New Zealand woollen manufactures taking their places. For instance the Official Year Book for 1895 states: "The value of the clothing, drapery, etc., imported fell from £1,809,046 in 1893 to £1,529,966 in 1894. In 1884, with a population smaller by nearly 20 per cent., the value of the import was £1,819,674." To capitalists it is hardly necessary to point out that the prevailing low rates of interest afford a very inadequate return for their capital. Such being the case, they will be fully able to appreciate the opportunity afforded them, by the proposed company, of obtaining a better investment for their money.

MANAGEMENT AND SUPERVISION OF VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS.

The services are available of a practical expert, who is prepared to take the position of Manager; also of four other competent heads of departments, who have agreed to take nominal salaries until the company pays a dividend of 6 per cent. to shareholders, and have also agreed to take 2,000 shares, on the understanding that no dividend shall be paid to them thereon, until such time as the other shareholders have received 6 per cent. on the capital invested.

It is estimated that the proposed Company would employ about 100 hands.

MANUFACTURES.

The Company will pay special attention to manufacture a class of yarns to compete with Baldwin's, which are subject to 20 per cent. duty, and to a certain extent are made from wool grown in New Zealand; also to manufacturing blankets, flannels, and all kinds of woollen fabrics, especially light dress serges, which are not now made in the Colony.

BUILDING AND MACHINERY.

It is proposed to erect a substantial brick building, 168ft. x 102ft., which, with machinery, it is estimated would cost £7,500. The balance of capital is considered quite sufficient to pay wages, and supply the raw material, until returns are obtained from the manufactured article.

It is proposed that the Manager should visit the Home Country, for the purpose of purchasing the latest improved machinery procurable in the market. This gentleman is willing to accept shares in lieu of the money expended by him on his journey, and will supply the plans and specifications of the machinery, etc., free of cost.

It is considered that the proposed Company is in a most exceptional position, in being able to obtain the services of one of the leading experts of the Colony, and several practical men, willing to accept merely nominal salaries, and also invest the savings of years in the concern. The unquestionable advantages possessed by the proposed Company place it in a far superior position to that occupied by any other Woollen Company in the Colony at the time of flotation. These facts alone speak more than words can do, of the *bona fides* of the proposed enterprise and of the certainty of its success.

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Each essay not to exceed 3000 words.

The awards will be made by Two thoroughly Competent and Independent Judges. Essays under *nom de plume* to be sent to care of the Undersigned, Box 133, P.O., Dunedin, on or before the 13th OCTOBER.

Awards to be advertised.

JNO. WELLS,

Hon. Sec. O.I.V.A.

Dunedin, September 23, 1896.

N O T I C E.

IN thanking her Friends and the Public in general, Mrs LOFT begs to state that she intends keeping on the Boot and Shoe Business, and hopes for the same favours as she has been getting in the past. Efficient Salesmen have been engaged for the Gents' Department.

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A PROTESTANT'S VISIT TO AN IRISH TRAPPIST MONASTERY.

A SKETCH OF THE GREAT ORDER.

To fulfil an old promise, as well as to gratify an old desire, we spent a recent holiday in a tour through the South of Ireland. Our longest stay was at Killarney, whose beautiful lakes and purple mountains attract every year to the Emerald Isle large numbers of tourists—chiefly Americans—“doing Europe.” On leaving Killarney, we turned our faces homewards, the return journey providing in its programme for a few days at the quiet little town of Cappoquin. There were two attractions here which our friends at home, as well as our guide-books had told us should not be omitted, viz., the charming river Blackwater—sometimes described as the Rhine of Ireland, and the celebrated Trappist Monastery of Mount Mellerey. The prospect of a glimpse at monastic life and its surroundings was in itself sufficiently novel to give us many pleasurable anticipations as we set out from the only hotel of which Cappoquin boasts, to walk the four Irish miles (along the Cahur road) which separate Mount Mellerey from Cappoquin. But our curiosity was heightened when our host—a good Catholic—volunteered the information that the ladies of our party would be separated from us as soon as we entered the portals of the abbey, and that we should all be

MUCH IMPRESSED BY THE SOLEMN SILENCE

prevailing there and work of its inmates. As the name Mount Mellerey implies, the institution stands upon a hill some 670 feet above the sea level and beyond its precincts, the barren moorland, even on a bright summer morning, presents an air of quiet seclusion which forces the thought that after nightfall this must be a weird and desolate spot. It is said that before the settlement of the Trappists here, the land, which was the gift of Sir Richard Kain, was so barren that not a trace of any kind would grow upon it; and that the first work of the Brotherhood—extending over many years—was to bring to the settlement more fertile soil than that which nature has dispensed to this southern slope of the Knockmealdown Mountains. The fruit of those years of patient toil may now be seen in the graceful trees which skirt the roads, and the productive gardens which surround the plain, substantial buildings. Our long but pleasant walk had brought us to the principal entrance, which is approached by a long, walled avenue. We rang the visitors' bell, and the door was speedily opened by an elderly monk, whose pleasing countenance and genial manner gave assurance of a hearty welcome. In a moment our lady friends were directed to an upstairs-room on the right of the staircase and we to one on the left: our instructions being to remain there until the guest-master came to conduct us over the establishment. What further instructions had been given to the ladies we could not then know. As there is little in this apartment to occupy our attention, it may be well to devote the interval of waiting for our guide to glance at

THE HISTORY AND CONSTITUTION

of the whole Trappist Order. The review of our own observations may thus be made more interesting. An article in the Encyclopaedia Britannica gives the year 1110 as the date of foundation of this religious Order, and the village of Solignac-Trappe as the place of its birth (“so named from the narrow gorge which forms its entrance being comparable to a trap-door”). In 1145, it was united to the Cistercian Order and the dual designation Trappist or Cistercian remains to this day. The article referred to says—No Monastic Order fell more rapidly and signally from the spirit of its original institute than the Cistercian and La Trappe formed no exception to the general decay. The long war between France and England hastened its declension for it was several times taken and pillaged, the estates of the Abbey were impoverished and the buildings suffered to fall into nearly total ruin, and the conduct of the monks became a scandal. Such was the condition of things when a reformer arose in the person of one of those very Abbots who had been the ruin of the Institute. This was Armand Jean Rancé, whose remarkable career is conspicuous in the history of the Trappists. He was born in 1626, and by the influence of his patrician family connections was appointed while under eleven years of age Canon of Notre Dame de Paris and Abbot of La Trappe, etc., etc. His collegiate career was one of great distinction, but his manner of life was marked by many irregularities. In 1651 he was ordained priest, but he does not appear to have altered his habits, and he remained simply the titular head of his several Orders till 1657, when a change seems to have taken place in his views of life, and of his responsibilities. Three years were then spent in solitary studies and visits to the various monasteries, and in 1660, the death of the Duke of Orleans, whose chief almoner he was, appears to have given the final direction to his thoughts. After selling his patrimony and resigning all his benefices (except Bologne and La Trappe, for the repair of which he reserved a small sum) he distributed

THE REMAINDER OF HIS PROPERTY

among the poor, and seriously entered on his work of reorganising the Order. In this difficult task he met with great resistance at the hands of the demoralised monks who remained. But De Rancé's plans, so deliberately formed, were zealously persisted in, and he made two journeys to Rome to obtain for them the Papal sanction. Ultimately the Order was re-established in accordance with his views; the new constitution retaining much of the Cistercian discipline, blended with some particulars borrowed from Benedictine rule. De Rancé continued his labours until advancing years and unremitting asceticism rendered him unable to take his share of the manual duties of the house, and in 1695 he felt obliged to resign the Abbey. He died shortly afterwards in the 75th year of his age, and left behind him a great reputation for ability, scholarship and successful administration. During his government he gathered around him no fewer than 300 ascetics—French, Belgians, Germans, Italians, and Irishmen, many of them being

drawn from less austere communities. Some were rural artisans and labourers, soldiers (from officers to privates), lawyers, physicians, and tradesmen—and that this number might have been far exceeded, is evident from the fact that at least six-sevenths of those presenting themselves failed to secure admission. The work thus vigorously and enthusiastically revived, was destined to flourish and extend. Some years later new houses were established, and all appears to have gone well with the Trappists until the French Revolution, with its order for the general suppression of Monastic Societies forced them to retire in groups to Spain, Germany, England, and Canada, where new colonies were established, and for a long time successfully maintained. In

THE EARLY PART OF THIS CENTURY,

permission was obtained to return to France, but only as recently as 1880, large numbers were, under the Ferry laws, again expelled. La Trappe, however, still remains the Mother House, and there are besides fifteen other monasteries of the same Order now in France. Even in England there are two (in Leicester and Dorsetshire), and as Ireland, Germany, Italy, Savoy, Algiers, Natal, America and Canada have already been prospected by this zealous Brotherhood, it may not be deemed rash to predict that at no very distant date their colonising proclivities will have set up a Trappist Monastery in every civilised country of the world. The total number of members is now estimated at 3,000 but these figures include the nuns of the Trappistine Sisterhood, founded in 1827, and which has now nine establishments in France and England.

The guest-master of the day has now joined us. He has a sad and careworn countenance, which betokens the rigours of monastic discipline. But he greets us very pleasantly, and asks at once if we have come far, and how long we wish to stay. His object in making these enquiries is apparent, when in response to our reply that we have only come from Cappoquin, and that we hope to get back to our hotel by 2.30, he says, “You must not return till you have had a little luncheon.” He then suggests that as we have so little time to stay, we had better commence our round of visits at once: and forthwith conducts us to the rear of the premises, where surrounding a large court-yard, are long rows of workshops and farm buildings. As we enter the cow-houses and stables he tells us that theirs is a working community, and that hard manual labour is a *sine qua non* of Trappist life. This statement finds ample proof as we proceed, for we soon discover that the greater part of the 500 acres they possess is under cultivation, and

THEIR FARMING OPERATIONS

represent only one phase of their laborious work. The smithy comes next, and on our approach, the fine form of the monk in charge is seen to rise from the seat beside the forge, and with a very audible sigh the good man bows in silent acknowledgment of our visit. This “Brother” in his long habit, would make a typical vulcan, but his sad silence seems oppressive even during the few moments we are with him, and we pass into the carpenter's shop, where several more “Brothers” are faithfully observing the proscribed cessations from work. (These men having been spoken of as Brothers, it may here be explained that the community, which numbers about 100, is divided into two classes—Fathers and Brothers. The Fathers, who form about one-third of the whole number, are in Holy Orders.) Our guide now takes us through long corridors, where the word “Silence” in large letters meets the eye. Here and there a monk, with soft gliding footstep withdrew from our sight, and retires for his siesta. To us who have not long breakfasted, this seems a strange proceeding, but the genial guest-master soon dispels the wonder by telling us that the duties of each day commence at 2 a.m., their devotions occupying the hours which intervene between that time and ten o'clock, when they have the first meal of coarse bread, porridge and vegetables. Work and prayer fill up the day till six o'clock, when another meal is taken, water in each case being the only beverage. Then more devotions, and at 8 p.m. they go to bed. We get a peep at the huge apartment where the meals are taken as we pass its open door. Within, the well-worn stone floor, the much-scrubbed deal tables and rude earthen pitchers bear eloquent testimony to the faithful observance of the self-denying laws. Indeed, this is the case at almost every step we take just now. The dormitories, with their cramped stall-like cubicles, bare of all but

A HARD BED AND A CRIBBON.

afford a striking contrast to the guest-chambers, which are large and comfortably appointed. The sights of the past few minutes begin to have a saddening effect upon us, and we are glad to hurry on to the library, our thoughts the while busy in the attempt to realise the dull monotony and chilling hardships of the life of a Trappist monk. The library door is looked; and our guide leaves us a moment to summon the librarian—a “Father,” who soon appears and silently admits us to the room under his care. He is a man of remarkably fine physique, good presence and dignified bearing and we cannot help occasional furtive glances of admiration for him as he stands, occupied with a book, and betrays no indication of interest in his visitors. But in this apparent indifference to surroundings, the librarian is no exception to the others of the fraternity already encountered. Their religion is to them the serious and all-absorbing business of their lives, and desire for association seems dead within them. We must not waste time, however, in reflections—we came to see the books. Works of ecclesiastical history, and the writings of the early Christian Fathers abound; and our humble guide seems surprisingly familiar with the contents of these ponderous volumes. We had not suspected him of the intelligent knowledge he now displays in his replies to the enquiries of one of our party, who is a university graduate and Bachelor of Divinity. The chapel comes next. It has

A QUIANT AND STRIKING INTERIOR,

on which the monks have expended much labour. Immediately on entering, the marked reverence of our guide warns us that for the present further questioning should be avoided. He has prostrated

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himself before the altar, and remains at prayer, while we stand motionless near. It would greatly please us if we could now see the whole community assemble for worship and hear them sing. At last one of us feels a desire to compare the faces of the praying monks with those so vividly pictured on the small canvas in the Doré Gallery; but as this cannot be, we again join our friend, who has now completed his devotions and pass out into the gardens.

We are told in answer to an enquiry that candidates for admission—both lay and clerical—are plentiful, and that the term of probation varies according to the mental attainments and spiritual condition of the would-be monk. After a stay of two months in the abbey the novice is permitted to assume the dress of the Order, and perform his preliminary vows. His probation lasts for three years, when, if he has no misgivings as to the future, and the superiors consider him to be fully qualified, he takes the final vows; but if not he is given a further two years' preparation, at the end of which he may, if still unfit for the final ceremonial, return again to the outer world. Few, however, do this. One of the first principles held by the Trappists is that speech is hostile to the religious life; hence the popular supposition that they never speak except to utter their doleful greeting, "Memento mori" (remember death) when they first meet each other in the small hours of the morning.

Only the schools now remain to be seen. The schoolmaster—a young man attired in the habit of a Father—is out sunning himself as we file up the long path to the schoolhouse. He hurries in, however, when he discovers our near approach, and the hum of children's voices is hushed before we cross the threshold. We are hoping that the pedagogues, since he must speak to his pupils, will allow us to converse with him about his work; but he is

A TRAPPIST AS WELL AS A TEACHER.

and he simply bows and smiles his welcome. The boys are healthy specimens of the Irish peasant class, drawn from the scattered huts of the district, and whose parents are too poor to pay for their education. The monks of Mount Melleray, with all the foresight of good Catholics, did not wait for legal enactments to be framed by educational lords at Whitehall, which should give to these lads a free education, but built for them a school and provided them with teachers capable of imparting religious as well as secular instruction. The next school is of another grade, where youths are boarded and educated, and many of them prepared for the priesthood. It is closed now for the summer vacation, and we are almost glad that it is, for we should soon be back at Cappoquin to carry out the engagements of the afternoon. Our escort, too, must return to his duties, though he betrays no haste to leave us. It is with great reluctance that he accepts our offering to the funds of the abbey. Our thanks are all he expects. "You are tourists," he says, "and travelling is expensive. Leave it till you come again, when you may be able to spend more time with us."—Correspondent *Edinburgh Catholic Herald*.

THE TOYS.

(By MAURICE F. EGAN.)

It was a hard matter for Hildegarde Sefton to make her sacrifice. "In novels," she said, as she threw off her fur-lined wrap, after Mrs. De Wood's dinner, "things are so easy for girls. A heroine of Mrs. Craven's would disdain to think twice of such a temptation. Oh, dear," she said, twirling the paper knife in her hand, as the firelight lit up the half-dozen sparkling rings on her fingers. "I wish I didn't have to; I wish father were more reasonable; I wish I had a mother to manage these things."

The light struck her great marquise of turquoise and diamonds, the greenish turquoise that so many envied. "Why not sell some of these jewels?" She shrugged her shoulders in answer to the thought. "Somebody will find it out, and papa would never forgive it." He had given her a choice. "If Gilbert had not been so foolish! If he had only married a rich girl,—or, at least, a girl in society; of course Lucy was a nice girl, and a Catholic; if Gilbert hadn't been so anxious to marry a Catholic, it probably would not have come about; but it had!"

Hildegarde sighed. There was nobody but herself in the library, which was lit by the firelight and a stand of candles. Everywhere there were signs of luxury, too much luxury in fact, though Hildegarde, regarding herself as a fine flower of fashion, had come to take it as a matter of course. She sat in the big chair regardless of her puffs and lace and billows of gossamer, and went over the situation in her mind.

Gilbert had married a daughter of one of his father's clerks. And he had done so without his father's consent. Mr. Sefton himself had married a Catholic; and according to his promise he had brought up his two children Catholics. He was a self-made man, and his social experience, as he made his way up to his present position, had led him to believe that to be a Catholic was a great disadvantage. It kept a man out of the Masons and made a barrier between a woman and some desirable acquaintance in that middle class where social position is largely dependent on church entertainments. Mrs. Sefton had been timid and retiring; her position had exasperated her husband, who attributed it to the influence of the Church. She was firm on two points: Hildegarde was sent to a convent school and Gilbert to Catholic college.

When her mother died, Hildegarde came home for good. Mr. Sefton, who had grown rich in a small town, then began to enjoy the results of his toil. He moved to New York and took a great house. A chaperon of the requisite ability was found for Hildegarde, who had good manners, her accent was perfect, according to current notions, for she had been sent to an English convent, and she fitted herself readily into the rather over-blown luxury of the Fifth Avenue house.

Mr. Sefton saw that Hildegarde's religion did not count against her. Everybody in the best set to which the chaperon introduced Hildegarde, not from entirely unselfish motives, had been abroad,

and the sort of P.ritanism which Mr. Sefton had thought the proper thing in the western town was in New York held to be quite vulgar.

He adapted himself to circumstances, and his money did the rest; but he did not forgive Gilbert for having married a clerk's daughter (in his own youth he had made nails with his own hands), or for that clerk's daughter being of the religion of his own wife. He forgot a great deal, and he seemed to believe that the coat of arms in the big stained-glass window at the end of his drawing-room would have been recognised by his father.

Hildegarde had been a social success from the beginning; she was blonde and blue-eyed, soft-voiced and exceedingly graceful, and Lady St Clair, who had come over to marry her brother, the young Earl of Stokesly, to Maria Goldsbar, had publicly said that she was so like a nice English girl. Then came Mrs. De Wood's dinner and *musical*. Nobody could get higher than Mr. De Wood's dinners. This was a triumph. And Mr. Sefton, when the invitation had come for him and his daughter, had given to Hildegarde a cheque for two thousand dollars.

"There my dear," he said at lunch, "keep this thing up—and if you want to marry a title like the Goldsbar girl, begin to pull the wires now. Give a dance or throw the money away, I don't care!"

Hildegarde planned a neat little dinner for twenty-four, and asked her father for a little more money; for a good band and favours for a little cotillon, unless one wants to do the thing like a pauper, come high!

"Do it like a pauper," he had responded amiably, but firmly, "or throw away the money; that's all I shall give you."

The Prince Strelski was in town for the season, and Hildegarde knew that she could secure this charming Russian to lead her dance: she had made up her mind to give it with fewer favours and a smaller band when a letter came from Gilbert. He had lost his place in the post office department at Washington through no fault of his own; his wife was ill—so ill that she must go to a milder climate or die. If Hildegarde could only see his little Hildegarde now—she was like a pink sweet-pea flower—just five years old at Christmas,

"If the little thing should lose her mother!"

Hildegarde felt strangely moved as she read these words; she had read them before going to Mrs. De Wood's. She had never seen the little Hilda or her mother. Mr. Sefton had sternly forbidden it; but the touch about the mother-loss had brought up a picture.

And Hildegarde saw it in the grate fire, her brother, curly-locked and rosy-cheeked as he once was, holding up to her a little girl who was like her dead mother, whose soft complexion, even in her illness, had been like the colour of a pink sweet-pea blossom.

Hildegarde was selfish; luxury had made her so; she had a heart and a conscience; she acknowledged, but not very lovingly, the example of the crucifixion. It was not easy to choose between a dinner and cotillon, with Prince Strelski, and sufficient help to her brother. She would spare a few dollars—why not! Something might turn up for him.

Mrs. De Wood, who was a widow, not very rich but very distinguished, had become very friendly with Mr. Sefton; she asked him and a few friends to her box for the last act of *Die Meistersinger*; he had gladly accepted, and Hildegarde, tired out, had just as gladly gone home. And here she was, she must decide, Prince Strelski must be secured at once, or Gilbert helped. She had no desire to be the wife of Prince Strelski; he did not attract her; and besides, a good English title was worth so much more; but Strelski was the fashion; and if he would "lead," she could make every woman in New York, her New York, blue with envy! This was a temptation.

On the other hand she thought of Gilbert. It was almost Christmas; and Christmas in the old days had been so sweet. If she could only give anything decent with half her father's gift; but there was no use of thinking of that.

Suddenly she took up a pen, drew the cheque from the drawer of a desk and endorsed it. Then she hastily wrote on a little sheet of paper:

"Dear Gilbert.—This is for the invalid. Spend it all; and see that the little pink pea-blossom has lots of candles on her Christmas tree."

She thrust the note into an envelope and wrote the address. She tucked up her train, drew her fur-lined hood over her head, thrust her feet into her carriage boots, and went out to post the letter herself.

She came back with sparkling eyes.

"I know I'm a fool," she repeated, "but I couldn't help it! I'm glad it's gone!"

* * * * *

Hildegarde discovered that Mrs. De Wood was inclined to be nice to her. And this meant a great deal, as Mrs. De Wood commanded some of the best young men in town, and could make anybody socially. Mrs. De Wood did not pass over Mr. Sefton, as fashionable people in our country have a habit of doing when there is a daughter in good form and a father who will talk business whenever he chooses. She made much of Mr. Sefton, and it was through her kind offices that at last he got into the most exclusive club in New York. This made him happy.

"Hildegarde," he said, after he heard of his election, "you'll have to give a big dance or something for Mrs. De Wood. She's an angel."

Hildegarde, who was dining alone with her father, laughed. "A rather fat angel, with her hair a la Pompadour; but I don't mind."

Mr. Sefton frowned.

"She's a handsome woman—not quite fifty, I'm sure—but she doesn't look forty. She has done a lot for us. Let's do something tremendous—a dance at Sherry's, orchids and a great blow-out. You can throw in that two thousand, you know, and I'll do the rest."

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Was introduced in the Colonies in **1885**, and since that time Kidney and Liver Diseases have been steadily on the decrease. In a warm climate, if one's Liver is in good condition and the Kidneys are acting normally, health is assured.

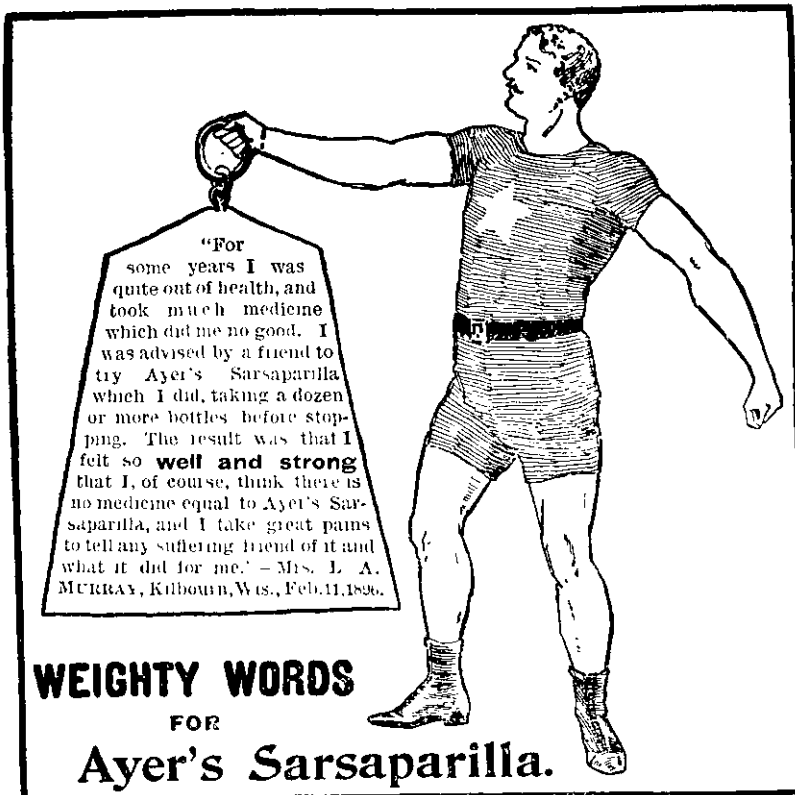
AN AUSTRALIAN PIONEER.

ROMA, QUEENSLAND.

From personal experience with Warner's Safe Cure I have no hesitation in advising persons having Liver Disease to take this medicine in preference to all other remedies that may be offered them. For a long time I endured terrible suffering from that complaint. The pains under the shoulder-blades, down the back, and in my chest and side, were so severe that I could get no rest day or night. My app-tite failed, and I became so weak and worn out that I was obliged to give up work of every kind. After spending much time and money in other directions, I started to take Warner's Safe Cure, and after using several bottles I am thankful to say that I have quite recovered my good health.

HUGH BARNETT.

(A RETIRED GOVERNMENT SERVANT.)



"For some years I was quite out of health, and took much medicine which did me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla which I did, taking a dozen or more bottles before stopping. The result was that I felt so **well and strong** that I, of course, think there is no medicine equal to Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and I take great pains to tell any suffering friend of it and what it did for me."—Mrs. L. A. MURRAY, KILBOURN, Wis., Feb. 11, 1896.

WEIGHTY WORDS
FOR
Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The above are indeed weighty words, of great import and value to thousands of pale-faced, languid men and women, now tired and worn out with worry, overwork, and disease, and who would be made **well and strong** by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Read also the following interesting testimony of a prominent athlete:

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"After being a victim to Typhoid, Brain, and Rheumatic fevers, in 1892, my system was left in a terrible condition. Besides being very weak, I had numerous abscesses on the lower part of my back and spine, from which a great number of pieces of bone were taken. As fast as an abscess would appear and was lanced another would form. I was treated at two different hospitals without success. The surgeons in attendance informed me that I was suffering from blood poison. The abscesses continued to appear, and I was never without pain, till six months ago I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken the first bottle I found an improvement, and after finishing twelve bottles to-day I feel as well as ever I did in my life; the abscesses have ceased to come, the old ones are all healed, and my health is splendid. Before I used the Sarsaparilla I weighed 154 lbs., and now, after using a dozen bottles, my weight is 200 lbs., which is a sure sign that I have been taking the Champion Blood-Purifier of the world."—GEORGE W. WALKER, "Jumbo," Champion Foot-baller of New So. Wales.

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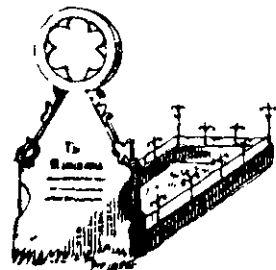
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Tomb Railing, Fretwork, & General Castings.
Repairs Effected.

H. E. SHACKLOCK,

Foundry: Crawford street, Dunedin.

Hildegarde preferred to divert his attention.

"We can have Prince Strelski; the Prince—"

Mr. Sefton drew his heavy gray eyebrows together.

"I don't like the Prince. He has been hanging about of late; I intended to speak to you about it. Don't encourage him."

"I don't encourage him; he comes."

"Drop him."

"Why?" asked Hildegarde, who was accustomed to argue every point with her father. "I find as much interest in him as you find in Mrs. De Wood."

Mr. Sefton's face, where it was visible in the spaces of his luxuriant Russian whiskers, flushed.

"I hope you are not serious about the Prince Strelski," he said; "He is looking out for an heiress. Besides he belongs to the Greek Church, you couldn't marry a man of that sort."

"But why do you object to the Prince Strelski?" Hildegarde persisted. "Surely the question of religion is not the only obstacle. Is there anything really against him?"

Mr Sefton never repeated club gossip to his daughter; so he was silent.

"My dear," he said at last, "if you should marry Prince Strelski by any chance, you must expect to be disinherited—I don't believe that the Prince would hang around you if he knew you were dependent on me. There is a polite fiction abroad that your mother was a rich woman and left you her fortune. It gives us consequence—if Prince Strelski believes it, let him—you know better."

Hildegarde laughed; she had no intention of marrying Prince Strelski.

"And if you marry Mrs. De Wood I shall disinherit you," she said, laughing again. To her one thing seemed as impossible as the other. Mr. Sefton looked sharply at her.

"My dear," he said suavely, "Mrs. De Wood is a kind woman. You see that we do something in good taste and very splendid for her. Old Mrs. Browne will help out—don't spare money, send the bills to me."

Hildegarde tried to hide a smile; her father was nervous and he was willing to forget the cheque. She liked Mrs. De Wood and she was delighted at the chance of giving a great function. "Poor old papa," she said to herself. "How sensitive he is. As if anybody would dream of his marrying again."

A few days after this, while the preparation for her cotillon was going on, there came to her a little note from Washington. It ran:—

"Dear Hilda,—You have saved my wife's life. To-morrow we sail for Bermuda. If I can ever repay you—but I am afraid that I never can."

This was in Gilbert's handwriting. Below, tremblingly traced, were the wife's words—

"The little one and I shall not cease to pray for you. God will not forget your generosity."

Hildegarde's eyes moistened.

"And to think that she and the child have never seen me. It is too cruel."

She seized one of her photographs and directed it to the little Hilda. In a week it came back, Gilbert had sailed away and Hildegarde forgot all about him; for the Sefton cotillon had passed; it was the event of the season; everybody came, and the social position of the Sefton's was settled.

Prince Strelski, tall, dark, silent and military-looking, was there; it would have been too indelicate not to invite him, Hildegarde said, just because papa was jealous.

On the day after the event there was a greater number than usual at Mrs. De Wood's gathering for tea at five o'clock. It offered a good chance to talk the cotillon over; and the talking over was in full swing when the Prince Strelski asked Mrs. De Wood a question.

"There are few young women in New York with independent fortunes?"

Mrs. De Wood dropped the bit of lemon into her cup before she answered.

"Oh, many," she answered. As a woman accustomed to society she kept her wits about her. The Prince had been attentive to Hildegarde; Hildegarde as Princess Strelski, or Strelska, she had her wits so much about her that she strove to recall the Russian form, would be settled well and be out of the way.

"There is one, Prince," she said, "Hildegarde Sefton. Her mother settled a great deal of money on her, I hear." She looked at him significantly.

"You ought to know, madam, said the Prince, "if the rumour be true that—"

"It is true," answered Mrs. De Wood. "Mr. Sefton announced the matter to his friends last night. I am to be his wife."

The Prince bowed low and clicked the heels of his boots.

"Mr. Sefton is a happy man."

When Hildegarde, radiant and in the best of spirits, came in, Mrs. De Wood kissed her fervently on both cheeks.

"You know, dear," she whispered, leading Hildegarde into the little ante-room. "He has told you—dear, dear child."

Hildegarde, too, was a woman of society and she hated a scene. She veiled her eyes and returned Mrs. De Wood's kiss. She felt her hands become cold; anger filled her.

Mrs. De Wood spared her; She patted her lovingly, and said:

"I knew you would be pleased. Oh, here is the Prince Strelski."

"You will have a charming mother," the Prince said in French as Mrs. De Wood disappeared.

"Yes," said Hildegarde, trembling.

The Prince raised the hand which she had just freed from her muff, to his lips.

"May I?" he asked, hesitating before he touched it to his lips. She did not answer, nor did she withdraw her hand. She was wild with anger; she would have her revenge; and she promised to marry Prince Strelski.

"I will not live in the house with any woman who shall take my mother's place," Hildegarde had said, after dinner on the evening of Prince Strelski's proposal.

"Very well," said her father, bitterly. And then with a touch of tenderness, "I have not forgotten your mother. Every time I look at you, I think of her. I am not a heartless man, Hildegarde, though you seem to think so."

"I shall soon be a lonely old man," her father went on; "you, will marry and leave me. Gilbert is gone—I won't say I haven't been hard—I might have been easier with Gilbert. I'm not an old man yet; I want to live, and I want to be understood. Neither you nor Gilbert has ever taken the trouble to understand me. A man can't be ruled by his children. If Gilbert had ever sent one word of love to me directly," Mr. Sefton paused, a break in his voice, "I—well, it's past."

"Yet you disowned him!"

"I did what you have just announced that you'll do," said Mr. Sefton, with a bitter laugh; "he married, and I told him to go; I marry, and you insist on going."

"Mrs. De Wood simply wants luxury and a great establishment," said Hildegarde.

"She shall have them," said Mr Sefton. "She is a woman of great kindness of heart and infinite tact; we can talk on subjects that interest us and she shall give my money the social prestige it lacks."

"You've considered it all carefully," said Hildegarde a little touched by her father's frankness, but more determined than ever to have her will. "You did not take the trouble to consult me, but left Mrs. De Wood to hint the hideous truth to me this afternoon."

"I don't think that you are justified in applying that word 'hideous' to any action of mine," said her father, his face flushing. "And I do not think that any father when he resolves to marry is obliged to ask permission of his children. You seemed to be fond of Mrs. De Wood."

"As an acquaintance, yes."

"Well, you will have to accept her as the head of my house," Hildegarde shrugged her shoulders.

He rose from the table and held the diningroom door for her. She paused a moment before passing him.

"I shall not leave the rumour of my engagement to reach you as best it can, father," she said, "I promised to-day to marry Prince Strelski."

"Ah-a!" He drew a sharp breath. "Is the promise irrevocable?"

"Yes!"

"He stood holding the knob with his right hand, but he stretched out his left to detain her.

"No! Prince Strelski was driven out of Hamburg for cheating at cards. All the clubs here know it."

The light of triumph in her father's eye maddened her for a moment.

"It makes no difference," she said. "I have given my promise."

He threw open the door and he watched her as she walked upstairs, her soft silken gown trailing after, her head proudly erect.

He went back to the dining-room and poured out a glass of claret, but he did not drink it. He scattered the red roses and their tall glasses about him, and sat with his elbows on the table and his face covered by his hand until midnight struck. His heart was heavy within him; and it was not with anger; and the worst of all, this powerless anger was that he loved Hildegarde more than ever.

Both marriages took place, Mr. Sefton and Mrs. De Wood's at the Church of St Mary the Virgin, with all the Ritualistic ceremonial. The Prince and Hildegarde stood in Mr Sefton's drawing-room before the priest of the parish and a few friends, and consented to be man and wife; the Prince, as it proved afterwards, with some mental reservations.

After this marriage, the quietness of which astonished nearly everybody outside of the great club committees, who hold many secrets, Mr Sefton gave Hildegarde a fine sum of money, and she left his house.

(To be continued).

DIocese OF DUNEDIN.

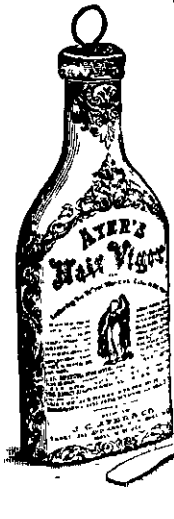
OPENING OF MISSION.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Verdon and the good missionaries who, at his invitation, came to labour for some months in the diocese of Dunedin, must have felt exceedingly gratified by the very large congregations which, morning and evening, more than comfortably filled the cathedral on last Sunday. The series of missions by the Vincentian Fathers opened with Pontifical High Mass at 11 o'clock. Every seat in the spacious building was occupied, and many persons had to content themselves with standing room. His Lordship the Bishop was celebrant. Rev. Father McCarthy, C.M., was deacon, Rev. Father Murphy, sub-deacon; and Rev. Father Hanly, C.M., master of ceremonies. Father Boyle, the Superior of the Vincentian Fathers in Sydney, delivered the opening sermon. In a thoroughly practical discourse he invited all the Catholics of the city to avail themselves of the immense advantages of the mission, and exhorted those present to act as missionaries in bringing the careless and indifferent to the exercises. He gave the order of Masses and devotion. The Fathers give a four weeks' mission in the cathedral. Two weeks will be devoted to women, and two weeks given to the men of the congregation. The women will have the first and second, and the men the third and fourth weeks. The children make their mission this week. The Masses on Sunday will be 7, 8, 9.15, and 11 o'clock, and on week days at 6, 7, 8, and 9 o'clock. Instructions will be given each morning at 6.30, and again after the 9 o'clock Mass. Mission sermons are set down for 7.30 p.m. on week days, and 6.30 p.m. on Sundays. Candidates for confirmation will be confirmed by the Most Rev. Dr. Verdon on the last Sunday of the mission at

J. PATTERSON, TAILOR (late Cutter for A. Begg), 219 CASHEL ST. WEST (two doors from J. Bates and Co.), CHRISTCHURCH, has now opened with a Fresh Selection of English and Colonial Tweeds, Suitings, etc., of Choicest Patterns. Clerical Suits a Speciality. First-class Style. Best Workmanship. Reasonable Prices.

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LINUM CATHARTICUM PILLS, digestive, corrective, and agreeably aperient.

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Trotting Horses a Speciality. Weights Kept in Stock.

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Job Lots of Gents' Sample BOOTS and SHOES—First-class Quality, Best English Make—Selling at a Sacrifice. Ladies' and Children's BOOTS and SHOES—Every Variety. Best Quality of Boots and Shoes at LOWEST PRICES in the City. INSPECTION INVITED. NOTE.—Buying for Cash and Selling for Cash means Cheap Goods for the Purchaser.

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Drags, Landaus, Waggonettes, Dog-Carts, and Vehicles of every description. Saddle Horses always on Hire. Carriages for Wedding Parties. Horses Broken to Single and Double Harness, also to Saddle.

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3 p.m. A plenary indulgence may be gained on the usual conditions of confessions, communions, and prayers for the Pope's intentions by all who go through the exercises. At the conclusion of the sermon the Bishop gave an indulgence of 100 days to all the faithful present.

In the afternoon at 3 p.m. the children's mission was opened by Rev. Father McCarthy, C.M. His very interesting discourse was attentively listened to by the large congregation of young people.

In the evening Father Hanly, C.M., occupied the convenient platform outside the sanctuary, which, during the mission, takes the place of the ordinary pulpit. The cathedral was crowded and even with additional seating accommodation, a large number stood in the passages and in the porch. That the practical words of the eloquent missionaries bore good fruit was evidenced on Monday morning, when the church was well filled by the women at the six o'clock Mass.

MUSIC IN THE CATHEDRAL ON SUNDAY.

Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" was rendered by the choir and orchestra, with Mr. Nottingham as leader. Misses R. Blaney (soprano), R. Drumm (contralto), Messrs. E. Eager and Feil took the solo parts. Mr. Nottingham played a violin offertorium. After the Mass his Lordship thanked Mr. Nottingham, Mr. Robertshaw, and the other gentlemen who had so kindly given their services. In the evening the singing was mostly congregational. The effect was very fine when choir and congregation united in rendering the Benediction hymns. Miss Rose Blaney sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" (with violin obligato by Mr. Nottingham). Mr. William Farquhar Young sang "Jesu Redemptor Mundi."

ANNUAL REUNION OF CHILDREN OF MARY.

On Thursday evening, writes one who was present, the annual reunion of the Children of Mary took place in St. Joseph's school-room, Dunedin; his Lordship the Bishop and the Rev. Fathers Lynch and Murphy being also present. Musical items were admirably rendered by members of the sodality. An address of welcome was presented to his Lordship by the president on behalf of the society on this, the occasion of his first visit. The only drawback to the pleasure of the evening was the absence of the directress, Mother Mary Gabriel, who through illness was not able to attend. An address had also been prepared for her, thanking her for her watchful care during the last twenty-one years, since the inauguration of the sodality. Supper was partaken of at an early hour, the tables being well furnished and artistically arranged. At the close of the evening his Lordship, the Bishop, thanked the members for the very pleasant surprise he had received. He expressed regret for the absence of Mother Gabriel, whom he was sure would have been gratified by the words of love and thanks contained in the address. It was a great pleasure to see so many enrolled in this excellent society. The very wearing of the badge was a clear proof that by their piety and example the members were giving edification to their companions. He noticed in the address that they hold their meetings at half-past five every Sunday evening and said he would be most happy to attend occasionally. He brought his speech to a close by expressing the hope that he would often meet them again on a similar occasion.

For Our Lady Readers.

USEFUL TO KNOW.

Boots and shoes, however damp, can be given a lovely dark polish in a few seconds if a drop or two of paraffin oil be added to the blacking. It also prevents the leather from cracking.

In case of sickness, or when a dull light is desired, put finely powdered salt on a candle till it reaches the black part of the wick. In this way a mild and steady light may be kept all through the night with a small piece of candle.

To clean oil-paintings. Cut a raw potato in half and rub quickly over the surface, after which polish with a silk handkerchief.

A good polish for tan boots and shoes. Rub them with the inside of the peel of a banana, and when dry polish with a soft cloth.

Advice to those about to marry.—To a dear friend who had spoken of having a fashionable evening wedding, Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, gave the following good advice, applicable in New Zealand as well as America:—"I hope you will follow the good old Catholic custom, so particularly favoured by the Church, of being married at Mass and receiving there the special benediction which is not given except at Mass. I think it very wise to see it once, and understand the particular prayers and blessings used on that occasion, you would be willing to break through fashion, convenience and every obstacle in order to profit by these graces. It is the only sacrament, except that of Holy Orders, for which there are any particular prayers introduced into the Mass itself. If it be contrary to fashion, you will have no little merit in showing that much independence, and still more in doing your share towards introducing a holier fashion that will multiply blessings upon yourself and the one you have chosen to be your life companion."

School children's cake.—This is an excellent cake for a school treat or tea, but should be kept two days at least before being cut, as, like many other cakes, this improves by keeping. To each pound of flour allow half a pound of mixed fruit, currants, raisins, and sultanas, five ounces of butter or clarified dripping or lard, four ounces of brown sugar, two ounces of finely shred candied peel, one and a-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and just enough milk to mix it nicely. No eggs are needed. Make up in large cakes (these cut to best advantage), and bake two hours or more. If seed cake is preferred use half a teaspoonful of caraway seeds and two ounces more sugar instead of the fruit. If used for tea, when bread and butter, jam, etc., is given, you reckon from five to six ounces a

head; but if given alone it is safer to count on nine to ten ounces per child.

Rest and Beauty.—The woman who rests every day is the woman who keeps young and fresh. If she is a woman of leisure, she may indulge in an afternoon nap, after which she will rival her daughter in usefulness. If she is a busy housewife, she should snatch at least half an hour a day for lying still in a darkened room. If she is a business woman, she must break into the afternoon with the only sort of rest she can command—sitting still for ten or fifteen minutes, with eyes closed, thought banished, and muscles relaxed.

A warning to parents.—The following, from the *British Medical Journal*, will be of interest to the thousands of families who are at present enjoying their holidays at the seaside:—"The bright sun and the warm sands tempt visitors to the seaside to do many foolish things, among which we must place the habits of 'padding' in the sea or in the shallow pools upon the beach. Dr. Whitfield Perkins this week reports a case of a fair-skinned little boy, eighteen months old, who, while in perfect health, was exposed without any headcovering to the full rays of a burning sun while paddling his legs in the sea. He became unconscious and was convulsed; remained very ill for twenty-eight days and died. This is but one example of the evil effects of a practice which can be seen in full swing every day at any of our seaside watering-places. Little children 'padding' with their clothes tucked up, their feet chilled and their heads exposed to the blazing sun. No doubt they enjoy it, but the danger it involves is very great. The thickness of the child's skull and of the soft parts covering it is less than in the adult, and the fact that in some cases, where recovery takes place, permanent paralysis results shows that definite local mischief is produced in the brains of the patients attacked in this way."

WE MUST HAVE THE TOOLS.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, you remember, made a big boat or canoe out of the trunk of a tree. It was a laborious and tedious job. And that wasn't the worst of it. When he got the boat done he couldn't launch it. It was too heavy for one man to handle. If he had only had an arrangement like the capstan of a ship he might have managed. He understood how to do it but lacked the tools. How often we find ourselves at a dead stand for that same reason. Let me give you a fresh illustration, tied up for the moment in the following letter, which must first be read before we can rightly come at the point.

"In the spring of 1884," says our correspondent, "I got into a low weak way, not being able to imagine what had happened to me. My strength kept ebbing away till I had scarcely the desire or ability to do anything. I felt as tired as if I had just arrived home from a long, hard journey, yet no tax more than usual of any kind had been laid upon me. My mind, too, was weary; so that I turned from things that obliged me to think, plan or consider.

"Side by side, so to speak, with all this was the failure of my appetite. Of course I continued to eat or make an effort to eat, but food no longer tempted me as it does a person in health. I picked and minced over my meals, and the little I took neither tasted good nor did me any good after I had eaten it. Instead of warming, comforting and stimulating me, as it used to do, it gave me distress at the stomach, pain at the chest, and a singular feeling of tightness around the waist, as though a belt were bucked too snug around me.

"After a time the condition of my stomach seemed to grow worse. There was that sense of gnawing, so often mentioned by others, occasioned by a feeling of faintness and sinking, almost like the ground giving way under one's feet."

[REMARK: An eminent London physician, in one of his books, describes this sinking feeling as one of the most appalling and frightful that it is possible to experience. It is not the body but the mind that suffers. I, the present writer, have had two attacks of it, and pay to have none more. It is like one of the overshid wings of the Death Angel's wing, with the mind fully conscious of the situation. The cause is one acute poison in the blood, one of the products of prolog and gestation.]

"When this sinking feeling came on," continues the letter, "it weighed me down like a ghastly mare. Finally I got to be so weak I could only walk slowly and feebly. The doctor who prescribed for me said my complaint was *dyspepsia*, but his medicine had no perceptible effect.

"I continued like this for eight years; not always the same but now better and then worse. Yet in all that long time there was not a day when I could say I was well. No medicine or treatment seemed right for me, and I almost began to think I never should recover my former health.

"In March, 1892, Mother Seigel's Syrup was recommended to me as having done wonders in cases like mine, even when they were of long standing and everything else had failed. No harm to try it, we thought, and got a bottle from Mr. Grime, the chemist, in Bolton Road; and after taking it I felt great relief. My appetite quickly improved, and I could eat without pain. When I had taken two or three bottles more the bad symptoms had all gone, and I was as well as ever. My husband also took the medicine with the same good results. You may publish my letter and refer inquires to me. (Signed) Miss Elizabeth Wilson, 5, Northcote Street, Bolton Road, Darwen, March 11, 1895."

The lesson in this interesting narrative is too plain for us to miss it. Our old friend Crusoe was not able to launch his boat for want of machinery. Similarly the doctor who attended Mrs. Wilson was not able to cure her because he did not possess the right remedy. His opinion as to her complaint was entirely correct. She was suffering from chronic dyspepsia, precisely as he told her. But what it is one thing to know what ought to be done and quite another to have the knowledge and means to do it.

Between these two things (or this wide gap) stands Mother Seigel's Syrup, just as between the two sides of the Thames stands London Bridge.

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON.

(From our own Correspondent.)

September 26.

The social got up by the "old boys" of the Marist Brothers' School took place in the Skating Rink on Tuesday evening, and was a great success from every standpoint. The school renovation fund, for which the entertainment was organised, should benefit considerably by the results as the attendance was variously computed at between 500 and 600. Among those present were the Very Rev. Father Devoy, V.G., and the Very Rev. Father Dawson. The first part of the entertainment was provided by a clever combination of local talent, styled the "Alabama Coons," consisting of Messrs A. Newton, F. Dight, R. Hall, C. Nachariali, P. Savieri, and H. Plimmer, who contributed a number of comic, character and sentimental songs, which found much favour with the audience. An efficient orchestra under Mr. F. Oakes played an overture, and afterwards supplied the dance music. At the conclusion of the first part of the entertainment the hall was cleared for dancing, which was kept up for a couple of hours, Messrs W. Coffey, A. W. Smith and W. Crombie acting as M.C.'s. A great deal of the success of the social was to be attributed to the tact and energy of the secretary, Mr. D. Ryan. As usual the ladies of the parish, with their accustomed liberality, provided the refreshments, which were dispensed by a committee of their number. The committee were distinguished by decorative badges which were presented to them by Mrs. Crombie, who was heartily thanked for her forethought.

A quiet wedding was celebrated in the Catholic Church, Fielding, by the Very Rev. Father Paterson last week, the contracting parties being Miss E. Belvie and Mr. A. E. Allen, foreman in the establishment of Mr. Darragh. The wedding breakfast was laid at the residence of the bride's mother where a goodly number of guests attended to do honour to the occasion. In the afternoon the happy couple left for the Empire City accompanied by many good wishes for their future welfare and plentiful showers of rice.

It is with feelings of very deep regret that I have to record the death of Mr. Patrick Francis Kennedy, second and youngest son of Mr. Martin Kennedy, the sad event taking place in London on Saturday last. A cable message was received in Wellington on Wednesday by Mr. Gasquoine conveying the sad news, and also intimating that Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy were immediately returning to the Colony, being timed to arrive in Wellington via San Francisco about the end of the first week in November. The deceased was of a very amiable and loveable disposition, and had been very popular with his fellow-students at St. Patrick's College, after which he went to Sydney, being a couple of terms at the Cardinal's Seminary at Manly. After that he entered the Jesuits' College at Riverview, spending altogether a couple of years at both institutions. After his return to this Colony about a year and a half ago, he again entered St. Patrick's College, where he remained until the end of last year. He was a member of the College Debating Society, and also of the cricket club in connection with the institution, in both of which he took an active part. The deceased had been in indifferent health for some time, having been under the care of Dr. Cahill, but no serious results were apprehended, and it was considered that a sea trip would prove beneficial. Accordingly, when his parents decided some time ago to take a trip Home, it was arranged that he should accompany them. Some weeks ago intimation was received here that he was seriously ill, but no word had been received since then, and consequently it was expected that he was recovering, and so the sad tidings, flashed over the wires on Wednesday, were received with deep regret by Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy's many friends in Wellington and other parts of the Colony. The deceased was about 19 years of age. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy will have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their bereavement. As apart from the grief which the death of a promising son will cause them, there is also the sad ending to what was expected to be a trip of pleasure. Masses for the repose of the soul of the deceased were said on Thursday morning in St. Joseph's Church and St. Mary of the Angels'. The Very Rev. Dr. Watters spoke in very feeling terms of the deceased, his remarks making a deep impression on the students.

Mr. John Curnin, formerly Government and parliamentary draughtsman, who went Home a couple of years ago, on his retirement from the service, is returning to the Colony by the Gothic, which arrives here about the middle of next month. Mr. Curnin has been through several European countries during his absence, and spent a considerable time in Rome. It will be remembered that during his sojourn in the Eternal City he purchased some sacred vessels for the use of the churches of St. Joseph and St. Mary of the Angels', the receipt of which were reported in the TABLET at the time. Mr. Curnin's numerous friends in New Zealand will be pleased to see him once more amongst them.

A bazaar in aid of the building fund of the local Catholic church was opened in Johnsonville on Wednesday afternoon by Captain Dawson, chairman of the Town Board. In the evening an amusing comedy, "The red chignon," was performed, in which the characters were taken by Mesdames Lundon and A. Moore and Misses E. Willis, M. Taylor, Orr and B. Brand. A vocal item was given by Mr. C. Bould, and Miss Cruickshank, of the Hut, danced a graceful Highland dance. Mr. Fred Brady's Pahautanui Band played selections during the evening. The following were in charge of the stalls:—No. 1, Mrs. A. Moore and Miss K. Beech; No. 2, Mrs. Blanford and Miss O'Neill; refreshment, Mrs. Moore, senr. and Mrs. Balls; fairy stall, Miss Clapham; bran tubs, Misses May Beech, Lilly Taylor and May Taylor. A feature of the bazaar was the cooking competition, for which the following prizes were awarded:—Jelly, Miss Emma Braid; shortbread, Miss Lilly Willis; pound cake, Miss K. Beech; sponge roll, Miss Rod. The takings on the first day amounted to nearly £40, the attendance being very good. The bazaar was also open on Thursday and Friday evenings, when the fair stall-holders did a thriving business. On Thursday

the receipts were about £20 and on Friday a respectable sum was also netted.

The proposed association of "old boys" of the Marist Brothers' School will be formally inaugurated shortly, when the event will, it is probable, be celebrated by a banquet.

The local branch of the Hibernian Society intends to celebrate its twenty-second anniversary by a social in Thomas' Hall on October 7.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own Correspondent.)

ST. MARY'S.

A VERY enjoyable concert was given on Thursday evening last in St. Mary's School Hall in aid of the organ and choir fund of St. Mary's Catholic Church. The attendance was very good, and the various members were heartily received. The Right Rev. Dr. Grimes and the Very Rev. Father Cummings were present. Much credit is due to the members of the church choir and to the other ladies and gentlemen who took part in the programme, also to Mr. H. Rossiter, the organiser and director of the concert. A very picturesque *tableau* of the members of the choir opened the proceedings. The ladies therein appeared in white dresses and scarlet sashes, and the gentlemen in dress suits. While the *tableau* was shown, the string band executed excellently Von Suppe's "Boccaccio march." The choir rendered also in good style and with orchestral accompaniment the glee, the gipsy chorus, from "Preciosa" (Weber). Mr. Inkson, who owns a good and well-trained baritone voice, sang well the song "The yeoman's wedding" (Poniatowski) and later on the solo in "Zealandia" (Rossiter), the choruses of which were well sustained by the members of the choir. Two songs, "Espanita" and "The flight of ages," which were nicely sung by Miss Tottie Allen, and two good selections by the Estudiantina band followed. "Ora pro nobis" (Piccolomini), the second part (alto) being sung by Miss Lilian Thompson and the choruses being effectively rendered by the choir behind the scenes, was artistically executed by Miss May O'Brien, who received subsequently a well-merited encore for the admirable rendering of the fine song "Killarney." Miss L. Hayden and Mr. C. Goggin were happy in the vocal duet "Life's dream is o'er" (Ascher) as was Lilian Thompson in the song "The charmed cup." A piano solo, "Irish diamonds," was played with much taste and finish by a very young musician, Miss Barbara Mackenzie, who secured the first prize at a recent piano contest in this city. Miss Mackenzie is a pupil of Miss Florence Triggs, who, in company with Mr. T. Allen, played a piano duet "The sleigh race" with bell accompaniment, in a very creditable manner. Mr. L. Blake sang the nautical song, "Off to the Rio Grande," and Mr. A. H. Blake gave a humorous recitation in good style. Miss Lucy Ryan sang exquisitely, "Take a pair of sparkling eyes," and, in answer to a triple encore, Mr. Rossiter's pretty composition "The village coquette." An admirable instrumental item was "The spinning wheel," which was well executed by the convent pupils—Misses Poff, Burke, Young, and Hardie (pianos), Miss Quill (violin), and Miss Fowler (organ). The concert ended by the choir singing, as a grand finale, Pintsuti's "Good night," with full orchestra accompaniment, in a very excellent style, the solo part being taken by Mr. Rossiter. The accompanists were Mrs. W. Cronin, Mrs. C. Edgar, and Miss F. Triggs. Mr. Curtrayne was secretary, and to his labours much of the success of the concert is due.

A MARRIAGE.

At 9.30 a.m. on Wednesday last an interesting wedding took place at the Pro-Cathedral. The contracting parties belong to the city, and were Miss Annie Cunningham and Mr. Matthew Garty, who, for years back, has been employed in the office of Messrs. Kinsely, Barns, and Co., customs and shipping agents, Christchurch. Mr. William Garty, a brother of the bridegroom, was the best man, and the bride was given away by her brother, Mr. William Cunningham. The bride, who carried a handsome bouquet of flowers, wore, besides the usual wreath and veil, a pretty cream-coloured dress, trimmed with lace to match, and the bridesmaids, two sisters of the bridegroom, Miss Mary and Miss Margaret Garty, were attired in pink dresses and white hats. The Very Rev. Father Cummings said the Nuptial Mass and performed the marriage ceremony. But as the bride and bridegroom had been on the day before to Holy Communion, they did not receive the sacrament again on the occasion. When the ceremony was over and the nuptial party were retiring from the altar, Miss Funston played artistically on the organ Scotson Clark's very pretty wedding march. They drove in two carriages from the sacred edifice to the residence, on the East Belt, Linwood, of the sister of the bride, Miss Maria Cunningham, where a wedding breakfast had been prepared. After spending the day agreeably at the latter place, the newly-married couple proceeded to their future home in Queen street, Sydenham. The wedding presents were numerous, valuable, and useful.

PAROCHIAL.

On Sunday next a diocesan collection will be made in aid of the Mount Magdala Asylum, wherein there are at present 127 penitents. From this number, which, of course, does not include the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, it will be seen that a deal of money is required to support the institution. As the cause is one that should recommend itself to the charity of everyone, a very handsome amount should be subscribed. The Very Rev. Father Cummings will preach a special sermon at High Mass at the Pro-Cathedral, and the Right Rev. Dr. Grimes will also preach in aid of the most laudable institution at Vespers. When the Vespers are ended the Bishop will more-over solemnly unveil and bless a *fac simile* of the identical veil which St. Veronica presented to our Lord when on His way to Calvary, and which retains the impression of His sacred countenance.

"BLUE BELL" OATMEAL

J. H. HANCOCK & CO.'S (Late Hood

Is again in the Market, and may be obtained from All Grocers.
WHOLESALE FROM
& Davidson) CALEDONIAN MILLS, DUNEDIN.

The Bishop will also explain the devotion, and in order to spread it throughout the parish, organise a sodality of the Holy Face. I may add that parents were requested to bring their children to the church on Friday next at 9.30 a.m., in order that they may be blessed.

THE LATE MR. M'CLOY.

Much regret is felt at the death, at the early age of forty years, of the late Mr. Alexander M'Cloy, who was well known and much respected not only by his co-religionists but also by others for his many excellent qualities. The deceased, who was a farmer and an old resident in the Leeston district, was born in the County of Antrim, Ireland. His death was occasioned by a fall from his horse, and he died, after a short illness of three days, on Sunday week, September 20 last, at his late residence, Doyleston. On Wednesday last his remains were brought to the Leeston Catholic Church, where, at 9.30, a Solemn Requiem Mass was said for the repose of his soul by the local parish priest, the Rev. Father Chervier, who also officiated at the grave. There was a large congregation present and when the sacred rite was over the funeral cortege, which numbered forty well-filled vehicles and fourteen horsemen, re-formed and proceeded to the Catholic cemetery on the Leeston and South-bridge Road, where the deceased was interred. Mr. M'Cloy leaves a wife and three children to mourn his loss.—*R. I. P.*

TIMARU.

The Aloysian Society held its closing meeting of the session on Tuesday last. The Rev. Father Tubman, president, presided and delivered a short address, passing in review the work done during the year, and the marked advancement shown by members in debating and declaiming. He especially thanked those members who by their regular attendance and earnest work had made the meetings of the society so interesting and instructive. The finances were shown to be in a very satisfactory state and it was decided that the annual picnic of the members and their friends be held this year as heretofore. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to the rev. president for his untiring efforts on behalf of the society, similar compliments being paid to the other officers. One member who pays court to the muses recited an original poem. The author on a previous occasion was made the subject of some verses by another member, and this poem was of a retaliatory nature, the style of its composition and the "palpable hits" evoking roars of laughter.

The St. John's Lawn Tennis Club held its opening day on Thursday, the 12th inst. The officers for this year are:—President, Rev. Father Lewis; vice-presidents, Rev. Father Tubman, Misses McGuinness, Aldridge, Howley, Mullins, Quinn and Dennehy, treasurer, Miss C. McGuinness, and secretary, Mr. J. P. McGowan. The tennis court of last year was abandoned and a new court has been made in a section adjoining. The opening was a great success, the members and their friends being present in good numbers. The court was pronounced by all to be a great improvement on the old one. Afternoon tea was provided by the body of members and a very pleasant afternoon was spent.

In parochial matters the great topic of interest is the forthcoming bazaar. The bazaar is to be held to clear off the debt remaining on the "Priory" and will take place during the agricultural show week, a strong committee of ladies and gentlemen has been formed and the members, the ladies especially, are busily employed in making all the necessary preparations for a monster success. All previous efforts in the same direction have been very successful, and it may be reasonably anticipated that the result of the present undertaking will be equally satisfactory.

A pleasing item to note is the increase of the membership of the local branch of the Hibernian Society. Through the energy of some of the members a considerable number of the young men of the parish have joined the ranks. At the quarterly meeting held on Thursday, the 24th inst., the president, Brother O'Kane, was presented by the district officers (Auckland) through the branch secretary, Brother Dennehy, with a handsome members' sash as a reward for proposing and initiating over twelve members within six months. Several members are exerting themselves to earn a similar reward and the result is that the membership of the branch is rapidly increasing. An effort is being made to establish a female branch, but difficulties have arisen in making arrangements for medical attendance which will delay the formation of a branch for some time.

An alteration in the teaching staff of the Brothers' school has been made by Brother Dunstan being removed to Wellington, his place being supplied by Brother Gregory. Brother Dunstan's departure was very sudden and unexpected, and, being held in good esteem, many expressions of regret were made at his leaving without an opportunity being available of bidding him good-bye and marking in a befitting manner the high appreciation in which his services were held during his stay in Timaru. The "fourth" Brother is still in the course of construction, and when duly completed and safely landed here should prove to be a wonder. The plans and specifications were adopted some time ago, but no further result has been achieved. The Brothers scored a marked success this year in the examination of their school by the Government Inspector who again drew attention to the insufficiency of the staff. If this fourth Brother could be secured before this generation passes away, then with a full complement of teachers the school would be second to none of the primary schools in the Colony. It is to be hoped this long felt want will be shortly supplied, and when supplied will be duly appreciated in a practical manner by the parents who will reap the benefit.

P.P.P.—Pacific Pain Palliative cures all Sprains, Neuralgia, Rheumatism and similar ills. To be had from all chemists.—ADVT.
He, "So you visited Pompeii?" She, "Oh yes." He, "How did you like it?" She, "Well, I must say I was awfully disappointed in the place. Of course it was beautifully located, and all that, but it was dreadfully out of repair."

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

CYCLING discipline.—Cyclists are placed under rigorous discipline in Austria. No rider is permitted to pass through the streets unless he passes an examination in competency. He must be able to mount or dismount on either side, must be able to back pedal, and show complete mastery over the machine. Should he pass, a certificate is given bearing his photograph, and he must produce this when it is demanded—particularly after a collision.

Sea Bathing.—There are several rules which one should keep in mind with regard to bathing at the seashore. A strong and vigorous person may bathe early in the morning before breakfast, but young children and those not strong should not bathe until more than two hours after eating. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration. Leave the water immediately if the slightest feeling of chilliness is observed. Persons whose hands and feet have a feeling of numbness and cold after being in the water a short time should not bathe in the open air. Do not bathe when tired.

Across Siberia on a Bicycle.—The latest intelligence to hand when our Home files left London, of the cyclist-traveller, Mr. R. L. Jefferson, came from Tomsk, in Central Siberia, and was to the effect that he had safely accomplished the feat of riding a bicycle across the dangerous Siberian steppes, the Tartar and the Baraba, the two largest in Asiatic Russia. Mr. Jefferson set out in March last from London, with the intention of riding his bicycle to the capital of Siberia, Irkutsk, and so far his ride has been successful, although it must not be supposed that the journey has been without difficulties and dangers. He was some 1000 miles from the finish of his enterprise, but with good weather he hoped to reach his destination in three weeks from Tomsk. The total journey from London to Irkutsk is 6571 miles.

Cycling promotes temperance.—Almost every young man now can cycle. Seeing a young man pass, going like the wind, and as straight as an arrow, a friend (writes the Rev. J. M. Strachan, B.D., Kilspindie, in "Life and Work") said: "That is the champion cyclist in our county." Recently I had the pleasure of meeting him. He has over seventy prizes gained by cycling, forty-one gold medals, three silver ones and the rest made up of such things as a silver tea-set and a marble timepiece. Last year he rode 100 miles in 5 hours 34 minutes 22 seconds; and last year also he won the 50 miles road record in 2 hours 30 minutes 9 seconds, which means that he went on a road for fifty miles at the speed of one mile in every three minutes and much less than half a second. He began his successful career by finding that the more regularly he pedalled and the straighter he rode he went the quicker. In a long race—he has broken three times the road record for 100 miles—there is no time allowed to take any refreshment. It must be taken on the back of the bicycle. This champion cyclist usually takes fruit or some thin gruel. "Did you ever take spirits of any kind?" I asked. "I mean whisky or brandy." "No. They cut the breath short. You can't race and take brandy. Anyone who tries it is soon broken-winded and puffed. It may help for a little, but it leaves you worse. I believe that if five or six men were together in a race, say two miles from the tape, and one was handed a drink of brandy, it might let him break away and win easily. But if he had ten miles or had a long race before him he would find great difficulty in riding. His breath would be out." "So you don't believe in brandy?" "No. It may help for a short spurt, but is no good for a long run. Only a temperate man can be a good racer." As I thought of the wide meaning of this as applied to life instead of cycling, I said: "Do you know you are giving a strong testimony for temperance? We ministers often teach that spirits do more harm than good for a long and successful life, and that they are only good in say an accident or illness, when you need strength to pass quickly some danger. Would you kindly allow me to make known your experience and words? People are willing to believe a champion cyclist." "Yes, I am quite willing."

Footballers and Cricketers use nothing but P.P.P. To be had from all chemists.—ADVT.

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. They guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth give general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous-oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read [ADVT.]

"The codfish," said the professor, "lays considerably more than a million eggs." "It is mighty lucky for the codfish that she doesn't have to cackle over every egg," said the student who came from the country.

Hoax, "What, you buying a bicycle? I thought you detested them." Joak, "So I do, but I've been run over long enough. Now I'm going to have my revenge."

Why suffer when you can be cured by P.P.P. To be had from all chemists.—ADVT.

Mr Gawne, of Dunedin (says the *Southland Times* of April 13, 1891), has just been on a visit to Invercargill to push business a little. Not that it wants much canvassing, for since he commenced the manufacture of his Worcestershire Sauce, the demand has kept pace with his capacity to supply it. He makes a really good thing, indistinguishable from the famous Lea and Perrin's, which he places upon one's table at a much lower price, and trusts to that to secure a steadily growing trade. Those who have not yet tried the colonial article should put their prejudice aside for a time and test the question with a bottle or two.—ADVT.

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