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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD

THE revelations of juvenile immorality which were made in the cases heard recently in the Wellington Police Court disclosed a state of things which is unspeakably shocking. From the evidence given it appears that numbers of young

girls, in many cases just entering their teens, are in the habit of absenting themselves from their homes night after night and leading lives of open and flagrant immorality. It is only too certain that the evil is by no means confined to Wellington, but exists to a greater or less extent in all the large towns of the Colony. That such a state of things should be possible in this fair young country is a shame and a disgrace to our civilisation, and everyone with a head to think and a heart to feel must see the urgent necessity of taking prompt steps to repress the evil. The cause of the evil is partly the carelessness, or neglect, or viciousness of the parents, and partly the depravity of the children. So far as the latter cause is concerned we believe there is only one preventive, and that is, provision for systematic religious instruction in the schools of the Colony. The experience of this Colony, and of all the other colonies, is showing more and more clearly every year how absolutely necessary such a measure is for the safety and future well-being of the community. It will be a long time, however, we fear, before any Government will have the courage to grapple boldly with that question. In the meantime something at least might be done to induce parents to fulfil the obligations resting upon them in this matter. In the session of last year a Bill was introduced by the Premier, entitled the Juvenile Depravity Suppression Bill, which provided that any constable should have power to take children found loitering on the streets at night to a clergyman, or Justice of the Peace, or to the house of some person of good repute, and then put questions to them. The measure, which passed its second reading, was certainly in the right direction and would have operated beneficially on both children and parents. In some parts of America they have gone a step further and adopted a "curfew ordinance" which requires that all children under a certain age shall be at their homes after nightfall, and makes parents responsible for the carrying out of this provision. It appears to have worked very successfully in the cities in which it has been tried. The Chief of Police of Omaha reports: "It is now an easy matter to enforce home rules." Chief Broder, of St. Joseph, says: "The adoption of the curfew is an act of humanity to that class of fathers and mothers with boys and girls who defy home restraint, and it will prevent crime and save taxes." Employers of Labour say they get better work because better hours are kept, and school teachers testify that they get better work for the same reason. Chief of Police Melick, of Lincoln, Neb., says that "after the curfew was in force a few weeks, arrests for disorderly conduct and truancy fell off fully seventy-five per cent"; and the Mayor of North Platte, Neb., says: "In the two years we have had the curfew we have sent no children to the Reform School, whereas before that we sent quite a number." The curfew is certainly a drastic remedy, but the disease is a desperate one, and the time has clearly passed for playing or paltering with this question.

Apropos of the announcement made recently by the Rev. Father McKenna that steps were to be taken immediately for the erection of a convent in

A TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC NUN. Masterton the *Wairarapa Star* of the 14th inst. pays a generous tribute to the work carried out by the various Orders of nuns in the Catholic Church. In a leading article on the proposed new convent our contemporary says:—"The usefulness of these organised bodies of women cannot be over-estimated. Protestants, who have received their education at their hands, generally speak with gratitude and respect of the affection and wisdom that they have received from these devoted women.

The mental picture one naturally draws of a nun is that she is kind. One can scarcely imagine her being cross or having a bad temper. But where they have most distinguished themselves has been the ward of the hospital. With what marvellous patience, devotion, kindness, sympathy and skill, have they attended the sick and dying in every part of the world for no human reward. Their praise is in every man's mouth, but it has not rippled the surface of their humility. As a corporate body they are one of the marvels of history. One may go to the earliest days of Christianity, and there the same picture will present itself as may now be seen in the streets of Wellington and Dunedin, and soon in those of Masterton—holy women given to good works. The nun never dies; the form and work abide; the personality alone is transformed. One sees her, in every age of Christianity, the same in dress, motive, work, aim and spirit. There is a wonderful continuity in their methods. One hands it down to another, so that though individuals may pass away, the Order always remains the same. Precisely the same qualities are observed in nuns wherever they are met. Devotion, humility, simplicity, piety, discipline, order, method and arrangement give a strange completeness to their lives, a strange effectiveness to their work.' Such testimony from an impartial source is very refreshing, especially when we call to mind the sort of language which was commonly used towards the nuns in days gone by. It may be true that to-day their praise is, as our contemporary says, "in every man's mouth" but there was a time when it certainly was not. That day happily is fast passing away, and as Protestants come to see more and know more of our nuns and their work they will grow utterly ashamed of the horrible suspicions which they had been taught to entertain regarding them. Our contemporary also refers at some length to the Protestant "sisterhoods," but seems to find a difficulty in working up anything like enthusiasm regarding them. His remarks concerning them are, in fact, decidedly uncomplimentary. He says: "We are informed that imitation is the truest flattery. If this be so, Protestants have paid a high tribute to the worth of Catholic nuns. The numerous sisterhoods during the last twenty years, which have sprung up in the Church of England, and even amongst the most rigid Protestants, are simply imitations, in some cases very bad ones, of the Orders of Nuns which have existed since the foundation of Christendom in the Catholic Church. This imitation is a tribute of a twofold character. In the first place it is a witness to the excellence of the work taken in hand, that it was not only necessary, but performed in an efficient manner, in the right spirit, and with the highest aim. Imitation generally implies inferiority, and this appears apparent when the Protestant sisterhood is put beside the Catholic nun, perhaps with the exception of a few deaconesses in Germany. Take the religious agencies of London, and examine the numerous sisterhoods which now abound, in every quarter, some of them very gimerack in their gay apparel, numbering within their ranks a goodly number of smart young women, who in various ways see as much of the world as the Church, if not of the devil, and can they be compared to the nuns of the Catholic Church for either devotion to their work or the results they produce? No one holds them in the same estimation; it seems the difference between play and work." In the main we believe our contemporary's remarks are perfectly true, though we ourselves would have spoken more charitably of the, in most cases, well-meant efforts of the Protestant "Sisters." It is clear indeed, that Protestant sisterhoods never can be successful, because, in the first place, they have not the organisation necessary for securing and maintaining discipline; in the second place, they have not the traditions and associations of the past to guide and steady them, and in the third place, the whole spirit of monasticism is altogether foreign to the genius of Protestantism. It is only the other day that an announcement appeared in the papers of the engagement and approaching marriage of two of the Protestant "Sisters" in Melbourne. A sisterhood, membership in which is capable of being terminated at any time by such a *dénouement* as that, makes no heavy call for heroism on the part of its members, and in the nature of things it cannot possibly hope to ever achieve anything like a stable and permanently successful work.

DOCTRINAL
AUTHORITY
IN THE
CHURCH OF
ENGLAND.

AN interesting and suggestive controversy between two Anglican clergymen has been going on in the columns of the London *Tablet* on the question as to whether there is any doctrinal authority in the Church of England and where precisely that authority is to be found. A Catholic contributor had written to the paper asking how it was

possible that any intelligent person should be able to give allegiance to a Church in which every one believed and disbelieved what he liked. The Rev. R. C. Fillingham, Anglican Vicar of Hexton cheerfully admitted the truth of the charge, and gave the following outspoken and decidedly original reason for a thering to the Anglican Church: "It is just because in her communion 'everyone believes and disbelieves what he likes' that I am able to do so. We live in an age of transition, when the old moorings are dragged, and when we do not know what the future will bring forth. They, therefore, who have felt the influence of the *Zeitgeist* are at home in a communion which has no definite voice, which leaves us largely to think what we will: we feel it well to be members of an uncertain Church. . . . The Catholic Church has always spoken with an unflinching and unwavering voice, and, therefore, I can not join her. The Nonconformist churches were all founded to testify to some definite dogma. But the Church of England was founded to be a compromise, to include warring opinions; and was, therefore, purposely left to speak with the voice of hesitation, and not of certainty. It is for this reason that I am loyal to her." Of course, it would never have done to allow one of her own clergymen to give the Church of England away in this fashion, and the Rev. J. R. Lunn, Anglican Vicar of Marton-*cum*-Grafton, promptly came to the rescue. A friendly controversy followed as to where precisely the "teaching voice" of the Church of England was to be found. Mr. Lunn first contended that it was to be found in Convocation, but finding himself hard pressed in that position he finally submitted that *he* was the teaching voice for his parish, and the bishop was the teaching voice for the diocese. His brother clergyman exhibits in the following forcible language the sort of "teaching voice" which is thus supplied.—"Mr. Lunn has now indeed let the cat out of the bag, and given up the pretence that the Church of England is a teaching Church. So far as his parishioners are concerned, *he* is the *Ecclesia Docens*. Then so far as mine are concerned, *I* am the *Ecclesia Docens*. Accordingly at Hexton the authoritative teaching of the Church of England is that the Communion is a bare memorial of an absent Lord, that no grace is conferred in Baptism, and that our Church and our Orders have exactly the same value and validity as those of the Nonconformist Churches, and no more; whereas, I presume, at Marton-*cum*-Grafton, the authoritative teaching of the Church of England is exactly the opposite. This is, to me, a most delightful chaos: but I should fear that Catholics view our position with some amusement. For the diocese, the bishop is the *Ecclesia Docens*. This, again, is delightful, for in that case the inhabitants of Liverpool are bound to believe exactly the opposite of what the inhabitants of Lincoln are bound to believe. As to our being bound by Convocation, I deny it altogether. Convocation with us is an impotent farce. I should simply snap my fingers at any decree of Convocation, and who could bring me to book for it? No, sir, it will not do. We have no teaching voice in the Church of England, we are all left to teach and believe pretty much what we like. And I say, as I have said before, that it is for that reason that I am a minister of the Church of England." We are sure disinterested readers will agree that Mr. Fillingham has proved his case, and that, so long as such contradictory teaching on the sacraments can be publicly given without censure or rebuke, there is certainly no teaching voice in the English Church. We may add that it appears quite unnecessary for Catholic controversialists to point out the weaknesses of the Anglican position when the work is so admirably done by Anglicans themselves.

THE IRISH
CONTRIBUTION
TO THE
BRITISH DRAMA.

A WEEK or two ago reference was made in our columns to the injustice done to Scotland, Ireland and Wales by those of the term "English" in State documents and official records, the references being to institutions which are very largely the work of the Scotch, Irish and Welsh, as well as of the English.

A similar ambiguity and a similar unfairness, at least so far as Ireland is concerned, is noticeable in the use of the term "British" especially as it is applied in the field of literature. In any "Lives of the British Poets" you are almost sure to find the names of Oliver Goldsmith and Thomas Moore, and the terms "English Literature" and "British Literature" are continually used so as to cover work that is purely and distinctively Irish. In this way, Ireland's title to literary fame, if not actually filched from her, is at least very much obscured in the eyes of the world. This is particularly noticeable in the field of dramatic literature. A very interesting lecture on the "Irish Contribution to the British Drama" was delivered recently in Dublin by Professor Savage Armstrong, and the learned lecturer declared that, leaving out Shakespeare, the "British" drama of any note has, for the past two centuries, been

Irish. The professor said:—"A great deal of the strength of the British drama, which is one of the most brilliant departments of what the world reverences as "English literature," is a contribution from Ireland. Take away Congreve and Steele, and Farquhar and Centlivre, and Murphy and Macklin, and Goldsmith and Sheridan from the post-Shakespearean drama of England, and how much of its glories will remain! Take away from the post-Shakespearean drama of England the portion of it which is the work of Irish hands, and you take away from it its very title to its fame." The dramatists mentioned—Congreve and Steele, and Farquhar and Centlivre, and Murphy and Macklin, and Goldsmith and Sheridan—were all Irish, and if their works were taken away there would, according to Professor Armstrong, be no "British" drama left worth mentioning to cover the period since Shakespeare. It is pleasing to notice that earnest efforts are being made to bring the Irish claims in the department of literature more prominently before the public notice. Professor Armstrong delivered his lecture under the auspices of the National Literary Society, an organisation whose objects he thus stated at the close of his very valuable address:—"To bring about a state of things favourable to the development of all kinds of literature which is the product of Irish minds, to rescue the good work of the past from oblivion, to encourage and secure recognition for the good work of to-day—these are among the objects of this National Literary Society, and in embracing its most praiseworthy purpose it merits the gratitude of every man and woman to whom the progress and prosperity, the reputation and dignity of Ireland are dear." In thus seeking to recover for the Irish people their fame in literature and learning, the National Literary Society is playing an important part in the work of re-nationalising Ireland, and it is to be hoped that its efforts will meet with an abundant measure of success.

ANTIQUITY
AND THE
"ERRORS OF
ROME."

WE have drawn attention in another column to the teaching of the Russian Church on several important points which have been matter of controversy between the Protestant Churches and the Catholic Church. The teaching of the Eastern Churches on these points is interesting, not only

in relation to its bearing on Anglican re-union, but also as furnishing a strong positive argument in favour of the truth of the doctrines in question. These doctrines—Transubstantiation, the sacrifice of the Mass, and devotion to the Blessed Virgin—are always condemned by Protestants as being no part of the teaching of the primitive Church, but as being among the errors and corruptions of Rome which were introduced into the Church in an age of darkness and superstition. Anglicans, in particular, are fond of appealing from what they call the modern inventions and corruptions of Rome to the teaching of the primitive and "Undivided Church." Well, the liturgies of the Eastern Churches throw a very clear light on the teaching of the Undivided Church, and those liturgies are unanimous in proclaiming the very doctrines that are denounced as the "errors of Rome." How is it that the Greek Church, which broke away from the centre of unity centuries ago, and the Nestorian and Eutychian Churches which separated from the Catholic Church in the fifth century—how is it that these scattered Eastern Churches should all agree in teaching the doctrines of Transubstantiation, the sacrifice of the Mass, and devotion to the Blessed Virgin? That is a problem for our Protestant friends to ponder over. Such agreement is indeed significant, and Cardinal Newman's words on this matter are most true:—"That usage which, after a split has taken place in a religious communion, is found to obtain equally in each of its separated parts, may fairly be said to have existed before the split occurred. The concurrence of Orthodox, Nestorian, and Jacobite, in the honours they pay to the Blessed Virgin, is an evidence that those honours were paid to her in their 'Undivided Church.'" And if this teaching is, as we have elsewhere shown, found thus clear and unmistakable in the liturgies of the Eastern Churches so early as the fifth century, the question naturally arises, whence did these Churches get these doctrines? We will answer in the words of a Protestant Archbishop. Speaking of the Eastern liturgies we have referred to, Dr. Wake, in his "Apostolic Fathers," remarks:—"As for the liturgies ascribed to St. Peter, St. Mark, and St. James, there is not, I suppose, any learned man who believes them written by those holy men, and set forth in the manner they are now published. They were, indeed, the ancient liturgies of the three, if not of the four Patriarchal Churches, viz., the Roman (perhaps that of Antioch too), the Alexandrian and Jerusalem Churches, first founded, or at least governed by St. Peter, St. Mark, and St. James. However, since it can hardly be doubted that these holy apostles and evangelists did give some directions for the administration of the Blessed Eucharist in those Churches, it may reasonably be presumed that some of those orders are still remaining in those liturgies, which have been brought down to us under their names, and that those prayers, wherein they all agree, in sense at least, if not in words, were first prescribed in the same or like terms by those apostles and evangelists."

TIGER BLEND TEAS HAVE NO EQUAL.

Some interesting particulars of the visit of the King of Siam to the Pope are recorded by the Roman correspondent of the *Unita Cattolica*. The Holy Father held a private conversation with his visitor in his Cabinet, at which the only third party present was Mgr. Stonor who acted as interpreter. Prince Sumnot, the King's son, was then introduced, and Leo XIII., with that special benevolence he has for youth, after the usual interchange of compliments, addressed him as follows:—"The King, your father, is still in the prime of life, and we hope may live long for the good of your country and the happiness of his people. But one day, it will be your fate to reign, and remember that justice is the foundation of rule. Be just, and you will have a happy reign." The correspondent guarantees the substantial, though not the textual accuracy of these words, which much affected both the King and the young prince, to whom they were addressed. The latter, flinging himself on his knees, begged the Pope's blessing, and the former declared to Cardinal Rampolla, "I saw that in the Pope's heart there is something divine." The Italian Press is much exercised at the Eastern monarch's observance of the etiquette exacted by the Vatican from visitors to the Quirinal that they should come in private equipages entered at some neutral point, in this case the hotel where the Siamese suite were lodged.

The last number of the *Review of Reviews* contains a kindly tribute to the virtue and brightness of the Irish lassies who recently landed at Ellis Island. Writing on the anti-English sentiment in the United States, the editor says:—"The English oppression of Ireland—which has driven more than half the people of Irish blood from the beautiful isle of Erin to the United States—must account for a large part of this anti-English feeling. American sympathy for Ireland has always been intense and sincere. England has made the mistake of supposing that the American professions of regard for the Irish were merely an election device to catch the Irish-American vote. But about some matters the English perceptive faculties are not keen: and the English have never understood American public opinion. The feeling for Ireland remains as heretofore, clear and strong. In spite of all witticisms and criticisms directed against the Irish as a race, the Hibernian element in our American citizenship has contributed splendidly to the development and progress of the United States. Much interest has been attracted this year by the large contingent of new arrivals from the Emerald Isle, these being in great part the daughters of Irish farmers who have come in response to the demand for domestic help. The New York newspapers have given these Irish girls—many thousands of whom have landed within the past few weeks—an amusing, but highly complimentary welcome. These girls have the sense to see how much better off they are as domestic helpers in good families than as factory workers. All the duchesses and high-born women of the haughty sister island of England could scarcely surpass in bright eyes, rosy complexions, high spirits and quick minds, a considerable proportion of the humble Irish lassies who have landed on Ellis Island this season. They have found a great Irish fair in progress at New York, and such a kindly welcome awaiting them as perhaps no other large contingent of emigrants ever received in America before. They will do well in this country, and make themselves respected for their honesty and their scrupulous regard for the teachings of their parents and their Church. They will put money in the savings bank, besides the regular sums they will send back to the old folks in Ireland, and their weekly offerings towards supporting and building the churches of their faith. For many years past, the money that such industrious and good-tempered Irish girls send back to the Old Land from America, has paid a large proportion of the rent exacted by the absentee land lords in England. Their industry, industry and personal qualities of the Irish people will certainly suffer nothing in comparison with those of their English rulers. It happens that we in the United States have always been able to appreciate the Irish, while England has not. And it is undoubtedly true that until England learns to do justice to Ireland there will be something lacking in that cordiality toward Great Britain that Englishmen would like to find in the United States."

The *New York Herald* of a recent date is responsible for the following:—"One of the most curious documents in existence, namely, the sentence which was passed upon Jesus-Christ by Pontius Pilate, has just been brought to light by the Marquis de Trogo-Offenbach. The history of this document is interesting. It is reproduced from a brass plate which was discovered in the Villa d'Aquila, in Naples in 1720. The French Commissioners of Arts were making excavations in Naples in that year, and they found this plate in an antique vase of white marble. When they left Naples the plate was removed to the sacristy of the Chartreux Monastery, near by, where it was inclosed in a box of ebony. There it has remained ever since, as the monks requested that it be left with them. Owing to their many loyal services, their request was granted. A copy of the plate, however, was taken by the French Commissioners of Arts, and the words thereon, which are in Hebrew, were duly translated

into French. Another copy of the plate came into the possession of M. Denon, and when his curiosities were sold was bought by Lord Howard for 3,980 francs. The antique vase of white marble in which the plate was originally kept is now in the Chapel of Caserta. Here follows a translation of the words on the plate:—"Sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, Governor Regent of Lower Galilee, to the effect that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer the punishment of the cross. In the year 17 of the Empire of Tiberius Caesar, and 23th day of the month of March, in the holy city of Jerusalem, Annas and Caiaphas, being priests and sacrificers of the people of God, Pontius Pilate, Governor of Lower Galilee, seated on the presidential seat of the Praetorium, condemns Jesus of Nazareth to die on a cross between two thieves, in consequence of the following weighty and notorious testimony on the part of the people: First—Jesus is a seducer. Second—He is seditious. Third—He is an enemy of the law. Fourth—He falsely calls himself the son of God. Fifth—He falsely calls himself King of Israel. Sixth—He entered into the temple, followed by a multitude bearing palms in their hands. Pontius Pilate orders the first centurion, Guirihor Cornelius, to lead him to the place of punishment. Warns all persons, whether poor or rich, not to prevent the death of Jesus. The witnesses who have signed the sentence against Jesus are: First—Daniel Tobani, a Pharisee. Second—Joannes Zorobabel. Third—Taphael Tobani. Fourth—Capet, a public man. Jesus will leave the city of Jerusalem by the Strunean gate." The words of this sentence fill the entire plate, except a small portion on one side, and there appear these words: "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe." Evidently, then, there were at one time several copies of this sentence in existence; but what has become of them no one knows.

Few characters in history, sacred or profane, are so fascinating as St. Columba, or Columbkille, the thirteenth centenary of whose death has been recently celebrated with so much fervour and enthusiasm. Not even St. Patrick is the subject of so many legends, though the certified facts of history alone represent St. Columba as one of the most marvellous of men. A sympathetic and discerning Frenchman, Montalembert, thus portrays his character:—"He was at the same time full of contradictions and contrasts—at once tender and irritable, rude and courteous, ironical and compassionate, caressing and imperious, grateful and revengeful; led by pity as well as by wrath; ever moved by generous passions, and among all passions fired to the very end of his life by two which his countrymen understand the best—the love of poetry and the love of country. . . . Trained by prayer and austerities to triumphs of evangelical exposition; despising rest, untiring in mental and manual toil; born for eloquence, and gifted with a voice so penetrating and sonorous that it was thought of afterward as one of the most miraculous gifts that he had received of God; frank and loyal, original and powerful in his words as in his actions; in cloister and in mission and parliament, on land and on sea, in Ireland as in Scotland, always swayed by the love of God and of his neighbour, whom he served with an impassioned uprightness—such was Columba. Besides the monk and missionary there was in him the makings of a sailor, soldier, poet, and orator. To us, looking back, he appears a personage as singular as he is lovable, in whom, through all the mists of the past and the cross-lights of legend, the man may still be recognised under the saint.—A man capable and worthy of the supreme honour of holiness, since he knew how to subdue his inclinations, his weakness, his instincts, and his passions, and to transform them into docile and invincible weapons for the salvation of souls and the honour and glory of God. Columba's passion for literature was one of his most remarkable characteristics. He not only wrote many beautiful poems himself, but he is credited with the enormous achievement of having transcribed three hundred copies of the Gospel with his own hand.

In more ways than are commonly realized, the new-paper thinks for the populace nowadays. The editorial utterances are opinions, the news items are coloured by opinion; and, worst of all, certain stock phrases are harped upon with such persistence that they become not merely opinions, but convictions. Who, for instance, would question "the triumph of mind over matter" so often credited to this dying century? Yet Mr. Henry F. Brownson, in a recent lecture at the University of Notre Dame, thus discusses this hackneyed new-paper phrase: "These marvellous achievements of man, as the ship, the steam-engine, the lightning telegraph, are no triumphs of mind over matter, as a storm at sea, the explosion of a boiler, a flash of lightning from a cloud, might very soon convince one. In his varied machinery, man simply avails himself of the great forces of nature by adapting his machine to them. They are neither controlled nor diverted from their course; and they drive on to their destined end, heedless of every effort of mind to resist them. The triumphs of mind over matter are when a man resists the solicitations of the flesh, curbs his temper, and maintains his equanimity in the midst of temptations and the fearful vicissitudes of life." Those who boast unduly of the democratic spirit of our

COMPARE SIZE AND WEIGHT OF STICKS.

Smoke T. C. Williams' JUNO. Smoke.

age, Dr. Brownson reminds that the influence of a poor man is less than nothing; and he adds: "I have heard of barefoot friars, in a habit of coarse serge, girt with a cord, living on alms, who could make their voice heard in lordly halls, in senates, and in courts; whose rebuke made kings and potentates tremble, whose eloquence aroused nations, and on whose breath hung the destinies of states and empires. But that was in an ignorant and superstitious age, when poverty was held to be no disgrace, and voluntary poverty was counted a merit; and the people high and low, rich and poor, believed the beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount." These words have none of the unpleasant, apologetic tone adopted by so many Catholics who write about Catholic countries and centuries. But the bubble-bursting business (says *Ave Maria*), is a thankless one, and if Dr. Brownson aims at doing it thoroughly he will be a very busy man and a much-abused one.

READINGS IN CATHOLIC DOCTRINE.

HOW TO FIND THE TRUE RELIGION.

(From the *Catholic Press*.)

No one who mixes in the world can fail to notice a very remarkable fact—remarkable, at least, in a country like Australia which calls itself Christian. It is this: one-third of the men one meets have no fixed religious belief, and belong to no Church. Approach them on the subject and they at once exclaim:—

"Yes, of course it is the duty of man to worship God, but in our day there are so many contradictory opinions concerning religious faith, that one is bewildered and does not know what to believe. We have neither the knowledge nor the time to make a thorough search of the Bible, which, after all, would be to no purpose, for they who study it most agree least as to its meaning. We, therefore, cannot have any religion or belong to any Church, nor can we recommend any to others."

Now, let us ask those men to pause a moment, and inquire whether there is not a simple and certain way of discovering the true religion. The true religion is not, and cannot be, a thing of recent invention. The world can never have been without it. In the beginning, God gave to Adam a knowledge of His holy will, and taught him how he should worship his Creator. The religion of Adam came directly from God; it was then, beyond all doubt, the true religion. At this time there was no Bible, no written code of religious doctrine and law. How, then, was religious faith preserved and perpetuated in its purity? In a very simple way. The father of the family was also clothed with religious authority, and the children learned the truths of faith by hearkening to the voice of this living teacher.

This was the method employed down to the time of the deluge. How were false religions introduced during this period? By disobedience to the living authority established by God.

After the deluge Noah became the second father of the human race. He had no Bible, no book of religion, but taught his children the faith handed down from Adam. His children in turn taught theirs the same truth. Again the children disobeyed the teachings of their fathers, and made religions of their own, so that idolatry became almost universal. Then God called Abraham, who still held to the religion of Adam and of Noah. Abraham had no Bible. He taught Isaac, Isaac taught Jacob, and thus religion was preserved down to the time of Moses. On Mount Sinai, God gave to Moses the Ten Commandments written on tables of stone. Was this written law the rule of faith? No; God instituted the Sanhedrim, a religious tribunal, to which he gave power to decide all disputed questions of religion. We read in the 17th chapter of Deuteronomy, and in the Protestant version: "If there arise a matter too hard for thee in judgment, between blood and blood, between plea and plea, and between stroke and stroke, being matters of controversy within thy gates, then shalt thou arise, and get thee up into the place which the Lord thy God shall choose; and thou shalt come to the priests, the Levites, and unto the judge that shall be in those days, and inquire; and they shall show thee the sentence of judgment; and thou shalt do according to the sentence, which they of that place which the Lord shall choose shall show thee?"

Remember that this decision was one of religion, for the law was the law of God.

Again, our Lord says: "The scribes and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat; all therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do."—St. Matt. xxiii., 2.

In the Mosaic religion, there was no private interpretation of the Bible, but a divinely constituted tribunal determined religious truth.

From Adam down to the birth of Christ, therefore, we find but one method of coming to the knowledge of the true religion; and this method was to listen to the voice of those whom God had appointed to teach it.

In all the ages preceding Christ, there was no private interpretation. Now, how did Christ establish His religion, and how did He determine that it should be propagated amongst men?

He Himself wrote nothing. He taught, and He did not ask men to examine into His doctrines, but to believe in them. He chose apostles to be His representatives on earth, and to remain, in their successors, until the end of time. What command did He give them? Did He bid them write a book, to be placed in the hands of all, that by reading it they might come to know the truths which He had taught? No. He said to them: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth; go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even to the

end of the world." And again He said to them: "He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me." He thus formed them into a living and indefeasible Church, of which He said: "If any man neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as a heathen and a publican." This Church He built upon a rock, with the promise that the gates of hell should never prevail against it, and that the Holy Ghost should teach it all truth.

Christ, then, did not change the method of religious instruction employed by God in the days of Adam, Noah, Abraham, and Moses; but, giving to the world a fuller revelation of Divine truth, He simply established a more perfect and unerring living authority to watch over and preserve it in all its integrity and purity. Therefore not the dead letter of the Bible, but the living voice of the divinely established Church is the infallible guide to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

Now, is not this a fair argument? Do not accuse us of sophistry and perversion of truth. We have nothing to gain by persuading you to believe as we believe; but you have everything to gain, if you weigh well our argument, and, if you refuse to consider what we say, perhaps everything to lose. For you cannot say the whole matter is doubtful, as long as you refuse to consider a simple statement like this; if you are thus wilfully careless, your blood will be on your own head.

THE LATE MGR. KNEIPP.

A REMARKABLE CAREER.

PFARRER KNEIPP, of Worishofen, has at last passed away, after a prolonged illness. Latterly it was thought that he would rally, but all too soon this hope was disappointed, for forthwith came the sad news of the pastor's death. Father Sebastian Kneipp was a man of exceptionally strong character, and his career is worthy of more than the customary notice given to the life of a good and energetic village priest. From youth onwards there was about him an air of rugged self-dependence. The son of a weaver—a fact in which he took a manly pride—he was eager at an early age to study for the Church. His father, who was probably looking forward to receiving help from him when he should become an efficient operative, did not favour his inclination for the priesthood, and there is a story that when the lad was fourteen he stole out in the night to consult a neighbouring priest as to how his most earnest wish could be realised. The father followed, and on learning the object of the boy's journey, remarked: "Yes; go and tell the priest, too, how well you have kept the Fourth Commandment." Sebastian was informed that two thousand florins would be required for his education. Immediately he began to save, and in three years he had put by seventy-five florins, or a little over £6. He kept the money hidden under a loose beam in a garret, and when he was seventeen the house took fire and was burnt to the ground. His silver coins were converted into a little mass of silver, which he found lying amongst the ashes. But he went on saving with as fixed a determination as ever. Then Father Mathias Merkle gave him private instruction. Subsequently—in 1850—he entered a seminary at Dillingen, where, owing to his prematurely aged appearance, he was called "Vater Kneipp," and in due course he was raised to the priesthood.

It was as the apostle of cold water that the Pfarrer obtained world-wide fame. From the first there were many—especially amongst the members of the medical faculty—who denied that his system conferred any benefits, but there were also large numbers who attributed to it cures and improvement in health. A few years ago the writer of the present notice, whilst visiting Cologne, found that a priest with whom he made acquaintance, and who was then strong and vigorous, was following the Kneipp treatment, and he questioned him as to its efficacy. "Before I commenced it," said the rev. gentleman, "my chest was bad, and the doctors had given me up. I was too weak to walk across the street. From the moment since I tried it I have been gradually getting well." Testimony such as this dissipates a great many doubts and misgivings, and as there was much evidence of the kind in Germany, it is not surprising that Kneipp institutions were established in that country and in various parts of the world. The water-cure idea entered Kneipp's mind in his early student days, as we learn from an interesting article which appeared in *The Month* of January, 1892. He had worked too hard at his studies, and was on the verge of the grave. Chance threw into his way a small book dating from the last century, the author being Johann Sigmund Hahn. Kneipp believed that he owed his life to observing its directions. At the seminary he began to experiment on his fellow-students. One was believed to be dying, but every night he and Kneipp climbed through the window to the pump in the yard, where abundant douches were administered. The nocturnal expeditions were discovered, but the manifest improvement in the student's health saved Kneipp from anything more severe than a slight reprimand.

The water cure not only made Worishofen famous, but trebled its population. "The moment when I first saw him in full activity," says the writer in *The Month*, "is one that will always live as a picture in my memory. I had been told that 8 a.m. was the hour at which consultations began and accordingly soon after eight, I presented myself at the door of the Parthot. Having opened it, I stood still in dismay. The whole of the lobby was crammed with expectant patients. Peasants in various quaint costumes, elbowed ladies in fashionable bouquets, and monks in hairy habits stood alongside of dandified youths. From time to time the door which led into the Pfarrer's sitting-room opened, and each time this was the signal for a sort of free fight, which ended by a group of the inside patients forcing their way out, and a group of the foremost and most energetic of the outside patients—men and women indiscriminately—forcing their way in. When I had fully grasped the situa-

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tion, my first impulse was to turn and fly; but to move backwards had by this time become as impossible as to move forwards, and besides my curiosity was beginning to be mightily aroused. It was nearly ten o'clock before, half-suffocated by the close atmosphere, I succeeded in shoving myself through the doorway. Having recovered my breath and put my hat straight, I proceeded to take stock of my surroundings. The room was comparatively empty—that is to say, there were not much more than twenty people in it. On a seat against the wall, with a long deal table before him, and a white Pomeranian dog nestling at his side, the Pfarrer was seated. In the lobby there had been a constant buzz of voices, but here all was silent, except for the quavering tones of some patient whose turn had come to approach the tribunal, or for the slow and measured words of the Pfarrer. At each end of the table a doctor sat making notes; several other individuals, whom I afterwards discovered to be likewise doctors, were lounging in the window embrasures. But I looked at nothing but the Pfarrer. His photograph had prepared me for something striking in the way of human countenance, and I cannot say that I was disappointed. The contrast between the snow-white hair, and the dark, bushy eyebrows (I believe they are the bushiest eyebrows I ever saw) would make him remarkable anywhere. The features are indeed heavy—even coarse—but the penetrating glance of the black eyes and the expression of intense yet calm energy which is stamped on the face quite redeems Kneipp's countenance from any approach to the commonplace. This combination of calmness and energy always struck me as being his peculiar characteristic. Never before have I seen such concentrated energy so utterly free from any taint of restlessness, nor such perfect calm so innocent of any suspicion of apathy. In this combination I believe lies the secret of his power." The good Pfarrer needed all the calm he could command, for he was hunted everywhere by patients, many devices being used to secure private interviews, amongst them that of bribing with sweetmeats his little niece Mariel, who was so dear to him. Despite a rough exterior, he was kind to all, especially to the poor. If the sufferer was well-to-do a moderate fee was fixed, but if needy no charge whatever was made. This is a specimen of how the Pfarrer dealt with the question of fees: "How many cows have you got?" "Four." "How many children?" "Five." "Go along. I won't take anything from you." Again: "How much, Pfarrer?" "Well, as your daughter has so many flowers in her hat, you can give me a mark."

The good sayings of the pastor were numerous. During the first interview which Baron Nathaniel Rothschild had with him he began by giving a minute description of his manner of living, particularly of his diet. Kneipp listened patiently to the account of what the Baron took for breakfast, of what his "dejeuner a la fourchette" consisted, of what his luncheon and of what his dinner. "And now what is the matter with me?" inquired the patient. The phrase for this, "Was fehlt mir?" means literally in German "What is wanting to me?" and Kneipp, waggishly catching up this meaning, replied: "Oh, it's a second stomach you want."

Amongst the Pfarrer's patients were eminent Churchmen such as Cardinal Gibbons, who derived considerable benefit from his treatment. The Holy Father also tried the water-cure for a while, and made its author a Domestic Prelate with the title of Monsignor, an honour which gave widespread satisfaction to the multitudes of the pastor's friends and admirers. Mr. Kneipp wrote "Meine Wasserkur" and other works advocating his system of treatment in his own peculiar style.—*Catholic Times*.

Science Notes.

COAL FROM PEAT: THE FUTURE FOR BOGS.

A PROCESS of converting peat into coal has just been perfected in Germany. To be explicit, by means of an electric current turf can be turned into coke having an efficiency equal to the best coal. It is capable of attaining to a white heat, and the product can be manufactured and sold with good profit at sixpence the hundred pounds, or about ten shillings a ton. A retort holding 1,300 litres can be prepared in fifteen minutes. The amount of ash in the coke is only three per cent. The calorific value is 7,000 units; that is, as much as coal. It is easily lighted and contains but very little sulphur. It is in fact a discovery the importance of which cannot be over-estimated. Massachusetts with its wealth of peat may be converted into a fuel producing country. Since peat is found all over New England, and as the process of making peat in nature is actively going on, this discovery might seem to solve the great fuel question now being actively discussed on account of the perceptible diminution of the coal supply.

The feasibility of increasing the calorific value of peat has appealed to many inventors and many attempts have been made to accomplish it, but until now all have been failures. A necessary part of such an operation has been the drying out of the substance. Peat is spongy and highly impregnated with moisture. It is, in fact, nothing more or less than partly-formed coal. It is vegetable matter in a semi-decomposed state, or, to be more exact, a substance intermediate between common vegetable matter and bituminous lignite. Left to itself peat would, under certain conditions and after a lapse of sufficient time, become coal. Following out the theory of some scientists that coal is the result of partly combusted vegetable matter, it will be seen that the new electrical process is but the simple anticipation of the work of nature. Electricity hastens an operation which it would have taken Dame Nature centuries to perform. During the first part of the present century a company was formed in Ireland for the purpose of doing by mechanical means that which is now to be done by electricity. The scheme was not a success owing to the fact that the conversion of the peat could not be accomplished economically on a large scale. The peat was dried by means of heated iron plates, and it was com-

pressed and held together in blocks by means of the attraction of cohesion. The trouble, however, was to accomplish the heating or drying out operation, at a small cost, for the perfected product is not in itself a substance which can be sold for a high price.

Nothing could be more simple from the producers' standpoint than the electrical process. The peat is placed in any desirable quantity in large retorts which for the most part resemble ordinary retorts except in that they are provided with a spiral wire which extends through the centre of them. The wire comprises the electrical feature of the retort. An electrical current of a strength sufficient to bring the wire to a white heat is sent through it. The retorts otherwise are lined with asbestos. In the oven thus formed the drying out of the peat not only becomes inevitable, but the conversion of the vegetable matter is hastened and it becomes in fact coke. As stated above, a retort having a capacity of 1,300 litres will produce that amount of coke in fifteen minutes, and inasmuch as its calorific value is 700 units its commercial value becomes very great. Average air-dried peat has a calorific value of from 3,000 to 3,500 units. When freed from water by a heat of 100 degrees Centigrade and with a minimum of four to five per cent. of ash the calorific value rises to about 5,200 units, or from one-quarter to one-third more than that of an equal weight of wood.

The value of peat as a fuel consists not only in its highly inflammable quality but in the abundance in which it is found. There is almost no limit to the supply, particularly as the process of its formation is yet going on. Ireland may be said to constitute the most available source of supply, and under a system which would put the substance in general commercial use it would be to the Emerald Isle what coal would be to England. Ireland is calculated to possess 3,000,000 acres, about one-seventh of its entire surface, of peat bogs. It is frequently found in layers thirty feet thick and occasionally even this thickness is surpassed. It would be indeed strange if Ireland finally became enriched by the very agency which from time immemorial has rendered much of her surface unfit for agricultural purposes.

THE SONG OF THE RANK AND FILE.

We toil, and our toil is incessant from dawn to the close of the day,
With poverty stalking behind us and need ever pointing the way;
We glean and we garner for others who reckon not our troubles the while,
And build up the fame of the nations—we men of the rank and file.

Where hardships are fearful and many you'll find us undoubtedly there;
When forward progression is marching we never are found in the rear.
With strong brawny arms that tire not the desolate wilds we subdue,
And call up the spirit of plenty to lavish its wealth on a few.

The plains and the valleys that teem with abundance of fruit and of grain
The wealth of our labours confirm, and speak it again and again.
E'en Mammon, that monarch unrighteous, appealed to most certainly own
That we are the stay of his kingdom, the pillars and props of his throne.

Where pluck and endurance are needed our place has been ever, and now;
Your railways, your roads, and your bridges are made by the sweat of our brow;
The plague-stricken depths of the forest re-echo the sound of our tread,
The wild, arid wastes of the desert are strewn with the bones of our dead.

Wherever beneath the broad heavens your fancy may lure you to roam,
Or torrid or frigid the region, you'll find us at work and at home.
The marts of the nations around you, the workshop, the forge and the mill,
Give voice to our mighty contrivings and furnish the proof of our skill.

The legions that ever must conquer, the armies and navies are we,
For minus our thews and our sinews then where would your officers be?
Mid wars desolation and slaughter undaunted we ever have stood,
Your empires are raised by our valour, their greatness baptised in our blood.

The wealth that, for ever increasing, his lordship with happiness dowers,
Our courage and manhood beget him—the muscle that wins it is ours.
And ours is the fame that enshrines him by toils on the land and the sea,
The honour and glory he prides in, the ribbon he wears at the knee.

Ay, ours are the toil and the trouble, the burden and heat of the day;
Ay, ours are the labours rewarded by glory not even a ray!
The rich man regards our pretensions with only disdain in his smile,
And leaves us to starve on his leavings—we men of the rank and file.

South Dunedin.

P. E. NOLAN.

Archdiocese of Wellington.

(From our own correspondent.)

August 21, 1897.

SUNDAY being the Feast of the Assumption, the festival was observed in a fitting manner at St. Mary's Cathedral. High Mass, *coram archiepiscopo* was celebrated by the Rev. Father Hickson, the Rev. Father Holly being deacon, Rev. Father O'Meara, sub-deacon; and Rev. Father Gallagher master of ceremonies. His Grace had for assistant priest at the throne, the Very Rev. Dr. Watters. The choir gave a devotional rendering of Mozart's Seventh Mass, Smith's "Tota pulchra es Maria" being sung as an offertory, Cross's "O Salutaris" was sung at the Benediction after the Mass. His Grace preached an eloquent sermon appropriate to the festival. The choir was under the conductorship of Mr. M. C. Rowe, and Mr. J. Kearsley, junr., acted as organist.

Miss Kitty Blaney of Dunedin assisted the choir of St. Mary of the Angels' on Sunday evening, when she sang Luzzi's very fine setting of the "Ave Maria."

The new organ, now in course of erection at St. Joseph's Church, Buckle street, will be opened on Sunday, the 19th proximo. Mr. Navanos of Nelson has kindly consented to preside at the instrument on the occasion of the opening ceremony.

A meeting of the local branch of the Irish National Federation was held in St. Patrick's Hall on Monday night, Mr. E. Carrigan presiding. A letter was received from the secretary of the Irish Parliamentary party, acknowledging the receipt of £100 sent Home recently in aid of the funds, and heartily thanking the branch for its assistance. A number of pamphlets containing the speech of the Hon. E. Blake on the over-taxation of Ireland were received, and also copies of the *Freeman's Journal* containing a list of subscribers to the amount forwarded. After the transaction of some routine business it was decided that the branch should hold a social at an early date.

The Catholics of Palmerston North took occasion of the birthday of their popular pastor, the Very Rev. Father Patterson, to present him on Monday evening with an address and a purse of sovereigns. The presentation was made by Messrs. Hanlon, Murphy and Gamble and Mesdames Hanlon and Sellars. The address was read by Mr. Hanlon, who said that the parishioners decided not to let Father Patterson's birthday pass without expressing their sense of the manner in which he had performed his duties as their spiritual director. Father Patterson, in reply, thanked the donors for their gift and for the kind manner in which they had spoken of his work. He had not hoped for any such gift, being satisfied to get his reward hereafter. His people were faithful, affectionate and dutiful, and he was proud of them. The present position of the church in Palmerston was the work of his lifetime, and he had been amply compensated for his labours by the thought that his people were well worthy of them.

A well-attended Catholic "social" was held in the Skating Rink on Wednesday evening, which was very satisfactory, considering that the weather was not pleasant and that the conversation in honour of the Governor was held on the same date. The first part of the programme was devoted to comic and sentimental songs and incidental humour by the Excelsior Minstrels, the contributors being Messrs. P. Jeffries, J. North, T. Smith, W. Russell, C. Lightfoot, H. Grimstone, G. Morgan, A. Craig, P. Briggs and H. Airth.

I understand that the Hawkes' Bay Education Board has acceded to a request of the Rev. Father Grogan that the Catholic schools in the district be examined by the Board's inspectors. A similar request was made to the Wellington Board some time ago, but it was refused on the ground that the inspectors had too much to do already, and the Board had no funds to employ extra assistance.

A private entertainment was given in St. Patrick's College on Thursday night, the items consisting of instrumental selections by the College Band, songs by two of the professors, and a lecture by the Very Rev. Dr. Watters on his recent trip to the South Sea Islands, with some supplementary remarks by Dr. Martin. The Very Rev. Father Devoy presided, and amongst those present were the Very Rev. Father Lane, Rev. Father O'Meara, Dr. Mackin, etc. Dr. Watters, in the course of his remarks, said that the trip, extending over some weeks, which he made in company with Dr. Martin, was the most enjoyable holiday he ever had. It was a new world to them—the inhabitants, the scenery, the tropical vegetation, the geological formation of the islands, and many other matters could not fail to interest the most unobservant visitor, and leave a lasting impression on his mind. Tonga was the first island of the group visited, and here the first sight they beheld was a number of native lads engaged in the British game of cricket, a pastime which is very much in favour with the rising generation. Our visitors next proceeded to the Catholic mission station, where they were most heartily welcomed and hospitably entertained. There was a fine stone church, with stained glass windows, in connection with this mission, and in passing, Dr. Watters remarked that many of the churches which were visited during their trip would put to shame a number of those in this Colony. Dr. Watters then gave a very interesting description of the mode of living of the Tonga Islanders, their dress, food, the manner of preparing the national beverage, the making of tapa cloth, from which the greater part of their clothing is made, and the preparation of copra, which is one of the principal articles of export, and is manufactured from the cocoa nut. Of the Islanders he spoke in very complimentary terms; they are hospitable, gracious, courteous, and intelligent. He was particularly struck with the earnest and reverent manner in which the natives assisted at an early service in one of the churches, and referred to the noble and self-sacrificing work done by the missionaries, some of whom had lived there for thirty or forty years ministering to the spiritual wants of the natives, whilst others who had breathed their last in those remote lands had been laid to rest amidst the

scene of their labours, and amongst a strange people for whom they had sacrificed much. Apaia and Babia were also described and here a finish was made, until some future occasion, when Dr. Watters means to describe what he saw in the other islands which he and Dr. Martin called at. Dr. Martin was also to have spoken at some length, but as he was suffering from a relaxed throat his remarks had to be brief. The few words he did speak showed that he was thoroughly at home on the lecture platform. His style is fluent and exceedingly humorous, so that should he consent to take up the subject on a future occasion there will be an intellectual treat in store for those who will have the good fortune to be present. In concluding his remarks he asked the rector to grant the students a holiday as a set off to that pleasant one which Dr. Watters and he had enjoyed so much. Besides the instrumental selections given by the College orchestra during the evening Father Mahony gave a vocal item, which was done justice to by the singer's fine rich voice, and Father Clancy contributed "Raratonga," a rollicking composition after the style of "I'm off to Philadelphia," which had been written by the Rev. Father on the occasion of the starting of the Rector and Dr. Martin on their holiday trip. Needless to say this item brought down the house and the inevitable encore was demanded and acceded to. At the conclusion of the proceedings a hearty vote of thanks, on the motion of the Very Rev. Father Devoy, was accorded to Dr. Watters and Dr. Martin. Dr. Watters, in returning thanks, said he was very happy to accede to the request of Dr. Martin that the students should get a holiday. The selection of the day would be left to the Rev. Fathers Bowers and O'Sullivan. Hearty cheers were then given for Dr. Martin, the Rector and the Very Rev. Father Devoy.

DUNEDIN CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE usual weekly meeting of the Dunedin Catholic Literary Society was held in the rooms, Rattray street, on Friday last.

Rev. Father Murphy, president, occupied the chair, and, despite the boisterous evening, a fair number of members put in an appearance. Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick was elected a member of the Society.

Mr. R. Dobbin occupied the Society's attention for upwards of an hour and a half in his recital or lecture entitled "A Story from the Classics." The recital was admirable, and one of the best efforts yet made before the Society. Mr. Dobbin showed that he was possessed of a wonderful memory and dramatic ability of no mean order.

The speaker received a hearty round of applause at the conclusion of his lecture, and on the motion of Messrs. Marlow and J. J. Connor, Mr. Dobbin was accorded a hearty vote of thanks for his able and highly instructive lecture.

A HINT TO YOUNG FOLK.

THEY ARE APT TO BE CARELESS WHERE HEALTH IS CONCERNED.

A GREAT many people, and especially young people, are too careless of their health. They will sit in a draught when they know they are taking cold, and in numerous other ways show their indifference to the rules that govern health, realising, sometimes when it is too late, the serious cost of their carelessness. Never neglect an illness, no matter how trivial it may appear. It is to this class of persons that Miss Annie Ramsdell, of Whitehead, N.B., wishes to speak. "In June, 1895," she says, "I contracted a cold, but did not take anything for it, thinking that it would soon pass away. In this, however, I was disappointed, and I finally realised that it had settled on my lungs, and I was obliged to take to bed. A doctor was called in, and he said I was a very sick girl, which truth it is needless to say I had realised before he was sent for. At the outset his medicine helped me somewhat, but the improvement was not lasting, and I found myself growing weaker and weaker. At last I reached that stage when I despaired of getting better. My appetite had almost entirely failed; I was reduced nearly to a skeleton, had a hacking cough, and suffered from headache and fluttering or palpitation of the heart. As a matter of fact both myself and friends thought I was at death's door. While in this condition I read in a newspaper of a case similar to mine cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I procured a supply, and by the time I had taken six boxes I was almost completely recovered. My appetite had returned, a healthy colour came back to my face and my cough ceased troubling me. I am still occasionally using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and my recovery through their use has made for them hosts of friends in this locality, who look upon what they have done for me as little short of miraculous."

The Picanniny Post—A Birmingham working man who had been out of town with his three-year-old child arrived back in Birmingham in time to reach his work, but not in time to take the child home. So he walked into the nearest post-office, tendered the youngster as an express parcel, and the authorities, under the rule regulating the delivery of live animals, accepted the child and duly delivered it at a charge of 9d.

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 Worcester-shire 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.—ADV'T.

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TELEPHONE No. 124; also EMPIRE STABLES, PALMERSTON SOUTH.



H. A. C. B. SOCIETY

Established 1871.

Registered under the Friendly Societies' Act

OBJECTS.—To cherish a love for Faith and Fatherland ; to extend the hand of fellowship to our co-religionists of every nationality ; to render assistance and visit the sick and distressed ; to help the widows and orphans of deceased members.

A FULL Benefit Member, on payment of a weekly contribution of from 1s to 1s 3d (graduated according to age), is entitled to Medical Attendance and Medicine for himself and family (children to be under the age of 16 years) immediately on joining. Also 20s per week for 26 weeks, 15s per week for the next 13 weeks, and 10s per week for a further period of 13 weeks, in case of sickness, and should there be a continuance of illness, 5s per week is allowed during incapacity as superannuation, provided he has been a member of the Society for 7 years previous to the commencement of such incapacity. On the death of wife, £10; at his own death relatives receive £20.

A Reduced Benefit Member, on payment of a weekly contribution of from 7d to 8d (graduated according to age), is entitled to Medical Attendance and Medicine for himself immediately on joining and a Sick Allowance of 10s per week for 26 weeks, 5s per week for the succeeding 13 weeks, when, if he be still unable to follow any employment, he shall be entitled to 2s 6d per week for another 13 weeks, and in case of additional illness, 2s 6d during incapacity, under the same proviso as in the case of full benefit members. On the death of a reduced benefit member his representative is entitled to the sum of £10.

Members of female branches contribute weekly (graduated according to age) from 7d to 9½d, and receive benefits as follows :— Medical Attendance and Medicine immediately on joining, in case of sickness 10s per week for 26 weeks, 7s 6d for the succeeding 13 weeks, and 5s per week for another 13 weeks if still unable to follow any employment. On the death of a female benefit member her representative is entitled (if single) to £20, (if married) on the death of her husband she is entitled to £10. Should she die before him her representative is entitled to £20. Provided in all cases the Rules of the Society and the requirements of the Friendly Societies' Act are adhered to.

Twenty-five branches of this excellent Institution are now established in New Zealand, and every provident Catholic in the Colony eligible for membership should join and, combining as it does, the spiritual as well as the temporal, participate in its unsurpassed advantages.

Full particulars may be had from branches and from
P. KEARNEY,
District Secretary, Auckland.

R ABBITSKINS, SEASON 1897.

SALES EVERY MONDAY.

The Rabbit-skin Season being now on, we take the opportunity to inform our Clients and others, that we hold Auction Sales of Rabbit-skins at our Stores regularly, every Monday at 2 o'clock.

These Sales are attended by all the Buyers in the Trade here, and the prices now being realised are in advance of what could be obtained by shipping to England; while the returns are immediate, and the risks of a fall in value, or of damage to skins while on passage, are avoided.

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.

OF SELLING AT PUBLIC AUCTION.

By offering the Skins at Public Auction at fixed dates duly advertised, and when all the Buyers are in attendance, the wide 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 consignments.

Charges are on the lowest scale, and Account Sales are rendered immediately after sale.

ADDRESS.

Rabbit-skins 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, and class them before sale, if required.

Advice Notes and Labels will be forwarded on application.

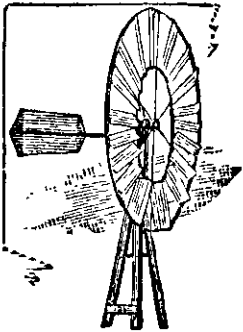
DONALD REID AND CO.

MONUMENTAL WORKS, STAFFORD ST, TIMARU.

W. H. GAIN, having purchased the old-established business of the late James Jones, is prepared to execute in First-Class Style all work entrusted to him at very greatly reduced rates and guarantees satisfaction.

All Kinds of Cemetery Railings and Kerbing Supplied, and Inscriptions cut in Cemeterys.

The Finest Stock in South Canterbury to select from. Designs and Estimates forwarded on application.



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CLEANING MACHINERY.

JOHN MARSHALL

(Late of Springston)

Has removed to 204 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.

VICTORIA IRON WORKS RATRAY STREET WHARF, DUNEDIN.

JOSEPH SPARROW,
Engineer, Boilermaker, Shipsmith, etc.

Wrought Iron Fluming and all kinds of Mining Plant manufactured by Special Machinery. Agent for Hadfield's Manganese Steel (a large quantity always on hand); special for Dredge Pins, Bushes and Lips.

A Variety of Machinery always on hand.

Repairs Done by Experienced Workmen.

Sole Maker of Donald's Patent Rabbit-Poison Mixing Machines.

Pickering Governors, Simple Boiler Injector.

Sole Agent for
Wormald's Non-conducting Boiler
Composition.

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J. T. CARTER,

IRONMONGER, CROCKERY AND

GLASSWARE MERCHANT,

45 GEORGE STREET (late Little Dust Pan).

The Proprietor has pleasure in announcing that he has opened this day (Saturday) with a well-assorted stock of the above goods.

As Mr. A. B. DAVIE has full charge of the Crockery Department, the public may rest assured that they will receive every courtesy and prompt attention.

JOHN MCKEAGUE

GROCER and TEA MERCHANT,

THE ARCADE;

ASHBURTON.

PLEASE NOTE.—I am prepared to execute Orders for Tea in 10 to 60 lb Boxes.

Carriage paid to any Railway Station.—

Nothing but Choicest of Blends stocked.

both in Teas and General Groceries.



The best preparation for preserving, restoring, and beautifying the hair is

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

It keeps the scalp free from dandruff, heals troublesome humors, and prevents the hair from falling out. When the hair becomes dry, thin, faded, or gray, it restores the original color and texture and promotes a new and vigorous growth. Wherever used, Ayer's Hair Vigor supplants all other dressings, and becomes at once the favorite with ladies and gentlemen alike.

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

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DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

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ONTALGIC Extract gives instant relief from Toothache. 1s bottle.

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SPRING BLOSSOM OINTMENT.

FOUND.—Worth its weight in gold for healing everything it touches. "SPRING BLOSSOM OINTMENT." Sold everywhere.

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LOST.—Irritating eruptions, sunburns, chapped hands and chilblains by using "Spring Blossom Ointment"; 6d and 1s. Sold everywhere.

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Auckland.

Irish News.

(From Contemporaries.)

ANTRIM.—A New Church for Belfast.—On Sunday, June 20th, his Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Henry laid the foundation-stone of the new Church of St. Vincent de Paul, Ligoniel, Belfast, in its place in the north pier of the chancel arch within the fine edifice. The new church will seat about 1,300 persons. The nave walls are now about ready for roofing, and when completed the fine Gothic building, with its rock-faced ashlar work, will present an imposing appearance. It stands on a splendid site purchased from Mr. James O'Hare, and faces the road. The building consists of nave and aisles, the general dimensions being 100 feet by 50 feet and 50 from floor to ridge. There are five bays on each side of the nave, and a projecting semi-octagonal apse, with which is connected a large sacristy, and a commodious meeting roof on the first floor above the latter. The floor is raised about 17 feet over the level of the footway, and massive columns of Aberdeen granite with dressings of Scotch sandstone support the ornamental roof. Close to the sacred edifice will be erected new schools and a presbytery, plans for which have already been prepared. The contractors are Messrs. Courtney and Co., Shaftesbury avenue, and the architect Mr. J. J. M'Donnell, M.R.I.A., Chichester street, on whom the work reflects high credit. The ceremonies commenced at 3 o'clock, the building and the ground surrounding it was crowded with the people of the parish, and the scene was edifying and impressive. After the ceremonies his Lordship addressed the congregation. At the sacred ceremonies the Lord Bishop was assisted by the Rev. Dr. M'Donnell, P.P., Ligoniel; Rev. H. Laverty, adm., St. Patrick's; Rev. J. K. O'Neill, adm., and Rev. H. Boyle, president of St. Malachy's College.

CORK.—Typhus Fever in Cork.—At the meeting of the Public Health Committee on Tuesday, June 22, Dr. Donovan Superintendent Medical Officer of Health, reported an outbreak of typhus fever in the centre of the city. The disease is at present confined to a few houses. Twelve cases have occurred, all of which have been sent to the Union Fever Hospital. Every precaution has been taken to prevent the spread of the disease. There has been one death. Mr. Barry Galvin, Executive Sanitary Officer, said they disinfected the houses and burned the clothing belonging to the patients. There were nine cases in one house and three in another.

DONEGAL.—The Letterkenny Cathedral.—The new cathedral of St. Adamnan in course of erection in Letterkenny was inspected by the large body of visitors to Donegal to witness the great centennial celebration of St. Columba. Rapid progress has been made with the work, and though the walls of the sacred edifice are not yet raised to the full height, it is some satisfaction to know that it was sufficiently advanced to enable the large number of visitors to Donegal to bring away an exact idea of its proportions and a pretty accurate conception of what its beauties will be when all is complete. It will rank with the finest cathedrals in Ireland. The style is early Gothic. It will be lighted with lofty lancet windows, whose severity is relieved by the introduction of trefoil heads. The aisle walls are complete, and the inner walls have been built to clerestory height. The aisle is divided from the nave by five lofty arches supported on circular pillars, and at the intersection of the transepts of the nave are four very high arches resting on massive square columns. The chancel is in the form of an apse, ending with nine sides in each of which is an acutely pointed arch communicating with the ambulatory. The effect of this arcade, supported on slender columns carried round the chancel, is very beautiful and impressive to the visitor at once on entering the building. The principal entrance is a lofty arch deeply recessed and richly moulded. Above it is a magnificent window. The tower stands at the north eastern angle. Its height will be 120 feet and it is now raised to within 30 feet of it. It will be surmounted by a spire, the whole attaining a height of 240 feet. The cathedral is 200 feet long, 66 feet wide across the aisles and nave, and 100 feet across the transepts. The cathedral stands on the slope of the hill over the town, and its lofty walls, carrying ten pointed arches and pinnacles, rising in stately grandeur above the houses, give special beauty and importance to Letterkenny when approached from almost any side. Mr. William Hague is the architect. The building was started by the present distinguished occupant of the See of Adamnan, and his energy and power of organisation have enabled the work to be carried on with great rapidity, and make it certain that the diocese of Raphoe, whose religious fervour was so remarkably manifested during the week, will have a place second to none in Ireland for the grandeur of its cathedral and the beauty of its religious edifices.

DUBLIN.—St. Anthony's Home for Catholic Servants.—It has been decided to open at once at 11, Lower Gloucester street for Catholic girls coming to Dublin to seek for situations as servants. The need of such an institution has long been felt, as Catholic girls coming to the city, while waiting for employment, are exposed to great danger, both to faith and morals. His Grace the Archbishop has given his sanction to the undertaking and sent a generous donation. The ladies who form the committee of management are Mrs. Moore, Ashtown, Phoenix Park; Mrs. Tyrrell, Ratherton, Mil-town; Mrs. More Madden, Merrion square; Mrs. A. M. Sullivan, Mountjoy square; Mrs. Leonard, Weston terrace, Phoenix Park; Miss More O'Ferrall, Upper Gardiner street; Miss Sullivan, Fitz-William Place; and Miss Mathews, Mountjoy square, by whom subscriptions, however small, to enable them to continue the good work will be gratefully received.

KILDARE.—Prize Day at Maynooth. Bachelors of Theology.—The distribution of prizes on Tuesday June 22, in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, was of special interest because that for the first time in the history of the College degrees in theology were conferred under the recent powers obtained from

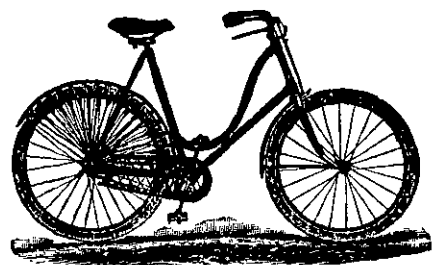
the Sovereign Pontiff. Twenty bachelorships in theology were granted to twenty students. His Eminence Cardinal Logue presided at the distribution of prizes, and the following bishops were also present:—Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland. Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel; M'Every Archbishop of Tuam; Hoare, Bishop of Ardagh; Owens, Bishop of Clogher; O'Doherty, Bishop of Derry; Henry, Bishop of Down and Connor; M'Givern, Bishop of Dromore; Magennis, Bishop of Kilmore; O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe; Browne, Bishop of Ferns; Foley, Bishop of Kildare; Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory; Browne, Bishop of Cloyne; O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork; Coffey, Bishop of Kerry; MacRedmond, Bishop of Killaloe; O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick; Kelly, Bishop of Ross; Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford; Lyster, Bishop of Achonry; Healy, Bishop of Clonfert; Clancy, Bishop of Elphin; MacCormack, Bishop of Galway; Connee, Bishop of Killala; Donnelly, Bishop of Canca. The following priests obtained the degree of Bachelor of Theology:—Revs. Edmund Stokes, Waterford; David Dineen, Cloyne; Laurence Brophy, Kildare; Thomas Hogan, Limerick; Thomas Donnellan, Meath; Patrick Sexton, Cork; James Donovan, Ferns; Patrick Duffy, Meath; Patrick Casey, Cloyne; James Carroll, Limerick; Stephen Connolly, Limerick; Joseph Brady, Armagh; Denis Ryder, Tuam; Maurice Costelloe, Kerry; John Breen, Kerry; John Slattery, Cashel; Patrick Toner, Armagh; James Flynn, Meath; Patrick Ryan, Cashel; Charles Horan, Kildare; Stephen Connolly, Limerick. The Dunboyno prize for the best essay was won by the Rev. Patrick Sexton, Cork. His essay was "The Basis of Ethics." The following prizes were awarded in the senior theology class for merit in sacred theology, canonical law and ecclesiastical history—1st prize, Rev. David Breen, Cloyne, and Rev. Patrick Sexton, Cork, *ex aequo*. 2nd. Rev. Patrick Casey, Cloyne, and Rev. Laurence Brophy, Kildare, *ex aequo*. The next in merit were Rev. Edmund Stokes, Waterford and Rev. Thomas Hogan, Limerick, *ex aequo*. The following prizes were awarded in the junior theological class for merit in dogmatic theology, moral theology, sacred scripture and canonical law:—1st. Rev. John Breen, Kerry; Rev. Patrick Toner, Armagh; Rev. Charles Horan, Kildare. 2nd. Rev. John Conway, Limerick; Rev. James Flynn, Meath and Rev. John Slattery, Cashel. 3rd. Rev. Patrick Ryan, Cashel; Rev. Denis Ryder, Tuam and Rev. Joseph Brady, Armagh. The prizes in the several subjects which were distributed numbered some hundreds.

LIMERICK.—Big Fire at Kilmallock: the Whole Town in Danger.—On Friday evening, about 7 o'clock (writes the Kilmallock correspondent of the Tipperary *Nationalist*, June 23), the rear of Mr. W. H. O'Sullivan and Sons' premises was noticed to be on fire, and immediately men, women, and children went to the rescue. It was quickly recognised the danger that might happen, not only to those buildings, but those of the whole town, as on one side of the flames there was stored a large quantity of powder (about 50wt of it) for quarrying purposes, and on the other 12 casks of whisky, each containing about 150 gallons, besides brandies, wines, etc. Had the flames extended to either side everybody was afraid that Kilmallock would in a short time be left in ruins, but owing to the efforts of willing hands, who at the risk of their lives kept the flames confined to that portion of the premises where the fire originated by cutting off the connection at each side, after two hours the fire was successfully grappled with and extinguished. Too much praise cannot be given to the willing hands, as at every moment death stared them in the face. From the intense heat slates were flying about in all directions, and no less than fifty people have suffered severe cuts, bruises, etc. The majority of those are labouring men, who in consequence of the injuries they sustained, will be incapacitated from work for about at least a month. A word must also be recorded for the female sex, who, both single and married, gave able, willing and courageous assistance, and the hope is general that those who suffered in every sense will be fully compensated for their services by the insurance companies who have large liabilities in the town, for had the flames extended five yards further at either side many a thousand would they have to pay, while Kilmallock would be like a deserted village, with undoubtedly most of the inhabitants burnt to death. On Saturday evening a meeting of the principal inhabitants of the town was held at Clery's Hotel. It was resolved that a deputation consisting of the Very Rev. Dr. Mehan, P.P., Mr. M'Kernan, manager of the Munster and Leinster Bank; P. D. Clery, Michael Heelan, J. Doherty, C.E.; M. P. Geary, solicitor; Dr. Sheedy and J. W. Joyce wait on the representatives of the insurance companies, and present them with a copy of the following resolution:—"That we, the principal inhabitants of the town, wish to express our heartfelt gratitude to all parties who exhibited such zeal and energy in extinguishing the great fire at Messrs O'Sullivan's, which threatened not only the complete destruction of their premises, but the entire western side of New street. Everyone worked with a will regardless of danger. Several sustained personal injuries, and the clothes of the greater number were rendered perfectly useless, and we respectfully call on the fire insurance companies interested to mark their appreciation of the gallant conduct of the men who showed such pluck and heroism by liberally rewarding them." Mr. J. J. O'Sullivan, J.P., took the occasion to express on behalf of his family and himself their deep debt of gratitude to the townspeople for risking their lives in their successful efforts in coping with the fire which threatened so much destruction. The aforesaid deputation subsequently waited on the representative of the insurance company, and he promised to put their views before the Board of Directors.

ROSCOMMON.—Death of a Parnellite Member.—A vacancy has arisen in the representation of South Roscommon through the death of Mr. H. J. J. Parnellite. Mr. Hayden was a newspaper proprietor in County Leitrim and County Roscommon, and at the general election of 1885 he was, on the recommendation of Mr. Parnell, elected as member of Parliament for South Leitrim, a position which he held till 1892. At the time of the split in the Nationalist ranks, Mr. Hayden took sides with Mr.

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AND

'STERLING.'

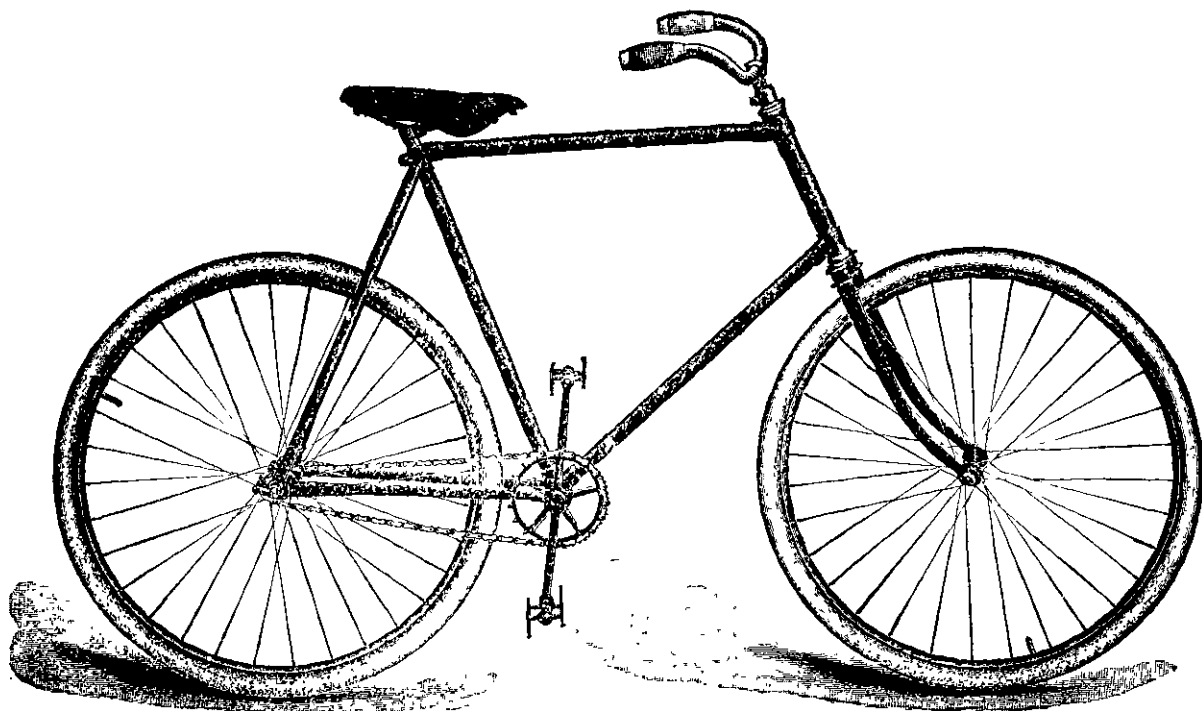
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"NEWHAVEN" or "STERLING."



MORROW, BASSETT & CO.,

CHRISTCHURCH AND DUNEDIN.

Parnell, and at the General Election of 1892, the constituency of South Leitrim being captured by an Anti-Parnellite, he stood for and was elected for South Roscommon.

SLIGO.—Renewal of the Street Preaching.—The street preacher Coghlan visited Sligo on Thursday, June 24, and the usual obstruction was created in George street at the railway gate. A force of police, under Mr. Sheehan, County Inspector, was there while the preacher occupied the footpath for almost an hour, causing the people to walk out in the middle of the street. The town was crowded owing to its being a holiday, and these tactics were vexatious in the extreme. There was not much disturbance, but owing to the usual noise not a word was heard from the evangeliser.

TIPPERARY.—Australian "Jubilee Mutton": Why it was Declined.—None of the Australian Jubilee meat relegated to Ireland, after the London multitudes are provided for, will be taken for any of the paupers of the Clonmel workhouse. Mr. Edward Nugent (says the *Tipperary Nationalist*) put the case in a nutshell: "After the way England has treated this country for years, we should have nothing to do with this celebration of theirs." For fifty years and more, so far as Royalty were concerned, the Irish poor have been coldly left to starve or die, or emigrate, or suffer as it pleased fate, and they can exist one day more without selling their birthright for some second-hand scraps from Dives' table. The decision of Clonmel ought to be welcome news at her Majesty's headquarters. Although London is one of the wealthiest cities in the world, it also most abounds in abject poverty. The Mayor of West Ham was promised 10,000 poor dinner tickets, and he has received 30,000 applications! So it is gracious for our poor people here to decline the dole—if any was really intended for them. Practically, the Clonmel Guardians have endorsed the telling resolution of the Dundalk Board, brought under special local notice in our columns. These are healthy indications of true Nationalist spirit. In Newry the Tory members of the Town Commission have decided that as "the Protestant poor" are the loyalists *par excellence* they ought to have the larger share of the feast.

TYRONE.—Collapse of a House in Omagh: Several Persons Seriously Injured.—On Sunday, June 20, an old house collapsed in Fountain lane, Omagh, and five persons were buried in the ruins. The house was a one-storied thatched dwelling, occupied by a woman named Mary Mullan, and her family. At the time

interview has had little or no practical result, leaving, as it does one of the most crucial points of difference still unsettled.

GENERAL.

Dillon as Leader: His Qualifications.—Michael Davitt, speaking at a great Nationalist meeting held in the town of Ballyhaunis, County Mayo, on June 13, said:—Men who are untrue to both their pledges and to the party to which they were elected, attempt to condone their treachery by abusing Mr. Dillon (cheers). They declare him ignorant and incapable. Well, I know a good deal about the knowledge and capacity of Irish members of all sections. Some of them have been under observation for fifteen or twenty years, and my opinion of them, as compared with Mr. Dillon, is this—I will assume that leadership should comprise many qualities—I say, among many others, sterling Nationalism, the training of political struggles, unquestionable *personnel*, integrity, grit, and courage, Parliamentary experience, judgment, and general capacity, including debating power and good temper. Should these qualities go to make a Parliamentary leader, then I say that Mr. Dillon possesses every one of them—(cheers)—while some of his ambitious critics are lamentably wanting in most of them. He may not be as good an elocutionist as some others, nor as ready a debater, nor as smart a lawyer, as others; but then I venture to think that leadership is not a quality necessarily made up of one or both of these accomplishments without other qualities added thereto. Mr. Dillon is constantly at his post. He devotes every hour of his time to his duties, and does not, like some of his critics, put in a mere casual appearance at Westminster. One more quality Mr. Dillon possesses which renders him most fit for his position, and that is his willingness to make personal sacrifices in the interest of unity (cheers). He stands to-day on that question where he stood in the great Convention of last September—in the position of a sincere Nationalist and true democrat, ready and willing at any moment to resign the chairmanship of the party in favour of any man who may be elected thereto by a majority of the National representation on the basis of true unity (cheers). Mr. Dillon wants no faction of Dillonites. He desires true Nationalist unity all round, and that is why he is honestly wishing Godspeed to the good and patriotic work in that direction which Mr. Harrington—(cheers)—is now carrying on in the country.

Irish Jubilee Honours.—The Imperial Government have been so parsimonious over the distribution of honours in Ireland

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GREAT SALE COLLIER'S ASSIGNED STOCK

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Men's Boots from 4s 6d to 35s.

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STACKS OF SAMPLES AND ODD LINES AT ALMOST ANY PRICE.

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CORNER GEORGE AND ST. ANDREW STREETS.

J. M'KAY

mentioned Mrs. Mullan, Kate Smith, her married daughter, Mrs. Maggie McCann, Kate McCrory, and two children of tender years named Annie Donnelly and Sarah McCrory were in the house, when without the slightest warning the roof fell in with a tremendous crash. An alarm was raised, and in the space of ten minutes several hundred persons had collected. Dr. Todd, J.P., who was in the vicinity at the time, at once rushed to the spot and immediately inaugurated the work of rescue. The first woman taken out was Maggie McCann, who escaped uninjured, save that she suffered from nervousness and shock. The thatch caught fire but was quickly extinguished. While the men were at work another portion of the roof fell in, and the rescue party had a narrow escape. They again set to work and in the course of some twenty minutes Mary Mullan, Kate McCrory, and Kate Smith were rescued, all in a serious condition. Dr. Todd had them at once removed to an adjoining house and attended to them. They were badly bruised and almost suffocated. Rev. W. B. McFeely, D.B., C.C., was present and administered the last rites of the Catholic Church to Mary Mullan and Kate McCrory. During all this time the two children above named were entombed in the *debris*. The cry arose that some children were missing, and after some time they were found. When brought to the surface they were in a critical condition, and Dr. Todd at once applied restoratives and restored them to consciousness. The ambulance van arrived after the lapse of a considerable time, and the old woman was removed to the infirmary. The other injured girl, McCrory, was conveyed to the residence of her sister. Neither of them is expected to recover. The others are progressing favourably.

WATERFORD.—The Bacon Trade Dispute.—The conference which took place recently in London between the representatives of the Waterford pig buyers and the bacon merchants has not succeeded in healing the dispute between these bodies. An agreement of ten clauses formed the basis of arrangement between the parties, and these, with the exception of three, were readily adopted. The main difficulty of the situation arose out of the question of agencies. The merchants consider that agents are necessary to the transaction of their business, and offer a preference of those resident agencies to the pig buyers. The suggestion of the pig buyers' representatives is that the agents' business should be restricted to the old-established fairs and markets, a proposition to which the other side would not agree. Hence it appears that the

in connection with the record reign festivities that it is no wonder the heart-burning are many and deep. The *Weekly Freeman*, writing on the subject says:—"The Irish list of Jubilee honours does not err on the side of liberality. It is meagre and tame to a degree, and seems to have been framed strictly with a view to avoid the creation of jealousies. The inclusion of the presidents of the two Royal Colleges associated with the medical and surgical professions in the list comes as a matter of course in the Jubilee year; the two official Frithoods, those conferred on Mr. Cullinan and Colonel Dease, are strictly a tribute to the Castle, and we do not suppose that many will grudge Messrs. Reginald Guinness, William Watson and Benjamin Whitney their modest knightships. It is not, however, what has been given but what has been withheld that will excite most comment. Many pilot balloons have been sent up in vain, and bitter disappointment must exist to-day in more than one quarter that will be in the public eye."

Why Irishmen Should Rejoice.—The following satirical verses from the "Lobby Laureate" appear in the *Westminster Gazette*:—

Why don't you Irishmen rejoice?
Why don't you raise on high your voice?
Why don't you share the jovial scene?
Why don't you shout "God save the Queen?"
Why lurk you in your sullen lairs,
And give yourselves these senseless airs?
While every creature round you see,
Is revelling in the Jubilee?
You've now been ruled a hundred years
By British Commoners and Peers.
Wisdom and Worth in these combine,
Who govern by a right Divine,
Whose earnest care for you is shown
By laws which at your heads are thrown—
Laws which when rightly understood
Are all intended for your good;
Laws which, when they don't chance to suit you,
We "do not hesitate to shoot" you.
We send you Viceroy's of renown
To rule this jewel of our crown,
And yet when Jubilee comes round
On all our kindnesses you've frowned;

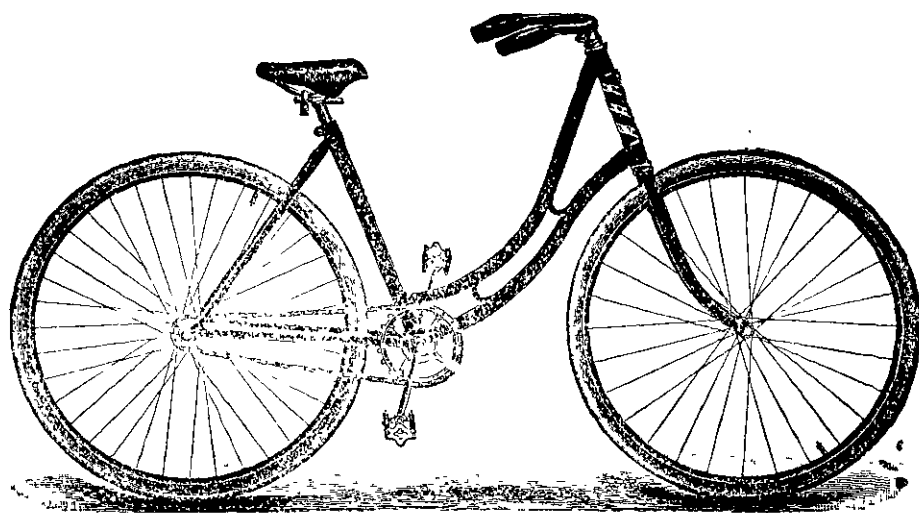
COMPARE SIZE AND WEIGHT OF STICKS.

Smoke T. C. Williams' JUNO. Smoke.

FOR HIGH-GRADE
IMPLEMENTS,
MACHINERY,
— *And* BICYCLES

YOU CANNOT SURPASS

MASSEY-HARRIS
CO., LTD.



All their Manufactures

ARE BUILT BY SKILLED WORKMEN
AND ARE GUARANTEED.

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CRAWFORD STREET, DUNEDIN.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MALDEN ISLAND GUANO.

PRICE FOR ENSUING SEASON £3 15s Net PER TON ON TRUCK, DUNEDIN.

The Quality will be of the same High Standard as formerly. SIXTY PER CENT Phosphate of Lime Guaranteed.

ORDERS SHOULD BE BOOKED IMMEDIATELY.

AGENTS:

N.Z. LOAN & MERCANTILE AGENCY CO.,

LTD. AND REDUCED.

ANDREW TODD, Manager, DUNEDIN.

Oh, surely 'tis a graceless task,
When such a little thing we ask,
For you like this to hold aloof,
And offer to your friends reproof.
Come, take a better line, we pray,
And celebrate with us the day;
Cease, cease, this sad complaining voice—
Confound you, Irishmen, rejoice!

Commercial.

REPORTS FOR WEEK ENDED AUGUST 24.

THE NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY COMPANY report as follows:—

Wheat—There are no sales of any consequence being effected and the business done is confined to odd lots of primest velvet, medium and fowls' wheat is offering freely and lower prices ruling for such. Quotations for best northern velvet, 4s 5d to 4s 6d; southern do, 4s to 4s 3d; best red wheat and Tuscan, nominally 4s to 4s 2d; medium, 3s 6d to 3s 9d; fowls' wheat, 2s 6d to 3s 3d (ex store, sacks weighed in, terms.)

Oats—The market is still somewhat quiet, at the same time there is more inquiry indicating a keener desire to operate, sales of good feed have this week been made at 2s 1d to 2s 2d. We quote prime malting 2s 3d to 2s 4d; best short feed, 2s 1d to 2s 2d; medium, 1s 11d to 2s; inferior, 1s 8d to 1s 9d (ex store, sacks extra, net.)

Barley—The business passing is almost confined to feed and a little for milling, good malting having all been about picked up by maltsters and exporters. Quotations for prime malting 4s to 4s 3d extra do, 4s 6d to 4s 9d; medium, 3s 3d to 3s 6d; inferior, 2s 6d to 3s (ex store, sacks extra, net.)

Grass Seeds—Small lots are now moving off for spring sowing, but there are no transactions of any magnitude. Quotations for best dressed ryegrass seed, 3s 6d to 3s 9d; extra prime, 4s to 4s 3d; medium, 2s 9d to 3s 3d; large seed, 2s 3d to 2s 6d (ex store, sacks extra, net). Cocksfoot, best dressed, 1½d to 1¾d; medium, 1d to 1½d per lb net (ex store, sacks extra, net).

Chaff—If anything the market is slightly weaker this week, best only fetching £3 7s 6d to £3 10s; medium, £2 7s 6d to £3; inferior, 2s to 3s per ton (ex truck, sacks extra, net).

Potatoes—Commitments being in excess of requirements late prices are not being maintained. Quotations for best Derwents, £2 12s 6d to £2 17s 6d; medium, £1 15s to £2 10s per ton (ex store, sacks in, net).

Sheepskins—All offered are freely taken up at quotations. Say for best dry crossbreds, 4d to 5½d; medium, 2½d to 3½d; dry merinos, 2d to 1½d per lb; best green crossbreds, 3s 9d to 4s 6d; medium, 3s to 3s 3d.

Rabbit-skins—There is spirited competition for best winter skins, while off-season and low quality command but little attention. Best winter grey fetch, 11½d to 12½d; extra prime does, 13½d; medium, 9d to 10½d; autumn, 6½d to 8½d; summer, 3d to 5d; suckers and inferior, 1d to 2d; best black and silver grey, 1s 2d to 1s 4d; extra choice, 1s 5d to 1s 6d; inferior to medium and good, 4d to 1s per lb.

Hides—Heavy are fetching 2½d to 3½d; extra do, 3½d to 3¾d; medium, 1½d to 2½d; inferior, 1d to 1½d.

Tallow and Fat—Best country rendered fetches 13s 6d to 15s; medium, 11s 6d to 13s; butchers' rough fat, best, 10s to 10s 6d; medium, 9s to 9s 6d; inferior, 8s to 8s 6d per cwt (ex store, net).

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co. report that prices ruled as under at their auction sale on Monday:—

Oats—We submitted a few lines, medium to fair feed, which sold under rather weak competition at 1s 10½d to 1s 11d per bushel. For lines suitable for shipment there has been more inquiry, but at prices which are no improvement on those current last week. We quote prime milling, 2s 1d to 2s 3d; seed lines, 2s 2d to 2s 6d; good to best feed, 1s 11d to 2s; medium to good, 1s 10d to 1s 11d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat—Sales are difficult to effect although prices are nominally unchanged.

Potatoes—The market is fully supplied and values slightly easier. We quote: Best northern Derwents, £2 12s 6d to £2 15s; best southern Derwents, £2 10s to £2 12s 6d per ton (bags in).

Chaff—Despite the wet weather a fair quantity was on offer to-day, and prices were lower than might have been expected. Best

oaten sheaf sold at £3 7s 6d to £3 10s; medium to good, £3 to £3 5s per ton (bags extra).

Messrs. Stronach Bros. and Morris report:—

Fat Cattle—209 yarded. Bidding was dull and prices were fully 10s lower compared with last week. Best bullocks fetched £7 to £8; best cows, £5 to £6 2s 6d; others in proportion.

Fat Sheep—5130 penned. Owing to the very large number forward the demand was slack and prices showed a decline of 1s to 1s 6d per head. Best crossbred wethers fetched 13s to 14s 3d; medium, 11s 6d to 12s 9d; best ewes, 10s 6d to 12s; medium, 8s 6d to 10s.

Pigs—There was a good demand and all forward met with a very good sale. Quotations unchanged.

Rabbit-skins—The market remains very firm and all offering realise satisfactory prices. Prime winters, 13d to 13½d; good do, 12½d to 12¾d; medium, 11d to 12d; autumn, 7d to 9d; summers, 4d to 6d; suckers and inferior, 1d to 3d; blacks, up to 18d; silver greys, to 19d per lb.

Sheepskins—Market steady. Green crossbreds, best, 4s to 4s 9d; others, 3s to 3s 9d; do merino, 2s 6d to 3s 3d; dry crossbreds, best, 4s to 5s; medium, 3s to 3s 10d.

Hides—Market steady. Prime heavy ox, 3½d to 3¾d; good do, 3d to 3½d; medium, 2½d to 2¾d; light and inferior, 1½d to 2d per lb.

Tallow—Market firm. Prime rendered, 14s to 15s 6d per owt.

Wheat—There is very little business passing and prices remain unaltered. Prime milling velvet, 4s 4d to 4s 6d; medium, 4s to 4s 3d; prime Tuscan, 4s 2½d to 4s 1d; medium, 4s to 4s 2d; fowl wheat, 3s to 3s 5d per bushel (sacks in).

Oats—Competition weak, prices unchanged. Quotations, prime milling, 2s 1d to 2s 3d; seed lines 2s 2d to 2s 6d; good to best feed, 1s 11d to 2s 0½d; medium, 1s 10d to 1s 10½d per bushel (sacks extra).

Barley—Market firm. Prime malting 4s 3d to 4s 5d; good do, 4s to 4s 2d; medium, 3s 6d to 3s 10d; feed and milling, 2s 9d to 3s 6d per bushel (sacks extra).

Chaff—There is a good deal offering and prices are slightly lower. Prime oaten sheaf, £3 5s to £3 10s; medium, £3 to £3 2s 6d per ton (bags extra).

Potatoes—Values easier. Prime Derwents £2 10s to £2 15s; medium £2 2s 6d to £2 7s 6d per ton (bags in).

Messrs. Samuel Orr and Co., Stafford street, report as follows:—

Canterbury has had some nice rain down as far as Timaru, which was bally wanted, and we look for the Oamaru district getting some soon, where it is urgently needed, no heavy showers having fallen there for many months.

Oats—We regret very much to report these as still in a bad state, and with nothing to give the dark cloud the tinge of a silver lining. Stocks are still very heavy both here and at the Bluff. Speculators are "dead to them," Sydney is "off them," Western Australia is "full," and when in the market Victoria is going to take up the running. What more can be said about the market than what we have mentioned? A trial parcel has gone in the Morayshire to London, and it is to be hoped that this will turn out a good investment and lead to heavy shipments—the only thing that can give the silver tinge to the dark cloud, and so gladden the hearts of the farmers of Otago and Southland who have not sold, and brighten, too, the hopes of those who are now sowing or preparing to sow this our principal and standby crop. We quote: Prime milling, Sutherlands and seed, up to 2s 4d; heavy bright feed, 2s 0½d; ordinary, 1s 11d to 2s.

Wheat—Home market still advancing. Continental firm and America most active, and we trust the latter will continue so, so that no more reaches our shores to break the prices down. It hasn't had the effect so far, and on the spot prime milling is still saleable at recent quotations.

Barley—The advance in prices and scarcity of prime quality have led to the importation of it from America, the quality of which is really tip-top. New Zealand is so easily reached by the "Frisco" mail steamers that we can only put any of our cereals at a certain price and in it comes from there. In the case of barley we are peculiarly situated, because our maltsters have to compete in certain markets with English malt, and can consequently only give up to a certain figure for the grain, while the brewers will only give up to a price at which they can bring it in from America. Our sales of barley are the largest of any in the Colony, and we write this fully in the interests of growers, whose business we solicit in this cereal.

Potatoes—Supplies being heavy, prices receded—northern to £3 2s 6d and southern as low as 50s to £3.

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!

At Moderate Prices.

THOS. JENKINS & CO.,

62A PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN
(Near Dowling Street),

Have just opened up a Splendid Variety of
TWEEDS, VICUNAS, WORSTEDS, &c.,
Suitable for season's requirements.

Fit and Style Guaranteed.

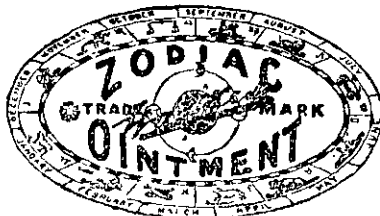
HOTEL FOR SALE.

HOTEL For Sale in a flourishing mining town.

This property is being sold to wind up the deceased owner's estate, and is offered at a very low figure. The mining companies in the neighbourhood are just starting to expend large sums of money in further developing the mines, many of which are paying well at the present time, and it is expected that within six months things will be very prosperous.

The hotel is centrally situated and is nicely built, having every convenience, &c.

Further particulars can be obtained from
DWAN BROS.,
Wills Street, Wellington.



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A WONDERFUL HEALER.

"It rubs them all out"

Specific for Sore Eyes, Ulcers, Wounds, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Bruises, Ringworm, Cracked Hands, Chilblains Eczema, Skin Disease, etc.

Price, One Shilling per Pot.

N.B.—Should your chemist or store not stock these Medicines, send direct to the Proprietor—

J. J. F. WALKER,
HIGH AND TUAM STREETS,
CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.,

And they will be sent to you by mail, securely packed, postage paid, on receipt of stamps or P.O. order.

A HIGH AUTHORITY ON

WAI-RONGOA MINERAL WATER.

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 effervescing, 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 Bullmy'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.

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, FLAVOURING ESSENCES, GENUINE MADRAS CURRY 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.

MASONIC HOTEL.

Opposite Railway Station,
PALMERSTON NORTH.

M. DRURY (late of Awahuri) notifies the travelling public and visitors that he has taken the above Hotel, where every accommodation will be found.

None but the Best Brands of Wines,
Spirits and Ale in stock.
Excellent stabling accommodation.

UNION STEAM SHIP COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND, LIMITED.

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

Steamers will be de-patched as under :

LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON—			
Te Anau	Frid., Sept. 3	2.30 p.m. trn	
Talune	Sat., Sept. 1	2.30 p.m. trn	
Waihora	Tues., Sept. 7	2 p.m. D'din	
NAPIER, GISBORNE and AUCKLAND—			
Waihora	Tues., Sept. 7	2 p.m. D'din	
Mararoa	Tues., Sept. 21	4 p.m. D'din	
SYDNEY, via WELLINGTON—			
Talune	Sat., Sept. 4	2.30 p.m. trn	
Wakatipu	Mon., Sept. 13	4 p.m. D'din	
SYDNEY via AUCKLAND—			
Waihora	Tues., Sept. 7	2 p.m. D'din	
Mararoa	Tues., Sept. 21	4 p.m. D'din	
MELBOURNE via BLUFF and HOBART—			
Monowai	Sept. 5	2.30 p.m. trn	
Waikare	Mon., Sept. 13	4 p.m. D'din	
WESTPORT, via TIMARU, AKAROA, LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, PICTON and NELSON—			
Omapere *	Thurs., Sept. 2	4 p.m. D'din	
Corinna	Frid., Sept. 10	4 p.m. D'din	
			* Calls Greymouth

GREYMOUTH, via OAMARU, TIMARU, LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, and NEW PLYMOUTH—			
Herald	Wed., Sept. 8	4 p.m. D'din	
TONGA, SAMOA, FIJI and SYDNEY—			
Ovalau	Wed., Sept. 22	From Auckland	
FIJI (SUVA and LEVUKA)—			
Flora	Wed., Sept. 8	From Auckland	
TAHITI and RAROTONGA—			
Upolu	Wed., Sept. 1	From Auckland	

ARTHUR BRISCOE & CO.

PRINCES STREET, JETTY STREET,
and BOND STREET.

- FOR Cricket Material, Splendid Assortment by Best Makers.
- FOR Lawn Tennis Racquets and Balls, Croquet Sets.
- FOR Ironmongery. Large stocks of newest goods at Low Price.
- FOR Enamelled Ware, Silver Ware, Lamps, Grates, Ties, Fenders, Bedsteads.
- FOR Cement, Roofing Iron, Bar Iron, Iron and Steel Sheets and Peates, Pipes, Lead, Oils, Colours, etc., etc.
- FOR Gold Dredging Plant, Ropes, Oils Belting, Waste, all high grade and priced low. We pay great attention to dredge requirements and select our makers at Home very carefully.
- FOR Standards (net weight only charged), Fencing Wire, Barbed Wire, and all farm requirements.

FOR **TEA.** FOR

We guarantee every pound, and as Arthur Briscoe and Co's. guarantee is acknowledged to be beyond question, we confidently request you to ask your Grocer for our Blends.

Silver Crest, Golden Crest, Avondale

and
Sirisanda.

No mixing of old bonded shipments. Our Teas are Fresh, Pure, and Reliable.

ARTHUR BRISCOE AND CO.,
DUNEDIN INVERCARGILL, WELLINGTON
SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, LONDON.



CITIZENS' LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED

The Largest Industrial Life Office in Australasia.

REGISTERED CAPITAL, £200,000.

ACCUMULATED FUNDS EXCEED A QUARTER OF A MILLION.

ANNUAL INCOME EXCEEDS £177,493.
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Security Lodged with Australasian Governments, including New Zealand.

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Head Office: Castlereagh street, Sydney.
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CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.
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2 & 3 ROSS' BUILDINGS, THE OCTAGON
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FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, CONSUMPTION, &c.

KAY'S COMPOUND ESSENCE OF Linseed, Aniseed, Senega, Squill, Tolu, &c. CAUTION.—Spurious imitations are being offered.

KAY'S COMPOUND, a demulcent expectorant, for Coughs, Colds and Chest Complaints.

KAY'S COMPOUND for Coughs and Colds is equally serviceable for horses and cattle

KAY'S TIC PILLS, a specific in Neuralgia, Face-ache, &c. Contain Quinine, Iron, &c

LINUM CATIARTICUM PILLS, digestive, corrective and agreeably aperient.

COAGULINE.—Cement for Broken Articles. Sold Everywhere. Manufactory, Stockport, England.

Chaff—Prices for really good stuff better and still inquired for up to L3 15s.
 SEEDS—Demand fairly good, but will write on them fully next week.

MESSRS. EDWARD THOMAS AND CO., Bond Street, Dunedin, Wool Skin, Hair and Hide Merchants, reports:—

Rabbitskins—No alteration, prices remaining firm. We quote: For good, selected does, 13½d to 13¾d; mixed bucks and does run from 12d to 13d, according to quality and proportion of each; second winters, 10d to 12d; incomings, 9d to 10d; autumn, 8d; racks, 5d to 5½d; light racks, 3d to 4d; suckers up to 3½d.

Sheepskins.—Prices on the whole are keeping firm and those coming forward meet a good market.

Hair—Selected, straight tail, 15½d; good tail and long main, 15d

Hides—Demand continues strong and firm prices are realised.

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

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

The entries for Saturday's sale consisted chiefly of spring cart and buggy horses, among which were some useful sorts showing a considerable amount of quality and building. The attendance of buyers was good, and a fair amount of business was done. The few draughts offered met with good competition, and now that the weather has broken and the farmers north of Dunedin are able to get on with ploughing, etc. there will, in all probability, be an increased demand. Consignments of really good draughts will sell well in this market, and those having this class of horses for disposal will find it to their advantage to sell here. Spring carters and bus horses were well competed for, and a number found new owners at satisfactory prices. The inquiry for hacks and buggy horses is improving slightly now that the spring is advancing, but it is only animals of first-class quality that are wanted. We quote: First-class heavy young draughts at from L30 to L35 (extra heavy a pound or two more); medium, L22 to L27; aged, L15 to L20; hacks and strong carriage horses, L15 to L20; good spring-cart sorts, L11 to L15; light hacks, L7 to L10; inferior, L2 to L5.

MR. F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale price only—Oats: Quiet; feed, medium to good, 1s 10d to 2s; milling 2s 2d to 2s 4d; fowls' wheat, 2s 6d to 3s 6d; milling, 4s 6d to 4s 9d; chaff, L3 to L3 10s. Ryegrass, hay, L2 10s to L3. Straw 2½s per ton; loose, 28s. Potatoes L2 10s to L3 per ton. Flour: Roller, L11 to L11 10s; Oatmeal: L12 10s in 25lbs. Butter: Dairy, 7d to 10d; factory, 1s 2d. Eggs, 10d; Bran, L3 5s. Pollard L3 15s. Onions L10.

For Our Young Readers.

DERIVATION OF "FAD" AND "TIP."

WORDS that are not to be found in the dictionary frequently have a more interesting history than clusters about their more legitimate brothers. "Fad" is said to be derived from the first letters of the three words "for a day," thus making it somewhat akin in origin to "tip." The story goes that in an old-time English tavern a receptacle for small coin was placed in a conspicuous place, over which appeared the legend, "To insure promptness." Whatever was dropped in the box was given to the servants. Other taverns followed the example, and soon the three words were written "T.I.P.," everybody knowing what they indicated. Then the punctuation marks were dropped, and the word "tip" was born.

A WISE EMPLOYER.

In his younger days Mr. W. H. Smith was usually present to see the London morning papers despatched, and one morning something at one of the offices had gone wrong, so that there was great risk of that paper missing the trains. Mr. Smith, recognising the difficulty, threw off his coat, worked away as hard as any of his subordinates, and the vans left with just time to catch the trains. He was afterwards leaning over one of the tables reading a paper, still in his shirt sleeves, when one of the men, mistaking him for a mate, gave him a resounding smack on the broad expanse, exclaiming, "Well, Jack, old man, we got that lot away smartly." When "W. H." raised himself, and then began to rub behind, the man rushed away, terrified by his blunder. On coming on duty at night the man received a note addressed to him, which he concluded contained the "sack," but to his surprise it was to inform him that from the end of that week he would be a foreman. "W. H." had sense enough to see that a man who was so delighted at having accomplished a difficult task for his employers was made of the right stuff.

THE FACULTY OF OBSERVATION.

"Gentlemen, you do not use your faculties of observation," said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he pushed forward a gallipot containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. "When I was a student," he continued, "I used my sense of taste," and with that he dipped his finger in the gallipot, and then put his finger in his mouth.

"Taste it, gentlemen, taste it," said the professor, "and exercise your perceptive faculties."

The gallipot was pushed towards the reluctant class one by one. The students resolutely dipped their fingers into the concoction, and with many a wry face sucked the abomination from their fingers.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the professor, "I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation, for had you looked more closely at what I was doing, you would have seen that the finger which I put in my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot."

Sunday Corner.

A PRAYER.

(Written during a severe illness.)

ONLY a little longer let me stay,
 For much remains undone.
 Of victories, planned at break of day,
 Few, few are won,
 And now life's ardent noon fades fast away.

Only a little longer. Night draws near
 When none may labour more.
 Deep in my soul the hush I hear
 Of evening's hour,
 And weary, welcome the approaching power.

I do not fear to see the shadows grow,
 To feel the darkness spread;
 To share their rest, who rest below,
 The sacred dead.
 Or to explore the mysteries they know.

Beyond the night, the eternal soul awakes
 To other, brighter day.
 Death is but sleep, that gently takes
 Life's load away,
 And fits our powers renewed new parts to play.

I know the force within can never cease,
 That He from whom it came,
 From earthly fetters can release
 The imprisoned flame,
 And, after trial, give His perfect peace—

That like white bird, whose tireless wings descend
 From far beyond the sky,
 Skim the dull earth, then backward bend
 Their flight on high,
 The soul to life stoops from eternity.

Yet would I leave, ere comes the final hour,
 A worthier work behind—
 Impress with keener power
 The human mind—
 A little longer labour for mankind.

—ROBERT BLAKE, in *Irish Monthly*

Here we may, if we choose, make the worst of one another. Everyone has his weak point; everyone has faults. We may make the worst of these; we may fix our attention constantly upon these. It is a very easy task, and by so doing we shall make the burden of life unendurable, and turn friends into enemies, and provoke strife, hatred, heartburnings wherever we go, and cut off from ourselves one of the chief sources of happiness, and goodness, and usefulness. But we may also make the best of one another. We may forgive, even as we hope to be forgiven. We may put ourselves in the place of others, and ask what we should wish to be done to us, and thought of us, were we in their place. By fixing our attention on their good qualities we shall rise to their level as surely as by fixing our attention on their bad qualities we shall sink below their level. By loving whatever is lovable in those around us love will become a pleasure instead of a pain, and earth will become like heaven; and we, if God so please, shall become not unworthy followers of Him whose name is love.

Our system of book-keeping as regards our account with God seems to be very peculiar. The Father gave us His only begotten Son, this Son gave us the last drop of His blood; and we give Them in return a sleepy half-hour on Sunday morning, and we think the ledger is balanced.

The Corpus-Christi festival was blessed with magnificent weather this year all over Spain. The reverence and good order that everywhere prevailed, notwithstanding that the lines of the procession were more crowded than in former years, show that the Anarchist outrages last year were the acts of isolated people.

"He is crazy about etiquette. He saw in the paper the other day that in the best circles the wife lades out the soup, and he has consequently given up soup." "Why?" "He has no wife."

"Well, little chap," said the stranger in the family, picking up one of the children, "what are you going to be when you're a man?" "Nuffin," said the child. "Nothing? Why so?" asked the stranger. "Because," said the child, "I'm a little girl."

We have all heard of wooden legs and cork arms, but the fact has been generally overlooked that the feet of all shop-assistants are counter-feit.

Mrs. Mann meeting her former servant: "Ah, May, I suppose you are getting better wages at your new place?" May: "No, ma'am I'm working for nothing now; I'm married."

Mr. Henry Frowde (Oxford University Press) is about to publish for the Egypt Exploration Fund what will excite general and widespread interest. This is nothing less than part of a collection of Logia, or Sayings of Christ, reproduced from an odd leaf of a papyrus book found on the edge of the Libyan desert by Mr. Bernard P. Grenfell, of Queen's College, and Mr. A. S. Hunt, of Magdalen College, Oxford. There will be much controversy as to the antiquity of the Logia. It is thought that the collection was made at the beginning of the second century, or even earlier, and that the writing of the sentences may date from the second century. The sayings are detached, without context, and each begins with the words "Jesus saith." In addition to reproducing the leaf by colotype process, it has been decided to print an edition for a few pence with the help of a tone block, so that the treasure may be brought within the reach of everyone.

PORCELAIN GUMS.

ARE PERFECTION.

DETECTION IS IMPOSSIBLE.

T. J. COLLINS,

DENTAL SURGEON

(10 years with Leading London Dentists),

41 PRINCES ST., DUNEDIN.

Having imported the Latest Appliances for the manufacture of this artistic work, we have decided to supply all permanent cases with it in lieu of vulcanite—without extra cost to the patient.

RABBITSKINS.

EDWARD THOMAS & CO.,

LARGEST EXPORTERS OF
—RABBITSKINS—

In the Colony.

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NOTICE.

All communications connected with the Commercial Department of the N.Z. TABLET Newspaper are to be addressed to John Murray, Secretary, to whom also Post Office Orders and Cheques are in all instances to be made payable.

All communications connected with the literary department, reports, correspondence, newspaper cuttings, etc., should be addressed to the Editor.

Correspondents are particularly requested to bear in mind that to insure publication in any particular issue of the paper communications must reach this Office not later than Tuesday morning.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W.B.—We regret we are unable to find room for the poetry. The verses have considerable merit, but are hardly up to publication standard.

MARY.—Apply to the Rev. Mother Prioress, Dominican Convent, Dunedin, giving address and full particulars.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1897.

THE THEOLOGY OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.



NOTWITHSTANDING the failure of the Archbishop of York's recent mission to the East, ardent Anglicans still seem to cherish the hope of accomplishing some sort of reunion with the Russian Church. At the recent Jubilee festivities the Archbishop of Finland was present as representing the Russian Church and the Russian people, and many Anglicans, reading their own wishes into the Archbishop's visit, imagined that his real object in coming to England was to promote the union of the Russian and Anglican Churches. He was accordingly met at the Victoria station, and what is described as "an extremely unctuous and flattering address" was presented to him, which, after lauding the Russian Church "as the mightiest of all national churches, a Church which is honoured throughout the world as the inflexible upholder of the saving faith of our Redeemer as revealed in the Holy Scriptures," etc., concluded by praying that the two communions might be drawn more closely together. In view of these repeated and persistent attempts on the part of the Anglican body to secure recognition from or union

with Russia, it may be interesting to draw attention to some of the main features of Russian doctrine and see how far such a reunion is likely, or, indeed, is capable of being realised. This has been done with great clearness and ability in a series of articles by a writer in the *London Tablet*, and we freely avail ourselves of the valuable information which they contain. The articles confine themselves to an examination of those doctrines and practices which figure most prominently in Anglo-Roman controversy, such as transubstantiation, the Eucharistic sacrifice and devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and the writer has no difficulty in showing from the Russian and Oriental liturgies, as well as from catechisms and other books of instruction, how hopelessly at variance the Anglican and Russian Churches are, and how abortive must be every attempt at their fusion or reunion.

And first as to transubstantiation, the great mystery of the Holy Eucharist, which is, as St. THOMAS says, "the sacrament of unity." The Russian teaching on this matter is in perfect harmony with that of the Catholic Church. The Russian Catechism, examined and approved by the Holy Synod, and published by the command of the Tsar, has the following:—"Q: What is the Communion?" "A: "The Communion is a sacrament in which the believer, under the appearances, eateth the true Body and Blood of CHRIST, unto life eternal." And on a later page, "What is the most important action in this part of the Liturgy?" "A: The pronouncing the word which JESUS CHRIST spoke in instituting the sacrament: Take and eat, this is My Body: Drink ye all of this, this is My Blood of the New Testament. And then the invocation of the Holy Ghost, and the blessing of the gifts, that is of the bread and wine which are offered." "Q: Why is this important? A: Because at this very action the bread and wine are changed into the true Body of CHRIST and into the true Blood of CHRIST." A later edition, published under the same authority and translated by the late Mr. BLACKMORE, has "changed or transubstantiated." And the ancient Eastern Liturgy bears still more striking testimony to the real objective presence of the Body and Blood of CHRIST in the Holy Eucharist. In the Blessing and Invocation of which the catechism speaks, the celebrant says: "Make this bread the glorious Body of Thy Christ. . . . and what is in this chalice the glorious Blood of Thy Christ. . . . Changing by Thy Holy Spirit. . . . I believe that this is Thy very all holy Body and this is Thy very glorious Blood." The use of such language could not be justified by any doctrine which falls short of the Catholic dogma of Transubstantiation. Here, then, is a fundamental point of variance between the two Churches. On the one side we have the doctrine of the Real Presence clearly and definitely set forth in the authoritative documents of the Church and openly professed by all its members. On the other side we have only the hazy and indefinite belief of a certain school of advanced High Churchmen, while a considerable number of the bishops, the clergy, and the laity agree in denouncing even this vague and varying theory as altogether incompatible with the official formularies of the English Church. Turning now to the question as to whether or not there is a real sacrifice in the Eucharist, we again find the Russian Church bearing witness to the dogmas of Catholic theology. In the opening prayers of the Mass of the faithful in the Slavonic liturgy the priest says: "Look upon me Thy sinful and unprofitable servant, and cleanse my soul and heart from all wayward thoughts, and make me fit, by the might of Thy Holy Spirit invested with grace of the priesthood, to stand at Thy holy table, and to consecrate in priestly wise Thy holy and most pure Body and Thy precious Blood. . . . For Thou, O Christ our God, art He that offereth and He that is offered, He that receiveth and He that is given." Precisely similar words are used in the other Eastern liturgies. And a crowning proof of the sacrificial nature of the Eucharist in the Russian Church is to be found in the fact that it is offered for the souls of the faithful departed as well as for the worshippers actually present. Thus in the Russian Missal we meet with this rubrical direction: "But if it be offered for the dead, the deacon, while he incenses, says the following Ektenia: 'O God, according to Thy great mercy, we pray Thee to hear and have mercy.' The Choir: 'Lord, have mercy' (thrice). The Deacon: 'Moreover, we pray for the repose of the soul of the departed servant of God N.N., and for the forgiveness of all his sins, wilful or not wilful.' The Choir: 'Lord, have mercy' (thrice). There is nothing at all

corresponding to this in Anglican worship, and this furnishes yet another gap which must be bridged over before reunion can be thought of. Coming finally to the question of devotion to the Mother of God we find that this devotion is so warm and fervent in the Russian Church that even Catholic devotion seems dull and cold by comparison. We have space for only two brief extracts. In the Slavonic Liturgy the following remarkable commemoration of Our Lady follows soon after the consecration:—"Then at the mention of the Blessed Virgin, as especially commemorated, the choirs burst in with an anthem: 'It is meet indeed to call thee Blessed, O *Deipara*, ever-blessed and all-immaculate, and mother of our God, more honourable than the cherubim and more glorious than the seraphim beyond compare, who, with unimpaired virginity, didst bear GOD the Word, we magnify thee as being truly the Mother of GOD.' " And in the Coptic Mass the priest incenses the Image of the Blessed Virgin thrice, and says the prayer:—"Rejoice, O MARY, comely dove, who hast brought forth for us GOD the Word! We salute thee with the Angel GABRIEL: Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Rejoice, O Virgin, true Queen! Rejoice, the glory of our race! Thou hast brought forth Emmanuel for us. O faithful advocate, remember us before thy Son, JESUS CHRIST, that He may forgive us our sins." Even advanced Anglicans who have learned to practise some devotion to MARY themselves feel constrained to censure Catholic extravagance in the honour paid to the Blessed Virgin. What possible affinity can their Church have to the spirit of fervent devotion to MARY which breathes through all the Liturgies of the Eastern Church?

We have now examined the teaching of the Russian Church on three important points over which there has been much controversy between England and Rome, and we have seen that the Russian Church gives clear testimony to the truth of Catholic teaching on all those points. Whatever difference there may be between the two Churches on other matters, on these points Rome and Russia are at one. And though Anglican visitors to Russia may be received with all kindness, and their courtesies may be cordially reciprocated, it is clear that the Russian Church cannot unite with the Anglican body in real fellowship and communion until the Catholic doctrine on the Holy Eucharist, and Mass for the living and the dead, and devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, shall be accepted, not merely as the pious belief of a party, but as the official and authorised teaching of the English Church.

A VERY pleasant evening was spent on Tuesday, August 17, in the Christian Brothers School, the occasion being a soiree given by the Rev. Father Ryan to the altar and choir boys of St. Joseph's Cathedral. The Rev. Fathers Murphy and Lynch (Palmerston), and the Christian Brothers were also present. A most enjoyable programme was gone through, the following taking part:—Messrs. C. Fottrell, Black, Coughlan and Holey, and Masters C. Hall, Cotter, D. Columb, S. Columb, Davis, Woods, Swanson, Hughes, J. Black and Poppelwell. The accompaniments were played throughout by Mr. F. Stokes. Before going away the boys gave three hearty cheers for Father Ryan, who, in a few words, thanked the ladies who had kindly given their services in looking after the wants of the boys.

ON Saturday, August 7, a sad accident, which terminated fatally, happened to Peter Laverty, aged six and a-half years, only son of Mrs. Laverty, of the Gladstone Hotel, of this city. The little fellow, who was living with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, of Hyde, and attending the Hyde School, had been spending his midwinter holidays with his mother at Dunedin. Returning home with his grandfather on Saturday week last, he was thrown from the buggy that was conveying them from the Hyde Railway Station, receiving a nasty wound on the head and also a severe shaking. Dr. Shields, with his usual promptitude, was immediately in attendance and was most assiduous in his attention to the little sufferer. Human aid, however, proved of no avail, for the boy died on Saturday. The funeral took place on Tuesday and the remains were followed to the Southern Catholic Cemetery by a goodly number of people, a great many of whom came all the way from Blacks, Maniototo and Hyde. Little Peter was an exceedingly promising, manly lad, and was a great favourite with all who knew him. In the loss of her only son, the greatest sympathy is felt for Mrs. Laverty everywhere more especially perhaps at Hyde, where she was better known, and where, during her business career, she established herself a general favourite; also for Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, who are widely known and universally respected throughout the

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(IMPROVED AROMATIC.)

whole of Central Otago. The greatest praise is due to Doctor and Mrs. Shields for their unceasing attention and judicious nursing of the deceased; also to Miss Dawson, who did all in her power to allay the boy's suffering and comfort the afflicted relatives. The Rev. Father Lynch, of Palmerston, conducted the burial service.

THE marriage of Mr. C. Brooks of Mauriceville to Miss McKenzie (says the *Wairarapa Star* of the 18th inst.) took place at the residence of the bride's parents at Tinui on Tuesday. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father J. McKenna. The newly-married couple started at once for Mauriceville East, where a social in honour of the event was held in Cottiss' Hall in the evening. There were a large number of guests and a most enjoyable time was spent. The best of refreshments were provided by Mr. Cottiss, and songs were rendered by a number of those present.

DURING the past week the following subscription to the South Dunedin Catholic Orphanage Fund has been received:—Mr. Starkey (Winton) £1 ls. Contributions towards the erection of the orphanage will be thankfully received by the Sisters of Mercy of South Dunedin and by the Catholic clergy of Dunedin, and will be duly acknowledged in the columns of the TABLET.

THE *Charleston Herald* of the 11th inst has the following:—It is with feelings of deep regret that we are called upon to chronicle the death at the early age of 19, of Mr. Charles James Maloney, second eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Maloney of this town, which sad event occurred on Sunday evening last. About 18 months ago the deceased had a very severe attack of influenza, from the effects of which he never properly recovered, and day by day he pined away. His condition was so serious on Friday morning last that it was deemed advisable to send for the Rev. Father Costello who administered the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church to the dying youth. From then he gradually became weaker, until death claimed him as above stated. The sufferings he endured were known only to himself and he bore them with true Christian fortitude. Poor Charley who had before him a bright and promising career, was held in the highest respect by everyone in the district. He was of a quiet and unassuming disposition, and his untimely end has caused a feeling of deep regret throughout the whole community. His death is another striking instance of the uncertainty of life. Two years ago he was a strong healthy lad brimful of the vigour of youth, and no one thought that he was so soon to be cut down by the cruel hand of death. However, it must be a great consolation for his grief stricken parents and relatives to know that he was well prepared to leave this world. General sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. Maloney in their sad bereavement. The funeral which took place yesterday afternoon was one of the largest seen here for some years, many friends of the deceased from Westport, Addisons, and Brighton following the mournful procession to the Roman Catholic cemetery, where the Rev. Father Walsh officiated very impressively. The choir of which deceased was a member, sang several hymns at the grave and thus was laid to rest one of the most popular young men that Charleston possessed. May his soul rest in peace.

MOTHER MARY JOSEPH AUBERT desires to acknowledge the following donations in aid of the Infants' Home she has established at Jerusalem, in which there are now 30 children:—Mr. Hatriek, £5 and refund of 50 per cent of freight on timber; Messrs. James Thain and Co., Wanganui, £5 5s; Mr. F. M. Spurdle, £1; Mrs. Dr. Grace, Wellington, £10; Messrs. Johnston and Co., Wellington, £5; Mr. T. J. McCarthy, Wellington, £5; Mr. A. A. Corrigan, D.I.C., Wellington, £3; Mr. McAule, Wellington, £2; a friend, £2; another friend, £2; Mr. McReynolds, £1; a friend, £2; a friend, £20; Mr. Reid, Wellington, £1; Miss Lamont, Wellington, 10s; total, £61 15s. Mr. R. P. Collins, of Wellington, has prepared plans and specifications for a much-required addition to the Home, and passed through Wanganui the other day on his way to Jerusalem to inspect a site. When the work is under weigh he will supervise it and assist generally, free of any cost. We would add that any of our readers who feel inclined to help the good work may send their offering either to Mother Mary Joseph Aubert, Jerusalem, Wanganui River, or to the Editor, TABLET Office. All contributions received by us will be duly acknowledged.

Dynamos, engines, and all kinds of electric light accessories can be had from J. Dawson, electrical engineer, Lambton Quay, Wellington. Estimates given for electric work in town or country.

The lightest draught binder in the world is the Deering "Pony" Binder, which is all steel with ball and roller bearings. Reid and Gray, agents. See advertisement.

We draw attention to an important advertisement from the Land and Survey Department announcing the opening of a large number of Crown lands for settlement.

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Diocese of Christchurch.

(From our own correspondent.)

NEW SANATORIUM.

IN about a week the new Government sanatorium at Hammer Plains will be out of the contractor's hands and ready for visitors to the hot springs. The house is situated on the main road from Culverden, and faces the East. The grounds, which are seven acres in extent, and adjoin the old bath premises are now being laid out with walks, drives, flower-beds and shrubberies, and surrounded with plantations of ornamental trees. The entrance is gained from the road by three large gates, and the building, which is one storey high, and is of wood with an iron roof, has, from the approach, a handsome and substantial appearance. The foundations are of red birch piles, 3ft. high, cut out of the local bush, and the ground timbers are all of heart of totara. The framing is of red pine, and the floors and rusticated boarding on the outer wall are of black pine. The ground dimensions of the place are:—93ft. frontage by 79½ft. on the south side, and 70ft. on the north side; but out of this there is a courtyard of 28ft. by 30ft. The house is divided into twenty-seven rooms, and the lavatories, which are connected with the main building, form a wing 34ft. by 10ft. Besides these there are the following rooms for the staff:—Doctor's room, caretaker's office, bed and sitting room, two bedrooms for servants and also kitchen, pantry, washhouse, storerooms, larder and wood and coal-house. The kitchen, pantry and other rooms are all fitted up with the most modern appliances. In the front of the house, between projecting wings on each side, there is a verandah 53ft. in length by 12ft. in depth, laid with totara flooring, and furnished in front with handrail and balusters. The entrance is by a flight of steps under an arched gable, and at each end of the verandah are doors leading into the smoke and ladies' rooms. The walls inside are covered with tongued and grooved lining, and the ceilings are panelled, and the dining and smoke rooms, office and corridors, which give access to the various rooms, are furnished with a dado 4ft. high, composed of selected red pine. The inside and outside walls are painted in tasteful colours, and the doors, windows and skirtings, mouldings and dados are varnished. Excellent ventilation is obtained by means of "Torpedo" ventilators connected by pipes with the various rooms. Hot and cold water is laid on throughout the house, and the front door and principal rooms are connected with the servants apartments by an electric bell installation. The whole premises are drained with a net-work of pipes, and the sanitary arrangements are up to date. The intention is to eventually heat and light the house with natural gas from the springs. The provision of a comfortable sanatorium close to the baths will, without doubt, lead to a large increase of visitors to the Hammer Springs. The contract price for the new buildings was £1,966.

Diocese of Auckland.

(From our own correspondent.)

Thursday, 19, 1897.

LAST Sunday the great Feast of the Assumption was celebrated in a worthy manner in the city churches. At the cathedral, at early Mass, the Children of Mary most appropriately assembled in a large body in their neat robes and sang the music of Bordese's Mass, subsequently approaching the altar rails and receiving Holy Communion. At 11 o'clock High Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Mulvihill, Adm., Father Croke, deacon, and Father Buckley, subdeacon. The choir, under the baton of their efficient conductor, Mr. Hiscocks, rendered very ably Weber's Mass in "G." During the Offertory, Gounod's "Ave Maria" was admirably rendered by Miss Coleta Lorrigan. Father Croke preached on the Gospel of the day, concluding with an earnest exhortation to place every confidence in the intercession of our Blessed Lady. In the evening Rev. Father Kehoe delivered a splendid discourse, the subject being the great Feast of the Assumption. It was a fine specimen of pulpit oratory, and was listened to with marked attention. A procession of the Blessed Sacrament, followed by Benediction, brought the festival to a close.

The Right Rev. Dr. Leman paid Ouehanga his first episcopal visit on Sunday last, the Feast of the Assumption. His Lordship assisted in the sanctuary at Mass, after which he confirmed a number of children and adults. The lady presented an address, which was read by Mr. James Leahy and accompanied by a purse of sovereigns, half of which the Bishop returned for parochial purposes. The Bishop paid a high and well-deserved compliment to the Very Rev. Monsignor Paul for his untiring zeal in the work of the parish, a proof of which they had in the fine Church of the Assumption, which was entirely free from debt. The Bishop returned to Auckland in the afternoon.

The Rev. Father Gillan is about to commence another series of lectures on Sunday evenings in St. Patrick's on "Early Christianity in Ireland."

A most successful social was held in the Catholic Institute last night in aid of St. Patrick's pre-bytary building fund. The management was all that could be desired and reflected the greatest credit upon the ladies of the parish.

Steps have already been inaugurated to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, 1898. Procrastination cannot be charged against the Irishmen of Auckland in connection with their national celebration.

The next parish to receive a visit from the Bishop will be Otahuhu on Sunday next.

It is being sought to circumscribe the Saturday afternoons upon which various public bodies utilize the domain cricket ground. Though it be admitted that the cricketers have done much towards improving this plot, yet it does appear strange that a ground belonging to the people should at certain periods be denied to them.

"FLAG" BRAND Pickles and Sauces Have gained 28 FIRST AWARDS This is sufficient proof of the quality; so be

sure to mark this Brand on your order to the Grocer.

HAYWARD BROS., Manufacturers

Auckland is once more in the proud position of heading the list in the matter of customs dues. Though considered to be isolated the northern capital leads the van in colonial progress.

The local branch of the Irish National Federation intends on Wednesday, September 8, to hold an entertainment when Mr. J. M. Geddis, editor of the *Observer*, will deliver a lecture dealing with that great son of Erin, Edmund Burke. At intervals appropriate Irish music will be rendered. As this is Edmund Burke's centenary it is fitting that at the antipodes his memory should be kept enshrined in the memories and affections of his countrymen and women.

The Hibernian Society is to approach Holy Communion in a body next Sunday at St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Juvenile crime has extended to a branch hitherto thought to be practised only by the "old birds"—*viz.*, that of house-breaking. No less than five youths were this week incarcerated for this heinous offence. The schoolmaster's instruction is not all that is necessary to make good citizens. Our colonial wise-acres, like the Bourbons, on this subject at least, never learn anything until it is too late. Records like this falsify the saying "every school opened closes a jail."

Rev. Brother John, Provincial of the Marist Order, has been in Auckland during the last fortnight attending to the business of the Order. The result of the visit is that we are very soon to have a college high school worthy of the name. It is to be erected on one of the vacant allotments belonging to the diocese, and situated in the suburbs.

The electric tramway system has once more been broached in the City Council. For some months the question has, like Mahomet's coffin, remained suspended between heaven and earth.

THE RECORD REIGN HISTORICAL CARNIVAL.

A SUCCESSFUL TERMINATION.

OUR Christchurch correspondent gives the following account of the conclusion of the great carnival:—

On Tuesday evening week, the bazaar, which has been the most successful ever held in this city, was concluded. There was a good house on the occasion, and the programme, both with regard to the historical tableaux and the musical selections, was excellent. Indeed, in whatever way one considers the carnival one must acknowledge that it was strikingly great and unique in its character and that everything in connection therewith was well planned and well carried out. There were eight stalls, which were supplied with choice articles and which were attended by a hundred or more picturesquely dressed young ladies, who were indefatigable in their exertions to advance the noble cause for which the carnival was organised. In addition to the stalls, there were two or more side shows, which carried on a lot of business. Among these was Madame Nita, who did wonders in the art of palmistry. Bishop Lenihan has pronounced the historical procession which opened each evening's proceedings to be one of the most beautiful spectacles of the kind that he ever witnessed. The historical tableaux, as to number and realistic beauty, merit the greatest praise, and proved a leading feature in the entertainment provided for each evening or afternoon performance. Among the tableaux were many very pretty displays, and, perhaps, none more so than the "Rock of Ages," the "Wreck of the 'Asmanna,'" and the "Entry of Queen Elizabeth into London," in which Miss Ella O'Malley, who represented the Queen, rode the white horse which was used recently by Mr. Bignold when impersonating Henry V. The music also, both vocal and instrumental, was of a high character and was greatly appreciated. The secretary, Mr. E. O'Connor, who has had entire charge of the carnival during the thirteen nights that it has continued, is not in a position yet to speak definitely as to the results of the carnival. But enough is, however, known to show that from a financial point of view the bazaar is also far ahead of all previous bazaars held in this city. The amount thus raised will no doubt greatly assist the Sisters to liquidate the debt on their convent, and will prevent them from having to pay away in interest money which they need so much to carry on their excellent schools. During the carnival a very amusing incident and burglar scare took place. It appears that a well-wisher had presented a couple of fine cross-bred sheep to be sold for the benefit of the funds, and as they arrived late in the evening, they were put into one of the side rooms until the next day. Shortly after midnight the night-watchman, Mr. F. Harvey, who had not been told that the sheep were on the premises, heard what he took to be burglars moving about in the hall, and immediately went off for a policeman. One was soon found and information was sent to the police station, and in a short time half a dozen members of the force were on the scene armed with bull's-eye lanterns, with which they proceeded to search the premises. Their attention being attracted by a noise in one of the stalls, the entrance to it was surrounded, and when one of the bull's-eyes was turned on, it was found that the burglars were nothing more terrible than the two innocent sheep which had escaped from the room and were wandering round the hall. The chagrin of the watchman and the police may be left to the imagination of the reader. As a souvenir of the carnival each stall and its numerous attendants have been very successfully photographed.

An occasional correspondent writing under the *nom de plume*, "A Rolling Stone," sends us the following special report as to the characters, stalls, music, etc.:

The Record Reign Historical Carnival has been continued in the Opera House, Tuam street, Christchurch, for twelve nights, and finished very successfully on Monday, August 16.

The Opera House was well filled every evening during the carnival. The stallholders were dressed in fancy costume, and attracted much attention. Among the most beautiful fancy costumes were: Her Majesty Queen Victoria (Mademoiselle Helon), Prince

Consort (Mr. Gresson), Lady Elizabeth Woodville (Mrs. C. E. Young), and the two little Princesses (Masters Roi Young and Basil Boley) made a very pretty picture. Henry VIII. was taken to perfection by Mr. O'Neil, Flora Macdonald (Miss K. Cronin), Bonnie Prince Charlie (Mr. W. Taylor), Maria Therisa (Miss Kealy), the Princess of Wales (Mrs. Bean). Scotland was represented by Mrs. Buchanan, who had a magnificent Highland dress.

The refreshment stall was presided over by a number of ladies, who did all they could to facilitate business and make people happy.

During each evening the members of each stall kept the audience busy in finding their purses and distributing their contents. Mr. Gus Bagley collected all the spare sixpences for the Magic Cave, and "Nita," the palmist, had her assistants all round the room.

The musical part of the programme was presided over by Mr. H. Rossiter, who did his part with his customary ability. Miss Katie Young (the niece of Rev. Mother Philomena), a child of fourteen summers, and a talented musician, made her first appearance as pianist in the orchestra, and took the part of accompanist as well as any professional. Musical items were contributed by Messrs. Millar, A. Young, Reid, George Collins, Misses Samuels, Moir, Ross, Miss Rima Young, a tiny mite, was termed the gem of the programme. She sang a descriptive song, "Out in the snow," and responded to an encore with a pretty waltz refrain. Miss Lucy Ryan also sang with much taste and spirit. This young lady possesses an excellent soprano voice, and has made much progress under the talented tuition of Mr. H. Rossiter. The Misses Formen, from Lyttelton, gave some excellent Highland dancing, and were much applauded. The talented pupils of the Convent, Barbadoes street, contributed several musical selections and danced some very pretty minuets. Among the most graceful dancers were Misses E. and Rima Young, Mary O'Connor, Elsie Perkins, and Ethel Livingstone.

The stage manager, Mr. E. Seager, very cleverly organised some excellent tableaux. Among those worthy of mention were "The two little princes in the tower," "Lady Elizabeth Woodville defending her son," "The marriage of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn," "The marriage of Queen Victoria." In the tableaux Mr. J. Peterson looked equally well as a priest, a hangman and an executioner. Mr. E. Seager also contributed some excellent lime-light views.

On Thursday night, August 12, her Majesty Queen Victoria presented Mr. Reay, the winner of the Steeplechase, with a magnificent gold-mounted whip.

The monster art union was drawn on August 16, also the door art union (a gold hunting watch).

I hear that the Carnival has been an unparalleled success. The takings at the stalls were on the whole very good. Those of the York and Lancaster stall (Mrs. E. C. Young and Miss Hayward) were the highest, amounting to £128. The next were the Commonwealth and House of Orange stall (Mesdames Morkane, Burke and Miss Staunton).

Messrs. O'Connor and Kelly brought all their energies to the fore, and are well deserving of a few words of praise.

The sovereign remedy for functional diseases is Alaxum, which not only relieves but permanently cures. From all chemists and storekeepers. 2-6d.

"George," she said, in a low voice, "would you make a great sacrifice for my happiness?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Would you give up smoking for my sake?"

"Give up smoking for your sake?" he repeated. Then, after a silence, he exclaimed hoarsely, "I can refuse you nothing. I will give up smoking for your sake. Hereafter when I smoke it will be for my own sake."

One day, while Dickens was being "taken" by a photographer, the result being the well known picture in which he is shown writing, the artist told him that he did not hold his pen right, and suggested that he should take it more naturally in his fingers. "Just as though you were writing one of your novels, Mr. Dickens," said he. "I see," returned Dickens, "all of er twist."

Poison in the cup.—When we see the neat packets of tea folded in lead paper we never dream, says a contemporary, that it is possible danger may lurk therein. Nevertheless, such is the case. Of course the quantity of lead that gets rubbed on to the leaves is very minute, but occasionally a tiny scrap of lead may fall into the pot, and as liquid tea acts powerfully upon lead the effects are bad upon the drinkers. The same result would occur if by any chance the leaves in the packet became damp. There have been one or two cases of lead poisoning traced to this cause; for although the quantity taken each day may be minute, yet it remains in the system, and as line upon line and precept upon precept produce great effects, so does a little lead.

The Rev. R. McGhee, Chaplain H.M.F., is something of a survival, and so is troubled by the tone in which the Sovereign Pontiff is spoken of in the Anglican reply to the Bull *Apostolica Curio*. He writes to the *English Churchman*: "As both the Archbishops of the English Church have called the Pontiff their 'Venerable Brother' and 'Reverend Brother in Christ,' it will go forth to the world that the Protestants of England, Scotland and Ireland esteem, in like manner as do the Archbishops, the Pope of Rome. It would seem to me that a large number of Britons and of Irish and Scotch believe the Pope of Rome to be 'the Man of Sin,' the head of the great Apostacy, the 'Anti-Christ,' preserving the belief of their forefathers of Reformation days, and holding that they have obeyed the call of Heaven when they came out from Roman Communion, and that they smell not of schism in separation from a 'Brother in Christ.'" He thinks Protestants should sign a remonstrance in millions. Such a letter, says the *London Tablet* makes one lazily wonder in what way Chaplains to the Forces are selected: it can hardly be by such a sitting process as that of competitive examination.

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For Our Lady Readers.

HURRYING.

CONTINUALLY hurrying about housework spoils many a woman's life, for it ruins her health, and in a few years is sure to make her a fretful, nervous invalid, old before her time.

I have known a woman who, for the sake of being considered clever by her husband and neighbours, would get up at three o'clock in the morning to do the family washing and have the clothes on the line before getting breakfast, and how much, think you, she gained by so doing?

Nothing but a severe headache, which obliged her to lie down and leave much of the housework undone, thus losing more than she thought to gain by hurrying. Such a woman is rarely cheerful; she is irritable and subject to moods which make her an unpleasant companion for her husband and children, who are glad to get out of her way when she frets because she can't get the housework done quickly enough to suit her.

It is not the woman who does her work the quickest who is the most capable, for she is not methodical, and often makes much needless work in her haste. She does not, in the aggregate, accomplish as much as the woman who is slower in motion. And why? Because it takes more time to pick up things which in her hurry she does not put in their right places—if, indeed, she has a place for everything—than it does for a slower and more methodical woman to get through with the housework and have some time to herself for sewing, reading, and for recreation, which every housewife needs.

TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY.

A few important "don'ts" governing marriage have been compiled that offer many good suggestions:—

Do not marry suddenly. It can always be done till it is done if it is a proper thing to do.

Do not throw yourself away. You will not receive much, even if you are paid full price.

Do not marry to please any third party. You must do the living and enduring.

Do not marry merely for the impulse love. Shavings make a hot fire, but hard coal is the best for the winter.

Do not marry without love. Do not regard marrying as absolutely necessary. While it is the general order of Providence that people should marry, yet Providence may have some other plan for you.

Do not marry simply because you have promised to do so. It is better to retract a mistaken promise than to perjure your soul before the altar.

Do not marry one who has been intemperate. The risk is too great.

Do not fail to look for thrift. It is the keystone of married happiness.

Do not marry a sceptic. If he doubts God he will doubt virtue.

Do not look lightly upon character. It is not so much what one has as what one is. Accept nothing in the place of integrity. Demand a just return. You should give virtue, purity, and gentleness. You have the right to demand the same in return.

Do not forget that health precedes success. Require brains. Culture is good, but will not be transmitted. Brain power may be. Consider carefully the laws of heredity.

Do not encourage long engagements. Touching off a shell with a fuse two or three years long is an uncertain experiment.

BOOK NOTICES.

Australia to England. By John Farrell. Sydney: Angus and Robertson. Price, one shilling.

This poem first appeared in the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* under the title "Ave Imperatrix," and is said to have attracted much attention. It is now reprinted, with some alterations, as a booklet, and the publishers believe it will command a large sale. We confess we do not see very much ground for such confidence. On the whole, the poetry is certainly good, and a few of the verses are really fine. But the Jubilee is not a subject of any great permanent interest, and it is hardly the poet's fault if the verse in which he celebrates its doings is likely to share in the transitory nature of the subject. For the sake of encouraging colonial literature we would be glad enough to see a ready sale, but we are bound to say that, in our opinion, the work is not worth the price that is asked. We should add that the printing and general get-up of this booklet is exceptionally neat and tasteful.

An Ode for Queen Victoria. By G. M. V. Kearney. Sydney: Angus and Robertson.

This poem also deals with the subject of the Jubilee, but from the point of view of the personal history and character of the Queen, rather than of the mere passing celebration which was held in honour of the day. The author rightly bases the Queen's claim to the honour paid her, not on the greatness of the Empire or her length of reign, but on her own personal goodness and purity of character. The verses breathe throughout the spirit of true poetry, and show genius of a very high order. As they deal with the life-history and personal character of the Queen, they have some claim to lasting interest, and are well worthy of being published in a permanent form. With the exception of the Poet Laureate's own poem, this ode is by far the best Jubilee poetry we have yet read. The price is not stated, and we can only say that the poem is published in cheap form. As in the case of the previously noticed work, the printing and get up is tasteful and artistic.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE English language is to be boycotted in the Orange Free State. A motion was proposed in the Raad a few days ago for the withdrawal of Government grants to schools where English was taught. Other members followed similarly opposing the teaching of the English language in Free State Schools. The opposition to the English language was general.

Mr. Labouchere, while crossing Old Palace yard to the House of Commons recently was menaced by a young man, who flourished a hunting whip with which he threatened violence to the hon. member, explaining that he was the son of "the injured Brooks," who recently brought an unsuccessful libel action against the editor of *Truth*. Accounts of the incident differ, the aggressor himself declaring that he actually struck Mr. Labouchere with the whip, while the hon. member states that his assailant failed to hit him, maintaining a discreet distance. Exaggerated rumours of the affair caused some excitement at Westminster.

Several distinctions have just been granted to Englishmen by the Holy Father. The Very Rev. Provost Barry, of Westminster, and Canon Beesley, of Salford, have been raised to the dignity of Domestic Prelates.—Father W. Hill, Secretary to the Bishop of Salford, and the Rev. Claud Lindsay, resident in Rome, have been named Camerieri Segreti, or Private Chamberlains of His Holiness.—The Hon. Mgr. Stanley has been nominated a Protonotary Apostolic.—The Rev. Luke Rivington has been made a Doctor of Divinity, for his valuable works in defence of the authority and prerogatives of the Holy See.—The same title of D.D. has also been granted to the Rev. Robert Francis Clarke in consideration of his distinguished services to philosophy and literature during many years.—Before leaving Rome a short time ago Mr. Edmund Bishop received a gold medal from the Pope in recognition of his great and self-sacrificing labours in the cause of liturgical, historical and antiquarian research.

While celebrating Mass in St. Peter's Cathedral, Erie, Right Rev. Tobias Mullen, Bishop of that diocese, was stricken with paralysis. He was quickly removed from the sanctuary, and medical aid summoned. It was found that the venerable patient's entire right side was affected. There has been little change in his condition up to the present.

The death has just taken place at Bedford of Mr. Daniel O'Connell, at the age of 78 years, youngest son of the Liberator. Mr. O'Connell was for many years a Commissioner of Inland Revenue at Somerset House, and was retired when the 65 Rule came in operation. Since then he lived at Bedford, where his younger children were being educated at the famous public school. Mr. O'Connell was considered more like his father in appearance than any of his other sons.

Before the departure of the King of Siam from Rome the Holy Father was pleased to present to him a handsome mosaic picture, a product of the celebrated mosaic factory in the Vatican, representing the interior of St. Peter's. His Holiness likewise decorated the Crown Prince of Siam and the King's brother with the Grand Badge of the Order of Pius, and the chief members of the royal suite with other honorary distinctions. The gift and the decorations were delivered at the King's Hotel, and amongst those who assisted at the presentation were the Marquis MacSwiney, of Mashanaglass, and Baron de Shonberg, Roth. The King expressed his most lively gratitude and begged these gentlemen to assure his Holiness that his souvenir of the Vatican and of its august occupant would be treasured.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue occupied the chair at the annual meeting of the Maynooth Union, and amongst those present were the Right Rev. Dr. Leonard, Vicar-Apostolic of Capetown, and Father Lynch, Manchester. Amongst the papers read was one by Bishop Healy on "The Irish Priest in Politics." His Lordship announced that two new Chairs—a Chair of Canon Law and a Chair of higher Biblical studies—had been established on the previous day, and the bishops who were taking steps to make the college worthy of being the religious faculty of any Catholic university were prepared to strengthen the faculty of arts, so far as the future might point it out as necessary, to enable Maynooth to hold its own in that department.

The Royal Society of Canada, on Thursday, June 24, observed the Cabot celebration by affixing a tablet in commemoration of Cabot's discovery in the corridor of the provincial legislative building at Halifax. Archbishop O'Brien presided at the ceremony. The Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, in unveiling the tablet, spoke of the greatness of Cabot and the importance of his discovery. Admiral Sir John Erskine stated that just one thousand years ago the British navy was founded. Messrs. Davis and Barker, ex-Mayors of Bristol, referred to the Cabot discovery as the greatest event in the Christian era. They suggested that light-houses should be erected on the Atlantic coasts as monuments to the great explorer.

In the French Chamber of Deputies on Friday, June 25, M. Trouillot opposed the vote to defray the expenses incurred in the rewards given to those persons who distinguished themselves at the Charity Bazaar fire, as well as the cost of the funeral ceremony at Notre Dame. He declared that the service was practically a recognition of the Catholic Church by the state, and that the citizens ought not to be called upon to pay for it. The vote for the rewards was adopted, and the motion to disallow the cost of the funeral was rejected by 332 to 187 votes.

"Do you think your sister likes me, Tommy?" "Yes. She stood up for you at dinner." "Stood up for me! Was anybody saying anything against me?" "No, nothing much. Father said he thought you were rather a donkey, but sis got up and said you weren't, and told father he ought to know better than judge a man by his looks."

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The Storyteller.

A WISE WOMAN OF MUNGRET.

(By MAGDALEN ROCK, in *Catholic Fireside*.)

"FANCHEA!"

"Coming," a clear, young voice answered, and a minute later Fanchea Neagle entered the room, dignified by the name of studio, where her brother stood in contemplation of a picture that had just been set up in a frame.

"Now, Fanchea," Patrick Neagle said interrogatively and triumphantly as the girl reached his side.

"It is beautiful—beautiful," his sister said, "only," and she gave a little laugh, "it sounds like praising myself to say so."

Patrick smiled and looked from the face on the canvas to the living, laughing face beside him critically. Disposed as he always was to depreciate his own work he could find little that might be amended in the picture before him. The tall, graceful figure in cap and gown was perfect in outline and in colouring; the small, well-shaped head was thrown back, showing the firm, white throat; the red lips were apart, and the dark eyes had a look of mingled scorn and pity in their lustrous depths.

"Yes," Patrick assented slowly, "I have hopes that 'A Doctor of Laws' will find a place at Burlington House. If it does, and if it finds a purchaser, I promise you a new dress, Fanchea; you were a really patient model."

"Two 'ifs,'" Fanchea laughed; "but, Patrick, I have thought of another title. 'A Wise woman of Mungret.'"

Patrick repeated the words slowly.

"Yes," the girl urged, "You know we belong to Mungret, Patrick, and, besides, there is the story of the Wise Women."

"What is it?" Patrick inquired.

"It is told in Doctor Healy's book—the book Mr. O'Brien lent me," Fanchea replied, a slight flush rising to her cheeks.

"Oh! Well what is the story?" Patrick asked with a quizzical smile.

"It is only a story of course; but it seems that long, long ago the school of Mungret was much renowned, and a dispute arose between its scholars and those of some other monastic school as to which was the more learned community, and it was agreed that the best scholars of each school should meet on a certain day and exhibit their knowledge in public. As the day approached the Mungret community grew fearful of the result of the disputation, and had recourse to strategy. A number of the best scholars dressed themselves as women, and going some distance from their college met their stranger visitors. The visitors put some questions to the seeming ladies in the Celtic tongue, but the ladies replied in excellent Latin and classic Greek. The strangers inquired how they came to be so well acquainted with the ancient languages.

"Oh," answered the ladies, "that is nothing—only the crumbs from the monks' table. Everyone about Mungret speaks Latin and Greek. Would you like to discuss philosophy and theology with us?" But the strangers returned home rather than risk the encounter in a place where women were so clever."

Patrick laughed joyfully.

"The very title, Fan. We'll pack the picture to-night and to-morrow off it goes. By the bye, isn't O'Brien coming to tea?"

Fanchea nodded. Dermot O'Brien and Patrick Neagle had been school-fellows years before in Ireland, and when they met by chance in London it was but natural that the acquaintance-ship between them should ripen into intimacy. Both the young men were pursuing their careers under difficulties. O'Brien had chosen the life of a journalist only to find that journalists in Fleet street were plentiful and poor. He was the younger son of an impoverished Irish gentleman, who had managed to give him a decent education and little else.

Patrick Neagle and his sister had been bereft of their father at an early age. Mr. Neagle had been an organist and music teacher in Limerick. Previous to his death he had inherited a modest fortune from an American relative, which enabled his widow to give her children a good education.

Patrick had from his boyhood showed a talent for drawing, and on the death of his mother he had easily induced his sister to take up her abode with him in London. Fanchea insisted that he should use the small remnant of their father's fortune in pursuit of his art, and Patrick, with youth's strong belief in himself, did so.

Then there came a time of trial. The young Irishman's sketches and paintings found no market, and Patrick was almost despairing of his own and his sister's daily bread when the met Dermot O'Brien. The latter was able to obtain work for his countryman on an illustrated paper, and it was at his suggestion the picture of Fanchea, in cap and gown, had been begun. That his visits to the little four-roomed flat were dangerous to his peace of mind the journalist often bitterly told himself, but he fondly believed that his love for Fanchea Neagle was a secret known only to himself.

When the picture had been criticised from all points, Fanchea returned to the culinary duties she had been engaged in, and an hour later Dermot O'Brien arrived. He was a young man of five or six and twenty, whose blue eyes and dark hair proclaimed his Celtic ancestry. It was easy to see that the chief merit in Patrick's picture in his eyes was that it portrayed Fanchea.

On the following day the canvas was deposited at the Royal Academy. There was a fortnight of suspense, and Patrick allowed himself to hope when a fortnight elapsed and there came no message from the hanging committee. At last the news came: "A wise woman of Mungret" was accepted. Moreover, it got a fair place—much fairer, the critics said, than it deserved—a fact which was doubtless due to the beauty of the pictured face and the lithesome grace of the tall, upright form.

Dermot O'Brien could not go to the Academy on the opening day. The paper on which he was engaged demanded good work for

the money it expended; but on the following Tuesday he was free in the afternoon, and betook himself to Burlington House.

He made his way at once to the room where his friend's picture was hung. It seemed smaller by far than in Neagle's studio; but its charm for O'Brien was as great as ever.

The room was crowded, and the number of people that paused before "A wise woman of Mungret" were, to Dermot's gratification considerable.

A tall, soldierly-looking old gentleman, with snow-white hair and beard, attracted the attention of the journalist. He was accompanied by a younger man, who was scanning the picture through an eye-glass with a half-contemptuous air. "This and something in the man's face was enough to make Dermot take an instant dislike to him.

"No," he said, dropping the eye-glass, and turning to his companion, "no, I certainly fail to detect the resemblance you speak of."

"It is there all the same," the old gentleman said, testily. "My poor Anna might have been the original of that picture. I wonder you can't see the likeness, George."

"Of course, I can only compare it with the portrait of Mrs. Derwent at the Hall," the person addressed responded apologetically, "but accidental resemblances often occur."

The old gentleman looked from the catalogue to the picture wistfully.

"I suppose it is only such," he said. "By the bye, where or what is Mungret? I fancy I heard the name."

George laughed lightly.

"I never did. Probably it exists only in the artist's brain."

"Perhaps so, perhaps so; still one can't tell."

George shrugged his shoulders, and turned away to the next picture; and O'Brien, obeying a sudden impulse, addressed the stranger:

"Mungret was a famous school in early days in Ireland. It was situated some three miles from Limerick city."

"Near Limerick!" the old man ejaculated. He glanced round nervously. George had met some acquaintances, and was engaged in conversation.

"Is—I wonder if there is an original of that girl?"

"Yes, indeed there is. Only Miss Neagle is more beautiful than—"

Dermot paused as the gentleman laid a nervous hand on his arm.

"Will you call with me to-night or to-morrow? I am staying at the Metropole," he said in a carefully lowered voice. "This is my card."

Dermot read the name and considered. He was as much attracted by the elder man as he had been repelled by the younger.

"Yes," he said, "I am free this evening. Will eight o'clock suit you, Mr. Derwent?"

"Yes, yes," hastily. Mr. Derwent moved away from the Irishman's side as he spoke, and Dermot saw that George had parted from his friends.

It was with no small share of curiosity that Dermot entered Mr. Derwent's private sitting-room as the marble clock on the chimney-piece chimed eight. The occupant of the room rose to greet him.

"Thank you very much for gratifying an old man's whim, Mr. —," he paused.

"O'Brien, Dermot O'Brien," the young man said, as he took the other's outstretched hand. "I shall only be too glad to help you in any way."

"The sight of that picture has unnerved me strangely," Mr. Derwent said, when his visitor was seated. "It bears a wonderful resemblance—at least I think so—to my wife. She died nearly forty-seven years ago."

"But it is not merely for that reason that I am interested in the picture," Mr. Derwent continued after a pause. "My wife was Irish, and had in her service when we were married a young girl named Kate O'Sullivan as maid. Shortly after we settled in Derwent Hall Kate married an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, who ostensibly followed the trade of shoemaker, but who was in reality a peacher and little else.

"Both my wife and I—I am a Catholic, I should tell you—were annoyed at Kate's marriage to one who was a Protestant, if anything, but for a time Bond seemed to become a steady and respectable member of society, and Kate was often buckled up towards at the Hall. My wife was never very robust, and she did not regain strength after the birth of our first child. She was unable to nurse her baby-girl her self, and it seemed to her providential that Kate Bond gave birth to a daughter about the same time. Kate and her child were brought to the Hall as soon as possible, and my wife had the satisfaction of seeing her child grow and thrive under the care of her former maid. But such a state of things did not last long. The doctors in a few weeks ordered Anna to the south of France, and it was arranged that a widowed sister of hers should take up her residence at the Hall and that Kate should continue to nurse the baby under her surveillance. Instead of improving abroad, Anna rapidly declined, and before a month Mrs. Catroll was summoned from the Hall to her sister's death-bed. On the third day after her departure my infant daughter suddenly died."

Mr. Derwent paused.

"I thought little about the child's death. All my grief was for its mother, and seven or eight years elapsed before I returned to my home. Kate Bond had died during my absence, and Bond was nothing but a quarrelsome, passionate, drunken vagabond. A week or two before my return he had wounded a gamekeeper in a midnight scuffle, and I, long afterwards, remembered his bitter laugh when I refused to interfere for him in the matter. He had been convicted of various offences in the past years, and was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. He served his time, but was almost immediately charged with a robbery, and again sent to Portland. His daughter had been claimed by a sister of his wife's, and was taken by her to Ireland. Father Selby, the Catholic priest attached to our mission, always manifested an extraordinary, and, as appeared

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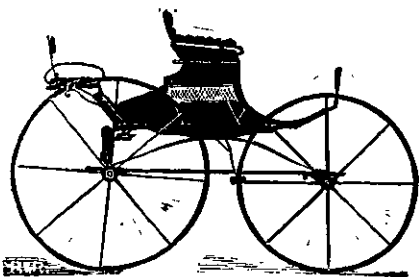
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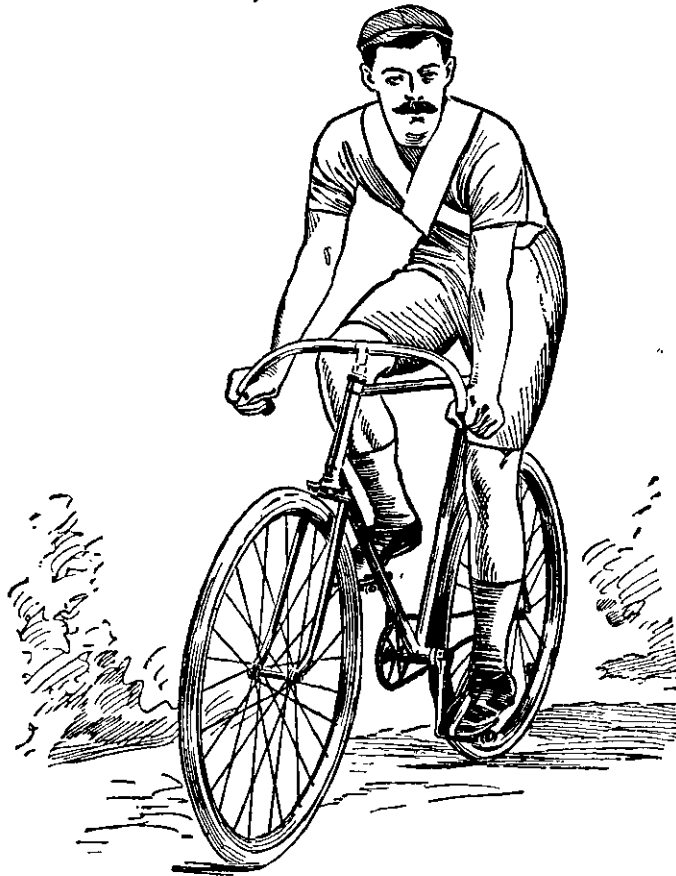
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GENTLEMEN: Being a racing cyclist and consequently having to go through a severe bodily test in way of training I was, after a long term of constant practice, entirely run down, and had decided to abandon the track for awhile, but having heard a great deal as to the blood-purifying and strengthening qualities of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I determined to give it a trial. I am glad to say that I have been greatly benefited by the medicine, so much so that I am again able to go on the bicycle track, and can recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to anyone suffering from loss of strength and weakness of the system.

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The Catholic World.

to me then, a foolish interest in the girl. He had taken her education in hand from the time of her mother's death, and frequently sent money to the aunt when she took the child to Ireland from his own scanty stipend. He died about the time of Bond's second commitment to Portland, and from that period I heard nothing of Catherine Bond, as the girl was called."

Mr. Derwent again paused. Dermot was listening attentively. "I hope I am not wearying you," Mr. Derwent said politely.

"No, no; not at all," O'Brien protested.

"Well, the years passed on. I had not married again; and the gentleman you may have noticed with me at the Academy to-day was generally assumed to be the heir to Derwent Hall. The property is unentailed I should say. George Holmes is a second cousin only of mine; but at the same time my sole living relative; and it seemed fitting that the property should pass to him."

"Yes," Dermot agreed as the speaker stopped.

"I was much surprised when Bond had served some six years of his second term of imprisonment to receive a message from the Governor of Portland. To this hour I do not know whether the confession Bond made to me was prompted by a spirit of repentance or by malice. He was dying when I, in answer to his summons, reached his side, but quite conscious. His confession was that it was not my daughter who had died years before, but his own child. His wife, dreading his fierce temper, and, hoping to retain the affection that was fast slipping from her, concealed the fact from him as from others. There was no one to suspect the fraud she practised. Circumstances prevented Mrs. Carroll from re-visiting Derwent Hall, and, as I told you, it was years afterwards before I settled down there.

"According to Bond's story, the wrong she did preyed upon his wife. She grew strange and moody, and kept away from her religious duties. It was only in her last sickness that she sent for Father Selby. Whatever communication she made to him was made under the sacred seal of confession. The priest left her, intending to return next day, but the woman sank suddenly. In her last moments she confessed everything to her husband and begged that the wrong she had done might be righted. Bond doubtlessly intended to reap some lasting benefit through the disclosure that had been made to him, but he was in gaol when I saw him, and my refusal to aid him incensed him against me.

"I at once put the matter into the hands of skilful detectives, but I never succeeded in finding either Bond's sister-in-law or the child. I did learn that the woman and child had settled near the little village of Adare in Limerick, but they left it and no further trace of them could be found. George has always insisted that both were dead, otherwise our advertisements would have been answered, and I at length adopted that view; but to-day—"

"Yes?" Dermot said inquiringly, breaking the silence that fell as Mr. Derwent hesitated.

"To-day I thought I was looking into my dead wife's eyes. That picture in the Academy is marvellously like her. Her beauty was of an uncommon type."

"Miss Neagle is uncommonly beautiful," Dermot said.

"I must see the girl," Mr. Derwent said. "Of course she is much too young to be my daughter, but she may be my grand-daughter."

"Then you believe Bond's story?"

"Certainly, why should I not? Besides, Father Selby's interest in the girl would imply that he knew something of the matter. Do you know Miss Neagle well?"

"Yes; and her brother also. He is the artist."

"And they belong to Limerick?"

"They were born in it, but have resided in London for some time."

"In London? That is well. I suppose you could arrange a meeting between us, Mr. O'Brien?"

"Oh, yea."

"Do you know their mother's name—her maiden name?"

Dermot shook his head.

"I have a feeling that it was Catherine Bond," Mr. Derwent said, and Dermot smiled doubtfully.

Nevertheless the speaker was right. In one of the churches of Limerick City the record of the marriage of Patrick Neagle and Catherine Bond was found, and also the baptismal certificates of their son and daughter. Mr. Derwent's agents had gone too far afield in their search. Catherine and her aunt had merely gone from one part of a county to another, and the aunt's death and her supposed niece's marriage had taken place within a few months of their settlement in the city.

There was no one dissatisfied when Mr. Derwent took his grandchildren to Derwent Hall, except, perhaps, George Holmes. He was wise enough, however, to conceal his anger and dissatisfaction.

Dermot O'Brien's joy in the good fortune of his friends was not altogether unalloyed. It seemed to him that Fanchea as Mr. Derwent's grand-daughter could never be won for a wife by a poor journalist; but Fanchea had given him her love and Mr. Derwent had conceived a warm liking for the young Irishman. Patrick, too, was lavish of his invitations to Derwent Hall; and at last there came a day when Fanchea and Dermot plighted their troths in the private chapel at the hall. The wedding gift of Patrick to his sister was an exact reproduction of the picture that had brought them fortune: "A Wise Woman of Mungret."

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.]

BELGIUM.—Superiority of Catholic Schools.—Belgian Liberals, like French Radicals, bear little love to the teaching Congregations. During their *regime*, which, happily for the country, was brought to an end in 1884, everything was done which could hamper the schools directed by the religious Orders, whilst all possible encouragement was given to the teachers of the State schools. The "Congregationistes" were reproached with ignorance, with want of capacity—they might teach the Catechism very well, but so far as secular instruction went they were an absolute failure. In 1885, however, the Catholic Government instituted a system of annual "concours" or competitions, between the various schools in the kingdom, and the results were such as to give a rude awakening to the maligners of the religious Congregations. A short time ago the Abbé Kessens, speaking in this connection in the Senate, quoted figures which brought into interesting relief the comparative efficiency of the official schools and the establishments of the Brothers of the Christian schools. The competitions were held each year from 1885 to 1895, when they were dropped. In nine years out of eleven the pupils out of the Brothers at Liège carried off the first prizes, leaving the communal schools far behind. At Verviers the result was similar. In the same period at Tournai the Brothers gained 800 prizes, or an average of 70 each year. They presented 71 pupils for the "concours" in 1889 and won 70 prizes, amongst which were 44 firsts; in 1890 the 76 pupils they presented carried off 75 prizes, amongst which were 58 firsts and 16 *prix d'honneur*. At Brussels the defeat of the Communal schools was still more crushing. In the competition of 1892 the communal schools gained, in proportion to their average number of pupils, but 5.54 per cent. of the prizes; the Catholic schools, on the other hand, obtained 10.13 per cent., or nearly double; in 1893 the communal schools obtained 5.95 per cent. of the prizes, the Catholic schools 10.12 per cent., again nearly double; in 1894 the communal schools had 5.87 per cent., the Catholic schools, 10.48 per cent.; and in 1895 but 5.04 per cent. of the prizes fell to the communal schools and 8.11 per cent. to the Catholic. In the face of these facts the Abbé Kessens might well say, "If teachers who carry off the highest distinctions are still to be classed as ignoramuses, what qualification must be given to those who are so conspicuously unsuccessful?"

FRANCE.—The Imprisonment of a Priest.—The Abbé Bailly, cure-doyen of Donzy, has undergone two days' imprisonment for an offence which, in the opinion of the anti-religious fanatics who infest France, is one of the most abominable—viz., that of disobeying the edict of a mayor, who, in his contempt for "superstition," has placed his veto upon all religious processions within the limits of his jurisdiction. The Abbé Bailly is now classed with old offenders against municipal authority. Twice he was fined five francs for having disobeyed the mayor in this same matter of processions, and the third time, although the pecuniary penalty was the same, it was emphasised by the addition of two days' imprisonment. It has been a common occurrence, since we have enjoyed in France the sweets of liberty, so amply distributed from the time of the triumph of the "priest-eating" Republic, personified by Gambetta and Jules Ferry, for the clergy to come into collision with *juges de paix* for not appearing to understand the edicts of local mayors, and fines have often been imposed upon them; but the announcement that a priest has been sent to prison because he has walked in an open-air religious procession is rather startling even to Frenchmen, who are not to be easily moved from their indifference with regard to the quarrel between the *mairie* and the presbytery, which, in many localities are regarded as endemic.

Great Excitement.—At Donzy and throughout a considerable district in the department of Nièvre the excitement has been great in consequence of the sentence which has been carried out upon a priest who, for a quarter of a century, has been the curé of the same parish, and whose undoubted popularity is founded not only upon sacerdotal zeal, but upon benevolence of character. In infringing the decree of the Mayor Dubois the Abbé Bailly was to have been arrested at the beginning of the week, but as he did not feel disposed to facilitate the work of his persecutors he kept within the presbytery, and for two days the gendarmes mounted guard outside. They were not armed with a warrant that gave them the right to enter the house. This, however, came in course of time, and the curé, wisely realising that it would be useless to resist any longer, surrendered. Before allowing himself to be arrested he put a surplice over his soutane, and it was thus that he passed through the streets between two gendarmes on his way to the railway station, while the indignant parishioners shouted: "Vive M. le Curé!" "Vive la liberté!" The gendarmes, wishing to avoid this demonstration—which was not quite to their taste—had tried to get a cab for their prisoner, but there was not a man who would allow his vehicle to be used for such a purpose. The curé was taken to Cosne, and he was accompanied in the train by many of his parishioners. At Cosne station there was a strong body of police waiting, headed by the Sub-Prefect. On Friday he was released from prison, and his return home was the occasion of another popular demonstration. The mayor and his myrmidons at Donzy have certainly not strengthened their position by this further act of tyranny. It should be stated that a year ago the Abbé Bailly's stipend was suppressed by the Government. Those who supposed that this measure would have tamed him must now realise their mistake.

PORTUGAL.—A Princess Takes the Veil.—Princess Adelaide, widow of the first Dom Miguel of Braganza, head of the former royal family of Portugal, took the black veil on Trinity Sunday, when she was received as a professed choir nun at the Benedictine abbey of St. Cecilia of Solesmes in France. She is the mother of the present Duke of Braganza, and her six beautiful daughters have all made brilliant matches, one, as the wife of the former Archduke Charles Louis of Austria, expected to be Empress of Austria. Prin-

"GET ON THE SOIL, YOUNG MAN—GET ON THE SOIL."

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86 sections: Town and suburbs of Rotorua; from 32 perches to 59 acres 2 roods (total area, 669 acres). Term, 99 years. Upset annual rental, from £2 to £10 per section.

For Application for Cash, for Occupation with Right of Purchase, or for Lease in Perpetuity.

2 sections: Herekino; 48 acres 1 rood and 41 acres 2 roods Price, 10s per acre.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

1 section: Waipareira; 107 acres. Price, 7s 6d per acre.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17.

For Sale by Public Auction.

Kauri Timber: On section 6, block I, Hukerenui S.D.: 190,000 sup. ft. Upset price, £63 6s 8d.

On section 79, block V., Hukerenui S.D.; 220,000 sup. ft. Upset price, £73 6s 8d.

77 kauri trees on Crown Land in Tutamoe, S.D., containing 200,000 sup. ft. Upset price, £75.

TARANAKI.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

For Application for Cash, for Occupation with Right of Purchase, or for Lease in Perpetuity.

46 sections Egmont and Cape Districts. 9691 acres, in sections varying from 129 to 311 acres. Cash price, 10s to £1 7s 6d per acre. These sections are part of the Patua Block. Distance from New Plymouth about eleven miles.

WELLINGTON.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

28 sections: Orona, Wanganui, Wairarapa North, Patea, Pahiatua and Rangitikei Counties, in sections from 64 acres to 489 acres. Price, from 17s 6d to £11 10s per acre.

Paparangi Settlement, 313 acres, about October, rent, about 13s per acre.

Paparangi is situated at Johnsonville, about a quarter of a mile from the Johnsonville Railway Station. The land will be divided into sections of from 5 to 10 acres.

MARLBOROUGH.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

12 sections: Hundalee S.D. Sections from 105 acres to 1297 acres. Price, from 12s 1d to £2 7s 6d per acre.

10 small grazing runs, Hundalee district, ranging in area from 1410 to 4100 acres. Rental, from 21d to 61d per acre per annum.

These lands are situated in the Kaikoura County, near to Omihia Boat Harbour.

CANTERBURY.

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2 sections Cheviot Estate; 24 and 39 acres. Rent, 6s and 12s per acre.

OTAGO.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.

9 sections Maerewhenua and Puketapu Estates; 6 acres to 248 acres. Annual rental, from 1s 9d to 8s 9d per acre.

SOUTHLAND.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1.

1 small grazing run, 4808 acres, Centre Hill. Annual rental, £40 1s 4d.

1 section, Village of Waikawa, 17 acres. Annual rental, 17s 4d.

The Land for Settlements Board is negotiating for the purchase of Large Estates both in the North Island and Middle Island.

Full details will be advertised a month before the day of receiving applications, and inquiries will be answered by the Commissioner of Crown Lands of the District or by the Surveyor-General, Wellington.

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But found it did not pay;
The soles too quickly did wear out,
Or else the tops gave way."

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Mrs. Jones did then reply.
There as on that I buy from them
I now will tell you why.

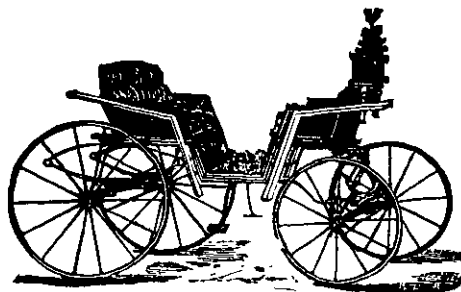
So if you want good Boots and Shoes,
That give good honest wear;
Just go direct to Loft and Co,
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cess Adelaide, who has been a novice in the abbey mentioned since June 12, 1896, was herself a famous beauty. She always had a tendency toward conventual life, and the fire at the Charity Bazaar in Paris, May 4 last, in which, with many others, the Duchess d'Alençon lost her life, decided her to take the black veil, which she begged for on the very first day after passing her noviceship.

ROME.—Corpus Christi in Rome.—For the second time since the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government the Feast of Corpus Christi was this year celebrated with a comparative freedom. Processions of the Blessed Sacrament took place around the exterior of the Basilica of St. John Lateran and many other churches in Rome. The Holy Eucharist was in many parishes carried to the sick with all the old, traditional ceremonial, the priest in vestments, the clerks with lighted candles, and the faithful following reciting prayers. No mistake, however, must be made as to how the greater liberty now enjoyed was secured. The Municipal authorities of Rome have not of themselves withdrawn from the position which they had formerly taken up, but the parish priests in spite of judges and jurymen, have succeeded in asserting their rights. They justly held that where Socialist, Republican, and even anti-clerical demonstrations were freely allowed, it was absurd to regard as dangerous to the public peace the time-honoured open-air observance of rites belonging to the religion of the vast majority of the community.

The Impeachment of Signor Crispi.—The Italian papers are daily full of notes and comments on the Banco di Napoli scandal in which Signor Crispi's name is largely mixed up. Indeed, the whole affair would most likely have already been forgotten by the public were it not for this fact of Crispi's connection with it. The news daily published is of the most contradictory kind, but it would seem that in reality there is a decided intention on the part of the authorities to bring the former President of the Ministerial Council to trial. Whether this comes from party spite against the leader of the late Ministry, or from a righteous zeal in the interests of justice or from a desire to appease public opinion it is hard to say, but the result in any case will be the same. It is pretty certain that nothing can be brought home to Crispi without compromising at the same time other persons in very high station, and the trial will, no doubt, end in smoke. Its one result would be to cast a dark shadow on the career of him who was regarded as one of Italy's latter day glories. He seems to be preparing for the issue, and has begun to limit his expenses by selling out his town residence in Rome.

The New Prefect of the Congregation of Rites.—The nomination of Cardinal Aloisi-Masella as Pro-Datary left a vacancy in the Congregation of Rites. The office of Prefect of that Congregation is generally entrusted to one of the younger Cardinals who has energy in abundance to devote to an exacting office. The Holy Father has just chosen his Eminence Cardinal Camillo Mazzella for the position. Cardinal Mazzella must be personally known to many both in the British Isles and in the United States. As a simple priest of the Society of Jesus he laboured for many years in the latter country, and it was here that he composed many of those theological works which have earned for him such repute as a clear thinker on highly abstruse questions. After returning from America to Rome he was placed at the head of the Gregorian University, where students from all parts of the world had occasion to profit by his wisdom and learning.

HENRY LAWSON.

HIS PLACE AS A POET.

AN interesting sketch of Mr. Henry Lawson, the Australian poet, who is at present, we understand, teaching a Maori school in New Zealand appears in a recent issue of the *Catholic Press*. We make the following extracts:—

Mr. Henry Lawson is a true poet, and one who, given the opportunity, that is leisure, will surely produce work worthy of the language. He wants leisure to study the measures and rhymes of the great poets of the world, for Lawson's one deficiency is the small knowledge he has of metre. He has but one metre, and that a sing-song one, such as "In the days when the world was wide." This metre was first used by the "bard of Thomond," and its modifications are the staple ones of Lawson. But to redeem this lack of metre, Lawson throws into his poems the Promethean fire of genius of expression, and his mode of expression, however blunt as it sometimes is, never produces the impression of prose, as do passages of Browning. Invariably beautiful his work is not, but it invariably arrests and haunts. There is about it at once a simplicity and a strangeness, an air of reality and of mystery, a combination of the poignantly human with the unaccountably fantastic, a force, a penetration and intensity, which together appeal to the reader with a power comparable in degree, if not in kind, to the power of the appeal made by any of the greatest masters of other schools. The spectacle of human misery and human fall is ever with him. "The still sad music of humanity" haunts him with its pathetic and sorrowful refrain. I am inclined to think that it is in this deep moral sympathy, this feeling of brotherhood, this tender outlook on the suffering that Lawson's truest claim to most enduring greatness rests. In his "Faces in the street" can readily be seen the "feminine" side of Lawson's genius, to which attention was drawn by one of our ablest critics. In this poem, Lawson's love of humanity finds full vent, and we understand how the bitter sea of human sorrow and human failure laves his feet and chills him with its spray.

They lie, the men who tell us in a loud decisive tone
That want is here a stranger, and that misery's unknown;
For where the nearest suburb and the city proper meet
My window-sill is level with the faces in the street—

Drifting past, drifting past,
To the beat of weary feet—
While I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

And cause I have to sorrow, in a land so young and fair,
To see upon those faces stamped the marks of want and care;
I look in vain for traces of the fresh and fair and sweet,
In sallow, sunken faces that are drifting through the street—
Drifting on, drifting on,
To the scrape of restless feet;
I can sorrow for the owners of the faces in the street.

In hours before the dawning dims the starlight in the sky,
The wan and weary faces first begin to trickle by,
Increasing as the moments hurry on with morning feet,
Till like a pallid river flow the faces in the street—
Flowing in, flowing in,
To the beat of hurried feet—
Ah! I sorrow for the owners of those faces in the street.

Of a similar character but inferior in merit are such poems as "Sez You," "When your Pants begin to Go," and "When the Children come Home." Lawson does not excel in descriptions of nature, people are to him ever more than songs and the haunting sadness of man more than the breeze stroking the tree tops. But some aspects of nature he has painted as few have painted before. What is more characteristic than the following marked with Lawson's own genius.

The old year went, and the new returned, in the withering weeks
of drought,
The cheque was spent that the shearer earned, and the sheds were all
cut out;
The publican's words were short and few, and the publican's looks
were black,
And the time had come the shearer knew, to carry his swag Out
Back.

For time means tucker, and tramp you must, where the scrubs and
plains are wide,
With seldom a track that a man can trust, or a mountain peak to
guide.
All day long in the dust and heat—when summer is on the track—
With stunted stomachs and blistered feet, they carry their swags
Out Back.

He tramped away from the shanty there, when the days were long
and hot,
With never a soul to know or care if he died on the track or not.
The poor of the city have friends in woe, no matter how much they
lack,
But only God and the swagmen know how a poor man fares Out
Back.

He begged his way on the parched Paroo and the Warrego tracks
once more,
And lived like a dog as the swagmen do, till the western stations
shore;
But men were many, and sheds were full, for work in the town was
slack,
The traveller never got hands in wool, though he tramped for a year
Out Back.

In stifling noons when his back was wrung by its load and the air
seemed dead,
And the water warmed in the bag that hung to his aching arm like
lead;
Or in times of flood, when plains were seas, and the scrubs were
cold and black,
He ploughed in mud to his trembling knees, and paid for his sins
Out Back.

"Out Back," to my mind, can enter into competition with the plastic arts. Certainly it vividly recalls that great picture by Gerome, entitled "Thirst." A vast barren desert stretches away from the foreground as far as the eye can reach until it blends with the distant horizon. There is no tree, no shrub, nor any green thing. Above is the white heat of the quivering air and the brazen sky. In the front, just up against the spectator, is a huge, gaunt lion, lying on the sands by the side of what was a pool of water, but is now dried away into a foetid puddle of slime. That lion has once ravaged the desert and the forest; at his roar all beasts hid themselves. Now he lies there—old, toothless, starving, dying of thirst by that putrid slough; his tongue lolling forth and licking the foul mud in a vain effort to find one cooling drop. Æsop's ass might come and kick at him. Already the desert eagles gather in the air overhead to await his death.

Gerome's picture is to tell a tale and adorn a moral.

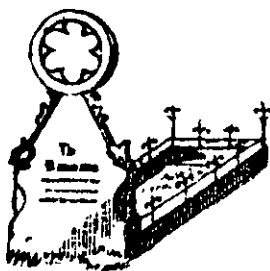
Lawson's words are more powerful than any painting, and he has told his tale without a moral. "Up the Country" again illustrates his powerful conceptions of pitiful life.

Mr. Lawson is a really genuine writer of humorous verse. His wit possesses the true flavour. He does not appeal altogether to the lowest of the low, as do many Australian rhymesters who write alleged humorous verse about the vagaries of drunken shearers and similar topics, but Lawson's lines please those also who have claims to culture. "Peter Anderson and Co" and a "City Bushman," are works of power, and in these as in others of Lawson's poems we see how thin is the partition that divides laughter from tears.

As a lyric writer Lawson is most successful. His "Glass on the Bar" is a typical Australian lyric. And many of Lawson's poems have a sad lyrical flow of fancy that is inexpressibly touching and tender. Lawson will sing among the immortals if he produces nothing more than his latest volume, for such a poem as "Faces in the Street" is eternal. Mr. Lawson is the laureate of the people and democracy's staunchest champion. "Let me but make th^e

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songs of the nation and I care not who makes the laws." He is the voice of those dumb ones who, as Oliver Wendall Holmes has said, have known the cross without the crown. The exceeding appreciation of many living and to be will be Lawson's reward. The world waits with anxiety Mr. Henry Lawson's next book.

TWELVE MONTHS OF TORTURE.

A CHIEF STEWARD'S STRANGE STORY.

THAT section of unfortunate humanity who have experienced, and still experience, the tortures of sciatica and rheumatism, will be profoundly interested in the story of Chief Steward Ernest Buckhold, of the s.s. Menmuir (Eastern and Australian Steamship Company). Mr. Buckhold is now in his fifty-first year, and was born at Hamburg, Germany. He has been seafaring for thirty-two years; is well known in Sydney, and has been a householder at Ashfield and Burwood for fourteen years. His connection with the E. and A.S.S. Company extends over ten years, and he has during that time been trading between China, Japan, and Australian ports. His case having attracted much attention, and caused considerable comment in local shipping circles, a Press representative called upon Mr. Buckhold at 226 George street, Sydney. The chief steward readily volunteered to recite the circumstances of his case, and Mrs. Buckhold, who was present, assisted and confirmed her husband in the following statement:—

"I arrived in Sydney in May, 1896, from Japan, suffering from pains in the right leg. The trouble began gradually, but it increased daily to an acute stage. I ascribe the malady to exposure and wet feet. The pains were first in the hip, and occasionally shot to the calf and the foot. Owing to the severity of the punishment, I had no peace or rest night or day. I could not sit down to a meal, but had to lean heavily against the table. The pain took away all desire for food, and I could not sleep. I had to leave the ship, and take to bed at Ashfield. I got worse, and was bed-ridden, and in great agony for three months from the latter end of May. My hip grew out, and the joint bone in the back protruded. After three months I improved slightly, and was able to get about the house with the assistance of two sticks. But it was a great struggle to move, and caused excruciating pain. I could not bear to put the foot to the floor. Two months afterwards, in September, I had to take to bed again."

"Yes," interposed Mrs. Buckhold, "and the doctor would almost cry when he came to see him to inject morphia. For seventy nights morphia was injected; sometimes the doctor would call as late as midnight, and when he did not call I administered the injection."

"Well," continued Buckhold, "I remained in bed till 31st December last. It was then the doctor urged me to go to the Camden Convalescent Hospital for a change, and I must say the doctor had been most kind and attentive, and tried hard to cure me. Through being ill and out of work so long, my circumstances became reduced, and I had to give up house and home. I could not keep up an establishment any longer, and came to live in Sydney with friends of ours, on the 7th January of this year."

I saw Captain Green, the superintendent of the E. and A.S.S. Company, and he granted me a passage to Japan as an assistant in the steward's department. This was done with a hope that the change would effect a cure. Five days after leaving Sydney the Australian arrived at Townsville, and the full fury of the malady returned. In fact it was worse than ever. I was unable to go to the table for food, and would rather go without a meal than walk a short distance. The perspiration would pour out of me with the pain, which doubled me up. The slightest movement meant indescribable torture. Yet, there was no cessation from suffering while I kept quiet. When I arrived in Japan, I thought to take a position in an European club at Kobe, but I found that the incessant pain incapacitated me for any work. I was compelled to return by the Australian, and arrived in Sydney on the 13th May last, a physical wreck, and a bag of bones, and with undiminished pain. Two days later I met Captain H. Craig, of the s.s. Guthrie (E. and A.S.S. Company), and he advised me try Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. At the same time he handed me £1, and told me to get the pills at once, which I did. I followed the directions, and, after taking three boxes, I felt much improved, I continued with the fourth, taking six pills a day, two after each meal, with interesting and happy results. Of the fifth and sixth boxes I took nine a day, three after each meal, and had four pills left when I had become perfectly strong, healthy and robust. I can now walk any distance without fatigue, and suffer no pain whatever. As for my appetite, it is disgracefully keen and insatiable. The recovery was gradual at first, and then rapid towards absolute cure. I began the pills on the 15th May, and put the unswallowed four aside on the 14th June. I have taken none since, for my health has been thoroughly re-established. And this will prove it; I was called to the shipping office to see Captain Green, and he handed me a note for Captain Legg, of the s.s. Thornley, at Messrs Gibbs, Bright and Co's office, Pitt street; there I arranged to go as chief steward as far as Adelaide, to ascertain how I would get along on a sea voyage. Well, the work was hard, and the weather bad, and my feet and clothing were often wet, but I fared first-class, and suffered no ill-effects. I returned to Sydney on the 5th July by the A.U.S.N. Company's steamer Waroonga in perfect health and strength. I now feel fit for any work."

"Yes, I passed through twelve months of unspeakable suffering, which I am sure would have been averted had I known of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. However, I trust my experience may bring hope to the hearts of others suffering from sciatica."

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Grave and Gay.

HORACE GREELEY'S WRITING.

THERE was only one printer who could read Greeley's writing well enough to put it in type. He used to boast that he could read the great editor's wondrous scrawl a mile away.

One night the boys in the *Tribune* composing-room "put up a job" on the old man. They took two roosters, made them walk around on a newly-inked forme, and then run all over ten sheets of copy paper.

The foreman wrote over it in Greeley's well-known scrawl, "The Plain Duty of Congress," and put it on old man Lawton's hook.

The old printer picked it up, grumbled a little, remarked that they had to shove the stuff on the old man, as usual, adjusted his spectacles, and began sticking type.

The other printers watched him for a few minutes, but, beyond a muttered word or two, he gave no sign. Lawton went on setting type until about half way through the "copy."

He was struck. He took the copy to the foreman, and asked: "Jack, what is that word?"

"I don't know," replied the foreman. "You know I never could read the stuff."

Lawton took the sheet down to Greeley and pointed out to him a particularly awful scrawl of the rooster's foot, asking what word that was.

Greeley looked at it a moment and replied with a frown: "Unconstitutional, of course."

Lawton went back to the composing-room and finished his task with the utmost *sang froid*.

The old man never knew how the "copy" was produced.

AT THE DENTISTS'.

We have all been there and can appreciate the following:

A little nerve no bigger than a thread,
A jumping pain that cleaves in twain the head,
A fuss, a muss, and worse, a shout, a dread,
A sudden resolution, hasty tread,
An easy chair, a clench a wrench, a yell,
A groan, a moan, a torture flown, and—well,
A vacancy within no tongue can tell,
Where half a dozen tongues or more might dwell.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW QUESTION.

The great mother-in-law question, which has endured ever since the "introduction" of mother-in-laws, appears at last to have produced its own remedy, through the far-seeing and practical genius of an American. Six years ago a Massachusetts gentleman named Wright married. We pass over those six years with the bare remark that the resultant mother-in-law has been "wrichtly" or wrongly in evidence. Now the latest from the "seat of war" (or love) is that Mr. Wright having duly divorced his wife, married her mother! "Divide and conquer" has apparently made its way to the banks of the Merrimac from those of the Tiber. As this "anti-mother-in-law" remedy is unpatented and is free to "sufferers," it is evident that this ranging of wives and mother-in-laws in opposite camps will "cause instant-relief."

ON THE UNDERGROUND.

Humour of a quiet sort is afforded by a story in *Our Railways*, according to which an old lady travelling on the London underground railway, and finding that the train was approaching a station, addressed herself to a man in a farther corner of the compartment, her only fellow passenger, and said, "Would you tell me, sir, what is the next station?" "Bayswater, madam," was the courteous reply. "Then would you mind, sir, when we arrive opening the door and helping me out?" "With pleasure," was the cordial assent. "You see," the old lady went on to explain, "I am well on in years, and afflicted, and have to get out slowly, and backwards, and when the porter sees me getting out he shouts, 'Look alive ma'am,' and gives me a push from behind—and I've been round the circle twice already."

CLEARING THE GROUND.

Old John S.—was a rural postman in a West Country district, and, in a rather rough fashion, was also an amateur dentist. On his rounds one day he met a certain farmer about to start for a six-mile ride to town for the purpose of getting an aching tooth drawn. On seeing old John, however, the farmer distracted with pain, determined to test the old man's skill as a tooth-puller. A pair of somewhat rusty pliers was produced, and after a few tugs the tooth was held up for the farmer to see, who exclaimed: "Why John, you've drawn the wrong tooth. That is a sound one." "I know that, maister," said John; "but now I can get at the other handier!"

Two cabmen, a short time ago, had a fishing-match for a half a sovereign and drinks. Suddenly one of the Jarvies fancied he had a bite, and, being over anxious, had the misfortune to fall into the river. On his regaining the shore, his rival shouted out: "All bets off, Jim; none o' yer divin' in after 'em."

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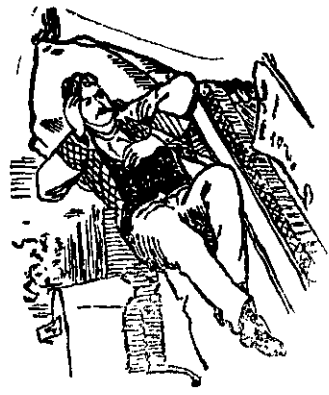
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NOTE THIS WELL.

The whole system of a human being may be perfectly sound, and yet through derangement or weakness the organs of the body may perform their functions or their work sluggishly, thus giving rise to want of appetite, and a consequent general impoverishment of the whole being. Such a condition causes thousands of people to fancy that they are consumptive, while they are really only in need of a remedy to set the organs of the body working harmoniously. Reason points to two essential qualities in a remedy for this purpose. It must create an appetite for food, and at the same time assimilate its nutriment. With either of these qualities alone the remedy would be worse than useless, but with both it becomes a power for incalculable good. ALAXUM is the only medicine which combines these two qualities. It is a natural appetiser, and its first action is to create hunger. After the appetite is satisfied it acts directly on the stomach, liver, and kidneys, clearing away all effete matter and exciting them to activity. The system then receives nutrition and new life from the proper assimilation of the food; and where there is no organic disease health must follow. This is common sense and cannot be gainsayed.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better—for the dealer—because of its better profit, but in such an instance the dealer is not the one who needs help.

From all Chemists and Shopkeepers, 2s 6d.

GREY MOUTH.

THE LATE SISTER MARY ALOYSIUS DUNGAN.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

On the early morning of the 10th of August Sister Mary Aloysius Dungan died in the Convent of Mercy of Greymouth after a brief illness. She was a resident in the convent for thirteen years. She was never of a robust constitution, and it was through considerable care that her life was preserved so long. That care was always most lovingly and freely given, and the community were simply repaid in various ways for their kind attention to her. She was of most exemplary life, very amiable of disposition, and as expressed by the local Press, "Her equal as teacher of music was not easily to be found in the Colony." Her ability and amiable disposition attracted many to the convent, and all who came in contact with her could easily see in her countenance how happy are they who reside in the Greymouth Convent.

The great esteem in which she was held was clearly demonstrated by the large attendance at her funeral. The day was certainly all that could be desired, so a very considerable portion of the population of Greymouth turned out to consign to mother earth the body of her whom they loved so well. The lady portion of the community especially were present in great numbers. Abundant were the tears shed by them in genuine sorrow, and many and beautiful were the wreaths, crowns and crosses of choicest flowers made by loving hands to testify their respect and regret for the dear departed one. Multitudes of Protestant young ladies were also present and were equally grieved with the Catholics, as many of them were her music pupils. The beautiful parish church was draped in black for the occasion, and all the priests but one, of the diocese of Christchurch on the West Coast were present at the *Requiem* Mass sung for the repose of her soul, and attended her burial.

The funeral, though a mournful, was a very pretty sight. The altar boys in cassock headed the procession. The Catholic Church committee bore the pall before the hearse. Then followed many carriages. The children of Mary, clad in their beautiful dress, the school children and general public followed, and at different vantage positions along the route to the cemetery photographers took photos of the funeral procession. Thus terminated the earthly career of Sister Mary Aloysius Dungan, Sister of Mercy, one of Eve's fairest, holiest and gentlest of daughters, loved, esteemed and deeply regretted by all who knew her on earth. She received in this life the hundredfold promised by our Blessed Redeemer. And we hope she is now one amongst that glorious band of virgins who sing in heaven that canticle that none but virgins can sing, whose especial privilege it is to follow the Lamb of God, with the name of Christ and His heavenly Father emblazoned on their foreheads.

INTERCOLONIAL NEWS.

THE final meeting of the ladies who have been engaged in collecting for the high altar and the Mosaic pavement of the sanctuary of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, was held in the Archbishop's library the other week. Over one hundred ladies attended, and his Grace occupied the chair. The Archbishop's private secretary (Rev. J. McCarthy) read the following statement of receipts up to the last meeting of the ladies—For the high altar, £1879 18s 9d; the Sacred Heart altar, £167 12s 3d; Ladye Chapel, £181 16s 4d; St. Joseph's Chapel, £189 3s 6d; children's chapel, £488 2s 7d; statue fund, £35; police force, £30; total, £2971 13s 5d. Subscriptions and collections were then handed in amounting to £50 17s 6d, which brought the total sum collected by the ladies up to £1930 16s 3d. The grand total for the various objects specified above was £3022 10s 11d.

The following various appointments and changes in connection with the Marist Brothers' College, Hunter's Hill, Sydney, are announced:—Brother John, who left a few years ago to assume the provincialship of the British Isles, has returned in the capacity of Provincial. *vicar* Brother Felix, whose term of office has just been completed; Brother Basil, who has been director of St. Joseph's for two and a half years, has been relieved, and Brother Denis has been appointed to succeed him; Brother Edward, well known to many ex-collegians, has been recalled from Bendigo, Victoria, and is now temporarily stationed at St. Mary's; Brother Cyril has returned from New Zealand, and is now resting at the Provincial House, Hunter's Hill; Brother Clement has been relieved of the directorship of the North Sydney House in order to proceed to France. Brother Basil, Brother Felix, and Brother Clement have been summoned to the Mother House of the Order, at St. Genis, Laval, Lyons.

The Rev. Canon Grigson, late vicar of the Anglican Cathedral, Townsville, Queensland, who was recently received into the Catholic Church at the Redemptorist Monastery, Ballarat, by the Rev. Father O'Farrell, C.S.S.R., is a native of Norfolk, England, was educated at King's College, London, and is a graduate of Durham University. Although comparatively a young man, he rose rapidly to preferment in the Anglican Church since his coming to Australia some ten years ago, and both in New South Wales and Queensland he was held in the highest esteem by the flock to which he ministered. Archdeacon White, in a sermon preached at Townsville some few ago on the occasion of Canon Grigson's resignation, spoke in the highest terms of the good canon's piety and amicability, and while he deplored his change of faith, which, he said, he was certain was done conscientiously, declared that in Mr. Grigson he was losing a valued friend and the people an excellent pastor. Mr. Grigson proposes to return to England in a few weeks and place himself at the disposal of Cardinal Vaughan, who will probably send him to the new college of St. Bede at Rome, which has been lately opened under the auspices of the Pope for Anglican convert clergymen who may desire to study for the priesthood.

POISONED FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

WE call particular attention to the subjoined statement. No incident of its kind, of equal interest and importance, has occurred of late years. A declaration so startling in its general scope, and so full of corroborative detail, certainly warrants the conclusion that a new epoch in the healing art has dawned upon us. Aside from the force which it assumes, the facts, as alleged, rest upon the results of a thorough and careful investigation.

(COPY.)

I, George Lack, of 123, Stamford street, Waterloo Road, London, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—

"I was always a strong healthy man up to April, 1876. At this time, whilst engaged at the Stamford street Embroidery Works, cleaning out a tank which had been used for dyeing purposes, I slipped and fell in the tank (which was covered with verdigris), cutting both my elbows. The parts soon became swollen, and in a week's time the flesh was putrid, as if gangrene had set in. My system seemed to be poisoned, and I began to lose strength rapidly, for my appetite left me and I could not bear the sight of food, what little I did eat lay on my chest like lead. I went to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, where I was under treatment for five weeks, but I got worse. After this I got an order and went into the Lambeth Infirmary, where I was placed in No. 11 Ward. At this time my condition had become serious, for I felt so sick and faint that I could scarcely move, and, after a time, I got so bad that I could only get up for an hour or two each day. Later large abscesses formed on my shoulder and gradually spread over my face and the upper part of my body. My face was completely covered with the abscesses, which, on healing, left deep marks, that I bear to this day. After this I had swelling around the joints, and large abscesses formed in the calf of my leg, and I had also running wounds, extending from the top of my ankle to the bottom of my feet. An offensive discharge of matter came from the parts, and it seemed as if the abscesses were drawing the life out of me. I was now in a hopeless, helpless state, and felt that I did not care how soon my end came. For days and days I never closed my eyes, and on one occasion I had but little sleep for eighteen days and nights together, the doctor's sleeping draughts having no effect upon me. When I did at length fall asleep I slept from Thursday to Sunday afternoon. From all the doctor's medicines and applications I only got temporary relief. On one occasion the doctor said that I could not live throughout the day. The nurses placed a screen round my bed, expecting that I should die during the day, and my brother was sent for. When the doctor called that night he was surprised to find me alive. However, I took a turn for the better, but for months afterwards I was, as it were, on the brink of the grave. I had to be lifted in and out of bed, and was fed on slops and light food. Sometimes better, and at other times worse, I continued in this wretched state for over FIVE YEARS, during which time I remained in the hospital. In August, 1881, I became tired of being in the hospital, and was carried to my house. I was so weak and emaciated that I got a pair of crutches to help me to hobble about the house. My father and friends who saw me were shocked at my feeble and emaciated appearance, and thought I was not long for this world. I lingered on in the same wretched state for two more years, expecting and wishing that I should soon be out of my misery. In November, 1883, after suffering over seven years, my father bought me a bottle of medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and persuaded me to try it, saying that it had been of great benefit to him. After I had taken half the contents of a bottle, I felt brighter and in better spirits than I had been in for years. My appetite improved, and by continuing with the medicine my legs began to heal, and I got stronger and stronger. In less than three months I was able to put aside my crutches and walk with the aid of a stick. After I had taken Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup six months I was back at my work, as strong as ever I was in my life, and have since kept in the best of health. I wish the particulars of my case known to other sufferers, and the Proprietors have my consent to make what use they like of this statement. And I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing the same to be true. By virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declaration Act, 1835 (Will. IV. c. 62).

(Signed)

"George Lack."

Declared at No. 16, Godliman street, Doctor's Commons, in the City of London, this 13th day of April, 1893, before me, (Signed) George H. Brooks, a Commissioner for oaths.

Here we have a case of profound and persuasive blood poisoning. Verdigris (chemically the bibasic acetate of copper) is, when introduced into the circulation, a slow poison, for which no positive antidote is known. There is no doubt that the physicians in the hospitals did all that could be done, with the knowledge and resources at their command. Unhappily their treatment, at best, was only mildly palliative; the poison continued its deadly work, until it saturated the poor fellow's entire system and perverted all its functions. What but an ultimately fatal result could have been reasonably expected?

Mr. Lack's final and perfect recovery, through the use of Seigel's Syrup, illustrates beyond the need of comment the unprecedented power of that well-known remedy to renew the digestion, stimulate the secretory organs, and thus to purify the blood. In common with all who shall read the details of this case, we most keenly regret that Seigel's Syrup was not taken immediately after the results of the accident first appeared.

John Tyndall and Cardinal Moran were boys together, both "children of the village"—Leighlinbridge, Carlow, Ireland. It is hard to imagine the great Australian churchman and the famous natural philosopher playing leapfrog together: but, then, a French priest, afterward a missionary to Hawaii, once boxed the ears of Gambetta, who was among his unruly pupils.

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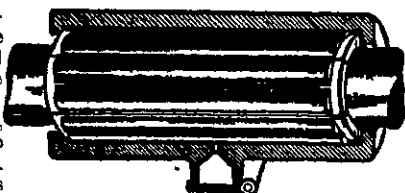
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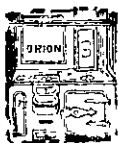
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