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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CONCERNING RAFFLES. RAFFLING is apparently to some people what smoking is to the Wahabee Arabs—the greatest crime except willful murder. And so nobody need be surprised that there's a 'rale purty bit of a fight' in Wellington just now over raffling and other enormities that are alleged to have taken place at a bazaar held in aid of St. Mark's Anglican Church. Some of the combatants have flung more of wind-power than of wit into their contributions to the strife. It is a relief to turn from the even monotony of their word-contest to the following pleasant little skit by the Hon. Dr. Grace, M.L.C.:

'As to raffles. Let us try and be reasonable with each other. Who goes to a bazaar with the expectation of making a profit? The last bazaar I was at was for some city band in the Skating Rink, I think. I looked round the stalls critically, with the eye of a man who had been in the Lowther Arcade. I do not think any dealer would have given £50 sterling for all there was in the room. The bazaar produced about £800 (gross, I suppose). Why do people go to bazaars? Just out of sympathy and good nature. We are all living together in a small town, and we help each other in a kindly spirit. For my own part, I never once saw anything in a bazaar I would like to take home with me, except a lot of pretty girls. As no single one of them would pick an old fellow like me, even if I were unattached, I just take a ticket in a raffle from every girl who asks me till my pocket is empty, and I propose to continue to do so, not caring a brass farthing for the Anti-Gambling League or Mrs. Grundy.'

According to Catholic principles, raffles are in themselves harmless, and may be indulged in without sin so long as the chances are equal, the object good, or, at least, indifferent, and the amount staked such as one might lawfully spend without injustice to himself, his family, his creditors, etc. The moment the dice are loaded in any way, the chances made uneven, the object of the raffle bad, or an improperly large amount of money—considering individual circumstances—staked upon an issue, the raffle or other lottery becomes at once sinful. It is needless to say that raffling of this kind is not carried on at Catholic bazars, nor, do we believe, at any bazars got up for church or charitable purposes. We know our principles, and claim the right to be judged by them. The *Outlook*, the Presbyterian organ, claims, however, the right to judge us by Nonconformist principles, which Catholics do not accept. Our Presbyterian friends do not seem to be unanimous on the subject, as may be seen by the following figures, taken from two returns of lottery licenses granted by the Colonial Secretary from 1894 to the end of March, 1898, to persons connected with religious denominations. Only the figures of 1897-1898 are given by the *Outlook*—

Year.	Church of England.	Presbyterian.	Roman Catholics.
1894-5	9	10	23
1895-6	8	1	18
1896-7	30	3	29
1897-8	35	2	32

Here is, manifestly, a case for the retort: 'Physician, heal thyself.'

SILDEN was a man of a thousand wise and witty sayings. One of them ran thus: 'OF AND WEDDING MANNERS. Least concern other people; yet, of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.' There is no doubt about it. And Selden's words are about as true to-day as they were when written, over two hundred and fifty years ago. It goes to prove that in some matters our manners have not improved, even though we have substituted velvet-pile carpets for the strewn rushes of Selden's

day, and the electric light for the smoky torch and the guttering, evil smelling tallow dip of the seventeenth century. Until the doctors have slain all the microbes and the Archangel's trumpet sounds the grand assemblé, people will probably continue to meddle with the marriage concerns of their cousins and their uncles and their aunts and their neighbours all round about. It comes as natural as abusing the weather or catching the measles. But why is it that the marriage ceremony should be made the occasion of exceptional and rude behaviour on the part of onlookers in the church? It is one of those things which 'no fellah can understand.' Many weddings bring a swarm of people to the church—chiefly ladies of very much assorted ages, from Miss in her early teens up through the portly matron to the ancient grand-dam whose teeth have followed her youth where Britman's barty went —'afay in the twigket.'

Sometimes the busy buzz of small-talk hums through the sacred edifice—especially during the waiting period of suspense. It breaks forth with fresh vigour as soon as the ceremony is ended. To some the church becomes for the nonce a gossip exchange—a sort of glorified music hall; the reception of one of Christ's Sacraments a cheap show; the priest, bride, bridegroom, and witnesses so many decorated actors; and the Altar and its Abiding Presence little better than a back scene. How many in the clustering crowd of curiosity-boxes kneel to offer a prayer for the future well-being of the young pair who, as they pass from the altar-rails, are, like the twin-ship *Calais Douvres*, launched to battle as best they may against the winds and waves of life? Alack! It is whispered abroad that most of them are too busy with note and comment, or gathering up a stock of material for subsequent gossip, and that nothing visible on the bride escapes the onlookers' critical eye and tongue, from the topmost sprig of her mock orange-blossom garland down to the soles of her dainty feet. There is even a legend to the effect that some people who pass for models of piety have been known to act as if the ceremony were a free show, and afterwards to return to the church with as unabashed and serene an air of innocence as if they had spent the day like so many St. Clares of Monte Balco.

The bride of the day knows she is on show and the chief source of attraction—or detraction. She nerves herself for it as she would to have a molar drawn. She arms herself elaborately at all points where the shafts of criticism are usually aimed, and becomes gradually so accustomed to the idea of being on exhibition that she goes through the ceremony nervelessly, with quiet resolution, and with the gentle dignity which covers as with a cloak the woman in who is at the same time well-dressed and conscious of the fact that she is well dressed. But alas, poor Yorick! It is quite otherwise with the bridegroom. He usually begins with a blunder—and a blunder, according to De Talleyrand, is worse than a crime. He arrays himself from crown to sole in drapery that is as fresh as a new-laid egg. Now that would be all very well in the case of a lady. She is in the summit of her glory in a well-fitting dress that has come without a crease straight out of the dressmaker's handbox—or whatever other receptacle such things are consigned to. But a man that is 'new all over' is like a leg in an iron boot. He is ill-at-ease, starchy, formal, cribbed, cabined, and confined, and permeated all through with a sense of having left a heaven of comfort behind in the 'other ones' that are hanging on pegs in his bedroom. Even in the matter of clothes old friends are sometimes best. King James I. used to call for his old boots—they were easiest to his feet. Partly as a result of this initial blunder, the bridegroom is usually nervous and fidgety. His fingers are 'fumbly' when the ring has to be produced. His hands are in his way, and his mouth-corners and eyelids are decidedly twitchy. The newspaper reporters call him 'the happy man.' He doesn't look it, and the observation is to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. As Artemus Ward would say, it is 'sarrakustic.' The 'happy man's' nervousness is increased by the fact that he has usually had a sleepless night and an agitated morning, and that he fancies that he is the central figure in the exhibition, with all eyes concentrated on him.

ANGLO SPECIAL" Cycle is absolutely the Best Colonial-built Cycle. B. S. A. Part and Co. Prices: Gent's, £21; Lady's, £22. Call and see them. THE ANGLO-NEW ZEALAND CYCLE CO., 6 PRINCES STREET.

Both these suppositions are absurdly erroneous. It is true that his presence on such occasions is unavoidable. But very few people—including even the bride—pay any particular attention to him. Prospective bridegrooms will do well to make a note of all this. It is a bit of practical wisdom snapped up at a few odd hundreds of marriages here and there. It may diminish their nervousness on the wedding morn. It will not remove it altogether. In his *Vanity Fair* Thackeray says: 'After three or four marriage ceremonies you get accustomed to it, no doubt, but the first dip, everybody allows, is awful.'

However, that is mainly a friendly growl over some of our wedding customs. It would be difficult to conceive a greater rudeness than the widely-prevailing custom of rice-throwing. I have witnessed it for eleven years past, and know it causes more or less keen distress to the newly-wedded pair. It advertises them as such along their honeymoon journey. And it makes a mess of the church grounds. I do not know whether this is generally, or at all, true; but it is whispered that rice-throwing is not absolutely always free from a *suspicion* of vindictiveness, and that the biggest handfuls are generally thrown with the greatest initial velocity, by the rejected male or female rivals of the bridegroom or the bride. The newly devised and much more objectionable *confetti* are said to be replacing rice as a promoter of protanity and discomfort at weddings. We are apparently getting back towards the brazen age of slipper-throwing. Within the memory of living persons a well-aimed slipper came with a sounding thwack against the cranium of the male half of a happy pair in England. As a result, their wedding closed somewhat after the fashion of that of the fair Maud of Malahide,

Who sank on the meadow—in one morning-tide
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride.

The new *confetti*-throwing—and, for that matter, the older superstitious rice-throwing—are but little less barbarous in their way than the custom prevalent in parts of Prussia of shying broken crockery at the newly-wedded couple. Is it not time, for Catholics at least, to disassociate superstition and rudeness from the solemn conferring of one of the Sacraments of the Church?

UNCONSCIOUS IRONY, like unconscious wit, often gives a brilliant sparkle. The advertising columns of a daily paper are about as unlikely a place as any on earth to search for

either. It is almost as bad as seeking for grapes on thorns or figs on thistles. But you sometimes drop across a gem like the following, which appeared in an Australian daily:—

'FOR SALE, fine upstanding horse, rising five, suitable for doctor or undertaker.'

A Dunedin contemporary recently published the following on its front page under the heading of

'AMUSEMENTS.

'Salvation Army. Wonderful account of the life and conversion of Captain Hill, converted policeman! Thrilling incidents of police life in London.' In the Ferguslie Hall, N.E. Valley. Thursday, April 27, 8 p.m. Admission 6d.'

You know Tom Moore's comparison of hope
LAIRY GOLD. to the bird in the *Arabian Nights*—

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree
With the talisman's glittering glory—
Has Hope been that bird to thee?
On branch after branch alighting,
The gem did she still display.
And, when nearest and most inviting,
Then waft the fair gem away!

Such has been the hope of the legions of undoubted cranks and the scores of genuine scientists as well, who down the long drift of ages have stood with stifled breath and pallid face over the fuming crucible in the endeavour to transmute scraps of leaden gutters and broken kettles into glistening ingots of mint gold. Success has ever been almost in sight of their straining vision—the coveted talisman almost in their grasp; but never quite. Alas!

The little more, and how much it is!
The little less, and what worlds away!

Poor, toil-weary children of a larger growth that bit by bit opened up the field of modern chemistry in the mad race to capture the end of a rainbow! Once and again, and ever so many times again, there rang out the cry: 'Eureka!' False every time! For instance, Kuineir's *Journey through Asia Minor, &c.*, tells of an Arabian philosopher who is alleged to have turned a piece of lead into solid gold in the presence of Mr. Colquhoun, the acting British Resident at Bassora. 'The gold,' says Kuineir, 'was subsequently valued at ninety piastres in the bazaar, or market place of the city. Just when the story becomes interesting, and one is left doubting as to whether the philosopher was a glorified alchemist or merely a

smart conjurer, he was spirited away in the darkness of the night by the Sheik of Grane, and the city of Caliph Omar saw him no more.

Our later alchemists are less ambitious. They are shy of iron pots and compo gas-pipes, and baser metals generally, and focus their surplus energies on well-meant attempts to turn silver into gold. In 1893, Mr. Carey Lea claimed to have produced from silver a strange hybrid. Its physical properties were very like those of gold, its chemical properties those of silver. Edison, the great northern wizard of electricity, produced another metallic 'cross.' Tesla harnessed the X-rays to the contract with a similar result. Professor Reimsen, of the John Hopkins University (U.S.A.) is still hard at work in the same direction (results if any) unknown. Dr. Emmens, of New York—the inventor of the high explosive Emmensite—claimed to have produced from Mexican dollars a metal so strongly resembling gold that he named it argentaurum or silver-gold. This was towards the close of 1896. The 'Argentaurum Syndicate' was formed to work the new discovery. Scientific journals—French, English, and American—devoted odd roods of paper to the process which was to have realised the long-drawn dream of the middle ages. But it is still the same old bird of the story that flitted from tree to tree. It holds the talisman in its beak still, and has flitted to another tree, with Prince Man still in hopeful pursuit. All went smoothly with the Emmens business. The gold-transmutation seemed to be getting 'a bid for a day,' when, one fine morning—and for a good many mornings—the *New York Herald* challenged Dr. Emmens to a scientific test of his machine. The Doctor hemmed and hawed and demanded impossible conditions—including a preposterously large sum of money down—before he would condescend to treat a single Mexican dollar. That is only a few weeks ago. People do not take so much interest in argentaurum now. And the gold miners up Central Otago and on the West Coast and away on the Thames, and Heaven knows where else, may sleep soundly o' nights once more and not dream uneasy dreams of modern alchemists and argentaurum.

OUR friends the Orangemen used to have
THEY WINNA only one crowning grievance: the un-
STAND IT. speakable Papist. He was the double-
concentrated quintessence of abysmal wickedness. Within the past few years, however, they have discovered hooves, horns, and tail in the Ritualist. They are consequently happy in a dismal way, and are bestowing upon the High Church clergymen a tolerably high percentage of the fetid favours which they had hitherto reserved almost exclusively for the children of the Mistress of Abominations—that is to say, of the Catholic Church.

An amusing instance of the animosity of the average 'son of William' to Ritualism or to anything savouring of 'truckling to Rome'—that is the expression commonly used in lodge literature—is given by a correspondent in the *Church Times* (Anglican). St. Clement's Church, Belfast, is the one referred to in last week's 'Current Topics' as the place where the anti-Ritualistic crusade reached its maximum of uproar and general confusion. It was even threatened with total demolition by an enraged mob composed chiefly of 'lambs' from Sandy Row. The writer in the *Church Times* tells the following tale:—

While lately travelling by train through part of Munster, I met a Northern Orangemen, who seemed rather a castaway in that region. Nevertheless, full of his subject, he began to talk of St. Clement's, Belfast. I regret that I can do such imperfect justice to his remarks, but the following is the substance:—

'A suppose ye've heard tell of yon man Peoples in Belfast?'

'Yes.'

'He's a terrible man. A went to his church twice maself.'

'But with what do you find fault?'

'Find fault! Why he comes into church wi' his hands pressed palm to palm, and his eyes lookin' atore him at naethin', an' he has two wee boys for a choir, and ye'd think he was at the head of a regiment.'

'But what is the harm in that?'

'Harm! Can ye no see the harm? He's jeest like an oul' priest. I tell ye the Belfast men will not stand it. He giv oot a hymn to the Virgin Mary, too, an' I hissed him mysel', man; I did that. There was some folk late comin' into the church; he took oot his watch; half-an-hour late sez he, nice time to be attendin' divine service; jeest for all the world like an oul' priest. They sent roon the plate and they got tuppence, I counted it meself.'

'Well, what else?'

'Weel, man, he goed up into the pulpit and he niver said a prayer, but he called oot, in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen. Was the like iver heard tell o'?' but I tell ye the Belfast people dinna stand it. He disna' preach the Gospel at all. He says the Church sez this an' the

Church sez that. That's the way wi' him. No' a word o' Gospel frae first to last; but I tell ye, man, the Belfast people winna thole it; an' then, at the wind up o' the sermon, he turns roon' in the pulpit with his back to the congregation. Oh, it's jeest dredful. But I tell ye the Orangemen will blow the church up if he disna' stop this Popish work; they'll blow it up, mind, I'm tellin' ye. Man, do ye know Belfast yersel'?

'Yes, I know something of it.'
'Dae ye know Dr. Murphy?'
'Yes, I do.'
'Ah, he's very tight!'
'I know Canon—'

'Ah, he's an Orangeman! But I ha'e my doots o' him, But, man, I was in Limerick lately, an' och! I went to Miss, A did, A did. I wanted to hear Bishop O'Dwver preach. An' what dae ye think he said in his sermon? "Ivery wan o' ye," says he, "should read a chapter or two of the New Testament ivery day in Lent." Jeest think o' that frae a Roman Catholic! It nearly tuck the sight frae me eyes. An' he spoke to them, too, about confession. "Don't," sa'z he, "be wastin' the priest's time tilin' him other people's sins." Tell him your own sins straight."

About this stage of the conversation (said the writer in the *Church Times*) our train reached its journey's end and so did our conference.

ANOTHER INSTALMENT.

Two fair readers—like a pair of gentle Oliver Twists—make a joint and emphatic demand for 'more' of the tributes of Protestant poets to our Lady referred to in the

second last issue of the N.Z. TABLET. Perhaps the two following helpings will suffice. Though homœopathic in dimensions they may make up in quality what they lack in bulk. Goethe, in his *Faust*, puts the following address to the Mother of Sorrow into the mouth of the heart-riven Margaret (Anster's translation):—

Mother benign,
Look down on me!
No grief like thine:
Thou who dost see
In his death-agony
Thy Son divine.

In faith unto the Father dost thou life up thine eyes.
In faith unto the Father dost pray with many sighs.
The sword is piercing thine own soul, and thou in pain dost pray.
That the pangs which torture him, and are thy pangs, may pass away.

And who my wound can heal,
And who the pain can feel,
That rends a-nder brain and bone?
How my poor heart, within me aching,
Trembles and yearns, and is forsaken—
Thou knowest it—thou alone!

Oh, in this hour of death, and the near grave,
succour me, thou, and save!
Look on me with that countenance benign.
Never was grief like thine,—
Look down, look down on mine!

The following fragrant blossom of devotion is from the non-Catholic pen of Mr. Housman, whose *Shropshire Lad* was accorded the palm among a dozen of the works of the younger English poets that appeared in 1897. It runs as follows:—

GOD'S MOTHER.

A garden bower in bower
Grew waiting for God's hour,
Where no man ever trod,
This was the Gate of God.

The first bower was red—
Her lips which 'welcome' said
The second bower was blue—
Her eyes that let God through.

The third bower was white—
Her soul in God's sight,
Three bowers of love
Won Christ from Heaven above.

Was there ever a sweeter or gentler or more Catholic poetic conception of that miracle of all miracles, the mystery of the Incarnation? Mr. Housman has, like so many other poets and artists— and what true artist is not a poet in feeling?—found, perhaps, his happiest inspiration in 'our tainted nature's solitary boast.'

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 advertisement.—

THE SAMOAN MUDDLE.

MATAAFA'S VERSION OF THE TROUBLE.

The Royalist, which arrived at Auckland on Thursday last brought word from Samoa that everything was quiet at the time of leaving.

By the last mail Mr. W. J. Napier, solicitor, Auckland, received some important documents from Samoa. One of these was Mr. Napier's formal appointment, signed by the king of Samoa (Mataafa) and high chiefs of his government (eight in number), constituting him law adviser and counsellor to the government in all matters of state and law in connection with the government of Samoa. Mataafa, also, wrote Mr. Napier, in his own hand, as follows:—"I rejoice very much and thank you for the good advice you gave me, together with your words that gave courage to the heart. I am very much astonished at what the men-of-war are doing now in Samoa without reason. I never gave a single order to have anything done that would cause fighting with the men-of-war, only some things were done of their own will by some common people, because they were grieved at heart to see their brethren shot down by the soldiers. Come to Samoa and be the lawyer we choose for ourselves to represent our side on the Commission. We will pay you accordingly. We have prepared for you an account of all the events that have taken place in Samoa. Be it known to you that we are desirous that you should come to Samoa."

In conversation with a *Herald* reporter, Mr. Napier said Mataafa's following is still very compact and strong. He had over 8000 well-organised men, and many of the levies, nominally fighting on Tanu's side, were really followers of Mataafa. Mataafa has his men well in hand, and exacts a rigid and instantaneous obedience from his followers. This was evidenced by the complete manner in which his order to his Samoan followers, to remain outside certain limits, had been obeyed. Mataafa has used every precaution to prevent any conflict with the white people, and even now he expresses the utmost friendliness to all three nationalities. What he is determined upon is that Samoa shall not be ruled by a boy-king in defiance of the wishes of every chief but one, and nine out of ten of the people of Samoa.

MATAAFA'S STATEMENT.

Mr. Napier received an account of the events which took place from the arrival of the Philadelphia until the cessation of hostilities, on April 21. The trend of the statement is that 'We did not want to fight, we only tried to keep the peace. The account was written for Mataafa by his chief scribe, J. S. Tolo. It is stated that on that day of the arrival of the Philadelphia 'we sent a letter offering Admiral Kautz our respects, and thanking him for coming to Samoa, but we received no reply.' Following this is an account of the incidents up to March 31, and under late April 1 the following is written down:—"The English man-of-war went to Aana, and bombarded our women and children, and burnt towns. But she first went to Atua here she also bombarded women and children. One old man was killed at Faleapuna, an old woman was also wounded, and houses burnt. Our people were scattered about among the valleys and mountains, hiding on account of the heavy bombardment, and the men-of-war soldiers pursuing us into the bush. Only the King, Mataafa, with his high chiefs and councillors, remained in the Mount Aele (Faleula), also a troop of soldiers to guard them. On that day some of the men-of-war soldiers went to seek our people in the bush, and, arriving outside of the eastern boundary of the municipality, they found our people in the German land (Tanvaaleia). They shot at our people and killed eight. Our people could not fly away, on account of the continual bombardment, and the men-of-war soldiers being well armed, as also the Samoan soldiers from Malinuu, who had a great amount of arms and ammunition given to them. Our people were scattered about in the bush. They took their guns and fought the men-of-war soldiers, with the Samoans, who were with them. Then were killed some English and American officers. This caused great sorrow to Mataafa, the king, and to the chiefs of the Government, because no orders were given to do that, but it was done by irresponsible people."

Referring to the Matafa natives, the statement says:—"Of the Samoans who are in Malinuu (with Tanu) a great many were at first with us, but they were imperturbed by the man-of-war, and frightened of the bombardment. Therefore, the man-of-war took and brought them to Malinuu. All of them have become very proud, because they have received guns and ammunition from the whites. Therefore, they have often raised war against us in the bush." Detailing the correspondence with the Admiral and the English commander with reference to the cessation of hostilities, the statement concludes 'As we were assured for certain of the appointment of three gentlemen by the Great Powers coming to examine and adjust this affair, we obeyed quickly (the last order to retire to Faleula. We remain now in Faleula to the west, and Laulii to the east even to this day (April 21). Although we are pained at these troubles, now seen for the first time in Samoa, our hope is not changed, and we wait till this thing is adjusted. As is the custom of enlightened Powers, we call on the three Great Powers to help us. We greatly hoped that there would be nothing done in Samoa different from the customs of great Powers, but for the first time in this year was seen something new; we were punished without any cause. Not only was the war waged against us, but also against the infirm, women, and children.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

A Samoan paper just to hand contains the following correspondence which passed between the commanders of the men-of-war and Mataafa, and to which reference was made in a previous issue of this paper.—

To High Chief Mataafa and all other chiefs acting with him.

Whereas we have received official information from our respective Governments that a Commission, representing the three Signatory Powers, will sail from San Francisco in a few days for Apia, with power to adjust existing difficulties in Samoa, we therefore, in the interest of peace, direct that you and your people keep beyond the following limits: A line drawn from Faleula the western limit, in a southern direction to the Tui-sivi, and on the east a line drawn from Lauli in a southerly direction to the Tui-sivi. By complying with this order you will avoid conflict with our forces. A prompt compliance with the conditions herein set forth will be required. We await your reply.

ALBERT KAUTZ,
Rear-Admiral U.S. Navy
LESLIE C. STUART,Captain U.S. Navy.

Apia, Samoa, April 23, 1899.

Bro. Philippe was the bearer of this and of all the other correspondence between Mataafa and the representatives of the Powers. The following was received in answer to the above—

To his Excellency the Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the United States in the Pacific.

To his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces.

I rejoice and thank you very much for the advice I have received from your Excellencies in the letter I have received to-day, with Tumua ma Pule Ituaia Alataua Aiga ma le Vaa o Fonoti. Therefore I write with respect to your Excellencies. I wish to follow good advice, such as this is. But excuse me, I will not contend if the representatives of the three Signatory Powers certify to me that you are one with them, the American, English, and German Consuls, and also the captains of the men-of-war of the three Signatory Powers. May your Excellencies live.—I am,

Tuasivi, 24th April, 1899.

MATAAFA.

To High Chief Mataafa and the Chiefs acting with him.

We have received your letter of yesterday and regret that you seem to have no appreciation of the generous proposition made to you, and that you oblige us to use force. We now give you notice that if you and your people are not outside the limits prescribed in our letter of the 23rd inst. we will open fire on your forces wherever they can be reached in Samoa after 8 a.m., April 25.

Apia, Samoa, April 25, 1899.

ALBERT KAUTZ,
LESLIE C. STUART.

Mataafa replied as follows:—

To His Excellency the Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the United States in the Pacific.

To His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces.

I write with respect to your Excellencies, and I thank you for the advice you have again given me to-day. Though the three Consuls are not joined with you as I had expressed yesterday, nevertheless I will do to-day according to your desire for the good and peace of Samoa. We will begin this morning to all retire beyond the prescribed limits of Faleula and Lauli. Deign to excuse us if to-morrow morning we have not completed our withdrawal on account of the great distance to have communication with one another. Your Excellencies, we have good hope in your sincerity that there will be no more difficulties in the future. May your Excellencies live.—I am, etc.,

Tuasivi, 25th April, 1899.

MATAAFA.

The Catholic World.

BELGIUM.—Honouring a Jesuit.—Rev. Father Lafont, a Belgian member of the Society of Jesus, who for many years past has been attached to the Bengal mission, has been nominated by his Majesty Leopold II. Knight of his Order. The excellent scientific work which Father Lafont has done at St. Francis Xavier's College, Calcutta, where he is a professor, has gained for him a high reputation in India, and it is in consideration of the renown the learned religious has won for the Belgian name abroad that his Majesty has conferred upon him this honourable distinction. The valuable services Father Lafont has rendered to education in Bengal met with suitable recognition several years ago from the British Government when, during the Viceroyalty of Lord Lytton, he was promoted to the Companionship of the Indian Empire.

CHINA.—Four Catholics Murdered in Shantung.—A cable message, under date May 16, reports that serious disturbances have occurred at the German Concession in the Chinese province of Shantung. Four Catholics were murdered, and 18 Catholic churches destroyed. The Chinese troops participated in the disturbance.

ENGLAND.—Catholic Chaplains in the Army.—The Financial Secretary of the War Office stated in the House of Commons recently that the Catholic army chaplains numbered 288. The other denominations represented were:—Church of England, 314; Presbyterian, 155; Wesleyan, 153; Baptist, 5. Total, 915.

St. Augustine's Chair.—A very valuable antiquity has just been presented to the Canterbury Museum in the shape of a chair, said to be the authentic chair used by St. Augustine in the sixth century.

A Well-Deserved Honour.—Mr. Thomas Clancy, the first Catholic President of the National Union of Elementary Teachers of England, is to preside over the meeting of the Union at Cambridge

and on that occasion the University will confer on him the degree of Master of Arts, *honoris causa*. The degree will be given publicly in the Senate House. Mr. Clancy is to be congratulated in the high marks of esteem he is receiving from those whose tokens of distinction everywhere carry weight. He is well worthy of any tribute (says the *Catholic Times*) that may be paid to him. Mr. Clancy has long served the teachers' cause and has done it with signal skill and ability.

Cardinal Vaughan on Sunday Papers.—A cable message received on Friday last stated that the *Daily Mail* had stopped the publication of its Sunday edition as a concession to religious feeling. Prior to starting their Sunday edition the proprietors received the following letter from Cardinal Vaughan in answer to a request for an expression of opinion on the subject:—'I should see no objection whatever to the publication of Sunday papers, if they were, as you suggest, the product of Saturday's labour. But this they would not be. The competition between the exigencies of journalism would necessitate their being written and printed down to the last minute on Sunday morning before issue. Nothing would stop that. The whole staff of compositors and office-men would be worked in such a manner as to send them to bed on Sunday morning at the hour they ought to be going to church. There is a further drawback to your proposal: the distribution of the Sunday paper would require an army of most active workers—and their work would be along all the hours of the Sunday morning. Now, surely, we can do one day in the week without being fed by electricity on electricity. Is there to be absolutely no repose for journalism? If none for the journalist, why should there be any for the journeyman?'

Bishop Brindle's Ring.—A correspondent of the *Birmingham Post* writes:—'I have heard an interesting story in connection with the valuable episcopal ring of Bishop Brindle, who has just been consecrated at Rome, and who will act as Cardinal Vaughan's assistant. The Bishop, it may be remembered, secured his great fame as 'Father' Brindle, and he has seen more fighting than any other chaplain in the British army. A man of much daring, he has been several times mentioned in despatches, and possesses the Distinguished Service Order. When the news of his meditated elevation reached Egypt the British Officers resolved that they would show their appreciation of his fine character. No question of religion intruded itself, but nearly every officer subscribed. When the men heard of the movement they even desired to be associated with it. Their appreciation, however, will probably be exhibited in another direction. The result of the officers' action is the ring which now adorns the Bishop's hand. Its chief distinguishing feature is a very fine large opal set with diamonds.'

FRANCE.—Religious Congregations.—An official inquiry recently carried out in France gives the information that there are at present in that country 1,468 religious congregations. Of these 774 are authorised and 694 not authorised. The authorised congregations comprise 718 congregations of women and twenty-six congregations of men. The non-authorised congregations consist of 556 congregations of women and 138 male communities. Altogether, without making any distinction between the authorised and non-authorised bodies, there are 161 congregations of men and 1,304 congregations of women, that is to say there are about eight times as many women as men in the Religious Orders.

A Cardinal Waits on the Poor.—The Feast of St. Joseph, postponed from Passion Sunday to the following Monday, was a day of great celebration in the refuges of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Paris. It is customary on that day for the Bishop to serve himself the festive dinner to the inmates. Cardinal Richard, in spite of his great age, refused to be replaced; braving the fatigue, he put on the white apron and waited not only on the men but also on the women.

The Ruin of the Republic.—It is no wonder France is going to ruin. In the Chamber of Deputies recently M. Breton (Socialist) moved that the device 'God protect France' be removed from the coins of the Republic and used blasphemous language of a horrible kind, and M. Peytral (Minister of Finance) in reply said he was a Freethinker and uttered words almost equally blasphemous. But he said similar mottoes appeared on the coins of the United States and Switzerland, and the motion was rejected by 315 votes to 166.

ROME.—Celebration of the Feast of St. Patrick.—The Feast of St. Patrick was celebrated in Rome in the Church of St. Isidore of the Irish Franciscans, and in the Church of St. Agatha, attached to the Irish College. The panegyric of the saint was preached by the Rector of St. Joachim's, well known in England and Ireland, where he lived many years. At the Church of St. Agatha High Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Kelly, Rector of the Irish College. The usual dinner was, on account of St. Patrick's Day falling on Friday, postponed till March 18. The hospitable Rector brought around him a large number of the most distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen then present in Rome.

SCOTLAND.—Death of a Scottish Priest in Spain.—Catholic Scotland mourns the loss of one of its most promising and brilliant sons in the person of the late Rev. Donald Fasson, vice-rector of the Scots College, Valladolid, Spain, whose death at the latter place occurred on Tuesday, March 7.

LONDON DENTAL INSTITUTE.—£1000 has been deposited by the principal with the Bank of Australasia at Dunedin as a guarantee of our worth. See advertisements. Complete sets from £3 3s; gas, 2s 6d; extractions, 2s 6d and 1s. Absolutely painless. All work guaranteed 10 years. Money refunded if not found satisfactory.—*.*

A DARLING DUST-STORM AND ITS EFFECTS.

A howling north-wester on the Canterbury plains is far from enjoyable, depresses man and beast, and is often very destructive in its effects on crops and vegetation generally. A sand-storm in the Central Otago goldfields district—and especially at Cromwell—is a thing to be remembered, especially by a visitor unaccustomed to such climatic vagaries. These, however, are mere playthings when compared to the full-grown dust-laden hurricanes that blow over the sun-scorched plains of Central Australia. Most people consider their own hardships the greater—but the Canterbury farmer and the resident of the Otago goldfields district will admit, after reading the following graphic description of a dust-storm on the Riverina, by a correspondent of the *Illustrated Times* that there are worse places than New Zealand to reside in.

The writer says:—Generally

THE FIRST INTIMATION OF THESE DUST-STORMS

is given on waking in the early morning, when a north-westerly wind blows a gale, and dust, as fine as the sand in an hour glass, besprinkles every corner of the room. As the day advances, the pattern disappears off the carpet, every footstep leaves an impression, and every one gives his or herself up to a day of the greatest misery. All doors and windows are securely fastened, lamps are lit, sometimes soon after breakfast, sometimes on and off all day, and the darkness which prevails outside is darker than the darkest night, as the blinding clouds of dust—yet scarcely a cloud, more like a continuous sheet of dust—rushes madly on, swaying and bending the trees and shrubs as it goes. Some brave man ventured out on the verandah and held up a white pocket handkerchief before his eyes. Not the shape of it was even visible. Inside a strong kerosene lamp burned, and those on the opposite side of the room were not distinguishable. Work of any kind was out of the question, and we sat there abusing our fate, and sometimes flying to the window, wondering what was about to happen. Even lunch had no effect to soothe. Every mouthful of food made me wonder if those mud pies we made when we were children were less appetising than the food we then were eating, which ground the sharp edge off our teeth.

THE TEA HAD A SCUM OF DUST

on the top, and round the edge a ring of mud stuck to the cup. The cook sent over one night to say he was very sorry there was no gravy, for as fast as he made it it turned into mud. The bedrooms looked things of the past. A big mound, the shape of a bed, indicated where once stood the bed, covered with its snowy quilt of yesterday, and the looking-glass absolutely refused to do its work. How things fared outside, when the storm stopped, the next day told.

Sheep that escaped bleated forlornly as they scampered over the plain, with their lank sides hanging together, and then, as the boundary rider rode on till he came to a bank of sand, sometimes collected by a few bushes, sometimes by a wire-netting fence, under this fence of dust those sheep who were not able to keep on the move with the stronger ones had lain down, and had been buried alive. A nose was the only sign, which moved, slowly, in a last struggle, just above the sand.

DESOLATION AND DESTRUCTION

on all sides. Dams, some thousands of feet in extent, were fast silted up, and round the edge of the dam, extending in for eight or ten feet, sheep were buried, some dead, and others still alive, with both eyes picked out by the merciless crows. One place, where a few days before a dam had stood, was level with the surrounding ground, and over the surface numbers of little mounds told that underneath lay the carcasses of sheep buried alive in these awful storms. One of the owners of a station started out from the homestead at four a.m. to get his mail-bag, some twelve miles distant. He came across a man on horse-back, wandering about in a very forlorn and helpless way. As he got nearer he recognised the wanderer as a man who lived forty miles away at the nearest post town. 'Hallo, Mick,' shouted the owner, 'what's up?' 'Blessed if I know, sir, where I am. I was never "bush" before, and, as you know, I've been out this way before many a time, but I can't recognise this part of the country—pointing to a sandhill between three and four feet high—'so I just camped here last night and trusted to find some one to direct me to-day.' 'That sandhill,' replied the owner, 'forms part of the boundary of my station, and underneath it you will find

THE WIRE-NETTING BOUNDARY FENCE

A partner of one of the most prominent stock and station firms was making his way down to Melbourne with a friend, when one of these dust-storms overtook them. By the middle of the day it was impossible to proceed. As they ought to be close to the Lachlan River, they decided that one should get out and go on a little way to see if they were on a track, and try and follow it up. Finding the search fruitless, the friend guided by the shouts of his companion in the buggy, proceeded to return on his hands and knees, on account of the violence of the wind, and, after going some little distance, ran into the pole of the buggy. There they sat for four hours, when the wind suddenly dropped, and revealed, not more than a few hundred yards off, the bridge across the Lachlan River, and the township of Booligal ahead.

Booligal, which has been mentioned with Hay and another spot not situated in Australia as the three hottest places on record, was never nearer receiving a good word than when those two men just missed the friendly shelter of the four walls of 'The Drover's Arms' during that storm. And the landscape! Before the storm it had been a plain, but with drains and depressions, some vegetation and sundry live-stock. It was still a plain, stretching into the dim distance; but every depression was filled, even the four-foot drains; where there had been fences

THERE WERE NOW MILES OF SAND WALLS;

where bushes had stood there were now rounded mounds, and everything stranding on four legs had disappeared—either before the clouds of sand, or below the drifts.

The miseries of a real Darling dust-storm are, indeed, excessive, and may the next clip not hear the voice of the cook from one of the station sheds crying out, 'Now, mates, roll up quick and lively, or the soup'll be silted up afore yer gets to it!'

The foregoing graphic and doleful sketch may be fitly concluded by a cluster of verses of Henry Lawson:—

THE SONG OF THE DARLING RIVER.

The skies are brass and the plains are bare,
Death and ruin are everywhere—
And all that is left of the last year's flood
Is a sickly stream on the grey-black mud;
The salt-springs bubble and quagmires quiver,
And—this is the dirge of the Darling River:

'I rise in the drought from the Queensland rain,
I fill my branches again and again;
I hold my billabongs back in vain,
For my life and my peoples the South Seas drain;
And the land grows old and the people never
Will see the worth of the Darling River.

'I drown dry gullies and lave bare hills,
I turn drought-ruts into rippling rills—
I form fair islands and glades all green
Till every bend is a sylvan scene.
I have watered the barren lands ten leagues wide
But in vain I have tried, ah! in vain I have tried
To show the sign of the Great All Giver.
The Word to a people: O! Lock your river.

'I want no blistering barge aground,
But racing steamers the season round;
I want fair homes on my lonely ways,
A people's love and a people's praise—
And rosy children to dive and swim—
And fair girls' feet in my rippling brim;
And cool, green forests and gardens ever '—
Oh, this is the hymn of the Darling River.

The sky is brass and the scrub-lands glare,
Death and ruin are everywhere;
Thrown high to bleach, or deep in the mud
The bones lie buried by last year's flood,
To laugh at the rise of the Darling River.
And the Demons dance from the Never Never.

INTERNATIONAL TUG-OF-WAR IN MELBOURNE.

THE IRISH TEAM AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

THEY DEFEAT ALL NATIONS.

In our last issue we gave the results of the international tug-of-war held in connection with St. Vincent's Fair, Melbourne. The Irish team was victorious, the Australians coming in a good second. The Australians were not altogether satisfied with the result, as they believed that with a better selected team the laurel crown would be theirs. The victors expressed their willingness to give the Cornstalks another chance, a proposal being made that the pull should be for £100 a side. Eventually it was agreed to dispense with the money prize, and to have the contest solely in the interests of the charity. The two teams met on the 5th inst. in the presence of about 15,000 persons. Immediately the word was given both teams bent to their work, and for four minutes, during which time you could hear a pin drop, so intense was the excitement amongst the spectators, there was not the slightest advantage to either side. At the first movement of the rope, which told of the superior powers of the Irish, the stillness was broken, and the crowd gave vent to their pent-up feelings in a deafening cheer. The Australians made a splendid effort to win back the advantage gained by their opponents, but the indicator moved not a hair's breadth. At a signal from their captain the Irishmen gave another heave, and a foot additional was obtained. The Australians made another desperate attempt to recover the lost ground, but as far as the spectators could see, they might as well have tried to move the building in which the fair was held. After another spell the Irishmen bent to their work again, with the result that by twelve minutes from the start they had gained four feet out of the six necessary for a win. It was now seen that the Australians had no prospect of securing victory, and in about half a minute the Irish pulled them to the six-foot limit. The victory was greeted with tremendous applause, and the winning team was overwhelmed with congratulations, the Australians, too, coming in for warm congratulations for the plucky fight they made.

On the following evening the victorious team engaged in a contest with picked men from all nations, consisting of Australian, English, American, and Danish representatives, the combined team being a fine body of muscular men. There were about twenty thousand persons present on this occasion, as great interest was taken in the contest. The Irish team received a tremendous ovation on their appearance. The contest proved a very tame affair, as the Irish practically walked away with their opponents in less than five minutes. The total result of the international contest during the fair was that Ireland swept the field, beating England, Denmark, America, all nations (combined team), and Australia, the latter on two occasions.

THE JUBILEE OF 1900.

FURTHER PROTESTS AGAINST THE CABLE ORACLE.

In the 'Current Topics' of last week's issue we dealt with the extraordinary cable message which that bright particular star of journalism, the Australian agent of the New Zealand Press Association, supplied to the daily papers of the Colony. As our readers will remember, it ran as follows—'The Pope has proclaimed 1900 a universal jubilee year amongst Catholics to be marked by a special remission of sin.'

We are glad to notice that the agent's tag regarding 'a special remission of sins' has been made the subject of at least two wholesome and emphatic protests—one by our valued friend Father Tubman, S.M., of Timaru; the other by his confrère, Father Goggan, S.M., of Blenheim.

In a brief letter to the *Timaru Herald* Father Tubman drops upon the cable oracle with the impact of a steam hammer. He concludes with the following satirical touch: 'I do hope that next year will be marked by "special remission of sin," and that among the penitents foremost will be our friend at the other end of the wire.' To his credit, the editor of the *Timaru Herald*, in the course of a leader marked by great good sense, expressed regret for the inadvertent publication of a cable message which had given offence to his Catholic readers, and which (said he) was 'obviously erroneous—obviously, that is to say, to those at all acquainted with the subject.'

Father Goggan's letter was addressed to the *Marlborough Express*. He dealt briefly with the coming jubilee, and concluded with the following pithy explanation of the plenary indulgence attached to it:—

'A plenary indulgence does not mean a remission of sin. An indulgence cannot remit sin nor give permission to commit sin. It can neither be bought nor sold; it is a *gratia gratis data* (Romans, 3, 24). It cannot even be gained by a person in sin. In a word, it is but the remission—after sin itself is forgiven—of the temporal punishment still due to the justice of God—(II Kings, 12, 13-14). And David said to Nathan: I have sinned against the Lord. And Nathan said to David: The Lord also hath taken away thy sin; thou shalt not die. Nevertheless, because thou hast given occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, for this thing the child that is born to thee shall surely die.' That the above is true is evidenced by the nature of the conditions prescribed for the gaining of said indulgence. These conditions are: Observance of fast on days named; recitation of prayers for spiritual needs of the Church; a worthy reception of Holy Communion preceded by a good confession. Now, in virtue of another delegated power of Jesus Christ to His Apostles (St. John, 20, 22-3): "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained"—sin is forgiven in the Catholic Church to the sinner who humbly confesses being sincerely sorry for having offended God, and honestly resolved, God's grace helping, not to offend again by wilful committal of same. If any of these conditions are wanting, every Catholic knows there is and can be no remission of sin; in a word, that apart from the Sacrament of Penance there is no means for a "special remission of sin." Hence the slander against the Catholic Church in the Press Association telegram cited above.'

A DRINK BILL.

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND NEW ZEALAND.

The 'Annual Drink Bill' of the United Kingdom, compiled by Dr. Dawson Burns, is not very pleasant reading for the friends of temperance reform. During the year 1898 the people of Great Britain and Ireland expended upon intoxicating liquors the sum of £154,480,934 sterling, which (as the population was officially estimated at 40,188,927) was equivalent to an outlay of £3 16s 10½d by each person, or £19 4s 4½d by every family, reckoning five persons on an average to each family. The drink expenditure in 1898 was two millions and a fifth in excess of the drink expenditure of 1897, which stood at £152,281,723. The increase of population was estimated at less than 1 per cent, but the increase in the national drink bill was 1½ per cent. There was an increase on British spirits of £1,084,324, on beer of £831,219, and on wine of £687,217—a total of £2,602,760; but as there was a decrease on other spirits of £403,729, the net increase of expenditure was £2,199,031. In England the consumption of spirits was 16,706,338 gallons; beer, 56,697,995 gallons; wine and other liquors, 2,633,996 gallons; or a total of 76,097,329 gallons. In Scotland the figures were—Spirits, 4,380,276 gallons; beer, 2,411,053 gallons; wine and other liquors, 274,250 gallons; total, 7,065,579 gallons. In Ireland the consumption of spirits amounted to 2,712,886 gallons; beer, 4,005,727 gallons; wine, etc., 274,250 gallons; total, 6,992,863 gallons. These figures work out per head of the population as follows—England, 241 gallons; Scotland, 166 gallons; Ireland, 154 gallons. In comparing the expenditure in the three countries composing the United Kingdom we find that the English expenditure increased by £2,087,000, the Irish by £115,601, whilst the Scottish drank less by £4000. Scotland, however, holds the premier position for spirit-drinking, the consumption under this head in that country last year being £1 16s 10d each, against £1 1s 7½d in Ireland, and 19s 8d in England. The amount spent on beer and spirits per head of the population was—England, £3 13s 10d; Scotland, £2 13s 10½d; Ireland, £2 8s 1d; so that contrary to prejudiced opinion the latter is far and away the soberest country of the three. As to the drinking habits of the people of England and Ireland, Mr. Blake, M.P., in the course of a speech delivered in the House of Commons in March, 1897, put

THE MATTER IN A NUTSHELL.

He said:—'In 1893 the expenditure for beer in Britain was £88,627,000, or £2 13s a head; in Ireland, £6,291,000, or £1 7s 2½d per head. Thus the Briton spends all but twice as much on beer as the Irishman.' 'Well, sir, what about whiskey?' 'The expenditure for spirits in Britain was £18,571,000, or £1 9s per head; in Ireland, £6,144,000, or £1 6s 6½d per head. Thus much more was spent per head on spirits in Britain than in Ireland. So Britain preserved her superiority in both branches of this competition; having spent twice as much on beer, she took a good deal more spirits too; and then says something about Irish drunkards! The Briton spends on both £4 2s; the Irishman £2 13s 8d.' 'I venture to suggest that it is not for Britain to "cast a stone," to preach too-well temperance and sobriety as our cure.' Now, it is admitted that intemperance is a great evil, and that indulgence in liquor leads to a great waste of money, especially among the industrial classes, who can ill afford it, but we might ask those who are continually prating about the progress made by Protestant countries, why is it that the English people spend 50 per cent. more on intoxicating drink than the people of Ireland—is this another sign of national advancement?'

NEW ZEALAND.

It is interesting to compare the drink statistics of the United Kingdom with those of our own Colony. The consumption of beer, wine and spirits has been steadily on the decrease in New Zealand for some years. In 1884 the beer consumed per head of the whole population was 8121 gallons against 7453 in 1896; wine, 6253 gallons against 6133; spirits, 6923 gallons against 6605 gallons. Taking the years 1886 and 1896, we find that 4,576,291 gallons of beer, wine and spirits were consumed in the former year against 3,765,000 in the latter. This is an apparent increase in quantity, but then the population increased during the same time by about 21.5 per cent. At the same time a comparison of the convictions for drunkenness shows that drinking was not so prevalent in 1896 as it was eleven years previously. In 1886 the number of persons convicted and sent to gaol for drunkenness was 1,077; eleven years later it had fallen to less than half that number. Of course many causes may be assigned, besides diminution in the drinking habits of the population, for this decrease in convictions. Still the falling off is so large as to give hopes, after making allowances for varying causes, that drunkenness is steadily on the decrease.

Although our New Zealand drink bill is a great deal more than it should be, still it is satisfactory to know that drunkenness is not one of our predominant colonial vices. There is scarcely any part of the British Empire where one sees less of it than here. Drunkenness is an evil which flourishes best in certain surroundings. The poverty-stricken, over-crowded, ill-kept slums of large cities are hot-beds wherein it grows to perfection. Communities living an open healthy life, having good food, and well clothed and housed, like the people of this Colony, are not so subject to the blighting influence of this disease. Whatever else may be alleged against the moral character of our rising generation, that of drunkenness cannot. The majority of our convicted drunkards have been importations from the Home countries. The evil was in their blood, and transference to a new land was not sufficient to eradicate it. As the native-born population increases in this Colony in comparison with those who are not the drink bill will have a downward tendency, provided, of course, that we guard against those agents—poverty, overcrowding, and bad food—which have been the fruitful cause of so much of it in the Home countries.

O B I T U A R Y.

MISS MARGARET LAMB, GORE.

In our last issue we briefly announced the death of Miss Margaret Lamb, daughter of Mr. James Lamb, East Chilton, Gore. The sad event took place on Monday of last week, and the funeral on the following Wednesday. The Very Rev. Dean Mackay (uncle of the deceased), and Rev. Fathers Murphy and O'Neil (Winton) arrived in Gore on Tuesday, and on the following morning a Requiem Mass for the deceased was said, the celebrant being the Rev. Father Murphy, assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Mackay and the Rev. Fathers O'Donnell and McGrath. In the afternoon the remains were taken to the church, the clergy preceding the hearse. At the church the Very Rev. Dean Mackay gave the absolution, and from thence the funeral cortege left for the cemetery, Gore, where the interment took place, the service at the grave side being conducted by Dean Mackay, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Murphy, O'Neil, O'Donnell, and McGrath. The funeral was the largest seen in the district for a very long time, and great sympathy was manifested on all sides for the parents and relatives of the deceased young lady.—R.I.P.

MRS. VAUGHAN, MATAURA.

It is with feelings of deep regret we record the death of Mrs. Vaughan, wife of Mr. Hugh Vaughan, Mataura, and niece of Mrs. Costelloe, Dunedin, which took place on the 17th inst. The remains were brought to Dunedin on Thursday, and on Friday were taken to St. Joseph's Cathedral, where the first part of the burial service was said by the Rev. Father Ryan. The funeral, which was very large, left the Cathedral for the Southern Cemetery where the interment took place, the Rev. Father Murphy conducting the service at the graveside.—R.I.P.

Before pneumatic tyres were introduced, cycling was mainly an athletic pastime enthusiastically pursued by hardy devotees, but when the Dunlop tyre (which was the first pneumatic put on the market) was introduced, cycling soon took a universal hold on all classes of society, and is now characterised as the best of all pastimes.—R.I.P.

Friends at Court.

BIOGRAPHICAL GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

(Written for the N.Z. TABLET.)

- MAY 28, Sunday.—1st after Pentecost.
- .. 29, Monday.—St. Boniface.
- .. 30, Tuesday.—St. Felicitas.
- .. 31, Wednesday.—B.V.M. Under title of Help of Christians.
- JUNE 1, Thursday.—Feast of Corpus Christi.
- .. 2, Friday.—St. Eugene, P.O.
- .. 3, Saturday.—St. Mary Magdalen di Pazzi.

FEAST OF CORPUS CHRISTI.

A great solemnity has this day risen upon our earth: a feast both to God and men: for it is the feast of Christ the Mediator who is present in the Sacred Host, that God may be given to man, and man to God. Divine union—yes, such is the dignity to which man is permitted to aspire; and, to this aspiration, God has responded, even here below, by an invention which is all of heaven. It is today that man celebrates this marvel of God's goodness. And yet, against both the feast and its Divine object, there has been made the old-fashioned objection: How can these things be done? It really does seem as though reason has a right to find fault with what looks like senseless pretensions of man's heart. Like every living creature around him, man thirsts for happiness; and yet he is the only creature on earth that feels within itself longings for what is immensely beyond its capacity. Whilst docile to the lord placed over them by the Creator, the irrational creatures are quite satisfied with what they find in this world; they render to man their several services, and their own desires are all fully gratified by what is within their reach: it is not so with man; he can find nothing in this his earthly dwelling, which can satiate his irresistible longings for a something, which this earth cannot give, and which time cannot produce—for that something is the infinite. God Himself, when revealing Himself to man through the works he has created—that is, when showing Himself to man in a way which his natural powers can take in: God, when giving man to know Him as the First Cause, as Last End of all creatures, as unlimited perfection, as infinite beauty, as sovereign goodness, as the object which can content both our understanding and our will—no not even God Himself, thus known and thus enjoyed, could satisfy man.

Why talk of the sight of God, of the life of God, of a banquet wherein God Himself is to be the repast? Surely these are things far too sublime for man, or created nature, to reach. Between the wisher and the object longed for there is an abyss—the abyss of disproportion—which exists between nothingness and being. Creation, all powerful as it is, does not in itself imply the filling up of that abyss. If the disproportion could ever cease to be an obstacle to the union aspired to, it would be by God Himself going that whole length, and then imparting something of His Own Divine energies to the creature that had once been nothing. But what is there in man to induce the Infinite Being, whose magnificence is above the heavens, to stoop so low as that? This is the language of reason.

But on the other hand who was it who made the heart of man so great and so ambitious that no creature can fill it? How comes it, that whilst the heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth how full of wisdom and power is every work of his hands, how comes it, we ask, that in man, alone, there is no proportion, no order? Could it be that the great Creator has ordered all things, excepting man alone, with measure, and number, and weight? That one creature, who is the master-piece of the whole creation: that creature, for whom all the rest was intended, as for its king: is he to be the only one who is to be a failure, and to live as a perpetual proclaimer that his Maker could not, or would not, be wise, when He made man? Far from us be such a blasphemy! God is love, says St. John, and love is the knot which mere human philosophy can never loosen, and therefore must never leave unsolved the problem of man's desire for the infinite.

Yes, God is charity: God is love. The wonder, in all this question, is not our loving and longing for God, but that we should have first loved us. God is love; and love must have union; and union makes the united one like one another. Oh! the riches of the Divine Nature, wherein are infinite Power, and Wisdom, and Love.

'McKenzie's' Houdai-Lanka tea is not a mixed tea: it is the unadulterated product of some of the best estates in Ceylon. The proprietors contend that the wealth of an American millionaire could not purchase a superior article. Many inferior teas look nice in the bulk, but the true test is in the teapot, and here it is claimed the Houdai-Lanka tea establishes its value, as the results are excelled by none other. All packets and packages of this brand are packed and sealed in Ceylon, so that consumers may rely on having a genuine, unadulterated article direct from this famous tea-producing country.—*.*

Visitors to Christchurch will find first-class accommodation at Burke's Hotel, Manchester street. This hotel, of which Mr. James Murphy is proprietor, is one of the most central in the city, being only a few minutes' walk from the railway station, and also close to the banks and post office. The house, which has not been erected many years, is of brick and concrete, the whole of the apartments are large and lofty, and the fittings and furnishings are of the best. The proprietor's aim is to make Burke's second to none in Christchurch, and consequently he has spared no expense so as to secure the comfort of his patrons.—*.*

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J. F. NIXON

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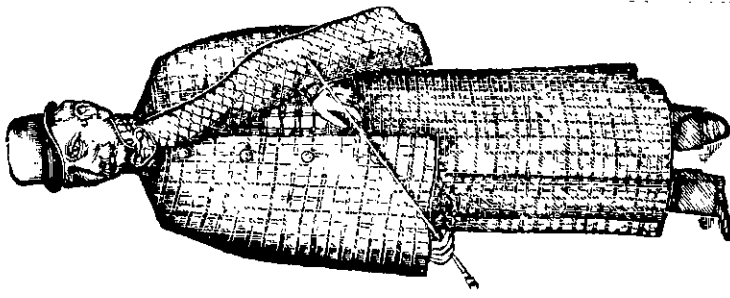
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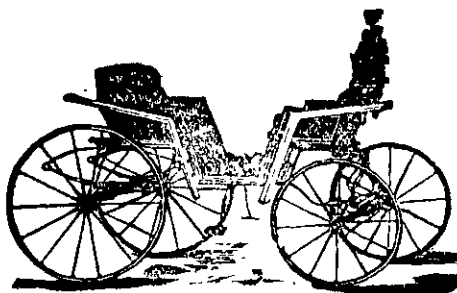
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Irish News.

OUR IRISH LETTER.

(From our own correspondent.)

Dublin, March 23.

SMALL AND YET GREAT.

Now that the Urban elections are over, it may be asked, in sober earnest, what are these new powers granted to the people, these powers that are intended to make them give over all longings for Home Rule?

They are very small indeed, and they are very great. Very little, inasmuch as the work to be done is the same work that has always had to be done, *i.e.*, the levying of local rates and taxes and the expending of same on the poor and on lunatics, on keeping the towns and country clean and wholesome, and making the towns and country pay for it all.

This is practically what the new Urban, County, and Rural Districts Councils are permitted to do; in a word, precisely what was done before. The difference is that the work will henceforth be in the hands of men and, in certain cases, of women who are in sympathy with the people, who have been elected by the people, who have the interests of their own country and people at heart, and who, if they do not act for the common good, can be turned out by the people. This is where the power is great and is, in a measure, home rule. Hitherto all such power lay in the hands of the landlord class, at least all control over the work paid for by the people, but jobbed and managed so as to suit the ends and needs of a class utterly devoid of patriotism. The whole public work of the country was in the hands of gentlemen who were called county grand jurors—land owners and land agents, with a small, almost infinitesimal sprinkling of that class of wealthy Irish who have been spoiled by generations of English rule, and who, to gain this coveted position, had to forswear all national feeling—beings than whom none can be smaller or meaner. These grand jurors nominated and co-operated with each other, and managed the business of their counties, and spent the ratepayers' money precisely as suited their own interests and the interests of the Government. They were almost invariably strong political partisans, opposed to every thing that could emancipate or give full justice to the real people of the country; averse to every movement that could raise the Irish to any power, political, social, or commercial.

Now, for the first time, free voting and the new Local Government enable the Irish to elect men whom they can trust, men who, feeling where the shoe pinches, can remedy the last; men who, earning and paying the taxes that are spent on public works, can best judge what outlay or what economy will be for the universal good, what are the actual wants, what will best remedy these wants. If the men chosen first do not properly perform their duty, well, as I before said, there is no longer class, clique, or prejudice, no 'oo-opting'; they can be turned out and better men chosen by the electors.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL ELECTIONS.

So far the elections have been Urban. In April will come the County elections which are finally to supersede the reign of the landlord Grand Juries. Now, the hitherto rulers under the old system have fought hard and fast, tooth and nail, as the saying is, against this measure. To induce them to give a sort of sulky consent to it, instead of doing as the old Emperor of Germany would have done, pass the law that seemed for the general good, whether any one class liked it or not, Parliament bribed the Irish landlords with a great and unjust bribe. It freed them—the impoverishers of three-fourths of our poor—from what is known as poor rates. In other words, gave them £400,000 a year and turned over the support of the poor on the shoulders of the already over-burdened taxpayers. In spite of this, the landlords are working heaven and earth to be permitted to have their cake and eat it. They are coaxing, praying, begging, even threatening in order to get elected on the new councils. One noble lord, of yachting notoriety, is credited with holding almost a threat of eviction over the heads of his tenantry if they do not return him as member of the local County Council.

The Irish, on their side, have taken hold of this new power to work it, as they honestly and candidly say, for the improvement of the country and as a means towards the genuine Home Rule. To this end they are electing men known to be of national politics, but also known to be good men of business, who will not, and, in fact, cannot (they will be too well watched) job out the public money to their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts. We may now literally take in the latter as the new law says that, 'Every person, whether

a man, a woman, or a peer,' is entitled to be on the register of voters, and a man, a woman, or a peer can likewise be on certain of the councils, and a woman can be chairman of the Urban District Council. It was not an Irishman given to making bulls who worded these regulations, making a chairman of a woman and leaving it to be inferred that a peer is looked upon as the missing link in creation.

However, while politely—and not unnaturally—preferring to give our own men a fair trial, seeing that we pay the piper and consequently have the calling of the tune, the landlords have only to produce tried men of their class who have been genuinely friends of the people, and such men will be warmly welcomed. I fear many cannot be found, but none need fear the want of courtesy, no more than they need look for the forced subservency of old ascendancy days. I cannot give a better example of the general tone of the electors at this momentous crisis than by quoting a few words spoken by the Bishop of Armagh at a convention held in his diocese for the purpose of selecting candidates for the County Council: ' You will see that we make no dictation to any constituency. There must, as long as human nature remains imperfect, always exist rivalry and jealousy and selfishness amongst us. None of us is perfect. But let us try, in memory of a common ideal in the past—which is recognised as the best knitter of brotherly love—let us, in this eventful year of national dawn, try to minimise these evils. . . . I would take the liberty of addressing one word of warning to candidates and electors. To the former I should say: Seek not your own interests so much as the honour and fair name of your motherland. Learn before you seek the people's suffrages the great responsibilities that will devolve upon you. You must see your way to devote your time and your serious attention, and your solid, patient labour many days in the year to your duties. Don't undertake the work unless you are in a position to make these sacrifices. If your election is contested, don't allow your reason and dignity to be obscured by passion. Don't indulge in bitter and reproachful words; they cause a wound that festers and tortures when their memory should be blotted out. . . . To the electors I should say: You have every opportunity in the secrecy of the ballot to act honestly for your country. You have a sacred trust given you, and do not tamper with it. Let your vote be given to merit, and not to favour or affection. You are all sensible, and, for the most part, educated men and women. Study the lives and of the different candidates that come before you. Your conscience will then dictate the course you are to follow.'

This is a rather lengthy dissertation on our County Council elections, but they are the great Irish question of the day. They do not, however, prevent pleasures from brightening life, and even though we are in lenten season, when the great majority of the Irish people abstain from public amusements, the court balls and dinners, levées and drawingrooms at Dublin Castle are in full swing under the *regime* of Lord and Lady Cadogan, the season to wind up after Easter with the race week, during which the Duke and Duchess of York are to visit Dublin.

We have an old clan song on one side of my family, 'John O'Dwyer of the glen,' the first line of which runs:

'TIS PAST THE WOODS ARE FALLING,'

in reference to the wholesale destruction (during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries) of the woods of Ireland, in order that the outraged owners of the land might not even have the shelter of their own woods when stripped of their castles and lands by Acts of Parliament passed to enrich royal favourites or to reward those who lent money to pay English troops. Many of the woods grew up again and formed no small part of the natural beauty that fills Irish hearts with love of our 'fond and fair land' and attracts lovers of scenery from other countries. For some years past the question of compulsory purchase of the vast estates throughout Ireland and the resale of them for the benefit of the tenantry, has, as you know, been frequently debated, and it is thought will eventually have to be made law. In anticipation of this, numbers of alien estate owners throughout the land are wantonly ruining the beauty of the fairest scenes, as well as injuring the climate by the wholesale destruction of woods on their property. In this way, a great part of the far-famed Vale of Avoca has been stripped of the timber that made it so fair, and its stately trees have been converted into matches! And now Mr. John Parnell (brother of Mr. Charles S. Parnell), owner of Avondale, is at the same unparliamentary work.

Speaking of the Parnell family, none of the late leader's parliamentary colleagues approve of the *Life* published by Mr. Barry O'Brien. According to their judgment, a much better biography is nearly ready for the press.

The name of O'Brien reminds me of a comical trick played upon the Government by a friend of Mr. William O'Brien, which

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J. M'KAY.

shows to what lengths the Government will go in order to make political capital in this country.

A LITTLE JOKE.

It was well known in the days of the Land League agitation that the letters of all Irish M.P.'s prominent in politics were 'grahamised' in the Post Office; that is, opened and read, and the contents, if of any political importance, communicated in official quarters before the letters were forwarded to their owners. My story comes a little after the fair, but it was only lately it leaked out.

During 1898 national badges commemorative of 1798-1898, buttons, scarves, pins, and so on, were a good deal worn by Nationalists. There were green flags, harps and shamrocks, portraits of 98 men, crossed pikes, and all kinds of designs. It appears that Mr. Wm. O'Brien ordered some small silver emblems in the crossed pike (the Irish did good execution with this weapon in 1798) design of a Dublin silversmith. Some wag of Mr. O'Brien's acquaintance heard of the order and determined to have a joke over it. He accordingly wrote a post-card dated from the silversmith's establishment, addressed to Mr. O'Brien, and bearing simply the words: 'The pikes are ready.' The post-card was seized in the Post Office, Government acquainted with the ominous words written thereon, prompt measures were taken in Dublin Castle, orders issued thence to the police authorities, and a strong posse of police marched to the premises of the astounded and then highly amused silversmith. When the officer in command sternly demanded the surrender of all the unlawful weapons in his possession, we can imagine the faces of officers and policemen on being presented with a tray of neat silver brooches! How meekly they marched back to barracks!

EASTER FESTIVITIES.

Easter is coming fast, this year with sunny skies and fresh green fields, primroses and daffodils scenting our garden beds, and all the world looking so spick and span new that one feels glad to be here to enjoy it. The ships are like flower beds, so gay are they with novelties for Punchestown—Punchestown being our most famous race-meeting of the year, and the novelties being gay dresses and trinkets for ladies, fine everything for men that men love, from swell boots to gold-mounted dressing cases, jewelled cigar boxes, and field glasses. This year's novelties are gayer and more costly, and in greater profusion than ever, for the Duke and Duchess of York are coming to Ireland for a fortnight and are to be at Punchestown, good weather permitting, so our prettiest thoroughfares will be at their gayest during Easter week, unless the Scotch and English blizzards travel over and bring us a white Easter to spoil sport and make the strangers grumble at our climate, as they so often do, forgetting that nearly all our bad weather crosses over from England and Scotland, and the rest comes from America. Were we left to our own Irish weather clerk, I do believe we should have 365 sunny days in the year, with gentle showers by night, just to keep the grass green and make the corn grow.— M. B.

COUNTY NEWS.

CARLOW.—A Lady County Councillor.—Mrs. Alexander has been elected, unopposed, as District Councillor for the Bagnin Division of Carlow.

DUBLIN.—The Greatest Stock Show in the World.—The entries received for the Royal Dublin Society's spring show at Ballsbridge were far in excess of any previous year, and placed it in the position of being the world's great exhibition of breeding cattle. The total entries exceeded those of any similar show in the United Kingdom.

GALWAY.—The Presidency of Galway Queen's College.—The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Professor Anderson, the Presbyterian Professor of Mathematics, to the Presidency of Galway Queen's College. The policy of bringing the College into harmony with the Catholic population, by appointing Catholics to office without making any change in the constitution of the College is, therefore, openly and finally abandoned.

Death of the Master of the 'Galway Blazers.'—The death is reported in our Home exchanges of Mr. Henry Sadler Perse Glencard, Galway, in his 67th year. He was a D. L. for Galway and High Sheriff of the Borough of Galway, Mr. Perse was well known in connection with the Galway Blazers, of which he and his brother were masters for forty years. He was the head of the famous Galway distillery which bears his name and was established by his father in 1815.

KERRY.—The Late Canon Brosnan's Successor.—Most Rev. Dr. Coffey, Bishop of Kerry, has appointed Rev. Father O'Riordan, P.P., Kingwilliamstown, to succeed the late Canon Brosnan, P.P., in the pastoral charge of the parish of Cahereaveen. The appointment has given much satisfaction.

KILKENNY.—Completion of the Cathedral.—St. Mary's Cathedral, Kilkenny, which was begun as long ago as 1543, has been completed and was solemnly opened on Low Sunday. The Cathedral was commenced by the Most Rev. Dr. Kinsella, but the foundations were scarcely above the ground when he passed away. He was succeeded in the See by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, but the new Bishop had scarcely assumed the mitre when the fumes of the terrible 17 period began to gather. This retarded the work, but notwithstanding, in 1897 the shell of the Cathedral was completed at a cost of £100,000. In 1884 the Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg was consecrated Bishop of Ossory, in succession to the present Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney, and after 14 years of patient labour his Lordship has the pleasure of seeing St. Mary's Cathedral completed, a monument to the lively faith of the priests and people of the diocese.

KING'S COUNTY.—Death of the Very Rev. Dr. Sheridan.—Canon Sheridan, V.G., died at his residence, Ferbane, near Birr, on March 26. Completing his course in Maynooth Canon Sheridan was ordained in 1855, to a curacy in Longford, and subsequently became parish priest of Drumshambo, Leitrim, whence he was transferred 25 years ago to the important parish of Gallen, of which he was in charge at the time of his death.

WATERFORD.—White Gloves for the Judge.—At the opening of the City Court of Waterford Assizes, before Lord Chief Justice O'Brien, Mr. W. G. D. Goff, High Sheriff, in presenting to the Judge a pair of white gloves, hoped the absence of crime at the Assizes may prove an omen of the successful working of the new Act. His Lordship—Well, Mr. High Sheriff, Alderman Ryan and gentlemen of the Grand Jury of the City of Waterford, I accept the presentation which has been made to me with very sincere pleasure indeed. When last I had the honour of presiding in the Crown Court of the City of Waterford I was presented with white gloves.

WEXFORD.—A Memorial to Father Murphy.—A memorial, consisting of three stained-glass windows, has been placed in Ballyduff Church, to the memory of Father Murphy, the patriotic and valiant priest of ninety-eight.

THE COUNTY ELECTIONS.

NATIONALIST VICTORIES.

UNIONISM VANQUISHED.

The first batch of Irish county elections under the new Local Government Act took place during the first week in April. The victory of the Nationalists was overwhelming, leading the London *Times* correspondent to say that 'Unionism has been annihilated in Munster and Connaught, almost totally extirpated in Leinster, and badly wounded even in Ulster.'

Returns received of the elections (says an exchange) show a proportion of five Nationalists to one Unionist, and even in Ulster the balance of power is not so much in favour of the Unionists as might have been expected. The returns gave seventy-four seats to the Unionists and fifty-seven to the Nationalists in Ulster.

Outside of Ulster the proportion was ten to one in favour of the Nationalists.

Unionism has been annihilated in Munster and Connaught, almost extirpated in Leinster, and badly crippled in Ulster.

SOME OF THE RESULTS.

The results in Dublin county were 13 Nationalists and 7 Unionists, Kilkenny 29 to 1, Kings county 20 to 1, Mayo 21 to 0, Westmeath 21 to 2, Derry, Carlow 20 to 0. Miss Charlotte Barrington, the only woman candidate, was elected in Limerick. Lord Mayo received only 19 votes in Wicklow and Lord Castletown only 12 votes in Cork. Labour candidates won 11 of the 16 seats in the Limerick district.

Throughout three Nationalist provinces Unionist candidates stood in every county, reckoning on the apparently apathetic condition of political feeling supervening on factionist dissensions to enable them to slip in and secure larger representation if not control of some of the most important new county boards; but except in isolated cases, where the Unionists on personal grounds were elected unopposed, they have been overwhelmingly defeated.

LANDLORDS BLATEN.

The policy of importing politics into these elections was denounced by Mr. John Redmond and his friends, who argued that it should be shown to the Unionists, who should be accorded a fair representation as the best way of starting the new bodies on their career.

Mr. John Dillon, on the contrary, recommended no quarter be extended to the enemies of Home Rule until Home Rule is attained.

Among the most notable defeated Unionists are Lord Castletown, Lord Mayo, Marquis of Ormonde, Earl Rosse, and Lord Langford, all of whom stood in their own counties, where they have extensive properties, and where under the county government system recently abolished, they virtually had the nomination of the governing bodies. Lord Frederick Fitzgerald, uncle of the Duke of Leinster, defeated a Nationalist candidate by a narrow majority at Maynooth, which is owned by the Fitzgerald family, and Lord Castletown won a seat in Kildare, where his property is situated.

LORD FITZGERALD'S APPEAL.

The result of Lord Dunraven's contest was not yet declared but was believed to be close. Only 60 per cent. of the electorate was polled throughout Ireland when the mail left, but the Nationalist victory was complete.

The Unionists of position and property, and with a lifetime of experience in public affairs, have been defeated by the wholesale. Even many of the better class of Nationalists have been beaten by labour candidates.

The county elections, in spite of everything foretold to the contrary, have been fought solely and wholly upon political lines, and the result is an overwhelming victory for Nationalism. In Kildare Lord Frederick Fitzgerald, a landlord and Tory, secured an election as the only Unionist among seven Nationalists by reason of his frank appeal to the rebellious traditions of the people. He issued a placard calling upon the voters 'to remember the traditions of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.'

All lovers of the Precious Blood should have a cordial devotion to the Church, and should immensely honour, revere, and prize the Most Holy Sacrament.—Father Faber.

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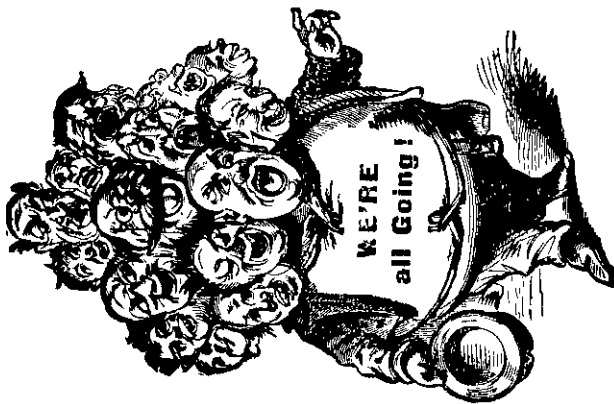
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The "STANDARD" Brand Boots and Shoes are known from Auckland to the Bluff for sterling quality</p> |
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Commercial.

(For week ending May 23.)

Mr. Harman Reeves, Sharebroker, Dunedin, reports as follows:

BANKS.—National, Buyers, 2/8/6; Sellers, 2/10/6. New South Wales, B., 37/0/0; S., 37/10/0. Union of Australia, Ltd., B., 26/15/0; S., 27/5/0.

INSURANCE.—National, B., 17/0; S., 17/3. New Zealand, B., 3/3/0; S., 3/3/6. South British, B., 2/1/0; S., 2/5/6. Standard, B., 13/3; S., 13/6.

SHIPPING.—New Zealand Shipping, B., 4/12/6; S., 4/15/6. Union Steam, B., 9/17/6; S., 10/0/0.

COAL.—Westport, B., 3/2/6; S., 3/3/6.

LOAN AND AGENCY.—Commercial Property Company (2/10/0), B., 1/6; S., 5/0. National Mortgage, B., 17/0; S., 17/6. Perpetual Trustees, B., 11/9; S., 12/6. Trustees and Executors, B., 1/12/6; S., 1/13/6.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Kaipoi Woollen Co., B., 6/3/6; S., 6/6/0. Milburn Lime and Cement, B., 2/4/6; S., 2/5/6; do., new issue, B., 15/0; S., 1/5/3. Mornington Tramway, B., 16/0; S., 16/6. Mosgiel Woollen, B., 4/5/6; S., 1/6/0. New Zealand Drug, B., 2/10/6; S., 2/11/6. New Zealand Drug (30/- paid), B., 1/16/0; S., 1/17/6. Otago Daily Times, B., 12/0/0; S., 12/10/0. Emu Bay Railway, B., 8/0; S., 9/0. Wellington Woollen, B., 4/15/0; S., 4/17/6. Silvertown Tram, B., 19/0; S., 4/11/0. New Zealand Refrigerating, B., 1/19/0; S., 2/0/0.

GOLDFIELDS.—Reefton: Big River Extended, B., 11/0; S., 14/6. Cumberland Extended, B., 0/9; S., 1/0. Dillon Extended, B., 1/0; S., 1/6. Keep-it-Dark, B., 21/6; S., 22/6. Alpine Extended, B., 5/6; S., 5/3. Welcome Co. (Ltd.), B., 1/6; S., 2/0. Ceresus (Paparua), B., 6/0; S., 5/3. Otago.—Alpha (vender-), B., 2/0; S., 2/6. Golden Site, B., 3/0; S., 3/3. Morning Star (A issue), B., 9/0; S., 10/0.

DREDGING COMPANIES.—Belmont, par. Buller, B., 20/0; S., 21/0. Chatto Creek, B., 37/0; S., 37/0. Clyde, B., 47/0; S., 50/0. Dunedin, B., 15/0; S., 16/0. Empire, B., 3/7/6; S., 1/0/0. Enterprise, B., 2/17/0; S., 3/0/0. Enterprise Gully, par. Evan's Flat, B., 21/0; S., 22/0. Ettrick, B., 13/0; S., 13/6 (paid). Golden Gate, B., 71/0; S., 75/0. Golden Beach, B., 11/0; S., 11/6 (prem). Golden Point, B., 28/6; S., 29/0. Tuapeka, B., 21/0; S., 22/0. Vincent, B., 31/6; S., 33/0. Hartley and Riley, B., 34/6; S., 37/6. Jurdand Flat, B., 5/6; S., 5/9 (contrib.). Kyeburn, B., 10/0. Maerua Flat, 20/0; S., 20/6. Golden Run, B., 19/0; S., 19/6. Golden Terrace, B., B., 16/9; S., 17/9. Magnetic, B., 63/0; S., 65/0. Matau, B., 2/0; S., 57/0. Matakaitiki, B., 5/0; S., 5/6. Mount Ida, par. Molyneux Hydraulic (B), B., 27/0; S., 29/0. Naseby, B., 31/0; S., 32/0. Nevis, B., 21/6; S., 22/0. Ophir, S., 10/0. Otago, B., 2/5/0; S., 2/10/0. Success, B., 2/10/0; S., 2/15/0. Upper Waipori, B., 3/3; S., 3/6. Waimumu, B., 30/0; S., 31/0. Sunlight, B., 18/0; S., 19/0 prem. Cromwell, B., 10/6 prem; S., 11/0 prem. Riverbank, B., 1/0 prem.; S., 1/3 prem.

SLUICING COMPANIES.—Moonlight (contrib.) B., 17/6; S., 20/6. Roxburgh Amalgamated (contrib.), B., 6/6; S., 7/0. Deep Stream, B., 27/0; S., 28/0.

PRODUCE.

London, May 16.—The total quantity of wheat and flour afloat for the United Kingdom is 3 440,000 quarters, and for the Continent 1,870,000 quarters.

London, May 17.—A cargo of wheat shipped from Adelaide on February 18 has been sold at 28s 3d.

The American visible wheat supply is estimated at 13,520,000 bushels.

Mutton Fine, 26s; medium, 24s 6d. Beef: Fine, 24s 6d; medium 23s.

Owing to the very large increase in both fat cattle and sheep in the Gisborne district, Nelson Brothers have decided to double the capacity of their Taruheru works, which, when completed, will provide storage for 40,000 sheep, with a freezing power of 2000 per day. They will also put up a room for the chilling of beef. It is hoped that with these additions they will be able to carry on operations all the year round, and a Tyser steamer will call at Gisborne every three weeks for cargoes.

London, May 19.—The wheat market is weak. The American is firm owing to bad reports of the crops. Two sailers' cargoes realised 28s 1/2d and 28s 6d respectively. Parcels by steamers, March shipment, were offered at 28s, sailers 27s 6d.

New Zealand apples, ex Papanui, are selling at 7s 9d to 15s per case; pears, 15s 6d to 20s per case.

London, May 21.—The wheat market: Ten thousand, five hundred quarters of South Australian were sold at 28s 7 1/2d.

Frozen Meat Cross-bred wethers and maiden ewes—Canterbury, 1 1/2d; Dunedin and Southland are not quoted; North Island, 3 15-16d. Lamb Prime Canterbury, 5 3/4d; fair average (including Dunedin, Southland, Wellington, and secondary Canterbury), 5 3-16d. Riverplate cross-bred or merino wethers—heavy 3 3/4d, light 3 1/4d.

AUSTRALIAN COMMERCIAL.

Sydney, May 17.—Wheat: Chick, 2s 4d to 2s 6d; milling, 2s 8d to 2s 10d. Flour L6 10s to L6 15s; Manitoban, L9 15s. Oats (feeding) New Zealand, 1s 7d to 1s 9d; Tasmanian, 1s 6d to 1s 9d; Furburton seeding, 2s to 2s 3d. Barley: Cape, 2s 4d to 2s 6d; Chevalier, 5s 8d. Maize: 2s 8d. Peas: Prussian blue, 3s 3d to 3s 6d. Bran, 8 1/2d to 9d. Pollard, 9 1/2d. Potatoes: Circular Heads, L2 10s; New Zealand Derwents, L2. Onions: Victorian, L2 15s to L3 5s; New Zealand, L3 to L3 5s. Butter: Dairy, 8d to 9d; factory, 10d. Cheese: Large, 4 1/2d to 5d; loaf, 5 1/2d to 6d. Bacon, 7 1/2d to 8d. Hams: New Zealand mild-cured, 9 1/2d.

Melbourne, May 17.—Wheat, firm, 2s 8d to 2s 9d. Oats: Algerian 1s 4d to 1s 7d; stout, 1s 6d to 1s 7d. Barley: Maltng, 3s 4d to 3s 6d. Maize, 2s 5d to 2s 7d. Bran, 8d. Pollard, 8 1/2d. Potatoes, L2 to L2 2s 6d. Onions, L2 to L2 15s.

Adelaide, May 17.—Wheat, 2s 7d to 2s 9d. Flour, L6 10s. Oats: Dun and Algerian, 1s 6d to 1s 8d; stout, 2s to 2s 6d. Bran and pollard, 9d.

INVERCARGILL PRODUCE MARKET.

There has been practically no change in the local markets since last report. Prices are about the same. For oats values range from 1s 1d to 1s 2d at up-country stations. Wheat: Good milling is worth 2s 2d to 2s 3d (sacks extra, up-country). Ryegrass, machine dressed, 2s 6d ex-store; and farmers' parcels, 1s to 1s 6d (up-country).

Invercargill prices current:—Wholesale—Butter, fresh, 7d; eggs, 1s 6d per doz; cheese, farm, 3 1/2d; bacon, farm, 7d; bacon (rolled), farm, 6d; hams, 8s; potatoes, 40s per ton; fowl wheat, 2s; barley, 2s to 2s 6d; chaff, L2; flour, L8; oatmeal, L9 to L10; bran, L2 10s, including bags; pollard, L3. Retail—Fresh butter, 9d; eggs, 1s 9d per doz; cheese, 6d; bacon (rolled), 8d; sliced, 9d; hams, 10s; potatoes, 60s per ton; flour, 200lbs, 17s; 50lbs, 4s 9d; 25lbs, 2s 6d; oatmeal, 50lbs, 5s; 25lbs, 2s 9d; pollard, 5s 9d per bag; bran, 3s 6d per bag; chaff, L2 10s per ton; fowls' feed, 2s 3d per bushel.

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co. report as follows:—

OATS.—Our catalogue was composed of medium to good feed lots. There was good demand for all sound-conditioned lots, at prices a shade better than those ruling last week. We quote prime milling, 1s 5d to 1s 5 1/2d; good to best feed, 1s 3 1/2d to 1s 4 1/2d; medium, 1s 2 1/2d to 1s 3d per bushel (sacks extra).

WHEAT.—We submitted several lines of fowl wheat, which met with moderate competition. Good whole wheat sold at 1s 11d to 2s; medium, broken, and smutty, 1s 6d to 1s 9d per bushel (sacks in).

ARTHUR M. BYRNE,

Manufacturer's Agent and Indent Merchant, Telegraphic Address "BYRNE, DUNEDIN." P.O. BOX 131.

QUEEN'S ROOMS, CRAWFORD ST., DUNEDIN, and 5, FEN COURT, FENCHURCH ST., LONDON, E.C.

Having just returned from the Home Country, where I have made arrangements to be the Sole Agent for the colonies of New Zealand and Tasmania for the following celebrated and well known brands of Irish Whiskies, For Otago and Southland: Guinness' Stout and Bass' Beer. It is my intention to visit the chief centres of business in New Zealand and Tasmania at least twice a year, when I trust to be favoured with your valued indents for same.—Yours faithfully, ARTHUR M. BYRNE.

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The Old Bush Mills Distillery Co. Ltd. (Distillers of Pure Malt Whisky only)
The only Medal with Highest Award, for Irish Whisky, Chicago, 1893, and only Gold Medal for Whisky, Paris, 1889.
'Special Old Liquor' Malt Whisky, 12 years old. "Special" Malt Whisky, 7 years old. " " Malt Whisky, 9 years old
** Malt Whisky, 5 years old * Malt Whisky, 3 years old.
Duncan Alerdice & Co., Limited, Old Distillery, Newry.—"Extra Special"—"The Native Liqueur"—"Hand in Hand"—The "Native." "Killarney Cream." "The Blackthorn." "Old Irish" (with buyer's name printed).
Henry Thompson and Co., Newry (Purveyors by Royal Warrant to Her Majesty the Queen H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, and both Houses of Parliament.) "Old Irish," H. P. & Co. "St. Kevin," "Dr. O'Toole."
AGENT FOR OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND
W. E. Johnson & Co., Liverpool, Export Bottlers of GUINNESS'S Extra Foreign Stout, BASS & CO'S Pale and Light Bitter Beer (the well-known 'Compass' Brand).—QUOTATIONS FOR ABOVE ON APPLICATION.

50 Miles Australasian Road Record

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This Fine Performance was accomplished by W. B. BELL, who rode 50 Miles in 2hrs. 8min. 49sec.

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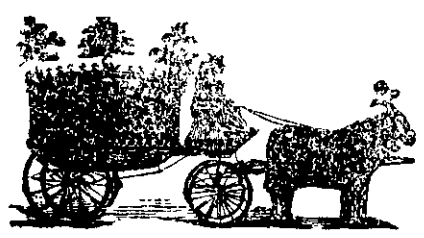
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WOOD AND COAL MERCHANT, WHARF CARTER, ETC.
MAIN ROAD, SOUTH DUNEDIN,
Begs to announce to his Friends and Public of South Dunedin that he has started in the above line, and by careful attention to business hopes to receive a fair share of patronage.

JAMES BARRIE.
THE BAZAAR (next Wil-on Bros.), STAFFORD ST., TIMARU.
FANCY GOODS IMPORTER, FRUITERER, and CONFECTIONER.
Picture Framing on Shortest Notice.
The best assorted stock of Fancy Goods, Confectionery, &c. in South Canterbury.

HOTELS FOR SALE.
Hotel, country; rent £110s, trade £60; long lease purchasing clause; about £1000 required.
Hotel, suburb; rent £3, price £1250.
Hotel, Napier, rent £3, trade £60; price £800.
Hotel, Palmerston North; trade £30; price £700.
Hotel, Pahiatua; rent £3, trade £30; price £800.
Hotels, New Plymouth, Hawera, Patea, Waikato, Blenheim, Tennyson, and different districts.
We are prepared to advance a large proportion of the purchase money to suitable buyers.
DWAN BROS.,
WILLIS STREET, WELLINGTON

UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND, LIMITED

Steamers will be despatched as under (weather and other circumstances permitting):

LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON—
Te Anau Fri., May 26 3 p.m. D'din
Tarawera Thurs., May 30 2.30 p.m. trn
NAPIER, GISBORNE and AUCKLAND—
Te Anau Fri., May 26 3 p.m. D'din
Tarawera Thurs., May 30 2.30 p.m. trn
SYDNEY, via WELLINGTON—
Waikare Wed., May 31 2.30 p.m. trn
SYDNEY via AUCKLAND—
Tarawera May 30 2.30 p.m. trn
Mararoa Tues., June 13 2.30 p.m. trn
MELBOURNE via BLUFF and HOBART—
Mokoia Mon., May 29 2.30 p.m. trn
Wakatipu * Mon., June 5 2.30 p.m. trn
* Calls Hobart.
WESTPORT, via TIMARU, AKAROA, LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON.
Cargo only.
Taupo * Thurs., May 25 1 p.m. D'din
Corinna † Fri., June 2 4 p.m. D'din
* Via Tararaki and Greyouth.
† Calls Nelson if required.
TONGA, SAMOA, FIJI and SYDNEY—
Manapouri Wed., May 31 From Auckland
TAHITI and RARATONGA—
Ovalau Tues., June 6 From Auckland
FIJI (SUVA and LEVUKA)—
Upolu Wed., May 24 From Auckland

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FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,
Direct Importers of Best and Latest Designs in Funeral Furnishings.
FUNERALS Conducted with the greatest Care and Satisfaction, at most Reasonable Charges.
Corner of Wakarua Road and Cass streets, and Baker and Brown's Coach Factory.

H. I. S. L. I. P.,
BOOT AND SHOE IMPORTER,
101 George Street, DUNEDIN.
Being a Direct Importer of all classes of Boots and Shoes, I am in a position to offer the Public the Best Manufacturers' Goods at Very Reasonable Prices.
I can offer you Ladies' Walking Shoes from 5s per pair and confidently recommend the wear.
Men's Light Boots from 8s 6d; Boys' and Girls' School Boots a Speciality.

The Famous "VICTORY." The Best Sewing Machine in the World. Special £50 prize this month only. 6. PRINCES STREET.

POTATOES—The supply was more than equal to the demand. We submitted both northern and southern Derwents, but as competition was weak only a few lots were quit ed. We quote best Derwents, 30s to 32s 6d; fair to good, 27s 6d to 30s per ton (sacks in).

CHAFF—We submitted a considerable quantity, all sorts being presented. For medium there was no demand, and even good quality was difficult to place. Prime oat chaff was well competed for, and sold at an advance of 5s to 7s 6d per ton on last week's prices. Inferior and cow chaff also met with some demand at quotations. We quote prime oat chaff, L2 10s to L2 12s 6d; good, L2 5s 6d to L2 5s; medium, L1 15s to L1 17s 6d; inferior, L1 5s to L1 10s per ton (sacks extra).

Messrs. Stronach Bros. and Morris report as follows—

WHEAT—No change in values to report. Quotations: Prime milling velvet, 2s 4d to 2s 6d; medium 2s 2d to 2s 3½d; prime Tuscan and red sorts, 2s 3d to 2s 4d; medium, 2s 1d to 2s 2½d; fowl wheat, 1s 8d to 2s per bushel (sacks in).

OATS—Market steady. Seed lines 1s 1½d to 1s 6d; milling, 1s 1d to 1s 5d; good to best feed, 1s 3½d to 1s 1d; medium, 1s 2d to 1s 3d per bushel (sacks extra).

BARLEY—Market quiet. Prime malting, 2s 3d to 3s; extra prime lake samples, 3s 3d to 3s 8d; feed and milling, 1s 6d to 2s per bushel (sacks extra).

CHAFF—Market fully supplied. Prime oat chaff, L2 2s 6d to L2 5s; medium, L1 17s 6d to L2 per ton (bags extra).

POTATOES—Market over supplied. Best Derwents, 35s per ton (bags in).

LIVE STOCK.

ADDINGTON STOCK MARKET.

To-day being a double market at Addington, there being no sale next week, the entries were large in most classes of stock, and there was a very good attendance. Business in all the fat departments was brisk. Entries: 6,500 fat sheep, 1,400 store sheep, 4,110 fat lambs, 511 cattle, 448 pigs. The feature of this market was undoubtedly the large yarding of fat lambs, some extremely well finished lines coming forward.

FAT CATTLE—The 258 head yarded were mostly good sorts, and met with fair competition, if anything prices being slightly firmer without any appreciable advance in price. Good to prime beef brought from 17s to 18s 6d per 100lb: medium to good 15s to 16s 9d; and cow and inferior sorts, 12s 6d to 14s 6d. Per head steers brought from £5 to £7 15s; ordinary to good heifers, £1 to £7, and up to £8 10 for extra prime: cows, £1 to £7 10s.

FAT SHEEP—The yarding was a record one for the season, both for number and quality. Business was very brisk. Butchers keenly competed for choice lots, and some show wethers from Wairarapa brought 24s to 26s. The demand for export was unusually brisk, and a further advance took place. Butchers' ewes also sold well. Prime heavy-weight wethers, 22s to 27s for freezers; wethers and mixed lines wethers and maiden ewes, 16s to 21s; prime trade ewes, 14s to 16s 10d; medium to good do, 11s 6d to 13s 6d; and others, 9s to 10s 6d.

FAT LAMBS—The entry of lambs showed a great improvement in quality, and buyers for export were almost tumbling over each other in their anxiety to secure better lines, of which there were some large ones. One of over 800 brought 16s to 16s 7d; several others bringing over 16s, and other big lots over 15s, while for a picked lot of 61 an export buyer gave 20s.

STORE SHEEP—These were not in. Forward wethers and lambs held their own, but ewes were a trifle easier, especially a lot not guaranteed in lamb. Wethers 13s 2s to 15s 3d, lambs 9s 9d to 11s 11s, ewes 9s 10d to 12s 5d.

PIGS were a little easier, baconers running from 3½d to 3½d, and porkers 4d to 4½d per lb.

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

Messrs. Wright, Stephenson and Co. report as follows—

For this week's sale a considerable number of light harness horses came forward, including consignments from Southland and New South Wales. The Southland horses being good sorts and in good condition sold well, but those from the sister colony were very thin, and only two out of 11 changed hands. Notwithstanding that they were out of condition, there were good offers made for the unsold horses in the New South Wales consignment, but rather than accept them the importer (Mr. Hegarty) decided to hold over for a future sale. The prices obtained for the other light horses sold ranged from L12 to L18. Strong light harness horses for bakers' carts and the like purpose are badly wanted, and would sell readily at quotations. Of heavy draughts not many were offered, but there was strong inquiry for carriers' powerful horses and also for good farm sorts. For one first-class five-year-old gelding we obtained L10, and for two others L35 and L25 respectively. We quote as follows: First-class young draught mares and geldings, L35 to L45; good do., L28 to L35; medium sorts, L20 to L25; aged draughts, L12 to L16; first-class hacks and light harness horses, L18 to L25; good do., L12 to L16; medium do., 16 to L19; aged and inferior, L2 to L5.

WOOL, SKINS, TALLOW, ETC.

London, May 17.—At the wool sales the Waimate clip fetched 8½d.

The fifth series will open on September 19, and the sixth on November 28. The quantity to be offered will be unlimited.

A later message states that wool shows a slightly firmer tone.

London, May 18.—At the wool sales bidding was good, but prices were unchanged.

At the tallow sales 1175 casks were offered and 900 sold.

London, May 19.—The wool sales were good of merinos. A better selection was offered.

The Otekaike clip realised 9 5-8d.

The Bradford market is weaker. Common sixties, 2½d; supers, 26d.

London, May 20.—The wool sales closed slightly in buyers' favour. The quantity catalogued was 185,186 bales. The quantity sold to the Continent was 95,000 bales, to Home buyers 85,000 bales, and to American none. Five thousand bales were held over.

The cessation of the French demand when immediate needs were satisfied caused a slight reaction last week.

Merinos closed at about the opening rates—15 per cent. above March prices: fine crossbreds were 20 per cent., and firm throughout: coarse crossbreds were 10 to 15 per cent.

The market is practically bare, and the outlook for the next sales is hopeful.

The Duntroon clip realised 10½d.

Messrs. Stronach Bros. and Morris report as follows:—

RABBITSKINS—The market this week shows no alteration, early winters selling at up to 21½d; other sorts in proportion.

SHEEPSKINS—Market very firm. Best dry crossbreds, 3s 9d to 3s 3d; medium, 2s 9d to 3s 8d; best dry halfbred merinos, 4s to 5s 6d; medium, 2s 9d to 3s 10s; butcher green skins, 2s 6d to 3s 5d; do. lambskins, 2s 6d each.

HIDES—In good demand. Prime heavy ox, 3½d to 4d; medium, 2½d to 3½d; light and inferior, 1½d to 2½d per lb.

TALLOW—Market unchanged. Best rendered mutton, 14s to 16s; medium, 12s to 13s 6d; rough fat, 8s 6d to 11s per cwt.

Mr. F. MEENAN, King street reports:—Wholesale price only—

Oats feed, medium to prime, 1s 2d to 1s 4d; milling, 1s 4d to 1s 5d. Wheat plentiful: milling, 2s 3d to 2s 6d; fowls', 1s 6d to 2s. Chaff: L1 15s to L2 5s according to quality, plentiful. Ryegrass and clover hay: L3 to L3 5s. Straw: bare, loose, 28s; pressed, 27s per ton. Potatoes: L1 12s 6d to L1 15s. Market overstocked. Flour: 17 to L7 10s. Oatmeal: in 25lb bags, L8. Butter: dairy, 6d to 8d; fresh factory, 9d to 10d. Eggs: 1s 8d. Bran: L2 10s. Pollard: L3 10s. Onions: L3 10s to L3 15s per ton best.

What the Cables Say.

Increasing activity is being shown in the direction of initiating an export trade from Manchester to Australia.

Mr Cockburn, Agent-General for South Australia, and Mr W. P. Reeves, Agent-General for New Zealand, will attend the Tuberculosis Conference at Berlin.

Signor Crispi, in an article, declares that the invitation to America to participate in the Peace Conference sets up a precedent for her intervention in all European questions.

The Government have decided to convert the Imperial Institute into national property. The last wing will be allotted to the London University.

A letter written by a sergeant of sharpshooters has been published in Paris. The writer states that Major Marchand shot and hanged runaway porters, and made women his luggage-bearers, while advancing towards the Nile.

Mr W. T. Stead has been allowed to deliver a lecture to the British residents in St. Petersburg. He denounced the censorship over all publications brought into the country as idiotic and mischievous. He complained that no peace society was allowed to be organised in Russia.

Seven Englishmen and one Dane were arrested at Johannesburg during the early part of last week, and conveyed to Pretoria on a charge of enlisting men for service against the Transvaal. It is alleged that 2000 men had already been enrolled. Some accounts declare that several of the accused were either British officers or ex-officers, but this is doubted. The British agent expressed to President Kruger regret at the incident, especially on the eve of a friendly understanding. President Kruger hoped it would not interfere with his meeting with Sir A. Milner. The plot was discovered through a detective, who pretended to join the movement, and watched the growth of the scheme for four months.

LATE BURNSIDE STOCK REPORT.

(SPECIAL TO N.Z. TABLET.)

(Per favour Messrs. Stronach Bros. and Morris.)

Tuesday, 5 p.m.

FAT CATTLE—121 yarded. Prices slightly lower than last week. Best bullocks, L7 to L8 10s; medium, L5 to L6 15; best cows and heifers, L5 to L6 15s; medium, L3 10s to L4 15s.

SHEEP—2340 penned. Prices had declined about 1s per head on last sale. Best crossbred wethers, 17s to 16s 9d; medium, 13s to 14s 6d; best ewes, 14s 6d to 16s; medium, 13s to 14s 3d.

LAMBS—900 penned, all meeting with a good demand. Best lambs, 11s to 12s 6d; medium, 9s to 10s 6d; others, 7s to 8s 9d.

PIGS—71 forward; a good demand for all offered. Suckers, 9s to 11s; slips, 16s to 20s; porkers, 32s to 38s; baconers, 47s to 62s.

Messrs. Fletcher, Humphreys and Co., wine, spirit and cider merchants, Cathedral Square, Christchurch, notify that they are importers of cigars, cigarettes, Indian, Ceylon and China teas, and American goods. Messrs. Fletcher, Humphreys and Co. have a well-deserved reputation of being importers of the best class of goods, and clients can always rely on receiving liberal treatment from this old-established firm.—* * *

The Waverley Bicycle.

Send for beautiful illustrated Catalogue and learn all about this handsome and easy-running wheel.

WAVERLEY CYCLE DEPOT, 217 Colombo St., Christchurch and John Orr and Co., Ashburton.

Packed only in
Air-tight
Nett weight Tins.



No. 1, Blue Label, 1/9
No. 2, Red Label, 2/-
No. 3, Gold Label, 2/4

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GREAT CLEARING SALE,

Commencing THURSDAY, MARCH 23rd, 1899.

For One Month Only. | For One Month Only.

STUPENDOUS REDUCTIONS.

Books, Stationery, and Fancy Goods of every variety—a Tremendous Sacrifice. Bargain Tables of every description.

All Special Lines of Goods 20 per cent. discount. Kindly note—
2d in the shilling, 3/4 in the pound.

No deception. Every article marked in plain figures. Terms strictly Cash. Inspection invited. Catholic readers are cordially requested to avail themselves of this opportunity of securing good sensible reading and objects of religious devotion.

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(Opposite Pro-Cathedral)

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On account of so many blocks coming in late, and by numerous requests, drawing must be postponed. Date will be fixed next week.

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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.

Correspondents forwarding obituary and marriage notices are particularly requested to be as concise as possible.

Annual Subscription, 25s booked; 22s 6d if paid in advance; shorter periods at proportionate rates.

DEATH.

DWYER.—On the 22nd May, at his residence, Pier Hotel, Edward Dwyer; aged 38. Deeply regretted.—R.I.P.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1899.

'A RELIC OF BARBARISM.'



CORRESPONDENT in the *Otago Daily Times* of Saturday last draws attention, opportunely enough, to the terms of the British coronation oath—the oath which some sixty odd years ago was taken by Queen Victoria, and which in the natural order of things, unless some change be made, must at no distant day be taken by her successor. The writer in question makes no comment on the oath, but contents himself with merely having its terms published, rightly judging that this insulting and infamous declaration carries with it its own condemnation. The question is opportunely raised because, as we have said, the advanced age of Her Majesty renders it certain that before very many years can elapse the sovereignty must pass into other hands, and if any change is to be made in this impious declaration, if the perpetration of what Cardinal WISEMAN called this 'national crime' is not soon to be repeated, now is the time for those interested to be up and doing. Already in England the subject has been brought prominently before the public by leading Catholic writers. Nearly three years ago the learned Redemptorist, the Very Rev. Father BRIDGETT, drew attention to the matter in an exhaustive article published in the *Month*, and the question has been very fully discussed since that time. As a consequence an agitation is on foot in England—and is being even more actively carried on in Canada—for the abolition of the obnoxious words in the coronation formula. Before giving the exact terms of the insulting declaration which the English sovereign is required to make on his accession, it may interest our readers to very briefly review its history and trace the development of the coronation oath into its present form.

The imposition of some form of oath on a prince at his coronation is probably as old as the ceremony of coronation itself. According to one competent authority, informal traces of it are to be found in the history of the Hebrew kings. It was in regular use in the case of the tribal chiefs

who invaded and ultimately broke up the Western Roman Empire. In these tribes the principle of hereditary succession was by no means strictly adhered to. It was therefore natural that on the appointment of a new ruler there should be something in the nature of a mutual bargain between king and people: the king pledging himself to rule justly; the people promising obedience to all lawful commands. Even after the principle of succession became fixed and settled, the practice was continued and finally crystallised into an inviolable and immutable custom. There have been considerable variations from time to time in the precise form of the English coronation oath, though until the Revolution of 1688 the substance of it remained practically the same. By the time of Edward II., in 1308, the oath had taken definite shape. From that time onward it was framed in the form of question and answer, as it still is. In this formula the sovereign promised to grant, keep, and confirm to the people of England the laws and customs granted by the ancient kings of England, and especially the laws, customs, and privileges granted to the clergy and people by the glorious King St. EDWARD. He further promised to keep peace and accord towards GOD, the Holy Church, and the clergy and people, to maintain law and justice, to uphold righteous customs, and to perform rightly all the other duties of his office. This was the oath taken by EDWARD II. and by his successors, with only two exceptions, right down to the time of JAMES II. In the time of JAMES I. a short clause had indeed been added to the effect that the laws and customs should be observed, 'according to the law of GOD, and the true profession or the Gospel established in this kingdom.' As it was the Bishop who used these words, 'true profession,' JAMES II., who was of course a Catholic, left to the Bishop the responsibility of the word 'true,' and yet answer sincerely: 'I promise to keep it,' i.e. not to violate what is established.

The present odious form of the oath dates from the year 1689. It was then enacted by the Bill of Rights that 'every English sovereign should, in full Parliament, and at the coronation, repeat and subscribe the Declaration against Transubstantiation.' The outline of this Declaration was first framed by the Puritans in the great rebellion against CHARLES I. It was passed into law by the Parliament of 1673 in the shape of the Test Act, designed to keep Catholics out of all offices both civil and military; and five years later it was imposed on all members of Parliament. In 1689 it was, as we have said, extended to the wearer of the crown. It is no longer, as everybody knows, exacted from Members of Parliament, but it still retains its place as an offensive tag to the English coronation oath. Here are the full terms of this vile and insulting declaration which, in the present state of the law, the English sovereign is required to make at his coronation:—

I, A.B., by the grace of God, King (or Queen) of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely in the Presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatever: and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly in the presence of God profess, testify, and declare that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, or without any hope of any such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope, or any other person or persons, or power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning.

Such are the shameful words with which Queen VICTORIA, when a young girl of eighteen, was forced to inaugurate her long reign. Such are the words with which, unless something be done, the Catholic subjects of England will be greeted by her successor. It would be difficult to conceive anything more wantonly and outrageously insulting. The words contain, indeed, a triple insult. They are, in the first place, a very special and direct insult to the eleven millions of Catholic subjects who owe allegiance to the English Crown. It will be noticed that it is the Catholics alone who are singled out for this special and particular

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opprobrium. In India and in the Sudan it has become a recognised principle of British policy to do nothing that would interfere with the religion of the conquered races or that would hurt their religious feelings. In England itself Quakers and Shakers, atheists and agnostics, Buddhists and Shintoists, and the hundreds of other sects enumerated in *Whitaker*, are allowed to live and flourish in full freedom and with absolute immunity from anything in the shape of public insult from the throne. Catholics alone have to suffer the shame of a public abjuration by their own sovereign of their most cherished religious practices and beliefs.

The Declaration is an insult in the second place to the sovereign himself. The representatives of the nation apparently will not take his simple word. He must be compelled to heap phrase upon phrase to satisfy his subjects that he is not equivocating or evading. And finally the oath is an insult to many of the other crowned heads with whom the English sovereign is allied, and to the hundreds of millions of all nations who kneel in fervent adoration before that great Sacrament which is here so vilely and impiously stigmatised. As we have shown, the declaration had its origin in the old Puritan days, when religious bigotry was at its fiercest. It is grotesque and out of place in the present day, when religious freedom and tolerance are happily the universal rule. It is, as Sir COLMAN O'LOGHLEN once said in the House of Commons, a 'relic of barbarism'; or as a celebrated writer still more expressively phrased it:— 'It is a satire on the times; it is a disgrace to the British nation; it ought to be destroyed by the hand of the common hangman.'

As might naturally be expected, there have not been wanting formal and weighty protests against the stigma and indignity thus placed upon Catholics. Thus, when Queen VICTORIA was about to take the Declaration, the great historian, Dr. LINGARD, wrote as follows to the Lord Chancellor of the day:—

It will not be denied that before a man may safely and consistently affix the stigma of superstition and idolatry on any Church, it is incumbent on him to make the doctrine and worship of that Church the subjects of his study; to be satisfied in his own mind that he understands them correctly, and not merely as they have been misrepresented by their adversaries; and to weigh with impartiality the texts and arguments by which they may be assailed and defended. But who can expect all this from a young woman of eighteen?

'Or,' we may safely add, 'from the probable successor of our present Queen.' Even more noteworthy, as coming from a Protestant, are the words of Lord KIMBERLEY, an ex-Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In a speech in the House of Lords on the subject of Catholic disabilities, referring to this Declaration he said:—

He had himself been called upon to make that Declaration before the Irish Privy Council, in the presence of a large number of persons of the Roman Catholic faith; and he must say he had never in his life made a declaration with more pain than when he was required, before men holding high office, and for whom he had the greatest respect, to declare the tenets of their religion to be superstitious and idolatrous.

If it is recognised as offensive to Catholics for the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to make the Declaration, how much more offensive must it be for the Sovereign himself to do so?

The bigots, like the poor, we shall, no doubt, have always with us. It is therefore possible that there may be a few of those afflicted with the 'no-Popery' mania who are prepared to defend even the barbarous anachronism of the coronation oath. If such there be, we are persuaded that they will be very few, and that they will be both in numbers and intelligence utterly insignificant. The trend of feeling is now all the other way about. Slowly but surely the grinding disabilities of Catholics in England have been removed. And this odious Declaration is doomed to go the way of all the rest. Only, our Catholic leaders must not be content with merely writing ably on this subject. The agitation, to be effective, must take definite and organised shape. The initiative may be taken in England, but there is no reason why Catholic feeling should not make itself heard from every colony and dependency under British rule. One way in which this could be done would be by the presentation to the House of Commons of a petition signed on behalf of Catholic subjects by all the Catholic

Bishops throughout the British Empire. That would be a simple and feasible, yet dignified and effective, way of giving expression to united Catholic feeling on the subject. But whatever form the agitation may take, no time should be lost. The time is indeed ripe for the desired change. The dawn of another century is upon us, and for English-speaking Catholics the coming century could not be more happily ushered in than by the news that this 'relic of barbarism,' this inglorious monument to Puritan bigotry and injustice, had been once and for ever swept away.

Diocesan News.

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON.

(From our own correspondent.)

May 20.

OPENING AND BLESSING OF A NEW CHURCH AT PETONE.

THE new Catholic Church at Petone was opened by His Grace Archbishop Redwood on Sunday last, and dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The church, which is situated in Britannia street, and is in the Gothic style of architecture, cost about £900, and provides accommodation for about 200. In spite of the inclement weather a large contingent of visitors journeyed from town, and the church was well filled. On the arrival of His Grace, who was accompanied by the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy and the Very Rev. Father Lewis, the following address, read by the Very Rev. Father Lane, was presented to him:—

We, the undersigned, on behalf of the Catholics of Petone, avail ourselves of the golden opportunity on this very auspicious day, to tender to your Grace, a most cordial and genuine welcome. Your Grace's advent amongst us fills us with sentiments of profound joy. It is for us an exceedingly great blessing and privilege to have our spiritual shepherd, pastor, and Prince of the Church in New Zealand with us on this very important event—namely, the opening and blessing of our first new Catholic Church in this rising and progressive suburb of Your Grace's Archdiocese. We feel a laudable pride and sentiment of satisfaction in being co-operators and humble factors in raising this nice, handsome, and stately edifice for the glory of God and the salvation of souls; and the mutual and pleasurable inward gratification of happiness excited, at witnessing the ceremonies, can be better felt and experienced than expressed in words. May they leave an indelible mark for good in our minds and hearts, and may this day also open a new epoch and new era in Christian progress and enlightenment in the important borough of Petone. We know it has been your Grace's long, earnest and yearning desire to see a church in Petone. We rejoice that this burning and zealous wish has been realised. We offer our warmest congratulations on the holding of your first 'Provincial Council' on this happy occurrence of your Grace's Episcopal Silver Jubilee. We express our thanks and satisfaction for the precious gift of the Baptismal font to our new church—a dear relic of your beloved cathedral. In conclusion, accept our best thanks for the holy ceremonies of the day. We beg your Grace's blessing on ourselves, our homes, and our parish, and most respectfully and obediently subscribe ourselves. J. J. Lane, J. Gaynor, J. Donovan, P. Cairns, T. Silva, E. Murphy, G. Brown, L. Harrington, D. McGill.

In his reply, his Grace congratulated Father Lane and his parishioners on the possession of such a fine church. It was a credit to the district. He had long wished to see a Catholic church erected in Petone, and at last his wish had been realised. He expressed his pleasure at being present, and regretted that the inclemency of the weather had prevented many from attending. His Grace then proceeded to bless the church, and as it was raining very heavily gave special permission to the congregation to remain inside the building during the ceremony. High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Dean M'Kenna, assisted by the Rev. Father Bower as deacon, and the Rev. Father O'Sullivan sub-deacon. The Rev. Father Maples was master of ceremonies, and Farmer's 'Mass in B' was sung by St. Joseph's choir, under Mr. McCardell, the soloists being Misses Hickling and Rigg, and Messrs. Rowe and Gixling-Butcher. As an offertory, 'Veni Creator' was admirably sung by Mr. Rowe. His Grace preached an eloquent sermon on the text, 'O Lord I am Thy servant, give me understanding that I may know Thy commandments.' At its conclusion he congratulated the architects and builders of the church on the success which had attended their efforts. The Catholics of Petone were, he said, under a debt of gratitude to the Venerable Archdeacon Devoy and the Very Rev. Father Lewis, each of whom had donated a set of vestments, to Mr. Raymond Power Collins of Wellington, for the lovely altar which he had designed and presented, to Mrs. Collins for a complete set of altar linen, and to the Misses Collins for the very artistic paintings on the altar. At Vespers his Grace again preached, and exhorted the congregation to have a fervent love of the Sacred Heart. If they were devoted to that Heart their salvation would be practically assured. He concluded by asking them to resolve to join the Society of the Sacred Heart to be founded during the mission which he and Father Ainsworth intended holding shortly in Petone. If they corresponded, endless graces and blessings would be showered on them and their families. The offertories during the day amounted to £120.

GENERAL.

The first of the Te Aro Parish socials in aid of the school fees is to be held on the 30th inst.

Mr. P. J. O'Regan, M.H.R., has been re-appointed by the Government as a member of the Victoria College Council.

The Rev. Father Deby of Christchurch, who has been visiting Wellington was the guest of the Ven. Archbishop Devoy.

The Catholics of Hastings besides being the possessors of perhaps the most beautiful church in New Zealand are, as a result of their late bazaar, in the enviable position of having it entirely free from debt.

At a meeting of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys Association held on Wednesday it was decided to form a debating society. The first meeting of the Society is to be held on Friday next. It was also decided to hold three socials during the winter months.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN.

The drawing of the art union in connection with St. Patrick's Pasifica, Oamaru, has been postponed to a later date. This has been necessitated by so many blocks not coming to hand in time.

Father Tracey, of Amberley, is on a flying visit to Dunedin, where he is the guest of the priests at the Bishop's Palace. The Rev. Father has been for some time in an impaired condition of health. He returns to Amberley for Sunday.

A Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late reverend Bishop of Dunedin, Dr. Moran, will be celebrated at St. Joseph's Cathedral at 9 o'clock on Tuesday, the 30th inst., the occasion being the fourth anniversary of his death.

Messrs. Manning and Co., Christchurch, whose ales and stouts have more than a New Zealand reputation, received a number of awards at the Auckland Exhibition for the excellence of their exhibits. They secured a gold medal, three silver medals and an honourable mention for ales, and a gold medal for stout.—* *

In reference to a paragraph which appeared in our last issue regarding the Rev. P. Lynch, C.S.S.R., formerly of Dunedin, we now learn that he is to remain at Tynemouth, England, until August. The information on which we based our local of last week was contained in a private letter, but the statement that Father Lynch was to come out to Western Australia was evidently premature.

The farewell concert which is to be tendered to Miss Kitty Blaney, prior to her departure from Dunedin, promises to be an unqualified success. A representative committee of prominent citizens has taken the matter in hand, and nothing has been left undone to make the concert worthy of the occasion and of the talented vocalist for whom the compliment is intended. The concert takes place in the Garrison Hall on next Wednesday evening.

The Dominican Sisters open their school in Cromwell to-day (says the local *Times*, May 16), three of the nuns having arrived from the head house in Dunedin (*via* Queenstown) yesterday. The Catholic Presbytery, which has been vacated by the Rev. Father Hunt for the use of the sisters, has been thoroughly painted and renovated by Mr. K. Pretsch. St. John's Church has been altered for the purpose of a temporary schoolroom, so that all arrangements are complete. We hear the Sisters start school with a numerous attendance.

The Bald Hill correspondent of the *Cromwell Times*, writing recently, said:—Father Hunt celebrated Mass here on the 6th inst., and in his sermon he referred to the sad death of Miss Katherine Butler in a manner which caused several of the congregation to shed tears. The writer of these notes has had the pleasure of the late Miss Butler's acquaintance all her life, and always found her kind-hearted and good in every respect, one who will be held in loving remembrance for many days by those residents of Bald Hill who enjoyed the pleasure of her acquaintance.

The new St. Joseph's Hall is being splendidly patronised, and its value to the Catholic body in Dunedin has been placed beyond doubt. The hall is utilised every evening of the week with the exception of Wednesday and Friday. On Monday it is used by the Catholic Literary and Debating Society. On Tuesday the newly-formed singing association and the gymnastic class hold their meetings. On Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoons the latter class also meets there for practice. Every day shows the necessity that has existed for such a building, and the use that has been made of it, even in the short time that has elapsed since it was completed, demonstrates its value to the Catholic community of Dunedin.

The many friends of Mr. Edward Dwyer, of the Pier Hotel, Dunedin, will hear with deep regret of his death, which took place on Monday night. The deceased, who was only 38 years of age, was born in Coone, Kilkenny, Ireland, and had been about 20 years in New Zealand, having been a resident of Dunedin the greater part of the time. Mr. Dwyer had been in failing health for a considerable time, and went home not long ago, but the trip did him but little good. Mr. Dwyer leaves three sisters in the colony—Misses Jennie and Maggie Dwyer, Dunedin, and Mrs. Stewart, Alexandra—to mourn their loss. The deceased was nephew of Mrs. E. McKewen, Cumberland street, Dunedin.—*R.I.P.*

A very successful entertainment, in aid of the local Catholic church was given at Allanton on Friday evening. An excellent programme was submitted, nearly the whole of the items being encored. Mr. F. H. Stokes, organist of St. Joseph's Cathedral, conducted, and Mr. H. McCormack was stage manager. Songs were given by Misses Annie Knott, Staunton, Chapman, Crawford, and Messrs. M. Coughlin, Fottrell, J. Black, J. Woods, and Walsh. Miss Chapman and Mr. Stokes contributed a vocal duet, and recitations were given by Misses Addie Heley, Busch, and Mr. H. McCormack and Master Croft. Miss O'Leary played a pianoforte selection very well. There was a large audience, and the concert as a whole was thoroughly appreciated.

On Thursday evening a meeting was held in St. Joseph's Hall, for the purpose of taking steps to form a singing class. The Rev. Father Murphy presided, and there was an attendance of over forty persons. After a conversational discussion it was decided to form the class, and a committee, consisting of Rev. Fathers Murphy and Ryan, Misses Lily Columb and Mary Murphy, and Mr. J. A. Scott, with power to add to their number, was appointed for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements, and drawing up a set of rules. The services of Mr. Braik have been secured as teacher, and it has been arranged that the members are to meet in St. Joseph's Hall on Tuesday evenings for practice. From the numbers that have signified their intention of joining it is expected the class will very soon have a membership of eighty.

The London and Berlin Piano Company, George street, Dunedin, of which Mr. Kroon is manager, has just opened a large and varied stock of pianos, organs, violins, guitars, brass instruments, etc., which will be offered to the public at exceptionally low prices. These goods are direct from the manufacturing centres of England and Germany, and consequently the middleman's profit is saved to the purchasers. The firm is prepared to give a liberal discount to cash purchasers, while those wishing to buy on the time-payment system will be accommodated with easy terms. Persons wanting musical instruments would do well to inspect the large stock exhibited by the London and Berlin Piano Company, which they can do without being pressed to purchase, and then compare prices with those ruling elsewhere.—* *

A highly interesting debate took place in St. Joseph's Hall at Monday evening's meeting of the Catholic Literary Society. A large number of members were present, as well as several ladies. The subject of the debate was: 'Would the return of the present Government to power be for the benefit of the Colony?' Mr. J. A. Scott, B.A., LL.B., led off in a lengthy speech of great interest and ability, during which he marshalled statistics in a very telling way. He was supported by Mr. H. McCormack and Mr. P. Halley, both of whom delivered very good addresses. The lead on the negative side was taken by Mr. Hussey, whose speech was ably and carefully thought out, and was very well received. Mr. Hussey was ably supported by Mr. J. Halley. At ten o'clock the adjournment of the debate was moved by Mr. T. Hill. Great interest is manifested in the proceedings, and next meeting should be a very good one.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

May 22.

It will be gratifying to the nuns of the Sacred Heart, Timaru, to learn of the successful career of one of their ex-pupils, as a medical student at Edinburgh University. The young lady referred to is Miss Edith Cochrane Brown, daughter of Mr. Thomas Brown of the Strathmore Hospital in this city. At the close of the winter session, in March, she had 100 per cent. in the class examination, and passed the second part of her first professional examination with first-class honours. Miss Brown matriculated from the Timaru convent in December 1897.

To facilitate the work of a house to house visitation, the Pro-Cathedral parish has been divided into three areas, and each of the priests attached to the Pro-Cathedral has had a district allotted. The Very Rev. Vicar-General takes the city within the Belts and Linwood; the Rev. Father Richards, the west side of Colombo Road, which includes part of Sydenham, Addington and Halwell; and the Rev. Father Crotty, the east side of Colombo Road, Woolston and Opawa.

The event of most importance during the week has been the 'Great Early History Carnival' in the Opera House. The opening ceremony was performed by His Worship the Mayor, Mr. C. Louissou, on Monday the 15th inst. His Worship expressed his sympathy with the efforts being made by the Catholics of the Colony to extend the benefits of religion to the multitudes, their praiseworthy and consistent zeal in the establishment and maintenance of schools, where, besides imparting a sound and vigorous secular education, the all important principles of faith and morality were fostered, and the very foundations laid for a higher and nobler life. He had noticed and admired in many lauds the parental care exercised by Catholics over their children, and it gave him pleasure to say those of Christchurch were no exception. At the termination of an admirable address he declared the carnival open. Signor Borzoni's performances are altogether admirable, but to speak of them in detail would occupy too much of your space.

The following ladies are in charge of well-stocked and handsomely arranged stalls:—The Misses Lewis, willow stall; Mrs. Burke, poppy stall; Mesdames Deamer and Green, red rose stall; Misses Dunn and Haughey, statue stall; Mesdames Nelson and Harper, white rose stall; Misses Schamanski, Foster, and Cook, marguerite stall; Mesdames Bonnyman and Donohue, sunflower stall.

The carnival has been exceedingly well patronised during the week, and excellent business done by the lady stall-holders and their army of assistants. The various committees have worked remarkably well to ensure the success of the carnival, and the secretary, Mr. A. J. Malley, has adequately proved his fitness for the office. A word of praise is due also to Mr. M. O'Brien, treasurer.

Attached to the bazaar there is a fine collection of oil paintings, from the brush of Mr. M. J. Madden, which, I believe, form some of the prizes to be distributed at the art union drawing towards the end of the carnival. In another part of the building there is to be seen a most interesting exhibit, which the owner has generously placed at the service of the committee. It is a model of Westminster Abbey, made entirely of New Zealand woods. The model, which is a marvel of minute and faithful detail, was constructed by Mr. G. Petersen, and took over five years to complete.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND.

(By telegraph from our own correspondent.)

Rev. Father Amandolini of Hamilton is coming to Parnell.

Rev. Father Kehoe is ill. His wide circle of friends earnestly hope for his speedy recovery.

Very Rev. Monsignor Paul, V.G., and Very Rev. Dean O'Reilly left Auckland last Friday night for Coromandel for the purpose of opening a new church at Driving Creek.

Rev. Father Mulvihill of Gisborne is suffering from fever. General regret was felt by the Catholics of Auckland on receipt of the news.

The Rev. Mother of the Sisters of Mercy returned from Australia last Monday morning, whither she had gone in connection with matters relating to the Order.

The presentation from the Cathedral parishioners to the Rev. Father Croke has been unavoidably delayed owing to his indisposition.

Very Rev. Father Lighthouse, Superior of the Maori Mission, spoke at all Masses and Vespers at the Cathedral last Sunday, and eloquently appealed for monetary assistance for the Fathers of Saint Joseph. A hearty response was made by the people to the appeal.

GREYMOUTH.

(From a correspondent.)

The mission given here by his Lordship Bishop Grimes and Rev. Father Goggan, S.M., was a great success, the various services being well attended. The mission was closed on Sunday night with a renewal of the Baptismal vows and the Papal blessing. His Lordship preached a fine discourse on the text 'He that shall persevere unto the end, he shall be saved.' At both Masses, on the same day, his Lordship made stirring appeals on behalf of the Cathedral fund, and as a convincing proof of the esteem in which he is held here. It may be mentioned that the sum of £700 was collected.

On the same day his Lordship also held a Confirmation service. When a large number of children and some converts received the Sacrament.

During his stay here Dr. Grimes had an exceedingly busy time, conducting various services, and being late and early in the confessional. He was ably seconded by the Rev. Father Goggan, S.M., who is much esteemed as a preacher in all the parts of the West Coast which he has visited.

It was impossible for his Lordship to visit all his people, but several Catholics residing somewhat near the church had the honour of a visit from their beloved Bishop. Everywhere he was received with marked tokens of affection and esteem.

On Monday evening a concert was given in honour of his Lordship by the Convent pupils. During an interval Miss K. Campbell read an address to his Lordship, and also presented him with a purse containing 20 sovereigns. Replying, the Bishop expressed his delight at being present to witness the dramatic and musical abilities of the performers, and paid a high compliment to the good nuns who must have bestowed such devoted care and attention on their pupils. He heartily thanked the pupils for their handsome donation for the Cathedral fund.

His Lordship also visited the boys' school, and expressed himself greatly pleased with all that he saw and heard there.

OAMARU.

(From our own correspondent.)

THE prizes for the forthcoming art union, in aid of the Basilica Building Fund, are now exhibited in the large windows of the London House, Thames street. They consist for the most part of paintings in oils, principally from the studios of the Dominican Convents, or from the brushes of the most proficient of their former pupils. The first prize however, is a solid gold silver borne by two golden ibexes on a bevelled mirror base, bordered by richly gilt edging. The design is extremely artistic. I understand that it cost £65, and that the winner is guaranteed a purchaser at 15 guineas. The second prize is a beautiful landscape oil painting by Mrs McQuorie, Dunedin. The picture measures some five feet by four, and is in a massive gilt frame. The third prize is a fine view of Mount Cook by Miss O'Grady, a pupil of the Dominican Nuns. It is the same size as the second prize, and is similarly framed. The subjects of the other pictures are chosen from the most part from New Zealand scenery, but historic spots in the Old Country are also laid under tribute. The whole exhibition is by far the best that has been seen in Oamaru, and since the public has had the opportunity given them of seeing the prizes, the sale of tickets has very perceptibly increased.

All preparations are being made for the opening of the Shaksperian Carnival of Tuesday, 23rd inst., at 7 p.m. The opening ceremony is to be performed by Mr. J. M. Brown, the mayor. For months past the lady stallholders and their assistants have been most energetic in their preparations. All and sundry have been pressed into service in one capacity or another. There are the inevitable side shows—guessing competitions, shooting galleries, and so forth. But the most entertaining portion of the programme will certainly be the dances or evolutions, or whatever name may most appropriately be given to the very pretty movements that have been under preparation for some six weeks past by the youths and children, under the direction of Miss Hammond, of Dunedin. The exhibition of work on this occasion will excel anything that has heretofore been seen in Oamaru. There is every promise that the bazaar will result in a very substantial reduction of the debt on our basilica, and that, perhaps, our Very Rev. Dean may soon be in a position to complete the building of the front section and make the already noble pile the most beautiful structure in the White Stone City.

NEW ZEALAND: GENERAL.

THE estimated population of the Colony at the end of March was 796,527, including 39,851 Maoris.

THE Silverhope Estate, consisting of about 7000 acres, near Huntville, is to be subdivided for sale.

MR. C. R. CHAPMAN intimates in our advertising columns that he will be a candidate for Dunedin City at the next general election.

THE Agricultural Department is of opinion that the alleged damage by "ear cockle" among wheat in the South Island has been greatly exaggerated.

ON account of the rise in the price of fat sheep and lambs, the Christchurch butchers have agreed to raise the price of these commodities by 1d per lb.

WE have received a handsome memorial card in connection with the death of Mrs. W. H. J. Seffern of New Plymouth, whose obituary we published at the time of the sad event.

SINCE February last 400 cattle in Hawkes Bay, suspected of being diseased, have been destroyed by order of the Stock Inspector or his representative. Nearly the whole were found to be suffering from tuberculosis.

THE *Clutha Leader* reports that the Clutha River Board have instructed Mr. E. Roberts, of Dunedin, to prepare plans for a new steamer for the Clutha River, the plans, when ready, to be submitted to a meeting of the board.

THE value of the customs duties for the quarter ending March, 1899 was:—Auckland, £127,469; Wellington, £126,262; Lyttelton and Christchurch, £71,983; Dunedin, £104,168. Total, £508,635. The total for the year ended March was £1,961,273.

MESSERS George Harper and T. W. Maude, who had been struck off the rolls some five years ago in connection with the failure of the firm of Harper and Co., Christchurch, in which they had been partners, have been re-admitted, as solicitors and barristers, by the Court of Appeal.

MR. J. M'KERRON, Land Purchase Commissioner, and Mr. Marchant have inspected the Landsdowne Estate, near Masterton, comprising 10,000 acres, offered by Messrs Williams and Beetham to the Government for purposes of close settlement. They have also inspected the Langdale and Tenui properties.

THE Whangaroa, from New Zealand, which arrived in Sydney on Saturday last, reports having sighted the Perthshire at midnight on Friday 12th inst., 150 miles east of Sydney. Captain Cozens boarded the Perthshire next day (Saturday) and ascertained that she broke her tail shaft two days out from Sydney. Several tugs have left Sydney in search of the disabled steamer.

It is highly creditable to the enterprise of the people of New Zealand, who have brought gold dredging to such perfection that their appliances are reputed to be the best in the world. A practical proof of the reputation in which the New Zealand appliances are held is given by an order for a massive dredge winch, just completed by Messrs. A. and T. Burt of this city, and for use in Central Siberia.

It is said that passengers by train can see that already there are signs of activity on the Waiakahi Estate. Fencing is being made ready and the first house is in course of erection. In a very few years there will be a great change in the appearance of the landscape. Instead of miles of tussock-covered plains there will be dozens of comfortable homesteads, with every inch of the adjoining land under cultivation.

CONSIDERABLE uneasiness prevails regarding the safety of the Union Company's steamer Ohau, which left Greymouth with a cargo of coal and timber for Dunedin several days ago. When last seen she was labouring in a heavy sea opposite Cape Campbell. The Brunner left Wellington on Saturday to search for her, but was not successful. As no wreckage has been seen in the vicinity of Cook Strait, hopes are entertained that the Ohau might have been disabled and driven out to sea.

DURING the past few days (reports the *Ensign*) practically the whole of the Maitaura River bed from Maitaura township to Stoney Creek has been pegged off into dredging claims. A number of Gore residents, bitten with the dredging fever, sallied forth the other evening armed with guns, bags, etc., ostensibly on a duck-shooting mission. Bigger (perhaps) game attracted them, however, as during the greater part of the night they applied themselves zealously to the business of pegging off claims.

MR. MOISON occupied the chair at the last meeting of the Ashburton Catholic Literary Society. The principal business of the evening consisted of a debate on the question, 'Which state of life is the happier, savage or civilised.' For the savages Mr. R. J. Henry acted as leader, while Mr. D. M'Donnell took the leading part of the civilised side. Each member fought well for his respective side, some of the speeches being very interesting. On a poll being taken the savage state of life proved the happiest by a small majority.

THE POPE AND THE QUEEN.

A cable message from Rome, under date May 22, and published in the Dunedin papers on Tuesday, runs as follows.—The Pope, in ordering services in the churches in Rome on the Queen's Birthday, declared that Queen Victoria was the greatest benefactor of humanity, and had secured and maintained peace in several recent emergencies.

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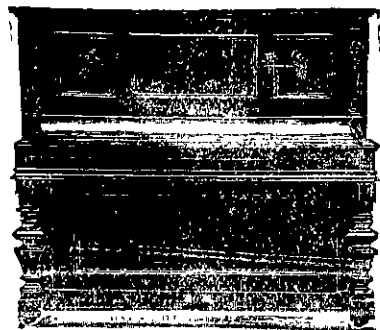
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The Storyteller.

RORY THE ROVER.

RORY LYNCH was born in the little fishing village of Duncleary, that straggles along the edge of Clew Bay. The Irish peasantry are as fond of nicknames as the Latins, and Rory was better known as Rory the Rover, Red Rory, Rory the Fox, than he was by the name he inherited from his father and received at the Baptismal font, the variants being tribute to his vagrant seafaring life and the brilliant hue of his hair.

Besides his name, Rory received from his father a heritage of hate—a fierce feud with the rich Hamiltons, whose lands touched the starling farm of the Lynches. The original Hamilton and founder of the family was an ex-drummer of a Scotch marching regiment, who first appeared in Duncleary a few years before '98. This Hamilton—he was called Alpin—acquired competence by thrift and other less admirable means; and curing the rebellion, while he was Lord Duncleary's land agent and a captain of yeomanry, he sent many a man to the gallows at Castlebar, and among the rest, Condon Lynch, Rory's great grandfather. In the generations that succeeded, the Hamiltons managed to send many a Lynch over the sea—either a fugitive to America or a convict to Botany Bay. And while the fires of hatred burned briskly as the years went on, the Hamiltons went on thriving and the Lynches grew poorer and more desperate. The long record of wrongs done to his kin was drilled into Rory's ears, and he drank in hatred for the Hamiltons with his mother's milk. He hated them cordially, and as a lad he had vigorously thrashed Alpin and Walter, the two sons of old 'Black' John Hamilton. Anxious to be rid of such pestilent and uncomfortable neighbours, the Hamiltons offered to buy the Lynch farm for a good price, but Rory rejected their offer with scorn and insult. But rid of the Lynches, by fair means or foul, the Hamiltons swore to be; and as they were rich and politically influential, and Providence is usually on the side of the heaviest artillery, the outcome of the struggle was not doubtful.

Rory Lynch, with true Irish conservatism, followed the ways of his father, but being shrewder and more industrious, he acquired in time a half ownership in the fishing smack Blackbird, which had the reputation of being the smartest craft of her kind from the Bloody Foreland to Dingle. Gossip had it that the Blackbird went to the French coast oftener than she did to the mackerel-grounds, and the excisemen were very anxious to overhaul her cargoes, but as the smack came and went at unseasonable hours, the Custom House men were never able to fix a charge of smuggling against the boat. Time and again, under the urgings of Squire Hamilton, the 'gaugers' spread a net for the feet of the smuggler; but the Red Fox was awake and not to be caught. But though balked, the snarlers were not beaten, and Lanty Lannigan, Hamilton's water bailiff, spent many an hour racking his wily brain to arrange baits to trap Rory. At last Lannigan found a man in Castlebar who was willing to help the Hamiltons to land Rory in the clutches of the law, and this rogue struck a bargain with the owners of the Blackbird for the delivery of a few kegs of French brandy in a cove a few miles below Duncleary.

When the appointed night came, Walter Hamilton, a squad of police, a couple of excisemen, Lanty Lannigan, and the man from Castlebar were in waiting near the cove, like spiders for the flies. But in some way the thing leaked out, and while Rory's friends could not reach him to warn him of the trap, they went down to the landing, unknown to the officers, to take a hand in the fight that was inevitable.

Near midnight the Blackbird came gliding up the bay like a ghost, and slipped into the cove to the landing-place, but her anchor was hardly in the weeds when there was a rush by the officers to get aboard, led by Walter Hamilton. Rory's friends, too, went for the Blackbird with a roar, and a very pretty fight was the result, heads being cracked with zeal and the silence being broken by oaths and pistol shots. When the fight was over and an inventory of damages was taken, it was found that Hamilton's face was smashed to a jelly. Lynch had escaped to the hills, and Sergeant Clancy was lying dead on the landing. With astonishing assurance Lannigan volunteered the information that Lynch had shot Clancy, though everybody knew Rory never carried a more deadly weapon than a salmon stick. The dead man was carried to Duncleary, and there was a hue and cry for Rory Lynch, but that man took to the bog and the heather, and was on his keepin'.

The Blackbird was in the hands of the authorities, and one of her crew, a poor devil called Oregan, was locked up in the police barracks. Oregan, under the judicious counsels of Mr. Lannigan, was ready to swear Clancy's murder on Rory Lynch, provided he could save his neck and liberty. As he was guaranteed both and money enough to carry him to America, a warrant for murder was issued after the coroner's inquest had duly fixed the crime on Rory. When this news reached him in his hiding-place and he learned that a price of a hundred pounds was on his head, Rory realised that the sooner he was out of Ireland the better, for as he put it himself, 'Once in the clutches of the law in Connemara, I'd as soon trust my soul in the keeping of the devil as my neck to Counsellor Coffey an' a Castlebar jury.'

So he slipped across country one dark night and went aboard a boat bound for Bristol, and the day he landed there he had the Queen's shilling in his fist, the recruiting sergeant snapping him up as a pike does a worm. When his beard was shaved and his hair cut and he had donned a red coat, there was hardly a man in Duncleary who would have recognised the fisherman in Private Cronin of the 45th Foot.

Inside of a month his regiment sailed from Portsmouth on the Crocodile, bound for India; and when the oceans rolled between him and the land of his birth, Rory began to breathe freely. The

loss of his prey deeply chagrined John Hamilton, who eased his feelings by sending a full account of the affair to his son, Major Alpin Hamilton, then sweltering in the Northwest Provinces. Lanty Lannigan bemoaned his ill-luck and wondered what hole the Red Fox had crawled into; while Walter Hamilton kept the house for a month, when he came out with his face permanently disfigured and his heart full of wrath and hate.

Meanwhile the drill sergeant had licked the tall fisherman into a straight, fine-looking soldier, and one that Captain Markham looked on with special favour. Then the 45th was pushed up north and west and sent to broil and stew in the cantonments of Peshawur, where Rory grew homesick and longed for the green hills of Duncleary. But longing did little good, for hot, sweltering Peshawur was always before his door, and his mind's eye were Walter Hamilton, the Queen's counsellor, the bowigged judge, and the packed jury; so he put away all thoughts of home and cursed behind his teeth.

The days grew into weeks and months, and then came the second stage in Rory's wanderings, and that is best told in his own way.

"The heat an' the flies were dbrivin' us to distraction an' murder in that devil's hole of a cantonment, whin along kem a dhrove of commissioners an' naygurs an' elephants an' camels an' the devil's own roost of creatures; an' out we marched bag and baggage into the hills, where it was cool, thankin' the devil for his mercy. Three hundred of the 45th were sent as a guard, meself among the rest, to guard the commissioners, an' we were boad for Candahar or some other such place, to have a colloquin' match with a king or a rajah, an' to lave him know that if he didn't stop fightin' for the Rooshuns we'd cut his black throat. Sorra much cared I for the Rooshuns or the rajah, for glad I was to get out of the hot hole an' into the mountains where I could breathe God's air an' live.

"Well, four days out we were reinforced by two squadrons of lancers under command of Major Alpin Hamilton, the brother of Walther, an' the son of ould black John. Me heart was in me mouth; but thin I thought that charged as I was an' the long years since he seen me, sure he'd never know me. He rode along our line, cockin' his eye at us; but I didn't trust him, an' I slipped in among the camels out of his way. Well, for days I dodged him, playin' hide an' seek, but at last he found me.

"We were camped by the side of a brook one day, an' I had gone out under a big three back of the camels to be by myself an' smoke, an' as I was lookin' out at the blue mountains an' dreamin' of my poor old father and mother back in Mayo, a hand was laid on my shoulder an' him that owned the hand said: "So I've found you at last, have I, Rory Lynch?" An' he laughed as cold an' cruel as the beasts in the hills. I knew it was Alpin Hamilton, an' though my faced paled an' my heart stood still, I'd have died there in my tracks rather than let one of his black breed see the sign of craven in me, or have it to say that a Lynch finched him. I faced right about like a sojor, saluted him stiff an' proud, an' lookin' him in the eye, says I to him: "If it's looking for me you were, sir, I'm found; for here I am, worse luck! when I wish I was back in Duncleary."

"Take it easy, Lynch," says he. "Take it easy. I'll engage you'll go back to Duncleary soon enough, an' I'll warrant you a warm welcome from the hangman."

"I kept my temper, for he was a major and Rory Lynch a private sojor; but I knew I'd be under his black hide before we were done colloquin'.

"Well, sir," says I, talkin' slow an' easy, 'there's been hangmen and Hamiltons in Mayo this many a day, and Lynches have swung on the gallows tree, but there's neither hemp nor hangman in Castlebar for me. I know there's one law for the Lynches an' another for the drummer's brood; but mark me, Major Hamilton, if I die by the perjury of a Hamilton or one of their followin', my debt will be paid in full if there's powder an' ball in Ireland. But I think, sir, I'll die a natural death, like any sojor, either in bed or battle."

"You're a loose-tongued blackguard, Lynch," says the major, his face white with passion. "But keep your Irish tongue back of your teeth here. You'll need all your breath when Jack Ketch puts the rope on you in Castlebar."

"Time enough to bid the devil good-morrow when you meet him, sir," says I, my fingers itching to squeeze his throat. "But whether it's here or beyond the sea, be sure I'll die as we always did, a man, as becomes the son of an honest woman."

"Then his eyes blazed for he knew I was talkin' back to Duncleary's lavins that married the first Hamilton; an' drawing back he struck me in the mouth with his ridin'-whip, sayin', as he did, "Take that, you scoundrel, an mark my words, back you'll go to Ireland to hang for the murder of Clancy."

"God only knows how I kept my hands off him; but I wiped my mouth with my hand slow and quiet, and thin I said: "A sojor may not strike back at his superior officer, even whin he's a cowardly dog, but plaze God the day is comin' whin I'll wear another coat an' then you'll answer to me for that blow."

"His face got white and he turned and left me. I lanced against the three, fit to cry, I was that wake, and only kem to meself when I heard Captain Markham sayin': "So your name is Lynch, is it, an' not Cronin?"

"That's my name, sir," sez I. "It wasn't convyanent to have my own on the regimental roster."

"Quite so," sez he smilin'. "I didn't intend to listen to your talk with Major Hamilton; but the fact is I was asleep there under the bushes whin you woke me up with your Connemara reminiscences. You're a tenant of his, I take it?"

"No! Glory be to God, I'm not!" sez I. "We don't own much, but we'd own more if no thiev'in' Hamiltons had ever set foot in Duncleary."

"You have had some trouble at home?" he went on.

"Trouble enough, sir," sez I. "I broke his brother's head in a scrimmage with the gaugers, an' somebody shot a peeler; an'

now the Hamilton's are swearin' the murder on to me, though Lord knows a blackthorn was the only weapon I ever carried until I put on a red coat. It's an ould score they's thryin' to pay in their own dirty way. It's what ye might expect from a man that wears a sojer's coat and strikes a Pandy's blow."

"The Captain looked me from head to foot, an' sez he: "Are ye any sort of a walker, Lynch?"

"Well, yer honour," sez I, "I can walk the legs off any man, camel, or divil in this expedition on hill or dale, or in desert or bog. The Lord gev me a purty good pair of legs."

"Thin Captain Markham looked out of the sides of his eyes, an', spakin' kind of slow, sez he: "Lynch, it's about fifty days' good walkin' from here to the sea, over the mountains, marchin' due south into the sun. It's a hard road an' a bad country; it's full of wild bastes an' wildher men, an' maybe you'll never get ten miles from here. But I'm thinkin' ye'd better thrust yerself to the naygurs an' the jackals than wait on the mercy of Major Hamilton."

"I'm thinkin' the same myself, yer honour," sez I, "for wolves and Pandies have as much tinderness as an Irish judge an' jury with Hamilton an' Lanty Lannigan in the witness box."

"Well, my man," sez the Captain, kind of brisk, "if you were to take your rifle an' ammunition an' something to ate, an' walk away this very night, I don't think that ayther meself or Major Hamilton would find it out for a week." And away he went, as aisy an' unconcerned as ye please.

"Faith, I wasn't long in makin' up me mind! an' to make a long story short, I gev the sojers the slip that night an' began me thramp over the mountains into the face of the sun."

Out in the wild mountains of Afghanistan, trudging wearily towards Beluchistan, Rory Lynch was truly between the devil and the deep sea—between Alpin Hamilton and the Indian Ocean. And that which lay between these extremes of evil was a Pandora's box of troubles—wild hillmen whose hands were against all men, wild beasts, the hunger of the hills, the thirst of the desert. Even with Rory's equipment of courage and resolution and an abiding faith in his lucky star, his chances of ever reaching ocean and freedom were slender. Ignorant of the people and their language among whom unkind fate was thrusting him, his journey seemed foolhardy; but he pushed on into the unknown land, anxious to place hill and valley between himself and the British Commissioners. Suffering from the heat and hunger, weariness and thirst, he marched by night and rested in ravines and thickets by day, until he was well beyond the reach of pursuit and capture. Many a night he spent by the camp-fire of some wandering, black-faced, fierce-looking shepherd, whose frugal meal he shared, and whose puzzled eyes told of the curiosity and mistrust with which he regarded this tall, fair-faced wanderer, with hair and beard of tawny flame. The days stretched out into weeks, and yet the progress made towards his goal, the sea, was small; and a month after his flight found him still within a few hundred miles of his starting point. But now he had begun to know the country and had learned how to avoid the scattered hamlets, whose dwellers he mistrusted. Soon he noticed a great unrest among the hillmen, who seemed to be constantly on the move, gathering on the crests and ridges as vultures flock to a quarry. As he watched them from the vantage of rock and thicket he wondered what it all meant; but he pushed on, avoided all but the lonely guardians of the flocks, trying to put off the inevitable day when he must fall into the hands of the Ishmelites. He was now travelling by day and sleeping at night by shepherds' fires, or in the shelter of rock and cave under the stars, in the dry, wholesome air of the hills. His thews and sinews were as hard as rawhide, and his face was growing browner daily as he marched onward in the face of the red, fierce sun.

One night he rested on the hillside to crave the hospitality of a bearded, bandit-like shepherd, whose fire burned in the shadow of a boulder. Below them in the valley Rory could see the flat roofs of the houses of a little village, and on the breeze was born to him the indistinguishable murmurings of its life.

Their meal concluded, Rory looked the thanks he could not speak, while the shepherd, pointing to the hill slopes beyond, went off to look to the safety of his folded flocks, for the maurauders of the night were prowling and calling in the hills. Then the tired wanderer lay down to rest and sleep and to dream of his distant home beyond the sounding ocean.

He was rudely awakened to find himself struggling in the grasp of half a dozen fierce-looking hillmen, who, tying his arms, led him down the mountain side, through the valley, and into the hamlet he had seen from the ridges above. He was thrust into a room and left to pass the remainder of the night wondering what fate had in store for him. Shortly after the dawn a man came to the room and led him out through a yard where armed men were standing and sitting, and into a room adorned with a few rude couches and mats of skin. In this room, reclining on a couch, was a tall, fair-haired man with a long brown beard and bright, savage-looking eyes. He signed to Rory's conductor, who left the room, leaving them alone together. He looked keenly at Rory, who returned his gaze calmly and unflinchingly, and then he spoke.

"You're an English sojer?" said this man to Rory in a broad Irish accent.

Rory's face was a picture of astonishment as he answered, "I was until I deserted."

"You're a Connemara man?" continued the chief.

"I am," replied Rory, "an' troth so are you."

The chief bowed his head and asked, "What's your name?"

"Rory Lynch."

"An' where are you from?"

"From Duncleary in Mayo, to be sure."

"Then," said the chief, earnestly, "you must be the son of Gerald Lynch and Kate Cronin."

"I am that," responded Rory, in astonishment. "But, for God's sake, who are you?"

"Philip Cronin, your mother's brother."

"God save us!" gasped Rory, crossing himself. "And you given up for dead this twenty year!"

"Dead or alive, here I am an' here I've been this many a day," said Cronin. "But what bad luck brings you into this God-forgotten country?"

"The luck of the Lynches, the Hamiltons," cried Rory, fiercely.

"The curse of Cromwell on them!" said Cronin, hotly. "I'd give all the plunder hidden in these hills for one minute with my fingers round the windpipe of old John Hamilton."

When Rory had told the story of his misfortunes the uncle told his. Like his nephew, he had fled Mayo with the stigma of crime fastened on him by John Hamilton, whom he had offended by his open partisanship of his sister's husband. He joined the army and was sent to India, and his restiveness under discipline kept him in trouble. During an expedition to Kelat, some petty act of insubordination subjected him to the cat, and he was triced to a gun-wheel and lashed. The savage in the man brooded over his wrongs, and one morning Cronin was missed. Native cavalry pursued him, but he escaped to the hills and found refuge with the hillmen he now ruled. His prowess, daring and skill commended him to the chief, whose daughter he married, and to whose office he succeeded; and in time every robber chief for a hundred miles around acknowledged him as their leader.

"An' are you never goin' back to the ould home, Uncle Phil?" asked Rory.

"Never again," said Cronin, sadly, "never again. My bed is made, an' I must lie on it. An' you must stay here with me until things quieten down in the hills. There's been a ruction up there by Candahar, an' the commissioners are flyin' back to Peshawar like hares. The sojers are scattered and dead, some here an' some there, an' some wanderin' down into my net, lost in the mountains."

They were interrupted by a tribesman who came in and gave a message excitedly to Cronin, who heard him calmly and then ordered breakfast. After they had eaten Cronin said, "Rory, can you handle a sword?"

"Can't I, though," replied Rory. "Ould Tom Haynes of the Huzzars learned me all his tricks at the cantonment, and he is the finest fencer out of any man in the hills with a sword."

Cronin brought an ugly looking heavy yataghan from the corner of the room and gave it to Rory, saying: "Take that. It is an illgant thing for close quarters, and I'm thinkin' from what the boy said just now, we'll have fun before the sun goes down this night." Then buckling on a sword and taking a rifle, the elder man handed Rory the arms taken from him the night before, and said: "Come! The men are waitin', an' we'll find the lost sojers beyant in the hills. We'll give them a bad that no thrummet but God's will ever wake them from."

Rory stopped, and pointing his hand to the hills, cried, "If the men over there are the 45th, thin that I've slept an' ate with, I'll ask you to send them safe into Injy, but—"

"Save your breath, Rory," said Cronin, with a hard laugh. "They're not intantry; they're lancers with an English officer."

Rory's eyes gleamed and his face flamed, and gripping his rifle, he nodded to his uncle to go on, and both stepped out into the village square, where nearly a hundred fierce-looking tribesmen, armed with rifles and sword and knives, were waiting. With Cronin and Lynch at their head, the wild troop went up the mountain and marched along its ridge until the path pitched down into a narrow, rugged pass that opened out into a long, broad valley. At a word from Cronin the tribesmen disappeared behind trees and rocks and thickets, while he and Rory watched the approach of a cloud of dust from down the valley that soon developed into a small body of mounted men. Nearer and nearer they came, riding wearily, the horses looking fagged, the men worn out. As they rode into the pass Rory clutched Cronin's arm, and said hoarsely:

"It's Alpin Hamilton!"

Yes! It was Major Hamilton and the remnant of his squadron riding to death. As they reached the spot where the pass widened they halted to rest men and horses, that was the signal for their destruction, and the bullets of the concealed enemy emptied the saddles. Under Cronin's orders, Hamilton seemed to bear a charmed existence. He turned to ride for the plain, but before he had gone many paces Rory Lynch, who had jumped down the side of the hill, stood in his path, sword in hand.

"Get off your horse, Alpin Hamilton," said Rory, slowly, "an' let us see if you are as ready with the sword, as your hand with the whip. Get off! Man to man an' sword to sword, you'll die this day or I will; me or you will sleep on the hill-side to-night."

Hamilton looked round at the sea of fierce faces; he looked back where his lancers were lying dead in the pass, and then his eye came back to the angry face of Rory Lynch, whose blazing eyes seemed to burn into his soul. Alpin Hamilton was no coward, but his heart failed him for a minute. Then he dismounted and said slowly, "Well, Rory Lynch, am I to be murdered or am I to die like a man?"

"Alpin Hamilton," retorted Rory, "you'll not be murdered. That's a Hamilton thrick, not the style of a Lynch. This is a fair fight, man to man and blade to blade. I'll try and kill you, Alpin Hamilton, and wipe out an ould score between your blood and mine, but if I fall, Alpin Hamilton, Phil Cronin there will see that you go free to Injy. Am I right?"

Cronin, who stood by, sword in hand, nodded assent grimly to this proposition, feeling that he could do so safely. Rory had thrown off his upper clothing and stood naked to the waist with the yataghan grasped firmly in his hand. His tall figure was lean and muscular, every thew and sinew being hard as steel and his pose gave evidence of strength and activity. Major Hamilton stripped off his coat and stood in his shirt sleeves with a drawn sabre. He was lean and active looking, but lacked the weight and reach of his opponent; but he believed his skill as a swordsman would counterbalance any disadvantages of weight and muscle. He had a contempt for his opponent—the superciliousness of the officer for the private, the

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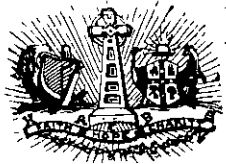
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‘Are you ready?’ asked Cronin.

Both men nodded, and Cronin continued: ‘Then go at it!’

The men crossed swords, fencing rapidly and viciously for advantage, the clashing of the steel making the narrow pass ring and bringing a glitter to the eyes of the savage men who stood around eagerly watching the strange duel. Rory Lynch’s skill and strength soon began to tell on Hamilton, whose breath came in short gasps, and down whose face perspiration rolled. He realised his opponent’s cleverness with the sword, and it went a chill through him although he himself was accounted one of the best swordsmen in the North-west. He knew he could endure the strain but little longer, and that if he were to save his life Lynch must be disposed of soon. He laid on with renewed vigour, cut and thrust, pressing his opponent, around whom he circled like a hawk, but he soon found how futile were his efforts for he was bearing against a sword-man with an arm and wrist of steel, and his hot offensive soon settled down to a wary and hopeless defensive. It was a hawk pitted against a cat. Rory was conscious that his foe was in his grip, and the gleam of triumph that lighted his eyes chilled Hamilton who licked his dry lips. From cat-like caution Rory changed to vigorous attack, a torrent of blows wearing out his foe who retreated step by step.

He stumbled; his guard was struck down; his sabre was knocked from his grasp, and he stood panting, wild-eyed, disarmed. Lynch’s yataghan whirled in the air with a hiss round his head, and then swept forward with a whistling swish, striking Hamilton in the neck just about the shirt collar. The blow half severed the neck, its force staggering Hamilton, who with hands and fingers working convulsively, fell to the earth bleeding and dying, his eyes big and open, staring up at the hot red sun. He was soon dead, a few choking gasps ending his life. Rory Lynch touched the body with his boot, and then, stooping down, he took a ring bearing the Hamilton seal from the dead man’s finger, and holding it aloft, he said:

‘There he lies; him that was to send me to the hangman at Castlebar. I’ll send his ring home to his ould father an’ wring his cruel hard heart. I’ll tell him how his proud son died by the sword of a Lynch, and how his bones lie whitenin’ in the dirt. Oh, it’ll be a black day for the Hamilton!’

Wiping his sword on the dead man’s garments, Rory put on his clothes and, leaving the tribesmen to their plunder, he and his uncle tramped back over the mountains to the village.

The rest of his strange story is easily told. Through the good offices of his fierce relative he was passed on from tribe to tribe until he stood on the shores of the Indian Ocean, rich in the possession of a store of jewels, the gift of his bandit uncle. After weary months of watching and waiting, the United States ship Alleghang visited the coast on survey duty, and Rory had little difficulty in shipping with the crew; and about a year later he was discharged in San Francisco, when the ship went out of commission.

John Hamilton never learned the fate of his son, and never will until the day of final accounting; for Rory kept his counsel, more prudent in cold blood than he was when he made his passionate promise in Beluchistan pass over the dead body of his enemy—*Harpur’s Weekly*.

LOTTERIES.

ARE THEY LAWFUL?

THOSE of our readers who have cast their eyes over the necessarily brief remarks made on raffles on our ‘Current Topics’ of this week may be interested to learn that so far from being evil in themselves, lotteries were from time to time commanded by God Himself. Nobody who is at all familiar with the Holy Scriptures can for a moment maintain that lotteries are in themselves sinful. Such a supposition would be nothing short of blasphemy. We give hereunder a few of the many instances recognised in the Scripture in which lotteries were resorted to for the purpose of determining issues, and that, too, with the command or approval of Almighty God.

To begin. Open your Bibles at *Leviticus*, chapter 16, verses 7 to 10. You will learn that the goat that was to be sacrificed was to be distinguished from the emissary or scape-goat by the casting of lots. This lottery you will observe was by command of the Lord. ‘And the Lord spoke to Moses and commanded him, saying,’ etc.

The next text we call your attention to is from *Numbers*, chapter 26, verses from 52 to 57. ‘And the Lord spoke to Moses,

saying: To these shall the land be divided for their possessions according to the number of their names. . . . yet so by lot the land be divided to the tribes and families. Whatsoever shall fall by lot, that shall be taken by the more or the fewer.’

Again, the Lord said to Moses ‘Josue the son of Nun thy minister, he shall go in [to land of Canaan] for thee: exhort and encourage him, and he shall divide the land by lot to Israel.’—(*Deuteronomy* i, 38.)

Again: ‘I have given it (the land) to you in possession, and you shall divide it among you by lot. . . . to every one as the lot shall fall so shall the inheritance be given.’ (*Numbers* xxxviii., 5, 31.)

Again, Josue said ‘The land in the midst between these, mark you out into seven parts, and ye shall come hither to me that I may cast lots for you before the Lord your God. . . . And he [Josue] cast lots before the Lord in Silo, and divided the land to the children of Israel into seven parts’ (*Josue* xviii., 6, 9.)

If you turn your attention to *I Kings*, chapter 10, you will learn that Saul, the first King of Israel, was selected by lot.

The author of the *Book of Proverbs* says ‘Lots are cast into the lap, but they are disposed of by the Lord. . . . The lot suppresseth contentions, and determineth even between the mighty’ (chapter xvi., 33, and xviii., 18).

Coming to the New Testament, we find that the successor of Judas to the Apostolate was determined by lot. ‘And they gave them (Joseph and Matthias) lots, and the lot fell upon Matthias; and he was numbered with the eleven apostles’ (*Acts* i., 26).

Now, having perused and meditated on all these Bible texts, what think you of lotteries? Are they sinful? Will you dare to say so with the sacred pages staring you in the face? If so, then Moses, Josue, the Apostles, and even the Almighty Himself were guilty of sin.

Those of our Protestant readers who are curious in this matter might consult the following additional texts of Scripture:—*I Samuel* xiv., 12; *I Chronicles* xxiv., 31; *Matthew* xxvii., 35; *Joshua* xv., 1; xvi., 1; xvii., 1 and 14; xviii., 11; xix., 1, 10, 17, 21, and 40; xxi., 4; *I Chronicles* vi., 54; *Judges* xx., 9; *I Samuel* xiv., 11; *I Chronicles* vi., 63; xxiv., 5 and 7, xxv., 9; *Esther* iii., 7; *Acts* xiii., 19.

Some of our Nonconformist friends may say that it is not to the lottery they object, for that is scriptural, but to its abuse. Very well, if there be abuses they should be stopped. But if we must put a stop to everything that is subject to being abused, we should have to stop life liberty, health, and even the grace of God, for all these things can be and are abused.

G O R E.

(From a correspondent).

A very enjoyable and successful entertainment was given in the Town Hall Gore, on Wednesday evening, May 17, on behalf of the funds of the local convent school. The hall was crowded to the doors, and the audience displayed their appreciation by frequent applause, and encoring a number of items. The principal performers were pupils of the convent school, who were assisted by some friends. The programme opened with an overture by Misses Roche, Archibald, Fleming, and Smail. This was followed by a chorus by the pupils, which was warmly applauded. A song in character, ‘Keep in the middle of the road,’ by a number of boys in ‘darkey’ costume, created considerable amusement. Misses Smail, Archibald, and Whitefield contributed a pianoforte selection, which was admirably played. A comic quartette, entitled ‘The Manager’s Troubles,’ in which Misses Archibald (2), McGowan, Logan, Smail, Johnston, Sparks, and Jones took part, proved a very good item, and was warmly appreciated by the audience. Mrs. Neave gave a very fine rendering of that patriotic song, ‘The Wearing of the Green,’ which was emphatically encored. A pianoforte duet by Misses Fleming, Ward, Holland, and Smith was well executed. A particularly good item was a vocal duet, ‘Life’s dream is over,’ by the Misses Archibald. Masters Sheehy, Booth, and Carroll brought down the house with their comic song and dance, which had to be repeated several times. Two choruses by the pupils, and a pianoforte duet by Misses Smail, Leahy, Doods, and Fleming made up the balance of the first part of the programme. The second part consisted of a drama, ‘The Reverse of the Medal,’ in which the characters were cleverly impersonated by Misses Archibald (2), E. Leahy, Smail, Johnston, Fleming (2). The piece went with a fine swing from start to finish, and the manner in which it was played reflected great credit on the

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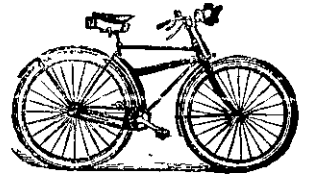
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N A P I E R.

(From our own correspondent.)

Your columns recently contained particulars of the opening of the All Nations Bazaar in aid of the new Convent buildings. Many readers of the N. Z. TABLET will, I am sure, be interested to learn that, brilliant as were the promises of success at the outset, the results far exceeded expectations. The takings already show a gross total of over £800, and some items have yet to come in. As, thanks to good management, the expenses were kept within a reasonable limit, this will leave a handsome amount to the credit of the building fund. Of this excellent result our Catholic community has reason to feel proud. All worked with a will—the priests, the ladies' and gentlemen's committees, the lady stall-holders and their assistants, and the indefatigable secretary—and the outcome was complete success.

A pleasing feature was the ungrudging assistance given by many of our non-Catholic friends, who not only gave their personal services as assistants, but readily opened their pockets to the solicitations of the eager workers for the different stalls. Business was very brisk throughout the week. During the progress of the bazaar attractive items were provided as interesting breaks in the work of each evening.

The Garrison Band played through the streets to the theatre every night. Mr. Newbould's orchestra gave occasional selections on the stage. Miss Dempsey, of Wanganui, and Miss Coe, of Wai-pawa, contributed vocal items, which proved highly acceptable. Mr. C. G. F. Eager hit the taste of a large section of the audience with his comic songs. A short farce was played on one evening by a number of the senior pupils from the Marist Brothers' School, and a squad of boys from the same institution gave some creditable displays of club-swinging. But the palm for attractiveness must undoubtedly be given to the pinaflore dance, which was in demand every evening. In this item over a score of pupils from the Convent schools, under the leadership of Miss R. St. Clair, took part. On the last evening of the bazaar the Very Rev. Dean Grogan addressed those present, and on behalf of the Sisters of the Convent returned thanks to the public for their generous patronage, to the stall-holders and their helpers for their energetic and willing assistance, to the singers and musicians who had given their services during the progress of the bazaar, to the Press, and to the Committee and zealous secretary, all of whom deserved the warmest thanks that could be given for having contributed to make the bazaar so great a success.

THE EPISCOPAL RING.

The Episcopal ring is of great antiquity, but its fashion was settled in 1191, when it was ordained that it should be of solid gold, set usually with either a ruby or crystal, in which nothing was to be cut. These were generally used as signet rings, and sometimes for special uses, as when the fonts of baptism were sealed from the beginning of Lent to Holy Saturday. The newly-made Catholic Bishop is still invested with a ring by which he is married to the Church. This is always worn on the right hand. A Cardinal's ring is set with a sapphire. The Pope's ring is not worn by him, but is kept for sealing purposes. The ring of the Fisherman, as it is called, a signet of steel, is in the care of the Cardinal Chamberlain, and is broken with a golden hammer on the death of a Pope, and a new one made for his successor.

Advice to persons about to marry.—The thrifty young man who wants his money to go as far as possible, and sees that he gets the best value for it when making his purchases for house furnishing, we would advise him to go to a good establishment where goods of a reliable class are sold. We know of no house more suitable than the D.I.C. The best goods are kept, and they are sold at moderate prices. Every article required for a house is obtainable, from the smallest article used in a kitchen or dining-room to the largest piece of furniture. The Company are always pleased to afford customers the fullest information whether sales are affected or not. Houses can be completely furnished in a few hours. We would recommend you to try the reliable and leading establishment the D.I.C., High and Rattray streets, Dunedin.—* * *

performers, especially on Miss Pearl Fleming, who took the part of 'Jane.' During the interval Mr. Poppilwell thanked the audience for their attendance, and spoke in very complimentary terms of the good work done by the nuns, a proof of which was given in the efficiency shown by the children that evening. The scenery for the dramatic piece was kindly lent by Mr. Creamer of Dunedin. Mrs. Godby and Mrs. Neave played the accompaniments for the concert items. The entertainment on the whole was the most enjoyable that had been given in Gore for some time, and the manner in which the convent pupils acquitted themselves was highly creditable both to themselves and to the Sisters of Mercy.

A D D I S O N S.

(From a correspondent.)

May 15.

On Saturday, 13th May, a very pleasant gathering took place at the Catholic Church here, the occasion being the presentation of an address and purse of sovereigns to the Ven. Archpriest Walsh, in connection with the dignity recently conferred on him, and to show the respect and esteem in which he is held by his parishioners. The address was written by Mr. W. Maloney, and illuminated in a most artistic manner by the Sisters of Mercy Westport. The address was read by Mr. W. Gould, and the purse presented by Mr. T. K. Geary. The address was as follows:—

To the Venerable Archpriest Walsh,

Ven. and Dear Father.—On behalf of the Catholics of Addisons' Flat, we, the undersigned, beg to tender you our heartiest congratulations on the special mark of distinction lately given you by the head of our holy Church in New Zealand. We but feebly re-echo the sentiments of all Catholics throughout your scattered parish when we say, never was an honour more fitly bestowed. We can imagine some of the difficulties that beset the path of a priest even now on the West Coast, what must it have been over thirty years ago, when you first began that arduous task, for the faithful carrying out of which you are held in such high esteem by your congregation. Your very high sense of duty has on many occasions led you to endanger your health and life, in attending the sick or dying in remote parts of your parish. Apart from your spiritual consolations, your unostentatious gifts to the poor have enabled many—for a time at least—to look on the brighter side of things. Kindly accept the accompanying purse of sovereigns, which is an attempt to show the estimation in which you are held by the Catholics of Addisons. May you be spared for many years to view with pride and gratification the result of your life's work in our midst.

The Ven. Archpriest, in his reply, warmly thanked the people of Addisons for their beautiful address and the accompanying gift. He could not dare to lay claim to the many virtues attributed to him in the address, but would, with God's help, continue to perform his duties to the best of his ability. Knowing the warm-hearted nature of his people he could scarcely say that he was greatly surprised at the manner in which they were honouring him. He cast his thoughts back for a moment, and found it was 31 years since he first came to Addisons. He was only a curate at that time, having come from Greymouth to attend to the spiritual wants of the Catholics around Westport district. Subsequently when the parish was created he was appointed parish priest, and he had been there ever since, and would remain—unless it should be the wish of the Archbishop to remove him—for the rest of his life. The purse of sovereigns which they gave him he would devote to a good purpose—viz., reducing the debt on the Convent. He again thanked them for their beautiful address, and hoped the Almighty God would bestow every blessing on them that was necessary for their Salvation.

Mr. Carmoly said that he had met and shaken hands with Father Walsh on the first day that he arrived at Addisons, and speaking after those long years of experience he could say that he thoroughly endorsed every word which the address contained.

Mr. Gould remarked that he had known Ven. Archpriest Walsh for 18 years, and could say there was not one flattering allusion in the address. Father Walsh, by his sterling good qualities as priest and friend, had gained the respect and love of the people.

The meeting then terminated with many expressions of good will to the Ven. Archpriest.

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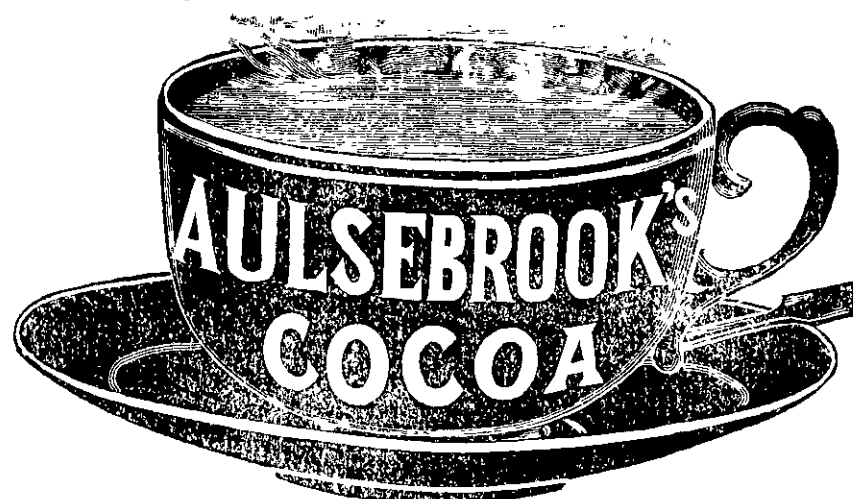
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People We Hear About.

The following is a list of the Presidents of the Third Republic in France, with dates of their appointments and the termination of their Presidential careers:—1. M. Thiers, August 21, 1871; resigned May 24, 1873. 2. Marshall MacMahon, May 24, 1873; resigned January, 1879. 3. M. Grevy, January 30, 1879; resigned December 2, 1887. 4. M. Carnot, December 3, 1887; assassinated June 25, 1894. 5. M. Casimir-Perier, June 27, 1894; resigned January 16, 1895. 6. M. Felix Faure, January 17, 1895; died February 16, 1899.

Some time ago King Oscar, of Sweden and Norway, after 25 years of an unpleasant experience as ruler of these two countries, grew weary of the task, and, as he was 70 years of age, he decided to retire from the throne provisionally. His son, Prince Gustave, was called upon to act as Regent. King Oscar is a statesman and a scholar, but he never could win the respect and confidence of the Norwegians, who regarded him merely as the King of the Swedes. They have the same trouble with the dual monarchy in the north that used to exist in Austro-Hungary.

M. Emilie Loubet, the new President of the French Republic, is a native of the Rhine Valley South-eastern France, and a lawyer by profession. He was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, then a Senator. He became a Cabinet Minister in 1888, and Prime Minister in 1889. His Ministry collapsed over the Panama scandal. Afterwards he became President of the Senate. He is not a man of great ability or striking appearance, but he possesses good powers of administration, and has support from all parties for his moderation. He holds that the Dreyfus case should be revised, and that the civil order should prevail over the military in times of peace.

In connection with the impending retirement of Sir James Prendergast from the Chief Justiceship of New Zealand, it is worthy of note that he is with the one exception of Sir H. de Villiers, of Cape Colony, the senior Chief Justice in the British Empire. The Hon. S. J. Way, who was appointed Chief Justice of South Australia in March, 1876, comes next to Sir James Prendergast in this respect. Sir James Prendergast is one of four notable examples of long service on the Judicial Bench of this Colony. Mr. Justice Williams was appointed a puisne judge on the 3rd March, 1875, less than a month previously. The late Mr. Justice Johnston was on the bench for thirty years, and the late Mr. Justice Richmond for thirty-three years.

Sir James Prendergast, Chief Justice of New Zealand, has tendered his resignation, having occupied a seat on the Supreme Court Bench since 1875. Sir James Prendergast, B.A., second son of the late Mr. Michael Prendergast, Q.C., by his marriage with Caroline, sister of the late Mr. George Dance, R.A., was born in 1828, and educated at St. Paul's School and at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1849. He entered as a student of the Middle Temple in May, 1849, and was called to the Bar in April, 1856. Having practised in England for a time as a special pleader, he emigrated to Otago, and was admitted to the New Zealand Bar in 1862. In 1865 he was appointed to the office of non-political Attorney-general, which he held till 1875. In that year he became Chief Justice. Sir James, during the absence of the Governor, has several times administered the government of the colony. He was created Knight Bachelor in November, 1881.

The popular mind (says *Cassell's Journal*) is not quite sure about the nationality of that consummate vocalist and deservedly popular favourite, Signor Foli. His real name is Allen James Foley, and he is an Irishman, born at Cahir, County Tipperary. In the singing profession and elsewhere he is very often called 'Jack.' The truth is that the Italians 'billed' him Giacomo (James) Foli for Foley, and 'Giac' he has always remained. Originally intended for an architect, the future great bass took to singing, with the result which the world knows. He has sung in every quarter of the globe, his first appearance in London being at Her Majesty's Opera under the late Mr. Mapleson. The Emperor Alexander of

Russia once presented him with a fine emerald ring, set with diamonds; and another valued memento of Moscow owned by him is a turquoise nearly as large as a cob-nut, which Signor Foli secured in the 'thieves' quarter' for a mere trifle. Signor Foli was in New Zealand a few years ago. The chief amusement of the great dramatic bass is fishing for trout and salmon. He is, however, an adept at the lathe. Signor Foli carries permanently a badge of wrong-doing in the shape of a scar on his chin, which was occasioned by an unnecessary fall when once engaged in stealing apples as a boy. He is a good hand at whist, but does not smoke.

General Elwell Stephen Otis, Commander of the American forces in Manila, who has recently defeated the Filipinos under Aguinaldo, is a man who received his first training as a soldier under two worthy Irishmen—Colonel Patrick H. O'Rourke and Major George Ryan, of the 140th Regiment of New York Infantry. O'Rourke had a presentiment that he would be killed at Gettysburg, and he was. Just as the 140th reached Little Round Top, only a few minutes before the confederates under General M'Law, he was struck by a bullet, and fell dead in the arms of Otis. Ryan was killed at Spotsylvania and Otis then became Colonel of the 140th. He was wounded at Petersburg, and after the war he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the 23rd Regulars. He served against the Indians under Custer, Crook, and Terry, and in 1893 was ordered to take command of the Columbia and Washington Territory Division as Brigadier-General. Later on he was in charge of the Western section as General, having his headquarters in Colorado. Thence he was sent to the Philippines. General Otis is a native of Maryland. He is a lawyer by profession, and is author of a work on the 'Indian Question.' General Otis is a modest, quiet, unostentatious but cultured gentleman, but with wonderful activity and energy in action. He is a man likely to rule the Filipinos with forbearance but effectively. His long experience with the Indians and cowboys has fitted him to deal with semi-savage people like the Filipinos.

A ROSARY WITH A HISTORY.

In the possession of a community of English nuns in Paris there is a rosary with a name and a history. Its name is 'My Lord' (Monsieur). It is a large-beaded rosary, and upon it the English nuns in Paris have for two hundred and forty-five years been saying prayers for England. Each *religieuse* has it a week in turn. While the bell is ringing for Sunday Vespers, at a given moment the one who has had it last goes and hangs it at the door of the one who is to have it next. Thus is a system of perpetual prayer pursued for the mother country. This historic rosary, together with the pastoral ring of St. Outhbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, dating from the seventh century, was given to the community by the churchman, Richard Smith, who, himself an exile for his faith, acted as protector of the English nuns in Paris in the seventeenth century, and at death left them what he possessed.

Mr. Gawne, of Dunedin (says the *Southland Times* of April 13, 1891), has just been on a visit to Invercargill to push business a little. Not that it wants much canvassing, for since he commenced the manufacture of his Worcestershire Sauce, the demand has kept pace with his capacity to supply it. He makes a really good thing, indistinguishable from the famous Lea and Perrins, 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.—*.*

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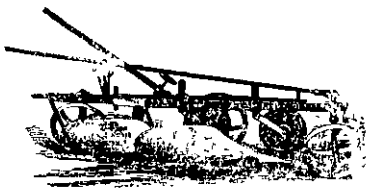
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