

3d to 4s 6d; best merino, 4s to 5s 8d; inferior to good, 3s 3d to 3s 9s. Country skins: Inferior to medium, 1s 9d to 3s 6d; full-woolled crossbreds, 4s 9d to 7s; do merinos, 4s to 5s 6d; pelts, 6d to 1s 3d.

Rabbitskins—These continue to come forward in large quantities. For this week's sale the entries were again numerous, and rates were much about the same as last week. We quote—Best winter greys, bucks and does, 1s 4½d to 1s 6½d; selected does, extra prime, 1s 6½d; ordinary to good, 1s 2d to 1s 4d; black and fawn, 9d to 1s 1d; autumns, 8d to 1s 1d; inferior, 8d to 10d; suckers and half-grown, 3d to 5d per lb.

Tallow.—Prices, we are pleased to note, show a tendency to harden all round, latest London quotations being 26s 6d to 27s for best mutton, and 25s 6d to 26s for beef.

Hides.—There is nothing fresh to report under this heading. We quote: Prime, well flayed, heavy ox, 2½d to 3d; medium ox and good cows, 2d to 2½d; light and mixed parcels, 1½d to 1¾d; inferior and badly scored, 1¼d.

Grain.—The all-absorbing topic of the past week has been the labour trouble, and its consequent effect upon trade; in fact, business generally has been paralysed, and in no branch more so than in grain. Locally, prime Tuscan may be quoted at 3s 7d to 3s 9d (ex store, sacks in); prime velvet, 3s 7d to 3s 8d, do; prime red wheat, 3s 4d to 3s 5d do; inferior to medium sample, from 1d to 2d per bushel below these rates.

Oats.—Except in small lots for seed or local feed purposes, there has been very little doing this week, and it may be said that owners have apparently accepted the position by not attempting to force sales to any extent. Local quotations are (nominally): Best milling, 1s 4d to 1s 4½d (sacks extra); best heavy bright feed, 1s 3½d; exceptional lots, to 1s 4d; medium feed, 1s 2½d to 1s 3d; inferior, 1s 1d to 1s 2d. Barley: There has been a little more inquiry for barley during the past week for shipment, but the prices offering are so low that as yet comparatively little business has been done, anxious though owners may be to quit. Malsters will only take up an occasional line if it be really prime, but there seems to be very little up to this standard offering. Quotations (nominal):—For prime malting, 2s 5d to 2s 7d; medium, 2s to 2s 4d; feed and milling, 1s 6d to 2s, ex store sacks extra.

Grass Seed.—Prime machine-dressed is selling at 5s 6d; exceptional lots to 5s 9d; clean undressed, 5s to 5s 3d; inferior to medium, 4s 6d to 4s 9d per bushel.

Potatoes.—Prime Oamaru Derwents are saleable at £3. Good Southern derwents are bringing £2 17s 6d; extra prime do, £3 per ton.

Chaff.—There is just about enough chaff entering the market to supply present requirements. Quotations are unchanged from last week: prime oaten sheaf being worth 37s 6d to 42s 6d; medium to good, 25s to 35s per ton.

MESSERS. DONALD REID AND CO., DUNEDIN, report for the week ending September 16, as follows:—

Rabbitskins.—We did not offer any this week. All forward w be sold next Tuesday.

Sheepskins.—Our catalogue this week was not a large one, and consisted almost entirely of dry skins from country clients, very few town butchers' green skins being included. Green crossbreds sold at 3s 5d to 6s; halfbreds, 4s 1d to 6s 3d; merinos, 2s 10d to 4s 4d; dry crossbreds, 2s 1d to 4s 10d; merinos, 1s 10d to 4s 6d; pelts and lambs, 6d to 1s 10d.

Hides.—The market is exceedingly quiet. We quote—prime heavies, 2½d to 3d; medium to good, 2½d to 2¾d; light and inferior, 1½d to 2d; bulls, slippy and cut, 1½d to 1¾d per lb.

Tallow.—We quote—Medium rendered, 16s to 18s; inferior, 10s to 14s; rough fat, 10s to 13s per cwt.

Wheat.—We quote—Prime milling, 3s 5d to 3s 9d; medium, 3s 2s to 3s 4d; fowl wheat, 2s 6d to 3s 1d.

Oats.—We quote—Milling, 1s 3½d to 1s 4d; feed, 1s 2d to 1s 3d, sacks extra.

Barley.—No inquiry.

RABBITSKIN MARKET.

MESSERS. ROBERT CLELAND AND CO., Crawford street, next Pier Hotel, report as follows:—Since our last business has been very good. There being no alteration in values to report, our prices remain the same as last week.

Mr. F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale prices:—Oats, 1s 2d to 1s 5d, bags extra. Wheat: Milling, 3s 2d to 3s 6d; fowls', 2s 6d to 3s, sacks included. Chaff: £2 5s for best; inferior, 30s to 40s, dull. Hay: dull, oaten, £3; rye-grass, £3. Bran, £3. Pollard, £4. Potatoes: Seed, £2; derwents, £2 15s to £3 5s. Flour: Stone, £9 5s, for sacks; £9 15s for fifties; roller, £10; fifties, £10 15s; Butter, fresh, 10d to 1s 1d—rather scarce; salt, 6d to 8d—demand moderate. Eggs, 7d.

Dr. Parker, the well-known Nonconformist minister of the City Temple, London (says the *Dublin Freeman* of 12th July), has not exactly beaten the record in the matter of sermons, but he is a good second. He is reported to have preached on Sunday last a special sermon to nursemaids. The subject is undoubtedly one upon which an ordinary minister would be most inordinately profuse. In fact, any man might dilate at great length about nursemaids. But Dr. Parker is a minister of exceptional talent, and his sermon to the nursemaids occupied exactly 60 seconds. We print it verbatim, for it has general application. He said—"What I see of you in connection with your perambulators I do not always like. You sometimes neglect the baby shamefully. Whilst you are reading rubbish or talking gossip, the baby is in danger of a sunstroke, or is shivering with cold, or is on the verge of apoplexy. Be tender-hearted, be considerate, be faithful to your duty. I gladly commend the good amongst you, and sternly denounce the bad for the sake of the baby."

NURSING IN THE TRANSVAAL.

MISS BLENNERHASSETT, a nurse in one of the Johannesburg Homes, or Hospitals, wrote a letter to England descriptive of her Hospital life there. The following extract from it has found its way into the *Hospital*:—

May 18.—Our servants have run away—only a kafir boy remains for the work in the house and the house next door, where there are nine typhoid cases. Miss Kirkpatrick (late of Charing Cross Hospital) acts as Home Sister, helped by Miss Hickman (late Sister at Carmarthen Hospital). These two and the pro, have to do all the work of the Home to-day, sweeping, cleaning, etc. This is our day.

Miss Mollett and I are busy here doing the dinners. I hear Miss M. spouting Schiller in the dining-room whilst she is doing the grout out and lighting the fire. I am in the kitchen washing the breakfast things, and trying to make a sleepy kafir boy clean saucepans. I set up an opposition to Schiller, and begin,

"Great wits to madness nearly are allied,
And slight divisions do these wits divide."

I wave a spoon at the kafir—called Cornelius Agrippa. He drops his saucepan and disappears into a sort of packing-case house in the garden, where he lives; there he lies down for half an hour to compose his nerves. I give up Shakespeare and turn out an awful pantry. Miss Mollett comes and sets to work on the dinner. She has to cook it entirely for us, and for the convalescent patients next door, who have the ravenous, yet fastidious, convalescent appetite. We have great fun and laughing over the cleaning and the dinner, and finally very good soup and mince is produced for the patients, and some uneatable fried fish for us; but, luckily, there is plenty of bread to-day, and some Dutch cheese, so we needn't starve.

Here is a boy on horseback; it is the butcher's boy come again for his little cheque. He comes every day. I go and explain that we have no money. He is told so every day, and he always comes back looking quite hopeful. I tell him he'll be paid the week of four Thursdays, and he rides off grinning from ear to ear.

For this Home is really a dreadful—? The late English clergyman here does not seem to have understood accounts. I'm sure he did his best, poor thing; but since he left there has been a row about church affairs, and, as regards this Home, he certainly conveyed the impression that there was plenty of money, and that Miss Mollett would be able to make this a nursing centre, have a hospital, etc., whereas there is an enormous debt; and on arriving here Miss Mollett found £5 in the bank *pour tout potage*. She is a charming woman, with delightful manners, very well bred, and unusually cultured. Just the person to be at the head of Bart's, or some big London hospital, and just the last person who ought to be here cooking and cleaning. The people are extremely good, and help all they can, but there is no money in the place. The "Golden City" is bankrupt; people leave it in shoals every day. Without money it is only possible just to scramble along and look after the few who can be admitted to the Home. We have eleven beds and a couple of wards have been run up at the back, which will be opened shortly. The people are getting up a subscription ball for the Home, so the butcher's boy has a chance. The patients we take in are supposed to pay £5 a week, stimulants, doctor's bill's and drugs extra; they can't always pay, poor lads, and it seems a good deal to ask of them, and yet what can one do in a place, where eggs are 6s a dozen, milk 6d a pint, and everything else dear in proportion. Apropos of drugs, I am so bad, that I have wondered whether the doctors are in partnership with the chemists! You never saw anything to compare with the patients' prescription boards. They are really curiosities of literature, and one wonders that any enteric case, swallowing such a quantity of horrible stuff, and changing his medicine nearly every day, should ever survive. But some of them do recover, in spite of the treatment; about 20 per cent. die.

Miss Sleeman, from Guy's, the nurse who came out with me, is nursing a fever case a little way out of Johannesburg, but the epidemic is disappearing, and so, I hear, are a good many "bars." The two facts probably have some connection! The most intolerable thing here is the dirt. There is a thick, sticky red dust everywhere. If you walk out, you come in coated with it, and there is very little water and considerable difficulty about washing. Our home looks out on Government Square, a sort of square of dust and mud, with zinc shanties scattered irregularly over it.

No letters are delivered here. We have a box at the Post Office with a key, and we go and fetch them ourselves. It is very curious to see the Post Office pigeonholed to the ceiling with these boxes.—On Monday afternoons, when the English mail comes in, you may imagine how crowded the place is. I will not tell you my impressions of Johannesburg, or whether I was wise or foolish in coming here. You shall draw your own conclusions from the above facts, and tell me what they are.

It is stated that the Rev. B. P. Camm, of Keble College, Oxford and of Ouddeston Theological College, son of the rector of Monkton Wyld, Dorset, and since 1888 curate of the Anglican Church of St. Agnes, Kennington Park, has been received into the Catholic Church and will enter the Benedictine Order.

The negotiations between Russia and the Holy See have had the happy result of securing freedom for the Catholic priests exiled in Siberia. Few there are, except victims, who know what the horror of Siberian exile means. The isolation, the Arctic cold, the starvation, the paralysis of energy and hope, the death in life which the captive undergoes, makes his lot incomparably more terrible than that of the prisoners who linger out their days behind prison bars in other countries. Every year thirty thousand exiles are sent to Siberia, and Prince Krapotkine estimates that as many as ten thousand are sent there without trial on the most trifling pretexts. It is no wonder that Russian society is honeycombed with secret societies, and that Prince Krapotkine and Stepniak should be continually preaching on the barbarity of Russian rule.