

New Zealand Gazette

EIGHTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

VOL. XVIII.—No. 21. DUNEDIN: FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1890 PRICE 6D.

Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ONCE more a day has been made memorable in the history of Dunedin by a labour demonstration, SATURDAY. Saturday was the chosen season, and the form which the demonstration took was that of a procession, terminating in a meeting. The unions mustered strong, and their line was imposing in its length—imposing also in the thoroughly respectable appearance of the men and the orderliness and earnestness of their demeanour. If they are pursuing a chimera, the manner in which they are doing so, so far as it meets the eye, makes the fact that they are wasting their time and efforts, and injuring their own best interests many times more lamentable. The line of march was from the triangle to the north end of the town, whence a return was made through the principal streets—a brass band and a knot of pipers heading the array, and relieving each other in discoursing sweet sounds. The site of the meeting was the space lately covered by the gardens of the Exhibition, and where the central kiosk, which still remains standing, served as a platform. As to the speeches, they were very fervent and very confident, and they were listened to with wrapped and noiseless attention by a crowded audience, who seemed in the fullest sympathy with the speakers. The chief subject dealt with was the dismissal by the Railway Commissioners of four prominent members of the Railway Servants' Association for the part taken by them in a meeting of their Association held at Christchurch on September 3. This was denounced especially as an infringement of the right of free speech, and, explained as it was by the speakers, it certainly assumed a very evil appearance. The position occupied generally by the Railway Commissioners was also discussed and objected to as subjecting the railways directly to the control of the Legislative Council. It was, in fact, made clear that, if the people, as represented at least by the Dunedin unions, succeed in returning a majority at the approaching elections, short work will be made of the Commissioners. It was not, however, the Commissioners alone that came in for the reproof of the speakers. One of them, for example, declared that the unions were unjustly opposed by four "P's," namely the Parliament, the Police, the Press and the Pulpit. With the Parliament, we have nothing to do—it may be taken as fair game, if indeed, such a moribund quarry is considered worth an arrow. Five of its members alone were afterwards singled out for a resolution of thanks, which it is charitable to hope that even so miserable a remnant may deserve. The police, we believe were vainly accused, their names perhaps being introduced more for the sake of alliteration than for anything else. But they do not appear to have been the aggressors in any case since the movement commenced. Towards the Press, also, the speakers seemed to us somewhat unfair. Their assumption, in fact, appeared to be that all who were not pronouncedly for them were against them, and they hardly made allowance enough for doubt and hesitation in what is really a very difficult question. The asserted opposition of the pulpit, meantime, gave rise to rather an amusing incident. One of the speakers boldly, and withal as it proved rashly, attacked a statement that he had heard a certain minister make on a recent occasion, alluding with derision and indignation to a contrast drawn between the condition of labour in the middle ages and that less favourably occupied by it to-day. He ended by challenging the minister whom he said he saw present to come forward and meet his argument if he dared. And the minister did dare. He behaved with decided pluck, and deserves credit for his action. He came on the platform, faced the unsympathetic crowd, gave them Professor Thorold Rogers, a silence-producing name, as his authority, with the title of the Professor's book, where it was to be purchased and its price. He also took the opportunity of protesting against boycotting, and recommended to the particular attention of the unions, as a substitute for the end they now had in view, the settlement of the land of the colony. The boycott, nevertheless, retains its position of esteem in the minds and hearts of the speakers. One of them declared that, so long as he was good for anything, he would adhere to it as his

dearest right. Another proclaimed it a "heaven-sent privilege," although, he said, when first he heard of it, he had not been inclined to look upon it with any particular respect. And did we, indeed, ourselves anticipate in those days when, at the back of God-speed below remote, dismal, Ballinrobe, the system was assuming its modern shape, and all the world outside Ireland, as well as some share of the world within the island's limits, were loud in condemnation of it that we should ever hear the boycott held up to applause and loudly applauded as a blessed institution by a crowd of our own sober and respectable citizens of Dunedin?—for let us not suppose the unions are anything else in either appearance or conduct. But one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and the peasant who struggles for his rights on the banks of Lough Mask is hailed as a celestial leader by the antipodean artisan who feels himself in a similar plight. An expression of relationship and sympathy which fell less welcome on our ears was that in which the speaker alluded to spoke of Russian Nihilists and German Socialists as brothers with him in the same cause, and excused by their different circumstances for the different methods employed by them. We would fain believe that the speaker was carried away by the heat of speaking, and that not even in Russia would he take part, as he certainly implied he would, in, at least, the methods of the Nihilists. On the whole, nevertheless, the speeches were moderate and good. They were calculated also to give a high idea of the intellectual standing of the Dunedin artisan. Like the appearance and conduct of the union men, they left the impression that if they were connected with a vain effort to promote an unworthy or weak movement, there was much cause to regret the fact. To see men in every way fitted to work out fine and beneficial ends engaged in a useless and wasteful struggle must be a melancholy sight. The true meaning of this memorable Saturday, therefore, remains to be determined by the final issue.

AS to the accusation brought against the Press at the meeting in Dunedin on Saturday, of being AN UNFAIR ACCUSATION. inimical to the existing labour agitation, and one of the speakers on the occasion made express mention of the religious Press,—so far as we ourselves are concerned, it was unjust. With the objects of the labour unions, that is so far as they are the advancement of the working classes, the redress of grievances from which they suffer, or the amelioration of their position, we are in sympathy. But we think it is open to us, or, indeed, incumbent on us, to be fully assured as to the nature of the measures taken and their relation towards the ends sought, before we give them our advocacy. This is all the more incumbent on us, because, as we are our existence almost entirely to the support given us by workingmen, any slip on our part, or any false step by which we might mislead them, would be more than ordinarily culpable. What we doubt, therefore, is not that the working-man's position is capable of improvement, or that, even as he is situated in New Zealand, and immeasurably better off than he is at Home, his condition, to keep pace with the progress of the age, does not still need amendment. We are convinced for example, that he may legitimately claim such a shortening of his hours of labour as may be necessary to prevent his earnings from being lessened by the employment of machinery. He has also in our opinion a right to claim a fair share of the profits that his labour contributes to secure—a claim already acknowledged in many instances where the system of profit-sharing has with much success been introduced, and we acknowledge him entitled in every way to demand that he may so be placed as to satisfy the wants, and keep on the level to which modern civilisation has led him, and which must necessarily become respectively more numerous and higher as time goes by. If, for instance, the artisan of the middle ages was, as certainly was the case, better off than the artisan of the day is, his earnings were less but his wants were fewer. The advance of civilisation and culture, in which, whether he will or no, the working man must have his part, creates wants, and he has a right to demand that he may be so placed as to provide for them. Still we argue that it is open to us to doubt as to whether the working men are wise in persevering in a movement that, to all appearances, must result in hindering progress and throwing back the standing of the colony. That they will be finally prevented from attaining their object we do not believe. What we witnessed on

Saturday alone is sufficient to assure us of this. The body of men whom we then saw assembled, and of whom in every respect we took very particular note, are not a body to be lightly impeded in their pursuit. They certainly have the wit to devise appropriate measures as they have the weight to make their influence felt, and as certainly have they patience to persevere. But if industry be checked and progress hindered, is it not evident that they are inevitably marring the interests they desire to promote? We do not wish to see labour defeated in its struggle with capital. Such a wish, indeed, would be malevolent and insane, for such a defeat must be followed by terrible results. What we deprecate is the carrying to extremes, rashly and mischievously, of unwise measures that must result in increasing the evils from which relief is sought, and in retarding the settlement from which alone permanent peace can flow. We deny, therefore, that, because we refrain from assuring the working men that success now lies immediately in their path, we are inimical to their interests. In fact, if their perseverance leads them, contrary to our expectations, to a successful issue, we shall rejoice to own ourselves mistaken.

A NOBLE
MEMORY.

It is with deep and sincere sorrow we receive from America news of the death of Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the Boston *Pilot*. The lamentable event was sudden, and is supposed to have been caused by an over-dose of chloral taken to relieve insomnia. It has terminated a career of remarkable adventure, of great usefulness, and of brilliant success. Mr. O'Reilly first came under public notice, as our readers are aware, as a Fenian prisoner, and, as such, received a sentence of transportation for twenty years to Western Australia. This was the doom intended for a man in the morning of his days, of splendid promise, and on whom nature had conferred her noblest gifts of intellect, and all that makes the true man. Can a fact be quoted more eloquent in condemning the system that created Fenianism as it had already created other undertakings and other movements similarly organised—and, alas, similarly betrayed by treachery, cruelty and all the instruments relentless tyranny makes use of. Fortunately, in the present instance, the sinister design was foiled. John Boyle O'Reilly effected his escape, and, after many perils and much endurance, succeeded in reaching the hospitable shores of the great Republic of the West. Arrived there, all that he needed was in his possession. Brilliant talents, fine attainments, and sterling integrity were his, and it was not long before he had risen to a high place in the land of his refuge and adoption. He soon became a leader in the world of letters and religion, and generally took the place for which social qualities of the highest order fitted him. If, in fact, British rule in Ireland had nothing to condemn it except the career in the United States of John Boyle O'Reilly, its sentence could not be doubtful, and its infamy would be manifest. The fate destined by it for the poet, the brilliant journalist, the eminent man of letters, the man of a thousand qualities that adorn the citizen and dignify the man, was: the misery, the squalor, the obscurity, the death-in-life of the convict's cell. To punish and avenge the fault created by itself, and made necessary by it, so far, at least, as the heart of every true Irishman was concerned, this Government would have robbed the world of a man capable of doing, as his life has proved, his part bravely and effectually in raising the standard of his fellow-creatures. John Boyle O'Reilly, however, is now dead, has ended his career by a sudden and accidental death, leaving Irishmen throughout the world to lament his untimely loss, but still to cherish his memory as that of one who has served his nation well, who risked his life when he thought by doing so he might work out its freedom, and who narrowly escaped as his reward a destiny worse to him than death itself, who has reflected honour on it by his talents, and vindicated its nobility by his true and noble career.—May his soul rest in peace.

Republican Senators have adopted a resolution in favour of limiting debate in the United States Senate.

It has been ascertained that the Armenian Bishop of Ezeroun, the Right Rev. Kevoik V. Utidgan, figures in the list of Armenians recently killed by Turkish soldiery and Moslem rioters. Anarchy continues to prevail in Armenia.

The Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, in a recent sermon at Coventry, on the occasion of the restoration of a church there, alluded to the "secular greed" which had devoured the temporalities of the Catholic Church. He referred to the ancient guilds, the creatures of the Christian ages, some of whose chapels yet exist in the church. "Look round you," he said, "and see here the chapels of all those merchant and trade guilds. When these were built they were other guilds existing still, which had simply religious objects for purposes of mutual protection for person or for property. They had lasted on with all their observances. But here you had a wholly different class of worship—the drapers' chapel, the mercers' chapel, the cappers' chapel, and the dyers and the smiths' and the girdlers' chapels,—each wealthy trade dedicating itself by solemn worship and sacred ties to God's service, "as to the Lord and not unto men." Here, every Friday came the mayor of the city, with all his officers, to offer special prayer to Jesus, Our Lord, before he went to open and preside over the market." It is a pregnant episode in modern civilisation, this spectacle of the Primate of the Anglican religion looking back with admiration to the days that are no more in England.—*Ave Maria*:

Colonial Notes.

WE have already alluded to the courageous conduct of a certain minister at last Saturday's meeting. The rev. gentleman's name, we understand, is Wallace. Mr. Wallace also made a point in which we agree with him. Not that in which he condemned boycotting, for boycotting, particularly and judiciously applied, we look upon as a very useful and permissible weapon. But that in which he directed the attention of the men he addressed to the land question. The settlement of the lands must form the very foundation of the settlement of the labour question. If the working-men will have increased means, increased production must supply them, and for this the source of all production, the lands, must be brought into use. Teeming and prosperous cities must be supported by a populous and well cultivated country. If the working men, therefore, lay any other foundation than the settlement of the lands, they will make the vain attempt to erect an inverted pyramid.

The conduct of the Railway Commissioners in dismissing Messrs Elvines, Owen, Winter, and Newton, employees who proposed resolutions and spoke at a meeting of the Railway Servants' Association, on September 3, strikes us as of very questionable wisdom. It could only be justifiable if very important results towards a restoration of order depended on it. Occurring at a time when free discussion is general and a certain latitude of speech is recognised as allowable, it seems an arbitrary interference with a right at least tacitly conceded, and can only issue in an aggravation of feeling already unwholesomely excited. Vindictiveness, in short, rather than judicial impartiality appears to have been the motive called into play, and good effects can hardly be expected to follow. Under the circumstances, the Commissioners have only themselves to blame, if very sinister intentions have been attributed to them, and if some degree of suspicion remains attached to them. Men besides, on whose good understanding with their subordinates public interests largely depend should be very guarded and considerate in their action.

The Rev. J. Gibson Smith, a Presbyterian minister, and if we mistake not, one of the new heretics, writes to the *Otago Daily Times* to protest against an assertion made at a late meeting of the Dunedin Presbytery to the effect that the "Presbyterian laity are infants" as regards spiritual things. For our own part, we admit the idea does seem rather overcoming. Fancy, for example, our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. A. C. Begg, a notable Presbyterian laic, feeding here below on spiritual pap, and hereafter peering out of a cloud with a pair of wings under his chin, and nothing else of him remaining. Decidedly the picture of Mr. A. C. Begg assisting at the resurrecting of the just in a bib and tucker, or a few pin-feathers to represent them, is overwhelming. Let us, therefore, hope Mr. Gibson Smith will establish his point and prove the Presbyterian laity something more than babies, even if it be heretical to do so. For once in a way we would enlist the services of an *âme damnée*.

We quote in another place a letter written by "A '48 Man" to the Sydney *Freeman's Journal*, in reply to certain strictures recently passed on the men of his movement by *Truth*, and which also, finding them pungent and amusing, we reproduced for what they were worth in our own columns. The reply made strikes us as effective. It will not do, at all events, to deal harshly with the memory of the men of '48. Doubtless they had their faults, and whose memory, among us all, that survives for forty years will be found perfect? Had success crowned their efforts their record would have seemed more brilliant. Ireland, nevertheless, owes them a debt for good and effective service. They reawakened the national spirit, created a taste for national literature and national studies, and prepared the mind of the people for the continued struggle now giving promise of success—by other methods, it is true, but methods, in some degree, born of their very failure. As to the particular charge brought against them—against Sir Charles Gavan Duffy especially—of belittling the character and services of O'Connell, it unfortunately is hardly to be refuted. To Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, however, it has brought with it its own penalties. It has marred the interest of his literary work, the more effectually since he does but repeat the claptrap spoken of O'Connell during his life-time by his enemies, and repeated by them *ad nauseam*. To read "Young Ireland," for example, any one accustomed of yore to the strain alluded to would think he had returned upon the past. Not one novel sentence, not one original line has Sir Charles traced on the subject. He has simply sat at the feet of those to whom emancipation and repeal were hateful and heard them discuss the character of the "Liberator." But to a literary man of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's standing and pride in his work, this could he perceive it, should of itself be a sufficient punishment—his own hand must chastise him. One fault, nevertheless, even a heavy one, must not be suffered to efface the record of valuable services. The men of '48, as well as O'Connell, had their enemies. Ireland cannot, consistently with due gratitude, give ear to either of the hostile voices.

Mr. Perceval, M.H.R., deserves to be congratulated on being the originator of a plan which will, in all probability, lead to a settlement of the labour agitation. It is that for a conference at Wellington between representatives of employers and delegates of the unions. It has been accepted by the Government and carried by the House. Employers will thus have the means of proving that their disposition is just and fair, and that they have no desire to take an advantage of any weakness in the associations arrayed against them to bring things back to a condition injurious to the workingman's interests. The unions, on the other hand, will have an opportunity of fully explaining their position and regularly stating their demands, and, should it be found necessary for them to yield, they will be able to do

so without a rankling sense of defeat, and a hostile determination to prepare for a more successful outbreak on a future occasion. What we may expect, in short, is wise concession on both sides. The resolution referred to may be regarded as the most useful and promising measure passed by the present Parliament.

The marriage of Major Delacour to Miss Towneley, which the society papers have lately announced, forms the denouement of the famous Clanricarde-Hancock tragedy—that is, if we follow the tradition of the writers of romance, and make marriage the end of the story. To do so in the case of Major Delacour may be the more appropriate, since, if time has dealt with him as with other men, he must show unmistakable signs of the "sere and yellow leaf." We have spoken of the tragedy of events connected with his early life. They were tragic by their associations with the death of three lovely girls, joint heiresses of a fine estate; tragic also, alas, through the shame of a lady belonging to an old and honourable family. We have seen Mrs. Hancock spoken of in a society paper as an "adventuress," but this, notwithstanding that she was as remarkable for eccentricity as for beauty, she certainly was not. These events were tragic also, though in a lesser sense, from the wreck of a Cabinet of which they were the cause. Delacour, however, is now happily married, and in spite of the bar sinister on his escutcheon, to a lady of ancient lineage and closely related to families whose names are among the noblest in the British peerage. Who shall say what the future may bring forth? Less rigid notions now prevail at the Court of England, and the bonds of propriety, if rumour speak the truth, bid fair to become looser there as time goes by. The bar sinister, it is true, has proved sufficient during the present reign to prevent the full restoration of an Irish title of great associations and splendour, restored only indirectly. More liberal ideas, nevertheless, may prevent the title of Clanricarde from dying as it otherwise must with its present owner. It will be well if even Delacour or his descendants can, not only save it from oblivion, but recover it from disgrace.

His Eminence Cardinal Moran has recently visited Brisbane for the purpose of laying the foundation-stone of a house to be erected for the Archbishop during his absence in Europe. His Eminence, in speaking on the occasion, made some suggestive remarks as to the state of the house now standing. "The work," he said, "in which you are engaged is not only an ornamental work, but an essential and most necessary one. Even as far back as the time of the first Bishop of Brisbane, when he was reciting his offices, pacing up and down the library of this residence, if a shower of rain was to come on he was obliged to open his umbrella (laughter), and later still, a meeting that was to be held there had to be put off in consequence of the rain." The visit of the Cardinal was generally celebrated as a gala event, and among the honours shown him was a garden-party given by Lady Griffith, wife of the Premier of the Colony.

The action brought against Mr. Santley by a gentleman who had for a time acted as his manager, and which prolonged the stay of the celebrated singer in the colonies, has been settled by agreement—favourably enough, we trust, to prevent Mr. Santley's carrying home with him impressions to mar the recollections of his tour.

Miss Augusta Dargon, the famous Irish-American actress, has been again delighting the intellectual public of Sydney by her recitals. We notice that among the poems chosen by her for the purpose Mr. Thomas Bracken's "Not understood," is included. This is certainly a compliment to a New Zealand poet that deserves high appreciation.

In response to an invitation of the University Union, the Most Rev. Dr. Carr has delivered a lecture at the Melbourne university. His Grace took for his subject, modern thought, which he handled in a masterly manner.

The following letter from the Anglican Bishop of Ballarat has been published by the Australian Press:—"The decease of Cardinal Newman removes from the scene one of the most remarkable personages of our time—a man of true genius, lofty character, and profound piety. I venture to express the hope that, as a British community, Ballarat may take some public notice of his funeral day. There must be few of us who have not felt the charm of Newman's sermons and other writings, or have failed to conceive (however unconvinced by its reasoning) a feeling of respectful personal regard towards the author of "Apologia pro Vita sua." We are not all prepared to follow whithersoever our great men may be disposed to lead us, but we are all ready, I hope, to admire their talents and imitate their virtues."—Not prepared, alas, to follow even those who themselves are led by the "kindly light." There is, nevertheless, good cause for hope in such letters as that we quote.

The Cape colonists seem anything rather than delighted at their prospect of a permanent acquisition of German neighbours. They look especially on the cession of Namaqualand and Damaraland, practically including that of Walvis Bay, as likely to be attended by the worst possible consequences. They deny the right of the Germans to any settlement in South Africa, pleading that they have never explored the country or established missions there. They also accuse them of being bad neighbours with whom it is far from impossible a collision may occur. The British colonists claim, moreover, that those of Dutch origin are quite of one mind with them on the point in question. The colonists also protest against the waiving of British claims to Madagascar, in favour of the French—describing the country as a South African island. The attitude of the Cape settlers, in short, furnishes a strong proof that, if the colonies are to remain part of the empire, federation, by which they will have a voice in Imperial affairs, is an absolute necessity.

It is much to be feared that the colonist of the day is not quite so much of a white man as he imagines himself. The Cape Parliament, for example, has only escaped by a majority of twelve from passing a Bill that can only be described as semi-barbarous. The measure in question was one for the punishment by flogging of servants and apprentices, and very trifling offences were included among those for which the penalty in question was to be inflicted. For the credit of the British character, nevertheless, the division list includes among the ayes names chiefly that are Dutch or French in their origin. Those derived from the Anglo-Saxon, or, more fortunately, suggestive of the other side of the channel, form the large majority among the noes. It is hardly an excuse that the great body of the servants and apprentices aimed at were blacks. The time-honoured motto, "Cursed be Canaan," has of late years, we fancy, fallen into disrepute among people justly claiming to rank among white men of a more genuine kind.

A jolly experience must be prison-life among the Boers. An inquiry lately made into the escape of a prisoner has brought some interesting facts to light. Let us take for example the following, selected as a "specimen" from the evidence. "The witness said that his treatment in the gaol left much to be desired. For six weeks neither his bedding nor his clothes had been changed. With regard to the blankets if the doors had been left open, they would have walked out by themselves. As regarded the food, he had never seen a scale of prison diet, but this he knew, that one could eat twice as much as was given to him. "Once," said another witness, "he had been locked up without the orders from the Landdrost for three days and three nights and had been kept without food for the whole of the time. A fellow prisoner had smuggled half his food through an opening between the door and the floor, otherwise he would have starved. The third day he sent word to the gaoler that if the door was not opened immediately and food supplied to him he would break open the door and stab anyone that dared to interfere with him, with the knife produced. Half-an-hour after that the door was opened and food supplied to him." We do not know, therefore, that Cape colonists need complain so much as to the quality of their German neighbours. If this prison-life at Pretoria affords a fair sample of Dutch manners, they must have long since been broken-in to a neighbourhood anything rather than agreeable.

REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS.

(Liverpool Catholic Times.)

SIR.—A recent publication directs attention to the various roads by which inquiries are led to the "One Fold of the One Shepherd."

A contribution towards answering the how and the why has just been given to us in a letter to the same publication from the widow of the late and much-regretted Ambrose de Lisle. We learn that with the Rev. Ignatius Spencer, whilst he was a most zealous evangelical clergyman, Mr. de Lisle had become acquainted, "and invited him, with his father's permission, to Gardendon Park." The invitation was accepted in January, 1830, and after a week spent in controversy, in which several clergymen of the Church of England and Bishop Byder, of Lichfield, one of her Bishops, took part, Father Ignatius announced his conviction of the truth of the arguments of the Catholic Church, and his determination to make his submission.

Through the kindness of both the author and the publisher, who cheerfully complied with my request, I now give your readers a most striking letter, written some twelve years ago to a Mr. Shaw, of Bristol, author of "The McPersons; or, England's Glory—the Roll of Honour," then published by Burns and Oates, and in which this letter appeared. The writer is the Rev. Father Selley, O.S.A., now for some years the zealous Sub-Prior of the Augustinian Convent, Cork. Father Selley, besides writing some very useful spiritual books, contributes occasionally under a *nom de plume* to the *Ecclesiastical Record*, the leading organ of the priesthood.

For the instruction and encouragement of many earnest inquirers not yet in the Church, those who have got that grace may with advantage tell us how it came to them, as in the case of Father Selley.—Yours, etc.,

Cork.

T. H. ATTEDGE.

London, December 16, 1878.

Dear Mr. Shaw,—For the public good we are sometimes coerced to do what, from any particular advantages, we should shrink from. Many of us have come out of our sacred privacy of late to swell the "Roll of Honour of England's Converts," so lately styled "Rome's Recruits," in order that we may thereby exercise a salutary influence on the many *wavering* and *doubt-tossed* Christians of the nineteenth century.

From the day of my conversion—even to private enquirers—I have refused to satisfy the curious, but now, that we find ourselves brought to the "front," I deem it each man's duty to co-operate in the conversion of his fellow-countrymen, even at the expense of unveiling what he may have loved to hold sacred to himself. Hence I now unveil the history of my conversion.

Born of Church of England parents, and unconnected with a single Catholic family, good, bad, or indifferent, I was educated in the tenets of the Low Church, and remained a practical member of it until my twentieth year.

I was the eldest of a large family, and, after a thorough commercial education, I was placed in my father's own business, which could then claim to be one of the most flourishing in the East End of London. In this I remained eight years, for three of which I almost entirely conducted his two large business establishments.

I attended church generally twice on Sundays, almost as regularly and conscientiously as I do now; and I tried, as well as I could, unaided by the grace of a sacramental religion, to do my duty to my God, to my neighbour, and to myself. I knew *nothing* of Catholicism. I had never read a Catholic work. I had never known

a Catholic; and yet, like so many of my fellow-countrymen, I was extremely prejudiced and fanatically bigoted. My only Catholic brother joined the Church two years before me. Nevertheless, outside his unceasing prayers to our Blessed Lady for my conversion, he had nothing at all to do with it. Indeed, his change of faith so estranged me from him, that, though close and constant companions ere this, I now became his persecutor. I was, indeed, most bitter, and yet blindly so. I could not bear to come upon him at his prayers, which I often did, nor to see him go to church. Despite this, I believe that, had I been asked the reason of this bigotry, I could have given no more logical answer than that it was *because he was a Papist*.

A little before my conversion, I was about to marry a wealthy lady. Bright, then, were my worldly prospects, and never, therefore, can it be said in my case that any mundane motive or fanciful attraction influenced me in the solemn step I was so soon about to take (after my withdrawal from a matrimonial engagement)—quite the reverse.

And now for the cause which was about to work so great a change. Strange as it may seem, though quite natural according to the rule of Protestants, my own Bible was the cause of my own conversion. Reading the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel, and comparing it with the words of our Blessed Lord at the Last Supper, and then again applying the words of St. Paul to the Corinthians (1 Cor. xi. 29), "For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the Body of the Lord," I could not reconcile the divine Word with the rejection of the doctrine of the Real Presence.

My next step was to find out that the Church—the Catholic Church—which I had so despised and hated, held the doctrine of Transubstantiation. A doubt of my religion being the true one then flashed across my mind. It was the moment of grace, and thanks be ever due to God, I corresponded with that grace. I read more of the sacred volume. I purchased a Catholic Bible. I weighed the Scripture evidence. Mind you, I had every right; I was a Protestant. I prayed for light to Him Who never refuses to hear one who sincerely seeks for the truth, and the result was that, like a late noteworthy convert, Mr. Orby Shipley, I felt bound to change "the principles of private judgment for the revealed basis of faith, which is authority."

I then visited a Catholic priest, as far as I know, the first I had ever seen. He gave me a child's penny catechism to study, and in ten days from my first doubt I was recanting the errors of Anglicanism—and making my profession of the Catholic faith in the church of St. Mary, Moorfields. And be it well remarked that, until then, I had never seen the inside of a Catholic church; and, moreover, until my visit to this good clergyman, I had never made any study of Catholic dogma. This happened in the year 1863.

Though not cast adrift, as so many of the gentler sex have been on such occasions, my stout adherence to the Catholic faith, for conscience sake, worked sad effects in my family circle. I was no longer looked on as the right-hand and confident of my father, and there arose that estrangement *that only converts ever experience*. I cast not, however, a shadow of blame on my otherwise exemplary parents, because *I knew too well* the force of prejudice and bigotry. Should we not rejoice to suffer some temporal loss for so great a spiritual gain? But God had further graces in store for me.

In two years' time I quitted the world, and commenced my studies for the priesthood in a religious congregation. In a few years I was ordained priest. In Ireland, America, and England my labours cover a space of thirteen years, and now, in 1878, I have received from our good God the further grace to be admitted into one of the great Orders of the Church, being now enrolled among the sons of St. Augustine, the illustrious Bishop of Hippo, one of the greatest and most eminent doctors of the Universal Church. May a more perfect and austere life obtain from God the conversion of those so dear to me on earth!

Let me add to this brief sketch, that from the moment of my conversion I have never had a single doubt concerning any article of Catholic Faith; and, further, that I owe the plenitude of the grace of faith, once mercifully given to me, to the fact that, instead of trying to silence the doubt, or to smother the voice of conscience speaking within me, as I fear many do, to the loss of further graces from God, I immediately set about resolving the doubt, and thus corresponded promptly to that first exciting grace.

By the blessing of God, I have received very many converts into the Church during my sacerdotal career; but, strange to say, especially in these days of Ritualism, they have been nearly all from the ranks of the Low Church part of the Establishment. Though I can count amongst them several neophytes from the Jewish religion, I have no High Churchman, Puseyite, or Ritualist, and scarcely a Dissenter to show. Another fact worthy of notice is, that according to my experience, the "chosen ones" are generally called by God from the ranks of sincere, moral, and virtuous Christians. May their number daily increase and be added to the household of the Faith!

In conclusion, my dear Mr. Shaw, when I look back upon my Protestant days, I never wonder now when I hear of anyone being *very bigoted*, neither do I so much despair of their conversion to truth as of the more *liberal* and, at the same time, more listlessly *indifferent* Christians. I believe I was in what is commonly called "*good faith*" down to the time of my first doubt, and I am firmly persuaded that *many* of our countrymen lose the efficacious grace of conversion by default of not examining the question when the doubt first crosses their minds, which very doubt I call one of the greatest graces from God. I remember also how vividly I experienced the utter *inability* of the "Established Religion" to aid *practically* one who wanted to live religiously and to give him a feeling of happy security. It was only when I came to experience the helps afforded by a *sacramental* religion that I understood what my soul was always thirsting after and yet never attained. For days, sometimes nearly the whole week, after a good sermon (and I heard many in the Protestant Church), I would meditate on some Christian truth, and long for a more perfect life. No doubt these *pure desires* contributed much to move the

merciful God to open my eyes to truth. *I believe very little in controversy*. Let us spend the time better in prayer, and in setting an example to our separated brethren of a virtuous and practically pious life.

This is the first time I have ever revealed to anyone, even to the most intimate friend, much concerning my conversion. I do so now only with the hope that I am accomplishing a great and glorious work.

May God, in His infinite goodness, bless you in it, and carry it to a successful issue. This is the earnest wish of yours sincerely,

EDWARD AUGUSTINE SELLEY, O.S.A.

DOMINICAN CONVENT DUNEDIN.

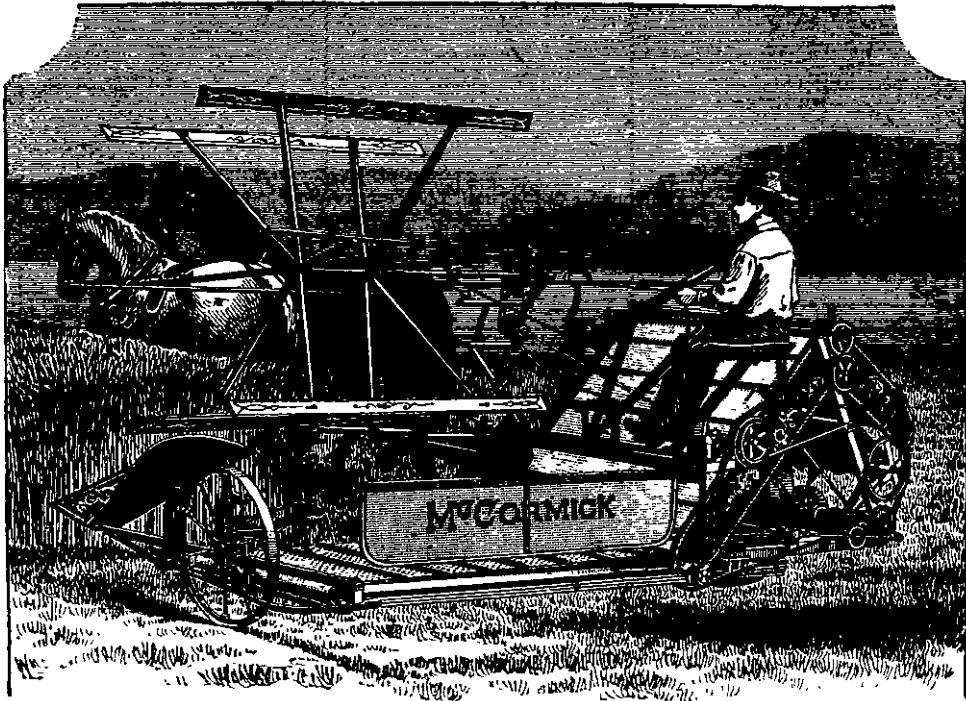
THE new schools of the Dominican nuns, which are to be blessed on Rosary Sunday, are now approaching completion. A good deal, however still remains to be done, and it is unlikely that the building will be altogether out of the hands of the contractor even on the day appointed for the ceremony. Some finishing touches, nevertheless, will only remain to be given, and already a very fair idea may be formed of what the building will finally be. We have already published a description of the schools, but, doubtless a few words, by way of a reminder, will not be unwelcome to our readers. On the ground-floor, there is finished and in use the refectory, a large room adjoining the convent, whence a door opens into it, and which is cheerful and bright as well as spacious, in every respect perfectly fulfilling the purpose for which it has been erected. Other rooms in use on the same floor, are that on the opposite side of the hall of entrance, which is devoted to the little children of the kinder-garten, and suitably and prettily furnished with this object; and a room at the back opposite the kinder-garten, and at the foot of the stone stair case, which serves excellently as a gymnasium and has been fitted up with all the most approved appliances. On this floor are also lavatories and cloak rooms for the day pupils and boarders respectively, and without, in the rear, the kitchen and various apartments connected with the service of the house. From the hall of entrance, into which a door opens from Smith-street, a short stair-case leads to the first floor, and, more immediately, to a landing on which the chief reception room, a large and handsome apartment, and a smaller parlour open. Each of these rooms is well planned and nicely finished, containing among the rest a pretty and costly marble mantle-piece. Those throughout the other parts of the house, with the exception also of the great hall of studies, where is one of French marble, are of cement, and are very neat and tasteful, besides being durable and hard as stone. The great hall alluded to is situated on the first floor of the wing of the building next the cathedral, and which, on the outer side, is built of blue stone faced with Oamaru stone, harmonising with the architecture of the church, close to which it stands. The hall is a room of noble dimensions, and is, in every respect, well planned and strikingly handsome. The upper portion of the window-frames is filled with cathedral glass, and in the centre of that at the end, looking out upon the facade of the cathedral at the side, and the Bishop's house in front, are inserted the arms or device of the Dominican Order. The room is surrounded by a fine dado, constructed of various kinds of New Zealand woods, wrought in a tasteful pattern. On the first floor also is the infirmary, with the pharmacy and bath-room connected with it, and which is so constructed as to be entirely isolated from the rest of the building. It communicates at the back with the cloisters, an arched and roofed promenade that extends the entire length of the building at the rear, on a level with the first floor, and which forms part of the enclosure of the convent and is for the use of the religious community alone. On the second floor, above the hall of studies, is the great dormitory, a lofty, cheerful, and thoroughly ventilated apartment, and to which access is had from the hanging staircase of stone a few feet higher up than the general level of the second floor. This room is the last and most elevated of those in the stone portion of the building. In the other wings the second floor contains a spacious study hall at the back; a smaller room with book presses and other conveniences for the mistress of schools; a junior class-room and library, and a music room—a novel and remarkable feature of the building. This room is so constructed as to contain eight separate compartments, in each of which music lessons may be given and practice may take place without being audible in any of the others. On the third floor is situated the room devoted to the purposes of a wardrobe, and to which the trunks of pupils will be raised by means of a lift ascending in the midst of the well round which the stone staircase leading from the ground floor to the top of the house is constructed. There are also bath-rooms, tastefully tiled, a large dressing-room, in which each young lady will have a separate space furnished with all requisites and amply supplied with hot and cold water—tiles or marble being largely employed in the arrangements, and everything being so constructed as to secure perfect neatness and order. There is also on this third floor a second dormitory, a fine room extending the whole depth of the building—running east and west, so as to have the full benefit of the sun-shine by means of windows both in the front and rear. We have, in a former article, spoken of which a fine look out may not be obtained—and, owing to the style of the architecture, and particularly to the manner in which the second and third wings recede, the number of windows is a principal characteristic of the building, and thus light and air, as well as beautiful views are abundantly secured. Space has also been well provided for, and, on the whole, it is hardly possible to find anywhere a pile of school-buildings better adapted in every respect to preserve or improve the health of the children, or to furnish them with more efficient means of prosecuting their studies. All the fittings have been most carefully attended to. Those already in their places—and which are the very best of their kinds, as, for example, the window blinds, testifying to what those still to come must be. Last, but not least, we may add, the building is completely fireproof. The wood-

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work is of the most superficial and scantiest nature consistent with comfort and finish. The floors are of concrete, overlaid with thin boards; the partitions are of brick-lath and plaster being in every instance excluded. The short staircase only, leading from the entrance-hall to the first floor, is altogether wooden. The nuns have taken advantage of the fireproof nature of the building to open on two of its corridors fire escapes from their convent, which forms the northern wing of the block. In the respect alluded to, in short, a very important one, perfect safety is ensured. Nothing, therefore, when these school-buildings are ready for use, as they now will very soon be, will be wanting to enable the Dominican nuns to put forth to their utmost the powers they possess as teachers, and of whose quality they have already given so many and such irrefutable proofs. Dunedin will then possess a girls' high school that will rank, in every respect, among the first of the day.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL, SOUTH DUNEDIN.

THE annual distribution of prizes took place at this school on Friday. His Lordship the Bishop officiated, the Rev. Fathers Lynch, Adm., Golden, and P. O'Neill, with the Rev. Father Hunt, pastor of the district, as well as a large number of the relatives and friends of the children, being present. The room was prettily decorated with flowers and foliage for the occasion, and the following programme was very nicely carried out, reflecting great credit both on the children and their teachers, the Dominican nuns:—

Pianoforte duet, "Mermaid's song"; recitation, "Duty"; round (in three parts). Awards Standard I. Pianoforte duet, "Beautiful Isle of the Sea"; recitation, "The Dispute Case"; violin solo, "Life let us cherish." Awards Standard II. Pianoforte duet, "Robin Adair"; recitation, "The Church builders"; pianoforte duet, "Il Trovatore." Awards Standard Low III. Pianoforte solo, "Little Darling"; recitation, "The Dying Chieftain"; vocal chorus, "The Convent Bells." Awards Standard High III. Pianoforte solo, "Jubilee March"; recitation, "Erin"; vocal chorus, "Irish Melody." Awards Standard IV. and V. Pianoforte solo; vocal chorus, "Rocked in the cradle of the Deep"; recitation, "The Sailor Boy's Dream." Distribution of prizes. Vocal chorus, "Thoughts of Home."

Both the singing and instrumental music were exceptionally good, and the recitations showed marked intelligence. A young gentleman asserting the claims of a pair of spectacles particularly distinguished himself, and a young lady reciting in the character of Erin deservedly was much admired. On the termination of the programme the Bishop spoke a few words, expressing his satisfaction at what he had witnessed, and congratulating Father Hunt and the nuns on the continued progress of the school. A display of needle-work was also made, testifying well to the skill and industry of the girls. But in every respect the school shows the evident marks of careful and able management in all its departments.

We append the prize list:—

SPECIAL PRIZES.
Catechism - Girls—1st Prize—Competed for by Edith Marlow, Mary Miscall, Kate Perkins, Maggie Keogh, Mary Fitzpatrick, Annie McGowan, Maggie Cassidy, Winnie Heffernan, Bridget Bruton, Mabel Murray. 2nd Prize—Competed for by Mary Blaney, Mary Coxon, Rose Bradley, Kate Hughes, Maggie Leonard, Maggie Winslowe, Emily Doherty, Clara Higgins, Mary Ann Perkins, Mary Power, Mary Ryan, Maggie Mahon, Totty McLean. Boys—1st Prize—Pat Mullen, Hugh O'Kane. 2nd Prize—Fred Murray, Pat Burke, Michael Casey, James Mooney, Jeremiah Brew, Joe Cannon, Robert O'Kane, Michael Bruton, Michael Sheehan.

Good Conduct: Girls—1st Prize—Edith Marlow, Mary Miscall, Katie Perkins, Hannah Sheridan, Katie McDermott, Maggie Keogh, Julia Ryan, Maggie O'Neill, Annie McGowan, Mary Houlehan, Mary Walshe, Lizzie Eager. 2nd Prize—Rose Bradley, Kate Houlehan, Mary Blaney, Mary Coxon, Katie Hughes, Mary Ann Fitzpatrick, Connie Cornish, Mary Ann Perkins. Boys—1st Prize—Pat Mullen, Hugh O'Kane, Fred Murray, Pat Burke, Fred Stokes, James Mooney, Eddie Keogh, Michael Casey. 2nd Prize—Pat Sheehan, Tom Heffernan, Harry Hughes, Dick Cornish, Willie Wilkinson.

Application and General Improvement: Girls—1st Prize—Mary Miscall, Edith Marlow, Katie Perkins, Hannah Sheridan, Julia Ryan, Maggie Keogh, Maggie O'Neill, Mary Fitzpatrick, Annie McGowan, Winnie Heffernan, Bridget Bruton, Katie Sheehan, Mary Walshe, Mabel Murray. 2nd Prize—Mary Blaney, Mary Coxon, Rose Bradley, Maud Murray, Maggie Winslowe, Emily Doherty, Mary Fahey, Nellie Shannon, Bridget Murphy, Clara Higgins, Nellie Sheridan, Nellie Stokes, Minnie Mahony, Mary Dunford, Mary O'Driscoll, Mary Ann Perkins, Clara Hopcroft, Mary Ryan, Maggie Mahon. Boys—1st Prize—Hugh O'Kane, Fred Murray, John Murray, Pat Burke, Simon Whitty, Fred Stokes, James Mooney, Michael Casey, Larry Murphy. 2nd Prize—Pat Sheehan, Michael Power, John Tracy, Tom Heffernan, Robert O'Kane, Pat Sullivan, Willie Whelan, Michael Sheehan.

Attendance: Girls—Prize—Mary Fahey, Mary Ann Fitzpatrick, Annie McGowan, Maggie Winslowe, Nellie Shannon, Emily Doherty, Minnie Mahony, Mary Coxon, Bella Sheridan, Jenny Toner. Boys—Pat Mullen, Hugh O'Kane, John Burke, Willie Murray, John Tracey, Dick Cornish, Jeremiah Brew.

Freehand Drawing: 1st Prize—Fred Stokes, James Mooney, Larry Murphy, Michael Casey, Fred Murray. 2nd Prize: Hugh O'Kane, Pat Bourke, John Healy, Michael Sheehan, Pat Mullen.

Writing: Girls—1st Prize: Hannah Sheridan, Kate McDermott, Rose Bradley, Katie Sheehan, Nellie Casey, Bella Sheridan, Maggie Keogh, Winnie Heffernan, Mary Blaney. Boys—2nd Prize: Fred Stokes, Pat Burke, Simon Whitty, James Mooney, Eddie Keogh, Martin Murray.

Teachers' Prizes: Maggie Heffernan, Mary Ann Tierney, Mary Bradley, Miss Flemming.

Sewing Prize:—Katie McDermott.

CERTIFICATES.

Catechism:—Girls—Edith Marlow, Mary Miscall, Katie Perkins, Katie McDermott, Maggie Keogh, Julia Ryan, Alice Freed, Maggie O'Neill, Mary Fitzpatrick, Annie McGowan, Maggie Cassidy, Winnie Heffernan, Bridget Bruton, Mabel Murray, Mary Blaney, Mary Coxon, Katie Hughes, Rose Bradley, Maggie Leonard, Maud Murray, Katie Fitzpatrick, Maggie Whitty, Bella Sheridan, Katie Houlehan, Maggie Winslowe, Emily Doherty, Mary Fahey, Nellie Shannon, Bridget Murphy, Clara Higgins, Nellie Sheridan, Lillie Stokes, Mary O'Driscoll, Mary A. Perkins, Mary Power, Mary Ryan, Maggie Power, Tottie McLean. Boys: John Dee, Pat Mullen, Tom Shannon, Martin McGrath, Hugh O'Kane, Fred Murray, Patrick Burke, James Mooney, Michael Casey, Willie Wilkinson, Jeremiah Brew, Joseph Cannon, Robert O'Kane, James Barham, Michael Bruton, Willie Waugh, Michael Sheehan, John Currie, Michael Houlehan.

Reading: Girls—Edith Marlow, Mary Miscall, Katie Perkins, Hannah Sheridan, Beatrice Mercer, Katie McDermott, Maggie Keogh, Julia Ryan, Alice Freed, Annie Gawn, Maggie O'Neill, Mary Fitzpatrick, Annie McGowan, Maggie Cassidy, Winnie Heffernan, Lizzie Eager, Fannie Fox, Mary Houlehan, Bridget Bruton, Katie Sheehan, Mary Walshe, Mabel Murray, Katie Fitzpatrick, Mary Blaney, Mary Coxon, Rose Bradley, Katie Hughes, Mary A. Fitzpatrick, Maggie Leonard, Maud Murray, Nellie Casey, Katie Houlehan, Lizzie Tubman, Maggie Winslowe, Emily Doherty, Mary Fahey, Nellie Shannon, Bridget Murphy, Clara Higgins, Nellie Sheridan, Mary Hannon, Clara Hopcroft, Mary A. Perkins, Mary Hughes, Mary Ryan, Maggie Mahon, Tottie McLean. Boys: John Dee, Thomas Keogh, Pat Mallin, Tom Shannon, Martin McGrath, Willie Kennedy, Hugh O'Kane, Willie Fogarty, John Murray, Patrick Burke, Simon Whitty, Nicholas Whitty, Fred Stokes, James Mooney, Harry Murphy, Pat Sheehan, Freddy Wilkinson, Michael Power, John Tracey, Jeremiah Brew, Joe Cannon, Robert O'Kane, James Barham, Ernest Scanlan, Michael Sheehan, Michael Houlehan.

Writing: Girls—Hannah Sheridan, Katie McDermott, Maggie Keogh, Annie Gawn, Maggie O'Neill, Winnie Heffernan, Fanny Fox, Mary Houlehan, Katie Sheehan, Mary Walshe, Mabel Murray, Mary Blaney, Rose Bradley, Bella Sheridan, Nelly Casey, Clara Higgins.

Arithmetic: Girls—Annie McGowan, Mary Houlehan, Bridget Bruton, Mabel Murray, Mary Blaney, Mary Coxon, Rose Bradley, Jennie Toner, Mary Fahey, Nellie Shannon, Bridget Murphy, Minnie Mahoney, Mary Dunford, Mary O'Driscoll, Mary Hannon, Clara Hopcroft, Mary A. Perkins, Maggie Mahon. Boys—Hugh O'Kane, Pat Burke, Fred Stokes, Willie Murray, John Hannon, Tom Heffernan, Dick Cornish, Pat Sullivan, Jeremiah Brew, Robert O'Kane, Willie Whelan, Michael Sheehan, John Currie.

Grammar: Girls—Mary Miscall, Beatrice Mercer, Mabel Murray, Mary Blaney, Mary Coxon, Rose Bradley, Katie Hughes, Maud Murray, Maggie Whitty, Nellie Casey, Katie Houlehan, Lizzie Tubman, Clara Hopcroft, Mary A. Perkins, Mary Hughes, Mary Power, Mary Ryan, Maggie Mahon, Tottie McLean. Boys—Pat Mullen, John Murray, Patrick Burke, John Burke, Simon Whitty, Nicholas Whitty, Fred Stokes, James Mooney, Martin Murray, Michael Power, John Tracey, Tom Heffernan, Harry Hughes, Dick Cornish, Joseph Cannon, Robert O'Kane, Tom Healy, Jeremiah Brew, Jimmy Barham, Michael Bruton, Patrick Sullivan, Ernest Scanlan, Willie Waugh, Willie Whelan, Michael Sheehan, Michael Houlehan.

Geography: Girls—Annie McGowan, Maggie Cassidy, Winnie Heffernan, Mabel Murray, Katie Fitzpatrick, Katie Hughes, Nellie Casey, Maggie Winslowe, Emily Doherty, Mary Fahey, Nellie Shannon, Clara Higgins, Nellie Sheridan, Lillie Stokes, Minnie Mahony, Mary Dunford, Mary A. Stokes. Boys—Hugh O'Kane, Willie Fogarty, Fred Murray, John Murray, Patrick Burke, John Burke, Simon Whitty, Fred Stokes, Michael Casey, Martin Murray, John Healy, Larry Murphy, Willie Murray, Dick Cornish, Freddy Wilkinson, Willie Wilkinson.

History: Girls—Katie Perkins, Maggie Keogh, Katie McDermott, Julia Ryan, Lizzie Eager. Boys—John Dee.

Our duty (says *Truth*), is clear. It is to hinder in every possible way a discredited Ministry from passing party measures, because they have no right to do this without first obtaining the assent of the country. They have tried this Session to rob the British taxpayer for the benefit of the Welsh clergy, of the Irish landlords, and of the brewers of the United Kingdom. Although a minority, we have, by superiority in tactics, foiled them in all these attempts. I trust that we shall be able to do the same next Session, and that this time next year their organs will republish the articles in which they are now cursing the Tory leaders for their stupidity, and cursing us for defending the public purse against their impudent raids.

An amusing illustration of the mechanical way in which dictionaries have been made is furnished by the word phantomanation, which appears in Webster, Worcester, the Imperial, and Cassell's Encyclopedic Dictionary. Webster solemnly defines it thus: "Phantomanation, *n.*—Appearance as of a phantom; illusion. (*Obs. and rare*)—*Pope.*" Worcester says simply: "Illusion."—*Pope.* The Imperial and Cassell's repeat this bit of lexicographic wisdom, but the latter omits the reference to Pope, apparently suspecting that something is the matter somewhere. Now, the source of this word is a book entitled "Philology on the English Language," published in 1820, by Richard Paul Jodrell, as a sort of supplement to Johnson's Dictionary. Jodrell had a curious way of writing phrases as single words, without even a hyphen to indicate their composite character. Thus city solicitor became citysolicitor; home acquaintance, home-acquaintance. He remarks in his preface that it "was necessary to enact laws for myself," and he appears to have done so with great vigor. Of course he followed his "law" when he transcribed the following passage from Pope:

"These solemn vows and holy offerings paid
To all the phantom nations of the dead."

—*Odyssey*, *iv.*, 627.

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Dublin Notes.

(From the National papers.)

At its last meeting the Limerick Board of Guardians, elected by the Catholic ratepayers of Limerick and speaking their sentiments, entered a vigorous protest against the Bishop's abusive personal attack on John Dillon. The guardians protested against his Lordship's sneer at the vast majority of the bishops, priests, and people of Ireland as a vulgar "crowd," in whose company Home Rule, or even heaven itself, would not be acceptable. The resolution continued—"We feel it to be our bounden duty to emphatically protest against such unfounded attempts to vilify the character of honest John Dillon, who is the beloved of the Irish race at home and abroad, besides being the esteemed of the ablest statesmen of England, and the admired of all honest men the world over; and, needless though it be, we once again express our unbounded confidence in John Dillon and his gallant colleagues, through whom we expect to secure the regeneration of our people."

All over the country the challenge thrown down by the Bishop of Limerick to the Irish people—for really this is what his Lordship's latest epistle signifies—is being taken up and discussed with spirit. The verdict is overwhelmingly against the Bishop, while the feeling which accompanies it is one generally more in sorrow than in anger, that an Irish bishop should thus be found ranging himself with the hereditary oppressors and the bitter persecutors of his fellow-countrymen. A large number of poor-law boards have condemned the letter by formal resolution, and other representative bodies are following suit. As a matter of course, the great body of National League branches throughout the country are at one mind on the subject. But few defenders of the Bishop have appeared, and these belong chiefly to the class whose quarrel he has espoused. One Catholic gentleman made a chivalrous but hopeless stand in his favour—the Hon. Gaston Monsell; but his advocacy is suspicious, from the fact of the formal official connection of his family with the Government. As a Catholic, he protested against any condemnation of the Bishop, but he was dealing with men who are as good Catholics as himself, and would, very likely, if the need arose, make far greater sacrifices in defence of their faith than anyone who stands up for conduct which is the greatest menace to Catholic faith that could possibly be thought of.

The *Times'* Durban Correspondent telegraphs that Sir Henry Connor, Chief Justice of Natal, is dead. He was son of Roderick Connor, of the Lands of Cullenswood, county Dublin, formerly one of the four Masters in Chancery, Ireland; was born 1817, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, graduating B.A. in 1838. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1839, took the degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1841, and in 1854 was appointed Chief Justice and Judicial Assessor on the Gold Coast, administering the government there from 1854 till 1857. In the latter year he was appointed first puisne Judge of the Supreme Court, Natal, and upon two occasions acted as Judge of the Supreme Court of the Cape. He had been Chief Justice of Natal, and as such Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court since 1874, and was senior member of the Executive-Council of Natal. He was created an honorary L.L.D. by the university in 1878, and received the honour of knighthood in 1880.

"According to the poets," says the *St. James's Gazette*, "Ireland used to be a country where a young lady, dressed in her most expensive clothes, and with all her jewellery on, could walk about anywhere without the least fear of being robbed or molested. Mr. Parnell and his friends have changed all that. Some few days ago a poor girl, a dairymaid, was attacked near Tipperary by four young ruffians, who with their long knives, cut every scrap of clothing off, and sent her home naked. The victim of this brutal outrage had been working for a widow who is boycotted. When crimes like this are committed within two hundred yards of the police barracks it is obvious that the evil influences of the National League are still at work; though, of course, those who directly or indirectly instigated it will be ready enough to disavow all connection with the actual culprits." This is the London version of the lie which Dr. Patton's Tipperary correspondent, or Dr. Patton's colleague on Cork-hill, set going last week. The meaning and purpose of the fabrication is plain. It was as foul a lie as ever was penned about Ireland, but the liar has earned his half-crown. Dr. Patton duly forwarded this invention to Pigott-House Square, and it is now in circulation throughout England. The dog will return to his vomit, and the Tory to his Pigotry to the end of the chapter.

Mr. David Kent's shadowing of District-Inspector Ball has had the good result of showing up the meaning of the detestable systems and of convicting the Chief Secretary of some serious misstatement, in the House of Commons. Mr. Balfour declared that the system was old, and that nobody was ever shadowed except those whom the police knew to be engaged in the organisation of intimidation. The Royal Irish Constabulary are, as everybody knows, good swearers; but they must draw the line somewhere, and they are beginning to draw it at Mr. Balfour's answers. They decline any longer to swear up to that mark.

District-Inspector Hill—the assertion of Mr. Balfour to the contrary—stated on oath when cross-examined, that since May, 1889, there was nothing whatever against Mr. Kent beyond vague suspicion. He could not point to "a single tangible act" on Mr. Kent's part to warrant the suspicion. Yet a policeman was detailed to follow Mr. Kent "as closely as possible." What that phrase means Constable Burke explained later on. The constable swore that "he kept close to the defendant, nearly treading on his heels; and he believed it was very annoying and irritating to anyone shadowed."

The District-Inspector gave some useful information as to the history of the practice. It commenced about twelve months ago, Mr. Hill swears, though Mr. Balfour quotes precedents nearly a decade old. Mr. Hill never knew of persons convicted of serious crime, such as robbery and manslaughter, being shadowed. The delicate persecu-

tion is reserved for such hardened and abominable crimes as those who refuse to have any dealings with landgrabbers, Habitual criminals are, indeed, watched, according to Mr. Hill; but their heels are quite safe from constabulary beetle-crushers, and the Executive has too much consideration for the feelings of the irreclaimable offender to intrude a constable's nose between him and his pal. It is only Scotch Ministers spending their vacation in search of the truth about Ireland, Australian lady visitors, and Irish priests on a mission to the death-bed who are subjected to such attentions.

There is a slight doubt, we are glad to hear, whether the law approves the infamy. It would make very little difference, of course, even if Chief Justice Pether could hunt up a reason for declaring that Irish policemen were entitled, at the discretion and under the direction of every autocrat of a Sub-Inspector throughout the country, to make life intolerable and social intercourse impossible, to everyone on whom the shadow of a policeman's suspicion falls. The system would be none the less infamous if a whole Bench of Castle judges declared it legal. But it would prove most welcome to have the gallant defender of the Olongorey outrages convicted once more of stimulating and encouraging the transgressing of the law, brutal though it be, which he claims it to be his special and peculiar office to vindicate.

Mr. Parnell made a most interesting and, in its way, important little speech on Monday night on the vote to defray expenses in connection with the Board of Works. He prefaced his criticism of the operations of the Board by noticing the manner in which the vote was submitted to the House. Ireland, he remarked, was the best boarded country in the world. Its Government is practically carried on through Boards and bureaux, which are all represented in the House of Commons by a single member of the Government—for a lawyer knows nothing of anything but what his brief contains, and gentle Mr. Madden is too much of a parchment prodigal to trouble himself about anything except the defence of the vagaries of the Removables. The result is that Parliament is asked to vote the votes for the Irish Government annually without one word of explanation being offered as to what is being done for the money. The country is in the most backward condition industrially. Its development is the boasted object of all our Chief Secretary's dreams and meditations, and the development requires engineering skill and attention. Yet the money for the engineers of the Board of Works was asked, and not one word vouchsafed as to their work and achievements for the year. This has been the constant custom, and the consequence is that these gentlemen have done their work in the past with a carelessness that has strewn the coast of Ireland with monuments of their almost incredible incompetency. But the illustration is only one example out of many which the present method of governing Ireland affords, and which would justify a movement to rescue the country from the hands of the muddlers if there was never a national question involved.

Mr. Parnell gave some amusing examples of their work. They spent £35,000 in improving the Arklow harbour. When they began the "improvement" there used to be twenty feet of water in the harbour at low tide. There is now only a depth of four and a half feet there. The £35,000 "has been spent in diminishing the depth of the water at the entrance of the harbour by something between fifteen and sixteen feet, or at the rate of over £2,000 a foot. It was well for Arklow they got no more money to spend, though Mr. Jackson offers that in their defence! In Greystones they turned fairly safe anchorage into dry land. Last year they carried out forty-eight projects, and of the forty-eight there are only forty-one useful or available for the purposes for which they were intended. This is how Ireland is to be developed by the nominees of the nominees of Westminster. Heaven save us from any further such development! Its effect on our present miserable wealth and resources would be the same as that on the waters of the Arklow harbour. The more development, the less there would remain of them.

The election for Mid-Durham took place last Thursday, July 19, with the result that was easily foreseen. Mr. Wilson, the Gladstonian candidate, was returned by an immense majority—2,094; but the Tories find consolation—or affect to find it—in the fact that Mr. Vane Tempest polled 130 votes more than his brother did when he contested the seat before. The majority is large enough, but it would have been much larger were it not for recent strikes in the district and a consequent exodus of the working men, as well as for a pancy of conveyances on the Liberal side to carry voters to the polling places. But the great reason why it was not a still more emphatic pronouncement in favour of Home Rule on the part of the toilers of Mid-Durham was the complete assurance of easy victory which prevailed all through the constituency—a sentiment which inspired a certain degree of carelessness on the part of all concerned.

It is little wonder that Mr. Balfour should take kindly to evictors and exterminators, for he belongs to the tribe himself. What the family have done and are capable of doing was revealed to some extent by one of them—Gerald, brother of Arthur James—before the Parliamentary Committee on Colonisation last Monday. The Strathconan estate, the family property, was cleared by old Balfour, father of the present interesting lot in a fashion which would have delighted the soul of John George Adair or Allan Pollok. It supported eleven hundred tenants sixty years ago; now it is all sheep-runs and deer-parks, and supports no human beings save the few labourers who are indispensable for the keeping of the sheep and the deer and the forests in order. It is stated there is not a single genuine tenant on the property at present. Hence, it is evident that tenants are regarded by the Balfour lot generally as Carlyle regarded the Western Irish peasantry—that is to say, as "human swine." No wonder that Arthur James regards the battering-ram and the petroleum-can as most serviceable factors in modern civilisation.

The performances of Arthur James as Gaol-General and Removable Commander-in-Chief have occupied the attention of the House of Commons for another week. Over the Prisons vote, the vote for the expenses of Removable Magistrates, and the deferred Police vote, a fierce battle raged at the end of last week and beginning of the present one. The fire from the Irish benches was hot, concentrated,

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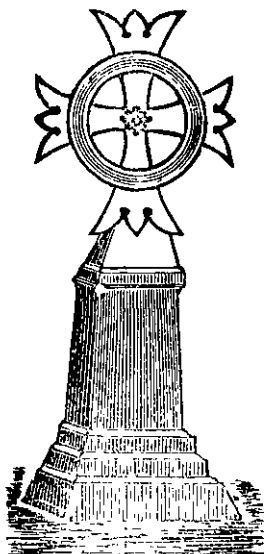
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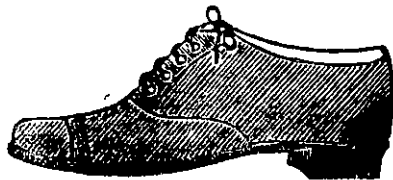
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and prolonged; and the fierce light which the speakers threw upon the whole machinery of Balfourism must produce such a horror of the infernal system in the public mind as to consign its authors and instruments to eternal infamy. From the lips of William O'Brien and John Dillon and Edward Harrington the people of England have got such a picture of the Caddells, the Cecil Roches, and others of the same tribe, as only men who have had personal acquaintance with their lawless brutality could give; and to the overwhelming testimony borne to their rowdy and boorish conduct not a single syllable of denial was possible, nor was it attempted. This is a fact which must make a tremendous impression on the public mind. The only defence attempted by the Chief Secretary was in favour of Colonel Caddell, whose public career he set forth in very eulogistic terms. But he did not venture to give a denial of the charges that this distinguished soldier had stuck out his tongue at a priest, had used foul language to a young girl, and had admitted that he acted in a dual capacity, magisterial and executive, in the famous baton incidents which marked the opening of New Tipperary.

Similarly, when the Prisons Vote came to be discussed, Mr. Balfour did not venture to deny or defend any of the countless brutalities committed under his sanction, if not by his express direction. He only answered with a gibe or a sneer, and mockingly complimented those who had gone through the ordeal of his savagery on their healthy appearance. Not a word did he say in defence of the scandalous differences in treatment meted out to imprisoned Pressmen in Ireland and England respectively. Perhaps most interesting in connection with these all-important exposures was the admission dragged from the Government—though it almost took wild horses to do it—that the expenses of Inspector Concannon's defence in the two trials of Nolan's action against him would be defrayed by the Crown. All the resources of evasion, quibbling, and shuffling were exhausted by the Chief Secretary and the Attorney-General before this was got from them, and so fierce and prolonged was the debate to which it gave rise that the vote was only carried by the application of the closure, at about three o'clock in the morning. Many a scandal has been perpetrated and defended under the shield of the Irish Chief Secretary, but this eclipses them all in brazen injustice and flagrant defiance of law, justice and decency.

The edifying struggle between the drunken exterminator, Lord Masserene, and Messrs. Dudgeon and Emerson, who discharged the double duties of solicitors and bumbailiffs on the estate, still, we are glad to see, continues with unabated vigilance. The contract of Messrs. Dudgeon and Emerson was very much the same as that of the estimable Dodson and Fogg in the Pickwick Papers. Those sharp practitioners, we read, agreed to take their costs out of Mr. Pickwick. In the same magnanimous way Messrs. Dudgeon and Emerson agreed to take their costs out of the unfortunate tenants. All they claimed was the privilege of squeezing them quite dry. It was found, however, that the Plan of Campaign interfered unconsciously with the little arrangement. The tenants ungraciously refused to be squeezed, and Dudgeon and Emerson, like Dodson and Fogg, have now turned hungrier than ever on their employer. Judge Warren has decided that, as the wicked Plan of Campaign spoiled their little game, they are released from their original contract and are entitled to their full pound of flesh out of Lord Masserene. A pleasant prospect this to other embarrassed exterminators who have called sharp attorneys to their aid against the Plan of Campaign.

It was really very fine to hear the brave Mr. Balfour declaiming against any attack on his trusty Removables under cover of Parliamentary privilege. Is it possible he forgets the incident of Peggy Dillon? Does he forget that it was under cover of Parliamentary privilege he calumniated the midwife, and that he appealed to Parliamentary privilege for protection when she strove to make him answer for his calumnies in court? Mr. Balfour is now as virtually indignant on behalf of Removable Cad of Tipperary as he was formerly on behalf of Removable Segrave of Mitchelstown. It will be remembered that when Dr. Tanner first denounced the convicted swindler, Segrave, who was in supreme command at the Mitchelstown massacre, and who for years polluted the bench of justice sentencing priests and members of Parliament to prison, the Removable's champion, Mr. Balfour, who had appointed him, was in great wrath at the bad taste of such an attack on "a distinguished and honourable gentleman and impartial magistrate." Dr. Tanner impolitely persisted. He proved that this man, who was at first a private and then a sergeant in the South African auxiliary forces, had been convicted of embezzling the canteen fund; had been convicted of embezzling the pay of the troops; and finally—worst and meanest of all—had been convicted of embezzling a five-pound note which was given him by a sick comrade for his family. He was cashiered in disgrace from the South African army before he was elevated to the Bench in Ireland.

Dr. Tanner gave names, dates, and minute details of his charges. The smallest inquiry would have convinced the Government of their truth. But no inquiries were made. On the contrary, the inconveniently persistent Dr. Tanner was put out of the way as quickly as might be by some bogus charge before the Removables. But the Government did not escape so easily. The question was taken up by Mr. Dillon and Mr. Sexton, and the proofs pressed home so conclusively that "the distinguished and honourable gentleman," convicted swindler, Segrave, who, by the way, is a close and worthy relative of Pether the Packer, was "permitted to resign." We do not deny that there are some honourable gentlemen amongst the Removables, but we believe that swindler Segrave is a fair average specimen of the gang who are employed most on the active service of Coercion. It may be necessary before long to show up another specimen or two for the edification of the public.

A judge exhorting the people to rise up and take to lynch law is the latest novelty that the Irish bench furnishes. Such advice was given in very unambiguous phraseology by Judge Harrison on Friday, July 18, with reference to the eastern portion of the county Galway. He thought, he said, it would be a happy day for the administration of the law that the people should rise up and take the law into their own hands, as at present it is in a state of par-

alysis. Language of this sort in the mouth of Judge Harrison sounds odd. Hitherto that functionary has done nothing more shocking than pass fulsome eulogies upon Orange bigwigs; and there is hardly anything in the atmospherical condition to suggest the influence of the dog-star on ordinarily calm minds. What are the indications of the terrible condition of things in the eastern part of the county Galway which would excuse such an anarchical remedy as Lynch law his lordship did not condescend to say. The public Press, or at least that portion of it which delights in blood-curdling tales of agrarian outrage, and invents some when they are not otherwise procurable, has been dumb over the matter. The only perturbation which we hear of in eastern Galway is the result of the raiding operations by Mr. Tener, on behalf of Lord Clanricarde; and surely Judge Harrison doesn't suggest that people should rise up and lynch Mr. Tener. Perhaps he would kindly explain.

We concur for once with the *Daily Express* in considering the extraordinary charge of Judge Harrison, mainly important as indicating the utter breakdown of coercion in the district to which he refers. A mad sheep is proverbially a dangerous animal. We imagine he is a nuisance, particularly to his proprietors. Judge Harrison's injudicious candour lands Mr. Balfour in a very ugly predicament. This judge declares that the firm administration of the law, or, in plainer language, unrelenting coercion, has been an absolute failure in the east riding of Galway, of which the Marquis of Clanricarde is the principal proprietor. We can discount Judge Harrison's strong language easily enough. He is a fossil, but not dishonest, old Tory. For tenants to combine against rack-rents and eviction is to him "abominable lawlessness." Their refusal to facilitate and encourage land-grabbers and emergency men is "intolerable tyranny," for which lynch law is the only appropriate remedy. Sensible men may well smile at these incoherent ravings. But when Judge Harrison tells us that "the administration of the law now seems completely paralysed throughout this district," we may accept the statement as absolutely true—for "the administration of law" understanding the enforcement of coercion, of course. The *Daily Express* takes the same view very strongly. It rather inclines to the judge's opinion that lynch law should be adopted, but very plainly confesses with him that coercion has absolutely failed. "Such an utterance," writes the *Express* very truly, "never fell from the bench before. Probably," it adds, "because never before was the same spirit of lawlessness abroad." If the judge's picture of society in these regions be correct, what are we to think of the rose-coloured views so often presented to England from the platform and in the House of Commons? We commend the question heartily to the brave Mr. Balfour and his flatterers when they are next disposed, in the House of Commons or out of it, to indulge in grotesque raptures over the triumph of coercion in Ireland.

The Nationalists and the Plan of Campaign have conquered Mr. Balfour and Coercion on the estate of the Marquis of Clanricarde. It was a terrible conflict. Coercion did its worst there. To borrow the emphatic language of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, "the district was saturated with coercion." Every respectable man he met in the district was either going to prison or returning from prison. Every form of coercion has for the last four years been rampant in the district. The right of public meeting was sternly proclaimed, and Mr. Blunt was hurried off to Galway gaol as a common criminal for presuming to exercise the first privilege of an Englishman in Ireland. Over three hundred persons were imprisoned from that district under one coercion pretence or another. Over a thousand were evicted. The district was flooded with police until there was a helmet behind every bush. The Star Chamber was set up all over the place. The Removables worked double tides in convicting and sentencing. The most virulent Crown Prosecutor in Ireland, Mr. James N. Blake, was aiding and abetting. The appellant judge, the Recorder of Galway, Mr. Henn, Q.C., was as reliable as a Removable. Even the eminent services of Pether the Packer were called into requisition, and he packed a jury of Wicklow Protestant coercionists in his best style for the conviction of a number of Galway Nationalists who had assisted an evicted widow in the saving of her hay. Coercion, undoubtedly, did its strongest and worst in the district. It was helped along by the covert aid and sympathy of the coadjutor-bishop. As to the final result of the struggle let Judge Harrison and the *Daily Express* testify. It is about time that we heard the last of that outrageous absurdity, the glorious success of Mr. Balfour's administration in Ireland. The bladder is effectively pricked by sharp-pointed truths. It will never hold air again.

From the Clanricarde estate the *Daily Express* looks North, still with angry and discontented eyes. It draws the distinction which Nationalists are always anxious to draw between two things which Coercionists, as a rule, are anxious to confound—crime and crimeless agrarian combination. It directs attention to Judge Fitzgibbon's testimony to the crimelessness of Ireland—"Lord Justice Fitzgibbon in his charge to the grand jury of Antrim, drew attention to the unique absence of agrarian crime in the north-eastern counties. The Commission which he opened in Belfast included six counties—Meath, Louth, Monaghan, Armagh, Down, and Antrim. The population of these counties is 1,130,000, or more than one-fifth of the whole population of Ireland. Yet in this large and populous area he had met with not one single instance, even by report, of a crime arising from combination and conspiracy. This, no doubt, very satisfactory in its way, and of course, the Judge was amply justified in using very complimentary language to East Ulster, and suggesting that it would be a very happy thing if the rest of Ireland would fall into line with counties so law-abiding."

Still the editor of the *Daily Express* is not happy. In truth it is not crime the landlords and their organs hate or fear, but the steady peaceful, legal, unconquerable combination which has taken the place of crime. The *Daily Express* lets the cat out of the bag with brutal frankness. It is not by any means satisfied with the almost total absence of crime. "We must point out," writes the *Express*, "that the absence of crime arising from combination and conspiracy by no means proves that illegal combinations do not prevail in parts, at least, of these counties. Are there no boycotted farms on the

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Of bullocks young and wether sheep,
Fat porkers, veal, and lambs,
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This is indeed no empty boast,
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Advances free of Commission now being made on next year's clip of Wool. Advance on growing crops, also Grain, Grass Seeds etc., in store.

Auction Sales held as follows:—Every Tuesday, weekly Grain sale at 11 o'clock, Every Tuesday, weekly sale Sheepskins, Hides Tallow, Rabbitskins. Wednesday, Fat and Store Stock at Burnside, which is arranged for sale and drafted under the supervision of our Manager. Country and Clearing Sales arranged to suit clients.

FLAX Sales made to suit arrivals.

We have on sale at lowest current rates—Corn Sacks, Seamin Twine, Binding Twine (three qualities), Wool Packs, Fencing Wire Standards made to any gauge.

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Special Note.—On account of the total destruction by fire of our Greymouth branch, and the very heavy loss we have sustained, we must ask the kind indulgence of our many patrons for any books we may be out of, as we had all our new stock destroyed.

All orders immediately attended to. Please note address—

WHITAKER BROS.,

CATHOLIC BOOKSELLERS,

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Glensharrold estate, county Meath, none on the Shirley estate, county Monaghan? It is not always desirable to see things in a rosy light. The absence of crime is one thing—the absence of illegal combination quite another. Till boycotting takes itself away and men recover their civil rights no one can boast that the reign of law has been really restored. As to the condition of Ireland, there has been, in our opinion, a good deal too much concealment. It has been for some time past the cue of Government speakers to point out the widespread peace and security resulting from Mr. Balfour's administration of the law. We have no desire to minimise his work and its happy results, but when we know as a fact that even in peaceful Meath and in other counties there are farms lying derelict which no one will dare to occupy, which are we to think? What are you to think, Dr. Patton? Why, that the tenants' crimeless organisation still holds the field in spite of the most savage Coercion; that eviction is not a profitable occupation; and that the land-grabbers' lot is not a happy one despite all the protestations of the brave Mr. Balfour to the contrary? It is plain that the Clarricarde Coercion Extension Act is badly needed in Ulster.

ST. MARY'S, MANCHESTER STREET,
CHRISTCHURCH.

FEAST OF THE HOLY NAME OF MARY,
SEPTEMBER 14, 1890.

THE Church of St. Mary's was tastefully decorated by the ladies of the Altar Society and gentlemen of the congregation for the celebration of the patronal feast of this new sanctuary raised in Christchurch North in honour of the Mother of God. At eleven o'clock a Solemn High Mass was sung, after which the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. The altar, with its varied flowers and artistically-arranged lights, presented a most beautiful aspect. During the whole of the day the Children of Mary, members of the Altar Society, Apostleship of Prayer, and many of the faithful remained in adoration in presence of our loving Saviour. At 3 o'clock the school-children made their adoration, and the Rev. Father Marnane read an Act of Reparation for the injuries offered to our Blessed Lord in the sacrament of His love. Vespers were sung at 6.30 p.m., and a most impressive, interesting, and devotional sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Father Cummings, Adm. of the diocese. The preacher commenced his discourse by relating the origin of the Festival of the Holy Name of Mary. In the year 1683 the Mussulmans were besieging the city of Vienna; they had completely surrounded the town with an army of 200,000 men. On the eve of the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the Turks made a desperate attack on the city. What is still more dreadful, a conflagration took place, which threatened the arsenal and the destruction of the whole city by the explosion of the powder and war materials gathered into it. The shells of the besieging army destroyed many of the public buildings and a considerable number of the private houses. Vienna was at that time the bulwark of Christendom. Had the Turks succeeded in taking it they would have pushed their invasion throughout Europe, massacred the inhabitants, and Christianity would have been a thing of the past, recorded only in history. In the midst of the roaring of the cannons, of the crash of the public buildings falling to pieces, of the lurid glare of the devastating fire, sweeping everything before it, the heroic Christians of Vienna had recourse to the Mother of God; their prayers were heard, the wind suddenly changed and the citadel was out of danger. On the day following, the second day of the octave of the Nativity of Our Lady, a band of soldiers was seen on the slopes of the Kalemberg, moving towards the city. It was the brave Sobieski, King of Poland, who came to assist the Christians of Vienna. On that very day he had assisted at Holy Mass, and asked as a special privilege to be permitted to serve it as an altar boy. He received Holy Communion and with his arms stretched out as a cross implored the assistance of the God of armies, and the protection of the mother of God. "Let us march to battle," cried he; "we are protected by Mary? we shall conquer." He did conquer indeed. The Turks fled away in disorder when he rushed upon them. They were cut in pieces? their slain, by thousands, lay weltering in their blood. The rest in their flight left all their artillery and baggages and war materials behind them, and the very standard of Mahomed, John Sobieski entered in triumph the city of Vienna and sang the Te Deum. The standard emblazoned with the image of Mary, which he carried at the head of the army, was sent by him to the Pope, who, to commemorate this signal victory, established this festival, to be celebrated throughout the Christian Empire. The preacher next explained how the veneration of the name of Mary was in harmony with reason and Christian tradition. A name, he said, is a memorial of the thing represented. When we hear the name of great men e.g., of Napoleon, Nelson, Daniel O'Connell, etc., it brings before our minds all the heroic things they have done. When a child reads in a book the name of a beloved parent, it brings before it the very picture of that parent and draws tears from its eyes at the recollection of the many favours received from the same. It is for this reason that names of poets, orators, great captains, etc., are chiseled out on the rock, engraven on bronze statues, and carved in wood. The name of Mary is the greatest and most venerable next to the holy name of Jesus. Is it not reasonable that we should venerate it? This name is a divine one; it was revealed by God to St. Joachim and St. Anne. In the creed it is mentioned: "I believe . . . in Jesus Christ our Lord, who was born of the Virgin Mary." The greatest saints and doctors ever cherished and venerated it. Witness St. Francis of Assisium, the seraphic St. Bonaventure, the mellifluous St. Bernard and St. Anthony of Padua, who had it always on their lips and wished to die in uttering it, after the sacred name of Jesus, and with that the name of the great patriarch, St. Joseph. Having shown the reasonableness, antiquity, and efficacy of the name of Mary, the preacher aptly remarked that that holy name was also that of the society to which he was proud to belong. This society was established towards the middle of the present century by

a humble priest known almost exclusively by his spiritual children Very Rev. Father Colin, who was inspired by God to found it. In 1836 Pope Gregory XVI. approved of it, and entrusted to it the islands of Central Oceania, including New Zealand. Monsignor Pompallier with Father Servant, came here. The bishops gloried in being the first to celebrate Mass in the "forest-clad regions of New Zealand." On one occasion 5000 Maoris were converted to the Faith. These pioneers of the Faith (Marist Fathers) were the first to flash the sweet light of gospel peace from point to point. The chief object of the society was to procure the glory of God through Mary. In a society where the soul of Mary animated its members was the Lord of Mary. When they breathed and lived the life of Mary, this glory of God and the extension of His kingdom must necessarily promote God's glory. Mary is the echo of God. After nineteen centuries Christianity came to these shores. Here, therefore, in New Zealand was the prediction of Mary fulfilled across the centuries, "All generations shall call me blessed." Better and wiser men might be called to do this work, but Almighty God chose the Society for this great work. Thanks, therefore, to Mary Immaculate should be given by all, that now we enjoy at the world's extremities all the consolations and blessings of our holy religion.—Let us not forget the names of those pioneers of the faith who sowed in tears what we now reap in joy. After a stirring oration, in which the preacher urged his bearers to labour strenuously for the one thing necessary to earn for themselves in Heaven names which would be impensable in the glorious temple of the Church triumphant; and to true Catholic devotion to Mary the Mother of God, he concluded by wishing that this devotion, being transmitted by parents to children in the last moments of life, His glorious name would be for them a real passport from earth to eternal bliss.

After the sermon a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place. The banners of our Blessed Lady, Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, and Blessed Peter Chanel were carried by representatives of their different confraternities. The Children of Mary with their blue cloaks and veils, the little girls with their snowy white dresses and angelic looks, the gentlemen of the church committee carrying lighted torches, followed the canopy, under which was the Blessed Sacrament, held by the Very Rev. Father Cummings, assisted by the missionary rector and Rev. Father Marnane, formed an imposing spectacle not soon to be forgotten. The choir by their devotional music enhanced the pomp of this solemn ceremony. The Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament crowned this memorable festival, and all left the church greatly pleased and edified. The Very Rev. Father Leterrier, Provincial of the Society of Mary, and Father John Goutenoire whose kindness and popularity are proverbial, honoured by their presence the clergy and parishioners of St. Mary's.

Commercial.

MESSES. DONALD STRONACH AND SON report for the week ending September 10, as follows:—

Fat Cattle.—A large entry comprising some 232 head came to hand for to-day's sale at Burnside, of which number a small proportion only were good beef, the remainder comprising inferior and medium sorts, the former of which predominated. Although the sale finished much better than it commenced, prices throughout were more in favour of buyers than last week, the top rate for the day being £10 7s 6d, for a pen of very prime heavy bullocks. Medium weights towards the close of the day brought about last week's prices but inferior sorts, owing to the large number offering met with an unsatisfactory sale throughout. Prime heavy weight bullocks brought £8 to £9 10s; medium, £7 to £7 15s; light, £5 to £5 10s; anything below this quotation coming under the definition of stores. Best cows and heifers sold at £6 10s to £8 12s 6d; light to medium, £3 10s to £5 5s.

We sold on account of Messrs. Ross Bros. (Bushy Park) three pens bullocks up to £7.

Fat Sheep.—3022 yarded, of which 500 were merinos, the balance being about evenly divided between crossbred wethers and ewes. Although there were various lines of good crossbred wethers in the market, the quality was scarcely as good on the whole as last week, as last week, the entry comprising a considerable number of light and medium weight sheep. A pen extra heavy prime crossbreds sold up to 18s 6d to 19s per head, but the ruling rates for good crossbred wethers were from 16s to 17s; average weights, 15s to 16s; light to medium, 13s to 14s; best ewes, 14s to 15s; (a few picked sheep to 19s); medium to good, 11s to 12s 6d. The merino wethers offered were on the whole of a good class, prices ranging from 10s up to 14s and 14s 9d.

We sold on account of Messrs. Ross Bros. (Bushy Park), crossbred wethers at 14s 6d to 15s; Mr. Walter Blackie, crossbred wethers at 16s 9d.

Figs.—119 yarded, bacon pigs, 32s to 38s; porkers, 32s to 27s; stores, 17s to 20s; weaners, 7s 6d to 10s 6d.

Store Sheep.—First-class hoggets are worth 13s to 14s; medium, 11s to 12s; inferior, 9s to 10s. Sound mouthed crossbred ewes, close to lambing, 14s to 15s; inferior to medium, 11s to 12s 6d; merino ewes 6s to 7s.

Store Cattle.—A few buyers only are in the market, whose inquiries tend in the direction of forward conditioned cattle to hold over for a short time on turnips, and to be then again brought into the market before the advent of spring fed cattle. Yearlings and two-year olds are not easy to place.

Sheepskins.—An average supply came to hand for last Tuesday's sales, including butchers' green skins and dry country lots. Buyers were well represented, and catalogues were cleared under fair competition, prices ruling proportionately about the same as last week. The best lines of green crossbreds brought 5s 9d to 6s; picked lots, for special purposes, 6s 6d; medium to good, 5s to 5s 6d; light, 4s

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Men's Glace Glove and Calf Kid Boots and Shoes	FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE
Women's and Children's Glace Glove and Calf Kid Boots and Shoes	FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE
French Calf Goods, in Men's, Women's, Youths', and Girls' M.S., Pegged and Rivets	FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE
Grain, Hide, and Calf Shooters, M.S. and Pegged	FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE
Watertights and Stout Nail Goods (a specialty)	FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE
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All the above are now being Manufactured by

SARGOOD, ON, AND EWEN,

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Has much pleasure to announce that he has Leased the Building in Moray Place, Dunedin, known as the PALACE SKATING RINK, with the intention of converting it into a PUBLIC GYMNASIUM AND ATHLETIC HALL, thereby supplying a long-felt want to the community. As there is splendid floor space for the purpose, Walking, Running, Cycling, etc., can be practised in all weathers, thus affording a grand opportunity of getting into form for public contests. Every convenience—Baths, Lavatories, etc., will be provided. The study of Chess and Draughts will be specially encouraged. Boxing, Fencing and Wrestling Classes will be formed as soon as sufficient numbers of pupils are forthcoming. The Hall is also specially suited for Balls, Bazaars, Meetings, etc. It is intended, for a nominal charge, to Open the Hall to the Public on THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS (Afternoons and Evenings), thus affording everyone an opportunity of practising either Gymnastics, Skating, Chess, Draughts, etc., as per arrangement. A short, varied programme will be presented on Saturday Evenings.—Professor David trusts that in his endeavour to supply to the public this very desirable institution, he will receive the earnest support and liberal patronage of all right-thinking people.
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Good Accommodation for Boarders and Travellers.

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HATS trimmed To Order while you wait.

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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; autumn, 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.

CENTRAL HOTEL
PALMERSTON NORTH.

MAURICE CRONIN, late of Wellington, has just taken over the well-known Central Hotel, where he intends conducting business in First-class Style. The Best Accommodation provided for Patrons. The Liquors kept in stock are of the Best Brands.

A Good Billiard Table. Night Porter specially engaged.

MAURICE CRONIN ... PROPRIETOR.

WE beg to notify to our numerous Friends and Customers that we have this day Disposed of our Business and Goodwill to MR. F. B. MUIR (late of Morris and Burton Bros.), who will continue to carry on the business of a PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHER in the old premises opposite Bank of New Zealand.

We have to ask for our successor a share of the Business that has been so liberally bestowed on us.
September 1st, 1890. RUTHERFORD AND CO.

F. B. MUIR
(late of Morris and Burton Bros.)

Has taken over that Handsome and Commodious Photographic Studio lately occupied by Rutherford and Co., opposite Bank N.Z., and will turn out NOTHING BUT HIGH-CLASS WORK.

Photography in all its Branches—Portrait, Landscape, Commercial.

WHICH IS THE CHEAPEST FURNITURE WAREHOUSE?

WHY,
MULLER AND ANDERSON'S
GEORGE STREET
(the Sixth Shop North from St. Andrew Street),

Where you get REALLY GOOD FURNITURE (all Guaranteed) at the Lowest Possible Prices.

[A CARD.]

J. P. MACALISTER
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR,
BRANDON STREET, WELLINGTON.

INVERCARGILL ART UNION
(POSTPONED TO DECEMBER 8.)
(Continued).

The Lady Superior of the Dominican Convent, Invercargill, desires gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of blocks of tickets and remittances in connection with Art Union, as follows:—

	£	s	d		£	s	d
Mr M Garvey, Mabel Bush	2	0	0	Mr McMullen, Roxburgh	0	16	0
" J Tangney, Fairfax	2	0	0	Mrs Sheehan, Georgetown	2	0	0
" J Beliski, Greytown	2	0	0	" Bernech, Roslyn	2	0	0
" F Kovalaske, Greytown	1	2	0	" D A Cameron, Nokoma	4	0	0
" Jno McKay, Riverton	2	0	0	" Lafranchi, Cardrona	4	0	0
" Craedon, Winton	0	12	0	Mr A Ross, Hokonui	2	0	0
Mrs B J Keleher, Nightcaps	2	0	0	" P Molloy, Gummies Bush	0	10	0
" Horao, Winton	2	0	0	Mrs Sullivan, Makarewa	0	12	0
" Wills, Invercargill	6	0	0	" Kelleher, Makarewa	2	0	0
				Miss A Nicholson, Clifton	1	4	0

SISTERS OF MERCY'S ART-UNION, GORE.

THE REV. F. NEWPORT begs to acknowledge with many thanks receipt of blocks and remittances.

	£	s	d
Mrs Pearson, Dunedin	2	0	0
" J Kelly, Ashburton	2	0	0
Mr P Halloran, Wrey's Bush	2	0	0
" J Hennessey, Fairlie Creek	2	0	0
" J McCable, Waitaki	2	0	0
" Edward Kennedy, Bannockburn	1	0	0
" P McCann, Maerewhenua	1	6	0
" Edward Birt, Pakipaki	1	0	0
" P Galvin, Chasm Creek	2	0	0
" P Tuohy, Lauriston	2	0	0
" William Foley, Templeton	2	0	0
" T Hynes, Riccarton	0	10	0
" McDonnell, Greymouth	0	16	0
" J O'Boyle, Lakeside	2	0	0
" O'Dowd, Nightcaps	2	0	0
" J Black, Waitaki	2	0	0
Mrs Griffin, Gore (2nd inst.)	4	0	0
Mr J Fay, Doylestown	1	0	0

To be Continued.

DOMINICAN CONVENT SCHOOLS
DUNEDIN.

A GRAND CONCERT in commemoration of the Opening of these Schools will take place in the GARRISON HALL, Dunedin, on TUESDAY EVENING, 7th OCTOBER.

An attractive programme, into which some new features of a high class have been introduced, has been drawn up for the occasion:

E. O'CONNOR
THE CATHOLIC BOOK DEPOT,
CASHEL AND BARBADOES STREETS, CHRISTCHURCH.

Christian Bros., Marist Bros., and other School Books and Stationery always in stock. Landing New Books and Novelties. Catalogue for 1891 now ready, and forwarded on application. The Trade, Religious Bodies, and School Committees liberally dealt with. Pure Wax Candles, Charcoal, Wicks, Tapers, Incense, etc.

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|--|---|
| The Diary of the Parnell Commission. 6s 6d. | Gibbon's Catechism made easy. 2 vols. 7s 6d. |
| The Parnell Movement (T. P. O'Connor). 2s. | The Chair of Peter, by Girrot Murphy. 7s. |
| History of Ireland, by various authors. | Lectures on Science and Religion (Wiseman). 4s. |
| Luloy's Life of Dr. O'Connell. 2s. | Newman, Discourses to Mixed Congregations. 6s 6d. |
| Samuel Lover's Poems of Ireland. 3s 6d. | Apologia pro Vita Sua. 6s 6d. |
| Moore's Irish Melodies (to music), from 2s to 10s. | Faber, All for Jesus. 6s. |
| Triumph of Law and Order in Ireland (illus.). 1s 6d. | " Foot of the Cross. 7s. |
| The Life and Glories of St. Joseph (Thompson). 7s. | " Precious Blood. 6s. |
| | Milner's End of Religious Controversy. 3s 6d. |
| | The Virgin Mother of Good Counsel. 6s. |

Standard Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, with Appendix, 540 pp., strongly bound. 3s 6d.

N.B.—Booking Orders for the Australian Catholic Directory and Ordo for 1891.

MISSING RELATIVES.

MARY ANN CALLAN left Omagh, County Tyrone, Ireland, about eight years ago. Last heard of in Addington, Christchurch, about three years ago. Her brother John will be glad of any information. Address: Rev. Father McKenna, Masterton.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WE have to remind our subscribers of our pecuniary needs. We are very thankful for the moral support and kind patronage bestowed upon us. Our principal need, however, is for the material aid necessary for the continued publication of our paper, and it would be foolish as well as false to deny that it is this we chiefly desire. The letters of correspondents containing expressions of approval and words of encouragement are certainly agreeable to us. Of vital importance and most appreciated of all, nevertheless, are those which prove the disposition of the writers by enclosing the amount of subscriptions due and accounts forwarded. But letters that we should feel inclined to frame and glaze, to the perpetual honour of their senders, would be those, even if they were no more than envelopes, containing subscriptions in advance. If, meantime, subscribers will be punctual in paying the subscriptions due by them we shall be content. But this we must earnestly beg of them to do. Our needs are pressing and cannot be postponed. Will our subscribers, then, kindly pay up without delay and save us from the sorrows of an involuntary strike.

BIRTH.

GARVEY.—August 24th, at the Terrace, Wellington, the wife of P. S. Garvey, Governor of the Wellington Prisons, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

SOLAN—MCDONALD—At St. Bathans, on 15th September, by the Rev. Father Sheehan, Michael Solan, proprietor of the Ballarat Hotel, fifth son of Michael Solan, Lowhill, County Kilkenny, to Rose Anne McDonald, second daughter of Alexander McDonald, Pullakeel, County Cavan. Home papers please copy.

ANDERSON—SLOAN.—On the 28th August, at the Catholic Chapel, Ophir, by the Rev. Father Sheehan, Thomas Anderson, of Ida Valley, to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of James Sloan, senior, farmer, Ida Valley.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1890.

PROGRESS AND JUSTICE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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

MR. PYKE'S BILL.

THE Members of the House of Representatives who voted for or against the concession of justice to the Catholics of the Colony on July 10, 1889, were as follows:—

FOR.	AGAINST.
Ballance	Allen
Brown	Barron
Buxton	Blake
Cowan	Bruce
Dodson	Buchanan
Fitzherbert	Cadman
Hall	Feldwick
Hutchison	Fergus
Jackson	Fisher
Kelly	Fitchett
Larnach	Fulton
Marchant	Goldie
O'Conor	Guinness
Parata	Hamlin
Perceval	Harkness
Pyke	Hobbs
R. H. J. Reeves	Hodgkinson
Russell	Humphreys
Samuel	Jones
Seymour	Joyce
Smith	Lawry
Steward	Mackenzie
Tanner	Mitchelson
Turnbull	Moat
Ward	Monk
	Moss
	Newman
	Rhodes
	G. F. Richardson
	Ross
	Saunders
	Stuart-Menteth
	Taylor
	Thompson
	Verrall
	Walker
	Withey
	McKenzie
	Hislop
	White
	Anderson
	Macarthur
	Downie Stewart
	Ormond
	Scobie McKenzie
	W. P. Reeves
	Fraser

PAIRS.

Atkinson
Valentine
Fish
Graham
Duncan
Carroll
McGregor
Wilson
Taipu
Lance

PARLIAMENT.



COLONISTS may congratulate themselves that Parliament has been prorogued, and that the people shall soon have an opportunity of electing a new set of members. Before the end of this year the constituencies shall have an opportunity of choosing new representatives. But will they choose better? We must say we entertain grave

doubts on this point. Our experience is that the representation will be pretty much the same in the future that it has been in the past. For the last twenty years the leaders in Parliament and the country have to a great extent been the same men. So that all the previous elections during these years might as well have not been held, and consequently

these elections have entailed an absolutely useless expenditure. Indeed, we are disposed to think that many of the sessions of Parliament have only resulted in useless expenditure, notably the one that has just now come to a not very creditable end—having, in our judgment, in reality done more harm than good. But there is one achievement of the last session which beggars all previous efforts. Mr. STEWART has induced the legislature to embody in an Act of Parliament his fad in reference to the cumulative vote at elections of school committees. And thus the almost only just, equitable, and politic principle contained in the Education Act has been eliminated from this precious Act. Our legislature has been moved thereto by consideration of the scandals attending school committee elections. At least this is the ostensible reason. We do not, however, believe this to be the real reason. The enemies of the cumulative vote hated it because it gave minorities a chance of being represented on these committees; for the idea of the majority is that minorities should have no representation, and that majorities should have all power in the appointment of teachers, selection of school books, and the entire management of the education of the children of minorities to the exclusion of all interference on the part of the parents of these children. This is the true reason of the agitation which has ended in taking out of the Education Act the almost only just and wise provision it contained. From the first the principle of the cumulative vote has been a source of annoyance to the majority in this country; and that the only reason for this annoyance was the fact that it gave minorities a chance of representation is clear from the fact that the scandals complained of did not arise from the principle, but from the ridiculous and absurd mode of election sanctioned by the legislature. In England and Scotland this cumulative principle prevails, and there never has been any complaint such as has been heard here, because there has been in the Home countries a rational mode of proceedings at committee elections. Nothing can be more just or wiser than to have minorities represented on school committees, for the parents of minorities have an equal right with those of majorities to have a controlling influence over the education of their children. It does not follow because minorities are minorities parents of the former lose all right to control the education of their children, or that majorities, because they are majorities, *ipso facto*, become entitled to give to minorities such teachers and school books as they approve of, no matter what all others think or wish. If Mr. STEWART and his henchmen in Parliament only desired to do away with the scandals of school committee elections, they could have easily devised means of securing rational elections without repealing the cumulative vote clause, as has been done in England and Scotland. But as they have not even attempted to do so, we must come to the conclusion that their only object has been to prevent minorities of parents from exercising any influence whatever over the education of their children in public schools. But whilst Parliament tries to spoil the only good provision in the Education Act, and to intensify the disabilities of minorities, it could not spare a few hours for the consideration of Mr. PYKE'S Bill, and in this unworthy action Parliament has been efficaciously aided by the Government. Minorities in this country should take note of these things. Parliament and the Ministry have insulted and ignored minorities, and minorities should therefore do their utmost to punish these supercilious and stupid legislators. We hope, therefore, that members of minorities will not fail to have their names placed on the Register now being compiled. We have often noticed that on polling days none were more excited and more anxious to give a vote in the right direction than members of minorities, whilst they were unable to do so because their names did not appear on the Register, owing to their own carelessness and apathy. Had these men taken the small trouble required to secure the registration of their names, they would have spared themselves the humiliation and mortification of finding themselves unable to act men's part on a great occasion.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Moran visited Mosgiel on Sunday. A High Mass *coram episcopo* was celebrated on the occasion, the Rev. Father O'Neil, pastor of the district, acting as celebrant with the Rev. Father Lynch, Adm. as deacon, and the Rev. Father O'Donnell as sub-deacon. The Bishop presided at the throne, and preached, also administering the sacrament of confirmation to 35 recipients. In the evening the Bishop presided at vespers, and afterwards received an address, to which he replied at considerable length.

WE quote in our present issue a portion of the tour of the Irish delegates in the colonies, relating their experiences in New Zealand as described by Sir Thomas Esmonde in *United Ireland*. We have to confess that in doing so we are guilty to a certain degree of theft, as *United Ireland* reserves all rights in connection with the papers—doubtless intending to bring them out afterwards in book form. But there are moments when temptation becomes irresistible, and such a moment for us has now arrived. Our readers, when they have read the extract alluded to, will hold us excused, or rather will admit that had we not committed the peccadillo we would have been inexcusable. We need not attempt to criticise the passages. Their genial and genuine fun must be apparent to all. At the same time, we have not thought it fair to trespass too much on our contemporary, and, therefore, we have omitted from our quotation several passages descriptive of scenery, and which stand very high among literary efforts of the kind. We take it for granted that when the book appears everyone will obtain a copy of it. As a book of travels—in South Africa, Tasmania, and Australia, as well as New Zealand—it will have few rivals, and every page in it will be full of interest. New Zealand is not the only colony in which Sir Thomas Esmonde has met with humorous adventures, or where he has brought refined tastes, sound sense, a keen intellect, and right feeling, to bear on what struck him as worthy of his notice.

SIR HENRY PARKES, we learn, is suffering from an old wound in the heel. As Sir Henry, besides being a statesman, is something of a poet, it may comfort him in his illness to recollect that he resembles Achilles. It is to be hoped, however, that the results will prove less fatal.

"THE Comte de Paris holds a letter from General Boulanger offering to restore him as monarch on condition that a dukedom is conferred on him with an income of £8,000." And now that it is quite impossible that General Boulanger can ever fulfil any such undertaking the Comte de Paris, makes the proposal public. Such a turn is admirably worthy of the House of Orleans.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

GERMANS at home do not believe that their authorities in Africa have proclaimed the free sale and purchase of slaves within certain limits. The rumour, nevertheless, does not seem inconsistent with General de Caprivi's proclaimed policy of "Bullets and the Bible." Bullets and slavery certainly go very appropriately hand in hand. As for the Bible, it goes hand in hand with everything and anything according as those who make use of it choose to direct. Home-keeping Germans, therefore, may protest too soon.

THE following paragraph from the *Nation*, probably explains the readiness with which the Rev. Roaring Kane has accepted the invitation given him to make a tour in these colonies. It would seem that, like a diminished Othello, the rev. roarer finds his occupation almost gone:—"There is a lugubrious confession of weakness in the speech with which Rev. R. R. Kane regaled his Orange friends on the occasion of the celebration of the bi-centenary of the Boyne this year. He had to enter into an explanation of the 'comparative weakness of the Orange cause' at the present time. It appears that, despite all the brag and bluster, the merchant traders of the North, the professional classes, and even the landlords hang back from the Orange Lodges. The first mentioned 'have to remember that Home Rule money and the money that Home Rulers can cut a channel for in exchange for their wares is as good as Unionist money.' It does not suit 'the professional men' to be too pronounced politicians. Even the landlords are disposed to flirt with Home Rule. If Home Rule menaces the lives and liberties of Ulster Protestants, as Colonel Saunderson pretends the present indifference of the three great classes mentioned is certainly most wonderful. Dr. Kane says they will wake up yet, and that then we shall have wigs on the green. But they are sleeping rather long, and even the Britons who are not blue-blooded will hardly be frightened by the bogey of their contingent treason. The slumberousness of the threatened Ulstermen is the best answer to the doctor's threats." Meanwhile Dr. Kane comes to wake up the colonies.

THE Irish news of the week is that an announcement has been made of a visit to be paid next month to the United States by Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. It is, however, suggested that a subpoena served on Mr. Dillon as a witness in the O'Shea divorce case is intended to hinder the visit in question. It is not easy to explain why. Mr. O'Brien, we are also told, has appealed to the House of Lords against the verdict in his action for libel against Lord Salisbury.

Is this a fair illustration of the working of some of those delightful Eastern creeds—or systems of philosophy—which people of a mystical but not over-religious frame of mind would introduce into the West as an excellent substitute for Christianity? We must not,

of course, receive it as the effect of the conduct of a foreign garrison towards the natives, for that would be to throw doubts upon the endurance of the Empire's integrity—a thing not to be heard of. We quote from the San Francisco mail news:—"In more than half the railroad stations here, says a Calcutta despatch of August 9, huge placards are displayed warning travellers against accepting hospitality from natives, or purchasing drinks or eatables of any kind. Organised bands infest the stations peddling poisoned fruit, cakes, drinks, etc., to travellers. The inhabitants of villages rob and poison those whom they receive as guests, and the mania for such crimes is spreading among the natives."

"It is reported that the Archbishop of Armagh praised the attitude of Bishop O'Dwyer in his controversy with Mr. Dillon." We do not believe this report. The mind of the Irish hierarchy has more probably been expressed by the action of the Archbishop of Tuam who, a few days after the letter appeared, had himself introduced by Mr. John Dillon into the distinguished strangers' gallery of the House of Commons. The letter of the Bishop of Limerick is a painful letter and out of respect for the episcopate, of which his Lordship forms a member, we refrain from reproducing it in our columns. At the same time we do not see why a Bishop is to be restricted from a free expression of his opinions on any point, political or otherwise, even although he may stand alone in entertaining such opinions. Sometimes, in fact, subsequent events prove that the Bishop has been right. Cardinal Cullen, for example, was, as his memory still is, violently condemned for his opposition to Fenianism. And yet what came of Fenianism but misery to many people, and complete ruin to not a few? The Fenian movement is now generally recognised as unwise, and necessarily unsuccessful. Mr. O'Brien's book makes it even appear ridiculous. At the same time we do not agree with Dr. O'Dwyer, or sympathise with him in any way. It is rather as humiliating and lamentable that we withhold his letter, than as formidable or capable of justification.

A REPORTED outbreak of Socialism in the German army gives room for serious reflection. Taken in connection, moreover, with the discontent shown of late in several English regiments, it may have a very grave signification. A revolutionary spirit permeating the enormous forces now under arms, would indeed form a portentous spectacle for the world. Under the circumstances of the time, however, such an event cannot be looked upon as wholly impossible.

IT seems evident from the following paragraph that the question as to negotiations with Rome has been once more prominent in England:—"In a speech at Manchester on August 7, Mr. Balfour declared that Mr. Gladstone's insinuation that the Government had sacrificed the rights of the Protestant residents of Malta in order to secure the favour of the Catholic minority was totally unfounded, and a most barefaced attack from the man who sent Errington to Rome in 1881 to enter into direct relations with the Pope." . . . "The British Government have informed Cardinal Rampollo that it is impossible to receive a Papal envoy or send a Minister to the Vatican." Whatever may be the merits of the question as it affects Liberals or Tories, Gladstone or Salisbury, Irish Catholics cannot regret that no permanent embassy is to be established. Even the temporary ones are more than they care to see. Honour paid to Rome no doubt is appreciated by them, but still the old motto holds good—*Timeo Danaos*.

WE publish in another place a letter touching the charge made for water to the Catholic schools at Oamaru, which we recommend to the particular attention of our readers.

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA, in a letter referring to the appointment of Maltese Bishops, respecting which some debate has lately arisen, lays down a very important principle, and one which the Catholic people generally would do well to keep permanently before them. His Eminence writes as follows:—"Her Majesty's Government ought to be satisfied with the consideration that, as a matter of fact, the Holy See, conforming itself to the spirit of the Sacred Canons, would never appoint as pastor of a diocese one who is not acceptable to the people to be confided to his charge."—It necessarily follows from this that not only are the Catholic people justified in making known to Rome their desire as to the appointment of particular bishops—but that by refraining from doing so they risk causing a violation of the spirit of the Sacred Canons by allowing the Holy See, in ignorance of their wishes, to make unacceptable appointments. This is certainly a very important consideration.

Mr. E. O'Connor, of the Catholic Book Depot, Christchurch, continues to show his enterprise by the quality of the stock imported by him. Catholic schoolbooks of the most improved issues, and Catholic books to suit all needs and tastes are constantly to be found in his establishment—and moderate prices make them easily obtainable even by people whose means are limited. Details will be found in our advertising columns.

The *Standard* understands that Lord Wolseley will take command of the forces in Ireland in October next.

THE LATE FATHER WELD.

THE Rev. Alfred Weld, S.J., F.B.A.S., late Rector of St. Aidan's College in this city, whose death we announced in our last issue, belonged to an ancient Lancashire family whose principal seat was at Luiworth Castle, where George III. and his Queen were often entertained by Thomas Weld and his family. A large number of the Welds became distinguished members of religious orders in the Catholic Church, among whom we find the names of Mary Weld of the Order of the Visitation, and Cardinal Weld in the time of Pius VIII. Owing to the friendly relations with King George the Third of Luiworth succeeded in bringing into England several religious communities of Nuns, Trappists, and Jesuits exiled from the continent by the Revolution. This great College of Stonyhurst and its grounds were the gift of this family to the Jesuit Fathers. Sir Frederick Weld, Father Weld's cousin, was Prime Minister of New Zealand, Governor of Tasmania, Western Australia, and the Straits Settlements, and was at one time mentioned as a probable successor to Sir Hercules Robinson in the Cape Colony. Father Weld, the subject of this sketch, was born in 1823, educated at Stonyhurst and notwithstanding the brilliant worldly career before him, he chose to enter, as a Novice, the Order of the Jesuits, at 19 years of age. At the completion of his classical studies he took his B.A. degree at the London University, and while yet a scholastic was placed in charge of the Stonyhurst Observatory with Fathers Perry and Sidgreaves as assistants. He was elected Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society. His assistants have since attained a high place among the learned men of England. He was one of the first members of the British Meteorological Society and urged Father Perry to make the magnetic survey of the coasts of France and Belgium. His talents and virtues were soon appreciated by the members of his Order who chose him to fill the Rectorship of the College of Philosophy at Stonyhurst and Theology at St. Bruno's in Wales. He afterwards became Father Provincial of the English Jesuits, and for many years was assistant to the Father General of the Jesuits at Rome for the transaction of all business with the Jesuit Missions and Colleges in all English speaking countries. During this time he was sent by the Pope on special ecclesiastical missions to Gibraltar, to Portugal and to India. He contributed several articles of scientific interest to English magazines, and was elected fellow of the Geographical Society. For many years he wished that the Jesuits would take up again their old mission ground of the Lower Zambezi, and help in some way the evangelisation of the Dark Continent. He accepted the offer of Bishop Ricards to the Society, to undertake the management of St. Aidan's College as a step towards the fulfilment of his great desire. He was mainly instrumental in forming the new Jesuit field of mission labour in 1879, covering what is now known as the British Protectorate and the British Central African Companies' sphere of influence, from Nyassa to the Zambesi and from thence to the Vaal River. Nearly 100 members of the Society in different parts of Europe volunteered to be ready when called upon, and of these more than twelve have lost their lives already; Fathers Law and Dewit, among the number, whilst travelling in Lobangula's and Umzila's countries. Father Weld went to Lisbon to obtain letters from the King in aid of his missionaries entering through the Portuguese ports of the East Coast. All this work and responsibility told on him since 1883, especially after the departure of the Superior of the mission, Father Depelchin. It was with difficulty he held the office of Rector at Dunbrody and St. Aidan's latterly. But with that untiring zeal and energy that distinguished his whole life, he worked on to the last, leaving behind him a brilliant example of faith, virtue and learning, combined.—South African paper.

VISIT OF MOST REV. DR. MORAN TO MOSGIEL.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

ON Sunday, the 14th inst., the Most Rev. Dr. Moran visited Mosgiel for the purpose of conferring the Sacrament of Confirmation. High Mass, *coram pontifice*, was celebrated at 11 o'clock, Rev. Fathers O'Neill, Lynch, Adm., and O'Donnell, being, respectively, celebrant, deacon and sub-deacon.

At the conclusion of the Mass, his Lordship preached on the gospel of the day. He explained the nature of faith, and its necessity, pointing out the marks by which the existence of a real supernatural faith in the soul is known. He drew from the physical constitution of man illustrations of the impossibility of leading a Christian life without the ground work of faith. Man deprived of the use of his eyes is powerless to see; deprived of the use of his limbs he is incapable of walking. So in the spiritual order, man without faith cannot exercise meritoriously the other supernatural virtues. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." He exhorted his hearers to the practice of those good works which must always accompany lively faith. Faith without good works was of no avail, in the same way as good work, if not enlivened by faith, were of no value in the sight of God. The man who led a life of faith was known by frequenting the sacraments, by regular attendance at Mass, and by scrupulous observance of all the duties of a Christian. His Lordship commended the congregation for their attendance at the ceremonies of the day. He then proceeded to instruct those who were about to receive Confirmation, as to the nature of that great gift and its effect on their souls, after which he administered the sacrament to thirty-five candidates.

The music of the Mass was rendered by a choir composed of the members of the Milton and Mosgiel choirs, with the assistance of Miss Popplewell from Dunedin. The "Ecce sacerdos" was sung as the bishop approached the altar. The Mass proper was one of Webb's devotional compositions. An offertory piece, "O Jesu," was very sweetly sung by Mrs King, of Milton, and Miss Popplewell.

In the evening solemn vespers commenced at six, after which an artistically engrossed address of welcome was presented to the Bishop

by a committee of the congregation. The address was read by Mr. Knott, and was worded as follows:—

"My Lord,—We desire to convey to you our sense of the happiness it affords us to see you once more in the enjoyment of your accustomed health. Since you were last here on the occasion of the opening of our new church, you have been to the See of Peter to render an account of your stewardship, and you have also visited the historic Island of Saints for the purpose of obtaining recruits for the work of this mission. In both these works you were eminently successful. You were enabled to lay before the Holy Father a consoling account of the state of religion in your diocese, which must have gladdened his heart in the midst of the continued troubles. You were also able to procure a large number of consecrated labourers for the vineyard of your diocese. Your Lordship will be pleased to learn that here satisfactory financial progress has been made, and that the spiritual wants of the congregation are well attended to. We trust you may be spared for many years to rule over your devoted flock, and lead them by word and example along that road that leads to the kingdom of heaven, which is the goal towards which we all strive.—We are your Lordship's faithful children, the Catholics of Mosgiel."

In replying the Bishop said it gave him great pleasure indeed, to receive this address. He had been, as they reminded him, at the Holy See to give an account of his stewardship. And he was happy to tell them that the Holy Father had made very many inquiries regarding the faithful here, to all of which he (the Bishop) was able to give satisfactory answers. Leo XIII. asked him if the people of his diocese were devoted to their religion, and approached regularly to the sacraments, if they carefully looked after their children and saw that they were brought up in the knowledge and love of God. If they were generous to their clergy, and zealous in the promotion of the work of piety. He (the Bishop) had the great pleasure of informing the Holy Father that in all these matters his people were most exemplary. During his visit to Ireland he visited many places, and found no difficulty in procuring priests ready to volunteer for the work of the mission in his diocese. He could have obtained without trouble twice the number he had brought, if he had occasion for the services of more. This diocese had a good name in Ireland. His Lordship concluded by thanking them for their expressions of regard for his welfare. He congratulated pastor and people on the state of religion among them, and hoped that at some future time they would be in a position to establish a school in which their children would be free from all dangers of perversion from their faith. The Bishop added a word of thanks to the choir for the very beautiful music they had given, which, he said, would do credit to far more pretentious places.

THE OAMARU BOROUGH'S CHARGE FOR WATER TO THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

(To the Editor of the North Otago Times.)

SIR,—I read in your issue of the 12th inst., a report of a meeting of the Borough Council, and I am delighted with the Council's extreme liberality when dealing with the application for water to the Roman Catholic boys' school; but when I take into consideration the fact that the other three primary schools (the North, South, and Middle schools) get the water free, the council's liberality disappears, and justice takes its place. While the three schools named get the water free, the Roman Catholic school will have to pay £5 per annum for the water. But does not the Council tell us the Girls' High School is charged £5 per annum for the water? Sir, is it not refreshing to hear our city fathers talking to the Roman Catholic body about secondary education when that body has not got even the semblance of justice dealt out to them for primary education? But let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that that the other three schools had to pay for the water, which I maintain they have not. Even so, I ask should not the Roman Catholics be entitled to a little consideration, when it is considered that they build their own schools and pay for the education of their children out of their own private purse, and perhaps deny themselves some of the necessities of life to do so. That alone is a proof of their well-grounded conscientious scruples, and their undying zeal for the faith they hold.—Unto them I say all honour and glory. Sir,—Looking to the fact that the Roman Catholics constitute one-seventh of our population, it is just that one-seventh of the taxpayers, and one-seventh of the children of the Colony should contribute in this proportion to the support of our public schools while practically excluded from benefiting by them; and, as I have said already, not from any light held opinions, but from deep religious convictions, which in spite of what may be said or done, they will never surrender in this generation or the generations to come. To them it is a matter of the deepest consideration and moment that in teaching their children the three R's, they shall also teach them a knowledge of the religion their fathers and fore-fathers were brought up in, and to which they attach such reverent importance. To them, I say, all honour and credit to you. I ask our borough councillors, especially the new blood in the Council, if they are going to fan the flame of discontent by adding to the already heavy burden of injustice the Roman Catholic body lie under by charging them £5 per annum for the drop of water their children drink in school hours, while the other primary schools get the water free? I ask the Mayor and councillors to re-consider their decision and show that they are capable of dealing out even-handed justice to all, irrespective of creed or nationality. Again I ask the Council, will they reconsider this matter? Sir—I pause for a reply.

JUSTICE.

Mr. G. J. McKinlay, upper Palmerston street, Westport, may be called on with advantage by those who need the assistance of the plumber, gas-fitter, or tinsmith. Mr. McKinlay will always be found fully provided with an excellent stock of all the requisites embraced in his line of trade.

T E M U K A .

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

Temuka, September 15.

MASS was celebrated at St. Mary's, Pleasant Point, on Sunday last at half-past ten, and in future service will be held there on the second and fourth Sundays in each month. At St. Joseph's High Mass was celebrated at ten o'clock.

There is a keen interest taken here in the labour agitation. A branch of the Amalgamated Shearers' and Labourers' Union was formed here some time ago, the membership of which amounts to about 120, and more keep coming in. Outside of the Union there are many sympathisers. The local flax industries were closed recently, and Aspinall and Co.'s flour mills ceased working on last Saturday week. I believe this mill has a large stock of both wheat and flour in store.

Owing to the rise in the price of coals, the settlers in the Kakahu district—and even here—are availing themselves of the Kakahu coal, which is being sold at 10s or 15s a ton.

A branch of the Union has been established in Geraldine.

At a meeting of shareholders in the Temuka Butter and Cheese Factory held on the 5th inst., a resolution was passed that the factory be wound up voluntarily. The Linsed Factory went to the wall a short time ago, and now the Dairy Factory. This, indeed, is a great loss to the district. It is really a matter for astonishment why the latter factory could not prosper here. In far less favoured districts than this—and surely none are more favoured—the dairying industry is paying excellently, and with these facts staring one in the face, it can reasonably be conjectured that there is something wrong in the management. Starting our industries with too small a capital, however, is really the true source through which misfortune is falling on them, and this has been the cause of throwing the damper on many an industry in the Colony. The matter of capital is well worthy of consideration in starting industries, as on this depends greatly the bringing of the same to a successful issue. I am of opinion that the factory will be carried on by private individuals (those who have the most money in it), who, no doubt, will hang on to it till they burn their fingers.

A meeting of the members of the Caledonian Society was held in Mr. John England's Star Hotel on Thursday evening last. Mr. A. M. Clark (the popular President) occupied the chair. The report and balance-sheet showed that the Society consisted of 132 paid-up members. The financial year started with a balance of £24 1s 7d, and terminated with £28 14s 4d. Besides this, the Society had lost £20 through the bankruptcy of T. McAuliffe, who had bought the sports' privileges. The sum expended in prizes last year was £130. Reference was made to the successful social gathering under the auspices of the Society. At one of these £9 10s had been subscribed to the Balacava Relief Fund. A lecture by Mr. Murphy (Christchurch) on "Farming" had also been delivered through the instrumentality of the Society. The balance-sheet also showed the total receipts, including balance of £24 1s 7d, for the year were £372 15s 6d, and the expenditure £344 1s 2d. This Society ere long will be one of the most powerful of its kind. It is expected the sports this year will be of a very creditable nature. The President was re-elected.

At a meeting of the Geraldine County Acclimatisation Society the fees for fishing licenses were fixed as follows:—Residents, 20s; boys under 16, 10s; ladies, 5s; monthly licenses to visitors, 10s.

Draughts have had a large season in Temuka. The local club has an unbeaten record. Amongst those vanquished were a team from Timaru, who were beaten once by two games, and once by 16. Four of the club's men played in the match Oamaru v. Timaru, and fully did justice to the place. Mr. J. Sim held his own with Mr. Crooks, who is nearly equal to Borham. A great handicap draughts tournament has been proceeding for some time, in which, no less than 30 are taking part. It is for a medal and some minor prizes. In spite of his handicap, Mr. Sim evidently will win, as he has already beaten the best players.

The weather has for some time been threatening for rain, and a few light showers have fallen.

THE POPE'S DRIVE AND THE PRESS MYTHS.

(Liverpool Catholic Times, July 25.)

THROUGHOUT the foreign Press of Europe, misled by the Liberal Press here and the usual unreliable Roman correspondents, there have appeared the most extraordinary myths, with their various and ridiculous constructions, about the Pope driving out of the Vatican, through Italian territory, and receiving royal honours from the Italian guards, some saying that he went out of Rome and drove off to a seaside place—without mentioning the name—and others that he went outside the city to the studio of the sculptor Aureli, to view the splendid work just finished, the statue of St. Thomas of Aquin; others, again, draw the long-bow less vigorously, and say he only went some 300 yards along the road as a protest against the *intransigent* party of the Sacred College of Cardinals, by whom he was until now kept a prisoner in the Vatican; while the so-called Liberal Press here express their feigned surprise that nothing is remarked about the matter by the clerical organs. Now, the fact of the matter is that the Holy Father has done nothing extraordinary, and did not by any means go outside the limits of the Vatican. Having inspected the statue of St. Thomas of Aquin, in the studio of the sculptor, Signor Chevalier Aureli, in going out the Holy Father simply gave orders to drive to the Vatican gardens. As the carriage was a couple of steps only from the gate which leads by the shortest way, it thus passed in front of the gate, so-called, of the Mint. This does not mean in the least that the Papal carriage went outside the limits of the Vatican territory for an instant, as it is easy to see from the fact that this gate, *within* the precincts of which it passed, is closed every night and opened again in the morning by the Swiss guards, and the

Italian sentinel is obliged to gain access to the Mint by a small staircase *outside* the above-mentioned gate.

It will be easily seen then that the trifling incident which has caused such an explosion in the world of journalism had no greater importance than when the Pope passes from one part of the Vatican to the other, and not even as much as when, with closed doors, he went down into the Basilica of St. Peter and celebrated the Holy Sacrifice for Italians and foreigners several times. Moreover, the tales about the Pope receiving military honours from the Italian guards and his blessing them, and such-like stories, are completely unfounded and erroneous. The only guard who had a chance of seeing the Holy Father was the sentinel who treads his weary and monotonous way on the top of the wall outside the Mint—and he neither presented arms nor did he call out the grand muster of the guard—composed, by the way, of one corporal and three men—as he did not realise the fact that he had seen the Papal carriage until after it had passed along inside the gate. From the above simple facts of the case your readers will easily be able to see that the whole affair has been solely and purely one more addition to the oft-repeated ruses manufactured by the wily sons of the powers that be in this benighted peninsula, put forth to try if possible and dissipate the again and again denied fact of the vile durance in which has been kept and still continues to be kept the head of the Catholic Church and the Vicar of Christ upon earth. But as before so again have their evil machinations failed to bear fruit, and have told against themselves, furnishing yet another conclusive proof of the truth of what they have so often vainly attempted to deny and to disprove. In conclusion we may here remark that even after 1870 and the occupation of Rome by the Italians, Pius IX., of happy memory, more than once traversed this same portion of the Via delle Fondamenta on foot accompanied by the members of his noble court, and both the Swiss and noble guard, a circumstance which did not even give rise to a remark in the Press, Liberal or otherwise, and even to this day the circumstances remain unchanged, as the Italian guards are not allowed to pass along that portion of the road, which would be queer in the extreme were it really Italian territory. It will be rather curious to see what will be their next canard!

O U R C A U S E .

"YES, we don't fear to speak of '98, not in the least; nor of '48, nor of '67. We are the heirs of those times and of those men."—*William O'Brien at the banquet to the Australian Delegates.*

Air "The Boys of Wexford."

I.

They say the cause is dead, boys,
For which in olden days
Our fathers dashed at freedom's call
Through battle's lurid blaze;
That Ireland's tattered banner,
That loved the mountain breeze,
Has fled the land,
Proscribed and banned,
To drop beyond the seas.

But here's to gallant Tone, boys,
Who longed to see unrolled,
In pride again
O'er marching men
Our flashing Green and Gold.

II.

They say that Ireland's sons, boys,
Have lost the olden faith,
When in her name her chieftains rushed
With fervent zeal to death;
When from the tameless mountains
Through pass and heathy glen,
The clansmen poured,
With pike and sword,
To smite the Saxon men.

But here's to fearless, Tone, boys,
Whose name shall ever stand,
A tower of light
Throughout the night,
To guide our conquering band.

III.

No more with pike and gun, boys,
We battle for the right,
No marshalled lines of steel ablaze
Fling back the sunburst's light
But yet, did Ireland need it,
She'd find us ready, too,
With smiting blade,
And rushing raid,
To wage the war anew.

So here's to faithful Tone, boys,
Whose hopes our hearts yet fill;
We'll guard his fame,
And bless his name,
And fight for freedom still!

—The Nation.

JOHN T. KELLY.

A very finely finished and life-like photograph of the late Monsignor Coleman has been executed by Messrs. Burton Bros. The picture is in every way such as only a first-class establishment could turn out. The firm have concentrated their business at 41 Princes street, Dunedin, giving up their apartments in Exchange Court.

Irish News.

Carlow.—Horned stock at Carlow fair was below average. Buyers were numerous. Sheep fair was largely supplied and demand good.

Carlow College was founded by Dr. O'Keefe, Bishop of the diocese, and opened nearly a hundred years ago under the direction of Dean Staunton. The building is situated in a park comprising an area of thirty-four acres, nearly in the centre of the town, and enclosed within high walls. The fees are £31 10s per annum for lay students, and £21 for candidates for the priesthood.

Cavan.—Quilca Mountain, in County Cavan, situate in Tullyhaw barony, is held in veneration by the people, because on it the Maguire were inaugurated chieftains of Fermanagh.

Clare.—Martin Sullivan, who was arrested on suspicion of having fired into the dwelling-house of Mr. Quinn, Corofin, has been liberated.

£2000 is to be expended in improving the pier at Glin, so as to enable the river steamers and other vessels to reach it at all stages of the tide.

Cork.—The Mayor, Alderman Horgan, recently visited the gaol and saw Father Crowley, Mr. Slattery, and the other Coercion prisoners. They were in excellent health and spirits.

Derry.—Charles J. Biggar launched from the Foyle ship-yard a very fine steel sailing ship of the following dimensions:—Length between perpendiculars, 252 feet 6 inches; breadth mainhold, 39 feet 5 inches, depth of hold, 24 feet 2½ inches. The christening ceremony was performed by Mrs. J. J. Joyce, of the Belfast Bank House, Derry, who named her the Foyledale.

The Giant's ring is the ruin of an immense fortress, situate in a pass between Drumbo and Largantee, 600 feet in diameter, into which only one person at the time can enter, and that in a stooping position.

Donegal.—John S. McCay, sub-Sheriff of Donegal, sat in Buncrana court-house to record nominations for the vacancy in the representation of North Donegal, caused by the resignation of J. E. O'Doherty. The only nomination was that of Rochfort Maguire, Mr. Parnell's candidate, who was declared duly elected. After being duly declared elected, Mr. Maguire addressed an immense meeting, Father Kearney presiding. Mr. Finkerton also spoke.

Dublin.—A new infantry barracks is to be built in Dublin at a cost of £286,000.

Dublin coal-porters struck work on July 1 and marched in procession through the city. A dispute between Messrs. McCormick and their men occasioned the strike. The men in McCormick's yard had joined a General Labour Union. McCormick turned them out, which caused the general strike.

The Dublin Corporation have granted a plot of ground on the North Circular Road to a company which undertakes to slaughter Irish cattle and export only dead meat, saving farmers all trouble in exporting living cattle.

Fermanagh.—Hugh Farrar McDermott, the well-known poet and dramatist, native of Enniskillen, died recently in Hotel Gladstone, New York.

Galway.—At the Quarter Sessions, Galway, opened on June 26, there was only one criminal case.

A few days ago a deputation, consisting of Colonel Nolan and P. J. Foley, M.P.'s and Father Lynskey, Clifden, Connemara, waited on Mr. Jackson, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, at his office in Whitehall, London, to urge the immediate construction of the light railway between Galway and Clifden, *via* Oughterard. Mr. Jackson discussed the details of the scheme at length with Father Lynskey, and his attitude towards it was so favourable that the deputation felt justified in entertaining the belief that the assent of the Treasury to the construction of the line would be granted without delay.

Kerry.—Sub-Sheriff Goodman recently evicted from his holding at Gortbrack Edmond Barry, who held six acres of land from Miss Cherry Mason.

The men Connor and Breen, who were sentenced to six months' imprisonment for an assault on two policemen in Tralee, had the sentence reduced to two months' each on appeal.

Kildare.—The tenants of the Duke of Leinster met at Athy and paid their rents at a reduction of 12½ per cent.

Kilkenny.—A short time since a new industry was opened in the Boys' Industrial School, *viz*, the training in the art of gardening of some of the little boys of the institution. For this purpose a greenhouse was erected, and recently some exquisite specimens of wreaths and bouquets of flowers were produced at the Industrial school.

King's County.—Dr. Robert H. Woods, a King's Countyman, has gained in Trinity College, Dublin, after severe competition, the surgical travellers' prize, value 500 dol.

A course of lectures on the keeping of bees was delivered at Geashill by Mr. Reed on June 20, under the auspices of the Irish Beekeepers' Association. The lecture was delivered in front of the castle on the Geashill demesne.

King's County, before the Penal Laws, used to grow tobacco; the only difficulty experienced by the growers was found in drying the leaf. A London and Liverpool Company has subscribed £250,000 to encourage the manufacture of beet sugar in Ireland. This has been a profitable enterprise in France.

Leitrim.—John Reynolds, the County Treasurer of the Leitrim Gaels, had to undergo quite a little examination as to his connection with them, before the Mohill magistrates recently. Mr. Reynolds was summoned to account for his not having given the

names of two men who visited his house to pay him for a car. When Constable Stenson, the public-house spy of Mohill, insolently demanded the names of Mr. Reynold's friends he refused to give them. His house was then surrounded by a horde of police. They rushed over his house and found no one. Two summonses were issued against him. The bench marked their sense of the justice of the prosecution by summarily dismissing both cases.

During the progress of the work in connection with the widening of the Shannon near Lough Allen, the workmen, in excavating at a depth of twelve feet, unearthed a boat made of Irish oak and of peculiar design. Instead of the sheeting used now-a-days, the boat is evidently scooped out of a massive tree, as it measures over 18 feet in length and about 30 inches in width. Holes are bored in it, apparently for the purpose of using sails, and two short oars about four feet long were also discovered. Portions of what appear to be oak spades tipped with iron were also found.

Limerick.—Arrangements are being made to hold a public demonstration in Limerick next month to celebrate the bi-centenary of Sarsfield's heroic defence of Limerick in 1690. The matter was mentioned at the recent meeting of the Sarsfield League.

A public meeting under the auspices of the Irish Labour Federation was recently held at Drumcollogher. The Rev. James L. Roche presided. There was a great number of people present. The National Band, Newcastle West, was in attendance. D. J. Sullivan, Cork, proposed resolutions demanding the municipal and Parliamentary franchise, an eight hours' day, and that the contracts for the repair of roads be given to labourers instead of farmers and shopkeepers.

Louth.—At a meeting of the Drogheda Corporation, the mayor, S. Jordan presiding, the propriety of lighting the town by electricity was discussed.

The member for South Louth, T. P. Gill, has started on a long sea voyage in order to recover his health.

Two beautiful new stained-glass windows have replaced the old ones which existed over the sanctuary in the Catholic Cathedral, Drogheda. The design on one, *viz*, that of the brazen serpent, was explained in a charming discourse by Rev. P. Drum.

The high-handed manner in which Lord Massereene's plants attempt to lord it over the district is illustrated daily. The other day one of them, Parks, found a little girl named Mullen gathering nettles in a lane close by their recently-grabbed farm at Monasterboice. The fellow shook the weeds out of the child's bib and fiercely forbade her to come about "his place" on such an errand again.

Mayo.—Mr. Michael Davitt passed through Westport on June 26 *en route* to Achill. He is also expected to visit Clare Island. His present visit to the West is said to be in connection with the development of the fishing industry, in which he has always taken a very deep interest.

Thomas Gilligan's name has lately become famous around Balla as the "grabber" of a nice holding of land that has been hitherto possessed by John Henegan, of Ardboley.

Mr. P. N. Fitzgerald visited Claremorris on June 25 for a few hours. Straightway a policeman was put upon his track to ascertain what brought him there, where he was bound for, and other interesting conundrums.

On June 24 six families residing on the Verschoyle property at Carrowcushlane were evicted from their homes. The agent of the property is J. C. Wilson; and Farmer, special bailiff, supported by twelve police, carried out the "sentences of death." The Widow McNulty, whose husband has been dead for ten years, was the first victim. She has a family of six children, one in consumption. They were thrown out on the roadside with a few wretched articles of furniture and the doors and windows barred against re-entry. The other tenants evicted, with their families, were Bridget Conmy, Mary Munnally, Catherine McDerrig, Catherine Willis, Thomas Ward.

Meath.—At the Quarter Sessions held in Trim there was not a single criminal charge to be tried before the County Court Judge.

For some time past Rev. P. Kelly, the respected pastor of Blane, has been subjected to the most marked attention at the hands of Balfour's satellites. Their orders to watch the reverend gentleman seem to have reference to his visits to Monknewtown, and whenever he appears in that portion of his spiritual cure his steps are dogged by a brace of policemen.

The fertility of the soil affords presumptive proof that Meath was anciently the mensal land of the ancient Irish *righes*, or kings. The prevailing character of the soil is a rich, deep loam resting on a substratum of limestone, and the earth has been found at the depth of four feet in many places equal in quality to that on the surface, so that when the farmer finds his fields beginning to be unproductive he has only to plough somewhat deeper and turn up a portion of mould previously untouched. The herbage of the hills is remarkable for fattening sheep and that of the lowlands for feeding cattle. The quantity of bog is small in proportion to that of the general surface. In the treatment of the soil the general principle, arising from the great depth of the vegetable mould, is that the deepest ploughing is the best tillage; the turning of fresh earth possessing vegetative powers is deemed to act as powerfully as the application of manure.

Monaghan.—The cattle missing from Mr. Rogers' farm at Aughmeena, which were supposed to have been stolen, were found on Clogher mountain and returned to the boycotted farm.

Fine samples of flax were recently on view in the town of Monaghan. A sample of an acre grown by Thomas Henry, Monaghan, measured 3 feet 10 inches. Another sample which Mr. Rafferty grew on his farm at Corcreegny, from B and V Dutch seed, measured forty-seven inches, and fairly represented five acre. The seed was sown on 10th April.

Queen's County.—At a meeting of the Durrow and Cullonell branch of the National League, held on June 22, Father Thorfall took the chair. A number of persons joined the branch. The members determined unanimously to stamp out the pest of land-grabbing.

MRS. LOFT'S

GREAT CLEARING SALE
OF
BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, AND DRAPERY.

As this is a *bona fide* CLEARING SALE, the Public are requested to come and see the Prices and judge for themselves. No one asked to buy; but all are warned that they will be unable to resist the temptation when they

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Please Note.—This is one of the BEST SELECTED Stock of Goods there is in the Colony, consisting of English, Continental, and Colonial-made Ladies', Gent's., and Children's Boots in every variety.

A LARGE STOCK OF MINERS' AND SEA-BOOTS.

Owing to the alterations taking place in the Arcade, Mrs. Loft is compelled to

GIVE UP THE DRAPERY BUSINESS.

Heads of families will do well to VISIT THIS SALE and secure some of the Bargains which will be Sacrificed, as such a chance may not occur again.

SHOP CLOSES AT SIX O'CLOCK, EXCEPT SATURDAYS.

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PAINTING of all kinds will be found at J. Nisbet's, Octagon, Dunedin: Give him a trial.

PAPERHANGINGS cheaper than any other house in town.

CRYSTAL! CRYSTAL CRYSTAL!

CRYSTAL KEROSENE is guaranteed water white, and 30 per cent. above Government standard.

This high-test Oil is the best in the market, and each tin is fitted with latest and most improved Screw Nozzle. Waste in pouring out the Oil is thereby avoided. The tins and cases are extra strong.

CRYSTAL KEROSENE has taken first place wherever it has been offered, and is recommended to every householder for Safety, Brilliancy, and Economy.

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(from Southland)

Has opened that shop, 53 PRINCES ST., DUNEDIN, for the safe (Wholesale and Retail) of his CERTAIN CURES.

Robertson's CERTAIN CURES obtained First-Class Award at the late Exhibition for the best collection of Household Remedies.

COUGH NO MORE! Robertson's PECTORALINE No. 1 cures any ordinary cough or cold.—1s 6d; by post, 2s. Robertson's PECTORALINE No. 2 cures a cough of long standing.—2s; by post, 2s 6d. Wonderful in its action.

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NOTICE.

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

To insure publication in any particular issue of the paper communications must reach this office not later than Tuesday morning.

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WOOL

OTAGO WOOL SALES, 1888-89.

DONALD REID & CO.,
WOOL AND PRODUCE BROKERS,

Have much pleasure in announcing that the OTAGO WOOL AND CORN EXCHANGE

being very spacious,

BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED,

and built specially for the most effective display of the Wool, offers unequalled advantages to growers. Ample space being available, there is room for

THE FULLEST DISPLAY OF SAMPLE BALES,

and in the case of Farmers' Clips, we show the entire consignment

The most careful attention is given to the valuation of all Lots, whether Large or Small, and every endeavour is made to secure the highest possible market value for the consignments, an additional guarantee to vendors being that we act strictly as SELLING BROKERS ONLY, on commission. Our FIRST SALES will be held about the MIDDLE OF NOVEMBER. Sales will be held every Alternate Week during the Season, and proceeds paid over within Six Days of Sale.

In the case of Wool offered for Sale and not Sold, the charges are

ONE SHILLING PER BALE ONLY.

Wool Packs, Sewing Twine, Sheepshears, Boiled Oil, and Station Stores supplied of best quality at Current Rates.

There were only two cases at the last Maryborough Quarter Sessions and in one of them the Grand Jury found "no bill." Yet in this County an extra police force is maintained at the expense of cess-payers.

The Land Commissioners report that sixty Queen's County appeals from the rents fixed by the sub-Commissioners were listed for hearing at the recent sitting of the Court. Of these fifteen were cross-appeals, leaving forty-five for hearing at the sitting, which were disposed of as follows:—Nine withdrawn, seven settled, seven confirmed, six rents raised by the Court, one rent raised on enlarged area, one rent raised on consent, three adjourned, and one stands over.

Roscommon.—Miss Kenny, the owner of a farm at Ballyntubber, surrendered the holding last November for a reduction of rent, having her rent paid in full up to that date. Not a single farmer in County Roscommon could be got to bid for it; but now it turns out that a cattle jobber from Logbooy has taken the place, alleging that he was deceived by the herd.

Sligo.—The fortnightly meeting of Soeoy Branch National was held June 21, Luke Torsney in the chair. James Flanagan was unanimously appointed Assistant Secretary of the branch for the ensuing year. The following resolution was adopted:—"That we feel proud to inform the public that Jones Taaffe McDonagh, the imported land-grabber, has finally disappeared from this district, and that the other land-grabber, Killoran, is in a very bad way, so that land-grabbing as a profession is not likely to rear its head in Soeoy in future."

Tipperary.—John E. O'Mahony, formerly of the Tipperary Nationalist, is about issuing a new National journal with the title, *New Tipperary and Waterford Champion*.

Legal proceedings have been commenced against Thomas Walsh, T.O., proprietor of the *Cashel Sentinel*, for alleged intimidation by publishing a report of a speech delivered by John Kelly of Thurlesbeg on June 5.

Several houses were recently wrecked by a policeman in Shanballymore district, convenient to Tipperary. His capture was not effected until after he had done considerable injury to premises. John Trehy captured him in the act of breaking his windows.

Morgan Hayes, Secretary of the Oola branch of the National League, was recently released from Clonmel Gaol, where he was confined one month for the alleged offence of assaulting a policeman. His reception in Tipperary and Oola was most enthusiastic and patriotic.

M. Hayes, secretary of the Oola branch of the National League was the recipient of a great ovation from the people of Tipperary and Oola on his release from Clonmel Gaol, where he underwent a month's imprisonment for the offence of assaulting Constable Garry, the "shadow" of John Cullinane. Mr. Hayes was offered the alternative of bail, but he scorned the offer and went to prison. A meeting was held a short distance from Oola station, which was attended by 2,000 persons. The chair was occupied by Father Ryan, Vice-President of the Oola League, and speeches were delivered by the reverend chairman, Mr. Hayes, Father John Power, Kiltceely; Father Thomas Ryan, and William Landon, Kiltceely.

Waterford.—C. P. Bedmond, the editor of the *Waterford News* is again imprisoned for no "crime," but the kind attentions paid him by those whose good wishes are worth having serve to blunt the point of Mr. Balfour's "Act."

Right Rev. Doctor Louis Carew, Abbot of New Mount Melleray United States of America, is at present staying in the parent house Mount Melleray, Cappoquin.

Brother Bernard Wedger, a member of the Franciscan Community in Waterford for many years, recently took up his residence in the Convent, Carrick-on-Suir. During his sojourn in his native city he endeared himself to the members of the Third Order of St. Francis by his kind and gentle demeanor, and they presented him with an address and silver beads as a mark of their esteem on his departure to Carrick.

On recent Exhibition Day at Melleray Seminary, in accordance with time-honoured custom, the students gave a dramatic entertainment, and previous to their departure for the mid-summer holidays were presented by the Abbot with the prizes awarded them for proficiency in their various studies. The piece put on the boards for the occasion was "The Vesper Bellis of Palermo." The Abbot was enthusiastically received on appearing in the hall. Great numbers of clergy were in attendance.

Wicklow.—Earl Carysfort has been appointed to be Lord Lieutenant of the County of Wicklow in succession to the late Earl of Miltown.

Wicklow is celebrated as the country of the O'Byrnes and O'Tooles, the former of whom occupied the northern and eastern parts, the latter the south-western. O'Byrnes' country was called the Ranelagh.

Cardinal Laviege is the twenty-eighth Archbishop of Carthage, and Primate of Africa. His immediate predecessor was Cyrillus, who was consecrated A.D. 1076. The first Archbishop of the ancient rival of Rome was Optatus, appointed A.D. 202. The Martyr Saint Cyprian, who ruled from 248 to 258, is the glory of this ancient See. No doubt the resurrection of Carthage by Leo XIII. will inaugurate an era of faith in the long neglected regions of Northern Africa.

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

THE BANSHEE'S WARNING: A STORY OF THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641.

(By JAMES MURPHY, Author of "The Forge of Clobogue," "The Cross of Glencarrig, etc., etc.")

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

Maurice stood for a moment after the figure had merged in the gloom and become vanished, in a state of vague perplexity. He was extremely puzzled, but why or wherefore he could not explain to himself.

He was aroused from his momentary fit of abstraction by O'Byrne's whispered call, and not doubting that he was on the right track, and not for a moment questioning if this were the boat of which Carrie Mordaunt had told him, followed his friend.

Once in, the boat with its scarce-seen oarsmen shot across the water, and presently they were at the other side. There, some horses were standing, ready saddled, awaiting them.

Some conversation in whispers occurred between the parties assembled and his companion, which Maurice did not catch. It was animated and energetic enough, however, and was broken off by O'Byrne, who came back and said:

"Mount now, Maurice; we have a long ride before us. Prince Rupert's cavaliers never had one to try their mettle more."

Mechanically Maurice did as he was desired. He was now beginning to doubt whether this was the proceeding which his betrothed had sketched out for him, but the necessity for haste and silence, and the impulsive energy of his companion prevented him from making any inquiries. There was an uncomfortable feeling growing about him that matters had in some way miscarried, but there was also the always perceptible feeling of danger in the air. For they were still within the enemy's quarters, and each one knew, without speaking of it, what terrible consequences followed capture.

The three horsemen were soon off—Maurice did not know the name of the third party. They went at a walking pace for some time, and Maurice was quite surprised how noiselessly they moved. There was nothing of the usual clanking of horses' hoofs.

They took their way in some direction at a sharp angle with the river; but they might as well have been travelling in an Indian forest so little did Maurice know of his whereabouts. He was content to follow the pace and direction of his leader. After a time, and a very long time it seemed, during which Maurice had time to reflect much on the incidents that had occurred to him since his arrival, they found themselves in the open country; and when he roused himself from his reflections the red tint in the East and the gray light around him showed him that the dawn had come. It had grown on him by such imperceptible degrees, that it had been around him before he was aware of it.

Colonel O'Byrne leaped from his saddle and commenced to work at his horse's feet, and then for the first time Maurice saw that the hoofs of the horses were muffled. Both he and his companion dismounted and did similarly.

"That has been a slow and monotonous ride, Maurice," said the Wicklowman. "Thank heaven we are quite beyond the boundaries of their pickets now, and can talk. We have a swift ride before us. Have you anything to drink, Oney?"

Their guide and conductor took from his saddle bow a tin-can, safely corked. Pouring into a tin cup a measure of brandy, which Maurice found a most refreshing stimulant after his night of excitement, they proposed to resume their journey.

"Hugh," said Maurice, whose perplexity had now reached a considerable pitch. "May I ask where you are going?"

"To Wicklow—where else? Ooney and his men are marching there, and unless I can get before them and muster some forces there will be such scenes in that land as not even the days of Essex or Strafford could match for horror."

"Biding there now?"

"Where else? Straight as a good steed and mountainous path can lead me. But, why do you ask? You seem halting and hesitating, Maurice. What is the reason?" asked Colonel Hugh, staying his hand on the saddle in sudden query.

Thinking, halting and hesitating being out of question, Maurice boldly told, in as few words as he could muster, and not dwelling very particularly on side incidents—the nature of his seeking the wharf, his disposition to go to England, and abandon his visit to Ireland.

"I see it all, Maurice," said O'Byrne, with a pleasant laugh, as he leaped into the saddle. "Jump up, Maurice, we have no time for talking. The way is long and difficult before us. Mount. Your Continental experiences have taught you nothing of human heart or human nature. Two men there are unfit to govern the world or to know the courings of human passions—he who is bred in the cloister, and he who is bred in the camp. You shall not see England for some time, Maurice. I know nothing of any such arrangement. The one you love may be in Dublin Castle—and here's good luck to her, Roger Leix notwithstanding, who hates them as—well, no matter, but your lover is—Psha! What am I saying? I am talking to a blind man! Come, Maurice, mount. Not another word about this for the future, for I have heavier things to think of."

And with this direction O'Byrne leaped into his saddle, followed by Oney and Maurice, and the latter checking down the uncomfortable feelings of being misled and of Carrie Mordaunt's plan having miscarried, and some unaccountable mysteries being around him, they resumed their journey, crossing the Liffey, above Chapelizod, and thence by rapid marches over the Dublin mountains into those of Wicklow, which they gained by noon. The view at other times would be magnificent, a panorama unrivalled; but now they could see from their elevated position the glistening line of helmets as they wended their way in the sunlight far below them on the road nearer the sea.

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A Grand New Stock on hand of every description of

PLATE, JEWELLERY, WATCHES, AND CLOCKS

From which to select.

Inspection Invited! Inspection Invited!!

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CUMBERLAND STREET
(Opposite Railway Station),
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Makes and Fixes IRON GRAVE RAILS, any height, strength, or pattern; also WIRE GRAVE RAILINGS, from £1 upwards. Both can be fixed with or without kerbing. Concrete and Stone Kerbing supplied at Lowest Prices.

Also, Wire Bordering, Porches, Flower Stands, Garden Seats Wire Trelliswork for Vineries, etc.; Wire Netting, for sheep, pigs, etc. Iron Gates, Front Fencing, and Iron Standards at London prices. Illustrated Catalogues and Price List (on application) post free.

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GREAT CLEARING SALE,
MACLAGGAN ST.,
During the next Fourteen Days.

Drapery, Mantles, Jackets, Dress Materials, Prints, Muslins, Gingham, Gloves, Stockings, Ribbons, and Fancy Goods; Hats of all Descriptions, etc. Also—

Men's and Boys' Clothing in suits or separate garments; all kinds of Shirts, Pants, Sox, etc.; Hats in Straw or Felt at ridiculous prices, besides scores of other articles.

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The NEW EDITION, greatly Improved and Enlarged,
IS NOW READY
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This compact little Book is Neatly Bound and contains 180 pages 12mo demy.

APPROVAL OF HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.

The following letter re ST. JOSEPH'S PRAYER BOOK FOR THE YOUNG has been received by Most Rev. Dr. Moran, Bishop of Dunedin:
Rome, 17th August, 1889.

My Dear Lord,—I have just returned from the Vatican, where I had the happiness to present His Holiness the beautiful manual sent to me [ST. JOSEPH'S PRAYER BOOK], which he graciously accepted. I explained to him its import and contents—prayers, hymns, and devout canticles; adding that there was one also for the Pope. He gave most graciously his Apostolic blessing to the religious community that compiled it, to the editors and publishers, and to all who will devoutly use it.—My dear Lord, yours always affectionately,

† T. KIRBY, Archbishop, etc.

And approved by all the Bishops of the Colonies.

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ST. JOSEPH'S PRAYER BOOK.

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SPECIAL LINES.—Decorated Canister Tea, per tin, 3s. Port Wine for Invalids, recommended by medical men (yellow seal), 5s per bottle. Famous Edina Blend Whiskey, 4s 6d per bottle. Coffee that at 1s 10d per lb is the best in the market.

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WANTED, the Weak-sighted to know that they can have Spectacles properly adapted to suit their sights at PERCIVAL'S, Optician, and Spectacle-maker to the Dunedin Hospital, Octagon Buildings (Next to Mr. W. Watson, Coal Merchant), Octagon. Pure Brazilian Pebbles, highly recommended for defective vision. Also on Sale—Sykes' Hydrometers, Glass do, Saccharometers, Thermometers, Aneroid Barometers, Sextants, Quadrants, Ships' Compasses, Salinometers, Lactometers, Mathematical Instruments, Field Glasses, Telescopes, &c.

Human Artificial Eyes in Stock.

N.B.—All kinds of Optical and Mathematical Instruments bought. (Established 1862.)

[A CARD.]

DR. CHARLES DE LACY MCCARTHY,
Graduate in Arts, Medicine, and Surgery
(First Gold Medalist and Prizeman of Trinity College, Dublin),
Will give advice to his patients at his Consultation Room, Willis street. All fees made suited to the circumstances of each patient. For working men, advice and medicine 5s only. Quick and certain cures guaranteed in all possible cases, particularly in rheumatics and all neuralgic pains.

N.B.—Patients at a distance on sending a written description of their ailment and enclosing a P.O. Order for One Pound (£1) will have Medicine and Advice forwarded by next post.

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ANNUAL STOCK-TAKING BARGAIN TABLES!!
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INSPECTION INVITED!

D. I. C.

B. HALLENSTEIN, Chairman of Directors. P. LAING, Manager.

It was O'Byrne's intention, as he said, to get into the Wicklow glens before them, and muster the glensmen to surround them, and so out of their retreat.

Towards mid-day they rested on the hills, for they were fatigued with their long and devious ride, and partook of some of the brandy Oney carried, mixed with the clear water from the mountain springs, and lit their cigars, whilst their horses, picketed by their bridles, were allowed to graze around.

During this luxurious period of repose O'Byrne suddenly pointed to the East.

"See, Maurice, look yonder!"

Maurice looked, but could only see a dreamy haze arising far in the lowlands—little spots of blue dotting the landscape not unpleasantly here and there, but growing more frequent. They were now too distant to see the line of horsemen.

"Do you know what that is? Do you know what that means?"

"No."

"They are burning the country as they pass. These are the houses and haggarts of the farmers. They are desolating the land on their line of march, and murdering the people too, you may depend. Heaven help them!"

"I cannot see the troops," said Maurice, gazing intently. "I can only see the blue spots."

"No; because they have scattered, and are burning far inland and off their line of march. See how numerous the blue dots grow now!"

"But Coote is our own countryman, O'Byrne. Surely he will not suffer this!"

"An Irishman! So much the worse, Maurice. Don't you remember the old saying: if an Irishman were roasting you would get another to turn the spit. See how the dots grow!"

They were indeed growing numerous, dotting valleys widely asunder.

"Maurice, I'll tell you what we shall do," said O'Byrne, after a painful pause. "We shall resume our march, and when we come to the parting of the ways you and Oney—he will be a safe guide—shall ride into Wicklow while I go and summon the clansmen. The castle there is still defended. Encourage them to hold out and delay Coote and his people until I can come to your relief. They will return home with another story, I fancy."

"Be it so," said Maurice, in ready acquiescence.

When they had reached the place indicated, Maurice and his companion turned their horses' heads towards the distant town, and by many devious ways and winding paths moved in that direction, cantering rapidly where the road admitted of it, walking slowly where the ways were dangerous and rough; while O'Byrne pursued his solitary way across the mountains.

The two travellers rode in under the castle walls and gained admittance before the military had more than come in sight. But from the summit of the battlements they could see, when the dusk began to fall, the glare of burning homes, and the dull thud of shots told where some hapless victim had fallen a prey to the savage barbarity of Coote and the soldiery.

There were not more than some three dozen defending the castle, armed with muskets and a culverin or two—these latter of little use. There was, however, abundance of ammunition, and if they could but hold out for a day or two, the Wicklow leader would be back with sufficient forces from the glensmen. Maurice looked about the place to see that all points of defence were made sufficiently strong, and then waited the entrance of the enemy.

With a grand fanfare of trumpets they crossed the narrow bridge entering the town, and advanced up hill into the streets. They had waited so long, burning and shooting on the line of march, that it was long after nightfall before the tall shakos of the soldiers and the glittering lines of bayonets became visible to the astonished eyes of the townspeople.

The castle was some distance away from the town on the seaside, the town itself being hidden away by the curvature of the hill, but little of it could be seen from the battlements. It was bad strategy in whoever built it, but, probably, in ancient times it was more for the purpose of over-awing the turbulent townspeople than of defending them. But, looking and listening from the battlements, its defenders soon found that it was not so much the intention of the raiding column to attack them as to wreak vengeance on the defenceless townspeople. The sky soon reflected the blazing homes, whilst the cries and shrieks of women rose loud and shrill on the night air.

There were pale faces and anxious hearts on the battlements as these proceedings went on. Fighting in their own defence would have the stimulating effects of excitement and ardour, but listening in cold blood, to the cries of their kinswomen, was helplessly agonising.

After a time Maurice could stand it no longer.

"This is not warfare these scoundrels are carrying on—it is murder," he said in a burst of passion. "I shall not remain here and witness it. Who will volunteer to come with me, and try and stop this murderous work?"

A number of men, equally brave and resolute as he, volunteered at once. Selecting some four, of whom his previous guide, Oney, was one, whom he ascertained to be good marksmen, they opened the barred door of the fortalice and crept through the fields until they came to a spot in a laneway where they could look on the square, where the soldiers after their march were encamped. They had little difficulty in reconnoitring, for the glare of the burning houses shed a light, bright as noon day, on the place, whilst the shadows it threw placed themselves in a gloom.

The narrow-way in which they were crouched led upwards from the place, and they had thus the advantage of the position.

Maurice, his gun on his knees, was transfixed with surprise as his eyes rested on the scene before him. A rough platform had been erected on which several forms were suspended. Other forms, apparently dead from gun-shots, were strewn under it. Soldiers were here and there seated in groups around barrels of drink, which they had

taken from the houses, whilst at large fires, made of the furniture of the pillaged dwellings, sheep were roasting whole.

"What are those fellows doing yonder?" Maurice asked of Oney, as straight in front of them was a large mansion, evidently the residence of people well-to-do and of independent means, into which a number of soldiers were passing in and out, carrying bundles with suspicious eagerness. "What do they mean by this hurrying in and out?"

"They are going to make it their quarters for the night," replied the other in a whisper. "See, there are officers outside." As indeed there were, as Maurice saw when he had time to take closer and more particular vision.

"I hardly think it is that," said he; but his attention was presently attracted by another sight. It was that of a young woman, of superior and prepossessing appearance, who was being driven up by some soldiers with the buttends of their guns, as if it were an animal they were driving into the glare of the burning houses. There was a look of wild agony on her face, of speechless terror, that made Maurice's heart throb. She carried a child in her arms, to which she clung, and to which she in a wild, dazed way bent her head as if entreating it for protection—so it seemed to the watcher, as half-wild himself with what he saw, he nervously looked on and waited.

A soldier, amid the laughter of his comrades, deftly threw a noose over her neck from behind and drew it tight. In an instant the young woman lifted her head, but as the rope tightened under her chin she only bent the more fondly and appealingly to the little one she carried in her arms. And then her face reddened under the influence of a new glare thrown upon it by a sudden and greater blaze that had burst forth. It was the fine mansion in their immediate front, into the first floor of which soldiers had been piling all the inflammable materials they could find, to which they had now set fire and which blazed forth with destructive fury.

As the fire leaped out through the under windows and shot up above them in the second and third storeys, a piercing cry rang through the night, overlapping in its shrill accents of terror the bustle, riot, and confusion below. It came as plainly on the watcher's astounded ears, as if there were no other sound or noise there. The form of a lady, young or old, gentle or simple, Maurice could not distinguish in the wreathing flames, appeared at the window, but it was barred with iron, and it was impossible she could get through. In her terror or anguish to save its life at any rate from the terrible death which menaced herself, or perhaps by sheer accident, a child fell from her hands into the street. A soldier standing at guard underneath, some distance from the curling flames, promptly ran up his musket, and on the point of his bayonet caught the little child. A burst of laughter at this amusing incident came from the group of officers adjoining. Encouraged by this approbation, the soldier tossed the little form upwards, and again deftly caught it on his bayonet.

Maurice felt as if his heart was leaping through his mouth.

"He dies! By the eternal justice of God! he dies," came from lips and throat, parched almost to suffocation; and, kneeling on one knee, he carried the musket on his shoulder, held it with sinews of steel; for a second his eyes glanced along it and a shrill report startled the echoes of the night!

He could hardly see, through the lifting wreaths of smoke, the reeling form of the soldier, the startled attitudes of the others, when from beside him a volley flashed, the light and the flame from the musket barrels nearly blinding him; and then he became conscious as one in a drunken frenzy might—dimly and vaguely conscious—that there were many forms behind him, that the greater part of the little garrison had recklessly stolen after to see what devilry was going on among their kinsmen. The momentary gleam of consciousness vanished, and, without knowing how it came to pass, or how he had come there, Maurice next found himself in the centre of the lighted square in the midst of a deadly struggle, where with axes and short pikes and long knives he and his comrades fought against overwhelming odds not for life—no, not for life—but for a bloody death—death to all whom they could reach and slay.

Blazing houses shooting their cones of flame to the sky and their hot glare around; malignant faces in crowds before, himself and his friend the little centre of the maddened struggle; blood stained steel shining with crimson red and blue gleam as they changed and shifted in the struggle, in which no quarter was given or asked, formed a tableau which for a second flashed on his mind, in a lucid moment as if he had got a passing vision in his sleep into the region of the damned, and forgot what preceded or followed. The raging, maddened passion of hate and vengeance and sense of cruel wrong was upon him; the fire had transferred itself from breast to brain, and but for that passing spell—that fleeting instant of consciousness and sanity—he was no more capable of human feeling than the tiger engaged in fight to the death.

Suddenly, power of action, of motion, went from him, and the glare of the burning houses gave way to blind and sightless night.

CHAPTER XVII.

When Maurice awoke he found it difficult to remember where he was. All the incidents of the previous time had vanished from his mind. He only knew that something strange and untoward had happened, but of what nature the confused jumble of thoughts could give him no definite remembrance. A heavy, dull pain was pressing upon his attention, arising from some hurt at the back of his head. He made an effort to lift his hand to it, and then found that he could not—that his hands were securely fastened together. This was his first discovery, and immediately after he became aware that he was firmly bound to one of the supports of the rough platform which he had seen the night before. And with this second discovery complete recollection flashed upon him and he remembered all—the ride over the mountains, the reconnoitring movement, the burning house, the bayoneted child, the infuriated swoop of the little garrison—all. The results of the maddened attack were perceptible enough before him. The forms of the attackers were strewn about on the square, lying where they had fallen. It was a daring and a foolish sacrifice of life, for they were but as one to twenty, and

A. & T. INGLIS

GEORGE STREET,

Be respectfully to announce that their business has now attained such vast proportions that they find it absolutely necessary for further development, better accommodation, and convenience of customers, to proceed immediately with

EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS,

and the enlargement of the different departments throughout their establishment.

Prior to the commencement of the proposed alterations and in order to prevent damage to an enormous quantity of goods by the workmen whilst the work is in progress, they have decided to reduce their stock to a minimum by holding a

COLOSSAL SALE

For ONE MONTH only, commencing

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20.

The large measure of success attending their efforts and resulting as above has been brought about chiefly by the CASH SYSTEM, which for the past three years has been carried out to the letter, fearlessly and without partiality. BAD DEBTS, and all expenses connected therewith, have been ENTIRELY ELIMINATED.

They have also gained the confidence of their country friends (without the employment of travelling agents), finding that goods of reliable quality, sold at

LOW PRICES FOR CASH AND CASH ONLY,

Combined with Strict Attention and Courtesy, are bound to command the patronage of that important section of the community. The important fact also of every article they offer for sale coming

**DIRECT FROM THE BEST MANUFACTURERS
IN THE WORLD**

Enables them to cut down to the Lowest Fraction of Profit, and give Purchasers the best value that money will procure. They have no hesitation in affirming that their Prices all round are

FULLY 20 PER CENT. LOWER

Than those of any other house in the Colony for the same Quality of Goods.

A. & T. INGLIS

Are fully alive to the fact that Prices must necessarily be of an extraordinary character, which means a Considerable Loss to the Firm; but the alterations are imperative, and the loss must be faced.

The Sale will not be confined, as is usually the case, to a small amount of Surplus Stock laid out on Bargain Tables, but will embrace the whole of

THEIR MAGNIFICENT

STOCK OF GOODS IN

ALL DEPARTMENTS,

amounting to £40,000, and which includes all the Latest Shipments up to the end of July.

A. & T. INGLIS,

GENERAL DRAPERS AND IMPORTERS,

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SPRING NOVELTIES! SPRING NOVELTIES!

MESSRS. BROWN, EWING & CO

Are now prepared with CHOICE STOCKS of SPRING DRAPERY ATTRACTIVE NOVELTIES in all Departments, comprising the latest HOME and CONTINENTAL FASHIONS for the PRESENT SEASON, and trust they will be found of a character that will maintain the reputation B. E. & Co. have so long maintained for keeping HIGH CLASS GOODS at MODERATE PRICES that will bear comparison with any other house in New Zealand.

30-inch Check Zephyrs, 10½d per yard; 30-inch Knicker Zephyrs, 1s per yard; 42-inch Bordered Zephyrs, 1s 6d per yard; 30-inch Pandora Matting, 10d per yard; 30-inch Norman Matting, 10½d per yard; 1500 pieces Fancy Prints, Cambries, Reversible Drillettes, Lawns, Galatea, etc., 4½d, 6d, 7½d, to 1s per yard. WHITE WASHING MUSLINS in Clip Cord Stripes and Veined Checks, Ring Lenos, Arcadia Stripes and Figures from 6d to 1s 3d per yd.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES.

FANCY DEPARTMENT—New Gauze Ribbons for Millinery, New Sash Ribbons, New Neck Ribbons, New Pointed Washing Laces. New Black Flouncing Laces from 4s 6d to 12s 6d per yd. New Veilings in Beauty Spot, Spider Web, Mille Mouches, and Crescent Veilings, Long Lace Scarfs, Ladies' Belts, 1s, 1s 6d, 2s 6d, to 3s. Ladies' Shirts, Fronts, Collars, Cuffs, etc., etc.

SPECIAL—6 doz. Ladies' Hand Bags called the Patent "Climax," 6s 6d each. Large Purchase of Liberty Art Muslins for Curtains and Decorative Purposes, novel patterns. 30-inch Liberty Art Muslins, 7d per yd; 54-inch do, 1s per yd; 60-inch do, 1s 6d per yd.

CUSTOMERS unable to make personal selections will have prompt and careful attention assured to all their orders by post. Goods forwarded to any part of the Colony on receipt of remittance or satisfactory references.

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SOLICITORS

JETTY STREET, DUNEDIN,

Have Sections for Sale in South Dunedin on Easy Terms, and Money to Lend to build thereon.

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CLOVERS, ENGLISH GRASSES, RYE-GRASSES, COCKSFOOT, etc., Machine-Dressed TIMOTHY and Sundry Forage Plants.

TURNIPS, SWEDES, MANGOLDS, CARROTS, And other Farm Seeds. All New and of the Most Reliable Strains.

Vegetable and Flower Seeds select and true to name. Large supply of Horticultural Requisites.

IMPLEMENTS—

"IRON AGE" CULTIVATOR AND HORSE HOE.

The most complete implement of its kind.

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Simple, accurate, and reliable.

"JEWEL" SINGLE AND DOUBLE WHEEL GARDEN HOES AND PLOUGHS.

Capable of several most useful combinations.

LISTS AND PRICES.

HOWDEN AND MONCRIEFF,

PRACTICAL SEEDSMEN,

51 PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

now in cooler moments he marvelled how himself and his companions could have been so reckless. He had forgotten the rush of fire that swept over his brain as he witnessed last night the doings of the soldiery.

All these reflections followed one another rapidly—men's thoughts run rapidly in moments of peril—and the next moment the question presented itself to his mind: How had he escaped, and what were they going to do with him?

He looked attentively and sharply about him. He was seated beside a pillar, a rough-hewn piece of timber, his hands firmly fastened together, and the rope that bound them tied to the strong upright. Before him was the square, with its unstimulating sleepers strewn around; and at the farther side was the long line of picketed horses, the soldiers to whom they belonged slumbering beside, each man's arm passed through the bridle ready to leap up, mount and saddle at the first blast of the bugle. So much he saw at a glance, for the dawn was come and the night gone. Happening to turn his eyes to the covering over head, he saw it was composed of loose boards or planking, through which his sight fell on such figurers as but seldom interpose themselves between newly awakened sleeper and the pale, faint light of the pure dawn. They were the forms of men suspended there, hanging from the rough improvised gallows, the victims of the previous night.

He paused in amazement and horror. It was not the first time in his life he had seen men hung for one reason or another, for military or civil offences, but the sight never came with such shocking effect as now. He had never seen them from such a position before, and so unexpectedly; the soles of their boots presented themselves first to him, the bodies seemed abnormally foreshortened, and there was a grotesque air on the faces, looked thus, as if they were peering down through the chinks of the platform gravely watching him.

He turned with a shudder from them, and as he did the noise of approaching footsteps fell on his ears, not coming in regular tread, as soldiers would come, but irregularly and in confused disorder. One of the party was speaking in loud tones, waking up the slumbering soldiers at the other side, who raised themselves on their elbows and looked over, but seeing who it was, laid themselves down again to sleep. Whilst he was trying to remember whose the voice was that was so familiar, the on-comers had passed the barrier, and came directly opposite him on the path, and into view.

"Sir Charles Coote!" thought Maurice, as that officer presented himself before him and stopped, the others of his party stopping, too.

"So this is where we find you," he said, addressing the captain; "a colonel of His Majesty's regiment aiding a rebellion!"

"Not a rebellion," said Maurice, "but a defence of his hapless subjects. The King would never—"

"Rebellion!" interrupted a quick, energetic voice behind Sir Charles; "do you call this rebellion? Are slaughtered men and murdered women signs of rebellion? Are yonder burned houses signs of rebellion? They are; but they are of rebellion on the part of armed forces—of armed rebels against peace and order!"

"Peace, fool!" cried a soldier, striking the speaker on the face with the butt end of his gun.

And then Maurice's eyes attracted to the speaker, saw to his surprise—even under the circumstances—that it was Friar Tully who spoke the bold words.

"Nay, let him speak," said Sir Charles in mild astonishment of the blow, "we shall shortly hear how he will speak from your platform. I would we had time to give him some previous exercises."

"Your work is there before you, inhuman scoundrel!" said the Friar undauntedly, pointing to the suspended forms, "before you and all around you. But the eye of God, who sees it, will note it, and measure its punishment. He, whose creatures they are, will call you to retributive account for them."

"I had intended hanging you—" said the officer coldly, but he was interrupted by the Friar:

"It may not lie in your power to end my life. The God who gave it to me, gave it for better purpose than to have it ended at your hands. You—I tell it you here before your soldiers, and surrounded by evidences of your savage cruelty and murders—you will face the judgment seat of God and account for your works before me!"

There was something wonderfully solemn in the words of the speaker, and in his slender form, as he stood before his captors. Coote paused a moment and stared at him, apparently revolving something in his mind. For a moment merely, for in measured words he then said:

"I had intended hanging you here, as a further warning to these deluded people, and as a sign to them of what you and your like have brought on them. I shall not do so now. You shall come back with us, and I shall have every muscle of your body torn to pieces on the rack before you are launched into eternity!"

"I dare your worst, tyrant!"

"Bear him hence," said the officer, "else he may tempt me to have his foul tongue torn out by the roots. Nay, by Heaven! at this moment"—he burst out as if altering his mind and resolving to have the punishment carried into effect at once—"But no! Take him away. We have not time now!"

The soldiers thrust him before them with the butt ends of their carbines, and Sir Charles Coote and some of his officers remained behind. The former again addressed himself to Maurice.

"What brought you here? How did you escape?"

"That I cannot tell."

"You mean you will not tell?"

"Yes."

"What brought you to Ireland?"

"I do not recognise your right to question me," said Maurice, "but I have no objection to say it was private business."

"The King sent you?"

"No."

"He sent you to Ireland to stir up massacre and rebellion. We know it! Your presence here last night alone shows it. The forces of the Government attacked and slain show it."

"No. I came here escaping from unwarranted imprisonment at your hands—I, an officer in his Majesty's guards. I saw how his Irish subjects were being massacred at your orders, and I sought to save them."

"I see," said the officer, with quiet sarcasm.

"I have seen soldiers fight with soldiers," continued Maurice, "but for the first time in my life I have seen soldiers war with helpless men and women, and—children."

"We have punished those whose hands are red with the blood of the innocent, and we shall continue to do so. But I did not come to argue with you. You have been caught in open rebellion. That is palpable. Yet as there is grace for every one who does a service, I shall forgive your offences if you write out a statement of who sent you to Ireland, and for what purpose."

Maurice looked at him wonderingly. The commander's bearing was so calm, and his words so conciliatory, he seemed in his easy courtesy so different from what might be expected in the man whose savage cruelties made the day hideous, that for the moment Maurice could not make out what he meant.

"Who sent me, and for what purpose?" he half repeated, half queried.

"That the King sent you, and for the purpose of aiding in the rebellion—for the purpose of extirpating the English settlers and the English garrison," said Coote, severely.

"He did nothing of the kind, nor did I come for any such purpose," replied Maurice, all his loyalty evoked by the insidious proposal. "My life would be—"

"Your life is of no value to us," interrupted Coote. "Your testimony is—nor that either, if the need is forced on us. We shall find—or cause to be found—the documents we need on your person after your death. But we should prefer to have them in your handwriting. We shall give you an hour to consider, and if by that time you are not in a mood to give them, we shall settle the matter summarily."

Maurice was about to reply, but was not vouchsafed time, for the commander of the raiding forces, with his attendant officers, departed—the latter evidently disappointed that the business on hand was thus unreasonably delayed.

Maurice, left alone, had time to think. He was weak and exhausted. He had eaten nothing during his long ride of the previous day and the weakness of body, consequent on the excitement and weariness, had extended itself to his mind. He was, therefore, much more composed and free from excitement and strain than he would otherwise be.

Knowing as he did how matters were proceeding between the King and the Parliament in England, he knew well why Coote was so anxious to obtain from him this compromising document. Once published in England, once read in Parliament, to show that Charles had lent himself to this rebellion of his Irish subjects, the fate of the king was sealed. Not alone the Parliament and the Puritans would be against him, but even his own followers would renounce him. The truest and most loyal of his cavaliers would sheathe their swords and withdraw from his banner. But the captive only thought for a moment of this, and then turned his mind from it. If harm and injury were only to come from his hands to his sovereign, then harm to him never should come. He was sorry they had not put him to the proof at once and ended the matter. An hour's further existence was but of little moment—was, indeed, but an hour of torture.

His thoughts reverted to the beautiful girl at Dublin Castle who had given him, at such risk to herself, his liberty and her love. How strongly limned on his brain was every whispered word, every movement of her graceful form, every smile tinged with anxiety that shot from her dark eyes! How painful was the thought that he should never see her again. It was the only thing that lent a pang to death. He would have preferred death on the battle field, but he was too much of a soldier not to expect it some time or other under untoward circumstances. But the eternal parting with her added a terror unknown before to it. Never to see her more, to hear the music of her voice, to see the entrancing glory of her face: Leaving her behind him, to be the guerdon of another more fortunate than he. Would he had never come to Ireland! Would that the night he had landed on her fated shores he had retraced his steps!

Which reflection brought back to him the incidents of that night, and among other things the warning voice that bade him return. Had some one really spoken in his ears, or was it merely the presentiment of his future fate that threw its shadow before and impressed him? Such things had been—had occurred to others—and why not to him? If he had obeyed the mysterious monitor, what a series of troubles would have been saved him!

But all the time the minutes were speeding on; the sands in the glass were running swiftly down; and the shores of the unseen and unknown world were coming almost within touch!

(To be Continued.)

The Holy Father has administered First Communion to Antoine de Obarette, the son of the well-known Legitimist General. The Holy Father is very fond of the boy, says the London *Register*, and the story goes that during the year of the Papal Jubilee he gave him leave to choose a present from the offerings exhibited in the Vatican. The child, instead of selecting one of the priceless gems or pictures presented to the Pope, took an almost worthless ornament, which might have been bought in the Palais Royal for a few francs.

The favour of this world is no sign of the Saints. The cross is their portion. The voice of the many is no test of truth, nor warrant of right, nor rule of duty. Truth and right, and a pure conscience, have been ever with the few.—Cardinal Manning.

The new Duke of Aosta, who would become heir to the Italian throne in the event of the death of the weakly and delicate Crown Prince, is a tall, handsome young man, with perfect cut features. He is exceedingly wealthy, having inherited from his mother a fortune of 6,000,000 dollars.

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HEBBON and SINCLAIR have returned, And wish each one to know They have purchased back the business They sold five years ago— The well-known Tramway Restaurant, Where they'll be glad to see And welcome back old customers To dinner and to tea.

New friends will find a first-class meal— A rare good bill of fare, And strangers coming into town Should always call in there. For soups and joints and pastry— Everything clean and sweet— Go to the Tramway Restaurant, Which stands in Rattray Street. All Meals 9d. Half-dozen Tickets, 4s.

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GENERAL STOREKEEPER, GROCER, AND STATIONER, HIGH STREET, BANGIORA.

All Kinds of Ironmongery and Groceries of the Best Quality and Cheapest Rates, and also all kinds of Catholic Books and Literature, Rosaries, Fonts, Ornaments, and Fancy Goods of every description in stock.

COAL, BEST AND CHEAPEST COAL.

All Housekeepers desiring Economical Fuel use

GREY MOUTH COAL.

One Ton will last longer than 1½ ton of the best of other Colonial Coals.

Greymouth Coal is most economical for stationary and threshing engines, and for all kinds of steaming purposes.

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GREY VALLEY CO.'S DEPOTS: Rattray street, Dunedin; Town Belt, Christchurch; and Manners st., Wellington. M. KENNEDY, Managing Director.

MACFARLANE'S PATENT PORTABLE BOILER.

This Boiler, which has just been patented, has improvements which tend to Heat Water much quicker than the ordinary one. Also, the Chimney Pipe has no Elbow to break, thereby increasing the general durability. I cordially invite Householders to inspect this Boiler, and compare it before buying any other.

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Walker street, Dunedin.

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HIGH & MANCHESTER STREETS, CHRISTCHURCH.

This new and commodious Hotel occupies a most central position in the best business part of the City, and is in close proximity to the Post Office, Railway Station, etc.

The Rooms being lofty, well-ventilated, and superbly furnished, it offers unrivalled accommodation to Families, Tourists and Travellers.

Those visiting Christchurch will find it to their advantage to inquire for the above Hotel. Large and comfortably furnished Billiard room, with Two of Alcock's Prize Medal Tables.

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E. SULLIVAN ... Proprietor.

Having taken over the above, I shall be happy to welcome all old patrons of the well-known Hostelry.

Superior accommodation for boarders and visitors. Terms Moderate.

Wines and Spirits of the Best Quality Dunedin XXXX always on tap. First Class Stabling, including Superior Loose Boxes.

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The Shamrock, which has been so long and favourably known to the travelling public, will still be conducted with the same care and attention as in the past, affording the best accommodation to be found in the Colony.

Suites of Rooms for Private Families. Large Commercial and Sample Rooms.

JOHN GILLIES,

Cabinet-maker, Upholsterer, and Undertaker, 18 George Street, Dunedin (late Craig and Gillies), begs to notify that the Liquidation of the late firm is now closed.

The Business in future will be carried on by John Gillies, who now takes this opportunity to thank his numerous friends and the public generally for their patronage in the past, and respectfully solicits their future favours, when his long practical experience in the trade will be made use of for the benefit of his customers.

The present large stock on hand and to arrive will be offered at sweeping reductions.

The public are heartily invited to call and inspect the stock of

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of every description.

House Furnishing on the Time-payment System.

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Patrons can rely on the best Accommodation.

None but the best liquors kept in stock. A splendid billiard room. Two minutes' walk to either wharf or G. P. Office.

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"Beehive" Grocery Warehouse, 191 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

Has a New and well-assorted Stock of New Season Teas, Groceries, Wine and Spirits, etc.

Prime Dairy-fed Hams and Bacon. FRESH BUTTER & EGGS A SPECIALTY.

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One Trial Solicited.

Kept in stock — Unfermented Wines — Imported specially for Holy Communion.

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THE IRISH DELEGATES IN NEW ZEALAND.

(By one of them, SIR THOMAS GRATTAN ESMONDE, M.P.,
in *United Ireland*.)

Of all our journeying that, perhaps, to which we look back with the pleasantest recollections was our journeying in New Zealand. Whether it was owing to the influence of climate, of scenery, or of the friends we met and made, I cannot say; but we look back to the home of the warlike Maori with a sentiment into which gratitude and kindness enter much, both on our own personal account and on account of the profitable prosecution of the purpose that took us there. Some episodes of our travel in New Zealand are worth recording. I was once doing a long drive in the South Island, through a wild, wooded, mountainous region, where primeval woodland spread for miles—unnumbered miles—around, and jagged mountain peaks soared thousands of feet into the sky. We started at daybreak. I was the only passenger on the coach. My driver was a pleasant, chatty fellow, and his company helped to lighten the tedium of the way. Several of the usual coaching accidents or incidents also came to our assistance.

At one place, when crossing a stony ford, we broke one of the springs of our ramshackle conveyance, and had to fix it up as best we could with bits of cord. At another point we had to pass a bush fire. The forest all about was smoking and smouldering. On reaching a certain narrow turn we found, in addition to the blinding smoke, a fresh impediment in the shape of two charred and blackened trees, which had fallen across the road. We had both to take off our coats and set to work to move them away. This we did, after an hour's hard labour, so as to allow the coach to pass, by means of levers hastily improvised from saplings cut by the wayside. Towards nightfall we made the "accommodation house," a three-roomed wooden structure, standing solitary in a grand wild mountain gorge by the bank of a rushing silvery stream. The horses unyoked, we adjourned inside to discuss the invariable meal of strong tea and tough mutton. We were stiff and sore, but as hungry as hawks, and did ample justice to the fare provided. That point satisfactorily settled, I ensconced myself in a chair by the huge open hearth, in which a roaring bonfire of logs spluttered and leaped and crackled. I was soon deep in the "Gaul Journal," under the benign influence of a pipe. How we do enjoy a pipe after a hard day! Presently I heard a noise behind me of heavy stamping. I paid no attention to it at first, thinking it might be the coachboy sorting his mails, though inwardly I marvelled at his ponderous clogs. However, the stamping continued, and I kept on never minding. I was too tired, too lazy, and too comfortable to be curious. But the stamping still continued and came nearer by degrees. Finally I lost patience, and turned in my seat to suggest to my companion to leave his blessed mail-bags in peace for the night, when, lo! what did I see?—a great red cow, with an inquisitive face, and horns as they have them in Texas or in the Campagna, blinking at me across the table! Visions of the wild cattle of New Zealand flashed before me. Stories of furious mad bulls rushed into my reeling brain. I sprang from my chair in terror. My consternation must have been contagious, for while I rushed to hide myself beside a pile of firewood in the farthest corner, my visitor also disappeared through the window, which, in her haste to leave me, she forgot to open.

Another time I was going by rail from one meeting to another— one of a series of meetings in the course of one of those series of meetings to which one looks forward with trembling, physical and mental; and to which, when ended, one looks back as to a nightmare. You people in Ireland who stay at home in ease, if you only knew how hard we work for you abroad, if you only knew how hard the work is, and how hard we have to work to do it! Well! you'd put up statues to us anyhow at each cross-roads. But you know nothing of it at all. No one who has not undergone the awful ordeal of an oratorical campaign in foreign lands knows what it means—has even a conception of its meaning. Travelling day after day in all sorts of weathers, anyhow and everyhow. Talking night after night to all sorts of audiences, and under all sorts of strange conditions. Too tired to sleep; with nerves on edge, a brain reduced to a condition of strabot, and a throat so strained by incessant use that it is the very cruelest of cruel tortures to answer even "Good morning!" How one hates the dreadful music of a brass band. How one loathes the agony of public reception, of addresses upon railway platforms and from hotel windows and all the rest of the many things prompted by our friends' exuberant kindness of heart, wholly innocent as they are of the excruciating pain it means to those whom they delight to honour. Well, my train was slowly drawing into the little wayside station. The platform was packed with a joyous crowd. The brass band was going it with a will. I lay in my seat limp, played out barely alive. There was a rush to the different carriages. All wanted to discover the "envoy"—to look at him, to wring his hand, to hear him speak. There was a tall, venerable man—a fellow-traveller—standing by the door looking out upon the scene, wondering, perchance, what was the occasion of the gathering. Two or three enthusiasts hailed him:—"Hello! Are you the Irish member of Parliament?" He grasped the situation on the moment. "No," said he, "thank God, I'm not!" and inwardly I wished that he were me.

Another time my fellow-worker, John Dillon, played a prank upon the West Coast, which was nearly at my expense, and which will prevent at least one New Zealander ever forgetting either of us. He had gone on before and was reaping in a golden harvest night after night from the West Coast miners, assuredly the most devoted, enthusiastic, and open-handed Irishmen upon the face of the earth. At one place—which shall be nameless—he had held a splendid meeting. The miners had gathered in from the bush, the gorge, the mountain, for leagues upon leagues all around, bringing their gold dust, and their gold nuggets, and their still more precious sympathy for the cause of the old land. They asked him, when leaving, about his brother "envoy." "Was he coming?" "Could they see him?" "And when?" "They were out on a holiday." A week or a month made

no difference to them." "They'd wait to see the 'other man,' if he were passing that way." John Dillon, with absolute guilelessness, told them the other man was coming. When, he wasn't certain; but this he knew, that the "other man" was coming down *incoog*, and that, if they meant to catch him, they'd have to be wideawake. Away went Dillon. The miners stayed behind. Every inch of the incoming road was patrolled. Not a buggy drove in for the next two or three days that was not stopped and searched. At last a buggy hove in sight. It was recognised as that of the M.P. for the district. He himself was in it, and there was another man with him. At once the alarm was given. The word flew round—"The other man has come."

The boys turned out in their hundreds. In a twinkling the horses were unyoked; the chaise was seized by brawny arms and drawn along in triumph to the hotel. At last they had the "other man." "No mistake this time!" "They'd caught him!" "Hooray for Parnell!" "Hooray for Home Rule!" "Hooray for the Plan of Campaign!" The occupants of the buggy couldn't quite make it all out. The M.P. thought the welcome was for himself, and heightened the illusion of the welcomes by taking off his hat and waving it in response to their cheers. Then it began to dawn upon his companion—who wasn't me at all—that he went for something in it. He soon found out what it all meant. He was Esmonde. "But he wasn't." "He vowed he wasn't." He had nothing to do with him." "He wasn't even a Home Ruler!" Not a bit of use! The buggy was dragged up to the hotel, and he was bundled upstairs to the window, where five hundred stentorian pairs of lungs greeted him with thunderous calls for a speech. He again protested he wasn't the "envoy." "He didn't even know the 'other man.'" "He had never seen him in his life." Not a bit of use! All his disclaimers were completely thrown away! "None of your larks, young fellow!" "You're Esmonde." "Dillon says so." "You can't play it off on us!" "No fear." "You're travelling *incoog*, you villain!" "To the d—l with your *incoog*. We're cuter than Balfour!" "We have you now!" "Speech, speech." "Ireland for ever." "Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!" And the poor wretch had to make a speech. What he said was never recorded. Nobody ever knew, if he even knew it himself. It was drowned in cheers. That done, he was taken downstairs again and had to shake hands with every man and woman there. Such a hand-shaking! They had it in for him with his *incoog*, and took it out of him till his shoulders ached again. Then he had to drink all their healths until his remaining wits were clean "stole away." And when at last he was packed into his buggy and sent on his way amid wild "hurrahs," he was an interesting study for a thought-reader, and had been well baptised into Irish agitatorship.

When I came by a day or two later the miners had melted away like the snow. I met my counterpart afterwards with his arm in a sling, and all New Zealand held its sides over the joke for full nine days.

Another time John Dillon and I were very near going to Heaven, or that other region, where some would think us better placed. We were coaching from Hokitika on the West Coast—at the conclusion of our tour along it—to Christchurch on the East—where another campaign was about to begin. Our route lay through the famous Oira gorge. The Oira is one of the sights every visitor to New Zealand should see. The scenery all along the route is unspeakably grand. For half the day you ascend through valleys and mountain gorges, following the sinuous course of a river-bed. Mountains hem you in on all sides; their bases draped in forest green and brown, and their sharp-cut peaks glistening white with eternal snows.—About half way you reach the summit of the pass; the remainder of the evening you descend through scenery equally savagely sublime. We were about the middle of the last steep rise at whose summit stands the frowning gateway of the pass. Upon our left a precipitous wall of rock rose to the sky line. To the right it fell perpendicularly down to where hundreds of feet below the torrent foamed and brawled and thundered. The track cut on the face of the cliff is just wide enough to allow one vehicle to pass. There is no projecting wall nor fence along its verge. Our five horses were straining at their collars. The traces of the heavy coach were as taut as fiddle strings. Suddenly we came to where a land-slip had taken place. A gang of men were working to repair the road. They had formed a temporary bridge of planks of merely sufficient width for the coach-wheels over the chasm. The appearance of the structure was of the ugliest.—But there was no going back. On we lumbered. With dexterous hand our driver walked his horses on to the causeway. The coach rolled after them. When in the very centre there was a crash!—Some of the planking had given way. There was a second's pause. The carriage swayed! Another second and we were over into the abyss. But the horses threw themselves forward! Stumbled! Stretched their harness to the last inch! Nobody spoke! Nobody breathed! There was a tagging! Another crash! A jolt! and thank heaven we were again upon solid ground. So close was it, that the lamps on the left hand side flattened against the overhanging rocky wall! But we were safe! and we breathed again.

As for the New Zealanders, we found them hospitable of the hospitable; kindest of the kindly; and generous beyond thanking in their expression of their sympathy with Ireland. In no other part of the globe have I seen so proportionately magnificent a generosity towards her cause as I have among the miners of the West Coast.—Taking New Zealand all round, we succeeded there even more signally than we did in Australia. With some three exceptions the New Zealand Press was hotly on our side. Our receptions at the chief cities such as Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin, were such as we never ventured to anticipate. We had every reason to be more than pleased by the attitude towards us by New Zealand's public men. The leaders amongst them came upon our platforms, wrote in our favour, spoke for us, and subscribed to our funds. First and foremost among them was their noblest Roman, New Zealand's grand old man, Sir George Grey. A veteran grown old in the Imperial service, and distinguished whether as a governor of Imperial dependencies, as a statesman, a diplomat, a soldier, or a man of letters amongst the foremost men of his time and of his race.

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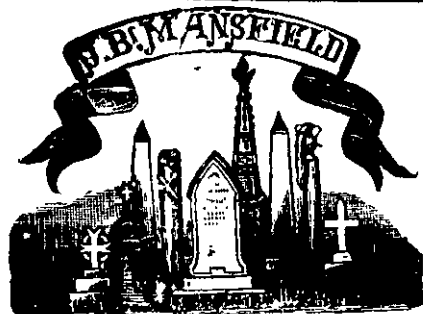
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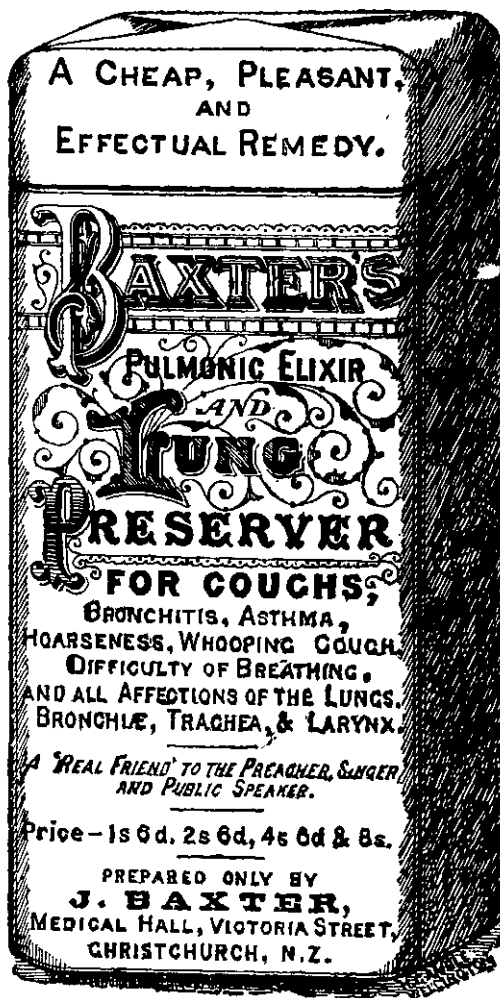
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"If we could nip every Catarrh in the bud, what a catalogue of ills we should prevent. And yet this is not such a difficult thing when we have a chance of trying it. But, unfortunately, Colds are thought so lightly of by patients that they seldom try to stop them till they become severe, have lasted an unusual time, or have produced some complication. Nevertheless, I believe they would do better in this respect if they had more faith in the possibility of stopping Colds; if they knew that Colds could be stopped without lying in bed, staying at home, or in any way interfering with business."

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bears the proprietor's Trade Mark and Autograph along with the late proprietor's signature, thus—

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The Best Brands of Spirits, Wines, and Ales kept.

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There are facts which even Unionists may not gainsay—and they are not prone to stick at trifles. These are facts important and encouraging above all, showing how Ireland's struggles for the right of self-government enjoyed by all the great British colonies has enlisted the sympathies and the approbation of all that is liberal-minded, far-seeing, and patriotic among the colonists.

LONDON TRUTH AND THE YOUNG IRELANDERS.

(To the editor of the Sydney Freeman's Journal.)

SIR,—An extract from *London Truth*, published in your issue of last week, expressed sentiments which no one of intelligence could endorse. A society journal, whatever its value in collecting the tittle-tattle of the servants' hall about the drawing-room, or in chronicling the backstairs intrigue of political life, can never be regarded as an authority on questions of historical or political significance, and, in this instance, the writer in *Truth* has gone beyond his depth. At the outset he completely betrays himself by the following sentence:—

"They had started a newspaper, the *Nation*. It was not anything like as well written all round as the *Nation* is now, where genius is more modest. Still there were fine bits in now and then, when the writers forgot themselves enough to be natural, and it was unquestionably a very creditable sort of paper as papers then were."

To understand the humour of the words "as papers then were" one need only remember that Delane's editorship of the *Times* began in 1841, the year before the *Nation's* birth. By the way, did not Dickens' bard, who advertised "Jarley's wax show" in doggerel, condescendingly admit that Bill (meaning Shakespeare) was a good man in his day? To compare the *Nation* of to-day with what it was is ridiculous.

Writing in 1870, Lecky thus speaks of the *Nation*:—"I know few more melancholy spectacles—no more mournful illustration of the National party in Ireland than is furnished by the contrast of that paper with its past. What it is now is needless to say. What it was when Gavan Duffy edited it, when Davis, M'Carthy, and all their brilliant companions contributed to it, and when its columns maintained with unqualified zeal the cause of liberty and nationality in every land, Irishmen can never forget." Nor has the paper improved since the above words were written, for the late A. M. Sullivan, then a survivor of the old band, has never been replaced. In saying that their eloquence was "slack jaw," the writer still further proves his ignorance. As Justin M'Carthy justly observes in comparing Bright and Gladstone, an orator must be judged rather by his highest effort than by all round and consistent excellence, and according to this standard, Thomas Francis Meagher should be reckoned among the first, if not the first, of Irish orators. The literary ability of the Young Ireland party does not need to be defended from the attack of those whom an ironical fate now permits to pose as "gentlemen of the Press." Such past masters as Macaulay and Jeffreys long ago acknowledged it, and Carlyle, not given to hysterics of sentiment, was actually on terms of admiring intimacy with these "wrong-headed young men." In Davis, Denis Florence M'Carthy, Clarence Mangan, Richard Dalton, Williams, "Speranza," Samuel Ferguson, and a host of others too numerous to mention here, the *Nation* commanded an array of genius and talent which it would be hard to collect from the living English-speaking world. Nor is it any more correct to deny their possession of practical ability. Granting the truth of Fletcher of Saltoun's words about the laws and the ballads—and even Carlyle endorses them—Davis may have had more to do than either Parnell or O'Connell in shaping Ireland's destiny. Many of the party died young, all experienced more than a just share of the world's reverses, yet, under the most unfavourable conditions they proved themselves possessed of more than their share of practical ability. They may have shown to poor advantage in the "Cabbage Garden," but before many years all, or nearly all, distinguished themselves in a field bounded only by the poles. Most of them, such as O'Hagan, the Fergusons, Richard O'Gorman, and Dr. O'Doherty, attained distinction wherever their lots were cast, while some of them showed a capacity for even higher things. Gavan Duffy became the leading public man in Victoria, while in New South Wales, Young Ireland left its mark on Bar and politics. With life and ordinary health, Thomas Francis Meagher might have attained the first position, not merely in the State legislature, but in the United States Congress, while it is impossible to conjecture how far the assassin's bullet which cut short the career of Thomas D'Arcy Magee, probably the ablest man of that brilliant band, affected the course of American history. The Young Irelanders need no defence on your part or mine, for both their ability and virtues have long since been acknowledged by their bitterest enemies. I would, however, advise *Truth*—for which, by the way, according to his own admission, Mr. Labouchere, who is rather cynical than "genial," writes very little—to stick to gossip and scandal-mongering and leave Young Ireland alone, for Young Ireland is above the range of the "society" journals.

Yours faithfully,
A '48 MAN.

There was a tragical scene at a funeral in Scotland the other day. A clergyman, who is fond of elaborate ceremonials, officiated, and in proceeding through the kirk-yard to the grave, he thought proper to walk backwards, with his face turned towards the coffin and mourners, and offering a prayer as he went along. As the reverend gentleman headed the procession, there was nobody to warn him when he reached the grave, the consequence being that he fell into it backwards, to the indescribable consternation of the company. He was ignominiously dragged out, only to hear a venerable spectator describe him as a foolish Galatian, and another remarking that the proceeding was "just a vain and silly play." He was lucky not to break his neck or his back.—*Truth*.

THE MISER'S DIAMOND NECKLACE.

In the year 1740 there lived in the Latin quarter in Paris, a famous miser named Jean Avere. The wealth concealed in the obscure rookery where he resided was believed to be fabulous, and was no doubt really very great. Among his treasures was a celebrated diamond necklace of immense value. This he concealed so carefully that he ultimately forgot its hiding place himself. He sought diligently for weeks, and, failing to find it, became almost insane. This rendered him even less capable of remembrance, and he took to his bed broken in body as in mind. A few weeks later a doctor and an old woman, who had sometimes done odd jobs about his house, were both at his bed-side, seeing that the end was near. As the clock in the neighbouring town tolled one, he ceased his low muttering and sat up and shrieked, "I remember where it is now, I can put my hand on the necklace. For God's sake let me go for it before I forget it again!" Here his weakness and excitement overcame him, and he sank back among his rags, stone dead. Physicians and students are familiar with these sudden outflashings of memory at the great crisis of human fate.

Let the reader consider this while we relate an episode in the humble career of a Signalman, Andrew Agge, who may be found on duty in his box at Cullnaith, a little station on the Midland, twenty-three miles south of Carlisle.

Mr. Agge is on duty nearly every day, and must break his fast without leaving his post. The confinement and mental strain tell on the system. The strongest men cannot stand it long without feeling its effects. It makes one think of the passionate exclamation in Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt,"

"Oh, God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap."

Our friend had been at the same work for many years, although he was only thirty-five when these lines were written. In 1884 he began to feel that he was about to break down. "I don't know what ails me," he would say, "but I can't eat." What he forced down produced no sense of satisfaction or strength. Sometimes he was alarmed at finding he could scarcely walk on account of giddiness. He said to himself, "what if I should be seized with this at some moment when there is trouble on the line, and I need all my wits about me?"

Other features of this ailment were pains in the chest and sides, costiveness, yellow skin and eyes, bad taste in the mouth, risings of foul gas in the throat, etc. The doctor said Agge must give up his confining work or risk utter disability. He could not, wife and children were in the way, so he remained at his post and grew worse. But his work was always right, telegrams were properly received and sent, and no train got into trouble through any neglect or fault of his. His disease—indigestion and dyspepsia—took a step further and brought on kidney and bladder trouble. The doctor, at Appleby said, "Mr. Agge, you are poisoned with the foul stuff in your stomach and blood." His doom seemed to be sealed, it was like a death warrant. Six months more rolled by. On duty one morning he was attacked with so great and so sharp a distress he could neither sit nor stand. He says: "I tumbled down on that locker and lay there all the forenoon. Signals might be given, the telegraph needle might click, but I heeded them no more than a man in the grave heeds the beating of the rain against his own tombstone."

He was alone at first, but help arrived, and the poor signalman was carried home. Physicians laboured on his case without avail. Around his bed were his five little children, the mother being absent in an institution, to be treated for a serious ailment.

Here he lay for weeks, part of the time unconscious. Nothing was to be done but to wait for the end. Then the torpid faculties awakened for a moment. *Memory flashed up, and he recalled the fact that a medicine which he had used with benefit years before, and then thrown aside and forgotten, was concealed in a secret place at the signal box.* He sent for it, and took a dose. Soon his bowels moved, the kidneys acted, the pain was ceased, he felt better. With brightened hope he sent to Carlisle for more, it arrived. He used it and in a few days the doctors were astonished to find their patient out of doors, and on the road to recovery. He regained his health completely, and, in speaking of his experience, said to the writer, "What a wonderful thing it was that, on what promised to be my death-bed, I suddenly remembered where I had put that half-used bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. That flash of memory probably saved me from death."

The Emperor of Germany is not a man who toys with an idea for a moment and then casts it aside. His crusade against duelling is a serious matter, as the students of Strasbourg University have just learned. The student corporations of that university had pronounced a boycott against those who refused to take up a challenge to a duel. The result is that by order of the Government the student corporations have been dissolved for twelve months. This measure is without precedent in the history of duelling in Germany, and it cannot but have a most excellent effect in repressing a practice utterly at variance with the dictates of Christianity.

Signor Finocchiaro Aprile, Royal Commissioner, has decreed the "laicisation" of all the charitable institutions, hospitals, and refuges, which depend directly on the commune of Rome. This, of course, means the banishment of the Religious and *Religieuses* who have served these asylums of charity. The measure is one of particular gravity. The most fanatical Freemasons under the régime of Piaciani, the ex-syndic, respected the Sisters and the Religious, if for no other reasons, from prudence and a leaning to economy. But Crisp has inspired the secret societies with the feeling that they are absolute masters of the situation and that there is no form of audacity which they may not perpetrate. Crisp's object is to make Rome a centre of irreligion so that it may become a continual source of sorrow to the Sovereign Pontiff.

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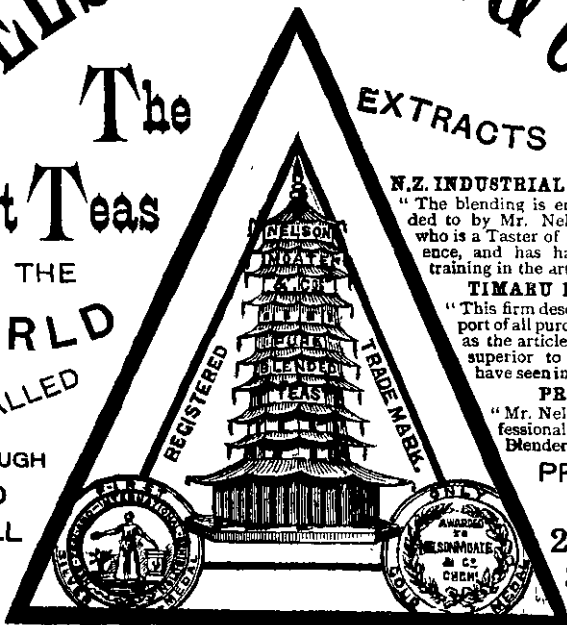
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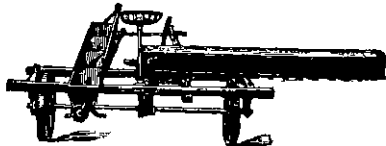
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—JOHN MACPHERSON, Manager for N.Z. and A.L. Co., Totara Estate. June 30, 1890.

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