

New Zealand Herald

NINETEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

VOL. XIX.—No. 2.

DUNEDIN: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17,

1890 PRICE 6D.

Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ARE we, indeed, to take the address delivered on SHOWING THEIR Friday evening to the electors of the Peninsula by TEETH? Mr. Earnshaw as an expression of the principles on which the candidates of the labour party will seek to be returned to Parliament? If so, we must admit that they have forced us into opposition against them. The programme drawn out by the gentleman in question, who, nevertheless, with modesty and, let us hope, with truth, confesses himself not to be "best fitted" to represent his class in Parliament, is of an extreme character, and contains many points that may be looked upon as questionable. About one of its points, however, there can be no question at all, and it is this point with which we are now concerned. The nationalisation of the land, the nationalisation of labour, and any other proposals there may be generally connected with a probable Utopia, we shall leave for the present untouched. All we shall say is that a Utopian programme placed in incapable or inexperienced hands would be likely to lead to results that must prove very undesirable. What we are concerned with is the particular point contained in the following passage, which we take from the report of the speech given by the *Daily Times*:—"On the question of education, he was in favour of a secular and compulsory system that should be free, both as regards fees and school requisites, up to the Seventh Standard. No scholars should be allowed to attend the high schools who had not passed the Sixth Standard, and High School tuition should be free to all who could pass an approved standard at 14 years, and the university free to all who could pass an approved standard. He was opposed to denominational grants and to the Bible-reading in schools, but would support the granting of the use of the school buildings, outside school hours, for Bible teaching by proper persons."—We have heard of the merits of the virtuous Scandinavians—more deserving of praise, perhaps, if the truth were known, than even the blameless Ethiopians of Homeric fame, who spend two-thirds of their revenue yearly on education. Here, however, we have apparently a proposal that we ourselves should become more meritorious still and expend our entire revenue in like manner. But even this proposal may be passed over as at worst doubtful. There is no room whatever to doubt as to the nature of Mr. Earnshaw's support of secularism. It is pronounced and extreme. This gentleman, who comes forward as a champion of right and an opponent of unfair privileges, declares himself, notwithstanding this, a supporter of cruel wrong and an advocate of oppression and plunder. The man is no friend of justice, we say, who would not extend its privileges to all alike, or who would exclude any class of his fellow-citizens from its complete enjoyment. There can be no true justice where there is not liberty of conscience, and where secularism is enforced by law and those who cannot avail themselves of its provisions without a sacrifice of conscience are subjected to heavy penalties, such liberty does not exist. What sympathy, therefore, can men rationally claim who, while they themselves complain of being treated unfairly and deprived of their just rights as citizens, prove that they in turn consent to the deprivation and ill-treatment of others, and are prepared to carry such measures out, if they attain to power, in even an aggravated form? If Mr. Earnshaw represents the labour party, and is a fair sample of the candidates it is their intention to return, the Catholic community has reason to dread the success of the party more than that even of the most determined secularists who have as yet opposed their just claims in Parliament. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the programme brought forward by this gentleman is identical with Socialism in its evil form, with Socialism, the declared enemy of religion, and, therefore, the parent of anarchy and social ruin. Nevertheless, if the working men are to succeed in finally improving their condition, it can only be by the aid of religion they will do so. It will need, on the part of the other classes in society, many sacrifices and much self-control to yield to their necessities, and in religion alone is to be found the source of such qualities. The ultimate success of irreligious and anarchic Socialism is an impossibility. Some period of triumph it may be

capable of; nay, it may possibly have. The opposition with which it must be encountered may possibly drive it in desperation to successful revolution. Anarchy, however, cannot prove lasting and as history also abundantly teaches, tyranny is its necessary outcome. But under such conditions the last state of the working men would be worse than their first. We do not, meantime, believe that there is much chance that the working men of New Zealand, supposing them to acknowledge as their own such a programme as that brought forward by Mr. Earnshaw, could be successful. The sure results of such a step would be to band all other classes of the community together against them. There would probably be some difference of opinion as to the general policy, although a policy of experiment, or perhaps even a policy of fads, announced by them, and members of the Catholic community, for example, might also be found willing or even anxious to promote it. There can be no doubt in the mind of any Catholic worthy of the name as to the obligation he is under to give his strenuous opposition to a policy that proposes to maintain in an aggravated form the educational disabilities under which he now labours, and to increase very considerably the burden from which he suffers. If Mr. Earnshaw, in a word, is a genuine representative of the labour party, that party has chosen as their own the programme adopted by European anarchists, under the influence of the atheistic Freemasons of the Continent, for the destruction of Christianity and the ruin of society. The apotheosis of the irreligious State, or rather of the mob, for the people broken loose from the influence of religion and violently straining after worldly advantages as their only good, necessarily become a mere mob, has no other meaning. We are, therefore, forced by the nature of their programme, if Mr. Earnshaw rightly interprets it, to give the candidature of the labour representatives our strongest opposition. No Catholic could possibly support it without compromising his conscience as a Catholic and striking a wicked blow at his Church. We regret extremely that such conclusions have been forced upon us. We had hoped, perhaps against hope, for better things,—but so it is.

WE had occasion recently to refer to an outburst A REBUKE FOR of bigotry at Wellington. We allude, as our BIGOTS AT readers will probably remember, to a letter published by the *Evening Press* in which a Swiss WELLINGTON. correspondent made some incredible statements, and to a leader in the same newspaper accepting these statements as unvarnished truth and sapiently commenting on them. It seems to us, therefore, appropriate to quote, as giving an irrefutable contradiction of such unscrupulous bigotry as that referred to, the following extract, which most necessarily suggest to all who read it what the influences of the Catholic Church and of Catholic ecclesiastics really are in Switzerland, as well as elsewhere. This extract occurs in the shape of a letter addressed by Mr. John Ferguson of Glasgow, a member of the Presbyterian Church to the *Scottish Leader*:—"There is a Christlike man called Cardinal Manning. Though a Papist, we Protestants would be nothing the worse of his teaching and a great deal the better of his spirit. In a letter to M. Descartins, a Swiss statesman, this great Englishman says:—"You have been the first to bring home to the conscience of Europe the condition of millions whose life is one round of ceaseless toil. All political questions are subordinate in importance to those you have treated—the labour of children and women, Sunday labour and the hours of labour. Hitherto these questions have been regulated by cheap productions. I have said married women are by their marriage contract engaged to attend to family cares and their children, and have no right to contract themselves to work in violation of their contract as wives and mothers. You have well thought out this moral law, without which we should have a horde instead of a nation. Without domestic life there can be no nation. As long as the hours of labour are only regulated by the masters' gains no working man can enjoy an existence worthy of a human being. The humblest worker, as well as the wealthy and the cultured, has need of some hours to improve his mind, otherwise he becomes a machine or beast of burthen. What sort of nation will such men form? What can be the domestic, social, or political life of such men? And yet to this the individualism and

political economy of the last 50 years have led us.—Humanity mourns with Rome the death of Newman. With Rome, humanity still rejoices in the possession of Manning. Population must look to its position. We have philosophers and others outside the Churches doing Christ's work. We have, I am glad to know, many Protestant clergymen in sympathy with 'the Christ that is dying at our gate'; but where in our Protestant churches have we a commanding man like this great Roman Prince to tell the chief priests and rulers and kings that British civilisation has a higher object than merely producing cheaper cotton and steel goods, with which to grind down by competition foreign working men and women; that making the lives of our workers subservient to the growth of wealth is a suicidal error; that man is the chief object of national existence—not a class but the whole mass of men; that any trade which cannot be carried on without necessarily injuring its workers or others has no right to be used at all; that no human form has a right to grow beautiful, cultivated, and refined by using other human forms as mere manure for its growth; that cotton and steel are to be the servants, not the masters of men; and that the welfare of the whole population, not classes only, is the highest ideal of civilisation."—Yet Cardinal Manning in addressing this Swiss statesman, himself, an example of the results of Catholic teaching in Switzerland, is guided by the same principles by which the priests who lead their flocks in Catholic cantons are guided. So much then for the truth of men, correspondents or editors, who brand these cantons, because they are Catholic, with barbarism.

A SINISTER SURVIVAL. "AFTER a sojourn of many months among the Druses of Lebanon (says the London *Daily Telegraph*), the Rev. Haskett Smith, M.A., formerly of Camberwell, is about to return with an important discovery made under romantic circumstances concerning that mysterious people who are supposed to be lineal descendants of the Hittites. It appears that Mr. Smith was admitted to the most secret intimacy with the Druses through having saved the life of a popular young man by sucking the venom of a deadly snake bite from his body. He was initiated into a number of mysterious rites hitherto unknown to any foreigner, and among these the natives startled him as a Freemason by passing the most characteristic of Masonic signs, from all which this adventurous clergyman augurs that the Druses are none other than the rural branch of the great Phœnician race whose ancestors supplied the Lebanon cedars to the building of King Solomon's Temple." And a very appropriate origin for the Freemasons, we must admit, is thus discovered. What can be more appropriate than that a society the sworn enemy of religion in the modern world, and whose *raison d'être* is the propagation of atheism, should have originated among those heathen peoples of the ancient world whom God destroyed for their abominable wickedness? We need have no difficulty in recognising among the Lodges a survival of the spirit of the Hittites, or, indeed, in acknowledging their more immediate relationship to the heathen Druses, the bitter and blood-stained enemies of the Christians who dwell in their neighbourhood. It is interesting, meantime, to learn that the malediction "Cursed be Canaan" remains, more or less, in force—notwithstanding the emancipation of the negroes.

RIBALDRY IN THE CATHOLIC PRESS. WHO are the Catholics in New Zealand who are so constituted as to derive edification from the parade of the memory of a respected Irish priest—even before his body, as the saying is, is yet cold in the grave—in the insulting garb of the stage Irishman? Still, we have it on high authority, that nothing is to be found in the columns of the newspaper to which we allude but what is edifying and instructive, or wholesomely amusing, to the reader. Even the innocent school child, we have been told, may derive profit combined with pleasure from their perusal. It is profitable, then, we must conclude, to the innocent mind that even the sanctuary should be forced to contribute to its hilarity—that is, perhaps, when the associations are Irish, for, doubtless, a line will be drawn somewhere. We shall not find, for example, the his that scatter the floor from a Cockney tongue, or the patois of French provinces quoted for such a purpose. The Irishman is the ready-made stage-property of every sneeringly humorous Anglo-Saxon, and even the vestments of the altar, as we see, cannot hide him from being hauled forward, dead or alive, to provoke the time-honoured grin. Was the late Very Reverend Father to whom we allude—for though we for our part, cannot, like the correspondent in question, claim to have enjoyed a more than ordinary share of his personal friendship and interest—we shrink from naming him in such a connection—was he really distinguished by habitually preferring a "dhudeen" to an ordinary pipe? But here, lumped together, are the elegant passages to which we now particularly refer, and which strike us as all the more offensive from the tone of affectionate patronage in which they are put forward. An excellent priest truly, says our correspondent, in effect, was this good old father notwithstanding his Irish vulgarity:—"When his elevation to the rank of prelate of the Papal household was announced

to him he was much troubled. 'A fig for their Monsignore,' said he, sure you can't take off your hat in the streets of Rome without poking wan of them in the eye. They'd much better leave me to end me days in peace and quietness."—Tramps, "poor craytures," as we are told he called them, were objects of much compassion to the unappreciative Monsignore—and here is how he served and was served by one of them.—"Then Father —, in his raciest brogue said:—"Now, me poor man, you're no doubt in a bad way. Poverty is no disgrace, and labour is a glory to any man. Here's half-a-crown for you—take this spade and dig for half an hour in the garden, and then be aff wid ye to look for work!"—The tramp, however, disappeared.—"And if the blagyard hadn't taken me beautiful spade as well as me half-crown!" was the victim's comment when he told the story."—And all this is reported, apparently in good faith, though somewhat condescendingly, by a correspondent who claims to have been an especial favourite of the venerable ecclesiastic, and to have derived great benefits from his teaching and example. We may add that it is rather remarkable that the correspondent attributes to the priest a rank he did not possess—even reporting *verbatim*, and with all the details of mispronunciation, his alleged words on receiving intelligence of his elevation—an elevation that never took place. Eels get used to skinning.—Irishmen, as our superior friends of Anglo-Saxon origin or proclivities seem to think, take pleasure in being coarsely caricatured and turned into ridicule, even in the persons of their most venerable representatives. But let us find what good we may in the matter." The "good little English children" for whose edification these sparkling anecdotes are narrated will no doubt agree with both correspondent and editor that the deceased prelate, who was no prelate, we say again, was an excellent priest, even although he was such an "Irish Paddy." "Good little English children," and those who are like-minded with them, however, are the only Catholics in New Zealand capable of being edified by this intermingling of the stage and the sanctuary, to which we allude. In no shape that is not insulting to genuine Irishmen can the stage Irishman be brought forward—and of all the shapes in which he can possibly appear that of the Irish priest is most offensive to them.

THE OLD QUEENS. A LINE published on one of Mr. Toole's play-bills at the Princess Theatre, Dunedin, has recalled to us memories that now seem almost of another world. And, indeed, it was another world, that Ireland of thirty or forty years ago; in all its ways as unlike our hemisphere of the period, as if, alas, it had belonged to another planet. We must, however, admit that the Ireland of those days would no more have suited the young people among ourselves, than would the colonies of the present day suit the youth of the by-gone generation. Young Ireland—we make no political reference—was not up to everything on earth, and in its own conceit at least, to not a little more besides. Boys were boys, and girls were girls, and a ripper experience than that of their grand-fathers and grand-mothers was not prematurely in their possession. The line, however, to which we allude, is that in which we are informed, in a sketch of Mr. Toole's career, that his first engagement had been at the Queen's Theatre in Dublin. The old Queen's, in its time, saw the beginning of more than one creditable and prosperous career—and in theatrical annals its memory should hold an honourable place. It was the second and smaller, but much the more lively, of the Dublin theatres. Mr. Webb, the manager, must have been both enterprising and clever. His stage was always well provided for, and his house was always full. The Theatre Royal, on the contrary, regarded as the more respectable house by the higher classes of the city, was often empty. We have more than once seen really good actors play there to vacant benches. Even when the late Dion Boucicault first produced the "Colleen Bawn" there, in the spring of 1861, his wife, Miss Agnes Robertson, acting with him and aiding much to the success of the play, in which we doubt if her part has ever since been so well filled, we have seen but a thin audience present. The hour of the Theatre Royal was, however, during the yearly season when the Italian Opera was in Dublin. All the fashion of the country flocked there then, and the glory of the "gods" was great. And nowhere has Italian opera been more finely produced; nowhere have the casts been more splendid. We have seen, for instance, "Don Giovanni" brought out there with Titiens as Donna Anna, Maria Piccolomini as Zerlina, Giuglini as tenor, and Graziani as baritone, and with a singer of note in every minor character. The orchestra, too, under the leadership of Richard Levey, was always up to the mark. Levey he called himself, as he, indeed, has publicly explained, because he found that in his youth an Irish name was a hindrance and impeded all chance of success in London, where he had gone to seek his fortune. The "gods," however, had little consideration for the shifts to which genius had been put. "What is the Italian for O'Shaughnessy," was commonly their cry when the leader of the orchestra made his appearance. Perhaps in those earlier days, had the expedient been known of eliminating superfluous letters from our sonorous Irish names and giving them a pronunciation more pinched but more genteel—the substitution, for

example, of Shanessy for O'Shaughnessy, not unknown to our own colonies, if we mistake not—might have satisfied Anglo-Saxon requirements. The "gods," nevertheless, were intelligent and sympathetic. When the occasion demanded it of them, none knew better how to conduct themselves. Lady Martin has placed on record their appreciation of her, when, as Miss Helen Faucitt, she played to a Dublin audience. We ourselves were personally witnesses to the delight of Signor Mario when, in his decline, they gave him an ovation he could not have more than merited in the hey-day of his renown. Mr. Santley, then magnificent in his prime, sang with him, but the repeated *encores* and the cheers and plaudits were for the veteran, hardly a shadow, except in the exquisite grace of his acting which still remained, of his former self. It was the past the kind-hearted crowd applauded, recognising, with infinite delicacy and tact, the needs of the present. "*Quels gentils diables!*"—The delighted exclamation of the old tenor well described them.—But to return to the Queen's. Many actors and actresses eminent at the time, or to attain eminence thereafter, trod its boards, as well as Mr. Toole.—Mr. Billington, has also been engaged there. Some we remember, but more, after the lapse of so many years, we have forgotten. Robson, for example, we recollect, and Walter Montgomery and G. V. Brooke. As to the ladies who appeared there, our principal recollection is that of Miss Lydia Thompson, then in the flower of her talent and the height of her beauty—a beauty, indeed, not easily to be matched. We thought her also at the time the personification of all that was graceful, and the illusion lasted, for it seems it was an illusion, until some two or three years ago, when it was dispelled by Miss Lydia Thompson herself. In an interview, at that date, with the representative of some London newspaper—the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it we recollect aright—the lady declared that at the very period we recall she had looked, when on the stage, exactly like a tub. To give a shock like this to the susceptibilities of a by-gone generation, we protest, was a hard-hearted act. For half a life-time to cherish the memory of a sylph-like form, and then to be told, on the highest authority—on the word of the sylph herself—that the memory cherished was that of a tub! Surely the situation is pitiable. We can now at least appreciate the consideration of people who write memoirs only to be published when they and their contemporaries have passed away. None of them, at least, can mortify the declining years of anyone with a spectre—a spectre, *par exemple*, of a tub! Many memories, therefore, are recalled by the mention of the old Queen's. If we are rightly informed, it no longer exists, but the fame attained by many of those who have played there must form its lasting monument.

THE CONVERSION OF THE REV. S. B. THORP.

(*Liverpool Catholic Times*.)

THE Rev. S. Benson Thorp, B.A., junior curate at St. Matthew's Anglican Church, Sheffield, has seceded from the Church of England and joined the Catholic Church. Mr. Thorp was received by the Very Rev. Canon Walshaw. His intention is to become a priest. He will put himself at the disposal of the Bishop of Leeds, Sheffield being within the diocese of Leeds.

Mr. Thorp, in response to a request that he would give his reasons for joining the Catholic Church, made a statement, in which he said:

"There are four notes by which the Church is to be recognised, the first being unity. I can see no theory of unity which will allow of our conceiving the Church of England to be a part of the one Church, except such as logically leads to the rejection of the idea of the visible Church altogether. Another very important reason is this. There are two theories with regard to God's revelation to man. There is the Catholic theory of a Church with a living voice, and there is the Protestant theory of the Bible with every man to interpret it for himself. It seems to me that the latter is shown to be absurd by the experience of the last three hundred years. What finally forced me to join the Church of Rome were some passages in Newman's writings which I accidentally came across when reading without any particular intention. Those passages made me feel that, as an honest man, I could no longer retain my position as a clergyman of the Church of England."

The Rev. Mr. Ommalley, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Sheffield, on Sunday evening, in the course of a sermon at his church, made a bitter attack on Mr. Thorp and on the Catholic Church. Mr. Thorp, replying to him in the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday last, after disposing of the personal attack, says:—

"Mr. Ommalley accuses me generally, in company with all Papists, of moral obliquity approaching to actual dishonesty. I appeal to people in general to acknowledge that, dull as my sense of honour may yet be, I have at least made some advance. I have given up my honourable profession with its sufficient emolument and social advantages; I have cut myself off from old and valued friends; I have alienated my family and ruined a career; I have thrown myself on the charity of strangers, and find myself without a home, income, or profession at the age of seven-and-twenty—because I knew that I lost my confidence in the State Church which gave them to or preserved them for me. And yet Mr. Ommalley dares to accuse me of meanness, duplicity, and what not, because I have not in the details and circumstances of my action consulted his convenience—his, who teaches the Sacrifice of the Mass after vowing that he believed such things to be 'blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits'—his, who is the modern representative of the men who hanged Catholic priests in

their sacerdotal vestments for the sole crime of offering that Holy Sacrifice.

"I cheerfully leave the question of whether I am in schism or not to the judgment of the world at large. This letter has already run to such a length that I cannot enter into the question of Catholic *versus* Protestant. I desire only to propound this question for those Anglicans who profess that they are Catholics. On what principle of authority can you accept the Council of Trent and reject the Council of the Vatican?"

CHRISTIANISING AFRICA.

In the account published of Dr. Peters's African Expedition the mode of Christianising the Dark Continent pursued by explorers is illustrated. June 15, 1889: Dr. Peters started from the coast with a guard armed with magazine rifles and a small Krupp cannon, but without beads, wire, or other articles that represent the currency of Africa. In the middle of August he had difficulty in getting food from the natives as there was a famine in the land and as he had no currency to pay for what he wanted. Consequently, frequent small fights took place with the Wapoones, in which some of them were killed. On October 6 he reached the country of the Galla tribe. A Sultan and several of his followers were killed, his village was captured with the Sultan's harem and eighty-three boat-loads of food. Dr. Peters then entered the plains of the Upper Tanar. He killed several of the Masai, and took from them 130 sheep. On November 6 he arrived at Thaka. There he took from the natives 600 head of cattle, burnt seven villages, and killed some fifty men. In December he reached a country called Kikugu, and killed numbers of the inhabitants. On December 20 he arrived at Masailand proper among the Likipia tribe, burnt a village, killed 150 of the people, and made "a fine haul of over 2,000 head of cattle and sheep." In January he "fought his way" through Kawasia and Elgiyo, and reached Kivirondo, where he assisted a Sultan to fight a hostile tribe. Then he marched southwest to Uganda. Whilst there he drilled the King's troops, accepted from him the command of an expedition to the country west of the lake to collect tribute "for the Christians." In May he left Uganda, and fought his way through Neera, eventually reaching Ugogo, where he utterly routed Makenga, burnt twelve of his villages, and took large numbers of cattle and sheep, finally forcing Makenga to "pay tribute for peace."

All this I (*Truth*, August 21), extract from a relation of the expedition of Dr. Peters, published in the *Times* of Monday. This Apostle of Christianity, says the writer, "thinks his journey may be of service to English Colonial enterprise." Of late we have had a good deal of hypocritical profession respecting the aim of African explorers to spread the blessings of Christianity in Central Africa by means of cannon and magazine rifles. If Christianity means murdering savages, burning their villages, and stealing their cattle, Dr. Peters has certainly distinguished himself in this novel missionary work, and, no doubt, convinced all the tribes with which he came in contact that Christianity means "peace and goodwill."

England owns Chili. This is the statement made by a French missionary now in the United States. He said with regard to the danger of an outbreak in that Republic that the Chilians are satisfied with their present Government, but they are not satisfied with the enormous revenues which they are compelled to pour each year into British coffers. The English not only own all the railroads and the mercantile navy, but they also own the gold and saltpetre mines, the guano beds, have mortgages on most of the big landed estates in the country, and the burden is well nigh unbearable. If there should be any revolution in Chili it will be against the yoke of Great Britain. If the investment of English money can produce so much domestic trouble in South America, what will hinder the same cause from producing a certain amount of trouble in the United States.—*Catholic Review*.

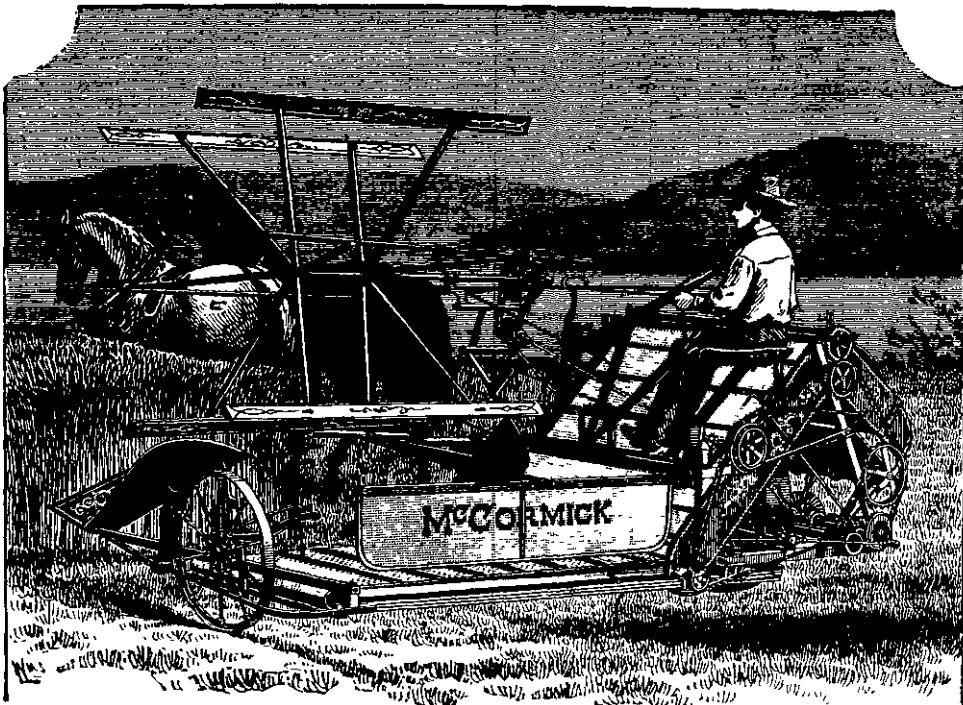
London August 2.—A special correspondent of the *Daily News* has succeeded in obtaining admission to the Turkish prison at Uskub, Macedonia, a town of European Turkey. It is a hundred miles by rail North-west of Salonica, and contains about 20,000 inhabitants. He found that the building contained 149 cells, which were occupied by 1,811 prisoners, or over twelve to a cell. As a rule, the unfortunate victims are sent there to be confined from one to ten years each, but so great are their sufferings arising from the barbarity of their keepers, and the total disregard by the latter of all sanitary laws, that they rarely outlive five. In one cell, two and one-half yards square, the correspondent discovered nearly a score of poor wretches panting for air and starving for food, having, in the way of the latter, nothing but bread and water. The greater number were stark naked and chained by the ankle and wrist. As if the gaolers were unable to inflict torture enough on their victims in the dens already described by the correspondent, he found in underground cells, said to be reserved for the worst prisoners, in total darkness, those whom Turkish tyranny had singled out for especial barbarity. Many were manacled to the floor, and others were chained to pillars. The latter method was resorted to in cases where prisoners proved contumacious. But these modes of punishment were altogether too commonplace for the genius of the Turkish officials. In order to force confessions where confessions would prove useful to those in power, the aid of the ant is called in. These insects are kept in small boxes for the purpose, and fifty of them are placed at one time on the naked body of the prisoner. It is also customary to chain men all day in the scorching sun in such a way that they are unable to move. It will be remembered that the Bulgarian atrocities were first made public through the columns of the *News* by correspondent McGahan, and everything points to another crusade against the "unspeakable Turk." As in the former case, the result was war, no very special gift of prophecy is needed to foretell hostilities arising out of the present troubles among the Armenians and the barbarity of the Turks in different parts of the East, as events of the near future.

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NATIONALISATION OF THE LAND.

(By the Very Rev. Canon Denehy in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.)

MR. HENRY GEORGE has been again upon us, and with him the millennium has come. The landlords have all disappeared; not the big ones only, who drew ten thousand a year from their lands, but the small ones, who drew little or nothing. Not a peasant proprietor is to be seen; not a "middle man." Like the morning mist before the rising sun, all the owners of land have melted away in presence of the new light shed upon the earth by the American. All have fallen down into a common grave, and if they rise again they will have neither ancestral parchments, nor title-deeds in their hands.

And the lands they held, or occupied, how changed are they! The old demesnes are no longer to be seen. Their surrounding walls have crumbled, and the *debris* has been removed. The mansions, which stood in their midst, are patchy and tottering. Their day has evidently gone by. They look weird and weary of existence, and would fain follow their former owners to obscurity, for the public eye is now too much for them.

A race of men, peculiar looking in such a position, have squatted here and there over these gardens of pleasure, in trim and well-built cottages. These are the superfluous labourers of the great cities, who, by a touch of Henry George's magic wand, have been transformed into farmers. They are quaint enough in their city costumes, which some of them have not had time to change, and in their city ways which have not prepared them for the pike or plough. The hod-man is there, and the walking placard man, the corner-boy, and the poor deserving "out of work"; and they are all seated under their own fig-trees, in the open air, far from the crowded alley, or the suffocating city lodging.

The city is better of their departure, if the country has gained by their advent. The superfluous urban population has been reduced, if not removed altogether. London, Birmingham and Dublin have little more than the number of working hands they require. There is no squalidness in the city, while the area of industry is much enlarged in the country. And over city and country alike a fostering government is watching, with the eye of a fond parent, ready to distribute nuts and crackers to her children, when they exhibit the slightest symptom of hunger.

A set of men whose faces were, in the past, familiar enough, are not seen in this happy picture. There is no rent-warner, eves-dropping about the homes of these happy agriculturists. The gauger is a reminiscence—a creature of romance associated with the Kerry mountain, or the bogs of Connemara. A man can now drink his cup of tea for next to nothing, and buy his pound of coffee, without chicory, for fourpence. Even the luxuries of life are within the reach of every industrious man.

Need I say that the *ideal* state of agricultural life which I have traced is presumed to be the result of the adoption in the British empire of Mr. Henry George's sympathetic theory of "land for the people," or the "nationalisation of the land of the Three Kingdoms"—"*Deus hoc otium fecit.*"

Of Mr. George's ability there can be no question. Of his adroitness in laying down premises, and drawing conclusions from them, there can be no doubt. His information is drawn from many sources. The most profound political economists are at his fingers' ends, as well as the liveliest of romance, and the gayest of travel-writers. He is one of those ubiquitous Americans who is at home in an Irish cabin, in the wigwam of a prairie Indian, as in the pointed cottage of a Norway peasant, or the flat-roofed house of a Kurdish chieftain. A writer of great power in illustrating and grouping, he never fails to carry his readers agreeably along, even when his subject is dry and profound. Nor can we refuse to give him credit for his gropings after the happiness of the outcasts of society, while we are free to admit that, though his doctrines are eminently revolutionary, he will not force them on the world in the train of outrage or even illegality.

His theory may be summarised in a few words. He will have no private property in land. He wants the land, he says, "for the people: not for some, but for all." "The land has been usurped by the landlords. The landlords, one and all, must give it up. There must be no property in land apart from labour and industry." Still the reformer has some compassion for those who are to be dispossessed. He will not put them out on the road-side at once. But, if he will not take them off the land, he will take the land from under them, and he will leave them standing, like the glass of water from under which a card has been removed by a dexterous stroke of the fist.

"By all means," he says, "let the landowners remain as they are for the present. We will get rid of them bye-and-bye, by throwing all the taxation of the country on their land incomes." "I do not propose to take anything from anyone. What I do propose is an improved method of taxation." The State is, in the system of the American, ultimately to become the sole and universal landlord; but with the obligation of expending the rents received from the land cultivators in the payment of import, State, and other taxes, and thereby relieving and benefiting every class in the empire. The system provides for the relief of congestion by distributing the idle hands of the great cities as cultivators over the parks and preserves of the landowners, and is presumed to work so evenly and beneficially as, to use the words of its author, "to enable nations to progress in material prosperity without a corresponding increase of individual property."

The land system by Mr. Henry George is supposed to have the charm of novelty by himself and his followers, and that it is, in the main, a new system cannot be denied by his bitterest opponents. Still it must be said that systems of holding land by a tenure somewhat akin to that of his cultivators, have been, from time to time, cropping up in the history of the past. Abraham and Lot had a sort of communistic right to the fertile lands about the Jordan at first. They disagreed about the management of this common property, divided the country, and each of them took a share which he called his

own. A community of goods, if not of lands, was adopted by certain fervent converts in Jerusalem and Alexandria in primitive Christian times. The arrangement was scarcely made, when the cupidity of individuals destroyed it. In the tribal system, as it existed long ago in Ireland and elsewhere, we discover a settlement, which is still more like that which this reformer would introduce. It consisted in this:—That the lands belonged to the tribesmen, and that even the chieftain of the tribe was not an owner in perpetuity, nor by any title similar to fee-simple. But who will now say that the tribal system was a happy one? Men living under it may have had enough to eat and drink, but, as they were unable to rise above a common level, their mental powers remained undeveloped, and ultimately a state of society which did not distinguish the heaven-gifted man from the dolt, was necessarily displaced by another which gave to some position, rank, riches, even land, while leaving others in the place, to which inertness or stupidity or ill-luck had consigned them.

But, perhaps, no system of land nationalisation that has previously existed, so nearly resembled the "land for the people," of the transatlantic reformer, as that which was devised by the Jesuits for the Indians of Upper California, before the fall of that country under the dominion of the United States. Wild and heretofore migratory hunters and warriors were located and formed into small states by religious and semi-political "padres," who constituted themselves the heads of these communities, and governed them in the interest of all the members alike. There was no private property in land, nor was cupidity encouraged by individual hoarding. All that was made by flocks or agriculture was put into a common stock, from which every family received what it required—food, raiment, and the other necessities of life. The experiment, so far as it went, was eminently successful. Population increased; cattle multiplied; sheep grew into flocks of enormous magnitude; cereal crops gave an immense return; families were comfortable and happy. Here, if anywhere on this globe of ours, was seen the successful issue of a land nationalisation scheme. Yet the government of that great country, of which Mr. George is a distinguished native, was not attracted by the picture presented by these Californian mission settlements. Objections were made to them on the grounds that they brought into existence a community of dependant, child-like innocents, but not of energetic, advancing men. They were condemned by the state as unsuited to modern wants and aspirations. The "padres" were removed from their patriarchal position, and a form of society devised with infinite skill by some of the best and ablest men of their age, fell at once to pieces, and was never resuscitated.

There are, however, differences—striking differences—between Mr. George's scheme and all of those we have been reviewing. Ancient plans of land nationalization arose quite naturally from the position of primitive communities. Men knew no better than to put their wares into a common stock, and live upon the proceeds. They were the devices of children. No one in these ancient communities cared to be higher than his neighbour, or richer, and every member was well contented if his daily wants were provided for. There were no wealthy classes in these old world tribes to fire the agriculturists with a longing for good things. In truth, there was no circulating representative of food and drink and raiment to be grasped and hoarded. Minds were as quiet as stalwart arms, and no one, in these old co-operative communities, felt a want of an opportunity to rise in the world.

We should not, therefore, authoritatively condemn the Georgian plan on the principle that it has been often tried and failed. If modern nations were composed of agriculturists exclusively, we might be justified in coming to such a conclusion. But our present civilised communities include workers at the loom, at the coal seam, at the potters' clay, in the smelting forge, as well as on the soil, and over these, the capitalists who profit by their labour; and hence the introduction of a scheme of land nationalisation for the benefit of all these classes would not form a society like the Irish tribe, or the mission settlement of the Jesuits in Upper California.

Still the comparison of one to the other is not without significance. And Mr. Henry George may be reasonably asked to tell us why it is that "land for the people" has been heretofore found among primitive peoples only, is seen in the infancy of society alone, is a garment thrown over the needy and hard-working by feeble communities on their onward and upward march, but abandoned and thrown aside, in every case, as the nation attains to manhood. Can that be a beneficial system which up to this time, when once abandoned, has never been resumed by any empire, kingdom, or radical republic in any part of the civilised world?

The friends of Mr. Henry George, at this side of the Atlantic, regard his system as eminently progressive. From the position they assign to land nationalisation, in comparing it to tenure by lease or settlement, or even to a peasant proprietary scheme, they evidently look upon it as the most advanced, if not the final condition of popular emancipation. But there are some unprejudiced social economists who condemn nationalisation as a reactionary move, if not a return to old and long exploded autocracy.

In early forms of government, as far as we can trace them, the ruling power, whether king or council, was absolute; and under them neither courtesan nor plebeian could liberate himself from a strong hand that held him down. The restraint became unbearable, and, as time went on, combinations were formed, first among the nobility and later among the populace, for the purpose of curtailing the power of the despot. In England the barons rose in arms, and wrested certain concessions from the king; and subsequently the populace awoke to a sense of its power, and, in its might, demanded and obtained from the king and nobility exemptions and rights; and it is on the ruins of absolutism and excessive privilege that modern society, in these countries, has been formed.

Now, Mr. Henry George does not travel on the line of popular emancipation: for while he is held up as the people's advocate, the terror of the aristocracy, the leveller of the barriers that divide class from class, he would, if his system was adopted in the British Isles, throw all power again into the hands of the government, and give it the absolute disposal of the subsistence, liberties, and lives of every

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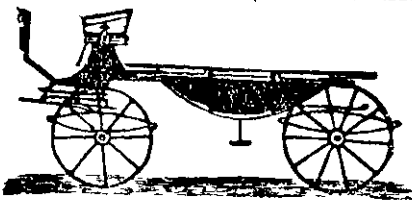
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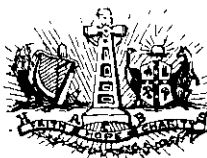
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class in the community. This is undoubtedly a strong affirmation; yet I believe that we need not go very deeply into the Georgian scheme to find ample grounds on which to justify it.

The government will be the universal landlord when the Georgian millennium comes. Therefore all the cultivators of the soil will be immediately dependent on the government. The government will be the benefactor of all the non-cultivating classes, inasmuch as it will pay their taxes by an assessment made on the occupiers of the soil. Farmers, traders, manufacturers, and labourers will recline on the bosom of the government, and draw therefrom nutriment and strength. What a source of governmental power must this dependence be! What an engine of oppression may it become! I will be told that the system will provide a peculiarly mild and amiable administration, a governing body without selfishness, a tender nurse, that will have one object only in view—namely the health and well-being of her children. This disinterested government will have no desire to perpetuate its tenure of office. Therefore, it will ask for no political support from its dependents! It will have no followers to provide for; therefore no necessity for increasing the public purse! It will incur no expenses, save those of administration, and they will be moderate and fixed. There will be no occasion for raising rents, as there will be no speculations, no annexations, no wars foreign or domestic, involving uncommon expenditure.

But is such government possible? Does it fall within the range of our experience or observation? Our very idea of government, derived from history past and present, is of an expensive engine of State, with relatives that must be fed, with supporters that must be rewarded, with opponents that must be crushed, with wars that must be waged, with taxes that may increase, with a budget that must vary, and with a standing and menacing debt that must be provided for under pain of dishonour and national bankruptcy. Put all the landholders of the country permanently into the hands of such a government, and you make them its political slaves. Make this government the cess-gatherer and the tax-payer of all the other classes in the community, and you make them its obsequious and unemancipated adherents.

It will be in vain for the American to plead that in his system the government will not be strictly the landlord of the cultivators and occupiers of the soil, but the imposer and collector of a land tax. As well might the feudal landlord of the Middle Ages, while crushing his tenants with a poll (personal) tax, excuse himself from the charges of exaction and tyranny on the ground that he did not raise the rents.

The privilege of manipulating a land tax of enormous magnitude, the necessity, in this system, of making it stand for exercise and custom duties, local and county, as well as national cesses, would give to the administration a preponderance which, while it may, like an irresponsible landlord system, ruin the industrious sons of the soil, must necessarily deprive them of that manly independence in political life which is the cherished heirloom of British subjects, gained for them by their ancestors through long years of agitation and sacrifice.

(Concluded in our next.)

Sunday observance is steadily gaining ground in Paris. In the west end the great majority of the shops are closed and the railway companies have lately agreed not to reckon Sundays in charging for the warehousing of goods. The post offices, too, are to close after September 1, at 6 p.m., instead of eight, and the two evening letter deliveries are to be abolished.

The Clarendon press has brought out for Mr. Stokes "Anecdota Ozonienzia—Lives of Saints from the Book of Lismore." The Book of Lismore is a manuscript written between the years 1450 and 1500 for Finghin MacCarthy Baghabach, an Irish chief, who had married a daughter of the eighth Earl of Desmond. It was found in 1814 at the Duke of Devonshire's Castle of Lismore in a passage which had been walled up.

A remarkable swimming feat has been accomplished by Davis Dalton, an American "back swimmer." He has succeeded in swimming from Gris Nez to Dover in twenty three hours and a half. Dalton, however, has not beaten the record. Fifteen years ago Captain Webb swam across the channel in about the same space of time, and later Mr. Covil got over it in twelve hours. Swimming is an excellent art, and too much cannot be said in favour of its cultivation, but in this as in all other matters sensationalism and excess are to be deprecated. Dalton has undergone a degree of suffering which will probably tell upon him for the rest of his life, whilst the success of his risky feat is no fresh revelation of the powers of human endurance. —*Liverpool Catholic Times*.

Flushed with the success at the last elections, the Socialists of Germany are perfecting their organisation and endeavouring to strengthen their forces. They have just published a manifesto which traces the lines of future organisation. After October next a general convention of the German Socialist will be held each year, and from amongst the Socialist members of the Reichstag will be appointed a committee to guide and direct all Socialistic operations in and out of Parliament. The new programme emanates from Herr Bebel and his friends. It must certainly be admitted that for energy in the propagation of their doctrines, they set those who differ from them an example worthy of imitation. The future will belong to men of action.

Just now they are celebrating the Jubilee of the Abbe Simon, an old military chaplain. The Abbe was a man of extraordinary courage, and in one battle was the first to mount the earthworks of the enemy at the head of his battalion. He won such distinction on other occasions as to obtain numerous decorations. One would imagine that such facts would have saved the Abbe from the persecution of Bismarck. On the contrary, he was imprisoned for six months at Frankenstein for having carried away the Blessed Sacrament from a church the moment the apostate pastor, installed by the government, arrived. From 1873 to 1878 it was a penal law in Prussia to celebrate Mass, administer the Sacraments to the sick or baptise infants. They had a curious way in Germany for rewarding their heroes.

PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

(Communicated.)

AMONG the many subjects occupying public attention, there is one which is apparently banished from the mind with but little scruple, viz., the Propagation of the Faith. No doubt the mind of many of those who will read the writer's feeble words on behalf of the millions who are sitting in the shadows of eternal death, will, like Tennyson's brook, still "flow on" as before, for he does not profess to possess the charm of the novelist, but all that is asked for is a few moments' consideration of the subject. In the first place, it is essentially necessary in order to possess eternal life, to make alms. About some twelve months ago it was observed from discourses by the Rev. Father Fauvel (Temuka) published in this paper, that alms deeds were a necessity; therefore, it is not required to prove so again. Then follows: Are the objects of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith the most commendable? They have a two-fold bearing: to civilise and Christianise. Let each reader put it fairly to himself, and his conscience will answer. Apart from the religious aspect of the question, the work of civilisation is demanded of us by society; and, indeed, if this philanthropic sentiment had not been instilled into the human heart by the Creator, we to-day, too, would be in an anthropophagous state. When we look back and see what has been done for us, surely we ought with a loving heart and good will extend that sympathy to our inferior brethren. Do to others as you would wish they should do to you! As to the religious bearing of the question, as Catholics, children of the true Church, we cannot help being thankful to God for having called us to the orthodox Church, and our gratitude cannot be more acceptable to God than in the direction of extending His holy Word to those who have as yet not heard it. Then where is the Catholic, if he is not one who is only cloaked with the name, who would not like to see our 210,000,000 increased? We all like to read of conversion, and with but little trouble we could make them in enormous numbers. Then, again, where is the heart so base as to look on the privations and appeals of the missionaries and religious labouring amongst the heathen and not respond? The tendency of human nature is to marvel at any heroic action, yet what is more marvellous than the heroic actions of those who have left home and friends, and pleasures of this world, and have gone to far-off regions to sacrifice their whole lives—even risking to be devoured by cannibals—in order to bring the happy tidings of redemption to those who have been less favoured than we are? Surely we cannot reflect on this without being moved with sympathy. That the trouble which is taken over the unfortunate heathen is justified is proved by a letter from the Rev. Father Gava, S.M., to the *Messenger*, which the Rev. Father Fauvel read to his congregation on a recent Sunday. It says: "The consecration of families took place in nearly all the stations of the Vicariate of Navigators' Islands. I must not omit mentioning the consecration of King Mataafa. On the 19th June Mataafa came to Vaca and remained a long time in the church. He then handed in two lists—one gave the names of the members of his family, and the other the names of the principal chiefs who have been aiding him in the war against Samasese. He then returned to the church, where he solemnly consecrated himself, his family, and his government to the Sacred Heart. Afterwards he asked for the celebration of three Masses to obtain from the Sacred Heart the blessings of peace for Samoa. . . . Here at Vaca every month we have the First Friday Adoration, performed by groups of fifteen. The exercises during the time comprise: *Examen* of conscience, the preparation for death, the singing of the Litany of the Sacred Heart, and the Act of Consecration. There is an announcement made in the Church at Vaca of the good works done during each month. For last month the list was this: 155 Communions, 2720 Stations of the Cross, 2932 whole Rosaries, 7079 visits to the Blessed Sacrament, 5350 voluntary mortifications." Samoa fifty years ago was in a state of anthropophagy. Look what our missionaries have done for her! Surely it ought to be a pleasure for all to aid in the work of Christianising, when they see, as we do see, from the foregoing quotations, what excellent Catholics these make. It may be argued that there are too many demands on the purse to permit of partaking in every good work. Truly this is the case, but the smallness of the amount required from each member overcomes this. The subscription is one half-penny per week, or 2s 2d per year. Of course anyone wishing to give more can do so. Circles of ten are formed, and one acts as a collector. Each collector receives a copy of the annals of the Propagation of the Faith—which contains most edifying reading, with engravings—and each of the members reads it in turn. The members say one *Pater* and one *Ave* every day, and it is sufficient, once and for all, to offer for this intention the *Pater* and *Ave* of their morning and night prayers, adding each time the aspiration, "Saint Francis Xavier, pray for us." The spiritual benefits in which the members share are very numerous. That this object would receive hearty co-operation, if put properly before the people, is evident from the fact that from Temuka, small as it is, and in spite of a collection of £250 for evicted tenants and the school concert on at the same time, last year the sum of £74 6s 4d was sent for that work, and it is expected this year will not be less fruitful. Last year Father Fauvel preached three sermons on the subject, but this year, owing to his illness, he has had to content himself with but a short reference. For the benefit of those wishing to aid in this work it may be mentioned that the money is required to be sent Home by the first mail in November. Recently the Rev. Father Fauvel received a donation from a person as far off as Alexandra South, so it is confidently hoped that through the medium of this widely-circulated journal good will result.

Two Philadelphians will build a 70 mile natural gas pipe from Indiana gas fields to Chicago, and are examining to see if a similar line can be built to New York city. The Standard people are already building a pipe line from West Virginia to the seaboard.

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Dublin Notes.

(From the National papers.)

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT contributed an article to the *Star* on the Mission of Sir John Lintorn Simmons. He says, very truly, that neither of the political parties has much to boast of as to its dealings with Rome. In the course of his article he makes this remarkable statement: "I know, from the most reliable sources, that the forged letters which figured afterwards in the *Times* and the Special Commission, were actually sent out to Rome, before being openly made use of here in England." This certainly is an astounding revelation. We suppose it was some "eminent English Catholic" who did the part of courier for the Pigottists. It shows how far the slanderers are prepared to go, even when they put on the mask of zeal for morality.

There is no longer, unfortunately, any doubt that a grave crisis has arisen in several districts in Ireland, and that the wet season has made havoc of the crops upon which numbers of the people depend for their food. Dr. Kenny's letter to the Chief Secretary is a timely warning; and it is to be hoped it will be hearkened to. He deals with the condition of things in South-west Cork, the coming signs of which we called attention to some weeks since. "No doubt can be any longer entertained," he declares, "that an almost total failure of the potato crop, and partial failures of almost every other crop, have occurred all along the coast of Cork, west of Skibbereen, and also in many inland places in that county. . . . The people are helpless of themselves, and consequently help must come to them from outside if they are to live through the coming winter and spring."

Dr. Kenny puts the responsibility for their actual condition and the duty of coming to their assistance upon the right shoulders. "Misgovernment by the Imperial Parliament and Executive is almost wholly responsible for the present condition of the poverty-stricken districts of Ireland; and, therefore, I for one protest in advance against any attempt on the part of the Government to get private enterprise or generosity to do in this matter what it is plainly bound to do itself." He denounces beforehand any attempt to meet the exigencies of the case by demoralising alms-giving or relief through the Workhouse. There are many other ways, and Dr. Kenny suggests one—the construction of the proposed line of railway from Skibbereen to Baltimore.

In the collection of autograph letters to which we referred a couple of weeks since, which are being offered for sale by Messrs. Newcome and Co., there is besides the letters of Bright and Disraeli relating to Ireland, another written by Mr. Ruskin in 1880, just after the outbreak of the Land War. Its salient passages, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are as follows:—"But don't you know, then, that I am entirely with you in this Irish misery—and have been this thirty years—only one can't speak plain without distinctly becoming a leader of revolution! I know that revolution *must* come in all the world, but I can't act with Danton or Robespierre, nor with the modern French Republican or Italian one; I *could* with you and your Irish, but you are only the beginning of the end. . . . I have spoken—and plainly too—for all who have ears, and hear—but all landlords have adders' ears as well as teeth." This is plain!

A daughter of the Liberator writes to the *Irish Times* to contradict the story to which circulation has been given by several writers, that O'Connell "waded into the sea" to present George IV. with a laurel crown on his arrival in Ireland. It was on the occasion of his departure, and not of his arrival, that the ceremony took place. She describes the purpose of the king's visit and the manner in which the Irish Catholics were humbugged, and adds: "It was unanimously resolved that a deputation should wait on him on his departure from Ireland to present him with an address and crown of laurel. I only remember the names of three of the delegates—viz., O'Connor Don, Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, secretary to the Catholics of Ireland, and my father. O'Gorman was to present the address and crown, and I well remember walking about the new jetty at Kingstown (then Dunleary), where his Majesty was to embark, and where a pillar now marks the spot his feet touched as he bade adieu. When the time of presentation came, O'Gorman's courage failed, and he could not present the wreath he carried all day on his arm. My father, seeing the ridicule of the situation, snatched it from him, and, bending one knee (a necessary ceremony) presented it and spoke a few words. The address was graciously received, and his Majesty departed. The presentation was made on the jetty, and *there was no wading into the sea.*" We are glad to have the folly of a foolish act of the great Irishman diminished by so much.

There is some chance that Mr. Mathews may introduce some element of humanity into the treatment of the Irish prisoners confined at Chatham. He appears to have been impressed to some extent by Mr. John O'Connor's powerful statement. Mr. O'Connor produced strong corroboration of the complaints urged by Daly and Egan, in the shape of a letter of an ex-convict from Chatham. The letter referred to the treatment of "Dyna-men," who are made known to their fellow-prisoners by the special harshness of their punishment. The writer says that "they are so cruelly treated that they are not fit to behold"; they are made "to suffer for complaints"; and "their general treatment is an intolerable disgrace." Mr. Sexton made a strong appeal for mercy, and Mr. Mathews promised consideration of all the statements made. It is to be hoped that the consideration will be impartial, and that the mere denial of the officials whose conduct is challenged will not be accepted as sufficient.

Another pressman is gone to prison under the statute of Edward III., designed for evil characters and vagabonds. Mr. John Powell, the editor of the *Midland Tribune*, is the victim this time. It is his third period of imprisonment. In one of the previous terms he was blinded. In the other his lungs became affected. Now he has to face six months' imprisonment in default of giving bail, because he simply published some resolutions which had been passed at a meet-

ing of the National League. The work of vengeance will be completed this time. Mr. Balfour is, indeed, a brave man. He has given up the fight with those whose treatment would be scanned too closely by the people beyond the Channel, and he persecutes relentlessly the less known pressmen who can be made to suffer in the dark. Venomous as he is, he will not succeed.

It cannot be doubted that Mr. Davitt's letter of encouragement and advice on the eve of the approaching famine will command the earnest attention of the Irish people. He takes self-help as his text, and preaches as his wont a manly and impressive sermon. He does not shirk the stern truth that the periodic famines in Ireland have well nigh worn out the charity of the world. Public pity is less readily stirred on her behalf, because it is plain that it is an artificial famine she endures. Ireland produces, and in the sight of the world exports, food sufficient to support her population many times told. It is the Government, not the climate, that is responsible for the dearth, and it cannot be wondered at if other nations grow reluctant to atone periodically for the sins of the Irish Government. Mr. Davitt further objects to the beggar's *role* as demoralising and degrading to the Irish people. He earnestly urges them—and there is none whose advice will be more heedfully regarded—to make provision, as far as may be, for themselves by their own industry and foresight against the approaching dearth.

Mr. Davitt's advice is that the soil that has refused to give the people potatoes shall not be permitted to lie idle. When the potato crop has failed, he suggests that seeds or plants of some form of late-growing vegetables should be forthwith planted; and he promises, out of a small fund at his disposal, to help to supply the seeds or plants that may be required. We are glad to note that one firm at least of seed merchants, Messrs. Hunter and Co., with prompt benevolence which does it infinite credit, not merely endorses the practical utility of Mr. Davitt's advice, but offers to help forward his humane suggestion by supplying the necessary seed at half the usual cost price. It is to be earnestly hoped that Mr. Davitt will be able to get his plan speedily organised and in working order. If any man can, he can and will. Nor do we doubt that he will be seconded by the grateful industry of the people whom it is, and has been, the sole object of his life to serve.

Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., is not satisfied to let bad enough alone, but he must needs write to the "Forger," in whose congenial columns he posed so often as the champion of evictors, to make plainer still the petty malevolence of the despicable gang of Coercionists who vainly opposed the extension to the Dublin Corporation of the privilege enjoyed by every other corporate body in the Three Kingdoms, of collecting their own rates. He cannot conceal his spite at the open contempt with which he and his advice have been treated by the Government. "The Government," he insists in his ill-conditioned letter, "are entirely responsible for what occurred. They chose to go behind the backs of their friends and treat with their foes. Can it be wondered at the heat that has been shown?" Rumour has it that a good deal of the firmness that was shown by the Government in the business was inspired by the hope of getting sbut once and for ever of the embarrassing support of Mr. T. W. Russell, to whose advocacy the Coercionists naturally attribute the loss of many by-elections. This is hard on the self-devoted champion who recently and publicly complained that he had to curtail his vacation in Switzerland to return to protect the integrity of the Empire. But it is the opposition, and not the support of Mr. Russell, that both parties desire.

The sarcastic observation of Mr. T. M. Healy that if T. W. Russell deserted the Government it would be necessary to provide him with a special private lobby of his own to vote in, was wonderfully well received in the House. Later on it was capped by Mr. Balfour. A friend of Mr. Russell's (without his knowledge or consent, of course) was impressing on the Chief Secretary the necessity of putting the immaculate member for South Tyrone into some comfortable place to keep him quiet. "The place I would like to put him," reverted Mr. Balfour, "is the private lobby Tim Healy suggests, and lock the door on the outside." He spoke loudly and the observation was heard and carried. Another friend mentioned it to Mr. Russell, who thereupon smiled a sickly sort of smile, and went off quickly to fulfil an important engagement.

The secret police circular which the *Cork Herald* has cleverly unearthed is plainly dictated by the startling revelations in the recent Charleville trials, in which the criminal recklessness of District-Inspector Cameron and his brace of sergeants, who blazed away without excuse or provocation into the centre of an unarmed crowd, was vehemently denounced by the two judges, Murphy and Palles, before whom the two successive trials against the police were heard. The judges denounced the conduct of the district-inspector, and, by way of compensation, the Government pays his costs and expenses in full. But the secret circular of the Inspector-General is a condemnation as severe as the judges of the fierce recklessness on which Mr. Balfour has set a pecuniary premium. The Inspector-General writes that the officer in command "should not, unless in case of absolute necessity, fire himself." He should even go to the length of "handing his weapon over to a steady man of the party." District-Inspector Cameron fired two shots from his revolver without the smallest necessity or provocation.

The circular expressly directs that "the officer in command should give deliberate word of command to one or more of his men to fire a specified number of rounds." District-Inspector Cameron gave no word of command, deliberate or otherwise, but the sergeants fired at their own sweet will upon the unarmed crowd in affectionate imitation of their commander. They have never been punished by so much as a reproof. All the same, it is quite plain that the secret circular, which is more creditable to its writer than any secret police circular we have yet seen, is the outcome of the scandalous disclosures and judicial denunciations at the Charleville trial. The Inspector-General at least forbids that the people shall be shot down without justification or deliberation by every hot-headed or panic-stricken District-Inspector. He forbids the rank and file to fire, as hitherto, without command. Police murders will at least be perpetrated with

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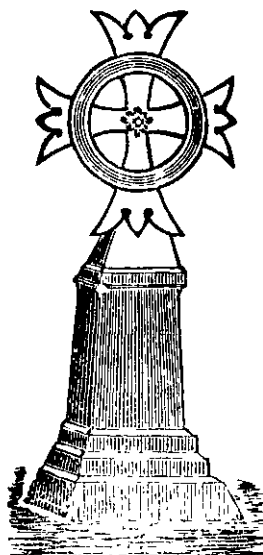
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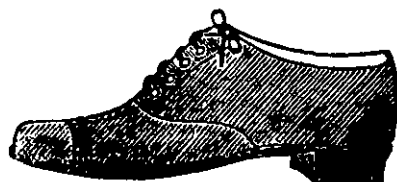
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due formality for the future. The circular is a revocation of the famous telegram of the late lamented Pasha Phunkit—"Dont hesitate to shoot",—which District-Inspector Cameron plainly had in his mind at Charleville.

A curious fact was elicited by the persistent inquiries of Mr. Tim Healy, M.P., in connection with the so-called Maltese mission. It was confessed that the notorious Major Ross of Bladensburg, who has been perpetually intriguing at Rome in the interest of the Irish rack-renters, with whom he is so intimately connected, accompanied Sir Linton Simmons on his special mission to the Vatican. It is reasonable to conclude that the negotiations in which the Major took an active part were not confined solely to Malta. Major Ross during all the time he was intriguing at Rome was drawing full pay for his services in England in the Coldstream Guards. Stranger still, he was actually promoted in his absence. Well might Mr. Healy inquire, with bitter irony, "was it in consequence of his services in the Coldstream Guards or in consequence of the services at the Vatican that he was promoted?"

It seems that this is not the first, nor second, or third time that this favoured officer has asked and obtained leave of absence on full pay from an obliging department with the expressed intention of proceeding (on private business of course) to Rome, which seems to possess a singular fascination for the Major. The pitilessly persistent questions of Mr. Healy make quite plain what indeed was never in much doubt, that the main object of the so-called Maltese mission—the Simmons-cum-Ross legation—was the dishonourable and dishonouring attempt to purchase the aid of the Vatican to the work of Coercion in Ireland. Yet the very men that do these things, or sanction them, have the unspeakable audacity to denounce Home Rule as Rome Rule from public platforms in England in the hope of reviving the old No-Popery spirit amongst their audiences and enlisting bigotry as the ally of Coercion.

It is only necessary to read the Parliamentary reports from day to day to realise that the Irish police force under the existing system of impunity, indulgence, and encouragement in wanton violence, are rapidly degenerating into a mere horde of drunken mercenaries inspired by no feeling but hatred of the people they are paid to protect. Every other day some indignant charge is brought against them and is met by Mr. Balfour when denial and evasion became impossible by a shuffling confession of its truth. But whatever the charge, however clearly proved home, the impunity always, and frequently the reward, of the offending policeman is secured. We will give a few recent illustrations from as many thousands. We pass over the police murders at Mitchelstown, Youghal, Midleton, and Tipperary, of which nearly all the perpetrators have been promoted. We apply ourselves to a few of the cases which have been recently before the public. District-Inspector Cameron and his two sergeants fire without the shadow of provocation into the heart of an unarmed crowd. They are gravely censured by the judges who successively try the cases, but their expenses are all defrayed by Mr. Balfour. Sergeant Hyde and his companions in Meelin are found guilty of breaking with reckless violence into the house of Father Kennedy. They are defended by the Government, and the rev. plaintiff, even after he had secured the verdict of a special jury of Dublin for £100 damages and costs, is involved in a sea of vexatious litigation by the Government as a punishment for instituting the proceeding. The costs and expenses of the sergeant and his friends are, of course, well defrayed by the public.

Two drunken policemen in Portumna, whose names escapes our memory, maliciously arrest two respectable Nationalists under circumstances so outrageous that even Pether the Packer himself felt constrained to award costs and damages against them. The costs and damages will be paid for them by Mr. Balfour, who takes the opportunity of calumniating the plaintiffs behind the safe shelter of his Parliamentary privilege. The Millstreet police, admitted to have been guilty of drunkenness and illegal arrests, are discharged by the Removables, notwithstanding the protest of the local magistrate. Constable Palmer, caught in the very act of moonlighting in Tipperary, is let slip through the fingers of the police, with money in his pocket, from Tipperary to Queenstown, and from Queenstown to America. A charge at present hangs over District-Inspector Dagg, of Lisnaskea, County Fermanagh, so grave in character that we refrain from discussing it until further investigation. But this much we may say in advance, no matter how grave the offence of which he may be proved guilty, the authorities will shield him if they can. We have given the above illustrations almost at random from everyday occurrences in every district in Ireland, many of which never reach the public's ear. It is but a plain statement of a notorious fact to reassert that demoralisation and drunkenness pervade every rank of the police force in Ireland—and no wonder.

Chicago's census rolls up 1,101,263 names. It now ranks next to New York in population.

Daniel Webster, in the course of a speech delivered fifty years ago on Girard College, exclaimed in an outburst of honest indignation: "It is all idle, it is a mockery and an insult to common sense, to maintain that a school for the instruction of youth from which Christian instruction by Christian teachers is sedulously shut out, is not deistical and infidel in its purpose and tendency."

A Maine man recently devised an apparatus by which a lazy person might set the kitchen fire going without leaving his bed; and now an inventor in Madison has produced an arrangement by which the lamp lights itself on dark winter mornings, when the alarm clock jingles. The mechanism of the alarm lifts a catch that holds a piece of sand paper under the point of a match. The sand paper flies back quickly, igniting the match which is inserted into a socket in the end of a plunger. As the match burns, the plunger slowly descends into the chimney of the lamp to the burner when it remains stationary for a few seconds, giving ample time for lighting the wick, and then returns to its place free and clear of the lamp. "No getting up in the dark and fumbling with a match," says the inventor; but alas, you have to get up just the same, and there's the rub!—*Leviston Journal.*

HELL UPON EARTH.

(United Ireland, August 23.)

To one whose duty is to appeal to the sympathy of the people, there are times when the want of power to make that appeal effectual is felt like physical agony. To suffer a very passion of pity and find it evaporate in cold, passionless platitudes on paper, is hard to bear. What an intense longing is then for the power of those great ones who spoke straight home to the hearts of the people, who can make others feel as passionately as they feel themselves, whose ardent words scorch injustice and cruelty like fire. It is with a sickening of the heart, with a painful feeling of utter incapacity, to put our thoughts in words, that we essay to bring home to our readers some idea of the horrible sufferings to which Irish political prisoners in Chatham are subjected. From that task we are not to be deterred by that vile cry of which the main credit is due to the "Forger," that sympathy with those most unfortunate men involves approval of dynamite as a method of political warfare. Over and over again, in common with the whole Irish Party, we have condemned the dynamite propaganda as the resort of fanatics whom wrathful enthusiasm has made deaf and blind to the claims of humanity. The condemnation has had its effect. The dynamite propaganda has disappeared. But we will not be hurried into the opposite extreme of declaring that the dynamitard—the political dynamitard—is the lowest of created beings. This is the cant of the Coercionists—a cant solely applied to Ireland. It needs not the example of Russia to convince us that culture, personal honour, sublime self-devotion are not incompatible with the mad fanaticism which impels to those desperate expedients. Dublin was last week delighted, as London was just before delighted, with a drama of Russian Nihilism, in which the interests and sympathy of the audience centres in the character of a Russian prince, young, poetic, chivalrous, who is prime mover in a plot to destroy a whole street of St. Petersburg with dynamite, to effect the destruction of the Czar. Only the other day, in the pages of a first-class London periodical, the hysterical poet, Swinburne (a truculent Coercionist where Ireland is concerned), makes a frenzied appeal to the Russian Nihilists to assassinate the Emperor of Russia, as his father was assassinated, by a dynamite explosion. Neither rebuke or disapproval of the Swinburne ode to dynamite could be extorted from the Treasury Benches. So far, we have spoken of the desperate expedients of the dynamitard where human life is directly aimed at or deliberately imperiled. But the Irishmen who are being tortured to madness or death in Chatham Prison are open to no such charge. There was no attempt, for there could be none, to gaisay the eloquent vindication of Mr. Sexton in the House of Commons:—"It could not be suggested," he said, "that the acts with which they were charged were devoid of a political complexion. These acts did not lead to loss of life or destruction of property, and he thought the presumption was not a very wild one that they were never intended to lead to that. He spoke with the utmost frankness when he said that these acts were intended to produce apprehension, which might lead to certain political results." The men were convicted and sentenced to terrible punishment in a paroxysm of panic. The strong impression prevails that several of them are innocent. One at least of the prisoners (Egan) is indisputably innocent. At the trial, and again on what he had good reason to believe to be his death-bed, John Daly, whose accomplice he was alleged to be, earnestly proclaimed his innocence. The conviction of innocent Irishmen by English juries under the influence either of prejudice or panic is unfortunately not by any means without precedent. An innocent Irishman was made the scapegoat of one of the murders of the notorious Peace. An Irishman who was miles away from the scene of the Manchester rescue at the time, against whom practically no evidence was offered, was included in the death-sentence passed on Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien. But granting, if we can grant, that the verdicts were justified by the evidence, the punishment to which these men are subjected is inhuman. It makes one's blood run cold to read the details of their treatment as disclosed by the sworn testimony submitted to the House of Commons in the recent debate, inaugurated by Mr. John O'Connor, M.P. For them truly Chatham Prison is hell upon earth, and the warders there are devils incarnate. We make earnest appeal to each reader whom our words reach, and whose sympathies we would fain move, to attempt to realise for himself the life of one of those wretched men. In common but forcible language, "Put yourself in his place." Your lot need not be a happy one to enable you to realise keenly the difference between yours and his. Force yourself to think for a moment of a man like you, of human flesh and blood, a man with human thoughts and feelings and affections in his heart, living his life out in that narrow cell with no hope under heaven outside those grey walls. The long lingering day still follows the lonely night in accursed monotony of suffering. Yesterday like to-day; to-day like to-morrow, while life lasts. No change. No hope. Surely, surely, this is hard enough for man to bear. Think then of the infernal malignity that can add torture to a lot like this. To every impartial man the conclusion is forced home that those prisoners are subjected to daily petty torture at the hands of the brutal warders—torture inspired by their nationality and the character of the charge against them. It was not attempted to be denied that they are assailed on all occasions by those warders with the unspeakable language of the brothel. With ordinary offenders, the burglar and the wife-beater, these brutal warders have a kind of natural sympathy. But for "bloody Irish rebels" no persecution can be too atrocious. The most fiendish devices are resorted to to betray the unwary Irish prisoners to further punishment. We need but instance one. A piece of newspaper is found by the warden on the steps where the prisoner, Wilson, and others are entering the chapel. Wilson is forthwith seized and searched. Nothing is found upon him, but, nevertheless, he is sentenced "on suspicion," to the heaviest punishment the prison rules allow—twenty-three days' solitary confinement on bread and water. How tame these words look written here. Will the reader try to realise for himself what they mean? Will he fancy himself alone in a stone cell, with no food but bread and water, while twenty-three long days, from minute to minute, and hour to hour,

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drag slowly on? To John Daly a scrap of newspaper is deliberately conveyed, that finding it upon him may be an excuse for flogging. No wonder the wretched man's mind reels at the thought of such hellish malignity. These are but a couple of instances from many thousands of daily, petty, intolerable torture. Such inhumanity seems almost incredible. But it is idle to deny that there are men, and amongst them the Chatham Prison warders must be included, to whom torturing their fellow-men is the keenest delight. By a precious refinement of cruelty when the Irish prisoners' turn for a visitor comes round some petty charge is invariably trumped up against them, and as a punishment this one ray of light from the outer world—this one bright break in the killing monotony of prison life is withheld. Their friends are denied all access to them. But the agents of the "Forger" were accorded free admission, when the Forgery Commission was in progress, to madden these unhappy men with terrible temptations. A premium was put upon perjury. In no vague words John Daly was promised his liberty and Government protection if he would only consent to give incriminatory evidence against Mr. Parnell and his colleagues. Fancy the strength of the temptation to a man whose whole life was hemmed in by grey prison walls. Vividly has Mr. William O'Brien depicted the insinuating form in which such temptation presents itself to sordid souls—

"A few hours of hot shame in the witness-chair, some scathing denunciations from a counsel fed to abuse him, one scorching smart of public execration across his cheek, and with a new name in a new land he would be lolling in wealth, which would enable him to think of it all simply as an abominable nightmare."

Surely the most ferocious dynamitar-denouncer must feel a touch of involuntary admiration for the heroic indignation with which "the convict" Daly rejected the tempting bribe and declared he would "rot in prison" before he would consent to such shame. After his refusal John Daly was confessedly brought to death's door by belladonna poisoning, and though a private committee found that the poisoning was accidental, and, by a strange coincidence, nobody was to blame, their decision was but cold comfort to the wretched man for the torments he had to endure. Now we are gravely informed that Daly is feigning sickness and Gallagher feigning madness. There is good reason for believing it is not feigning, but deadly earnest. But if the authorities will have their own story true, they must surely realise how dreadful the tortures from which the prisoners are driven to take refuge in such feigning. The Home Secretary, in language far more sympathetic than is used by Mr. Balfour, has promised, in response to the earnest appeal of Mr. John O'Connor, Mr. Sexton, and Mr. Healy, to consider the entire circumstances during the recess with a view to advise a mitigation of their punishment. The sufferings of those men give them a direct claim on the mercy of the Crown. The poisoning of Daly, assuming even that it was accidental, gives him especially an irresistible claim to a compensatory lightening of the load of punishment to which he was condemned. All fear of the repetition of the offence has passed away. Let us hope that honest British indignation at the sufferings to which Russian Nihilists are subjected will find effective scope nearer home in the jealous guardianship of British honour from the infamy they denounce abroad. We have little reason to hope that our earnest appeal will reach the ears of those in power. But we may, at least, earnestly pray that, in the consideration of the subject to which Mr. Matthews is pledged to devote himself during the recess, the gentle pleadings of mercy may prevail. By the Irish race, at home and abroad, the release of those men would be received as a gracious exercise of the clemency of the Crown.

CATHOLIC CEREMONIES AT GORE.

THE successful proceedings at Gore on last Sunday must have been a source of great pleasure to the Bishop of Dunedin and of gratification to Father Newport and his flock, and of consolation and encouragement to the Sisters of Mercy. Very large congregations filled the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, morning and evening, and a great gathering witnessed the solemn blessing of the new schools in the afternoon. The weather was simply glorious, the order observed perfect, and everything passed off without a hitch of any kind. Many persons came from Mataura, Pukerau, Clinton, and other outlying districts to swell the numbers of townspeople who assisted at the various functions.

High Mass, *Coram Pontifice*, was celebrated at 11 a.m. Rev. Father Newport, to whose energy and perseverance the present state of things is chiefly due, was celebrant, Very Rev. Father Walsh (Invercargill), and Rev. Father Lynch (Dunedin) acted respectively as deacon and sub-deacon. A choir, which even in a city would be styled efficient, rendered in a becoming manner the musical portion of the service. The "Ave Maria" of Gounod, as sung by Miss K. Walsh, would be far from out of place in a Cathedral Church on a grand occasion. After Mass, and before the ceremony of reception of postulants, the Bishop addressed the candidates, and afterwards the congregation generally. His Lordship, who appeared to be in excellent health and spirits, spoke at some length on the obligations of religious, and the duties of Catholics in the matter of education. Taking up the last words of the Gospel read in the Mass of the day, he showed in his usual clear, forcible way that Jesus, going down to Nazareth and subject to Joseph and Mary, was the model of those especially who, choosing a life of perfection, bound themselves to obey the lawful commands of a legitimate superior. He exhorted the people, whom he praised for their generosity in the past, to continue to exhibit the spirit of self-sacrifice in the future. He complimented the pastor, Rev. Father Newport, on the result of his labours for the mission, and congratulated the Catholic body on the progress of religion among them. In a few years much had been done. They had built a substantial church, which in a short time would be enlarged, a fine presbytery for their priest, a convent and school which made, under the circumstances, a very good beginning indeed. The church and presbytery were free from debt. The convent and school buildings would soon

be likewise free. Much remained to be done and he had no hesitation in saying that judging by their past generosity and successful efforts, much more would even soon be accomplished. In a few earnest words he encouraged his people to guard against the godlessness of the times, and to maintain their own schools. His Lordship concluded a telling address, in which he dwelt on the iniquity of the present system of education, by saying that in his very long experience he had never known man or woman to become poorer through being generous to the Church. The collection, usual on such occasions resulted in £80 being added to the amounts already received for school and convent purposes. The foundation at Gore has, up to the present, cost £1,000. A very impressive reception, ceremony was then gone through with, the whole congregation remaining to the end. The young ladies who have entered the novitiate at the Convent of Mercy, Gore, are Miss Bridget Doyle, (in religion Sister Mary Columba) and Miss Kate Healy, (Sister Mary Patricia). Both came from Ireland with the professed Sisters of the Convent a few months ago. At 3.30 p.m., the Bishop blessed the fine school, newly erected, which was designed by Mr. W. A. McCaw, architect, and built by Mr. J. Carmody, contractor. The directions of the Roman Ritual were carried out to the letter. Without doubt a lasting impression was made on the children who took part in the procession, and the crowd that lined the Gordon hill, or followed the Bishop and priests, will not soon forget the sight. Everything helped to make the scene bright and joyous, and the occasion solemn. An almost cloudless sky, a cheery sunshiny day the girls in spotless white, all the children singing sweet hymns, the nuns walking with those little ones for whom they left home and friends, the white robed clergy and the venerable Bishop, filled with gladness, that another pillar had been added to the house of Catholic education, then the procession quietly moving down the hill, winding along the slope, slowly climbing the hilly ground and passing leisurely by the convent on to the new building destined doubtless to be another home of piety beneath the Southern Cross, another nursery of learning, all contributed to make the occasion one that would linger in the memory and would not soon pass into oblivion.

Many were the expressions of pardonable pride and evident pleasure heard during the day. This is not to be wondered at. As the Bishop justly remarked the establishment of the Convent of Mercy at Gore and the erection of the well finished building just opened, mark an era in the history of the mission, and are matters for pastor and people of sincere self congratulation. It has been said that in the colonies the Catholic Church usually secures the best sites procurable for church and school, Gore is not an exception. The first view one obtains on entering this important town from the North takes in the neat presbytery on one side of a gently rising hill, the church and convent on the other. The scene from the nuns' grounds in a few years when willows and drooping ash line the adjacent streamlet, and fir and pine and shrubs of various kind dot the many hills which surround a fertile plain, will be one of singular beauty. It is but right that nature should by beauty of scenery make some slight compensation for the loss sustained by severing ties of kindred and relinquishing the joys of early associations. The nuns of Gore came from the Convent of Mercy, Carrick on Suir, Ireland. They volunteered when Bishop Moran was last in Europe to come to work for Church and God in this distant diocese. They took possession of their new home on the 10th of last March. They at once entered on their work, and temporarily taught in the Gordon Town Hall. Of their success even in a short time the reverent attitude of the children on Sunday in the church, their quiet demeanour in the streets, the tuneful singing and well ordered movement of the little ones during the long ceremonies spoke volumes. The Sisters of Mercy have brought with them from the old land the best traditions of an Order which in the hospital and in the school has done much for religion and humanity. When on Sunday the Bishop for the last time referred to the happy event of the day there was not one present who did not utter a fervent amen to the prayer that God might bless abundantly the noble work undertaken in His name.

ENTERTAINMENT AT GORE CONVENT.

(*Southern Standard*, October 14.)

IT was deemed fitting that advantage should be taken of the presence of his Lordship the Bishop in Gore, to show to parents and friends of the children attending the Convent schools the progress that had been made by the scholars since the Convent was opened. Last night, therefore, an invitation was extended to all to attend an entertainment given by the pupils, to celebrate the opening of St. Mary's parochial schools. The entertainment was held in the Gordon Town Hall, and there was an "overflowing" audience; the hall being inconveniently crowded, and the heat rather oppressive. The hall was decorated, and on each side of the platform were the mottoes, "Lead Me Follower," and "Many Happy Returns of the day." The scholars, who numbered close on 100, were marshalled in front of the stage. Most of the girls were arrayed in white costumes; those attending the high school wore red sashes, and the others blue sashes. This blending of colours was very pleasing to the eye.

At a quarter past 7 o'clock, his Lordship Dr. Moran, attended by Rev. Fathers Walsh, Lynch and Newport, entered the hall, and took their seats in a reserved space near the platform. The entertainment was then commenced by the pupils singing "A song of Welcome," with good enunciation. Miss Annie O'Kane then stepped forward, and very distinctly read the following address:—

"To the Most Rev. Dr. Moran.—May it please your Lordship,—We, your devoted children of the Convent school, come with hearts filled with gratitude to welcome your Lordship amongst us on this, for us, great day—as it most truly is, being the occasion of the opening of the first Catholic school in our native town. My Lord, no wonder that we, your children, should be glad, and lift up our young hearts with thankfulness to God to-day for having given us such a true father, a wise counsellor, a sincere pastor, so devoted to our material as well as our spiritual interests.

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Christ'ch 9d 1s 3d 2s 3d 4s 0d 5s 0d 6s 0d
Inver'crg' 1 6d 1s 0d 1s 6d 2s 6d 3s 6d 4s 6d
Oamaru ... 6d 9d 1s 0d 1s 6d 2s 0d 3s 6d
Timaru ... 6d 1s 0d 1s 6d 2s 9d 4s 0d 4s 6d
Auckland } 31b 20b 50b 100b,
Each addi- }
Naper ... } 1s 1s 2s 3s 4s 5s 6s
Well'g'n } to 91b, 31. } 2s 6d 4s 0d 4s 6d
And upwards at slight increase.
Parcels for Great Britain and Ireland :—
11b. 1s; and 6d per lb additional.
Agents for Great Britain... W. R. Sutton & Co.
" Melbourne ... F. Tate
" Sydney ... Sydney Transfer Co.
C.O.D.—Amount of invoices collected against delivery of goods on small commission.
HEAD OFFICE : 7 MANSE STREET.

"My Lord, though children, we cannot fail to recognise all your Lordship has done in the cause of religion and education, ever hand in hand in this our dear island. We fully appreciate and gratefully acknowledge the great benefit conferred on us by your Lordship, and our good, zealous priest, in procuring from the dear Old Land our present devoted teachers, the Sisters of Mercy. We trust that next time we shall have the great honour of entertaining your Lordship, we may be able to show forth the proficiency we have attained under their efficient and self-sacrificing care. That your Lordship may enjoy health, strength, and length of days, to add new lustre to the Church, is the hearty wish and fervent prayer of those who are now privileged to address you.

"My Lord, we beg your blessing for our parish priest, the good Sisters, our parents, and ourselves, that each and all having done their duty here, may receive the reward of the just hereafter.

"We remain your Lordship's devoted Children, in Jesus Christ the pupils of the Sisters of Mercy, Gore."

My Lord, you will bless your children kneeling round,
Who pray that calm and sunshine light your way;
That peace and blessing in your life abound,
As on this glorious opening day.

The address had been artistically illuminated, and appropriately framed. The floral work forming the border consisted of red and blue bell flowers intermingled with maiden-hair fern. The illumination was the work of the Sisters of Mercy.

His Lordship briefly returned thanks. The following is the order in which the items were given:—Opening March, "Song of Welcome," children and seniors; Coronation March, Misses Mulvey; recitation, "Sewing for Dolly," Miss Aileen May Warren; song "Meeting of the Waters"; boys' dialogue, "Little Foxes spoil the Vines," Masters O'Brien, Robins, Hanley and Mulvey; song, "Heaven's Voices," Miss Walsh; pianoforte trio, "Norma," Misses Fletcher, O'Kane, and Macaffer; play, "The Magic Box," Miss Fay, a Maiden Lady, Miss M. J. Mulvey; School Children; Misses Macaffer, T. Sullivan, A. O'Kane, M. J. Robins, H. O'Brien, N. Mulvey; pianoforte solo, "Woodland Echoes," Miss K. Hanley; pianoforte duet, "Olivette," Misses Fletcher and Macaffer; song, "Birdies' Ball"; recitation, "Son of a King for Me," Miss M. J. Mulvey; humorous song, "The Musical Wife," Miss Stockwell; pianoforte duet, "Round about the Maypole," Misses Heffernan; girls' Dialogue, Misses Fraser, O'Brien, Sullivan and Black; pianoforte solo, "Silvery Waves," Miss Mulvey; "Dolly's Mamma and the Doctor," Miss R. Godby and Miss Jack Flanagan; song, "Cuckoo"; pianoforte duet, "Home to our Mountains," Misses O'Kane and Green; recitation, Miss Kitty Ryan; ending chorus, "Love at Home."

There was nothing approaching a hitch in the arrangements, the boys and girls did their parts with clock-like precision. Some of the children were veritable prodigies, Jack Flanagan, little Miss Godby, and Kitty Ryan are each about 4 years of age, and all recited a number of lines capably, and received rounds of applause. The choruses were all tastefully sung, and by the help of Misses Walsh, Green, O'Connor, and other ladies, more fulness was added to the children's sweet treble tones. "Autumn Winds," was sung with excellent expression. Two action songs were given by 15 boys and girls, "The Cuckoo" being especially taking. Miss Warren's recitation was given very well indeed; and Miss Stockwell's humorous ditty was loudly applauded. From first to last, the whole proceedings reflected the highest credit on the Sisters of Mercy, for the manner in which they have trained the scholars. The accompaniments were severally played by Misses Green, Mulvey, Macaffer, and O'Hagan. The children having finished the last strains of the popular ballad, "Love at Home,"

Bishop Moran ascended the platform. He said it was hardly necessary for him to say anything about the performance. They owed a debt of gratitude to the children for the amusement they had given the audience, and for the great ability with which they had acquitted themselves. He asked everybody present to join in a vote of thanks to the children. The parents must have felt gratified at the performance. He himself was very much pleased. In a few months' time they would doubtless give an entertainment that would astonish those who heard it. He could hardly express the great pleasure he had experienced that evening (loud applause). He also thanked the children for the beautiful address they had presented him with, and spoke of the excellent way in which Miss O'Kane had read the text.

We may add, that in the juvenile plays by the pupils, capital stage and drop scenes were used. It was no difficult matter to identify the dexterous manipulation of Mr. Nash's brush in the scenery.

Commercial.

MESSERS. DONALD STRONACH AND SON report for the week ending October 8, as follows:—

Fat Cattle.—A moderate entry was presented at the Burnside saleyards for the week's requirements, 193 head being yarded, a considerable portion of which were good to prime beef, a few pens being pretty heavy weights. As usual, prime quality had a very fair demand, realising prices a shade higher than those obtaining the week previous, while medium showed but little difference. Best bullocks brought £8 to £9 17s 6d; extra prime, £10 to £11; medium, £6 5s to £7 15s; light and inferior, £4 7s 6d to £6 2s 6d; best cows, £7 10s to £8 10s; others, £3 2s 6d to £6 10s.

Fat Sheep.—The number to hand to-day was somewhat larger, 3192 being penned, including about 600 merino wethers, medium to good, the balance crossbred, comprising both sexes, a large proportion of each, both in point of quality and weights, much superior to those forwarded last week. There was a good attendance of the trade, and competition fairly active for good quality, half and three-quarter fat sorts were taken by graziers, so that the whole were disposed of

at fairly satisfactory prices, although showing no improvement on last week's rates. Best crossbred wethers brought 15s 6d to 18s 6d—one pen extra heavy to 19s 9d; medium to good, 13s 6d to 15s 3d; best does, 14s 3d to 15s 6d; a few extra prime, 16s 6d to 18s 9d; medium to good, 11s 9d to 13s 9d; merino wethers, 9s 6d to 10s 3d. We sold on account of Mr. J. A. Kirk (Kalso), crossbred ewes at 13s 9d, and merino wethers at 10s; on account of Messrs. Ellis Brothers (Five Rivers), crossbred ewes from 13s 6d to 15s 6d; on account of Mr. J. Wythe, halfbred wethers at quotations.

Sore Cattle.—There is no alteration of any consequence to note in the tone of the market, and while farmers are able to pick up suitable lots of sheep at reasonable prices the demand for cattle in the meantime at any rate will hardly be so keen. We notice that there are more offering lately, and some small lots being disposed of, but the transactions passing are limited. The season is hardly far enough advanced just yet to allow of very much business being done in this line, but with a continuation of the present genial weather a considerable number will change hands.

Store Sheep.—These still change hands in considerable numbers. Good strong crossbred and halfbred hoggies and crossbred wethers are the most in demand, but doubtless owing to the fact that fat sheep have somewhat receded in value at the Burnside market lately in consequence of the weaker tone existing at Home in the frozen mutton market, prices ruling for good stores lately are being hardly maintained.

Lambs.—100 were penned, more than half of which were rather small. These did not sell very well while the best had a fair demand. The range to day was from 5s to 13s 9d.

Pigs.—210 were penned; of these there were no heavy porkers or baconers. Suckers and stores were of the usual descriptions and sold fairly well, while the former had only a very moderate demand. Suckers brought 10s to 14s; stores, 17s 6d to 22s; porkers, 24s to 29s; baconers, 32s to 37s each.

Wool.—During the week all cable news referring to the London sales now in progress has been of a satisfactory character. The market is evidently very firm and the demand good, especially for all good wools. The lately telegraphed improvement has become still more marked. As compared with closing rates of last series prices are 1d per lb. higher for good greasy merino, $\frac{1}{2}$ d higher for lower classes, and 1d higher for scoured. Crossbred is $\frac{1}{2}$ d per lb. higher. 195,400 bales have been catalogued to date, 4th inst., of which about 185,800 have been disposed of, any decline being chiefly inferior and faulty merino. Locally there is nothing of any moment; all odd lots offered are taken at full rates.

Sheepskins.—The weekly sales at the Chamber of Commerce Hall, Crawford street, on Tuesday, were well attended. A fairly good supply came forward; the catalogues offered compared favourably with those lately presented. Nearly all the buyers were present, and keen competition ensued, with an upward tendency in prices. We submitted a varied catalogue of dry and green country skins, and an assortment from town butchers, and cleared the whole at current values, buyers showing special eagerness for halfbred and merino skins. Butchers' green crossbreds, best, brought 6s 8d, 6s 6d, 6s 4d, 6s 2d, 6s, 5s 10d, 5s 9d, 5s 8d, 5s 7d, 5s 6d; good to medium and inferior, 5s 4d, 5s 2d, 5s 1d, 5s, 4s 10d, 4s 8d, 4s 7d, 4s 6d, 4s 5d; green merino, 5s 5d, 5s 3d, 5s, 4s 10d, 4s 8d, 4s 6d, 4s 3d, 3s 10d, 3s 6d; country dry crossbreds, inferior to medium, 1s 9d to 3s 10d; do do merino, 1s 8d to 3s 4d; full-wooled crossbreds, 4s 1d to 6s 9d; do do merino, 4s 6d to 5s 10d; dry pelts, 3d to 1s 6d each.

Rabbitskins.—The market is firm and the demand at auction continues very satisfactory, resulting in keen competition for all sorts—though, as usual, best sorts have the most attention. Medium and inferior also sell well and realise fair prices, considering those recorded in the London catalogues. The offerings from this forward will be destitute of prime skins, nearly all full-furred being already sent to market or shipped direct. On Tuesday, the regular weekly sale day, we submitted a moderate catalogue, only medium quality, but these elicited keen competition at the hands of the trade, all the buyers being present, when prices were obtained comparing very favourably with those lately being realised. We quote—Prime winter greys, 1s 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d to 1s 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d; medium to good, 1s to 1s 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d; inferior to medium, 6d to 10d; suckers and half-grown, 2d to 3d; black and fawn, best winter, 10d to 11d; medium, 5d to 8d per lb. We quote (nominal) best maiting, 2s 6d to 2s 9d; medium, 2s 3d to 2s 6d; feet and milt, 1s 6d to 2s (ex store).

Grass Seed.—A moderately fair business is being still transacted in ryegrass seed. Quotations are unchanged, which may be given as follows—viz. for imported, 5s to 5s 3d; local grown, farmers' dressed, 4s 3d to 4s 9d; best machine dressed, 5s 3d to 5s 9d (ex store).—Cocksfoot is moving off in small parcels, but no sales of any magnitude are being effected. We quote 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ d per lb.

Potatoes.—Stocks in town are more than sufficient of requirements. Nearly all the lots put up at auction this week had to be passed in without an offer. During the week prices have been ranging from 15s to 35s per ton for best (sacks weighed in).

Chaff.—A moderately fair demand exists for well cut, heavy chaff, at from, 37s 6d to 40s; but straw, indifferently cut, and light is hard to place except at very unprofitable prices to the vendor.

Dairy Produce.—The market has not improved, stocks being in excess of requirements. We quote prime salt butter, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d to 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d; medium, almost unsaleable, so much fresh now coming to hand. Cheese is slow of sale; quotations nominal.

Mr. F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale prices:—Oats, 1s 1d to 1s 4d (bags extra), dull. Wheat: milling, 3s 6d to 4s; fowls', 3s 3d—both firm, sacks included. Chaff: Very dull—£1 10s to £2; hay, oaten, £2 10s; best rye-grass, £3. Bran, £2 10s, Pollard, £3 10s. Potatoes—a total collapse: owing to export entirely ceased and large supplies on hand—best, 20s to 30s per ton; seed, nominal. Flour: roller, £10 to £10 15s; stone, £9 5s to £9 15s. Fresh butter, very plentiful, value from 4d to 8d; salt, nominal, for prime, 7d. Eggs, good demand, 6d.

DONAGHY'S BINDER TWINES.

No. 1—Best Prize Medal Manila.
 No. 2—Second Quality (Mixed).
 No. 3—New Zealand Flax.

CONSUMPTION OF DONAGHY'S TWINE SINCE FIRST YEAR OF ITS MANUFACTURE.

	1883	1884	1885	1886	1887	1888	1889	1890
Tons ...	10	25	50	55	85	210	377	515 Tons.

Expected consumption for the approaching season, 700 Tons.

M. DONAGHY & CO., LTD.

OTAGO STEAM ROPE AND TWINE WORKS,

DUNEDIN.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO FARMERS.

WE beg to intimate that we make liberal Cash Advances, free of Commission, on Wool, Hemp, Grain, Rabbitskins, Hides, Tallow, and all kinds of Farm Produce consigned to us for sale, or for shipment on Growers' account. Also on Fat or Store Stock placed in our hands for sale.

We hold Auction Sales of Fat and Store Stock every Wednesday at the Burnside Yards. Sales of Wool, Hemp, Sheepskins, Rabbitskins, Hides, and Tallow every Tuesday; and of Grain and other Farm Produce every Monday.

Parties consigning Stock or Produce for Sale may rely on Sales being conducted to the very best advantage, and Account Sales rendered without delay.

Produce for shipment is consigned direct to our LONDON AGENTS. Shippers have thus the full advantage of their Produce being sold under the direct supervision of trustworthy and experienced Brokers, and can depend on their interests being carefully protected.

FREIGHTS to England by first-class iron vessels at lowest current rates.

PROMPT Returns and Medium Charges may be relied on.

DONALD REID, AND CO.,
 AUCTIONEERS,

Stock, Station, and Produce Agents and Wool Brokers,
 Cumberland, Jetty, and Vogel Streets, Dunedin.

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.
Miss Roughan, Lawrence	...	0	16 0
Mr Wainoski, Waibola	...	1	2 0
„ Brian Ferry, Glenorchy	...	2	0 0
Mrs Ashworth, Malaghan's	...	1	6 0
Mr J Murdoch, Waianua	...	1	0 0
Miss L Roche, Invercargill	...	0	10 0
Mr Dawson, Kennington	...	0	16 0
„ John Murphy, Fern Hills	...	1	16 0
Miss Brosean, Blue Spur	...	1	0 0
Mrs S. A. McKechnie, Mandeville	...	2	0 0
„ Sweetman, Otautau	...	2	0 0
Mr Thomas Fitzpatrick, Waipahi	...	1	19 4
„ Thomas McCartney, Riversdale	...	0	16 0
„ E. F. Butler, Otautau	...	1	0 0
Mrs T Shea, Wairio	...	0	4 0
„ Nash, Weatherstones	...	2	0 0
Mr P. S. Graham, Fairfax	...	2	8 0

(To be Continued.)

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE PENINSULA.

GENTLEMEN,—Having just returned from attending to my Parliamentary duties at Wellington, and as the present Parliament will expire in a few days, I beg to intimate that I will be a CANDIDATE FOR YOUR SUFFRAGES to represent you in the new Parliament; and I hope to Meet you in different parts of the District early during next month, of which I will give due notice from time to time.

W. J. M. LARNACH.

Dunedin, 29th September, 1890

SISTERS OF MERCY'S ART-UNION, GORE.

POSTPONED TO APRIL.

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

	£	s.	d.
Mr. H. O'Leary, Blenheim	...	2	0 0
Mrs. M. A. Black, Wellington	...	2	0 0
Mr. J. Daly, Waikomato	...	1	4 0
Mrs. T. Hall, Awamoko	...	2	0 0
Mr. W. Hastings, Kurow	...	2	0 0
„ L. Walsh, Lovel's Flat	...	0	12 0
„ P. Henley, New Headford, Lincoln	...	2	0 0
„ B. Fahey, Otautau	...	2	0 0
„ T. Caddigan, Reefton	...	2	0 0
„ T. Gorman, Oamaru	...	0	8 0
„ Peter Farrell, Bluff	...	0	10 0
„ P. Ryan, Little River	...	0	6 0
„ Morgan Hayes, Riverton	...	1	6 0
„ John Cunningham, Balclutha	...	0	4 0
„ P. Deegan, Limehills	...	1	0 0
„ Tim Casey, Wreys Bush	...	1	18 0
„ Dos. A. Cameron, Nokomai	...	2	0 0
Mrs. McCormick, Dunedin	...	2	0 0
Mr. E. Onion, Wairau Valley	...	1	18 3
„ Richard Borough, Nelson	...	0	8 0

(To be Continued.)

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.

SEEDS FOR FARM, GARDEN, STATION.

NEW SEEDS! NEW SEEDS!
 NEW SEEDS!



Fresh Garden Seeds.

Clover Seeds.

Turnip Seeds.

We are now Stocked with SEEDS of ALL VARIETIES direct from the Best Seed-growing Districts in England, and respectfully solicit your orders.

Grains, Bone Dust, Racine Fans (£6 10s), and a lot of Sundries for Farmers.

NIMMO & BLAIR,
 SEED MERCHANTS AND SEED GROWERS,
 DUNEDIN.

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.

MISSING FRIEND.

WANTED information of **JOSEPH CAMPBELL**, formerly of Kinnego, Lurgan, Co. Armagh, Ireland, lately residing in Dunedin, and last heard of was working on the Otago Central Railway. Persons knowing anything of his whereabouts will please communicate with N.Z. TABLET Office, Dunedin.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 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
Buessell	Humphreys
Samuel	Jones
Seymour	Joyce
Smith	Lawry
Steward	Mackenzie
Tanner	Mitchelson
Turnbull	Moat
Ward	Monk
	Moss
	Newman
	Rhodes
	G. F. Richardson
	Ross
	Saunders
	Stuart-Menteath
	Taylor
	Thompson
	Verrall
	Walker
	Withey

PAIRS.

Atkinson	McKenzie
Fish	White
Graham	Anderson
Duncan	Macarthur
Carroll	Downie Stewart
McGregor	Ormond
Wilson	Scobie McKenzie
Taipu	W. P. Reeves
Lance	Fraser

A NEW DEPARTURE.



THE escape of Messrs. DILLON and O'BRIEN from the clutches of coercion is a startling event. It is one, moreover, as to which, perhaps, opinion may be divided. Gentlemen, honourable men, legally arrested, and liberated on bail, and yet who do not await their trial, but betake themselves to flight, and leave their bail to be estreated. What are the conclusions that are to be derived from conduct like this? The men have grown tired of the struggle, their experience of prison life has proved too much for them, and they have sought for safety in another country. Considering what JOHN DILLON and WILLIAM O'BRIEN have suffered for their country, even were we to admit that these conclusions were just, and we have purposely stated the case as strongly as possible, it must still be allowed that their services had been too great to permit of their being blamed. They might rationally plead that they had done all that could reasonably be demanded of them, having sacrificed the flower of their youth and the best years of their lives, and at the irreparable loss of opportunities for professional advancement and the injury of bodily health. No such excuse, however, need be made for these gentlemen. They have not shirked the fight. They have not given up the struggle, or retired permanently to another country, in order more safely to continue it there. They have but made a new and unexpected move in tactics to defeat an unscrupulous and determined enemy, and to derange his cold-blooded plans.

And, indeed, it may well be urged that coercion has been submitted to all too tamely. One after another, or sometimes two or three together, the Nationalists have obeyed the legal but iniquitous edicts of their pursuer, and entered his prisons, leaving their party weakened in carrying on the contest. One exception only had so far occurred, when Mr. O'BRIEN gave his custodians the slip, and cast derision on the whole régime of coercion by passing through the very thick of it, and keeping the appointment he had made to speak at Manchester. A similar movement is that Mr. O'BRIEN has now made in company with Mr. DILLON.

Why, in fact, should these gentlemen submit themselves to the caprice or the desperation of Mr. BALFOUR? Their obligations are certainly not to the party of coercion, even though it may have the law under its control and be able to manipulate it so as to serve its purposes. Their obligations are towards the Irish people, whose cause they have undertaken to champion, and whose liberties it is their task to vindicate and secure,—and the step that seems to them most conducive to the fulfilment of their obligation is the step they are called upon to take. If Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN, then, had reason to believe, as we may conclude was the case, that their presence on American platforms, arranged for many months ago and again appointed at the recent conference in Dublin, was necessary for the maintenance or progress of the struggle, they were completely justified in taking measures to keep the appointment—however irregular they might seem.

And what, in fact, are the worst accusations that can be brought against them? That they have broken the law?—a law especially and iniquitously passed to hinder and defeat them in the just objects they have in view, and so administered as not only to outrage justice, but to strain legality itself. That they shrink from sufferings to be endured in prison?—sufferings only to be encountered, when it is possible to avoid them, by some gallant knight errant who adopts the part of DON QUIXOTE. Imprisonment means squalor, and foul contact, and stagnation,—things that every decent man must necessarily shun so far as it lies in his power to do so. The leaders of a great and important movement are no more called upon to place themselves voluntarily within reach of legal penalties than is the commander on a battle-field obliged to expose himself unnecessarily to a heavy fire. Success depends upon their power of action, and wherever this can be best brought into play is their place. Had Messrs. O'BRIEN and DILLON, therefore, the intention of remaining permanently in America, and if they believed they could best serve their cause by staying there, they would be doing no more than fulfilling their duty in carrying it out.

The strong probability,—indeed we may almost say the complete certainty,—is, however, that when the object with

which they are now crossing the Atlantic has been fulfilled, they will return to Ireland, even although it be to find themselves once more within the fangs of the tiger. Our feelings in the matter, nevertheless, are by no means Quixotic, and we have no desire to see their courage put to the proof. If their American tour results, as perhaps it may, in convincing Mr. BALFOUR that his violence is, at best, misplaced and useless, and the gentlemen in question are consequently left uninterfered with on their return, so much the better.

The fact, meantime, is that by their spirited conduct they run the risk of a more severe sentence, ultimately to be inflicted upon them. We must conclude, therefore, that their adventure has been entered upon deliberately and with sufficient justification.

THE ceremonies at Gore, of which a report will be found elsewhere, have been the great Catholic event of the week. Marking, as they did, not only the general progress of the Catholic Church in the diocese, but in particular, the establishment here of a branch of the great and glorious Order of the Sisters of Mercy, they were of very special significance. His Lordship the Bishop visited the schools of the Sisters on Monday, and found them attended by close on 100 children—all of them giving evident proof of the care bestowed upon them and of the advancement already made under the guidance of their devoted teachers. The Bishop expressed himself as delighted with what he witnessed. We may add that it is to forward the interests of this admirable work, and to help towards defraying the obligations that have been incurred in connection with it, that the art-union, of which frequent mention has been made in our columns, has been undertaken. The claims, therefore, of this art-union, on the support of every friend of education and religion among us are evident, and do not need to be pressingly urged.

THE cable informs us that the Pope has summoned the Irish hierarchy to Rome in November. The source of information is doubtful, but there is nothing that seems improbable in the report. If His Holiness desires to make any inquiry into Irish affairs, as may very likely be the case, it is naturally the prelates of the country he calls to his aid.

"Mr. A. J. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, characterises the statement that the potato blight will result in a partial famine in some of the Irish districts as absurd, but promises that the Government will assist those who may need assistance through it." Of course it is a matter that is highly amusing to the Right Hon. gentleman. The starving Irishman has always been a most absurd object in the eyes of such statesmen. The Government will give assistance, for example, in the way of providing pauper funerals for those who die of hunger.

A SHORT time ago (writes a correspondent) I sent you an account of a wedding that took place at Darfield, between Miss Laffey and Mr. McCarthy, but in my description of the affair I made a very great mistake, and although I described the good things provided for the guests on the one table, I forgot to mention another table which was crowded with presents given to the bride by her numerous friends and well wishers. I hope you will kindly insert this for me as an apology to the donors for my seeming neglect.

AN Oamaru correspondent calls our attention to the fact that in our list of the voting on Mr. Pyke's Bill, Mr. Hislop is mistakenly represented as having paired against the Catholic claims. Our list we may explain, was taken from the Parliamentary summary published in the daily papers of July 11th, 1889, and in which Mr. Hislop's name was entered as quoted by us. On consulting *Hansard*, however, we find that the hon. Member took no part in the division. A distinction without a difference, nevertheless, is all we have to apologise for. The hon. Member deliberately walked out of the House without voting in our favour, which came to pretty nearly the same thing, or, perhaps, on the whole, was rather worse. That is about all the *amende* we are called upon to make.

MUSCULAR Christianity, then, is still well to the fore. The following telegram, under date, Rockhampton, Queensland, September 29th, contains a remarkable example of it. "A new and remarkable phase of the strike was shown at Goondi plantation on Saturday, when the Chinese, prompted by Chinese merchants at Geraldton, refused to assist in loading sugar on to the Palmer. Dr. Stanton, the Anglican Bishop of Northern Queensland, was a passenger from Cairns to Townsville by the Palmer, and he is reported to have taken his coat off and assisted the clerks, overseers, managers, and others to load about 90 tons of sugar.

THE Napier *Daily Telegraph* has been made uneasy by a message from Wellington to the effect that a combination of Catholics and Anglicans is to be formed for the purpose of obtaining denominational

education. Our contemporary lays down the law for Catholics with almost as much authority as if he were a theologian of the Church "We think it very doubtful," he says, "whether the Catholics would join with the Anglican Church for the purpose named in the telegram. It would be against their religious principles to work for any other cause but their own, and the establishment of State-aided Protestant schools is not one of their causes. Rather than that Catholic school should be placed on an equality with those of other denominations we believe the Catholics would prefer to remain in their present isolated but proud position of independence."—Yes, honest friend but, don't you see, Catholics would be working for their own cause if by aiding to obtain justice for the Anglican community they obtained it also for themselves? As to your belief about their preferring their "proud position of independence," it is altogether mistaken—perfect nonsense, in fact. Catholics are quite willing to have their schools placed on an equality with those of other denominations, and would gladly co-operate with any measures that might be adopted for such a purpose.

We recommend the following paragraph, taken from the *Dublin Nation* of August 23, to the special attention of our contemporary the *Napier Telegraph*:—"A victory has been scored on the education question. Thanks to the Archbishop of Dublin's unflinching persistence in pressing the claim of the Denominational Training Colleges to equality of treatment with the State Training College, and to Mr. Sexton's energy in keeping Mr. Balfour to his pledges, the victory has been won. Mr. Balfour has stated that the Treasury has resolved to treat the Denominational Training Colleges in precisely the same way as Marlborough-street. It adds to the pleasure of the success that, although it is mainly due to the agitation of Catholics and of Nationalists, its fruits will be shared by the Protestant schools and teachers. This shows that the question of denominational education in Ireland is not a narrow sectarian issue, but one affecting all the creeds."

AT Mr. Santley's farewell concert in Sydney on the evening of September 22, among other performers Miss Colbourne Baber, a vocalist hailing from Dunedin, was present. The lady shared in the honours of the night.

A VERY note-worthy passage in the panegyric of Cardinal Newman, delivered in Sydney by the Cardinal Archbishop, and whose conclusion we publish in our present issue, is that in which his Eminence accounts for the numerical sterility of the Catholic Church in England. The first and most significant of three reasons his Eminence gives for this is, to quote his words, "the national antipathy against Ireland and her Catholic people manifested by many of the clergy no less than of the laity in England." His Eminence is to be congratulated on the boldness of his statement, and falling from such lips it should produce a due effect. It is a point that even for the sake of those who harbour the antipathy referred to should be insisted upon, so that the enormity of the matter may be forced upon their attention, and its remedy seriously undertaken by them. As things are, however, any mention of it excites anger and people occupying a less independent position can only make it at their risk. It is well, therefore, to find the truth so proclaimed as to ensure for it a respectful hearing.

"THE most curious incident," says *Truth*, "in connection with the going over of Newman to Rome is the fact that Mark Pattison would have gone over with him if he had not happened to miss a train, an accident which gave him time for further reflection, with the result that he presently drifted so far from his old moorings that he came to be within a quite measurable distance of pure atheism."—We trust it may not be uncharitable to regard as fortunate an accident that prevented Mr. Pattison from incurring responsibilities for which he was evidently unprepared, and which must have added to the guilt of his infidelity. The profanation also that under the circumstances must have attended, more or less, on Newman's reception into the Church was providentially avoided.

THE London correspondent of our contemporary the *Otago Daily Times* narrates certain rumours which, he says, prevail relative to Mr. Parnell's leadership of the Irish party. The rumours are, of course, to the effect that Mr. Parnell has grown tired of his party, and that his party has grown tired of him. "Certain incidents in the House," concludes the correspondent, "have led one naturally to a conviction that Mr. Parnell's lieutenants have more than a suspicion of his intention to retire from public life. How otherwise can one explain the want of unanimity displayed by Messrs. Sexton and Healy (not to include Mr. Dillon also) except on the hypothesis that they are really bidding for the reversion of the leadership of the party. At any rate, I give the rumour for what it is worth; in politics it is always the unexpected that happens."—But if it is the unexpected that happens, Mr. Parnell must still continue in his leadership—for the time is hardly to be remembered at which his resignation was not

looked upon as imminent. As to the worth of the rumour, it is simply nothing.

Yes, Sydney Smith was right. It would take an auger to drive a joke into the brain of a Scotchman, that is when the joke touches the Scotchman personally. Our North British friend is too canny to receive at a stroke what may require consideration. And as to the joke that is weighed and pondered, there, indeed, is savourless salt. Mr. Toole, for example, in one of his characters the other night at the Princess Theatre, referred in a jesting sort of way to the tragedy of Macbeth, mixing the part up together and at last reaching a conclusion, to the effect that one Scotch gentleman had killed another Scotch gentleman. There was for a moment a lull in the appreciative merriment, and a silence that might be felt. We noticed something of the same kind some years ago when the late Mr. Rose gave an entertainment in Dunedin. One of "Arthur Sketchley's" most amusing delineations was that of a Scotch lady, whose acquaintance his wife had formed at a watering place. It did not take, however. The ominous silence filled the hall. If Sydney Smith, therefore, was "poking fun," as the saying is, at his friends in Edinburgh, no wonder he adopted his theory of the auger.

THE Melbourne *Sun* gives an instance of the intolerance of an Orange lodge at Ballarat in arraigning two of their brothers for respectively proposing and seconding a motion for rescinding a rule that excluded Catholics from a certain debating society. In one instance, however, the result was fortunate. One of the brothers arraigned had his eyes opened and renounced the system. "The Roman Catholic Church," he said, "has been frequently charged with not allowing its members to exercise their own judgment, but the Orange lodge are now doing the very thing that they decry in others. If this is Orangeism, I have had enough of it." But all that is needed for the decay of Orangeism, at least in these colonies, is that it should be thoroughly understood by every honest and well-intentioned man belonging to it. The *Sun* gives its approval to the step taken by the ex-brother alluded to. "Mr. W. H. Hill," it says, "is evidently a very sensible young man, and his opinion will be very generally endorsed throughout the colony."

ON Friday next, the bi-centenary of the Blessed Margaret Mary, special devotions will take place in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, to be followed by a general communion on Sunday.

J E A N N E D ' A R C .

THE following is a portion of a sermon preached recently at Nancy by the bishop of the diocese, on the occasion of unveiling a statue of the heroine, and translated for the New York *Freeman's Journal* :—

"It is the voice of centuries, it is the popular tradition of France that has named Jeanne d'Arc the Good Lorraine. There was a prediction circulated for many previous years in our unfortunate country, ravaged by war and oppressed by the foreigner. This prediction declared that France would be delivered by a woman come from the marshes of Lorraine. The authority of history is here in accord with the voice of the people. A writer who has left at Nancy the incontestable reputation of a wise, pure, and truthful scholar, has shown that the tradition which places the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc in Lorraine 'rests upon the opinion of nearly all the contemporaneous historians, chroniclers, and poets.' In these last few years the controversy upon this point of history has been concentrated upon the limits traced between France proper and Barroise Lorraine by the stream of Domremy, which has frequently changed its course.—Not wishing just now to resume this controversy, I shall invoke the authority of an erudite author who is not from Lorraine, but who has the honour of belonging to the d'Arc family, and who has studied, with full faculties and enthusiastic admiration, the life of the angel warrior. After having recounted the reasons which would go to sustain a favourable opinion as to France, he adds: 'Despite these agreeable arguments to sustain such an idea, we are forced to-day to confess to an adverse opinion and to admit that Jeanne was not from Champenoise, but from Barroise—that is to say, Lorraine.' But there is in favour of Lorraine a testimony which, if my memory serves me, has not been invoked before this day, and which is, notwithstanding, an absolutely decisive authority; it is the testimony of Jeanne herself. Here are the declarations she frequently repeated before her judges. 'I took the road to France. . . . I enlisted among the volunteers. . . . I came into France only by the order of God. . . . I would rather have been torn into pieces by four horses (a rather barbarous mode of punishment in those days) than have come into France without the permission of God. . . . When I was told to come into France I bothered myself little about the difficulties or the paths.' You understand the young shepherdess came into France, she was not already here; she did not consider the village of Domremy, where she was born, as French. And besides the authority of Jeanne, here is that of the archangel, who sent her to succour and to save France: 'That voice told me it was necessary that I should go into France. . . . Two or three times a week that voice said to me: 'Go into France!' . . . The voice said to me: "Go at once into France!" "Faithful to the already ancient traditions of the people of Lorraine, the pious young girl betook herself to St. Nicolas de Port and implored for her mission the powerful protection of the patron of Lorraine. What fervent prayers rose from the heart of Jeanne to the great thaumaturgus, whose relics and prodigies have, for centuries,

attracted such immense multitudes of pilgrims! With what order she supplicated him to save France from the shipwreck wherein all seemed to be perishing! (St. Nicholas has always been invoked by French mariners when in peril.) On her return from this pilgrimage, Jeanne presented herself before the Duke of Lorraine. She desired to have the aid of Charles II., and that of Re. d'Anjou, his son-in-law, in order to obtain the ear of the Dauphin. The aged prince hoped to secure, through the intercession of the young shepherdess, whose holiness was already famous, a cure for the malady which was hurrying him to the grave. The intrepid young girl reproached him with the scandals of his life, and demanded that he should 'return to his good wife.' Charles II., was too much dominated by his evil passions to heed these severe reprimands, but, generous like all the princes of his race, he gave to Jeanne a horse and a sum of money. First of all the powers of the world, he accorded to the future liberatrix of France a testimony of his benevolence and his liberality. Jeanne went forth victorious from this first trial; she had affirmed her mission, given a brilliant proof of the energy of her soul and the authority of her virtue, by inspiring confidence in the Duke of Lorraine. The roads of France were speedily covered and presently Charles VII., had recognised in her the envoy of God. 'Jeanne made a treaty of union between Lorraine and France to victory or to death. We have no word of hers about it; but did her heart ever dream what would be the future union of these two peoples, their relations growing stronger and closer through the blood shed so often on the same fields of battle, through the same reverses, common sorrows, and common hopes? What province, then, is more capable than Lorraine of comprehending the mission of the heroic female warrior? What province has given to the country more devoted soldiers, more valiant and illustrious leaders? What province has suffered more from humiliation and defeat? Ah, yes, it well stands here, this statue cast in bronze of battles! Upon this soil cut into pieces by the sword of conquerors, she will speak to the sons of France of that which should raise again the fortunes of our land—ardent faith, love of country, warlike valour, the protection of God, Who holds in His hands the issues of combats, the destiny and the safety of peoples. 'We celebrate a French feast: the feast of the love of France. In the fifteenth century, Domremy, while it belonged to Lorraine, was subject to the suzerainty of the king of France. Love of France and the most lively sympathy for her kings ruled in that humble village, which bore the name of the Apostle of France, and which, in the first centuries of the Middle Ages, had been one of the fiefs of the Abbey of St. Remi de Reims. The virtues and the glory of Louis IX., after the terrible reverses and evils of our country, the agonies and devastations of war, touched with emotion that simple and Christian population of Domremy. It was by the choice and the order of God that that shepherdess loved France to the extent of fighting, suffering, and dying for her. This love, under God, was the inspiration of the noble designs of Jeanne, of her grand works, and of her sacrifices. It accomplished prodigies; it animated leader and soldiers, it enchanted armies, it charmed multitudes, it embraced the whole people. It made of this timid village girl an intrepid warrior, a victorious captain, the victim whose immolation saved our country. It has been said that Jeanne so loved France that France herself fell in love with her. And remark well here, this love always goes along with the liveliest faith and the tenderest piety. It was St. Michael and her other saints who taught to Jeanne that unequalled patriotism. The dialogue that for four years went on between Heaven and this child, had for its object only the misfortunes, the perils, and the salvation of France. It is the feast of the deliverance. Is it necessary to recall the misfortunes, the defeats, the disasters of the Five Years' War, and 'the great pity felt for the kingdom of France?' The sword of France had been shivered in ten battles. The armies that traversed the land were followed by bands of adventurers and outlaws. Such of our chivalry as did not lie cold and dead on the fields of Crécy, Poitiers, Agincourt, and Verneuil, were scattered and discouraged. Instead of fighting and dying for their country, the princes used the sword or the dagger in disloyal and fratricidal struggles. Famine, pestilence, and a plague of wild beasts were added to the infliction of war. Paris had accepted the yoke of the English. Charles VII. was distracted, and when he should be placed in the family vault of St. Denis his most faithful followers believed that with him would end the monarchy and the country itself. The King of England proclaimed himself King of France, and the Dauphin, heir of Charlemagne and St. Louis, was little more than the unhappy King of Bourges. It is true Orleans still remained. That heroic city had for eight months repulsed the repeated assaults of the enemy, but the last rampart had fallen and the floods of invasion could no longer be checked. France has no capital, no king, no princes, no chivalry, no armies, no hope. . . . In order to save her God speaks, and a child answers. This child heard the voice of heaven, and this voice said to her: 'Go, daughter of God; go and save France!' Jeanne obeyed it. The humanly impossible work was accomplished. Orleans was saved, Reims saw the crowning of Charles VII. Well fulfilled were the prophecies of Jeanne; the troops and ships of the English no longer ravaged our country. God and this child had saved France. It is the feast of hope. Jeanne reinstalled hope in the heart of the Dauphin and his forces. She shipped at Orleans, like an angel of victory. 'The inhabitants,' says an antique chronicler, 'after having refreshed themselves and laid aside their arms, were as greatly rejoiced as though God had descended among them.' Her war-cry was the cry of French valour, audacity, and fire, but also the cry of Hope: 'En avant! en avant! tout est votre.' Within the walls of her prison, loaded with chains, exposed without defence to an implacable hatred, she threw at her executioners this superb defiance, these brave words: 'You have manacled me; you will never manacle the fortune of France! Why go on? These celestial brightnesses illuminate her surroundings, and as theinders were dispersed to leave her heart untouched in the midst of the flames, so does she remain as the indestructible symbol of national hopes. Hearts inspired to walk upon the rough paths of duty are those which accomplish all grand works. Hesitation, discouragement and fear lead fatally to falls, defeat and ruin. The people of Jeanne d'Arc remain still the people of indomitable

hopes. It is also the feast of concord and of peace. I supplicate you now to believe me that love of country is only a lying formula, deliverance is impossible, hope is but a foolish dream, without confidence, without the perfect union of all. The most difficult and the most admirable labour of Jeanne was her work to accomplish national unity. Our armies were defeated because they lacked cohesion, authority and discipline. Our country was on the way to death because it was rent by divisions and by the struggles of ambition and revolt. Of the illustrious leaders, brave soldiers, statesmen shaped to work for the greatness and glory of France, Jeanne made a single people. With dispersed and powerless elements she made the *chef d'œuvre* of Christian nations; out of rival and divided provinces she constructed the French Fatherland. Shall such lessons be lost? No! No! That confidence and union imposes itself upon all hearts that sincerely love their country. All divisions should be dissipated before the image of her who was the incarnation of the purest and most heroic patriotism. We celebrate a religious feast; for everything in the life, in the mission, in the glory of Jeanne d'Arc bears the character of inspiration, of divine power. You understand that just now I can only indicate this feature in several rapid illustrations. It shines above all others with such brightness that nothing can obscure it. A prodigious transformation was worked in every quarter by this simple and ignorant village girl. Her valour and her audacity astonished and urged on the proudest knights. A vigilant and trained leader she seemed, appearing always in the front ranks during marches, assaults, and combats, enduring all the fatigues of the troops that followed her, she remained for six days and six nights without removing a single piece of her armour. This shepherdess had revelations concerning the conduct of war. Behold her dressed all in white, upon a plunging horse, her banner in her hand, placing the troops, directing the battle, precipitating herself into the midst of sanguinary struggles wherever the lines faltered, profiting with the quick eye of a great captain by the faults and the defects of the enemy. She held everything in her hands as she would the spinning wheel which she was well acquainted with in her thatched village shanty, and the Duke of Alençon said that 'they most admired her in the employment of artillery, wherein she exhibited the most consummate ability.' 'I have seen her,' said Dunois, 'do more fighting in a few hours on a single day than would suffice to make two or three renowned wars.' In addition, what marvellous successes! She overthrew the walls of siege which surrounded Orleans! She carried by assault the famous Bastille of Tournelles, in which the English had gathered their most redoubtable warriors. Thereafter, with three immortal strokes of sword she struck and dispersed the English forces at Jargeau, Beaugency, and Patay. Thereafter, taking from the hands of the Dauphin, who still hesitated the direction of affairs, she traversed the cities, whose gates opened before her, the provinces which acclaimed her, and she conducted the heir of the crown under the roof of the Cathedral of Reims. These words of the secretary of Charles VII. may be fittingly quoted: 'No, it is not earth, it is heaven which has come to sustain upon your head the crown and in your hands the arms of France.' This feast is religious and Catholic, because the virgin of Domremy belonged to the Church. She was elevated, formed by this supernatural society, as the divine authority said to her: 'God and the Church are one.' And further: 'I am a good Christian, and shall aid and serve the Church with all my power.' In the agonies of her racking, she appealed to the Roman Pontiff, 'Send me to the Pope,' said she, 'and I shall answer him.' The Papacy has heard this appeal; it has rehabilitated the memory of this sweet and pure victim, and has set aside by a solemn judgment the sentence of her judges. As the Church glorifies and blesses her, we may form the hope that she will place upon the brow of Jeanne d'Arc the aureole of the saints. I do not ignore what is desired to be placed upon the Church, the condemnation and the awful death of Jeanne d'Arc. But the prevaricating bishop and priests who condemned her were French, as were those who betrayed, delivered, and sold Jeanne to England. Neither the ones or the others represented France or the Church. Catholics have always disacknowledged the sacrilegious judges of the Rouen tribunal; God struck them with the measure of His wrath, and to-day they are visited with a larger portion of anger than the very enemies of our faith, cursed for their crime and pinnacled to an ever-infamous memory. If time permitted me, I would show that Jeanne belonged to the Church and to Jesus Christ through all her virtues, born like the flowers of Heaven from the seeds of the Gospel and the love of the Son of God. It was God who called her in the poor little church of Domremy and upon the fields of battle. It was the Cross, it was 'holy images' which made known to the future martyr the merit of suffering and the divine power of sacrifice. It was the Archangel, it was the 'saints,' who inspired, encouraged, sustained, and consoled her. It was 'in the name of Our Lord, King of Heaven,' that she addressed herself to the soldiers, to the learned men who questioned her, to the Dauphin of the kingdom France. She placed in the middle of her standard the name and the image of Our Lord Jesus Christ and the name of the Virgin Mary. These venerated names are affixed at the heads of letters in which she ordered the English to return into their own country. In the very midst of our camps she assisted at the Sacrifice of our altars, and it was only after having participated in our Divine Mysteries, after having been nourished by the Bread of Life and the Redeeming Blood of the world, that she precipitated herself upon the armed enemy and scored the victory. Abandoned by her people, her companions, and her king, she then appealed to God against the iniquity which oppressed her. Thereupon were inspired into this poor girl answers which confounded and made afraid her executioners. When can we forget that amid the smoke and the flames which enveloped her, she turned upon the Cross her last regards, and uttered for France this last cry of hope and of love: 'Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!' For the sake of Jeanne d'Arc eliminate her God, her Archangel, and her saints, her Christian virtues, her mysterious inspirations, her celestial mission! But this would be to betray history, to obscure the glory of the holy liberatrix, and to defile that beauty which moves and ravishes us still. Ah, I entreat you, do not separate the two rays of splendour which

shine in front of the liberatrix of France; the rays which come from the patriotism that we know and the ray that descends from heaven. This French woman was a Christian; this war was inspired; this victim was a martyr; this heroine was a saint. Jeanne was 'a daughter of great heart; she was a daughter of France because she was a daughter of God.' O Jeanne, hear the acclamation of Nancy and Lorraine; exert your ardent prayer. Bestow to its scabbard your valiant sword; but let it flash once more, if we need it: *Ad cingere gladio tuo super femur tuum*. Appear thou always in a grandiose beauty—in a beauty which elevate; and unites all hearts: *Specie tua et pulchri tudine tua.*"

BOOK NOTICE.

St. Columba and Other Poems: by Rev. J. Golden, of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark. Burns and Oates, London and New York.

The author of this book, as our readers are doubtless prepared to learn, is the Rev. Father Golden now of Dunedin, and whose powers as a writer of verse had already for some years been known. Father Golden had established his reputation when he was attached to the Auckland mission, by the publication of the poem "Old Dick the Prophet," which is also included in the present volume. The scene of this poem is laid in the Gougane Barra and the adjacent districts—a country which has been of late brought under notice by Mr. William O'Brien's book, "When We Were Boys," whose narrative is largely associated with it. Father Golden has chosen for his poem the metre introduced by Longfellow in his "Hiawatha," in which he has obtained a considerable success. The poem is rich in historic recollections, and in the traditions, legends, and folk-lore of the country. It is evidently written by one who has entered into the inmost feelings of the people, and who has a true sentiment of all he deals with. The descriptions of scenery also are vivid, picturesque, and striking, and, in some passages of particular strength, authoritative testimony is borne to the grandeur of the ancient language—a matter of some special importance now that an effort is being made for its preservation and revival.

—"The grand old tongue that
Came to us from distant ages,
Without alloy, without compound,
Full of power and nerve and cadence,
Language meet for bard and minstrel,
Language terse, and sweet, and flowing."

The poem, in short, is "racy of the soil," and worthy of one of its true-hearted and faithful sons.

The other more lengthy poem contained in the volume is the history of St. Columba related in tuneful verse—the ordinary rhymed iambic. It is smooth and flowing, the diction polished and well chosen. In this instance also the sympathy of the writer with his theme has given him special advantages. Priest and patriot himself, he was thoroughly fitted to deal with the character and life of the saint in whom both priest and patriot had attained their highest perfection—

"The pride of Erin and her highest boast;
Whom people call with one consent the 'Dove,'
Whose soul majestic knew no other love
Than that which found approval with his God,
Whose name he cherished and whose ways he trod."

The concluding poem, "Diarmid O'Beardan's Tale," is a humorous narrative, originally and quaintly treated.

On the whole, the rev. author has produced a volume on which he deserves to be congratulated and from which all who read it may derive both pleasure and profit.

DUNEDIN CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

The ordinary weekly meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday, the 8th inst., in the Christian Brothers' School. There was a very good attendance of members and the vice-president (Mr. P. Carolin) occupied the chair. Mr. Charles Columb, in the absence of the secretary, performed the duties. The minutes of the last meeting were duly passed as read. An apology for non-attendance was received from Mr. C. H. Houghton.

This evening had been set apart for a lecture by the reverend president, which was given in due course. In his opening remarks he strongly urged upon members the desirability of studying such authors as the late Cardinal Newman, Addison, and others during the recess, and he could promise that the labour (if it could be termed so) would not be in vain. Speaking of essays, he advised members to thoroughly study their subject before starting to write. The concluding portion of the address was a description of the life and character of Hofer the patriot of the Tyrol, which was extremely interesting.

A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the rev. president for his very able address on the motion of Messrs. McKeay and Popplwell. Commendatory remarks were also expressed by Messrs. Drumm, B. A. Dunne, McCormick, J. J. Dunne, Miller, and the vice-president.

A letter was received from the Rev. Mother conveying her thanks to our members for their assistance at the Dominican Convent concert the preceding evening. It was decided to hold the next meeting on the 22nd, when Messrs. R. A. Dunne, J. Eger, M. Miller, and T. Drumm will furnish the programme. The customary compliment was accorded the chair and the meeting terminated.

The greatest electric railway which has been planned is the one proposed in Russia between St. Petersburg and Archangel, a distance of 500 miles. The plan is to erect stations along the route for the generation of electricity. The estimated cost is only about 15,000 dollars a mile.

Irish News.

Antrim.—There has been a large increase in the shoals of salmon between Ballycastle and Portrush. Carrick-a-Rede has fished exceedingly well, and there have been very large "takes" of Portbraddon and Portmoon, as many as 1,100 being caught at one of these fisheries in two days.

The death of Sir Richard Wallace took place in Paris, July 21, and caused widespread and sincere regret through County Antrim where he owned an estate of 58,365 acres. He was a great benefactor to the poor of Paris. Many institutions for their benefit were erected by him.

Cavan.—An extraordinary scene occurred in the chapel of Kilmavart, parish of Templeboy, immediately before Mass on a recent Sunday a man stood up in the chapel and said:—"There is a land-grabber amongst us." The people on hearing this left the church. Alone, in the chapel sat an old man who a few weeks before had grabbed his fourth evicted farm. Although the rain fell in torrents the people knelt in the chapel-yard bare-headed during the celebration of Mass.

Clare.—An extraordinary change has taken place in the colour and substance of the water of Newhall lake. It is now a yellow, greasy-looking fluid of the consistency of cod liver oil, and gives forth an unpleasant odor. There is an old legend which states at certain periods the water of the lake changes, and this is likely one of the periods.

Cork.—Lord Bandon has issued writs for rent in Macroom district. In the majority of cases only the customary running gale was due, and no application whatever had been made for the rent until the writs were served.

A Magistrate, Captain Rye of Rye Court, Cork, has been imprisoned for two months for shooting at and injuring Jeremiah Corcoran.

Donegal.—A special meeting of Dungloe National League was held to consider the advisability of getting a branch of some popular bank established in the locality, the present manager of the Northern Bank having the audacity to tamper with the spirit of the Rosses.

Patrick Doherty presided at the meeting of the Donagh National League, when the following resolutions were passed:—"That we look upon the recent decisions of the landlord Sub-Commission in Innishowen as unfair and insulting to tenants. That in estates where the landlords were giving temporary reductions of from 3s to 5s in the pound, the Commissioners have fixed the majority at the old rent; that we call upon the people to renew their organisations, or the Land Act of 1881 will become a dead letter in Innishowen.

The Crops in Letterkenny District generally present a favourable appearance, but have not—potatoes excepted—reached sufficient development to afford grounds for approximately estimating production. Oats in the better classes of soils are an average crop. Barley is not cultivated here to an extent to deserve notice. The same may be said of wheat, with an addition that where grown the yield is good. Potatoes are excellent and healthy, the dreaded blight not having yet appeared.

Kerry.—The Treasury has given a free grant of £50,000 towards the construction of the Kenmare and Headford Light Railway. The Grand Jury at last Assizes approved of the guarantee on the remaining £60,000 required to complete the capital of the company.

A free grant of £85,000 had been sanctioned by the Government for the construction of the Killorglin and Valentia line. This result it is believed is mainly due to the exertions of Very Rev. Canon Brosnan, Caherciveen, who is at present in London and in constant communication with the Treasury.

James O'Sullivan, of Caherlanjel National School, Caherciveen, is making a noble effort to keep the mother tongue from dying out, for which he deserves the thanks of all good Irishmen. In writing to the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, Dublin, he says: "I established an Irish class of twenty-three children, 1st of June last. They can now read fluently and translate the Irish phrases in the first and second books."

The distress consequent on the potato blight in Caherciveen district is aggravated by the want of fuel throughout those tracts of country in which bog abounds, and which supplied cheap fuel for the inhabitants. The moist weather which prevailed through the turf-cutting season has almost paralysed further effort in saving a crop. The want of fuel is for the moment silencing that of potato blight.

At the sitting of the Land Commission in Killarney, judgment was delivered in the appeals heard as follows:—Jeremiah Brosnan, appellant; Earl of Kenmare, respondent; the old rent was £55 and the judicial rent £43 1s, which was reduced to £39. Cors Crowley, appellant; same respondent; in this case the old rent was £37, and the judicial rent £23 10s, which was reduced to £24. John Sullivan, tenant; Oliver Stokes, respondent; the old rent was £120, judicial rent £70, which aised to £80. C. Connor, tenant; the Marquis of Lansdowne, landlord; in this case the landlord appealed; the old rent was £19, and the judicial rent £14, which was confirmed. John Gaine, tenant; same landlord, appellant; the old rent was £18, the judicial rent £14, which was confirmed.

Kildare.—A new branch of the National League was recently established in Hollywood, Father Tom Heffernan presided. Resolutions condemning the agent of the Nixon estate, who has prevented the tenants from cutting turf on the bog of Toor, were passed.

A demonstration of a pleasure-giving description took place at Rathbride, the occasion being the reinstating of an evicted tenant. Mr. Kelly was evicted in December 1888, for the non-payment of an impossible rent. A beautiful banner was hung outside the hall-door, on which was the appropriate inscription, "Welcome Home."

Father Hughes presided at meeting of the Kildangan League, when a communication was read from T. Harrington, overruling the action of the committee in the cases in which Mrs. Darby, Kildangan, was concerned. Mr. Harrington said these cases were not cases of land-grabbing. Samuel Edguill continues supplying Lord Drogheda's Emergency-men, whose quarters is on Globe Island farm.

Limerick.—The people of Limerick have resolved to celebrate the Bi-Centenary of the heroic defence of the Breach of Limerick, and a special meeting was held at the League Hall, Rev. James O'Shea, Administrator, St. Michael's, was moved to the chair. Michael Donnelly proposed that Sunday, August 13, being the day on which the Williamites retired from before the walls be the day selected to commemorate the Bi-Centenary of the Siege of Limerick and the memory of Sarsfield, which was passed. It is also proposed to erect a memorial to perpetuate the gallant deeds of those who fell in the breach and on the walls of Limerick.

Longford.—Thomas Duffy proposed a resolution of confidence in John Dillon, which was passed unanimously by the Board of Guardians.

There were many representatives of the County branches of the National League Convention. Expressions of sympathy with Mr. Tully were heard on all sides. Thomas Fenton, Edgeworthstown, delivered a patriotic and eloquent address.

The first excursion of the Ballymahon League of the Cross took place recently under most auspicious circumstances. The members and their friends started on brakes and cars for Athlone, headed by the League Band in their new uniform. At Athlone they took the train and visited Galway City.

Louth.—Luke Beilly, of Beamore, Drogheda, was found dead. Deceased had been imprisoned nine times for begging. At his death £12 in bank notes were found in his pocket, and in his box a deposit receipt for £2,000.

A meeting of the Dock Labourers' Union Branch of the Union was recently held in the Mayoralty House, Drogheda. T. Fitzgerald, President of the Seamen's Union, presided. Representatives of the various trades in town were present. The policeman was there, of course. No meeting in Ireland is complete without a member of the R.I.C. Thomas Connolly, Shop street, in his address, said he came to advocate the cause of the labouring men of Drogheda, and assured them that before three weeks they would be in receipt of 15s per week instead of the paltry allowance they were now receiving. The committee gave a *dejeuner* at Drew's Restaurant, West street, to twenty guests.

Meath.—A public meeting was held on the historic hill of Dalystown, near Trim. It was called for the purpose of rousing the district to form into line with the rest of Ireland. Michael Bafferty presided.

Tipperary.—A very beautiful rosary has been presented to Mrs. William O'Brien by the children of the Presentation Convent, Cashel. It was accompanied by an illuminated address engrossed by a pupil.

A meeting of the Tipperary National League was held despite the vigilance of the police. The gathering numbered several hundreds and addresses were delivered by Rev. D. Humphries and John Oullinane, Bansha.

An imposing temperance demonstration was held in Roscrea in celebration of the Father Mathew centenary. Most Rev. Doctor McRedmond, Bishop of Killaloe, was present, and passed to the entrance of the beautiful church between two lines of members of the League of the Cross, all wearing their temperance badges.

Edmond Keating, aged 60 years, who was evicted from his holding at Clougherah, near Bansha, June 1, 1889, by Major Bunbury of Lismacoe House, Bansha, has died from tortures inflicted on him during his incarceration. After being admitted to prison the old man was sentenced to three days' bread and water for being unable to make up his bed and stand on his crutches at the same time.

Tyrone.—Twenty-one persons have been imprisoned for taking part in the Orange disturbances, July 12, at Cookstown.

The Nationalists of South Tyrone have decided on a candidate to contest the seat against T. W. Russell at the next general election.

Waterford.—The property of Henry A. Bolton, comprising the townlands of Jonestown and Curraghduff, has been purchased by the tenants under the Ashbourne Act.

The Duke of Devonshire, through R. H. Power, Lismore Castle, sent a circular to his tenantry in the Counties of Cork and Waterford granting an abatement of fifteen per cent. The collection made was the best for the past six years.

Westmeath.—By permission of the Rev. Mother, St. Joseph's Convent, Mount Sackville, Sister Marie Madeleine O'Brien was allowed to visit her old home at Baskin. The reception accorded to her is worthy of notice. Day after day dozens of people might be seen waiting their way to Baskin to bid the good nun a hearty *cead m'ille faithe*. When she returned to the convent she carried with her the good wishes of the people and numerous presents for the Convent which she received from her friends.

E. Fagan, of Fara, has been evicted from his holding. Mrs. Fagan fainted when the fell work was begun, and during an address delivered by Father O'Reilly she again gave way. An Emergency-man sneered at the poor woman, and her son promptly changed the aspect of his countenance, making it wear a more sombre hue. Only two policemen were present. Speeches were delivered by Father O'Reilly, P. D. Muriagh, J. Killeen, Honorary Secretary Rathowen Branch, and Andrew Allen.

Wexford.—The last of the Coolroe campaigners, Walsh and mitb, were recently evicted. The greatest excitement existed in the locality during the proceedings. The bell of Ballycullane church was rung, and thousands flocked in all directions. The police batoned the people, and several persons were arrested, amongst them being John Hall, Taylorstown; Michael Murphy, Kenagh; William Power Curraghmore, and Patrick Walsh, the evicted tenant's son.

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

PANEGYRIC OF THE LATE CARDINAL
NEWMAN, BY THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY.

(*Freeman's Journal*, September 20.)

(*Concluded.*)

In 1854 Dr. Newman entered upon a new field of labour in connection with the Catholic University of Ireland. The Bishops of that venerable Church, desirous to secure for their Catholic people the advantages of University education hitherto denied them, chose Newman as the first Rector of the institution, which they resolved to found. The whole Christian world ratified their choice, for as Rector he was one whom for his virtues all should revere, who by his learning, his University experience, his literary fame, he was admirably suited to open to Irish youth the sealed fountains of higher knowledge, and to guide them in the pleasant paths of scientific pursuits. At every step difficulties beset the new University, and looking back to-day after forty years of unceasing struggles it must seem to be well nigh miraculous that it has been able to keep ever unfurled the banner of religious education, and that it has been so long a source of strength and blessing to Ireland in upholding the sacred cause of religion and patriotism. The very difficulties which have beset its path are perhaps a sure guarantee that it is designed to realise at no distant day the hopes and the promises to which Newman gave utterance in one of his memorable discourses:—"I look towards a land both old and young (he says), old in its Christianity, young in the promise of its future; a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never quenched it; a church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Augustine and Paulinus found, and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the island I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between two hemispheres and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigour, and Spain in enthusiasm; and I see England taught by advancing years to exercise in its behalf that good sense which is her characteristic towards everyone else. The capital of that prosperous and hopeful land is situate in a beautiful bay, and near a romantic region; and in it I see a flourishing University, which for a while had to struggle with fortune, but which, when its first founders and servants were dead and gone, had successes far exceeding their anxieties. Thither, as to a sacred soil, the home of their fathers, and the fountain-head of their Christianity, students flock from East, West, and South, from America and Australia and India, from Egypt and Asia Minor, with the ease and rapidity of a locomotive not yet discovered, and last, though not least, from England, all speaking one tongue, all owning one faith, all eager for one large, true wisdom; and thence, when their stay is over, going back again to carry peace to men of good will over all the earth."

In the year 1864, Charles Kingsley's accusations against Catholic theologians in general, and that Newman in particular, had been wanting in truthfulness and sincerity, called forth the "Apologia," which has been universally regarded as one of the most remarkable writings of the present age. Like the Confessions of St. Augustine, it sets vividly before us the struggles and trials of a powerful mind resulting in the triumph of Faith. Dr. Newman threw, as it were, the lime-light upon his intellectual nature, analysed his own motives, explaining his own beliefs and his own reasons for holding them. Even those most hostile to the Catholic Church could not withhold their admiration. Never was an intellectual triumph over a discomfited adversary more complete.

There was one calumny to which Dr. Newman briefly refers in the "Apologia." It could not be denied that he had quitted the Anglican Church and been received into the Catholic fold. But very soon reports were busily circulated, and eagerly repeated, that he was sorry for the step which he had taken, that his mind was uneasy, and that he only awaited the opportune moment to become once more the champion of Anglicanism. To this he replied:—"From the time that I became a Catholic I have no further history of my religious opinions to relate. I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment. I have never had one doubt. It was like coming into port after a rough sea, and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption." Writing to the *Globe* newspaper on the 28th June, 1862, he enters more fully into the same matter:—"I have not had (he says) one moment's wavering of trust in the Catholic Church ever since I was received into her fold. I hold, and ever have held, that her Sovereign Pontiff is the centre of unity and the Vicar of Christ, and I ever have had, and have still, an unclouded faith in her creed in all its articles, a supreme satisfaction in her worship, discipline, and teaching, and an eager longing and a hope that the many dear friends whom I have left in Protestantism may be partakers of my happiness. This being my state of mind, to add, as I hereby go on to do, that I have no intention, and never had any intention, of leaving the Catholic Church and becoming a Protestant again, would be superfluous, except that Protestants are always on the look-out for some loophole or evasion in a Catholic statement of facts. Therefore, in order to give them full satisfaction, if I can, I do hereby profess *ex animo*, with an absolute internal assent and consent, that Protestantism is the dreariest of possible religions; that the thought of the Anglican service makes me shiver, and the thought of the Thirty-nine Articles makes me shudder. Return to the Church of England! No. The net is broken, and we are delivered. I should be a consummate fool, to use a mild term, if in my old age I left the land flowing with milk and honey, for the city of confusion and the house of bondage."

In subsequent years Dr. Newman was accused of rejecting the Vatican Council and of a willingness to accept the definition of the Papal Infallibility. In his reply to Mr. Gladstone's "Vaticanism" he declared such an accusation to be "an unmitigated and most ridiculous untruth." He had always as a Catholic held and preached the doctrine of the authoritative and infallible teaching of the

Sovereign Pontiff and the decrees of the Vatican Council only served to bring into bolder relief what had always been the faith of the Church.

The "Grammar of Assent" is, perhaps, the most philosophical of Newman's writings. He contends that conscience, the universe with its manifold wonders, and the march of Providence predispose the soul for revelation. To argue on the truth of the Christian religion with a sceptic who rejects the truths of natural religion would be to cast pearls before swine. But to minds believing in God and in a future judgment, Christianity comes with a certitude of its truth which no reasoning mind can gainsay.

Two of his works are written in a lighter vein. In "Callista" fiction is made subservient to the cause of revealed truth. It presents a picture of the conflict of Christianity with Paganism, and the heroism which religion alone can inspire. In "Loss and Gain" we have a picture of Oxford life as it was half a century ago. A never-ending pleasantries at the expense of the Anglicanism and Ritualism of those days leads on to deep thought and wisdom. It has been remarked that without this little book the reading public would never have known how mirthful Newman could be, and yet withal how hard he could strike his religious opponents in the midst of pleasantness and kindness.

Of his poems I need not speak. It would be difficult to find sweeter or more delicate flowers of poetry than those which the "Dream of Gerontius" presents; and some of his shorter poems, like "Lead Kindly Light," have become familiar as household words in English-speaking Christian homes.

One of Newman's most remarkable conquests to the faith was Father Faber, who, as superior of the Oratory in London, laid up a rich store of merit in a short time, and, many years before his spiritual master, was summoned to his reward. Whilst Newman was as yet in the Anglican church, Faber looked to him for guidance, and his letters written at that time reveal the fact that Newman before his conversion was particularly averse to devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He imposed as a special obligation on his disciple that he should not invoke her aid. In August 1844, Faber writes to him: "I have written to you to ask you to remove your prohibition against invoking Our Blessed Lady and the Saints." Again, in November: "I want you to revoke your prohibition of invoking Our Blessed Lady. I do not know whether I ask this in a lower and less spiritual mood than usual, or whether the mere pain I feel in not speaking to the Blessed Mother of God drives me to it; but I do feel somehow weakened for the want of it, and fancy I should get strength if I did." After his conversion how changed were Newman's sentiments regarding devotion to the Mother of God! In his discourses to mixed congregations he writes that the coming of Our Saviour "was a season of grace and prodigy, and these were to be exhibited in a special manner in the person of His Mother. The course of ages was to be reversed; the tradition of evil was to be broken; a gate of light was to be opened amid the darkness, for the coming of the Just—a Virgin conceived and bore Him. It was fitting, for His honour and glory, that she, who was the instrument of His bodily presence, should first be a miracle of His grace; it was fitting that she should triumph where Eve had failed, and should bruise the serpent's head by the spotlessness of her sanctity. She began where others end, whether in knowledge or in love. She was from the first clothed in sanctity, sealed for perseverance, luminous and glorious in God's sight, and incessantly employed in meritorious acts, which continued till her last breath. . . . Why should we wonder at hearing that Mary, the only spotless child of Adam's seed, has a transcendent influence with the God of grace? And if the Gentiles at Jerusalem sought Philip, because he was an apostle, when they desired access to Jesus, is it strange that the Mother should have power with the Son, distinct in kind from that of the purest angel and the most triumphant saint? If the Creator comes on earth in the form of a servant and a creature, why may not His Mother, on the other hand, rise to be the Queen of heaven, and be clothed with the sun, and have the moon under her feet? Such art thou, Holy Mother, in the creed and in the worship of the Church, the defence of many truths, the grace and smiling light of every devotion. In thee, O Mary, is fulfilled, as we can bear it, an original purpose of the Most High. Thy very face and form, dear Mother, speak to us of the Eternal; not like earthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the morning star, which is thy emblem, bright and musical, breathing purity, telling of heaven, and infusing peace. O harbinger of day! O hope of the pilgrim! lead us still as thou hast led in the dark night across the bleak wilderness, guide us on to our Lord Jesus, guide us home."

In 1879, at the hands of Pope Leo XIII., Newman received the honours of the Cardinalate. I had the privilege of standing beside him on that occasion whilst his many friends in Rome presented their congratulations, and I was also with him when a few days later, on receiving the insignia of the Cardinalate, he delivered his discourse on Liberalism in religion which found an echo throughout the Catholic world. He took care, however, to leave no doubt as to the nature of the Liberalism which he condemned. "Liberalism in religion," he said, "is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion but that one creed is as good as another. And this is the doctrine which is gaining substance and force.—It is inconsistent with the recognition of any religion as true. It teaches that all are to be tolerated as matters of opinion. Revealed religion is for them not a truth but a sentiment or a taste, not an objective fact, not miraculous, and it is the right of each individual to make it say just what strikes his fancy. Hitherto it has been considered that religion alone, with its supernatural sanctions, was strong enough to secure the submission of the masses of the population to law and order. Now, philosophers and politicians are bent on satisfying this problem without the aid of Christianity. Congratulations on his promotion to the Cardinalate poured in from all quarters, but perhaps no congratulations or gifts were more prized by him than the address and the accompanying gift forwarded by one whose memory will long be cherished amongst us, the Right Hon. William Bede Dalley, in the name of the Catholics and other admirers and friends of this Archdiocese of Sydney.

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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.

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For twenty years after his conversion the fair name of the illustrious deceased was aspersed with everything most vile. The Protestant pulpit and press appeared to have conspired together against him to persecute him with envenomed hatred, and all their accusations were combined in the slanderous attack of Rev. Mr. Kingsley. It pleased Providence that Newman should outlive their assaults 25 years, and never perhaps has the judgment of an enlightened public been more completely reversed than has that of England during the past quarter of a century. To-day, no matter how men's opinions may differ on other things, no words but those of eulogy are heard—friend and foe alike offer the laurel wreath upon his bier, and all of one accord proclaim that to the illustrious deceased a prominent place must be assigned among those who by their enlightenment, disinterested sacrifice, stainless virtue, and literary merit, have shed undying lustre on the Empire.

Some one, perhaps, will say England has not been converted. Is not this proof that the work of Newman and his companions has been in vain? It is quite true that England has not been converted; but none the less, the promise of the second spring-time has not been blighted, nor have the hopes of the blessing of God's mercy on England been frustrated. I do not know, indeed, that the number of Catholics in England to-day is as great as it may have been forty years ago. In 1850 they were probably more than a million and a half. In 1873 the present illustrious Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster, relying on the most accurate statistics that could be obtained, estimated their number at "about one million and a half." Only the other day the details presented at the Catholic Truth Conference still reckoned them as not exceeding a million and a half. And what renders this numerical sterility the more striking is the fact that the population of the Empire has developed in vast proportions during the same period. All this may perhaps be in part explained by the continual stream of emigration which led very many of the Catholics of the humbler classes to the shores of Canada and the United States. But it appears to me that during the past fifty years three causes at least have had their share in robbing the Church of many who otherwise would have been her devoted sons. The first of these is the national antipathy against Ireland and her Catholic people manifested by many of the clergy no less than of the laity in England. The second cause is the long felt want of due provision for the spiritual requirements of the humbler classes, and in particular of religious education for the children and of religious instruction for the adults. As the third cause I would reckon the prevalence of intemperance in the great cities and among the manufacturing classes. During these past days I have seen it stated by one well conversant with the religious condition of England, that during the 50 years just elapsed vast numbers have been lost to the Church through this terrible scourge of drunkenness. But despite all this a great deal has been achieved. The conversion of a nation as of an individual proceeds solely from the mercy of God. That in His own time God will show His mercy to Great Britain I have no doubt. The times and seasons are in His hands; but looking at matters in a human light, we cannot fail to recognise that, during the past 50 years, marvellous work has been done to prepare the way for this triumph of God's mercy. The prejudices which so long blinded the English people against Catholic truth have been overcome, calumnies have been refuted, and barriers removed. The Catholic Church has been brought before the enlightened public of England in all her beauty and dignity, and her religious mission has been unmistakably proclaimed, so that they who run may read, that she bears the divine commission to be the teacher of divine truth. As a result we see at the present day that many of the most distinguished men of England, among her statesmen, her diplomatic staff, the champions of her freedom by land or sea, the ornaments of the Bench and of the Bar, and the assertors of the people's rights in Parliament are found to glory in the Catholic name. In accomplishing this no one will question that Newman and his brother converts of Oxford in conjunction with the venerable Bishops of the English Church have had an important part.

In one of his discourses Cardinal Newman speaks of the Apostle St. John as having outlived all his friends, and having had to experience the dreariness of being solitary in his old age: "he had to live in his own thoughts (he says), without familiar friends, with those only about him who belonged to a younger generation. Of him were demanded by his gracious Lord, as pledge of his faith, all his eye loved and his heart held converse with. He was as a man moving his goods into a far country, who at intervals and by portions sends them before him, till his present abode is well nigh unfurnished." In this as in other ways the illustrious deceased may be said to have been made like the Apostle of love. He was like to him in that his virtuous life, his ministering at the altar, his career of teaching for the comfort of the faithful were prolonged beyond the ordinary space. He was like him in the unwearying pursuit of heavenly wisdom, in his grasp of divine truth; zeal for Holy Church; in devotion to the immaculate Virgin; in love for Our Blessed Lord. Who can doubt that he is associated with the chosen Apostle in his eternal reward? He, too, has heard the sentence:—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant." His prayers shall henceforth be offered before God's throne, for the Church which he loved so well. The example of his virtues and the fruits of his unwearyed toil are our prized heritage; and his writings shall long continue to impart to those that are within the saving fold and to those that are without lessons of heavenly wisdom. "Being dead, yet he speaketh."

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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 XX.—(Continued.)

"Who speaks of wedded wife to Lady Ellen, with the noose weaving for the head of her house, her brother?" asked a voice loudly, and Raymond Mordaunt, looking up, saw the form of Friar Tully standing at the opened door, a dark frown mantling on his pale asctic face.

The sudden start was too much for Ellen's over-wrought feelings; it needed but this incident to complete the tension on her nerves; and she fell backwards on the sofa in a swoon, her head against the wall and her face covered and hidden with her tumbled tresses.

Raymond leaped to his feet in surprise and anger. He was as much taken aback by this unexpected apparition as Ellen herself, but his anger the next moment mastered his surprise and he sternly confronted the intruder.

"You here? What brings you here?" were the only words he could in his impetuous indignation utter.

"It is unnecessary to reply to your first query," said the other, coolly, as he glanced without stirring from the fainting girl to his accoster, "for you see I am here. As to the second, I came to see my lady,—and came in fortunate time, as I could see and hear.—Else—"

"Meddler and mischief-maker! Will you never cease tempting the gallows? But it is for the last time. You escaped the other night. You shall not escape now. You are my prisoner, and—"

"I shall willingly become your prisoner and enjoy all the pleasures you are about to acquaint me with," said the Friar calmly, without stirring, his hands clasped behind his back, "for the chance, the happy chance, of saving her from you. Better that she should fall into the clutches of a hungry wolf than that she should accede to your request. Wolf, did I say? Wolf never had heart so savage and so unmeet for hers, as you. Nay, man, seek not for weapon there—" Raymond Mordaunt's right hand had slipped to his scabbard, where the hilt of his sword should have been, "defer hands than yours have drawn it whilst you sped through the streets, and hold it even now."

It was as he said. Mordaunt's hand vainly felt for the hilt of his sword, and, glancing downward, he saw that it had been, as the speaker had told, abstracted.

"This is more of your secret work—more of your stealthy tricks— but even this shall not serve you," cried Mordaunt, in a fury, rushing over and seizing him. "You are my prisoner, and shall not escape until you see the inside of the prison you escaped the other evening."

"I am a man of peace—my frock proclaims it," said the Friar, grasping the hand that clutched him, "else surely never had hell-bound got his deserts so truly. But even so the Church forbids not my self-defence; and this poor girl needs assistance, though you, in your sacrilegious love, seem to forget it." And with a sudden motion, so quick as to leave no room for defence, he broke Mordaunt's hold, and flung him with sudden effort on the soft carpet. He then, without further heeding him, walked over to the bell-pull that depended from the wall, and in a moment two of the female domestics came in answer to the summons.

"Take care of your mistress—see! she is swooning," he said, addressing them and nodding with his head towards the unconscious form. "As for you, sir, it is well that my calling preaches peace and forbids bloodshed, else there were a different story to tell to-night. But the blood of the murdered cries to Heaven, and not in vain—and I, if only for the sake of her love so madly given you, would have you forbear and repent!"

And so saying, with a nod of his cold, pale face, he closed the door and was gone.

Raymond Mordaunt, having recovered his legs and the shock, rushed to the door, anxious that he should not escape, but he was not to be seen. He searched all the corridors and rooms within reach, but vainly; he was not to be found. There was no use in remaining longer. Ellen had been borne by her attendants to her room, and there was no probability of getting further talk with her; and further search for the Friar being, at the least, but a violation of hospitality under the circumstances, even if it had the least chance of success, Raymond was fain to proceed homewards.

It was with a heart bitter with disappointment that he did so. He was so near winning the beautiful girl—he knew instinctively that she was within a hair's breadth of yielding her consent to the proposed hurried marriage—that his disappointment knew no bounds. His sense of vengeance against the intruding Friar was great. At first he meditated sending troops to search the house, but, remembering the condition in which Ellen Maguire was, he abandoned the idea, and merely intended warning the authorities that he was still within the city gates and to keep watch for him in the event of his seeking to escape. Raymond Mordaunt cursed the moment when he had volunteered to accept the command of the relieving force. If he had but a few days more to spend in Dublin he should probably be able to win the famous heiress for his bride; now a thousand perils intervened, a hundred obstacles would interpose themselves in his absence, all working against his wishes. But there was no help for it, and with disappointed love and anger raging in his heart, he marched, when the shadows of night had fallen, out through the city gates at the head of his men, to the relief of beleaguered Drogheda.

CHAPTER XXI.

When Maurice O'Connor, with Colonel Hugh O'Byrne, joined the high-road leading to Dublin and passing along the sea-shore to Kilcool, they were dismayed to find the soldiers of Coote in close order making force marches to the metropolis. This sudden raid had been effectual enough; they had fallen by surprise on a defenceless

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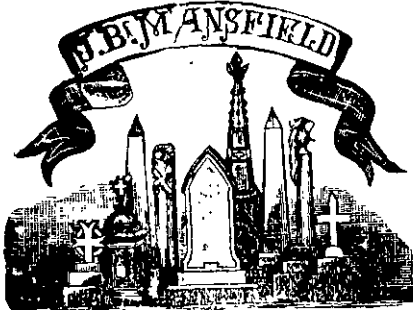
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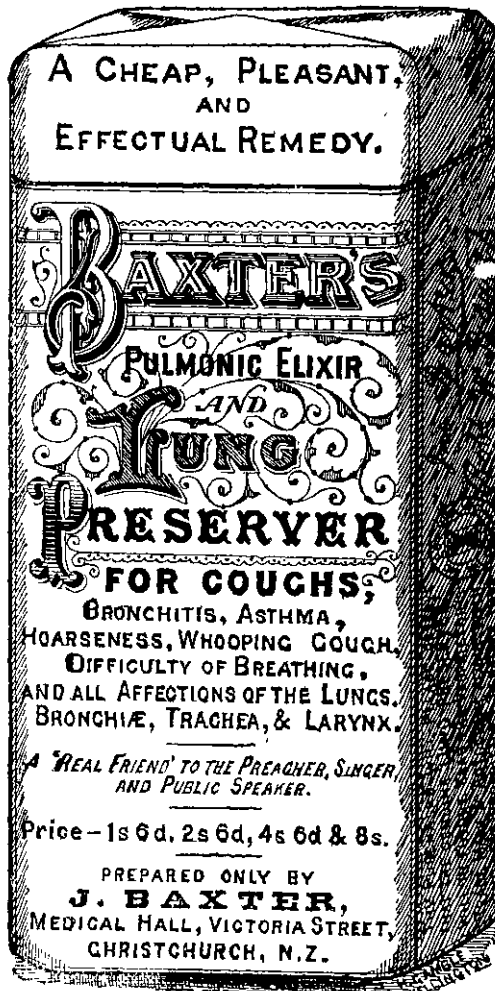
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county and had enacted deeds of cruelty that surprised all other incidents of war.

It was impossible to come up with them, for well mounted, and with plenty of horses requisitioned, or forcibly taken from the farms on their line of march and for miles on either side of them, they were enabled to proceed with great speed. Moreover they had full forewarning of the fate in store for them should they have to encounter the fury of the Wicklow men, and hence they let no grass grow under their feet until they reached Dublin. The Wicklow men made all speed to come up with them, but marching mainly on foot they were placed at a grievous disadvantage, and when they came to the headlands of Kilcool they had the mortification of seeing the last of the redcoats defiling, in the far distance by the base of the Sugar Loaf. There was nothing left for them to do but to follow after, and making a detour by Dublin, unite their forces with those coming from elsewhere and march on to Drogheda, now besieged by Sir Phelim O'Neil.

But everywhere on their forward way the signs of the raiding column were apparent. It was as if a legion of demons had been let loose over the land. Burned houses were plenty; the thatched roofs—slated houses were then unknown—having fallen down between the walls, were still smouldering, and a cloud of sickening smoke arising, darkened the light of day. By the side of the road where the trees grew, forms dangling from the boughs and swaying in the breeze told their own tale—mute and powerful. Here and there by the roadside and further afield when they rode over to get some information as to the track of the soldiery and their probable number, the forms of young girls and women lying across the threshold or in the bawn stark and dead told such a story of horror and woe as made strong men cry out in irrefrainable horror and vengeance. There seemed to have been no one left on the line of march, or, if there had, they must have fled in an agony of fear to the woods and the hills. Once, indeed, they came to a house—it was far inland from the road—which, for some inexplicable reason, the burner's torch had spared. Its white walls were still fresh and bright; the grey-brown coat of thatch, so pleasant and homely-looking, had been undisturbed. Wonderingly they rode towards it—curious, in the midst of the sense of horror that assailed them from all sides, to see why it, almost alone, had remained intact.

It was a bright picture in the midst of desolation, an oasis in the desert that men's hands had created. The roses grow in the garden; and clematis and wild flowers, protected by the heavy overhanging, but neatly-cut eaves of thatch, still grew up to and covered the windows. It looked, as they came near, the very abode of peace and innocence, an exception to the many similar houses scattered around which now showed but hideous blackened walls and the dull column of still blacker smoke arising.

They had been riding in silence, for with anger and agony in their hearts they could not give utterance to words; neither could the men who rode behind, save in their ejaculation of horror; but the sight of this unexpected house, left untouched, loosed their tongues.

"What can be the meaning of it, Maurice?" asked O'Byrne, as he reined up his steed and looked wonderingly towards it.

"I am puzzled to think. Perhaps they have not seen it. Perhaps it escaped their attention."

"No; not that. See!—their cavalry has been all around here. The tracks of their horses' hoofs are numerous enough."

"It must be that. It is some English settler—though I was not aware of any here. See! there is the owner standing at the door. Let us make inquiries."

Riding a little further to the front Maurice perceived the man referred to. He was standing at his own door, his hands in his pockets, his hat bent down on one side, with the attitude of one in deep and profound contemplation. Heaven knows he had food for such deep reflection as seldom occurs to human beings in the course of their travail through this world.

"Hello!" cried O'Byrne, as crossing a little garden the gate of which lay wide open, they came to a high hedge of privet, trimly and neatly cut, which prevented them from coming nearer, without making a wide detour.

"Hello!"

There was no reply from the man. He stood stock still as he was, sunk in the same profound meditation, and took no notice of the shouted salutation.

"Hello! I say! Do you hear? Can you tell me whether any troops are around?" Colonel O'Byrne called out again in a loud voice. But still there was no response. The man never lifted his head to take notice of the hail, nor stirred from his attitude of thought.

"The man has grown dazed from fear and terror," said the questioner. "Wait here, Maurice, I shall ride round to the gate and approach him;" and, suiting the action to the word, he galloped along the hedge till he came to a gate, and getting through this, trotted briskly up to the door. Dismounting, and throwing the reins over the bough of a tree, Maurice saw his friend pass up to the unanswering man, pass him by, and enter the house.

"Sulky dog!" thought Maurice, "the scoundrels probably knew their own. If he were a worthy fellow, his home would have been given to the flames. They could well have spared many a better man's household gods."

But whilst he thus thought, Hugh O'Byrne came again from the house into the open, and called aloud, "Maurice, come here!—ride quickly! Bring the men with you."

Motioning to the men to follow him, Maurice put spurs to his horse and trotted round. As he came near his friend, he leaped from his saddle and stood by his side.

"Come with me, Maurice," said the latter, and approached the door.

For a moment Maurice glanced curiously at the irresponsive, sulky owner standing at his doorway, but immediately started back in surprise, for the form standing there in seeming cogitation, his hands in his pockets, disclosed itself in its true light. There was no gleam of intelligence in that bent head. The man was hanging from

an iron crook in the frame of the door, the short rope round his neck causing his head to fall on one side, giving him at a distance the curious attitude of thought. His toes were within a straw's breadth of the threshold stone, and his hands were closely tied by his sides. His tongue, hanging out, was nearly bitten through by his teeth, and was swollen and black—a shocking and sickening sight!

Maurice started back in amazement. Notwithstanding all the scenes of murder he had witnessed, the suddenness and unexpectedness of this startled him immeasurably.

"My God! O'Byrne," he said, with uplifted hands, in the moment of his surprise, whilst a chorus of expressions of astonishment from the horsemen behind showed that they too had seen the sight and that it had come with equal unexpectedness upon them.

"That is not the worst, Maurice," said O'Byrne, with bent brow.

"There is worse inside—come in."

The interior was, like the exterior, unharmed. The large kitchen table contained the remains of a feast that had been spread for the marauders, and dishes containing remnants of fowl, legs of mutton, and other eatables attested the plentifulness of the repast, whilst the horn tumblers, with the relics of drink still evident in them showed that the meal had not been wanting in the livelier elements either. There was an air of comfort, not to say wealth, around the place that showed the owner to have been a man of substance.

A passing glance showed all this. But Maurice, pausing to take a look at the interior, as strange to him as would be the Flemish drinking kitchens with Boers drinking, which Van Dyk has so often represented, O'Byrne said:

"Maurice—Maurice, see here!"

Maurice, followed by some of the horsemen who, through curiosity, came in also, entered the inner room.

For some moments he could not well see, for the apartment was rather darker than the other, but the keen eyes looking over his shoulder saw what he did not, and he knew by the quickened breathing, as of men undergoing suffocation and pausing for breath, that the sight must be something strange. And presently, his eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom, he saw a female form—her hands were uplifted and rigid, as if in the last struggle for life, or in an access of horror she had thrown them up, and in the sudden flight of life they had remained in that position! The latter, indeed, was probably the case, for in the wide open and staring eyes there was a look of awful terror that seemed to make the pupils ready to burst. It was a sight to hold and enchain the gaze of the spectator in its stony terror; and, perfectly motionless, Maurice looked on unable to withdraw his eyes.

He would have been unable of his own motion to withdraw them so fascinated was he with the dreadful sight, if O'Byrne had not taken him by the arm and wheeled him round. Power for further awe was gone from him else he would have been still more shocked for, transfixed on a spear standing erect against the corner of the wall, was the body of a newly-born child; on a bed further in, with its head to the foot of the other, both occupying the entire length of the room, lay the dead body of a young girl, possibly a sister or attendant upon her, whose rigid hands were raised aloft. The spear-shaft, upon the summit of which the little newcomer lay, was a military one, and the soldier who bore it probably thought it served too ornamental a purpose in its present use to withdraw it. The white curtains surrounding the beds, once daintily and carefully kept—a young wife's care—were spotted here and there with crimson stains.

What awful scenes must have occurred in this apartment where the forms now mute and silent lay! What tragedies the eye of the recording angel must have looked upon—nameless, unspeakable! What sight the sun of noonday must have set its light upon!—never to be told in this world.

It was some time before any of those groups around the doorway were able to stir, much less to speak, so petrified were they with the sight before them; and when at last they did, it was with bated breath, as of men who stood in the veritable presence of death—as if they felt by some supernatural instinct that unseen beings from another world were crowding the room with them!

"Maurice, is not this shocking?" whispered O'Byrne.

"Aful!" whispered the latter in return.

"We should bury these poor things. It would be desecration to leave them here. Else the wild dogs may—"

"Yes," said Maurice with a shudder, "I think so."

The whispers were heard by the men beside them, looking on with white faces, who nodded assent; and some of them moved away to put the suggestion into operation and to look for the necessary implements wherewith to open the ground. But whilst they were thus engaged, some of the people who had fled to the hills and woods returned, finding that the soldiers had gone and that friends were around, and came to the house—the only one unburnt. The charge of the murdered family was committed to their care for more reverent burial in consecrated ground, and amidst wail and *caoine* from the new mourners the Wicklow-men moved off.

There was but little use in further following the retreating force. They must be by this time in Bray and sparring hard for Dublin. It was necessary in avoiding the city to make a wide detour, so they turned towards the Dublin mountains, and after some days' marching came towards the northern borders of Meath where that county intervenes between the counties of Dublin and Louth.

(To be continued.)

Some Moslem preachers, encouraged by their success in India are said to be contemplating a raid into the United States. Judging from the condition of matrimonial affairs among the non-Catholic population, the Moslem missionaries should find a wide and fruitful field in America.

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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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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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Monuments and Tombstones erected of New Zealand Granite, Scotch Granite, and Italian and American Marble.

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Invite intending Planters and others to visit the Nurseries, and inspect their large and varied stock of FOREST AND FRUIT TREES, EVERGREENS, ORNAMENTAL AND FLOWERING SHRUBS, HEDGE PLANTS, ROSES, BULBS, HERBACEOUS PLANTS, etc.

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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.

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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.

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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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W. SUTTON, "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. Blender of the famous "Beehive Blends" of Ceylon, China, and Indian Teas, which have met with so much favour with the public.

One Trial Solicited.

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

PUBLIC NOTICE.

OWING to the Extension of Cu Business we have decided to open that shop lately occupied by MR. A. RANDELL, Butcher, MacLaggan street (corner of Arcade), where we shall supply the Public (wholesale and retail) with daily supplies of fresh and smoked fish, oysters, poultry, rabbits, etc., at our usual low rates.

Thanking the Public for former favours,

We are, yours respectfully,
GEORGESON AND CO.,
MacLaggan, Rattray, and 115 George streets.

J. COUSTON, 155 PRINCES STREET SOUTH,

Large new Stock of Gas Fittings, Gas Boiling and Grilling Stoves, Gas Fires, from the best English makers—viz, Fletcher, Wilson, Wright, etc. English-made Patent Instantaneous Water Heaters (made of strong copper, tinned inside)—a hot bath, any time day or night, in from 5 to 15 minutes, by simply turning on the gas and water taps.

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Engineers, Coppersmiths, Iron and Brass Founders, Tinsmiths, Plumbers, and Electro-Platers. Manufacturers and Importers of all kinds Engineers' Steam and Water Fittings, Steam-Boilers, Mountings, Injectors, and Ejectors. Mining Machinery a Specialty. We supply Fluming, Sluicing Giants and Nozzles, V Pieces, Sluice Valves and Silvered Copper Plates.

Baths and Lavatories fitted up with hot and cold water by Experienced Workmen.

All kinds of Sheet Metal Work executed with despatch.

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PRICE, 12 gallon Boiler and Furnace Case, 33s
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Price and all particulars on application.

MR. J. L. TOOLE.

OWING to unavoidable circumstances we were unable last week to give our readers any report worth mentioning of Mr. J. L. Toole's short season in Dunedin. As, however, we shall still in our present issue be able to overtake the eminent comedian and his admirable company in the more northern towns to be visited by them, it is not too late to fulfil a pleasing duty. Mr. Toole, then, in a word, is quite up to everything that has been said of him, and that is, in effect, the highest judgment that can be passed on him. We, nevertheless, do not pretend to recollect half that has been said, because to do so would need a phenomenal memory, Mr. Toole's name having been for many years familiar as "household words" in the utterances of theatrical critics, and always spoken with approbation. It would, indeed, be hard to imagine that the particular branch of his art in which Mr. Toole excels could be brought to a higher state of perfection than that displayed in his acting. Not in the most trivial detail does he ever fall below the highest level attainable, maintaining his position without the least effort that it is possible to detect. In writing of a whole series of plays it is necessarily unavoidable to refer especially to any one of them. In fact, it is a matter of choice to the play-giver as to which of them he will see. He will find Mr. Toole in all alike, delineating with exquisite humour the less harmful failings of human nature and bringing out its absurd and ridiculous points in a manner to be fully understood by those alone capable of appreciating the keenest and most subtle satire, but which all must thoroughly enjoy. We all know the old hackneyed quotation about the great art of concealing art. To describe Mr. Toole's powers, nevertheless, it is necessary to quote it once again. His art, as we have said, is perfect, and yet there does not seem to be a scrap of art about it—exuberant nature only seems to be called into play. Comparisons are odious, to use another hackneyed quotation, but perhaps it may be permitted without incurring odium to compare a man with himself. Whether, therefore, to prefer Toole the actor or Toole the scientific lecturer it appears impossible to decide. Still to hear Mr. Toole describe the constituents that go to the formation of the "Epsom salts of commerce," or the distinction that lies between the primary and secondary planets—or define the nature of the dungeon in which the heroine of the peep-show is confined is something that, must be left to personal experience. It is simply indescribable. We have already alluded to the company who travel with Mr. Toole and who play with him in London. The not uncommon fate of eminent actors is thus escaped by Mr. Toole, and, instead of a star half-obscured by his surrounding, colonial audiences have one adequately supported. Mr. Billington, for example, is an admirable artist, who might without presumption make a tour as "star" on his own account. Miss Eliza Johnstone also indisputably holds a high rank in her profession. There is not, in fact, attached to the company an indifferent actor or actress. All are at least of considerable merit, an advantage which will easily be perceived. The residents, therefore, in those towns to be visited by Mr. J. L. Toole may form high expectations without any risk of disappointment. They will find the famous comedian fulfilling all that has been said of him.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Mgr. Mermillod, recently interviewed on his way to Fribourg by a correspondent of the *Gaulois*, expressed himself on the Social Question as follows:—"The elements of Socialism may be likened to a volcanic force which, if let alone, may break forth at an unforeseen moment and overwhelm those who have viewed it with indifference. To contend with this force is to risk being carried away by its torrent. To meet it and to direct it into a right channel without shock or violence is the proper course to pursue. This work the Church is doing." The Bishop of Geneva is an authority on the Social Question. He is remembered to have brought his brilliant oratorical powers to bear upon it twenty years ago in Paris, in the pulpit of Sainte-Clotilde. In those days he seems to have been looked upon in certain quarters as a too liberal innovator, and as something of a Socialist himself. Napoleon III. thought otherwise, and is reported to have said, referring to the opinions of the Abbé Mermillod, "That priest is right. If all were to preach as he preaches, social differences might be arranged and revolutions might be avoided." Among others who shared the Emperor's views on this subject were Mgr. Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, Louis Veuillot, and Jules Simon. When, afterwards, wearing the prelate's purple, he came to have a place of honour in many of the drawing-rooms of the Faubourg-Saint-Germain, and to be called in newspaper language the "Drawing-room Bishop," Mgr. Mermillod did not allow himself to be modified by surrounding circumstances. He continued to air in public his broad views on social subjects, with which the opinions of the time were becoming more and more in unison, and he continued to inculcate to those with whom he came immediately in contact a piety that was not always easy in practice. This means that, dealing with the conscience of high-bred women, he would not admit the compact between worldliness and religion which marks a phase of French religious life in the upper classes. He is outspoken on this subject in his preface to "A Life of Mademoiselle Legras" (Louise de Marillac), a book which has been much read of late years.

A happy event in Prussia has been the annual meeting of the Prussian Bishops at Fulda, around the tomb of St. Boniface. This conference has been one of the great features of the Catholic Church in Prussia. The great questions interesting the Church have been decided there, and the Bishop fixed the political programme and gave their instructions to the Catholic party in the Chamber. The next conference will take place in the month of August next, and will be of more importance than any yet held, because all the Bishops of Germany will take part. Among the questions which will undoubtedly come

up for discussion will be the foundation of an establishment to provide German missionaries for Africa, a project set on foot by the Pope; the social question, and all that pertains to it, will also receive attention, and the opposition of the Prince Regent of Bavaria to the Catholic movement will receive proper attention, and perhaps be effectually nullified.

The Italian Government has taken steps which in Rome alone will result in the closing of twenty-eight churches. As though to carry out the veriest extreme of anti-religious fury, the Church of the Pieta, which for centuries has belonged to one of the leading religious guilds, has been sold to a big German brewing company, and will forthwith be turned into a lager beer saloon. Another large church associated with the memories of Michael Angelo will be converted into a theatre and dancing hall. The Pope has sent a memorial to the King, protesting against the sacrilege, and he will have the sympathy of those people in all parts of the world who believe in religion as against irreligion, and who feel that however many wrongs may have been done in the name of religion, the world is not quite up to the point where it can dispense with its restraints or turn churches into beer saloons with beneficial results.

Geneva, July 8, 1890.—The history of the Waldenses is about to end. From the thousands which they numbered in their prime they have shrunk to about one thousand souls, scattered among the valleys of Fressinieres and Queyras, in South-eastern France. Little by little they have disappeared, until the present remnant is few in numbers and in a miserable condition. Nature seems to have turned against them. Storms and avalanches, floods and landslides, destroyed their farms. Their food consists of black bread, made of rye and bran, of which they prepare a sufficient quantity once a year, and which is hard enough to need breaking with a hammer; this, with a little salt pork and potatoes, makes up their food. Some years ago an English clergyman who visited their district secured help for them, which enabled them to hold out a little longer in their homes; but now emigration has become a necessity. Many have already emigrated, and a Protestant committee at Lyons has worked to assist the more needy, and efforts are being made to send others to Tunis. In a short time the last of the Waldenses of France will have faded from the earth, suffering the same fate which has befallen all heresies from time immemorial.

MR. C. S. PARNELL—A STUDY.

(From the London *Star*.)

THE first impression one gets of Mr. Parnell's personality is its coolness. His face is cool, his dress is cool, his voice is cool. Round him in the House are a throng of fervid Celtic faces; rises a din of hot Celtic speech. He seems of a lower temperature altogether, save when now and then he expands to a kind of cold fury, which—just as in nature the first impressions of extreme cold and extreme heat are akin—seems to carry in its bosom a fervour beyond the common. It is in this mood that Mr. Parnell most moves the House. The Saxon Parliament can resist Mr. O'Brien in his stormiest mood; can turn off Tim Healy's keenest-glancing weapon—and what a true aim is his at its best—can bear down John Dillon. But Parnell is, perhaps, more consistently its master than any other Member save Mr. Gladstone. What is the secret of his power? Not especially his reliance on moral appeal, not oratorical gifts—for he has none, and has the practical man's hatred of much speaking—not extreme dexterity of fence, though that he now and then displays with unequalled effect. It is simply that undiscovered quality in men's affairs—the force of personality of a man clear as to his aims, steady in his methods, and in different to opposition, accepting "hatred, scoffing, and abuse," not because he especially likes it, but because he knows it to be a condition of all successful endeavour. Half-a-dozen times in his Parliamentary career Mr. Parnell has, under sore stress, lost his temper. But he has kept it as many hundreds, waiting, his cold grey eye fixed almost musingly on the crowd of excited fanatics opposite, till the storm of yelling and hooting had subsided. "Dear me; I suppose it is necessary for you to express your sentiments in this fashion, but it is very unreasonable," he seemed to say. In the earlier days of the League he had many such troubles to encounter. He always met them in the same spirit.

Irish to the backbone—by blood and by family history—Mr. Parnell is in accent, appearance, and manner an Englishman. Like an Englishman, he hates fuss, display, and sentiment. Like him, he rarely or never takes shop—i.e., politics, when he can avoid it. He would indeed be very like an English landlord if his interests on the social side were not so different. Sport is his abhorrence; it savours of that worst of crimes in Mr. Parnell's moral code—cruelty, and cruelty to dumb creatures. His delight is in agricultural experiments, especially when they have any bearing on chemistry.

His appearances in the smoke-room of the House of Commons in company with a stranger as often as not denote not a political project, but a talk about chemicals. At the great anti-Coercion demonstration at St. James' Hall he appeared with his arm in a sling. He had injured it through an accident in his laboratory. In the crisis of a great trouble an Irish correspondent, wishing to visit the chief, found him in his sanctum pounding away with pestle and mortar, clothed in his dressing-gown, a perfect stage picture of "The Alchemist." This interest in practical pursuits is the key to his political record and convictions. That even the dullest Tory should ever have associated idealism in politics with Mr. Parnell must have amused no one more than the victim of so infelicitous a jest. This is the part of a Davitt or a Mitchell, not of a Parnell.

It has been said of the Irish leader that, next to Mr. Bradlaugh, he is the most Conservative member of the House of Commons, and there is a measure of truth in the remark. Mr. Parnell's mental vision for Ireland is a modest one—the abolition of unjust rents, the settlement of the Irish peasantry on the soil, under a proprietary system, the concession of national rights of self-government, fairly rounded off his programme. All the land schemes, or hints of land schemes, which he has prepared during this session have been strictly on old-

A. & T. INGLIS'

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Will take place on

1st OCTOBER.

Every Steamer and Sailing Vessel now arriving brings us large quantities of New and Fashionable Goods for the coming Season.

We are somewhat at a loss to know how to prevent their being damaged by the workmen during the alterations now in progress, and as it will take a much longer time to complete the contract than was at first anticipated (which means considerable inconvenience)

We have decided to Sell all Goods now landing at CHEAP RATES until further notice.

There are still remaining unsold large quantities of DRESS GOODS, PRINTS, GINGHAMS, and other WASHING FABRICS, SHEETINGS and CALICOES, both white and unbleached, TOWELS, TOWELLING, FLANNELS, and TABLE LINEN, also HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS in Great Variety. The Prices for these Goods will be the same as they were during the Sale.

As opportunities to obtain RELIABLE GOODS at mere Nominal Prices seldom occur at this season, we have every confidence in making the above announcement, feeling sure that the GENUINENESS of our COLOSSAL SALE is a sufficient guarantee that WHATEVER WE DO, WE DO THOROUGHLY, and to the complete satisfaction of our Numerous and increasing Customers.

OUR LATEST AND MOST UNEXPECTED PURCHASE.

We have purchased this day for Cash, at a large discount off Landed Cost,

23 CASES OF NEW AND SEASONABLE GOODS

(Just landed ex "Langstone"), valued at Nine Hundred pounds sterling. £900.

These Goods have been STOPPED IN TRANSIT by the Manufacturers' Agent here, and will be marked off and READY FOR SALE

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Wednesday, 1st October.

The Shipment consists of CALICOES, SHEETINGS, HOLLANDS, SILECIAS, LOOM DOWLS, PRINTS, GALATEAS, NEW SEASON'S DRESS MATERIALS, MILLINERY, SILKS, SATINS, LADIES' UMBRELLAS, LACE CURTAINS, LINOLEUMS, FLOORCLOTHES, and all kinds of GENERAL DRAPERY.

It is absolutely necessary that these Goods be cleared out at once to make room for the builders. Therefore IMMENSE BARGAINS may be expected.

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Are now prepared with Choice Stocks of SEASONABLE 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.

DRESS DEPARTMENT.—For general Summer wear in city or country nothing is more stylish and durable than the light weight Tweeds and Cheviots, the latter being shown in greater variety than ever. The following are a few of the many lovely Fabrics shown by us:—Harris Dress Tweeds, Noppe Dress Tweeds, Fancy Knicker Tweeds, French Crape de Serges, Black Grenadines, Donegal Rough Tweeds, Flaked Snow Tweeds, Natural Diagonals, French Model Robes, New Black Lace Cloths, etc., etc.

DRESSMAKING.—Estimates given for all Costumes complete Send for Samples and Selt Measurement Charts.

Novelties in Ladies' Fashionable Lace Dolmans, Ladies' Fashionable Cloth Jackets, Ladies' Fashionable Figaro Jackets, Ladies' Fashionable Capes, Ladies' Fashionable Dust Cloaks, Garibaldis, Sunshades in New Shot Effects, very taking handles.

MILLINERY.—The fancy for transparent effects is still maintained. The new Floral Hats and Bonnets are very pretty. Children's and Misses' Millinery in endless variety.

The above Goods are all bought from the Makers.

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.—Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing manufactured at our Manse street factory. Heads of Families are invited to inspect the Boys' Clothing. Only tested Colonial Tweeds kept in Stock. Any particular style can be made to order at a few hours' notice. We are showing a nice range of Washing Shirts at moderate prices.

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.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES.

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PRINCES AND MANSE STREETS, DUNEDIN.

T E S T E D S E E D S

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.

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Capable of several most useful combinations.

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JETTY STREET, DUNEDIN,

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

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.

fashioned lines. An enlightened country gentleman, with a supreme gift for political life, with keen Nationalist sympathies, and with his hand firm on the rudder which guides the course of Irish affairs—Home Rule—that is Mr. Parnell.

Mr. Parnell is not now the constant and present leader of the Irish host. In the earlier days of the League his activity was boundless, now it is more spasmodic. He does enough leading to keep his hand in, and what he does he does superbly. His health, however, needs constant care. Of all the ills that afflict public men none are harder to bear than stomach affections. With them Mr. Parnell combines an intense sensitiveness to cold, which makes exposure to draughts exceedingly perilous. Of late the pale and cavernous face has lost its sharp outline, and the tall and still shapely figure is recovering something of its old grace. But it is as an over-looker of his flocks, with Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. Healy as deputy-shepherds, that Mr. Parnell now plays his part in Parliamentary life. A solitary man, with few intimates—James O'Kelly is, perhaps, his closest and oldest friend in the party—adored by his secretary, followed with unhesitating loyalty by his party, who grumble rarely and never dream of desertion, Mr. Parnell pursues his course with the leisurely ease of strong men. Hitherto, it has always led him upwards, for its basis is that great thing—a nation's will.

SHAND'S TRACK.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

October 5, 1890.

TEN years have rolled since the Church of the Reparation was opened here. Alas, how many changes have taken place in the decade just tolled out. In looking through the seats in the church to-day I noticed that they were for the most part filled by those who then occupied the children's benches. Many, indeed, of the old faces have passed over to the great majority. Still, it is only the work of old Father Time. What a pity he would not go out on strike.

For the last six weeks the Rev. Father Chervier has had a busy time preparing a number of boys and girls to receive their first communion on this auspicious occasion with his usual indefatigable zeal. But he is never so happy as when engaged with the young intellect of his flock. Punctually at 10 o'clock this morning, the girls in white and the boys wearing sashes and rosettes, formed a procession and marched from the schoolroom to the church under the charge of Miss Heffernan. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Chervier, and in a short address to the children he reminded them of the greatest of blessings they were about to partake of, and hoped they would always preserve their lives as innocent and pure as they were on this, the day of their first Communion. I am sure it must have recalled pleasant memories of the past to all present—first Communion and happy days of childhood that are gone beyond recall. After Mass the children were taken back to the schoolroom, where a plentiful repast awaited them, to which full justice was done, regardless of indigestion.

We have not overlooked the advice given us by the N.Z. TABLET to have our names placed on the electoral roll.

Now that the general election is upon us let us not lose sight of the principal plank in every candidate's platform from a Catholic point of view, namely, assistance, or more properly speaking, what we are entitled to for our schools. For this we have been fighting a long and uphill battle, and let us hope the day is not far distant when the Legislature of New Zealand will be brought to look on it in the same light as we do. Then will there be a heavy burden lifted off our shoulders.

Mr. Santley expects to return before Christmas from his long tour in Australia, and has indeed accepted engagements to sing at Liverpool and elsewhere in the course of the spring.

The designs for the new Irish Church of St. Patrick in Rome have been submitted to the Holy Father, who expressed himself as highly pleased with them. The church will be a basilica, with a facade adorned with many coloured marbles, mosaics, and statues.

The late Cardinal Newman was the eldest of the Cardinals. Of the 64 Princes of the Church who now compose the Sacred College only four are under fifty years of age.

The fortune of Bismarck at the present moment may be estimated at more than 100,000 dols. income. He is one of the largest landed proprietors of Prussia. He owns a brewery, a paper factory, a saw mill, and distilleries. He was always proud to say that everything that was consumed in his house was the product of his own property. The donations given to him on several occasions formed the greater portion of his fortune. His property at Varzin was purchased by him in 1866, after the war with Austria, with the 300,000 dols. which were then presented to him. After the war of 1871 Emperor William took out of the indemnity milliards 800,000 dols., for M. de Bismarck, and this sum served to purchase the great domain of Friedrichsruhe. For some time Bismarck's charity was eagerly solicited, but the old Chancellor was always economical, and he rarely responded to appeals for aid. A few years ago he caused to be inserted in the papers a singular advertisement declaring it was useless to ask him for assistance.

South America is again in ferment from Mexico to the Argentine Republic, and trouble seems to be less political than financial. In Buenos Ayres there is a financial crisis; in Chili there is fear and uncertainty; in Brazil there is more or less confusion; Venezuela is angry over her English difficulties; and the States of Central America are at war. This is a pretty state of things so soon after the Pan-American conference, but it may be no more than the usual infant's colic with which South America is so often taken. That money matters are chiefly responsible for South American turmoil at the present moment is very plain. The political puppets who are dancing before the public eyes are working by strings from London and New York. — *Catholic Review*,

PEOPLE BOUND TO THE STAKE,

THE great majority of people have to work for a living with hands or head or both. Very well. To make our living we *must* be able to labour so many hours in a day, days in a week, weeks in a year.—Very good again. But suppose we each had an enemy who possessed the power to tie us up with a rope when he pleased. To-day he ties only the left arm, to-morrow the right, the next day a leg, and so on. Once in a while he ties us to our beds and keeps us there a week. How much would be cost us in hard cash in a year? and how much would it be worth to us if we could chain him to a rock or hang him with his own rope? Let us have a rough illustration or two.

A man was working on the Midland Railway as a signal-man.— We all know what the position is, and have some idea of the labour and responsibility. Well, he kept at it for several years, never missing a day. He knew his business, nobody better, and nothing went wrong on his section of the line; but by-and-bye his enemy began to tie him up. Somehow he couldn't eat with a relish any more; when he tried he was taken with such a distress it took all the life out of him. Then he would have times when he was so giddy that everything went round and round like a whirligig. If this had happened when he had a signal to set, a collision might have come of it: happily it did not. Other ropes were tied around him: he had pains in the chest and sides, his bowels became costive, tongue coated, bad taste in his mouth, heartburn, weakness etc. The doctors said he would have to give up his situation; but he couldn't. There were his wife and children to be looked out for, and only his earnings to do it with. But finally he broke down altogether, and was laid up for weeks, unconscious part of the time. Then, we may say, he was tied hand and foot. His enemy had him fast, and came nigh killing him. One day, after the doctors had given him up, his mind was clear, and he remembered a medicine—half the bottle full—he had hidden away in a locker in the signal box and forgotten all about it. He sent for it and took a dose. In less than a month he was a well man; the ropes were all cut away. If you write to him (Andrew Agge, Culgaith, Cumberland) he will tell you this medicine was Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and his ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia. But, whilst he was ill with it, he might as well—yes better—have been tied to a stake.

There are lots of cases of this sort all over England—all over the world. A few of them we hear of; millions of them we never hear of. Sometimes it is heart disease; sometimes rheumatism; sometimes consumption; sometimes general debility; sometimes kidney and bladder complaint; sometimes nervous prostration; sometimes liver disorder. That is, the doctors call it by all these hard names, but at bottom it is indigestion and dyspepsia, and all these other so-called diseases are just tokens and symptoms of that—neither more nor less. If a man never had any trouble with his stomach, he might live for ever, for aught we can tell. Yet how, in mercy's name can a man or woman work with death and corruption inside of the body—with the stomach full of decaying food, seeping poison through the blood to every joint, muscle, and nerve? This is what dyspepsia does. Indigestion is a slow but sure poison, just as taking so many grains of arsenic every day would be.

Here is another case, that of a railway fireman, who writes from Hurlford. He says: "I have been a sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia for three years; I tried several doctors, but got worse all the time. At last I went to a chemist and he promised to cure me in a week or two. He sold me three very expensive bottles of medicine, and all the effect I felt from it was the loss of my money. Then I got hold of a bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and was better almost at once. How sorry I am I didn't use it years ago!" We can give this man's name if you care to have it. He didn't want it printed. But he was as good as tied up for a long while. Illness is a strong rope.

Here is one more illustration. Mr. R. B. Hopton, of Long Weston, says: "I am sixty-eight years old. Mother Seigel's Syrup has not quite made me a young man again, but it has cured me of asthma, nervous prostration, and a throat ailment arising from impure blood. I was too ill to labour, yet can now do my work, thanks to that great remedy. You may publish the fact. The whole complication came first from indigestion."

And this is the way people are bound until Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup sets them free

The Archbishop of Dublin has sent to the press a long correspondence which, as things stand at present, seems to show that a bold attempt to impose upon his Grace by means of a forged document has been committed. A little time ago the Archbishop received an application purporting to be signed by twenty-four tenants on the property of a Mrs. Hannah Lewis, near Woodford, in the county of Galway. These tenants stated that they had various advantageous offers from their landlady, but they had been so intimidated by their parish priest that they had been constrained to refuse those offers. They now appeal to the Archbishop, begging his interposition and praying to secure for them reasonable terms of arrangement with Mrs. Lewis, or to secure them from molestation if they attempted to try to arrange matter for themselves. The document added that the young members of the families concerned contemplated becoming Protestants in order to relieve themselves from the persecution of the parish priest. The document was signed by the 24 tenants, the addresses being appended. His Grace at once wrote to the first named on the list, a substantial farmer in the district. He replied expressing his amazement at receiving the Archbishop's letter and stating that he had not received any advantageous offers from Mrs. Lewis, had no differences with the parish priest, had suffered no intimidation from him, had neither written to the Archbishop nor authorised any one to write in his name. The facts have become known in the locality, and inquiries have been set on foot to trace the authorship of this forgery.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ONSLOW.



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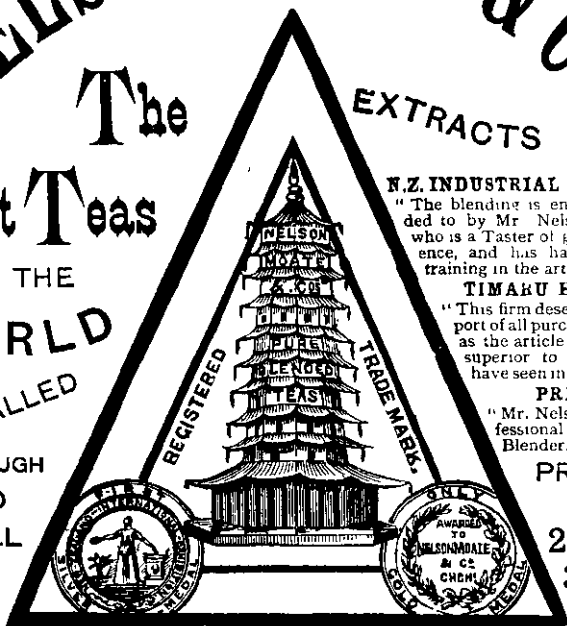
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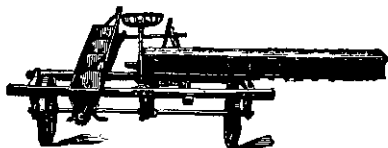
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Printed and published for the NEW ZEALAND TABLET PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, (Limited), by J. J. CONNOR, at their Registered Printing Office, Otago, Dunedin this 17th day of October, 1890.