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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

WE see with some little amazement, and some little amusement forsooth, that a claim is made to the effect that Socialism is not suspicious from a religious point of view. Verily there are short memories amongst us now-a-days, and whatever is convenient seems easy of belief. Socialism, as a matter of fact, is remarkable for nothing more than its association from the very beginning with religion. Surely Saint-Simon has not so long passed away from among the living that he should be wholly forgotten, and surely the doings of the Saint-Simonians were sufficiently recent to be still within the recollection of many with whom they were contemporaneous. The father of Socialism although the pupil of D'Alembert was nothing if not religious, though his religion was of a very different nature from that inculcated by any branch of Christianity, however wishered and separated from the parent stem, and, above all, was it widely separated from the Catholic Church, to which its heresiarch had from his boyhood been violently opposed. So precocious was he in his rebellion that, when a boy of thirteen, he resisted with success the efforts made by his father to have him prepared for his first communion. But, though he was the inaugurator of a levelling system and the professed friend of the masses, with a strange inconsistency, he remained proud of the name of Saint-Simon and of the blood of the Counts of Vermandois, an inconsistency, we may remark, that becomes very apparent in contrast with the enmity against the privileges of birth declared by his successors. In a proclamation, for example, posted by them on the walls of Paris in the year 1830, the following passage occurs: "Feudalism will be finally extinguished, when all the privileges of birth are, without exception, abolished, and when everyone shall be placed according to his capacity and rewarded according to his works. And when this new religion shall have realised upon earth the reign of God, the reign of peace, and of liberty, which the Christians have placed in Heaven alone, then the Catholic Church will have lost its power, it will have ceased to exist." As to the creed of Saint-Simon, it was a fantastic one, capable, as it proved, of still more fantastic developments among his followers and successors, spread abroad, moreover, through France by a very active and devoted propaganda and owning at one time a considerable number of adherents. As to its morality it was dubious and even more than dubious. Saint-Simon himself was accused and truly accused of frequenting haunts of infamy, but he explained that he did so in the interests of science, claiming that a man who acted on such motives must, through such associations, attain to the highest summit of virtue. His definition, however, of the virtues by which the chosen of God were to be distinguished is very suggestive, at least as to his frame of mind. These, he said, will no longer be the insignificant matters of chastity and continence. They will be talents, the highest degree of talents. But Saint-Simon insisted on the necessity of definite doctrine. The formation of doctrine, he wrote, to serve as the base of the industrial system, as the former doctrine served as the base of the fental system, is altogether an urgent necessity. The religious system, as we have said, was further developed by Saint-Simon's followers, and especially under the succeeding apostle, *Enfantin*, an apostle whose conduct vacillated between libertinism and asceticism and who, in fact, served a sentence of a year's imprisonment, under the popular government of King Louis Philippe, for having outraged public morality. The toleration, meantime, to be permitted by Saint Simon may be gathered from the fact that into his designs there entered the publication of a catechism framed on the Encyclopedia in a perfect form, and whose teaching would replace that of the Catholic theology.—The study of this catechism would be compulsory, no other religious teaching would be permitted, and no one who had not passed an examination in it would be admitted to the rights of a citizen. There is nothing on which Saint-Simon more emphatically insists than on the necessity for interfering with the religious institutions already in existence. "The sole object," he wrote "that a thinker can propose to him-

self to-day, is to work at the reorganisation of the moral system, the religious system, the political system, in a word the system of ideas under whatever aspect they may be regarded." "It is evident," he wrote again, "that after the construction of the new scientific system there will be a reorganisation of the systems of religion, general politics, morals and public instruction, and that, consequently, the clergy will be reorganised!" He had, indeed, very strict notions as to what the clergy should be—but into which their qualifications as theologians hardly entered. As we have seen, his intention was that theology should give place to the system set forth in the catechism he proposed to frame on the teaching of the Encyclopedia. If, therefore, it has amazed, and also a little amused, us to find it assumed and asserted that Socialism was, and must necessarily be, in its very essence disassociated from religion, and a system recognising the right of every creed to equal treatment, we may reasonably claim to be held excused. At the same time, we see no reason why Socialism, as a political system, should necessarily interfere with religion, or why if it were found otherwise practical and useful it could not exist side by side with it. What we do see, and see with perfect clearness is, that, in attempting to introduce among us a system which in its initiation was associated with a hostility to the Christian religion, and whose propagators and adherents have ever since been largely identified with every attack made in Europe on religion and the Catholic Church, men should be careful to prove that they have no irreligious sympathies, and no intention also to adopt the sinister course that has brought the system into suspicion—and obtained for it the reputation of being the determined and relentless foe of Christianity. It is much to be regretted, therefore, that gentlemen who have come forward as candidates for Parliamentary representation seem inclined to furnish us with no such proof, but, on the contrary, give us reason to fear that the Socialism of which they declare themselves advocates, must prove identical with the system which, even if it be otherwise capable of producing good results, cannot fail to be vitiated and rendered venomous and destructive by its enmity to religion. This is certainly the only light in which we can interpret the expressed determination of these gentlemen to force Catholics still to support the godless schools—also planned by Saint-Simon, thus punishing them severely for their fidelity to the precepts of their Church, and their undying and indestructable attachment to their religion.

OUR contemporary the *Wellington Press* is didactic, and even dogmatic. Nay, he is a secular Pope, against whose infallible utterances no one must protest. With what an air of authority does not our contemporary lay down the law as to secularism. "There is nothing," he tells us, for example, "in the teachings to undermine whatever faith their (the children's) parents or the Sunday schools instil into their minds, and a great deal of desultory teaching of a moral character is scattered throughout the lessons. All that is wanted is to systematise this, and the objection of those who decry the absence of all religious teaching would vanish." Our authoritative contemporary notwithstanding, we venture to doubt as to whether the systematising of even a great deal of desultory teaching of a moral character would really satisfy the conscientious scruples of people desirous of religious teaching. Opinions, in fact, are too widely divided as to the effects of mere moral teaching to allow people of any prudence, even apart from all considerations of religion, to accept as conclusive the decision of the most dogmatic editor.—Let us take, for instance, the conclusions to which his experience has led a certain eminent Frenchman, Dr. Rochard, a member of the French Academy of Medicine—himself an ex-pupil of the secular system, and who has educated his sons in a similar manner. Dr. Rochard disclaims all predilections for religious schools, still in a book, entitled "*L'Education de nos Fils*," and recently published by him, he speaks as follows:—"I affirm that the greater part of the pupils only see in the study of morality a course to follow, additional phrases to retain. I am convinced that there is not one pupil in a hundred into whose mind the thought enters that these notions are given to him in order that he may conform his conduct to them. This teaching is absolutely sterile: it goes for nothing in forming souls and characters. Practical morality is the continuous lesson, the good example. It is

the constant, ordinary guidance, which sets right the little slips of the child, makes him ashamed of his faults, gives him a horror of vice, inspires him with enthusiasm for what is beautiful, with the love of devotion and the austere passion of duty. . . . Now these are things with which it is very difficult to meet in a State school."—We fear, then, that even the sweeping together of that desultory moral teaching, and the giving it out to be learned by rote—so many lines in half-an-hour—would hardly have the effect of dispelling the objection to secularism of people desirous of having their children religiously educated. We really fear that the authority of the *Wellington Press* in this matter must go for very little, and that he has still a good deal to learn before he is capable of doing much more than strengthening in prejudice and bombastic pretensions people of his own calibre. The misfortune is that many such foolish and pretentious people are to be found.

A NOBLE
EXAMPLE.

WE have quoted the opinion, based on personal experience, of a competent authority as to the moral teaching of the young. We find an interesting instance of the effect of religious example

on the old which it seems apposite to us also to quote. It occurs in an incident related of the late renowned scholar Littré by one who had been a friend of his, and who is still, as he himself had been until the example of his wife and daughter converted him on his death-bed, a Freethinker. "On the day his daughter was born," writes M. E. Legouvé, the friend in question, "Littré said to her mother, 'My dear wife, you are a fervent and practical Catholic. Bring up your daughter in the habits of piety which are yours. I add only one condition. On the day she is fifteen years of age you will bring her to me. I will explain my views to her, and she shall choose for herself.' The mother accepts; the years flow by. One morning she enters her husband's study. 'You remember what you asked of me and what I promised. I am come to keep my word. There is your daughter ready to hear you with all the respect and confidence inspired by a beloved and venerated father. Will you have her come in?' 'Oh, yes, certainly. But why? In order that I may explain my views to her? No! no! a thousand times, no! What! you have made of our child a good, tender, simple, upright, enlightened, and happy creature. Happy! that word which in relation to a pure being includes every virtue. And you believe that I am going to cast my ideas across this happiness and this purity? My ideas! my ideas! They are good for me. Who will tell me that they are good for her? Who will tell me that I should not risk destroying or overthrowing your work? Oh, yes! let our daughter come in, dear wife, so that I may bless you in her presence for all you have done for her, and that she may love you a little more than hitherto.'"—We may rationally doubt as to whether even a consolidation of the desultory moral teaching given in the secular schools could produce such results as this—produced by religious teaching. And Littré was one of the great intellects of the age. M. Legouvé, his friend, has known how to profit by the lesson given. "I also," he says, "have had and still have around me believing souls, and, like Littré, I should hold myself criminal if I ever troubled by my doubts, offended by my raileries, or shook by my objections, the religious convictions whence these beloved beings have never drawn anything except joys, consolations, and virtues." But, among ourselves, there is proposed to us the sweeping together of a desultory moral teaching as a desirable and compulsory alternative. Shall we not fare better by following at all cost the example given to us by Littré?

GUILIELMUS REX.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge—his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was!

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low.
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest grey or brown,
The slender sword hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the king of England's Kings!
The rest with all their pomp and trains
Are moldered, half remembered things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns!

—Century.

The person who operates a type-writing machine is now called a typist.

Colonial Notes.

THERE actually is honour among thieves then, and they are expected by one another scrupulously to observe it. The London *Freemason* protests in a highly indignant, and, indeed, a somewhat violent strain against the iniquity of the Grand Orient of France in setting up a lodge on British soil. Sir Robert Stout incurs the especial anger of the *Freemason* as the chief offender against honour. He is accused, as "Deputy-District Grand Master of Otago and Southland, and one on whom His Royal Highness the Grand Master was pleased to confer the brevet rank of a Past Assistant Grand Director of Ceremonies of England at the time of the Queen's Jubilee," of having deliberately insulted the English craft. The *Freemason*, finally, proposes that Sir Robert Stout and his *confreres* in this business should be ignominiously expelled from English Freemasonry—and if Sir Robert has not an uncommon taste for titles, we may remark, in passing, the expulsion should in some sense prove a relief to him. What, meantime, is that other proverb about the falling out of thieves? At any rate, if English Masons were as chary of their independence as they are of their less important privileges, and showed themselves equally determined not to accept the obligation of carrying out the designs of the foreign lodges, honest men would find their neighbourhood a much more wholesome one, and would be much facilitated in holding their own.

The correspondent of the *Otago Daily Times* wires as follows, under date Auckland, October 23:—"Bishop Cowie, in his synodical address, said it was never more necessary than at the present time that the clergy should be men of education. The melancholy exhibition of defective knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and of superstitious application periodically displayed in Auckland by travelling and unaccredited lecturers on the Bible might well cause dismay to those whose prayer it is that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified. These remarks evidently went into the breasts of some of his hearers, for in the course of the discussion that took place at the Diocesan Synod last evening as to the desirability of making an appeal to the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge to augment the home missions fund, the Rev. Mr. Beath scored very strongly against the proposal. He urged that if such an appeal were made the S.P.C.K. should be put in full possession of the facts. They should know, he said, that the people of Auckland, though not very liberal religiously, thought nothing of putting thousands of pounds through the totalisator, kept opera and other professional companies going all the year round, entertained all sorts of travelling preachers, fed them profusely on tea and cake, and sent them away with their pockets well lined, while the actual wants of the church were neglected. These remarks were received with loud applause, and caused a good deal of merriment."—A divine, nevertheless, who, like Bishop Cowie, holds the right of private interpretation, appears rather inconsistent in the conditions he would impose upon preachers of the Gospel. Where, in fact, is the Bishop to find the authority necessary to accredit them? The stump evangelists have decidedly the advantage of the Bishop, and would be dull, indeed, not to keep it. What freer course, indeed, can the Word have than that which they bestow upon it? And as to its being "glorified," that also is a matter of opinion. In fact, so far as the Word of the Lord has been glorified at all among Protestant peoples, it has been so chiefly by means of uneducated preachers. The Anglican Church, least of all, can justly complain concerning the matter, seeing that at the beginning of the century England was saved from infidelity, risked by the neglect and worldliness of her educated ministers, by the wild and untutored preaching of the Wesleyans, and that all the religion now obtaining among certain portions of the masses is due to the riotous piety of the salvation Army. Neither by reason nor experience can Bishop Cowie establish his argument. As to the Rev. Mr. Beath's tilt against "wine and cake" in the cause of bread and butter, it was not very dignified, and hardly harmonised with Bishop Cowie's plea for educated preachers. No wonder the occasion was one of merriment. As reported, at least, it seems to have been in several particulars highly ridiculous.

We owe to our friend, the misplaced emergency-man of the *Napier Telegraph*, a knowledge of a possible derivation of the word "cad." Our friend, it seems, as he lately explained in a note to a much admiring circle of subscribers and the public generally, began life in the colonies as a "cadet." Here is another example of how our friend makes good his claim to the abbreviated title. "Our cablegram the other day mentioned a report that the Pope desired to confer with Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. We thought it strange that His Holiness wanted to confer with a couple of runaways. A cablegram to-day puts the matter right. Dillon and O'Brien wanted to see the Pope, but His Holiness declined to receive them. Dr. O'Dwyer, the Bishop of Limerick, is the only Irish Prelate who has faithfully carried out the decrees of the Vatican by denouncing Dillon as the man deserved. For this the Bishop has received the acknowledgements of the Pope, so it was not likely Dillon would be listened to at Rome." Much our "cadet" knows about the Pope—and as for Dr. O'Dwyer—the Bishop has hardly bargained for the admiration thus bestowed upon him.

A poor lady, who writes a paper called "Five O'Clock Tea" for the *Canterbury Times*, and who ventured on a little vapid joke as to the impropriety of speaking of wine and ham-sandwiches under the name of tea, has been taken to task by a correspondent signing herself "An Irish Girl Graduate." The poor lady expressed herself thus "I am glad we are not Irish enough for that sort." It should be sweet revenge for the "Irish Girl Graduate" that the editor feels himself obliged to explain in a foot-note, that the poor lady only meant to allude in a harmless kind of a way to the traditional bull of the stage Irishman, whom the editor stupidly takes for a real character, and since such was the lady's taste and her necessity, she may well be excused,

The editor, however, goes further and stigmatises his fair contributor as the "Five o'clock Tea 'lady." Surely the correspondent's cup of vengeance is filled to the brim with sweetness. The professional Treizieme himself was a dignified character compared to that. As to the *mauvaise plaisanterie*, "Poor Ireland 'rushed Again," with which the editor heads his correspondent's letter, it simply shows that his own taste is, if possible worse than that of his contributor and his wit quite as rusty as hers.

It that another example of "pure Socialism" afforded us in the speech of Mr. M'Lean, the Labour candidate at Wellington? Mr. M'Lean declared he would not support a Private Schools Bill. "If some people" said he "did not take advantage of the public schools, they were simply refusing their rights and privileges." "In a socialist community," we have been told, every creed would be placed upon an absolute equality, and none would be allowed to tyrannise over a weaker sect." The Secular creed, nevertheless, as we see, would command a monopoly, and any body venturing to dissent from it would be subjected to heavy penalties—at least if Mr. M'Lean, as we conclude he assumes to be, is an interpreter of pure Socialism. The cool impertinence with which the gentleman lays down the law as to the rights and privileges of people quite as capable of forming judgments as he is, is also deserving of notice. As to the chances that a man capable of putting forward such crude arguments on one all-important question, as those of Mr. M'Lean relating to education would prove in other respects an advantage to the Legislature of the colony, we leave it to the common sense those of whom it concerns. But it should be recognised that to place the affairs of the colony, at a hazardous crisis like the present, in the hands of irrational and stupid men would be a very dangerous undertaking.

Mr. Izard, speaking at the Hutt the other day, excused himself for not voting against Mr. Pyke's Bill, by saying he had been ill and obliged to leave the House. He also said he had been unable to pair, but without giving the reason why. The hon. Member's illness perhaps, was of a sudden nature. He has, however, made the *amende honorable* by declaring that he will support the secular system without alteration. The candidate's pretence is the number of sects who might otherwise claim aid with the result of breaking up the system. No intelligent man, however, who makes use of his powers of observation can really believe there is the slightest force in such an argument. In fact were honesty or ability among the requirements sought for in our legislators, such an argument should disqualify the man employing it. If he be sincere in employing it he proves himself a duiliard, and if he be not sincere he is, of course, dishonest. There is nothing, meantime, to prevent a candidate from being both the one and the other. On the contrary, the manner in which New Zealand has so far been governed proves that the combination has been by no means uncommon. Mr. Izard recommends parents desirous of educating their children in religion to give them instructions at home, thus, as the old saying has it, adding insult to injury.

In reply to a letter in the Wellington dailies accusing the Catholics of that city of being divided, and one of their sections of following leaders anxious for their own pecuniary interests to see Sir Robert Stout returned to power, one Wellington Catholic alone, nevertheless, having held office, under Sir Robert Stout, and he a gentleman incapable of compromising principle on any inducement, and far above all suspicion of pecuniary considerations—another correspondent writes to say the Catholics continue united on the one important point. "The Catholic vote," he says, is sound on the Education question, true to the old standard; but there is a large percentage of the Catholic vote sound upon the Unionist question as well, and they mean to stick to it. The kind of candidate to suit these men is a man who will combine Unionist principles and State aid to the efficient Catholic schools." So be it. For our own part we have no other desire than to see the Labour party well represented in Parliament. Beyond all others, however, we distrust Labour candidates who display an unfair disposition towards the Catholic claims. The candidates in question announce themselves as Socialists, that is they adopt a system brought into suspicion by men who were the sworn foes of religion, and which has had at least one great irreligious illustration, that namely given it by the Commune of 1871. It behoves them, therefore, to prove that they disassociate themselves from the irreligious antecedents of their system, which are, besides, sufficient alone to corrupt and render it in every respect harmful and abortive, so that they may not deserve the opposition of every man who has a proper regard for the public safety. We are glad to see that the correspondent to whom we allude describes Wellington Catholics as determined to obtain such a pledge from the labour candidates supported by them.

Our Wellington evening contemporaries are not to be congratulated on the manner in which they comment on the passage in Mr. Jellicoe's speech relating to religious education. The *Post*, to all intents and purposes, employs the incredibly mean and glaringly unjust argument to the effect that united denominational schools are useful as helping to reduce the expense of the system, and must be left unaided for the purpose—for that, in fact, is what his plea amounts to. Our contemporary, moreover, knows how to touch a particularly sensitive point, by appealing to the special fears of a very influential portion of our population. He utters a note of warning as to the necessity that he says would arise for reducing the emoluments of the teachers. The *Post* evidently lays due stress on the number of very respectable and well-to-do families who are more respectable and better-to-do still because of the comfortable and genteel berths enjoyed by their members as teachers and pupil-teachers. Our contemporary, however, is of a very admirable candour. He admits the hardship under which the Catholic community labours, but tells us to grin and bear it.—The *Press* is still more brutally frank. He says plainly that the secular system was intro-

duced for the purpose of getting rid of religious systems. His leader on the subject, in short, is a very excellent sample of that "blow" of which the late Mr. Anthony Trollope, for example, recommended colonials to free themselves. We should say it was written by a native hand, or at least by one that was in a very tender condition when carried on board an emigrant ship. If the use of Yankee slang were allowable, and indeed "rot" of the kind may justify the use of almost anything in dealing with it, we should say that the article alluded to was "high falutin'" in no small degree. Where there is question, however, of maintaining an outrage on justice we need not look for anything very brilliant. At any rate, in neither of our contemporaries do we find it.

Our contemporary the Wellington *Post*, as we have seen, admits that people who cannot conscientiously make use of the secular schools suffer a hardship, but, at the same time, sentences them to its continuance, lest there should be inflicted, as our contemporary argues, "an equal or greater wrong on other and more numerous sections of the people." Nor does our contemporary stand alone in such a line of argument. It is one that we find commonly employed. But how different is the spirit of the period from that of a less enlightened world whose motto was the manly words—*fiat justitia ruat cælum*. Expediency now thrusts justice to the wall, and all our more advanced lights support the iniquity. It would almost seem that where the heart of humanity beat of old there is now a gizzard—a grinder-down by means of indigestible stuff.

Scotch Notes

THE Right Rev. Monsignor Clapperton has been appointed Bishop of Dunkeld, of which diocese he was Vicar General under the late Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Rigg. Dr. Clapperton is a native of Fochabers, Morayshire, where he was born in 1831. He studied for the priesthood at Saint Sulpice in Paris, and was ordained in that city by Archbishop Sibour. His life as a priest, however, has been passed in Scotland, where he has served on the missions respectively at Dumfries, Falkirk, and Dundee.

Mr. Gladstone is expected to visit Scotland towards the end of October. He will be for some ten days the guest of Lord Roseberry at Dalmeny, and will address meetings of his Mid Lothian constituents. He will then visit his nephew, Sir John Gladstone, at F.-sque, making a halt, on the way, at Dunlee, where he will open an art gallery and receive the freedom of the city.

A new and valuable coalfield has been discovered at Shawburn, near Stonehouse, in Lanarkshire. It is estimated to yield 3,000,000 tons of workable coal.

A serious departure from the rigid observance of the Sabbath day in Scotland has been intimated at Aberdeen. It takes the shape of concerts of sacred music, and, on the occasion in question, the band of the Cameron Highlanders, who came from Edinburgh, were the performers. There was a crowded audience, and an opinion was commonly expressed that the performance was quite as edifying and much more agreeable than any sermon, at least of the ordinary quality, could have been. How long will the programmes be confined to sacred music only?

The Duke of Fife is a nobleman who seems to combine the faculty of serving himself with that of serving his neighbour, in a fashion worthy of much admiration. His Grace, for example, has lately been accountable for the issue of a circular calling for subscriptions towards placing a steamer on the African lake, Victoria Nyanza, for the purpose of forwarding missionary enterprise and advancing the interests of Christianity. His Grace, meantime, holds a considerable interest in a company formed for the purpose of prospecting the African interior and making their profit of what may be found there—to whom, as a matter of course, any advancement of communication in the country must prove advantageous. Still more recently the Duke has explained that his reasons for acting, as he has of late been doing, in rather a remarkable manner, and selling large portions of his estates, are that he desires to place isolated property in hands better able to concentrate their care on it, as well as to increase the number of smaller land owners and strengthen the institutions of the kingdom. His Grace's principles, as may be seen, are particularly fortunate now that the value of landed property is decreasing, and even the worldly-wise only might not be indisposed to sell. To find so tender a conscience in high places should be decidedly reassuring. And if also there be a reward to be gained—does not virtue always deserve one?

Interest has been aroused in scientific circles by the discovery, in a cave dwelling at Oban, of some human skeletons believed to be of great antiquity. One of them is alleged to be of unusual size. One skull, besides, is spoken of as more than commonly thick, and another is said to be of the type distinguished by a receding forehead, and of which some specimens had already been discovered. A pre-historic origin is claimed for all.

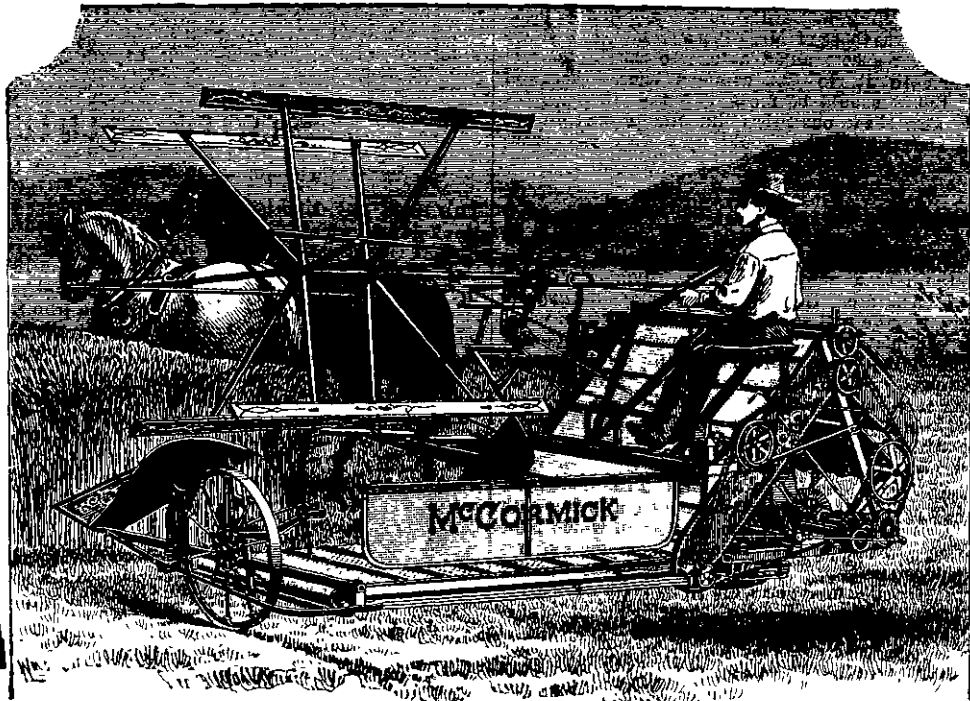
Obituary records contain the names of two remarkable men—the one notable for his wealth, the other for his age. Sir James Mackenzie, the former, was a man who had risen from humble beginnings to the possession of princely riches, which he spent like a prince in exalted company. A better feature in his career, however, was his consideration for his tenants, to whom he was an excellent landlord.—Peter Laing the latter of the two deceased, was known as the *Edinburgh hundertarian*—having lived in the best of good health and spirits until a few days before his death. Peter's claim to distinction, however,

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A
GOOD THING.

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ECONOMY
TO
BUY
A
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OF
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THAN A
CHEAPLY CONSTRUCTED
MACHINE.

THIS Machine costs more than any machine ever built. The cheap Machines that will be offered for sale during the coming season are manufactured for less than this modern one will cost. The rigid inspection of material, the care used upon each detail of the construction, the perfect fitting of the joints and the careful alignment of every shaft and bearing cost money. A daub of paint will fill a crack, a loose shaft will run in angular bearings, and the unbrushed box of the cheap machine does well enough for a season. Perhaps for a year or two it may appear to do as well as the reliable one, but by the time it should be nearly in its prime, its bearings brightened, and its whole mechanism smooth, for easy operation, it is so worn that it has to be thrown away.

EXAMINE THIS MODERN MACHINE OF STEEL.

Can you buy cheap machines for less than we can afford to sell at? We do not doubt it, but do not forget that their life-time will be numbered by three years, while this Modern Machine will be good for ten. What is a few pounds to the loss of a crop while waiting for repairs caused by the defective construction of a slimy machine. Our Modern Machine of Steel is the construction of this age. It contains better material, is built with more care, its construction is more mechanical, its whole mechanism is light, yet exceedingly stiff and strong, and it will cut more acres of grain in its life-time, with less outlay of horse-power and with less expense for repairs than any other machine that has ever been offered for sale.

THE
McCORMICK
COSTS LESS
AFTER
THE FIRST COST
THAN
ANY MACHINE
MADE.

CAREFULLY EXAMINE IT AND YOU WILL BUY NO OTHER.

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DUNEDIN AND CHRISTCHURCH.

has not been left undisputed, an asserted authority allotting him 89 years only. General opinion, nevertheless, gives him the longer span.

The eighth annual conference of the Highland Land League has been made the occasion of a great demonstration at Wick. The Orster's Commissioners were denounced because, in fixing fair rents, they made no allowance for improvements made by the tenants. They were also accused of going about hob-nobbing with landlords and factors. The ministers of the Established Church likewise incurred rebuke, for the antagonism which, it was alleged, many of them showed towards the proposed Land Law Reform. A proposal to move a resolution approving of disestablishment and disendowment was rejected by no very large majority. A resolution was passed to the effect that no settlement of the land question could be regarded as final which did not recognise the inherent and historic right of the Highland people to their native soil. There was a very full attendance, and among the closing ceremonies was an imposing procession, in which numerous banners were carried, some of them displaying very significant designs and mottoes.

Messrs. Primmer, Thompson, and McVarish have been playing their anti-Popish cantrips in several other places. Where, however, any notice was taken of them it was of a strongly disapproving kind, and disgust at their own proceedings is all they have evoked. Protestant testimony has been forthcoming to the nature of the liversed by the monks of Fort Augustus—whose rejected and spiteful postulant McVarish has calumniated them. Gentlemen who had been guests at their monastery have described what they witnessed there—the conclusion being that McVarish had not found the hard work agree with him. No doubt he finds more congenial companions in Messrs. Primmer and Thompson.

The somewhat famous Lady Dunlop has been appearing as Venus in burlesque at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. Her Ladyship is very lightly clad, and shows well in spectacular effects. She appears to have been badly used, but if certain interviews published in the papers speak the truth, there would naturally be an inclination—and perhaps one not altogether inexplicable to use her badly. As a peeress of the realm she must decidedly cut a comical figure. The title of Clancarty has come into strange relationship. In the last generation it was synonymous with all that was the pink of propriety and perfectly respectable.

In Presbyterian pulpits some very generous testimony has been borne to the worth of the late Cardinal Newman. In some cases, indeed, an attempt was made to belittle his memory. The Rev. Mr. Hunter of Glasgow, for instance, held him up to the congregation as a striking example of the danger of believing too much—hardly the prevailing danger in the present day. The Rev. T. S. Majoribanks of Prestonkirk, on the other hand, described him as one of the most saintly men not only of this generation but of history. Saintliness of so high an order, he said, was ordained but for few.

The sea serpent has been quite eclipsed by an apparition in Orkney. Near Southside, Deerness, it is affirmed, a creature has emerged from the sea, sitting upon a sunken rock near the shore.—But as to its appearance, who shall describe that? It has a little black head, a long white neck, a white body, shaped like that of a human being, and two long arms which it waves above its head. If it was a Yankee skipper that brought the news, we could understand it, but coming from a dour Scottish source, there seems no more to be said.

ST. PATRICK LANDED.

(By MARY BANIM, in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*.)

As we went along those pleasant roads, I found myself wondering if St. Patrick was fond of gathering the flowers that grow under the hedge-rows in such abundance?—had he a favourite walk?—which view of the Quoile or the Lough did he love most to gaze on? as he rested on his way from Saul to Rahulp, where yet stand the remains of the church of that holy Bishop Tassach, to whom was given the privileges of assisting at the last hours of St. Patrick's life and administering the last Sacraments to him. Here, by the roadside, is a spot that should be held very dear to all; and yet, owing to what was once a river having been drained away until it dwindled down to a little stream, even the name of the stream was lost, until accidentally discovered by Mr. Hanna, a noted authority upon the antiquities of the locality. In a pretty nook not far from Rahulp, we come upon an old water-mill—its wheel broken; its out-house dismantled; its little water-course almost choked with wild flowers; the grassy bank beside it luxuriant with those beautiful umbrella-like leaves that make such banks always picturesque. In olden times the streamlet that flows under the mill-wheel was a river—the Inver Slaney or Slaney—and it was up this water-course and past this very spot that Patrick sailed until he came near to the bill whence Diéhu looked out and saw the strange barque upon the Slaney. Probably the saint and his followers landed near where this little mill stands now, and probably, too, he often embarked here to sail in his coracle amongst the islands of the Lough, for in those days the sea came much further inland than it does now. As time went on and land was drained and barriers built to keep out the tide, the Slaney ceased to be a river; it dwindled slowly to a little brook, the very name of which was so long forgotten that even the good woman who lives beside it cannot now give a single tradition connected with the spot, while so many memories of the surrounding districts have survived.

On a hillock or rather near the road, to the east of Saul, and about a mile and a half distant from the latter, is the little church of Rahulp or Rath-colpa, which, small as it is, was a Bishop's church in St. Patrick's time. The building is 35ft. long, 21ft. 4in. wide, the

east windows splayed inward; there are some curiously large stones in the walls, and the elder and hawthorn—without which I have rarely seen the old churches—beautify the ruin with their luxuriant branches.

What is known of Bishop Tassach, who lived here, and who was "one of the family of Patrick of prayers," shows us that in those days a nobleman was not above adding to his privileges and powers by the acquisition of handicraft. Tassach was a noble; he was also a skilled artificer "of great endowment," a worker in gold and other metals, and it was he who covered with gold and adorned with precious gems the sacred *Baculus Jesu*, or Staff of Jesus, which was the principal pastoral staff of St. Patrick, and was then, and during many subsequent ages venerated as having been used by Christ Himself when on earth.

There were many traditions connected with this staff. It is said that while St. Patrick was in his country he spent a time on an island in the Tournian Sea, or that part of the ocean which bounds the Touraine. In the island Patrick found a hermit from the East who was in possession of this staff, which was a relic of Our Lord's life amongst men; an angel had prepared the hermit for Patrick's visit, and had inspired him to transmit the staff to the missionary, Patrick, by whom it was sacredly kept throughout his life. In his lectures, Professor O'Curry translates a very curious tradition of the "*Baculus Jesu*," or Staff of Jesus:—

"Patrick took leave of German (his tutor) then, and he gave him his blessing; and there went with him a trusty senior from German to take care of him and to testify to him; Segetius was his name, and a priest in orders, and it was he that performed the offices of the Church under German. Patrick went then upon the sea, nine in his number. It was then the tide cast him on an island, where he saw a new house and a young couple in it; and he saw a withered old woman at the door of the house by their side. 'What has happened the hag?' said Patrick, 'great is her debility.' The young man answered; this is what he said: 'She is a grand daughter of mine,' said the young man; 'even the mother said he, 'O Cleric, of that daughter, whom you see, she is more debilitated again.' 'In what way did that happen?' said Patrick. 'It is not difficult to tell it,' said the young man. 'We are here since the time of Christ. He happened to visit us when He was among men here; and we made a feast for Him. He blessed our house, and he blessed ourselves, and the blessing did not reach our children; we shall be without age, without decay here to the Judgment (day); and it is a long time since thy coming was foretold us,' said the young man; 'and God left (us information) that thou wouldst go to preach to the Gaedhil; and He left a token with us—namely, a bent staff, to be given to thee. 'I shall not receive it,' said Patrick, 'until He Himself gives me His staff.' Patrick stayed three days and nights with them; and he went then to Mount Hermon, in the neighbourhood of the island; and the Lord appeared to him there, and said to him to come and preach to the Gaedhil, and that he would give him the Staff of Jesus; and He said that it would be a deliverer to him in the hour of danger and in every unequal contest in which he should be."

After St. Patrick's death the Staff was held in great veneration and preserved amongst the insignia of the See of Armagh as a most sacred relic, the possession of which, it was believed by the people, gave its holder the right to the Primacy. During successive generations it is mentioned, always with veneration, by St. Bernard and the other writers, and most frequently as the "*Staff of Jesus*." In the twelfth century—1180—it was removed to Christ Church, Dublin, where it was preserved with the same devotion for nearly four hundred years longer, and there is yet in Westminster Abbey a record stating that in the year 1529 "Sir Gerald Macshayne, Knight, was sworn upon the Holy Massbook and the great relic of Erlonde called *Baculum Christi*, in the presence of Kyng's Deputie, Chancellor, Treasurer, and Justice." (Dr. Todd's Introduction to the *Book of Obits and Martyrology of Christ Church Dublin*.) Some years subsequent to this, in 1547, in the reign of Henry VIII by order of Bishop Brown, the first Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, this ancient relic was burned publicly in Dublin. The annalists tell of the wholesale destruction of churches, abbeys, statues and relics of this time, and particularly mention the Staff of Jesus. "They also broke and burned the celebrated images, shrines, and the relics of the saints of Ireland and England. They also burned, after that, the image of the illustrious Virgin Mary, which was of Athrum (Trim), in Meath, which wrought wonders and miracles, and healed the blind, the deaf, the lame, and persons afflicted with various diseases; also the Staff of Jesus, which was in Dublin, and wrought miracles from the time of St. Patrick to that period, and had been in the hands of Christ when He was among men."

In place of turning back to Downpatrick or to the holy wells of Struall—full of interest as they are—we will continue on, by the fields and lanes, under the trees in the valley and out in the broad sunshine and sweet air of the hills, until, from the top of the old Norman tower of Welchstown Castle, we get a fair view out over Strangford Lough and its many islands, each one like a gem set in the sparkling waters that ripple and glow in the gold of the evening sun. Just here the islands are a perfect network, numerous enough, although many must have sunk since St. Patrick counted them as 365. Still they are numerous enough to make the telling of their legends more than I can do. Two of them were related to me as I looked over the Lough from the old ivy-mantled tower—not so far from the mouth of the Quoile but that one can almost see the place where the bell of Saul Abbey lies under the water. For it happened once that, hearing that plunderers were on their way to desecrate and rob the monastery, the monks of the abbey threw their bell into the Quoile to save it from the marauders; and ever since the old inhabitants of Lacle—those descended from the people of those early days—from time to time hear the bell ringing from beneath the waters; then they know that sorrow is at hand for them, or for someone belonging to them. But if, at the same time, they hear the sound of St. Mochay's bell from Island Mahee, they are consoled, for St. Mochay's bell never rings but for joy to its hearers, who then know well that out of the coming tribulation, patiently borne, will spring some happiness tenfold greater than the sorrow that preceded it.

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This bell of St. Mochay is in like manner buried in Strangford Lough, by Island Mahee, or Inis Mochai, some nine miles to the north. A curious island, or sort of twin isles, one of which is like an ancient liis or fort, where—says a tradition—Nial kept his nine hostages. It was here that St. Patrick placed, as Bishop and Abbot, one of his first and dearest disciples, Caolan, the grandson of Milchu, whose slave the boy Patrick had been.

Not long after his coming to Saul, as the Saint was journeying towards the north, he happened to pass by a place where he saw a youth of tender years herding swine, as he himself had done in his boyhood. Drawn towards the youth, Patrick spoke to him and quickly won his love and awoke in him the desire to become a Christian. He learned so quickly, says the tradition, that only a miracle could accomplish such a wonder, and, before continuing his journey, St. Patrick baptised and ordained the youth, giving him a copy of the Gospels. This youth was Caolan, the grandson of Milchu, with whom St. Patrick had been in captivity. Soon afterwards the Apostle placed Caolan over the island, which has ever since borne his name, of which Mahee is a corruption. In those early times there was much love and simplicity amongst Christians, and frequently to a Saint's name the word Mo (m) was prefixed as a term of reverential affection. Thus amongst his own disciples the young and saintly Abbot was Mo-Caolan, which was gradually shortened to Mochay, and finally became Mahee.

St. Mochai was a youth of such exceeding purity and sanctity of heart that angels loved to walk in his footsteps, to speak with him, and to admire his diligence in all things. One day, along with others from his monastery, the abbot went to the woods to cut wattles for the building of a church. Long before the other monks had finished their work, Mochai's task was done, and he knelt upon the green sward to pray, when he heard a delightful bird singing in a hawthorn tree near at hand. And, having sung a while, the bird said:

"Thine is diligent work, O Mochai."

"It is so required of us in the service of God," answered the saint. "Who is speaking to me?" asked Mochai.

"An angel of God," replied the bird, "and I am here to amuse thee the while."

"An, I like that well," said Mochai, and he leaned up against the hawthorn tree and listened while the bright bird sang three melodies: of the harmony of faith, of the harmony of hope, and of the harmony of the love of God, and each melody lasted but twenty minutes, as it seemed to the saint. Then, when the bird ceased, Mochai took his burden home to the monastery, but no man there knew him; he repaired to the church to pray, and there he found an oratory which had been erected one hundred and fifty years before to his own memory. For the melodies sung by the heavenly bird had lasted, each one, fifty years.

Such are some of the legends told of the islands in Strangford Lough—*islands and lough* which looked very beautiful as I saw them in the lovely May verdure, that clothed each hill and dale, each field and hedgerow, with tender leaf and flower, while the young May sun lit up stream and river and sea so gloriously that Lecale did indeed just then deserve its ancient title of *Truacha ched na soilse*—Territory of Light.

A MARVEL WROUGHT BY PRAYER.

(From the *Ave Maria*)

THE Rev. Charles Charroppin, S.J., professor of Astronomy in the University of St. Louis, who was a member of the expedition to the Pacific coast to view the solar eclipse of January 1, 1889, relates an interesting and edifying incident in connection with the work of the party. The place selected for their observations was the village of Norman, near San Francisco, where a cottage had been placed at their disposal through the generosity of Senator Boggs. We give the incident in Father Charroppin's own words, in a letter addressed to a relative in France. It will all be entirely new to English readers:

Our party consisted of five astronomers, among whom I was the only Catholic; but my companions—Professors Pritchett, Nipher, Engler, and Valle—besides being men of learning, were perfect gentlemen, so that the expedition was in every respect agreeable.

After our arrival at Norman, there remained only five days in which to make our preparations. We had to determine exactly our latitude and longitude, which could be done only by stellar observation. We were obliged to work day and night, and it was only on the eve of the eclipse that our astronomical clock was put in working order.

That very night the weather became cloudy and threatening, and the probabilities were that the next day, January 1, would be the same. We were very much discouraged. After tiring our brains over mathematical problems and having completed all our preparations, it looked as though a mean little cloud was going to spoil everything.

According to the calculations we had made, the first contact would take place at twelve o'clock, twelve minutes and fifteen seconds; and the totality of the eclipse would begin one hour and a half later. After supper we lit our cigars and chatted about the prospects for the morrow. Not a star could be seen through the clouds, and my companions were almost in despair. At last, to give them courage, I told them that we would have a clear sky for at least the two minutes of totality.

Professor Pritchett remarked: "Father, are you a prophet?"

"Neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet," I replied.

"How, then, can you be so sure about to-morrow?" asked another.

"Gentlemen," said I, "I am fully confident, and I have the best of reasons; but you can neither believe nor understand them."

"Will you please tell us what they are, Father?" they all exclaimed.

"With pleasure. We have a good Mother in heaven, whom you Protestants do not know. She has all power with God, and she loves and protects in an especial manner all who honour her. Well,

whenever I am very anxious to obtain a particular favour, I manage to have a good number of her devoted children unite with me in prayer, and she never refuses to grant what we ask. Now, there are at St. Louis hundreds of religious and innocent children who are praying to her, and saying, 'Dearest Mother, give Father Charroppin only two minutes of sun.' And I am sure that we shall have those two minutes, for she is a good kind Mother."

My fellow-astronomers smiled incredulously, and Professor Pritchett exclaimed: "Father, I wish that I had your faith!"

Then Professor Engler said: "Father, if you are so sure about it, will you agree to walk to Ogden" (a distance of five hundred miles) "in case the sky remains cloudy during the whole time of the eclipse?"

"Certainly," I answered. "I have been a devoted child of Mary my whole life, and I am sure she will not let me travel five hundred miles on foot."

"Will you sign an agreement to that effect?"

"Gentlemen," said I, "it is not fair that a contract should be all on one side. I will sign for what you ask of me if you will sign for what I ask."

"Well, what is it?"

"If the sky is cloudy, I shall walk to Ogden; but if we have a view of the sun, you promise, on your part, to kneel down and acknowledge the providence of God and the protection of the Blessed Virgin."

The contract was accepted and signed by all.

Then Professor Engler exclaimed:—"Father, you have burned your ships."

Professor Nipher said: "Suppose the sun does show a little through the clouds, or that there is a kind of hazy atmosphere useless for purposes of observation, will you claim that you have won?"

I replied: "Our good Mother does not do anything by halves. We shall have a full view of the eclipse. But, mind you, I have only prayed for two minutes. We may possibly lose the first contact on account of the clouds, but I am certain we shall have a clear and beautiful sky during totality."

Next morning, the day of the eclipse, the sky was covered with clouds. Breakfast was served, but remained untouched. We were all disheartened, and at ten o'clock my companions gave up in despair. I left them for a while, and began to say my beads, with this introductory invocation: "Oh, Blessed Virgin Mary, my Mother, your honour is now at stake! Do not give those unbelievers a chance to say that you have no power," I felt assured that my prayer would be heard, and I tried to encourage my companions.

The time of the first contact came but nothing could be seen on account of the clouds. My friends were in despair, but I tried to reassure them, and prevailed upon them to remain at their posts, each one with his instrument, telling them positively that the clouds would surely disperse when the great moment would come.

"Do you think that there are angels coming to sweep away the clouds?" asked Professor Nipher.

"That is exactly what I think," said I.

"Perhaps your camera will take a picture of those angels!"

"Angels," said I, "leave no impress upon the sensitive plate. But they will be present, all the same."

While we were talking in this way Senator Boggs and his family came up to us, all with looks of disappointment. The moon was encroaching upon the sun's disc, and the obscurity became sensible. It was, indeed, an impressive moment, and the dismal light shed on the surrounding country was awe-inspiring.

But just ten minutes before totality, the clouds dispersed. Then there was a grand outburst of joy. Venus, Jupiter, Mars, and Mercury, all near the sun, shone forth with great splendour. A little crescent of the sun remained, and nature seemed plunged in deep mourning. A greenish light appeared, shedding a strange halo over the surrounding mountains. Then the last luminous beam disappeared, and the corona appeared in all its grandeur and glory.

A total eclipse of the sun is certainly the most sublime of all the phenomena of nature. At our station it lasted exactly two minutes, and was a perfect success. As soon as it was over, the professors all rushed at me and shook my hands most enthusiastically. Professor Pritchett said: "We will all be Catholics now. We now believe in the Mother of God. This is certainly her work." Whilst they were yet speaking the clouds again obscured the sun.

We accepted the kind invitation of Senator Boggs to dinner, but I took an early occasion to go and develop my photographs, which I found perfect. I told them not to wait for me, as it would take an hour, at least, to complete my work. But they all declared that they would not touch a morsel before I had blessed the table, and everything was sent back to the kitchen until I should be ready.

After dinner I remarked that there was a part of the contract to be fulfilled. At once all knelt down, and we thanked the Blessed Virgin for the wonderful sign of her patronage. Professor Nipher said it was the first time in his life that he got on his knees.

Next day we packed up and left for home. I have hopes for my companions. Pray for them.

Patrick O'Neil, the oldest resident of Toronto, died lately aged 108. He had been here fifty years and spoke English very little, his language being Irish.

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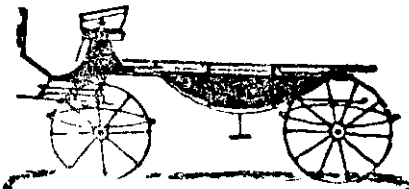
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Have Just Landed, ex ship Dunedin, and Suez Mail Steamer, large shipments of Gold and Silver Watches; Gold and Silver Jewellery; English, French and American clocks; Silver and Electro-plated goods, etc. selected by their Mr. George Young, from the leading manufacturers in England and the Continent.

G. and T. Young, from the fact of their buying from the manufacturers direct, and for cash, and having no commissions to pay are in a position to supply the very best quality of goods at prices considerably lower than those who purchase in the markets here.

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31 PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN,Have on hand the LARGEST STOCK of
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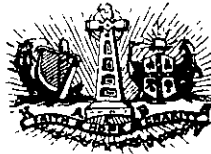
In New Zealand to select from at
WHOLESALE PRICES FOR CASH,
Or on the

TWO YEARS' HIRE SYSTEM.

PLEASE NOTE.—No matter where you live, you can obtain any of our CELEBRATED INSTRUMENTS by paying a Small Deposit, and the balance extending over TWO YEARS.

The Largest and Best-Assorted Stock of
SHEET MUSIC IN THE COLONY
And Special Terms are made to Teachers and the Profession:

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PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN,
J. A. X. BEIDLE,
Manager**H. A. C. B. SOCIETY**

Established 1871.

Registered under the Friendly Societies Act

OBJECTS.—To cherish a love for Faith and Fatherland to extend the hand of fellowship to our co-religionists of every nationality; to render assistance and visit the sick and distressed; to help the widows and orphans of deceased members. A member on payment of 1s weekly is entitled to medical attendance and medicine for himself and family. Also 20s per week for 26 weeks, 15s for the next 13 weeks, and 10s per week for a period of 13 weeks, in case of sickness. On the death of wife, £10; at his own death relatives receive £20. Twenty branches of this excellent Institution are now established in New Zealand, and everyone eligible for membership should join, and participate in its unsurpassed advantages. Full particulars to be had from branches, and from

P. KEARNEY,
District Secretary Auckland**READ THIS! READ THIS!**THE SHAMROCK & THISTLE HOTEL,
GREAT KING STREET,
DUNEDIN.

This Commodious, Old-Established, and Comfortable Hotel offers every convenience and comfort to Visitors to the New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition.

CHARGE—STRICTLY MODERATE.
HOT, COLD, AND SHOWER BATH.
Wines and Spirits, Bottled Ales and Stouts always on hand of the Choicest Brands,
First Class Billiard Table.

ARTHUR KIRBY ... PROPRIETOR.

THE PERPETUAL TRUSTEES,
ESTATE AND AGENCY COMPANY,
OF NEW ZEALAND, LIMITED.

Capital ... £125,000.

DIRECTORS: The Hon. W. H. Reynolds M.L.C., W. Downie Stewart, Esq., M.H.B. Thomas Moodie, Esq., Walter Hislop, Esq.

MANAGER: Walter Hislop.

This Company acts as Executor or Trustee under wills and settlements; as Attorney for absentees or others; manage properties; negotiates loans; collects interest rent, and dividends, and conducts all general agency business.

PACIFIC HOTEL.
GREAT KING STREET,
DUNEDIN.MRS. KNOX ... Proprietress.
MRS. KNOX, having thoroughly renovated and improved the above Hotel, is now prepared to offer first-class accommodation to the public.

Fresh brands of spirits always in stock.

DONALD STRONACH & SONAUCTIONEERS, WOOLBROKERS, STOCK
AND STATION AGENTS, &c.,
DUNEDIN,

Are prepared to receive Wool, Grain, Sheepskins, Hides, Rabbitkins, &c., for sale at their Premises, lately occupied by Messrs. Reid and Maclean, Princes Street south, Dunedin.

Weekly sales of Fat and Store Stock will be held at Burnside, commencing next Wednesday, the 29th inst. Sheepskins, Rabbitkins Hides, Tallow, &c., by Auction every Tuesday.

Liberal advances made on all produce consigned for sale here or shipment to their London agents.

Cornsacks, Woolpacks, Twine, &c., supplied at current rates.

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WANTED KNOWN—

THOMAS GORMAN,HORSESHOER, GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
and WHEELWRIGHT.

All kinds of Jobbing done.

NORTH ROAD, TIMARU.
SANITARY PIPE AND STONEMAKE
FACTORY, KENSINGTON.THE undersigned having purchased
the above Work is prepared to sell at Lowest
Current Rates

J. H. LAMBERT.

NORTH-EAST VALLEY AND KENSINGTON

Irish News.

Antrim.—Messrs. Harland and Wolff launched the steamship Georgian from their shipyard for Messrs. F. Leyland and Co., Liverpool. The Georgian is 441 feet long, 45 feet beam, 34½ feet deep, and is the largest cargo boat afloat, being capable of carrying nearly 7600 tons dead weight.

A public meeting was held in Lisburn Town Hall, George H. Clarke, Chairman of the Town Commissioners, presiding, and the following resolution, proposed by J. D. Barbour, seconded by Rev. J. A. Stewart, was adopted unanimously:—That having regard to the noble character and many benevolent acts of the late Sir Richard Wallace, Bart, we hereby resolve to take steps to perpetuate his memory in a suitable manner.

The well-known rock, Craig-na Scarf, has now been reached and connected with the mainland by a structure which will form part of the quay. The iron columns, which already number twenty, are made fast in holes in the solid rock three feet in depth and fourteen inches in diameter with concrete. Mr. McGildowney has in course of construction at the shipbuilding yards of Paul Rogers and Company, Carrickfergus, a steamer for the conveyance of goods to Ballycastle.

Armagh.—Reports to hand state that most of the varieties of early potatoes in Lurgan neighbourhood are seriously affected with the disease. The main crop is so far safe, but it is doubtful if that state of things will long continue.

Carlow.—A great meeting was held in Ballon in support of an evicted tenant named Keely. The Newtownbarry and Tullow bands attended. There were a few dozen police present. A Government reporter was accommodated on the platform. Mr. Hanlon presided. Mr. Keely, evicted tenant, who was received with cheers, stated he owed a year's rent last September, and had offered to pay down £100 and a rent for the future of £200 a year, but the landlord would not take less than £210 a year, with immediate payment of a year's rent. He, Mr. Keely, would watch the farm from which he had been evicted and on which he had spent £2000 (cheers).

Cavan.—The potato crop in Belturbet and Ballyconnell districts has suffered much from blight. It is no exaggeration to say that it is almost a total failure.

Clare.—Daniel MacNamara, relieving officer, Kildysart Union, read a batch of eviction notices to the Board at last meeting at the suit of the Marquis of Conyngham and Marcus Keane against John McMahon, John McNamara, Daniel Maloney, Mary O'Dea, Patrick Sexton, and John Cleary.

An encounter took place at Cahermonane, near Kilfenora, between an armed band of moonlighters and police. It appears that the moonlighters attacked the dwelling of a farmer named King O'Neill, into which they fired several times, then escaped.

Cork.—Daniel Mahony, William Glanville, James Donovan, William Allen John Allen, John Pyburn, and Andrew Johnson have been released after a month's imprisonment on a charge of unlawful assembly.

Edmond Foley, a Ponsonby campaigner, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour for having retained forcible possession of a farm at Knockmonalea, from which he had been evicted in April last.

Philip Thomas Somerville, of Dunbeacon, recently brought into Schull the enormous haul of 11,000 mackerel, which had been captured in Dunmanus Bay. They were bought by D. O'Regan, of Schull, on behalf of George W. Butler, of Boston.

John and Patrick Lucey, father and son, were arrested at Mounaborna, nine miles beyond Macroom. The arrest was effected in the house from which they had been evicted a short time ago, but of which they re-took possession. They were conveyed to Cork Gaol.

At the meeting of the Cork Town Council, the Mayor introduced to the members Dr. J. R. Leech, a Protestant Irishman, and native of Cork, at present residing in Port Natal. Dr. Leech made a short speech, and assured the Council that in Port Natal the greatest interest was manifested in the struggle at present being waged for Ireland's rights.

After an absence of seventy-five years, Tim Lynch, a native of Castlemartyr, recently landed at Queenstown, and astonished the easy-going people of the town by dancing an Irish jig on the quay, the air of which he gaily whistled. Tim is ninety years of age, seventy-five of which he spent in America.

Dr. Magner, medical officer, Timoleague, appeared before the Clonakilty Guardians, and stated that he had had in his district two cases of English cholera, one of a very bad type and proved fatal. He traced it beyond all doubt to eating diseased potatoes. This proves that the potato disease of the present year is not alone dangerous but of such a nature as will often not even be noticed by ordinary people. The cases were accompanied by great prostration, vomiting, and other serious symptoms.

A large cornfield at Incheleamy belonging to John Coleman, vice-president of the Ballyduff National League, was the scene of busy harvest operations recently. Horns were blown and the word was sent around that Mr. Coleman's splendid crop of white oats should be cut down and saved. Mr. Coleman was in Cork, and quite unaware of the kind and practical demonstration of sympathy made in his interest by good neighbours. The parishes of Conna, Kiltworth, Coolagown, and Ballyduff were represented by forty mowers and thirty women and girls.

Dublin.—An immense gathering of the trades in Dublin was held in the Phoenix Park for the purpose of expressing their determination to assist the railway hands and seamen in their strike.

Mr. O'Neill, of 39 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, is engaged in preparing a design of the national memorial to be erected at Mitchelstown to the memory of John Mandeville and the three victims, Lonergan, Shinnick, and Casey, of the police outrage of September 9, 1887.

Fermanagh.—Fermanagh farmers' show, held at Enniskillen, was the best for many years past. Great credit is due to Edward Archdall honorary secretary for this result.

Galway.—At the recent meeting of the Ballinasloe Board of Guardians a man named Burke, living at Clontuskert, 105 years of age, and his wife Bridget, 80 years, applied for outdoor relief, which was granted.

The Woodford tenants are threatened with another eviction campaign. The landlord's representatives applied for fifty warrants of possession. Extensive clearances on this notorious estate are of annual recurrence since the famous opening of the struggle in 1886.

Kerry.—There have been numbers of cattle seizures for rent on the Kenmare estate, principally in the Kilmannin districts. The cattle are retained on the evicted farms on the property near the town.

Leitrim.—At the meeting of the Carrick-on-Shannon Board of Guardians, John Fox presiding, the question of the impending distress was under discussion. John Flood moved, and Edward Murray seconded, the following resolution—Resolved—That in view of the failure of the potato crop from the blight and frost, we, the Carrick-on-Shannon Board of Guardians, call upon the landlords of this union to make adequate reduction in their rents to meet the distress, so as to enable the tenant farmers to at once take steps to protect themselves during the winter, and not allow their families to suffer starvation.

Limerick.—The branches of the Irish Democratic Labour Federation in Counties Cork, Kerry, and Limerick held a monster meeting in Bruff; not less than 5,000 persons were present. John Caulfield presided. The practice of farmers assisting each other instead of hiring labourers was condemned.

There was a great attendance at the recent meeting of the Limerick National League. Alderman S. O'Mara presided, and introduced the Messrs. Levers, father and son, natives of Limerick, residing at Melbourne, and at present visiting their native land. They were received very warmly, and both addressed the assembly.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cowhey, of Croagh, who was evicted in May, 1889, has been reinstated. During Mrs. Cowhey's forced retirement from her home and farm her interests were carefully guarded by the Croagh Branch of the Irish National League, to whom she returns her best thanks. The land held by Mrs. Cowhey forms part of the estate of White Minors.

Longford.—The eviction of Edward O'Connor by Thomas O'Connor, of Curraclarehan, has been amicably arranged by Rev. James O'Farrell.

Peter Chine presided at recent meeting of the Logan Workmen's Association. A resolution was passed binding the membership charge farmers who use machinery a double rate of wages for a vice, one-third to be given to the association fund.

J. P. Farrell, County President, recently presented the members of the Rathcune (John Martin) Gaelic team with championship medals. The ceremony was an interesting one, and great numbers of the people were in attendance. Mr. Farrell and Francis McGuinness, County Treasurer, were met outside Lanesborough by the team in full dress, headed by the Rathcune Pipe-and-Drum Band.

Two persons speak Irish only, and but 640 speak Irish and English out of a population of 61,009 persons in the County.

Louth.—Two splendid composite carriages for the Dublin Loop line have been constructed by the Great Northern Railway Works, Dundalk. They are finished in a manner most creditable to the workmen employed in this great local industry.

There was a full meeting of the Oliver Plunkett Total Abstinence Society recently, the president, P. J. Kelly presiding. John Rourke, of Great George's street, was elected Vice-President by acclamation. The Society is in a flourishing condition. A night school will be got up during the winter, and singing, dancing, and musical classes go on with a zest usual to such an entertaining study. The property in 68 Fair street has been insured for £200. Five years ago the Society started with a few borrowed chairs and tables in a room in West street.

Mayo.—A large number of pilgrims recently visited the hill of Knockroe to perform the Stations at the holy well which crowns the summit of that far-famed well. All through the day and night the pilgrims performed their religious exercises with great fervour and devotion.

Monaghan.—The cold-blooded brutality of Gibbins, Shirley, and their hangers-on of the Estate Office, Carrickmacross, can match anything in Ireland. They recently visited Farny on an eviction expedition, and, entering the house of a man named Fox, threw his furniture on the road, then began to pull down the house, but before the work was finished a son of Fox made a promise of settlement, and the evictor's hand was stayed. They had previously turned into Fox's garden of oats a batch of seven cattle, found on an evicted farm, on their way out. The same pitiless conduct was carried on at the other houses. Everything the tenants had was utterly destroyed.

Roscommon.—A committee of the people of Castlereagh intend making application to have the power of collecting the tolls and customs transferred into their own hands from that of the Receivers.

Tipperary.—The Ballyporeen (suppressed) National League met in front of the police barrack. Four hundred persons were present. A turge fence hid the people [from] the prying eyes of the R.I.C. James Donovan presided.

John Godfrey, an evicted tenant of Smith-Barry, died recently. Mr. Godfrey was the second tenant evicted in Tipperary. He carried

A N D R E W L E E S,

IMPORTER, 48 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

GLASS, PAPERHANGINGS, PAINTS, PICTURE-FRAME MOULDINGS, and ALL KINDS OF PAINTERS' REQUISITES
 A large Stock of BRITISH PLATE AND SHEET GLASS always on hand; also Patent Lustre, Diapre, Muranese, Venetian Rippled, Cathedral, and other kinds of Fancy Glass,
 STANDARD GENUINE MIXED PAINTS, ready for use, made from the best materials, in patent self-opening tins.
 STANDARD ENAMEL PAINTS, acknowledged to be equal to the best, and superior to many of the English brands.

Agent for WILLIAM HARLAND & SONS' VARNISHES AND JAPANS. Used in all parts of the world. Reliable, durable, brilliant economical. The Best Varnish is the Cheapest in the end.

first-class Staff of Painters and Decorators constantly in our employ. All orders promptly attended to. Charges strictly moderate.

A N D R E W L E E S.

Established 1859.

THE BEST CEMENT EXHIBITED—MAORI BRAND.

Vide Jurors' Report N.Z. Exhibition.

The above was given, with TWO FIRST-CLASS AWARDS, after most thorough tests by experts, proving our CEMENT to be equal to the best the world can produce.

Having recently erected extensive works, supplied with the most modern plant obtainable, which is supervised by a Skilled Cement Maker from England, with confidence we request Engineers, Architects, and others to TEST our CEMENT side by side with the best English obtainable.

Milburn LIME at Lowest Rates.

MILBURN LIME AND CEMENT COMPANY (LIMITED), Dunedin.
 FRANK OAKDEN, Manager.

EXTRACT OF EUCALYPTUS

(Marshall's) is now established as the universal remedy for Influenza (La Grippe), and one of the most useful medicines in family use for Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Bruises, etc., and as a disinfectant it has no equal. Ask Marshall's of all Chemists.—Price, 1s per bottle.

TOOTHACHE.—Why suffer such agonising pain from decayed teeth when a remedy like Marshall's Odontalgicon can be purchased for 1s from all Chemists.

COD LIVER OIL EMULSION, with Hypophosphites, is so thoroughly established and recommended by medical men as the best remedial agent in cases of Consumption, Bronchitis, and general Debility, that further comment is unnecessary, excepting to caution those who have to take it, that good results much depend on the quality of the Oil and palatability of the Emulsion. In Marshall's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion you have a guarantee of purity and freshness, as it is made only in such quantities to meet the demand. Sold by all Chemists.—Price, 2s and 3s 6d per bottle.

IN every town and village in New Zealand you can buy Marshall's renowned Corn Cure—Cura Clava. The only sure cure; gives no pain on application.—1s 6d everywhere.

Wholesale Agents:
 THE COLONIAL DRUG AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LTD., DUNEDIN

JAMES JONES,
 HIGH STREET, TIMARU.

Wholesale Importer of MARBLE and GRANITE MONUMENTS.
 Tombstones in Marble or Granite from £4 upwards always in stock.

RAILWAY HOTEL,

THORNDON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

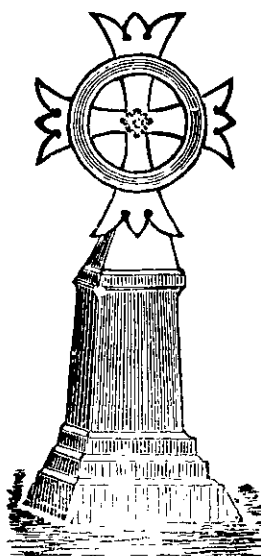
D. DEALY ... Proprietor.
 D.D., late licensee of the Cricketers' Arms, having purchased the Lease and Goodwill of the above Hotel, begs to inform his numerous friends, old customers, and the travelling public generally, that he has renovated and re-furnished it throughout, comfort, cleanliness and moderate charges being his motto.—A conveyance leaves every night to convey guests' luggage to and from both railway stations. No charge for conveyance of luggage to station. Passengers by early trains can have breakfast before leaving. Free stabling. Wines and Spirits of the best brands, Night Porter attendance.

W. STOCKS,

MONUMENTAL MASON,
 CHRISTCHURCH.

[Established 1872.]

Monuments from £3 to £120, and a large stock of marble and other materials to select from.



Ornamental Work of all kinds executed. Grave Railings in stone, iron and timber.

Designs and Estimates forwarded on application

MONUMENTAL WORKS.
 MADRAS STREET SOUTH.

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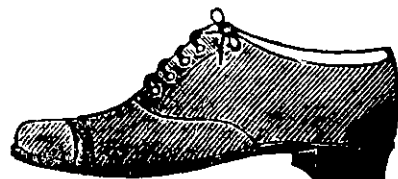


UMBRELLA MANUFACTURER
 190 George Street (opposite Morris, Photographer), Dunedin.

NEW ZEALAND & SOUTH SEAS EXHIBITION.
 First Awards Ladies' Umbrellas and Sunshades;
 Second Award for Gents' Umbrellas.
 We have a Large Assortment of Fashionable Handles with Silver and Gilt Ribs, And all the Latest Shades of Plain and Shot Silk on Hand.
 A.M. is now prepared to Make all kinds of Umbrellas and Parasols to Order.
 We give a Twelve Months' Guarantee with all Umbrellas Manufactured by us.
 Repairs, etc., at the Very Lowest Prices in the City.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

A. RANDELL
 Butcher, Maclaggan Street,
 Having taken more commodious Premises next door to Messrs. A. and J. McFarlane's, will OPEN there on FRIDAY, the 18th inst, and trusts to receive the same liberal support as he has hitherto done.



BOOTS! BOOTS! BOOTS!

Still to the Front!

SIMON BROTHERS

Desire to announce Large Shipments of NEW GOODS for WINTER SEASON, really Beautiful Goods—just see them.

ALSO
 THE FAMOUS BEEHIVE BOOTS

For real hard wear.
 Are a household word. Test Prices.

Note the Addresses:

SIMON BROTHERS,
 George Street (near Octagon); Also at Continental Boot Depot, Princes St. (next Brown, Ewing and Co.), And at "North Dunedin Boot Depot," King Street, corner Union Street.

THE REEFER'S CLUB HOTEL,

NENTHORN.

MOLONEY AND BURMAN ... Proprietors
 The above Hotel is now in full swing, the Proprietors having spared no expense to meet the wants and comforts of visits to the field. They have also built a large hall with stage anti-room, dressing-room, etc. The accommodation provided is equal to any found in old-established goldfields towns, and every effort will be made to maintain a leading position. Wines, Beer, and Spirits of Best Brands only kept in stock.

N. MOLONEY, Manager.

KAITANGATA COAL.

This favourite HOUSEHOLD COAL keeps of standard quality, and is consistently used by all parties who have given it a trial.

Consumers who have not yet had it will increase their winter comforts by asking their Coal Merchant to send them KAITANGATA COAL.

WATSON AND M'GILLI,

TOBACCO MANUFACTURERS,
 PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA.

The FINEST DARK TOBACCOS in the Market.
 FLAT WORK and 12th NAVY TWIST.
 This Season's Crop.

To be had at MAX MENDERSHAUSEN'S

SOUTH DUNEDIN HOTEL.

THOMAS HEFFERNAN ... Proprietor.

Good Accommodation for Boarders and Travellers.
 The City Tram Cars pass the Hotel every few minutes from the City to the Ocean Beach.

Good Stabling and Loose Boxes.
 THOMAS HEFFERNAN.

on an extensive business as a licensed trader and undertaker, and had expended some thousands of pounds in the erection of two shops in the Main street, now vacant.

P. Gill, who was imprisoned for rubbing against a policeman, has been unconditionally released. He was met at the railway station by an enormous crowd of people, who cheered him to the echo. After receiving several congratulations a procession was formed and the criminal conveyed to Dobbyn's Hotel, where he was entertained by Mr. Sheehy, M.P., Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Dalton, and other friends.

Tyrone.—A party of Orangemen recently entered Stewartstown, armed with sticks and stones, and wrecked upwards of thirty houses, including the house of the parish priest and the Catholic school-room. How such conduct can be indulged in with impunity passes comprehension.

An outrage of a dastardly and most sacrilegious character has been perpetrated at the Melmont Catholic Church, in the parish of Uroey, situated near Strabane. The chalice was stolen and the money in the Alms-box abstracted. The sacristy was thoroughly rummaged.

Father Mc Cartan and 500 of the Donaghmore parishioners took an excursion. On arriving in Belfast the excursionists wended their way to the steamer Victoria and proceeded to Bangor, where they spent three hours, and again boarded the Victoria for a trip to Larne and back. The boat did not land at Larne, but, after sailing close to the Gobbins and giving a fine view of "The Maidens," turned back to Bangor and thence to Belfast.

The Coalisland Temperance Society recently held their annual excursion. The place selected was Lough Neagh, and thither nearly 2000 persons wended their way and assembled at Washing Bay. The procession was headed by the Coalisland Brass Band. Father McShane, whose exertions in the temperance cause have endeared him to the people, was present. The following were the marshals:—James Morrison, James Toner, James McCann, Sec., P. Quian, John McNally, James Quinn, and Bernard O'Neil.

A meeting was held in the Lecture room. Donaghmore, recently, John K. Smith in the chair, to propose a vote of thanks to Hon. S. S. Yoder, member of congress for Ohio. Mrs. Connolly, widow of an ex-soldier of the United States Army, had applied for a pension for herself and two children, but was twice refused on technical grounds. Through Mr. Yoder's exertions a few days ago Mrs. Connolly received from the United States Treasury the pleasing information that her name had been placed on the pension list, and that she would receive the sum of £39 12s. per annum. Rev. J. McCartan, P.P., proposed and Francis Stuart seconded a resolution thanking Mr. Yoder for his kind action. To James Brown, J.P., is due the merit of introducing the matter to Mr. Yoder.

Westmeath.—William Power, a member of the Moate National League, was accused of driving cattle for a boycotted person named Parsons. Power stated he was asked to herd Springlawn farm, "but I told him I would not have anything to do with it if I got ten shillings a day. Yes, and he said I would have two policemen to attend upon me—one of them to black my boots and the other to bring me porter from the 'Cat and Bagpipes.'"

Wexford.—Two carpenters are erecting two police huts on the Coolgreany estate in the townlands of Askinch and Portchester. The old police barrack in Coolgreany is condemned, and one of the houses which Planter Reid occupies in the village is to be converted into a police station.

Wicklow.—Sectarian feeling is running high in Arklow just now, consequent on the invasion of street preachers. On a trumped-up charge of assault James Mooney, Patrick Neill, John Tracey, Michael Redmond, and William Neill, were sentenced to one month each. After the sentence was passed John Tracey attacked the preachers in the court, and one of the liveliest fights seen in Arklow ensued. Police, fishermen, preachers, and prisoners thumped away at a great rate. Father Farrelly succeeded in quieting the people.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

ONE of Cardinal Newman's "old boys" writes some interesting reminiscences in the *Pull Mall Gazette*. He says: "The Cardinal was a great novel reader, and delighted in the works of Miss Austen, E. Thackeray, the Brontës, and, generally speaking, the older set of English novelists. The last two years his sight greatly failed him. When I was last at Edgbaston he remarked to me with a sigh that, for the first time in his life, he found time hanging heavy on his hands. I suggested that perhaps the electric light might enable me to see more clearly. He answered slowly: 'I have always used candles, and do not think I could take to anything else.'"

In politics he was an old-fashioned Whig and was rarely heard to express any interest in contemporary affairs. It always gave him great pleasure when one of his boys went to Oxford. His affection for the university with which so much of his life had been closely associated, was touching. The word Oxford seemed to recall pleasant and good memories, and often he alluded to the reception given him there in 1878, with the remark: "They had not forgotten me, any more than I had forgotten them." He sometimes spoke of the four years he had spent in Rome shortly after his conversion as having been in every sense a blessed and happy time, and yet the Cardinal never showed any undue eagerness to secure converts. To him emotional religion seemed but a snare, and his advice to would-be Catholics was 'Wait.'

It would be impossible to enumerate those who directly or indirectly followed him when he came over, although Father Faber and Hope Scott came necessarily under his influence. Among the Oratorian Fathers there were only four who were born in the Church to which they now owe their allegiance, surely this fact speaks for itself.

Life at the Oratory flowed calmly and evenly on. Even to the last a very early riser, His Eminence spent part of every morning

reading and commenting on the work of his favourite saint, Athanasius. Old friends, both Catholic and Protestant, were always welcome, and sometime were even asked to spend a few days with him at Rednal. Soon after Dr. Pusey's death Canon Liddon came down to Edgbaston for three days, and talked over old times and the present grief in a fashion which seemingly cheered and pleased the Cardinal greatly, and this spring frequent were the letters and messages between the Oratory and the sick Canon.

Always a firm friend of the Howard family (the Duke of Norfolk was one of his private pupils), the last time Cardinal Newman was seen in London was on the occasion of the death of the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk. None who was present will ever forget the impressive scene presented by the interior of Brompton Oratory that day, the crowd of mourners belonging to every rank and condition of men and women, for the Duchess was one of those who did much good by stealth, and the two Cardinals Newman and Manning, officiating at the altar were each in turn casting holy water upon the coffin.

Through his connection with the present Duke of Norfolk, Cardinal Newman was more or less thrown into relations with the late Lord Granville. The two men, though singularly unlike, had a great sympathy and esteem for one another, and the Cardinal promised to stay at the British Embassy should he ever spend a few days in Paris. I once overheard a curious short conversation between the Cardinal and one of his friends *apropos* of modern France. The latter remarked that some kind of revivification preaching friars were sorely needed both in the towns and villages, where the ordinary services of the Catholic Church, however admirably conducted, seemed to lack vivifying power. He made a slight but peremptory gesture of dissent and said slowly: 'They want saints!'

He had a great cult for the Blessed Virgin, and always impressed upon those around him the reverence and homage he felt to be due to the Mother of the Saviour, and the 'Memorare' was always quoted by him as being 'a very good prayer.' Full of infinite tenderness and pity for those in trouble or distress, his letter of condolence to the Empress Eugenie, written within a week of the Prince Imperial's death in Zululand, was one of the few which the Empress copied out and sent to some of her son's old and faithful French adherents.

The Cardinal had latterly quite given up preaching; but in private conversation he was as keen and incisive in speech as ever. A personal friend of Leo XIII., a week rarely passed without some message or missive arriving at Edgbaston from the Vatican, and it is said that the attention always paid to the Duke of Norfolk by the Holy Father is entirely owing to a certain letter of introduction once written by Cardinal Newman recommending his 'old boy' to the Sovereign Pontiff's particular care.

OUR LADY'S SHRINE AT AURIESVILLE.

(New York Freeman's Journal.)

To the practical Catholic it is most encouraging and consoling to see, amid all the attractions displayed by pleasure to her votaries in the busy world, the temples of religion and the holy places of pious meditation, sought out by devout worshippers following, like Cardinal Newman, that "Kindly Light" which leads to the true fulfilment of man's eternal destiny. A very few years ago infidelity and skepticism were boasting of the intruders they were making upon the dominion of Christian faith in this country, and scoffing at religion was an enterprise which attracted eloquent sophists to the lecture platform, promising immediate financial remuneration if not a lasting fame. He must be a prejudiced observer, however, who does not now admit that the people have grown weary of the sophistry and are showing more devotion than ever to Christian principles and to saving faith. The public conscience has been more potent than repressive laws in silencing the scoffers at religion and restraining the sacrilegious invaders of the sacred temple.

Amongst the pious exercises which give evidence of a living and abiding force there are none more touching and full of soul than the solemn visit of meditative pilgrims to some of the holy shrines or scenes of martyrdom and miracles—the special and sacred inheritance of Catholics—where the sacred surroundings lend wings to the soul, enabling it to rise above the distractions of the world to the Throne of Mercy and commune direct with God. In the celebrated Mohawk Valley, in this State, about thirty miles from Albany, stands one of those shrines sacred to Catholic believers, to which pilgrimages are yearly made, and this year to a greater extent than ever before. It is located at Auriesville, a little hamlet on an elevated tableland, overlooking the Mohawk Valley and the country for twenty miles around. On this spot was established the first Catholic mission among the Iroquois Indians, two and a half centuries ago, by fourteen Jesuit Fathers, and here also is the scene of the martyrdom of Rev. Father Isaac Jogues, S.J., who was slain by the Indians on October 18th, 1646.

On the grounds have been erected an altar and the Stations of the Cross; and but a few days ago a company of pilgrims numbering about 9,000, chiefly from St. Joseph's parish in Troy, assembled here to offer up their prayers to Our Lady of Martyrs. Several other pilgrimages have been made to the sacred spot this summer.

A memorial cross has been erected near the shrines and several inscriptions thereon suggest the pious significance of the surroundings. On the cross arm are the following inscriptions denoting the three missions which had been established there by the zealous missionaries: "To the Most Holy Trinity, 1646," "St. Mary's 1667," "St. Peter's, 1673." On the base of the cross are inscribed the following on the different sides:

"On this Indian Village site the Mission of the Martyrs was founded in his blood by Father Isaac Jogues, S.J., slain Oct., 16th, 1646. In this the first and chief Iroquois Mission, 14 priests, S.J., suffered and toiled till its destruction in 1684. Erected for the two hundredth anniversary."

"Near this spot Kene Goupil, Novice, S. J., was slain for the sign of the cross Sept. 26th, 1642, and, before and after, in different years,

MRS. LOFT'S

GREAT CLEARING SALE

OF

BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, AND DRAPERY.

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

SEE THE VALUE OFFERED

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

A LARGE STOCK OF MINERS' AND SEA-BOOTS.

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

GIVE UP THE DRAPERY BUSINESS.

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

SHOP CLOSES AT SIX O'CLOCK, EXCEPT SATURDAYS.

Note the Address—

M R S. L O F T,

9, 10, 11, and 12 ROYAL ARCADE, DUNEDIN.

J. MERRILL, MANAGER.

J. NISBET, Painter, Glazier, Paperhanger etc Octagon, Dunedin.

FOR good Oils, Paints, Paperhangings, try J. Nisbet, Octagon.

TO those Building.—The Cheapest and Best place in town for Glazing and

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

PAPERHANGINGS cheaper than any other house in town.

CRYSTAL CRYSTAL CRYSTAL

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

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

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

Sold everywhere, and warranted to give entire satisfaction to customers.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON
(from Southland)

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

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

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

Robertson's **MAGNETISED OIL** cures Rheumatics, Lumbago, and all pains of a like nature.—Price, 2s 6d; by post, 2s 10d.

Robertson's **GARGAREON** is a certain cure for Diphtheria, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all affections of the throat.—1s 6d; by post, 2s.

Robertson's **ENTERA FULVIS** is a certain cure for Dysentery in young or old.—1s 6d; by post, 1s 9d.

Robertson's **UNGUENTUM** is a certain cure for Wounds, Ulcers, and all skin diseases. It has lately cured an ulcered leg of 30 years' standing, and a case of skin disease of 35 years.—1s 6d and 2s 6d; by post, 1s 10d and 2s 6d.

Robertson's **INDIGESTION MIXTURE** acts like a charm.—2s. These cures should be in every home in New Zealand. Ask your grocer or your druggist for them; and if you cannot get ROBERTSON'S take no other, but write to

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 53 PRINCES ST., DUNEDIN.

NOTICE.

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

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

BY SPECIAL



APPOINTMENT

J.

W.

M O D U F F

F

WANGANUI COACH FACTORY.

BUGGIES, PHAETONS, DOG-CARTS, AND VEHICLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Painting, Trimming, and Repairs of all kinds done by Good Mechanics, and at Moderate Prices.

SUBSTANTIALLY-BUILT AND BEAUTIFULLY-DESIGNED SPRING TRAPS, FROM £17 AND UPWARDS.

HARNESS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS FOR SALE VERY CHEAP.

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.

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.

E. O'CONNOR

THE CATHOLIC BOOK DEPOT,

CASHEL AND BARBADOES STREETS, CHRISTCHURCH.

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

The Diary of the Parnell Commission. 6s 6d.

The Parnell Movement (T. P. O'CONNOR). 2s.

History of Ireland, by various authors.

Luloy's Life of Dr. O'Connell. 2s.

Samuel Lover's Poems of Ireland. 3s 6d.

Moore's Irish Melodies (to music), from 2s to 10s.

Triumph of Law and Order in Ireland (illus.). 1s 6d.

The Life and Glories of St. Joseph (Thompson). 7s.

Standard Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, with Appendix, 510 pp., strongly bound. 3s 6d.

Gibbon's Catechism made easy. 2 vols. 7s 6d.

The Chair of Peter, by Girrot Murphy. 7s.

Lectures on Science and Religion (Wiseman). 1s.

Newman, Discourses to Mixed Congregations. 6s 6d.

Apologia pro Vita Sua. 6s 6d.

Faber, All for Jesus. 6s.

Foot of the Cross. 7s.

Precious Blood. 6s.

Milner's End of Religious Controversy. 3s 6d.

The Virgin Mother of Good Counsel. 6s.

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

many other Christians, men and women, companions and disciples of the French and various Indian races, offered up their lives."

"In memory of the native converts of the Mission, Hurons, Algonquins, and Iroquois, whose virtues like those of the Primitive Christians, shone in captivity and persecution, especially of the Lily of the Mohawk, Catharine, Tegakwita, the Iroquois virgin, born here in 1656, baptised in the Mission Church, Easter Sunday, 1676, died in Canada, 1680."

Nature, as though desirous of attracting to the sacred retreat of pious meditation, the votaries of pleasure and the devotees of religion, has surrounded the scene with her choicest charms of scenery. It is convenient of access and several railway lines as well as the beautiful Hudson are continually whispering as they pursue their endless journeys, their invitation to pious Christians to repair to the holy ground where zealous soldiers for the truth had won the crown of martyrdom, and with the spiritual eye of faith behold new beauties, of which, perhaps, they had never dreamed, in the divine mysteries of the Communion of Saints, the forgiveness of sins, and life everlasting.

O B I T U A R Y.

We deeply regret to record the death of Rev. Bro. Celestine, which took place on Sunday last at St. Mary's Orphanage, Stoke, near Nelson. At the early age of 15, deceased landed in Sydney, and four years later joined the Little Brothers of Mary. He was shortly after transferred to Napier, where, for seven years, his devotedness and zeal in the arduous work of his vocation, and his warm Irish heart, and frank, generous nature, endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. Notwithstanding the feeble state of his health, he continued to discharge his duties in class with untiring earnestness until Christmas 1889; when he joined the community at Stoke. Here he calmly awaited the call of his Divine Master; and, fortified with the rites of Holy Church, he passed peacefully away on the feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin, in the 28th year of his age, and in the 9th year of his religious life.—R.I.P.

Commercial.

MESSES. DONALD STRONACH AND SON report for the week ending October 22, as follows:—

Fat Cattle.—There were 203 head yarded at Burnside to-day for the week's requirements, medium to good and prime quality. There was a very good attendance of buyers, and competition moderately active, but prices ruling showed no improvement on last week's, taking quality and weight into consideration. Best bullocks brought £8 7s 6d to £11 5s, extra heavy to £12 2s 6d; medium, £6 5s to £8 2s 6d; light, £4 7s 6d to £6 2s 6d; best cows, £7 to £8 5s; medium and light, £3 2s 6d to £6 7s 6d. We sold on account of Mr. Walter Blackie, cows £6 7s 6d; Mr. Thomas Kirk, bullocks from £5 15s to £7 2s 6d, and heifers from £4 to £4 12s 6d.

Fat Sheep.—The entry to-day was rather a small one, only 1102 being penned, of which, about 250 were merinos, medium to prime, the balance crossbreds, the greater portion wethers, the rest ewes several pens of each being very prime quality and heavy weights; more than three-fourths, however, were medium. Competition was very spirited, prime sheep showing an advance of 2s to 2s 6d per head; while the medium prices obtained would be 2s 6d to 3s above last week's. Best crossbred wethers brought 20s to 23s; medium, 15s to 18s 6d; best do ewes, 17s 6d to 21s; one pen extra heavy 23s 3d; medium 14s 6d to 16s 6d; merino wethers, best 13s to 16s; medium 9s to 12s 3d.

Lambs.—There were 204 penned. For best pens there was very good competition at from 10s to 15s, but for light and small there was less demand, these fetching from 5s 3d to 9s 6d.

Pigs.—402 were penned, comprising all sorts. Suckers and stores were in very good demand, fetching full prices, while porkers and baconers had a very poor demand, prices ruling for these being in favour of buyers. Suckers brought 7s 6d to 13s; ships, 14s 6d to 16s; stores, 17s to 22s; porkers, 23s to 25s; baconers, 28s to 35s. We sold suckers on account of Mr. E. E. Johnston (Wyndham) at 9s 9d.

Store Cattle.—Some business is being done in these now, and as the season advances, with favourable weather, an increased demand will ensue, when no doubt prices will be obtained which will be more comfortable to the views of sellers. During the past week a good many have changed hands, and the market already shows a decided improvement.

Store Sheep.—The only transactions that are at present taking place in this class of stock are occasional sales of small lots at auction. Until after shearing we do not look for any sales of any magnitude taking place, but off shears all classes should be in demand.

Wool.—There is nothing of any consequence doing in the local market, it being rather early for shearing. The London September-October sales having closed so firmly and at increased rates the prospects for the coming season may be considered very favourable for a large business being done at the Dunedin sales, it being understood that a number of fresh buyers purpose visiting this market during the coming season. Growers may therefore safely reckon upon good competition for all wools they may have for sale, but at the same time it would be well to consider the heavy losses sustained by purchasers (for shipment) on last season's clips, which will certainly make them more cautious and probably necessitate sellers (while competition will doubtless be active in the local market unless influenced by some unforeseen occurrence) to have to submit to a somewhat lower range of prices. Late telegrams from Home advise that owing to the short arrivals of wool the fifth series of sales, which should take place next month in London, will probably be postponed till January.

Sheepskins.—A very satisfactory demand continues to be experienced for these, and although the weather lately has been

rather changeable, and somewhat unfavourable for fellmongering operations, there is no time lost in disposing of the full catalogues weekly presented. On Tuesday, the regular weekly sale day at the Chamber of Commerce Hall, Crawford street, the attendance as usual was large and competition keen, all descriptions being in good request, and very full prices secured for all offered. Butchers' green crossbreds (best), brought 7s, 6s 9d, 6s 7d, 6s 6d, 6s 5d, 6s 3d, 6s 2d, 6s, 5s 10d, 5s 8d; good to medium and inferior, 5s 6d, 5s 4d, 5s 2d, 5s, 4s 11d, 4s 10d, 4s 9d; green merinos, 5s 9d, 5s 7d, 5s 5d, 5s 3d, 5s 1d, 4s 10d, 4s 8d, 4s 6d, 4s 2d, 3s 11d, 3s 9d; country dry crossbreds (inferior to medium), 1s 9d to 3s 10d; do do merino, 1s 8d to 3s 5d; full-woolled crossbreds, 5s to 7s 9d; do do merino, 4s 9d to 6s 3d; dry pelts, 4d to 1s 7d; lambskins, 1s, 1s 1d, 1s 2d, 1s 3d, 1s 4d.

Rabbitskins.—Moderate catalogues were submitted for the auction sale on Tuesday, when most of the buyers were in attendance, who competed with some spirit for the few good skins presented; while there was less animation displayed for inferior and medium quality. Prices realised for these were hardly so satisfactory when compared with those obtaining lately, which will be accounted for by the advices to hand in connection with the sales held last week in London, when best skins had a good demand, prices being firm and slightly higher, but for ordinary there was less demand at somewhat lower rates.

Hides.—There is no quotable alteration to note in values, the position of the market being about the same as when we last reported. The demand continues fairly active, but very little show for any improvement. Quotations: for best dry salts, 2½d to 2¼; extra heavy, 3d; medium, 2d to 3¼; light, 1½ to 1¼; inferior and slippy, 1d to 1¼.

Tallow.—The market continues steady and very firm, the supply being hardly sufficient for the requirements of both shippers and local manufacturers. There are no stocks in first hands, and all consignments coming forward are placed immediately for shipment when suitable; if not, for local consumption. Quotations: For prime rendered mutton, 20s to 21s; medium to good, 17s to 19s; inferior and mixed, 13s to 15s 6d. Rough fat has good attention, and is easily placed at, for best mutton caul, 13s to 14s; inferior to medium and good, 9s 6d to 12s 9d per cwt.

Grain.—Wheat: A fair demand continues to be experienced for best velvet and Tuscan. Suitable lines of these offering do not fail to attract buyers prepared to pay about equal to late quotations. There is no demand for shipment, partly owing to the fact that very few suitable lines could now be secured; but the main cause is due to the uncertainty of the course of the market at Home, which at the moment would almost seem to be displaying a weaker tendency. The business transacted in the meantime, however, and which is only to a moderate extent, is almost entirely confined to the supplying of local millers' requirements. Second-class wheat has very little attention, except upon rare occasions. Fowls' wheat has a very good demand, but nearly all the wheat unsold being considered by the growers quite fit for milling, which is hardly the case—prices demanded do not permit of much being disposed of to dealers in fowl food. Quotations for prime milling, velvet and Tuscan 3s 9d to 3s 10d; medium to good, 3s 5d to 3s 8d; best red wheat (nominal), 3s 6d to 3s 8d; medium, 3s 4d to 3s 6d; inferior, 3s 3d to 3s 4d (ex store, sacks included). Oats: The market for these continues steady, but there is no improvement in the tone. A few sales have been effected during the week, both privately and at auction, chiefly stout, bright sorts, at equal to last week's quotations; but there is no demand for medium sorts. Danish or black, which are unsaleable except at prices holders feel reluctant to accept, in the meantime, at any rate, in the hope that a little more may be secured ere long, although the prospect is not by any means encouraging. The Australian markets still seem to be independent of us, and in the absence of suitable tonnage for the Home market, clearances are not easily effected. Quotations for stout, bright milling, 1s 3½d to 1s 11; best short, bright feed, 1s 3d to 1s 3½; medium, 1s 2d to 1s 2½; black, 1s 2d to 1s 2½; musty and inferior, 1s to 1s 2d (ex store, sacks extra, net cash). Barley: The quantity remaining in agents' hands is not very extensive, but lacks in quality being for the most part only fit for feeding purposes, and, with the price of oats continuing so low, sales are almost impossible to effect except at a sacrifice. There is no demand of any consequence for malting. Quotations are merely nominal, say, for best malting, 2s 6d to 2s 9d; medium, 2s 3d to 2s 6d; feed and milling, 1s 6d to 2s (ex store).

Grass Seed.—There is very little demand now for ryegrass seed, but the stocks held over are light, and any sales still made are on the basis of late quotations; but it would be difficult to place whole lines at the same rates, which may be again quoted: For local growers, farmers' dressed, 4s to 4s 6d; best machine dressed, 5s 3d to 5d 9d (ex store). Cocksfoot seed is in the same position, very little being placed, and we quote 3½d to 4½d per lb.

Potatoes.—These are being disposed of now for the most part in retail lots at almost any price that can be got for them, ranging from 10s to 30s per ton (sacks included), and very few sold at the latter price.

Chaff.—Fewer consignments came forward during the past week, but most dealers having big stocks on hand, the demand has not materially improved. An occasional truck is disposed of at from 39s to 42s 6d; but the bulk of the sales are from 30s to 37s 6d; inferior, 10s to 15s per ton less.

Dairy Produce.—Factory made cheese is now almost out of the market, and has some slight inquiry at 4½ to 4¾ for large, and 4½ to 4¾ for loaf. Butter has no demand, and large quantities now coming into the market without any outlet.

MESSES. DONALD REID AND CO., DUNEDIN, report for the week ending October 7, as follows:—

Sheepskins.—At our auction sale on Tuesday we offered a catalogue comprising about 2,000 skins. Green crossbreds sold at 4s 3d to 6s 1d; do halfbreds, 4s 5d to 6s 8d; dry crossbreds, 2s 1d to 5s 11d; do halfbreds, 2s 3d to 6s 3d.

Hides.—There is no improvement in this market to report. We

NEW ZEALAND AND SOUTH SEAS EXHIBITION AWARDS.

STANDARD!

STANDARD!

STANDARD!

WE have much pleasure in announcing to the Trade that our Boot Exhibit at the New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition secured FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATES for each line competed for, thereby securing SIX FIRST-CLASS AWARDS AND NO SECONDS, thus placing our Boots in the very FOREMOST RANK of Exhibits, which fact should speak for itself, as it was the Only Boot Exhibit securing Six First-Class Certificates and NO SECONDS.

Men's Glace Glove and Calf Kid Boots and Shoes	FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE
Women's and Children's Glace Glove and Calf Kid Boots and Shoes	FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE
French all Goods, in Men's, Women's, Youths', and Girls' M.S., Pegged and Rivets	FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE
Grain, Hide, and Calf Shooters, M.S. and Pegged	FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE
Watertights and Stout Nail Goods (a speciality)	FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE
Fancy-Stitched and Ornamental-Out Goods	FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE

All the above are now being Manufactured by

SARGOOD, SON, AND EWEN,

The Makers of the Famous STANDARD BRAND OF BOOTS AND SHOES. We again beg to draw Special Attention to the Fact that the Judges were Unanimous in Awarding the STANDARD BRAND First-Class Awards in ALL Classes Shown.

THE "OLYMPIC."

PROFESSOR OSCAR DAVID

Has much pleasure to announce that he has Leased the Building in Moray Place, Dunedin, known as the PALACE SKATING RINK, and converted it into a PUBLIC GYMNASIUM AND ATHLETIC HALL, thereby supplying a long-felt want to the community. As there is splendid floor space for the purpose, Walking, Running, Cycling, etc., can be practised in all weathers, thus affording a grand opportunity of getting into form for public contests. Every convenience—Baths, Lavatories, etc., are provided. The study of Chess and Draughts is especially encouraged. Boxing, Fencing Wrestling Classes will be formed as soon as sufficient numbers of pupils are forthcoming. The Hall is also specially suited for Balls, Bazaars, Meetings, etc. The Hall is Open to the Public every Afternoon up to 5 p.m., and HOLIDAY and SATURDAY Evenings from 7.30 to 10pm for practising either gymnastics, skating, Chess, Draughts, etc., as per arrangement. A short, varied programme will be presented on Saturday Evenings.—Professor David trusts that in his endeavour to supply to the public this very desirable institution, he will receive the earnest support and liberal patronage of all right-thinking people.

Gentlemen's Gymnastic Classes—TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, from 8 to 9.30 p.m.
Boys' Class—SATURDAY, from 9.45 to 10.45 a.m.
Girls' Class—From 11 to 12 o'clock a.m.

J. BLENKINSOPP,
FANCY DRAPER,
GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

J. BLENKINSOPP,
Having Removed
To 47 George Street (near Little Dust Pan),
Is Showing
NEW GOODS FOR THE SEASON VERY
CHEAP.
Your Inspection Invited.
NOTE—47 GEORGE STREET.

Buy the Best and insist on having
NOONDAY FAMILY OIL
From your Grocer,
BRILLIANT, ECONOMICAL, SAFE.
Every Tin Stamped to Avoid Counterfeit.

W. R. BORDER,
Six years Foreman for Scott Bros.,
Christchurch,
ENGINEER, MILLWRIGHT, BOILER-
SMITH, &c.
All kinds of Engines, Boilers, and Milling
Machinery Made and Repaired.
Estimates given for Verandahs and all classes
of Iron Work.
Bicycles repaired at Reasonable Rates.

IMPORTANT NOTICE to Hotel-keepers and others.—It having come to our notice that some orders from Custom not having reached us, we beg to state that we have no connection with the Factory bearing the name of "W. Lane and Co., Melbourne street." Please address correspondence: LANE AND CO., Clarke street, Dunedin; Severn street, Oamaru. Telephone No 101.

CONCENTRATION.

BURTON BROTHERS,

PHOTOGRAPHERS,

With a view to

Concentrate their Business at
NUMBER FORTY-ONE, PRINCES ST.

Have

ENTIRELY REMOVED FROM
EXCHANGE COURT,

So that they have now

ONE ESTABLISHMENT ONLY,

Namely, at Number Forty-one, Princes St.,
Where they have secured additional
Premises.

Owing to the

DEATH of MR. H. SMITH,

SMITH BROS.

GEORGE STREET,

Are Selling their Stock out.

MUST BE SOLD.

See Advertisement in "Evening Star."

D. MCBRIDE,

TIMBER AND COAL MERCHANT,

Beach Street,

QUEENSTOWN.

UNION STEAM SHIP
COMPANY OF NEW
ZEALAND, LIMITED

The above Company will despatch steamers
as under:—

FOR LYTTTELTON, WELLINGTON, —
ROTORUA, s.s., on Monday, November 3. Pas-
sengers 3 p.m. from Dunedin wharf. Cargo
till noon.

FOR MANUKAU, via LYTTTELTON, WELL-
INGTON, PICTON, NELSON, and TARA-
NAKI. — ROTORUA, s.s., on Monday,
November 3. Passengers from Dunedin
Wharf at 3 p.m. Cargo till noon.

FOR AUCKLAND, via LYTTTELTON
WELLINGTON, NAPIER, and GIS-
BORNE. — WAIRARAPA, s.s., on Wednes-
day, November 5.

FOR SYDNEY, via LYTTTELTON, WELL-
INGTON, NAPIER, GISBORNE, and
AUCKLAND. — WAIRARAPA, s.s., on
Wednesday, November 5.

FOR SYDNEY, via LYTTTELTON AND
WELLINGTON. — TEKAPO s.s., about
Saturday, November 1.

FOR MELBOURNE, via BLUFF AND
HOBART. — TE ANAU, s.s., on Friday
October 31.

FOR OAMARU, TIMARU, AKAROA, and
LYTTTELTON. — BEAUTIFUL STAR, s.s.,
on MONDAY, November 3. Passengers
from Dunedin Wharf at 5 p.m. Cargo till
2 p.m.

FOR FIJI, from AUCKLAND. — TAUPO,
s.s., about Friday, November 14.

FOR TONGA and SAMOA, from AUCK-
LAND. — WAINUI, s.s., about Tuesday,
November 18.

OFFICES:

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NEW ZEALAND
EXPRESS COMPANY,
CUSTOMS, SHIPPING, AND
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Parcels, Packages, &c., delivered at any
address in the world at THROUGH and FIXED
RATES.

To	3lb	7lb	14lb	28lb	56lb	112lb
Christch	9d	1s 3d	2s 3d	4s 0d	5s 0d	6s 0d
Invercarg	1s 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
	3lb			20lb	50lb	100lb.
Auckland	} Each addi-			2s 6d	3s 6d	4s 6d
Napier				2s 6d	4s 0d	4s 6d
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And upwards at slight increase.

Parcels for Great Britain and Ireland:—

1lb. 1s.; and 6d. per lb. additional.

Agents for Gt. 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 com-mis-
sion.

HEAD OFFICE: 7 MANSE STREET.

quote:—Prime heavies, 2½ to 3d; medium to good, 2½ to 2½d; light, 1½ to 2d; bulls, slippy, and cut, 1½ to 1½ per lb.

Tallow.—There is a brisk demand for all descriptions, and the small quantity arriving meets a ready sale. Our sales have been mostly in country parcels, which we have sold at 16s for medium rendered, and 13s to 11s for rough fat.

Wheat.—The market is very quiet indeed. Fowl wheat is very scarce, and commands ready sale at prices almost equal to medium quality. We quote—Milling, prime to extra prime, 3s 8d to 3s 9½; do medium, 3s 4d to 3s 6½; fowl wheat, 3s to 3s 3½.

Oats.—A considerable amount of business has been done during the week. We quote:—Prime to extra prime, 1s 3½ to 1s 4d; discoloured and medium, 1s to 1s 2½.

Barley.—No enquiry.

Potatoes.—Best unpicked are selling at 20s; inferior, 10s. If picked a trifle more can be obtained.

Chaff.—Moderate supply forward and prices are firm. We quote—Prime oatstraw, 37s 6d to 42s 6d; medium and wheatstraw, 30s to 35s.

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, caten, £2 10s; best rye-grass, £3. Bran, £2 10s, Pollard, £3 10s. Potatoes, old, best, 20s to 30s per ton. 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.

TUMBLING ROME.

THE Roman correspondent of the *Corriere di Napoli* thus talks of Roman buildings and Roman speculation:

"The hope of seeing finished these quarters, badly sketched out by a speculation greedy as idiotic, and so ill-completed, is insane. The capacity of expansion of Rome is exhausted. What will become of so many buildings half-finished or crumbling, and of entire quarters abandoned? No one can reply. A witty friend said to me some time back that there was no other remedy than to cover all these buildings with climbing plants, so representing the ruins of the third Rome. But there are so many. Following the outer walls from Porta Salario to Porta S. Lorenzo and by the Prati di Castello makes one's heart ache. It is impossible to have a more complete realisation of human greed and human stupidity. They did what they wished, and as they wished it; neither architectural rule nor taste, nor hygiene, nor deliberation. They went headlong, and all is now ruined and abandoned or the home of the very poverty-stricken. In fact, one could not find in all the world a municipality more incapable or more senseless than the municipality of Rome for the last ten years, having for its apathetic accomplice and passive witness the Government; and now we are suffering the consequences. But even with the new sacrifices which the State makes, it will neither provide for the ruins in the new quarters nor for the deranged finances of the entire city. The finances of the Commune will be brought to a balance, the expenses of the capital will be divided from those of the city, but in a few years all will have to be repeated. To judge by the prevalent feeling, we may be sure that the new Communal Council will not differ from that which has been dissolved."

NEW BRUNSWICK LEPERS.

ONE has not to go far Molokai to witness that awful blight of the flesh, leprosy. Here in this out of the way spot of New Brunswick, on the shores of the great ocean, are sights calculated to make the soul sick indeed. Here are literally immured a score or more of wretches touched with the foulness of leprosy.

The Dominion Government has erected a commodious hospital on the banks of the Tracadie River, overlooking the gulf into which the slender streamlet falls.

When the lazaretto was established, about forty-five years ago, the poor creatures were like beasts, drawn by ropes and beaten with long poles to force them toward the lazaretto. No one would touch them. They were torn from the bosoms of their families, although in many cases they were the sole support of wife and children. The cottages which then constituted the hospital were filthy and uncared for. Males and females were cast together, and the contamination of immorality was added to the other horrors. Their food was laid down on the ground, to be eaten where and when they chose. To the people in the surrounding country the name "lazaretto" was clothed with all the horrors of Gehenna. Little wonder, then, that when a member of a family was attacked with the loathsome disease his relatives took every precaution to conceal his condition. It may well be supposed that this secrecy tended to spread the disease.

The condition of the lazaretto at length became a public scandal; so much so that in 1868 it reached the ears of Sister St. John (Miss Viger), of the Hotel-Dieu, Montreal. She volunteered to go and care for these poor outcasts. Other volunteers were asked for and every Sister in the house tendered her services. Seven were chosen, carefully instructed in the treatment of leprosy, and then they started a mission compared with which the task of clearing the Augean stables was a light one. They found the lazaretto a veritable abode of the damned. But the Sisters cheerfully set to work and in a very few years everything was transformed. The provincial Government of New Brunswick, glad to have the scandal removed, provided all necessary funds for meeting the expenses of the institution. From being a loathsome charnel house it was transformed into a home.

The inmates and the house itself are kept scrupulously clean. Hired attendants do all the manual work. The inmates have no

task imposed upon them. Their path to death is smoothed and relieved of cares. They have a small farm with which they may do what they choose. They have boats in which they may fish and trawl or simply idle away the summer days.

DUNEDIN CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

THE last meeting of the members of this Society for the session of 1890 took place as usual in the Christian Brothers' School on Wednesday evening, the 22nd inst. The chair was occupied by the Rev. President, and the attendance of members was excellent. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and confirmed. A letter was received from the Secretary St. Patrick's Club, South Dunedin, inviting members to attend the Rev. Father Golden's lecture on the following evening. Mr. J. J. Dunne sent an apology for non-attendance. The Rev. Mother, Dominican Convent, also wrote kindly granting the use of St. Joseph's schoolroom for the entertainment on the 29th.

The evening's programme was opened by Mr. Thomas Drumm with a recitation which created much laughter.

A paper on Fredric Ozanam, the founder of St. Vincent de Paul Society, was next given by Mr. B. A. Dunne. This was an extremely interesting item, the many striking points in the life of this saintly man being beautifully portrayed.

An epitome of the life of John Mitchel, the Irish patriot, was the subject of Mr. M. Miller's paper, and of which he acquitted himself creditably, the matter being very well arranged.

Mr. James Eager concided the programme with a short paper on that admirable poem of the late Cardinal Newman, viz. "The Dream of Gerontius."

These gentlemen received the customary compliment, on the motion of Messrs. C. E. Haughton, D. Poppelwell, and with Messrs. Carolin, McKeay, and Eager, and the rev. President spoke of the remarkable good feeling that had existed amongst the members during the session.

Mr. C. E. Haughton received a vote of thanks for the very hearty interest taken in the Society by him during the past session on Messrs. Thomas Drumm and M. Miller's motion.—A similar compliment (proposed by Mr. B. A. Dunne, was also tendered the Executive of the Society for the great success which had attended their efforts.—The honorary secretary was the recipient of a very handsome memento of the session, in the shape of a beautiful album of special views and photos, the gift of the Rev. P. Lynch (president of the Society), for which he briefly returned thanks.—It was decided that the members meet on the morning of the 28th inst. to be photographed.—There being no other business, the meeting terminated with the usual vote of thanks to the chair.

THE BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL.

SOME ten miles from Los Angeles and about twenty-five from the sea is the San Gabriel Mission, situated in the Lombardy of California. In 1867, from its befr, with the exception of twenty or thirty uninviting adobe, only seven houses could be seen in all directions. Now there are more than five thousand homes within the same radius. A picturesque avenue, lined with pepper, acacia, orange, lemon, lime, and pomegranate trees, with here and there a gigantic cactus, skirted on either side by a murmuring rivulet from the Cucamonga spurs, leads one to the old rusty-looking structure which had been erected by the missionaries in 1782.

This church still stands, and is in a good state of preservation, and there has never been a day since its completion that there has not been divine service of some kind within its sombre walls. It does not differ materially from many of the earlier mission buildings, except that its architectural surroundings are somewhat less elaborate. But the old padres who were placed in charge at once planted the vine and the orange and the fig and the pear and the pomegranate, representatives of which are still in bearing order after a century of never-failing annual yield. The inside of this church is decorated by fresco work of "potboiling" character and paintings of eleven of the Apostles, whose repelling faces and attitudes would have scared away the cunning Iscariot.

The bells belonging to this church are the sweetest-toned ones upon the Pacific coast, if not, indeed, in America, and are largely composed of gold and silver. They came from Spain and have been apostrophized in poetry and prose by hundreds of facile pens. As the story goes, briefly, long long years ago grandees and high-born dames, men and women of middle rank in life, and peasants—some bowed with age and children of tender years—stood round a seething furnace in old Spain. Ornaments of gold and silver were flung into the fiery mass. Upon a chime of bells came from a master hand. With prayer and chant and benediction they were given to the keeping of a galleon bound for this far-off land. Proptitious winds bore them in safety to the old embarcadero of the Mission of San Gabriel. From that day until now they have clamored at morn and flung their silvery music on the evening air.—*Exchange*.

A woman has appeared in St. Louis, and in two weeks' time she had 10,000 persons hypnotized to a greater or less extent. She imagines that this is religion of the old Methodist camp-meeting pattern but some of the physicians say she is insane, for great hypnotic power frequently accompanies insanity. Some of the phenomena seem to be very like those demoniacal possessions described in Holy Writ. If so, it would be a curious commentary on the intelligence of the nineteenth century.—*New York Freeman's Journal*.

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.

HERBERT, HAYNES & CO.

We desire to announce the Completion of our Shipments of Seasonable Drapery selected in the Centres of Fashion by our NEW BUYER, who, after a lengthened experience of our business both in Dunedin and Invercargill, has taken up the important duties of Home Buyer. His recent practical experience of our requirements is manifest in the goods to hand, and being bought on the BEST TERMS THAT CASH CAN COMMAND, we have every confidence in requesting you to inspect our Stock before making your Season's Purchases.

DRESS DEPARTMENT.

Ladies requiring a Stylish Dress at a Moderate Cost will study their best interest by making their selection from our Stock, which is the LARGEST, CHEAPEST, and BEST ASSORTED in New Zealand. The following are some of the novelties:—

Bough-finish Cheviot, Bannockburn, Portree, Arran, Llansamlet, and Stronoway in Checks, Stripes, and Plain. Summer Weights.

FRENCH NOVELTIES in Dress Lengths, Exclusive Designs and Colourings. FRENCH SUMMER SERGES and CASHMERES in 250 Colourings, including all the New Art Shades, with Silks and Velvets to match. BLACK AND COLOURED DRESS SILKS, Newest Makes and Reliable Makes.

Dressmaking by First-class Dressmakers at the Lowest Charges consistent with Excellence in Style and Work.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

The Millinery for this Season is of a Charming Character. The Transparent and Floral Effects baffle description. The following are some of the new shapes in Straws:—Christine, Ragged Robie, Adele, Last Century, Dart, Fleurette.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

We are showing better goods in Jackets, Mantles, Mantillas, Capes, Russian Mantles, Rain Cloaks, Dining Gowns, etc.

The Beauty of the New Materials and the Grace and Elegance of the Styles are commanding marked attention.

While retaining our Reputation for High-class goods, it is our special study to meet the requirements of all classes of the community. We keep nothing we cannot recommend, and by purchasing a lower class of goods you do not obtain the

BEST VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY.

HERBERT, HAYNES & CO.

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 and a lot of Sundries for Farmers.

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

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.

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.

WANTED.—SCHOOLMASTER for Catholic School, Westport. Salary, £150 per annum. Applications with testimonials till 20th November to

VERY REV FATHER WALSH,

Westport.

WANTED.—Information Wanted of the Present Place of Residence of the BROTHERS DONALDSON, formerly Proprietors of the "Live and Let Live" Hotel, Tokomairiro (Milton).

Communicate with the

"TABLET" OFFICE,
Dunedin.

INVERCARGILL ART-UNION

(POSTPONED TO DECEMBER 13.)

(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.
Very Rev. M. Walsh, Invercargill ...	2	0	0
Rev. N. Vereker, Riverton ...	2	0	0
Miss McIntyre, Arrowtown ...	2	0	0
Mr. J. Horan, Riverton ...	2	0	0
Miss Hauning, Grove Bush ...	4	0	0
Mr. M. Haunon, Riverton ...	2	0	0
„ P. Stanton, Riversdale ...	2	0	0
„ J. Woolf, Riverton ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Collins, Woodlands ...	0	8	0
Miss Lynch, Milton ...	2	0	0
Messrs. Hurley Bros., Waikaiti Flat ...	2	0	0
Mr. Haille, Wairio ...	1	0	0
Miss C. Cameron, Centre Island ...	0	10	0
Mr. P. Casey, Balfour ...	2	0	0
„ T. Quilter, Waitahuna Gully ...	1	16	0
„ Tippet, Limehills ...	0	2	0
„ Dwyer, Wellington ...	0	6	0

(To be Continued.)

The holders of books of tickets are kindly requested to return all blocks, sold and unsold, as soon as possible, as the time for the drawing is now so near. The drawing will certainly take place on December 13. Arrangements are now being made. No further postponement.

DUNEDIN CITY ELECTORATE.

TO THE ELECTORS.

GENTLEMEN, — I take leave to intimate that I shall be a CANDIDATE for your Suffrages at the coming Parliamentary Election.

I hope in a few days to have the honour of addressing Public Meetings in various parts of the City and Suburbs, when I shall take the opportunity of fully expressing my views on the Political and Social questions in which we are alike interested.—I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM HUTCHISON,

Dunedin, 4th October, 1890.

MARRIAGE.

MULLANY—HILL.—On the 24th September, at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, by the Rev. P. Lynch, Luke, second son of L. Mullany, Merton, to Mary, youngest daughter of Charles Hill, Kaikorai Valley, Dunedin.



Of your charity pray for the soul of the Rev. Brother CELESTINE, whose death occurred on Sunday, the 26th inst., at St. Mary's Orphanage, Nelson, in the 28th year of his age.—*Requiescat in pace.*

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

"LIMERICK."—Our correspondent's proposal hardly commends itself to us as necessary, or calculated to be of use. The matter is a painful one, and is taken at its proper value by all Irishmen. The national cause runs no risk of suffering from it, and the character of the leaders remains above suspicion. The less said, therefore, the sooner mended.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 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.
Baliance	Allen
Brown	Barron
Buxton	Blake
Cowan	Bruce
Dodson	Buchanan
Fitzherbert	Cadman
Hall	Feldwick
Hutchison	Fergus
Jackson	Fisher
Kelly	Fitchett
Larnach	Fulton
Marchant	Goldie
O'Connor	Guinness
Parata	Hamlin
Perceval	Harkness
Pyke	Hobbs

FOR.
R. H. J. Reeves
Russell
Samuel
Seymour
Smith
Steward
Tanner
Turnbull
Ward

AGAINST.
Hodgkinson
Humphreys
Jones
Joyce
Lawry
Mackenzie
Mitchelson
Moat
Monk
Moss
Newman
Rhodes
G. F. Richardson
Rosa
Saunders
Stuart-Manteath
Taylor
Thompson
Verrall
Walker
Withey

PAIRS.

Atkinson
Fish
Graham
Duncan
Carroll
McGregor
Wilson
Taipu
Lance

McKenzie
White
Anderson
Macarthur
Downie Stewart
Ormond
Scobie McKenzie
W. P. Reeves
Fraser

HOW QUALIFIED!



It is amusing, and at the same time painful, to read the effusions of certain candidates for Parliamentary honours, and the reader cannot fail to observe the straits to which these candidates are reduced in consequence of Sir H. ATKINSON'S delay in publishing his programme of policy. As a result of this delay the would-be members are without a text, and know not where to turn for a policy. In consequence their addresses are jejune in the extreme. The friends of Government hardly know what to advocate, and its enemies are in a fog and know not where or how to attack. For the sake of friends and enemies Sir H. ATKINSON ought to address the public or his former constituents at once. A few candidates, however, in this fog and dearth of topics, in order to have something to say, have struck out wildly on the education question, and notwithstanding innumerable and widely-spread complaints, declare they will oppose all change in the system of public education, and have been most emphatic in their declarations of hostility to Catholic claims. Naturally, these manifestoes have attracted our attention, and engaged us in a study of their reasons for such decided hostility. We find on investigation that their declared reasons are two: 1st, that to concede justice to Catholics would lead to the destruction of our present secular system; 2nd, that the country cannot afford to incur any additional expense for schools. As to the first, we ask how is it that to aid Catholic and other denominational schools in England and Canada does not destroy the public and secular system in these countries? And they have assigned no reason why that which is not only possible, but actually existing in these countries, is impossible here. The public has nothing to go by in this matter but the mere assertion of men neither well-informed nor wise. As to the second, our answer is, according to the law at present in force here, Catholic children are entitled as well as other children to an allowance of £4 per head for school purposes, and such amount from the public funds would be bestowed upon their education did they frequent godless schools. But because Catholics have schools for their own children, those children are deprived of the sum to which under the law they are entitled. Asking, therefore, for Catholic schools what the law allows for secular schools is not asking for any sum to which Catholic children are not already entitled by law. All that Catholics ask is that which they could insist upon if they patronised godlessness. In the second place, suppose the denominations withdrew their children to-morrow from Government schools, how would this increase the vote for schools. Even if the entire £4 per head were given, as they ought to be, to denominational schools, the amount of the Government subsidy would remain at the same amount. Aiding denominational schools would not increase the number of children entitled to £4 each under the law as it stands at present.

The conclusion, therefore, to which every reasonable man is driven is this: That secularists, knowing Catholics would never accept the godless schools, calculated on saving the amount to which Catholic children are entitled, and that they continue to refuse the Catholic body justice in order to save the sum of from £40,000 to £80,000 a year. The system was, therefore, established with the specific purpose of robbing Catholics, of taxing them for the purpose of inflicting an enormous injury upon them. This is the inevitable conclusion to which every well-informed and reflecting man is driven by the speeches of certain Parliamentary candidates. These speeches give evidence of deficient knowledge of an important public question, of defective reasoning powers; or, if not, of a determination, malice prepense, to insult, plunder, and tyrannise over the Catholics of this country. In our opinion, such candidates ought to be hooted off the hustings as either incapables or bigots of the blackest dye.

ON Sunday evening, in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, in preaching from the Gospel of the day, took occasion to allude to the Education question. His Lordship, in explaining the meaning of the precept, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," pointed out that though obedience to the law was, as a rule, an imperative duty, the State was still capable of framing laws which it would be sinful to obey. The law providing for a secular system of education was an instance of the kind, where Catholics were concerned, and could not be obeyed by them. The Bishop further said that a common argument advanced against doing justice in the matter to the Catholic community was the risk that must be run of breaking down the system, were any such steps for their relief taken. This, he said, was so palpably false an argument that he was unable to accredit those who urged it with honesty. In other countries, where a State system of education worked successfully, denominational schools existed side by side with it. His Lordship quoted, as an example, the case of Canada, explaining the details of the State aid given to Catholic schools in the province of Ontario. In reference to the approaching elections, the Bishop characterised the action of men who went about canvassing for the various candidates as insulting. It was tantamount, he said, to telling the voter that he was incapable of himself selecting a suitable parliamentary representative. His Lordship advised his flock to return in all such cases as their answer: "I shall vote for the best man."

THE labour demonstration made on Tuesday in Dunedin was very impressive. The procession of the unions was effectively carried out, those who took part in it numbering something over 2000. We actually counted 2048, and can hardly have made an error. The streets were thronged with spectators, and the sports, held at the Caledonian grounds, were also crowded. Everything, in fact, passed off with *bravura*. The weather, although rather windy throughout the day, and approaching a gale towards evening, was, on the whole, favourable, the rain keeping off—no slight advantage to holiday-makers, and one, owing to sad experience, to be thoroughly appreciated in and around Dunedin.

MISS JANET ACHURCH, an actress who has attained distinction in England, and who is now making a tour of these colonies, concluded a short season in Dunedin on Monday night. The play chosen for the occasion was "A Doll's House," a play that has given rise to a great deal of discussion and concerning which opinions are divided in a very considerable degree. The plot is, briefly, that a mirthful young woman, ardently attached to her husband, becomes suddenly *désillusionnée*, and, perceiving the graver aspects of life, leaves him, to enter upon their study. The play, though on the surface bright and sparkling, is a terrible one, intensely tragic, even though no death takes place during its course. Consummate talent only can interpret it, and prevent the narrow boundary from being crossed that separates the sublime from the ridiculous—a boundary in this instance of hardly a hair's breadth. It is, in short, as high praise as any actress can desire, to say, as may be most truly said of Miss Achurch, that she thoroughly understands the part on which the whole interest of the piece depends, and perfectly represents it. The lesson of the play seems to be the effect of a great shock and a heart-breaking revelation in bringing the human being face to face with the meaning of life, and forcing it upon his attention. As to the manner in which the lesson is given it is comparatively indifferent. That which Ibsen, the author of the play or of the work dramatised—we do not remember which—has chosen is, as we have said, the rude awakening from her dream of a merry young wife. But in unveiling the necessities that underlie the superficial disposition of the "man of mirth," Wordsworth had anticipated Ibsen. As to the morality of this play—*c'est autre chose*. Possibly those good people are right who declare that it is demoralising in its effects. At least, it may well be so to those who read it as teaching only that a wife who becomes *désillusionnée* is *ipso facto* released from the obligations of

the marriage tie, may pronounce her husband a stranger to her—a "strange man," may leave him and her children, and henceforward follow her own pursuits. The play, however, to be so understood must be acted so that the barrier we have spoken of, that between the sublime and the ridiculous, is passed. But in that instance the disease would probably bring its own cure. Hardly any one could be so misled. Acted, meantime, as Miss Achurch acts the play, for though she is effectively supported by those members of her company who act with her—on her it devolves to make or mar the play, it is a tragedy of the heart and spirit—more terrible even than those that, after the established traditions, end in death.

WE have this week to sorrow for the loss of a good religious, a kind-hearted and worthy Irishman, and a true friend of the N.Z. TABLET. We refer to the late Brother Celestine, whose obituary notice will be found elsewhere. The deceased Brother was known in the world as Mr. James McPhellamy, and was a native of the County Tyrone, Ireland, where he was born in November, 1862.

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. J. R. Cuttle, a well-known and much-esteemed member of the Dunedin Press, which occurred, after a long illness, in this city on Sunday. Mr. Cuttle was the son of a clergyman of the Established Church in Ireland, and was born near Mullingar, in the County Westmeath, some sixty years ago. He was of kindly disposition and gentlemanly, unobtrusive manners, and was deservedly held in high regard by all who were acquainted with him.

By the death of Mr. Louis Court, which occurred on Sunday, after a short illness, Dunedin has lost an old and respectable resident. Mr. Court was a native of France, having been born, in 1825, at Saint-Gaudens in the Haute-Garonne. His parents occupied a good position, and he himself had attained to some distinction in his native land, having been at one time a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He had also held a diplomatic position under the Government of King Louis Philippe. He was, however, principally engaged in commercial pursuits—in connection with which he visited Australia,—finally settling in New Zealand. Mr. Court leaves a widow and an only son, who is studying for the profession of the law.

THE resolution of the Borough Council on Thursday night (says the *North Otago Times*, of the 23rd inst.,) to charge £5 per annum for water to be supplied to the Catholic primary school is one that does very little credit to their sense of justice or fairplay. The amount is a small one certainly, but when it is remembered that the committees of the three public schools, with the assistance drawn from concerts, etc., are only able to pay their way with difficulty, how much more must such a tax as that proposed by the Borough Council tell on a body that receives no assistance from the State, and that has, in addition to paying directly for the education of its own children, to help to pay for the education of the children of others attending the public schools? The arguments which Mr. McDowell and the Mayor used were fair and reasonable, and it is a pity that councillors could not see the justice of at least placing all the primary schools on the same footing. The proposal to charge all the primary schools for the water after the 1st of January is not likely to be put in force, because while the Council takes the money (if they can get it) from the committees by means of a tax the ratepayers will have to replace it by means of a concert or subscription. Unless the Council cannot do without putting into operation every conceivable means of raising money by taxation that of taxing the ratepayers for the water used by the children attending the schools should not be enforced. A majority of the Council have, however, made up their minds that the Catholics shall not receive the slight modicum of justice that the giving of the water free of charge would confer, so that there is perhaps no necessity to say anything further at present on the subject.

LONDON, October 27.—His Holiness the Pope has prohibited Roman Catholic bishops in America from openly assisting Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon in the collection of money for the Irish Land League." Saving the presence of our readers, who, however, will understand that there are occasions when it is necessary to tell the truth, whatever may be its coarseness, we say, plumply and plainly, this cablegram is—a lie.

MR. J. D. LANCE, candidate for the Ashley electorate, in addressing the constituents at East Oxford on Thursday evening, referred as follows to the Education question:—"Coming to the question of Education, he asked his audience to divest and banish from their minds all recollections and traditions of ancient history, and to impartially consider his views, as he would now put them. He held strongly that if the State determined that every child should be educated, and any body of men did not care, for some reason, or be-

cause of their belonging to some sect, to relieve the State by putting their hands into their own pockets for the education of their children, if the scholars so referred to were examined by the Government inspector in the same subjects as taught in the State schools, there should be a contribution made to them. The capitation to the public schools was £3 15s per child. Now it would be simply a matter of strict abstract justice to give them a part of this capitation. In his own early life in India he was much impressed with the manner in which a nation of different castes and creeds was ruled by a handful of men, who administered level-headed justice where the difficulties were so great, and at times so alarming, that a man might consider his nearest road to Paradise was by chopping off the head of a next-door neighbour, and where the sword and dagger were unceasingly at work. To carry out his plan would strengthen education, by removing a feeling of injustice that existed, and old sores would be healed, instead of festering till they became less curable. In seven sessions of Parliament he had never spoken on this question, but if a measure like Mr. Pyke's Bill came up for consideration he should vote for private schools being aided in the way stated."

ACCORDING to the cable, Mr. Gladstone must have changed his mind on the road between Edinburgh and Dalkeith. One day, speaking in Edinburgh he justified the resistance of the Irish people to the hateful laws. The next, speaking at Dalkeith, he condemned the Plan of Campaign, the most effective method of resistance that has been found, and pronounced it unnecessary. Is Mr. Gladstone dotting, then, or is the cable—romancing?

"SIR C. GAVAN DUFFY, in a letter to Archbishop Croke, declares that if the Land Purchase Bill introduced into the British Parliament by Mr. Balfour was submitted to an Irish Parliament it would be received with an outburst of enthusiasm, and he advises its prompt acceptance by the Irish party." Sir C. Gavan Duffy can speak for himself—few men better, and therefore we shall not venture to excuse him.

ANOTHER victory in the shape of a by-election has been obtained. Mr. Boby, a Home Ruler, has beaten Colonel Egerton for Eccles by 4901 votes, against 4691, or a majority of 210. The tide still flows in the right direction.

IRISH navvies are men of spirit. A number of them engaged for Australia, we are told, refused to start and returned penniless to Dublin. On reaching the port of sail they no doubt learned that they were to be brought out as "black-legs."

MR. BALFOUR and Mr. Gladstone, we are told, are both agreed as to the necessity of making a settlement of the Irish question, if only to remove the block it effectually offers to all other business. We may gather that the right hon. gentlemen have severally expressed their opinions, and we know that they are widely divided as to the methods of settlement.

MR. BALFOUR has actually proved his right to the epithet "brave." He has travelled along Connaught railways and driven along Connaught roads in the broad daylight and without any one nearer than the next police barrack—a couple of miles off at most—to protect him from being shot. We hope Mr. Balfour may recognise a bad potato when he sees one, and reward the Connaught men for not shooting him by supplying them with something instead of it. Meantime, nothing could be more astonishing, as Mr. Balfour no doubt knew very well, than that anyone on either side of the Shannon should have a slap at him. His epithet of "brave" is cheaply earned. It would be well if he had as easily earned that of "bloody."

MR. WILLIAM HURCHISON announces himself as a candidate for the representation of the Dunedin electorate.

OWING to an oversight we have hitherto omitted to announce the marriage of Miss Mary Hill, daughter of Mr. Charles Hill, Kai-korai Valley, and niece of Mr. Edward Carroll of Mornington, which took place at St. Joseph's Cathedral on September 24th, to Mr. Luke Mullan, son of Mr. Mullan of Merton. It is never too late to mend, however, and we are happy now to correct the fault, wishing, besides, to the young couple, a long and prosperous career.

Messrs. Smith Brothers are holding an obligatory sale at their establishment in Gorge street, Dunedin. The stock must be sold, and prices are fixed accordingly.

The Zealandia boots, manufactured by Messrs. Skelton, Frostick and Co., Christchurch, are highly recommended. They are pronounced in every respect first-class.

Mr. J. McKay, of Cookham House, Princes street, Dunedin, has purchased the City Foot Palace, corner of George and St. Andrew streets, which he will conduct in a manner deserving for his establishment its title. Mr. McKay will personally supervise the business and his high reputation and well known experience are a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the goods offered to the public.—Attention also is given to moderate prices.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

(By the REV. FATHER EDMUND, C.P., in the *Ave Maria*.
No doubt, there are ghosts and ghosts. I am no more a believer than the widest of my readers in such goblins, as the nursery-maid frightened us withal; or, again, in phantoms of the kind we heard about in "creepy" tales at school. But the word "ghost" properly means *spirit* or *soul*; and I do believe that departed souls are allowed now and then, and for some good reason, to visit friends on earth, and under the same appearance as to form, sometimes even as to dress, which they wore in this mortal life. I believe this because there is far too much evidence for the *fact* of such apparitions to leave it an open question with any unprejudiced mind.

But those who defend the existence of ghosts are generally under the disadvantage of not having seen one themselves. They can only speak from what they have heard or read. This enables the sceptic to jeer; and it is easy to raise a laugh on such a subject without either the wit or the amiableness of Byron's lines:

"Grim reader, did you ever see a ghost?

No; but you've heard—I understand; be dumb.

And don't regret the time you may have lost,

For you have got that pleasure still to come."

I deem it, then, no small gain to my own belief in these apparitions that *I have* seen one myself, and without further prelude I proceed to the narration.

It was on the 11th of February, 1887. Our community here in Buenos Ayres, though smaller than usual at the time, was bravely carrying out our rule of rising at night to sing Office in choir. We follow here the custom of our North American province as to the hour of rising, viz., at two o'clock in summer and at half-past one in winter. February being a summer month in this part of the world, we had risen at two on the morning of the 11th, and had finished our Office at three; but, according to rule, we had to remain in choir meditating till half-past three—then back to bed.

Now, here I must make a confession, since my story positively requires it. Our chief superior, or provincial (as we call him—though the province, as such, is not yet formed), had been away several months—having gone first to Rome and then to the United States; and we were eagerly awaiting his return. There was much disquietude among us about certain matters, and on this particular morning my own mind was unusually perturbed—so that, indeed, I had great difficulty in attending to the Divine Office. In fact, if the truth must be told, I had experienced for the first time (since becoming a religious) a severe temptation against continuing in community life; and had partially entertained it.

Well, when Matins and Lauds, with the regular prayers which follow according to our custom, were over, I judged it a good move to go into the garden for a few minutes, to see if the fresh air would not calm me. As our house was then (it has been added to since), the choir was close to the garden—being at the end of a corridor which led out into the garden. So, forth I went.

The night was clear, though some light clouds were in the sky. No moon, but light enough to distinguish the trees and the plots for some little distance. (Be it remembered we have no twilight here, as in the North.) I was closing the door behind me, my hand still on the knob, when I perceived with some surprise the figure of a Passionist standing bareheaded about six yards from me, and on a patch of ground which had remained grassless, the stump of an old tree having been extracted there. This spot was round, and completely covered by the habit of its occupant. It struck me as singular that he had chosen that particular spot to stand on, since he must have wetted his feet in crossing the grass to get to it. Besides, was it not Brother E., who was too ill to rise for choir? He was the only religious not in attendance that night, and I knew that none had left the choir but myself. It was the time of the "greater silence," or I should have remonstrated with him for thus exposing himself to further illness.

But now, looking at the figure more closely, I saw that it was not Brother E. It was not tall enough for him, neither was the head his. The hair was of another colour, and the outline of the face, as far as I could distinguish it, was very different. Besides, I reflected, Brother E. could not have gone into the garden without passing the choir door, which was wide open; so that we must have heard him.

Then . . . *who was it?* Here a feeling of awe came over me. Could it be my dear friend the provincial? Was he dead, and was this apparition meant to tell me so? (We had not even heard from him for an unusually long time, and were wondering what could be the reason.) The figure stood facing westward, away from me; and I caught but the profile of the face, and that too indistinctly to be sure of the features. But, for a minute, I thought it did look very like the provincial; and would have spoken but for feeling tongue-tied. The next minute, however, I reflected that it had not his height, and looked more like Brother A., who had died in Buenos Ayres two years before, and for whom I had prayed a good deal. Then, again, had it been a priest, I should have noticed the tonsure (the head being in a position to show it).

Well, I shall never forgive myself for not speaking. The apparition seemed waiting for me to do so, but I was too long in summoning courage. However, I did not retreat into the house. *He* was the first to move. With a motion like that of a bird taking wing, the figure *shook itself out*, dissolving from the head downward; and the last thing I saw was the black rim of the habit vanishing off the ground—off the bare spot of earth, which gleamed out under the starlight.

I walked down the steps and along the path for a couple of minutes before entering the house, and when I got back to the choir my feelings had indeed calmed down. I felt how very foolish I had been to let myself become so upset, and I spent the remainder of the time until half-past three in fervent prayer and renewal of confidence in our Blessed Lord and Lady; resolving to go to confession without delay, and never again to entertain for an instant the thought of giving up my religious vocation.

A few days after came a letter from the provincial, explaining his long silence, and gladdening us with the news that he was just

about to sail from New York. So that it certainly was not *his* ghost I had seen—unless he had met with death on the voyage. But this possibility did not trouble me at all; for the more I thought on the question, the more sure I became that the spirit was that of Brother A.,—a persuasion which gathered confirmation in my mind from the happy arrival of the provincial in due time. Moreover, the tranquilizing effect of the vision made me attribute it to the goodness of our Blessed Mother, who had sent it, I felt sure, as a warning in a moment of doubt and anger.

Now, if anyone consider what I saw the result of "heated imagination," I answer that my imagination was not working at all at the time I first saw the apparition, and that it became chilled rather than heated. Equally at fault must be the theory of "optical illusion" in the case. Moreover, the way in which the phantom disappeared—*withdrawing deliberately and reluctantly, rather than vanishing—made me certain beyond doubt that I had seen a spirit sustaining for a moment the appearance of a body. Probably I shall never know for sure who my visitant was until I die, but his presence has left upon my memory an indelible impression while this mortal life shall last.*

ON THE BRUTAL TELLING OF THE TRUTH.

(By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN in the *Ave Maria*.)

TRUTH is held by the Protestant English to be their inheritance. Queen Elizabeth, the most successful and accomplished liar of her time, according to Green, the historian, preserved it to them when she defeated the Spanish Armada. English literature since her time is full of the repeated assertion that foreigners are liars, and that truth is an English virtue exclusively. And yet, like the jewel in the toad's head, it has been well hidden at times. Our friends the English Protestants have always been sticklers for the exact telling of the truth in small matters. The Puritans would never forbear to utter an unpleasant truth to their neighbours, if the advantage of the utterance were on their own side. But if it were necessary to plunge Truth deeper into her well, that she might not illuminate a sharp bargain with an Indian for a bit of land, the Puritan could do it with serenity.

The doctrine that it is as great "a sin to steal a pin" as to defraud the widow and the orphan was cherished by these fierce truth-tellers, and flaunted by them in the face of the lax Papis, who held that some sins were greater than others. This unreasonable Puritanical confusion is helping modern Protestantism to say, with Benan, "I drop sin out altogether."

Experience has shown that the truth in the hands of people who consider themselves to be entirely truthful, is a weapon more destructive than a knife controlled by a Malay running a-muck. To love truth is a precious virtue; to speak it in season and out of season is a detestable vice. To say, "It is truth," after one has ruined a neighbour's reputation may sound noble to the man or woman with a hard heart and a Puritanised conscience; it is *not* noble; it is base. To tell the truth unseasonably is often a crime against charity. Truth-telling is often the keenest and most poisonous weapon of the envious. Indeed, it is generally the envious who condemn their brutal uncharitableness by the cry of "the truth, the truth, and nothing but the truth!"

It is true that Jack Stripling was in gaol ten years ago for spending his employer's money for candy and dime novels. He was thirteen years old then, and the affair was bad enough; he was punished; he repented; he is a man now, honorable, honest, respected; nobody knew of it in his new neighbourhood until the other day. His youngest boy came home in tears, broken-hearted, in a world that had suddenly become as gloomy as night. A dear old lady—a pious, conscientious old lady—had considered it her duty to tell the truth, the plain "unvarnished truth," about poor Stripling to a few friends. There are men serving out life sentences in the penitentiaries with purer souls and less to answer for than that veteran truth-teller—who, by the way, is not a Puritan, but a constant attendant at all the services of the Church. She seems to have everything but charity.

A brutal truth-teller does more harm than a liar. The words of a liar soon pass for what they are worth; but truth is truth after all, and it can be made a heavy weapon—a bludgeon to crush the heart out of those who are trying to live down the past—a dagger to poison hope—an extinguisher for reverence and respect. A brutal truth told without warrant has been known to weaken faith itself. There is no doubt of the fact that whenever you meet a man or woman who protests his or her devotion to the truth at all times and seasons, you meet a malicious and uncharitable man or woman, an envious and bad-tempered man or woman.

If truth in our daily life serve charity, and kindness, and cheerfulness, let it be told a hundred times a day. But the just man who blurts it out on all occasions probably falls as often as he blurts it out. Frankness, which our Puritan friends protest they cherish above all things, is detestable unless tempered by tact. When two friends begin to examine each other's consciences, relations are becoming strained, though they may both love the truth.

If some of our Pharisees—there are Catholic as well as non-Catholic Pharisees—had the opportunity of telling some home-truths to St. Mary Magdalen before she found Our Lord, she would probably have gone back in despair to her sin. There are more crimes committed every day in the name of truth than in the name of liberty. Calumny may be lived down, but who can live down detraction?

Readers of the funny column in the papers are familiar with stories of the meanest man. We think the record is broken by the story of the seizure by the Dublin Castle authorities of the manuscript of William O'Brien's novel written during his confinement in Galway gaol. The gaolers seized it on the ground that "as it had been written on prison paper it was the property of the Government."—Our wit-and-humour editors will find it hard to beat this.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL, DUNEDIN.

ON Friday evening, at 7 p.m., the stations of the cross recently received from Munich, were canonically erected by his Lordship the Bishop, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Lynch, Adm., G. Ilden, and O'Neill, in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin. We have already spoken of the stations as admirable samples of the particular branch of art. Some further details, however, may not be uninteresting to our readers. Each station, framed in a Gothic arch of white and gold, supported on pillars, and surmounted by a cross, forms a group in relief, the prominent figures standing boldly out—those of less interest seen behind them not being quite so much raised from the back-ground, which is painted so as to suggest the surroundings among which the particular event took place. The first station shows us our Divine Lord led away from Pilate's judgment seat. His is a sublime and beautiful figure, clad in a white vestment, with a mantle of red, and wearing round his head the crown of thorns. The figure of the Saviour, we need not say, occupies the chief place in every group, and the identity both of person and dress is well preserved all through. Pontius Pilate is shown discharging his responsibility by washing his hands in a basin presented to him by a page. He is arrayed in a robe of light buff colour. His air is imperious and grand, and suitable to the position he occupies. The low-standing of the guard, or executioner, into whose keeping the Saviour has been committed, is shown by his semi-nude condition. He, however, wears a kind of tunic, green in colour. In the second station two of these low officials are seen placing the cross on Jesus' shoulders. In the back-ground, under a blue sky, the buildings of a stately courtyard are represented. In the third station the Saviour has fallen to the ground, looking pathetically out upon the people. A half-naked guard raises a scourge to strike him, and two Roman soldiers are seen in the back-ground—that of a street. In the fourth station the Blessed Virgin meets our Lord. She wears a snow-white veil, a mantle of blue, and an undergarment of pale purple; her feet are bare. The artist, as also in the case of the Saviour, has succeeded in giving her a face and figure of sublime beauty, delicate and pure in an extreme degree. In the back-ground, at the foot of a tower, one of the holy women is seen, clad in a red mantle. There is also a soldier and the guard or executioner. In the fifth station Simon of Cyrene appears, a quaint figure clad in a purple tunic. In the sixth, Veronica, kneeling at the feet of Jesus, presents him with a white cloth. Her attitude is graceful. She wears a turban of pale yellow and blue; a white handkerchief is round her neck, her mantle is green with gold stripes, and her under-dress dark pink. Simon of Cyrene, with an effort, holds up the cross, but the executioner is impatient, and plies his scourge. In the seventh station the Saviour has fallen the second time: the executioner again plies his scourge. The back-ground is a rickingly pretty, with white clouds in a blue sky, feathery trees, and far-off hills—but the sinister figure of a Jewish elder is also seen there, dark, lowering, and sardonic. In the eighth station, a woman in a green dress, with a half-naked child, kneels at the Saviour's feet. He holds up his hand in blessing. Another woman, in a blue mantle, is seen behind the cross, appealing by her attitude to heaven. In every station one or two of the executioners is close beside the Saviour. In the ninth station, the Saviour has fallen for the third time—now completely exhausted. Simon of Cyrene, still holding the cross, also appears fatigued. The executioner clutches the Saviour's vestment roughly, and drags him up, also plying his scourge. A Roman soldier, with drawn sword, stands in the back-ground. In the tenth station two executioners strip the Saviour of His vestment, while His face is turned upwards in mute protest. In the eleventh station the Saviour is stretched on the cross, to which His feet have been nailed. His hands are still free, but two executioners grasp His arms. Two figures of Jewish elders are seen in the back-ground, both imposing in a high degree. One, with a flowing black beard, wears a turban and robe of buff, and carries in his hand the paper on which the letters, I. N. R. I., are written. The other is clad in purple, and his beard is grey. Farther back stands a Roman soldier. The twelfth station shows the Saviour dead upon the cross. The Blessed Virgin stands on His right, St. John on His left, and the Magdalen clasps His feet. The figures, beautiful and pathetic beyond description, are well thrown out by a back-ground, in which the blue of the sky has been obscured, suggesting the supernatural darkness that occurred. The thirteenth station is also sublimely pathetic and beautiful. The dead Christ lies upon His mother's knees. A speechless agony is written on the Virgin's face. The dead body lies as pure and peaceful as that of a little child asleep, but the right arm hangs lifeless down, and in the hand is the print of the nail. The mark of the spear is also in the side. In the fourteenth station the body of the Saviour is laid in the sepulchre by two disciples, the one an aged man, representing Joseph of Arimathea, the other young and handsomely attired, representing Nicodemus. The Blessed Virgin, comforted by St. John, stands in the back-ground. We do not pretend, however, to have described the stations in full detail. To do so, would need more time and space than we have at our disposal. We think, nevertheless, we may claim to have given such particulars as will furnish our readers with a fair idea of them.

Mr. P. Burke announces that he has taken a long lease of Barrett's Hotel, Christchurch. The house is well known as conveniently and agreeably situated, as well as affording ample accommodation of the most approved kind for a very large number of guests. It will now be renovated and rendered still more deserving, if possible, of a high reputation. The culinary department, which Mr. Burke is particularly well qualified to superintend, will be especially attended to, and will leave nothing to be desired. The house will in every department be among the first in the colonies.

Mr. Davitt has sent half a million cabbage plants to districts in Ireland most affected by the potato blight.

Chinamen who passed through Montreal in bond lately spoke very bitterly of being treated with such indignity, and said their Government would be likely to retaliate.

Dublin Notes.

(From the National papers.)

We are marching slowly but surely towards famine. All the reports which come in from the threatened districts point unmistakably towards that grim and awful conclusion. Inspectors have been at work making inquiries into the probable extent of the blight which has fallen upon the treacherous potato crop. One inspector in a southern county states that he has already made observations in four hundred districts, and in all of these the crop is all but a total failure. The disaster is by no means confined to the south and west. It is beyond the shadow of a doubt that in Donegal and Armagh large districts are afflicted with the blight; even the fertile fields of Tipperary and Wexford and Limerick also suffer heavily from the curse. The emergency calls for something more than inquiry; for the winter will be soon upon us, and, with winter starvation for the poor people who continue to stake all upon the potato.

Some time ago the Land Commissioners filled the landlords' hearts with delight by voluntarily undertaking the role of optimistic prophets. They got in returns of the probabilities of the harvest, which gave a most glowing picture, and filled the minds of the landlords with the most pleasing hopes of plethoric revenue from the produce of the fields. But the Commissioners in their zeal forgot the good old maxim that it is not wise to prophesy unless you know. They have now had to unsay all they predicted, and confess themselves false prophets. The pitiless rain has washed away their calculations, and with them, we grieve to say, the hopes of tens of thousands of our poorest fellow-countrymen. Returns have been compiled for the Government, regarding the extent and character of the failure in the potato crop, and the sum of their conclusions is, even to those who took a gloomy view before, nothing short of appalling. There is hardly a county exempt from the disease. In the one or two exceptional cases there is the qualifying remark that "that very much depends upon the weather;" and as the weather shows not the remotest symptom of relaxing its ruthlessness, the faint ray of hope derivable from these one or two exceptionable cases must vanish into space. The return is gruesome reading. The dreadful word starvation is visible in every line of it, unless some rescuing hand be soon stretched out to save the foredoomed Irish peasant.

If there had been but ten just men in Solom and Gomorrah, the Cities of the Plains would have been saved from the shower of fire and brimstone. If there were ten landlords in Ireland like Mr. Vincent Scully, perhaps Irish landlordism might be worth preserving after all. While his brethren in Ireland are busy in seizing, dispossessing, and evicting, or at best are looking with eager approval at these forages and evictions of the unhappy, famishing tenants, Mr. Vincent Scully hands over to the national League the magnificent sum of £600, as to trustees, for the use of the people in their sore straits. There is no man more hated and calumniated than Mr. Vincent Scully by the Irish rack-renters. They call him a traitor to his own order. They say he has forgotten the traditions of the class to which by birth he belongs. They are quite right: so he has. This last act of his plainly shows it.

A Tipperary priest sends us the following anecdote, which will be useful in trying to realise what manner of man is the much-talked-of Captain Ross of Bladensburg. The incident he relates took place at an hotel in Wexford, at which our correspondent met Mr. Ross. "He was then engaged, if I mistake not, in selecting able-bodied emigrants from the workhouses in the West. The captain ventured at the luncheon table to defend the benevolent intentions of his employers in their scheme of deportation. My travelling companion, who is now a bishop, left the room hurriedly, lest his wrath should overflow. Mr. Ross of Bladensburg had the last, if not the best, of the argument with me. He said—'Well, I know very little about Ireland, but I know a good deal about Turkey.' He spoke with a soft accent, and with a kind of tumbagging lisp, after the manner of Lord Dundreary, at which I laughed."

Wasted fields mean wasted population. That is the general economic law. In Ireland this inexorable law has always a most painful application; for every return of fields gone to rot tells us that those who till the fields have also gone to rot or to till the fields of a strange land. It is hard to read the dry statistical returns of the Registrar-general, which tell us that the human flesh and blood, the vital principle of this old land, is day by day declining in most alarming proportion. It is almost incredible in the annals of civilisation that within the space of forty-five years the population of a country which maintained close upon eight millions and a half should fall to a little over four millions and a half. But there is the fact. In 1845 the population of Ireland numbered 8,295,961; after nearly half a century of enlightened British rule, they now tot up to 4,688,318! We are getting on splendidly, from a Salisbury and Balfour point of view.

We would like to know what political economist would propound a satisfactory solution to the problem, how rents are to be paid in Ireland this year under these two conditions:—The wettest summer known has resulted in a harvest which promises to be the worst on latter-day record; and American cattle are being landed alive at Burkehead and Deptford at the rate of twelve thousand head per week! For this latter astonishing fact the Liverpool Chamber of commerce is the authority. A great boon and blessing this vast importation is proving to the English working population. Beef of the primest sort has been selling at 4½d pound, and is expected to be sold at a still lower figure. But what about the Irish farmer? Where is he to get rent for a landlord when he can get no crops from the soil and no prices for his cattle? It is an exceptionally serious question, and we shall not be at all surprised if political economy herself very shortly furnish a very plain answer.

After a gunboat and an Algerine raid, "personally conducted," as Messrs. Cook would say, by Corsair Cecil Roche, comes a Local Government Board inspector to the happy Blasket Islands. What

does this official find upon the place where Lord Cork, under the protection of the guns of the British fleet, raided upon the corrachs of the terraqueous denizens. Semi-starvation and fever! The condition in which these poor people live is a disgrace to Lord Cork. He ought to pay for people to inhabit the islands if he wants them inhabited instead of trying to extort rent from their precarious earnings; and as he is landlord of the barren rocks he ought, if there were a proper Board of Public Health in Ireland, be compelled to provide them with decent dwellings instead of places not fit for pigs to live in. We think it would be a most salutary course, if Lord Cork persists in collecting what he calls rent from these miserable down-trodden people, that he should be compelled to live in one of their wretched shielings with the manure heap before the door, and voyage out upon the awful Atlantic for a few months in search of fish wreath to keep his lordly carcass alive. Just six months of this experience might teach him to be more considerate towards human beings made in the same mould as himself.

It is not often that the great T. W. Russell indulges in the levities of wit and humour. The direct invectives of the temperance platform and the Church Mission tract are more becoming to the burning and uncompromising zeal of his nature. His tiff with Mr. Balfour and the congenial topic of an impending famine appear, however, to have inspired his muse to a new flight. At any rate, in a letter which he has (of course) felt it his duty to contribute to the Press on the latter subject, he contributes a morsel of delicate and biting irony at the expense of Mr. Balfour, which, in its way, is simply perfect. With well-feigned sincerity he pretends to defend Mr. Balfour from the sting of the cartoon of last week's *United Ireland*. This is how he does it—"What is thought of him (Mr. B.) down south may be gathered from the following incident, which I have heard since my arrival here. In olden times the curse of Cromwell was a thing to frighten children with in Ireland. Only recently a mother was heard teaching her child thus:—'Say "Bloody Balfour," and I'll give you a cake.' *This feeling of respect is a wholesome one and Mr. Balfour has earned it.* The italics are ours. The delicious flavour of this morsel will repay lingering over. Consider this mother, so deeply imbued with respect for the present ruler of Ireland, that she rewards her infant child with a cake (thus instituting a pleasing association in the tender mind with the illustrious but terrible name) if it will repeat the respectful words, "Bloody Balfour;" and in all probability, judging by precedents for the benefit of the next policeman who passes the way.

Precedents teach us that it is to Mr. Balfour's constabulary men these terms are generally applied in practical use. They have also been applied in many instances by the wholesomely impressed natives to their donkeys—a worthy and cherished beast in Irish domestic economy, though it has hitherto been made the butt of much undeserved ridicule. We confess that until Mr. Russell informed us we had not been under the impression that this use of Mr. Balfour's name was meant as a display of popular respect. An impression has certainly prevailed that the name "Bloody Balfour," or "Balfour," without the "Bloody," was intended by the urchins, and their mothers and sisters who are in the habit of using it, as a generic title for Sub-Constable Mulhullabuloo, in substitution for the rather old-fashioned "Harvey Duff" and "Buckshot" of the Forster period—our people being rather volatile, and fond of variety in these matters. The police force themselves seem to have been of this opinion, for it is only the other day that they summoned a man in Tipperary for baptising his ass "Bloody Balfour" (which did not prevent the ass being decked out with ribbons the following Sunday on the village green in honour of its master's imprisonment); and it is not very long since an indignant sergeant at Kilrush swore that a man who applied the term "Balfour" to him had thereby attacked him with an "obprobrious epithet," calculated to bring him into odium and contempt and to excite him to break the peace of her Majesty the Queen. But this (not unnatural) misinterpretation may be set down to the habitude of rustic policemen. Mr. Russell has placed the matter in its right light, and Mr. Balfour, who has a nice taste in the refinements of language, must enjoy largely the adroit compliment of this facile courtier. Whether Mr. Russell is so ducedly sly and sarcastic as this agreeable little joke would prove him, or whether it is really one of the *louche* flatteries meant in painful seriousness of the expectant brother-in-law of an Assistant Commissioner, we must leave Mr. Balfour and himself to settle between them. Whichever way it is, the impartial outsider will find fun enough in it to make him grateful in this dull season.

A correspondent from Woodford writes to us in the midst of the dull, steady, dismal downpour of rain which was laying the poor corn flat with the earth and rotting the potatoes in their ridges, there came marching into the little town of Woodford Clanricarde's agent, Tener, whom the Government have made a magistrate as a reward for his distinguished services to law and order; Clanricarde's solicitor, Grahame, and all the miserable emergency hangers-on of the office, surrounded by the constabulary guard of honour which the Government provides them. Their benevolent object was to obtain fifty more eviction-mad-dog warrants, which would enable them to drive fifty more tenants and their families out on the roadside, and seize the wretched remnant of their crops which the blight had spared. The abysmal stupidity which hampers the Clanricarde extermination conspiracy alone saved the tenants for the time being. There was a breakdown on a law point. The Removables felt constrained to grant another month's adjournment, in spite of the virtuous protest of Mr. Grahame that the adjournment would "enable those trespassers to continue to occupy the cabins of the Marquis of Clanricarde" (which their own hands built) and "to plunder his lordship's crops," (which their own hands raised, from their own seed, in their own land. Will the Government, in the face of this terrible visitation, assist and encourage further evictions by the Marquis of Clanricarde and men like him? Will they be permitted to assist and encourage evictors? We ask the question of the people of Great Britain. They are the arbitrators. If they speak their mind plainly enough there is no fear but they will be obeyed.

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have been removed from the prison of Clonmel to the prison of Tullamore. It seems to be an indispensable part of the Government's torture-programme that every political prisoner worth the gaoling must get a turn through Tullamore. Otherwise the policy of shifting prisoners about from one basille to another appears to be wholly unintelligible. Tullamore has proved itself to be most effectual in lessening the number of Mr. Balfour's antagonists. Mr. Kelly and his companion are keeping up well as regards health, but are losing as regards flesh. But their spirits are high and defiant as ever. Mr. Kelly accepts no concessions and holds no parley with those who come to offer them, but simply intimates that their presence is not congenial to him. He bears his confinement in the most cheerful and uncomplaining spirit, and wins the admiration of every one who visits him by his philosophic good-humour and unostentatious dignity.

The Archbishop of Cashel having invited Mr. and Mrs. William O'Brien and Mr. John Dillon to spend a few days with him in Thurles, prior to their departure for America, the party travelled down to Thurles on Monday September 7 and were the object of a great ovation, both there and at Templemore. The town commissioners of the latter place were in waiting at the railway station, and presented a very warm address, to which Mr. Dillon replied at such length as the train arrangements permitted. At Thurles the throng of enthusiastic admirers was so great that it was with immense difficulty that the visitors were enabled to make their way out of the station. The Smith-Barry tenants were strongly in evidence, and in a brief address which Mr. O'Brien delivered at the station he declared that Mr. Smith-Barry was only in the beginning of his troubles, and that before the fight was over they would make his estates a Sahara desert. Mr. Dillon also delivered a short but soul-striking address.

A tempting bait is being held out to Ulster farmers by that eminent philanthropist, the Marquis of Clanricarde. He has caused an advertisement to appear in a Northern paper offering farms to let, without fines, on his estate about Portunna. Thirty of these farms are to be had. They are at present lying derelict. From all of these tenants have been evicted, one of them being the secretary of the National League in the locality. The *Daily Express* is noticing this last desperate effort of defeated landlordism, says that the Plan of Campaign has broken down on the Clanricarde estate. Heaven help the readers who depend upon that enterprisingly inventive journal for enlightenment upon matters of current history? Neither Lord Clanricarde nor Mr. Tener will endorse its bold statement. If the Plan had suffered a defeat, why go down to Ulster beating up for tenants, or bribe them with the offer of free farms? The tale is hardly fit for the rawest marine on board the British fleet.

Patrick Hallinan, a Claret herdsman, who a few days ago was shot in the legs while herding an evicted farm, is, the *Evening Mail* says, "the latest victim of the law of the League." This statement is a deliberate lie, and the writer of it knows it to be a lie. Whoever perpetrated the outrage is an enemy of the League and a friend of the *Mail* and the landlords. The whole world knows that outrages are got up in Clare by agents of the Government. It is the county of Sergeant O'Halloran, of ten-pound-note renown, of the operations of Sergeant Wholehan and the informer Cullinan; and we are perfectly entitled to assume that Government money is at the bottom of every outrage which disgraces the county. There appears to be not the smallest shred of respect for truth or decency left in the people who pen those abominable falsehoods. They are a disgrace to journalism, and without parallel in any other country calling itself Christian and civilised.

It is satisfactory to note the rapid and constant progress of New Tipperary. The people of the old town are, many of them, eager for eviction, which will qualify them for residences in the new town, to which their business and customers have departed. Mr. Smith-Barry, on the other hand, has got a bit tired of the game of brag, and has been somewhat more sparing of his eviction decrees of late. The result is that some of the shopkeepers have felt compelled to forestall him of service of notices of surrender. The outer trade, which was always the mainstay of Tipperary, has increased enormously in the new mart in spite of the terror of Mr. Smith-Barry's application to the Vice-Chancellor that he will be kind enough to have the vast mart pulled down and the hill put back on its site. The Tipperary men apparently do not believe in the omnipotence of the Vice-Chancellor.

Lord Hartington has told us that the House of Lords can be trusted to throw out a Home Rule Bill, no matter how big a majority it may be passed by in the Commons. We are inclined to think Lord Hartington is right. Amongst the brother peers on whom he can count with confidence in this majority of our ancient nobility for many reasons the Duke of Manchester must be included. The Duke of Manchester has been studying the Irish question to equip himself for the satisfactory discharge of his important legislative duty. We gather from the sporting newspapers that his Grace the other day condescended to officiate as time-keeper in the boxing ring in Dublin where two professional "bruisers" (English and Irish champion) for several rounds "landed heavily on each other's pimples," "tapped each other's claret," "banged each other's kissing-traps," "rattled each other's ivoories," "punched each other's bread-baskets," and "banged up each other's pees" in the most approved style of art, to the great delight of the officiating Duke. At length the English champion was battered into a semi-unconscious condition, and was unable to "come up smiling," thus vividly illustrating to the ducal time-keeper the danger to the British Constitution of allowing Irishmen the unflinching management of their own affairs.

The release of Mr. Griffen of Ballinadee, county Cork, recalls to public attention the outrageous sentence inflicted on him by the Removables just five months before. He was sent to prison for five months with hard labour for exhibiting in his window one of our caroons, which everyone that cared could see posted on the board in front of our office in Dublin, which decorated the windows of every stationer's shop in Dublin, and of which only our modesty forbids us to say how many tens of thousands of copies were despatched on that

particular week, as well as every other week, not merely through every part of Ireland, but through every part of the English-speaking globe. Such savageries as that to which Mr. Griffen was subjected in the outraged name of law and order have at least this circumstance to recommend them, when stoutly denied by coercionists they are incredible in England.

Kilkenny speaks out bravely on behalf of the unfortunate Irish political convicts, whose tortures in English gaols was the subject of such a stirring debate in Parliament before it rose, and whose case the Home Secretary pledged himself to consider during the recess, and the view to mitigate their punishment and hasten their release.—The great meeting held at Kilkenny expressed its gratitude to the Irish members for their unstained efforts on behalf of those most unfortunate and miserable men, and its confidence that those efforts would rather increase than diminish in the future. In this confidence they may be sure they will not be deceived. It is possible that no further pressure will be needed, that a sense of justice and humanity will induce Mr. Mathews to make a favourable announcement when Parliament reassembles. But if pressure is needed it will be applied. That at least is certain.

The Most Noble the Marquis of Clanricarde wants tenants from the North, in room of the evicted in the neighbourhood of Portunna. The advertisement to that effect actually appears in the *Ulster Gazette*, and is backed up by a leader—"Respectable and solvent tenants" are required. "No fine," the advertisement announces, with delicious irony, "will be demanded." "Fine," indeed, that is a little too good. The question is what premium is to be offered? The reward on the Coolgreany estate for accepting a derelict holding ranged as high as £400, the very least was £100 out of T. W. Russell's "derelict" fund. The tenants then secured were paupers and convicts, the very dregs of society, not forgetting the notorious emergency blackguard, Freeman, who led the murderous raid in which poor Kinella lost his life, and whom his own employer bound over to keep the peace a month before. If unfortunate Mr. Brooke had to pay £400 a piece for disreputable paupers for his evicted holdings in Coolgreany, what will the Marquis of Clanricarde have to pay for respectable and solvent tenants at Woodford and Portunna? It is a sum in compound proportion which we commend to the attention of the staff of dilapidated ragamuffins who keep the books and conduct the general business, legal and otherwise, of the Marquis with such brilliant ability and distinguished success.

The Cashel "suppressed" Branch of the National League at their last meeting furnished one more proof of the ludicrous impotence of Mr. Balfour's proclamations. The report contains the following matter-of-fact paragraph—"The case of John Corcoran, hotel-keeper, was again before the meeting, and his apology was read. The proposal that he be again admitted into the ranks with the rest of the country was unanimously adopted." Here is an opportunity of testing Mr. Balfour's boasts that reports of "suppressed" branch meetings are bogus reports. Did John Corcoran, hotel-keeper, write an apology? If so, what on earth induced him to humiliate himself in deference to a branch which Mr. Balfour assures him has no existence? And if coercion in Tipperary is not the most comical of failures, as well as the most loathsome of impotent tyrannies, why did not John Corcoran, hotel-keeper trust to Mr. Balfour, with all his bayonets and Removables, rather than throw himself on the mercy of a body which, he has Mr. Balfour's word for it, is a mere figment of imagination? We rather think that John Corcoran, hotel-keeper, was wise in his generation in attaching more importance to the weapons of public opinion wielded by the "suppressed branch" than to Mr. Balfour's forty thousand bayonets, and we are glad that he found the Cashel Branch as merciful in its spirit of forgiveness as he had found it redoubtable in its dealings with the people's enemies.

The Government's newest Plan of Campaign seems to be to fall back upon our old friend, the Bankruptcy-Court. Mr. Balfour has given up in despair the plan of prosecuting and torturing members of Parliament. To use the famous phrase of his at the banquet in the Antient Concert Rooms, that "injures the Government," with self-heated British constituencies. Accordingly the brave Mr. Balfour and his brave uncle have hit upon a new method of getting rid of Mr. William O'Brien. On Wednesday a clerk of Messrs Hayes and Son, solicitors, of Nassau-street, Dublin, invaded the railway carriage in which he and his wife were returning from Thurles with Mr. John Dillon, and served him with a Bankruptcy notice and a highwayman's demand for £1,600 costs of the Marquis of Salisbury in the action in which he got a verdict by swallowing his words and sneaking out of his labels. The previous day Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien had made speeches to the Smith-Barry tenantry under the open sky for which twelve months ago they would have been infailibly prosecuted and their hearers bludgeoned. It is no longer good policy to attract English attention to such things, and so the Tipperary speeches are allowed to pass uninterrupted, and the Marquis falls back upon a skulking proceeding in Bankruptcy, by way of avenging his nephew's impotence as against the Smith-Barry combination, and no doubt also by way of entrapping Mr. O'Brien into prison for contempt or otherwise preventing him from proceeding upon his approaching mission to America. What a brave and chivalrous Government it is, to be sure, and how much more likely uncle and nephew are to cover themselves with glory by their bankruptcy campaign against Mr. O'Brien than by their encounters with him on other fields of fame!

Truly wonderful are the ways of Coercion. When John Dillon went the other day to New Tipperary he was met by a squadron of batonmen, under the supreme command of Removable Cad, and was threatened that if a meeting was attempted to be held it would be dispersed with violence. What that threat meant we can form a pretty accurate notion from the savageries perpetrated on a previous occasion in the town. But Mr. Dillon had no intention or desire to hold a meeting. So Removable Cad and his bludgeonmen did not get the chance they were thirsting for of testing the toughness of their batons on the heads of the unarmed people. A few days later Mr. Dillon did address a great meeting at Thurles without the authorities even attempting to interfere. As he remarked to his audience, it was the same men he addressed on the same prohibited topics—the same soil of glorious Tipperary was beneath their feet.

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D. I. C.

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The meeting that would be dispersed with violence in New Tipperary is, it seems, strictly constitutional at Thurles. Surely the assemblage did not become more legal or less objectionable in the eyes of the authorities because it was addressed by Mr. William O'Brien as well as by Mr. John Dillon. What, then, is the meaning of this forbearance? Both were guests of the courageous and patriotic Archbishop of Cashel, and to baton his guests on the threshold of the Episcopal palace was a performance in which the Coercionists, who are at present engaged—to borrow the famous phrase of Sir George Errington—in intrigues to keep the Vatican in good humour, did not think it prudent to indulge.

There being no attempt to suppress the meeting, there was, of course, no disturbance of any kind. For it is a permanent Irish bull of the present administration that the peace is never broken except by the official "preservers of the peace." In another respect the meeting was most remarkable. It consisted largely of two great deputations of the Smith-Barry tenants evicted and defying the evictor at Tipperary and Cashel respectively. Enthusiastic addresses of confidence and esteem and affection were presented to Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon by the men whom the Coercionist orators proclaim they have ruined—by the men who, the same oracles declare, hate and curse them in their hearts. How is it all managed? The explanation is simplicity itself. It is all done by "intimidation." The addresses are prepared by—intimidation; the crowds are assembled by—intimidation; they are made to laugh and cheer—all by intimidation. How they are intimidated and by whom the Coercionists are not good enough to explain, unless, indeed, they intimidate themselves. There is the bald chat that Primrose Dames and I.L.P.U., orators think good enough for English electors. The meeting was a splendid success. The ringing cheers with which the encouraging and approving speeches were received shows plainly that Tipperary means to fight this battle out to the bitter end. Not a very comforting assurance, we should say, for Mr. Smith-Barry and his abettors.

Surely there never was witnessed a more comical scene than the great Colonel Removable Cad—the master of many legions—hopping about like a tom-tit in the streets of New Tipperary, to avoid the terrible truth-telling instantaneous photographing apparatus of Mr. P. O'Brien, M.P. It was a regular case of "Don't fire Colonel; I'll come down." Only it was the colonel that came down. "I will send you my photograph, sir, if you want it," said Colonel Cad. "Thank you," responded Mr. P. O'Brien, tapping his trusty kodak with exasperating politeness, "I have you here. If, however," he continued, in his most insinuating tone, "you would be kind enough to stand with your tongue out, and your thumb to your nose, in your customary attitude addressing Catholic clergymen, I would be most happy to take you again." Colonel Cad did not continue the conversation; but he commanded two tall and trusty sub-constables to interpose between him and the deadly kodak during the rest of the day. It was a sight to make a dead man laugh to see him dodging the "infernal machine" behind this living rampart, and issuing his commands from ambush. Never was the Governor-General of a city placed in a more ignominious position.

In connection with the proposed new "plantation" our Tory contemporaries have been favoured with a document of a rare and astonishing character. It purports to be a report of an "interview" with Mr. Tener, obtained by a correspondent in Armagh, but a perusal of the narrative must convince anyone that the thing has been supplied by Mr. Tener himself, and that the "interview" is a mere myth. Mr. Tener seems to have gone down to induce some Ulster farmers to take up his evicted farms, but he has evidently found that it will require some extraordinary power of persuasion to do so. Hence he goes bald-headed, so to speak, for the damsel called Truth. He tells the imaginary correspondent some marvellous things. What must the Ulster farmer think of his Connaught brother, if he believe the ingenious Tener? A man who is fool enough to pay two rents is a phenomenon; yet this is what Lord Clanricarde's agent tries to make Ulstermen believe that many of the tenants about Portumna are doing. Although, he says, almost all the farmers about there have paid their money into the war-chest of the Plan of Campaign, a large number have also paid the landlord. But Mr. Tener very judiciously abstains from giving the names of those simple beings. The Plan of Campaign, he says further, has utterly broken down on the Portumna estate; but how this is compatible with the other statement, that the farmers have all joined the plan, he does not think it necessary to explain. Boycotting, again, he assures the Northern farmers, has utterly broken down, although he in the next sentence says a large number of persons were lately sent to gaol for it, and the Catholic bishop and his administrator are constantly denouncing it, publicly and privately. It is hardly necessary to tell the Northern farmers that Mr. Tener is simply trying to gull them. They are not the fools he seems to think them.

ASK THE POLICEMAN.

(Wellington Evening Post.)

MR. BALFOUR is angry, and, as men will do when in that condition, he has forgotten his manners. The Irish Secretary's irritation is, however, excusable under the circumstances. He has been completely out-manœuvred, and no doubt been subjected to a good deal of chaffing in consequence. In the game of wits with Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien Mr. Balfour has been worsted, and he has lost his temper. Money, of course, is essential to the purposes of the Home Rule party as it is to the maintenance of every other political agitation. If Mr. Balfour could cut off the supplies, he could easily crush the movement. Mr. Dillon and his fellow-delegates did well in their mission to these colonies, greatly to Mr. Balfour's annoyance. Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien have, on former occasions, done well also in America, and the supply there has not been by any means exhausted. They propose to tap it again. Mr. Balfour was extremely anxious to prevent this, and so he had them arrested on one of the numerous

accusations to which every man, woman, and child is exposed in Ireland under the elastic provisions of the Crimes' Act. If Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien were locked up they could not go to America. They managed, however, to delay the proceedings, obtain bail, and then, despite the strict surveillance and close shadowing of the police, they contrived to make good their escape to France *en route* for America, where they will no doubt meet with a triumphal reception. The circumstances of their departure will add *celui* to their visit and probably aid greatly to swell their collections. No wonder Mr. Balfour is angry at his plans so miscarrying that the proceedings intended to crush the enemy have actually proved blessings in disguise. He must be very angry indeed when he declares that regarding a matter of fact he would prefer the word of a policeman to those of Mr. John Morley and Mr. Harrison. Mr. Morley's name will live in history as one of the foremost Englishmen of his day, long after Mr. Balfour's will be remembered only as a shocking example. Mr. Harrison is not even an Irishman, although he has enjoyed the distinction of being batoned and imprisoned in his capacity as a Home Rule member. He is a young man, fresh from an English University. Mr. Balfour, however, prefers believing a policeman's testimony as to the Tipperary proceedings rather than the evidence of such witnesses. We do not admire his taste or his judgment, but the choice is characteristic. Mr. Balfour's idea of government is police espionage, and in his opinion there is no preservative of order equal to the baton.

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

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

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Roger Leix was sitting at a small table covered with maps and papers, reading a letter. He did not lift his eyes as they entered, perhaps from the fact that the officers were in the constant habit of entering, and so footsteps did not distract his attention from his work. But in the first passing glance, now that he could see him in the broad light of the morning, Maurice was struck by the change in his appearance. The face, so lately handsome and bright, was pale and thin and clouded with gravity—the gravity of sorrow and disappointment. His hair, once black and curling, was tinged with white. The form, bold, alert, and vigorous—the beau ideal of a gay and dashing leader of men—was bowed and bent, and looked as if several years had passed over his head since last they met instead of a few weeks.

"Well, Roger Leix," said the Friar, after pausing a moment in contemplation, "I come with glorious news."

The chieftain looked up mechanically and with absent eyes. Clearly his thoughts were fully preoccupied. But they flashed with some of their old brightness as they fell upon his visitor.

"Friar!" he said, as he extended his hand. "Is it really you who are here?"

"I? Yes, I have so changed that you wonder at my presence?"

"Changed? No, you could not change. But I heard you had been taken prisoner by those raiding scoundrels in Wicklow."

"So I was, Roger; but they could not keep me. The Hand that impelled me to come to Ireland brought me out of their keeping—eternal thanks to Him!" And the Friar crossed himself, whilst, as he turned for a moment his eyes upward, a gleam of confidence and trust shot from them.

"Indomitable as ever," said O'Moore. "I am as glad to see you here as if a thousand men had crossed from Spain."

"Talking of men coming!" said Tully. "Talking of men coming! Do you know the news I bear, Rory? The forces of the Government are nearing us; must be even now hard by the bridge of Julianstown."

"What?—No?" cried Roger O'Moore, starting from his seat.

"It is even so, Prince of Leix. Out of the cloud of disappointment God has sent a silver ray of light to cheer the hearts of his drooping people. Even as he sent in the olden days a pillar of fire to guide his chosen people, so he has sent us a sudden light of victory."

"I fancy your zeal has misled you, Tully," said O'Moore, after an instant's pause. "See here. Here is a report of a detachment sent out under a most capable officer—a detachment of capable men, too, for they are nearly all officers from abroad. No force is coming from Dublin. See—here it is."

"Don't heed it. It is you and they who are misled," said the Friar, vehemently. "They did not know the country, and took the wrong road. I tell you the British forces marching along passed me where I lay sheltering in a grove during the night. Fully armed and in close marching order—a thousand men, I should guess, at the least. When they had passed, I took a wide detour, came before them, and my horse dropped dead under me the other side of the bridge—else I should have been here before now."

"This is wonderful news!" said O'Moore, impressed with the manifest knowledge of the speaker.

"And as true as it is wonderful," cried the Friar.

"And as woeful as it is true," said O'Moore.

"Woeful!" said Tully, with a start of surprise. "Woeful! What is the meaning of this, Roger Leix? What do you mean by using such words?"

"I mean that it is woeful news if true," said O'Moore, in a burst of sorrow. "The greater portion of our men marched to Drogheda before daylight. From the report before me we inferred that the expected forces had abandoned their march and gone back to Dublin, or only made it as a feint to withdraw Sir Phelim's troops from Drogheda, where he is pressing the siege and means to attack and capture in a day or two. We have but few men remaining here, and they were to follow by mid day."

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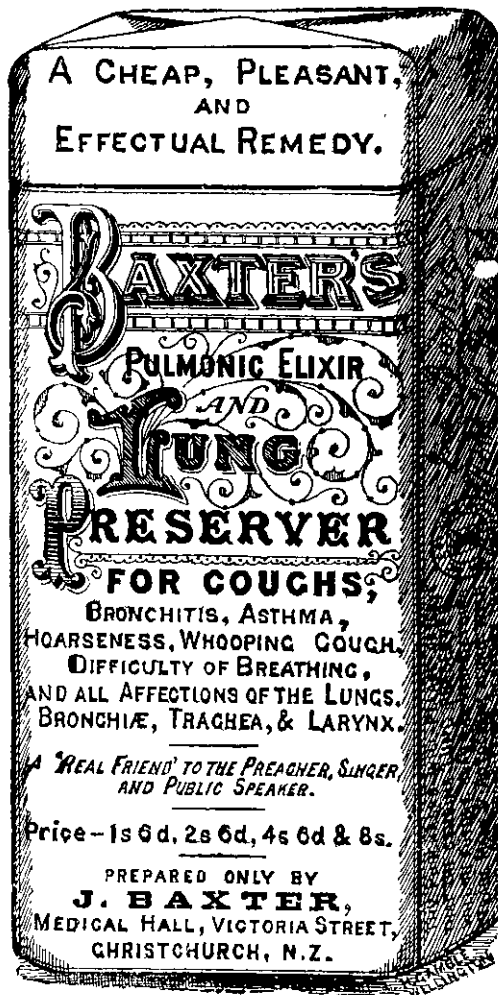
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"Roger Leix!" cried the Friar, "we are letting the precious moments go by in idle and unavailing talk. What men are there here? There must be some. What number?"

"Hardly five hundred—and these but indifferently armed—and Hugh O'Byrne's horse."

"Five hundred—five hundred!" cried the enthusiastic Friar. "Roger Leix, you are losing your old faith and courage. Five hundred! What cannot be done with five hundred men in a good cause, and fighting under the banner of the Church? The arm of God is with them—who shall gainsay it? Who shall stand up against it?"

"You speak with the faith of a martyr, Father Tully—rather than with the knowledge of a soldier," said Roger Leix, smiling at the fervid enthusiasm of the Friar, but with a smile that was strongly tinged with mortification and disappointment.

"I tell you, Roger Leix, that faith is better than worldly knowledge. Faith has triumphed before over human strength, why not now? Was it not the faith of Gideon that triumphed over foes innumerable? The spears that girt Samaria were thick as sands on the sea-shore. What routed them? Faith, and the blessing of Heaven. What set in flight the countless legions of Sisara? Oh! man of faint heart!—and yours was once and of late the gallant and resolute one—believe that God is with us and you will triumph. I promise you victory, for the hands of our enemies are red with innocent blood, and God will avenge it. I, who know it, preach to you! Muster your forces, and though they carried nothing stronger than rushes from the Mullawn in their hands, the God of battles will make them stronger than their foes."

There was something that seemed inspired in the words of the indomitable young priest. The light of inspiration seemed to glow from his eyes, and the halo of the prophet and martyr to surround his head. Roger Leix was struck by it, and, resisting the promptings of prudence, caught up some of his enthusiasm.

"It shall be as you say," he said; "men have worked miracles in the battle field under the spur of high belief—why not now? How far may the forces be from Julianstown?"

"They must be close on the bridge by this," said the Friar, with eager delight.

With an inquiring glance at Maurice as if to see what he thought of all this, Roger O'Moore tapped with his heel on the boards. The noise brought a messenger in, to whom he whispered something, and who immediately departed. Presently the sound of hurrying footsteps were heard on the stairs, and a group of officers came crowding in breathless at the call, many of them girding their swords on in evidence of the haste with which they had come.

"Gentlemen," said O'Moore, "important news has come. Our patrol has misled us, or they have been misled themselves. We have had a more correct informant, and this is the news he brings."

Whereupon the Colonel proceeded to put before them the condition of things as described by the Friar.

With complete unanimity they agreed at all hazards, and with the remnant of the forces left them, to meet the advancing foes. The fog that lay heavy on the face of the morning favoured an ambushade or surprise. They departed as hurriedly as they had come, and O'Moore despatching one or two to take stealthy note of the position and strength of the advancing force and report immediately, preparations were made with all expedition to get the troops under arms.

So active were the officers and so ready the men, that by the time the three gentlemen had prepared their plans and descended the stairs they found the troops gathered together from the various houses in which they were billeted and arrayed in line on the streets—a not unpicturesque array in the quaint old village.

The men were dressed in every kind of uniform. Some that had been equipped at the expense of the Irish lords looked gallant and brave enough, but others who had joined the rising from remote parts, or with but a vague idea of what soldiers were, looked singularly wild and undisciplined.

But it was in the arms that the singularity and variety chiefly lay. Here was carried a new musket, its stock inlaid with silver. The next man held a blunderbuss. Farther over, gripped by a giant, was a scythe, more dangerous and formidable-looking than all—the wide belt of thin cold steel glistening with murderous hue in the fog. If the peasant who held it that glancing blade got free swing with it, then heaven help the foeman who stood before him! Other men held other weapons of offence—some a spear whose tapering point showed that it had seen military service before, another a pike, whose roughly-hammered top showed that it had been lately improvised for purposes of warfare; and some had no weapons but the huge horse pistol which, when once discharged, was for no further use for combat, and left its owner completely defenceless; and many bore nothing but the naked axe and hatchet.

Noticing all these with rapid glance, Maurice looked towards Roger Leix. This army was so different from anything he had been accustomed to, that Maurice's heart filled within him at the sight of the uncouth, unarmed, and undisciplined array. An unconquerable sense of humiliation pervaded him.

The same feelings, the same sensation, must have pervaded Leix's breast, for he turned his head aside in order that he should not be seen, and so Maurice's inquiring glance fell on unanswering eyes. But it was not lost on the Friar, who knew its meaning and its import, and said, sternly:

"It is not pomp and splendour that win battles or achieve victories. It is valiant hearts, a good cause, and the blessing of God! They are unworthy of victory and court defeat who think otherwise."

Maurice stood abashed, and felt that the rebuke was not undeserved. And at that moment there came in single file, with drawn swords, sweeping down between them and the line of foot soldiers and trotting so swiftly that they were passing by almost before they knew they were coming—a squadron of horsemen. For several minutes they passed by, so swiftly that the face of no man was visible, as he bent lower over the pommel of his saddle, carrying his uplifted sword in his hand, and in a cloud of dust vanished as if they had

been some airy vision flitting past, and it was not until the last of the line suddenly stopped his flight, and, nearly throwing his horse with the sudden action on his haunches, sat motionless in his saddle opposite them that they realised who it had been.

"O'Byrne!" said all three, simultaneously, as the cloud of dust dying away disclosed the rider's features, and showed the gallant horsemen who stood before them.

"Yes, gentlemen, it is I. But there is not much time for talking, the enemy is at hand. Goote's forces are not a bugle's sound away. They are crossing the arches of Julianstown bridge this moment."

"We know that," said O'Moore, over whose face the horsemanship of the fearless Wicklowman had thrown a look of admiration. "We know that. Your news is a little late, good Hugh."

"You do! How?"

"Friar Tully brought the news."

"Friar!—eh?" said O'Byrne, turning to look at the latter. "You here! How did you escape? You bear a charmed life. Your presence is an omen of success. Friar, no cause could fail with your bold heart to back it!—and these men?"

"Are ready to march to meet them. Sorry we cannot make a better show," said O'Moore, with a recurrence of his gloom.

"Pooh! man, said O'Byrne; "that's nothing. It is skill and fearlessness that win battles and not fine display. Strong arms and bold hearts—eh, Friar?" said he, cheerily.

"Bravely spoken," cried the excellent Friar; "that is what I said myself. If the hand of God—"

"Gentlemen, there is no time for talking," said the Wicklowman, suddenly interrupting, "the enemy will soon be across the bridge of Julianstown. We must march to meet them. The fog is on our side. Let your men line the road on either side of the wood of Truach until they are in your midst. Throw them into disorder suddenly, and whilst they are panic-stricken, I and my men shall be upon them. Don't you think so, Maurice?"

"Generally, I agree with you," said Maurice, "but I don't know the ground."

"I do. I have been around it and along it since the dawn. See!"

He pointed to his horse's flanks, on which the perspiration had been churned into foam, and at the flakes that exuded from his mouth. He had evidently not let the hours slip by in slothful rest and repose.

"What say you, Roger Leix—*you* know the ground?" asked O'Byrne, backing his horse, his perfect horsemanship making man and animal look like one.

"I agree with you, Hugh."

"And you, Friar? Your enthusiasm is better than skill at the present moment. What say you? Shall we avenge Wicklow and send the murderers for judgment, their hands still red with blood?"

"Your plan is good," said the Friar. "Even as He smote the hosts of Sennacherib—"

"Good!" said O'Byrne, gaily. "Seldom was Scripture quoted to more useful purpose before. And now, gentlemen, there is not a moment to be lost. The road runs through a wood—the wood of Truach—this side of the bridge of Julianstown. Line the sides of it with your musketry and pikemen. Let the men fall into the trap. Reckon on me to be at hand. Will you come with me, Maurice? We have ridden so long together you might like to continue it. I fancy cavalry work is more in your way."

So with a nod to his late companions, he leaped upon his horse and was soon riding off with his friend.

"Roger Leix is looking downcast and disappointed," said Maurice, as they trotted forth to join the troop.

"His heart is broken, Maurice. You see, in organising this rising he based his hopes mainly, almost entirely, upon the capture of Dublin Castle. It was so easily done, it was such a certainty of success, that failure seemed impossible; but it was lost in the most simple and untoward manner, and by the agency of the wretchedest creature! And Rory thinks that it is an omen of failure—that nothing else will compensate for it!"

"I must say, so do I," said Maurice.

"Pooh, man; nonsense! The only loss was the loss of the stores and ammunition packed there. And we shall get these from France and Spain in time. But what weighs upon him most is the conviction that he has brought all the Irish families into the rebellion, and if it fails there will not be the name of one of them left in the land, nor an acre in their possession. A heavy responsibility, no doubt; but he thinks too much of it, and the shadow of failure weighs unaccountably upon him. For myself, I accept the risks; and if I fail I shall see my states go to the stranger cheerfully enough; and, if I live, shall take service once more in Spain. If I fall, why—there's an end of it. But, see—here we are!"

They had by this time come up to the swift squadron of horsemen who were awaiting silently the coming of their chief.

Meantime, and as soon as they had departed, O'Moore called his captains around him and informed them of what was intended, and where there were to be disposed to await the coming of the troops. The information came on most welcome and acquiescing ears, and in a short time they formed up, and moved forward to the place appointed.

(To be continued.)

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MELVILLE HOTEL, TIMARU.

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

Superior accommodation for boarders and visitors. Terms Moderate.

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

SHAMROCK HOTEL,

RATTRAY STREET, DUNEDIN.

J. GEBBIE ... PROPRIETRESS

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

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

JOHN GILLIES,

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

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

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

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

FURNITURE, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, FLOORCLOTHS, BEDSTEADS, AND BEDDING

of every description.

Houses Furnishing on the Time-payment System.

Factory: 11 Great King Street.

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COBB & CO'S Telegraph Line of Royal Mail Coaches from Christchurch to Hokitika, Greymouth, Kumara, Ross, Reefton and Westport, leave Springfield every Tuesday and Friday on arrival of first train from Christchurch, returning to Christchurch every Wednesday and Saturday.

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MRS. J. F. BUTLER ... Proprietress. Private Rooms for Families.

Good Stabling, with Loose Box and Paddock Accommodation.

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THE CLUB HOTEL: LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

Mr. James Condon has taken over that well-known and spacious Hotel on Lambton Quay, where business will be conducted in first-class style.

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 Our 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.

ANDERSON AND MORRISON, DUNEDIN COPPER, PLUMBING, AND BRASS WORKS, MORAY PLACE, DUNEDIN.

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 dispatch.

General Suppliers to the Trade.

Copper Washing-Boilers and Furnace Cases.

PRICE, 12 gallon Boiler and Furnace Case, 33s
14 gallon " " 36s

At our Works, "

On receipt of P.O. Order they will be put FREE on Railway or Steamer

Price and all particulars on application.

SUICIDES OF CHILDREN.

(New York Freeman's Journal, September 26.)

We find the following in a letter from Berlin:—"Since January last sixty-two children, forty-six boys and sixteen girls, have committed suicide in this city. Of this number twenty-four had attained the age of 15, fourteen their 14th year, nine their 13th, while seven were only 12 years old, and one had not attained the age of 7. In most of the cases the immediate cause of the tragedy remains a secret, but from surrounding circumstances it may be assumed to have been due to exceptional severity on the part of servants or teachers."

Berlin is one of the most purely Protestant towns in the world, and has been so ever since the so-called Reformation. The Catholics in that city are so few that they do not count in the census of the population. It is for this reason that we see in this epidemic of child suicide deeper causes than those stated in the above extract.

From the time the Berlin child arrives at the age of reason he is tortured by many of the doubts of his elders and gropes in the same spiritual darkness. No longer is his little soul comforted, nourished, guided, and illuminated by the beautiful reasonableness of a living and symbolic faith, designed by the Creator to guard him from the cradle to the grave. Most likely he was never baptised, and without the shield of the confession, the fresh and radiant innocence of youth, which the most hardened man cannot look upon unmoved, is soon tarnished by sin and becomes the familiar home of the Evil One.

Another significant fact. A few days ago the pupils in a large Berlin school rushed in a panic from the building, all of them crying "The Ghost!" and declaring that a spectre was trying to grasp them by the throat. Now in Berlin the genesis of the Protestant revolt has gone so far that most Americans would call the people pure infidels. Unbelievers are fond of accusing Catholics of superstition. Yet, as indicated by the fact quoted, and by observation, unbelievers have always been the most superstitious of persons. They fill the void of their souls with figments of the fancy. No doubt superstition played some part in this gloomy record of child suicide.

POPE LEO TO CARDINAL LAVIGERIE.

POPE LEO sent his blessing to Cardinal Lavigerie's twenty missionaries, who are to pierce the heart of Africa and carry "the tidings of great joy" to the nations in the jungles. In doing so he sent the following letter to Cardinal Lavigerie:

"We were singularly overjoyed to receive the letter which you sent, together with the solemn and touching address delivered by you on the Feast of the Chiefs of the Apostles to the body of Algerian missionaries who were about to be set forth for the remoter parts of Africa. We were the more tenderly moved by that communication, as it showed that, despite enormous difficulties, the work of those who seek to civilise the tribes of Africa advances to prosperity—a work which, as you know, We regard with particular favour, and which, by all the means that lie in Our power, We are prepared to further. Wherefore We give great thanks to the Providence of God, Who raises up chosen and high-souled men to devote themselves to this noble work, and gives to their evangelical ministry the power and the increase and the gladfulness of the harvest. Wonderful and pleasant to hear is this zeal of the missionaries, who, rivaling the first heralds of the Gospel, seek the unexplored shades of Africa, where no light illuminating with the revelation of the glory of Jesus Christ has shone; and still more glad is the tidings that the chiefs of the barbarous tribes have eagerly embraced the Christian faith, and entreat for an increase of labourers the more quickly to spread the Kingdom of God in their lands. But while We acknowledge the favour of Divine Providence in these things, no less do we admire it in that zeal with which European Sovereigns hasten in all their great strength to the cause of humanity in Africa. A signal example of this zeal has been given by the solemn assembly recently held at Brussels, at which these Sovereigns, by their representatives, assumed the patronage of that cause which for so long We have favoured. For there by the unanimous consent of the Assembly, remedies were agreed upon such as seemed most efficient to turn aside the evil which fills Africa in consequence of the avarice of those who, unworthy the name of men, by craft and barbarous ferocity, carry on a trade in the blacks, who themselves are stamped with the image of the Creator, and must be held to share in our common nature equally with all men. We applaud deservedly, and with all expression of gratitude, this noble zeal on the part of the Sovereigns of Europe. We pray for a felicitous and unimpeded result to their counsels, and we shall strive earnestly to forward them, leaving nothing undone on Our part whereby Africa may be brought under such law and morality as are worthy the dignity of the human race redeemed by Christ.

"But it must be Our chief duty to see that there may be a large number of Apostolic men to pour forth the light of the Gospel in those countries, and in this matter your noble zeal and unwearied anxiety are of the greatest advantage to Us. For though there be many methods and many influences at hand for the civilisation of the Africans, each of which has its own strength and opportuneness, nevertheless, nothing is so potent and befitting the nature of the undertaking and the spirit of the Gospel as a plentiful supply of preachers of the truth, who, like an unfettered army, may go forth to the work—as the experience of times past and the fresh memory of recent undertakings nobly accomplished have taught Us. For the Christian soldier in the fulfilling of his sacred vocation goes forward undaunted by any lust of gain or glory, but roused by the voice of God calling him, and prepossessed by His grace to fear no threats of ill-fortune. Such an one, filled with the charity whereby the Son of God was compelled to sacrifice Himself for the salvation of men, leaves his home and country that he may devote himself to the noble and divine ministry to which he gives his life's strength, weighted by no other attachment. Wherefore 'tis no matter for wonder if the heroic virtues

of men of this stamp, who are accustomed to subdue appetites of the flesh to the spirit, is strong to repeat those marvels by which the Spirit of God, when the Apostles taught, renewed the face of the earth and poured upon the people that walk in darkness, the light of faith, that should never fail. Therefore, We earnestly desire and seek in prayer from God that, despite the fury of wicked men against the clergy and religious Orders, many Apostolic men may rise up, who, compelled by the Spirit of Christ, may sow broadcast in Africa the word of God, and, if need be, may fructify the land by the flowing of blood, or at least by the sweat of their brow. In truth, wherever the awful sign of redemption shall be raised, there beside the tree of the Cross will grow up civilisation and all the arts of cultured humanity. Nor have We any doubt that you, beloved son, hearkening to Our encouragement and the drawings of your priestly soul, will hasten with instant zeal and industry to this work, upon which, following the example of Our predecessors, though oppressed by adversity and exposed to many perils, We expend the anxious care of the Apostolic ministry. Lastly we desire that you learn the pleasure We have taken in hearing of the design of the Society for the abolition of African slavery, that a competition should be set on foot among talented and eminent men, in which a prize should be given to the author of a work which shall be thought most efficient in showing how the slavery of the blacks and the fetters of the human race (things condemned by personal feeling and by public expression) should be utterly abolished and destroyed. Therefore, We willingly consent to your prayer that in the award of the prize Our name shall be used as giving marked and particular approval of the design. But though all toil and care of this kind be worthy of the highest praise—looking, indeed, to this result that the zeal of men be roused and their walls associated to a work equally difficult and salutary—yet the chief hope of a prosperous issue must be laid up in the assistance of heavenly grace, which will abide more constantly by the labourers, the more earnestly and insistently it be asked by fervent prayer. Meanwhile, in pledge of this Divine favour and in testimony of paternal benevolence, We lovingly grant in the Lord the Apostolic blessing to you, Our beloved son, and to the clergy and faithful committee to your wantfulness.

"Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 17th day of July, 1850, the 13th year of Our Pontificate."

THE CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.

THE Very Rev. Father Donohoe, of Brooklyn, New York, writes as follows:—

As pious pilgrims from France, Germany, Italy, Spain, the British Isles, and America will soon flock to Paray-le-Monial to be present at the exercises of the Jubilee, I will endeavour to describe the Chapel of the Apparitions, which will be the objective point of all visitors. This precious chapel was commenced in the year 1632. On the corner-stone these words were engraved: "Jesus, Marie, Joseph, uniques fondateurs de ce monastere." (Jesus, Mary, Joseph, only founders of this monastery.) During the sad days of the Revolution, the daughters of Jane Frances de Chantal were dispersed, their monastery sold, and the chapel turned into a storehouse. When, in 1823, the Sisters repurchased their home, their resources were so slender that they were unable to have the chapel repaired. In 1854 the Superior, having received some money for the purpose of restoring the chapel, consulted Berthier, the famous architect of Macon. The architect pronounced the chapel a complete wreck, and advised the Sisters to have it torn down. The Sisters protested, and informed the architect that the old walls and the old roof must not be touched. The architect, with the most consummate skill, succeeded in solidly encasing the old walls in Roman architecture. The altar alone at which the apparitions took place has disappeared. I asked the Sisters, the chaplains, and the Jesuit Fathers what was the most probable opinion concerning this altar, but received from all of them the same answer, that there was no data on which to base an opinion.

On the wall to the left, as you enter the chapel, is painted the Heart of Jesus surrounded by seraphim, and the Blessed Virgin giving the infant saviour to the Blessed Margaret Mary. Opposite, she is represented reclining on the bosom of Our Saviour. These great paintings can hardly be seen, for the reason that banners presented by various pilgrims cover almost all the mural decorations of the chapel. One of the most beautiful of these bannerettes is one evidently presented by some Irish pilgrim. One cannot help wondering how the pilgrims will be able to enter, even for a short time, the holy chapel during the Jubilee, as it would seem unable to seat more than a few hundred people. The great object of attraction and veneration for all the pilgrims is the silver shrine containing the body of the Blessed Margaret Mary, now exposed in the sanctuary near the altar railing. The base of this beautiful shrine is ornamented with arabesques, strown with amethysts and topazes. From the base rise twelve colonettes, sustaining arcs of the most delicate chasing. Eight pilasters, studded with precious stones, forming four angles, support four angels, bearing the following legends: "Diffusa est gratia in labiis tuis," "Defuncta adhuc loquitur," "Custodit Dominus ossa ejus," "Multum orat pro populo." Over the pilasters there is a frieze ornamented with marguerites in enamel, topaz, and garnet. The roof is ornamented with six paintings, the subjects of which are taken from the life of the Blessed Margaret Mary. It would be utterly impossible to give in writing the faintest idea of the beauty of this shrine, designed by Demontet of Bourg, and executed by Trioulier of Paris. Within the shrine the pilgrim will gaze on the image of the Blessed Margaret Mary, the face, shoulders, breast, and arms in wax.

After the blessing of the image in 1865 the bones were wrapped in cotton and cloth of gold, each one sealed with the Episcopal seal, so that none could be removed without breaking the seal. The wax figure, which can be very distinctly seen through the glass forming the sides of the shrine, is truly beautiful. The pose is very natural. The half-closed eyes are gazing lovingly on the Heart of Jesus, placed in the right hand, whilst the left holds the virginal lily. The gar-

A. & T. INGLIS'

FIRST SHOW

OF

SPRING AND SUMMER NOVELTIES

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 INTRANSIT by the Manufacturers' Agent here, and will be marked off and READY FOR SALE

T O - M O R R O W

Wednesday, 1st October.

The Shipment consists of CALICOES, SHEETINGS, HOLLANDS, BILECIAS, LOOM DOWLS, PRINTS, GALATEAS, NEW SEASON'S DRESS MATERIALS, MILLINERY, SILKS, SATINS, LADIES' UMBRELLAS, LACE CURTAINS, LINOLEUMS, FLOORCLOTHS, 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.

A. & T. INGLIS,

GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

SPRING AND SUMMER NOVELTIES!

MESSRS. BROWN, EWING & CO

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 Hobes, New Black Lace Cloths, etc., etc.

DRESSMAKING.—Estimates given for all Costumes complete Send for Samples and Self 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.

BROWN, EWING AND CO.,
PRINCES AND MANSE STREETS, DUNEDIN.

TESTED SEEDS

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. New "MODEL" SEED DRILL.

Simple, accurate, and reliable.

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

Capable of several most useful combinations.

LISTS AND PRICES.

HOWDEN AND MONCRIEFF,

PRACTICAL SEEDSMEN,

51 PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

CALLAN AND GALLAWAY

SOLICITORS

JETTY STREET, DUNEDIN,

Have Sections for Sale in South Dunedin on Easy Terms 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.

ments are similar to those worn by the Sisters of the Visitation, but the material is more precious, out of respect for the sacred relic. The habit is of black velvet, the cincture, veil, guimpe, and head-band are of silk. The couch on which the Blessed Margaret Mary reclines is draped in cloth of gold. Her head is crowned by a diadem, ornamented with pearls and diamonds, interspersed with Marguerites and lilies, blended with beautiful effect. Eighteen lamps, eight coronas, and four lustres are suspended within the chapel. Three very valuable lamps are suspended from the centre of the Chapel of the Virgin, one of them the gift of the Catholics of Holland. Before the main altar, burns day and night the "Lamp of Israel," a gift of a converted Jew. Over the communion table is a very massive lamp of solid silver, elaborately chased. This is the gift of America. Another very handsome and costly lamp is the gift of the Guard of Honour.

About eighty portable lamps, placed on the steps of the main altar and elsewhere, are always lighted. On the main altar is the standard of Portugal, presented last year by a band of pilgrims from that country. It was embroidered by the Visitation Sisters of Porto. To describe, or even mention, the other exvotos of this hallowed temple would fill a good-sized volume.

The Jubilee will close on the Feast of All Saints with the singing of the *Te Deum*, the ringing of all the bells in the town, and the exposition of the body of the Blessed Margaret Mary under the high altar of the Visitation Sanctuary.

THE FRIENDS OF DAYS GONE BY.

MARY A. FORD (UNA).

Oh, friends who gladdened vanished years,
I fondly picture all
Your dear, dear faces glowing fair
On mem'ry's love lit wall;
Through change and distance brightly beams
Each earnest, truthful eye,
For friendship's portraits never fade,
Dear friends of days gone by.

Your kindly looks and cheering words
Made smooth life's rugged ways;
Your smiles were sunshine in the gloom
Of sorrow-clouded days;
Oh peaceful, happy be your paths,
Though far from mine they lie,
And oft in spirit may we meet,
Sweet friends of days gone by.

My heart is full of grateful thoughts,
And faint would breathe in song
The deep, devotion, fervent, true,
That has been yours so long;
But far too weak are words to tell
Of love that ne'er can die—
God bless you all for ever more,
Dear friends of days gone by.

—New York *Freeman's Journal*.

CARDINAL MORAN ON THE OBLIGATIONS OF CAPITAL.

DURING an address recently delivered by him, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney spoke as follows, as reported by the *Freeman's Journal*:—During the past few weeks the thought must have forced itself upon them that the spirit of Christianity, with all its benign and efficacious influence, was most unhappily missing in the relations, of late so much embittered, between what was called capital and labour. The peace and prosperity of a community did not rest on its wealth. The wealth of *Cæsar* did not secure happiness, unless with the possession of wealth was associated the Christian spirit which would enable a man to use that wealth rightly. As with individuals so it was with a community, and it was essential to the welfare of a country that there should be a Christian influence in the operations of capital. If they were guided by the Christian spirit of which he had spoken they would be ever mindful of the great principles of Christianity—in the first place to love and serve God, and in the second place to love our neighbours as ourselves. If not guided by these two principles a man, though he possessed, so to speak, all the wealth in the world, would only experience discontent, discomfort, and unrest; certainly he would taste of no true happiness. In the case of such a man money became an idol, enthroned in his heart and in his mind—an idol, to the worship of which he became every day more and more enslaved, and wealth, instead of bringing happiness to the possessor or those around him, was only a source of trouble, and uneasiness, and anxiety. On the other hand, when wealth, in the form of capital, was used in accordance with the principles to which he (the Cardinal) had referred, it became a source of benefit, of happiness, and of blessing, alike to those whose hands disbursed it and those who, in the ways of life, received it for their labour, for their skill, and for their ingenuity. If the principles of Christianity were observed and followed there would be less clamouring for law and order, there would be fewer appeals to justice and equity in their sternest and coldest forms, and more resort to, more reliance on kindness and charity, and these Christian methods were often efficacious where justice and equity as recognised by the world, failed in the settlement of disputes and in the re-establishment of social relations which had been rudely disturbed by misunderstanding and quarrels. He might be permitted to give them an illustration of the practice of charity. Some years ago, when he was in Italy, the vineyards in a certain part of the country

were visited by a disease which robbed the peasants of the fruits of their year's work. In strict justice, as understood by the world, these poor men would have been obliged to pay their year's rent to the proprietor, though they had not made a penny by their labour. An appeal to equity might have released them from the obligation of paying their rent but would still have left them in a state of poverty and temporary ruin. The proprietor of the vineyards, however, acted on Christian principles; he put justice and so-called equity on one side, and adopted the suggestion of kindness and compassion. As the result of Christian influence the proprietor of the immense holding not only sent his unfortunate tenants a receipt in full for their years' rent, but also made a gift to every tenant of £20 to tide over his difficulties and make a fresh start. It was to be earnestly hoped that in the settlement of the great question now agitating the public mind, the methods of reconciliation would be extended so as to embrace not only justice and equity, but kindness and charity. It was essential to the true advancement of this favoured land that the social life of its people should be quickened by the Christian spirit springing from the recognition and the practice of the principles of which he had spoken, and which he hoped would be adopted and employed in the present crisis for the benefit of all classes of the community.

INFORMATION FOR WORKING WOMEN.

It is a boast often heard that there are a greater variety of occupations open to women nowadays than ever before. Yet the fact is not without its drawbacks, for women are thus tempted into scores of positions for which they are not fitted, with much consequent misery. Thousands of girls, especially in America, sit all day hammering at type-writers and telegraph instruments, stand on their feet for a dozen hours at a stretch in shops and stores, and bend over desks at some sort of writing, till their muscles and head ache together. In both England and America they labour in factories long hours over hard and monotonous tasks, often in a fearfully bad atmosphere, and for small wages. When they break down, the expense of having physicians, coupled with other costs of illness, is apt to consume their little savings. Therefore any information which will enable them to lessen such an outgo must be welcomed by the host of working women.

On this point a recent letter received by us may throw a ray of light. The writer says: "When a woman has to depend upon her fingers solely for a living it is a terrible thing to fall ill, even though it may be only for a few days or weeks. This was my own situation when I was first taken bad about ten years ago. It began with what I shall have to describe as a heavy, sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach, and a sensation of giddiness and faintness whilst at meals. On rising from the table I would often be attacked with palpitation of the heart, which beat so I didn't know what to do with myself. Some days I would not eat a mouthful of solid food, so much afraid was I of the pain it gave me. I have gone without food for three consecutive days and nights, till I thought I must surely starve. At the same time the desire to eat was so great I could have clutched eagerly at the hardest piece of stale bread. I got so bad I had to lie in bed for days, and grew so weak I could scarcely raise myself on my elbows. I consulted doctor after doctor: I think I must have had not less than a dozen altogether. One called my illness by one name, and the others by other names. No two of them agreed as to what it really was that ailed me. None of them did me any good, although my money went fast enough to pay them, and to buy the medicine they ordered.

"One day I saw in the *Christian Age* an account of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Yet how could I believe in it? I had trusted and hoped, and been deceived so often. Unless—which seldom happens—people get the right medicine at first, it is a wonder to me how they ever get it at all. What made me feel that Mother Seigel's remedy might be of some use I don't know; but I think it was because it was discovered and made by a good woman who had been cared by it herself. At all events I sent for it and began to take it. Up to the time when I write this letter I have taken it seven weeks, and the change it has produced has astonished all who know me. The pain about my heart is entirely gone, and I gain strength every day."

NOTE.—The writer of the above letter requested that her name should not be published. We feel bound to respect her wishes, although we have no doubt she will consent to our giving her name and address to any of her own sex who may desire to write to her, either directly or through us.

A somewhat similar case is that of Mrs. Annie West, of Manor Road, Bournemouth, Hants, who writes under a late date: "I desire to inform you of my wonderful recovery after taking Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I was so low as to be unable to rise from my bed, and thought I should never stand on my feet again. But by the blessing of God, and the use of the Syrup, I am so far recovered as to be able to return to my work. I am a poor widow and have to work for my living, and have on one or two occasions sold some of my things to buy Seigel's Syrup. For years I could not keep any food down and suffered from terrible headache. Now that I am well once more, I shall soon earn back a hundred times over the price of the good medicine that drove away my complaint.

The captain of the barque Catherine Sudden, arrived at Port Townsend from Siberia, reports having witnessed horrible atrocities perpetrated by Russian soldiers on exiles in Saghalien.

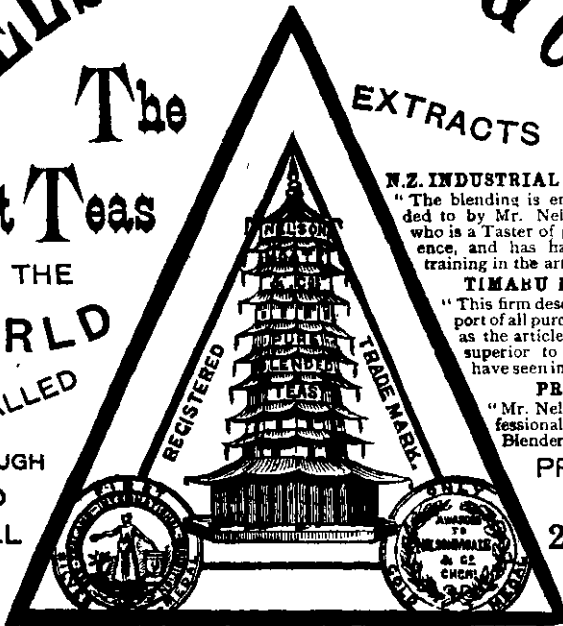
A movement of an international character to identify Catholicism with the improvement of the condition of the masses is making rapid progress in London and attracts increased attention. A number of the young Catholic leaders in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Austria have just visited Rome and secured the adhesion of a large party at the Vatican.

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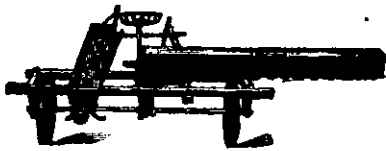
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