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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

AN EVIL PROPOSAL.

THE *Spectator* of September 13 throws, if not a new, a more vivid light upon the attempt undertaken for the establishment of diplomatic relations between Rome and England. The *Spectator* tells us that both in England and in Continental Europe Rome is correctly regarded as a "reactionary force." As a reactionary force, moreover, our fiercely Unionist, anti-Irish, and anti-Catholic contemporary would make use of Rome. The *Spectator*, in short, in an article which leads up to the conclusion that, to quote his own words, "Insular England can defy, but Imperial England can no longer ignore the Vatican," proposes that, at any cost, the aid of the Pope should be secured to resist the separatist movement. To the passages in our contemporary's article referring to other parts of the world—for he deals with the Empire at large—we need not refer. It will be sufficient for us to confine our attention to what he says respecting the Australasian colonies. His information, nevertheless, as to details is not very correct—in some respects matters being even worse than he represents them. He errs, for example, when he tells us that "two archbishops and at least six bishops are Irishmen," the Irish element among the Australasian hierarchy, being, as might naturally be expected, more on a par with the nationality of Catholic settlers than that. His representation, besides, of the Catholic Church in these colonies as making an empty show for purposes of conversion is false, but he writes as an undignified enemy and the consideration due to what he says is increased by the fact that it is so. The *Spectator*, then, believes that a movement for the severance of these colonies is imminent. "That the Roman Church," he says, "will have an active hand in the matter is certainly probable, and, unless the central authority of the Vatican controls and restrains their action and policy, it may be guessed that the weight of the Australasian hierarchy may be thrown into the scale against the mother country." "Hence," he adds, "the fatuity of those Englishmen who strive to arouse popular feeling against diplomatic intercourse with the Vatican." It appears, therefore, that a very large use is to be made of Rome as a "reactionary force." "Already in the case of Ireland," says the *Spectator*, "an appeal from the action of the inferior clergy has had to be laid before Leo XIII. himself." This, however, is not sufficient for Unionist purposes, the appeal to Rome must be established for the whole Empire. As to separation, meantime, so far as regards the Australasian colonies, with which alone we are particularly concerned, we are unable to see why Rome should take any special interest in it. The *Spectator*, indeed, tells us that "if she sees it best to flatter in that way the new democracies, and so to identify herself with them she will also advocate, both secretly and openly, the separatist cause." But as things actually are, Rome is evidently no more favoured by the "new democracies" than she is by the Imperial Government. She is not more at liberty in these colonies than she is in the United Kingdom—nay, she obtains an aid and a countenance there that here are denied to her. In England, for example, as godless schools are not forced upon her under heavy penalties, as is the case among ourselves. Why, therefore, Rome should judge it advantageous to her to flatter the "new democracies" is not, at least as yet, apparent. As to the Catholics of these colonies, separation is probably a question that, like all others relating to political matters, would be differently viewed by them. Unless some important point of religion were involved in it, there would be nothing to bind the Catholic body together either in opposing or supporting it, and it is not likely that anything of the kind would be the case. The secular system, for example, would hardly be either aggravated or amended by the change. For our own part, we may say in passing, we believe separation to be anything rather than desirable or conducive to the interests of the colonies—but we admit that other members of the Catholic body may legitimately regard the matter from a different point of view. But why "Rome" should interfere and command Catholics of all shades of political opinion to unite in opposing such a movement, it is impossible to conceive—the more especially if, as the *Spectator* says, she should

see it best to flatter the new democracies by advocating the separatist cause. Are we to understand that the *Spectator* would offer an equivalent elsewhere for what might be sacrificed in the colonies? What, however, is quite clear is that among those who are advocating the establishment of diplomatic relations between Rome and England there are some at least who would make a tool of the Vatican—a "reactionary force," if it suited them—to carry out their own ends. If these people had their will the interests of religion would be subordinated to those of a political party. In every bishop appointed, whether in Ireland or in these colonies, we must discern a political agent. No proposal, in fact, more calculated to create divisions between the Catholic clergy, whether bishops or priests, and their people could well be made. The *Spectator's* article has the one merit, that it makes Catholics aware of what is desired, and leaves no room for further disguise.

THE revival of the effort for the conversion of ENGLISH INCONSISTENT land, in which the Bishop of Salford takes a leading EFFORTS. part, seems to coincide rather singularly with an

effort, which, if we may judge by the ordinary course of things, must appear to have a tendency in a completely opposite direction. The Bishop of Salford pleads for the aid he desires in bringing about the great object—that is, the prayers of the faithful—quoting by way of encouragement the predictions favourable to the event made by saints and people famed for their holiness. One of these predictions that seems to us particularly deserving of notice, we may remark in passing, is for example, that of a Jesuit Father named Mancinelli, who in the year 1608 had a vision in which it was revealed to him that, England would at last be converted, and would be made use of by God to do wonderful things for the exaltation of the Catholic faith among the Mahometan and heathen races—her connection with those races being, as we know, long subsequent to the date of the prediction. What seems to us, however, calculated to militate strongly against the conversion in question is the effort now being made, as we see plainly from the confession published by the *Spectator*, to bring the Holy See prominently before, not only the people of England, but the whole British Empire, as a "reactionary force,"—a power to be opposed everywhere to the march of freedom and enlightenment. In fact we have in this one of the arguments by which the enemies of the Catholic church principally misrepresent her, and which those who afflict and injure her most commonly quote in excusing their actions. Must it not serve to confirm such false reasoning in the eyes of English speaking Protestants, if an agreement were made by which the Vatican would become directly allied, as the *Spectator* desires, with the opponents of the popular cause. Under such circumstances the people would certainly judge by what came before their eyes. It would be vain to quote for them the doctrine of the Church, or the decisions of theologians—and thus a very formidable obstacle to their conversion would be erected. Fortunately Rome is wiser than those good folk who form such plans give her credit for being. She is not the "reactionary force" they believe and assert her to be, and as which they would make use of her. The situation is very well summed up for instance by the *Dublin Nation* in an article commenting on the proposal of the *Spectator* to which we have alluded. "The time," says the *Nation*, "has gone by when the interests of the Church could be forwarded by alliance either with Kings or the changing Ministers of shifting factions. The future, certainly in the English-speaking world, is with the people; and as the people takes its road the Church will be found by its side, neither obstructing in the interest of Downing street nor inciting to revolution in consonance with the wishes of Californian gold kings. Its sons have won their freedom throughout the Empire, and are prepared to defend it at Melbourne, or Sydney or Wellington, or Montreal, or Dublin. They will serve their Church best by serving their country, and they are the best judges of their respective countries' needs. Catholicity in Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand, and in Ireland will be best served, not by ear-wiggling in Downing street, but by its sons proving themselves worthy of a place in the foremost ranks of respectable and patriotic citizenship in those countries. That is as well known at Rome as it is here. Downing street has nothing to give. It helped the plunderers of the

Quirinal, and it guarantees their possession of the spoil still. It can do nothing for Catholicism either in these kingdoms or in the Colonies. To do their duty the Catholics of the Empire require their independence. They are not to be made Imperialists or Federalists, or Separatists or Nationalists, as anyone directs. Nobody will claim the right to direct them in such matters. They will follow their own judgment there. Dictation will not be attempted, and if attempted would fail. The scheme of the *Spectator's* party was not made for our times." But least of all, as we have said, is such a scheme consistent with the effort now renewed for the conversion of England. We do not judge with the learning of a theologian, and have no pretence to lay down authoritative decisions in the matter. Nor is it for us to call the efficacy of prayer in question. Still in this case also, perhaps, it would be presumptuous to look for a miracle, or to omit the ordinary methods of attempting to bring about the desired end. To misrepresent Rome, therefore, in the eyes of the people, and to do so in the practical, and to them unquestionable and irrefutable manner referred to, would seem to raise a formidable obstacle to their conversion. There is certainly some inconsistency in the efforts referred to.

MR. BALFOUR, it would seem, has wasted a great deal of time. All his coercion has been a vain expenditure of force. In fact, it is not quite easy to see how the right hon. gentleman is to be excused, or how, allowing him to be deserving of praise in one direction, it is possible not to blame him in another. If he had only shown his face in Ireland a little sooner, the whole agitation would have collapsed, and all the trouble would have been spared. Mr. Balfour really has been a very neglectful personage, and deserves serious censure. Better late than never, however—that is, for the Tory cause; for, of course, where Mr. Parnell and his followers are concerned, the matter must appear in quite a different light. Mr. Balfour, then, has arrived in Donegal, and, behold, the whole county is at his feet. Nay, we may almost gather that the people of the county have been reinforced for the occasion by the population of the greater part of Ireland. Mr. Balfour, in short, has had an ovation which, we are told, has set the Parnellite organs beside themselves. The hollowness and vanity of the Parnellite undertaking are now completely exposed. Was it not known all along—to the Unionists and their sympathisers, at least,—that Ireland did not want to have anything to do with Mr. Parnell and his party. The landlord, apart from the prejudices they instilled into the popular mind, was quite a beloved sort of a person. The people were satisfied with their lot, rather preferred paying three times as much as their holdings were worth as rent, and looked upon eviction as a wholesome change. The normal condition of a peasantry is that naturally with which they are content, and starvation, being normal among the peasantry of Ireland, necessarily formed the object of their contentment. Only for the Parnellites, they would never have suspected they were not among the best off peoples in the world, and their state of rural innocence and peace would never have been broken in upon. The halcyon countenance of Mr. Balfour, however,—or was it his legs, which, we understand, are also very engaging and deserving of notice?—appeared among the people, and all has been restored to its former condition. No wonder the Parnellite Press is in a state of distraction. The whole structure of Nationalism, built up by the efforts of years, has toppled down about their ears, and Mr. Balfour dances a reel on the ruins. What now is there, in fact, to hinder an immediate dissolution of Parliament? The Tories sent back by the country with Mr. Parnell's whole contingent at their tail would present a noble spectacle to the world. There is the palpable proof within their reach. There is ready to their hand the confirmation of the despair exhibited in Parnellite quarters. Are they not prepared to avail themselves of it? The cable, notwithstanding, we very much doubt as to the nature of the ovation accorded Mr. Balfour. We very much doubt as to the stupidity imputed to the national Press.—Ovations are matters easily arranged for, and surely our friends the Ulster Orangemen may be accredited with a capacity to bring about that much. Let us hope, however, that there really is cause for the people of Donegal to rejoice at the visit paid them by Mr. Balfour—and that cruel disappointment may not be all the result. The promise of relief, indeed, from the famine that stares them in the face may well give them a moment of exultation. They know that it lies within the power of the Chief Secretary to stand between them and starvation if he has the will to do so—and his presence among them must seem to them a pledge of his good will. Unhappily as fair a promise, hailed by the people with the delight of deliverance from a terrible fear, has ere now proved deceitful in Ireland. We do not see then that there is no room for Mr. Balfour to escape from the reproach he must incur, if it were shown that all that had been necessary to transfer to him the popularity so far supposed to be enjoyed by the national leaders, was his personal appearance in Ireland. At any time, even in the midst of the most marked discontent, he would be secure of a civil reception—such being in the

nature of the Irish people. Looked upon now, as it must be, as a pledge of aid in dire necessity his presence is naturally recognised gladly, if not quite with a genuine ovation. The national Press has nothing to fear. Mr. Balfour will leave the Irish people, whether saved from famine or not, quite as determined to obtain their rights as he found them, and with their full confidence still given to the leaders to whom they already owe so much—aye, even the presence of the Chief Secretary among them, and his promises of assistance. May these promises prove sincere and may their fulfilment be in time to avert the threatened famine.

THE following telegram reaches us in the news received by the San Francisco mail: "The London *Star* says that the summoning to Rome of the four archbishops of Ireland is believed to be a final effort on the part of the Vatican to assist the Tories in these critical times. The elections being near, prompt measures are necessary to propitiate Lord Salisbury. The Vatican is convinced that it is to its own interest to maintain the Tories in power." We do not vouch for the truth of anything contained in this telegram. We do not know, for instance, that it is true even that the four archbishops of Ireland have been summoned on political business to Rome, and as to the rest of the report, it must be taken merely for what the opinion of the London *Star* is worth. Some occasion, however, there has certainly been given of late to the enemy to blaspheme. Such, for example, has been an accusation brought against the Canon Law by Mr. Gladstone, and which has afforded to the London *Tablet* an opportunity, not only to defend the law accused—which, as a Catholic organ, it has ably and conclusively done—but also in its political character to give to the statesman it opposes a severe reprimand. "He must greatly underestimate the importance of his writings," says the *Tablet*, "if he does not see what is likely to be the result of two such statements united together as: (1). 'We are told Canon Law prevails in Malta. (2). Dr. Dollinger remarked that, according to Canon Law, it is not murder to slay an excommunicated man out of zeal for Mother Church.' Are there not anti-Catholic societies, tract-writers, journalists, and platform lecturers, ready to fasten on these two propositions thus stated, and to draw the conclusion that an Englishman's life in Malta is not safe from the stiletto of an Italian zealous for the Church and prompted by those who are familiar with Canon Law." As we have said, the *Tablet* has conclusively proved that Mr. Gladstone was misled by Dr. Dollinger and vindicated Canon Law, but it has also identified Mr. Gladstone with the mischievous enemies of the Catholic Church. Very possibly this event had a part in giving rise to the opinions published by the *Star* as to the disposition of the Vatican towards the Tories. The times are critical and it may well be believed that every slip on the part of the friends of Ireland is quoted at Rome to urge and illustrate the dangers to religion that must necessarily result from their success. And yet the very methods which Rome is represented as employing to sustain her interests, if they were truly represented, must show how confident she was in Irish fidelity. There is, for example, no other country in Europe concerning which it could be believed possible that its prelates would be summoned to the Vatican, to take the Holy Father's instructions relating to the control of their people in a political struggle. Nothing but the utmost confidence in the faith and docility of the people could permit of such a course, and the testimony borne by it would be the strongest proof that could be given of their religious stability. The opinions, nevertheless, published by the London *Star* seem to us more than doubtful. Whatever Mr. Gladstone may have said of late to give his opponents an advantage against him, and capable of being used in an attempt to arouse the alarm of Rome, it is hardly credible that an effort would be made to influence the electors in Ireland, or to support Tory candidates there in opposition to the followers of Mr. Parnell. The suggestion of such an effort, in fact, brings before us the not very edifying, and rather reprehensible, but, at the same time, most amusing scene of the election in Mr. O'Brien's book "When We Were Boys." We do not highly appreciate the fidelity to the nature of the character of Monsignor McGrudder; we do not think any such picture of an Irish priest should ever have been given to the world by even the most privileged hand. Admitting that oddities may be found in every class of society and among the members of every calling and profession; and, notwithstanding the fact that, clear and brilliant as it is in many respects, Mr. O'Brien's book is distinctively a book of oddities, the character of Monsignor McGrudder is still grotesquely overdrawn. Until a Monsignor McGrudder should in very deed arise, it would be quite impossible that any ecclesiastic could come forward to act the part suggested by the London *Star*. Nor do we believe that, as the *Star* again asserts, it is to the interest of the Vatican to maintain the Tories in power. Not to speak of England, where the interests of the Vatican—that is to say, the interests of religion—depend upon the favour with which it comes to be regarded by the masses—in Ireland and throughout the empire the Catholic populations, with no exception worth speaking of, on whom the local standing of the Vatican is based, are opposed to the Tories; and surely it would not be to the interest of the Vatican to be at

political variance with the body to whose existence it almost entirely owes its importance within the Imperial limits—and, failing whose presence, the Tories, on whose genuine friendship it may repose but little confidence, would treat it with scant courtesy. On the whole, then, although we may take it as not improbable that the Archbishops of Ireland have been summoned to Rome, as we are informed on the authority of the London *Star*, the rest of the matter contained in the telegram we have quoted appears to us doubtful and little worthy of consideration.

A ROMANTIC EPISODE. THE flight of Mr. Dillon and Mr. William O'Brien from Ireland has added a new chapter to the romance of war. They escaped from Dalkey, in a row-boat which conveyed them to a yacht lying

some two miles off the shore and which after a passage of six or seven days landed them at Cherbourg, their supply of fresh water being nearly exhausted. In France, as a matter of course, the refugees were submitted to the inevitable interview, the correspondent of the London *Times* among others, calling on them. It is to this gentleman, we may add, the report is due that Mr. Dillon estimated the collection to be made in America at £100,000, a report doubtful in its substance and, as we see, more than doubtful in its source. All kinds of rumours have necessarily been spread abroad as to the intentions and sayings of the gentlemen referred to. Few of them, however, seem of sufficient authority for quotation. It is probable, nevertheless, that, as stated, Mr. Dillon fixed four months for the length of the American tour, and expressed his expectation of a year's imprisonment on his return to Ireland. If, meantime, Mr. Balfour has become the white-headed laddie of the Irish people, as seems to some folk portended by ovations in Donegal, what must the effect be? In that case it might be as well perhaps for Messrs Dillon and O'Brien to remain permanently in America, for, not to speak of a vain imprisonment, why should they grieve themselves by returning to a country which, though dear, had proved ungrateful? As the operatic hero sings—*Patria, cara ed ingrata!* Meantime, there appears to be a slight flaw in the enthusiasm attending on Mr. Balfour's progress through Donegal. Orange devotion does not everywhere accompany his presence and even native Irish politeness has, in at least one instance, been found wanting. At Gweedore, for example, the chief Secretary has been groaned, apparently losing his temper under the ordeal, and denouncing against the unmannerly crowd a continuation and renewal of coercion. To those who understand Mr. Balfour's temper the ovation must necessarily seem a pressing obligation. On the whole then the chances are that the fidelity of the Irish people is valid. Not even the blandishments of Mr. Balfour, easily exchangeable as they prove for threats, are likely to wean the people from their allegiance to their leaders. We may rationally conclude that the sympathy of the people accompanies Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien on their visit to the States and that on their return they will find a grateful country awaiting them. Vengeance not triumph will possibly be Mr. Balfour's part. But, as Mr. Dillon is also credibly reported to have said, they have been prisoners so often, a few months more or less do not frighten them.

Roman Notes.

It is asserted that the trouble in Malta had its origin in intrigues promoted secretly by Signor Crispi, for the purpose of stirring up in the island an agitation in favour of union with Italy rather than with England. The Maltese, however, are too good Catholics to become very ardent in their desire to be subjected to a Government notably at war against their Church, and which would impose severe restrictions on their religion. Some distrust towards England they doubtless entertain as a Protestant power, who, if possible, would gladly weaken their allegiance to Rome—and whom, indeed, they accuse of indirectly attempting to do so. Having, nevertheless, nothing directly to fear from her, they prefer her rule to that of Italy. An Irredentist propaganda, therefore, as matters are at present, has little chance of succeeding among them. But, apart from any such motive as that alluded to, the personal character of Sir John Lintorn Simmons, with whom as a former Governor of their island they were acquainted, and whom they distrusted and disliked, was in itself calculated to excite their alarm. A letter from the Holy Father to the Bishop of Malta has allayed the excitement and strengthened the Bishop's hands in recalling his people to their duty and putting them on their guard against evil men, whose object it was, on the pretence of asserting the rights of religion and patriotism, to work out irreligious ends.

It seems in some degree inconsistent with the accusations brought against Signor Crispi of attempting to promote Irredentism in Malta that he has recently made a raid in Rome on the clubs that, under the names of Oberdank and Barsanti, work for the accomplishment of Irredentist objects. Ten of these clubs were surprised by the police, whose search resulted in bringing to light, among the rest, a quantity of explosive bombs, ready to be used at a moment's notice and capable of deadly execution. In revolutionary circles extreme indignation is expressed against Signor Crispi, whom they especially denounce as having himself been an ardent member of

their body. Patriots of the Crispi stamp, however, are generally guided by what most nearly concerns their own personal interests. To understand the apparently inconsistent action of such men, it is necessary to know all their concerns—private as well as public.

The iron line that closes round the Vatican becomes more narrow every day. It has now been explained by the Government organs, referring to a dispute as to the right of the municipality to intrude upon the precincts of the palace in carrying out its work, that the Law of Guaranties, properly interpreted, claims the Vatican as owned not by the Holy See but by Italy. No thing more clearly than this shows the Pope's position, proving him to be in the power of men who are guided by nothing more just or honest than expediency, and who are prepared to deal with him and everything relating to the office he fills as it serves their own interests.

It has been arranged that the King was to visit the port of Soezia for the purpose of witnessing the launching of a new man-of-war. A warning, however, that the occasion would be taken advantage of by the French fleet in the Mediterranean also to visit the port caused his Majesty to change his intention. The Government is haunted by the fear of a French attack, and shrink from giving the anticipated enemy any advantage by which they might profit for future needs. An inspection of the fortress in question, therefore, is especially dreaded by them. The nature of the withdrawal of King Humbert from his project has been perfectly understood in France, where it has not served to make feeling towards Italy more cordial.

A series of riots has taken place in Rome, as the result of an election displeasing to the mob. The successful candidate was Count Antonelli, a nephew of the late Cardinal of that name, and who, as an African explorer had deserved the gratitude of the Government by services rendered in negotiating with the King of Abyssinia. There were two defeated candidates, Ricciotti Garibaldi, who had recently resigned, and a Signor Barzillari, a native of Friest, who, having at one time served a short sentence in an Austrian prison had become a popular hero. The Government were determined on the election of Antonelli, and worked heaven and earth, it is said without much scruple, to bring it about. The consequence was the riot spoken of—in which a good many shop-windows and other fragile articles have come to grief. Nothing very serious has resulted, but the temper of the mob has been shown—but, after all, the mob of a bankrupt city, where want and misery are now rampant and likely to increase, as even the most ardent admirers of United Italy admit, as they are in Rome, must be expected to be rather short of temper. Viewed in such a light, moreover, those bombs found in the Oberdank and Barsanti clubs have a particular significance.

Italy has been visited by a violent storm, which did a great deal of damage in many of the towns and villages. It was especially severe at Cortona near Florence, where, besides numerous houses, some of the churches were ruined. Near Siena a train was swept off the line, many of the passengers being seriously injured.

The officers of an Austrian man-of-war who have visited Rome, have given grave offence to the Government by seeking an audience of the Holy Father without taking any notice of the powers that a-sser themselves. The gallant sailors are to be congratulated on their manly reverence for religion, and the fearless manner in which they did their duty.

The establishment by a French bishop of a society, which, under the title of the *Serviteurs de Saint-Pierre*, should have for their end the restoration of the Temporal Power, has caused some sensation. The Government organs express a confidence that, under no circumstances, could the French Republic be induced to lend its aid to a such undertaking. They, nevertheless, betray that they entertain some doubt on the subject by proposing that all bishops and *curés* who follow the evil example shall be deprived of their *emoluments*. In regard to this they propose that Italy should relinquish all claim to French territory, such as Corsica and Nice, now included in the Irredentist plans. But were there no fear lest the Republic should effectually countenance the project in question, such an offer would never be thought of. Notwithstanding all the boasts of the Italian Government, they evidently look upon the Roman question as still far from being settled. Their doubts become all the more striking when they are expressed in relation even to a Government from whom so little sympathy for the Holy See might be expected as from that of the French Republic.

The latest robbery reported is that of the valuables presented as votive offerings to a miraculous picture of the Madonna in the church of Santa Maria della Pieta. These were removed some time ago by the Government under the pretence of safe-keeping. The centenary of a confraternity attached to the church has lately been celebrated, and in connection with it a request was made that the valuables in question should be restored for the occasion. The request was, however refused, the explanation of course being that the articles had been confiscated to the benefit of the powers that be. So the course of justice proceeds at Rome, the plunder and ill-treatment of religion being incessant and unblushing.

A HANDSOME church built at Carpineto and dedicated to St. Leo by the Holy Father, has recently been completed. It is, however, is not the only gift which the Pope has bestowed upon his native place. Two other churches have been rebuilt there by him; a high school for girls has been erected and endowed; a refuge for old people has been opened, and an observatory established. The town in short has been suitably enriched with monuments of the piety, charity, and learning, which distinguish its illustrious son.

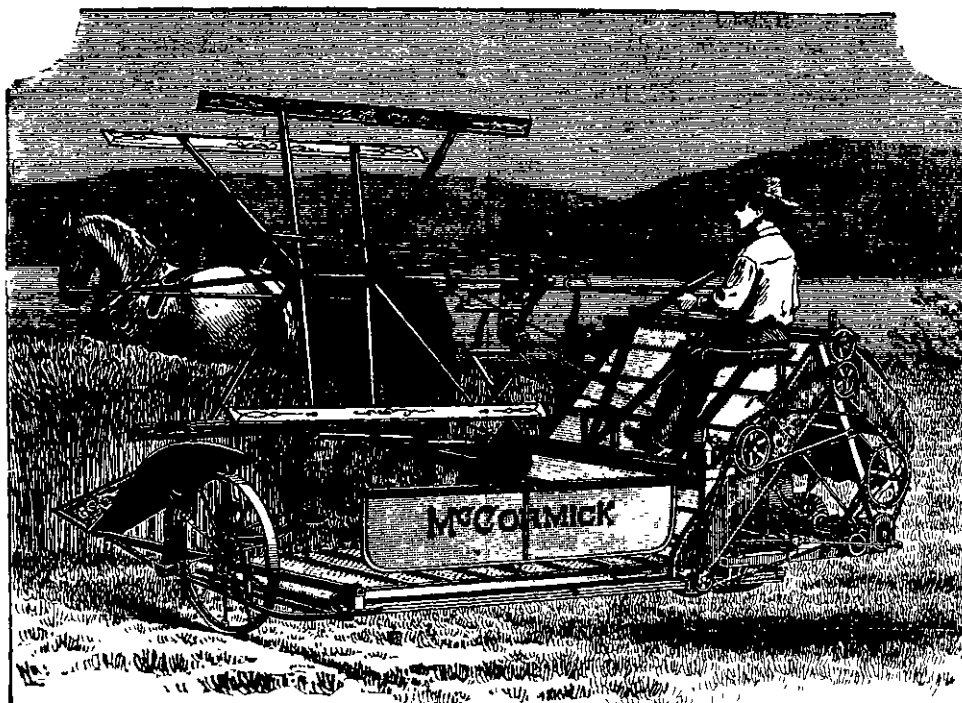
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Zanardelli are at present engaged in drawing up the Bill. Signor Crispi, however, who has managed so well to dispense with the law, will hardly now avail himself of it. His kindly consideration, therefore, for others, less brazen or less ingenious than himself, may be the more admired.

A meeting of the municipal authorities and citizens of Bologna has called attention to the miserable condition of the country, and the apparent indifference of the Government to the pressing need. Meantime the state of Rome, with its streets of modern ruins, or uncompleted buildings, and unoccupied houses, is notorious throughout Europe. The suffering of Italy under the new condition of things has been great and general, and as yet there is no promise of amendment. On the contrary everything points to a likelihood of worse to come.

THE MISSION BELL.

By MAGDALEN ROCHE.

"Where was I yesterday, partner,
That I wasn't one of those
Who spent all day at euchre
And drank till the sun arose?
Well, I was far from Danvor,
Down in the plain below,
Where you see the red roofs shining,
In the sunset's parting glow.

"And now I wonder greatly
What was it that brought me down,
For it wasn't to buy provisions,
And it wasn't to see the town;
For I seldom leave the station,
Now Jake brings up my store,
And I had been drinking and gambling
The whole long night before.

"Well, I was rather restless,
And sleep fled from my eyes,
Till I saw the grey dawn breaking
And the round red sun arise;
And I wandered down undeeding,
How far I could not tell,
Till I heard on the wind at morning
The sound of the Mission Bell.

"I fought with Grant at Vicksburg,
And mined on the Rockies' side,
And never was called a coward,
Nor ever was told I lied;
But the sound of that sweet bell ringing,
Like a voice from other years,
Drove the warm blood from my temples
And filled my eyes with tears.

"Far off the snow-capped Sierras
Flushed rosy in the light
That crowned the mountain's summit
And dimmed my dazzled sight;
The yellow surbid river
Swept on in mad career,
But these faded in an instant
When the sound broke on my ear.

"And once more down Slieve Martin
I trod, a boy in years,
On the pleasant Sunday mornings
Among my young compeers;
And lingered 'mid the heather
And tender mountain grass,
Forgetful for the moment
Of the catechism class.

"But when in warning accents
A bell rang clear and sweet,
We, downyard from the mountain
Sped on with hurrying feet;
So yesterday I followed
That sound, until with tears,
For the first time I listened
To Mass, for twenty years.

"And when I gazed around me
I thought that I should see
Some old familiar faces
Of friends once known to me—
Of some who now are sleeping
Beneath the daisied sod,
Whose prayers, perhaps, have led me
Back to the house of God.

"So now, old chap, to morsow
Shall see me on my way
To that spot where dark Slieve Martin
Towers o'er Rostrevor Bay,
And when I'm gone, then for me,
Please bid the boys farewell,
And say my life's best message
Came from that Mission Bell."

—Boston Pilot.

AN INTERESTING MARRIAGE.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

WEDNESDAY, November 5, 1890, will long be remembered by those whose privilege it was to be present at the marriage of Miss Katie J. Walsh, of Pukerau, to Mr. Thomas Lynch, of the Railway Service—which, perhaps, is better known as one of Otago's most prominent footballers—which took place at Mr. Richard Walsh's hotel at Pukerau on that day.

Miss Walsh, who is well known in Dunedin, where she was an important and valued member of St. Joseph's choir for a long time, has, since her removal to live with her brother at Pukerau, been leader of the Gore Catholic choir, the very existence of which is almost entirely due to her efforts and attention, and has won golden opinions from all parties, not only on account of her musical abilities, but also because of her willing assistance in all matters of local interest; and it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the Gore Catholics should choose the occasion of her marriage as an appropriate one for bestowing upon her some suitable recognition of her services.—The wedding party was not a very large one, being composed chiefly of the immediate personal friends of the parties, with some of the more prominent members of the choir; but there was, nevertheless, a considerable number present. An altar was tastefully fitted up in one of the rooms of the Pukerau Hotel, and Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Newport, of Gore, who also very impressively performed the marriage ceremony.—The bride, who was very neatly and charmingly dressed in clear surah silk and wore the orthodox veil and orange blossom wreath, was attended by Miss Cantwell (of Dunedin), Miss Kitty O'Hagen (of Pukerau), and Miss Katie Muivie (of Gore) as bridesmaids, who were also very prettily attired and formed with the bride an elegant group; Mr. D. Popplewell (of Ravensbourne) stood by the bridegroom.—When the ceremony was finished, and the couple had received the hearty congratulations of those present, Miss Katie Muivie, on behalf of the Gore choir and parishioners, read the following address to the bride:—

"To Miss Walsh, on the occasion of her marriage, November 5, 1890.

"We, the members of the Catholic choir and not a few of the congregation, desire to offer you our hearty felicitations on this happy day. We deeply regret to have to part with one who has so many sterling qualities, who has made herself a general favourite, and whose cultivated voice has so often resounded in our little church to raise our hearts in sweet melody to Heaven above. We are well aware of the many sacrifices you have made to be amongst us, as leader of our choir, on festive days—fatigue or the inclemency of the weather proving no obstacle. We venture to hope that your lot may yet be cast among us, that your dulcet tones may still rejoice us, and that you may continue what you have succeeded in making such a success. In conclusion, we wish you and your fortunate partner a long life of prosperity, full of peace and happiness. We beg your acceptance of these souvenirs, which, by a long way, fail to express our appreciation of you.—Signed on behalf of the choir and congregation, Mary Green, Nora Muivie, Mary Griffen, Mary Flanagan, Maggie Collins, Mary Hanley, Nana O'Connor, Bridget Heher, Mary O'Kane, Ellie Collins, Mary Holland, Bridget Ward, Nora Green, and others."

The address, which was most beautifully engrossed and illuminated by Mr. J. King of Gore and elegantly mounted, was accompanied by the presentation of a splendid marble time-piece with a silver mounted biscuit barrel, butter dish, and silver cruet, all suitably inscribed. Both the address and the presentation will form most pleasing mementoes of the occasion, and the happy relations which have always existed between Miss Walsh and the Catholic congregation of Gore. The bride also received numerous other useful and valuable presents, including table ware in silver and china, books, furniture, etc.

The ceremony over, the whole party sat down to a substantial breakfast, during which the health of the bride and bridegroom was drunk in bumpers, and the other toasts appropriate to such occasions were duly honoured and responded to. The happy couple left by the northern express, amid a shower of good wishes and rice, for their new home at Balclutha, where Mr. Lynch is now stationed.

Professor Eugene O'Curry, the Irish scholar, who died in 1862, was born at Dubha, near Carrigaholt, County Clare, 1796. His father Owen Mor O'Curry, had a thorough knowledge of the language, antiquities and traditions of the country, and possessed a collection of Irish manuscripts, partly collected by himself and inherited from his ancestors. When a young man Eugene was employed in a situation in Limerick. He devoted his leisure time to the prosecution of Celtic studies. Not long before his death he remarked to a friend:—"It was not until my father's death that I fully awoke to the passion of gathering those old fragments of our history. I knew that he was a link between our day and a time when everything was broken, scattered and hidden; and when I called to mind the knowledge he possessed of every old ruin and every old manuscript, every old legend and tradition in Thomond, I was suddenly filled with consternation to think that all was gone forever and no record made on it." O'Curry was associated with John O'Donovan, Doctor Petre, Mr. Wakeman and James Clarence Mangan, in the topographical and historical department of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, and his duties led him into researches amongst Irish manuscripts and the libraries of Trinity College and the Royal Irish Academy, restoring, deciphering and transcribing their collection of Gaelic manuscripts. The Irish Archaeological Society was inaugurated in 1840, mainly trusting to the assistance he and O'Donovan were capable of giving. On the establishment of the Catholic University in Dublin O'Curry was appointed Professor of Irish History and Archæology. His "Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History" was published in 1861, and his "Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish" appeared in 1867. He was also the author of many pamphlets and other works on Irish history and antiquities and was a voluminous writer for Irish magazines.

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RATRAY STREET, DUNEDIN.

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

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

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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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Wines and Spirits of the Best Quality
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Cabinet-maker, Upholsterer, and Under-taker, 18 George Street, Dunedin (late Craig and Gillies), begs to notify that the Liquidation of the late firm is now closed.

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RELICS OF THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE following letter from Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P., appears in the *Times*—

"Sir,—The remarks of the Speaker at Leamington with reference to the history of the maces of the British House of Commons have attracted so much attention that I venture to think some account of the mace and other relics of the old Irish House of Commons will not be devoid of interest. In 1863 the late Mr. Whiteside, who then represented Trinity College in Parliament, and was afterwards Chief Justice of Ireland, delivered a lecture in Dublin on the Irish Parliament, and thus notices the mace of the House of Commons:—

"I have been reminded," he said, "by Sir B. Burke, that the mace of the Irish House of Commons is now at Antrim Castle, an honoured heirloom. The last Speaker, Mr. Foster, a determined anti-Unionist, refused to surrender the 'bauble' to any but the constituted authority, by whom it had been entrusted to his keeping, and consequently it has descended to Mr. Foster's grandson and heir, the present Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, K.P." ('Life and Death of Irish Parliament,' p. 204.)

"The mace of the Irish House of Commons was better known to the public at large than the mace of the English House of Commons. The Irish Speaker (if I may use the expression) resided, not in the environments of the House, but in Molesworth street. In fine weather he used to walk in his robes from his residence to the House of Commons, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing the mace, and as he passed through the streets was received with honours of which Royalty itself might well be proud.

"Some other relics of the Irish House of Commons can still be traced. I saw a few years ago in an exhibition in Dublin the exquisitely-bound prayer-book used by the chaplain. A magnificent candelabrum was suspended from the centre of the ceiling of the Irish House of Commons. When that chamber was, a few years after the Union, demolished to meet the requirements of the Bank of Ireland, the candelabrum was transferred to St. Andrew's Church, Dublin, which bore, in former years, the same relation to the Irish Parliament that St. Margaret's, Westminster, bears at present to the British Parliament. On the destruction of St. Andrew's Church by fire in 1860, this precious relic was saved, and found a place in the Examination Hall of Trinity College, where it still remains.

"The benches on which the members of the Irish House of Commons sat are now in the rooms of the Royal Irish Academy, in Dawson-street, and are sometimes occupied by the members of that learned body.

"The destiny of the division bell of the Irish House of Commons is remarkable. It found its way after the Union to the Theatre Royal, Dublin, and was in use in that establishment for over half a century, sharing its fate when destroyed by fire about ten years ago.

"The interest of this subject will, perhaps, excuse its irrelevance. The Speaker seems to incline to the conjecture that the mace of the Long Parliament is at Kingston, Jamaica. If this be so, it is interesting to think that the historic 'bauble' in its new home beyond the seas was once more the symbol of authority of an assembly which endeavoured to maintain its rights.

"In Charles II.'s time," says Mr. Long, "the Earl of Carlisle was sent here (to Jamaica) as Governor, and brought with him a body of laws fashioned after those in Ireland pursuant to Poyning's Act, with instructions to get them passed here. But the Assembly rejected them with indignation. No threats could frighten, no bribes could corrupt, no art or arguments could persuade them to consent to laws that would enslave their posterity." ('Long's History of Jamaica,' vol. I, p. 11.)—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"Dublin."

"J. G. SWIFT MACNEILL."

Colonel Vigors Halloden, of Carlow, in the first report of the Society for the Preservation of the Memorials of the Dead, gives an instance of the destruction of ancient Irish memorials that not a vestige of a tombstone or memorial of any kind marks the spot where the remains of Ireland's great patron saint are interred at Downpatrick. At Clare Island the tomb of Grace O'Malley, "Grannaille," a handsome cut-stone canopied one, in the chancel of St. Bridget's Abbey, has the lower portion of it embedded in earth and covered with manure, the place being used as a shelter for cattle. At Ballintubber Abbey, County Mayo, the tomb of "Theobald of the Ship," son of "Grannaille," and first Earl of Mayo, is subject to similar desecration. At Kiltane, County Kilkenny, a splendid thirteenth century full-length, mail-clad figure of one of the De Cantwells is half buried in weeds and rubbish, and many other instances in various parts of Ireland. As a partial remedy for this state of things Colonel Vigors suggests that the local Government Inspectors should periodically furnish reports on the state of all graveyards in their districts. He adds that there are at present two richly-fluted, triple headed stone doorways to a public-house in Bagnalstown, which belonged to the ancient Church of Gowran, which were removed as old materials by the contractor at the restoration of the Church.

There is a disease in Ireland other and more serious than the potato blight. What is it? The London *Star* answers the question as follows:—"Hasn't it ever struck the reader that there must be some disease in Ireland other than the potato blight? Flesh and blood is too cheap in London—aye, and what is it in Ireland? There the landlords have contrived that the people shall be content to till the soil for a bare allowance—of roots. Ireland raises many things besides potatoes. She has butter, she has cattle, she has bacon. But all that she produces, and always has produced, for exportation—in simple words, she sends it to us (to England) in order to pay rent to the absentee landlord, who spends in Piccadilly what the peasant scrapes together in Cork or Donegal. This is landlordism in Ireland this is what it always has been, and always will be. This, and not the potato blight, is the disease that afflicts Irish society." This and British rule are the diseases that generate famine in Ireland. Until the causes are removed there can be no cure.

INDIGNANT PORTUGAL.

THE *Temps* publishes a long letter from a special correspondent at Lisbon. He found the population on his arrival there, much excited about the reported conclusion of an African treaty between England and Portugal. They feared the fate of their country was to be that of the lamb in the fable. Major Serpa Pinto is at present a popular hero in Portugal. His voice has resounded like a trumpet blast and has awakened the Portuguese. He has made them feel that they are in danger of becoming vassals of England. The correspondent of the *Temps* resolved to interview the popular hero and ask him what parts of the old Portuguese colonies were to be exposed to English action, and what he had done to bring down upon himself the anger of the London Foreign office. He found the Major in his study, shaking the ashes of his cigarette into an earthenware spittoon representing a corpulent John Bull with money-bags in his hands, a red face, and the complacent smile of a man who has secured his fortune.

Major Serpa Pinto explained the events which have occurred with the aid of the map published by the *Temps*, which is, it appears, a rough copy of a very complete map published last year by the Portuguese Colonial Minister. It is enough to mention that on it the northern limit of the Portuguese territory crosses Lake Nyassa almost due west of Cape Delgado, while the southern boundary includes the whole basin of the Shire and Zambesi. The mission with which the Major was entrusted in 1889, was, he said entirely scientific. He accompanied a commission who were to study the construction of a railway on the Shire, where it is not navigable. He had an escort of 500 men. Two hundred were to be left with the railway commission. The remaining 300 were to proceed to the Teta district. The object of the railway was to connect with the sea a Portuguese mission, established by Cardinal Lavignerie at the southern extremity of Lake Nyassa. On arriving at Mpasso the Major was told that the Makololo of the Shire, near Katunga's, were about to stop his progress, and they had so frightened the people of the country that the Portuguese party could get no provisions, even at double their usual price. The King of the Makololo was a dreadful drunkard. Every afternoon he came to the banks of the river to sip ardent spirits and look at the crocodiles. It gave him a great delight to throw a child to these reptiles and to see them fight for it and crunch it. If the mother of the infant cried or grumbled she was flung in too. The cruelty of this tyrant shocked the Major; he would gladly have fought with him, but he was deterred by the danger of a struggle with his 14,000 subjects. He therefore returned to Mozambique and informed the Government of the obstacle he had encountered. In October, 1889, he left Mozambique to return to the Shire, after having enlisted from 6000 to 7000 Caffres in the Lower Zambesi and obtained arms and cannon. The Makololo attacked him in mass at Mpasso. He thought they were in flight when they turned, headed by two men, each carrying an English flag. He was not stopped by this subterfuge, the origin of which he guessed. The battle recommenced. His Caffres killed the two standard bearers and took their flags. The King fell in the fight, and the Makololo were pacified. "It was in fact," continued Major Serpa Pinto, "the English who had perfidiously stirred up the resistance of the people." A short time ago, with the consent of the Portuguese Government, the English founded a mission at Blantyre. The whole number of persons connected with it including women and children was 20. These were the only English in the interior of the country, and to this population of 20 persons Portugal owed the calling in question of her conquests made ages ago. The English missionaries had discovered the mineral and other riches of the country, and feared that Portugal was going to turn them to account. Major Serpa Pinto's schemes probably thwarting their own they conceived the idea of advising the Makololo to make war against him and seize his person, for the enemy were told that he was acting on his own account and not for his Government. After discussing the small resources of the British Lake Company, which had the audacity to wish to lay its hands on East Africa, and the seizure by the Portuguese of two great boxes containing steel hand cuffs for the slave traders, manufactured at Birmingham, Major Serpa Pinto could no longer restrain himself. "His eyes," says the interviewer, "filled with anger at the idea of England asking explanations from Portugal." He said, "There are no other words, sir, to describe the conduct of the English in this matter than these—they are pirates, they are thieves."

Forest fires have done much damage in Russia.

"H. W. M." writes to the *Guardian*:—"Would you allow me to correct certain inaccuracies that have appeared in the reports of Cardinal Newman's funeral, touching the attendance of his relatives? He has no sister now living, but all his nephews and nieces and many members of their families also were then present. It seems worth while saying this, because the Cardinal not only wished it so, but himself left precise and thoughtful instructions for carrying out his wish; and this is only one of many proofs he gave of the abiding strength of his family affections.

Here is an item of news which we find in the *Montreal Daily Star*:—"Toronto, August 19.—The armed and uniformed Orange battalions of Toronto are in deep disgrace. Four thousand of them went to Hamilton to spend a civic holiday. In the evening special dispatches to the newspapers began to pour in telling wild stories of their disorderly doings. The *Spectator*, in a two column article, says, among other things:—'They were, without any doubt, the most disorderly and degraded gang of hoodlums that ever gathered within the gates of Danburn Park. The sweet, pure air was laden with profanity, obscene talk, curses and threats and most blood-curdling blasphemy. The police have seldom had to endure a greater tax on their temper.' These are the sort of persons who in Belfast and Derry object to Home Rule for Ireland, and they are the sort of persons, who have more influence in the existing government of Ireland than Mr. Parnell and his eighty-four colleagues, who are the selected representatives of the mass of the Irish people.



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Irish News.

Antrim.—A fierce attack was made by the Queen's Island workmen on a party of 600 hundred excursionists of St. Joseph's Sacred Heart Society, who left Belfast per steamer for Cushendall. The party, composed mainly of women and children, were terrified by a fusillade of iron bolts being sent into their midst from the yard as the steamer passed. Many were struck and severely wounded. Nothing more scandalous occurred in Belfast since the riots of 1886.

The usual meeting of the Belfast National League was held in St. Mary's (Minor) Hall, Rev. P. Convery, Adm., St. Peter's, presiding. There was a good attendance. Joseph Glennon, secretary, having read the minutes of the previous meeting, they were confirmed. The chairman, referring to the political situation, said the battle between the present Government, the people of Ireland, and the justice-loving people of England had been a long and severe one, but seemed to be now drawing to a close.

Carlow.—Reaping has commenced in Bagnalstown district under favourable promise of quality and weight of grain. Though potatoes are touched by blight, the appearance of the tuber is good and will be found productive except in the low-lying and hilly districts. Corn crops are a very fair average.

Cavan.—Matthew Fitzsimmons, of Barrin, Virginia, has returned from Kilmainham Gaol after undergoing a sentence of fourteen days' imprisonment imposed on him for watching his evicted farm.

From latest statistics it appears that there are 150,554 acres under all kinds of crops in this county. The three largest are meadow and clover, 70,891 acres; oats, 38,911; and potatoes, 27,940 acres. Total area of the county is 477,899 acres.

Clare.—Kilrush has a population of 3,805 persons. 2584 persons speak Irish only, and 62,502 Irish and English in this county. The population is 141,457.

The house of John Donnellan, at Thome, was recently attacked by an armed and disguised party of moonlighters who demanded admittance, which Donnellan refused. They then fired shots into the dwelling. Donnellan and his son were in bed opposite the door, and one of the bullets grazed the father's chest. A bullet hit his son in the arm, and another entered the jaw, passing upwards under the ear, around the head, and passing out at the back of the head.

Cork.—Whilst the South Cork Militia were in training in Kinsale recently a collection was organised amongst the men to aid the completion of Father Mathew's Memorial Church, and the Centenary Committee have acknowledged the generous contribution of £20 9s from the battalion.

Rev. T. Crowley presided at the last Whitechurch National League meeting. A grant of £6 was received for the evicted tenants, J. Cashman, D. McAuliff, and C. O'Keeffe. The treasurer was directed to send £10 to the Central Branch and £2 to the Slattery Testimonial. The officers and committee were elected for ensuing year: Rev. T. Crowley, president; James Murphy, treasurer; Daniel Cashman and J. J. Humphreys, secretaries; Messrs. Lyons, Hegarty, Crowley, Cashman, Lihen, Curtis, Humphreys, Sheehan, Konan, and Humphreys, committee.

Derry.—A great temperance demonstration, to celebrate the centenary of Father Mathew's birth, was held at Portstewart. The meeting was held on the Castle grounds, and round the platform were assembled over 2,000 persons, representing Coleraine, Portrush, Portstewart, Garvagh, Kildollagh, Aghadowney, Ballyrashane, Killeague, Castirol, Articlare, Dunboe, Giant's Causeway, and Linnavardy.

Down.—127,752 persons emigrated from County Down since 1851. The population according to latest tabulated statement is 272,107 persons.

Dublin.—The south side of Howth Hill, known as Censor, recently took fire. As the heath and fuzes were dry the flames spread with extraordinary rapidity, but were arrested by men cutting a trench, which confined it to the immediate vicinity.

Fermanagh.—Rev. M. McGlone presided at last Rosslea National League meeting, when the following resolution was adopted: That this meeting desires to express its confidence in John Dillon, and our entire disapproval of the attitude adopted by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, towards him and the Irish party.

Galway.—The Martins of Ballynahinch were owners of 200,000 acres. This was once a powerful family, but is extinct and the estate passed into other hands.

The disgraceful state of the famous old ruins of Abbeyknockmoy is annoying the inhabitants. Whether the Board of Works in Dublin, in whom is invested the ruined abbey and round towers of the island, or the proprietors of the lands be responsible, it certainly does not reflect credit on either.

The most successful National League Convention ever held in Ballinasloe recently assembled in the League Hall. James Lynch, one of Clanricarde's evicted tenants, presided. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed throughout.

Kerry.—6871 persons in the County speak Irish only, and 92,467 Irish and English. Total population, 201,039.

An invading force of bailiffs and police entered Ballylerriter, and carried off a colt and a yearling belonging to Bart Manning, of Blackfields for rent due to Lord Cork. On their way to Dingle the bailiffs' side-cars got entangled with a cart belonging to some countrymen and thrown into a dyke. The colt became restive, threw one of the bailiffs, and after considerable difficulty was recaptured.

Kildare.—A preliminary meeting of the Duke of Leinster's tenants who purchased holdings under Lord Ashbourne's Act was

held in the Town Hall, Kildare, August 6. The meeting was called to discuss the advisability of memorialising the Government to extend the time of payment of annual instalments of the purchase money from forty nine to eighty years, and thus reduce the annual interest to half what it is at present. Another meeting, more general in character, but mainly for the same purpose, was arranged for.

King's County.—Mr. Powell, editor of the *Midland Tribune*, was charged at Banagher with publishing a resolution passed by the Lorrha Branch of the League urging a pasturage boycott. Mr. Powell was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and conveyed under a strong escort of police to Tallamore Gaol.

Limerick.—Statistics relating to the matter show that from 1881 to 1888 157,128 persons emigrated from this county. The population is 180,632.

The O'Grady has taken proceedings against the remaining tenants on the Herbertstown estate, and John Sullivan, Relieving Officer of the Kilmallock Union, has received the usual notice to the following cases:—John Egan, Michael and John Callaghan, John Dwyer, Thomas Hayes, James Sullivan, Patrick Kelly, Thomas Kearney, Maurice Healy, John Dineen, Michael McGrath, and Bridget Lynan, all in Herbertstown.

The condition of the potato crop in the Western portion of this County is giving rise to grave apprehension. The blight has appeared, and the gardens present a withered appearance. It is feared that it will spread, and that the crop will be utterly valueless. In Abbeyfeale the outlook is particularly gloomy. It is believed the potatoes are in such a state that no matter how the weather may change the crop is beyond redemption.

The attendance at last meeting of the Limerick National League branch was unusually large, as matters of great and local importance were to be discussed. After a lengthened debate on matters relating to John Dillon and Bishop O'Dwyer, Mr. Moran proposed the following should be expelled from the League on account of their conduct in the Town Council relating to John Dillon's resolution to confidence, which was lost:—The Mayor, Alderman Duane, Patrick Herbert, Bryan O'Donnell, J. McCarthy, P. Kenna, and Alderman Walker. The resolution was carried unanimously.

Mayo.—The cliffs on western shore of Achill island rise 1,800 feet above the sea. Achill is twenty miles long, area 35,283 acres, and has a population of nearly 5,000.

Notices of eviction at the suit of General Palmer against a dozen families in Glenisland parish, were laid before the Board of Westport Union at last meeting. This means destruction to four or five score of human beings—more than the gallant General ever killed upon the battlefield. General Palmer's motto should be a crowbar with the words, "The crowbar is mightier than the sword."

Monaghan.—Rev. P. Magan presided at Currin League meeting recently. The sum of £5 was voted to the Central Branch. There were present three members from the St. Patrick Branch, Slamenen I.N.L., Scotland. Mr. Rudden delivered an eloquent address, in which he assured the meeting they were working earnestly in Scotland for the independence of Ireland. The reverend chairman proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Rudden, which was unanimously passed.

Surgeon Rush presided at recent Town Commissioners' meeting, when, on the motion of Mr. Garmley, seconded by Mr. Tierney, O. McNally was elected Chairman for the ensuing year. On the motion of Mr. McAleese, seconded by Mr. Tierney, a resolution was adopted calling on the Monaghan Guardians to avail themselves of the privileges allowed under the "Labourers' Dwelling Act" and provide proper houses for the workers of the district.

The appearance of the crops in Clones district is healthy. Should the weather turn out fine and warm a good, abundant harvest is expected. The potato crop looks remarkably well, and up to the present disease has not been observed. The hay crop is very heavy, and farmers are busy mowing and saving. Oats look long and thick. Flax looks well. Turnips and mangolds produce will average other years.

Latton was the rendezvous for Aghnamullen West National League branch. The following resolution was passed:—That we renew our confidence in upright, honest John Dillon and his colleagues of the Irish party. The action of a man sending his flax to an objectionable mill was condemned. Should it happen again his name will be struck off the roll, as the Aghnamullen men consider that any person who deals with land-grabbers or the emergency gang ought not to be members of the branch. The police paced up and down during the meeting, and then shadowed the prominent members of the committee to their respective homes.

Roscommon.—The population of the County is 132,490 persons, of which number ninety-five speak Irish only, and 21,494 Irish and English.

At last meeting of Tulsk National League Branch, Luke Shannon presided. The meeting condemned the cruel and vindictive treatment to which Mr. Tully is subjected in Tallamore Gaol. The district has subscribed £60 to the tenants' Defence Fund. A hope is entertained that Michael Mangan, who was evicted by Nolan, of Lisnamee, will be re-installed.

At the recent examination held in the Royal University, Earlsfort Terrace, Dublin, J. S. Mahon, Boyle, competing with representatives of all Ireland, took first place in Latin, fourth in Greek, and honours in logic, obtaining a first-class exhibition, value £36, with fourth place. He has, in the aggregate, won prizes valued at £217 since June, 1888.

Tipperary.—Out of a population of 119,612 persons in the County, 248 speak Irish only, and 23,558 Irish and English.

The Town Commissioners of Carrick-on-Suir at last meeting unanimously passed the following resolution:—That we, the Town Commissioners of Carrick-on-Suir, hereby express our unswerving confidence in John Dillon, M.P., and the Irish Parliamentary party, and condemn any vile aspersions sought to be cast upon them, no matter from what source they emanate.

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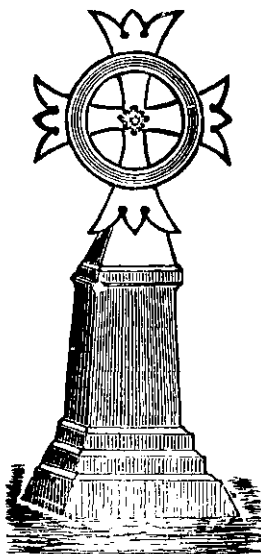
D.D., late licensee of the Cricketers' Arms, having purchased the Lease and Goodwill of the above Hotel, begs to inform his numerous friends, old customers, and the travelling public generally, that he has renovated and re-furnished it throughout, comfort, cleanliness, and moderate charges being his 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.

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

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The City Tram Cars pass the Hotel every few minutes from the City to the Ocean Beach.

Good Stabling and Loose Boxes.

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Tyrone.—It is estimated that there are 69,004 milch cows in the County, valued at £1 242 072. Total number of all kinds of live stock, 271,956; value, £2 235,901.

The Union Registration Committee of South Tyrone are hauling in all the police pensioners to swell their voting power at next election. It is difficult to say what even an ex-policeman will do with the secrecy of the ballot within his reach.

Waterford.—The Mayor presided at recent Waterford City National League meeting. The number attending was miserably small, which called forth the following remarks:—Hr. Holden—When we were returning officers we had all the swell members here, and as soon as they got returned they didn't turn up again, but sat at home at the fireside (laughter). Alderman Redmond moved a vote of thanks to the Mayor, which was seconded by John Higgins, and adopted. The Mayor, in replying, said that no matter what Watermen might say, the National League in Waterford at present was a disgrace to them. At this poorly-attended meeting a resolution of confidence in John Dillon was passed.

Westmeath.—The people of Rathowen parish attended with carts and crates to the number of over seventy, laden with turf, and presented them to Mr. Fagan, of Farras, as a mark of their sympathy with him and his family in their eviction. The procession was conducted by James Killlean, secretary of the Rathowen Branch of the League.

Wexford.—The battle of Tubberneering was fought on June 4, 1789, between the gallant Wexfordmen, under Bagnal Harvey, and the Royal troops, under Colonel Walpole. The latter were defeated.

The Wexford bakers have decided that night work must be abolished. In future they will work only from 6 a.m. till 6 p.m. They also demand an increase of wages of four shillings per week.

Wicklow.—There is not one person in the County who speaks Irish only, but 243 speak Irish and English. The population is 70,886.

The Glendalough estate and Lugganure Mines, property of the Mining Company of Ireland, have been purchased by Mr. Wynne, of Ballybrophy, for £3 450. On the lands are situated the ruins of the Seven Churches and St. Kevin's Bed. It is stated that Mr. Wynne intends to work the mines.

BISHOP GIBNEY'S RETURN TO PERTH.

(W. A. Record, October 16.)

ON Saturday morning last his Lordship Bishop Gibney returned from his long journey, extending over five months, to the north-west coast. Preparations had been made to welcome him on the previous day, when it was expected that his arrival would take place, but owing to the extremely tempestuous weather, the s.s. Australand was fated to make an unusually dangerous and long passage from Geraldton on the occasion. On Friday the little community of Subiaco, as well as the pupils of St. Bridgid's school, had to put up with a disappointment. They had gathered at their respective railway platforms to greet the Bishop with a first cheer, and then to go on to Perth and join in a general procession of all the schools from the central station to the cathedral. This was not to be; but on the following day, as soon as the great bells of the cathedral tolled out the notice that the Bishop was surely coming, young and old hastened to the church in such numbers as to form a goodly-sized congregation.

At the railway station, the principal Catholics of Perth awaited to greet his Lordship. He was met there by the Vicar-General and Father Kelly, Messrs. B. Smith, J. Horgan, F. Moorhead, T. Quinlan, A. Lee, Lieutenant Campbell, and many others, including also some ladies, were on the platform when the Bishop came up, looking not a whit the worse for his rough experience in the bush. A stately carriage and pair was in waiting outside the station to convey the Bishop to the cathedral. The route was taken at a slow pace to admit of the following of as many persons as were fortunate in procuring vehicles. Leading into the cathedral an avenue, hung with the gayest flags procurable, had been made from the outside gates to the porch of the church. An arch of greenery was erected at each end of the avenue and the poles which upheld the waving flags were decked out with palms and flowers. The interior of the cathedral presented a charming appearance. The altar and sanctuary, which had been entrusted to the artistic care of the Sisters of Mercy, were cleverly and grandly decorated and the body of the church, the care of a small but select committee of ladies, reflected great credit on their taste and skill. It was admitted that on no other occasion had the church been so splendidly ornamented. Dr. Salvado presided at the organ and pealed forth a triumphal symphony as the Bishop walked up the church to take his place at the prie-dieu before the altar. *Te Deum* was then sung by the choir led by Mr. O'Callaghan, and Benediction of the Host Holy Sacrament given by the Vicar-General, assisted by Father Doyle. After Benediction a united address of welcome from the clergy and laity of the diocese was read by Father Bourke. The vicar prefaced the address with a few remarks to the effect that—in deference to His Lordship's well known aversion to the repetition of compliments, it had been decided on that only one address should be presented. But, without any doubt the words he was about to read were the simple truth as to the feelings of gladness with which both priests and people regarded His Lordship's safe arrival home, and the cordiality with which they one and all bid him welcome.

The address ran as follows:—

"May it please your Lordship,—On the glad occasion of this, Your Lordship's return to your Episcopal See, we the undersigned, as representatives of the whole flock committed to your pastoral care—both Clergy and Laity—join in fervent thanks to Almighty God, as well as congratulation of heartiest welcome to Your Lordship, on an event which is to us a subject of joy.

"Not without anxiety have we followed the notices that reached us of Your Lordship's heroic labours in the North. These toils, undertaken in the welfare of the Aboriginal tribes of that part of the Colony, we knew were not to be undergone without serious risk even of life itself. And we were also aware that it was not only peril from the fierce and savage natives—to whom many a pioneer has fallen victim—that had to be feared, but also the yet more certain danger from the malarial character of the climate under the inevitable conditions to which Your Lordship was exposed in the wilderness while engaged in founding the Mission which is to be carried on by the Trappist Fathers.

"We rejoice that the dangers are now happily passed away and that they have resulted in the establishment of the Mission Station at Beagle Bay, piously named the "Holy House of the Sacred Heart," which with God's blessing upon it and under the conduct of the zealous missionaries of La Trappe may one day rival in its career of usefulness the great native mission of New Norcia.

"That Your Lordship may be long spared in health and grace to rule over us and to carry out further great works for the honour and glory of God and welfare of humanity is the heart-felt prayer and wish of all who with us rejoice in recognising you as our brave and beloved Bishop. Clergy: A. Bourke, V.G., W. B. Kelly, J. Doyle, E. O'Reilly, L. Martelli, B. Delaney, T. Dooley, etc. Laity: P. A. Gugerl, Jao. Horgan, F. Moorhead, J. A. Campbell, B. Farrelly, H. Brady, J. F. O'Callaghan, T. Quinlan, B. Smith, etc."

In reply His Lordship said:—He thanked God for having granted him the favour of a safe return through the perils of his journey by land and sea, and, with the recollection of these fresh in his mind, standing as he now did upon the altar, he felt as though he were on the threshold of heaven. He thanked Father Bourke and the clergy, and his dearly beloved the laity, for their kind address of welcome. Continuing his remarks, His Lordship said:—I went from you as the leader of a zealous band of missionaries, and though many were the dangers to be encountered and the difficulties to be overcome, I and my companions felt instinctively that we were strengthened from above through your supplications to the Throne of Mercy. I know that, without the prayers offered by you on our behalf, our strength and courage would have been insufficient to combat successfully all we had to encounter. For this spiritual aid I tender you thanks, yes, a thousand thanks. Had it not been for your prayers I feel certain I never could have obtained that grip upon the work so necessary to ensure success.

The Mission is now an established fact, and with the blessing of God and under the zealous care of the good missionaries, much will be done to better the condition of the poor natives. These natives are a singularly fine race of men. They are noble and high-spirited, and though in their natural state wild and savage, yet in the hands of the kind-hearted fathers they are gentle as lambs. You do not know them, but I do, for day and night, and week after week, while seeking a place to establish the mission did I travel with them, and always found them patient under difficulties, and sincerely grateful for the services we came to do them. I ask you to pray for the Trappist Fathers, to pray often as I do to God to grant them health and strength to continue their charitable labours as nobly in the future as in the first days of their mission. You do not, you cannot know, as I do, all that has to be endured, all that has to be suffered in commencing such a work as they have set their hands to. They have begun their labours splendidly, but to carry them on to a successful completion they want helping hands. They want a staff, a large staff of helpers, such as is now in existence at New Norcia, mentioned by Father Bourke, to work the complete reclamation of the natives, and the number of this staff I have fixed at twenty-five. More there may be, fewer there cannot be. You must bear in mind that these natives, though black in colour and savage by nature, are our brethren, with us to be saved, and composed of the same flesh and blood, and shall we not do something to ameliorate their sad condition? Thanks be to the merciful God, I am able to inform you these noble, kind-hearted Fathers have already done much to raise the aborigines from their former state, and to give them an insight into the grander purposes of life, and to implant in their hearts a desire to merit the glorious hereafter. I mentioned before that we had much to endure, much to suffer, and I must add, and I do not blush to make the acknowledgment, there was much to be feared. Situated as we were in the wilderness at the mercy of strange savages, we found much to awaken within us sensations of fear. But God gave me a duty to perform, and, though I am not a hero, I knew I must do it or die in the attempt. However, God strengthened me, and I always did my best. Thanks be to Him, all those perils are now passed, and once more I am amongst you, and thank you from my heart for your kind welcome. Once more let me tell you how truly glad I am to be with you again.

In conclusion of the ceremony, the Bishop gave his episcopal blessing from the altar on all present, and all who wish him well.

Someone in Belfast having called attention to the absence of Mr. Gladstone from Cardinal Newman's funeral, Mr. Gladstone has written:—Men of eighty do not often travel to attend funerals; but that is not the main point. There seems to be misapprehension as to the relations between the illustrious Cardinal and myself. They were marked by uniform and extraordinary kindness upon his part. They were principally by letters, and were rather casual and slight. All the world were his admirers, but I was scarcely entitled to reckon myself among his friends.

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

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 CLOSSES AT SIX O'CLOCK, EXCEPT SATURDAYS.

Note the Address—

MRS. LOFT,

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

J. MERRELL, MANAGER.

J. NISBET, Painter, Glazier, Paperhanger iton 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 every where, 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 NO MORE! Robertson's PECTORALINE No. 1 cures any ordinary cough or cold.—1s 6d; by post, 2s. Robertson's PECTORALINE No. 2 cures a cough of long standing.—2s; by post 2s 6d. Wonderful in its action.

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

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

Robertson's ENTERA TULVIS 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 ulcerated leg of 30 years' standing, and a case of skin disease of 35 years.—1s 6d and 2s 6d; by post, 1s 10d and 3s.

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

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, Rabbit-skins, 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 BEIR, 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, 540 pp., strongly bound. 3s 6d.

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

Commercial.

MESSEES DONALD STRONACH AND SON report for the week ending November 5, as follows:—

Fat Cattle.—The market was moderately supplied to-day with 148 head, about 50 head being prime and the rest ranging from medium to inferior. For best pen there was again brisk competition, and prices realists were quite 10s a head better than those ruling last week. Medium and inferior participated in the rise, but not to the same extent. Best bullocks sold at £8 5s to £11; medium to good, £6 15s to £7 10s; light and inferior, £3 15s to £4 10s; cows and heifers, £3 5s to £7 5s. We sold on account of Mr. James Harrison (Strath-Tairi), bullocks at £6 7s 6d, and cows at £5 15s; on account of Mr. William Kirkland (Elmgrove), bullocks from £7 to £9 10s, and heifers from £5 7s 6d to £6 5s; on account of Mr. J. Wylie (Greytown), bullocks at from £6 5s to £7 5s, and heifers at £5 12s 6d; on account of Mr. Thomas Kirk (East Tairi), bullocks from £6 12s 6d to £8 15s, and heifers at from £5 17s 6d to £6 2s 6d.

Fat Sheep.—2384 crossbreds and 200 merinos were penned to-day, about half of which were wethers, the remainder principally old ewes. There were several pens extra prime wethers, large and heavy weights; but a large proportion of the sheep yarded were medium weights, though prime quality. The ewes forward represented all sorts, and ranged from prime to inferior, all penned being good useful mutton. Prices were somewhat irregular, but on the whole the average showed a decline of nearly 1s on last week's rates. Best crossbred wethers sold at 17s to 20s; medium to good, 14s 6d to 16s 3d; light and inferior, 12s to 13s 6d; best crossbred ewes, 15s 6d to 17s 6d; ordinary, 12s to 13s 9d; shorn sheep, 5s 9d to 13s. We sold on account Messrs. A. and J. Brown, halfbred ewes at 14s 9d.

Fat Lambs.—Only 94 came forward for to-day's sale, ranging in quality from medium to extra prime. These were barely sufficient to meet the requirements of the trade, and a brisk sale resulted, prices being from 1s to 1s 6d better than last week. Best pens sold at 12s 6d to 15s; medium, 9s to 10s 6d. We sold on account of Mr. Donald Gunn (Sandymount), a draft of lambs, the best offered at Burnside this season, which topped the market, and were bought by Mr. Chas. Allen at 15s.

Pigs.—230 penned, nearly all of which came from the North. All descriptions, except stores, were represented, and met a very dull sale, prices all round being lower than at last sale. Suckers sold at 6s to 11s 6d; slips, 15s to 17s; porkers, 21s to 26s; baconers, 27s to 40s. We sold on account of Mr. J. T. Cook (Wyndham), small suckers at 7s.

Flock Rams.—We report the sale of all Mr. George L. Sise's flock rams from his celebrated pure American flock near Hampden, at a satisfactory figure, and that orders have since come in for a considerable number, which, unfortunately, cannot be supplied.

Store Cattle.—There is a fair demand for store cattle of all sorts, well-bred, quiet bullocks being most in request; but all sorts find buyers at proportionate values. Large four-year-old bullocks in forward condition are much wanted, and this class would at present meet a ready sale and at full prices.

Store Sheep.—There is a strong demand for well-grown crossbred wethers and hoggets, but in view of shearing being so close at hand owners are not desirous of selling until after shearing.

Sheepskins.—The usual gathering of local buyers was in attendance at the sales on Tuesday, when large catalogues of dry and green skins of all classes were submitted. There was brisk competition throughout the sales; prices were, however, hardly up to last week's quotations. Green crossbreds sold at 4s to 6s 3d; halfbreds, 4s 3d to 6s 8d; merinos, 3s 10d to 4s 11d; lambs, 8d to 1s 3d; dry crossbreds, 2s 3d to 5s 7d; half-breds, 2s 8d to 5s 1d; merinos, 1s 10d to 4s 7d; pelts and lambs, 6d to 2s 5d.

Hides.—Since last reporting there has been no alteration in values. Heavy good conditioned hides meet a ready sale at comparatively fair values. Light and inferior sorts are difficult to place, and can be sold only at a great sacrifice, owing to the market being seriously overstocked with hides of this class. We quote:—Prime heavies (in faultless condition), 2½d to 3d per lb; medium to good, 2½d to 2½d; light, 1½d to 2d; inferior (bulls and slippy), 1½d to 1½d.

Rabbitskins continue to meet a fair demand, although the market is not so buoyant as it was during the last few weeks. The attendance of buyers at the sales on Monday was not quite so large, and prices were decidedly lower. There were only small catalogues submitted, and the bulk of the skins offered were made up of spring take. Prices for best skins ranged up to 17d.

Tallow.—The little coming forward is readily bought up by the local manufacturers at quotations. Prime rendered is in demand, and sells at 20s to 21s per cwt; medium to good, 17s to 19s; inferior and mixed, 13s 6d to 16s 6d; best mutton tallow, 13s 6d to 14s; inferior to medium, 9s 6d to 13s per cwt.

Grain.—Wheat: The market is quiet, though bare of prime milling and not over supplied with medium quality. Millers have sufficient stocks for present requirements, but as a bare market is also reported from Canterbury, we may expect prices to harden as soon as the stocks of flour they at present hold are reduced. We quote: Prime milling Tuscan, 3s 9d to 3s 10d; best do velvet, 3s 8d to 3s 9d; medium to good, 3s 5d to 3s 7d; best red wheat (nominal), 3s 5d to 3s 6d; medium, 3s 3d to 3s 4½; inferior and fowls' wheat, 3s to 3s 8d (ex store). Oats: A considerable export business has been done in this cereal since last reporting; and all qualities of short oats have met with ready sale at quotations. Long tartarian and Danish are, however, very difficult to quit. Black oats, of which there are considerable stocks on hand, meet with little or no demand. We quote: Milling, 1s 3½d to 1s 4d (sacks extra); feed, 1s to 1s 3d (sacks extra). Barley: There is no demand whatever, the market for this grain being quite stagnant. We quote: Prime malting, 2s 6d to 2s 9d; medium, 2s 3d to 2s 6d; feed and milling, 1s 6d to 2s (ex store, sacks extra).

Grass Seed.—The season, which has been a comparatively busy one, is now nearly past. Occasional lots still find buyers, and there will be little if any seeds to carry forward. We quote: Best machine-dressed perennial ryegrass at 5s; best farmers' dressed, 4s; badly dressed and inferior, 2s 4d to 3s 9d. Cocksfoot is in demand for shipment. We quote best samples at from 4½d to 5d per lb.

Potatoes.—The market is well cleared out of old, unpicked lots, and as none have been arriving for some time past, prices are firming a little. Freshly-picked consignments now coming forward could be disposed of at from 30s to 40s. For old lots out of condition and inferior sorts from 10s to 20s has to be accepted to avoid total loss.

Chaff.—The market is supplied with sufficient for requirements. Prices are firm, at for prime, well-cut oats, £1 17s 6d to £2 2s 6d; medium and mixed, £1 10s to £1 15s.

Dairy Produce.—The market is quiet. There is little demand for factory made cheese, but stocks are low. Butter is in over supply, and is difficult to quit at—for prime salted, 7d to 8½; fresh, from 3½d per lb. We quote factory cheese at from 4d to 4½ per lb.

MESSEES DONALD REID AND CO., DUNEDIN, report for the week ending November 12, as follows:—

At to-day's sale we submitted a large catalogue, consisting of both dry and green skins. The attendance of buyers was only moderate. Bidding was brisk, and prices were quite up to last week's. Dry skins, in shipping condition, of which our catalogue was principally composed, were again in request, and several large lines of heavy half-breds and merinos offered by us to-day elicited keen competition and brought satisfactory prices. Green half-breds sold at 4s 7d to 7s 8d; do crossbreds, 3s 10d to 6s 3d; do merinos, 2s 11d to 4s 11d; do lambs, 8s 1 to 1s 5d; dry crossbreds, 2s 1d to 5s 9d; do halfbreds, 2s 3d to 6s 5d; do merinos, 1s 10d to 5s 7d; do pelts and lambs, 8d to 2s 3d.

Hides.—In this market there is no change to record. Prices still rule very low. Nor is there at present any indication of an advance in values. There has been some inquiry for lines suitable for shipment, but so far no business has resulted. We quote—prime heavies (in faultless condition) 2½d to 3d; medium to good, 2½d to 2½d; light, 1½d to 2d; inferior, bulls and slippy, 1½d to 1½d per lb.

Tallow.—Only a few small parcels of medium rendered and rough fat have come forward this week. For these and all other qualities there is a ready sale, local manufacturers purchasing freely. We quote: Prime rendered, 17s to 19s; inferior, 12s to 15s; rough fat, 9s to 13s.

Grain.—There was a large attendance of buyers at our weekly auction sale held at our stores on Tuesday last. Bidding was fairly brisk, and the whole catalogue was disposed of.

Wheat.—As millers have large stocks of flour on hand, they are not purchasing at present, and business is comparatively at a standstill. There are very few sales passing, and prices are decidedly easier. In the present state of the market our quotations are only nominal. Milling, prime to extra prime, 3s 6d to 3s 8d; do, medium, 3s 3d to 3s 5d; fowl wheat, 2s 10d to 3s 2d.

Oats.—Arrivals for the week have been exceptionally large for this season of the year, but, with a brisk demand from exporters, prices continue steady at quotations. —Milling, 1s 3½d to 1s 4½; feed, 1s to 1s 3½ (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—Holders are asking for and obtaining up to £3 5s per ton for freshly picked southern. For a moderate supply fair prices will be obtainable.

Chaff.—The market is very sparingly supplied, and is now comparatively bare. Prices are firm at—Prime outsheaf, £2 to £2 2s 6d; medium and mixed, £1 10s to £1 7s 6d.

Mr. F. MRENNAN, 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, oat, £2 10s; best ryegrass, £3. Bran, £2 10s, Pollard, £3 10s. Potatoes, old, £3 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, 7d.

ENGLAND AND CATHOLICISM.

THE Lord Bishop of Salford has issued an appeal for prayers for the conversion of England, from which we (*Nation*) make the following extracts:—

Catholics of this country have two obligations, two kinds of duty towards England—the one of the natural, the other of the supernatural order. By the first we are bound to be good subjects, loyal to the Constitution, zealous for its improvement, ready to serve the commonweal, and to give our time, our care, our substance, and ourselves in its defence. Thus all good national movements—for instance, for the promotion of temperance, thrift, education, the defence of the country, the better housing of the poor, the adjustment of differences between capital and labour—claim our hearty co-operation. The Catholics of England have never been wanting in true patriotism. Time was when, on account of their fidelity to God, they were under suspicion, and were treated as aliens, criminals, and traitors. But persecution was never able, during its long course, to eradicate from their hearts their love of England and their desire to benefit their fellow-countrymen. At the present moment, whatever our shortcomings, lack of opportunity, failure or success in public life, the Catholics of England are not only proud of their country, but they account it a privilege and a high honour to promote its welfare and prosperity.

"We have heard with grief (such are the words of the Vicar of Christ) that a dangerous error has been spreading in certain parts of Christendom—that there are even Catholics who think that they may hope for the eternal salvation of all who are outside the pale of the true Church of Christ. Wherefore they ask—What will be the condition after death of those who have not submitted to the Catholic Faith?—and their conclusions are in conformity with their unsound

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 Alf 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-Cut 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 THURSDAY 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.

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.



UNION STEAM SHIP COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND, LIMITED

The above Company will despatch steamers as under:—

- FOR LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, — ROTORUA, s.s. on Monday, November 17. Passengers 3 p.m. from Dunedin wharf.
- FOR LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, connecting with TAKAPUNA, for NELSON. — ROTORUA, s.s. on Monday, November 17. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 3 p.m.
- FOR AUCKLAND, VIA LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, NAPIER, and GISBORNE. — TE ANAU, s.s., on Wednesday, November 17.
- FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, NAPIER, GISBORNE, and AUCKLAND. — TE ANAU, s.s., on Wednesday, November 19.
- FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTELTON AND WELLINGTON. — HAUROTO, s.s., on Saturday, November 15.
- FOR MELBOURNE, VIA BLUFF. — MONOWAI, s.s., on Saturday, November 15.
- FOR GAMARU, TIMARU, AKAROA, and LYTTELTON. — BEAUTIFUL STAR, s.s., on MONDAY, November 17. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at midnight.
- FOR FIJI, from AUCKLAND. — TAUPO, s.s., about Monday, November 17.
- FOR TONGA and SAMOA, from AUCKLAND. — WAINUI, s.s., about Tuesday, November 18.

OFFICES: Corner Vogel, Water, and Cumberland streets

W. R. BORDER,

Six years Foreman for Scott Bros, Christchurch,
ENGINEER, MILL^W RIGHT, 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.



BOOTS } FACTS STAND TESTING
BOOTS }

SIMON BROTHERS

The Largest Local Boot Manufacturers who supply the Public direct.
The Largest Direct Importers who supply the public direct.
See LARGE SHIPMENTS just opened for New Season.

ADDRESS: GEORGE STREET (Near Octagon)

Branches—PRINCES ST., Next Brown, Fleming (Continental Boot Depot).
KING ST., corner of Union St. (North Dunedin Boot Depot)

Owing to the

DEATH of MR. H. SMITH,

SMITH BROS.

GEORGE STREET,

Are Selling their Stock out.

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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
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			3s 6d	20lb	50lb	100lb
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Napier	1s	1s 10d	1s 10d	2s 6d	4s 0d	4s 6d
Wellington	to 9lb	3s	2s 6d	3s 6d	4s 0d	4s 0d

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reasonings. Far be it from us, venerable brethren, to pretend to place a limit to the Divine mercy, which is infinite. Far be it from us to wish to penetrate the inscrutable counsels or the mysterious judgments of God—which are an abyss into which the human mind cannot penetrate. But it is the duty of our apostolic office to stir up your episcopal solicitude and vigilance, to make every effort possible to remove from the minds of men the opinion, as impious as it is fatal, which declares that men may find the way of salvation in any religion. Teach men with the greatest care and learning that the doctrines of the Catholic Faith are in no way opposed to Divine mercy and justice, and it must be held as of faith, 'that outside the Apostolic Roman Church no one can be saved; that she is the only Ark of Salvation, and that whoever shall not have entered into it will perish in the flood. On the other hand, it must be held with certainty that ignorance of the true religion, if this ignorance be invincible, is not a sin in the eyes of God. But who will assume to himself the right to define the limits of such ignorance considering the diversities of conditions and circumstances to be found in people, countries, and human affairs? When we shall have put off the trammels of the body, we shall then see God as He is, and shall understand perfectly the admirable and indissoluble bonds which unite Divine mercy with justice. But so long as we are on the earth, bent under the burden of the human body, let us hold firmly to the teaching of Catholic doctrine—that there is but one God, one Faith, and one baptism. To penetrate beyond this is not lawful. For the rest, let us pour out before God, as charity requires, incessant prayers that all the world may be converted to Christ; let us labour as far as in us lies for the salvation of all men. The arm of the Lord is not shortened, and the gifts of heavenly grace will not fail those who sincerely desire and pray for the help of this light. These truths should be profoundly engraved on the mind of the faithful, so that they may not allow themselves to be corrupted by the false doctrines, whose end is the propagation of indifference in the matter of religion, an indifference which we behold increasingly and extending on all sides to the eternal ruin of souls.'—*Singulari quondam*, December 9th, 1854.

The conversion of no other nation has been the object of such constant and universal prayer. While persecution was raging in England under Elizabeth, Gregory XIII. was granting privileges and indulgences "thereby to animate (as it was said) not only the remnant of Catholics left in England, but to stir up Catholics in other countries to pray for the conversion of England. In 1605 a writer said that "the same indulgences for the same purposes have now been lately confirmed by him that sitteth in St. Peter's Chair." These were indulgences which "those only do obtain that have devoted themselves to the restoring of the Catholic faith in England, or do labour any way in that cause, or do pray for England." There existed also a catalogue of favours called "the indulgences of St. Charles Borromeo," probably because that saint had obtained the grant of them for those who laboured and prayed for the conversion of England. Both St. Charles and St. Philip exhibited a special interest in England, and did much to promote its return to the faith by their prayers and good works. Not only did a constant stream of missionaries and martyrs flow towards England from the colleges of Rome, Douai, Valladolid, and Lisbon, everywhere causing prayer for her conversion to spring up on their path, but prayer for her conversion spread over Catholic countries, and amongst those enlisted in this spiritual army were saints and great servants of God, of whom some were endowed with gifts of prophecy. Thus Padre Mancinelli, S.J., traversed Italy, Spain, Germany, Poland, Bohemia, Dalmatia, and Turkey as a missionary. For 30 years he had never omitted a single day to pray for the conversion of England. In 1608, after many days spent in prayer and fasting, he had a vision, at the end of which he said that "at last God, being pacified, will make use of England to do wonderful things for the exaltation of the Catholic faith among the Mahometan and heathen races, and that He will further it with His great special assistance so as to fill the whole world with admiration; whence it will come to pass that many nations and peoples will come to congratulate England as happened heretofore to Jerusalem and Rome; which things will be granted to that nation on account of the merits and graciousness in the sight of God of so many great and illustrious saints of that kingdom." The Venerable Marina de Escobar, the foundress of the Reform of Recollects in Spain, had a vision in 1618, in which the Lord asked her which of the provinces that had apostatised she wished to bring back to the Faith. She replied at once: "England, England, O Lord." The Lord then told me that that province had not the necessary dispositions, but, nevertheless, it will take place only not in this age but in another. I complained to His Majesty that He often spoke to me thus obscurely, and He answered that it was not fitting I should see all the things which He tells me of, but that what He said about England would happen—that it would convert itself to the Lord in future times, not signifying when." In Germany, the Venerable Bartholomew Holzhauser, the reformer of the secular clergy in the 17th century, prophesied that "the Kingdom of England would return to the Catholic Faith, and that the English on their return would achieve more for the Church than on their first conversion to Christianity." Again, he says of England, "I saw a ship sailing on the sea and arrive in port, and holy men and women were in the ship landed, and they preached the Gospel. They prospered, and the land returned to peace and to the sanctification of Jesus Christ." The Venerable Father de la Columbiere came to England from France in 1676. He was said to have received marvellous graces from God, and he lived the life of a saint. These are his words about England, "O England, upon what country in days of yore did heaven more abundantly shower its blessings, to what people was ever given greater zeal for the Faith, deeper reverence for the Church? Thy cities have brought forth martyrs, thy churches pontiffs of extraordinary piety. I will not dwell on the honours received by the Mother of God at the hands of Englishmen in other days, nor speak of their devotion to the Queen of Angels, so great that England in their days was called the Portion of Dowry of Mary. Thou wast the first to raise the standard of the Immaculate Conception, to thee was

given that miraculous scapular venerated by all Christians. I have the highest hopes for the advance of the good cause in time to come. Shouldst Thou restore this people, O Lord, to the fold of the Church, Thou wilt find among them many true and generous hearts there to glorify, as in past days, Thy adorable name."

A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT.

LITTLE HENRY ALTENBERG, who lives with his parents at the corner of West Madison street and Western Avenue, Chicago, nearly lost his life as the result of a scientific experiment which he had carried beyond the bounds of personal safety.

Since the new street car cable on Madison street has been running children have discovered that a strong current of air is continually working down through the slit in the road. Acting on this discovery many of them have amused themselves tying a piece of paper at one end of a string and an old tomato can or similar article at the other. Laying the piece of paper on the slit, they soon had the satisfaction of seeing it disappear under ground, where the string became wound around the cable, and in a moment or two their delight would be intensified by seeing the tomato can go rattling down the street.

Little Henry Altenberg, however, is of a reflective turn, and he figured it out that if he tied a rope around his waist he would be able to stop the cable when the slack of the line would be hauled taut, as the lake mariners say. Other boys might fasten cans to the creeping cable, but such divertimento was too tame for him.

Running up to his mother's rooms at 803 West Madison street, he quietly and without ostentation took the cord from the family bed. Fasting it about his middle he tied to the other end a piece of paper. Running down into the street he dangled the paper into the cable tunnel. His scientific ideas had been well conceived. The current of air that swished down the dark passage whirled the paper about until the rope wound round and round the cable. Then his wild career began.

Men, women and children, and the West End gentlemen who wear silk hats and sack coats simultaneously, were soon awe-stricken at the figure the boy was cutting. He pranced down the track like a yearling colt around a blue grass pasture. His sailed shirt fluttered in the breeze and his hat flew off. But he did not stop to pick it up. He couldn't. He gripped the rope that so closely identified him with the cable system and sped on and on. Then he lifted up his voice, swelled his lusty lungs and yelled wildly. People generally shouted "Hey!" at him, and several thoughtful ones asked him if it hurt much, but he only galloped on. He was devoting his whole thought to the scientific investigation he was conducting at such a rapid gait and with such flattering success.

He had started up at Leavitt street at 2.10 p.m. At 2.12 he flashed by Hoyne avenue. At 2.13 he had gathered speed and was cantering across Seeley avenue. At 2.14 two men, seeing the boy's predicament, rushed out to bear him on his way. One of them tried to jerk the rope away, but could not. Then they began to call for knives. There was a dearth of knives along Madison street just then and none was forthcoming. More men joined in the exciting chase, but Hennie led them all by several laps. Soon the intense excitement of the situation was beginning to tell on him, when at 2.14 he made Robey street, and he was panting for breath. Still men shouted and women screamed. The boy joined in and swelled the high refrain. But he could not break away, and, though reluctantly, he madly sped on.

The end came finally. A. E. Allen, an employee in a paint store, rushed into the street with a huge knife, the only one available along Hennie's entire route of way, and trotting along by the boy's side hacked the rope in twain. Hennie fell exhausted in his arms, and the thrilling scene was over. Several hundred people stood gaping at the boy who had made such a sensation and tenderly inquired if he were hurt. But he disdainfully answered "Now!" Then a big blue backed prefect of police put the boy under arrest. He was released presently, and silently stole away to his home.—*Cor. St. Louis Republic.*

WAITAHUNA.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

November 11, 1890

A STRIKING exemplification of the consistency of a people occurred here on the evening of the 3rd November, when Mr. Thomson addressed the electors. His speech was certainly an eloquent one, and he had no reason to complain of his reception, but when his views, distinctly enough stated, on the education question were given, the interest in the proceedings, one would naturally think ceased for a people who had suffered so long and patiently under the present system. He (Mr. Thomson) was distinctly averse to giving State aid to Catholic schools, though he graciously added he would not be against the Douay Bible being read in schools, should circumstances be otherwise favourable. With his views on the different phases of religion with which he favoured his audience we have so little to do as to render it needless to quote them—it was all sufficient to know that from Mr. Thomson we could expect nothing but opposition.

Mr. Valentine, the candidate for Lawrence, has stated in answer to a question, that he is, and has ever been, a consistent supporter of Pyke's Bill for giving State aid to denominational schools. His views on other questions of the day seem also to meet with general approval.

An election of minor importance, the Tuapeka County Council, takes place to-morrow, Messrs Cowan and Livingstone, both of Waitahuna, contesting Clark's riding. Mr. Oudaille having a walk-over for Waitahuna.

The weather is just about as wet, cold, and unseasonable as it can possibly be; rain, hail, cold, high winds, and sharp frosts prevailing.

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 NAW 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:—

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

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

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 Robin, 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.

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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, Bacoie Fans and a lot of Sundries for Farmers.

NIMMO & BLAIR,

SEED MERCHANTS AND SEED GROWERS,
DUNEDIN.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF DUNEDIN.

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to intimate that I am a candidate for the honourable position of one of your representatives in Parliament.

My political opinions having been fully reported in the newspapers, you will be able to consider whether, on the whole, they are such as to commend my candidature to your favourable consideration. It cannot be expected that the views of any candidate upon all questions will be acceptable to every elector. I have, therefore, to ask you, when reviewing the merits and demerits of the several candidates, whether, all things considered, you deem me one who is worthy of support and may be trusted to represent you in Parliament.

The position I take up on the
EDUCATION QUESTION.

is not, I think, correctly understood by some of my friends, who seem to think that I advocate the substitution of a denominational for the present system; that, of course, would mean abolishing the State schools. I do not propose that, nor am I opposed to the free and compulsory system. I am quite willing that the present system shall continue, but, believing as I do, that no satisfactory arrangements can be made for imparting religious instruction in the State schools, and that there are a very large number of parents who deplore the absence of such instruction, I am in favour of a capitation grant to any other schools, the course of secular instruction in which shall include the compulsory subjects in the State schools syllabus, and which shall be subject to the regulations of the Education Department relating to qualification of teachers, inspection, etc.

The plan I advocate would enable parents of my way of thinking to combine in establishing schools in which the high moral lessons to be found in the Bible may be inculcated. I am persuaded that there is no unsurmountable difficulty in the way of a common understanding being arrived at between most of the religious denominations as to the course of religious instruction to be given. Controversial points can be avoided, and they could all agree that the children should be taught to believe in God the Great Architect of the Universe, and their accountability for their deeds. Such a lesson must exercise a retaining influence on the rising generation, which would most assuredly tend to make them better citizens.

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours respectfully,
R. H. LEARY.

November 10th, 1890.

TO THE ELECTORS OF DUNEDIN SUBURBS.

GENTLEMEN,—

I beg respectfully to intimate that I will be a CANDIDATE to represent your District in the next Parliament.

I shall take an early opportunity of Addressing you at the various centres of population, and will then fully explain my Political Views on the prominent questions of the day.

Meanwhile I would ask you to refrain from pledging your votes

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM DAWSON.

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.

DUNEDIN CITY ELECTION.

MR. H. S. FISH will ADDRESS the ELECTORS on the evening of MONDAY, the 17th inst., at OLD KNOX CHURCH, King Street, at 8 o'clock sharp.

A Local Committee will be formed at the close of the Meeting.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE PORT CHALMERS DISTRICT.

MR JAMES MILLS will be a Candidate to represent the above District in the New Parliament, and will take an early opportunity of meeting the Electors in different parts of the District.

D E N T A L N O T I C E.

ALTERATION OF DATES.

M R. FRANK ARMSTRONG,
Surgeon Dentist of Dunedin,

WITH

M R. T. J. COLLINS

Fifteen months at the Dental Hospital, London, and Late Assistant with Mr. Ibbetson, F.R.C.S., West End, London,

Intend making the First of a Series of QUARTERLY TOURS of the PROVINCE OF OTAGO, And may be Consulted on the following Dates at the following places:—

NASEBY—Nov. 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th (Monday to Thursday), at Horawell's Hotel.

ST. BATHANS—Nov. 21st and 22nd (Friday and Saturday), at Vulcan Hotel.

TINKER'S—Nov. 24th and 25th (Monday and Tuesday), at Newtown Hotel.

OPHIR	MILTON	} Dates will be announced later.
CLYDE	QUEENSTOWN	
CHROMWELL	ARROWTOWN	
ALEXANDRA	GORE	
ROXBURGH	TAPANUI	
LAWRENCE	BALCLUTHA	

A complete Outfit is carried, both for Operative and Mechanical Dentistry. CONTINUOUS GUM WORK, which is so like the natural gum that detection is impossible.

Crown Bar and Bridge Work. Gold Stoppings. Stent's System, the strongest and lightest system of Vulcanite work. Gas, Cocaine or Chloroform administered. All the latest appliances. FEES MOST MODERATE.

We are sorry that, owing to pressure of business, we were unable to keep dates previously announced.

I N V E R C A R G I L L A R T - U N I O N

(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.
Mr. P. Sullivan, Winton	2	0	0
" P. Sheridan, Groper's Bush	2	0	0
Mrs. Beatty, Oamaru	2	0	0
" Newman, Naseby	2	0	0
" Morton, Invercargill	2	0	0
Miss Shepherd, Invercargill	2	0	0
Mrs. Hill, Invercargill	2	0	0
Mr. J. Crosbie, Junr, Lumsden	2	0	0
Master A. Hall, Roslyn	2	0	0
Miss D. Furton, Mornington	0	12	0
Mrs. McKeown, Invercargill	2	0	0
Miss Frazer, Kaitangata	1	19	6
Mr. Obisholm, Spring Hill	2	0	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.

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

VERY REV FATHER WALSH,
Westport.

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.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE PENINSULA.

GENTLEMEN,—I shall be happy to meet you to discuss Matters Political on TUESDAY EVENING next, the 18th instant, at NAUMANN'S HALL, at 8 o'clock.

And on the following FRIDAY EVENING, the 21st instant, at THE SCHOOLHOUSE, PORTOBELLO, at 8 o'clock.

And I will visit other parts of the District in due course.

N.B.—After the Meeting at Naumann's Hall I shall feel obliged by some of my Friends remaining, in order to take part in the Formation and Working of a Committee.

W. J. M. LARNACH.

Dunedin, November 11th, 1890.

NOTICE.

DARFIELD ART-UNION.

THE REV. FATHER O'DONNELL, Darfield earnestly requests all persons holding Books of Tickets for the above ART-UNION to return same with remittances immediately as the Drawing of Prizes comes off on the 24th inst.

D E A T H.

PEARSON.—On the 7th November, at York Place, of congestion of the brain, Ritchie, youngest son of Richard and Mary Pearson; aged 11 years and 6 months. Deeply regretted.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 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.
Bailance	Allen
Brown	Barron
Buxton	Blake
Cowan	Bruce
Dodson	Buchanan
Fitzherbert	Cadman
Hall	Feldwick
Hutchison	Fergus
Jackson	Fisher

FOR.

Kelly
Larnach
Marchant
O'Donor
Parata
Perceval
Pyke
R. H. J. Reeves
Russell
Samuel
Seymour
Smith
Steward
Tanner
Turnbull
Ward

AGAINST.

Fitchett
Fulton
Goldie
Guinness
Hamlin
Harkness
Hobbs
Hodgkinson
Humphreys
Jones
Joyce
Lawry
Mackenzie
Mitchelson
Moat
Monk
Moss
Newman
Rhodes
G. F. Richardson
Ross
Saunders
Stuart-Menteath
Taylor
Thompson
Verrall
Walker
Withey

PAIRS.

Atkinson
Fish
Graham
Duncan
Carroll
McGregor
Wileon
Taipu
Lance

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

THE PRESENT SITUATION.



WO great guns have just gone "bang, bang, bang." But this is all. It was all powder and smoke; there were no balls—nothing solid. Sir H. ATKINSON and Mr. JAMES SMITH, the would-be Member for Bruce, have favoured the world of New Zealand with their views on the politics of the country—and very narrow views, indeed, they are. The policy—or, rather, the

no-policy—of the Premier has been explained by him to his former constituents, and through them to all New Zealand; and Mr. JAMES SMITH has said ditto, with one notable exception. The Premier's policy on the education question is one of masterly inactivity and silence. Mr. JAMES SMITH's is one of inactivity also on this important question, but he has not had the sense of being, like the Premier, silent. Mr. SMITH informs the electors of Bruce that, in consideration of larger interests, he will advocate the continued injustice of which Catholics have for many years so loudly and perseveringly complained. But whilst he takes refuge in his injustice behind the full-sounding words of larger interests, he fails, or, at all events, neglects, to explain what are the larger interests of which he speaks. We are left, then, to conjecture what they are, and, after due consideration, we cannot discover any larger interests on account of which Catholics are compelled to pay for the free and godless education of other people's children unless the electioneering interests of Mr. JAMES SMITH. We have yet to learn, however, how these electioneering interests are larger than the question of justice to eighty thousand people, and the peace that would ensue from doing simple justice to such a large portion of the population of this country. But so it is. The hope of his securing the support of the bigoted and selfish of Bruce is, in Mr. SMITH's opinion, a larger interest than the doing an act of justice and fair play to a large and important section of the community. We commend this view of Mr. SMITH's position to the Catholic electors of Bruce, who, though comparatively few, may, however, be numerous enough in a keen contest to greatly weaken his chances of success at the ballot boxes. There is nothing else in Mr. SMITH's speech worth commenting on. His long disquisition about rabbits and ferrets will not excite much interest or enthusiasm in the breasts of the Bruce electors, and the rest is a thrice-told tale, all of which they had in full from Sir H. ATKINSON. And what about Sir HARRY's speech, or, rather, address? There is no policy in it except that of Lord JOHN RUSSELL—viz., "rest and be thankful." Sir HARRY has no heroic policy, has no sky-rockets to fire. He

frankly acknowledges he can do nothing without money, that there is no money to be had for borrowing in the English money market, and he will, if allowed, depart only a little from the recognised policy of no more borrowing, and that little will be confined to the Colony, where he thinks a sum sufficient to buy some Native lands and help on settlement can be obtained. Does he not wish he may get it at five, or six, or seven per cent? This is all the great statesman can offer to the country. The Civil Service cannot be reduced; it seems, the expense of education cannot be lessened, and the policy of injustice condemning Catholics to perpetual ignorance, unless they violate their conscience, must be adhered to. This is all Sir HARRY ATKINSON has to offer or recommend to the people of New Zealand. In all this there is nothing of the statesman; there is no evidence of statesmanlike resources, no capability of devising a new and better policy. Sir HARRY is unable to shuffle the cards. A real statesman would, in the deplorable circumstances of the country, look around him and examine whether the shocking system of education under which the country is staggering could not be changed or amended in such a way as would do equal justice to all, whilst at the same time providing free primary education for all and saving the sum of at least three hundred thousand pounds for the Government. We, though having no pretence to be statesmen, could easily devise such a system, and so could every man who had courage enough to defy bigots and axe-grinders. But so long as men think more of the present chances of being returned to Parliament than of just politics and wise measures so long will this miserable farce of larger interests and one-sided legislation in obedience to passion, and prejudice, and self-interest, continue. Meantime, stagnation becomes chronic, and, consequently, the country must continue to lose population which must go elsewhere to obtain the means of living. The policy recommended by Sir H. ATKINSON as the wisest at the present moment is a policy of despair, although he talks of courage, and hope, and faith in the resources of the country; a policy that would be the opprobrium of the most inexperienced of politicians and the blindest of bigots, not to speak of old administrators and Ministers of the Crown. If Sir HARRY cannot devise a better policy, the sooner he retires into private life the better for himself and the country.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Moran left Dunedin for Queenstown on Monday morning.

It was announced on Sunday that the Sacrament of Confirmation would be administered by the Bishop in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, on Sunday, December, 14. During the interval classes for the preparation of candidates will be held daily in the Cathedral, 7 p.m.

"THE Pope has insisted upon the Irish Bishops enforcing censure by name on those concerned in the Plan of Campaign and boycotting."—This is a monstrous report and quite incredible. It is tantamount to saying that the Pope has placed the Irish hierarchy at the disposal of the Government as a body of detectives and informers. The Pope, as a matter of course, has done nothing of the kind. The object of the Cable Agency in sending such reports to the colonies must necessarily be that of trying to enrage Irish settlers against Rome,—the Cable Agency being not only anti-Irish but anti-Catholic as well. Catholic settlers should treat such reports with the contempt they merit.

THE report of the committee appointed to interview the candidates for Wellington and ascertain the amount of support which they were willing to give, if elected, to measures calculated to advance the interests of Roman Catholic education (says the Wellington Post of the 4th inst.), was submitted to a large meeting of Catholics in the Marist Brothers' schoolroom last evening, the Hon. Dr. Grace being in the chair. About 400 electors were present, and the chairman spoke at some length in opening the meeting. The report recommended that every Catholic elector should vote for Mr. Jellicoe, who was considered to be the only candidate whose views were thoroughly in accord with those held by Roman Catholics. The recommendation was well received and was unanimously adopted after some discussion. The question was raised as to whether the electors should vote for Mr. Jellicoe alone, and it was understood that they should not be pledged to plump for him, leaving it optional with them as to whether they should each also vote for one or two other candidates. A strong feeling was expressed that the Catholics are labouring under an injustice with reference to their schools, and it was evident from the tone of the discussion that Mr. Jellicoe would receive substantial support from that portion of the community. A hearty vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the proceedings.

IN an able paper on advanced education for girls contributed by Miss Katharine Tynan to the *Catholic World* for August, the writer mentions among convents that have successfully altered their course to suit the demands of the times, those notably of the Dominican nuns at Sion Hill, Black Rock, and Eccles Street, Dublin. The convent at Sion Hill, our readers will recollect, is the house from which the community in Dunedin was sent out.

YESTERDAY (says the *Cape Penny Mail* of a recent date) nine Sisters of the Dominican Convent, King Williamstown, arrived here by post cart and took train for Kimberley, en route to Klerksdorp, to take over the Government Hospital, and to open a day school in that town. This is the fifth branch convent established by the energetic Mother Prioress of King Williamstown since 1881.

A MOST persistent defender of the Irish cause (says the *Nation* of September 20) is Mr. M. Nolan, of Christchurch, New Zealand. His contributions to the *New Zealand Press* in answer to the slanders about Ireland would fill a goodly volume. The *Lyttelton Times* to hand contains a long and effective letter on Irish condemnations of crime. In it Mr. Nolan has made excellent use of Mr. T. D. Eullivan's pamphlet. Labourers like him do untold service to the Irish name and the Irish cause. They have mountains of slander and reproach to remove, and their task is a hard one. It is rendered easier, however, by the progress of the old land towards its liberty. They are not without helpers and sympathisers in their work. The proprietor of the *Lyttelton Times* is one of these. He is the son of the Hon. W. Reeves, member for the borough of St. Albans, a suburb of Christchurch. When the Irishmen of Christchurch got up a meeting two years ago to further the National Indemnity Fund, Mr. Reeves gave them every help with his paper, and attended the meeting. On the occasion of Mr. Dillon's visit the *Press*, the Christchurch Conservative organ, did all in its power to make his visit a failure. The attack was answered by the *Times*, however, and Mr. Dillon had a distinct success. The championship of Ireland in Christchurch requires courage, for its people are largely smitten with the anti-Irish venom. Mr. John E. Redmond's visit there was fruitless, but the enlightenment of opinion prevented a failure from being repeated.

ANOTHER illustration of the methods employed by the cable agency has been furnished us in connection with the arrival of the Irish delegates in New York. A day or two after the announcement of their arrival was received here, and before they had much more than time to turn round on landing, we were told that in "many parts of the States" they had been coldly received. Following this message, however, there came the following:—"The reception of Mr. O'Brien at New York is fixed for the 10th inst. The principal box at the theatre in which the reception takes place was put up at auction, and purchased by the Mayor of New York for 115dol."—No reliance whatever, therefore, can be placed on the cable. Its inventions seem wild, but no doubt they are intended to serve a purpose.

HERE is good news for the philosophers of the period:—"Mr. H. C. Russell, Government Astronomer at Sydney, claims to have discovered, by means of photography, a new universe in the Magellan clouds."—Our philosophic friends are to be congratulated on the room afforded them for an extension of their sympathies.

THE Congressional elections in the United States have resulted in a signal victory for the Democrats. Dissatisfaction at the McKinley tariff is assigned as the cause. The fact that McKinley himself has been defeated seems, besides, to confirm this view. As a consequence, the election, for a second time, of Mr. Grover Cleveland to the Presidency is predicted.

WE record with sorrow this week the death of one of the altar boys attached to St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, which occurred at the residence of his parents, York Place, after an illness of some three weeks, on Friday morning. The deceased, Richard Brooke Pearson, was a remarkably fine and intelligent boy, noted for his good conduct and exemplary fulfilment of his duties. He was in his twelfth year, and gave every promise of doing credit to his training had it been the will of God to prolong his life. The funeral, which took place on Sunday, was very numerously attended. The body was brought at 3 p.m. to the Cathedral, where the ceremonies were commenced by Lordship the Bishop, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Lynch, Adm., Golden, and O'Neill, officiating, and the choir of the altar boys chanting the psalms and responses. A cortege was then formed, consisting of the boys of the Christian Brothers' Schools belonging to the confraternity of the Infant Jesus, and wearing their sashes, who preceded the hearse, the altar boys, and a numerous train of adults. At the Southern Cemetery, in which the grave was situated, the Rev. Father O'Neill, assisted by the Rev. Father Lynch, Adm., and the altar boys' choir, officiated. There were present, independently of those who had walked in the funeral procession, a large crowd of sympathisers—the deceased child having been well known, not only to the personal friends of his family, but, owing to his service on the

altar, to the Catholic congregation generally. Deep sympathy in their heavy loss is felt with the bereaved parents.—R.I.P.

WE take the following from the report given by the *Tuapeka Times* of Mr. Valentine's meeting at Lawrence. "Mr. H. Hart asked the candidate if he was in favour of Pyke's Private Schools Bill? Mr. Valentine answered in the affirmative. He was a consistent advocate of such a measure. Mr. Hart did you vote for the Bill? Mr. Valentine: Yes; I have supported it, and if elected will continue to do so.—(Applause.) Mr. Hart: When did you support it? Mr. Valentine: I paired for it either the last or the previous session. The division-list you'll find published in the *TABLET*:" it has appeared in that paper for several weeks. Mr. Hart here handed the Chairman a copy of the *TABLET* in which Mr. Valentine's name did not appear in the division list. Mr. Valentine expressed surprise at the omission of his name, which he had seen in the *TABLET* for several weeks' running. Mr. Pyke had acknowledged that he (Mr. Valentine) had rendered valuable assistance in trying to get the measure passed. He would state that he was an advocate of State aid to denominational schools, and if returned would give his support either to Pyke's Private Schools Bill or any similar measure, as he really did not think it would affect the existing system."—We have already explained that the list of the division on Mr. Pyke's Bill first given by us was taken from the Parliamentary summary published in the Dunedin dailies of July 11, 1889. On referring to *Hansard* and finding that we had made a mistake we corrected the list. It now appears in our columns as published in *Hansard*.

"MUSINGS in Maori Land," (says the *Nation* of September 20) is the title of a book, in prose and verse, which will shortly be published by a London firm. Its author is an Irish New Zealander—Mr. Thomas Bracken. Sir George Grey, the veteran New Zealand statesman, has contributed the preface, and Sir Robert Stout, whose assistance Mr. John Dillon has acknowledged, a historical notice. The author is a County Dublin man, but emigrated to New Zealand when quite a youth, so that he is claimed as a Colonial by the New Zealanders. He represented the constituency of Dunedin Central in the Stout-Vogel Parliament, as a thoroughgoing Liberal. He is a warm-hearted Irishman, an eloquent supporter of the old cause, and an unequalled lecturer on Irish subjects. "He can do everything, except save money," his friends say of him. His countrymen will look with interest for the promised publication.

THREE of the four candidates for the representation of Dunedin have expressed themselves in favour of the concession of justice to Catholics in the matter of education.

THE following is a cablegram to the American Press under date Dublin, September 25.—The excitement of a week ago, when the arrests of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien were so suddenly made, has its counterpart in Nationalist circles to-day. The dispatches from Tipperary describing the clubbing of the crowd before the court-house by the police created a profound sensation at the National League headquarters. The action of the police was denounced as a gross outrage. The fact that John Morley is present at the trial is considered a subject for much congratulation. It is thought that the trial will afford him more insight into the true inwardness of the Irish problem, which he came to Ireland to study for himself, than weeks of ordinary travel and investigation. He will be able to tell the English Liberals with more force than ever what the Irish people have to put up with after his own rough experience at Tipperary. The London *Daily News's* Tipperary correspondent declares that a marked change occurred in the demeanour of the police when Mr. Morley issued from the court on the appeal of several voices imploring him to come and save the people. A brutal attack was made on Mr. Keating, proprietor of the *Limerick Leader*, who was so severely injured that he bled profusely at the mouth. He was attended by Mrs. Illingworth, Miss Borthwick, and other ladies. In an editorial the *News* says:—"On this occasion the presence of Mr. Morley has given importance to events which are commonplace in Irish administration. Mr. Morley, Mr. Illingworth, and their English colleagues deserve the thanks of every friend of peace and conciliation."

MR. R. H. LEARY announces himself as a candidate for Dunedin. Mr. James Mills again comes forward for Port Chalmers.

IN opening the Anglican Synod of Dunedin this week, Dr. Nevill also has presented us with a chapter of the romance of history,—this time contemporary ecclesiastical history. The worthy Bishop bases his fiction on the careers of Döllinger and Newman, and magnifies in the one case, and mimics in the other in a manner that should at least gain admiration for his simplicity. Döllinger, according to Dr. Nevill, had done enough in the more recent years of his life to expose twice over the errors of Rome—including, of course, the much abused but little studied moral code of St. Alphonsus Liguori, and the manner in which it affects the infallibility of the

Pope—a manner which, to quote Lord Dundreary, “no fellow, even though he be episcopal rank, appears able to understand. As for Newman, Dr. Nevill deals tenderly, if not, indeed, somewhat softly, with him. But why do we see no fruits of that marvellous agreement which, for example, as Dr. Nevill says, was come to by a conference of the sects under the guidance of Dollinger at Bonn? Is it, perhaps, because the points of agreement were simply one and all points of disagreement with Rome—leaving on all other points error as flagrantly at variance among itself as ever? Such, at least, would seem to be the conclusion we must derive from Dr. Nevill's romancing, as compared with things as they actually are. The union of Christendom, so dear to Dr. Nevill's heart, even the internal union of the Church of England as Dr. Nevill must know to his cost, is as far off as ever—and Dollinger, who almost survived the sect he himself had founded, can hardly after his death do more to bring it about than he accomplished during his life-time. The true union of Christendom, nevertheless, stands uninjured by his efforts, and still cemented, as it was formed and preserved of old, by the Papacy he impotently opposed and vainly misrepresented.

THE Darfield Art-Union will be drawn without fail on the 24th inst. People having books of tickets, therefore, should be quick about disposing of them, and sending into the Rev. Father O'Donnell blocks and remittances.

MR. FISH ON EDUCATION.

THE following is taken from Mr. Fish's speech at Roslyn on Tuesday evening, as reported by the *Globe*—

He felt it to be his duty to state what his views were upon the subject of Education. He might say that he was in favour of the present system of education, and would like to do something towards strengthening it. There was a class in the community who, on account of their religious convictions, could not avail themselves of the present school system. He alluded to the Catholic brethren (applause). Thirteen years ago, when the Education Act was passed, he, with others, thought it only a question of time when this class would use the public schools. Thirteen years had gone and they had remained true to their religious convictions, and maintained their own system of education. Whatever their views might be they must feel admiration at this constancy, and great credit was due to this body of men for their self-sacrifice. For 13 years they had debarred these people from participation in the consolidated revenue of the country for educational purposes, although they contributed to it. He was of opinion that the time had arrived when some relief should be given them. They should have what they asked for—namely, a capitation grant of £2 upon each pupil in their schools complying with the regulation standards as at the public schools. There were 8000 children so concerned, who would cost the colony at least £32,000 for capitation if they went to the public schools, and a further expenditure of £30,000 for buildings, would be necessitated. If this capitation was granted, the Catholics were willing to allow their schools to be examined in the usual way by our inspectors. It was the poorest meed of justice they could give these people to allow them such relief as this. If they looked at it without prejudice they would in all fairness be compelled to accede to the request. He had to admit that his views on the subject were different from those he had held many years ago, but he thought that if a man saw he was in the wrong he should admit it when he found it out. While advocating this cause he was not in favour of denominational education.

MR. BALFOUR'S WINTER CAMPAIGN.

(The *Nation*, September 20.)

MR. BALFOUR has opened his winter campaign with the arrest of Mr. John Dillon, M.P., and Mr. William O'Brien, M.P. They have been arrested on a charge of conspiracy in connection with the proceedings in Tipperary. Along with them are to be prosecuted Mr. David Sheehy, M.P., Mr. P. O'Brien, M.P., Mr. Thomas Condon, M.P., Mr. J. Cullinane, Mr. O'Brien Dalton, Mr. Walsh, editor of the *Cashel Sentinel*; Mr. John E. O'Mahony, editor of *New Tipperary*; and Mr. Daniel Kelly. Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien had taken tickets to sail for America by a steamer leaving Ireland on October 1. They are the only persons arrested. Mr. Balfour, therefore, not only comes to the help of Mr. Smith-Barry, but has taken steps to prevent the appeal to America for assistance to fight the battle that lies before the people during the winter. From the beginning the fight in Tipperary has been a fair stand-up one. The people gave Mr. Smith-Barry his choice between their rents and his partnership of the Eviction Syndicate. He elected the latter, and the people submitted to their eviction without resistance. The law worked its way, and ended in a hopeless *impasse*. It only ruined Mr. Smith-Barry and ruined his people, as far as their ruin was within its scope. At the outset Mr. Balfour declared that he would stand impartial between the two combinations—the combination of the tenants on the one side and the combination of the landlords on the other. Since then he has been furtively aiding the landlords by every means in his power. The tenants and their leaders were not intimidated by him, however. They stood manfully by one another, and their success was about to be crowned and completed by the results of the American mission. Mr. Balfour's policy of impartiality was failing. So he has resolved to strike boldly and strongly for the sacred rights of the landlords to combine in evicting.

We do not know how far his resolution was determined by the appearance of some dissensions of a trifling and personal nature

among the ranks in Tipperary. Doubtless he thought it might be a good movement when signs of dissatisfaction, however slight, were in the air, and that his blow might break the popular ranks. But we believe he has taken the very step to consolidate them and to make dissension vanish. Personalities will be forgotten in face of the advance of the foe, and the people will be centred in stronger phalanx than ever by his attack. As for America, we leave it to our friends there to defeat this mean and petty strategy of the present representative of the alien tyranny in Ireland. They will be able to guess from his anxiety to prevent the visit of Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien how much he dreads the rally of America at the present moment. It proves to them better than any words of ours how much it lies with them to defeat all his policies and plots. He has now entered shamelessly and openly into alliance with the callous conspirators who joined together to exterminate the peaceful and industrious peasantry of Youghal. They and he are powerless as long as the Irish people at home and in America keep together unitedly with their faces set against the exterminators. All round the Irish world to-day this new attack on the nation's leaders should be the signal for the renewal of fealties and the quelling of quarrels, and for the registering of the vow, that now the twin curses of Ireland—inseparable and mutually supporting—shall be vanquished in their new and brzen union. We appeal to our friends in Tipperary to let bickerings cease and to close up their ranks, and we call on our friends in America to give the one answer needful to Mr. Balfour's challenge. The appeal from Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien will come with even more effective force from a British Dock or a British dungeon than from a platform in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia, or Chicago. Before these words reach America we expect to have heard it answered back.

A LITERARY SECRET.

(From the *Ave Maria*.)

IN 1857, the literary world was apprised of the immediate publication of the “Complete Works of Ozanam, with an Introduction by B. P. Lacordaire, and a Preface by J. J. Ampere.”—a trio of illustrious names. When, in the course of the year, this eagerly-expected work was given to the public, it was found that the promised introductory notice by Father Lacordaire had been omitted. Much speculation as to the cause of its non-appearance was indulged in at the time; but few were aware that the notice had been printed, and was among the proofs which the publishers submitted to Madame Ozanam.

The sketch of Ozanam's life which his Dominican friend had written was, as will readily be believed, highly eulogistic; but on one point the illustrious friar was, unintentionally, a little severe on the friend, whom he mourned, as well as a little cruel to that friend's sorrowing widow. “There was one snare,” he wrote, “which Ozanam did not shun;” and the context proclaims that the snare was marriage. “Poverty is the inevitable companion of the man of letters who has resolved to sell his pen neither to gold nor power—a kind of poverty given only to the solitary man who lives in the immortality of his conscience, and who has but one misfortune to foresee or to endure.”

Madame Ozanam, recognising that friendship and admiration have their rights, made no objection to this somewhat equivocal compliment; and went to Rome with an advance copy of the work, to submit it to the Pope before it should be given to the public. Cordially received by Pius IX., she ventured to request his approbation of her husband's writings. Much to her surprise, the Pontiff replied that he could not accord his approval to the work in question. On her expressing her astonishment at this refusal, the Pope stated that the doctrine of her husband had been that of a great mind and a pious son of the Church; and that, in fact, it was not his writings that he declined to approve. “But you will understand, my dear daughter,” he continued, “that the successor of the Apostles, the Vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ, can not give his approbation to a book in the introduction to which it is stated that the Church has six Sacraments—and a snare.”

The young widow returned to Paris, where the eagerly expected work soon appeared, but without Pere Lacordaire's introduction.

Messrs Simon Brothers, George street, Dunedin, announce the arrival of large shipments of their excellent boots and shoes. All requirements are provided for at moderate prices.

Residents in the country districts will no doubt be pleased to learn that they are about to receive a visit from Messrs. Frank Armstrong and T. J. Collins, both of them very capable and skilful members of the dentist's profession. Particulars of the tour will be found elsewhere.

The French army manoeuvres opened on Sunday, August 31, in the north of France. Smokeless powder was used in the firing. The smoke was nearly invisible. The detonation was as loud as that made by the old kind of powder, and was sharper and harsher.

The Dublin gallery boys have long been noted for their ready pungent wit, and despite the depressing influence of a recent visit from one of those creeping *leprechauns* that St. Patrick banished, the characteristic is still in evidence. Miss Belle Bilton or Lady Dnlo, of whom our papers have had too much to say recently, appeared as “Venus” on the Dublin stage. The disguise was a thin one. A donkey—real, live, and fourfooted—plays an important part, and on his first appearance a voice in the gallery brought down the house by crying out, “Three cheers for Lord Dunto”—*Sydney Freeman*.

In his letter of invitation to the Anti-Slavery Congress, Cardinal Lavigne repeats that he has great hope from the competition of authors for the £800 prize for a popular book on the slave-trade. A mere novel—“Uncle Tom's Cabin”—says the Cardinal, decided for ever the suppression of American slavery. The Congress has been hurried on. It will meet on September 22 instead of October 15.

Dublin Notes.

(From the National papers.)

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S visit to his native Mallow was, of course, the signal for a great popular demonstration, and representatives of the birthplace of Davis, O'Keefe, and O'Brien were happy in the words which they selected to convey their greetings to their distinguished townsman and his bride. They went to their other townsman for their prayer. In his speech Mr. O'Brien eloquently characterised the Archbishop of Cashel's services to Ireland. "Give me," he said, "the man who, when John Mitchel was on his way to transportation, chose that moment of all others to volunteer to follow in John Mitchel's footsteps and to dare his fate. Give me the friend who forty years ago preached the doctrine and anticipated the policy which has been the salvation of the tenantry of Ireland, and which is about to deliver this land over to be ruled by the representatives of the Irish people. Give me the man who, when Mr. Parnell's movement was in its infancy, when it was slandered and persecuted, spoke out with no uncertain sound, and who in every hour of trial and danger of the past ten years has spoken words that, like electric sparks, have thrilled through every vein and fibre of the Irish race." Mr. O'Brien had to denounce an insult to his "founder of Irish liberty" from a native of Mallow. But the Archbishop is as much beyond the power of the foolish writer of the foolish epistle to which Mr. O'Brien referred, as his patriotism and his statesmanlike action for the interests of his Church are above the stupidity to which the letter owes its origin.

In his speech at Meelin Mr. O'Brien referred to the approaching distress, and the proper attitude in face of it. He said that the Irish race throughout the world were sick of appeals for alms that go into the pockets of the landlords. They would spend their last dollar and shed their blood to support a fight that goes down to the root of the whole question. The evil of Ireland is not the potato blight, but the landlord blight and the Dublin Castle blight. The battle of Meelin and the battle of Tipperary is a battle to the death against the whole infernal system of landlordism and Castle rule, that has been worse, ten thousand times, than the potato blight, to keep hunger and famine haunting this fertile land of ours. That battle must go on, and the soldiers who fight it and maintain it, and thus lay the foundations of a future for our people safe from the scourges of hunger and disease, are the first charge on the resources of the Irish people.

Mr. Dillon is of the same opinion. At the meeting of the National League on Tuesday, September 9, he expressed his agreement with Mr. Davitt that there should be no appeal for charity, that the Government should be forced to do its duty, and that the energies of the whole people should be devoted to removing the causes of these ever-recurring famines. The Secretary for the Treasury is on a tour through the "congested" districts, and we hope it will be fruitful of more enlightenment than the careerings through Ireland of members of the alien Government on similar occasions before. The only result of these travels in the past was a confirmation of the characteristic heartlessness of officialism, and a discovery that when potatoes fail there remains most excellent seaweed.

Meantime, we are glad to see that the indescripion of the "congested" districts is being further exposed. Mr. James Berry writes giving the statistics of holdings in one parish—that of Moyrus. In that parish eighteen individuals hold 68,400 acres, with the result that the land is retrograding into its wild, primitive state, and some of it will be quite useless. The same is true, more or less, of the parishes of Chifden, Ballinakil, Louisburgh, Westport, Kiltmeena, Newport, and Achill. "The Celts are driven to the summits of savage hills, or to the water's edge, with the winds sweeping their rude cabins, or the wild sea waves dashing against them eternally, while more are cooped up in sandy holes burrowed deep in the bowels of some barren and horrid island sand-pits, hot and terrible as the black-hole of Calcutta. There they dwell in poverty, in ignorance, and in rags, while the walls of their once happy homes, now ruined, can be seen in the distance—homes they dare not approach, for they are now in the hands of the stranger." These people must be brought forth from their misery—not for exportation, according to the kid-glove methods of the Cromwellianism of the nineteenth century, but to possess the land of their fathers.

Argument and protest have alike been unavailing in influencing the politics of Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer. We have hopes, however, that he will be led to see the unwisdom of his ways by one influence—that of the adulation which is being showered upon him by the *Times* and its correspondents. One of these latter is Mr. Agar-Ellis, the gentleman who contracted with his Catholic wife to allow their children to be reared in the Catholic Faith, and afterwards broke his contract. The merit of "Dr. O'Dwyer," in Mr. Agar-Ellis's judgement, is that having, "like every other priest in his Church, on taking Orders, put his mind into commission," "he honourably sticks to his bargain." This is a compliment, surely. It ought to be even less palatable to his Lordship than the practical condemnation of his conduct towards Mr. Dillon by some of the very best and most helpful of his subjects. "I am afraid poor Bishop O'Dwyer will be beaten," writes this unwelcome sympathiser. "It is not the Bishops and Archbishops that will cause his defeat. It is the people. They are quite prepared to imperil their souls if they can get their landlord's land for nothing, or next to nothing. Much as I dislike Dr. O'Dwyer's religious dogmas and his ideas of what a tenant should pay his landlord, I cannot withhold my admiration for his courage. I know his life must have been embittered almost beyond endurance." If this does not reform the "poor Bishop O'Dwyer's" politics nothing can. To be an object of this sort of enmity is, indeed, a situation beyond endurance.

Mr. Herbert Vivian, in that impudent but lively little paper, the *Whirlwind*, tells, as one of the "Reminiscences of a Short Life," a good story for which he was indebted to Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P. Writing of Ireland, he says, "Well, indeed, may such a country be

compared with imaginary realms of bliss, if, as Charles Kingsley has said, 'wherever are love and patriotism, great purposes and lofty souls—even though in a hovel or a mine—there is fairyland.'" He visited Ireland in 1887, and attended a meeting called by Mr. Dillon at Castlereagh. "I travelled as far as Athlone with Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., then Lord Mayor of Dublin, who greatly fascinated me, as he has since fascinated all the Englishmen who have been privileged to meet him during his political campaigns in England. He has a most charming manner, quite that of the old school, and talks picturesquely and with vivacity, often with pathos. He spoke with much feeling about the treatment of Irish members in the House of Commons, saying with gentle dignity, 'for you the ambition to enter Parliament is laudable and honourable; for us its realisation is fraught with insult and ostracism, and until lately we were looked upon by both parties alike as aliens and intruders.' He has also his gay moods, and the sly humour of his anecdotes was often sublime. We laughed much over the letter of a correspondent, who appealed to him as the poet of the Nationalist party, saying that he was anxious to lampoon an adversary, but feared the liberal laws, and would be grateful for information as to the best means of procuring a poetic license!"

Describing Mr. Dillon's visit to Cambridge in 1886, Mr. Vivian says:—"People were surprised to find that, instead of being the gloomy, sardonic patriot they had seen depicted in the comic prints, Mr. Dillon possesses a charm of expression and a sympathy of manner which are as rare as they are attractive. In fact, it is only too little known in England that, besides being a skilful organiser, a brilliant orator, and a distinguished statesman, he is one of the most versatile and accomplished men of the day. Not only are all the Greek and Latin classics at his fingers' ends, but he possesses an uniquely intimate acquaintance with the masterpieces of French, German, and Italian literature, which he reads and quotes in the original, and he knows enough Spanish to be able to enjoy Don Quixote unspoilt by translation. He was educated as a doctor, and still keeps up his medical lore; he is an exquisite connoisseur of art, and a good judge of music; indeed, there is scarcely a subject in which he cannot display more than the knowledge of an expert. I fancy he is almost alone among men of wide learning and accomplishments in also excelling as a brilliant and sympathetic talker, and, which is even still rarer, as a modest and appreciative listener."

On Sunday, September 14, Mr. William O'Brien visited the West, and addressed meetings on the Marmion estate and at Schull. The tenants on the former have adopted the Plan of Campaign. At Schull he declared they had done their work at Marmion Island, but that these tenants were not the only tenants who were face to face with a winter of dire and terrible destitution. If they were not going to have the people dying again miserably by the ditches it was time to take action. "If the small farmers of Ireland pay away to the landlords the money which should buy food for their children," said Mr. O'Brien, "we dare not ask the world to come to the rescue of such a nation of slaves." "I do not ask you," he said, "to raise the cry of no-rent, but I do ask you to raise the cry of no-hunger, and if no hunger would involve no rent, then I tell you the whole civilised world would hold you justified in declaring that starvation should never again occur in Ireland while your arms are still strong and while you have money in your pockets. I ask you to avow here to-day that if ever again the famine-pits of Schull and Skibbereen are to be opened, it shall not be to receive the corpses of starved peasants famished to death in a land of plenty, but it shall be to receive the foul fiend of Irish landlordism, whose breath is a pestilence, whose footsteps are dogged with famine and desolation, and whose crime there is no pit deep enough to cover or chastise." The speech roused enthusiasm, courage, and hope in Schull.

On Thursday morning, September 18, shortly after seven o'clock Mr. John Dillon, M.P., was arrested at his residence, Ballybrack, on a warrant charging him with conspiracy, it is understood, in connection with the fight in Tipperary. Mr. Dillon was taken off hurriedly by train to Blackrock, where he was removed from the railway carriage and then driven on a car by road to Kingsbridge. A special train left Kingsbridge at a quarter to eleven containing Mr. Dillon and the police who effected the arrest, and it arrived in Tipperary at about two o'clock. Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was arrested on a similar warrant at an early hour at his hotel at Glengarriff, and was conveyed to Tipperary. Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., called at the Lower Castle Yard, but was informed that no warrant was out for him. Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien had both taken their passages for New York on a steamer sailing on October 1st.

We understand that the following are to be prosecuted on the same charge.—Messrs. D. Sweeney, M.P., P. O'Brien, M.P., T. Condon, M.P., J. Cullinane, O'Brien Dalton, Walsu, *Cashel Sentinel*; Daniel Kelly, and J. E. O'Mahony, *New Tipperary*.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., was in Berkshire week ending September 13, working for Home Rule. A correspondent of the *Star* says that the Home Rule movement in the Newbury Division of Berkshire received a decided fillip on Monday evening when Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., addressed a crowded and enthusiastic meeting in the Town Hall. Mr. Sullivan carried his audience with him, as he lightly brushed away the absurd arguments of the Tory and Unionist parties, that to give Ireland a Parliament for the control of its own affairs meant the disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire.—"What tremendous follows we Irish must be," said the ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin, "if 4,500,000 of unarmed people can resist the wishes of a powerful and well-armed nation like the English!" It needed but the clashing arguments of Mr. Murtoa, the hard-headed secretary of the Home Rule Union, to arouse the audience to a pitch of enthusiasm, so that they voted solid for the Home Rule resolution, and made up their minds to return their chairman, Mr. Thomas Stevens, of Bradfield, as their member at the next election.

Sir John Pope Hennessy is a thorough-going Home Ruler. He evidently believes in Home Rule, not merely among whites, but among blacks, not only in Ireland, but in Africa. Writing in the *Nineteenth Century* on the question:—"Is Central Africa Worth Having?" he raises the question—for the first time—how the parti-

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tion of the Dark Continent is to affect the natives. "Recently," he writes, "I had an opportunity of glancing through a despatch I sent Lord Kimberley in 1873, in which I described a visit I paid to Kambia, a well-populated town a little distance in the interior, at the head of the Great Scares River. During my visit I was the only European in the town. The whole district was under negro administration only. It was admirably governed. I never saw a happier population. They were cheerful, contented, industrious, in their way good agriculturists, and able to manufacture most of the simple household articles they required. What a contrast between the smiling faces to be seen in the crowded streets of that negro town and the care-worn faces of Cheapside."

Sir John evidently doubts whether the prospect will be as smiling in the years to come. He quotes a phrase from the letter of a Mr. Mackay, a missionary, who writes that the British East African Company will do nothing in half a century to come until they have broken the backbone of native cantankerousness. These words he adds of an honest English missionary after twelve years' work in Central Africa:—"If such words are used by a man like Mr. Mackay what will be the tone and conduct of other Europeans?" They will advance civilization in the old way by murder, whiskey, vice, and disease.

The story of the Pope's interference was revived the week ending September 13 by a correspondent of the *Times* who signs himself "Vatican." According to him not only the Pope but the Archbishop Armagh has congratulated his Lordship of Limerick on the proceedings which culminated in the unprecedented demonstration in the City of the Violated Treaty. Inquiries proved that "Vatican's" statement about the Primate were totally unfounded; but the *Times* states that the other portion of the letter was true. We wonder who it was that confirmed it. The origin of the tale we ourselves exposed some weeks since. The "letter from the Pope" was a letter from an Irish Archbishop at Rome, whose personal experience of Ireland is rather remote. His expression of opinion has been magnified into a Papal sanction, and the Pope's name involved in the disgraceful charges of dishonesty, cowardice, and lying against one of the best loved and most trusted leaders of the Irish race. Our Australian compatriots need have no anxiety in the matter. The cable had lied; but it is one of the most disgraceful features of a discreditable performance that any ground was given for the liars to build their fabrications upon.

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

(By JAMES MURPHY, Author of "The Forge of Cloughogue," "The Cross of Gencarrig, etc., etc.")

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was some time afterwards before Maurice awoke to consciousness and found himself in a small, darkened, unfurnished room at the top of a large building. Through the windows opposite him he could see the fields and woods and plains of fertile Meath in the distance. He had some difficulty in remembering what had happened. By degrees he brought to his mind the scene of the conflict at the mouth of the pass, the white fog around, the red moon gleaming ominously through it, the furious melees so recklessly carried on and so soon over, but there all remembrance ended.

The long gleaming river, winding through meadow and woodland, puzzled him still more. What could it be? Not the Liffey surely; its length and configuration were entirely unlike that. It was more like one of the English rivers wandering through the fertile and well cultivated land of a southern shire. Could it be some curious and unknown turn of the wheel of fortune have been brought there? It was not without a feeling of rejecting that he hoped so. His mind had been so perplexed and bewildered by conflicting feelings, he had been so shocked by the scenes of savagery he had witnessed that he would have been glad to find himself once more in a land where the amenities of civilization were a little practised. Besides, he had been so long out of Ireland—since his boyhood—that it had become little more than a name to him. But then there arose the sense of duty to his sovereign and the faithfulness to those who had risked their all, and with whom he had, however reluctantly, cast in his lot. That in this insurrection they were encouraged and countenanced by the King, the letters which had been shown him had left him in no manner of doubt.

These reflections were disturbed by the growing sense of pain in his forehead. He endeavoured to lift up his hand to find out the cause but could not; the right arm was tightly bandaged and felt like a weight.

"I must have been ill and very ill; this seems a repetition of the Wicklow business; my head aches badly too," he thought. "I wonder how long I have been here? Who is this—who comes?"

The door opened and a woman's form entered—followed by that of a man. Maurice's eyes rested on the former, as if her face was in some way familiar to him, but in the present dull state of his senses he could not call to mind how.

Both started and looked rather surprised when they saw that he was awake.

"Well," said the young man—he was young and dressed in an officer's uniform—"I am glad to see that you are better."

"Yes. Where am I?" was the answer.

"A natural question to ask under the circumstances—in Drogheda."

"Drogheda!" said Maurice, in surprise.

"You did not expect to enter its walls so early, just as Sir Henry Tichborne, or Lord Moore did not expect so distinguished a guest. But it is hardly fair to allow you to talk so much at the moment of your recovery."

There was at the moment a singular noise in the air, which, repeated often, attracted Maurice's attention. The visitor saw by his eyes that he was listening to it and wondering at it.

"I see, you wonder what that is. That is the sound of the cannon your friends are firing in honour of the victory at Julianstown, the victors have just arrived in camp. The sounds are drowned and mingled up with the buzzes; but their voices will be lifted in other ones ere long I fancy. I shall call again shortly. Nurse here will attend to all your wants."

And with these words, cheerfully spoken, the young officer left.

"What is that? What is the meaning of these new sounds?" he asked of his attendant.

Evidently the noises had attracted her attention also, for when he asked the question, she was at the window glancing afar and downwards.

She turned around partly, but her face was still bidden.

"They are dragging cannon newly arrived, and placing it in position. Oh, my! They will batter down the walls, enter, and murder us all—these horrid Irish! Heaven forgive me that I ever left England. See; they are marching and countermarching—drilling. How their pikes shine in the sun! Mercy on us! They are preparing to imbue them in our blood. Oh, that I ever came to this dreadful land. There! Do you hear that? There is the first new gun fired at the battlements. Oh, dear! How it has knocked the coping stones into the air! And how these dreadful rebels cheer and hurra. Oh, protect me Heaven! I would I were back in England!"

It was clear from her words that the Irish were preparing to press the siege with greater vigour and effect. But pleased as he was with the intelligence, it did not effect his senses nearly so much as the familiarity of the spoken tones. Her face was turned again to the window, glancing eagerly out on the siege preparations, and he could not see it. But as the growing reverberations of the cannon, and the work going on in front of the battlements, seemed to appal her, she drew back involuntarily and her side face became presented to his view.

"You do not like the sounds of warfare?" Maurice said, with sympathy for her manifest distress, and wondering at her familiar face.

"No, I do not."

"Well for you that you are not a soldier's wife or daughter."

"I am a soldier's daughter."

"I thought fear was unusual with them."

"And with me too, once. But I was in the massacre at Coote Castle, and I—"

"You are not that girl that travelled with us?—that travelled with a gentleman and lady—"

"Let me see your face—surely you are not the gentleman who—"

And so saying the girl drew over the blinds letting the light come more equarely into the room; and taking a good look at the patient, cried:

"What, Maurice O'Connor!"

"And you, Becca Crampton!"

"Oh, Maurice O'Connor," said the girl, in a burst of weeping, "I did not think we should meet again after Wicklow."

"Wicklow!" cried Maurice, in amazement, "Wicklow! Were you there, Becca?"

"I was."

"And it was you who saved my life—set me free?" cried he again.

"It was, Oh, Maurice O'Connor, why do you stop in this unhappy land? Why do you not go away again to England? There is peace and happiness here. There is nothing but murder and slaughter and madness here!"

"And why do you not go, Becca?" asked Maurice, much astonished and anxious to distract her thoughts, which he saw were cruelly harassed by anxiety; "what keeps you in this land? I should have thought any girl soft and kind as you would have fled the land after Wicklow."

"How can I leave—oh, how can I leave? What can a girl do of herself or by herself? She must stay where her lot is cast, for good or ill. It is otherwise with a man. He can go whither he will."

"How did you come here, Becca? And how did you happen to be present at Wicklow? I have to thank you for my life there.—Words are too small to acknowledge the obligation. But I am puzzled to know how you got here."

"When the regiment returned from Wicklow we were put on board a vessel in Dub in and sent to England. But a storm came on and after some days tossing about we were driven in here. And the soldiers are so dreadfully beleaguered that they have all to guard the walls, and the women have to do all the work."

"And is this your first day here, Becca?"

"We only came in a day or two ago, and this is my first work."

"Well, Becca, I am glad to have one I know near me. By the way, do you know if I am much injured? I feel weak and worn, but I cannot further know what state I am in."

"They tell me you have been very bad. Colonel Mordaunt—"

"Who?"

"Colonel Mordaunt."

"Oh, I remember now. Yes, Raymond Mordaunt? What of him? What of him, Becca?" asked Maurice excitedly, as a fresh lot of reminiscences broke in upon him.

"He is badly wounded or dead. He is either in the hands of the Irish or—he is dead."

"He is—eh?" asked Maurice with deepening interest.

"And, oh my?" cried the girl, "what news it will be for his sister—he was so brave, and resolute, and handsome!"

Maurice lay back, overwhelmed with the sensations this news created. Raymond Mordaunt a prisoner or dead! And how! Was it by his hand? For he remembered now the crossing of swords!—Good Heavens! what changes a few weeks had produced! And his sister, Carrie Mordaunt—what had become of her! And he lying there, perfectly unable to render sympathy, consolation and assistance—a prisoner, and a wounded one at that. Carrie Mordaunt?

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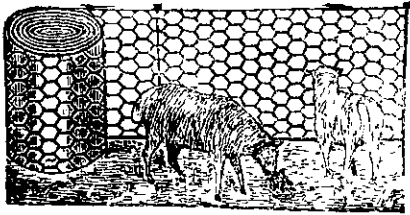
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"Becca, this is singular news to me—strange and singular, indeed. You speak of his sister—did you ever see her?"

"Oh, yes," said Becca, interrupting her torrent of tears and wiping her eyes with the corner of her handkerchief, "it was she took charge of us after that dreadful day at Castle Coote, and after Wicklow caused us to be sent home to England, where we'd be now but for the storm. There seems to be nothing right about Ireland."

"She caused you to be sent home, Becca! Just like her," said Maurice, unheeding her latter statements and dwelling only on the fair vision her words had called up.

"Just like her!" cried the girl with great animation. "Of course it was like her. Was there ever such a gracious lady? Except out of the skies could there come one so winning, so gentle and so sweet as she?"

The patient could have listened to these eulogiums for any length, and thought they fell short of their description of her they represented. But this conversation and the speaker's words were interrupted by a heavy sigh, and, looking round at the door, by the head of the bed, Maurice with some difficulty perceived a form, for in his wounded state he could not without great pain turn his head. But the sigh was so heavy and seemed so full of sorrow and pain that it strangely attracted him.

A youth stood there whose face was hidden by the curtain of the bed; but in the hand, advanced a little, Maurice could perceive what seemed to him a letter.

"Come forward!" he said impatiently.

The youth moved forward, disclosing a face of unusual beauty suffused at the present moment with blushes. Apparently he winced under the double pair of eyes cast on him—at the surprised gaze of Maurice, and the keen, quick, inquiring glances of Becca, for he turned alternately red and white, now delicately crimsoned with red, now pallid with white.

"Why, Ernest, can this be you!" cried Maurice, in fresh surprise, "or have all our friends in Dublin Castle come to us? What brings you here?"

"I came with the troops—this letter is for you," said Ernest, as he stood with eyes bent meekly on the ground.

"With the detachment—no!" said the patient, as his memory fell back on the bloody scene and thought how utterly unsuited such dreadful times were for the timid and girlish form before him.

"I was there, Maurice O'Connor, and I—I saved your life; for it was I brought your horse along else your life was surely lost. As it was you ran close enough to the gates of death."

"You Ernest! How much obliged I am to you! Tell me all about how I came here."

But the only reply to this request was another sigh, so heavy and sorrow-laden as to be quite strange and incomprehensible to Maurice, and the youth, placing the letter on the coverlet of the bed, left without speaking.

"Ernest! Ernest!" cried Maurice, anxious to hear the rest of his communication—but the youth had departed not to return.

"Why did he leave so suddenly, Becca? Call him back. I have much to speak to him about. Call him back. Do."

Becca reluctantly complied, but the youth had either passed far out of hearing, or was disinclined to return or reply, for he came not nor yet spoke.

"Do you know who that was?" asked Maurice, excitedly.

"Miss Mordaunt's attendant," said Becca, with a manner which he could not quite understand. "I saw them together when we were escorted into the castle, and at other times, I don't know why Miss Mordaunt could be so simple as to—"

But whatever else Becca was about to say was interrupted, for the walls of the room shook, and a cloud of dust fell from the ceiling into the room, betokening that a missile from the besieging force had struck the walls, and but that it was a spent cannon-shot, would have done more grievous mischief.

The incident not only unexpectedly terminated the girl's remarks, but threw her into such a state of terror that further conversation was impracticable to her. The excitement consequent on the various pieces of news he had received, had worn out Maurice's strength and, whilst he awaited with some curiosity a recurrence of the rebel cannoniers' skill in the shape of another iron messenger, he unconsciously dropped asleep, the unopened letter Ernest had brought still in his hand.

He awoke again only to find that night had set in. The room was pitch dark, and neither wall nor form was visible therein. Two pale squares, less intensely dark than the surroundings, indicated where the windows were, but there was nothing visible.

"Becca!—Becca!" he cried, scarcely able to hear the sounds his tongue had made.

There was no response. The room seemed devoid of other occupant than himself. His tongue was swollen in his head, and he could scarcely stir it; but with each instant the choking feeling of thirst grew greater. As usual when there seemed no prospect of assuaging it, it grew in intensity each moment. He would choke and die immediately, he thought, if he could not get something to slake it.

"Becca, Becca!" he cried again, a terribly immense exertion.

"You are thirsty. Take this!" said a familiar voice beside him, at the same time placing in his uninjured outstretched left hand a deep cup with drink therein. It was a blending of Burgundy—the favourite wine of the times—in water, and gave not only an assuagement of his thirst but set the elements of life within him in fresh and brighter flame.

"Is this Becca?" he asked.

There was no response.

"Becca, you here. Speak!" he said, for the vague form moving beside the bed so noiselessly, disturbed him. "Speak! What hour of the night is it? Is it very dark. I cannot see you. What is doing outside? There is great clamour and noise. What is it? See there! That light across the window—red and murky? And there—there go the noises of the cannon again. Oh, my! How I wish I could look out. It is hard to be chained and bandaged up here, and

such life around. Speak, Becca!—tell me what the night is doing—what is doing in the night!"

"Maurice O'Connor!" said the voice again.

"Who speaks? Is that Becca?" he cried, with some curious sensation over him.

"Hush—ah—ah, Maurice O'Connor; not a word. Don't call again or speak so loud. It is—"

"Father Tully!" cried Maurice, with a new light breaking upon him.

"I warned you not to speak," said the voice sharply and sternly. "Is this a time, is this a place for mouthing or talk? Keep perfectly still and hearken to me—for I wish to speak to you earnestly."

Wondering at the curious circumstances that could have brought the Friar amid his foes, amid men that would have strung him from their church steeples with less compunction than they would have swung a mad dog—and have believed that never was church so sanctified or God so honoured as by the act, Maurice watched unspoken, the dim figure in the darkness close the windows one after the other to exclude inward or outward light, lock the door, and then applying the torch to a taper, take off the bandages that bound his head and forehead and carefully examine them.

"Bad, but not as bad as I thought," he muttered to himself. Then applying a salve of ground herbs he carried with him he rebound the wounds. Which done, he sat down by the bedside on the chair, and leaning his head on his hands, like one that was dead weary and tired, reposed himself.

"Father Tully," said Maurice, after a long and noiseless pause, in which Maurice thought he had fallen asleep; "do you hear me? Waken, I say. I am athirst for news. May I ask you a question?"

"Wait a moment. I am not asleep," was the reply; and then turning his head as well as he could in the direction, Maurice saw by the beads passing through his hands that he was engaged in prayer.

A thrill went through the sick man. A thrill of remorse at his own careless and neglectful life. Here was one whose life was passed in the extreme of activity and energy; whose path was surrounded by deadly perils and dangers of all kinds; whose superhuman exertions and boundless faith in his country's cause was enough to stir the fire of patriotism in the most callous breast—and in the midst of all these struggles, trials, and dangers, he never forgot those duties which are the first and noblest call on a Christian and believing heart. In the whirl of exciting circumstances and incident—the least, if not the last, thought that came into his own head was one of prayer. If he had been like one of the brute animals, whose shrill neighing and whinnying came even now on his ears, unknowing of the Great Ruler who directs and controls events, from Whom we come and to Whom we must go for judgment, he could not have been more neglectful of religious duties. Thoughts of love, of glory, of duty, were strong enough in his head; the ambition to do what was right and loyal and gallant was in his heart unquenchable; but that was all; seldom or never a thought to the higher destinies which man is called to, and which will survive when the changing things of this world are gone and past!

A sudden feeling of pain, of heart shame, and remorse smote upon him. The silent act of worship of his companion came more upbraidingly on him than if a thousand eloquent sermons were preached in his ear.

Here was one who might have lived in ease and respect and honour in his position as military chaplain in the Spanish court. He was elegant in appearance, courtly in manner, eloquent in the pulpit. He was prime favourite in that court which was proudest, stately, most ceremonious and graceful in the world. What more could he desire? Yet he had abandoned all to throw his lot in with the fortunes of his native land. By one great act of self-abnegation he had cast all prospects aside—for the mitre of the Bishop and the red hat of the Cardinal were in the distance before him—to give a helping hand to the land that bore him! He had nothing to win here; no military renown, no broad estates, no earthly love lay before him to conquer and win; only hardships, trials, mortification, and distrust. But he heeded not all these, so long as his hand could help in the grand uprising. No care within his breast save for success; then a humble grave anywhere—unknown, unnoticed, and forgotten. A man of men, a man of ten thousand; full of indomitable courage, resolution, energy, and activity!

"If there were a score like him," Maurice thought, "no power that ever lived could stand before them. They would rend and shiver the strongest nation on the face of the earth."

And to think of such a man finding time for abstracted and fervent prayer in the midst of that turbulent and eventful life—even here in the enemy's camp where every hand was against him, where danger was as imminent as though raging wolves were around him, as though he were amid hungry lions in the Colosseum of pagan Rome. Maurice almost thought he saw a halo around his head, as with hands clasped and motionless he sat still and unstirring. Resolutions that he had not made before since childhood came strongly into his breast;—until the Friar putting up his beads and crossing himself ended his devotions and turned round to speak!

(To be continued.)

Sir Jonah Barrington was one of a party invited by a relative of his own to a housewarming. Two of the guests, after their potations, slept soundly all night in the dining room with their heads against the wall. When breakfast was announced, the twain immediately started and roared in unison. "Come, boys!" said the host, giving Joe a pull. "Oh, murder!" says Joe, "I can't." "Murder, murder!" echoed Peter. "I have in my lifetime laughed," said Barrington, "till I nearly became spasmodic, but never were my risible muscles put to greater tension than upon this occasion." The fact was, the two unfortunate men had slept against a wall that "had only that day received a coat of mortar," which closed round their heads during the night, and held them fast in the morning. Barrington gives a most comical account of the release of the captives, (one of them a wit, the other a dandy,) with the loss of most of their hair and part of their scalps.—The Spectator.

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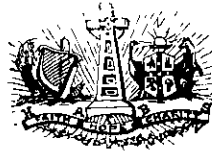
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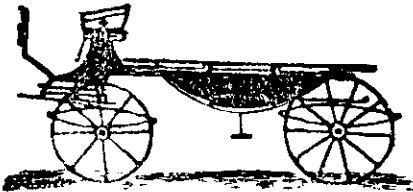
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ENGLAND, MALTA AND ROME.

(Roman Correspondence of the Pilot.)

AMONGST the results of the English Mission to Rome on the affairs of Malta, which now occupy so large a share of public attention, the letter of the Sovereign Pontiff to the Bishop of that See is one of the most important. It indicates that a sort of uneasiness prevailed amongst the Catholics of that island,—that is to say, almost the whole of the population,—which it required the Pope himself to soothe. The letter of Leo XIII. was issued from Rome on July 27, and it deplures the existence amongst the people of opposition to and discontent with the ecclesiastical authority of that See. It demonstrates the causelessness of the pretents put forward in justification of this opposition, and it makes evident that the negotiations between the British Government and the Court of Rome had as their sole object the advantage of the Catholics of Malta and the settlement of possible difficulties which might in future arise between the ecclesiastical and civil authorities in that island. The necessity of acquiring the English language on the part of the Maltese is shown to be for their own benefit more especially so in the case of the clergy, whose position requires them to come into contact with the ruling powers—which employ that tongue—and a want of which, on the part of the clergy, would place them at a disadvantage. The hope is then expressed that these good and obedient Catholics, recognising the benevolent feeling of the Pontiff towards them, will acquiesce in the direction of their Bishop, and comply with his instructions.

The very fact that it was deemed necessary by the Pontiff to send such a letter indicated the existence of serious trouble in that island. And, indeed, the trouble is not of yesterday's growth. It has been maturing long; and the English authorities in Malta, as elsewhere, have been attempting for years past to submit these good Maltese to a regime against which both their faith and their manhood equally rebel.

Without entering into a lengthy account of the English line of action in respect to Malta and the Maltese, it is sufficient to say that the troubles which have recently come to a head are the results of attempts made to destroy the national language of the people, with the idea of substituting English in its stead; of introducing, by underhand ways, Protestantism; and by the weakening and lessening of patriotism. These purposes are intimately connected one with the other. If the English language were made compulsory and became universal, the introduction of Protestantism in the island would, it was hoped, be rendered easy. If Protestantism acquired a footing, the political autonomy and individuality of the Maltese would be lessened or destroyed, and the Government of the place would be made thoroughly English.

In pursuit of the first idea, the island of Malta was not yet full twenty-five years in the hands of the English Government, when the governor of that period made strenuous effort to supplant the native language by English. It may be mentioned here that the Maltese, in 1799, drove out the French, who were at that time regarded as the apostles of atheism, and selected the English as their protectors. In 1800 the latter entered on possession under remarkably free conditions on the people's part as to the full practice of religion and the enjoyment of special political rights. The languages generally spoken in the island are Maltese—a combination, they say, of Arabic and ancient Phœnician—and Italian. Except the peasants alone, everyone speaks Italian; and so much is this the case, that the movers to Italy of the redemption of Italian territory, still under the sway of the foreigner, are making special efforts to create a revolution which may release Malta from British rule and unite it with the so-called "United Italy." When, in 1825 the then governor of Malta strove to introduce the English language, to the supplanting of Italian and Maltese, his sole object was—according to information supplied *via voce* to me by a distinguished native of the island—the paving of the way for the proselytizing of the Catholics.

Since that period the governors of the island, with one exception, to be mentioned presently, laboured, with more or less zeal, according to the strength of their convictions or the energy of their character, for the propagandism of Protestantism. Naturally these efforts were made in a covert manner. The exception was the period in which the island was governed by an Irishman and a Catholic, named O'Farrell. His name is held in respect by the natives, and chiefly because he let them alone and allowed them to follow out the development of the rights and privies accorded to them by law. Besides, he did not treat them as an inferior race—that method of treatment which is the outcome of Lord Salisbury's description of the Hindoo gentleman whom he insultingly described as "a black man." It is almost unnecessary to say that, with the exception of O'Farrell, all the governors of this most Catholic island during ninety years past have been Protestants, and most of them bitter opponents to Catholicity. Some of the chief secretaries have been Orangemen. O'Farrell's term was cut short; it was felt that his respect for the religion of the Maltese and his conciliation of their just political tendencies were out of harmony with the usual English method.

When it is considered that one of these over-zealous governors of Malta so far forgot the reverence due to his own position, and the respect due to the religious feelings of the people, as once to ride through their ranks during a solemn religious procession, it is natural to expect that they regard English interference with considerable suspicion. They are a hot-blooded people, and they seized the Governor and dipped him in the sea, in return for his unmannerliness. It was fortunate they went no further. The recent "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Her Majesty Queen Victoria to Pope Leo XIII." came within an ace of being treated in a similar manner in attempting a similar outrage. Sir John Lintorn Simmons, who is nothing if not a fervent Protestant, attempted one day to ride through a religious procession. A policeman, or gendarme, seizing the reins of the Governor's horse, told him that such a step would arouse the feelings of the people to such an extent as to be

dangerous, not only to order, but to the person of the Governor, and led him away. The peace-loving policeman was suspended from his occupation by the Governor.

With such insolent conduct on the part of rulers—and the example of their superiors was imitated by inferior officers of the Government—it was natural to expect that a durable peace could not long be maintained. Nor was it. Three years ago the politico-religious difficulty became invested with a new form in Malta.

Then a powerful and influentially supported attempt was made to introduce the Primrose League into the island. It seems strange that such an idea should enter the mind of reasonable beings; but it is, nevertheless, true. Lady Salisbury, Lord Salisbury's secretary, and, presumably, the Duke of Norfolk—for it was at his residence the letter was written—sent a document to the Bishop of Malta at that time—Right Rev. Mgr. Bubadjar—requesting him to announce the matter to his people, and, in fact, to propagate the association. This the Bishop objected to for several very evident reasons: his work was purely ecclesiastical; this association was not presented to his notice by his ecclesiastical superiors at Rome; it was not a religious or devotional association of the Catholic Church; it had, in other countries, a political colour and tendency; in short, as a Bishop, he could not undertake the task. The Primrose League made no way in Malta!

The consequences of this action on the part of the Bishop, dealing with such zealots, might have been easily foreseen. A number of difficulties were raised around him, it was said, at Rome—and it is suspected that the influence of the Duke of Norfolk is not foreign to the result—that the Bishop was a person who was not acceptable to the English Government! This sort of attitude on the part of the Government at home and that of the island continued; the Prelate was adored by his people; difficulties were daily arising; finally, the Bishop was summoned to Rome, and, for peace sake, a successor to him was appointed in Malta, in the person of Mgr. Pace, whose name, though meaning "peace," is strangely and ironically at variance with the condition of affairs in which he is now living, and which has required the recent letter of the Pope as a soothing and calming word.

The people of Malta have been possessed with the idea that the mission of General Simmons to the Vatican boded them no good! They knew the man, and their experience of him led them to distrust him. When a local newspaper published an article in favour of Home Rule for Ireland, the Governor, Simmons, appealed, but in vain, to the Bishop to use episcopal influence to crush the journal. In his report to the British Parliament, General Simmons has characterised the clergy of Malta as "ignorant." This ignorance consists in not knowing English, and it is but a few of them who do not know that tongue, for the study of it was introduced into the seminary years ago. He himself cannot talk the general and common language of the country he governed at a salary of £5,000 a year. When he came to Rome and was first presented to the Pope, he attempted to speak French. Chaucer describes one of his characters as speaking French of "Stratford-atte-Bowe," but no poet has yet discovered the locality of Sir John Simmons' French, such as he spoke at the Vatican. He has been distinguished here above all other representatives, by his rudeness and want of tact; having no respect for the feelings of others, and talking of the Pope in a manner which was exceedingly offensive to the sentiments of Catholics here. Altogether he is just the sort of man to describe the clergy of Malta, nearly all of whom know five or six languages, as ignorant, because, in his eyes, to be ignorant of English is the unforgivable sin.

P. L. CONNELLAN.

EUROPE'S OVERWORKED MILLIONS.

(Oregon Catholic Sentinel.)

COMPARING the conditions of the labouring men in Belgium with that of his brother in the United States, the *Oregonian* says:—"The labour movement has borne him beyond the protest against long hours of toil, and his demand for wages has resulted in according him, even in the humblest vocation, a sum per day which exceeds what the Belgian toiler in like vocations earns in three. The public schools are everywhere open to his children, but he is not taxed to support a lazy priesthood or a standing army, and is allowed an aggregate of holidays in the year that enables him to familiarise himself with all the pretty parks and suburban resorts in his vicinity." It is hardly fair to parallel the Belgian with the United States workman, and attribute all the evils of his condition to a "lazy priesthood." The Belgian labourer is as well paid as his Protestant neighbour in Germany, Norway, Sweden, or even England. It will hardly be contended that a lazy priesthood is responsible for the social difficulties in these countries. The position of the wage earner in Belgium is precisely similar to that of his fellow labourers all over Europe. In every European country he is over-worked, under-paid, under-fed, and poorly clothed; his opportunities for education, for social enjoyment, for the improvement of his condition generally are limited. Look at Europe! for ages men, women, and children have toiled in field, mine, and factory; for centuries youth and strength and means were sacrificed in wars instigated mainly by the avarice, pride, or lust of petty prince or ambitious emperor. The Church found the masses of mankind in slavery. She destroyed slavery by teaching the equality of all men before God, the immortality of the soul, and moral responsibility and punishment for sin in this world and the world to come. This was the slow work of centuries.—Feudalism with its lawless chieftains, its oppressions, its turbulence, interfered with the growth of the democratic spirit in the Church, prevented the diffusion of knowledge, and held the emancipated slave as a peon. The craft guilds organised under the direction of the Church were the first labour societies. They were the outgrowth of the Christian spirit permeating society. Nevertheless the conditions of the masses of the people during the middle ages show a gradual improvement down to the date when Martin Luther and the so-called reformers cast the fire-brand of religious discussions into the European household. Of their condition in England, we have a

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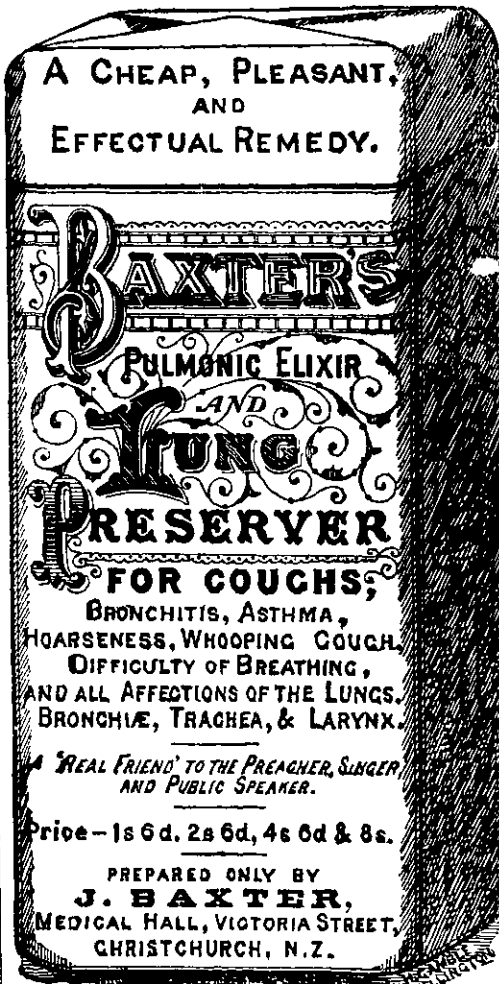
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FOR DISEASES OF THE CHEST, says:—



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

BAXTER'S LUNG PRESERVER

SPEEDILY REMOVES CATARRH,
And even where
Complications have arisen, used according to the directions, it effectually eradicates the complaint.

DR. EWART writes:

"I regard your Lung Preserver as a really good preparation. In cases of Asthma it quickly cuts short the paroxysm. In Chronic Bronchitis or Winter Cough it is useful; the discharge of mucus is greatly assisted, and the wheezing and difficulty of breathing are greatly relieved by it. In Acute Bronchitis it is also beneficial; and whilst it tends to check inflammation, it promotes expectoration and thus relieves the difficult and laborious breathing so general in these attacks. As a Cough Medicine for persons of all ages it is excellent." Vide "Book for Every Home."

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STOREKEEPERS.

IMPORTANT TO PURCHASERS.

Purchasers are requested to see that each packet of Lung Preserver offered for sale is a fac simile of the above drawing, and that the words "Baxter's Lung Preserver, Christchurch," are blown in the bottle.

Further, that the Wrapper of each packet of LUNG PRESERVER

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

JOHN BAXTER,

ROBT. W. BAXTER.

REFUSE ALL OTHERS AS COUNTERFEITS.

THE 'ORION' COOKING RANGES.

Fitted with either High or Low Pressure Boiler; for Burning either Coal, Lignite, or Wood; from 8ft to 24ft long. Also SHACKLOCK'S PATENT PORTABLE WASHING BOILER.

THE BEST OUT.

Tomb Bailing, Iron Fretwork, and General Castings at Lowest Rates.

INSPECTION OF STOCK INVITED.
Full Particulars posted to any address on application to

H. E. SHACKLOCK,
SOUTHEND FOUNDRY, CRAWFORD STREET,
DUNEDIN.

RAINBOW HOTEL
Corner of
GEORGE and ST. ANDREW STREETS
DUNEDIN.

Having made Extensive Alterations in the above Hotel, which is now replete with every Modern Convenience, I am now prepared to give First-Class Accommodation to Boarders and visitors to the New Zealand Exhibition.

Finest Quality of Wines, Liquors and Beers kept. Terms Moderate.—One of Thurston's First-Class Billiard Tables.

P. FAGAN, Proprietor.

EPICURE FRENCH SAUCE.

No First-Class Table is complete without it.

DELICIOUS.

All Grocers.

PIER HOTEL

CRAWFORD AND JETTY STS.,
DUNEDIN

W. HEFFERNAN - PROPRIETOR
(LATE SHAMROCK HOTEL,
BENDIGO, VICTORIA.)

Successor to J. Baxter.

WHITE HART HOTEL,

OAMARU.

MICHAEL HANNON, late of Sydney, begs to announce that he has re-opened the above, and desires to intimate to his Friends, and the Public in general, that he has provided Splendid Accommodation for Boarders.

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

Good Stabling provided Free of Charge

striking picture given us by Fortesque, Lord Chief Justice of England in the reign of Henry VI. He was the author of a book which is quoted as authority in law courts to-day. After praising the beneficent laws of his country at that time, he concludes thus:—"Hence it is, that the inhabitants are rich in gold, silver, and all the necessities and conveniences of life. They drink no water, unless at certain times, upon a religious score, and by way of doing penance. They are fed in great abundance, with all sorts of flesh and fish, of which they have plenty everywhere; they are clothed throughout in good woollens; their bedding and other furniture in their houses are of wool, and that in good store. They are also well provided with all other sorts of household goods and necessary implements for husbandry. Every one, according to his rank, hath all things which conduce to make life easy and happy."

The act of 23d, Edward III., fixed wages, without food, as follows:—A woman hay-making, or weeding corn for the day, 1d; a man filling dung-cart, 3d; a reaper, 4d; mowing an acre of grass, 6d; threshing a quarter of wheat, 4d.

The price of shoes, cloth and provisions throughout the time that this law continued in force was as follows:—A pair of shoes, 4d; russet broad-cloth, the yard, 1s 1d; a stall-fed ox, £1 4s; a grass-fed ox, 16s; a fat sheep, unshorn, 1s 8d; a fat sheep, shorn, 1s 2d; a fat hog, two years old, 3s 4d; a fat goose, 2d; ale, the gallon, by proclamation, 1d; wheat, the quarter, 3s 4d; white wine, the gallon, 6d; red wine, 4d.

These prices are taken from the *Preciosum* of Bishop Fleetwood, who took them from the accounts kept by the bursars of convents. All the world knows that Fleetwood's book is of undoubted authority.

Many women in this country working at service get less in proportion than the hay-making women of King Edward's time. Many clerks and serving women in the large Eastern cities earn less than four dollars per week, that would scarcely earn a pair of shoes, while the fourteenth century woman could earn a pair of shoes in four days. The reaper could earn sufficient in two or three weeks to buy a suit of broad-cloth clothes. While the miner, the track hand, and the dock labourer and other classes of workmen earning a dollar and a half a day or less would work for two months for clothing of the same quality. The scale of farm labourers' wages in that early date compared favourably with the wages of the well-paid and most favoured unskilled labourers in our times. A similar state of affairs prevailed in Western Europe.

Western Europe was disturbed and desolated by a century of bloody religious wars and persecution immediately succeeding the Reformation, which impoverished and degraded the main body of the people not only in England and Ireland, but in Germany and France. St. Vincent de Paul raised millions of dollars to save the starving populations of Northern France and Southern Germany during the Thirty Years' War.

The disgraceful name of pauper was never heard in England in Catholic times, but as soon as the fabric of the Catholic Church was destroyed and the monasteries seized and confiscated, the country swarmed with necessitous people, and open begging soon became common. The act of 27th, Henry VIII., chap 25, began the poor laws which authorise voluntary alms to be collected; and, at the same time punished the persevering beggar by shaming off part of his ears, and for a second offence put him to death as a felon! Edward VI. began his reign by an act punishing beggars by burning with a red-hot iron, and making them slaves for two years, with power of their masters to make them wear an iron collar and feed them on bread and water and refuse meat.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign it became necessary to levy compulsory assessment to make provision for the poor. De Foe, in one of his tracts, says that "Good Bess," in her progress through the kingdom, upon seeing the miserable looks of the crowds that came to see her, frequently exclaimed "*pauper ubique jacet*"—the poor cover the land. In the reign of Charles I. the poor began to increase to such a frightful rate that Parliament referred the subject to the Board of Trade to inquire and report a remedy. The philosopher, Locke, who was of the Commissioners, wrote in his report that "the multiplicity of the poor and the increase of the tax for their maintenance is so general an observation and complaint that it cannot be doubted of; it has been a growing burden on the kingdom these many years, and the last two reigns felt the increase of it as well as the present." Locke attributed the cause of the evil "to relaxation of discipline and virtue." This was the country which Fortesque described as "having all things which conduce to make life easy and happy." The history of Ireland during this period was one of slaughter, rapine, famine. Wherever the reformation came it brought the withering blight of poverty, degradation, and relaxation of discipline and virtue. The burdens of the working classes were increased enormously by continuous strife and bloodshed.

An era of infidel philosophers succeeded the Reformers. They like Locke, lay the blame of their misfortunes on the poor themselves. Merciless masters increased the hours of labour as they lowered the wages, and forced man, woman, and child into the battle for bread. The numerous holy days of the Church, which gave the poor time for relaxation, were abolished as relics of Popish superstition. Worse, still, the infidel philosophy which brought about the French Revolution and held sway in Western Europe abolished Sunday as a day of rest. The party which to-day set up the cry of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity forced women and children into the mills and mines and made them labour seven days a week.

Thus we find that all the perplexing labour and social problems of Western Europe to-day are the legacy of that revolt against religion, against God and authority, which is falsely styled the Reformation.

The best French journals have been unanimous in their praise of Cardinal Newman. The *Figaro*, devoting an able article to the loss which the Church has just sustained, concludes by saying: "In John Henry Newman disappears a man who was not only an honour to his country but an honour to humanity."

A SPIRITED REPORTER.

(JNO. GILMER SPEED in the *American Press*.)

THERE is in New York a certain banker who at one time was as prominent in political as in monetary affairs. He was noted for his bad manners, and there was not a reporter in New York who would go near him. I was the city editor, and the chief had directed that certain questions be asked of this churlish magnate.

There was in the office a very gentlemanlike young man who had recently been graduated from Harvard, and who had only that day reported for duty. I was sure that he would not shirk the job, for he did not know how disagreeable it might be. I told him what I wished, and as he had only heard of Mr. Blank as an eminent financier and conspicuous politician he was glad of the chance of seeing him. Arrived at the Fifth Avenue home of Blank, he was left standing in the vestibule while the footman took in his card.—Blank did not come down stairs, but said gruffly to the reporter, who was in the hall:

"What do you want?"

The reporter told him.

"Get out of here," yelled the angry banker, "and tell the man who sent you that all the fools are not yet dead."

"But, Mr. Blank," persisted the astonished reporter, "won't you kindly tell me so and so?"

"No, get out of here, I tell you. Why don't you go?"

The reporter's daunt had now arisen. He replied:

"That is scarcely the way, sir, for one gentleman to speak to another."

"Who said you were a gentleman?" growled Blank as he hobbled down stairs. Reaching the hall he caught the reporter, who towered some ten inches above him, by the ear and pushed him to the door. At the door the reporter caught Blank in his arms, carried him tenderly down the front stairs and deposited the now writhing millionaire head foremost in the slush and snow of the gutter. He raised his hat and walked quietly away, while liveried footmen ran to the rescue of the astonished Blank. The reporter had taken first prize the year before as the best all round athlete in Harvard university. We did not print any account of this encounter, but we had lots of fun over it, and this fun was not diminished when the chief sent to me a letter from Blank complaining of the brutal rudeness of the new reporter.

EVIDENCE.

ASK any successful lawyer to what he ascribes his success, and he will tell you that he has taken care to have had "evidence" to support the cases he had undertaken. What sends the murderer to the gallows? EVIDENCE. What sends the thief to gaol? EVIDENCE. What procures a divorce from a cruel husband? EVIDENCE. Facts can only be proved by evidence, and that is how the superiority of Clements Tonic is proved by the pure and positive proof of its various patrons over all its imitators, for Clements Tonic has no competitors or competitors. It is now quite unnecessary for the manufacturers of Clements Tonic to say a word in its favour, its reliability, virtues, merits, and therapeutical efficacy are proved beyond all doubt by the unanimous verdict, the irrefutable, incontrovertible, and indisputable evidence of its influential patrons.

T. B. Bryce, Esq., J.P., writing in the *Manning River Times*, says, "We personally know some of the sufferers who had taken Clements Tonic and derived wonderful relief from it."

W. C. McDougall, Esq., writing in the *Balmain Observer*, says, "The good effects of Clements Tonic have come under our notice both by personal experience and by that of two residents of Balmain."

Spencer Groves, Esq., writing in the *Tumut and Adelong Times*, says, "We have had proof positive here, in this neighbourhood, of the wonderful properties of Clements Tonic."

W. B. H. Worth, Esq., writing in the *Grenfell Record*, says, "We have found it of great value for the hot weather, and have had personal experience; so has a friend of ours in the Civil Service who was so sick that he threw up everything but his appointment, but Clements Tonic cured him."

S. Beach, Esq., Marrickville (N.S.W.), says, "That Clements Tonic did wonders for Miss Beach; that four doses only cured both toothache and earache."

"F. Bagnall, Esq., Ravenhurst, Marrickville, says, "Mrs. Bagnall took Clements Tonic with the most gratifying result, and that its use resulted in a restoration of perfect health, after two years of extreme debility."

John Plummer, Esq., North Willoughby, says, "Clements Tonic did Mrs. Plummer a great deal of good and it is a very good remedy." J. W. L. Kyle, Esq., postmaster, Manila, says, "Before I had used one bottle of Clements Tonic I was quite cured."

Captain Dibden, Balmain, says, "That four bottles completely cured him of debility and nervousness, and he is glad to bear witness to the value of such a wonderful remedy."

Never No one hears evidence like that, however, of any of the harmful nostrums sold in so many shops in place of the genuine Clements Tonic, for although they copy our advertisements, etc., without stint, they cannot copy our proofs, because such proof is not procurable. A medicine must have merit before people will lend their praise and signatures in support of it. Persevere with the remedy. It must cure, if you only take enough of it. Remember that in building a house it has to be done stone by stone, brick by brick, slate by slate; and so it is with disease, you can only cure by persistent treatment; you can't blow weakness out of the system by dynamite, you must restore lost energy by natural and continued treatment. Insist on Clements; it is sold everywhere.

The Commission of Inquiry, appointed by the French Government has approved a Trans-Saharan railroad route,

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**

TO-MORROW

Wednesday, 1st October.

The Shipment consists of CALICOES, SHEETINGS, HOLLANDS, SILECIAS, LOOM DOWLS, PRINTS, GALATEAS, NEW SEASON'S DRESS MATERIALS, MILLINERY, SILKS, SATINS, LADIES' UMBRELLAS, LACE CURTAINS, LINOLEUMS, 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, Faked Snow Tweeds, Natural Diagonals, French Model Hobes, New Black Lace Cloths, etc., etc.

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

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

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

The above Goods are all bought from the Makers.

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

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

WRITE FOR SAMPLES AND PRICES.

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

T E S T E D S E E D S

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

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

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

IMPLEMENTS—

"IRON AGE" CULTIVATOR AND HORSE HOE.

The most complete implement of its kind.

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 Term and Money to Lend to build thereon.

CENTRAL HOTEL

PALMERSTON NORTH.

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

A Good Billiard Table. Night Porter specially engaged.

MAURICE CRONIN PROPRIETOR.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT ON THE POTATO BLIGHT.

(The following is taken from a letter of Mr. Davitt to the *Freeman's Journal*.)

In 1880 we told America and the whole world we would never beg again for a starving Irish people. Ten years have gone by, and what have we done to make good our boastful pledge? Absolutely nothing. Here we are again ready to burnish up our everlasting begging box, and to go forth to the world for alms as the only national mendicants among civilised peoples. But we are now face to face with a most serious crisis. It is not to be expected that the landlord Government will provide relief works by railways or otherwise for the West, and do nothing to secure to their clans and ascendancy policy a *quid pro quo*. They will push on their favourite panacea—emigration. The Messrs. Tukas and Vere Forsters will be afforded full play for their peculiar philanthropy, which is applied to the work of expatriating the Celtic portion of our already decimated population. This will be done unless there is some counter scheme of a practical character that will appeal so forcibly to public opinion as to compel the action of the Government to go in the direction of a remedial solution that will be free from the suspicion of aiming at a still further reduction of the population of a country which England has failed so miserably in ruling.

The land of the distressed areas is poor in quality, it is true, but if the people had enough of it, and were secure from landlordism, they could easily be made independent of the potato and its recurring blight. They limit themselves to potato culture now because their plots or holdings are not sufficiently large to grow enough of other vegetable food substitutes. If they had enough of land on which to grow a variety of eatables, such as oats, lentils, peas, beans, cabbages, and other kinds of cereal and farinaceous foods, as well as the potato, there would be no apprehension about future visitations of potato blight. In a letter which I have received from the secretary of the Vegetarian Society of Manchester, Mr. Joseph Knight, he says truly:

"The vegetable kingdom offers abundance of foods which can be procured far more cheaply, while, at the same time, they provide more labour, and which can be supplied at much lower prices than flesh foods, the purchasers having the immense advantage of procuring for their smaller outlay a proportion of nutriment far exceeding that contained in animal food. The misfortune is that the value of these foods is not sufficiently known by the class to whom they would be such a boon."

These truths are not so generally known in Ireland as they ought to be. But if we are to face the problem of keeping the people of the western seaboard in Ireland, and thereby defeating the policy of the emigrationists, we will be compelled to study this subject of a variety of vegetable food for the maintenance of such people.

In addition to more land for tillage, which will enable the people to extend their crops, there must be grazing land added to each holding. Anyone who has travelled in Switzerland, and who has given the least study to the rural economy of a country at once free from the evils of pauperism and millionaires, is aware how the communal grazing lands are made to supplement the earnings of the small cultivators. We must have a similar dual system of tillage and grazing introduced in the rural economy of the western seaboard counties. Before the Pikes and the "Mission" Societies of Achill grabbed the grazing land from the people of that island there were sources of income open to these poor islanders which enabled them to live fairly well. These sources are now gone from them, and they are, therefore, at the mercy of a wet July or August. Increase the tillage area for the people in all the distressed districts, and enable them to utilise mountain and other suitable grazing land, and the problem of the potato blight and consequent distress is solved. Nothing else, save emigration, can be provided as a remedy, and if emigration is not to be permitted to dispose of the remains of our Celtic population, the alternative remedy, which is one of reason and common sense, must be forced upon the Legislature by the whole influence of Ireland.

This is a problem which will not wait for solution at the hands of a Home Rule Parliament. Those who want to keep the people of the West in Ireland must move at once. Parliament assemblies in November. A Land Purchase Bill which, if passed, would stereotype the poverty and helplessness of the people of the western seaboard, is to be again brought forward. The facts of the distress will render the passage of this Bill through the House impossible. But, whilst such a measure as the Tories contemplate cannot now be made law, there is no reason why some adequate effort cannot be put forward to deal with this recurring potato blight problem in the distressed areas.

The time is most opportune. All Great Britain is now on the alert. The facts of the case cannot be shirked or denied. The public are in possession of them. And such a solution of this problem as will recommend itself to the public opinion of these three countries should be proposed by the Irish representatives if the Government does not bring forward a remedy other than the totally inadequate one of light railways and emigration. More land for tillage and grazing; migration where grazing lands or the extension of holdings cannot be carried out; common schools of agriculture under Christian Brothers or other competent teachers, from whom the sons of the people could learn scientific cultivation and how best to produce the various excellent foods of the vegetable kingdom, as well as fruit, rabbit, chicken and egg culture, etc., etc., will be an indispensable necessity if we are to provide a full and adequate solution of this great and serious problem. The development of the coast fisheries will also suggest itself as an important part of any scheme meant to benefit the people of the West.

I am suggesting matter for thought or discussion in this, as in my previous letter, rather than proposing a cut-and-dry remedy for so complicated an evil as this recurring national destitution. It is too big a problem to be solved in any off-hand manner. But we cannot any longer avoid the responsibility of grappling with it in

some practical and efficient way, and the time has, in my humble opinion, arrived when the whole civilised world, from which we are again in danger of being compelled to beg, will expect of us, and demand a proposal or a remedy capable of grappling with and preventing the periodic recurrence of this humiliating and degrading spectacle of a starving people in a country out of which twenty or thirty millions of food is exported every year, be it a year of plenty or of distress.

WAS IT PROVIDENCE OR ACCIDENT?

DID the finding of that article save the man's life? That is the question. Is there a divinity that shapes our ends? or are events but a mere series of accidents, which may happen to one person as well as another? Are the experiences that compose our lives links in a chain, or loose grains of sand? As you answer these questions, as you take the one side or the other, so is your faith; you are a materialist or a believer in Providence. We now propose to relate a story in illustration of this problem which may have some effect in arousing those who have always thought themselves the subjects of blind chance. The following facts are fully vouched for, and resemble occurrences in the lives of multitudes.

Several years ago Griffith Jones was a policeman at Holyhead, Wales. He had a family consisting of a wife and five young children to take care of. Holyhead is on St. George's (or the Irish) Channel, and is open to the terrific gales that so often gather in those dangerous waters and beat with violence upon the coast. Jones' "post" or "beat" extended back into the country, over bleak, wind-swept hills. He had to walk through this region in all weathers, day or night. He was often out in winter nights, in cold and darkness, exposed to the storms that drive in from the sea. At such times the wife listened to the rattling windows, and prayed that the husband and father might take no harm in the wild tempest. This was hard lines, but in the family (though they were poor enough) there was still health and comparative comfort. But in a bad storm the policeman caught a heavy cold. Home remedies failed to cure it, and the officer sent to his old physician at Aberffraw for medicine. It did no good. Jones' right side grew "queer" and painful. The doctor said it was the liver, and he was right; but correct opinions don't cure disease. His head troubled him too, and he was often so giddy he could hardly walk. "I am so tired and weary," he would say. "I don't know what makes me. I try to rest and sleep, but get up just as dead tired as when I go to bed."

Then worse came. He sat down to his table, but revolted from his food; appetite was gone. There was a curious feeling at the stomach; it was cold, dull, and miserable, like a furnace that contains nothing but ashes and cinders. A nasty and nauseous kind of gas or wind came up into his throat, like the effluvia from a tomb. His wife called his attention to the ghastly yellow colour of his eyes and skin, and once in a while he would have a spell of palpitation of the heart that made him afraid of falling dead—perhaps in some lonely place.

In spite of it all, however, Policeman Jones kept on duty as much as ever he could. Of course, so would any honest, plucky man. But he slept fitfully, with bad dreams. He cried out sometimes with the terror of them, and the frightened children said, "Is papa going to die?" He was, and is, one of the most patient and loving of men, yet now he was cross and surly to his family. Then something new developed. There came a pain under his left shoulder blade; his wrists and knees grew swollen and painful; this was rheumatism, caused, the doctors said, by the undigested and fermented food having poisoned the blood. Kidney and bladder complaint followed—for they also are merely symptoms of indigestion and dyspepsia. The policeman now felt that he must give up, and, if he did, then what? He could foresee nothing but destitution.

Now we come to the event which suggested the question with which this short story begins: Was it an accident or was it a link in a saving chain? Entering the Holyhead station house one day, ill, depressed, weak, and miserable, he saw a little pamphlet upon the table. He picked it up and began to read it. In a few moments his mind was riveted upon its pages. In clear, plain language he found his own case fully described, just as though the book had been written for him and for him alone. It named a cure for all its ailments, a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. The plain honesty of the statements won his confidence. He procured half-a-dozen bottles through Mr. Heary Wilson, of the Drug Hall, Holyhead. Taking it he began to improve, and all his aches and pains vanished in a few weeks. This was August, 1877. Ten years have passed, but not a sign or symptom of his ailment has returned. Mr. Jones entered on a more lucrative business, and wherever he goes he spreads the fame of Seigel's Syrup, and insists that the glimpse of the book on the table settled the point as to whether he should go under the sod or be the strong, new man he has been ever since.

After a meeting of the Social Democrats in Berlin, which did not break up till about two in the morning, there was a serious collision between the police and the workmen in the streets. The crowd refused to move away, and began to throw stones at the police who then drew their swords whereupon the mob, growing more furious than ever, answered by a shower of stones. There were many wounded on both sides; but there is no truth in the rumour that any life was lost. A number of the rioters were arrested.

In the many and lengthened notices of Cardinal Newman's life little or any remark has been made, says the *World*, on his charming old-world courtesy, which delighted every one with whom he was brought into contact. He was not only an excellent elocutionist but a capital talker, and by no means disdained gossip on the topics of the day. Till quite recently he resembled Bishop Wilberforce in answering with his own hand, and that instantly, every letter; but unlike the scrawly hand of that right reverend prelate, the Cardinal's writing was especially neat and readable.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ONSLOW.



ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

NELSON MOATE & Co's
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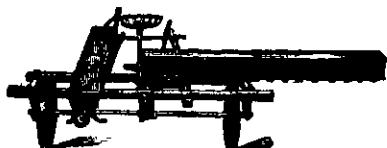
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