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## Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

### A SUGGESTIVE REPORT.

WHAT is the meaning of the rumour as to precautions taken by the Italian Government to prevent the holding of the next conclave outside the limits of their country? It is possibly the outcome of those idle speculations which constantly busy themselves with matters concerning the Church, and with which we are familiarly acquainted. But there is still a possibility that there are some grounds for the report, and that the enemies of the Church in Italy are really forming hopes of making the conclave subservient to their ends. There are, it is true, no particular reasons to suppose that the close of the present Pontificate is approaching. The Pope is in good health, and on his late appearance in public, that is during the recent consistory, his vigour was such as to attract attention and excite surprise. His Holiness, however, is an aged man, and life at his advanced years is doubly uncertain. The Italian Government, therefore, may be considering the matter and adopting steps to serve their purpose when the time arrives. The design is, we are told, to prevent a foreign Pope and a foreign conclave away from Rome. "All Italian confidential negotiations with the great Powers are believed to be inspired with the dominating idea that Italy will respect and safely guard the liberty of the conclave." But if this idea be just there is no need for the Italian Government to concern themselves as to the holding of the conclave abroad. It would only be with the best reasons for believing that the conclave would not be respected that the Sacred College would assemble anywhere except in Rome. The bare mention of such an idea makes the situation suspicious, especially if, as reported, the assurance in question is spoken of as a dissuasive to the Powers from offering the Cardinals an asylum. We have no fear respecting the independence of the conclave. Prior to the holding of the last, appearances were strong that it would be held under difficult circumstances, and that an attempt would be made to influence its choice. But when the time actually came to hold it, the condition of Europe was such that none of the Powers might venture to move in the matter. Our confidence is that, in the next instance also, God will provide. But let us suppose that the enemy were to triumph and that a Pope was forced upon the Cardinals against their will. We make the supposition for the sake of argument and by no means admitting anything of the kind to be possible. History has taught the enemies of the Church a lesson that even they might recollect. It would not be the first time that inimical hopes had been based on the election of a particular Pope. But the Papacy, they tell us, is too strong for its occupant and subdues him to a line of conduct different from that expected of him. Catholic writers of note explain the matter otherwise and point out to us the action of divine grace in protecting the Church. We do not know whether there is any truth in the report to which we allude or whether it is another invention of the gossiping journalist. But if it be true that the Italian Government is making any such proposal to other Governments as that mentioned, it is evident the design is sinister. The Sacred College will certainly understand the matter aright and conform their action to it. When we find that they propose to hold the conclave elsewhere we shall understand their reason for doing so. We may be convinced that, should they arrive at such a determination, the efforts of the Italian Government to shut them out of all countries fit for the purpose will be fruitless. We trust that comparatively many years may still elapse before the life of the sovereign Pontiff now gloriously reigning terminates, but when it does, we shall find the place filled by one no less qualified for the duties it demands and no less entitled to the confidence and veneration of the Catholic people. The human means, perhaps, by which this is brought about will be the warning given to the Catholic world by some such report as that of which we have spoken and the resolute attitude, in consequence, adopted by them.

AN ancient document has recently been discovered which has a bearing on some arguments employed by the opponents of Catholic truth. We allude to the "Apology of Aristides," a Syriac manuscript found by an American professor in an Eastern monastery, and on which Professor Stokes, a high English Protestant authority, comments in the *Contemporary Review* for July. Professor Stokes accepts this document as the apology laid, early in the second century, before the Emperor Adrian in favour of the Christians, as mentioned by Eusebius, and which led to an intermission of persecution. While we are awaiting the fuller and more satisfactory commentary we may expect from some authoritative Catholic source, and it is suggestive that Professor Stokes admits there are points in the manuscript on which controversy may arise, we would remark on a passage or two by which our notice has been especially attracted. Aristides the author of this apology, was a convert to the Christian faith. He had been a Greek philosopher, and was, therefore, particularly qualified to judge as to the difference between the moral code of the heathen creeds prevailing at his time and that which was taught by the Christian Church. He had personally seen the heathen system proved by its fruits and knew what it was worth. It is, consequently, of significance to find him insisting to the Emperor whom he addressed on the great comparative excellence of the new creed. It is on the superior morality to be derived from its teaching that he pleads in favour of the Christian religion, summarising with a powerful hand the abominations that must attend on following the example of the heathen gods. As a philosopher also, he could rightly estimate the effect upon contemporary society of the moral teaching of what is now ancient philosophy and could conclude justly as to its practical value. His testimony, therefore, applies to and confutes certain of the agnostic arguments of our own day. In opposition to the tenets of religious Protestantism, it would seem that the knowledge Aristides had of the Christian doctrine, was principally derived by him from oral teaching or tradition. He makes no mention of the books of the New Testament in his apology, and does not appear to have been acquainted with them. This difficulty, with its bearing on the Protestant position, Professor Stokes sees and in some degree acknowledges. He explains it by the fact that the canon of Scripture had not been as yet fixed on. But if the teaching of the Church in the early ages, those of the martyrs, was based on authority and tradition, how could the Bible, and the Bible alone, afterwards become the rule of faith? Another point that seems proved by the manuscript referred to is the reliability of early ecclesiastical writers—a matter that has been greatly called in question by non-Catholic historians, divines, and men of letters generally. The statement of Eusebius as to this apology of Aristides obtained little reliance. Nay, even when, some few years ago, a fragment of it was found included in some other writings, its authenticity was discredited—more particularly by M. Renau. To do M. Renau justice, however, he founded his rejection on the employment of some terminology that he said was subsequent to the assumed date of the writing, and which has actually been now proved to have been introduced by copyists at a later period. Still, the tendency is to deny anything of the kind. Scepticism of this sort receives another check by the discovery to which we allude. We can perceive, even from the meagre details given by Professor Stokes that, like every discovery of a similar nature, the document referred to supports the testimony of antiquity and the claims of the Catholic Church.

MALICIOUS LEVITY.

LORD SALISBURY'S reply to the protest made in the House of Lords against the purchase by the Chantry trustees of Mr Calderon's outrage on the memory of St. Elizabeth was something even worse than flippant. To reply to any grave remonstrance by light remarks betrays a tone of mind that is anything rather than admirable. But Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, entered on a scoffing commentary respecting the canon of art and its dealing with the nude in relation to a subject which, as he was perfectly aware, narrowly affected the religious sentiments of a large body of the people whose interests, moral as well as material, he was bound to consult for. Never were

humorous remarks or a tone of levity more out of place. The allusion made by Lord Salisbury, moreover, to pictures of the Magdalen painted respectively by Guercino and Correggio, as illustrative of what was allowed to sacred art in Catholic countries, was nothing to the purpose. In neither case, although the figure is not draped, as much as perhaps might be desirable, is there the slightest suggestion of indecent action. In Mr Calderon's picture this is more than suggested; it is glaring and significant. The artist may be comparatively excusable. He may have been dull enough to accept, in all good faith, as literal expressions commonly used in a figurative sense, and certainly so used in the instance in question. He may have been so carried away by his artistic conception as to lose sight of propriety and to act as a man in a "fine frenzy." No excuse, however, applies to the cool-headed, unimaginative, statesman. He spoke with full recollection, and of a matter concerning which, notwithstanding his jesting allusion to a picture in "Punch" as all he had seen of it, he was perfectly well informed. Bigotry against the Catholic Church and contempt for Catholic feeling were his only possible motives. And yet the tendency of English Catholic opinion is to regard the party of which Lord Salisbury is the sympathetic head and leader as the surest reliance and the sole guardian of Catholic hopes.

STUPID RUBBISH. To whom is the Emperor William indebted for those accounts of his behaviour on board the Imperial yacht? Has his Majesty to thank his Socialist subjects, or his revengeful Gallic enemies? Or does he simply owe a debt to some journalist in want of a sensation to "tickle" his readers and determined to go the whole hog? The whole hog it has been with a vengeance. Screaming extravagance is no name for the inventions to which we allude. Indeed they have been so much overdone as to fail in their intended effect. It is possible for us to believe that, as asserted, the Emperor is in the habit of making an excessive use of morphia. He is said to suffer from some disease of the ear which is sometimes very painful. That he sometimes shows signs of doing so is not incredible,—but who could believe this story of wild gambols far outdoing the maddest freaks narrated of the late unfortunate King of Bavaria? The story, we are told, was wired from Berlin and printed in some of the Paris papers. This part of the report we are inclined to credit. The inventions have nothing of the bright French wit in them, but savour of a heavy sportiveness not out of keeping with what we know of the Teutonic temperament. Munchausen, let us also remember, was a German. We are inclined further to believe that the report is false which accredits the Emperor with annoyance at these stories. If he is so, indeed, he gives some colour to their foundation, for no man in his full senses could pay them any regard. To swell the mail news by such raw extravagance is anything rather than flattering to the intelligence of the colonies. They have no interest; they are not even amusing.

"MORE than 700,000 persons, including the Austrian THE PILGRIM- Prince Azay and other Austrian nobility, have AGE TO TREVES. visited Treves to inspect the 'holy coat' exhibited there." This is a cablegram under date, Berlin, September 14. We do not know of any particular distinction which characterises the Austrian Prince Azay, nor do we indeed know whether or not any such prince is in existence. Indeed, there seems no sufficient reason for singling out the Austrian nobility for especial mention, as doubtless Catholic noblemen and noble-women from all the countries of Europe have also gone, or will go, to venerate the relic. The number of pilgrims spoken of, though large, is not excessive. The Bishop of Treves mentions in a pastoral letter, issued by him on the subject, that in 1844, when the last exposition was made, the number of pilgrims exceeded one million, and the means of travelling are now much easier and more convenient, but some weeks still remain in which, no doubt, the numbers will be filled up. As to the genuineness of the relic, it affords a subject for scoffing to the non-Catholic world, as, in fact, we have seen among ourselves. And yet any man capable of forming sound judgments may be challenged to produce a cool, well-considered and unprejudiced argument against it. Some months ago we ourselves had occasion to refer to the matter, and we then pointed out, in an argument we need not now repeat, how one of the characteristics of human nature was the preservation of relics of those who had been beloved or honoured. The Bishop of Treves, we find in his pastoral, refers to this.—"Indeed," he writes, "it is part of human nature to keep and foster lovingly things which belonged to persons whom we loved." The Bishop, nevertheless, does not insist that even this great relic, ancient as it is and well supported by tradition, is to be received as genuine under penalty of an error in faith. "A Catholic," he explains, "who wantonly or without grave reasons doubts or rejects the authenticity of a certain relic may appear arrogant and irreverent but he is not for that to be considered erring in faith." The Bishop goes on to reason from human testimony—the only proof, he says, of the authenticity of any relic, as of any other historic fact. He

appeals to the reputation of his predecessors in the See of St Eucharis as that of prelates not easily imposed upon, and themselves incapable of imposition. But to satisfy all reasonable doubts, he adds, he had a particular examination made. "In the presence of the Chapter of the Cathedral, and some competent judges, this examination took place last summer, and lasted several days. The result was that there was nothing found that contradicted the old traditions of the Church of Treves." That the Holy Coat is therefore, that which is claimed for it, we may justly conclude, and that it may be visited with edification and spiritual profit cannot be doubted. This must still be the case, even were the proofs of genuineness much less, for, at least, the coat would still be of such a kind as was worn by the Saviour, and its presence and associations must enable those who saw it to realise more vividly the great miracle of the incarnation, that miracle which being believed and realised, all other miraculous events would seem easy of acceptance. Infidels consistently, but still without reason, may ridicule the veneration of the Holy Coat, but Christians who do so act, not only without reason, but without consistency. Catholics, who visit this relic, are both reasonable and consistent. It speaks well for the vitality and prospects of the Church that such numbers are availing themselves of the privileges afforded them.

## Colonial Notes.

WE are glad to find that the Legislative Council have made good their claim to a grain of common sense. They have rejected the Female Suffrage Bill. The debate seems to have been somewhat facetious, and it is difficult in some instances to see how conclusions were arrived at. The Hon. J. N. Wilson, for example, argued from the success recently gained in rifle shooting by a lady at Bisley, not only that the sex were capable of distinguishing themselves as electors but that their administration of the law would put a stop to pigeon shooting and cock-fighting. The hon. gentleman evidently saw reason to suppose that the lady at Bisley required time to take exact aim. As to cock-fighting, we have had personal experience of one match, or series of matches, only. It took place more than forty years ago in a paddock at the rear of a deserted mansion in what was then a remote part of Ireland. It was held in secret, although the whole country-side, police and all, knew everything about it, and crowds were gathered to it from many miles around. But the most sporting character there was a woman, and the whole assembly was in admiration of her spirited betting. If therefore, we do not receive it as proved that female administration—let us say that of a batch of she-constables—and why not? we should like to know, must put an end to cock-fighting, we may prefer a reasonable right to be excused. *Experientia docet.* The Hon. Mr Walker apologised for what he called his presumption in voting against the Bill, because, said he, he was a bachelor. But is it presumption for a man to provide for his future needs, and the peace of his fireside in coming years? We were all bachelors once,—even the poor fox that lost his tail had once a luxurious brush, but we did not all by any means remain so. We shall leave Mr Walker to add, perhaps, by-and-bye—"More's the pity." However, he has done his best to provide against an evil hour. Are there no shoes-blacks in Wellington? The Hon. Dr. Grace declared that women, like all earthly divinities, had clay feet, and wore long dresses to hide them. Sure it was a pair of muddy boots the Doctor had caught a glimpse of; and that caused his mistake. The Hon. Mr. Buckley expressed a gallant fear for the susceptibility of the Chamber, and the Hon. Mr Barnicoat, rather paradoxically pronounced it a relic of barbarism to keep women from gossiping. On the whole there was a good deal of nonsense talked in the Council concerning the matter, but since, notwithstanding that, common sense obtained a small majority, there is cause for congratulation.

"*Quid commune est monachis cum feminis?*" But to turn from the ladies to the lawyers seems bathos indeed. The Council has done another good job, as the slang goes, in making short work of the Law Practitioners Bill. What, meantime, has given rise to the blood-thirst of the Hon. Mr Reynolds? "If he had his way," he said, "he would hang half the existing lawyers, and quarter the other moiety." We shall waste no labour on vain inquiries. What, we should like to know is, is there not something libellous in this reported utterance. If the lawyers cannot see a fair prospect of six-and-eightpences here, they do not deserve the sentence Mr Reynolds has passed on them. Let us propose a riddle to the profession. What is the difference between the Jack Ketch of the Devil's Own and the devil's own Jack Ketch? Is it a matter of capital letters only?

The sad tale continues to be told. "The arrivals in the colony during August numbered 989 and the departures 1145. Of the latter, 622 were to New South Wales." We can readily believe what visitors to Sydney tell us, that the streets there seem filled with

people from New Zealand, familiar faces to be seen on every side. And yet there really is not good reason for this continued exodus. Working-men especially, who go to seek their fortune or the means of living elsewhere, are leaving a certain way to comfort behind them. We have just been told, for example, on unquestionable evidence, that of a settler, in fact, who related his own personal experience, that there is abundance of good land to be had on mining leases, that is permanent leases taken out by the holders of miners' rights, in the country lying in the neighbourhood of the Central Otago line. Materials for building huts, stones or sods, are on the spot, and trapping rabbits affords a substantial help to the struggling settler until crops and cattle yield subsistence. All that is wanted is the enterprise that no independent man should fail in, and a small sum of money, not more, perhaps, than sufficient to pay for the passage of a family to Australia. Surely with such an opening at their doors, people flying from New Zealand are greatly to blame. To blame also are those who prefer the from-hand-to-mouth life of the towns, with all its chances and dangers.

Mr J. R. Cox, M.P., was welcomed on his arrival in Auckland, as a representative of Liberalism in the United Kingdom, by the local Liberal Association. Mr Cox, in returning thanks, explained it was hardly correct to class him as belonging to the Liberal party, as the policy of the Irish members was to identify themselves with no English party. They were, however, honourable allies of the Liberal party, since they had declared themselves in favour of extending justice to Ireland. He did not believe in coming to New Zealand to wash the dirty political linen of the Irish party. He and others with him had given up a leader whom they loved for the sake of the cause they adored; not that they loved Mr Parnell less, but that they loved Ireland more. He would have great pleasure in conveying to Mr Gladstone the expressions of high esteem towards him which were used by the deputation. He regretted the absence of his friend Sir George Grey, whom he had met at Adelaide and Sydney a few months ago, and whom he hoped to meet again in Wellington. In conclusion, he expressed his highest confidence that Mr Gladstone would live to finish the great work upon which he had set his heart—the granting of Home Rule to Ireland. Mr Cox lectured on Saturday night to a crowded audience in St. James' Hall, in aid of the Irish evicted tenants' fund, illustrating by lime light views of evictions and riots, the Mitchelstown riots, etc. Some £60 was realised, and it was resolved to form a branch of the National Federation League.

The Zeehan *Herald* gives a glowing, though hardly a very attractive picture of his township, at least to those who, as he says, "value health and life more than capital." According to our contemporary the locality consists of a kind of festering bog. If the present state of things continues until summer, the inhabitants, he says, will be "swept away by the score with typhoid, diptheria, and malarial fevers, for the whole area of the town is at the present moment a reeking bed of filth that is highly charged with decaying animal and vegetable matter, only waiting the advent of the summer's sun to rise into pestilential vapours that will decimate our town with sickness and death." Digging for silver, therefore, may have its advantages but, as it would appear, it is also not without its drawbacks.

On the whole Lord Randolph Churchill does not appear to have won golden opinions only in South Africa. We lately quoted a paragraph as to his contemptuous demeanour in the Transvaal. We take the following from a more recent paper:—"The cook of the mail steamer Grantully Castle, on board of which he came to South Africa, is not the only person to whom he made himself hateful. He was a nuisance to all the ship's officers and passengers, except just his own set. He was too lordly to sit at the general table, and demanded a separate table in the saloon for himself and his set. He sent the steward to bid ladies to move from the positions they had taken up so that his card-table might be placed where it suited his capricious fancy. His Sundays he spent in a manner most offensive to right-minded passengers. He made himself a nuisance all round, and when the ship reached Natal, some of the officers, crew, and passengers relieved their pent-up indignation by burning the snobbish lord's effigy."

It was announced by cable a few days ago that the eldest son of Sir Samuel Wilson, the young gentleman who a few years ago would have saved her Majesty the Queen from assassination if he had only been in time, and to the memory of whose umbrella a widow has consequently been placed in Hughenden parish church, is about to be married to a daughter of the late Duke of Marlborough. On the importance of the announcement, making it a fit item for transmission by cable, we shall not comment, though it is, perhaps, worthy of note that wealth should purchase aristocratic wives, as it has long since purchased aristocratic husbands, for upwards from exterior parts. We shall only venture to hope that the fair lady in question

does not share in the feelings towards colonials, generally, that appear to characterise her distinguished brother.

The Hon Mr Wilson, as we have seen, argued in the Legislative Council that because a woman could hit the mark with a rifle bullet, she ought to have the right of voting. Here is just as good, if not a better argument on the other side. The *Lancet* explains as follows why a girl cannot throw like a boy:—"The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked unmistakable difference exists may be explained by the fact that the clavicle or collar bone in the feminine anatomy is some inches longer and set some degree lower than in the masculine frame. The long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. This is the reason why a girl cannot throw." A woman, then, should not vote. Her collar bone is too long.

Our contemporary the *Australian* reports the celebration at All Hallows Convent, Brisbane, of the golden jubilee of the Mother Mary Vincent, foundress of the Order of Sisters of Mercy in Queensland. "Mother Vincent," says our contemporary, "was born in the county Wexford, Ireland, on the 1st March, 1819, and entered the Baggot street Convent, Dublin, on the 16th January, 1839. This institution was under the charge of Mother Mary Catherine McAuley, who, we might here state, was the actual foundress of the Order of Sisters of Mercy. Two years later (19th August, 1841), the novice took her vows of humility, chastity, and obedience, and eventually became Superiress at Baggot-street. While officiating in the latter capacity, the Crimean War took place, and Mother Vincent was instrumental in despatching a staff of Sisters to nurse the wounded on the battle-field during that disastrous campaign. The good work achieved by this self-sacrificing band is well known. The late lamented Bishop of Brisbane took great interest in this matter. He was consecrated bishop on the 29th June, 1869, and lost no time in making preparations for removing to his See in the then comparatively unknown northern portion of Australia. He endeavoured to secure a staff of Sisters of Mercy to accompany him, but not until several unsuccessful attempts had been made did he succeed in his task. Mother Vincent, together with four other Sisters (since deceased), with characteristic zeal in their cause, decided to brave all the perils that might ensue, and embarked at Liverpool with Dr. Quinn in the good ship Donald Mackay in December, 1860. The result was that on the 10th May, 1861, she founded the Order of Sisters of Mercy in Brisbane. Though now over 71 years of age, Mother Vincent possesses a good deal of vigour and wears her years remarkably well. It was only natural that the completion of her jubilee should have been marked in some way at All Hallows. A choral Mass was celebrated for her in the morning, and All Hallows school children gave an entertainment in her honour during the afternoon. His Grace the Archbishop was present at the latter, which was of very enjoyable and appropriate character."

The Most Rev Dr Grimes, Bishop of Christchurch, who returned to New Zealand last week by the San Francisco mail, arrived in Wellington from Auckland, at midnight, on Friday. His Lordship was received at the wharf by the Archbishop, accompanied by some members of the clergy, and was conducted by his Grace to the archiepiscopal palace. On Sunday morning the Bishop, who is apparently fully restored to health, preached at St Patrick's college, and in the evening delivered in St Mary's Cathedral a most eloquent sermon, which lasted an hour and was listened to with wrapt attention by an immense congregation. His Lordship proceeds south to-day (Wednesday), and will receive at Christchurch the enthusiastic welcome prepared for him—as outlined in the letter of our correspondent.

The meeting convened at the Exchange Hall last evening for the purpose of making arrangements for the reception here of Mr J. B. Cox, M.P., the Home Rule delegate (says the *Wellington Post* of the 12th inst), was largely attended, Dr Cahill occupying the chair. A strong committee was formed to arrange the necessary preliminaries for a meeting to be held on Saturday, 19th inst., at which Mr Cox will be present, and will deliver an address. After the meeting last night the committee met and decided upon a plan of reception. A meeting of the Wellington branch of the Irish National League was held to release the funds deposited in the National Bank here for the evicted tenants. It was unanimously decided that the funds be released by the trustees and applied to the evicted tenants, in whose interest Mr Cox is making a tour of the colony.

Some of the most fragrant and beautiful lives (writes "Tapley" in the *Advocate* of September 5), are those the world sees the least of. Such a life was that of Brother Butler, whose death was announced by you last week. Brother Butler literally spent himself down to the last cent, in the service of God and the poor. From early morning to late night, week in and week out, he wrought with

WE ARE NOW SHOWING OUR

NEW SHIPMENTS

— OF —

SPRING AND SUMMER

NOVELTIES.

—  
A. & T. INGLIS,

hand and brain in organising the great charity of St. Augustine's Orphanage in Geelong. It is a splendid monument to his memory. Oh, what a vast sum of holy self-denial must this work represent! The weak body plodded on under its strong spirit, bearing all, and doing all for the love of Heaven. It is over. The day of toil is past. The burden is laid down, and the patient worker has heard the words—"Come ye blessed of my Father, etc." I loved the quiet good man in life. I shall love his memory as long as I love anything, and his name will smell sweet to me for aye.

## C H R I S T C H U R C H .

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE address to his Lordship Dr Grimes, from the laity of Christchurch, which is now nearly completed, will certainly be not alone a credit to those who present it, but as a work of art will place Mr A. H. Hart, who has been entrusted with its execution, among the foremost of his profession. The address is executed on a bristol, 28 by 20. The border consists of a rich floral design worked on a cream ground, and profusely enriched with gold and colours. At the bottom there is a representation of the Papal arms in gold and colours, and mid-way on either side are medallions, that on the left being the Blessed Virgin and Child richly coloured, whilst that on the right is the Sacred Heart, also appropriately coloured. The heading of the address is executed in bold ornamental letters in various colours on pale blue ground and is enriched with gold. The text is in old English letters with the mediæval capitals. Quite a novel and original idea is carried out in executing his Lordship's coat of arms, which appears in faint tints, resembling a water mark on the body of the address, the text being written over the same. The whole is most artistically carried out and has a very handsome appearance.

The address from the clergy is being done by the *Lyttelton Times* lithographic department, and when completed will prove to be a most beautiful production. The lettering in gilt and colour is enclosed in a Renaissance border, surmounted by the Papal arms and relieved by appropriate emblems, notably the Good Shepherd, Blessed Pierre Louis Marie Chanel (proto martyr of Oceania), the sacred monograms J. H. S. and A. M. At the base in the centre of border is correctly emblazoned the Bishop's coat of arms. The work in connection with the address is under the supervision of Mr East, head of the department, and conclusively proves to what a high state of perfection this art has attained in the Colony.

The addresses from the Children of Mary and St Aloysius guild are being illuminated by the Sisters at the convent. Those from the Literary, Hibernian, and St Vincent Societies, are also in course of preparation.

His Lordship is expected to arrive in the city by the 6.25 p.m. train on Thursday, the details so far arranged for his reception, are that he will be met on his arrival at Lyttelton by the clergy and church committee, who will accompany him to Christchurch, on reaching there various societies and the general public will be formed into procession, headed by a military band, with horsemen preceding the whole, and will march to the pro-Cathedral grounds, which will be profusely decorated for the occasion with bunting mottoes, of welcome, etc. Here the Children of Mary, school children, and ladies of the congregation will be assembled to receive him. Afterwards in the pro-Cathedral, the various addresses will be read. It has also been decided that to prevent confusion, admission to the church will be by ticket at a nominal charge.

At St. Mary's, Manchester street, on Sunday last the Rev. Father Marnane celebrated the 11 o'clock Mass, and preached an impressive sermon on the holy name of Mary, the feast of the day, and also the patronal feast of the clergy of the Society of Mary. At Vespers the Rev. Father Le Menant des Chesnais continued his series of lectures on social topics, the subject of this one being the "Power of the Press." The Rev. preacher dwelt at considerable length on the influence of the Press whether for good or evil, and was most outspoken in condemnation of the bad literature of the day. Many other points were touched upon, but which want of space prevents being detailed at length. After the sermon the congregation which was a large one were afforded a rare musical treat in a powerful rendering of the beautiful anthem "O rest in the Lord" from the Oratorio "Elijah," by Miss Fisher of Wellington. This lady is possessed of a rich contralto voice which gives every evidence of careful training, and as a soloist ranks high in the profession. A procession and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which a very pretty setting of the "Tantum Ergo," as a quartette and chorus by Steinfosrh, was rendered by Mrs Dobbie and Messrs A. H. Loughnan, and A. and L. Blake.

On Tuesday the 8th inst the Canterbury Catholic Literary Society held its quarterly meeting, at which there was a very good attendance of members, Mr J. C. Chase, vice-president, occupying the chair. After a good deal of general business was transacted the Rev. Father Marnane, who is most assiduous in his attendance at the

Society's meetings, reviewed at some length the many advantages to be derived from a strict compliance with the rules, more especially the one relating to the reception of the sacraments, in which the Rev. Father strongly pointed out they were nobly fulfilling their duty and at the same time setting a most edifying example to the young men of the parish generally. The remainder of the evening was filled with a programme of a social nature.

At the Theatre Royal on Thursday and Friday nights last the local amateurs produced in a highly creditable style the late Dion Boucicault's comedy, "London Assurance," in aid of the Hospital Lady Visitors' relief fund, a most deserving charity, having for its object the rendering of assistance to poor patients on their discharge and the maintenance of some for a time at the Convalescent Home who require a little careful nursing and change. The acting of the principals in the play was certainly above the average, and in view of the liberal patronage afforded by the public, the result should prove satisfactory.

Now that the Catholic body here are not possessed of a brass band, and in view of the number of those of the faith who form a large part of the four principal bands of the city, could not these be so organised, that when occasion required, their services could be enlisted, and thereby add one more to the many useful bodies attached to the church, and at the same time still fill the positions they already hold in their own respective bands. I recommend this to the notice of the young men in question, and trust the suggestion will be acted upon.

His Lordship the Bishop will pay his first official visit to St. Mary's on next Sunday week, for which occasion full arrangements for his reception are completed, and it is expected his Lordship will preach at Vespers on that day.

On October the 1st it is proposed by the parishioners to entertain him at a *conversazione* in the Art Gallery.

## DUNEDIN CATHOLIC LITERARY SOCIETY.

A VERY interesting paper on "The Poet Burns and his Works," was given by Mr T. Drumm at the ordinary meeting of the above Society on Wednesday last. This great poet was born on January 25th, 1759, in a cottage near Ayr. Although his father never rose above the position of a small farmer, he obtained an education considerably above that of the average peasant's son, and at a very early age he attracted notice in the district in which he lived by composing poems in the Scotch dialect. When about 22 years of age he and his brother Gilbert started a farm at Mosgiel, but the venture was not a success, and he lost nearly everything he had. As the result of a love affair he was on the point of leaving for Jamaica when the favourable reception an edition of his poems which he published in 1786 met with, induced him to remain. He went to Edinburgh and was introduced by Lord Gleucainr into fashionable and literary circles; here, although he astonished all with whom he came into contact by the vigour of his intellect and the versatility of his genius, yet he still retained his old simple manner. After some time realising a considerable sum from a new edition of his works, he contracted a marriage with Jean Armour and settled down in a farm near Dumfries. Burns died on the 21st July 1796. Although he injured his health by imprudent excesses, he was never in any sense a drunkard. The paper treated very ably and at some length, on the poet's work and was throughout plentifully interspersed with extracts. "The Cotter's Saturday night" was dwelt on as being one of his best efforts. A vote of thanks to Mr Drumm was carried with acclamation; the paper was criticised by Messrs P. Hally, C. E. Haughton, Carolin, Mooney, J. J. Dunne, J. Cantwell, E. Eager, J. Hally, Popplewell and Columb. Father Lynch in summing up said the paper gave evidence of careful study, the matter being well selected, and having a nice easy style about it.

The only other item on the syllabus for the evening was a recitation by Mr Mooney, who has a very natural style of delivery, and who received a hearty vote of thanks on the motion of Messrs Popplewell and Carolin.

A vote of thanks to the chair terminated the meeting.

"Mr Stead," said General Booth to a reporter at Dundee who was rude enough to question him about the finance of the Salvation Army, "is the soul of honour and of unselfish noble generosity." That being so, he is no doubt also the soul of frankness. Will he, therefore, be frank enough to give us the explanation—which General Booth omitted—of how the disinterested General came to lend the unselfish Mr Stead £5,000 of the Army's money? General Booth admits that the money was lent, but not to start the *Review of Reviews* or by way of recompense for Mr Stead's labour in editing and working up "In darkest England and the Way Out." "There is an explanation," said Mr General-dealer and Money-lender Booth, "about the £5,000; but it is a very simple one, and I do not think Mr Stead would care to see it repeated—it is so simple and trivial." Perhaps not although unselfish, noble, and generous men do not usually like to be under the imputation of having had any part in mysterious financial transactions; but the benevolent people who gave Mr Booth the £5,000 would very much like to have the explanation—simple as it is,—*St James's Gazette*.

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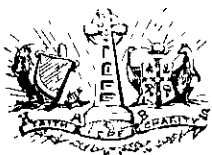
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## T I M A R U.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

TUESDAY, 1st September, the Aloysians held their weekly reunion, and as the principal business for that evening was the receiving of the monthly subscriptions, no programme had been got up. However, after the secretary had taken all the money possible for that night, Mr Dennehy, one of the vice-presidents, got up a scratch concert and the following gentlemen took part therein:—Mr James McGuinness sang, with harmonic effect and accompaniment, "They called me back again," also the parody, "They hauled it back again," and was loudly applauded. Mr Cronitch sang in a very humorous manner, "I had nothing else to do." Mr J. Corcoran, by special request, recited "Bernardo del Corpio," after which Mr A. Dobbs sang very nicely, "The flower from my angel mother's grave," and Mr Stapleton was very successful in the recitation descriptive of the negro slave who saved Baltimore from flames by plucking a fire-brand off the church steeple, refusing all the honours showered upon him by the white men. Mr Cairns, with a good nasal twang, sang effectively, "Good-bye till I meet you again." After which Mr Corcoran, in a neat speech, alluded to the removal of Mr A. Dobbs from Timaru to Christchurch, consequently, he said, the Aloysians would be at the loss of a very desirable member. He wound up by wishing him every success, the members chorusing "He's a jolly good fellow." Mr Dobbs thanked all present for their expressions of goodwill and regretted the severance.

The bazaar in aid of the Brother's house is making rapid strides. The ladies of the congregation, directed by the good nuns, are evincing a capacity for taking trouble.

I understand that a movement is on foot whereby the Aloysians are to have an "at home" for the purpose of entertaining the ladies of the Altar Society and the Children of Mary. And I understand that some lights of the Aloysians, who until now have been hidden under a bushel will shine forth with great effect at the forthcoming drama to be enacted in a month's time or so.

On Tuesday, 8th inst., the Rev Father Foley removed the first sod from the site of the Marist Brothers' house, and I understand the contractor commences operations to-day, and it is intended that his Lordship Bishop Grimes should lay the foundation on the 4th of next month.

At the Aloysians' Union in the evening the Rev Father Lemont gave a beautiful lecture, and Mr B. McGowan the song of the "Light Brigade." Mr James Collins sang a comic song and Mr Griffin gave a very side-splitting recitation. Messrs Quick, Coghlan and Wildermott contributed to the night's amusement, and Mr McMonagle recited "Barbara Fritchie."

## THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE.

THE *Catholic Times*, July 10, describing this year's pilgrimage to Canterbury, says:—

At half-past nine the London contingent of the pilgrimage, some 250 strong, assembled at Holburn Viaduct Station, most of those present wearing the badge of the Guild of Ransom. A special train had been provided for the pilgrimage. Canterbury was reached at a few minutes before noon. There the London pilgrims found contingents from Dover, Ramsgate, Margate, Ashford, Sheerness and Chatham, in all some 300 strong, waiting to join them.

The weather had been showery during the latter part of the journey, but it cleared up for a while, and thus enabled the procession to proceed to the Catholic church, which formed part of the programme to be successfully carried out. With the priests in front, the six hundred pilgrims marched from the station into the city. The sight of the long line, with its Catholic banners displayed, silently advancing between the quaint fronts of the old houses, was a very striking one. It was like a resurrection of the Catholic past. The Canterbury people gathered in groups to see their visitors pass.

At the corner of Merry-lane, near the sight of the inn where Chaucer's pilgrimage ended, the procession wheeled into the narrow way leading to the cathedral. At Christchurch Gate it again turned to the right, and following the line of Burgate street, reached the modern Catholic Church of St. Thomas. The church was completely filled by the pilgrims, the clergy occupying the sanctuary, where the relics of St. Thomas were exposed amid lighted candles at the Gospel side of the altar.

In the church the Litany of the Holy Name was recited, prayers were said for the conversion of England, and the hymn of the Blessed Sacrament was sung. Then the pilgrims, no longer in procession set out for the visit to the cathedral.

The Anglican Dean of Canterbury had with great kindness, renewed the privileges granted to the pilgrims last year. Every part of the cathedral was freely open to anyone bearing the badge of Our Lady of Ransom or showing the pilgrimage ticket; and it must be added that the vergers and other officials showed everywhere the most courteous attention to their visitors. The first place visited

was the Chapter House. Permission had been given by the Dean for a short introductory lecture to be delivered here, and a platform had been erected for the purpose. The pilgrims then visited the choir, the chapel of the martyrdom, the crypt and the nave. At each hallowed spot they knelt and prayed silently. Their whole reverend devout demeanour was as different as possible from that of the average sight-seer.

It was not until after 2 o'clock that, the visit to the cathedral having been completed, the pilgrims mustered for dinner at the Concert Hall in St. Margaret's street. Dinner over, the pilgrims separated. One party went out to St. Martin's Church, the oldest sanctuary in Canterbury; another party proceeded to the Jesuit college of St. Mary, visiting on the way St. Dunstan's Church, where the head of Blessed Thomas More is buried in the tomb of the Roper family. A third party went to St. Augustine's College, which stands on the site and includes some remains of the great Benedictine monastery of the same name. Canon Scott Holland, one of the chaplains of the cathedral, also conducted a small party through the choir and chapels in the afternoon, drawing freely upon his rich store of local antiquarian knowledge for their benefit.

## BISMARCK AND WILLIAM II.

(New York *Freeman's Journal*.)

A FULL and authentic account of the reasons for the dismissal of Bismarck by the Emperor of Germany is given for the first time, in an article by Prof. F. Heinrich Geffcken, Privy Councillor, which appears in the July *Forum*. Geffcken explains also the influence of Bismarck as a member of the Reichstag, and gives a review of the young Emperor's policy and an estimate of his character. The story of Bismarck's career as chancellor, its greatness and its corruption, and its abrupt termination is perhaps the most interesting one in politics and Geffcken has told it in a brief and interesting way.

He speaks of the future of the Emperor and Bismarck very clearly, and we should judge quite correctly.

William II., says Councillor Geffcken, is undoubtedly the most remarkable sovereign of the present time. He is a modern man notwithstanding certain proclivities which still adhere to him, like pieces of the shell of an egg from which the bird has issued. With restless activity he seizes upon all questions which agitate our time, be they large or small. To-day he speaks on great European affairs, opens new issues to German commerce, and proclaims social reform; to-morrow he opens an art exhibition and takes a personal part in the performance of Wildenbruch's patriotic drama, "The New Lord." He presides over his Council and shows himself a ready debater, opens a scholastic conference, laying down his educational plans, and indefatigably travels over his country in order to see everything with his own eyes. Much in all this may be attributed to his active temper, but the moving principle is undoubtedly the high conception of his duty as "the first servant of the State." This conception is bound up with a strong consciousness of his eminent position; he feels himself to be the pillar of the State, called to carry out a great mission. As before the dismissal of Bismarck he said that he would crush anyone trying to obstruct his path, so he declared in his late speech at Dusseldorf; "Only one is master in this country; I shall suffer no other." It would be unjust to see in such utterances, caused by a high consciousness of his power, absolutist tendencies on the part of the Emperor! He is a constitutional prince and has rigidly respected parliamentary rights. But in times when the principle of authority and order is undermined in many ways, the youthful sovereign feels that he is the centre of monarchical discipline without which the State can neither exist nor progress, and he is resolved to maintain his authority against Social Democrats as well as against interested coalitions of privileged classes and persons.

It is certainly to be desired that a man of Bismarck's importance should have a seat in Parliament, and much better that he should have occasion to speak his mind publicly, than that he should exhale his wrath in anonymous newspaper articles and conversations with reporters. But he will be very much mistaken if he expects to exercise great influence in the Reichstag. Just as Antaeus derived his strength from contact with the earth, Bismarck was only all-powerful at the head of the enormous Government apparatus which he had built up, and by which he defied his sovereign as well as Parliament. But as a simple member he will be comparatively powerless. . . . He will stand alone; his speeches will be listened to attentively, but they will be answered respectfully yet conclusively by the Government and very broadly by the Liberal speakers such as Richter, Bamberger and Rickert, whom the Chancellor formerly treated with contempt or as enemies of the Empire. Besides, Bismarck is no orator; his speeches are the product of much thought and full of incisive arguments as well as sophistical casuistry, but they derived their real importance from the fact that they were uttered by the omnipotent minister. Bismarck's opposition, therefore, is not to be feared, and will only force the Government to take a more decisive position.



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## Irish News.

**Antrim.**—At a large and representative meeting of the Belfast National Federation, held in St. Mary's Hall—the Rev. Joseph Burns, O. in the chair—the following resolution was proposed by Mr W. H. Campbell, seconded by Mr T. J. Hanna, two voters in the East Division, and carried unanimously:—"That as the Nationalist electors of East Belfast, in consequence of the division in the Tory ranks, hold the balance of power in their hands, and as efforts are being made to get them to commit themselves in view of the expected contest, we call upon them to hold themselves unpledged, and free to act on the advice of their brother Nationalists of the Irish National Federation.

**Carlow.**—Last night the installation of the public lighting of the town of Carlow by electricity was celebrated by a banquet in the Town Hall, given by Messrs J. H. Gordon and Co., who have carried out the works. Some months ago this firm made a proposal to the Town Commissioners to light the town by electric light for a sum of £170 per annum, together with the exclusive right of supplying light to private consumers for a certain number of years. The proposal was accepted, and preparations were at once commenced for the works. Messrs Gordon secured a fine range of buildings, known as Milford Mills, about four miles from Carlow. Here there is splendid water power, and machinery was erected for generating electricity, and wires were laid down along the waterway to Carlow. The town lighting is supplied by 13 arc and 40 incandescent lamps, and Carlow has now the honour of being the first town in Ireland entirely lighted by electricity.

**Clare.**—The body of a respectably dressed man, having all the appearance of a tourist, was found drowned at St. Bridget's Well, near the Cliffs, Mohir, yesterday. How the body got into the holy well is unknown. The coroner has been communicated with to hold an inquest. The place, owing to the great drought, contained about two inches of water, and it is suspected he must have stooped to take the water when he was attacked with apoplexy.

**Cork.**—A resolution was passed by the Grand Jury yesterday in which the Lord Lieutenant was asked to reconsider the question of extending the Skibbereen and Schull Tramway to deep water. The employment of the work of extension would afford as well as the relief it would give to the heavily-taxed ratepayers was also pointed out in the resolution.

Lord Justice Barry, opening the Commission for the city of Cork yesterday, expressed unqualified congratulations to the Grand Jury at the satisfactory state, so far as the absence of crime was concerned, in which he found the city this summer. Referring to the destruction of the Courthouse, he hoped that the new building would be more commodious and better suited for the purpose for which it was intended than the one which had been burnt.

Mr David Sheehy, M.P., writing to Canon O'Mahony enclosing a subscription of £50 to the *Herald* Indemnity Fund for the executive Committee of the National Federation, says: "The services which the Cork National papers did to the cause in the days of its trouble, and the loyalty with which they battled for principle against personality and betrayal, ought to be now remembered with gratitude and sympathy for the *Cork Herald* when it is being struck at by the Parnellite-Tory combination. Right quickly, I am sure, the spirited Nationalists of the South will mark their appreciation of the long and faithful services of the *Herald* to the cherished interests of faith and fatherland."

The *Fanny*, gunboat, which left yesterday, was on an expedition to Schull, where the Customs' officers made several raids, resulting in some captures of tobacco. The gunboat returned this morning, and operations resumed here. On the island of Beengarogue a search was made, in one case the proceeds being a pound and a quarter of tobacco. The wife of one of the coastguards was brought over as a female searcher, but, so far as is known, no important captures resulted from the manoeuvre except the acquisition of some bottles of eau-de-Cologne. A couple of well-known traders in Skibbereen have been visited by the Customs' officials, and it is said some of their goods have been seized.

The Very Rev Canon O'Mahony, Cork, has just received the following letter from his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel:—"The Palace, Thurles, July 13th. My Dear Canon O'Mahony—I think some practical step should be taken at once towards raising an indemnity fund for the *Herald*, in connection with the verdict recently given against it. Indeed, I heard some days ago that it had been already started by a few friends in Cork. I do not know that any of our Irish papers has done better work in the National cause than the *Herald* during the present lamentable crisis. I take it for granted that you feel an interest in the matter, and I send you accordingly my subscription of £5.—I remain, my dear Canon O'Mahony, yours very faithfully, † T. W. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel.

In the City Court, Lord Justice Barry presiding, the City Grand Jury entered court, and the foreman (Mr A St John Murphy) read the

following resolution, which had been unanimously passed by the Grand Jury of the City of the County of Cork:—Lord Justice Barry having intimated that this was probably the last occasion upon which he would preside in this city as a going judge of assizes, we take this opportunity of expressing our high admiration of the manner in which he has discharged his high judicial functions: the strict impartiality of his judgments, the forensic ability and keen intellectual foresight he has displayed, his unvarying courtesy to jurors and to those who came within the jurisdiction of his court and his dignified bearing on the bench, all mark him, in our opinion, as a judge of the highest standard of judicial eminence. We cannot, therefore, allow him to take his final departure from amongst us without expressing our feelings in respect of his official connection with Cork during well nigh a quarter of a century, and our best wishes that he may long be spared to administer justice in his elevated sphere in the Irish metropolis. Signed on behalf of the City Grand Jury, ALBERT ST. JOHN MURPHY (foreman), HENRY L. TIVY (secretary). His Lordship returned thanks.

Messrs Redmond and O'Kelly, M.P.'s, who left Queenstown some months since in company with Messrs John O'Connor and Henry Harrison, M.P.'s, to collect funds to enable their fallen and disgraced chief to keep up strife and disunion amongst the Irish people, returned from New York by the Guion steamer *Arizona*, and landed here at five o'clock this morning. They left Queenstown by the 9.40 a.m. train for Dublin. During their stay here not a single admirer or follower of "the only possible leader" waited on them to congratulate them on their return on the result of their mission. Not even the Mayor of Cork put in an appearance, and the two delegates were allowed to take their departure unnoticed and unobserved. Mr Harrison was treated similarly a few weeks ago, and no doubt when Mr O'Connor returns a like reception will be accorded to him. Parnellism, if not dead, is asleep in the South, when not a single Parnellite would inconvenience himself to meet the delegates. Dr Joseph Fox, the Nationalist delegate, is expected on Tuesday by the *Majestic*, and the people of the locality are already preparing to give him a hearty reception.

The sessional distribution of prizes was held to-day at the Munster Dairy and Agricultural School, in presence of a select number of visitors. After luncheon an explanation of the spray-distributors for the prevention of blight disease in potatoes was given. The report prepared by the committee was in every way satisfactory. It showed that there were thirty pupils, which is the maximum number present during the winter, spring, and summer terms, making a total of 553 individual entries since the institution opened. It is of interest to examine from what counties pupils come, and while the County of Cork is, as a matter of course, first on the list, several others are also represented. Cork, 70; Limerick, 10; Kerry, 9; Kilkenny, 1; Cavan, 2; Tipperary, 2; Waterford, 1; Monaghan, 1. The answering of the summer examination may be taken as a fair example. In the written examination in general dairy business and in dairy notes, the answering was good. The Committee of Management have taken practical steps to encourage poultry rearing. The financial condition of the institution is only fair, and the committee encourage voluntary subscriptions. The free passes hitherto granted to the pupils by the Southern Railway Companies have been withdrawn, except on the Cork and Bandon line. Those were the main points in the report.

**Derry.**—Is the census accurate, or have the enumerators done their work with a carelessness that detracts from the value of the return? Among a number of other places Derry is dissatisfied with the estimate of its population. The ancient city has no sentimental or indefinite grievance against the Census Commissioners, but boldly asserts that the count is wrong, and the Corporation has demanded a new enumeration. "There can be little doubt," says the *Derry Standard*, "that the return is inaccurate, and if the facts be put before the Commissioners they should have no hesitation in directing the request of the Corporation to be complied with."

**Donegal.**—A shocking bathing fatality occurred on the 16th July at Bundoran, which is a popular seaside resort on the north-west coast. Two ladies named Graham and O'Reilly entered the water at ebb tide, and shortly afterwards were noticed drifting towards the sea. Two male bathers swam towards them, but they were overpowered by the tide and were rescued by means of a boat. Another boat was rowed towards the distressed ladies, who continued above water, and were ultimately reached and taken in. When the boat returned to shore, however, it was found that both were lifeless. One of the male bathers was resuscitated with much difficulty.

**Dublin.**—Clayton's woollen factory at Kingsbridge is beginning to be worked again. That is good news for the workers who were thrown idle by its temporary closing. When in full work the factory will employ about one hundred and twenty girls.

The Chapter of the Irish Augustinians, which assembles every fourth year, was held this week in Dublin. The Most Rev. Father General Martinelli (brother of the late Cardinal Martinelli), presided over the chapter. In the course of the sitting the Very Rev. James Murphy, D.D., Prior of St. Augustine's College, Orlagh, was elected Provincial.

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Newcastle, Kaitangata, Shag Point, Allandale,  
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and one of the most useful medicines in family  
use for Coughs, Colds, Sprains, Bruises, etc.,  
and as a disinfectant it has no equal. Ask  
Marshall's of all Chemists.—Price, 1s per  
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agonising pain from decayed teeth when  
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with Hypophosphates, is so thoroughly  
established and recommended by medical men  
as the best remedial agent in cases of Con-  
sumption, Bronchitis, and general Debility,  
that further comment is unnecessary, excepting  
to caution those who have to take it, that  
good results much depend on the quality of  
the Oil and palatability of the Emulsion. In  
Marshall's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion you have  
a guarantee of purity and freshness, as it is  
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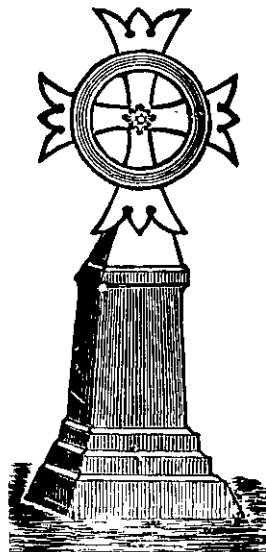
D.D., late licensee of the "Cricketers' Arms",  
having purchased the Lease and Goodwill of the  
above Hotel, begs to inform his numerous  
friends, old customers, and the travelling  
public generally, that he has renovated and  
re-furnished it throughout, comfort, clean-  
liness and moderate charges being his motto.—  
A conveyance leaves every night to convey  
guests' luggage to and from both railway sta-  
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Wines and Spirits of the Best Brands.—  
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Ladies' Walking Shoes, in Button and Lace,  
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This Company acts as Executor or  
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AUCTIONEERS, WOOLBROKERS, STOCK  
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Are prepared to receive Wool, Grain, Sheep-  
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Weekly sales of Fat and Store Stock will be  
held at Burnside, commencing next Wednes-  
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Hides, Tallow, &c., by Auction every Tuesday.

Liberal advances made on all produce con-  
signed for sale here or shipment to their  
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Cornsacks, Woolpacks, Twine, &c., supplied  
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CAPRESSUS, MACROCARPA, and PI-  
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RHUBARB ROOTS—Six leading varieties.

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FLAT WORK and 12in NAVY TWIST.

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TREES, SHRUBS, ROSES.

**A S** the undersigned are giving up  
the nursery business, the whole of their select  
stock of Fruit Trees and other Plants will be  
sold at a great reduction in price.

G O R D O N B R O T H E R S,

Anderson's Bay Dunedin.

George Skeffington Usher, Esq., eldest surviving son of the late Lieut-Colonel John Usher, formerly of H.M. 66th, and subsequently of H.M. 50th and 95th Regiments, was solemnly baptised and received into the holy Catholic Church by the Rev. Father Benvenitus Gay, O.S.F.C., in the Franciscan Capuchin Church of St. Mary of Angels, Dublin, on Sunday, 19th April last. The return of this gentleman to the true fold is all the more remarkable, as he is the lineal descendant of the famous Archbishop Usher, of Armagh, formerly Protestant Primate of All Ireland, who was so distinguished for profound learning and historical research. Mr Usher's conversion is eminently the result of long, silent years of study and reflection, fostered by God's holy grace and protection.

The making of the first concrete block for the foundation of the new harbour at Bray took place on Monday before a large assemblage of the people of the township. The event is of the highest importance to the future of Bray, and is certain to increase its attractions as a watering place. A well-deserved compliment was paid to Mr Sexton, M.P., who was the first to urge on the Commissioners to rely on their own exertions to build a harbour without Government assistance. The people of Bray are to be congratulated on the energy with which they have pushed forward the project without the guidance of such a Government body as the Board of Works, which has left monuments everywhere of incompetency and mismanagement. The harbour will be a great advantage to the fishermen, and, as mentioned by Mr Breslin, the townspeople will benefit in the matter of coal alone two shillings per ton. This small item means a saving to the town of £4,000 per year. We need not enlarge on the great advantages that must assuredly result from the building of the harbour, and we have every reason to anticipate that a splendid structure will be erected, as there is no fear of the blighting influence of the Board of Works.

**Galway.**—Messrs Wright and Tangye, both of Birmingham, have called on Dr Rice, J.P., to make inquiries regarding Messrs O'Brien and Dillon, and expressed themselves well pleased to learn that the health of the distinguished prisoners is all that could be desired. Mr Tangye belongs to an eminent firm of engineers, and has been engaged in the erection of an iron building for the better accommodation of operatives in what is expected very soon to become an extensive basket-making industry in Connemara. They are about starting in Birmingham a journal in the Home Rule interest. Messrs O'Brien and Dillon intend, on leaving prison, to reside for some time at Louisburg and Clare Island, where houses are said to be already engaged for their accommodation. Mr O'Brien's object, it is supposed, being a desire to complete his novel amongst the scenes with which it deals, and which are some of the most beautiful in the country.

**Kerry.**—At a special Court at Tralee, Mr Cecil R. Roche, B.M., resumed the hearing of the case against Michael Lynch and thirty others, who were charged by the Board of Fishery Conservators, Limerick, that they, not being the owners of a several fishery, did on the 5th June shoot, draw, or use a net for taking salmon within half a mile inwards from the mouth of the river Owenmore, in the common estuary of the rivers Glenahoo, Scourid, and Owenmore, in the county of Kerry, contrary to the provisions of the 13th and 14th Vic. 88, section 44. After much legal argument, his Worship imposed a fine of 21s in each case. Mr Broderick intimated his intention of applying for a *mandamus* to compel his Worship to state a case on the points raised by him.

**Kildare.**—On Sunday a Parnellite Convention from the National League branches of Kildare was held in the Town Hall, Newbridge. The attendance was small, and very little public interest was manifested in the proceedings. Mr James Leahy, M.P. for South Kildare, and John Kelly, League organiser, addressed the meeting.

The Kildare Grand Jury awarded £680 compensation to owners of horses maliciously poisoned at the training establishment at Cellbridge. Sir Charles Cameron, Public Analyst, proved that the animals died from arsenical poisoning. A veterinary surgeon who had been arrested in connection with the affair died in prison while awaiting trial.

**Leitrim.**—In the Land Judges' Court on Tuesday, before Mr Justice Monroe, in the matter of the estate of La Touche, situate in the County Leitrim, Mr William Kenny, Q.C., on the part of Messrs Lefroy, the petitioners, applied for a rule of the Court giving sanction to an offer of the tenants for the purchase of the first lot of the estate through the Court of the Land Commission for £24,385. The estate is mortgaged for over £32,000, and the petitioners are tail incumbrancers for £15,000. Mr Ball appeared for the owner to oppose the application. Judge Monroe granted the motion sanctioning the tenants' offer.

**Limerick.**—An enthusiastic and largely-attended meeting of the Limerick Branch of the National Federation was held on Sunday. The High Sheriff (Mr P. E. Bourke) presided. Mr David Bogley, T.C., proposed—That we offer our heartfelt congratulations to the true men of Carlow, who have signally vindicated the fair fame of our beloved country by the overwhelming victory of the

National candidate at the polls on Tuesday last over the unnatural combination now opposed to Home Rule and the best interests of Ireland.—The resolution was passed amid applause.

A Parnellite convention was held at Limerick this afternoon for the stated purpose of organising the county and city, with a view to opposing the return of Messrs Finucane, Abraham, and O'Keefe, members of Parliament. Messrs M'Donald, Pierce Mahony, and Edward Harrington, M.P.s, were present during the proceedings, the initial stages of which were conducted in private. There were only thirty branches of the League represented, and not a single Catholic clergyman attended. The names of these selected to contest Limerick city and county were not made public. The Mayor of Limerick, Alderman P. Riordan, presided at the public meeting held subsequently. Speeches were delivered by Messrs. Mahony, M'Donald, and Harrington, the general purport of which was an attack on the Catholic clergy for interfering in politics. Mr Mahony asked why was no action taken by the Bishops until Mr Gladstone's letter appeared. A delegate immediately called for groans for Gladstone. Mr Harrington said if the priests stood aside from one election, and left it to the people to decide should Mr Parnell be hunted from public life, they would be satisfied.

Owing to the statements made at the Parnellite Convention held in Limerick on Monday that Dr O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, was not in unison with the other bishops of Ireland on the points set out in their recent manifesto directed against Mr Parnell's leadership, his lordship has addressed the following important letter to the Vicar-General of the diocese, Dr Moloney, on the subject:—"My dear Vicar—Some remarks of speakers at a convention held in this city on Monday last, which may lead my people astray, compel me very reluctantly to interpose in the strife which is now agitating this country, for the purpose of defining to some extent my personal position in relation to it. It is hardly necessary to affirm that I am not a supporter of Mr Parnell. A sense of National decency would be alone sufficient to save me from that. From the commencement I have felt that no honourable Irishman could hold up his head before the world if we were so wanting in self-respect as to maintain as the leader of the nation a man stained with offences against the moral law of which Mr Parnell has been convicted, nor can I imagine a condition of things in which political expediency would render such action on the part of a Catholic nation even tolerable; and hence, so far from holding any opinion on this different from my brother bishops, I most heartily concur in the resolution adopted by them at their recent meeting at Maynooth.—I am, my dear Vicar, yours faithfully in Christ, † EDWARD THOMAS, Bishop of Limerick. The Palace, Corbally, 15th July, 1891."

**Mayo.**—A curious case of alleged manslaughter was tried at the Mayo Assizes, Castlebar, on Tuesday. Patrick Reilly pleaded not guilty to the charge of having killed Mrs M'Dermott, Castlebar. Prisoner, who had a reputation for curing cancer, had applied a plaister to the deceased, who was suffering from that malady. Medical evidence showed that the deceased suffered from arsenical poisoning absorbed from the plaister. The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty of negligence," which the judge refused to accept, as it required gross negligence to substantiate a charge of manslaughter. The jury retired, and after long deliberation, being unable to agree, were discharged.

**Monaghan.**—A meeting of the Unionist and Orange electors of North Monaghan was held in the Town Hall to-day, for the purpose of selecting a gentleman to contest the seat at the forthcoming general election. The Protestant Bishop of Clogher presided. Captain the Hon Peter Westmore, brother of Lord Rossmore, was selected, and it is stated that a canvass of electors will commence immediately. The names of several other persons were put forward at the meeting.

**Tyrene.**—On Sunday evening a Parnellite meeting was held at the Old Cross of Aghaboe, situated about eleven miles from this Stewartstown. It was announced that Mr Parnell, Dr Fitzgerald, and Mr Blane would be present, but only the latter put in an appearance. The entire affair proved the most miserable of *fiascoes*, there being only about a hundred persons present.

At the usual meeting of the New Ross Board of Guardians on Saturday, Mr James Dooley, chairman, presided. When the ordinary business had been transacted, Mr Patrick Doyle proposed the following resolution:—"That we warmly congratulate the priests and people of Carlow on their splendid victory over the Parnellite nominee, Kettle, and hail this crushing defeat as a sure omen of the speedy collapse of the reign of disorder and disunion, inaugurated by Parnell in his insane efforts to retain a leadership of which he has repeatedly proved unworthy. The resolution was carried, there voting for it—Messrs M'Grath, Hunt, Doyle, and the chairman. 4. Against, Messrs James Doyle and John Nechan, 2.

**Wicklow.**—In March last the member for West Wicklow was adjudicated a bankrupt. It was formerly the case that a member might in such circumstances retain his seat for twelve months. Under Mr Chamberlain's Act of 1883 the term was reduced by one-half, and unless Mr Byrne is, in the meanwhile, able to satisfy his

## KAITANGATA COAL.

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Consumers who have not yet had it will add to their HOME COMFORTS by asking their coal merchant to send them KAITANGATA COAL.

**WAIN'S FAMILY HOTEL,**  
 PRINCES STREET (Opposite G.P.O.),  
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MR. PALMER begs to intimate to Tourists, Travellers, and the General Public that from this date the whole Business of this Large and Commodious Hotel, which has a double frontage facing Princes and Manse streets, will be entirely under his immediate control, Mr. E. Wilson having retired from the Management of the Manse street portion.

By this change, and contemplated alterations, Mr. Palmer will be able to offer to Patrons Splendid Rooms (centrally situated) suitable for all kinds of Club Meetings, &c., and to Commercial Travellers.

SAMPLE ROOMS equal to any in the Colony.

The superiority of the general management of Wain's Hotel, from the Culinary Department and Cellar to the Dormitories, is too well known to need a detailed description.

ALEXANDER PALMER, Proprietor.

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

**F**OR good Oils, Paints, Paperhangings, try J. Nisbet, Octagon.

**T**O those Building.—The Cheapest and Best place in town for Glazing and

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

**P**APERHANGINGS cheaper than any other house in town.

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**C**RYSTAL 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, Brilliance, and Economy.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE TO FARMERS.

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

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

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

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

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

PROMPT Returns and Medium Charges may be relied on.

**DONALD BEIL, AND CO.,**  
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Stock, Station, and Produce Agents and Wool Brokers,  
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Underclothing, Baby Linen, Boys' Suits, &c., made to order.  
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**MRS. LOFT & CO.,**

No. 9, ROYAL ARCADE, DUNEDIN.

TAKE CARE amidst the roar of rivalry and noise of competition amongst Boot Dealers that you are not misled. Look anywhere and everywhere, but buy none until you have seen

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## WHO SAID SO?

Why lots of people say they have tried shops all over Dunedin but it's no use, they cannot get Men's sound and strong reliable Balmorals except at

**MRS. LOFT & CO'S.,**

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## LOST! GONE FOR EVER!

A Lot of money that ought to have been saved. Parents will save money by buying their children's school boots at

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No. 9, Royal Arcade, Dunedin.

**J. MERRELL, MANAGER.**

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IS NOW READY.

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All Orders to J. J. CONNOR, TABLET Office, receive prompt attention

**W**hy buy a small bottle of Lea and Perrin's Sauce when you can buy a large bottle of Gawne's Worcestershire Sauce, of equal quality, and nearly double the quantity, for about half the price.

Have you tasted Gawne's Worcestershire Sauce? It is one of the Cheapest Sauces made, but is of Excellent quality. In fact, Gawne's Sauce is second to none in the market, and about half the price of English. It has a peculiar Relish and Piquancy; is a thorough Appetiser and Tonic, and will agree with the most Delicate Stomach. Gawne's Worcestershire Sauce is all that the most exacting connoisseur could wish, and should find a place in every household.

## 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.

creditors, a vacancy in Wicklow must ensue. This division is reported to be one of Mr Farnell's strongholds, and he ought to have no hesitation in getting a man for the vacancy. However, Carlow was also a stronghold!

## Commercial.

**THE NEW ZEALAND LOAN AND MERCANTILE AGENCY CO., LIMITED,** report for week ending September 16, as follows:—

**Fat Cattle**—Best bullocks brought £7 12s 6d to £8 12s 6d; one or two pens prime quality up to £10 2s 6d; medium to good, £6 to £7 10s; light weights and inferior quality, £3 10s to £5 17s 6d.

**Fat Sheep**—Best crossbred wethers brought 17s 6d to 20s; ordinary, 14s 6d to 16s 6d; best crossbred ewes, 15s 6d to 18s 6d; ordinary, 13s to 14s 6d; merino wethers, 10s 6d to 12s 9d.

**Pigs**—Suckers brought 5s to 13s; slips, 14s to 16s; stores, 16s 6d to 18s; porkers, 22s to 28s.

**Store Cattle**—There is some slight inquiry for quiet three to four and five-year-old bullocks in forward condition, and for these buyers are hardly prepared to come up to sellers' ideas of values, which, doubtless, accounts for the limited business passing.

**Store Sheep**—There are but few transactions of any consequence now transpiring, but from now till after shearing the business done in these will be principally confined to dealers, which will be only to a limited extent.

**Sheepskins**—These continue to have a steady demand and meet with good competition at the hands of the trade. On Tuesday, for our regular weekly auction, we submitted a very full catalogue. The attendance of buyers was good, and biddings were spirited, there being, however, no improvement on prices obtaining lately. Country dry crossbreds, inferior to medium, brought 2s 1d to 4s; do do merino, 1s 8d to 3s 8d; full-woolled crossbreds, 4s 9d to 7s 8d; do do merino, 4s 3d to 5s 11d; dry pelts, 3d to 1s 7d; butchers' green crossbreds, extra large pelted, 6s 9d to 6s 5d; best do halfbred and fine crossbreds, 6s 4d to 5s 9d; good to medium, 5s 8d to 5s 3d; coarse woolled and small, 5s to 4s 6d; green merinos, 4s 6d to 2s 7d.

**Rabbitskins**—A very satisfactory demand continues to be experienced for these. Quotations for best greys, 1s 5½d to 1s 6½d, a shade more would be given for extra prime; medium to good, 1s 2½d to 1s 4½d; autumn skins, 4d to 1s 1d; summer do, 5d to 8d; suckers and half-grown, 2d to 4½d; black and fawn, best, 1s to 1s 1½d; medium, 6d to 10d per lb.

**Hides**—There is no fresh feature of any note to report in the position of the market since our last. Quotations for 60lb hides, 2½d to 3d; medium, 2d to 2½d; light do, 1½d to 1¾d; inferior, 1d to 1½d per lb.

**Tallow**—This market continues barely supplied and for all descriptions a ready sale is found, rough fat has also good attention. We quote—Medium to good rendered tallow, 16s to 18s; inferior and mixed, 12s to 15s; best rough fat, 12s 9d to 13s 6d; inferior to medium and good, 9s to 12s 6d per cwt.

**Grain**—Wheat: This market is quiet, a very small business being done. Meantime any sales effected are on the basis of last week's quotations, which we repeat, say for northern best velvet and tuscan, 4s 9d to 4s 10d; medium to good southern, 4s 2d to 4s 6d; inferior, 3s 8d to 4s (ex store, sacks weighed in, terms).—Oats: There is a considerable amount of enquiry for these, but buyers are not disposed to give prices asked by sellers, except on rare occasions. Quotations, for best milling, 1s 6½d to 1s 7d; best bright feed, 1s 6d to 1s 6½d; medium, 1s 4½d to 1s 5½d; inferior, 1s to 1s 3d; occasionally odd lots for sale fetch from 1s 8d to 1s 10d ex store, sacks extra, net cash: ¾ per bushel (extra f.o.b. Dunedin).—Barley: There is no improvement in the position of the market. Feed and milling sorts are always saleable and in demand at equal to late quotations, and the market almost bare. Quotations for prime malting nominally, 2s 9d to 3s; medium, 2s 5d to 2s 8d; feed and milling, 2s to 2s 4d ex store, sacks extra, terms.

**Grass seeds**—Quotations are unchanged, which are for best machine dressed perennial, 5s 6d to 5s 9d; Pacey's imported, 5s 3d to 5s 6d; Poverty Bay, 6s 6d to 6s 9d ex store.—Cocksfoot: Market over supplied with light and undressed seed, which is difficult to place and receding. For best dressed, we quote, 5½d to 6d; undressed 2½d to 5d per lb.

**Potatoes**—There is no change for the better in the market for these; quotations nominal.

**Chaff**—The supply to hand during the past week has been somewhat short of requirements; in consequence prices have hardened and at the beginning of this week for best, 55s to 57s 6d per ton has been secured, but these prices are not likely to hold good beyond a day or two as a considerable quantity is expected to come forward immediately.

**Dairy Produce**—The market is now pretty well cleared of both factory and dairy made cheese; prices in consequence are hardening, 5½ per lb is freely given for factory medium size, and 5½d for loaf. Prime salt butter in kegs or boxes is difficult to procure, but with consignments of powdered from the North Island the market is pretty well supplied; prices unaltered.

**Flax**—The market at Home displays a firmer tone with prices slightly higher. Locally there is not much doing at the moment, but there are buyers for all offering at late quotations.

**Messrs. DONALD STRONACH AND SONS** report for week ending September 9:—

**Fat Cattle**—123 head yarded, all useful beef, but nothing very special as regards weights. Prices showed a substantial advance—say, 20s or 25s a head—over last week. Best bullocks sold at £5 2 6d to £10; cows, £4 to £8 7s 6d.

**Fat Sheep**—2338 were penned, consisting of 300 merino with 18 and 2088 crossbreds, the greater part wethers. Sales opened at

about last week's rates, and kept steady throughout, the closing sale showing a slight improvement—say 6d advance. Best wethers sold at 16s to 18s 3d; others 14s 6d to 15s 9d; best ewes, 14s 9d to 17s; others, 12s to 14s 6d; merino wethers, 10s 3d to 12s 6d.

**Pigs**—126 were yarded, mostly small slips and suckers, with a few pens porkers and baconers. All sorts were dull with lower prices.

**Sheepskins**—A very active demand continues to be experienced for these. Country dry crossbreds, inferior to medium, brought 2s 2d to 4s 2d; do do merino, 1s 10d to 3s 10d; full-woolled crossbreds, 4s 11d to 7s 6d; do do merino, 4s 4d to 6s 1d; dry pelts, 4d to 1s 11d; butchers' green crossbreds, extra large pelted, 6s 5d to 7s; best do halfbreds and fine crossbreds, 5s 10d to 6s 3d; good to medium, 5s 3d to 5s 9d; coarse-woolled and small, 4s 6d to 5s 2d; green merinos, 2s 8d to 4s 8d.

**Rabbitskins**—The demand continues strong, prices ruling this week showing but little difference compared with those of last week. On Monday we disposed of every lot on the catalogue submitted, and quote—For best skins, 1s 5d to 1s 6½d; medium to good, 1s 2½d to 1s 4½d; autumn skins, 9d to 1s 1d; summer do, 5d to 8d; suckers and half-grown, 3d to 4½d; black and fawn, best, 1s to 1s 1½d; medium, 6d to 10d per lb.

**Hides**—The market is unchanged. Quotations—viz., for 60lb hides, 2½d; medium weight do, 1½d to 1¾d; inferior, 1d to 1½d per lb.

**Tallow**—For medium to good rendered tallow, 16s to 18s; extra good a shade more; inferior and mixed, 12s to 15s; best rough fat, 12s to 13s 6d; inferior to medium and good, 9s to 12s 6d per cwt.

**Grain**—Wheat: Quotations for prime milling, northern velvet and Tuscan, 4s 9d to 4s 10d; for medium to good southern, 4s 2d to 4s 6d; inferior, 3s 9d to 4s (ex store, sacks weighed in, terms).—Oats: The market continues steady, with a moderate demand prevailing for good, bright sparrow-bills. Quotations for best milling, 1s 6½d to 1s 7d; best short bright feed, 1s 6d to 1s 6½d; medium, 1s 4d to 1s 5½d; inferior, 1s to 1s 3d; small lots for seed, occasionally from 1s 8d to 1s 10d.

**Grass Seeds**—Ryegrass seed: Best machine-dressed, off old pasture, 5s 6d to 5s 9d; Pacey's imported, 5s 3d to 5s 6d; Poverty Bay, 6s 6d to 6s 9d. Cocksfoot seed: Quotations for best-dressed, 5½d to 6d.

**Potatoes**—Best Derwents, 27s 6d to 30s; others, 20s to 25s per ton (sacks weighed in).

**Chaff**—Quotations for best, 47s 6d to 50s; medium, 42s 6d to 45s; inferior, 25s to 35s per ton.

**Messrs DONALD REID & Co.** report for week ending September 9 as follows:—

**Wheat**—The market as regards this cereal continues firm, but without animation. Millers appear to have sufficient stocks on hand for immediate requirements, and are only in the market for odd lines for mixing. Sellers, however, are confident that there will be a scarcity of samples suitable for milling before next season's crop is harvested, and are content to hold for full values. Fowls' wheat is scarce and meets with good inquiry. Brime milling, 4s 7d to 4s 9d; medium, 4s 5d to 4s 6d; inferior, 4s to 4s 4d; fowl wheat, 3s 6d to 3s 11d.

**Oats**—Prices are hardly so firm as when last reporting, but there is a good inquiry and consignments meet with ready sale at, for Milling, 1s 6½d to 1s 7d; bright feed, 1s 6d to 1s 6½d; discoloured feed, 1s 4d to 1s 5½d (sacks extra).

**Barley**—No business passing.

**Potatoes**—Stocks are still very heavy and as dealers' purchases are only made from hand to mouth prices have in no way improved. We quote—Prime, 27s 6d to 30s; inferior, 20s to 25s per ton.

**Chaff**—The market is very bare and as there is a large consumption at present prices have advanced very considerably. At our auction sale on Monday last a consignment of oatmeal chaff of medium quality realised £2 15s per ton, which we quote as present value for this quality; inferior qualities at relatively lower prices.

**Grass Seed**—Last week's quotations for all kinds remain unaltered. Stocks, though not large, will meet requirements. Owing to high prices farmers are limiting their orders.

### DUNEDIN HORSE SALE YARDS.

**Messrs. WRIGHT, STEPHENSON AND Co.** report as follows:—In consequence of Saturday being one of the Hunt Club race days, our weekly sale was held on Monday, when we offered a large entry of horses. As is usual on an off day the attendance was not so large as is usually present on our regular sale days, but notwithstanding a fair sale was experienced for good young sorts, whether draught, light harness, or hacks. Inferior sorts, however, did not meet with much attention, and the greater number of this class offered were passed in. We quote—First-class draughts (extra heavy), £25 to £30; good ordinary draughts, (young), £18 to £22; medium draughts, £12 to £16; aged draughts, £6 to £10; good hacks and harness horses, £12 to £16; medium hacks and harness do, £7 to £9; light and inferior hacks and harness horses, £2 10s to £5.

### RABBITSKIN MARKET.

**Messrs. ROBERT CLELAND AND Co.,** Crawford street, Dunedin (next Pier Hotel) report as follows:—

No material alteration in prices has taken place this week. We continue to pay highest market prices and charge no commission.

**Mr. F. MEENAN,** King street, reports:—Wholesale prices—Oats: 1s 4½d to 1s 7d (bags extra), good demand. Wheat: milling, 4s 6d to 4s 9d; fowls', 3s 6d to 4s, sacks included. Chaff: Market bare—£2 to £2 15s; hay, oats, £3; best rye-grass, £3 10s. Bran £3 10s. Pollard, £4 10s. Potatoes, kidneys, £2 0s to £2 5s; derwents, £1 5s to £1 10s. Flour: roller, £12 to £12 15s; stone, £11 5s to £11 15s, firm. Fresh butter, 1s to 1s 4d; salt, nominal, for prime 7½d. Eggs, 7d. Oatmeal, £9 0s.

# THE NEW ZEALAND LOAN & MERCANTILE AGENCY CO., LTD.

DUNEDIN.

CAPITAL ... .. £4,500,000.

Advances Made on Private Agreements to Delive

**W O O L, G R A I N, & c.**

Sales of FAT STOCK every Wednesday at Burnside

Sales of SKINS every Tuesday.

Sales of WOOL and GRAIN periodically during the Season.

Sole Agents for MALDEN ISLAND GUANO, a good Turnip Manure.

ANDREW TODD, Manager, Dunedin.

## "ACME" BLACKING

IS a genuine Article, and the Best in the Market. Ask your grocer for it.

## "ACME" BLACKLEAD

SHOULD meet with approval for Quality, Speed, and Cleanliness. Try it.

ACME MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dunedin first manufacturers of Blacklead in the colonies, draw special attention to

## THEIR "ACME" BLUE.

## RARE OPPORTUNITY.

To CONTRACTORS and BUILDERS.

CLEARING SURPLUS STOCKS

(Slightly damaged by late Fire)

OF

TIMBER, DOORS, SASHES,

And all kinds of

BUILDERS' IRONMONGERY

AT

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

FINDLAY & MURDOCH.

P.S.—Farmers and others about to build Rough Sheds should not lose this splendid chance.

## VINCENT PYKE BUSINESS AGENT.

Land and Land Board Business,  
MINING BUSINESS,  
Shares Bought and Sold on account only.  
NEWSPAPER BUSINESS.

ARBITRATION BUSINESS CONDUCTED.  
Patent Business and Parliamentary  
Business arranged.

BOND STREET (32), DUNEDIN

## THOMAS FALCONER FURNISHING UNDERTAKER, THAMES ST., OAMARU.

Funerals, full-mounted or plain, as required, either in Town or Country. Charges in all cases Strictly Moderate.

CABINETMAKER AND UPHOLSTERER.  
FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER.  
THOMAS FALCONER,  
THAMES ST., OAMARU.

## CITY BUTCHERY.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

HAVING lost the Union S.S. and other Shipping Companies' Contracts for Meat for the next 12 months, I have determined to devote my special energies to keep up my trade by selling the

VERY BEST MEAT

AT THE

VERY LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICE FOR CASH.

Orders will be delivered to any part of the City or Suburbs without extra charge, a ticket with weight and price being sent, CASH TO BE RETURNED.

The following are a sample of the prices I intend selling at, commencing

SATURDAY, 8TH AUGUST, 1891.

BEEF:

Sirloins, 4½d to 5d per lb

Prime Ribs, 4d to 4½d

Any other cut of Roast Beef, 2½d per lb

Cornd Beef from 1½d per lb

MUTTON:

Legs and Loins, 2½d to 3d per lb

Forequarters, 1½d to 2d

SMALL GOODS:

Pork Sausages, 4d per lb

Beef Sausages, 2½d per lb

German Sausages, 4d per lb

Brawn, etc., 4d per lb.

Please note that at the above Prices Goods are Delivered without Extra Charge.

S. G. SMITH,

RATTRAY STREET.

## THE BEST CEMENT EXHIBITED—MAORI BRAND.

Vide Jurors' Report N.Z. Exhibition

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

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

Milburn LIME at Lowest Rates.

MILBURN LIME AND CEMENT COMPANY (LIMITED), Dunedin.

FRANK OAKDEN, Manager.



## UNION STEAM SHIP COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND, LIMITED

The above Company will despatch steamers as under:—

FOR LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON.—PENGUIN, s. s., on Monday, September 21. Passengers 3 p.m. from Dunedin wharf.

NELSON, VIA LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON.—PENGUIN, s. s., on Monday, September 21. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 3 p.m.

FOR AUCKLAND, VIA LYTTELTON WELLINGTON, NAPIER, and GISBORNE.—MANAPOURI, s. s., on Wednesday, September 23. Passengers from Dunedin per 2.30 p.m. train.

FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, NAPIER, GISBORNE, and AUCKLAND.—MANAPOURI, s. s., on Wednesday, September 23. Passengers per 2.30 p.m. train.

FOR MELBOURNE, VIA BLUFF.—TEKAPO, s. s., on Thursday, September 24. Passengers from Dunedin per 2.30 p.m. train.

FOR SYDNEY, VIA LYTTELTON AND WELLINGTON.—WAIHORA, s. s., about Thursday September 24.

FOR WESTPORT, via TIMARU, AKAROA, LYTTELTON, AND WELLINGTON.—BRUNNER, s. s., on Friday, September 25. Passengers from Dunedin Wharf at 7 p.m. Cargo till 4 p.m.

FOR GREYMOUTH AND HOKITIKA, VIA OAMARU, TIMARU, LYTTELTON, and WELLINGTON.—A Steamer early.

FOR FIJI, from AUCKLAND.—OVALAU s. s., October 9.

FOR TONGA and SAMOA, from AUCKLAND.—WAINUI, s. s., about Tuesday, September 22.

OFFICES:

Corner Vogel, Water, and Cumberland streets

## ROBERT ANDERSON & COMPANY'S CROWN ROLLER MILLS, MANOR PLACE, DUNEDIN.

RUBY DUST.

This Firm, having gone to great expense in erecting and fitting the above Mills with the latest improvements in Milling Machinery, are now in a position to supply their Customers with

FLOUR, OATMEAL, and PEARL BARLEY

of the Best Quality at Current Prices.

As the Firm have several Machines in their Plant not to be found in any other mill in Australasia, their Patrons may rely on obtaining nothing but a First-class Article.

## ORANGE BIGOTRY.

A NUMBER of Orangemen belonging to Liverpool and district held a demonstration in Knowsley Park (say the *Irish Catholic* of 18th July), marching in procession with bands and banners. In the park there was a meeting under the chairmanship of Bro F. Farran, P.G.M., and the following resolutions were adopted:—"This meeting of loyal Orangemen desires to thank the Government of Lord Salisbury for its opposition to Mr Gladstone's Religious Disabilities Bill, for the clear and firm foreign policy which has kept us in honourable peace and secured for the country better trade and less taxation, and also for the enforcement of law and the attainment of order in Ireland, as the result of which the property and lives of all loyal subjects in the country have been fully secured. This meeting, believing that the foundation principles of our civil and religious liberties are to be found in the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, and the Protestant religion, and feeling assured that the laws and organisation of the Orange Institution are in full harmony with the constitutional principles, therefore invites all loyal men to join the Orange body, and so aid in continuing to us and to our successors the inestimable privileges which we all enjoy in this land of Scriptural freedom." Lord Salisbury has as little reason to be proud of his friends as Mr Gladstone has to be afraid of them.

The recurrence of the Twelfth of July is signalled by an order from the Duke of Cambridge, addressed to the Commander-in-Chief in India, directing that steps shall be at once taken to close an Orange Lodge lately established in an infantry regiment stationed in that country. The Commander-in-Chief has intimated his disapproval of such lodges in the army, and requests their discontinuance. Fifty years ago the growth of Orangeism in the army was deemed a danger to the State, when thirty or forty regiments had lodges established in their midst with the sanction of the Duke of Cumberland, then Grand Master. Parliament caused an inquiry and Orange Lodges in the army were forbidden. Who is responsible for the present revival? And of all places in the world—in India! We have generals who announced on public platforms what they would do in the event of Home Rule being given to Ireland. Does the recrudescence of Orangeism in the army date from those speeches as an incentive to preparation? We think it is time for the House of Commons to bestir itself again.

## ROMANCE OF THE MINES.

(MOBILE in the *Oregon Catholic Sentinel*.)

THERE is a wonderful fascination lingering around a mining life, especially to those who like myself have entered it before reaching the well defined age of manhood. I was a miner and mine owner on Australian and New Zealand gold fields ere I was one and twenty years in existence. I was posted in weird mysteries of "panning out," "rocking the cradle," "sluicing," "sinking," "paddocking," "drifting," "reefing," "slinging the billy," "making the damper," "chaffing a pilgrim or new chum" if on the "wallaby track" ere there was a shack in either Butte, Helena, Virginia City or Spokane, or a mine discovered in Montana. I prospected over the ranges lying between here and the Old Mission in 1883, was camped on the Bunker Hill and Sullivan property two years before it was located by a fellow Connaught Ranger, Phil O'Rourke. I realised then that the whole range, extending from Wardner to Burke, was rich in mineral wealth, but I also knew that it required capital which I could not command to develop it. I thought to interest an old European college chum, Col. Deane, a San Francisco millionaire stock broker in this section of country, but he like a majority of people in 1884, thought that the Cœur d'Alene country "was a fraud." In 1884, when everyone nearly imagined the Cœur d'Alene country "was played out," I predicted through the columns of the *Butte Miner* that the day would come when thousands of men would find remunerative employment under the *nom de plume* of "The Wandering Miner" have been more than verified and after an absence of seven years I return to the scene of my labours in 1883-84 to find flourishing towns like Wardner, Osburn, Wallace, Burke, Gem, and Mullan where there was then not even a solitary cabin—wonderful mines like the Bunker Hill and Sullivan, Poorman, Black Bear, Stem Winders, Last Chance, Frisco, Granite Gem, Morning Star, Tiger, and a number of others worked on the most approved principles, with modern machinery, electric lights, drills, etc.

Don Carlos is in Styria on a visit to his mother, who is in a Carmelite convent at Graben. He afterwards goes to Vienna to see his son Jaime, who is at a military school there, and will soon be of age.

The *Chicago Herald* expedition to discover the exact landing place of Columbus in America has just published its report. The place has been definitely fixed on as one of the Bahamas, and has been suitably marked with a monument inscribed in Latin and English.

## MARRIAGE OF SIR T. GRATTAN ESMONDE, M.P.

(*National Press*, July 25.)

THIS (Tuesday) morning, at the Catholic Church of St. Mary of the Angels, Baywater, the wedding of Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde, Bart., M.P., chief whip of the Irish National Party, to Miss Alice Donovan, daughter of Patrick Donovan, Esq. of 4 Westbourne Crescent, London, W, and Frogmore, Tralee, and niece of Sir Henry Donovan, Tralee, was solemnised. As the invited guests only included a few of the immediats relatives of the bride and bridegroom, none of the latter's Parliamentary colleagues were present, and the wedding was of the quietest and most unostentatious character. At five minutes to eleven Sir Thomas Esmonde, accompanied by his brother, Mr Lawrence Esmonde, who acted as best man, arrived, and immediately entered the pretty little church. The bridegroom was dressed in a faultlessly-made black frock coat, white waistcoat, and grey trousers. He also wore a white silk tie and a buttonhole of white carnations. Punctually at eleven, Miss Donovan with her father and mother, drove up. The bride, who is a tall and stately brunette, was attired in a plain white satin dress with a long train of the same material, a flowing tulle veil, and a wreath of orange blossoms. She wore three diamond crescents, the gift of her mother, and carried a beautiful bouquet of white carnations and gardenias. The bridesmaids were Miss Esmonde and Miss Annette Esmonde, sisters of the bridegroom, and Miss Donovan, sister of the bride. They were dressed alike in pale grey crepon, the skirts being tastefully embroidered with silver shamrocks, and the bodices relieved with pink chiffon and hats *en route*. Each wore a gold bangle, the gift of the bridegroom. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father O'Neill, P.P., Killeenaran, County Waterford, who came over specially for the occasion, assisted by the Rev. Father Kirk and the Rev. Father Brennan, of St. Mary of the Angels. After the ceremony a Nuptial Mass was celebrated by Father O'Neill, the service being fully choral, and as the wedding party were leaving, the church organ played Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Among those present in the church were—Edmund Dease, Esq., ex-M.P. for Queen's County, uncle of the bridegroom; Colonel and Mrs Walpole, Messrs Murray and Mrs Murray, uncles and aunt of the bride; Dr and Mrs Esmonde and Miss Ellie Esmonde; Mr and Miss Parr, Mr Glyn Smith, Mr Harry Donovan of Tralee, first cousin of the bride, and Miss Wake. The guests subsequently adjourned to 4 Westbourne Crescent, where the *dejeuner* was served. At four o'clock Sir Thomas and Lady Esmonde left Westbourne Crescent amidst a perfect shower of rice for Charing Cross railway station, *en route* for the continent. The happy couple will not proceed beyond Folkestone this evening, but will leave to-morrow for Bideford and other fashionable resorts for a lengthened honeymoon. The bride's travelling dress was a pretty costume of corn-flower blue crepon trimmed with silver passementerie, and a white hat with pale pink roses. The presents were numerous and costly. It is not expected that Sir Thomas Esmonde will resume his Parliamentary duties during the present session.

At the end of week June 13, a most important event in the history of English commerce took place at the Mersey terminus of the Manchester Ship Canal. At the Eastham ferry—a pretty spot much frequented, especially in the summer months, by Liverpool holiday-makers—the great locks were opened and for the first time the tidal waters of the Mersey were admitted into the magnificent "ditch" which next year will turn Manchester into a seaport. The Manchester canal is one of the very finest engineering achievements of the century—finer, in some respects, than the most famous of them all, the Suez Canal. Just three years and eight months ago the first sod was turned on the scene of yesterday's operations. More properly speaking, there were two sods. One, the really historic one, was turned over by Lord Egerton of Tatton; and Sir Joseph Lee, not to be left out of it, drove his ceremonious spade into another. A little while longer, and the tall mast of ocean ships will overtop the factory chimneys of Salford and Manchester, and monster steamers from all parts of the world glide through the cornfields of Cheshire. There is at least one gentleman, Mr Lemay, of shipbuilding fame, who hopes to head the procession of ships next year from the Mersey to Salford Docks in a seven-thousand-ton steamer of his own. It is strange to speak of Salford Docks, yet the docks in this stuffy, smoky inland town of cotton-spinners will contain a water area of twenty-five acres. Everything in this undertaking has been on a grand scale. Between two and three hundred miles of railway have been laid on the canal bottom. As many waggons have been employed on these lines as would, if put end to end, fill a row of twelve or thirteen miles. Some months since there were, besides an army of flesh-and-blood navvies, nearly a hundred iron navvies at work. The Liverpool people have long since got over their jealousy of the canal-builders. It appears to be acknowledged on all hands that even a fractional share of the traffic at present monopolised by Liverpool will enable the new canal to pay very satisfactory dividends. As for the Manchester men themselves, they were enthusiastic believers in the scheme from the beginning; so much so, that mill hands earning their twenty-five or thirty shillings a week have taken large sums out of the savings banks for investment in the new undertaking.—*Nation*.

# W. J. CANTWELL,

## BEEHIVE GROCERY AND ITALIAN WAREHOUSE

NO. 189 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

**CHEAPEST AND BEST VALUE IN THE CITY.** Call and see the prices before purchasing elsewhere. Agent for the Ceylon and Indian Tea Co's pure Ceylon Teas, same as used in Kiosk at the Exhibition. Goods packed in time to catch all trains to the Country. TELEPHONE NO. 443. POST CARDS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION.

### THEY ARE COMING!

**WHO?**

The Gipsies.

**WHEN?**

On Monday, the 19th October.

**WHERE** will they pitch their tents?

In the Garrison Hall.

### A R T U N I O N.

REMITTANCES have been received as follows:—

	£	s	d
Hon Dr Grace ...	5	0	0
Mrs Sharpe (Wellington) ...	1	5	0
Robert Chapman, Esq, J.P ...	5	0	0

(To be continued.)

### LIST of CONTRIBUTORS of Needlework and Fancy

Goods to Bazaar:—  
 Mesdames D W Woods, W Hall, Barnes, W Haydon, M Meenan, Paterson, Connor, Nesbitt, Bernech, Ewart, W G Neill, J B Callan, Tynan, Harrop, J Carroll, Court, J McDonald, O'Neill (Albany st), Murray, Cormack, Hussey, Chas Dawson.  
 Misses Rodgers, Mac do, Woods, Morkaue, Connor, Martin, Pearson, O'Callaghan, Atken, Scollard, Reil, Falkner, Staunton, Columb, Horan, Healy, Hughes.  
 Messrs Brown, Ewing and Co, The D I C, Mr McFarlane, Rev Bro Hughes, Mr Wilson (per Rev Bro Hughe-), Pupils of Convent High School, Pupils of St Patrick School (South Dunedin), Dominican Convents of Invercargill, Oamaru, Queenstown, and Milton.  
 (To be continued.)

### MONASTERY OF THE SACRED HEART,

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BIRTH.

DUNNE—On the 3rd September, at Great Oyster Cove, Tasmania, the wife of R. A. Dunne, late of Dunedin, of a daughter.

**The New Zealand Tablet.**

FIAT JUSTITIA.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1891.

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

WHAT DO THE PEOPLE ASK FROM PARLIAMENT?

COMMON-SENSE legislation. They are getting heartily tired of theoretic and speculative legislation. They expect their Members of Parliament to propose something that is feasible; that is likely to be accepted by both Houses of Parliament; something that will have practical effect in the near future, and need not be looked for in the uncertain future. They see that at present prominent politicians aim at embodying in Acts of Parliament the fads

and schemes of dreamers, which have never, in the world's history, been tried in human society, and of the consequences of which no man has ever had experience, and which no man can foresee. And whilst this farce is being enacted the practical and the at present possible are utterly ignored, or nearly so. A great deal could be done by a wise Government even under the present laws, to develop the resources of the country, if a serious and well-directed effort to do so were made. For example, what would not the dairy industry do for the country if it were directed properly and fostered, if experts were employed to travel through the country districts and show the people how to work it, and afford them information as how this industry is successfully carried on in other countries,—such, for example, as Denmark and Holland. Again, there is the fruit industry, which in this country could be made a source of enormous wealth and the means of employment and comfort to thousands, if proper information on the subject were afforded to people. A few statistics in reference to this subject will show what might and probably would come out of encouraging and fostering small industries. Last year England imported fruit, for example, to the value of £18,000,000, eggs to nearly the value of £4,000,000, and dairy produce to an enormous amount. Here such industries are almost entirely neglected, mainly through want of knowledge how to make them pay, and through apathy on the part of our Government, which spends the time which should be devoted to the encouragement of such things in paltry and empty squabbles about principles of legislation which were never heard of till lately. Parliament in Denmark and Holland, for example, has not been for twenty or thirty years squabbling about land laws which never do any good, but has been zealously employed in diffusing knowledge of a practical nature to the population and encouraging the people to intelligent exertion to develop all their resources. Here, on the other hand, we find largely raving politicians whose chief aim seems to be to live, not by honest labour, but on the prejudices and ignorance of others, whilst no care, or very little, is taken to encourage honest work and profitable employment. Our towns are crowded with either unemployed or only half-employed people, who are either unable or unwilling to take to a magnificent country abounding in resources of every kind. And this arises either from unwillingness to go away from the diversions of cities or from a want of knowing how to turn these resources to account. Our Government spends a great deal more on teaching a little reading and writing rather badly, than half a million sterling per annum, whilst nothing, or almost nothing, is spent on teaching people how to cultivate the land and promote small industries, which are such a source of comfort and wealth to wiser and more industrious people. Our education is carried on on wrong lines altogether, and the only visible effect of it is the tendency it begets to turn out clerks and drive the youth from the country into large towns to swell the army of the unemployed. The money spent on producing a little reading and writing and arithmetic in such a way as to spoil the people is sufficient in amount, were it wisely spent, to give a proper literary and industrial education to the entire people. The people of this country must rouse themselves and insist on their representatives in Parliament devoting themselves to promote measures calculated to develop the resources of the country; must insist on their abandoning fads and ridiculous theories, and confining their attention and efforts to develop in every way possible the resources of this favoured land. The action of Parliament during the present session is truly disheartening. The faction fights, the selfishness and extravagance of this session are a scandal and an obstacle to the prosperity of the country, and if the country tolerates another such session it will deserve any chastisement that may be inflicted upon it.

IN reference to the Dominican Convent art-union we may state that the prizes are not all mentioned on the tickets. There are several besides of equal value with the greater number of those named.

THE Building Committee of St. Joseph's Orphanage met last evening (says the Wellington Post of the 9th inst.) and decided that the Annual Garden Fair should be held in the Rev. Father Lane's grounds, Lower Hutt, on New Year's Day.

Now that a begging mission from Dr Barnardo to the colonies is announced, it may be well for Catholics to keep in mind the follow-

ing particulars given by a recent issue of the Liverpool *Catholic Times*:—"In the case of the boy Roddy Dr Barnardo has been again defeated—this time finally. Judgment has been given against him in the Divisional Court, the Court of Appeal, and the House of Lords. The equitable course to be pursued was, from the first, plain not only to lawyers, but to the most ordinary lay intelligence. The wife of a man named McHugh claimed the custody of her illegitimate child, aged nine years, who had been for some time in one of Dr Barnardo's Homes. The arch-proselytiser learning that the child would, if given to the mother, be brought up as a Catholic, not only refused to satisfy the legal right of the parent, but made a rigorous inquisition into her character, and did not hesitate to besmirch and blacken it shamefully and groundlessly for the purpose of inducing the Court to believe that she was a person unfit to be entrusted with the care of her own offspring. He did not succeed in misleading her Majesty's judges several of whom in reviewing his conduct have applied to him not a few severe strictures. He has got a pretty bill of costs to meet; but his unction as a beggar is infinite, and no doubt the men of wealth, such as Lord Lorne, who encourage him in his illegalities will contribute liberally towards the payment of his lawyer's fees. The case has largely helped to reveal Dr Barnardo to Catholics in his true colours, and to put them on their guard against his tactics. No matter what are his professions, his actions prove him to be a thorough-going bigot and proselytiser.

THE result of the disgraceful case of criminal libel at Auckland has been a warning to slanderers. Shortland, the prisoner, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment, the Judge expressing his regret that he could not add hard labour or a flogging.—Such a case as this, it is true, seldom occurs. Still, light speaking as to the character of young women and girls is far too common, and anything that has a tendency to check it must be looked upon as satisfactory.—Most of us will be inclined to agree with Mr Justice Conolly that something more severe than simple imprisonment is advisable to meet audacious cases of the kind.

AS a rule we now refrain from quoting any of Mr Parnell's sayings, as indeed we do also with regard to the far too frequent and scurrilous abuse of the fallen leader. The following, however, is too good to be lost:—"Addressing a meeting at Listowel, in Kerry, Mr Parnell declared that nothing would ever induce him to again take command of the party who seceded from him after the divorce case."—Possibly the old fable of the fox and the grapes was never more to the point. There, in fact, is the absurdity of Mr Parnell's present adherents, in believing that the Irish people can ever again be united in following him—if they do believe it.

WEDNESDAY (says the Liverpool *Catholic Times* of July 17) was the birthday of Cardinal Manning. His Eminence has now entered upon his 84th year. Long may he be spared to England and to the world; for on a vast range of subjects he is now looked up to as a guide not only in England among Catholics, but by men of all creeds over half the civilised world.

WE take the following from the *Irish Catholic* of August 8:—"Deep and widespread regret is felt at the death of the venerated pastor of Moycarkey, the Rev. John Burke, who died at his residence on Sunday. He was the oldest priest in the archdiocese of Cashel. For fifty years he was parish priest, and had reached the venerable age of 82 years. Father Burke belonged to one of the oldest and most respected families in Tipperary, and was nephew of the late Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick. Some time ago he retired owing to enfeebled health. The funeral took place on Wednesday." The deceased priest, we may add, was uncle of Mr Thomas Burke, Oamaru, and cousin of Mrs Edward Carroll of Mornington, Dunedin.

THE second international football match between the Dunedin Highland and Irish Rifles came off on Saturday on the Northern ground. The match was carried out with great spirit and caused considerable excitement among the spectators of whom there was a large assembly. The Highlanders, after a tough contest, won by 6 points to 5. A smoke concert and supper took place in the evening at Pipe-major Macdonald's hotel, where a very pleasant time was spent. The generous announcement was made by ex-Captain Gunn of the Highland corps, that he would present a silver cup as a prize, either for a shooting or football match, so as to ensure a yearly meeting.

THE following cablegram seems to add probability to those negotiations reported of the Italian Government and to which we refer elsewhere:—"The Italian Government have submitted a formal complaint to Berlin respecting the resolution passed by the Catholic Congress at Danzig in favour of considering means by which the temporal power of the Pope may be revived."—It is somewhat strong, however, that this Government should presume to make an attempt to submit Catholics outside their jurisdiction to the provi-

sions of their own iniquitous penal code. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* May not the Catholic world be encouraged by the fear of them thus betrayed to unite in determined efforts for the restoration of its rights to the Holy See. This seems all the more necessary since there is now reason for them to believe that the Italian Government is actually intriguing to hinder the independence of the next Papal election.

In 1886 (says the Liverpool *Catholic Times*), Captain Selwyn, the Conservative candidate for Wisbech, beat his Liberal opponent, Mr Rigby, by a majority of 1,087. The Hon Arthur Brand, the Liberal candidate who has just been returned for that constituency, wiped out the heavy majority and secured two hundred and sixty votes over the Conservative candidate, Mr W. S. Duncan. This splendid achievement must strike terror into the hearts of the coercionists, for it is the most decisive sign as yet given that their sway is fast drawing to its close. The electors of Carlou presented to the people of this country indisputable testimony of their trust in the faith and honour of the British Home Rulers, and the electors of Wisbech, responding for Great Britain, have sent back the message that the fidelity of the British Home Rulers to the cause of justice in Ireland is true as steel.

It is announced that Mr W. B. Perceval, M.H.R., has been appointed Agent-General. The appointment is in every way most appropriate. In social standing and connections Mr Perceval is qualified to sustain the credit of the colony even in the more fastidious eyes of society in England. His sympathies are sufficiently popular to render him fit for the more ordinary duties of his office; his abilities are undoubted, and his wealth will enable him to maintain a good position. Among the actions of the present Government, none reflects more favourably on them than this appointment.

A very sensational report has been cabled, to the effect that a British force has occupied a post on the island of Lesbos in the Aegean sea, and has proceeded to erect fortifications. Some mitigation, however, has been also cabled, to the effect that the Admiralty and the Foreign office deny the facts as stated, but qualify them by an admission that possibly, with the permission of the Porte, British seamen may have landed for recreation or gun-practice. But even a landing of British seamen at any point in the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles, under present circumstances, is not without its significance. The extreme report, if true, of course means war, and any modification of it has no very peaceful signification.

TWO of the best singers in London (says the *Evening News* of a recent date), may be heard each Sunday for the next few weeks at the splendid Church of the Passionists on the brow of Highgate Hill, the Church of St. Joseph's Retreat. They are Mr Charles Santley and Mr William Ludwig. Santley is already among the immortals, and Ludwig will get there in all good time. Both vocalists are members of the church, and for years have been the chief ornaments of the famous choir. Nothing could be better than Santley's ballad music except Santley's sacred solos, say the "Confirma Hoc Deus," which he rendered on Sunday last as an offertory piece with an exquisite charm and breadth of style which left no room for the longing for his earlier days. Mr Ludwig—he who was the picturesque "Black Rover" at the Globe—has a voice which some regard as equally wonderful, though his style is perhaps somewhat less artistic. A promised duet between them from the choir-loft of St. Joseph's is sufficient to crowd the great edifice with North London Protestants, quite regardless of the fact that there ever were such geniuses as Wesley and Calvin. Mr Ludwig lives at Highgate.

AMONG the pleasures of the session we may also include the treatment given to Judge Edwards in the rejection of his petition for compensation. The manner in which this gentleman has been treated is a disgrace to the Colony. His appointment may, indeed, have been illegal. But what of that? The Government of the day were responsible for it and the present Government have succeeded to the responsibility. Mr Edwards was pressed to take office, and with a desire to serve the country at length accepted the honours forced upon him. His reward is simply ruin. This new reading, however, of legislative duties is not out of character with the general proceedings of a party that renounces the prosaic path of attending to the necessary, if somewhat narrow, interests of the Colony to launch out into general principles and attempt to give an example to the world. But such is a line of conduct commonly pursued by the laughing-stock. There is, nevertheless, no laughing matter for Mr Edwards, nor, indeed, is there any for the Colony, on whom we say again the treatment given to this gentleman reflects the utmost discredit.

THE death of M. Grévy, ex-President of the Republic, is reported. The cable further informs us that M. Grévy has left a large fortune and died a Freethinker. Poor man, is it not a pity he could not

carry any of his money with him? Some solace for freethought should be needful in the other world. Otherwise M. Grévy's chief record is connected with the scandals which led to the premature termination of his presidentship. We do not know how they may have affected the fortunes of his heirs.

## THE HOLY COAT AT TRÈVES.

(Liverpool Catholic Times.)

As the time of exposition of the sacred relic for the veneration of the faithful draws near (it begins with the end of August and is to last for six weeks) this rare, unusual event attracts more attention. Already the London Press brings such scraps of information as that the railway company has built three extra stations to meet the requirements of the occasion, that additional tramways have been laid in the town, etc. During the last exposition, nearly fifty years ago, over one million of pilgrims, amongst them eleven bishops, passed in procession through the cathedral, before the altar of exposition. With our increased travelling facilities many more may be expected on the present occasion, and we are sure to hear a good deal of the solemnities before long, much, presumably, that will be written by no friendly pen, some by people "whom to please," as a writer remarks, "we would have to give up, not only the Holy Coat but our Saviour and His teachings as well." We give the following information, extracted from "The Holy Coat at Trèves." "*Der Heilige Rock zu Trier*," an exhaustive work, written at the command of the Bishop of Trèves by his secretary, Dr Willems, than whom there could be no better authority. It deals fully with the state of preservation of the relic, with documents old and new (there is quite a literature on the subject), and gives also the report of the committee which was named by the Bishop last summer to examine the relic, and which consisted of several learned ecclesiastics, the Burgomaster of Trèves, an architect, and other laymen. They declare in their lengthy report that "the examination has resulted in nothing which is in contradiction with the ancient traditions of the Church of Trèves."

The relic consists in its entirety of different layers of cloth. 1. The one uppermost a silken material of damask kind with a pattern in it, golden and purple streaks and large squares, containing, still faintly discernable, two birds facing each other. 2. The relic proper, in shape of a shirt-like garment with short, loose sleeves. Last year's committee report describes the relic proper as patches, "pieces of a cloth material, hanging together, spread out between the upper and lower lay; these have without doubt formed originally the whole garment." 3. A kind of gauze (*crêpe de chine*) covering the back part of the relic. There are also jointed pieces of silken material, without any pattern, put inside between the front and back of the relic proper. In this threefold state the relic has been from time immemorial, the materials No 1 and 3 having evidently been intended as a protection. So it was found in 1844, in the previous exposition of 1810, and in 1512, when an exposition took place and the chest containing the relic was opened after a lapse of centuries. With regard to the material of the relic proper the experts of last year's committee say: "It is a texture of brownish dye, without pattern, to all appearance of linen or cotton wool." This, they say, after a careful examination by touch and by the microscope, showed a characteristic difference of the structure from the lower and upper protective materials; the former, being without any pattern, it is impossible to form an opinion as to the time of its manufacture. It is different with the rich upper part; it is proved that no such stuff was manufactured in Europe and that it must have been made in the East before the ninth century, perhaps as early as the sixth or fifth. It follows from this as an important fact that the material of the relic is certainly of still greater antiquity.

Professor Weiss, in a work on costumes in Our Lord's Lifetime. (*Kostumkunde*), says: "The dress of a Hebrew of the better class, probably consisted, at the time of the Babylonian captivity, in addition to a shirtlike undergarment, of one or two uppergarments, with an appropriate belt, according to the weather. (Here it is well to remember that the Passion took place in the inclement season of the year.) Secondly, an overall, sometimes closely fitting, sometimes wide and loose. The form and fashion of the upper garment has been maintained to the present time; it was always like a shirt, with sometimes short, sometimes long sleeves—rich people had it made long, so as to reach the ankles." In addition to these garments there would be a caplike covering for the head, and lace sandals for the feet. We may take it that Our Lord during His public life, and as Rabbi, wore the dress of a Jew of the better class, and that his garments, though not showy, were of good quality. He would wear the three above named kinds of garments. There is a consensus of opinion about this amongst the commentators of Holy Scripture. Now, when St John speaks of "the coat without a seam, woven from the top throughout" (xix, 23), only the uppergarment (*tunica*) can be meant; the Greek word here used is never applied to the undergarment. Such seamless garments have been discovered even recently in Egyptian tombs, in a perfect state of preservation, sometimes in coarse material, sometimes of linen

showing that in ancient times the knowledge of making seamless garments was not uncommon. There is, therefore, nothing surprising in the statement of a writer of the 11th century (Euthymius) "that according to ancient tradition the Blessed Virgin had herself woven the unsewn *tunica* of our Lord. The Old Testament gives proof that such an accomplishment was common enough, and an apocryphal writing of the second century praises the skill of the Blessed Virgin in the use of the spindle. The holy coat of Trèves corresponds in measure perfectly to the description of a *tunica* of a Jew of the better class, both in make and material. Last year's commission says: "No direct conclusion has been reached on account of the defective state of preservation, as to whether there were any seams originally; at the same time nothing whatever has been found indicative of seams." Everything tends to show that the idea of the holy coat being not a manufacture of our Lord's time, but of later centuries, must be dismissed. No such garments were made or worn in Gaul or Franconia at the time when it is first heard of in Trèves. It is not only a venerable relic, but there is every indication of its being, what the tradition of the Church of Trèves has always taken it to be, the unsewn *tunica* worn by our Lord in the days of His Life and Passion!

It is obvious that no documentary evidence can be furnished as to how the soldier gave away, sold or exchanged the tunic after our Lord's death; how it changed hands and finally came into the possession of the Empress Helena and was sent by her to Trèves. This relic shares with others the fate that it has no contemporary, but only later and rare-written testimony. To conclude from this that it had no earlier existence would be wrong; few facts of ancient history could stand if they were only to be tested by contemporary written evidence. Our oldest Biblical manuscripts date from the fourth century; yet no one will therefore maintain that the Gospels had no earlier existence. Where is the proprietor of an old estate who could show the title deeds by which his family first came into possession? The best title in such a case is the fact of an uninterrupted possession from time immemorial. It is also important to remember, that in the earlier centuries of Christianity, through a holy respect, it was not customary to open reliquaries or to show their contents. "To do so," says St Gregory the Great, "would be considered unbecoming, nay, a sacrilege." The consequence is that they were not much talked or written about, often forgotten, which is no wonder, considering those turbulent times, and the constant changes they brought about. A change for the better began with the ninth century; from that time the historian has easier work.

Trèves was, in the third and fourth centuries, the second city of the Roman Empire, the most important town on this side of the Alps. It had in those days, as well as later on, great Bishops, who took an important part in making the history of their times. It had at one time four great Benedictine abbeys, everywhere the seats of learning. Yet so little is left from them or their work regarding the history of the city, owing to its having been sacked and pillaged so often by the rude hordes from the North, that we must look elsewhere for written documents. Even so late as 882 the Normans set the town on fire after four days' pillage, destroying the very remnants of its former glory. In the year 1196 part of the Cathedral was rebuilt, and the annals of the city (*Gesta Trevirorum*) report with short simplicity: "On the day of consecration of the Cathedral church, being the Feast of the Apostles SS. Philip and James, the Archbishop consecrated with great solemnity the high altar, accompanied by pious men, and deposited therein with great veneration the *tunica* of Our Lord." This very shortness goes to show that the presence of the *tunica* was a well-known fact. More, much more, would naturally have been said if it had been otherwise—indeed, there is an earlier mention of it in the same annals, as early as the year 1100, equally short. It is evidently treated as a well-known fact.

A document going by the name of the Diploma of Pope Sylvester is discussed by all writers on the relic. In it Pope Sylvester (314-355) confers on the Archbishop of Trèves ecclesiastical pre-eminence over the Gauls and Germans, "in honour of this city being the home of the Empress Helena, who enriched its church by precious relics, amongst them the *tunica* of our Lord." Now, no original of such a document is known to exist, but it is mentioned in the above-named *Gesta Trevirorum* about the year 1100, and what there is given as a verbatim copy of the diploma, is now taken by the best authorities as being written by Bishop Valasian, who occupied the See of Trèves in the fifth century, and as giving the original not word for word, but only in substance. This being so, it would be a valuable proof that in the fifth century it was a general tradition that the *tunica* was at Trèves.

The life of St Agritius, written in the 11th century, glorifies him as being the person who was "commissioned by Pope Sylvester and St Helena to take the holy relics, amongst them the *tunica* of Our Lord to Trèves," and the biographer goes on to say:—"The church consecrated by him (Agritius) in the city of Trèves to the Prince of Apostles, is proud of having the relics in her treasury." Further, he speaks of an event which we know by most trustworthy tradition—viz., how on a certain day the treasury box, of which this church of St Peter is the keeper, was opened and what then happened. We have, therefore, in this "life" a proof of

how firmly the people in the writer's time believed in the presence of the *tunica* in the church, and had this as a tradition from their ancestors.

## CATHOLIC NEWS.

(From the *Liverpool Catholic Times*.)

It is almost unnecessary to say there is no truth in the report that the Pope has agreed to the Law of Guarantees.

Whilst the German Emperor was in London he invited the Rev. Dr. Verres, of the German Church of St. Boniface, to call upon him and bring some of his school-children with him. Dr. Verres was also a guest at the Guildhall banquet, and the Kaiser gave a handsome contribution to the funds of the German Catholic schools.

The Bishop of Madrid delivered the other day at the Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society a very able and eloquent address on the payment of the working classes. He strongly advocated profit sharing.

The sum to be paid by the Prussian Government to the Catholic Hierarchy in restitution of the stipends and other payments withheld during the Kulturkampf amounts to upwards of £800,000 sterling.

The Guild of Our Lady of Ransom for the conversion of England has now 30,000 enrolled members. A guild for the conversion of the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland has been organised on the same lines.

The French Society for the Encouragement of Good, of which M. Jules Simon is president, has presented a medal of honour to Sister Cecilia, who some time ago allowed flesh to be cut from her arm for the purpose of saving the life of a child who had been burned well nigh to death.

In last year's Academy there was a striking picture of a priest beside a deathbed. "The Last Blessing" was the title. The artist, M. Chevallier Tayler was a Protestant when he painted and exhibited the picture, but he was lately received into the Catholic Church at Boulogne.

The Cardinal Archbishop, on behalf of the Holy Father, has presented to the Bishop of Newport and Menevia a gold medal in recognition of his service as translator of the recent Encyclical. The Bishops took the occasion of their first gathering since the issue of the Encyclical to determine on presenting an address of thanks to the Holy Father for its publication.

Several Catholic clergymen, feeling tired of the disastrous policy resulting from recent political complications, and alarmed at the widening influence of acrimonious disputes, now so general, have resigned their appointments, and left Ireland for other distant fields of labour.

The fourth century of St. Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Order of Jesuits, was celebrated all over Spain, with great magnificence, especially in the college built on the site of the birthplace of St. Ignatius at Loyola, in a picturesque valley of the Basque Provinces.

A Reuter's telegram, dated Algiers, says:—"At the consecration as Bishop this morning of Monsignor Toulott, director of African missions and General of the Saharan Armed Brethren, Cardinal Lavignerie delivered an address, in which he took occasion to protest against the calumnies levelled against the new institution, the only aim of which, he said, was to put down slavery, and not to carry on mercantile business of any sort."

His Holiness the Pope has conferred the title of Hereditary Marquis upon a distinguished Australian Irishman, Sir Patrick Jennings, whose devoted services to both religion and State have already been recognised by numerous titles and honours. Sir Patrick Jennings was born in Newry in 1831, and is a direct descendant of a Flemish family which originally came to England in the 15th century and afterwards settled in Ireland.

Many French Catholics, it appears, maintain that the Holy Coat is really at the Church of Argenteuil. The Argenteuil relic is of camel's hair, is handwoven and has faint traces of purple. It was given by the Empress Irene to Charlemagne in the year 800. The Holy Father, it is said, has been appealed to for a decision as to whether this or the seamless garment at Trèves is the genuine one.

Alarmed by the recent disastrous explosion which did so much damage, many persons in Rome are very nervous about the proximity of the fort and powder magazine of St. Mario to the Vatican. Thanks to the unpleasant nearness of this magazine the lives of the Holy Father and of not a few Cardinals and the existence of the priceless art treasures of the Vatican may at any moment be imperilled by the carelessness of an Italian gunner with matches in his pocket.

The *Catholic Watchman*, of Madras, just to hand, says: "We have announced that Lady Turner, the wife of Sir Charles Turner, late Chief Justice of Madras, has been received into the Church. We are glad to learn, from private letters received, that two more names known to Madras have been added to the list of conversions daily going on in England. These are Mrs Arundel, wife of Mr A. Taag Arundel, quondam president of the Madras Municipality, and Mr Albert Edwards, of the Madras Railway, who were received into the

Church at Bayswater by Father Luke Rivington, just before the last mail left.

Advices by Mail from China gives details of fresh depredations on the Christian missions. The latest attack was made on June 29, at Yankay, where the Catholic mission was methodically looted; The mission buildings were afterwards set on fire. A few days previously five chapels were destroyed in the province of Kivang Si, near Fu Chen. The school and the priest's residence were plundered and burned. Predatory bands destroyed the French orphanage at a place called Hai Men. In addition the robbers carried off eight or nine children.

From the Chinese papers, received by mail, it appears beyond doubt that the recent uprisings against the Christians at Wahu and Nanking were instigated by the secret societies, which are as numerous and even more menacing to the welfare of society in China than in Italy. The chief of these societies is known as the White Lily, which has ramifications throughout Eastern Asia. Some of the best informed officials in Nanking are of opinion that these outbreaks are but the prelude to a general rising, and that no security should be felt because the present riots are quelled. It is interesting and instructive to learn that one of the most damaging accusations brought against the Catholic missionaries is that which was alleged against the Christians in the days of Pagan Rome, namely, the charge of murdering their children and eating their flesh, evidently a distorted version of the Real Presence.

Father Reginald Collins, the Catholic chaplain, whose heroism at the battle of Trofok in the Soudan made him famous in the army even though it received no official recognition, has lately been elected a member of the Senate of the University of Malta. In connection with the appointment *Piccadilly* has an interesting note on Father Collins:—"This fighting priest of the Church of Rome," says our contemporary, "is as distinguished for his learning as for his pluck. He is master of nine languages, including Arabic, which he picked up during his five years campaigning in Egypt and the Soudan, winning the first prize offered by the military authorities for the greatest proficiency in that tongue. A very celebrated general once remarked of him and a colleague, 'Oh, Brindle and Collins are worth a whole bench of Bishops.'" It will be remembered that Father Brindle was the only chaplain that shared the dangers and hardships of the terrible march across the Bayuda desert. The "very celebrated" general who thus referred to him and Father Collins is, we believe no other than Lord Wolseley. Father Brindle's portrait used to be one of the few pictures in Lord Wolseley's study when he lived in London.

Spring and summer novelties are now on show at the establishment of Messrs A. and T. Inglis, George street, Dunedin.

Messrs Georgeon and Co. have opened a saloon at 15 Battray street, Dunedin, where oysters are supplied at a very moderate price.

Mr Jolly's price-list will be found in another place. It may be consulted with advantage by all who have occasion for the services of the watchmaker and jeweller.

Messrs Duthie Brothers, George street, Dunedin, are supplied with an admirable stock of goods, suitable to the season. Their dress-making and tailoring departments are especially deserving of patronage. Patterns and price lists may be had on application, and their customers and the public generally will find the firm prepared to execute all commissions entrusted to them in the most satisfactory manner possible.

In a letter dated June 18, from the M'Cormick Harvesting Machine Company to their New Zealand agents, Messrs Morrow, Bassett and Co., they mention the fact that the demand for their reapers and binders was so great this season that they had, through their inability to supply, lost the sale of between 2000 and 3000 harvesters and binders in the best cash-paying districts of the United States. They also state that they had already shipped out more machines than they built last season, and were 500 carloads behind their order at the date of writing. They expect to complete and sell 37,500 harvesters and binders, 35,000 mowers, and 3000 reapers.

Carlo Pellegrini, the celebrated caricaturist, says a writer in *Land and Water*, was extremely anxious to take a sketch of The O'Gorman for *Vanity Fair*, and haunted the Lobby of the House of Commons for several days in the hopes of accomplishing his purpose. Somehow or other The O'Gorman Mahon got wind of the attempt, and, striding up to Pellegrini, assured him that did any such caricature appear in the paper he would not lose an instant in seeking out the artist and thrashing him within an ace of his life. To this day no caricature of The O'Gorman has ever appeared in *Vanity Fair*.

If you break the law once or twice to the annoyance of hundreds of people, you are a public nuisance and must be punished. But if you break it habitually and annoy hundreds of thousands of people every week under pretence that you are contending for a principle, or are doing something in the name of religion, then you are a hero and a prosecution makes you a martyr. The result of the prevalence of this kind of feeling is to be seen in the attitude taken up by "General" Booth about Salvation Army music and processions at Eastbourne. The local Act under which Eastbourne is governed prohibits processions of rampant Boothists in their pride of salvation; but "General" Booth has written a letter to his followers there exhorting them to go on breaking the law. He says, in effect, "You have only to keep up the annoyance long enough and you will tire them out." It is highly probable that he is right; but his letter is not the less a cynical avowal of the methods of the Salvation Army. Sicken people of you, and at last they will be glad to give you a free rein."—*St James' Gazette*.

## Dublin Notes.

(From the National Papers.)

THE gross profits of the Bank of Ireland for the half-year just closed, are £3000 more than they were for the corresponding half of last year, and the net profits are £1000 less. There is a decrease of nearly £100,000 as compared with the first half of 1890 in the amount of deposits, current and other accounts. There is an increase of about £170,000 in the amount of bills discounted and advances to customers. Virtually an equal amount is carried forward to that carried forward this time last year. The dividend declared is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for the half-year, free of income tax, being at the rate of  $11\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum. The meeting of the directors will be on Friday next at one o'clock.

The 12th of July Orange celebrations took place on Monday, July 13, at a great number of centres throughout Ulster. A large procession left Belfast for Ballymenoch, where a meeting was held, presided over by the Rev. W. Kane. Resolutions were passed recording thankfulness for the improved state of the country, declaring unabated hostility to Home Rule, and expressing determination to resist to the last extremity any attempt to substitute any other authority for that of the Imperial Parliament. A riot occurred at Keady, county Armagh, on Monday, on an Orange procession passing through that town. Shots were fired and one man was wounded. The injuries, however, are not serious.

There has been a good deal of talk in the lobby, as to the prospects of the Irish party consequent on the retirement of Mr Justin M'Carthy. That this event is finally arranged is a fact that may be regarded without doubt. In accepting the succession to Mr Parnell, Mr M'Carthy was impelled simply by a sense of duty, and has made great personal and pecuniary sacrifices in its performance. It was from the first understood that he undertook the work only temporarily, pending the release of Mr Dillon. The state of Mr Dillon's health, never robust, is not likely to be improved by six months' imprisonment, but it is probable that after a season of rest and retirement through the recess he will feel himself able to take his place as Parliamentary leader next session and in view of the coming general election.

Bishop O'Dwyer has written to Rev. Dr. Moloney, Vicar-General, as follows:—"It is hardly necessary to affirm that I am not a supporter of Mr Parnell. A sense of National decency would be alone sufficient to save me from that. From the commencement I have felt that no honourable Irishman could hold up his head before the world if he were so wanting in self-respect as to maintain as the leader of the nation a man stained by the offences against the moral law of which Mr Parnell has been convicted, nor can I imagine a condition of things in which political expediency would render such action on the part of a Catholic nation even tolerable; and hence, so far from holding any opinion on this head different from my brother Bishops I most heartily concur in the resolution adopted by them at their recent meeting at Maynooth."

On Monday, 13th July, the first pig market was held in New Tipperary since the injunction was granted by the Vice-Chancellor against the town commissioners to restrain them from establishing a rival market to that of Mr Smith-Barry's in the old town. A number of emergency men were on the market square of the new town at an early hour, and cautioned the farmers and other people against selling any pigs in New Tipperary, and ordered them to remove to the old town. Col. Caddell, R.M., and a large force of police and detectives made their appearance immediately after the market opened and every means were tried by the police to hunt the people into Barrystown. Col. Caddell distributed through the market the police under his control, and ordered them to get the names of all the people present and the names of the people who had not their cars branded. The buyers declare they will stand by New Tipperary, and the farmers have also pledged themselves to sell nowhere but in the new town.

At the Masses in Mileton on July 13 a circular was read from Dr. M'Carthy, Bishop of Cloyne. His Lordship says:—"Finding during the course of my recent visitation that the diocesan law, prohibiting drink to be distributed at wakes and funerals, was violated in numerous cases, in fact was fast falling into disuse, it becomes necessary to enforce still more strictly the observation of this law. Hence, with the advice and concurrence of my chapter, I hereby strictly forbid any priest of the diocese to say Mass in any house where he finds drink has been so distributed, or attend the funeral of the deceased, or to recommend him or her to the prayers of the faithful from the altar, and as it has been found that in many cases people have concealed from priests the fact of the distribution of drink at wakes or funerals, I hereby require that on their ministry at the corpse house or at the funeral they shall exact a promise that no drink will be distributed. Priests are also strenuously to exhort the people to abandon this custom of giving drink at wakes and funerals in future."

On Tuesday evening, July 14, District-Inspector Maguire, accompanied by a number of constables, entered the premises of

Michael M'Carthy, a barber, resident in the town of Macroom, and made a thorough and exhaustive search through the house and premises, presumably for firearms which they suspected were concealed there. The District-Inspector was in the city during the day, and shortly after his return in the evening the search was commenced. The police remained in the house and premises for about half-an-hour and tried every spot where any concealed weapon might be placed. Disused rooms were explored and everything turned upside down, and even the police "endeavoured" to search the pockets of garments not in use for letters. Nothing, however, was discovered to reward their efforts, and they left the premises with evident chagrin. Speculation is very much rife as to the cause of the search, but as stated before it is generally considered that it was to discover fresh evidence for a case to be tried at the assizes.

At a meeting of the Tipperary tenants on July 12 Rev. Dr. Humphreys said:—"It is our pleasing duty to congratulate Mr Healy on the perfect vindication of his character from one of the most odious and malignant imputations that were ever levelled at a public man. Mr Healy has been pursued by a virulence of slander that is simply demoniacal. And why? Because he is the one man who has smashed Parnell—he is the one man who has rightly gauged Mr Parnell's plan of campaign, and beaten him off the ground he has taken up. The cause of all the mischief has been Mr Parnell's adultery, and Mr Parnell's clinging to the Irish leadership after his adultery. He cleverly sought to turn away public attention from this, the main issue, by talking about Hawarden interviews, Home Rule Bills, control of the police guarantees, etc. But Mr Healy would not allow Mr Parnell to do this. He kept public attention constantly fixed on the cause of all the mischief—Mr Parnell's misconduct and Mr Parnell's misconduct alone. If Mr Healy had to call a spade a spade it was not his fault, the necessity arose from the unsavoury subject with which he had to deal. It was the fault of the man who with the most unblushing effrontery persists in forcing himself upon the Irish people.

The recurrence of the Twelfth of July is signalled by an order from the Duke of Cambridge, addressed to the Commander-in-Chief in India, directing that steps shall be at once taken to close an Orange Lodge lately established in an infantry regiment stationed in that country. The Commander-in-Chief has intimated his disapproval of such Lodges in the army, and requested their discontinuance. Fifty years ago the growth of Orangeism in the army was deemed a danger to the State, when thirty or forty regiments had Lodges established in their midst with the sanction of the Duke of Cumberland, then Grand Master. Parliament caused an inquiry, and Orange Lodges in the army were forbidden. Who is responsible for the present revival? And of all places in the world—in India! In connection with the Duke of Cambridge's order some Ulster bard has sent this effusion to the Duke, Mr Balfour, Sir Henry James, and Mr Chamberlain:—

Most dastardly of dodges, and O treachery so mean,  
To bar our Orange Lodges in the army of our Queen!  
O rascally red tapists, who abuse your power and place,  
To let the ruffian Papists shriek with joy at our disgrace!  
O Protestant religion, brought so desperately low!  
O duke with heart of pigeon who betrays us to the foe!  
O Saunderson, the swordsman, what has stricken you with fright?  
O Johnston, can the Lord's man make no protest for the right?  
O Unionists, who sell us for such base and paltry coin,  
To flatter rebels jealous of King William and the Boyne!  
O shameless legislators, who have struck this cruel blow,  
I brand you all as traitors with an Everlasting O!

In acknowledging these thrilling lines Mr Chamberlain has written to the author to say that the blame for this transaction rests entirely on Sir William Harcourt.

During the week ending July 18, rumours, emanating we know not whence, have been circulated relative to the possible reopening of negotiations between those Irish members who broke their election pledges at the bidding of Mr Parnell and Mrs O'Shea and those others who refused to dishonour themselves by accepting such dictation. The fact is, that only one man or body of men has anything to gain by entering upon such conferences, and that these are Mr Parnell and the Parnellites. We want neither negotiations nor conferences, our trumpets have no need to sound a truce, we have marched from victory unto victory, and the voice which would now cry "halt" could not be that of any true friend of Ireland. On the other hand even Mr Parnell, despite his mingled blindness and madness, must see that his defeat is certain; if we are not misinformed, his most trusted councillors have told him so to his face. In the Parnellite camp there is confusion and dismay, recrimination and pusillanimity. To Mr Parnell's supporters a lull in the conflict would be very welcome. It would be proportionately distasteful to those who have fought for Ireland. Negotiations could have no justification unless there was need for them and that some useful result was likely to flow from them. Happily the Irish Party, as we have just said, have no need to sue for truce; while, if one thing is more certain than other, it is that no truce or negotiations could possibly pro-

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duce any change of importance in the existing relations between that party and those few men who have fallen out of its ranks and basely broken their pledge. No conciliation with the majority of these personages is possible now or ever will be. Mr Timothy Harrington, for instance, like Mr Parnell, has shown his heart and revealed his mind in a manner which leaves nothing to be discovered. Others of his colleagues have acted similarly, and Ireland has witnessed with horror the evidences afforded her of the measurable distance within which she stood of a calamity without parallel even in her sad history. Home Rule which would have placed our people and their highest interests at the mercy of such men would have been a curse instead of a blessing. Now that they have been detected they must remain outside the ranks of our National army.

## HOW RUTH MASON'S BEGUEILEMENT SERVED WASHINGTON.

(By E. J. EDWARDS in the *Philadelphia Press*.)

ON an afternoon in August, of the year 1781, a trooper, who wore the uniform of King George III., sat astride a horse on the turnpike from New York, just beyond the Harlem, and had so placed the animal that its body barricaded the passage. The beast stood patient, but the heat of the summer sun seemed almost to overpower him and his head hung down as though stupor had overcome him. The trooper, although he sat upright and seemed to be going off toward the waters of Long Island Sound, yet gave the start of one who wakes from sleep of a sudden, for a call came to him and he looked here and there, not spying at first the person who thus called to him:

"Hi, there, trooper man, may I pass the heels or the head of your horse, for he stands across the road."

Those were the words the trooper heard, and his eye being now guided by his ear he saw a head, whether of a man or a boy he could not distinguish, for nothing of the body but the head could be seen because of the bramble bushes. When the trooper saw the face, then there came the glance of surprise upon his own countenance, and he said:

"What bloody head is that I see? Come out of the bush?"

"'Tis very pleasant blood, for it is the juice of the berries that has smeared my face as I have eaten them. They grow in plenty here and a fine thing for thirst are they. 'Tis better to pick and eat them than to sit like a statue on the beast."

"How can I pick berries, being stationed here on guard?"

"On guard! That is silly thing, for who goes up and down the highway who can do any harm to the King's army?"

"Not a soul have I seen this two hours till I set my eyes on your face and you gave me a scare, youngster, for I thought you were murdered."

"Well, now, how happens it if you see no one that you stay here so patiently?"

"The colonel and the aides are beyond and here I stop till they come."

"Beyond! what is there beyond that the colonel should go there?"

"'Tis said there are two pretty maids, and that one is the sweetheart of a young fellow who is a spy of Washington, and the colonel will kill two birds with one stone maybe, for he will catch the spy and win the maid. He has a keen eye for a maid who has beauty."

"It must be the Widow Mason's girls." The youth in the brambles thus spoke as though uttering half in surprise a thought which came to him. A moment later he came from the bushes and then the trooper saw that not only the face but the hands of the lad were stained with the juice of blackberries, and that he carried on one arm a basket well filled with the fruit.

"Give me a hatful of berries and you shall have a penny," said he.

"A penny! Sixpence would be cheap for them, because 'tis a torture to pick them, the briars are so sharp."

"A penny is all I have," and the trooper looked yearningly at the berries.

"I'll give you half a hatful for a penny," said the lad, and he poured out the measure, and when the trooper took his hat he saw that it was well filled, and so greedy was he that he began to eat, and forgot the lad, who passed by the horse, stopping for a moment to give the beast a whisp of clover. The youth strolled on with leisurely step, stopping now and then, like a careless lad, to pick some berries, and shying a stone or two at the birds upon the trees; but when he reached a bend in the road there came a change over him that was marvellous to behold. He stepped with the manner of one who is pursued into the thicket, and with such rapid gait that he seemed almost to run as he passed along a path so slight that it was little more than a trail. At last he approached a clearing, and then his step slackened, and when he came to a little clump of cedars, then he paused, and entering the grove he uttered a cry like that of a beast of the field.

A moment later he saw a maiden come from the house in the distance. She approached like one who seeks the cows in the pasture, for she now and then called "Moolly, Moolly," and she carried a pail of oats, as though to tempt the beasts from their grazing. Soon again she called thus, "Moolly," and then in lower tones, "Edmund, Edmund, stay till I come! Ruth has sent me."

"Come quickly, Martha," the young man said. The girl turned into the woods and from that direction came to the young man and when she saw him, then her face became pale.

"What is it that frightens you, Edmund?" she said, speaking pleadingly, as though she would soothe him.

"Are the officers at the house?" he asked, not otherwise answering her.

"They came two hours ago, and Ruth and I have been courteous to them to keep them, because we feared they might meet you on the road if they went away sooner. Ruth bade me come when we heard your call and tell you to wait here till they were gone."

"Martha, my little sister," he said, and his voice was tremulous and tears were in his eyes.

"When you wed Ruth then I shall be truly your sister," she said, marveling a little that he called her sister then.

He took her to his arms and he said:

"You will return my kiss, Martha, will you not, for perhaps I may not come back again for a long time."

He turned his head away that she might not see the emotion that was mastering him.

The girl trembled a little, for she perceived that some danger was at hand, and she looked up at him with a sad smile, and said:

"Surely, it is a sister's right," and she returned his greeting of affection.

"Now, Martha," said he, striving to speak pleasingly, "go quickly back to Ruth and tell her to meet me at the old oak, as soon as she can come."

The girl looked again pleadingly at him for some explanation of his strange manner, but he said no more, and she knew his heart was full of some sorrow or some dread.

He watched her as she went back, calling again gently to the cows, and he said to himself, "If it was so hard to part with her, what will the parting with Ruth be?" and his agony convulsed his face. When the girl had entered the house, Edmund went back to the woods, and heeding neither path nor trail passed through the thicket until he came to the oak grove near the brook, which runs into the Bronx. His quick ear heard the clatter of distant hoofs and he threw himself prone on the ground. None too soon was he for concealment, for a moment later there rode by an English officer with two aids and Edmund heard him say, "they are the sweetest rebel blossoms my eyes have seen since I came to New York," and the young man then knew that the officers spoke of Ruth and her sister Martha.

When the officer had passed out of sight the young man went to the brook and bathed his face, and they stood beneath the oak, watching with the eagerness of love. Soon she for whom he waited came and he embraced her with such tenderness as she had never known from him.

"The officers are gone," she said, speaking with joy. "I think they came looking for you, but they were most properly courteous to Martha and to me."

He did not speak for a moment, but instead looked at her so strangely that the maid was filled with amazement. "Edmund, Edmund," she said, and her voice was very sweet and tender, "why do you look at me so strangely? Are you in peril or was I unthinking when I was courteous to the officer. Surely I did it so that they might not meet you on the highway going back."

He took her hands in his and gave her such a glance of tenderness as was a perfect revelation of the love he bore her and he said, speaking like one who tells a dream, "It is the same fair face that seemed to me, when I was a lad, too beautiful to be a child's, and so when in the meeting house, I used to hear the preacher speak of the angels in heaven, the face of the angel seemed to me to be that of little Ruth; and when I used to see these eyes and the light that was in them, then I would think, 'More beautiful than anything that is or ever was, is Ruth's glance as she bestows it on me,' and when I saw this rippling and soft hair falling about the forehead like the tendrils of a vine, I used to say, 'What gentler or more exquisite softness can there be than this hair which has the colour of the clouds at sunset;' and so, wherever I was, wherever I am, I see ever this fair face that I thought was to be with me while I lived."

She had crept closer to him as he spoke, and at last had placed her head against his shoulder and looked up at him lovingly as he spoke these words, and when he was done she said: "And did I not rejoice to receive those glances which you sent to me when I was a child; was I not glad to know as you grew strong that your strength was for me, and that it became tenderness when I was near; and when I saw a great and noble tree did I not use to say, 'you are like my Edmund;' and when I heard the brook at night as it ran over the stones beneath the window, did it not always seem to say to me in

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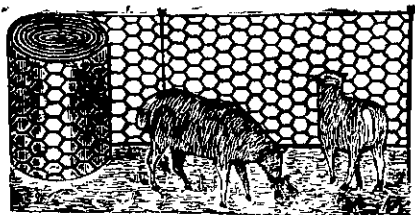
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the tones of my Edmund's voice. 'Ruth, dear Ruth, darling; Ruth, dear Ruth, darling.'

For a moment neither spoke, but he folded his arms about her and kissed her, and as he did so she perceived that his tears were falling.

"Why, Edmund, tears! I never saw you cry before."

"My love overwhelms me, Ruth," said he, and then he knew that he could not permit her to share the agony of parting.

"The officers alarmed me," he said; "I trembled for you and for myself; it's over now."

"They asked me about you," she said.

"And you—what did you say?"

"'Twas a very little falsehood; I said I had not seen you for a long time; they thought I meant for many days, but hours was my real meaning. Did I do wrong to entertain them?"

"Nay, Ruth," he said; and then he added, "Had you kept them there for days instead of hours it would prove a blessing."

"That is a strange saying," said she.

"I mean, that if they were kept busy with frivolous things for days just now, 't would be a vast benefit to the General and the army."

"What general?"

"Ours, Ruth," and he spoke so solemnly, that she knew he thought of Washington.

"They said they might return to-morrow," said she.

"They said that?" he spoke with some excitement. "Then if they do, tell them this, that you have seen me, and that I say that Washington's army is coming soon toward New York, to fight them. She smiled, and said she would tell him that, and would try to frighten them, because she would say great things about the number of men there were in the army of Washington.

"Now, Ruth," said he, "good-bye." He spoke almost sternly.

"What, must you go? Come home with me, Edmund, come home." His passion caused him almost to stagger, and she thought he stumbled and she supported him. He took her hand again and he said, "I must take a message to Washington to-night," and once more he kissed her and then almost abruptly departed.

The girl stood silent for a moment and she thought, "Ah, some danger of war has overcome him. When will it be over?" But he in his agony was saying, as he rushed through the woods, "My darling, they know me for a spy now, and they will catch me and will hang me by and by." And, in his misery, he seized and crushed great branches, and though his hands were cut he did not feel the wounds.

## II.

The dusk had fallen when Edmund approached a pasture at least ten miles from the place where he had parted with Ruth. He had walked with the energy which his mission and his misery as well had given him. He leaned over the bars of the pasture and called "Dolly, Dolly," and a moment later he heard the whinnying of his mare which came running up to him. In a moment a saddle, brought from some place where it had been secreted, and a bridle were put upon the horse, and Edmund leaped upon its back and said to the creature, "Dolly, Dolly, we have thirty miles to ride, and we must do it within three hours." It seems as though there was human intelligence in the animal, for she lifted her head and, with one great bound, started upon the journey.

The August moon was just rising and threw a great flood of light upon the railway, while the shadows of the trees which lined the road were black and distinct as those cast at mid-day. The silence of the night was broken by the clatter of the animal's hoofs, and so, for many moments, Edmund rode with what seemed almost the speed of the wind. At last, he said, spying in the distance a cottage, "That is Brown's house, Dolly, and we have come ten miles; it must be in less than an hour by the moon. There'll be a bag of oats for you by and bye, my beauty," and the animal lifted her head again as though encouraged and put greater speed into her hoofs. For another hour he rode as though pursued, and the clatter of the hoofs awoke resounding echoes through the defiles that the highway passed between, and by and bye he saw in the distance the outlines of the turnpike gate, and he raised a cry, uttering it three times. But as there was no response from the house, he bade the mare take the gate, and with one mighty leap she cleared it just as the gate keeper emerged from the house.

Edmund turned his head and again uttered the cry, and when the gatekeeper heard it he responded in kind, for he then knew who it was and that some mission of great consequences was urging Edmund thus on the road to Washington's headquarters that evening. For another hour the noble beast and the rider went ahead with unslackening speed, and the flanks of the animal were covered with foam and the nostrils showed pink with the labour of her breathing, but she flinched not, nor faltered. They came up a stretch which revealed the waters of the Hudson, glistening in the moonlight, and here Edmund for the first time, cautioned the steed to slacken her pace. He said, "Whoa, Dolly; we shall meet the sentinel soon."

The mare understood him well, for she came to a gentle canter, and a moment later a voice by the roadside called:

"Halt!"

When the sentinel saw Edmund, for the moonlight made his countenance visible, he greeted him by name, but demanded the countersign.

"I have not the countersign, said Edmund, 'but I have that which is better,' and he took from a secret place in the saddle a paper, and when the sentinel had read, he bade Edmund pass within the line. In ten minutes Edmund was in the camp of Washington's army, and an orderly was bearing a message to the Commander-in-chief. But not until the faithful Dolly had been well cared for, did Edmund hold himself in readiness to respond to the commands of Washington. As for himself, he had neither eaten nor swallowed so much as a cup of water, nor would he until the business which he had was finished.

The orderly led him by and by into the presence of the commander. In the little room was seated with Washington an officer whose manner betrayed the breeding which comes from education in a foreign court, and there was a younger man whom Washington called 'Colonel Hamilton,' who extended his hand most courteously to Edmund and said to him:

"Captain Lathrop, we are rejoiced to see you," and he led Edmund to Washington, who extended his hand with that grave dignity which was his most impressive mannerism, and yet he smiled a pleasant greeting to the young man.

"You have come from below, Captain Lathrop," said Washington, "and I judge from your manner that you have news of consequence to tell us. You may speak freely here."

As Edmund stood before the Commander-in-chief, he revealed the perfect soldier. He was of tall and sinewy form, and though his countenance was youthful, his manner was most dignified and his bearing impressive. Had the trooper who met him in the afternoon set eyes upon him then he would have been amazed that he could have thought this man a careless, berry-picking lad.

"I have been in New York and near by for three weeks," Edmund began, "and I have learned much. Some of my messages you must have received."

Here Washington bowed to intimate that Edmund's surmise was correct.

"General Clinton," Edmund continued, "is now firmly convinced that it is our purpose to give him battle somewhere between here and the Harlem River. I have done some things which confirm that impression. I have caused reports to be spread among our friends, which have been carried to him, that you will soon make a movement in that direction." Here Colonel Hamilton and the Count de Rochambeau approached near to Edmund, that they might catch every word that he uttered.

Edmund continued thus: "Clinton's main reliance for information is upon Colonel Matthews and his aides and subordinates, who are patrolling the regions near the Bronx. This very afternoon they called at the house of dear friends of mine, and to-morrow they will be there again, and they will then be told that your army is to move upon New York. If Colonel Matthews can be thus deceived, he will continue to deceive General Clinton, and you will be free to take such action as seems wise to you in the belief that General Clinton has misjudged your movements.

Here Washington took Edmund's hand and he said, speaking very gravely, "Captain Lathrop, when you agreed to leave your company and to enter upon this perilous service, you took your life in your hands as you know. If you continue the service, which is of such inestimable importance to me and to our cause, you know the fate which may await you. But if you will continue it you may do us greater good than a regiment of men could do in battle."

Edmund simply said, "Whatever is your wish is my desire," and though he was tempted to say to Washington that his identity was known and that the risk was such that the gallows most certainly awaited him in case he returned within the British lines, he restrained the impulse, for he felt that Washington would not permit him to thus expose himself to almost certain death.

For a moment the General stood as though absorbed in thought, and then he said to Edmund, "You will excuse me, Captain, if I retire with my friends for a few moments, for what I do must be decided quickly. Will you take a glass of wine and a bit of bread? It is the best refreshment I can now offer you."

The General and his subordinate commanders retired to an inner room, into which an orderly carried maps and the quartermaster came with his papers, and soon the heads of different divisions were there assembled, and for an hour or two Edmund could hear the low murmur of voices, and above all, the calm, yet almost imperious tones of Washington. At last an orderly summoned Edmund to the inner room, and there he found Washington alone. The dignity of the commander was something to produce a feeling of awe and reverence, and thus Edmund was impressed. But the General spoke tenderly, gently, as he said: "Captain Lathrop, will you return to the country of the enemy, and will you endeavour to cause the idea to spread that I am to move with my army and to give battle or seek it

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somewhere near the Harlem, within a week or ten days. Within that time, I shall send a brigade to make such demonstrations as will add to that conviction. Meanwhile, if you discover that General Clinton has a hint of my real purpose, spare neither life nor energy to let the news be brought to me upon the instant. It is a perilous undertaking that I ask of you, but be comforted with the knowledge that if you succeed in doing these things it will probably be the last time that you will be called upon to risk your life and to face an ignominious death. If my purposes succeed now, Captain Lathrop, I believe the war for the independence of these people will end with a victory for us."

Here Washington took both of Edmund's hands in his and he said to him, for Edmund had replied to him by a single word of assent, "Go, then, Captain Lathrop, at once. If you live you may rejoice that you have contributed in no small measure to our success if we gain it. If you die, be reminded of that noble youth who said as he mounted the gallows, 'I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country.'"

Washington here gave him a pass and offered him money, but Edmund declined to receive any gold. Then for a moment there was further instruction in regard to minor details, and then the commander-in-chief with tender affection bade the young soldier adieu.

### III.

Three weeks later, Captain Lathrop, then in the disguise of a farmer's helper, was approached by a friend who knew him well and who knew his hiding-places in the woods. The man had brought him food and drink, and he said to Edmund, "The skirmishers of Washington are coming from above, and there is confusion in the outposts of Clinton's army on that account."

To this Edmund made no reply, but he said instead, "And of Ruth? What have you learned of her? Is Colonel Matthews and are the aides still there?"

The farmer hesitated. He seemed to dread to make reply. He averted his face, and Edmund, speaking with some passion, said to him, "Tell me, Jonathan, tell me all that you have heard."

"They do say, Captain, that the Colonel's men have got track of you and that you will be captured soon."

"I do not care for that," and Edmund spoke with passion. "Tell me these things, does Colonel Matthews still believe that Washington is coming this way?"

"He does. He sends daily to General Clinton a message that all is safe, and that Washington is prepared to move his army in that direction."

"Why does not Colonel Matthews go himself to Clinton?"

"I do not like to tell you, Captain."

"You must; that is what I am bound to know, for if I do not learn it otherwise, I shall go to the house myself that I may discover."

"No, no; do not do that, Captain, they will capture you and hang you if you do. I will tell you what they say. They say Colonel Matthews has become bewitched by the beauty of Ruth, and that he is paying earnest court to her."

For a moment Edmund did not speak, but at last, his lips trembling and very white, he said: "And Ruth? How does she receive such courtship?"

"Ah, Captain, that is what I do not want to say."

"You must tell me."

"Well, I myself saw Ruth, and she seemed to be most pleased with the attentions, and her smile was a joyous one, and her eyes were merry, and she returned some remark of gallantry which he made to her in kind."

At this moment there came to this secret haunt a youth, a messenger, whose face was so smeared with dirt and dust that his countenance was scarcely recognisable, so that Edmund did not know him until he spoke.

"What, Thomas, is it you?" he said. "Where have you come from?"

"I was told to give you this," the young man said, and he handed to Edmund a bit of paper, and when Edmund read it he was rejoiced. It was a message from Washington bidding him return and join his regiment in the Virginias.

The lad told his story briefly. He said that Washington, by means of deceit which kept Clinton in darkness of Washington's plan, had escaped with his army across the Hudson, across New Jersey, and was about to embark, when the lad left the army, on the Chesapeake for Yorktown. The commander had made his escape, he had befooled Clinton.

Edmund at once removed his disguise. He said to his friend, Jonathan, that all danger was now averted, and that his mission was ended. He had done his part in enabling Washington thus to escape the watchful eye of Clinton with his army, and he declared it to be his purpose to go at once to Ruth.

So it happened that just as the sun was setting on that afternoon, Edward entered the little garden by way of the apple orchard that stood to the east of Ruth's home.

As he passed through the orchard he heard a voice which caused him to stop, and a moment later Ruth and Colonel Matthews came along the path which skirted the orchard. They did not see him, though he made no effort to conceal himself.

Then he heard the British officer pouring words of love and affection in the ear of his affianced, and it seemed for the moment as though he had murder in his heart. What he would have done who can tell, but he heard the voice of Ruth speaking sadly and plaintively, and she said:

"Ah Colonel Matthews, did you not see that it was all pleasantry? You say I had no right thus to deceive you, but why did you come here seeking to capture and kill my betrothed? You say that all is fair in love and war, and if that be true, then it was fair for me to be coquettish with you, for my betrothed told me, on the day he left me to join the army, that if I would only keep you here for many days, 't would be a blessing to Washington and to our army, and it was because he told me that that I have played the coquettish part with you."

The British Colonel seemed for an instant to be beside himself with rage, and he spoke low, but violently, so that the girl became most greatly frightened, and in her distress, not knowing what she said, she called aloud saying, Edmund, Edmund, help me!" and behold, even as she called, there stood her betrothed before her.

He took her in his arms and then, turning to Matthews, said: "It is true what this dear woman has said."

"Are you the spy?" the Colonel said.

"I am an officer of the Continental army."

"You are a spy, for whom we have long looked, and I will call my men, and you shall dangle at the gallows to-morrow." Then, pausing for a moment, he said: "If this maiden will renounce you and will promise me her hand, then I will turn my back so that you may escape."

Edmund turned smilingly to Ruth, and said to her, "Ruth, it shall be as you say; this man can send me to the gallows to-morrow. Will you renounce me for him, and thus save me from that ignominy? For an instant she did not speak, and then she said, her face very white, "If I renounced him I should die, and if you hanged him I should die, therefore how can I renounce him, and what would you gain if you hanged him?"

The Colonel looked with amazement upon these two and then a moment later he spoke and his voice was so choked with emotion that he could hardly utter the words: "By heaven! Was there ever such affection as this? By my love for you, Ruth, I recall my ugly words. No act of mine shall imperil your lover. How better can I show my own affection for you?"

When he said these words, Edmund, releasing Ruth, went to him and took his hand, and he then said. "Colonel Matthews, for the service which you have now done me, I will do you another. Had you captured me, I could have exposed you to your general. I could have shown him that by your dalliance here, Washington has been enabled to escape with his army and that while you seemed to be upon duty, you were really imperiling your own army, because you were beguiled by this fair woman. But now I will say no word excepting this. General Washington has escaped you; his army is now upon the Chesapeake and will be in a day or two at Yorktown. You may take this message to Clinton, so that it will appear to him that you have been faithful to your duty and have gleaned this information in your own way."

The officer seemed like one stunned. "Washington escaped! Will be at Yorktown! 'Tis incredible."

"But 'tis true," said Edmund.

Then the officer took Ruth by the hand, but without saying one word he embraced her gently, and then departed, and, calling his aides and escort to him, in a moment their horses were carrying them to New York with this faithful message which Edmund had given him.

Two days later General Clinton had set sail from New York for the Chesapeake on his fruitless errand, for the capture of Cornwallis had already been accomplished.

That evening, after Ruth had told Edmund all those things which she desired to say to him, she said: "Poor Martha! My sister loved this colonel and he did not know it. Why could he not have wooed her instead of me, for he is a man of gentle heart and high honour." But it so happened when the war was over that Colonel Matthews, returned to New York, made himself the discovery of which Ruth had spoken, so that one day Captain Lathrop and Colonel Matthews became of kin through marriage, for Martha was wooed and won by this officer.



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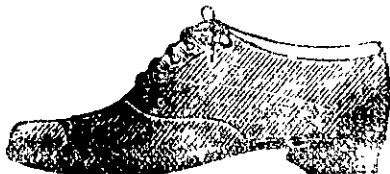
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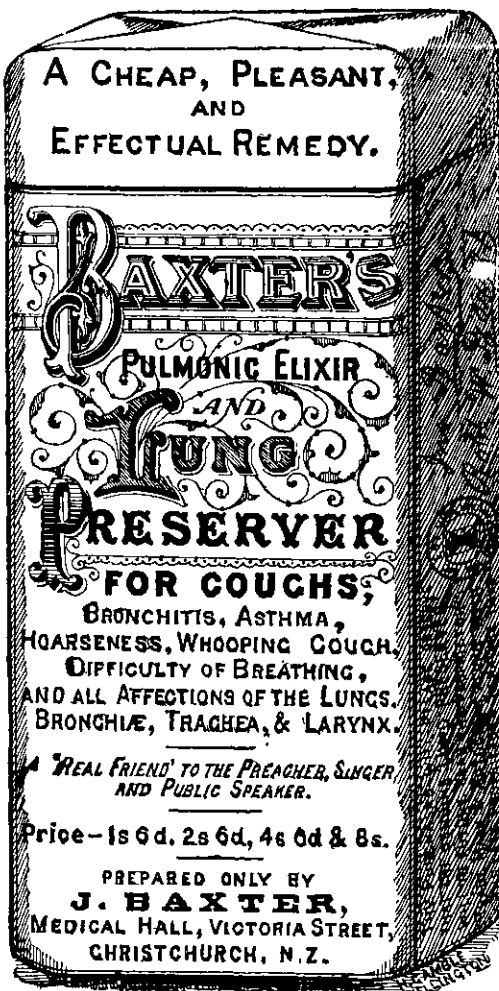
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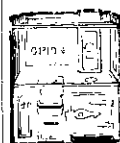
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## THE PASSIONISTS AT GOULBURN.

(P. W. O., in the Brisbane *Australian*.)

I ARRIVED by train about two o'clock on the morning of the 9th of the present month (August), and never, perhaps, have I experienced such a change in the shape of refrigerating. I went to visit "Mary's Mount," the present noviciate of the Passionist Fathers. The Fathers had, even at that unearthly hour of the night, sent a buggy to meet me. The rain and sleet came down, and the cold west winds were a terror to me. The driver, whom I found to be not only a most obliging young man, good tempered and good natured, as might be expected, for a man who would turn out under most unusual circumstances, was an old Queenslander. The various questions he put to me concerning Brisbane people helped to relieve the monotony of the journey to "Mary's Mount." After a somewhat anxious drive, for we pelted away through mud and rain, he said, "This is 'Mary's Mount,' and you can stop here for the night," showing me into a neatly kept and spacious lodge. It required but little to urge me to bed, and in a few minutes I was in the regions of dreamland, and thought but little of the whistling sleet or blinding rain. Just before my arrival the Matin bell had rung, and the community were engaged in chanting the sublime office of the Church. Two o'clock is not a comfortable hour to be summoned, but the Passionists, faithful to the rule of their great founder, are accustomed to rise at that hour.

When morning broke, the rain had in a measure ceased, I wended my way to the House, where the Masses had already commenced. Nothing could exceed the welcome I received from Father Hilary, who is now in charge of the House. Many in North Queensland will remember him for his missionary zeal and his accomplished sacred oratory. Of his Queensland trip and the kindness of the Northern people he always speaks with pleasure. In this house of the Passionists the primitive rule is observed in its entirety and in its austerity. They have no eight hours a day here; but of the twenty-four they devote fifteen hours to the duty of their life. About one hour and a-half is given to recreation, and, with the exception of this time, an absolute silence and religious awe prevails throughout the entire House. I was glad to meet at "Mary's Mount" the distinguished Father Alphonsus, who is the Superior in Australia, and who gave a mission here some twelve months ago; I also made the acquaintance of Father Clement. Father Alphonsus is an old man, but it is surprising the work which he can go through with youthful energy in a single day. Here is a man, when most men of years are retiring from active life, full of work, which must entail some amount of anxiety; but he is accustomed to a life of labour, and he is never so well as when he is in the thick of it.

The tourist whom I have before quoted mentioned Roseville. Well to the north of that place is "Mary's Mount," so called from the fact that on the Feast of Presentation the present body of Passionists arrived in Australia. There were Passionists here before, and Stradbroke Island was given as a grant from the Crown to the Italian Passionists for the training of the aborigines, but the grant lapsed. The spot where "Mary's Mount" is situated has no equal in Australia for a religious house. It is, I should say, about two miles and a-half from the railway station, and is of sufficient elevation so as to be visible from nearly all parts of the city. It was built about ten years ago by the Rev. W. Tait, a Wesleyan minister, who had retired from the ministry. The house is replete with every modern improvement. Its rooms are spacious and gorgeously fitted with marble mantel-pieces, mouldings, gas chandeliers, etc. The staircases are on a magnificent scale. No expense was spared by the man who built it. The grounds are elaborately laid out in terraces, which must have cost an enormous sum. The Passionists, I learn, do not intend changing the present house, as it will be kept for priests and laymen who go into Retreat, as they do at present under the guidance of the Fathers. They are building a new wing, which will be no doubt more to their wishes, as it will not contain the luxurious fittings of the present house. A chapel and choir are to be added, and when this is completed a few days spent there will be a pleasure to visitors. Looking eastwards, although the grey clouds were lifting themselves, we could see the city of Goulburn, sloping in the distance, and beyond "the Mountain Limestone caps," on which a surveyor's mark is placed, and which, at a distance, resembles a cross. This mountain the novices, not unappropriately, christened Mount Calvary. When Mass was finished, as I watched the novices leaving church, I thought of Blessed Paul of the Cross, how He gathered round him, men of almost every land, but to me the exquisite and joyous pleasure was in store at seeing that not only had the good sweet old Saint brought under the folds of his mantle the religious minds of old Christian lands, but he had captivated by his sweetness, his gentleness, and his love, the pink and flower of young Australian youth. The procession I saw before me pass reminded me of the beautiful passage of Lacordaire describing the movement of the religious, through the corridors of a Dominican Convent. It was not youths alone that were numbered amongst the new novices; there was a priest, who, after many years of missionary life, had just put on the habit and sandals of a Passionist. Being

the feast day of Father Alphonsus, visitors had permission to converse in the grounds with the community. The Australians I made my entire study. I could scarcely even credit that, with all the luxury and ease in which Australian boys were bred, they should ever settle down to a life which requires so much sacrifice, and one which is so much out of the life to which they had been accustomed. But there they were, full of the great spirit of the Order, full of the future of their own beloved land, young men who had exchanged everything for the habit of one of the most glorious missionary saints of the Church. The hard rule of the Passionist Order is well known. The primary object of it is to train priests by constant exercises of the spiritual life, so that they may be able to impart the light of truth, faith, and hope to lost souls. About 3 o'clock the rain had cleared away. The community recite daily the Rosary along the beautiful garden walks, surrounded by rows of pine trees and shrubs, a banner of the Blessed Virgin being carried in the procession. Towards evening the Vespers are sung in choir, and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament follows, the voices of the novices being exceedingly beautiful. A short time after, the religious retire, but rise from their slumbers ere the morning sun appears to sing again the glorious Matin Office of the Eternal Church. In the early morning, cold and bleak, the driver was again ready, not before the good Passionist Brothers had prepared breakfast. As the train sped away from the city, that to my mind contains so much of the present and future glory of religion in Australia, I wisely looked over the hills, and saw "Mary's Mount" disappear, and the dark hills beyond—not for ever, for the invitation was again extended to me, as well as to every Queenslander who chose to stay on their journey and partake of the hospitality of the children of the generous old man who prayed and watched for the future destiny of his Order amidst sobs and tears on the lonely heights of Monte Argentario.

## NOBODY WANTS THAT GOLD RING.

FOR nearly 100 years a certain family of working people living in Paris have ended their lives by suicide. From father to son, from mother to daughter, has descended a plain gold ring, and on the finger of every one of these suicides, as they lay in death, this ring has been found. Only last year the body of a young man who had killed himself was brought to the Morgue, and on his finger was the fatal golden circlet. He was the last of his race. The ring was buried with the corpse, from which no one acquainted with its history will have the courage to remove it.

The mental taint in this family came from some remote ancestor, and was intensified by their recognition of it until it became a controlling force; and the ring was accepted as imposing upon its possessor the obligation to commit suicide after the example of the person who last wore it. This form of mania usually originates in a disorder of the nervous system, which in its turn arises from anæmia, or poverty of the blood, one of the results of imperfect nutrition.

A recent letter from a gentleman living in Norfolk contains the following assertion: "I longed for death; I was afraid of the night; I was afraid to be alone, yet, I hated society. I was afraid that in some one of those hours of depression I should lift my hand against my own life, for I knew that many had done so from the same cause." The dark hours became a time of terror to him, so he says. He tossed and tumbled on his bed, wondering if morning would ever dawn again. In this case it was not an accusing conscience, as he had committed no offence; the cause was purely a physical one—yet, all too common in England—indigestion and dyspepsia, with the long chain of consequences dragging after it, nervous collapse among them.

He relates that his skin and eyes had been more or less discoloured for years, often of a ghastly and repulsive yellow. This was due to the presence of bile in the blood and tissues, where it had no business to be. But as the weak and torpid liver could not remove it, no other result was possible than the one our friend experienced. His head frequently ached as though fiends had turned it into a workshop, and pains chased one another through his body as though he had at least half the maladies catalogued in the popular books of disease.

Yet one thing, and one only, was responsible for all the mischief, namely, the poison introduced into the blood from the decaying food in the stomach and intestines. The cold feet, the loss of appetite and ambition, the mental despondency, the sense of weariness and fatigue, the bad taste in the mouth, dry cough, giddiness, palpitation, chills, weakness, etc., are a brood of foul birds hatched in one nest, and the mother is always indigestion and dyspepsia.

Time passed somehow, as it always does, whether we laugh or cry, and this man grew heartily tired of a life thus burdened and spoiled. He longed to see the end of it, and no wonder. But the last page of his letter is pitched in a higher key. He says, "When I think of what I was, and what I am now, I can hardly realise the change. For the past six months I have been using a preparation known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and it has actually revolutionised my whole system. One of my tenants recommended it to me, and I tried it just to please him. Now I praise it for myself, and thank the men who make and advertise it. My troubles are over, and I feel (at 57) as light, elastic, and gay as a boy on his summer vacation. I tell my doctors they are beaten at their own trade by an old German nurse, and so far as I am concerned they can't deny it. I have no more horrible thoughts of self-destruction, for I find too much enjoyment in living. My thanks are too deep for words."

The author of this letter consents to the publication of so much of it as is here printed, but declines to allow the use of his name, at least for the present, for reasons we are bound to respect. But the evident sincerity of his story will carry conviction to every candid mind.

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 United States.

## JEANNETTE.

(From the French of LE FAURE.)

EVERY day there came down to the long stone wharf a smiling, fair-haired girl of seven, followed by an old, old man.

The child carried a spy-glass, hugging it in her arms as if it were a doll, and she skipped along gaily till she reached the end of the pier. Then she handed the long glass to her companion, and resting her chubby little hands on the cold stone coping, looked wistfully out at sea.

With the soft breeze blowing her hair about her shoulders, and her eyes fixed searchingly on the horizon she stood perfectly silent until a tiny white speck appeared in the far distance where sea and sky seemed to mingle.

"A sail, a sail!" she cried, and the old man sat down and laid the spy-glass upon his arm.

Breathless and eager, the child grasped the brass tube with both hands and peered through it without speaking. After a few moments, however, she said with a sigh of disappointment: "Not yet, grandpa," and returning patiently to her post resumed the watch until another sail appeared.

This was kept up hour after hour, and when the sun, a golden ball, had slipped behind the rising billows, and a soft mist rose from the sea, the child turned round, her little face saddened, and walked slowly away at the old man's side.

One day I spoke to an old sailor and asked him about the child.

"That is Jeannette," he said, taking his short clay pipe from out of his mouth. "Her father was killed eighteen months ago; the mast of his boat fell on him, and since the day his dead body was carried home she has never been the same. She does not think he is dead, and every afternoon her grandfather has to bring her down here to watch for him."

He tapped his head expressively, and, as a merry laugh sounded, a smile of tenderness softened his rugged features.

I looked up and saw Jeannette coming as usual, carrying the telescope, and skipping gleefully before the old man.

"How sad, how sad!" I murmured with a sigh, but the old sailor shook his head; putting his pipe into his mouth hastily he puffed out a cloud of smoke to hide the tears that had gathered in his eyes, and answered softly: "God is good. She will never know, so she will never cease to hope."

## THE EARTH'S HEAT.

(Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.)

MANY scientific men are devoting their lives to finding out all that can be learned about the interior of this wonderful globe of ours. One of the interesting problems on which they are engaged is the depth and geographical limits of permanently frozen soil. The British Association has collected a large amount of data on this question. They have already told us some curious things, such as the fact that excellent wheat lands north of Manitoba overlie frozen earth that never thaws.

Sometimes geologists find strata of rock that they are able to show must have been buried at a remote age, 20,000 ft. under the surface. These upturned edges of rock which some terrible convulsion lifted to the air, give us a glimpse of the condition of the interior some way below the greatest depth to which we can attain. The workmen in the deepest mines of Europe swelter in almost intolerable heat, and yet they have never penetrated over one seven-thousandth part of the distance from the surface to the centre of the earth. In the lower levels of some of the Comstock mines the men fought scalding water, and could labour only three or four hours at a time until the Suro Tunnel pierced the mines and drew off some of the terrible heat, which had stood at 120 degrees.

The deepest boring ever made, that at Spenberg, near Berlin penetrates only 4,172 feet, about 1,000 feet deeper than the famous artesian well at St. Louis. The result of this imperfect knowledge is that there are more theories and disputes among scientific men with regard to the interior of the earth than about any other problems of physical science. Some eminent physicists, for instance, like Sir William Thomson, have believed that the crust of the earth is at least 800 miles thick. The majority adduce good reasons for believing that the crust is only twenty-five to fifty miles thick. All agree that if the temperature within the earth continues to increase as it does near the surface—at the rate of one degree Fahrenheit for about every fifty-five feet of descent—all igneous rocks must be fused at no great depth.

In fact, at this rate of increase the temperature at 200 miles is 18,000 degrees Fahrenheit, which is Professor Rosetti's estimate of the probable temperature of the sun. It is improbable, however, that this rate of increase is maintained for a great distance, and many physicists believe that at some unknown, but not very great depth, the increase in temperature ceases. One of the most wonderful things in the study of sciences is the fact that the mysteries of one

science are sometimes completely or partly explained by knowledge gleaned in some other department of study. It is thus that naturalists who have investigated the fauna and flora of scores of Pacific islands have learned how far south Asiatic types prevail, and have added great weight to the conclusions of geologists that these islands were once a part of the big continent north of them.

Eight hours work, eight hours sleep, eight hours play—that is the cry of the mechanic of to-day. We, however, have no sympathy with such cries; we do not believe in men who want to work but eight hours and keep their butchers, bakers, grocers, chemists, and even wives, at work from twelve to sixteen hours daily. Wives' lives now-a-days are too frequently lives of drudgery, up at 5 a.m. to get her husband's breakfast, then children to wash and despatch to school, then dinner to prepare, and so on to ten at night, one continual round of work, wash, and worry. Is it any wonder that they are prone to early decay and premature physical decline? It is to be expected that they would be specially susceptible to anæmia, indigestion, liver complaint, and headaches. Their mode of life and long hours indoors is almost sure to induce such diseases. On account of the duties nature has imposed upon the fair sex, great care should be taken of their physical health. On the first approach of weakness or debility of any kind a course of CLEMENTS TONIC should be taken. For female complaints CLEMENTS TONIC is a specific, it regulates the several functions of the organs of importance, it strengthens the blood, nerves, heart, and brain. It fortifies the system against disease by enriching the blood with its natural constituents to repair the waste and loss sustained through the various changes of condition the female life experiences. CLEMENTS TONIC should be taken at all critical times; as it contains the material essential to the female physical organism, it must be effective. Of this there is no doubt: Mrs H. O. McCarthy, West Maitland, N.S.W., writes:—August 19th, 1889. Dear Mr Clements,—I address you thus familiarly because I consider you a brother and a friend although I never met you. I have suffered excruciating agony from nervous toothache for years, on and off, and could get no relief. I had seven teeth extracted (what a wrench those dentists give us), one after the other, but as soon as one was out the pain passed to another. I was given one of your Medical Guides, and there read your theory that toothache is often a symptom of anæmia and I had other signs which I found you mentioned as being the effects of anæmic conditions. I also read your boast of the wonderful effects of CLEMENTS TONIC; I was sceptical, smiled, and disbelieved, but thought a trial would do no harm, so sent for some, and in two days—Oh, joy! the pain was gone. I continued the Tonic, and am cured at last; I never expected to be, but am grateful enough to you, and you may use this if worth your while. And Mrs Whalley describes her case in these words:—Wagga Wagga, N.S.W., Jan. 12, 1889. Your wonderful Tonic has done me more good than years of doctor's treatments, and has restored me to perfect health. For years I suffered from nervous debility and its usual string of accompanying ailments; sometimes I would be despondent and melancholy, at others would have torturing neuralgia, or nervous headaches; sometimes I would be quite worn out, tired and weak, and unable to work. I awoke in the morning with tired aching limbs, swollen feeling in the eyes, as if they would burst, sometimes headache and frequent nausea, and vomiting of mucous-like green matter, and various unpleasant symptoms. Although prejudiced against proprietary medicines, I determined to try CLEMENTS TONIC and Dr Fletcher's Pills. I took two pills every alternative night, and a tablespoonful of CLEMENTS TONIC an hour before each mealtime, and in three days I began to improve, and am now quite well. I took seven large bottles of Tonic and two boxes of pills; my constipation is quite cured, and I feel stronger and healthier than ever before. Further evidence can be adduced to the above, which, we think, is conclusive.

To the last The O'Gorman Mahon retained his clear blue eye and fresh, unwrinkled complexion. His interest in Parliamentary affairs also continued unabated, and he rarely failed to peruse the blue papers which were sent down to him daily from the House. A favourite paper of his was *Black and White*, probably on account of the fulness and freshness of its Parliamentary intelligence. He looked forward to going down again to Westminster, in spite of his great age; but for six weeks he had not stirred abroad, not even for his daily promenade up one side and down the other of the long, unlovely street in which he lived. From two—the hour at which he rose—to ten, or even later, he was accessible to callers, who found him seated in an arm-chair, with a never-fading fire blazing in front, arrayed in a light tweed coat adorned with a buttonhole, while a smoking-cap in green and gold crowned his white exuberant locks. "Sword of the Irish Party," as he has been called, the picturesque old man fought a brave battle with Death, who nevertheless did not find him surprised. His manners were stately, but were tempered with an almost paternal tenderness; and frugal in all that related to himself, his lavishness to others amounted almost to prodigality.—*Vanity Fair*.

Somebody signing himself "Twak," writes to the Pretoria Press complaining that "you can go into nearly every government office, and you will find a cloud of tobacco smoke enough to fill a balloon, especially in the Post Office." This is so. We have seen a dirty, and impudent little Hollander keep a lady waiting at the telegraph office in Johannesburg while he deliberately stuffed his pipe and still more leisurely lighted it. To complain was useless; and the only way to get served at all was to be civil in spite of all provocation. The youthful Hollander official is perhaps only equalled in offensiveness by the Portuguese. He—the former—is invariably unshaven, and always cheeky, and, added to these qualities of mind and body, he has a vanity which leads him to decorate his soiled necktie with an article of jewellery which, if it were genuine, would be worth several hundred pounds; so great is his love of big glass gems. Taken altogether the young Hollander is a distinctly objectionable type and Transvaal public offices are stuffed with them.—*Natal Mercury*.

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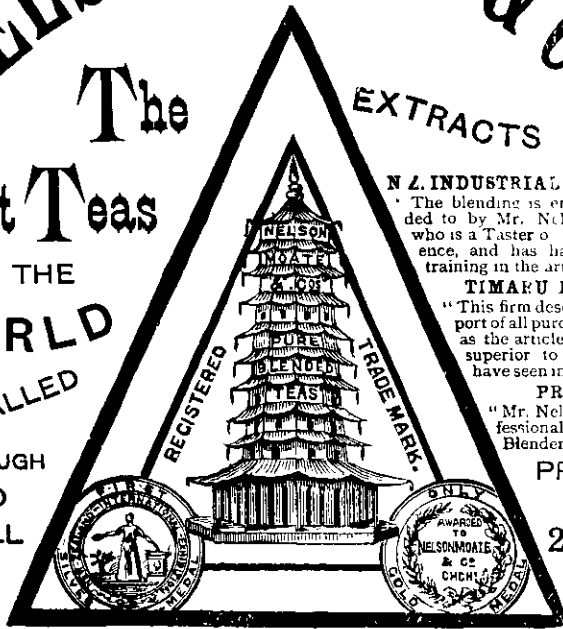
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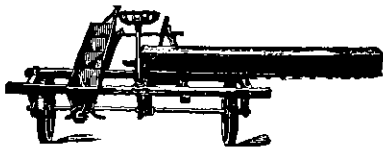
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