

the unfortunate ladies were at once conveyed into Mr O'Connor's house and Dr Guthrie was immediately sent for. Mrs Haywood was not only severely shaken but was also injured in the back and spine, and as her medical attendant said that he would not be responsible for her life, were she at once conveyed home, she was subsequently removed to Mr J. J. Courtney's house on the Ferry road, where she now remains. It is pleasing to have to record that she is progressing favourably, and likely, notwithstanding her age, soon to completely recover. Miss Harrington was more fortunate and escaped with a severe shaking and a slight bruise on one arm.

His Grace Archbishop Bedford, his Lordship Dr Grimes, and Dr Egan, who arrived at the Presbytery from Dunedin on Thursday last, were on the same day entertained at the convent by the pupils with a vocal and instrumental programme, which was most artistically executed. A glance at the programme will show that much taste had been exercised in its arrangement, and that none but good and appropriate selections had been chosen. An address was also read to his Grace, to which he replied suitably. The pupils of the Marist schools also read an address of welcome to the Archbishop, and entertained him with an attractive programme of songs and recitations. The episcopal party, accompanied by the Rev Father Cummings, proceeded on Friday morning last to Mount Magdala, where High Mass was celebrated. His Grace and suite visited, on the same day, the Rev Father Purton at Port Lyttelton, where another concert took place, and an address was read to His Grace, who left the Port at 4 p.m. of the same day for Wellington.

People appear to understand fully the great importance of planting trees, and Arbor Day seems to have been fairly well celebrated in many places in the colonies. The inhabitants of the seaside resort, New Brighton, came noticeably to the fore in the movement on the receipt of a Government circular which requested the various local bodies to celebrate Arbor Day in a suitable manner. The services of Mr Murphy, who gave recently some practical instructions in the method of planting dunes, and recommended the sorts of trees to be planted thereon, were secured. A start was made from Cathedral square, whereat Mr Scott and a number of school pupils were assembled, and about 10 a.m. four tramcars left the city charged fully with passengers, trees, spades, and provisions. Meanwhile, gatherings in the township met, and many trees were planted, and cheers were given as each tree was placed in the ground. His Worship the Mayor of Christchurch honoured with his presence the seaside planting celebration, and was greeted on his arrival with cheers. He planted a sweet chestnut tree, and expressed what pleasure he felt to take part in the proceedings, and congratulated the people of New Brighton on the rapid strides that the township was making. The New Brighton school children planted one thousand trees which Mr J. Suter had presented. Altogether three thousand trees were planted in and near the township. One and all seemed determined that next year's Arbor Day shall also be an important incident in the events of the year. Tree planting took place too at the Waltham school, at the High School on the Lincoln road and at Rhodes' Memorial Convalescent Home. Even the Maoris at the Kaiapoi pah observed the day as a close holiday, and planted a fence around their dwellings and trees about their settlement generally.

A largely-attended meeting of farmers and others was held at Springston on Thursday night last to establish a central dairy factory. Mr J. Gammack occupied the chair, and introduced the business. The matter was fully discussed, and several speakers said that the time had come when farmers would be compelled to turn their attention to the factory system of buttermaking, as it was quite plain that before long there would be no hand-made butter in the market. Mr Murphy explained the working of a proposed central factory, and all advantages to be gained therefrom, provided it was fed by suitable creameries in the district wherein were a sufficient number of cows. Mr F. N. Meadows, secretary, who was present, received a large number of applications for shares, after which votes of thanks were accorded to Mr Murphy and to the chairman.

A great word war on the land tax and kindred matters has during the past week been waged in the columns of the Lyttelton Times between the Hon Mr John Holmes and Sir Robert Stout. Both have written long letters, and those of the gallant and belted knight are replete with socialism; gleaned, doubtless, from French newspapers, pamphlets, and reviews, and from *soi-disant* philosophical literature generally. Mr Holmes, who is a warm supporter of the Farmers' League, writes most able and just letters in reply. But who can argue a point with one so uncandid as is Sir Robert? Proteus-like, Sir Robert will say and unsay, and dodge and wriggle to the end of the chapter.

A German doctor has started a theory that most drunkards can be cured by eating apples at every meal. Apples, Dr Tublett maintains, if eaten in large quantities possess properties which entirely do away with the craving that all confirmed drunkards have for drink. The doctor says that in many bad cases which have come under his notice he has been able to effect a cure by this means, the patient gradually losing all his desire for alcohol.

YOU MUST HAVE A GOOD STOVE.

You can't have a fire without burning some kind of fuel. You agree to this? Why, of course. Well, now suppose you had bought a stove in which *no fuel whatever would burn*, what would you do? Throw it back on the dealer's hands and get another? To be sure.

Now, fancy you had—

But let us have the story first and draw the conclusion afterwards.

A woman tells this bit of experience:—

"It was in 1882," she says, "when I began to feel ill and out of sorts. I did not know what was the matter with me. In the morning I was tired and languid, and was constantly spitting and belching up a clear fluid-like water. My appetite gradually left me, and I had great pain after every morsel I ate. I had great pain at the chest, which at times seemed to strike through to the back and shoulders. I lost a good deal of sleep at night, owing to spasms and to wind that appeared to gather in my sides. No food, however simple, agreed with me. For three years I suffered like this, and could take no solid food, such as a meat dinner.

"Now, as I had always been of an active disposition, I strove hard to do my work and attend to my shop, but in April, 1885, I got so bad that I sent for my daughter, who was living at Priest Hutton, near Carnforth, and she returned home. Whilst away she had been under a doctor for weakness and neuralgia, but getting no better she had been recommended to take a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and this cured her; so she insisted upon my taking the same medicine. I got a bottle from Messrs Needham Bros., chemists, Brighouse, and began to take it. In a day or two I found relief. Soon all my pains left me, and I gradually gained strength. I could eat my food, and after having used two bottles I found myself completely cured.

"I have recommended this medicine to many of my friends and customers who come to my shop, and it has done them good; so I think it right that its virtue should be made as widely known as possible."

(Signed) Mrs Collinge, grocer, Bastrick, Brighouse, near Halifax.

Another woman says:—In December, 1885, after my confinement, I began to have a poor appetite and much pain and sickness after eating. My food seemed to turn to wind, and I suffered from fulness in the chest and pain in the stomach. I gradually lost my strength, and fell into a low despondent state of mind.

However light food I took I had pain, so that I became afraid to eat. I lost a deal of sleep, and got so weak I was frequently obliged to lie down on the couch and rest. At times the pain was almost more than I could bear, and I had to go to bed and have hot salt applied to my chest and stomach, for when these attacks came on I felt as if I was dying. The doctor who attended me said I was suffering from Chronic Indigestion, and that something was wrong with the "upper stomach." What a strange statement for a doctor to make! He did all he could to relieve me, but without success, and I lingered on in this way for twelve months. About this time Mr Connor, stevedore, living at Dennison street, told my father of the great benefit he had derived from taking Mother Seigel's Syrup, and I sent at once and got a bottle, and after taking three bottles all pain left me. I got strong and could eat anything, and from that day to this I have never been ill. I keep the medicine in the house, and if any of the family ail anything a dose or two of Mother Seigel's Syrup sets them right.

(Signed) Mrs Reid, 12 Galton street, Great Howard street, Liverpool.

We said you cannot have a fire without burning some kind of fuel. The human stomach is a stove, and food is the fuel we put into it. If the food is consumed, or digested the body is nourished and built up, and we enjoy health and strength; but if otherwise we quickly waste away and perish. Now, when the stomach refuses to digest, burn or consume food, we have what is called indigestion and dyspepsia, the most common and dangerous of all diseases. This is what ailed these two women, and what ails millions more in this country. The conclusion is plain enough:—The remedy which cured them will cure others. Then (the fire burning well) we shall have heat, which is life and power.

Several conversions to the Catholic Church in Holland have been announced. Amongst them are the wife and daughter of the Protestant pastor of Summen; a rich landed proprietor of the same place; the Protestant pastor of Brundel and Brabant, near the Belgian frontier; and pastor Kraysing of Bois-le-Duc, with all his family. Pastor Kraysing is the rector of the local high school.

Among the steerage passengers of the Majestic, was a man from the Basket Islands, off the coast of Kerry, the nearest point of Europe to America. He was 6 feet 9 inches tall, and built otherwise in proportion. He was down on the list as John Carney, and answered to the name, though he understood no other English, and his talk puzzled the Ellis Island interpreters. Father Callahan of the Irish mission recognised his tongue as a variety of Gaelic, yet could not understand the giant, but Maggie Gillionudy, who happened to be at the house, came to his assistance and chatted with the giant, who said he had come over to join his two brothers and a sister in Connecticut.

What became of these birds when the Winter season arrived often puzzled persons in Ireland. Mr Laurence Kenny, 50 Talbot street, Dublin, has on a shelf in his shop a corn-crake which he purchased last year. The bird was vigorous and healthy, and craked lustily last Spring. Towards September, however, he became very drowsy and dejected, and gradually sank into a slumber which has since continued. During the past six months he has neither eaten or drunk. Anyone can see that the bird still lives by the breathing motion. Mr Kenny is now anxiously looking forward to the bird's awakening, and some scientific friends are taking careful note of all in connection with this interesting case.