

Among the tourists who went last week in one of the Union Company's boats, on the trip—the first of the season—to the Sounds, were several from the Australian colonies and England. We may look forward with confidence to the time when the renown of our beautiful scenery will draw visitors still more numerous to our shores and prove not the least among the sources of prosperity to the Colony. Every tourist who comes here may be regarded as the pioneer and herald of others—how many possibly the treatment received by him and the conveniences he finds may determine.

Mr John Morley, speaking at Newcastle on December 8, neatly summed up as follows his arguments against the use made of the events attendant on the South Meath election:—"All this about priestly domination, so far as English parties are concerned, take my word for it, is cant."

On the same occasion Mr Morley spoke another word of truth that may also be profitably kept in mind:—"What is called Irish intelligence," he said, "in journals that circulate among the so-called cultivated classes is a list, for the most part, of distortions and exaggerations and of good, broad, unadulterated lies."—We may throw in, as a supplement to the journals in question, in many instances at least, the Irish cablegrams.

Now here is a publican that our total abstinence friends might adopt as a brother. He is not a creature of our own imagination. We find him in a London society paper. He is building for himself a house, and an acquaintance addresses him: "'Made the money out of whiskey, I suppose?' 'No.' 'Why, you were a liquor dealer, were you not?' 'Oh yes; but the money I'm putting into this house was made out of the water I put in the whiskey. Every farthing was made out of the water, sir.'"—Evidently a man of the right sort, you know, and fully impressed with the virtue that lies in cold water.

The announcement that the Pope has sanctioned with particular approbation the proposal of the Bishop of Northampton to erect at Slough a church in celebration of the thirteenth centenary of the baptism of King Ethelbert, which will occur in February 1897, has occasioned much indignation among Anglican ritualists. To hear

correspondent writes to *Modern Society* of December 10, to complain that the evil is not confined to the dissenting bodies, but extends also to the Church of England. "Thus, too, possibly," he says, "the numerous disgraceful clerical crimes and scandals—over six hundred in number last year, as you lately told us—may, in a great measure, be accounted for, and I see nothing to remove the difficulty but fresh legislation." Unlimited education, therefore, seems not to be without its drawbacks. It must, however, be admitted that, under existing circumstances, the manual labour, for which the education in question unfits the young, has little to recommend it, even to those who are most capable of it.

"Ouida" has been giving her opinion as to colonial tricks and manners. She finds, in effect, that all which is snobbish and insolent at Home is repeated among us in an exaggerated form. We cannot speak from any personal experience of the fashionable life of the colonies, but we should not be surprised to learn that there was some truth in the allegation. It may not take three generations to make a gentleman, as the old tradition had it—though, in fact, we know that occasionally many more generations than three have failed to produce the character—but to acquire the distinguishing ways of Mayfair, we should say, it took at least quite as long. Many succeeding nurseries, and many schoolrooms, and a line of contemptuous dames and dowagers, for instance, may well have been needed to develop the calm stare of Lady Clara Vere de Vere. We can fancy how coarse and brazen would be any counterfeit of it. After all, the world does not form its catch-words without significance. The beggar on horseback, no doubt, deserved his name. If our *nouveaux riches* ape the manners of Mayfair, their failure may merit for them "Ouida's" sharp rebuke.

An important question is now being agitated. It is nothing less than whether or not crinoline shall be reintroduced for the personal adornment of the fair sex. The Queen and the Princess of Wales, we are told, have decided not to give an opinion—feeling, no doubt, that the matter was too momentous to admit of their committing themselves with prudence. There is, nevertheless, a sinister side to the matter. When, for example, the ugly and inconvenient

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them, one might think that St Augustine who converted and baptised the King, had never come from Rome, but had risen up spontaneous from the soil to baptise a king to be, as her most Gracious Majesty the Queen now is, head of a national church, and to receive from him as a reward the archbishopric of Canterbury—the creator consecrated by his creature. His Holiness is reminded, as if he had ever heard of the important fact, that the baptism of King Ethelbert had been commemorated by the late Mrs Beresford Hope, who, some years ago, restored the abbey of St Augustine, to serve as a missionary college.

All Anglicans, however, are not Ritualists, but some there are, who preserve a logical frame of mind. The London *Spectator*, for example, a newspaper of Anglican principles, and of some authority as such, admits the connection with Rome that had existed from the days of St Augustine and King Ethelbert. Alluding, for instance, to a pamphlet published by Lord Norton, and which deals harshly with "Schism"—notably that of the Wesleyans, our contemporary writes:—"Now is it not clear that the Church of England under the guidance of the Tudors, deliberately threw off all the authority of the Church to which they had, till then belonged, rather than submit to what they thought serious abuses and unjust dictation?" Was not the Wesleyan movement, he asks, a legitimate protest against the neglect of the poor and degraded classes? "If" he concludes, "in spite of abuses, schism is a fatal sin in all cases, we do not see what standing ground our Church has. If it is not it seems hard to apply to the schism which resulted from the neglect of the poor and the degraded by the English Church \* \* \* a kind of censure to which we are quite indifferent when it is heaped upon us by the Roman Catholics." With the question between Anglicans and Wesleyans we have nothing to do. Our concern is with an Anglican authority, who admits the plain facts of history—that is the dependence on Rome of the Church of St Augustine.

A complaint had recently been made that, owing to the Board School system in England, and the consequent unfitting of the sons of the working classes for manual labour, the Non-Conformist pulpit was crowded by ministers of an undesirable and incapable kind. A

wear referred to was formerly in fashion, it was the cause of many deaths from burning. Even, therefore, those most foolish and whimsical of creatures, the dames who lead the fashions, might hesitate in what they seem about to do.

We have quoted a rumour to the effect that the Pope had created a number of cardinals. It seems, however, doubtful as to whether the consistory has yet been held. If so, the usual time has been anticipated—probably on account of the jubilee celebrations. We shall not be surprised to hear that the report alluded to was premature.

## Australian Notes.

GREAT expectations are based on a Land Bill which the Minister for Lands of New South Wales is about to introduce into Parliament. It is said to make provision for co-operative and communal settlements in a manner that can leave, even to the most clamorous of Socialists, nothing to be desired.

The Sydney *Bulletin* gives an inviting picture of the scenery among which the expedition, led by Mr Lane of Queensland, proposes to form its New Australia or New Eden in the Argentine Republic. "The Promised Land," says the *Bulletin*, "was the ancient seabottom of the Atlantic before the Argentine was heaved up out of the waters, and the sand and gravel and shingle that formed the floor of the old ocean are still there in boundless profusion. It is mostly a rainless region, even Australia can present no such record as that of the Western provinces for cast-iron drought. . . . Also, there are saline swamps here and there, alleged to be the last remains of the vanished ocean, and at intervals there are miles of glaring salt, and the climate ranges from many degrees below freezing limit to an unknown quantity in the shade." The *Bulletin* suggests that the destination of the expedition should be changed to more fertile

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