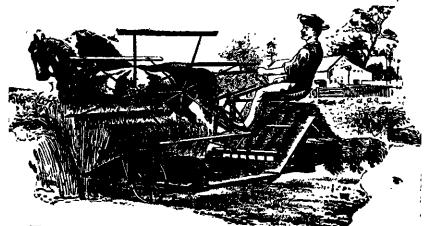
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HOW THE POPE'S PORTRAIT WAS PAINTED.

THE Franciscan Tertiary contains this very interesting anecdote of Mr. Ferdinand Claudius Gaillard :-

In 1880 I journeyed with my friend, also a priest, to Rome; one morning we entered the venerable Dominican Church of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence, to say Mass before continuing our route; there was no server, and if my friend waited we should lose the train. A gentleman who was kneeling on a chair opposite the sacristy, understood our embarrassment. Approaching, he addressed my companion in French, "I shall consider it a great honour," he said, "if you allow me to serve your Mass"; the offer was thankfully accepted, and we were surprised at the perfection with which the seemingly distinguished person performed the office. After Mass he kissed our hands and departed. A few minutes later, when we reached the station, the same gentleman awaited us, having kindly secured places for us in the same carriage. During the drive, in a lively and entertaining conversation, he told us he came from Paris, that he had made a pilgrimage to Assisi, and was now going to Rome, to remain probably two years. When he took leave we were inclined to say, like the disciples of Emmans, "Stay with us," so favourably had the charm and refinement of his manners and discourse impressed us; a month later I heard the name of the unknown was Ferdinand Claudine Gaillard.

One evening in St Peter's, while praying at the Confession of the Apostles, a gentleman accosted me, inquiring after my health and my studies; he was the Mass-server of Florence. In reply, I informed him I resided in the French College, and would be glad to receive his

Next morning I was not a little surprised to find my friend at the door of my room where no visitors were allowed. "I wish to surprise you," he said. "I think I possess the gift of discerning the occupant's character from the order which reigns in h's room," adding, "be not uneasy, I have the president's permission." friendship dates from this interview. Gaillard told me he had been invited to Rome by Leo XIII., to paint his portrait; as a preparation he had made a pilgrimage to Asrisi to obtain, through the intercession of St Francis (il Poverello), the needed inspiration faithfully to transfer to canvas the countenance of the great Pon-

The artist's studio was a large apartment in an upper story of the Vaticar, commanding an extensive and magnificent view over land and ses, and here he worked with indescribable patience, zeal, and

love. Here I visited him almost daily, observing the progress of the portrait which obtained for Gaillard praise and fame both in Paris and Vienna. He told me this piece of canvas had so much charm for him that many nights he lay on a rug bef ro it that his eyes might rest on it the first thing in the morning, remarking, "What I do not see in the day I perceive in my dreams at night." The Pope conversed with Gaillard with affable intimacy and frendliness; once, at the usual morning sitting, the artist required the Postiff to show himself in majesty as when from the "Loggia" in St Peter's, with kindly pomp, he blessed Rome. The Pope replied, "I know you are a Tertiary of St Francis; you have been to Assisi; you admire the wonders of art that adorn the ancient basilica, the scraphic Mount Alvernia, wi'h its wondrously split rocks and solemn wood, which so often beheld the wanderings of the fervent servants of God, Francis and Anthony, has won your love; have you thought of the goodness of Providence in causing St Francis to be born in a land where the mutual influence of nature and faith multiply and express each other's joys so that the exterior and interior life are brought into barmony?"

After these words the Pope rose up from his chair and began the recitation of the 11th canto of Dante's Paradiso, wherein St Thomas Aquinas narrates the life of St Francis. As the Pope proceeded the enthusiasm that burned in his soul shone on his lofty brow and transfigured his whole aspect. His movements were impassioned, yet easy and natural; the words flowed slowly and in sweetest melody from his lips, his voice vibrated to every emotion.

Thus Gaillard saw the Pontiff in his majesty, and so be painted Leo X'II, a portrait which the latest posterity will deservedly

The inhabitants of "redeemed Italy" have just been treated to one of those pleasant prospec s by which, since 1870, they have been consoled. Notwithstanding the fact that the taxation in Italy: a already at its highest limits, it is announced that during the next arrange the Ministers will introduce a Rul and of course pass it to session the Ministers will introduce a Bil, and, of course, pass it necessates the Movernment's income from taxation by 124 millions of lire a year. Of this sum 80,000 000 will be the result of new taxation, but of what a nature such taxation will be it is impossible to tion, but of what a nature such taxastica will be it is impossible to say, save that one of the new taxes is to be called the imposta progressive, or progressive tax. This, however, does not throw much light on the question, as it may be said with justice that since 1870 all the taxes have been progressive. The construction of several new railways has also been postponed for ten years, and the funds destined to their completion are otherwise to be employed. A saving of 10.000 000 live is also to be effected by superposition all public modes. of 10,000,000 lire is also to be effected by suspending all public works at Rome and Naples.