

THE NEW ZEALAND TABLET

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PRICES 6D

MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.
Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.
April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.

Current Topics

A Volcanic Letter

Some people—Mrs. Caudle, the curtain-lecturer, for instance—are apt to gauge a man's strength of mind by his wind-power alone. Such admirers of spavined logic will find a thing of beauty and a joy for ever in a tornado of a letter addressed to our local evening contemporary by a Prohibitionist clergyman who wields the shepherd's crook for a little flock of believers somewhere in or about Dunedin. The good man's heart is perhaps in the right place. But his tongue has yet to learn some of the graces of the Vere de Veres, and his pen the elemental amenities of the 'Polite Letter-writer.' In his 'Aphorisms,' Lavater has well said that vociferation and calmness of character seldom meet in the same person. And the violence, vociferation, and general intemperateness and rancor of tongue of many clerical advocates of Prohibition have greatly contributed to what the 'Outlook' calls the recent 'decided set-back to the growth of the No-license sentiment.' No cause can be permanently benefited by the methods of the brawler.

On all the issues of the Local Option polls, the electors of New Zealand were free to form and hold their own opinions. And we, for our part, should be the last to suggest that any class of voters exercised their electoral rights in regard to these issues otherwise than in accordance with their honest convictions. But such sane tolerance does not appeal to the shepherd of souls whose volcanic outbreak sears a column of the 'Evening Star.' Once, through sheer inadvertence, Henry Flood referred to his enemy Grattan as his 'honorable friend.' The words brought Grattan in hot indignation to his feet. 'Whom does the honorable gentleman call his friend?' he angrily demanded. 'Not me, surely? I'd spit on him in a desert.' This is about the sort of temper with which this pastor animarum regards the advocates of continuance—who, until adequate positive evidence to the contrary is forthcoming, must, as a class, be deemed to have voted as honestly and as much in accordance with their lights as their reverend critic did. And yet, in his mind, they seem to be regarded as outside the covenanted mercies of heaven. They are a 'motley crowd,' 'squalid ranks,' etc.—down to the last man and woman. One half of them are (we are given to understand) 'outcasts, dwellers of drink-made slums, public-house bummers, the

tag-rag-and-bobtail of society, the drink-sodden, blear-eyed, and red-nosed debauched—men and women constantly verging on alcoholic-insanity,' and others of such damaged reputation that the remaining half of the 'continuators' would be 'ashamed of their company'! We are not called upon to express here and now our views regarding the question of continuance. That we reserve for another issue. But the quotations given above represent a really pretty derangement of epitaphs to apply to more than 90,000 of the electors of New Zealand. Does it not all sound perilously like a suggestion to disfranchise them, and limit the right of voting—as was once the case—to 'the elect'?

A couplet in quaint old French sets forth the duties of the knight of chivalry in the following words:—

'Ung chevalier, n'en doutez pas,
Dought ferir hault, et parler bas.'

His honorable profession of arms demanded that he should strike high (not beneath the belt), and not speak with noisy tongue. An analogous obligation falls upon the clergy. They ought to be the 'preux chevaliers' of our day, the grand exemplars of true Christian chivalry. If they enter the lists against an abuse, let them by all means slash and pierce it with facts that smite like edge of blade or point of lance. Only, let them be sure of their facts, and not descend into the arena with no better weapons than addled eggs or the tongue of a Billingsgate fish-wife. The intemperate assertiveness of this enthusiastic Prohibitionist advocate is suggestive of Douglas Jerrold's definition of dogmatism—'puppyism come to its full growth.'

The Doom of Ascendancy

Long years ago, John O'Hagan, who had been a friend of the poet Thomas Davis in Trinity College, warned the ascendancy party in Ireland that their long monopoly of the public loaves and fishes was drawing to a close. And he told them

'That doomed among mankind—
Marked with the fatal mark, are they
Who will not know their place or day,
But cling to phantoms pass'd away,
And sow the barren wind.'

The heaviest blow yet received by the party of power and pelf in Ireland has been the throwing open of many public positions in the country to competitive examination. The marked superiority of the training in Catholic colleges and schools, and their overwhelming successes against their more richly endowed Protestant rivals in

open competition, have filled the Ascendancy with a foreboding that has time and again found a voice. A few weeks ago, for instance, at the Meath Anglican Synod, the Rev. Dr. White said:—

'Nearly every position in banks, railways, the Civil Service, etc., were now only to be obtained by competitive examination. They had their National Schools, but they should remember the wonderful work done by the magnificent system conducted by the Christian Brothers throughout the country. They should note the fact that out of 37 exhibitions gained in the Junior Grade under the Intermediate Board, 36 were won by pupils taught in the schools of the Christian Brothers. This fact spoke in thunder tones to their Protestant fellow-countrymen, and should make them active in the field of education if they were not to be simply the hewers of wood and drawers of water.'

There still remain, as private preserves of the dominant creed, vast monopolies of public place and high influence, from which Catholics are almost as rigidly excluded as if they were Bashi-Bazouks or Hottentots. Belfast still remains the Mecca of Ascendancy. The motto of its Corporation is, 'No Papist need apply.' Not one of its officials belongs to the hated creed, and out of £12,357 10s. 6d paid to them in salaries and wages, not so much as the worth of a brass pin goes to a Catholic. It is, in all the circumstances of the country, instructive to see a prominent divine of the monopolist party rise in Synod and entreat his co-religionists (as the Dublin 'Freeman' puts it) 'to educate themselves, that they may compete on something like equal terms with the Catholics.' There probably never was a creed that so wasted its day and squandered its opportunities and misused its vast resources as the one that has so long been dominant in the Green Isle.

'Life's ever-shifting currents
Brave men put forth to try,
THEY wait beside the ebbing tide
Till darkness finds them dry.'

The favored creeds in Ireland hold to this hour a monopoly of the country's rich public educational endowments. Yet, educationally, they are content to sit and wait idly beside the ebbing tide, while their Catholic fellow-countrymen ate up and doing while it is called day. These—poor in everything but zeal and energy for the minds and souls and hearts of youth—have long maintained the educational supremacy of the country. And year by year that proud Ascendancy of cultivated and spiritualised intellect becomes more and more overwhelming. If, against such odds, Catholics score such educational triumphs, what would they not do, given equalities of opportunity?

'Walled-in by Priests'

The French Masonic and anticlerical press had only gibes and jeers for the sufferings of thousands of old and infirm women that—for no other crime than their free and life-long services to the afflicted poor—were driven out penniless and at the point of the bayonet to seek in foreign lands a home or grave. But those crocodile journalists and their foreign echoes have lately been shedding tears as big as gooseberries over the imaginary woes of five townspeople of Lourdes, in the far-off Pyrenees. The story (which was last week published for the second time in New Zealand) runneth thus:—

'M. Jean De Bonnefon, the well known writer on religious subjects, has made public an extraordinary story of a man, his wife, and three children being besieged by the priests at Lourdes for three years. M. Roubaud, an elderly man who lives at a house called "The Hermitage," on the hill known as Calvary, near Lourdes, was until three years ago, states M. De Bonnefon, on excellent terms with the priests. The latter owned most of the land surrounding M. Roubaud's house, and it is stated that he made a will transferring his property to them at his demise. Three years ago, at the age of seventy-two, M. Roubaud married. Since then three children have been born to him, and the advent of the first was the signal for a serious quarrel with the priests. They decided, says M. De Bonnefon,

on isolating M. Roubaud and so compelling him to capitulate. A wall six feet high and two feet thick was constructed round the house, to which, it was asserted, no right of way existed. The owner at once brought an action, and obtained a judgment in his favor, but the priests took the case to the Appeal Court, which quashed the previous decision and decided that no right of way existed. M. Roubaud and his family were consequently obliged to get what provisions they could from obliging tradesmen, who bring their goods to the foot of the wall, whence, by means of a ladder, M. Roubaud taken them to his own house. It is known, states M. De Bonnefon, that at several periods when M. Roubaud has been too ill to use the ladder his wife and family have remained without food for days at a time.'

Early in November this version of the story was published by Christchurch 'Truth,' which has of late been giving itself over-much to the snapping-up of more or less highly-spiced bits of French anticlerical romance. Last week it appeared in the columns of an Otago contemporary. 'Mr. Dooley,' who was much devoted to adventurous day-dreaming 'in front iv th' fire,' killed great multitudes of tigers from his rocking-chair. From a like source was derived the sensational element in the tragedy-comedy of M. Roubaud and his 'isolated' and 'walled-in' family. It was part and parcel of the systematic crusade of calumny against which the Catholic clergy of France have had to organise a League of Self-Defence. The frills of mock-turtle pathos and the gewgaws of 'priestly tyranny' were devised 'in front iv th' fire,' and tacked on to what was in itself a very prosaic and unromantic tale by the easy-chair fibsters of two savagely anticlerical French papers, the 'Petite Republique' and the 'Matin.' The patent incongruities and fantastic absurdities inherent to the Roubaud romance were sufficiently laid bare in our issue of November 16. We took steps to have the matter investigated on the spot. In this we were, happily, anticipated by the lengthy statements made on the subject by the Mayor of Lourdes (M. Lacaze) and by the special investigators of the Parisian daily, the 'Gaulois.'

Stripped of its wrappings of envenomed fable, the true story of the Roubaud affair, stated in summary terms, runs as follows:—

Calvary Hill, Lourdes, was bought as church property by the Bishop of Tarbes in 1870. In 1875 part of it was sold to M. Roubaud as a site for the Hermitage Hotel. In the 'acte de vente' (deed of sale) it was expressly stipulated that the vendor did not guarantee access through the episcopal grounds beyond three years. At the end of that time (in 1878) the priests of the Grotto (who were and still are the occupiers and guardians of the episcopal property) began to lay out a Way of the Cross on Calvary Hill. At Roubaud's request they allowed him the use of the path or private roadway in the Way of the Cross gardens. Roubaud (says the 'Gaulois') 'signed a document drawn up on stamped paper and duly registered, by which he acknowledged all the rights of the bishopric over said road, undertaking to fence it in himself, as soon as required to do so, and to give up the use of it, which had only been granted to him as a favor. So things remained till 1897.' In that year (1897) the diocesan authorities found it necessary to erect a fence across the entrance to this private path or road, together with a gate, which was locked at night. This was done in order to prevent 'scandalous scenes' (manifestations scandaleuses) on the part of an undesirable class that had begun to infest the gardens after dark. 'At the same time,' says the 'Gaulois,' 'M. Roubaud was warned that, under the terms of the document he had signed, the time had come to provide himself with some other way than that of the Calvary.' But M. Roubaud 'turned a deaf ear.' In reply to further friendly notifications, he expressed his determination to continue using the private road through the episcopal property.

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Fresh developments ensued in 1899. In that year the Way of the Cross was completed. M. Roubaud was again notified—presumably for the reasons mentioned in the last paragraph—that a wall was to be erected around the church property. Again he paid no heed. The wall was built in 1901, the year before that assigned in the story for the marriage of the proprietor of the Hermitage, and long in advance of 'the advent of the first,' which (as the story runneth) led to the 'walling-in' of the hapless Roubaud family. Here was a pretty inversion of cause and effect! It reminds one of Looking-glass Land, where the sequence of an accident to the Queen's finger was—first bleeding, then a healthy yell, and lastly the prick of a big thorn. But now, as in the days when the world was young, the wolf that wants a pretext for devouring the lamb, will find no difficulty in making the course of events run up stream. As regards the supposed wall of circumvallation about the Roubaud Hermitage, it was not 'constructed round the house.' The Mayor of Lourdes testifies that it was 'only on the north side, leaving open ground on all the other sides,' and free means of communication at all seasons with the town. The Appeal Court at Pau, like other such Courts in France at the present time, is not open to any suspicion of favoring ecclesiastical ownership. Yet in its judgment, on the case, it decided that Roubaud had no right of way through the episcopal grounds, and pointed out that he had abundant space for the customary pathway to his house, as the wall did not come nearer than within three metres (9ft. 10in.) of any part of his property. The story about the will, the delicate wife, and the 'walling-in,' 'isolation,' and starvation of the family has all been imagined or invented by anticlericals to whom, in such connections as this, truth is in a very real sense stranger than fiction. 'M. and Madame Roubaud,' says the Mayor of Lourdes, 'come down into the town almost daily. Both they and their children are in the enjoyment of perfect health, and they lack neither bread nor coals nor anything whatever.'

The Roubaud incident was recently closed in the following amicable way. By an arrangement made between the Mayor and the chief of the municipal police on the one side, and the Bishop (Dr Schoepfer) on the other, effective steps were taken to prevent a recurrence of the conduct which had necessitated the closing of the Calvary grounds at night. The forbiddance of thoroughfare (said the Bishop) had then no longer any object, and the private road is once more open at all times to the Roubaud family—not, of course, as a legal right, but as an act of Christian charity. In view of his persistent disregard of his signed agreements, it seems to us that M. Roubaud has been all along treated with a patience and consideration that he would neither have expected nor received at the hands of a lay proprietor. With characteristic anticlerical 'honor bright,' the 'Matin' refused to publish any part of the lengthy statement of M. Lacaze, Mayor of Lourdes. It subsequently appeared in the 'Gaulois' and other papers. And here endeth—in smoke—the Punch-and-Judy tragedy of the 'walled-in' innocents of Calvary Hill, over far-off Lourdes.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

December 16.

I regret to report that Mr. B. Doherty, of Messrs Fielder and Co., and a prominent Hibernian, is at present dangerously ill with pneumonia.

The members of the lodge of Druids were entertained in St. Patrick's Hall on Wednesday evening by the Hibernians at a card tournament, which ended in a victory, by a very narrow margin for the Hibernians.

The members of the local Young Men's Club will entertain the Marist Brothers as usual on Thursday evening next at the schoolroom, Boulcott street, when the presentation of the annual Christmas hamper will be made.

All the necessary arrangements in connection with the Catholic picnic at the Belle Vue Gardens, Lower Hutt, on Boxing Day, have been made, and only fine weather is required to insure success. The fare by rail, including admission to the ground, will be as usual two shillings. The children will be carried free.

The very fine silver cup, presented to the Young Men's Club a few years ago by Mr. Ulic Shannon, will be again competed for by members at the picnic on Boxing Day. This cup has been won in succession by Messrs. C. Gamble, H. McKeown, and P. O'Connor. The distances for the event will be 150 and 220 yards.

The St. Patrick's and St. Aloysius' branches of the H.A.C.B. Society have decided to carry out a large picnic at Day's Bay on St. Patrick's Day, and to hold on the following Monday night a concert in the Town Hall, for which only the very best talent is to be secured.

A movement is on foot to present a purse of sovereigns to Mr. P. J. O'Regan in recognition of the splendid fight he made in the recent election contest for Wellington Central. Since the declaration of the poll Mr. O'Regan has received numerous appreciative telegrams from prominent men all over the Colony.

The annual distribution of prizes at the Thorndon parish school took place on Friday afternoon, that of the Dixon street school on Friday night. The Newtown convent school's annual entertainment will be held in the Victoria Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday next. The annual distribution of prizes at St. Patrick's College will be made on Tuesday next.

The results of the November law examinations are just to hand, and the members of our local club are again to the fore. Messrs. W. Perry and E. J. Fitzgibbon have passed the semi-final section of their LL.B. degree. Two other of our Catholic young men also figure among the successful ones. They are Messrs. J. J. McGrath and A. D. Lynch, who have both passed the final section of the Solicitors' Examination.

Although Mother Aubert has decided to erect the buildings described in your last issue, it must not be understood that the necessary funds are now in hand. On the contrary, only about £2000 is available, a large amount of which was donated by Mrs. Grace, of this city. It is intended to proceed with the erection of the buildings only in so far as funds permit. The Home will be devoted entirely to children.

The executive of the Federated Catholic Young Men's Societies of New Zealand met on Thursday evening. Reports were received from the various societies of the oratorical competitions held under the auspices of the Federation. With regard to the procuring of a medal to be worn by members, the executive is now awaiting information from the Victorian Federation, for whom the Rev. Father King, of Melbourne, is securing medals from England. The diplomas for presentation to the successful orators are being obtained locally. The design is to be characteristic of New Zealand, and the diploma should be a most handsome one. The Rev. Father Kimbell and Messrs. Fitzgibbon and McKeown were appointed to arrange for the preparation of the design and the execution of the diplomas as soon as possible.

Masterton

(From our own correspondent.)

December 15.

The children of St. Patrick's School 'broke-up' for their summer vacation to-day.

Mr. J. L. Conlan, of the firm of Bunny and Dolan, passed the final section in the Solicitors' Examination. Mr. Conlan is an old St. Patrick's College boy.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration was commenced at St. Patrick's Church on Friday last, and brought to a close at the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday, when there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. In the evening the Rev. Father Tymons preached an eloquent sermon on the Blessed Sacrament to a large congregation.

The vocal and instrumental entertainment, given in the Town Hall last evening by the pupils of St. Bride's Convent, in aid of the funds of St. Patrick's School, was attended by a large and appreciative audience. It proved very enjoyable, and the manner in which those who took part acquitted themselves reflected most creditably on the training they received from the Sisters, who must have devoted much pains in order to produce such satisfactory results. The first part opened with

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the overture, 'Oberon,' in which three pianos were brought into use, and presided over by the Misses O. and E. Richards, E. and R. Frost, P. Gray, and O. Nilsson. A glee, 'The hough and crow,' by the Misses K. and B. Holloway, M. Grengor, C. Cotter, E. Hooper, P. Grey, M. Boustead, K. Hennessy, N. Collier, O. Nilsson, was a very enjoyable item. The same singers contributed 'Hark, the lark,' which was well received. Two selections, 'Santa Lucia' and 'Adeste Fideles,' by an orchestra, consisting of (piano) Misses M. Cress, M. O'Neill, F. Pinhey, M. McKenna, D. Rendall, C. Smythson, (organ) Misses O. Nilsson, R. Frost, (violins) Miss K. Hennessy and Masters L. Cress, H. Fox, S. Hoar, (guitar) Miss E. Richards, (cello) Miss K. Holloway, (banjo) Miss M. Grengor, (mandolines) Misses P. Grey and C. Cotter, proved very acceptable items. The glee party also rendered two extra items. The second part of the programme consisted of the cantata 'Laila, or the Children's Queen,' Miss Hennessy taking the principal part of Laila, Miss K. Holloway, the mountain child, Miss L. O'Malley, leader of the beggars and fairy queen. Several other girls, daintily attired as mountain children and fairies, took part, all acquitting themselves very well.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

December 18.

To the 'Irish Catholic' of November 11, Mr. M. Nolan, of Christchurch, contributes an article entitled 'The Apostolate of the Gael,' dealing principally with the spread of Catholicism in the colonies, the education problem, and a special reference to the Christchurch Cathedral.

The oratorical contest of the Christchurch Catholic Club, in connection with the Federated Catholic Young Men's Societies, took place on last Tuesday evening. Sir George Clifford and Mr. H. H. Loughnan acted as judges. Of the six competitors, Mr. M. Kane, a recent addition to the club and lately of Melbourne, on the subject of the 'Second George,' was awarded first place, and Mr. J. R. Hayward ('Lord Russell') and Mr. D. Edmonds ('Daniel O'Connell') tied for second place. Others competing were Mr. E. Lafferty ('Cardinal Manning'), Mr. M. O'Reilly ('Gladstone'), and Mr. R. McNamara ('Washington'). The contest afforded a profitable and most interesting evening, and the club would do well to have such like programmes more frequently.

The ordinary monthly meeting of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul Particular Council was held on last Monday evening at the episcopal residence. His Lordship Bishop Grimes presided, and those present were the Very Rev. Father Le Menant des Chesnais, S.M., V.G. (spiritual director), and representatives of the Cathedral, St. Mary's, and St. Joseph's (Lyttelton) Conferences. Correspondence from the Superior Council at Sydney was read, and also a circular letter from the Vice-President General of the Society at Paris. The president submitted a comprehensive report treating of Catholic children as variously circumstanced, giving their number and the methods adopted for their well-being. Replies from the pastors of several districts, where Catholic children have been boarded out were received in answer to communications in their regard. The president outlined the Particular Council's suggestions as proposed to be submitted to the Superior Council in connection with the Society's approaching jubilee. His Lordship the Bishop expressed great pleasure in attending the Council's meetings and learning of the practical and meritorious work in which all were engaged. The results proved abundantly how essentially useful such a body of willing co-operators were. He appreciated very highly their labors which, with God's blessing, were capable of inestimable good and far-reaching benefit.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

December 18.

A team from St. John's Tennis Club journeyed to Temuka on Thursday afternoon to try conclusions with the Victoria Park Club. The game had just commenced when the rain came on, and it was agreed to postpone the trial to this day (Monday).

The final game in the second round of the primary schools' cricket competition resulted in an easy win for the Brothers' Boys over the Main school. Carroll, Seringour and Mason were chiefly responsible for the school's score, whilst Lynch Bros. disposed of their opponents for 6 runs and 2 byes.

On Thursday last the altar boys went on a picnic to St. Andrews, under the guidance of Father Le Floch. Rev. Fathers O'Connor, Lezer, and Mr. G. Venning also accompanied the boys and helped them to pass the time pleasantly. After lunch sports and games were indulged in, Master T. Lynch scoring 55 in a cricket match, and getting a handsome bat for his victory. The boys had a very pleasant day.

A most enjoyable concert was given in the Theatre Royal on Monday evening last by Miss E. Twomey, a pupil of Miss E. McGuinness. That the invitations issued were appreciated was evident from the fact that the circle and stalls were comfortably filled before the overture began. Miss Twomey gave quite a lengthy and varied repertoire. She plays with expression and confidence, and particularly excels in such soft and dreamy music as Chopin's 'Prelude No. 17.' She got a most gratifying reception on each appearance, and evidently obtained the sympathy and appreciation of the discriminating audience. Miss Dick and Messrs. J. P. Newman, B. B. De Looze, and J. H. Coombs also, assisted at the concert and were all recalled. Miss E. McGuinness' pianoforte accompaniments as usual gave full satisfaction.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

December 15.

Rev. Father Curran, of Iowa, U.S.A., arrived here by the 'Sierra' on Tuesday. He purposes visiting Australia, and going through New Zealand.

The entertainments given by the school children during the past two weeks have been very good. This refers particularly to the college and the primary school conducted by the Marist Brothers.

His Lordship has been in the Waikato district since last week, and intended to return to Auckland in the early part of the week, but owing to the death of the Rev. Father Wust, S.J., he was detained.

Mr. Flynn, for seven years Parliamentary reporter in the House of Commons, for the Dublin 'Freeman,' and the London 'Morning Post' and 'Pall Mall Gazette,' has been contributing excellent articles to the Auckland 'Star' on the new Liberal Ministry. Mr. Flynn is thoroughly conversant with his subject. He is not so sure of Mr. Bryce's enthusiasm for Home Rule, but is of Lord Aberdeen's.

Rev. Father Wust, for a time in charge of the Ngawawahia and Huntly parish, died at Hamilton Hospital last Monday after a brief illness, at the age of 50 years. He was a native of Holland, and spent 20 years in missionary work in Java, and other parts of the Netherland Indies. He then returned to Holland, but came to the colonies for his health, and for about two years lived in Auckland diocese. He was a Jesuit. He was well liked in Waikato, where he took great interest in music. He was buried in Cambridge on last Tuesday. His Lordship the Bishop and Rev. Fathers Darby, Corcoran, and Torney being present.—R.I.P.

At the distribution of prizes in connection with the Sacred Heart College at St. Benedict's Hall last Tuesday evening reference was made to the change of Government at Home. Sir G. M. O'Rorke said that three months ago he did not expect that there would be such a great change of Government. He was pleased to see that such a strong Government had been formed, with men like Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith in it, men brought up in the school of the Grand Old Man, Mr. Gladstone. The speaker went on to state that it was his firm conviction that he would yet see these men fulfil the plans laid down by Gladstone for the settlement of the Irish question and 'the most distressful country' granted Home Rule. It was a matter for regret that the Grand Old Man himself could not be present when Parliament met next year. The Right Rev. Mgr. O'Reilly expressed the opinion that there was every reason to hope that it would not be very long before Home Rule was carried in Ireland. Right Rev. Mgr. O'Reilly said that all rejoiced at the advent to power of the Liberals. Sir Maurice had expressed the feelings of the Irish people upon the subject of Home Rule. Nothing, he believed, would delight the present King more than to open their old Parliament House in College Green.

A list of winners of cash bonuses in the sixth Kozie tea distribution appears in this issue...

The train arrangements in connection with the Christmas and New Year holidays are notified in this issue...

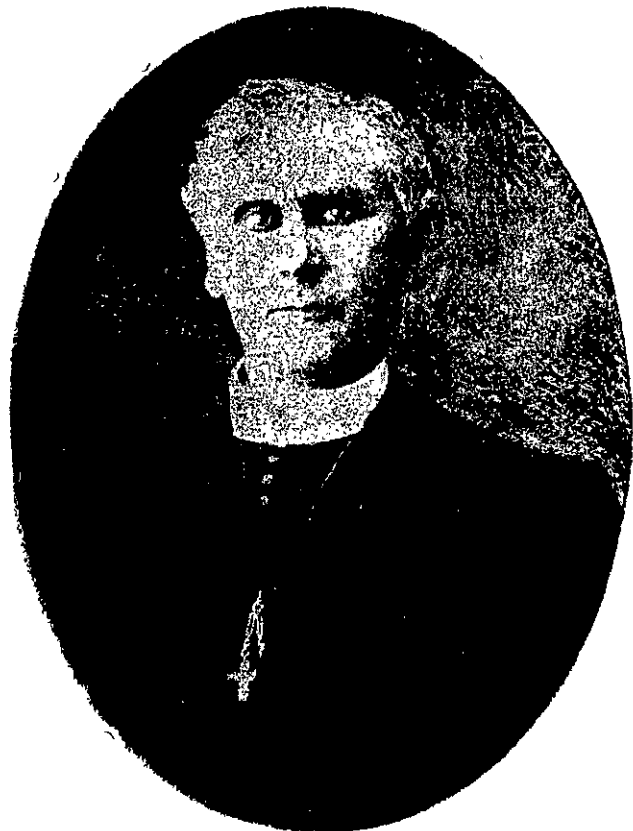
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DEATH OF THE VERY REV. DEAN FOLEY, S.M.

(From our Christchurch correspondent.)

During his address on Thursday afternoon at the vacation functions in connection with the Convent High School, his Lordship the Bishop alluded in feeling terms to the condition of the Very Rev. Dean Foley, who at the time, said the Bishop, was gradually sinking, and whose death at any moment might be expected. Combined with their sincere feelings of veneration and affection he would have their deepest sympathy. As he was suffering intensely they would pray that his last moments by Divine Providence would be less painful. On Sunday the sad, though not unexpected, tidings of the Dean's death, which had occurred at 11.45 on the previous night at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Auckland, was received at the episcopal residence. At six o'clock the great bell of the Cathedral was tolled. The Very Rev. Vicar-General made touching allusion to the sad event, and the great loss to the diocese by the death of Dean Foley. At the termination of the evening devotions the Dead March from 'Saul' was played by the Cathedral organist, Miss Katie Young, the entire congregation being filled with deep sorrow.



THE LATE VERY REV. DEAN FOLEY, S.M.

The Very Rev. Dean James Foley, S.M., was born at Ballinahinch, County Tipperary, Ireland, in 1817. He was primarily educated at Mount Mellera by the Trappist monks, but studied rhetoric afterwards at St. Patrick's College, Thurles, and completed his ecclesiastical course at the scholasticate of the Marist Fathers, Lower Leeson Street, Dublin, where the present Archbishop of Wellington was Professor of Dogmatic Theology. Dean Foley was ordained by Archbishop (then Bishop) Redwood at St. Mary's, Dundalk, in 1844. Six months after his ordination he removed to Sydney, where he ministered for six years at St. Patrick's Church. Whilst there his health was so seriously impaired, by overwork that he was recommended to take a trip Home. He was greatly benefited by the voyage, and came to New Zealand in 1881, accompanying Archbishop Redwood, who was then returning to Wellington. Father Foley at first took pastoral charge of Blenheim, whence four years later he was transferred to Timaru, where he remained until 1892. In that year he was appointed to take charge of the parish of Lincoln and Little River, where he ministered to the spiritual wants of the people until 1899. He then became attached to the Cathedral parish, and accompanied Bishop Grimes in conducting missions in the various parishes of the diocese on behalf of funds for the completion of the Cathedral, a work to which he was deeply attached. He made a missionary visit to the Chatham Islands, the remotest part of the diocese, and for some time devoted

his energies to the Cathedral building fund. He was eventually, on the death of Father Fauvel, appointed parish priest of Temuka, but shortly after assuming charge his health, which had been for some time previously in a poor state, showed signs of breaking down. Acting on medical advice, he visited Rotorua and Te Aroha, but with no permanent beneficial result, and for a considerable time latterly has been an inmate of the Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy, where he passed away to his eternal reward. The late Dean Foley was most zealous in the discharge of the duties appertaining to his sacred office, was beloved by his brother clergy and Catholics generally, and universally popular among all classes.

The Rev. John Foley, Taree (N.S.W.) is a brother, Rev. Father Coffey, Adm. St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, is a nephew, and the Very Rev. Dean Smyth (Hastings) is a cousin of the deceased. Two of his nieces are members of the Dominican Order. Of his other relatives, two sisters survive him, one being the mother of the Rev. Father Coffey, whilst a brother resides in the old home at Ballinahinch.

When the sad news reached Christchurch his Lordship the Bishop had left for Hawarden, and on being communicated with at Cheviot, where he had gone in company with Father Price, he returned to the city immediately.

The remains of the late Dean Foley were brought on to Christchurch, where a Solemn Pontifical Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral on Wednesday morning, at which, in addition to the clergy of the diocese of Christchurch, a large number of priests from Wellington and Dunedin assisted. According to the wish of the deceased the interment will be at Temuka, where the remains are to be taken on Thursday morning by the first express.

On Tuesday morning a Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Dean Foley was celebrated in St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin. Rev. Father Liston was celebrant, Rev. Father Delany deacon, Rev. Father D'O'Neill subdeacon, Rev. Father O'Malley master of ceremonies. There were also in the sanctuary Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., and Rev. Fathers Corcoran and Buckley.—R.L.P.

LAWRENCE

A most enjoyable concert (says the 'Tuapeka Times') was given in St. Patrick's Schoolroom, Lawrence, on Friday evening by the pupils of the convent. The programme was a varied one, and met with the appreciation of the large audience. The opening overture (pianoforte) was played by Misses E. Smyth and M. McKay in a very tasteful manner. An item by the school girls followed. This was very pretty and gracefully performed. The girls were all dressed in white, and after singing the chorus eight of the smallest girls remained on the platform and went through the figures of the first set of quadrilles, omitting the swinging, and at the conclusion were very heartily applauded. A double duet by Misses Lizzie Dick, Mary Roughan, Dorothy Hart, and Vera Askin followed this performance. This was a bright piece of music, and the little performers did their teachers the utmost credit by the precision with which they acquitted themselves. The boys then gave an exhibition of club-swinging under the direction of Mr. James Airey, and showed that they had been carefully trained in the many swings. Among the boys were a couple of little fellows not more than five or six years of age, who went through the somewhat trying performance with as much ease as the older boys. A chorus by the boys and girls followed, and was nicely sung, good time and time being observed. A duet by Misses Dorothy and Zeta Hart and Rita Dwyer was very nicely played, the little performers being heartily applauded at the finish. Miss Winnill, who followed with a pianoforte solo, acquitted herself most creditably. From a spectacular point of view the floral march by the girls was the item of the evening. Between 20 and 30 girls took part in it, and, as each carried a beautiful hoop of flowers over her head, the effect as they went through the various intricate movements was very pretty indeed. The first part was brought to a close by a double pianoforte duet by the Misses Dorothy and Zeta Hart and Katie and Mary Leshe, which was played very nicely indeed. After a short interval the second part opened with a solo on two pianos, the players being Misses Leshe and Gertrude Taylor, two of the older pupils of the convent, which, needless to say, was tastefully played. The performance closed with the trial scene from the 'Merchant of Venice,' the various characters being taken by Misses Mary Roughan, Ethel Kelleher, Maria Roughan, Alice Kelleher, Kate Roughan, Kathleen Roche, Mary Colgan, and Sarah Roche. This

showed evidence of careful preparation, each performer not only speaking her part with clearness, but also with a keen appreciation of the spirit of the play. The choruses by the children were sung under the direction of Miss L. Leslie, who also played the accompaniments in a very tasteful manner. The handsome door prize, which was drawn for at the conclusion of the concert, was painted by Miss Airey and presented to the convent for the occasion. After the Very Rev. Mgr. O'Leary had thanked the audience for their attendance, and complimented the pupils on the merit of their performance, the concert concluded with the singing of the National Anthem.

LINCOLN

(From an occasional correspondent.)

A very successful mission, extending from Sunday, December 3, to the morning of Monday, December 11, was given in the Lincoln parish by the Rev. Father Lynch, C.S.S.R. Excellent congregations attended the two Masses and the evening service each day of the mission. On the Thursday and Friday evenings special sermons were preached on the Holy Eucharist and on devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Large numbers approached the Holy Table. Valuable assistance was given during the mission by the choir and by the ladies of the Altar Society. The mission was brought to a close on Monday, the 11th, with Mass for deceased relatives and a short discourse on the doctrine of purgatory and devotion to the holy souls.

FAIRLIE

A musical treat (writes a correspondent) was given to their friends by Mr. D. Clarke and his pupils in the Public Hall, Fairlie, on Thursday afternoon, December 7. All the pupils, most of whom had made their first appearance before an audience on this occasion, went through a very pretty programme in a most creditable manner. The vocal soloists were Miss K. Wade ('The swallows'), Mr. L. Dixon ('The yeoman's wedding,' 'The Bandolero,' and 'The dream angel'). Mr. Dixon also took part with Mr. Clarke in the duet 'Excelsior.' Mr. G. O'Dowd and Mr. Clarke sang a duet, 'Nocturne.' A quartette, unaccompanied, was rendered by Master J. O'Dowd, Mr. G. O'Dowd, Mr. D. Clarke, and Mr. L. Dixon. A trio, 'Oh, lovely peace,' was given by Miss K. Wade, Mr. Clarke, and Mr. L. Dixon. This was considered one of the best items, being beautifully rendered. A quart-

ette, unaccompanied, 'God is a spirit,' was given by Miss K. Wade, Master J. O'Dowd, Mr. D. Clarke, and Mr. G. O'Dowd. The opening duet was played by Misses K. Wheeler and J. Wright. Miss Wright also played selections from Mendelssohn and Haydn, Miss E. Wade from Dussek and Neustedt, Miss A. Schock from Beethoven and Gade, Miss B. O'Dowd from Dussek and Gade, all of whom displayed considerable artistic ability. A duet was played by Mrs. O'Toole and Mr. Clarke and a solo by Mr. Clarke. During an interval in the programme afternoon tea was handed round by the pupils. A large number of people were present, the hall being well filled with friends of the pupils and visitors. Mr. Clarke was heartily congratulated on the success of the first concert by his pupils in Fairlie.

Concert at Queenstown

The Convent School annual concert was held in the Garrison Hall, Queenstown, on Wednesday evening of last week, and proved very enjoyable. There was a very large attendance. The opening item (says the 'Wakatip Mail') was a pianoforte duet by Masters E. and J. Aldridge. Miss Julia Duhig recited 'O'Connor's statue' with considerable success. Miss Monica McBride sang 'Shadowland' in a way that betokened careful training. A pianoforte duet was then capably played by two of the pupils, Misses M. McCarthy and Rita McNeill. A charming operetta, 'The Spanish Gipsies,' was next staged with excellent effect. A large number of the school children took part in this. The music of the operetta was very pleasing, and the dancing daintily carried out, the whole reflecting much credit on the work of the Sisters. The item following this was a pianoforte duet, nicely played by the Misses L. and G. Constable. Miss B. Keay was recalled for her rendering of 'I was dreaming.' Another pianoforte duet was then given by the Misses Richards, whose performance met with the warm appreciation of the audience. A very laughable play entitled 'Mad as a Hatter' was here staged, and it must be said the youthful performers sustained the parts allotted to them in such good style and spirit that the house was kept in a state of great merriment from the rise of the curtain till its fall. The following took part: Cecil McBride, L. McNeill, Mary Boyie, Alex. Bonner, Mary McCarthy, J. McChesney, and J. McNeill. The Rev. Father O'Donnell during the evening thanked those present for their attendance, and congratulated the school on the splendid programme submitted.



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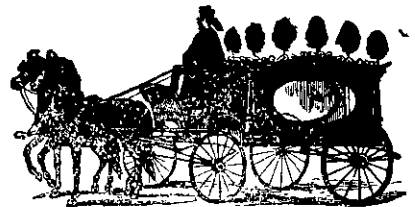
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Irish News

ANTRIM—Warning the Landlords

Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., opened the autumn campaign of the Ulster Farmers' and Laborers' Union by a meeting in the Ulster Hall, Belfast. Mr. Russell said in his speech that when the Land Act of 1903 was passed £23,000,000 had been advanced, and 78,000 occupant owners created in Irish agriculture. During the two years of the Act thirty millions had passed by agreement from tenant to landlord, something like 90,000 tenants being affected. The agreements for sale had outrun the money available, and the Government then proposed part payment in land stock. The tenants were not consulted in that scheme, though it affected them, and so the scheme was abandoned. He warned the landlords not to be too exacting. The bonus was not compulsory. It could be withdrawn without an Act of Parliament, and should the landlords prove extortionate the tenants' representatives must work for the withdrawal of the bonus after a given period of warning.

Sordid and Unprincipled Politicians

Addressing the members of the Independent Orange Society at Ballymoney, County Antrim, the other day, Mr. Lindsay Crawford said Mr. Atkinson, the Attorney General for Ireland, having served his masters, now sighed for the quiet seclusion and large emoluments of the Court of Appeal of the House of Lords, but a vacancy could only be secured if North Derry accepted Lord MacNaughten's son in place of Mr. Atkinson. Was that political honesty? No, but it was Ulster Unionism. Lawyers and place-hunters had waxed fat while Ireland was growing leaner and leaner. Was it any wonder that the Nationalists of Ireland clamored for Home Rule or any City of Refuge from the reign of such sordid and unprincipled politicians?

CARLOW—Death of a Priest

A Carlow paper reports the death of Rev. Patrick C. Ryan, who passed away at a private nursing home in Dublin. The deceased was in failing health for the past few years.

CLARE—The Bishop on Emigration

At Kilmaley, County Clare, on Sunday, October 29, the Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty solemnly blessed the parish church, which has undergone a complete renovation owing to the zeal of Father Glynn and his people. After Mass his Lordship addressed the very large congregation which had assembled to take part in the ceremonies. In concluding an impressive discourse he appealed to them to listen to him on the terrible evil of emigration. They heard golden stories of the success of those who had emigrated. There were some who had been successful, but they were the few. If they went through Manchester, Liverpool, or any other big English city, what would they see? They would walk through streets of grand and wealthy houses, and then suddenly strike upon some miserable spot. They need not ask who lived there. It was their own people. That was the average condition of the Irish emigrant. The average Irish man or woman was never so happy as in his or her own Irish home, where the air was pure, and there was a feeling of real religion and sympathy about. Money was not everything, and the same thrift and industry and self-discipline which the Irish emigrant must exhibit abroad to hold his own in the hard race of life, if resorted to at home would give him a competency and a measure of success in his own Ireland sufficient to gratify the longings of the average human heart.

DOWN—Death of a Nationalist

The death is announced of the Rev. Richard Lytle, of Moneyrea. The deceased, a native of Dromore, County Down, was a Unitarian minister, but always took an active part in advocating the amelioration of the lot of the agricultural farmer and laborer. In him they had at all times a self-sacrificing champion. As hon. secretary of the Farmers' and Laborers' Union Mr. Lytle rendered splendid service to the land movement, and Mr. T. W. Russell had reason to recognise his worth in recent campaigns in Ulster, notably in East Down, where his electioneering knowledge and persuasive eloquence played no small part in securing the return of the candidate of the Farmers' and Laborers' Union. Always an advocate of Home Rule, Mr. Lytle was an ever welcome orator on the National platform, where his reception was invariably of the most enthusiastic character. His presence at great National gatherings was warmly appreciated by the people, who admired and respected him as much for his genial, kindly disposition as for the manly, straightforward, and independent attitude he adopted towards the cause they so dearly love.

DUBLIN—Australian Sympathy

At the Convention of the United Irish League the delegates expressed their gratitude for the generosity of the Irish in Australia and New Zealand towards Ireland during the past three years, especially thanking Cardinal Moran for organising the Home Rule tribute. At the instance of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the Convention recorded their appreciation of the Commonwealth Parliament's address to the Crown in favor of Home Rule.

A Successful Student

Amongst the very remarkable successes of Catholics at this year's examinations of the Royal University, one of the most striking is that achieved by Mr. Denis O'Keefe, M.A., Holy Cross College, Clonliffe. In winning the Studentship in Mental and Moral Science he has only continued the brilliant line of distinctions won by him in the course of his University career. To speak only of his later and larger successes, he obtained the first place in the list of first-class exhibitions in the Second Arts Examination of 1902; first place with first-class honors in Mental and Moral Science in the B.A. Examination of 1903; first place and first-class Honors in Mental and Moral Science in the M.A. Examination of 1904.

A Generous Offer

Mr. Thomas H. Kelly, of New York, who was recently on a visit to Ireland, has offered £300 to the Catholic Scholarship Fund to endow two scholarships of £50 a year for the next three years, with a request that the Scholarships Committee would award these two scholarships to the two Catholic students who at next year's Senior Grade examination (1906) shall have obtained respectively the highest marks—the one in classics, the other in mathematics—with the further conditions that the students thus selected shall enter next October at the University College, Dublin, and pursue their studies in that college for the degree of the Royal University.

Catholic Scholarships

The Catholic Scholarship Committee appointed at the suggestion of the Irish Hierarchy have made the following awards: J. J. Doyle, Christian Schools, North Richmond street, Dublin, scholarship in Modern Literary Course. J. J. Webb, same school, scholarship in Experimental Science. Classical Course: First-class, F. Gallagher and T. McCoullter, both of St. Columb's, Derry, second class, J. J. O'Connell, Clongowes. Modern Literary Course: First class, M. Cotter, A. Godley, and E. Devine, all of Dominican College, Eccles street, Dublin, M. O'Connell, Loreto Convent, Wexford. Second class, C. M. Bayden, Loreto College, Dublin. Experimental Science: First class, E. J. Cuddy, Christian Schools, Limerick, E. V. Cox, Belvedere College, Dublin. Second class, M. B. Cronin, Loreto College, Wexford, R. Fitzgerald, Lamel Hill Convent, Limerick. It is the unanimous desire of the Committee that the study of the Irish language should be fostered and promoted in all Irish schools, and that for the encouragement of that study, at least two first-class scholarships of £50 a year for three years—tenable for boys at University College, Dublin, and for girls at the Dominican College or at Loreto College—should be offered to the two students (boys or girls) who, at the Senior Grade Intermediate Examination of 1906, shall have obtained the highest marks in the Irish language, and shall have matriculated in the Royal University.

GALWAY—A Lady Appointed Inspector

At a recent meeting of the Galway County Council, Miss Cust was appointed Veterinary Inspector for the Mounthelwell Rural District. There was another candidate for the position, Mr. Moffett, who got 10 votes to 11 recorded for Miss Cust.

KERRY—The Kenmare Estate

A meeting was held recently between the clergy delegated by the tenants on the Kenmare estate and the landlord with regard to the sale to the occupiers of their holdings. Lord Kenmare offered the first-term tenants 6s in the pound reduction (21½ years' purchase), his former offer being 5s 6d (22½ years' purchase). The clergy then offered to accept 6s 8d (20½ years' purchase), but no agreement was arrived at. Mr. Leonard, the agent, suggested 6s 1d (20½ years' purchase), but the clergy refused to agree. As regards second-term rents, Lord Kenmare offered 1s 6d (23½ years' purchase), his former offer being 1s (21½ years' purchase). The clergy stated they were not authorized to offer more than 5s in the pound (23 years' purchase), and no agreement was arrived at.

LIMERICK—The Late Dean Flanagan

The late Dean Flanagan, of Adare, was associated very closely with two eminent men. One was his fellow-Oratorian, Cardinal Newman. A few years ago

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a letter of the Cardinal's was published, in the course of which he said: 'I met to-day, after many years, my dear old friend, John Flanagan. I was delighted to see him.' The Dean possessed a number of letters written to him by the Cardinal, but these were some time since given up by the Dean to Cardinal Newman's literary executors. In the early days of his ministry Father Edward Thomas O'Dwyer—now Bishop of Limerick—was the Dean's curate, and the two men became united by the closest ties of regard. It is said that it was partly owing to the Dean's initiative that on the death of Bishop Butler, the parish priests of Limerick paid Dr. O'Dwyer the almost unique honor of sending his name to Rome as 'Dignissimus' while he was still a curate—a choice, as everyone knows, ratified by the Pope.

MEATH—A Tribute to the Christian Brothers

Many non-Catholics now feel constrained (writes a Dublin correspondent) to pay tribute to the splendid work done by the Christian Brothers. Scarcely a week passes, but some well known Protestant divine or layman bears testimony to the excellence of the great Order whose lives are devoted to the spread of Catholic education. The latest to lay a wreath on the Christian system of education is the Rev. Mr. White. At the Meath Protestant Synod he said: 'They should remember the wonderful work done by the magnificent system of the Christian Brothers throughout the country. They should note the fact that out of 37 exhibitions gained in the Junior Grade under the Intermediate Board, 36 were won by pupils taught in the schools of the Christian Brothers. This fact spoke in thunder tones to their Protestant fellow-countrymen, and should make them active in the field of education if they were not to be simply the hewers of wood and drawers of water.' Where there is a fair field and no favor Irish Catholics can more than hold their own with all competitors, but in the positions of greatest importance they are badly handicapped owing to the fact that these are either filled by nomination, or by those who have had the benefit of that higher education which Irish Catholics are denied. Dr. White did not of course mention the fact to his audience.

QUEEN'S COUNTY—Death of a Religious

In the Church of St. Fintan, Mountrath, on October 26, the funeral obsequies of the late Rev. Mother Mary Clary, St. Brigid's Convent, were celebrated. In the unavoidable absence of his Lordship Dr. Foley, the Very Rev. Father Brennan, P.P., presided at the Office. Immediately after High Mass the final absolution was pronounced, and the sad cortege quickly wended its way through the convent grounds to the prettily little cemetery which lies at the end of the church, the coffin being borne by the Brothers of St. Patrick's Monastery.

GENERAL

Catholic Colleges

In the course of an address at the Christian Brothers' Schools, North Richmond street, Dublin, his Grace Archbishop Walsh said: 'We are all, I trust, aware of the recent marvellous, but to me in no ways unexpected, success of our Catholic colleges in the unequal contest with their well-endowed rivals—the three Queen's Colleges. I refer to the results of this year's degree examinations of the Royal University. I am concerned here with only one feature of that success—the signal successes of our Catholic colleges in the very department that I am now referring to, the department of mathematics. At the examination for the degree of B.A., the honors standard being most properly a very high one, honors in mathematical science were awarded to just five students for all Ireland—first-class honors to two of them, and second-class honors to the three others. Now both the first-class honors' men are from our University College in Stephen's Green, and of the three who obtained second-class honors one is from Blackrock, another again from Stephen's Green, the remaining one being a young lady from the Alexandra College, so that in this important degree examination, with special honors in mathematics, neither the Queen's College, Belfast, nor either of its discredited associates of Cork and Galway has even made an appearance. Then there are those special prizes in mathematics, the University Mathematical Scholarships, open for competition amongst the students of the second year of the undergraduate course. Four of these scholarships were awarded, and how many of them went to Queen's College, Belfast, or to any of the three Queen's Colleges, or to any other than a Catholic college? Not even one. Two first-class scholarships go to Blackrock, and of the two second-class scholarships one goes to the Presentation Brothers' College in Cork, the other to Blackrock.

People We Hear About

Mr. C. A. C. Hardy, the successful candidate for Selwyn, is never happier than when he is riding his hobby-horses. He keeps several of them, and he devotes to them the keenest enthusiasm. One of them is the collecting of walking-sticks. He has a unique assortment of these articles, numbering hundreds, and representing many nations. He has sword-sticks, gun-sticks, flask-sticks, and many other contrivances in the form of walking-sticks. The specimens range from thick and knotty clubs wielded by Samoan chiefs to slender canes used by civilised dandies, and many of them have very interesting histories.

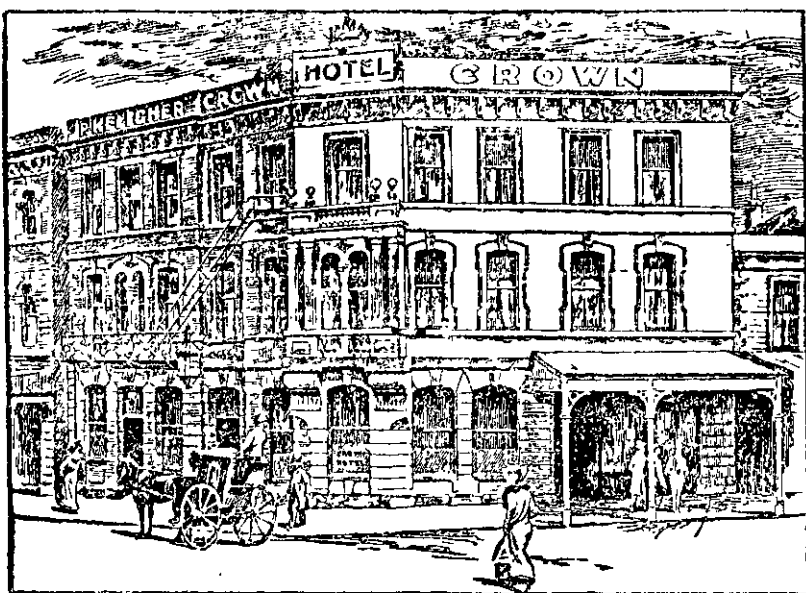
The Nobel Peace prize has been awarded to an Austrian, Baroness Suttner, the authoress of a novel entitled 'Lay Down Your Arms.' The prize for Medicine has been awarded to Dr. Koch (treatment of tuberculosis), physics prize, Professor Leonard, of Kiel (researches in Cathode rays); chemistry, Professor Baeyer, of Munich (the producer of artificial indigo); literature, M. Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist. The prizes left by the late Dr. A. B. Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, are worth about £8000 each. They are open to all nationalities. Lord Avebury is president of the English Nobel Prize Committee.

Mr. E. G. Fitzgibbon, C.M.G., Chairman of the Melbourne Metropolitan Board of Works, whose death was reported last week, was a native of County Cork, Ireland, where he was born in 1825. Prior to coming to Victoria over fifty years ago, he was employed under the Committee of the Privy Council on Education in England. He had had a varied colonial experience—gold miner, reader to the Legislative Council, Assistant Town Clerk and Town Clerk of Melbourne, and Chairman of the Board of Works. He was noted for his wit and humor, which made him a delightful conversationalist, while he also possessed literary skill of a very high order.

On November 3 General Sir William Butler attained his 67th birthday, and, under the age limit, retired from active service after 17 years in the army of conspicuous public service, both administrative and in the field. The story of what at the time was practically his military martyrdom in South Africa is well known. He not only foresaw the fighting strength of the Boers, but also mistrusted the capitalists of South Africa and all their ways and works. Finding himself in hopeless antagonism to the policy of the Government and the High Commissioner, Sir William resigned. Before two years had elapsed his rehabilitation in the opinion of the public was judiciously confirmed by the Government.

The following remarks regarding Sir Antony MacDonnell, the Irish Under-Secretary, by a writer in 'Vanity Fair,' seem particularly apropos at the present time when a Liberal Ministry has come into office:—
There are two Sir Antony MacDonnells. The one is a just administrator, fit with an inclination to severity. After thirty-eight years of distinguished service he returned to his own country. There was no mystery about his opinions, though his appointment is still a problem over which Unionists ponder. The burden of Ulsterdom was becoming too great to bear. It required the one word, Devolution, to precipitate the avalanche which so nearly destroyed him. Sir Antony is a man without hobbies. He hates Society. Amongst strangers he is taciturn. He has not the tact to suffer fools gladly. He is in favor of Home Rule, a Catholic University for Ireland, and other reforms.

The Conservatives having resigned, King Edward has approved of the following as a Liberal Ministry: Premier and First Lord of the Treasury, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman; Lord Chancellor, Sir Robert Reid; Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Asquith; Secretary for India, Mr. John Morley; Secretary for War, Mr. R. B. Haldane; Colonial Secretary, Lord Elgin; First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Tweedmouth; Home Secretary, Mr. Herbert Gladstone; President of the Council, the Earl of Crewe; Privy Seal, Lord Ripon; Secretary for Scotland, Mr. John Sinclair (M.P. for Forfarshire); President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Lloyd-George; President of the Local Government Board, Mr. John Burns; President of the Board of Agriculture, Lord Carrington; President of the Board of Education, Mr. Augustine Birrell; Postmaster-General, Mr. Sydney Buxton; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Sir H. H. Fowler; Secretary for Ireland, Mr. James Bryce. The following are outside the Cabinet—Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Aberdeen; Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Mr. Justice Walker; First Commissioner of Works, Mr. Lewis Harcourt.



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Guests may depend upon being called in time, a Porter being kept for that purpose.

The Bedrooms are well and comfortably furnished, and the Fittings and Accommodation throughout is all that could be desired.

The Wines and Spirits are all of the choicest and Best Brands. Dunedin XXXX Beer always on Tap.

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on the tag, is a guarantee for fit, workmanship, and quality. We make all kinds of Garments at fair and square prices.

Visit us for next suit.

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Designs Sent on Application.

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	£	s.	d.	
Mr A. Brown, Hokitika	-	5	0	0
Mrs A. Scott, Milton	-	5	0	0
Mr A. Foster, Milton	-	5	0	0
Mrs Ridsdale, Oтира	-	3	0	0
St. Columbkille's Convent, Hokitika	-	2	0	0
Mrs J. Dutton, St. Andrews	1	0	0	
Miss Ethel Woods, Westland	0	10	0	
Miss Mabel McPherson, Balfour	-	0	10	0
Miss Trim, High Street, Greymouth	-	0	10	0
Mrs E. Adamson, Greymouth	0	10	0	
Mrs W. Dunn, Milton	-	0	10	0
Miss Scully, The Port, Nelson	0	10	0	
Miss Maggie Keown, Balfour	-	0	10	0
Miss Margaret Glen, Fairfax	0	10	0	
Miss E. Gibbon, Kumara	-	0	10	0

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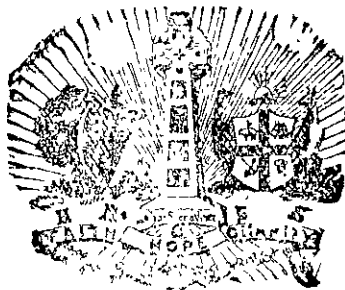
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A CHRISTMAS EVE GUEST

Aunt Jean, arrayed in her finest lace cap and an immaculate white apron, was in a low rocker before the dining room fire in her own home. She sat bolt upright, in spite of her sixty-four years. Her fine face, although marked with lines of care, was still fresh to see. The table, at her right, was laid with a snowy cloth, and was gay with some of her best china. It was Christmas Eve. Egypt, the cat, was stretched out at length on the hearth purring in sleek content, regardless of the fact that it was just eleven o'clock at night.

'It doesn't seem right to take this cup of tea,' said the old lady to herself aloud, 'and I going to Communion at the early Mass. But, indeed, I'm not only lonesome to-night, but also strangely faint at heart, and the night is bitterly cold. The dear Lord will not mind if I take a hot drink before starting out.'

She might well feel melancholy. She was alone in the house, as her one maid Jennie, had left that day to spend the feast with relatives in the country. And she was alone in the world also; for her nearest kindred were all dead. Parents, brothers, sisters, husband, children,—all gone before. Well, no, not quite all. There was Deborah. Aunt Jean had been thinking of Deborah off and on all that evening. That was partly the reason why she was so sad.

Deborah Dalton was the orphan niece of Mrs Mary Regina Brady, who in her cheery old age was known to all her friends as 'Aunt Jean.' The girl had been adopted by her in her fifth year, shortly after the death of her mother, the young widow of Aunt Jean's only brother. Mr Brady was living at the time, and so were two of his children. After their death Mrs Brady poured out all her affection on Deborah. She worked for her and saved for her and planned for her. She sent her to an excellent school and gave her every accomplishment taught there. She expected to leave to her her own frugal competence, and hoped to see her safely settled in life.

And Deborah responded to this love. She was an impulsive creature, in whom the slightest kindness aroused a gush of tender feeling, and who was easily led through her emotions. She was devoted to her aunt, and said to her a thousand times, 'I intend to spend my days to the end with you.'

In her eighteenth year Deborah came home from the boarding school where she had received the finishing touches of her education. She was a pretty, plump, and vivacious young girl. She carried herself jauntily; and, dressed in the simplest gown, with a bright bit of ribbon in her hair, she looked like a princess. She was like a sunbeam in the quiet home.

Naturally, Deborah soon began to attract some notice in the parish, and two or three of its young men felt drawn to pay her attentions. But although charmed at the evidence of her own magnetism, and delighted with the courtesies shown to her, she kept her heart to herself.

'I don't intend to get married, aunt,' she said to that lady when the latter once questioned her on the prospects of a favoured suitor,—'at least not for ever and ever so many years to come. I'm engaged to you, you know, and that's enough for me.'

This reply gratified Aunt Jean, even while she knew that her affectionate niece would most likely sometime bestow her heart's best love elsewhere. And, indeed, that time came sooner than they expected. Only a few weeks after the above-mentioned conversation a stranger entered the orbit of their lives and led them both to misery. What need to say who he was? Enough to know that he came of a respectable family, that his acquaintance was properly made, that he was engaged in decent employment as a commercial traveller, and that he behaved with due decorum. From the moment that Deborah laid eyes on his tall figure and dark face she was fascinated. Her character was too light to resist the spell. Her emotional nature followed its surging impulses and considered the question of principles too late. Her intentions were perfect, but her feelings hurried her beyond them.

The stranger reciprocated her affection. It was for both of them a case of love at first sight. He promptly pressed his suit, but clandestinely; for he was not of her faith, and this he knew would be an objection; and, as he could readily suppose, her aunt would not let her grow fond of him without close inquiry into his antecedents and principles. What his arguments were and how he persuaded Deborah with them,

no one knew; but one evening, only a few months after he first met her, he hurried her before a minister, and had her with him at Niagara Falls before even her aunt had the slightest inkling of the marriage.

Poor Aunt Jean was wounded to the quick. Was this the end of all her pains? Was this the return for her years of care? However, sorrow was too familiar for her to let it fester in her heart. What really grieved her most was the sacrilege,—the fact that Deborah had not only married a man who was outside of the Church, but had also put herself out of it by going before a preacher for the ceremony.

The young girl wrote from the Falls a passionate entreaty for forgiveness, to which her aunt replied that as soon as the pardon of God had been obtained, her forgiveness would be granted. But the masterful husband would not permit his wife to make reparation for the scandal. Still worse, he would not allow her to practise her religion. Right at the start he laid down his law most emphatically: 'My wife shall not go near the priests nor shall any of them ever enter my door.'

It was a clouded honeymoon and a desolate home that had been left. The newly-married couple did not return to the bride's former place of residence. Instead, the groom got transferred to the agency in Chicago. Afterward he moved to Denver, and subsequently to San Francisco. There trace of him and his was lost. One rumour asserted that they had gone to Australia, while another was positive that they had migrated to South Africa.

On this Christmas Eve it was just twenty-three years and one month since the unhappy marriage, and in all that time no one of her own blood had seen Deborah; and no further word had come from her, except a hurried message sent on a postal-card from Omaha. It was without date or signature, but in the well-known handwriting. It said, 'If ever I come back to God, I'll come back to you!'

The words were burned into the memory of Aunt Jean. She had uttered them over and over a million times: 'If ever I come back to God, I'll come back to you!' She did not need the postal-card to remind her of them, although, somehow, she carefully treasured it in her prayer book.

That was the grief of Aunt Jean's life—the falling away of Deborah. Fast and prayer and almsdeed had been offered up by her for years for the return of her niece to the practice of religion. Continually she said, 'Dear God, let her not die in her sins!' And next to this in frequency was the ejaculation, 'Lord, when she comes back, if it be not against Thy will, grant me the comfort of knowing of her return!'

Aunt Jean was thinking of all this as she sat before the fire with the tea brewing beside her. All her best beloved were dead,—all but Deborah;—and she sighed as she said, 'Would to God that she, too, like my own darlings, had died in the innocence of her childhood!'

The clock ticked noisily at this and the wind without blew shrill.

'We're all alone, puss,' remarked the old lady, as she stroked the black coat of Egypt. 'If it wasn't for the giving of gifts to Jennie and the poor, for the midnight Mass, and for the little Christmas-tree that I trimmed this evening for Deborah's sake, because she loved it so, it wouldn't seem like Christmas at all for me.'

The cat looked at her as if he quite understood it all and sympathised with her in her distress.

'I've got a bright new ribbon for you, Egypt,' she went on,—'scarlet, you know; Deborah's favourite colour. But I won't tie it on your neck until to-morrow. However, so that you won't feel slighted I'll give you a saucer of milk now.'

She filled a saucer from the china pitcher and set it upon the shiny oilcloth before the fire. But Egypt was too comfortable to stir. He blinked at the milk sleepily once or twice; then his eyes closed in the rapture of his coziness, and he purred even harder than before.

Aunt Jean, smiling at his laziness, sat down again and poured out the smoking tea into her dainty cup.

'I must hurry,' she said, 'for it's getting on toward 12.'

She had still some time to spare, for the church was not far off. So she shut her eyes, like Egypt, to enjoy the warmth and comfort of the moment. She felt strongly inclined to give way to drowsiness. What was it that made her push the steaming cup away? What was it that urged her to take up her rosary and fall to saying a decade for the souls who were then in the agony of death? She was at the last bead when a stumbling step sounded on the icy walk without and a sharp knock struck the front door.

Aunt Jane started and shivered as with an ague. She was fearful of a caller at that hour, and a feeling of dread made her blood grow cold. Hastening into the entry, she demanded :

'Who's there?'

'It is I,' answered a woman's voice faintly.

'It's some poor creature in distress,' said Aunt Jean.

She hesitated no longer, but, turning the key in the lock, drew back the bolt and opened the door. An icy breeze swept in, and the moonlight streamed for a space on the hall carpet.

A thin, wan, haggard, middle-aged woman staggered in. She looked as if trouble or sickness had broken down her beauty and made her prematurely aged. She seemed fitter for bed than to be out on such a night.

'Please let me in for a moment!' she pleaded. 'It is bitterly cold out here.'

Aunt Jean closed the door and led the way into the dining room. There she bustled about and set a second place at the waiting table. The kettle was singing merrily and the aroma of the tea in the pot filled the room with a mild fragrance.

'To think of your being out so late!' Aunt Jean murmured sympathetically, with a hint of woman's curiosity, as the stranger tremblingly took a seat at the table in a way that threw her face into shade. 'Have you come far?' she added presently.

'A long, long way,' answered the woman; 'and a longer way lies yet before me.'

'Poor thing! I'm sorry for you. I'll have you some tea in a minute. Must you go on to-night?'

'Yes, without fail.'

'Fortunately, the station is not far from here,' said Aunt Jean, with a tone of interrogation.

'I did not come by train, and I'll not go by train,' was the reply.

'Well, sit here and have some tea. I'll have you some toast and a poached egg in two seconds.'

The stranger drew closer to the table, saying in a low voice that thrilled the listener :

'Thank you!—I do not need food. I can stay but a moment, and shall trespass no further on your hospitality.'

Aunt Jean sat on the other side of the table and drew her own steaming cup toward her. She was glad of company and began to talk, rattling on about the weather and Christmas and everything else. Something about her guest disposed her to awe; but a stronger influence—a magnetic wave of good-will—seemed to hearten her with a sense of consolation.

With the singing of the kettle, the ticking of the clock, and the chatter of Aunt Jean, the little room waxed cheery. The lamp shone brighter and the stove threw out more heat. The stranger looked around the apartment with an air of puzzled familiarity, and when her eyes lighted on the little Christmas-tree she smiled.

The hands of the clock were almost on the stroke of midnight.

'I must go now,' she said, getting up. 'I have a message for you.'

Aunt Jean stared with frightened eyes.

'One whom you once loved,' went on the woman, gliding rather than walking toward the door, 'and whom I see you still remember with affection, has at last come back to God.'

The room swam before Aunt Jean, and through the haze she seemed to recognise in the face of the stranger the unforgotten lineaments of her young niece. She tried to call out 'Deborah!' but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. She was beginning to swoon, when the door opened and the figure passed out into the night. With an effort of the will she kept her senses, and, struggling to her feet, tottered to the door. There was no one to be seen. She peered up and down, but the untrodden snow showed no footprints.

The clock struck twelve, and from the neighbouring church steeple the chimes began the anthem :

'Glory be to God in the highest,

And on earth peace to men of good-will!'

Aunt Jean shivered. She hurriedly closed the door and went in. As soon as she regained her chair she fainted away. It was half-past four o'clock before she came to herself. The lamp still shone bright and the fire glowed in the stove. She could not recall at first what had happened. Had she fallen asleep in her chair? It all came back upon her like a flash. She shuddered with awe at the memory of it. Then she arose, went to the door, and looked out. The pavements were covered with unspotted snow.

'Who was that woman?' Aunt Jean asked herself. 'Could it have been Deborah's self?'

A strange peace filled the old lady's heart. She got on her knees to give thanks for what she felt was the good news of her niece's conversion. Then she vividly recalled the words, 'If ever I come back to God, I'll come back to you!' If Deborah were still living, where was she? That probably would be learned in due time.

And Christmas for Aunt Jean was no longer sad. Whether dream or vision, the hope of Deborah's reconciliation with God was in her heart. She was grateful for the comfort that it gave her.

As she arose from her knees, thinking to go to the five o'clock Mass, the door bell rang. A messenger handed her a telegram. It was signed by Deborah's husband, and ran thus :

'Deborah died to-night near midnight. We were coming back for good from Apia, expecting to give you a surprise by spending Christmas with you, for whose love she pined ever since her marriage. A priest was on the train, going to a sick call, when the hemorrhage came upon her. He ministered to her. She died in peace,—yes, with radiant joy; hoping to find mercy, begging your forgiveness and blessing God.'

'May the Lord be praised! May God have mercy on her even as she hoped!' murmured Aunt Jean ecstatically. 'It's a sad and happy Christmas for me. The telegram explains it. But did I dream it or did I see it? Could it have been Deborah's self?'—'Ave Maria.'

THE CONVERTS' CHRISTMAS

The first Christmas kept by converts to the Catholic Church has always been among the most memorable of their new experiences; as such they have spoken of it to friends again and again. Yet the record has hardly managed to get into print, probably because Christmas is too busy a season to afford much time for letter-writing, or for notes in diaries. Such glimpses as we can get of Manning, Newman, and Faber on their first Christmas days as Catholics are interesting if only from their marvellous variety.

Newman, who was received into the Church in October, 1845, remained in his 'monastery' at Littlemore for his Christmas under the new conditions. For Mass he went to Oxford, by a road through the fields which least exposed him and his fellow neophytes to the eye of a public that was not only curious, but actually censorious. There is a fine church in Oxford now, and it has Jesuits to serve it. But the old St. Clement's had insufficiencies that moved the most serious of neophytes to laughter—as when the announcement was made from the altar: 'Confessions will be heard next Sunday afternoon in the arbor.' Newman did not then divine his future. He was writing to Cardinal Wiseman: 'Did your Eminence know me you would see that I was one about whom there has been far more talk for good and bad than he deserves, and about whose movements far more expectation than the event will justify.' To others he was writing: 'You may think how lonely I am!' Before two years were over he was ordained a priest at Rome; and it was on Christmas Eve in 1847 that he first set foot in England in that capacity.

Faber, received into the Church in the same year, 1845, spent his first Catholic Christmas in a little house, No. 77 Carolina street, Birmingham. 'A little hovel,' he called it, into which he gathered 'my dear monks,' the young men who had followed him to Rome. The English Christmas is the time for feasting. But Faber, a layman, like the rest, was writing at that time: 'How are we to be supported I do not know. Mutual love is next door to victuals and drink, and it is some comfort to me that I shall be simply on a level with them, and live like a poor man.' A sketch of that first Christmas season of theirs comes as a rather welcome antidote to the display of fattened bees in every street. It is supplied by a visitor, Mr Hutchinson, afterwards to be one of Faber's fellow Fathers of the Oratory. 'Preparations for dinner,' he says, 'were going on. Faber was acting as cook, and, though terribly scorched by the fire, was perseveringly stirring a kettle full of pea-soup. I remember well the impression John Strickson (afterward Brother Chad) made on me. He wore a cassock of some very shaggy material, and he looked so gaunt and hungry that I thought him the beau-ideal of a wolf in sheep's clothing. The furniture of the house was very scanty. A benefactor had

given them some pewter spoons with the temperance pledge stamped on them; and as they were too poor and too ascetic to drink anything stronger than tea, the pledge was not likely to be broken.'

Manning, a convert six years later, had a unique experience. He was able to say his three Masses, and to say them in Rome, on the first Christmas Day after his conversion. Cardinal Wiseman conferred on him the tonsure a week after his reception, and he was ordained priest before he had been for three months a Catholic. Father Faber, it is interesting to remember, instructed him in the ceremonies before he said his first Mass, which he did at Farm street, having for his assistant priest the French Jesuit (he always did love French Jesuits, then and thereafter) Father Ravignan. By the Christmas of that year he was settled near the Collegio Romano in Rome with his nephew, afterwards well known as Father Anderson, S.J.—a name that has escaped some of the fame that was its due. 'I sometimes think that we Jesuits are warranted to strike only on our own box,' was one of his own pleasantries at the end of his life. Be that as it may, there ought to be a very general memory and recognition of the conspicuous attainments, services, and personality of a man who, in all these, was remarkable. Nobody, it is true, more consistently avoided any such recognition. He had his own rewards. One of them, we like to think, was that first Catholic Christmas of his in Rome with Manning

THE 'ADESTE FIDELES

As the 'Adeste Fideles' is sung until Candlemas Day, February 2, this word about its origin will be interesting:—

Individual authorship the 'Adeste Fideles' may not have had. The atmosphere of the monastic scriptorium breathes, however, through its melodious strophes. It is in many respects unique in Christian hymnology. More than any other church song it blends prophecy, history, prayer, exultation, and praise. If it were printed side by side with the Nicene Creed it would be found an astonishing versification of that august prose.

Every line of the 'Adeste' is a casket of faith and love. Upon its cadences many hours must have been spent for the crystallisation of sublime truth into crisp and dazzling syllables. 'Adeste,' approach; 'fideles,' ye faithful; 'laeti,' joyful; 'triumphantes,' victorious; 'venite,' come; 'adoremus,' let us adore; 'Dominum,' the Lord.

The hymn was sung on the Continent in the Latin form, which was so musical that it is memorised almost without effort. It is found continuously from the middle of the seventeenth century. It is believed that in many centres of devotion it was made also a recitation as if in oratorio. Plays drawn from Holy Writ were in vogue during the same period, and the 'Adeste Fideles' would have been a congruous incident in either a Passion play, a miracle play, or a Madonna play. It was usual in those plays to introduce the folk melodies which in every country have become the basis of the national music. As these plays were gradually prohibited by the Church on account of violations of strict decorum which insensibly crept in, oratorio succeeded to the vacated place, and many of the melodies disappeared or were framed into new settings.

CHRISTMAS OBSERVANCE IN IRELAND

Christmas in Ireland, as in every Christian country, is a time of gladness and rejoicing. But in the little green isle it is especially a time when the deep religious faith of the people is seen. The Irish heart, too, always warm and kind, overflows during the holy season with good nature and hospitality. In every city, town, and village enthusiastic preparations are made for the coming of the great Yule festival. Indeed, the atmosphere of Christmas pervades for days and days before its arrival; nor is the happy excitement of the people soon lost when Christmas has gone.

The young people gather holly, stringing the leaves together, and with mistletoe decorate their homes. The good Irish mothers, helped by their dark-eyed colleens, prepare the ingredients that make up the big plum pudding, which, surrounded by the burning flames of a certain favourite Irish sauce, will be carried to the dinner table Christmas Day. The

Christmas dinner is a family reunion. The boys are home from college, and the girls from the convent; and father and mother, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles, nephews and nieces join hands in a happy family gathering.

In many parts of Ireland midnight Mass is celebrated. Whoever has been present at one of these Masses will never forget the wonderful faith and simple devotion of the Celtic people. Immense multitudes attend these midnight Masses. It is a pretty sight on an early Christmas morning to see the crowds of people wending their way over the hills or through the lanes to the Christmas Mass. After Mass the congregation gather around the crib, and on bended knees make their heart's offering and adoration. Every church in Ireland, no matter how poor or how secluded, has a crib. Sometimes these cribs are not very artistic, but nevertheless they are always surrounded by believing hearts. There is one priest in Ireland known to the writer who takes much pains and not a little pleasure in putting together a small crib, composed of pieces of cork. This simple crib is big enough to rest on the communion rails, yet it always attracts a constant stream of visitors, who kneel on the communion steps and gaze upon it with reverence and faith. In Dublin many of the churches erect very costly and artistic cribs. The beautiful churches of the Passionist and Oblate Fathers have in past years brought visitors from far and near to see the wonderfully life-like and beautiful representations of the stable and the new-born Saviour.

But while the song of the angels in that far-away long ago is being re-echoed in the hearts of the Irish people at home, millions of her exiled children are thinking of Ireland on distant shores. Nothing so easily awakens in the hearts of these Irish exiles such tender memories of home and kindred as the thought of Christmas in Ireland. It recalls a picture of that dear old Homeland and Motherland, with its green mountains rising so proudly above the storm-tossed billows. In thought the exile sees once more old faces, old scenes, and old friends. He hears the bells of Ireland's great cathedrals, abbeys, and churches pealing throughout the length and breadth of the Isle of Saints. From the ancient city of Armagh he hears the bells of the national cathedral of St. Patrick. Amid the historic hills of Donegal he listens to the chimes of St. Eunan's, Letterkenny. Over the ramparts and walls of Derry comes a sweet message from the bells of St. Eugene's Cathedral. Across the green fields of Monaghan are heard the peal of bells from the magnificent cathedral of St. Martin. Down the bay of Dublin the breezes bear the deep rich tones of the chimes from old St. Patrick's, accompanied by the music of a hundred bells from the Irish metropolis. The bells of St. Mel's, Longford, and St. Kiernan's, Kilkenny, proclaim the Christmas tidings through the midland plains. Along the beautiful river Lee the world-famous Shandon bells are softly playing the Christmas hymn. Near by the bells of St. Finbar's, Cork, are telling joyful news to the southern rebel city. And from above the heights of Queenstown Harbour the bells of St. Colman's magnificent new cathedral are sending far out on the western sea a greeting to Ireland's exiled sons and daughters.

But while the exile sadly thinks of home and country, fond messages and tender greetings are speeding to him across the ocean from dear old Irish mothers, warm-hearted Irish fathers, and loving brothers or sisters. What nation can boast of such undying affection which binds together the hearts of the Celt throughout the world in one common love and attachment to home, country, kith and kin? O Ireland, dear Motherland, with the words of a fellow-exile we greet thee. From afar we hail thee, Mother Erin, this blessed Christmas morn, and wish thee and thy God-fearing people the blessings of the Babe of Bethlehem. Bravest in adversity, generous to a fault, faithful ever to God's trust, circled with the silver light of the ocean, you still stand without a stain on your banner, Queen of the Sea.

Christmas fern is a plant whose fronds remain green throughout the winter. Christmas rose, or Christmas flower, is so called because the open rose-like flower of the plant blossoms during the winter months.

Christmas box, although now exactly synonymous with Christmas gift, was not always so understood. Originally it held the gift; for it was a money-box with a slit through which coin could be dropped. It was carried by apprentices, porters, servants, and others at Christmas time for the reception of money presents.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, 1905.

TRAIN ARRANGEMENTS.

The following alterations in, and additions to the ordinary Train Service will be made in connection with the above:—

SATURDAY, 23rd DECEMBER.

HOLIDAY EXCURSION TICKETS from Dunedin to Waitati, Hampden and intermediate stations will NOT be available by the Up Mail and Up Express trains leaving Dunedin at 8.0 a.m. and 1.26 p.m. respectively.

An extra express train for Oamaru will leave Dunedin at 11.0 a.m., arriving Oamaru at 2.50 p.m. Will stop at Waitati, Seacliff, Puketeraki, Waikouaiti, Palmerston, Shag Point Jet., Hillgrove, Hampden, Herbert, and Maheno.

Holiday Excursion Tickets for Milton, Stirling, Balclutha, and stations on Lawrence and Catlins River Branches will NOT be available by Down Mail train leaving Dunedin at 8.25 a.m.; nor will Holiday Excursion tickets from stations on Catlins River and Lawrence Branches and from Balclutha, Stirling, and Milton be available by Up Mail train arriving Dunedin at 7.5 p.m.

An extra express train for Balclutha will leave Dunedin at 9.5 a.m., arriving Balclutha 11.25 a.m. This train connects with Lawrence and Catlins River Branch trains; and will stop at Caversham and Mosgiel to pick up passengers, and at Henley, Waiholā, Milton, and Stirling to pick up or set down passengers.

An extra express train will leave Balclutha at 4.30 p.m., arriving Dunedin 6.56 p.m. This train connects with trains from Catlins River and Lawrence Branches. It will stop at Stirling, Milton, Waiholā, Henley; also Mosgiel to Caversham inclusive to pick up or set down passengers.

The train usually leaving Dunedin for Clinton at 8.55 a.m. will NOT leave till 9.40 a.m.

MONDAY, 25th DECEMBER.

The whole of the train services between Oamaru and Clinton will be suspended, with the following exceptions:—

The Up and Down Mail and Express trains between Dunedin and Christchurch and Dunedin and Invercargill. The 8.15 a.m. Dunedin to Oamaru and the 2.30 p.m. Oamaru to Dunedin.

The morning trains between Oamaru and Ngapara and the evening trains between Oamaru and Tokarahi.

The 10.25 a.m. Palmerston to Dunback and the 2.20 p.m. Dunback to Palmerston.

The 8.55 a.m. Dunedin to Clinton, the 6.25 a.m. Clinton to Dunedin, and the 5.13 p.m. Balclutha to Dunedin.

The 7.45 a.m. Dunedin to Ombau and the 10.35 a.m. Ombau to Dunedin.

The morning train from Outram to Dunedin and back. The morning train from Lawrence to Milton and back.

The 11.15 a.m. Balclutha to Catlins River and the 2.20 p.m. Catlins River to Balclutha.

Trains will leave Dunedin for Port Chalmers at 9.30 a.m., 2.30 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 8.25 p.m., returning leaving Port Chalmers at 10.10 a.m., 3.20 p.m., 5.0 p.m., and 9.25 p.m.

Trains will leave Dunedin for Mosgiel at 8.55 a.m., 9.20 a.m., and 8.20 p.m.

Trains will leave Mosgiel for Dunedin at 8.13 a.m., 10.19 a.m., 7.36 p.m., and 9.10 p.m.

TUESDAY, 26th DECEMBER.

Holiday Excursion tickets from Dunedin to Waitati, Seacliff, Waikouaiti, and Palmerston will NOT be available by the Up Mail train leaving Dunedin at 8.0 a.m.; nor will Holiday Excursion tickets be available by the Down Mail arriving Dunedin at 9.15 p.m.

The 5.10 a.m. Dunedin-Balclutha train and the 5.15 a.m. Dunedin-Palmerston train and the 5.0 p.m. Palmerston-Dunedin train will NOT run.

An extra express train will leave Dunedin for Palmerston at 9.25 a.m., stopping at the following stations:—Waitati 10.26 a.m., Seacliff 10.55 a.m., Puketeraki 11.4 a.m., Waikouaiti 11.18 a.m., arriving Palmerston 11.40 a.m.

An extra express train will leave Palmerston for Dunedin at 5.50 p.m., stopping at the following stations:—Waikouaiti 6.12 p.m., Puketeraki 6.30 p.m., Seacliff 6.40 p.m., Waitati 7.2 p.m., arriving Dunedin 8.0 p.m.

Trains for Palmerston and intermediate stations will leave Dunedin at 8.15 a.m. and 9.15 a.m., arriving Palmerston 11.18 a.m. and 12.50 p.m. respectively.

Holiday Excursion tickets for Milton, Stirling, Balclutha, and stations on Lawrence and Catlins River Branches will NOT be available by Down Mail train leaving Dunedin at 8.25 a.m.; nor will Holiday Excursion tickets from stations on Catlins River and Lawrence Branches and from Balclutha, Stirling, and Milton be available by Up Mail train arriving Dunedin at 7.5 p.m.

An extra express train for Balclutha will leave Dunedin at 9.5 a.m., arriving Balclutha at 11.25 a.m. This train connects with Lawrence and Catlins River Branch trains; and will stop at Caversham and Mosgiel to pick up passengers, and at Henley, Waiholā, Milton, and Stirling to pick up or set down passengers.

An extra express train will leave Balclutha at 4.30 p.m., arriving Dunedin 6.56 p.m. This train connects with trains from Catlins River and Lawrence Branches. It will stop at Stirling, Milton, Waiholā, and Henley; also Mosgiel to Caversham inclusive to pick up or set down passengers.

The train usually leaving Dunedin for Clinton at 8.55 a.m. will NOT leave till 9.40 a.m.

Train will leave Outram for Mosgiel at 6.10 p.m., returning leaving Mosgiel at 7.5 p.m., connecting at Mosgiel with trains to and from Dunedin.

The train usually leaving Dunedin for Mosgiel at 5.15 p.m. WILL LEAVE at 5.0 p.m.

Train will leave Dunedin for Mosgiel at 11.20 p.m.

RACES AT WINGATUI.

Trains will leave Dunedin for Wingatui Racecourse at 11.0 a.m., 11.20 a.m., 11.45 a.m., and 12.15 p.m. The 11.20 a.m. and 11.45 a.m. trains will NOT stop at intermediate stations.

Trains will leave Wingatui Racecourse for Dunedin at 5.12 p.m., 5.35 p.m., and 5.45 p.m. The 5.12 p.m. and 5.35 p.m. trains will NOT stop at intermediate stations.

REGATTA AT PORT CHALMERS.

Trains will leave Dunedin for Port Chalmers Lower at 7.8 a.m., 10.15 a.m., 11.10 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 1.10 p.m., 2.30 p.m., 3.30 p.m., 4.5 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 6.15 p.m., 7.33 p.m., 8.25 p.m., 10.15 p.m., and 11.0 p.m.

Trains will leave Port Chalmers Lower for Dunedin at 7.8 a.m., 8.16 a.m., 11.15 a.m., 1.9 p.m., 2.15 p.m., 1.5 p.m., 4.30 p.m., 5.3 p.m., 5.35 p.m., 6.15 p.m., 7.0 p.m., 9.25 p.m., 11.0 p.m., and 11.45 p.m.

SPECIAL NIGHT TRAINS.

SATURDAYS, 23rd and 30th DECEMBER.

Dunedin depart 10.45 p.m., Oamaru 2.47 a.m., Christchurch arrive 9.10 a.m. Sunday. Will stop at Palmerston, Hampden, Herbert, and Maheno; also at any station north of Oamaru to allow passengers from south of Oamaru to alight.

Christchurch depart 10.35 p.m., Oamaru 4.56 a.m., Dunedin arrive 8.55 a.m., Sunday. Will stop at Palmerston, Waikouaiti, Seacliff, and Waitati.

Dunedin depart 11.15 p.m., Oamaru arrive 4.25 a.m., Sunday.

Dunedin depart 11.20 p.m., Invercargill arrive 6.50 a.m., Sunday.

Invercargill depart 11.25 p.m., Dunedin arrive 6.45 a.m., Sunday.

TUESDAYS, 26th DECEMBER and 2nd JANUARY.

Dunedin depart 8.50 p.m., Oamaru 12.55 a.m., Christchurch arrive 7.15 a.m., Wednesday. Will stop at Palmerston, Hampden, Herbert, and Maheno; also at any station north of Oamaru to allow passengers from south of Oamaru to alight.

Christchurch depart 9.0 p.m., Oamaru 3.5 a.m., Dunedin arrive 7.5 a.m., Wednesday. Will stop at Palmerston, Waikouaiti, Seacliff, and Waitati.

Dunedin depart 9.40 p.m., Invercargill arrive 4.30 a.m., Wednesday. Will stop at Mosgiel, Milton, Stirling, and Balclutha; also at any station south of Mosgiel to allow passengers to alight.

Invercargill depart 10.15 p.m., Dunedin arrive 4.50 a.m., Wednesday. Will stop where required between Clinton and Mosgiel to pick up passengers for Dunedin.

All goods and Live Stock Traffic will be suspended on December 25th and 26th and 1st and 2nd January. For further particulars see Posters and Handbills.

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PRODUCE.

Invercargill Prices Current.—Wholesale—Butter (farm), 6d; separator, 7d. Butter (factory), pats, 1s 0½d. Eggs, 8d per dozen. Cheese, 6d. Hams, 9d. Barley, 2s to 2s 6d (chaff, £3 5s per ton. Flour, £10 to £11. Oatmeal, £10 to £11. Bran, £4. Pollard, £5 10s. Retail—Farm butter 8d, separator 9d. Butter (factory), pats, 1s 2d. Cheese, 8d. Eggs, 1s per dozen. Bacon, 9d. Hams, 10d. Flour: 200lb, 22s; 50lb, 6s, 25lb, 3s 3d. Oatmeal: 50lb, 7s; 25lb 3s 6d. Pollard, 9s 6d per bag. Bran, 5s. Chaff, 2s.

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co. report:—

Oats—Business passing is small, and prices are as follows:—Prime milling, 2s 1½d to 2s 2d; good to best feed, 2s to 2s 1½d; inferior to medium, 1s 10d to 1s 11½d per bushel.

Wheat.—The inquiry is limited pretty well to prime quality, but there is a fair demand for fowl wheat. Quotations:—Prime milling, 3s 5d to 3s 7d; medium, 3s 3d to 3s 1d; whole fowl wheat, 3s 1d to 3s 2d, broken and damaged, 2s 9d to 3s per bushel.

Potatoes—Supplies of last year's Derwents have slackened, prices being as follows: Best, £10 to £10 5s, others, £8 10s to £9 10s per ton.

Chaff.—The market is pretty well stocked, and the only inquiry is for prime samples. Quotations:—Prime oaten sheaf, £1 to £4 2s 6d (choice to £1 5s); medium to good £3 10s to £3 17s 6d per ton.

Messrs Donald Reid and Co., (Limited), report as follows —

We held our weekly auction sale of grain and produce at our stores on Monday. Our catalogue was a small one, and met with moderate competition. The attendance of buyers was not so large as usual, and as local trade requirements at this season of the year are not great, those present had little difficulty in supplying their wants. Prices ruled as under:—

Oats—During the past week there has been very little inquiry for shipment, and as local buyers have been fairly well stocked the amount of business passing is extremely small. Stocks in stores here are exceptionally light, but several fair-sized lines are offering for direct consignment from country stations, and under the present unsatisfactory conditions of the export trade do not readily attract the attention of shippers. We quote:—Prime milling, 2s 1½d to 2s 2d; good to best feed, 2s to 2s 1½d; inferior to medium, 1s 10d to 1s 11½d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—Millers are not buying freely, but are disposed to operate in prime qualities of all sorts. There is not the same demand for medium quality, but fowl wheat still has good inquiry at prices on a par with late values. We quote: Prime milling, 3s 5d to 3s 7d; medium, 3s 3d to 3s 4d; whole fowl wheat, 3s 1d to 3s 2d; broken and damaged, 2s 9d to 3s per bushel (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—Supplies of last season's Derwents have now slackened, and for Monday's sale we had none to offer. Best are worth £10 to £10 5s; others, £8 10s to £9 10s per ton (sacks in).

Chaff.—Prime oaten sheaf is in better supply, and with moderate inquiry is not so readily quitted. Medium and inferior sorts have practically no demand. We quote: Prime oaten sheaf, £4 to £4 2s 6d; choice, to £4 5s; medium to good, £3 10s to £3 17s 6d per ton (bags extra).

Straw.—With over-supplies coming forward prices for wheaten straw have dropped, and this class is now selling at 30s to 33s; oaten straw is also more plentiful, and sells at 45s to 47s 6d per ton (pressed).

Messrs, Nimmo and Blair report as follows:—

Wheat.—Last week's values remain unchanged. Millers still prefer to handle nothing but prime milling samples. Fowl wheat is firm at quotations. We quote: Prime milling, 3s 5d to 3s 7d, medium, 3s 3d to 3s 4d; whole fowl wheat, 3s 1d to 3s 2d per bushel (sacks extra).

Oats.—Market quiet. We quote: Prime milling, 2s 1½d to 2s 2d; good to best feed, 2s to 2s 1½d; inferior to medium, 1s 10d to 1s 11½d per bushel (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—At the moment all business passing is being done in new seasons, supplies being for the most part imported. To-day inquiries are frequent for Oamaru. We quote: Prime Derwents, up to £9 10s; new kidneys and other early sorts, up to 20s per cwt.

Chaff.—Supplies are coming forward most regularly and values have eased in consequence. We quote: Prime oaten sheaf, from £4 to £4 5s; medium to good, £3 10s to £3 17s 6d per ton (sacks extra).

Eggs.—Buyers anticipate a collapse of the market at the latter end of the week. We placed our to-day's supplies at 1s per dozen.

Butter.—Market firm. Dairy, 7½d per lb; occasional box, 8d per lb, milled, 9d to 9½d; separator in prints, 9d to 9½d.

Pigs.—Baconers, 3½d to 3¾d; heavy weights, 2½d to 2¾d; porkers, 3½d to 3¾d per lb.

Poultry.—Hens, 2s 6d to 3s; roosters (old), 3s to 3s 9d (young), 4s 3d to 4s 9d; ducks, 3s to 4s; ducklings, 4s 9d to 5s 3d per pair; turkeys, gobblers, 8d to 9d; hens, 5d to 6d per lb (live weight).

WOOL.

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co. report:—

Rabbitskins.—We offered a fair-sized catalogue at our sale on Monday, prices being much the same as at last sale, viz, springs, to 12d, summers to 9½d, autumns to 16½d, winters to 17½d, fawns to 15d, and blacks to 32½d. Horse hair made up to 17½d.

Sheepskins.—We offered a large catalogue at Tuesday's sale, to a full muster of buyers, prices being a shade easier than last week. We sold merinos up to 9s 6d, halfbred to 11s 8d, crossbred to 10s 10d, and fine crossbred to 8s 3d. Butchers' pelts made up to 2s 6d, and lambskins to 2s 5d.

Hides.—We submitted a catalogue of 275 to a good attendance of buyers, competition being keen and prices quite up to late rates. We obtained up to 7½d for ox hides and 5½d for cows.

Tallow and Fat.—No change to report.

LIVE STOCK

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

Messrs. Wright, Stephenson, and Co., report as follows:—

For Saturday's sale there was only a moderate entry, which, with two or three exceptions, was made up of rather inferior class animals. There was the usual muster of town buyers and a fair number of country sellers, but as, with two or three exceptions, the quality of the horses offered was not attractive, there was a dullness about the bidding, and sales were somewhat hard to make. We quote:—Superior young draught geldings at from £50 to £55; extra good do (prize horses), £56 to £65; superior young draught mares, £60 to £75; medium draught mares and geldings, £30 to £45; aged, £17 to £30; upstanding carriage horses, £25 to £35; well-matched carriage pairs, £80 to £100; strong spring-van horses, £25 to £35; milk-cart and butchers' order-cart horses, £20 to £28; light hacks, £10 to £18; extra good hacks, £20 to £30; weedy and aged hacks and harness horses, £5 to £8.

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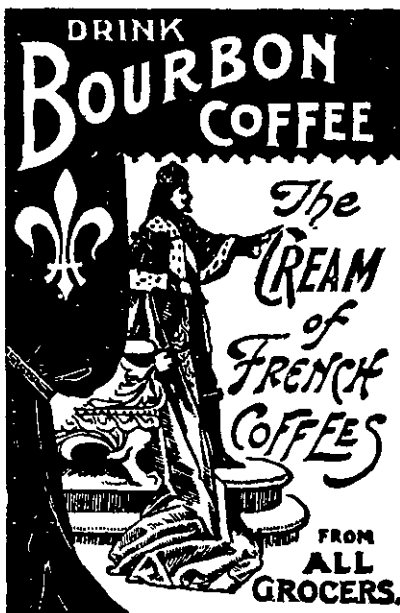
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OBITUARY

MR. JAMES McCHESNEY, ARTHURS POINT.

We regret to record the death of Mr. James McChesney, of Arthurs Point, who passed away on December 14, at the age of 63 years. The late Mr. McChesney was a native of County Cavan, where he was born in 1842. He arrived in New Zealand when 21 years of age, and followed up mining at Moke Creek, and also in the Arrow River. Some years ago, however, he took up hotel and storekeeping at Arthurs Point, where he remained till the time of his demise. Deceased was married twice, his daughter by his first marriage being Mrs. A. Kinney, of Chatto Creek, and he is also survived by his wife and a son by his second union. The late Mr. McChesney was of a most genial disposition, and was extremely popular with all classes. The funeral took place on Sunday at the Queenstown cemetery.—R.I.P.

MRS. HUSSEY, DUNEDIN.

The many friends of Mr. T. J. Hussey, Dunedin, heard with sincere regret of the death of his mother, which occurred at her residence, Stuart St., on December 13, at the age of 59 years. The deceased, who had been predeceased by her husband by about fifteen years, was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, and came out to Dunedin 13 years ago, where she married the late Mr. Thomas J. Hussey. The late Mrs. Hussey had been ill only for about three weeks, and consequently her death came as a shock to the family and their many friends. On Thursday evening the remains were taken to St. Joseph's Cathedral, and on Friday morning a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Cleary, Rev. Father O'Malley being deacon, Rev. Father D. O'Neill subdeacon, and Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., master of ceremonies. The solemn music was rendered by the Cathedral choir. The funeral took place on the same afternoon in the Southern Cemetery, when the burial service was read by the Rev. Father Coffey, assisted by the Rev. Fathers O'Malley and D. O'Neill.—R.I.P.

Dr. O'Reilly, the Archbishop of Adelaide, spoke at the meeting held in Adelaide on November 23 to sympathise with the Jews on the treatment their co-religionists received at the hands of the Russians.

Christmastide, or Christmas time, is the specific name for that part of the liturgical year that extends from Christmas Day to the Feast of the Purification, February 2.

A list of the winning numbers in the art union in aid of the convent, Queenstown, appears in this issue...

Messrs. Louis Gille and Co., of Sydney and Melbourne, offer a small library of 20 books on receipt of 5s. A list will be seen in our advertising columns...

The results of the children's Christmas box competition in connection with the Tiger Tea Juvenile League is published in this issue...

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The Dominican Nuns desire to return thanks to all who have
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The new Convent will be opened, and Pupils received in.....
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DEATH

McCHESNEY.—At his residence, Arthurs Point, on
Thursday, 14th December, James McChesney, beloved
husband of Margaret McChesney, native of County
Cavan, Ireland; aged 63 years.—R.I.P.



To promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the
ways of Truth and Peace.

LEO. XIII. to the N.Z. TABLET

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1905.

CONDITIONS OF SUCCESS



DMUND BURKE'S speeches remain. They
are part of the literary treasures of the
language. Yet it is said that when he rose
he generally emptied the House. The expla-
nation is, perhaps, supplied by a dictum of
Fox, that a speech that reads well is not a
good speech—he meant, presumably, from
the view-point of the audience. We do not
know whether the Anglican Bishop of Auckland (Dr.
Neligan) adorns his public utterances with those orator-
ical arts and graces that cast a glamor of interest
around even a barren subject—it is said that Modjeska
once drew tears from unaccustomed drawing-room eyes
in Paris by singing the Polish numerals to the air of
'Home, Sweet Home.' But good wine is said to need
no bush, and a sound and practical presentation of an
important practical subject deserves a permanent place
in the sum of human knowledge, apart altogether from
the grace or barrenness of style in which it may be en-
shrined. For this reason we give a welcome greeting to
sundry thoughts that appear in a pronouncement made
(according to the Dunedin 'Evening Star') on Decem-
ber 18 by the Right Rev. Dr. Neligan on the subject of
religious education. 'The only way,' said he, 'in which
unity could be given in life was through a perfectly clear
grasp of God's purposes in human life by adopting reli-
gion as the normal element of life, and particularly of
education. No child could learn morality from an
abstraction, and those who said that, to teach dogma,
involved perplexity for a child, failed to realise that the
only thing a child could grasp was whether of religion
or arithmetic it would be perplexed by vague indefinite-
ness, and that its constant demand was for clear defini-
tion. It was absurd to say that a child should be al-
lowed to get its religious ideas when it grew up. Would

they leave a child to learn its arithmetic in the same way? A foundation had to be laid on which the child could build his religion. It was said that they should teach a child only what people were not prepared to contradict. Was there anything that somebody was not prepared to contradict? Religious education was something greater than religious knowledge. It was not learning whether this or that Gospel was authentic or not, but it was the application of a certain point of view. It was not only a definite religious lesson in a class room, but the permeating and moulding of the child's character through the influence of the teacher and the religious code under which the latter worked.'

Most of the ideas to which expression has been given above, have been for ages among the common-places of Catholic educational theory and practice. But, in these countries, at least, they are so rarely heard from the Protestant pulpit or platform as to excite and deserve more than passing note. There is, however, one circumstance in connection with this published utterance of the Right Rev. Dr. Neligan that puzzles us somewhat. It seems to us passing strange that, with such ideals, he could ever have coquetted with the Bible-in-schools League. May we venture the hope that he may take steps—as the local Catholic Bishops have so thoroughly done—to put his ideals of religious education into immediate and daily practice among the children of his faith within the boundaries of his jurisdiction?

'Every chapter of human history,' says a co-religionist of Dr. Neligan, 'is full of warning as to the inevitable effects which purely material studies and material absorption have upon a nation's life.' The ignoring of religious instincts, and the cessation of the cultivation of religious feelings have ever led to national decay and death. But the righteousness which exalteth a nation is not to be acquired by a mere mental attitude towards religion. It does not consist merely in a study of the Sacred Narrative—although this, too, is a matter of the utmost importance. It is to know God, to have a living faith in Him, to hold communion with Him, to obey and serve Him. This is life. And the chief business of the school is to equip the child for the duties of life—to train the mind, to mould the heart, to form the character. To succeed in this, sacred subjects must be dealt with by competent persons, of high character, in a thorough and definite and intelligent manner, and in a suitable religious atmosphere. But this forms no part of the scheme or series of schemes advocated from time to time by Dr. Neligan's friends of the Bible-in-schools League. They would reduce the 'Christianity' of the schools to a mere lifeless philosophy. They wrap up their minimum doses of perfunctory 'religion' (if we may so call it) in an atmosphere of studied vagueness and foginess and unreality. In the realm of religion, explanation and guidance are absolutely indispensable. In the programme of the new public-school Unitarianism, inquiry is neither courted nor allowed. Secular subjects are treated in our schools as tangible realities. In the teaching of geography, grammar, and arithmetic intelligent methods are adopted. In religion alone—in the highest and deepest things that can engage the human mind—folly is to sit at the desk in cap and bells, there is to be no training of the intellectual faculties, rational curiosity, or thirst for knowledge is to be suppressed as an impertinence, and the whole subject is to be handled as a vague and dangerous unreality. Such superficial and despicably taught religious vacuities would leave no permanent impression on the minds of children, and their effect—if any—upon their lives would be as transient as 'the froth of penny beer.'

Notes

The Test of Sincerity

In a recent issue of the 'Irish Catholic,' Mr. M. Nolan (Christchurch) gives Home readers some idea of the great sacrifices that our co-religionists in New Zealand are making for the cause of religious education. 'The annual capitation grant,' says he, 'for the children in the State schools is £5, but it is well known that this sum is utterly inadequate unless in very large schools or in populous districts. At the present time there are, roughly speaking, 11,000 children attending the Catholic schools of the Colony. And the present system was established in 1877, as I have said, 28 years ago. Now if, for the sake of avoiding exaggeration, we strike an average, and put down the number of Catholic children attending our schools at 8000, this number, multiplied by five, the number of pounds, would give a sum of £40,000 a year, which the Catholics of New Zealand are absolutely saving to the State by educating their own children. If we multiply this sum by 28, the number of years the secular system is in vogue, we get the immense sum of £1,120,000. But this is not all, for the £5 capitation grant does not provide for the erection of school buildings, nor for school requisites. If we take an average of one hundred children to each school, it will work out at 110 schools for 11,000 children, which, with the cost of sites, buildings, and school requisites, would amount, at the lowest estimate, to £600 for each building, thds making a total, for sites, buildings, and requisites, of £66,000, which, if added to the previous sum, totals £1,186,000, which the Catholics, practically, have already put into the pockets of the Protestant ratepayers of the Colony; and the thing continues and grows in its cruelty worse and worse every year.'

In this connection we might recall the striking comparison recently offered by the Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J., in a speech to the Knights of Columbus in Carnegie Hall, New York. 'A great capitalist,' said he, 'is praised for giving 10,000,000 dollars (£2,000,000) to education. The Church has given 300,000,000 dollars (£60,000,000) for school buildings and 40,000,000 dollars (£8,000,000) more to pay the teachers, in building up the parish school system. We are called un-American,' said Father Van Rensselaer, 'because we will not worship the public school, an idol of which the upper part is gold and the feet are clay.' Only one result of these sacrifices was touched upon by the speaker, but the figures he gave are sufficiently significant. 'There are,' said he, '60,000 divorces in this country (the United States) in one year, and I ask where these people got their moral education. A Judge in this city (New York) said that fifty-six cases were on his calendar on one day, and only one was between Catholics—probably for a separation.'

A 'Race Suicide' Fallacy

A mischievous book published some time ago in New Zealand defended the crime known as 'race suicide' by the fallacious contention that it is better to have one or two children carefully nurtured than to have a quiver-ful of little arrows dragged up anyhow. The 'Southern Messenger' easily disposes of such an attempt to palliate sin and crime. 'This plausible theory,' says our American contemporary, 'does not commend itself to experienced educators, who know that the worst type of children is usually found in a small family. Said the rector of a Catholic college in England recently: "I always fear when I hear of an only child coming to St. Bede's, because I know it has been treated softly and had all its own way. Give me the boy who has had his head punched by his bigger bro-

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ther; who has had threepence a week spending money, and perhaps not that; who has had to give up his bed for his sick brother and sleep on the couch; who has lived on plain food; who is not afraid of a little tooth or stomach ache; whose sisters have taught him to be polite, and pointed out his coarseness, and who has a kind and noble heart and soul. That boy will become a man, but the boy from a small family has not had these glorious things to fight against.'

Paddy Atkins

Paddy Atkins is assiduously 'coorted' in the days when the band has begun to play and there's something heavier than atmosphere in the air. But mark the difference when the piping times of peace have come. Paragraph 3 of the 'Irish Command Orders' of September 14 notifies an approaching 'vacancy for a drill instructor in the Royal Hibernian Military School.' The school in-question is (says the Dublin 'Freeman') 'in the main an orphanage for the sons of deceased soldiers. Catholics and Protestants are alike eligible, and there are, if we mistake not, chaplains appointed for all the denominations represented in the school.' But Lord Grenfell's Order officially proclaims religious inequality and intimates, sans phrase, that no Papist—and, for that matter, no Presbyterian or Methodist—need apply for the position of drill instructor to the Royal Hibernian Military School. Thus the Order runs:—

'There will shortly be a vacancy for a color-sergeant (gun drill instructor) on the establishment of the Royal Hibernian Military School. . . . Candidates should not have less than ten years' service, not to be (sic) under the rank of sergeant, and must be married. . . . The religion of applicants must be Church of England.'

We should have no great objection to this sort of favoritism if, in the event of war, it was as clearly intimated that all the fighting were to be done by Anglican Tommy Atkinses. But it so happens that this Order represents the usual practice in Ireland. 'An Irish Catholic non-commissioned officer,' says the 'Freeman,' 'has as much chance of getting into one of these posts as a camel through the eye of a needle. . . . But the principle of exclusion is not usually proclaimed openly to the men of all ranks; and Lord Grenfell's Order is, therefore, unusual, though it explains the usual practice.'

And yet some New Zealand dailies cannot understand why recruiting should be unpopular in Ireland, and why it has become difficult in Scotland. 'If,' says the Dublin 'Freeman,' 'the Irish or Scotch lad who is thinking of enlisting is now to be told that, though he may be good enough to cover retreats like those from Spion Kop, or advances like those on the Tugela, when it comes to distributing the "soft jobs" at home his beliefs will be a disqualification, we know what results may be expected to follow.'

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

A beginning has been made with the new convent at Port Chalmers.

The annual entertainment by the pupils of the Christian Brothers takes place in St. Joseph's Hall on tomorrow (Friday) evening.

We offer our congratulations to Mr. J. B. Gallan, jun., B.A., who has just passed his final examination for the LL.B. degree.

At St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday evening nine young ladies were received into the Confraternity of the Children of Mary by the Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., assisted by the Rev. Father O'Malley.

The work of carving the stonework in the interior of St. Joseph's Cathedral is now well advanced towards completion. The diapering is finished, and the capitals of the pillars in the nave are being proceeded with. The handsome appearance of the sacred edifice is greatly enhanced by the work already executed.

A presentation to the Rev. Father Hearn was made in Gore last Friday week. A committee consisting of Messrs. Poppelwell, O. Kelly, D. Ryan, P. Flanagan, J.

Keaney (Mataura), J. McGrath, Moriarty, M. Carmody, J. O'Connor, W. O'Brien, and J. Murtagh paid a surprise visit to the presbytery, where the Rev. Father Hearn was temporarily staying as the guest of Very Rev. Father O'Donnell, and presented him with a splendid gold watch and cross. The watch bore the following inscription:—'Presented to the Rev. P. Hearn by the Catholics of the Gore parish on his transfer to Port Chalmers, 18th August, 1905.' The presentation was made by Mr. Poppelwell, who spoke in very complimentary terms regarding Father Hearn. Laudatory speeches were also made by Fathers O'Donnell and O'Neill, and Messrs. Kelly, Keaney, and Ryan. Father Hearn suitably replied.

On Tuesday afternoon the annual distribution of prizes to the pupils of St. Joseph's School took place. Owing to the unavoidable absence of Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., the prizes were distributed by Rev. Father O'Malley, by whom feeling reference was made to the death of Father Coffey's uncle, Very Rev. Dean Foley. Father O'Malley, who had himself examined the papers of the pupils in some subjects, expressed great satisfaction at the progress made during the year. He wished all a very pleasant vacation, and hoped there would be a full attendance on the day of the re-opening, January 29. The following is the prize list:—Christian Doctrine, R. Wakelin, 1; L. Higgins, 2; G. Smith, 3; J. Skinner, 4. Good conduct, E. Salmon. Attendance, J. Black, H. McQuillan. Needlework, J. O'Sullivan. Neatness and politeness, O. White. History and recitation, L. Walsh. Home work, E. Barry. Drawing, N. O'Sullivan. Singing, E. Salmon. Standard I., P. Higgins, N. O'Brien; Standard II., S. McQuillan, J. Ross; Standard III., R. Wakelin, L. Higgins; Standard IV., R. White, E. McLellan; Standard V., N. Dunn; Standard VI., M. Corcoran Standard VII., Y. Stevenson.

CROMWELL

The annual entertainment by and distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Dominican Convent School (writes a Cromwell correspondent) took place on Wednesday, December 13, a large number of the parents and relatives of the pupils being present. The school-room was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. The recitations by the kindergarten pupils were well delivered. Songs by the Misses M. Scoles, N. Thomas, and Vera Scott were nicely rendered. The pole drill and scarf fantasies were beautifully executed, the dancing by the Misses Kathleen Thomas, Martha and Ivy Mitchell, and M. Scoles being very graceful. Miss Maggie Cahill played the accompaniment in a finished manner. Miss Maude Mitchell played a piano solo, 'La Gazelle,' splendidly. The Misses Tottie Frewen and Fanny Scott also played solos very nicely. Piano duets were played by the Misses Cissy and Amy Thomas, Frances Hayes and Ivy Mitchell, Martha and Ivy Mitchell, and Cissy and Sarah Scoles in brilliant style. Rev. Father Hunt distributed the prizes, and addressed the pupils in an earnest speech. He hoped that they would enjoy their holidays, and trusted they would all come back on January 29 as well and as happy as they were at the present time. A Christmas tree loaded with toys was swiftly denuded by the smaller girl and boy pupils.

PALMERSTON NORTH

(From our own correspondent.)

December 17.

The quarterly meeting of the local branch of the H.A.C.B. Society will be held on Thursday next.

The Rev. Father A. Herring preached his first sermon to a large congregation at Vespers to-day, his subject being Our Blessed Lady.

The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy preached to a large congregation on Monday evening during the devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration. At all the Masses during the devotion large numbers approached the Holy Table. The ceremonies ended with a procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

On Sunday next the first celebration of Hospital Sunday will take place under the auspices of the Friendly Societies' Council. The five local societies, including the H.A.C.B. Society, will meet in full regalia at their various rooms at 1.30 and, together with the three local bands, will walk in procession to the sports' ground, where each band and speaker will give an item not to exceed ten minutes. Some forty ladies have arranged to collect for the same object on Saturday in the town.

This issue contains eight extra pages of seasonable reading matter, devoted to Christmas stories, etc.

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Convent of the Sacred Heart, Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

The Convent of the Sacred Heart 'broke up' for the Christmas holidays on Tuesday, 12th inst., with the annual entertainment and distribution of prizes. His Lordship Bishop Grimes presided, the other visitors present being Rev. Fathers Hoare, Lezer, O'Connor, Kerley, Rockliff, and the local clergy, Rev. Fathers Tubman, Le Floch, and Finnerty. The 'Sacred Heart Room' was suitably fitted up for the occasion, the stage, with its fine drop scene and supplementary canvas, forming a fitting setting for the portrayal of the struggles, triumph, and death of the saintly Joan of Arc, which was produced in cantata form by twenty-five of the pupils. The programme occupied about an hour and a half, and may be considered the best that has been submitted within those walls, the voices both in the solos and choruses being particularly sweet and rich, and the histrionic side showed the results of careful tuition combined with natural aptitude. The following items were given between the acts of the cantata:—Piano solo; 'Wandersstunden'; recitation, monolog aus Schiller's 'Jungfrau von Orleans'; duet, 'Le soir'; intermezzo, 'From joy to sorrow'; quartette, 'Regatta de Venezia'; recitation, 'La mort de Jeanne d'Arc'; duet, 'Guillaume Tell.'

At the conclusion of the programme his Lordship distributed the prizes, the list being as follows:—

Decorations.—The first medalion and ribbon of merit have been given by the votes of the pupils, ratified by the religious, to Stella Murray, Clare Sheath; the third ribbon to Dorothy Bone, Nancy Johnston, the fourth ribbon to Christina Henrys, Edie Scott; the fifth ribbon to Ena O'Donohue, Mary Geaney; the sixth ribbon to Nina Verity, Mary Callan; next in merit, Madge Pascal, Effie Brown; the first green ribbon to Blanche Vavasour; the second green ribbon to Rita Twomey, Noelle Pascal; the third green ribbon to Lucy Williams, Bella Meehan, Evelyn Bailey, next in merit, Ethel Rhodes; the pink ribbon to Dorothy Nottingham, Florence Knight, Mary Clifford, Janet Park, Eileen McArdle, Nellie Nottingham.

General good conduct.—Stella Murray, next in merit, Clare Sheath.

Christian Doctrine.—First division, Nancy Johnston; next in merit, Kathleen Twomey; Second division, Nancy Loughnan, 1; Mary Callan, 2; next in merit, Grace McArdle, Mary Buckley. Third division, Ruby Allan, Nina Verity, next in merit, Mary Mackenzie. Fourth division, Dorothy Nottingham; next in merit, Dorothy Eiby.

Elementary division—Eileen McArdle.

Diligence.—First class, Dorothy Bone. Second class, Nancy Johnston; next in merit, Christina Henrys. Third class, Mary Callan; next in merit, Nancy Loughnan, Mary Buckley. Fourth class, Ruby Allan; next in merit, Rita Twomey, Blanche Vavasour. Fifth class, Mabel Orbell; next in merit, Isabel Scott. Sixth class, Josephine Henrys. Seventh class, Dorothy Nottingham.

Success in studies.—Awarded to the pupil of the Second Class who has been most often first in competition, Nancy Johnston; next in merit, Kathleen Twomey.

First Class.—Elements of Christian Philosophy, Mina Ward. Latin, Dorothy Bone. History, Madge Pascal.

Second Class.—Elements of logic, Kathleen Twomey, next in merit, Nancy Johnston Composition, Nancy Johnston. History, Christina Henrys; next in merit, Nancy Johnston. Repetition, Kathleen Twomey; next in merit, Nancy Johnston.

Third Class.—Grammar, Nancy Loughnan; next in merit, Mary Callan, Mary Buckley. Composition, Mary Callan; next in merit, Eileen Hannan. History, Nancy Loughnan; next in merit, Grace McArdle Geography, Grace McArdle; next in merit, Nancy Loughnan; Repetition, Grace McArdle; next in merit, Mary Buckley.

Fourth Class.—Grammar, Noelle Pascal; next in merit, Aileen Strachey. Composition, Blanche Vavasour; next in merit, Noelle Pascal. History, Blanche Vavasour; next in merit, Rita Twomey, Noelle Pascal. Geography, Ruby Allan; next in merit, Rita Twomey, Noelle Pascal. Repetition, Rita Twomey, Kathleen Devine; next in merit, Ruby Allan.

Fifth Class.—History, Mary Farrell; next in merit, Ethel Rhodes. Reading, Mary Ward; next in merit, Mary Farrell. Repetition, Isabel Scott; next in merit, Mary Farrell.

Sixth Class.—Sacred history, Dorothy Eiby. Reading, Yvonne Waley.

Seventh Class.—Reading, Moya Hayward. Eighth Class.—Reading, Eileen McArdle. Spelling, Janet Park.

Elementary Class.—Encouragement, Mary Le Cren. Arithmetic.—First division, Dorothy Bone. Second division, Kathleen Twomey; next in merit, Christina Henrys. Third division, Eileen Hannan; next in merit, Mary Buckley; prize for five accessits, Mary Buckley. Fourth division, Nancy Loughnan; next in merit, Ruby Allan, Hilda Nottingham. Fifth division, Ethel Rhodes; next in merit, Mabel Orbell. Sixth division, Mary O'Brien; next in merit, Josephine Henrys. Seventh division, Florence Knight.

Needlework.—First division, Stella Murray; next in merit, Nancy Johnston. Second division, Gwendolen Vavasour; next in merit, Enid Aspinall, Nina Verity. Third division, Dorothy Scott 1, Rita Twomey 2; next in merit, Ethel Rhodes, Noelle Pascal, Cecilia Buckley. Fourth division, Mona Rhodes.

Order.—First division, Clare Sheath; next in merit, Stella Murray, Nina Verity. Second division, Blanche Vavasour; next in merit, Florence Knight.

Writing.—First division, Mary Geaney; next in merit, Ena O'Donohue. Second division, Enid Aspinall 1, Lucy Williams 2; next in merit, Dorothy Scott, Mary Ward.

French.—Third division, Nancy Johnston. Fourth division—Diligence, Mary Buckley; next in merit, Nancy Loughnan. Supplementary division—Diligence, Myrtle Jones; next in merit, Gwendolen Vavasour. Fifth division—Diligence, Mary Mackenzie; next in merit, Noelle Pascal, Mabel Orbell; prize for five accessits, Noelle Pascal. Elementary division, Dorothy Nottingham; next in merit, Eileen McArdle.

German.—Third division, Nancy Johnston. Fifth division, Mina Ward; next in merit, Mary Callan.

At the conclusion of the distribution of prizes his Lordship the Bishop thanked the performers for their very fine entertainment, and congratulated them on their judicious selection of musical items, which were admirably executed. It was always a pleasure to attend such ceremonies at the school, but this was tempered by the knowledge that many were about to bid farewell to the convent, and enter upon their career in life. They were to leave for home with joyful hearts, although with feelings of regret after the many years spent in the convent, watched over and educated by the devoted religious. Here they received not only a sound religious and secular training but were also taught to prepare for home life. The religious taught them not only by word but by example, and if the pupils remained faithful to the teaching received in the convent they would be happy in the future. He hoped that when at home they would continue the practices of their convent life, where they had been taught to curb their passions, which were strong even in the young. They should show their parents that they had acted wisely in entrusting their children to the care of the nuns of the Sacred Heart. In conclusion his Lordship wished the pupils a happy vacation and a merry Christmas.

Owing to pressure on our space we have been obliged to hold over several school reports.

The art union in aid of the Dominican Convent, Bluff, has been postponed until May...

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At the school 'break up' at Waimate two well-earned prizes were awarded to Mary and Tom Russell, about ten and nine years, for their regular attendance at school, notwithstanding that they had to walk about twelve miles every day (six miles going and coming from their home, in order to reach the school. It took them just over two hours to walk the distance every evening, and in winter time it was sometimes dark before they got home. Both are in Standard II.

Sir Joseph Ward, in the course of a speech at the letter-carriers' dinner at Wellington on Saturday evening, announced that Egypt within the last few days had intimated its agreeableness to accept from the 15th of this month the position of discharging letters at the rate of the humble penny. He sincerely hoped that before very long other countries would also come within the zone of the system. One of the strongest reasons that continental countries had for not adopting this system was that they considered it would add to the commerce of the English-speaking races. They had the impression that with equal facilities the Britisher would get ahead of them, and it was therefore desirable to keep in operation the system of charging 2d or 2½d, being under the impression that it would keep us back. 'But,' said Sir Joseph, 'nothing in the world can keep us back!'

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A MEMORY OF PENAL DAYS

The turf fire had burned down to a heap of luminous ashes, and the frost was forming fantastic pictures on the panes, as Patrick O'Boyle sat in the wide window-seat and peered anxiously into the night. All day heavy showers of snow had fallen, and the track across the valley was long and rugged for the feeble feet of Father John; but in the eyes of the boy who came with his dying mother's request upon his lips, there was such passionate entreaty that the tender heart of the old priest went out to both in their trouble. When had he turned a deaf ear to an appeal, or let a sick call go unanswered, though the journey were far, and the danger he ran enough to make a strong man quail? He was worn with age and many sorrows; with secret hiding, and the ever-present dread of bringing disaster upon those who gave him shelter, for these were the days when lawless men walked abroad, and valued the head of a priest at the same price as that of a wolf.

That was why the deadly fear made Patrick O'Boyle's face grow pale as he watched Father John setting forth with his young guide—the loving haste of the boy keeping him some paces in advance; while the old soggarth, thrusting his stout stick into the snow at every step, limped painfully and slowly after. He had held a station that morning in Hugh Hagan's of Derrybeg; and down in the herdsman's cottage at the Crossroads the room was being prepared for midnight Mass. There were so many avenues of escape in case of alarm that that humble abode was chosen in preference to others more commodious; and up in the rafters among the thatch the sacred vestments lay hidden. In a little while the pious people would be stealing along by hedge and river bank to share in the blessing they must seek by stealth. The priest-hunters had been unusually active of late, and in the town that forenoon Sam Young, the yeoman captain, was heard to boast as he swaggered through the market place that there was rare sport waiting on him and his merry fellows whenever they chose to follow it, and prime news might be looked for before another daybreak.

Patrick O'Boyle recalled this as he leaned forward in the window-seat, his strained gaze fixed on the white road winding away in the distance. He dared not light the Christmas candle on the birth-eve of the Redeemer, lest the glare should bring a suspicious eye upon the house; nor venture beyond his threshold lest the open door should tempt some belated yeoman reeling homeward from his revels. Once under his own roof he had no fear for the priest's safety. Down below in the cellar, that had been a still room, Father John's prayers could rise to heaven undisturbed; and his sleep there, as he had often assured his host, was sweet and peaceful—blotting out all memory of his persecuted old age, and leaving him a happy child again in his dear mother's embrace. Now he wandered unprotected in the valley, and the sleuth-hounds were upon the trail of such as he.

To the watcher at the window the moments dragged drearily enough, and drowsiness threatened to overcome him, when, to his relief, he noticed a figure, thrown into bold prominence against the background of snow, creep cautiously up the leaning and knock softly on the pane. In haste Patrick rose to confront his visitor. He had recognised the herdsman from the Crossroads, and one question only could be first between them.

'What is your news, Phil—good or bad?' he cried, hoarsely.

'Bad, I'm afraid,' said the herdsman in a whisper; 'for word's gone the rounds that the yeomen are out an' after Father John. I've sent all the neighbours home, an' now I'm goin' with my wife to her father's place; there's a fear on her, an' she can't stay. Maybe it's a false alarm, but God help us an' the poor country these bitter times! They say Captain Sam's at the end of his tether, an' his men are callin' for more pay; so he swore to them that he'd have a fine string of shaven heads for their Christmas sports. Some traitor must have told about the station an' the midnight Mass.'

Patrick O'Boyle ground his teeth and raised his strong, clinched hands on high.

'Is this never to have an end, my God?' he cried. 'Do You hear me, this holy night, that is turned by wicked men into a night of evil and terror? Or is Your heart so turned against Your own people that You will not listen? Oh, why, my God—why? Are our sins so red that You cannot forgive? Then punish us as we deserve; but the old priest—he is sinless

and in the snare of the torturers. Ah, save him, save him, merciful God!'

Tears streamed down his cheeks, and heavy sobs stopped the sorrowing supplication.

'Amen!' said the herdsman, as he turned to go. 'But, O my soggarth! it's you were kind and good always, an' the heart in you never hardened to the poor sinner. Mavrone! mavrone! that it's hunted down you should be, an' you so frail an' lonely! What use is our heart's blood, that is yours, when we can't spill it to save you?'

'God is everywhere,' said Patrick O'Boyle in changed tones, unlike his wild utterance of a moment before. 'He knows best the soul that is fitted to enter His kingdom. Life and death are in His hands.'

He went back to his post again, and gazed forth with an added eagerness, until his breath melted the festoons of frost and transformed them into tiny rivers of moisture.

Suddenly he started. Was that a faint, far-away tinkling, or perhaps the throbbing of his own leaping pulse? No: the sound rose and fell in rhythm, like the swinging beat of a bell; and as he marvelled a light shone out from the herdsman's cottage—a steady light, not that of a candle nor the flickering glow of a fire, but a clear, all-pervading radiance that seemed to shine from every corner of the house at once. What could it be? he queried, crossing himself devoutly. Had Father John returned in safety to prepare for the midnight Mass? He would go and see.

So he stole gently from the house and crossed the hard, white road as noiselessly as a shadow, until he stood under the low little window from which the haunting chime seemed to come most clearly. An uncontrollable cry burst from him, and he fell on his knees in the snow. He could look quite easily into the room where stood the deal table decked as an altar, with the covered chalice resting thereon. But Father John, standing with bent grey head in the Confiteor, seemed changed somehow. The torn vestments were the same, the slender figure and trembling tones had the old pathetic familiarity; but the face, which, as the priest turned round, he could see distinctly, had a high look of holy joy too pure for earth. It was full of a rapturous glory, trustful and serene; and as he knelt outside in the cold night, all fear and bitterness passed away like a dream from the heart of Patrick O'Boyle. Half-unconsciously he answered the Mass, as he had been wont to do in secret; and through it the sweet, soft chanting of angel voices hovered in the air—

'Gloria in Excelsis Deo,—
Gloria, gloria!'

His own voice sounded clear and unfaltering; and at the lifting of the Host, the Mass bell rang in a silvery monotone that made a music earthly ears were unworthy to hear. As Father John gave the last blessing, the watcher saw him look toward the window with a smile as loving as it was fleeting; for in a second the light that filled the whole house died out, leaving the place in darkness.

Patrick sprang to his feet, and rushing to the door, knocked sharply. There was no response.

'Father John! Father John!' he cried, 'come with me quickly! The soldiers are out!'

Still the silence and darkness brooded around him, and far off could be heard faintly the sound of hoarse shouting.

'O Father John, do open the door and let me in, I beg of you! They're coming along the high road. I hear them singing—can't you hear it, too? But we have time, if you will make speed.'

He leaned heavily against the door, waiting until it should open. And it opened gently and slowly. He stepped into the kitchen, where his imploring call echoed back from emptiness. He groped his way through the room over to the window, outside which he knelt so short a time previously, still begging the old priest to hasten. A faint glow from the road showed him that the house was without occupant save himself, and he strove to understand what had happened. Nearer and nearer came the wild singing of the yeomen. What quarry had they found to-night that their jubilation was so assured? He closed the door securely and stooped low, beside the window, to watch them pass.

They were almost upon the house now, and his eye caught the gleam of their swinging lanterns. Two of them, shouting loudest and most vilely, drew along the road a hurdle, which heaved from side to side as it met the rugged snow-covered stones. A huddled black figure stretched upon it swayed with

the jolting—a black figure, that seemed neither to hear the insults of its persecutors nor feel the keen lash of the whip that quivered above it. It almost rolled off as they passed the herdsman's cottage, and a halt was made to rearrange the order of procession into the town. The quiet form on the hurdle was rudely seized and flung once more into its former position. Then the lanterns were flashed upon it with many curses; and, to secure it better, a rope was roughly tied across.

To his horror, Patrick O'Boyle saw the wasted, blood-stained face of Father John—whose Mass he had served but a short while before. He gave a gasp and sank back unconscious. When he awakened the gold streaks of dawn were shooting across the eastern sky, and Christmas Day had again borne its message of peace and goodwill to the world. As he rose, dazed and weary, the recollection of the tragedy he had witnessed flashed upon his mind; but his heart cried out that it could not be, this cruel, cruel deed, and refused to believe.

His wife met him beyond their doorstep, her eyes full of tears and anguish.

'Is the priest safe below, Mary?' he called as she neared him; but she shook her head in speechless grief. By degrees, as he strove to soothe her, he learned the fate that had befallen the poor old soggarth. He had been overtaken by the yeomen as he tried to cross Hamilton's Meadow, a short cut that would save him a mile's tramp by the road. They had seen him moving along in the shadow of the hedge, and gave chase. It was an easy capture; and then they tied him, buffeted and scourged, to a hurdle and dragged him over ditch and roadway. His soul had escaped before they reached the Crossroads; so it was no imaginary spectacle Patrick O'Boyle had looked upon, but the dead priest himself—dear old Father John,—beyond all earthly hurt or harm.

'I shall not pray bad prayers on them,' said Patrick O'Boyle, when the sad recital was ended; 'for I served his Christmas Mass last night, which he stopped here to say on his flight toward heaven. I saw the forgiveness in his eyes, and I'll never forget it; and, for his sake, I can only cry with him, "Forgive THEM, Father, for they know not what they do!"'

When the herdsman returned to his home on St. Stephen's Day he found it just as he had left it. There was no sign of a chalice anywhere, and up in the rafters the old priest's vestments lay safe and undisturbed.

'Oh, keep those days, those Penal days!
Their memory still on Ireland weighs.'

—'Ave Maria.'

CHRISTMAS LEGENDS

A French legend, observes F. W. Hackwood, F.R.S.L., in 'Christ Lore' (Elliot Stock), says that when the Infant Jesus lay in the manger, the rose-coloured sainfoin was found amongst the herbs which composed his bed. But suddenly it opened its pretty blossom that it might form a wreath around His head. In Italy there is a practice at Christmas time of decking mangers with moss, sow-thistle, cypress, and holly. Another legend, of English origin, informs us that by the fountain in which the Virgin washed the swaddling clothes of the Sacred Infant beautiful bushes sprang up miraculously on either hand.

It was an old English belief that on Christmas night all evil spirits were rendered harmless. If any spirits were abroad they were sure to be good ones, and these have even been known to ring the church bells, and, in imitation of the angelic choir, render the 'Gloria in Excelsis.'

'When Christ was born of Mary free
In Bethlehem, that fair citie,
Angels sang there with mirth and glee
In Excelsis Gloria.'

From the song which the angels sang to the shepherds at the Nativity, commonly called the Angelic Hymn, is derived the custom of singing Christmas carols.

The unreasoned mirth and jollity of Christmas in the olden time were permitted by the sway of the Lord of Misrule—called in Scotland the Abbot of Unreason—prohibited in 1555. The fun was promoted by the pranks of mock dignitaries, aided by maskers as dragons and hobby horses and bands of musicians (who all went to church first), with as much noise and confusion as possible.

Among the more popular customs of Christmastide are those of eating mince pies and plum puddings. In some parts of Christendom it is believed that cocks crow all night to scare away evil spirits. In other places bees are said to sing, and yet in others cattle are believed to receive for the time being the power of speech.

'Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawn singeth all night long;
And then they say no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.'

In many parts of England it was thought that at midnight on Christmas Eve the oxen went down upon their knees as if in the attitude of adoration.

The period of Christ's birth happening to take place when (in the northern hemisphere, at least, where all these ancient legends originated) the vegetation was under the sway of winter, the rare and occasional occurrence of certain trees and shrubs throwing out their leaves at this unseasonable period was accepted by early Christians as a sign of holy joy in the commemoration of the great anniversary. An oak of the early budding species enjoyed the reputation for two centuries of shooting forth its leaves on Old Christmas Day, although no leaf was to be seen either before or after that day in winter. Similar is the legend of the Glastonbury Thorn, which tells that Joseph of Arimathea, after having landed at no great distance from Glastonbury, walked to a hill about a mile from the town. Being weary, he sat down here with his companions, the hill henceforth being called Weary-all Hill, locally abbreviated into Warral. Whilst resting Joseph stuck his staff into the ground, and it promptly took root and grew into a beautiful flowering thorn, which blossomed every Christmas Day. Previous to the time of Charles I a branch of the famous thorn was carried in procession with much ceremony every Christmas Day. It developed two stems exactly identical. During the Civil War a Puritanical Hewemdown thought the thorn savoured of Popery; so he sallied forth with his hatchet to cut it to bits. One stem was soon hewn to pieces, but at the first blow he aimed at the other the axe glanced from the bark and cut off one of the tree-feller's legs. In this miraculous manner was the Glastonbury Thorn preserved, and its offspring has continued to flower on or about Christmas ever since.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A BRETON VILLAGE

I remember in particular a midnight Mass which I attended one Christmas Eve in the church of an old Breton village, where we were spending the holidays (says a writer in the New York Tribune). The sacred and storm-beaten edifice, when we entered it shortly before midnight, was filled to overflowing with kneeling and picturesquely-arrayed peasants. On the right side of the altar a bower had been made of fragrant pine and fir branches, with great bunches of crimson-berried holly and waxy mistletoe glistening among the verdure. Under this canopy there sat on a low stool a young girl of great beauty, with her long black hair falling in silky masses on her loose white garments. In her arms she held an infant. Beside her stood a young man, wearing a gold-embroidered robe and leaning on a heavy staff, while an ox, a donkey, and four sheep were quietly munching corn from a couple of mangers.

The celebration of the Mass began. A small chorister chanted the 'Puer natus est nobis.' (For to us a child is born.) The deep bass voice of another grown-up chorister, hidden somewhere in the fir-branches bower above described, gave the response of 'Ubi?' (Where?) A tenor chorister concealed near the sheep added the word 'Bethlehem,' and then a baritone voice answered 'Eamus.' (Let us go thither.) Thereupon the priest, his acolytes, and the entire congregation formed into a procession and marched to the fir-tree bower, where the representation of the Nativity had been arranged. The priest, having sprinkled both the mother and child as well as the animals with holy water, we all followed the kindly old rector to the chief entrance of the church. The scene there was one which I shall never forget. All the cattle and flocks of the village had been driven into the old churchyard, and stood there crowded together in the silvery light of a full moon, around

the open portal. Standing on the topmost step of the porch, with his acolytes and surpliced choristers around him, the venerable white-haired priest, who has had charge of the parish for close upon 40 years, exclaimed: 'God in His mercy, my dear children, has sent me on this radiant night of the Nativity to bless your cattle and your flocks, because it is only right that the animals which constitute your greatest help and source of prosperity should participate in the joy which fills all our hearts. Now lead your flocks past me.'

The shepherds and cattle herders then began to drive the animals past us, while the rector, dipping the sprinkler into the silver ewer of holy water, showered the latter upon the oxen and the sheep; and amid the clang of the bells around their necks, their lowing and their bawling, as well as the words and cries of their drivers, ever and anon were heard the solemn words of the priest: 'Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater et Filius et Spiritus Sanctus,' the choristers bringing the blessing to a close with a resounding 'Amen.' As I watched the animals vanishing one after the other into the night, it seemed to me as if I were carried back to the primitive times of the early Christians, and as if our matter-of-fact prosaic and materialistic nineteenth century was not a reality, but only a nightmare.

EDISON'S DAY BOOKS

There is a general belief held by a great number of people that an inventor is a kind of favored mortal to whom Dame Nature willingly imparts her secrets, and all the lucky one has to do is to take out his patents and pocket the royalties without putting himself to any great amount of trouble. Those who hold such beliefs should spend half an hour with the 'Day-Books' of Thomas Alva Edison, when they will probably acknowledge that the volumes are the most wonderful tribute to the marvellous and indefatigable energy of the great inventor that could possibly be produced.

These books are many in number, folio size, and were first started by Edison when he was a mere boy nearly forty years ago. Like the conscientious diarist, Mr. Edison has never failed to keep them up-to-date, and to-day they stand as a monument to the most industrious life on record. They are, in fact, the most marvellous set of books in the world, and a single glance at them cannot but increase one's admiration for the man who is recognised as

The Greatest Inventor

of this or any other age. These 'Day-Books' contain the daily records of 'notions' which have come to Mr. Edison at odd moments, as well as the results of the experiments carried out in connection with them. As soon as Mr. Edison had an 'idea,' no matter how trivial, that 'idea' was at once transferred to the pages of the 'Day-Books,' to be afterwards thoroughly 'worked,' in order that its true value might be fully tested.

In these 'Day-Books' there are sketches of machinery drawn by him in pen and ink, accounts of every experiment made, and records of the very smallest inventive thoughts which at one time or another have flashed through his brain. Together with all this there are his own criticisms on every discovery made by him during the last forty years or more—all written in that exquisite penmanship which attracted the attention of the 'boss' when, as a boy, he was telegraph operator with the Gold and Stock and Western Union companies in New York.

Each page of every 'Day-Book' is dated, and the date attested by three witnesses. These witnesses—generally those men who have been working with him at the time—have also placed their initials at the foot of every paragraph of importance and also across the numerous sketches of the various machines which illustrate the books.

The object of having all these witnesses was that when a possible lawsuit arose—and in the early days they cropped up like mushrooms—these books might be produced as evidence against the infringers of his patents. In this way they have repaid Mr. Edison many times for all the labor he has expended upon them, and have probably saved him thousands of pounds by quickly bringing to a close suits which otherwise might have dragged out for weeks and months.

In These Remarkable Books

you will see column after column of entries, neatly ticked off, and having the initials N.G. placed before each. These letters stand for 'No good' and indicate

that the ideas have been thoroughly tried, but 'found wanting.' Some people would look upon these 'No good' entries as waste of time, but not so Mr. Edison, who declared to the writer a little time ago that he had learned more through his apparent failures than he had ever done through his greatest successes. Then there are long lists of different substances which he has experimented with in perfecting his numerous inventions, and by the side of many of these may also be seen the ominous letters N.G.

In one volume of these interesting 'Day-Books' is a long list of the materials which Edison tried when attempting to make a perfect carbon button for the telephone. The story is told in detail, and shows how months of failure may ultimately be crowned with splendid success. It was after thirteen months of daily experimenting that a happy incident revealed to the inventor the exact material he was looking for in connection with his now famous 'carbon button' for the telephone.

One night, after a long day of successful experimenting, Edison strolled into his office and found on the table a kerosene lamp which was smoking away and blackening the inside of the chimney. Instead of turning down the burner, as ninety-nine men out of ninety-nine would have done, Edison sat down and watched the smoking lamp, still thinking of his carbon button. As he watched, he wondered

Whether Kerosene Soot

was not the very thing he was looking for. As soon as the idea occurred to him he jumped up, lowered the burner, removed the chimney with the aid of his pocket-handkerchief, slipped it into one of his capacious pockets, and went home to experiment. As soon as he reached his room he carefully withdrew the chimney from his pocket, and began to gently scrape away the soot, beginning from the bottom. In the 'Day-Book' there is a record regarding the quality of the soot thus obtained from the lower part of the glass with the initials V.E.—'Very Encouraging'—appended. Having stopped scraping in order to make this entry Mr. Edison then began to remove the soot higher up, and the more he advanced in the same direction the better became the quality of the soot, until at the very top Edison obtained what he had hunted for over thirteen months—a material which he knew would enable him to make a perfect carbon button. At the end of this record in the 'Day-Book' appears the one word, 'Eureka.'

The record of Mr. Edison's search for a material which would make a satisfactory carbon horseshoe for the incandescent lamp covers many pages. The 'Day-Book' shows an account of every experiment made during his search for a proper substance, and in addition and attached to the pages are small bits of every material which he tried.

Among these materials are various kinds of rags and textiles steeped in chemical solutions, various sorts of papers, innumerable species of woods, different specimens of barks—outer and inner, and taken from the trees when the sap rises and when it descends—grapes, and Indian corn stalks prepared in many different ways. When Mr. Edison thought of cornstalks he was getting pretty warm in his solution of the difficulty, and so it is not surprising to find beside this material the initials V.E. once more. But it was not quite the thing he was looking for, though he was on the right track, and he knew

Nature Was Loosing Her Hold On The Secret.

After several experiments with cornstalks he remembered that bamboo belonged to the same family, and as he possessed a very fine Manila bamboo cane which had been presented to him, and which he valued highly, he determined to sacrifice it to the cause of science. He therefore broke the cane and tried the material of which it was made for his incandescent lamp, and it was sufficiently successful to warrant his placing the initials V.G. against Manila bamboo.

But Edison was not satisfied, and never has been, with 'Very Good,' and after a long consideration he placed in the hands of one of his young assistants (mentioned in these 'Day-Books' as 'Tom') the sum of 25,000dols., and ordered him off to China for the purpose of obtaining specimens of Chinese bamboo—the kind which the natives carve; for he argues that it must be of an even, homogeneous grain to lend itself to the sculptor's knife, and homogeneity in perfection was what he must obtain if his electric light was to be a success. 'Tom' went, secured the bamboo desired, and so at last Edison obtained that ideal carbon for which he had searched many years.

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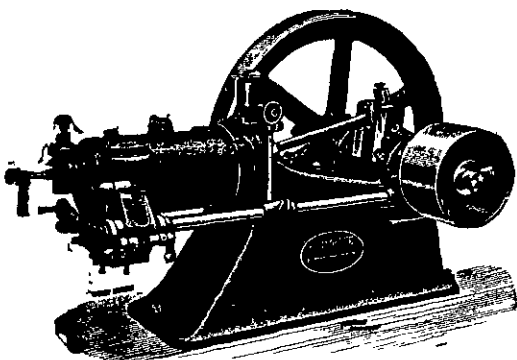
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The Storyteller

A CHRISTMAS PROPOSAL

I first met Miss Agatha Jocelyn in rather a singular way. It was on a cold November morning—one of those cloudy, sharp, unpleasant days which remind one of a man with a disagreeable temper; so uncertain, so disconcerting, so apt to blow into one's face, or trip up his heels when he least expects it.

The streets were covered with a thin, smooth sheet of ice, the result of a rain and freeze the night before, which made walking, to say the least, dangerous. But I ran recklessly down the steps and started up the street, with the luck of fools, safely. And all went well until I came to the second corner. That corner, you must know, is a trap especially laid by the fiend to supply him amusement in winter when business may chance to be dull. It slopes, an insinuating slope, clear down to the gutter, and once upon it on a slippery day there is no salvation—you must go down. On any other morning when I was in my sane mind I would have taken the street, but that day I must needs essay the walk, and I received my deserts.

Have you ever experienced the hopeless, helpless sensation of walking on a slippery slide? The frantic struggles, inevitably tending towards defeat, the odd gyrations which bring the sweat of fear to your forehead, but make the onlooker roar with laughter? All this I felt for what seemed an age as I wriggled on that insidious slope. But, horror! how were my anxious griefs redoubled when I saw coming around the corner, on the duplicate of my tormentor—for both streets sloped equally towards the crossing—a charming young lady who was in precisely the same predicament as I, performing the same swift and hopeless gyrations, and tending to the same inevitable goal—the slushy gutter of the street. For an instant the chivalrous idea darted through my mind of casting myself at length upon the sidewalk, and so eluding the fair one; but the picture of my sprawling and ignominious discomfiture arose before my mind's eye and deterred me. So with a hopeless hope we slid swiftly forward, and, though we had never met, fell instinctively into each other's arms! Then I stepped gracefully into the slush, gained a firmer footing, helped her past the deadly space to safer ground, and with a few blushing apologies hurried away.

This trifling incident, which should have vanished at once from my thoughts, did not, but lingered there and worried me. All that day I saw the blushing face of my fair comrade in misfortune and the picture of the awkward part that I had played on that blessed slope.

That afternoon my friend Billy Jocelyn, who is as sociable as I am retiring, and who can talk pleasant inconsequences to a girl by the hour, when I would grow sleepy and stupid, and think longingly of my study-table and its comfortable lamp—my friend Billy, I say, bustled into my office and said: 'Confound you, you old sleepy head, why don't you ever come around and see us?' My cousin, Miss Agatha Jocelyn, a charming girl from New York, has just arrived to pay us a visit. If I don't see you around at the house to-morrow night I'll come and break your infernal old study to pieces, lamp and all.' And the energetic Billy disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

Although a book and a quiet smoke had indefinitely more attractions for me than Miss Agatha Jocelyn, and indeed the whole Jocelyn galaxy, still I was always a martyr to duty and to friendship. Therefore on the ensuing night I clad myself in the sombre garb of ceremony, buttoned my ulster close around my ears, cast a sad, longing glance at the little lamp in the study, and fared forth into the biting wind towards Billy's. Whew, but it was cold! I remember yet with what tingling cheeks and chilly fingers I entered the warm and pleasant atmosphere of the Jocelyn dwelling. But, ye gods, how uncomfortably hot I suddenly grew as Billy led me into the parlor and said: 'Cousin Agatha, my friend, Mr Matthew Reade'—for Billy's Cousin Agatha was my partner in misfortune of the day before. 'I think,' she said, her eyes sparkling charmingly, 'that Mr Reade and I have met before'; and she proceeded to tell the story of our encounter. Very prettily, too, and giving me far more credit than I deserved for the 'dexterity and courtesy with which I delivered her from that dragon of a slide'. Actually, as I listened I began to believe that I had played quite a heroic part, and when she finished by thanking me I blushed with pride—I who had always esteemed myself so far superior to flattery! But alas! How is a man to distinguish oftentimes between flattery and a just

estimation of his merits? After all, one may be too modest! So that I did not feel at all offended, but sat down and talked to Miss Agatha Jocelyn with an equanimity which soon grew to interest, which rapidly ripened into real pleasure; for she, with due respect be it said, was not an ordinary girl. She did not talk incessantly of persons, as some of the gentler sex will do, until one is so wearied of hearing of Willie this and Bobbie that and Grace the other, that one's mental faculties droop. She did not ask me if I knew a thousand inconsequent individuals, who were at best mere names to me and devoid of all manner of interest. She did not talk of fashion nor of the giddy swarm who swing in the mazes of the haut ton—the aristocracy of toady of our republican nation. She did not rave over actors or authors, or heroes—toys of the shifting conceits of the hour. She did not—but a truce to her negative virtues.

She made a display neither of ignorance nor affected erudition. She was extreme neither in wisdom nor in folly. She punctuated her speech—O rare and admirable accomplishment in woman!—with eloquent pauses.

After that evening Billy had no further cause to complain of my lack of sociability.

A month afterwards—you see that I omit, out of pure consideration, all the delightful events which intervened—I was—er—enchanted with Miss Agatha Jocelyn. In fact matters had gotten to such a pass that Billie grinned meaningly every time we met, and said, 'She's very well, thank you,' with a humorously labored air, which, to say the least, was tantalising. My study-lamp was so unused to being lit that it spluttered indignantly when I occasionally sat down for a night's comfortable writing or reading. Assuredly such enchantments as mine are decidedly prejudicial to solid productive work. My volume on 'The Causes of Decadence in Nations, Ancient and Modern' suffered woefully. I found myself wandering off into dissertations on the affections in the chapter on patriotism, and treating of platonic love under the head of 'Civic Virtues.' In short, I was getting into such a desperate state that I had to destroy reams of manuscript, and unconsciously scrawled 'Agatha Reade' over the margins of nearly every page that I wrote. And down at the office—for in the day-time, you must know, I am a lawyer of the gravest and most respectable sort—I actually came very near losing the business of one of my most valuable clients by delivering a lecture, when he disclosed his intention of suing for a divorce, on 'the necessity of mutual fitness in the marital relation.' In short, something had to be done, and done quickly, to restore my mental equilibrium.

But what? After going to see Miss Jocelyn on three successive nights, and spending four subsequent evenings in staring into my study fire, I resolved to propose. Having taken which resolution, I arose, covered the fire with ashes, as is my wont, and going to bed, slept soundly for the first time in four weeks.

The next morning as I walked down town I eyed the treacherous corner with affection and inwardly reproached myself for having presented a memorial to the street commissioner, which had elicited from that prudent man an immediate promise to raise the grade proportionately. For was it not because of that blessed slope that she had fallen, as it were, into my arms at our first encounter? Happy omen! I walked more busily at the very thought. But as I chucked inwardly, wondering at the acuteness with which I had slain all my difficulties at one fell stroke by resolving to propose to Miss Agatha Jocelyn, a thought occurred to me which made me wince and groan. From the lofty pedestal of superiority I had always, publicly and in private, sneered at the moony and humiliating character of lover. How I had derided the timid, sentimental role of him who proposes for a lady's hand. How I had jested, ah! how cruelly, I now realised, with certain good fellows of my acquaintance who had proposed, with, alas! no favorable consequences. In fact, shocking to think, my first real success in a literary way was a humorous essay which the editor of 'The Weekly Hades' had inadvertently accepted (in a moment of absent-mindedness, I was sure, because my former articles had resembled nothing so much as well-trained homing pigeons—they inevitably returned to their birth-place!), which had for its subject, I remembered it with remorse, 'How to Propose!'

In my desperation I ran over its various heads in memory. I recalled that I had commenced by treating of the methods of primitive man; the offering of the fruits of the chase, the fierce war to the death with rival braves, the final victory, the joy of the dusky bride at being the wife of such a warrior.

Utterly inappropriate, though, to our ultra-civilised, hopeless, conventional times! Then I had described the

ceremony of the African savage; the approach of the ardent lover, driving his quota of fat kine, in just compensation to the parents of his intended. Equally barbaric! And what gift would be adequate to her value?

Then I had descended to more cultured times. I described the methods of Greece in her glory, of Rome in her power. In order, I unfolded the eruditions of the scholars upon the manners of the Goths and Huns, the Vandals and the Albigenses—those savage, yet chivalrous hordes, whom the Church moulded into the knights of the middle ages—true, noble, generous, loving, 'Sans peur et sans reproche!' And lastly, I had descended—a sad descent, indeed!—from the fair and courtly gallantry of the chevaliers of old to the sad degeneracy and utter lack of romance of our dull and sordid times. 'It remains,' I had concluded, 'for some keen, noble, and enterprising spirit of our day to break asunder the absurd and ridiculous traditions of the times, which must needs have every ardent swain breathe his passion in cold and awkward speech into the lady's redenning ear. What a false boast must our national ingenuity appear, if it cannot suggest some newer, more fitting, less ludicrous manner of making so poetic and lofty a thing as a proposal of marriage!'

Alas! these words, written in jest, returned to reproach me. I recalled how I had received for them, from the absent-minded editor, an insignificant note, which I threw away, and a cheque, which I kept. But the confounded thing had had some success, and was not yet entirely forgotten. It was only a week ago—I winced at the thought—that some coy maiden had told me that she would like to hear how I would really make a proposal, since I could write one so prettily. In short, taking all things into account, I decided that I must do the thing artistically and in a novel way. But how? Genius of Invention, how? My mind was destitute of ideas; my spirit faltered at the task before it; when, raising my eyes from the ground, I saw—for I had gotten well into the business district—a window gorgeously decked out in which was represented good old Santa Claus distributing all manner of resplendent Christmas gifts. Happy inspiration! Could I not propose by means of a Christmas gift?

Thereafter I haunted the windows of stores devoted to alluring wares by the hour. I went through the whole catalogue of Christmas possibilities, one by one. I tried the patience of the most suave and obliging clerks of both sexes by remarking to each of their suggestions, 'too personal,' or 'too familiar,' as the case might be, leaving them to puzzle their brains angrily as to what was familiar about a diamond brooch or what was personal in a golden scent bottle. And I was annoyed by the smiling amusement which my acquaintances—bound most probably on a similar errand—displayed when they saw me poking over cases of women's trifling jewels. They little dreamed of the brilliant coup that I meditated.

At last, desperate after a week of such torture, I decided upon—a ring.

True, a ring is the most common and conventional of lovers' tokens. But mine was redeemed from the commonplace by the inscription which, with much hesitation, I ordered carved within it:

'Will—you—be—mine?'—explaining to the astonished clerk that 'it was—er—a jest!'—as if one jests with rings of price!

Let me pass over in silence the various emotions which wrung my soul during the short week which elapsed before the time arrived at which to present my gift. Suffice it to say that on Christmas Eve I wrote, in a too trembling hand, on a card a couplet worthy of the occasion. Then I called a messenger boy—faithful and ready servant!—and dismissed him with the precious packet. And then I waited.

The night wore on. From my study window I could see the houses of my neighbors, lit and swept and garnished for the feast. On the street the crowd of festive wayfarers, laden with bundles and joy, ebbed and vanished into their various snug harbors. I saw a Christmas tree being decked for the morrow, and realized how lonely is the bachelor's lot! I fell into a reverie on the joys and genial mirth of the merry and holy season, and grew actually cheerful, then sighed to think how inappropriate it all might be. Finally I went to bed, and after ages of ages fell asleep.

I awoke with a start. Was it time for the postman yet? Not for three hours. I arose and strolled out into the air.

The postman came and passed and entered not. I blamed his forgetfulness and hallooed after him, but he had nothing. I went to the post-office—nothing there. Nothing, that is, save the proof-sheets of 'The Causes of Decadence in Nations, etc,' which ordinarily would have given me the keenest pleasure, but now filled me with deep disgust. What did I care about the decadence of nations? But I took it home and after going to

church, where I prayed with fervor for a certain Christmas gift, I returned home and worked steadily all of Christmas Day at the proof-sheets, slashing them so that the printer must have stared. In fact, I believe that it is to my savage humor on that day and the following that the book owes its commended incisiveness of style.

The next day I continued pegging away viciously at the proof, and as before, the postman passed unregarded.

Then I grew desperate. I searched out that messenger boy and denounced him. But they showed me a receipt written in Billy's sprawling hand. My last hope gone, I went down slowly to the office, a saddened and a broken man. Old Dr. Burdy met me and asked me if I didn't think I needed a tonic! Biffins, the insurance man, crossed my path, and for the first time in five years didn't beg me to take out a policy in the 'Crumbly Insecurity Co.,' 'safest on earth.' I reached the office at last and stared at one spot on the ceiling for a solid hour. Then a brisk step sounded in the corridor, the door snapped open, and Billy rushed in. Billy never comes and goes, he always bursts in and rushes out. 'Hello, old foggy!' said he, 'look as sick as if you'd swallowed a frog. Brace up, man; your bank hasn't failed, has it?' I turned a dull eye on him, and he resumed: 'I'm awfully sorry that I didn't get around sooner to tell you, but the old man has been sick, and I, and Billy's form grew more erect, 'am running the business; three hundred men under me (lower floor, you know), and I couldn't, but Miss Jocelyn's uncle died suddenly, and she is gone.'

'Gone!' said I hoarsely, jumping up and seizing his arm in a frantic grasp. 'Did she get my—present?'

'Oh!' said Billy. 'No—that is, yes, I suppose she has by this time. It came after she left, and I mailed it to her. Why, what is the matter with you?' For I had fallen back in my chair, and was mopping my face with my handkerchief. 'Don't you trust the mail, you idiot?' yelled Billy. 'Why what was that—the Koh-i-noor? Anyhow, I registered it; it can't be lost!'

'No, no, Billy,' said I faintly, 'it's not that. I was afraid—just then the office door clicked open again, and a messenger boy briskly entered. 'Telegram for you, sir,' said he, 'sign here, please!' I took the yellow envelope, while Billy sprawled a signature, on the boy's book.

One look at the telegram was enough; I was transported. It said:

'Yes.

'Agatha Jocelyn.'

Oh, crumpled, yellow telegraph blank, spattered with ink, marked by only fingers, you were far more delightful in mine eyes than the golden pages of poetry or the yellow wealth of kings! Dear Agatha!

'Billy,' said I, beaming brightly upon that surprised young man, 'congratulate me, my boy; I'm going to be your cousin!'

Now there are two who love the little lamp in the study, which burns steadily above them, night after night. From where I write, within the circle of its rays, I can see that very ring, glittering merrily on her finger.

Magic ring! you did your errand well.—'Catholic World.'

In his concluding volume of his 'History of Our Own Times,' Mr. McCarthy assigns first place among Parliamentary orators to John Bright, and wavers between Gladstone and Richard Lalor Shiel for the second position, reminding us that the only thing upon which Gladstone and Disraeli agreed was as to the wonderful oratorical gifts of Shiel.

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Our Schools

ST. DOMINIC'S COLLEGE

CLOSING EXERCISES

St. Joseph's Parish School was crowded in every part on Friday evening when the annual entertainment of and the distribution of prizes to the pupils of St. Dominic's College took place. The Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., presided, and the other clergy present were the Rev. Fathers Cleary, Howard, M. Ryan, O'Malley, Hearn, Liston, Buckley, and D. O'Neill. The programme submitted was highly enjoyable and showed the varied and superior education imparted at the college. It opened with an orchestral selection, incidental music to Shakespeare's 'Henry VIII,' which was admirably played. Then followed a chorus, 'Mild as the moonbeams,'—an excellent item. The pianoforte duet (3 pianos), 'Spanische Tanze,' by Misses Ralph, Gawne, Martin, Moritzson, Clarke, and Goldsmith, was a fine example of the musical training given at the college. The club exercises by four pupils were performed with a grace and precision which showed that physical training receives special attention. The pianoforte solo, 'Allegro from Appassionata Sonata' (Beethoven), by Miss Myra Montague, A.T.C.L., was an exceptionally fine performance and fully up to the standard for which this gifted young performer is noted. The song 'Bid me discourse' by Miss Violet Fraser (Certificated Vocalist) was rendered in a finished manner. A very popular item was the scene from 'Julius Caesar,' 'The quarrel,' in which Miss W. Martin took the part of Brutus, Miss E. Goldsmith, Cassius, and Miss M. Gawne, Lucius. The principal characters, although so difficult for female performers, were well filled, the delivery showing both young ladies to be possessed of dramatic ability. In the song 'Nobil Signor' Miss Hannah Sweeney, A.T.C.L., had an opportunity of showing to advantage her voice and training. The violin solo, 'Obertass Mazurka,' by Miss Maud Sandilands was brilliantly played. A very fine item was the 'Militar March' (3 pianos) by the Misses Paton, A.T.C.L., King, and Ralph. The entertainment was brought to a close with the part song, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' by Misses Fraser, Dall, Heffernan, Ralph, and Clarke, which was a good finale to a good programme.

At the conclusion of the musical selections the Rev. Father Coffey read the following

Report

on the work of the college during the past scholastic year:—

This evening brings to a close our scholastic year—a year in which much that is new and good has been introduced into our training system. Every care has been taken to secure that the education of the pupils should be a 'preparation for complete living,' and a drawing out and utilising of all that is best in them. The pupils themselves have, by willing co-operation, developed mentally and morally. They have worked unsparingly, and they have learned to find in hard work and in the study of all God's beautiful gifts to earth, never-failing sources of happiness. There has been during the year a desire for knowledge, and a keen though kindly emulation. Last year our college was affiliated to Oxford—the famous old University; and in June of the present year the first Oxford Local examinations in New Zealand were held in St. Dominic's. The results lately to hand were highly gratifying. A list of the successes is appended to the prize list. This affiliation has not only given a fresh stimulus to study in the senior grades, but it has also provided for the junior classes a splendid incentive to work. In the Teachers' D Examination, Matriculation, and Junior Civil Service college pupils were successful. Physical development has not been overlooked. Miss Mowat, who is to be warmly congratulated on the success of her efforts, has reason to feel that her pupils have fully appreciated her labors in their behalf. In the School of Music three of the pupils secured diplomas of Associate (A.T.C.L.)—two in pianoforte playing and one in singing. Another pupil obtained the title of Certificated Vocalist and Local Exhibitioner of Trinity College. There were in all twenty successful candidates, three of whom secured honors—two in the senior grade and one in the junior. Much good work has been done in the Art Class in drawing, flower painting from nature, animal and landscape painting. In the various departments of the school, from the kindergarten upwards, there has been a steady increase in the number of pupils. Each of the Sodalties has received an influx of members, and the

sodalists, especially the Children of Mary, have, by the silent but effective teaching of good example, done much to secure that the tone of the school should maintain its usual high standing. Good feeling has existed between teachers and pupils, and the intercourse of the pupils with one another has been specially marked by frankness and cordiality.

The Rev. Father Coffey, in the course of a brief address, said he had to apologise for the absence of his Lordship the Bishop, who was unavoidably prevented from presiding that evening. Though absent in person his Lordship was with them in spirit on that occasion, for he had in his letter expressed his high appreciation of the great work of the Dominican nuns in the interest of education in Dunedin and in the diocese during the past thirty-four years. He (Father Coffey) also appreciated the excellent system of education which had existed and does exist at St. Dominic's College, and he did not think that any person who sent his child to St. Dominic's could find any fault—any reasonable fault—with the teaching. They had evidence that night in the long list of successes read out—a list of successes which was not exceeded by any private school in New Zealand. The Dominican nuns were the first to start private teaching in a large scale in the Colony, and he thought he was safe in saying that they had always been the first to introduce new methods, when such were shown to be good. They had been the first in the Colony to introduce examinations in connection with Oxford University. These examinations are based on the same high standard which obtains at Home, and they had in the college pupils who had passed these examinations. In this parents had proof that the system of education at St. Dominic's was equal to any school in the Colony. In addition to an excellent secular education, the children received a good religious training, which is the ground work of all education, for when God created man he crowned him with the gift of grace. Parents could feel satisfied that with regard to a good secular education in every department everything was done to develop the talent of the child in the right direction. The pupils had the benefit of good example as well as teaching, and the firm foundation of a religious education to fit them for the battle of life. The parents should be proud to have such a means of good education in their midst. On behalf of the Sisters he cordially thanked all who had assisted during the year, and also the donors of prizes. In conclusion he trusted that those leaving the college for good would remember what they had learned there by word and example, and that they would be a credit to themselves and to their Alma Mater in after years, and that those who were to return would enjoy their holidays, and would come back determined to pursue their studies with even greater zeal than they had done in the year just past. When a girl leaves school she has to mix with the world, and she should have a proper pride in herself, not that she should despise or look down upon others who had not the benefit of such a superior education. The nuns gave them an example of personal abandonment in the interest of others. The lesson of unselfishness was one which the nuns taught by their example, and he trusted that the girls would profit by that lesson.

The Rev. Father Cleary, on behalf of those present, thanked the pupils for their very delightful entertainment, and complimented the nuns on the magnificent series of successes which their pupils had achieved in the scholastic and musical world. The parents were to be congratulated on the admirable preparation the girls were receiving so as to fit them for the broader and fuller life of the future, especially on the fact that while great attention was given to scholastic matters, there was no neglect of the more important cultivation of the heart. In conclusion he hoped they would have very pleasant holidays.

The prizes were distributed at intervals during the evening, the list being as follows:—

Senior Oxford and Matriculation Class—English, M. Mellick; mathematics, R. Dey; Christian doctrine, M. Mellick; geography, E. Fraser; composition, I. Reid; advanced Latin, T. McKenzie.

Junior Oxford.—Class medallists, E. Clarke and A. Ward; next in merit, E. Goldsmith; French, M. Burke, 1; M. Gawne, 2; advanced Latin, I. McKenzie; Latin, L. Flannery; elementary Latin, F. Byrne; arithmetic, R. McQuillan; algebra, E. Powell; Bible history (silver medal), M. Burke; freehand drawing, H. Burke; deportment, L. Flannery; domestic economy, H. Burke; geography, W. Martin; mapping and diagrams, A. Ward; attention to studies, J. Davies; order and neatness, E. Goldsmith; literature, F. Byrne; composition, T. Swanson; composition and literature, J. Davies; application, E. Powell and W. Martin; calisthenics, E. Clark; flower-painting from

nature, animal and landscape painting, R. Marsh (first prize); M. Flannery (second prize, animal painting); M. Jopp and H. Sweeney (hon. mention).

Preliminary Oxford.—Class medallist, B. Laffey; arithmetic, S. Drury; algebra, B. Laffey; composition, N. King; French, S. Drury; geography, A. O'Brien; writing, C. Morrison; history, L. Nolan; calisthenics, E. Davies; needlework, May Burke; general improvement, E. McCarton; application, C. Petre, and O. Jolly; improvement in music, L. Maloney and M. Burke.

Preparatory Oxford.—Class medallist, A. Gaffney; French, N. Lynch; arithmetic, A. Gaffney, M. Jopp, and R. Moritzon; mapping and geography, Jean Peat; writing, K. Stewart; attendance, N. Lynch; flower-painting from nature (2nd prize), J. Peat; general improvement, May Pound; improvement in music, Mary Murphy and K. Byrne; water-color painting, M. Jopp; application, E. McDonnell and L. Lynch.

Music School Prizes.—Lower Grade Royal Academy (silver medal)—D. Millar; improvement in music, A. Ralph.

Intermediate Grade Royal Academy (silver medal)—R. Moritzon; prize, M. Gawne.

Senior Grade, Honors Trinity College (silver medal)—T. McMullin; prize, A. Knott; solo playing, M. King.

Higher Examinations.—Certificated Vocalist and Exhibitor of Trinity College, V. Fraser; gold medal and special prize, H. Sweeney; gold medal and special prize, M. Paton; gold medal and special prize, M. Montague.

Gold medal and special prize, Hilda McKay, Senior Oxford Honors and Associate in Arts.

Good conduct prize, M. Flannery.

Wreath for amiability awarded by the votes of the pupils to Mary McMullin.

Kindergarten.—Grade IV.—Vincent Shiel, good conduct and writing; Sarah Cole, observations and drill; Rosie Rogan, attendance and general improvement; Tasman O'Brien, writing and brush work; Connie Millar, violin and nature study; Veronica Gawne, violin and politeness; Lily Foster, home study and recitation; Bella Collins, sewing and word-building; Ruru Carter, reading and word-building; Eileen Cooney, Christian

Doctrine and arithmetic; Nellie McKenzie, neatness and drawing; Kathleen Coughlan, deportment and sewing.

Grade III.—Rita Biggins, pianoforte playing and recitation; Muriel Carter, punctuality and singing; Nora Cantwell, neatness and good conduct; Gladys Cole, home study and recitation; Ruru Taylor, reading and nature study; Mary Lennon, word-building and attendance; Grattan Shiel, observations and writing; Winnie Salmon, Christian Doctrine and brush work; Mary McKenzie, sewing and writing; Mavis Grieve, politeness and brush work.

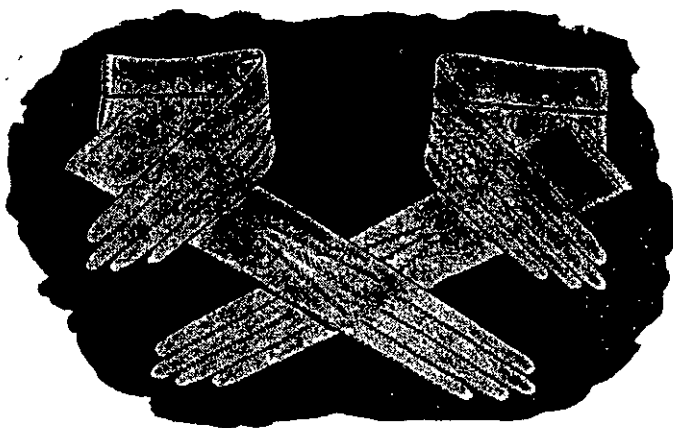
Grade II.—Rosalie Chiaroni, music and drawing; Leonard Salmon, nature study and modelling; Cissie Dunn, neatness and punctuality; Muriel Sullivan, home study and paper folding; Monica Petre, number and observations; Lily Moir, recitations and nature study; Gertie Meenan, drawing and good conduct.

Grade I.—Rosie Gardham, embroidery and stick-laying; Strephon King, gifts and recitation; Linda Riddle, mat-weaving and modelling; Tessie Millar, paper folding and stick-laying; Veronica McKenzie, observations and embroidery.

The following pupils were successful in the Trinity College, London, Musical Examinations.—Higher Examinations—Myra Montague (A.T.C.L.), Minnie Paton (A.T.C.L.), Hannah Sweeney (A.T.C.L.), singing. Certificated Vocalist, Violet Fraser. Senior grade (honors), T. McMullin, A. Knott (piano). Pass, N. Hall (singing), A. Major (singing), M. Sandilands (violin), N. Angus (piano), A. Ralph (singing). Intermediate grade—Pass, M. Murphy, M. McKay, M. Maloney, N. O'Leary. Junior grade—E. Ward (honors); pass, K. Stewart, M. Jopp (singing), A. Paton. Preparatory grade—M. Laffey.

Successes in various examinations.—Teachers' Examination Class D., I. McKenzie; Matriculation, E. Dey; Civil Service (junior), P. Geaney, B. Wright, G. Mellick, E. Dey.

Certificates awarded to the successful candidates, University of Oxford.—Preliminary grade—H. Burke, B. Laffey, S. Drury. Junior grade—E. Clark, R. McQuillan, E. Goldsmith, I. McKenzie, A. Ward, M. Burke, R. Dey, and E. Dey. Senior Oxford Certificate—Mary Hilda McKay passed with honors the Oxford Local Examination as a senior candidate and is declared an Associate in Arts of the University of Oxford.



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The following Testimonial, is speak for themselves:—

EXPERIENCED GREAT RELIEF.—Dunedin, August 14, 1902. To Mr J. Macdonald, Dunedin: Dear Sir,—I am pleased to say that I have experienced great relief by the use of your Celtic Cough Cure for a severe chronic bronchial affection, to which I had been a victim for months. I am glad to be able to recommend your remedy to my friends.—Yours faithfully, G. R. STORY."

A COMPLETE CURE—"Fairview," North Sydney, N.S.W., April, 1903.—The Ven. Archdeacon Spooner, D.D., LL.D., F.R.F.S., being on a visit to Dunedin, had a severe attack of influenza, but was fortunate in taking the advice of a friend to try the Celtic Cough Cure, which effected a complete cure in a couple of days. The Archdeacon strongly advises all who are suffering from coughs and colds to purchase a few bottles of this really splendid preparation from Mr Macdonald. To Mr J. Macdonald, Lyndhurst House, 45 Moray Place, Dunedin, N.Z.

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The Catholic World

ENGLAND—A Relic of the Penal Days

One of the leading provincial dailies, in its description of the opening of Kingsway, wrote:—The big wide highway runs straight, like a Roman road, through banks of ruins and hoardings and cuttings and dense masses of tenements. In places the jagged ends of old buildings hang over the road, and the smell of newly-fallen bricks and mortar still tinges the air. At another part some buildings have been stripped away and have left the western end of the little Roman Catholic chapel exposed to the sun that has not seen it for centuries. It is a striking sign of the Council's respectful sentiments for Old London that this interesting little chapel, with its two galleries and quaint carving, has been spared. It was attached to the Sardinian Ambassador's house (you may still see his coat-of-arms in the front of the house, which faces Lincoln Square), and here the London Roman Catholics used to worship furtively in the days of the penal laws. It had a visit from the Gordon rioters.

The Holy Father on Education

The Archbishop of Westminster has received a letter from the Pope on the subject of education. His Holiness says he has not failed to attend to that gravest of all matters about which the Catholics of England are at present anxious, namely, the endeavor to safeguard and maintain their schools in conformity with the belief and profession of the Catholic Faith. His Holiness praises the Cardinal Archbishops of Westminster for the great earnestness with which during 35 years the Catholics in England have defended their schools, asserting above all things the necessity that the education of the young should be of a religious character. This example Dr. Bourne has also followed, and he has been a leader to the Catholic people in their united determination to obtain what they desire most of all in the teaching of their schools. In pleading for this cause, the Pope observes, Archbishop Bourne will be helped by the approval of many, not of the Catholic Faith, who agree with him as to the religious education of the young. His Holiness exhorts Catholics to strive for this most praiseworthy object, and especially addresses an exhortation to those who defend Catholic claims in books and the press.

FRANCE—Furious Anti-Clericals

The Holy Father's letter to Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris (says the 'Catholic Times') has had the effect of maddening the anti-clericals. They look upon it as an insult and a menace to the Government. It is intolerable, in their eyes, that the Holy Father should dare to write to an Archbishop, and say that at the proper time he would send instructions how Catholics should act, meanwhile urging on all the duty of prayer for the French Church and for France. More than all, they are angry that he has met their charge by denying that his action caused or called for the Bill of Separation. This quick and efficient reply to their mendacious accusation has pricked a useful political bubble, and now they threaten reprisals, and proclaim their determination to provide new and stronger fetters for the Church. Apparently, Catholics are not to be allowed any liberty in France, but are to be punished for being Catholics. It is clear that the infidels desire the total extirpation of all religious ideas.

ROME—Audience with the Holy Father

In the early part of November the Holy Father received in private audience the Most Rev. John Conmy, Bishop of Killala, and the Most Rev. Joseph Hoare, Bishop of Ardagh. The Bishop of Killala presented his Holiness with £635, and the Bishop of Ardagh with £1102 as Peter's pence. The Pope thanked them warmly for the gift, and entered into a long conversation with them concerning their dioceses, expressing his high esteem for the Irish people and his hope that they would persevere in the Catholic Faith, so that Ireland might be again in the future what she had been in the past. His Holiness imparted his Apostolic blessing to the two Bishops, authorising them to extend it to their dioceses on their return.

The Bishop of Salford

Reuter's Rome correspondent says the Bishop of Salford, in the course of his private audience with the Pope, presented his Holiness with Peter's pence to the amount of £1164. The Pope thanked the Bishop in the warmest terms, and conversed with him at length with regard to affairs of his diocese, and the condition of Catholics throughout Great Britain, expressing his great satisfaction at the fair treatment accorded them. Dr. Casartelli presented Canon Joseph Tynan, who is accompanying him as his secretary, to his Holiness.

The Irish Augustinians

Various Roman newspapers, and finally the 'Osservatore Romano,' but in an unofficial column, have published a report (writes a Rome correspondent) that Padre Ferrini, of the Congregation of St. Camillus of Lellis, parish priest of the Church of Santi Vincenzo ed Anastasio, and the Confraternity of the Anime Purganti, whose church of San Nicola in Arcione is to disappear, are on the point of purchasing the entire property of the Irish Augustinians, namely, the foundations for the spacious church, the adjoining large convent, and the enclosure in front of this. Their plan, according to this report, is to combine all the moneys at their disposal, buy out the Irish Augustinians, complete the erection of the unfinished church, have it dedicated under another invocation, and make it parochial for the Ludovisi quarter and, at the same time the confraternity shrine of the Anime Purganti. The Rector of the Confraternity, however, is in England, so some delay will be inevitable. On the other hand, the plan is substantially an old one, and it has been rumored about time and again during many years, but the expropriation of the Church of San Nicola in Arcione entailing upon the Confraternity the necessity of finding a seat is a new and hopeful element in the case. The report upon which I have commented is stated to have the approval and support of the Holy Father.

A Remarkable Priest

One of the most remarkable characters in the ecclesiastical world of Rome died the other day. Father Marcellus Masserenti was almost ninety years of age, and sixty of them he spent in the Vatican, where he was one of the high officials of the Papal Alms Office, Three Popes, Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X., endeavored time and again to thrust honors on him, but he refused even the most trifling of them, and preferred to live as a simple priest rather than as a prelate. When Pius IX. was obliged to fly from Rome to Gaeta during the Republican outbreak about the middle of the last century, it was Father Marcellus who looked after the plan of escape, and attended the Pontiff. As a young man he was enormously rich, but he died in comparative poverty in a small room in the Vatican—for no fortune could stand the inroads of the good priest's generosity. Once he gave a million francs in a lump sum to provide for the necessities of the Holy See. On another occasion he presented a million and a half francs to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Two communities of nuns whose property was plundered by the Italian Government were supported by him for years; and whenever he appeared in the streets he was followed by a crowd of poor people, to whom he distributed a pocketful of small coins, which he always carried about with him. Father Masserenti received decorations from almost every Sovereign in Europe, but he kept the insignia carefully hidden away, and was never known to wear one of them.

The Next Peace Conference

It is understood that the programme of the work for discussion at the next Peace Conference at the Hague will comprise nearly all the questions which arose during the recent war. Pourparlers have taken place regarding the participation of the Holy See in the conference. Relations between Italy and the Vatican have improved so much that the present Cabinet would not object to the Holy See being invited. The difficulty is to find a plausible reason for the change, in order that what five years ago, when the question of Vatican participation at the instance of the Czar was raised, was a victory for Italian diplomacy may not now appear as a defeat.

SCOTLAND—Catholic Club for Edinburgh

The movement recently set on foot in St. Mary's Cathedral parish, Broughton-street, Edinburgh, for the establishment of a Catholic Men's Club is evidently no mere parochial affair, but one which in its broad principles of liberality and hospitality is in every way worthy of the Metropolitan Church of Scotland. Whilst the club is principally meant for, and conducted by, the gentlemen of the Cathedral congregation, guided by Canon Stuart as president, it is open to all Catholic gentlemen in the city and country who desire to become members. Valuable central premises at a cost of over one thousand pounds have been purchased by Canon Stuart and are about to be fitted up in such a modern manner as will render the building something like a Catholic Social Institute for the Scottish capital. The business-like way in which the administrator and his lay associates have gone about this excellent undertaking augurs well for its permanent success and leaves the Catholic gentlemen of the city of Edinburgh under a deep debt of obligation to them as supplying a long-felt want.

"Tiger Tea Juvenile League."

RESULT OF CHILDREN'S XMAS-BOX COMPETITION.

The following are the Prize-winners in connection with Competition No. 1. Although the Competition was of a nature calling for the exercise of some ability, quite a number of excellent designs have been sent in. Postal Notes for the sums mentioned have been sent to the following Members of the League:—

Wilfred Powell, Caversham (age 12), 1st prize	...	£2	0	0
Stanley Wilkinson, Anderson's Bay (age 9), 2nd prize	...	1	0	0
Maurice James Guthrie, Christchurch (age 14), 3rd prize	...	1	0	0
Bertha Baker, South Dunedin (age 12), 4th prize	...	0	10	0
Joseph McEvoy, St. Kilda (age 15), 5th prize	...	0	10	0
Reginald Baker, South Dunedin (age 18), 6th prize	...	0	10	0
George W. Dawson, Kahuika (age 14), 7th prize	...	0	10	0
Lottie Mayhew, Waitna West, Feilding (age 16), 8th prize	...	0	4	0
Emily Kate Dannis, Enfield, Oamaru (age 18), 9th prize	...	0	4	0
W. S. Rae, Mornington (age 14), 10th prize	...	0	4	0
Robert Miller, Hokitika (age 17), 11th prize	...	0	4	0
C. E. Merrie, Mornington (age 14), 12th prize	...	0	4	0
Eva Dolman, King street, Dunedin (age 11), 13th prize	...	0	4	0
Janet Elizabeth Duncan, Eweburn (age 15), 14th prize	...	0	4	0
James Outhbert, Chertsey, Canterbury (age 13), 15th prize	...	0	4	0
Phyllis Merle Smith, Maori Hill, Dunedin (age 8), 16th prize	...	0	0	0
Nellie Drummond, Oamaru (age 9), 17th prize	...	0	4	0

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS

BELFAST MANURES

— AGAIN TO THE FORE —

At the Ashburton Winter Show, Farmers using BELFAST MANURES took the following Prizes:

- WEDE TURNIPS, (10 entries)—1st Prize, grown with Belfast.
 GREEN-TOP YELLOW ABERDEEN (8 entries)—1st Prize, grown with Belfast
 IMPERIAL GREEN GLOBE (11 entries)—2nd Prize, grown with Belfast.
 WHITE-FLESHED TURNIP, any Variety (4 entries)—1st Prize, grown with Belfast; 2nd Prize, grown with Belfast.
 HEAVIEST TURNIP (5 entries)—1st Prize, grown with Belfast; 2nd Prize, grown with Belfast.
 YELLOW GLOBE MANGELS (17 entries)—1st Prize, grown with Belfast; 2nd Prize, grown with Belfast; 3rd Prize, grown with Belfast.
 LONG RED MANGLE (15 entries)—1st Prize, grown with Belfast.
 WHITE CARROTS (6 entries)—1st Prize, grown with Belfast; 3rd Prize, grown with Belfast.
 HEAVIEST CARROT (2 entries)—1st Prize, grown with Belfast.

TURNIPS, MANGELS, and POTATOES, grown with **Belfast Manures** secured ELEVEN PRIZES at the DUNEDIN WINTER SHOW.

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KIDNEY TROUBLES CURED.

KIDNEY TROUBLES want careful attention. Neglected, they may develop into an illness very serious. To arrest the symptoms and to restore the Kidneys to healthy activity, the best remedy is

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It is a really splendid thing for removing Gravel, Phosphatic and other Deposits, allaying Inflammation of the Bladder, and banishing Pains in the Back. Bottles, 2/-, posted.

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Headache and Neuralgia Powder, 1/- | Syrup of Sacred Bark, for Indigestion, 1/6
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Bottled only at Springs, Wai-Rongoa.

The *New Zealand Medical Journal* says
 In regard to the Water itself, as a table beverage it can be confidently recommended Beautifully cool, clear and effervescing, the taste clean, with just sufficient chalybeate astringency to remind one that there are healing virtues as well as simple refreshment in the liquid, this Mineral Water ought soon to become popular amongst all who can afford the very slight cost entailed."

We supply the Dunedin and Wellington Hospitals, the Union Company's entire fleet, and Bellamy's with our Pure Mineral Water. Specially-made Soda Water for Invalids. For Permit to visit Springs apply Dunedin Office

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MR CHARLES BRANSON, who for many years was at the Grand, has now assumed the management of the above Hotel, which is centrally situated at the corner of Great King Street and St. Andrew Street. At considerable cost, the whole building has undergone reconstruction. It has been greatly enlarged, furnished, and appointed, regardless of expense, making it the most comfortable Hotel in town. It comprises 18 bedrooms, bathroom, large dining, drawing, smoking, billiard, and commercial rooms. Fire escape and iron balcony completely surrounding the Hotel, giving the most ample security against fire

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This popular and centrally-situated Hotel has been renovated from floor to ceiling and refurnished throughout with the newest and most up-to-date furniture. Tourists travellers, and boarders will find all the comforts of a home. Suites of rooms for families. Charges strictly moderate.

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DEAR ME!

forgotten that SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE whatever shall I do! Call at the nearest Store you pass. They all Keep It.

Science Siftings

By 'Volt'

The First Chinese Patent.

The Chinese Government, according to German papers, has granted its first patent. It is for an electric lamp, the inventor of which is an inhabitant of Nankin, the old capital of the Chinese Empire, who calls his lamp the 'bright moonlight,' and asserts that it is far superior to foreign glow lights that hitherto have been sold at Shanghai and other Chinese cities. The fact that China has entered upon the granting of letters patent is undoubtedly of more importance than the invention.

The Light and Heat of the Sun.

In the course of a lecture at the Bishopsgate Institute, London, Sir Robert S. Ball said one of the most staggering difficulties in the history of science was the question how the light and heat of the sun had been maintained for so many ages. It had been suggested that it was due to meteorites continually falling into it, also to its constant contraction, and the consequent friction of the particles as they fell together. Calculations had been made showing this might account for its heat for 24,000,000 years. But the geologist might reply: What is that to me? The sun was probably yielding light and heat long before that. Now a suggestion had been made that radium was the source. They had seen that a speck of radium poured out sparks with the velocity of light itself, and manifesting tremendous energy. If there was as much radium in the sun—i.e., presumably as much radium in one mass—as would be equal to one three-hundred-thousandth part of its size, it would keep the sun going for a thousand million years, which would perhaps satisfy the geologist.

A Depraved Insect.

If ever that nasty, irritating insect, the common house fly, had a shred of reputation—a very doubtful point—it was blasted in October at the London Institute by Mr. H. Hill in his lecture on 'Flies.' The fly's capacity for crime is extended by its strength, which is relatively nearly seven times that of a horse, for it can lift twenty times its own weight. It can absorb enormous quantities of oxygen, and is, in fact, a confirmed oxygen toper. The reprehensible habit of walking upside down on the ceiling, to which the fly is addicted, is due to its loathsome habit of exuding gum from each of the 1200 hollow hairs in its feet. The fly, too, has an evil eye, which is divisible into several other eyes. It has also 1700 or 1800 parts all connected with the olfactory nerves, and therefore possesses complete equipment for detecting unsound meat such as is given to no other living creature. Like Lowell's great fleas, which 'have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em,' the house fly has his petty irritations—sometimes as many as twenty, Mr. Hill said. These eventually kill the debauched insect by their pertinacity.

Suggested Cause of Appendicitis.

Assuming it to be true (says Dr. Wilson in 'Health Talks') that appendicitis is an ailment now more common than in former years, physicians have been concerning themselves regarding its probable cause or causes. My readers do not require to be told that this ailment consists in the inflammation of a little tag or appendage which exists at the junction of the small bowel with the large. The disease can be satisfactorily treated by operation, but that which forms a matter of public interest is its prevention. Is there anything in our existent mode of life which contributes to induce this trouble? This question has lately been answered by a medical man in the affirmative. He asserts, and I think with reason, that the pernicious habit of using aperient medicines without rhyme or reason is the main source of the trouble. There can be no doubt that a vast number of people swallow such drugs as 'cure-alls.' The result is that, as an aperient loses its effect, larger and larger doses require to be taken. The consequence of this utterly indefensible use of such medicines is that the natural functions of the bowel are interfered with to an extent which renders the attack of disease very likely to occur. Whether this view be correct or not, it is high time to enter a strong protest against the indiscriminate employment of purgative medicines, many of them widely advertised. The cure of most digestive troubles is one by diet and not by drugs. The latter are only useful to begin a cure, which due care in diet should confirm and establish. We may do worse than remember the hint which the physician has given.

The Home

By 'Maureen'

Rhubarb Jam.

Put $\frac{3}{4}$ lb of sugar to each pound of fruit, and some whole or crystallised ginger. Boil till of a pinkish color.

Gooseberry Jam.

Put 1 lb of sugar to each pound of green gooseberries, and 1 cup of water to about 6 lb of fruit. Boil till fruit turns bright red.

Almond Icing for Cakes.

Put 1 lb ground almonds and 1 lb castor sugar into a basin. Mix well and add a few drops of lemon-juice and vanilla flavoring, and enough well-beaten white of egg to mix all to a stiff paste. Spread evenly over the cake, smooth with a knife dipped in hot water, and put in a warm place or cool oven till quite dry.

Fig Jam.

Put $\frac{3}{4}$ lb sugar to each pound of fruit. Halve the figs, and cut off stems and remove all the loose skin possible. Place in preserving pan with half the quantity of sugar, spread over the fruit. Let this stand all night, and boil next day for three-quarters of an hour, then add the remainder of the sugar, and boil twenty to thirty minutes till transparent.

Chutney.

Take 12 lb green apples or gooseberries, 3 lb brown sugar, 2 oz white pepper, 2 teaspoonfuls Cayenne, 4 teaspoonfuls salt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls ground ginger, $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb onions, 4 pieces mace, 1 lb currants, 1 lb raisins, and 1 oz mixed spice. Cut apples into quarters, put in pan with other ingredients, and cover with 1 gallon good vinegar, and boil for 4 hours.

Plain Christmas Cake.

Well grease a really large cake-tin. Melt $\frac{1}{2}$ lb dripping in a saucepan, add to it $\frac{1}{2}$ lb cane sugar and 1 lb treacle. Stir over the fire till the sugar is dissolved. Put 4 large breakfastcupfuls of flour, 1 teaspoonful carbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb currants, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb stoned raisins into a basin. Pour the treacle and currants into the flour, and 1 large breakfastcupful sour milk and 2 well-beaten eggs. Mix all thoroughly. Pour into the tin, and bake about one and a half hours, or longer if necessary.

Why You Should Eat Spinach.

Prominent specialists claim that spinach is the most precious of vegetables, on account of its medicinal and strengthening properties. The emollient and laxative virtues of spinach, owing probably to the salts of potassium it contains, have been long known. It is excellent for the liver, and as a consequence freshens the complexion. Some vegetables contain a relatively large dose of iron. According to Boussingault, the proportion is 0.00074 of iron in one hundred parts of French beans, 0.00083 in one hundred parts of lentils, and in spinach very much larger. The chemist Binge has proved that spinach and yolk of egg are proportionately richer in digestible and assimilable iron than all the most renowned ferruginous remedies. Its great value and growing importance are shown in the fact that spinach is already an active ingredient in several new tonics.

Maureen

You will get better value out of the honestly built McCormick Reaper and Binder than you will with a cheap binder at half the money. Nothing worries a farmer more in the harvest time than to be always in the repair shop tinkering up a cheap binder, especially when his neighbor is going at top all the time with his McCormick. Don't you make any mistake. It will pay you to have the McCormick in your grain.—MORROW, BASSETT & CO., DUNEDIN.

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First-Class Accommodation to the general
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The bedrooms are neatly furnished and well
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Accommodation for over 100 guests.

One of Alcock's Billiard Tables.

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CANTERBURY.—Freehold of valuable
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FOR SALE or LEASE, in South Canter-
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Buildings,
CHRISTCHURCH.**HUGH GOURLEY**desires to inform the public he sti-
continues the Undertaking Business as for-
merly at the Establishment, corner Clark
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with promptness and economy.**The Cash Grocery Store**

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Up-to-Date Tailoring, Clothing and Mercery.

CHRISTCHURCH

INTERCOLONIAL

The Christian Brothers intend opening a high school in South Melbourne early in the coming year.

A novel sight was witnessed in King William street, Adelaide, recently. A queen bee lighted on the hat of a cyclist, and the whole swarm settled on his hat and back. He waited for an hour until the swarm had become calm, and he then rode away with the intention of hiving them.

The Rev. P. Sheehy, late of St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, has been transferred to Moss Vale. The Rev. Father Sherin, of the Sacred Heart, Darlinghurst, has been removed to the Cathedral; and the Rev. Father Conaghan, of Moss Vale, is appointed to the Sacred Heart parish.

The Very Rev. P. Murphy, President of St. Patrick's College, Manly, has been appointed parish priest of Braidwood, in succession to the late Archdeacon D'Arcy. His Eminence the Cardinal has been pleased to confer the dignity of Archdeacon of the Archdiocese of Sydney on Dr. Murphy.

The Sydney 'Freeman' reports that Mr. Dan Fitzgerald, of Fitzgerald Brothers' Circus, who had been seriously ill for some weeks in Melbourne, underwent an operation in a private hospital. The operation was successful, and Mr. Fitzgerald was reported to be as well as could be expected.

Speaking at the opening of a bazaar in Sydney the other day Cardinal Moran said he was sure that the friends of peace and charity throughout the world would rejoice that that entente cordiale was a pledge of peace for the world, and a pledge that the development of civilisation would go on in its course of harmony and concord.

Speaking of the persecution of religion in France, his Eminence Cardinal Moran, in opening the Carmelite bazaar in Sydney the other day, said: 'I am not afraid of persecutions; we come of a race that has been persecuted for religion, and that has triumphed over all those persecutions; and, like St. Cyprian of old, the friends of religion will see that persecution only serves to purify and to render more perfect the pure gold that is tried in the crucible.'

Mr. Daniel Roche O'Sullivan, B.A., barrister-at-law, who left Sydney the other day for America, was engaged on the literary staff of the 'Evening News' for some years. Ill-health prevented him from following the legal profession, hence he took to journalism. A native of Tralee, County Kerry, he studied medicine in Dublin, but half way through his course he gave it up for the law. His grandfather made a fortune by taking over the coach and car routes in Ireland from the celebrated Bianconi, and his father still carries on a prosperous business in the tourist traffic in Kerry.

The foundress of the Convent of Mercy, Wilcannia, Rev. Mother Mary Paul, died there on Thursday, November 23. She was a native of Rochford Bridge, Westmeath, Ireland. She was a member of a Huguenot family, but became a convert on attaining her majority, and founded the Convent of Mercy at Tullamore, Ireland. Later on she founded in her ancestral home the Convent of Rochford Bridge, her father's house there being now the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. At the invitation of the Right Rev. Dr. Lanigan, Bishop of Goulburn, the Rev. Mother Paul went to Yass, where she founded the Convent of Mercy in 1875. In 1890, at the invitation of the Right Rev. Dr. Dunne, Bishop of Wilcannia, the deceased lady founded the Convent of Mercy at Wilcannia, and there ended her days, beloved by all who knew her.

The Right Rev. Dr. Duhig, Bishop of Rockhampton, was enthusiastically welcomed to Ipswich recently and presented with addresses, vestments, and a magnificent pectoral cross and chain. Dr. Duhig, after his ordination in Rome, was appointed to Ipswich, and he served for seven years under Father Andrew Horan, P.P. He was welcomed by all classes and creeds, and Protestants as well as Catholics assembled to honor him and congratulate him on his appointment to the See of Rockhampton. Father Horan, who presided, said that if he himself had the selection of a Bishop for Rockhampton—even if there were 10,000 other candidates—he believed that the guest of the evening was the very man he would choose. He hoped that he would be a grand Bishop, and he believed he would be if God gave him his health. He would have very hard work to perform in his new sphere, but he (the chairman) believed he would perform his duties with great credit to himself and great honor to the Catholic Church. The impression made on him by Dr. Duhig during the seven years he was associated with him was that he was a priest who never did anything for himself, but all he did was for God.

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- December 24, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
 " 25, Monday.—Feast of the Nativity of Our Lord.
 " 26, Tuesday.—St. Stephen, the first Martyr.
 " 27, Wednesday.—St. John, Apostle and Evangelist.
 " 28, Thursday.—The Holy Innocents, Martyrs.
 " 29, Friday.—St. Thomas, Bishop and Martyr.
 " 30, Saturday.—St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Widow.

The Nativity of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

To-day the Church rejoices over the birthday of her Divine Founder—the Redeemer of mankind. The time appointed for the entrance of the Son of God into the world having arrived, Mary and Joseph were led by Divine Providence to Bethlehem. Failing to obtain admittance into the inns, they were compelled to take refuge in a grotto, which served as a shelter for cattle. There our Blessed Saviour was born to a life of poverty, humiliation, and suffering. He came to redeem the world and to draw to Himself the affections of men, and therefore He presented Himself in the most amiable form, that can be imagined—that of an innocent, helpless babe.

St. Stephen, the First Martyr.

St. Stephen was one of the seven who were chosen to assist the Apostles in the daily distribution of alms, and who, by the imposition of the Apostles' hands, were raised to the Order of Deacons, and qualified to discharge some of the inferior duties of the sacerdotal office. By his zealous efforts for the propagation of the Gospel, he stirred up the hatred of some of the Jews, who stoned him to death. He thus had the honor of being the first among Christ's disciples to seal his faith with his blood.

St. John, Apostle and Evangelist.

St. John was the brother of St. James the Greater, and is mentioned in the Gospels as 'the disciple whom Jesus loved.' He was one of those faithful few who stood by the Cross, and it was to him our dying Saviour recommended the care of His mother. After the Ascension St. John remained chiefly in Jerusalem, though he sometimes undertook long and arduous journeys for the purpose of spreading the knowledge of the doctrines and sufferings of Christ. The closing years of his life were spent at Ephesus, where he died about the year 100. He wrote his Gospel to refute the heresies of his time, and is also the author of three Epistles, which form part of the New Testament.

The Holy Innocents, Martyrs.

On this day we commemorate those innocent children whose martyrdom is mentioned by St. Matthew in the second chapter of his Gospel. Herod, wishing to destroy the new-born Saviour, 'sending, killed all the male children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the borders thereof, from two years old and under.'

St. Thomas, Bishop and Martyr.

St. Thomas A'Beckett was born in London in 1117. Having embraced the ecclesiastical state, and given proof of singular ability and fervent piety, he was soon called to occupy very important positions in the Church. In 1157 he was appointed Lord Chancellor of England by King Henry II., and in 1162 was elected Archbishop of Canterbury. Though remarkable for humility and meekness, he did not hesitate to boldly defend the rights of the Church against the unjust attacks of the English king. His firmness cost him his life. He was murdered in his Cathedral by four knights at the instigation of the king, A.D. 1170.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Widow.

St. Elizabeth was the daughter of the King of Hungary, and the wife of Louis, Landgrave of Thuringia. She was remarkable for her charity, and took a special delight in serving the sick with her own hands. On the death of her husband, St. Elizabeth was driven from her home, and reduced to take shelter with her children in a building that had been used for swine. These and other privations she bore uncomplainingly. She died in 1231, in the 24th year of her age.

Mr. J. Meagher, Tattersall's Hotel Buildings, Christchurch, has the freehold of a valuable hotel in Canterbury and a general store for sale...

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 THAMES STREET, OAMARU
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 every satisfaction.

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 ledge of the whole district, will be pleased
 to give directions and other assistance to
 travellers and persons interested in Mining

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P. KELLY wishes to inform his friends
 and the public generally that he has pur-
 chased the Globe Hotel, and will be happy
 to meet them there. Country Visitors and
 the Travelling Public will find every con-
 venience. The Hote which is being reno-
 vated throughout has accommodation for a
 number of Boarder Has its Private Sitting
 Rooms, Billiard Room, Bath Room, etc. Con-
 venient to the New Railway Station and
 opposite the Theatre Royal. A good table
 kept. All Wines and Spirits of the Best
 Quality. Free Stabling accommodation.