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Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- September 23, Sunday.—Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Linus, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 24, Monday.—Our Lady of Mercy.
 „ 25, Tuesday.—St. Eustace and Companions, Martyrs.
 „ 26, Wednesday.—St. Eusebius, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 27, Thursday.—SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.
 „ 28, Friday.—St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.
 „ 29, Saturday.—Dedication of the Church at St. Michael, Archangel.

St. Linus, Pope and Martyr.

St. Linus, the immediate successor of St. Peter, received the martyr's crown after a pontificate of twelve years.

St. Eustace and Companions, Martyrs.

St. Eustace, a Roman general, suffered martyrdom, together with his wife and two sons, shortly after the beginning of the second century.

St. Eusebius, Pope and Martyr.

St. Eusebius, who succeeded St. Marcellus on the Papal throne, was banished by Maxentius to Sicily, where suffering and privation soon caused his death. A.D. 310.

St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.

St. Wenceslaus, Duke of Bohemia, was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. His zeal for the propagation of the true Faith led to his death at the hands of his brother, A.D. 982.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

AT NIGHT.

I knew a boy, his mother's joy,
 A little lad of three,
 Who spent the day in constant play,
 As busy as a bee.
 At night to bed with drooping head
 Full slowly would he creep;
 And, told to pray, would sometimes say:
 'Ail Maywy! 'et me s'leep.'

I know a man, half through life's span,
 With many cares beset,
 Who oft at night, from left to right
 Will, wakeful, toss and fret,
 Till, tired out, with heart devout
 He sinks to slumber deep
 Won by the prayer, forgotten ne'er:
 'Hail Mary! let me sleep.'

Without charity, all is little; with charity, all is great.—St. Augustine.

He that gave all, shall ask an account of all.—St. Augustine.

Do well what you have to do; by so doing you will praise God.—St. Augustine.

The life of a man speaks more forcibly than the tongue.—St. Augustine.

The true Christian lives in sorrow, and dies in joy.—St. Augustine.

Works have an eloquence to which we yield, although the tongue keeps silence.—St. Cyprian.

I have found a greater number of true innocents than of true penitents.—St. Ambrose.

He that spends his life without weeping, shall have to weep eternally.—St. Bernard.

The state of a guilty conscience is the hardest of all penances.—St. Bernard.

One must ever judge and correct himself, before undertaking to reform others.—St. Bernard.

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The Storyteller

THE VENGEANCE OF HUMPHREY OWEN

The recent death of her father left Esther Gray free to marry Humphrey Owen, the struggling physician. When the old man had opposed the match, on the grounds of difference of religion and inequality of fortune, she bade her lover to be patient—for him only would she marry. They were both young, and time might do much. And even if it did not soften her father, it could hardly fail to bring about a change for the better in the circumstances of the man whose poverty, even more perhaps than his religion, made him so undesirable as a son-in-law. But the sudden death of Mr. Gray removed the sole obstacle to her union with the young doctor. She was now her own mistress—and yet!

Surely, surely Humphrey would understand! When she promised to marry him, she believed herself to be an heiress. And now that she found herself a pauper instead, she could not be expected to regard her engagement to a penniless doctor as binding.

With the closing of the old man's grave the crash had come. Creditors, of whose very existence Esther was unaware, rose on every side, as if by magic of some demon's wand. And, in the face of their unsatisfied claims, the spoiled child of Fortune realised that she must henceforth be poor—unless!

Even the silken cushions of the luxurious chair in which she cowered were not her own, but the legal booty of some waiting creditor. She shuddered at the thought. The firelight flickered on the silver and ivory nicknacks that strewed the toilet table in front of which she sat. The waxen candles on either side of the oval-shaped, gold-framed mirror burned low, and still she sat there. The beautiful face reflected in the glass was alternately deadly pale or flushed with suppressed excitement.

Two mighty passions were struggling for mastery in that proud heart. One wore the aspect of an angel and its whisperings were soft and pleading. The other twined its terrifying coils around her, as the serpent of Eden might have done, paralyzing her will, and inoculating her better nature with the poison of its seductions. The one was the angel of Love, the other the demon of Avarice. On her lap lay an open letter, and whether the angel or the demon would triumph depended on what she made up her mind to answer to her correspondent.

Slowly the night wore on, and Esther Gray still sat there. She shivered, perhaps with cold, for the fire had gone out; yet her cheeks were burning, and a band of flame seemed to bind her aching forehead. When at length the fevered vigil of that long night was over, and the dawn filtered through the unshuttered windows, she went to her inlaid writing table and scribbled a hasty note. It was her answer to the letter of John Copping, the millionaire, and her reply to his anxious question was—'Yes.' The triumph of the demon was complete.

II.

For ten years Esther Gray—or, rather, Esther Copping as she had become—drank even to satiety of what the world calls success. Her ambition to shine as a society queen was realised even beyond her wildest dreams. During that brief decade she had been courted and envied by all who could not read beneath the mask of gaiety she wore in public—the story of a broken heart.

A jealous and exacting husband, several years her senior, robbed her stately London house of all that makes home dear. Nor could she find happiness elsewhere, or forgetfulness of what might have been; although she lived in a constant whirl of the excitement that she, like other society queens, miscalled her 'pleasures.'

Domestic incidents sometimes repeat themselves, even as history is said to do. After ten years of worldly prosperity, Esther, the daughter of a one-time millionaire, and the wife of another, was destined by the grim irony of fate to stand again upon the threshold of poverty. John Copping had shot himself in a fit of mental depression, brought on by financial losses that meant his own ruin and the ruin of his wife and child. The news flashed through the city with the proverbial rapidity of evil things, and for the moment diverted the attention of London society from lighter matters. Then it was forgotten, and with it Esther Copping.

The stately mansion was soon abandoned for the humble lodging. Then the saddest of all sad strug-

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gles began—the struggle of the half-educated gentlewoman to earn a living. The unhappy woman had some vague idea of resorting to needlework, that last resource of the destitute lady. But, although from time to time a few of her former fashionable friends gave her some sewing, it helped her very little. Then she courageously set about looking for a situation as governess. And soon, between advertisements and fees to agencies, her little stock of money grew still smaller. That was all that resulted from the work-hunt so valiantly begun. No one wanted the broken-down lady, who could not show even a solitary diploma for any one of the arts and sciences she professed to be competent to teach. Domestic service was as little thought of, even had her strength been equal to it. A servant would have had as good a chance of being engaged as a governess as poor fragile Mrs. Copping had of finding any mistress willing to take her as housemaid.

The delicately-nurtured lady realised, then, how vain were the boasts, too often made by women of independent means to their less fortunate sisters, of the great things they would do if they ever found themselves obliged to earn their living—boasts she herself now remembered with a pang to have made in happier days. And her very soul grew sick within her as it brought home to her, with terrible significance, that she had not the means of giving to her only child the education without which a woman, if she is ever thrown upon her own resources, is even more heavily handicapped in the battle of life than a man.

A kind of spiritual despair, too, seized her. Religion, of late years, had been no more to her than a family inheritance, represented by a velvet-cushioned pew in church, and a well-bred distrust of the Pope and of all things savoring of Popery. But even the family pew was hers no longer now, and she did not find that aversion to the Pope, and to all that appertained to Popery, brought her any heavenly help or consolation in her sorrows. Humphrey Owen had sometimes spoken to her, in his days of struggle, of the strength and solace he drew from the practices of his religion. Vaguely she wondered what he meant; for he spoke too earnestly, she felt sure, for his words to have been a mere idle boast. She would examine the claims of such a faith, she said.

Little by little the proud spirit broke, and the weary heart seemed to struggle. The desperate hunt for employment which, as witnessed among women of Esther Copping's class, Walter Besant has compared, not inaptly, to 'the savage's hunt for food,' was relaxed, postponed, and finally altogether abandoned. Her health, enfeebled by a life of self-indulgence, had at last given way.

Within a year after the suicide of John Copping, his widow lay dying in a meanly-furnished room, where she had once reigned as fortune's favored queen. Her wasted hands fondled the beautiful girl who clung to her in tears, though she knew not yet that the Angel of Death was hovering nigh. Not so, however, Mrs. Towers, the landlady. She rightly judged her lodger's illness to be more serious than either the girl or the invalid herself as yet suspected.

Worthy Mrs. Towers was not a hard-hearted woman, and she felt really sorry for her sick lodger. Still, it must be admitted that personal interest was uppermost in her mind when she decided to fetch a doctor. If anything was to happen to 'the poor thing upstairs,' it would be best that it should happen in the hospital. Lodgers, 'leastways them as paid punctual,' were so easily scared. A death in the 'ouse' might mean bankruptcy to Mrs. Towers. And what doctor should she fetch, to be sure, but good Doctor Owen, 'who had attended her own self, and all for nothing—God bless him!—when she had the rheumatics so bad last winter!'

Acting on her own responsibility, therefore, she set out one chill October evening to fetch the doctor for the sick lady—for, with the sharpness of her class, she knew the dying woman to be a lady in spite of her poverty. Had Mrs. Copping been of her own faith, she would have liked to bring the priest, too; but she knew that the invalid was not a Catholic, whatever else she might be. Indeed, good Mrs. Towers privately doubted if the poor lady was 'anything at all.'

Doctor Owen was at home when Mrs. Towers called at his mansion in Park Lane. He was a wealthy man now. 'The once struggling physician numbered among his clients members of the wealthiest and most influential families in London, while his name was a household word among the poor. He listened with kindly sympathy to his visitor's account of her lodger's illness; and his interest increased when the invalid's personality was described and dwelt upon by the gossiping landlady. Even she could not fail to see that he was influenced by something more than mere pro-

fessional interest as she proceeded with her tale, and he dropped a question here and there. But at the end of the interview, all he said was:

'Take me to her—take me to Mrs. Copping!'

A solitary candle spluttered in a dilapidated candlestick, and its wavering flame cast a ghastly, flickering light upon the pale face of the sufferer. The wind howled without, and moaned drearily in the fireless chimney, while the rain splashed against the ill-fitting window that shook and rattled with every other gust.

There was a knock at the door. In answer to the sick woman's feebly-murmured 'Come in!' or, rather, in expectation of it, for the sounds never reached her—Mrs. Towers entered with a cheery: 'The doctor's come to see you, mum; good Doctor Owen—'

But even the bustling landlady retreated hurriedly, and 'all in a flurry,' as she afterwards said, before the cry that came from the sick-bed as Humphrey Owen approached it. That cry was followed by a long silence. What passed between those two who had been plighted lovers? Were they lovers once again now? Or had her love never been worthy of the name—the name of the angel who struggled vainly with the demon within her breast on that fatal night when the devotion of Humphrey Owen was set at naught for filthy lucre's sake? And he now looked down upon her faded beauty—he had come to value her affection at the worth she herself had set upon it then? Only in each other's eyes, as they met, could the answer be read.

The girl—scarcely more than a child as yet—new Esther, watched the strange scene wide-eyed. Her eyes, so like those of the dying Esther's, but softer far, gazed wonderingly up at the bearded stranger. That innocent gaze, and the memories it brought with it, together with the anxious, questioning look on the poor mother's face, smote Humphrey Owen to the heart. He took the child's hand in his and held it kindly, almost caressingly. The girl smiled confidently through her tears.

Then the poor mother looked long and earnestly in that strong, manly face; and, seeing there no shadow of reproach or paltry triumph, but only genuine though silent sympathy and compassion, tried to shape into articulate words the wish that was aching at her failing heart. But she was a woman, and this man to whose generosity she wanted to appeal was her rejected lover. Her humiliation was indeed complete. And in that dying hour she realised, as all do sooner or later, that God is not mocked, and that His mills grind fine. But maternal love—the only love in which selfishness had no share—conquered her pride, and drew the faltering plea from her bursting heart at last.

A week later Esther Copping died in the arms of her weeping daughter, and of the good nun sent by Dr. Owen to nurse her. It was the evening of the day on which she had been received into the Church. She knew at last what Humphrey Owen meant in the old days when he spoke of the consolations religion can give even in the darkest hours. She left the scene of her earthly sorrows fortified by the comforting aid the one true Church alone can offer to the dying, and made happy by the assurance that her beloved child would be instructed in the sublime mysteries of that once despised faith.

In answer to the dying prayer of the woman he had once so fondly loved, and in obedience to the generous impulse of his own noble heart, Humphrey Owen acted as guardian to her orphan child. He placed the little Esther at a convent boarding school, where in due time she made her First Communion. And it is Humphrey Owen who stands beside her now in the golden summer sunshine—she in the first flush of fair young womanhood, he in the prime of manhood still. They have just twined sweet-scented roses round the white marble cross that marks the grave of Esther's mother, and their eyes are dim and full of mournful memories as they read the 'Requiescat in pace' sculptured on the snowy tomb.

But when at length they move away, passing hand in hand out into the bright and busy world that is waiting for them, the momentary shadow fades as silently as it came. He is her guardian still, and in a higher sense than while her girlhood lasted. Not many weeks have flown since, at the foot of the altar, she gave him the right to protect and cherish her even till death do them part. And, remembering those mutual vows now, her face is full of calm content; for she knows that the love of Humphrey Owen is hers forever more, and that it is a treasure that gold could not have bought.—'Ave Maria.'

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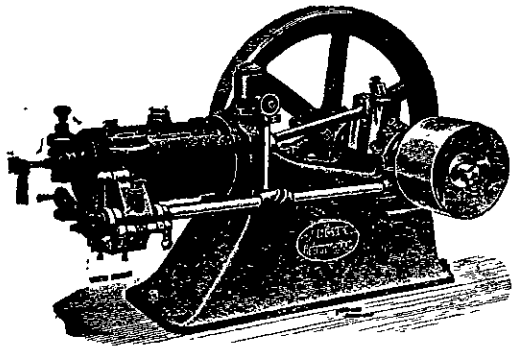
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It all happened on a warm summer day in the year 1822. In one of the gardens in Wiesbaden, where many fashionable people are in the habit of congregating in order to drink and bathe in the health-giving waters of the famous springs, things went on pleasantly. In front of the bath-houses, at a number of little tables, sat different groups of women in dainty, immaculate gowns, and well-groomed men in befitting evening dress. Their loud, glad laughter stole to the very entrance gate of the garden, where a poor musician, in his old military uniform, mechanically ran his bow across the strings of his faithful violin. Beside this picture of suffering stood a small blonde-haired boy about eight years old, who held out an old felt hat to the passing crowds for their petty donations.

To-day, however, no one seemed to hear the sad voice of the poor invalid's violin. Not a single penny fell into the boy's hat.

'Grandpa,' at last broke forth the boy, in tears, 'no one has given me anything; and oh, I am so hungry—'

The old man interrupted nervously: 'Have patience, child! God will soon send a kind-hearted soul as His angel of mercy, George!'

Thereupon a few hot tears fell out of the old man's sightless eyes upon the green grass.

'Grandpa, you must not cry. I will not murmur any more. I would rather suffer hunger. See, here comes a fine-looking man! Play hard, grandpa! He just looks as if he was going to give us something.'

And the old man played as loudly as the delicate strings would permit.

The stranger, who had been noticed in the garden by many during the past few days, was dressed in a heavy black suit. A pair of clever, good-natured eyes beamed brightly out of his round, comfortable-looking face. As he passed the fiddler, the boy held up his hat to him, but without avail. Then the lad ran a few steps after him, but returned again in tears and complained:

He did not hear you, grandpa. He walks around like a wild man. Ah, he is coming back again!

In the meantime the stranger had returned. He pulled out his pocketbook somewhat nervously, and, muttering a few words in an undertone, his eyes and fingers wandered through it. Presently the little hand holding the beggar's hat was thrust up beseechingly to him. For the first time the stranger heard peals of music very close to his ears. But the sound of the violin did not seem to appeal to him; for a look of disgust crept into his face, and he motioned the fiddler to stop playing.

The boy, however, interposed: 'Grandfather is blind, sir; he does not see you signing to him to stop.'

'Blind? O great God! And who are you?'

'I am George Werner, grandchild of this old man.'

The stranger sighed deeply and threw some money into the boy's hat. Then he walked over to the blind musician and asked:

'What is your name, my poor man?'

The invalid had in the meantime stopped playing, and with his acute sense of hearing had taken in every word of the conversation between the boy and the stranger. At last he answered feebly:

'I am Conrad Zimmerman.'

'You are an invalid, are you not?'

'I served in the Russian army with the Rhine troops.'

The stranger seated himself upon one of the rocks that stood near the little footpath, and said:

'Tell me your story.'

Then the old man began:

'When, in 1812, Napoleon led his army across the Rhine towards Russia, the Rhine troops were also called upon to assist him. I came from Baden. With the promise of victory, we entered Russia, and we reached Moscow, amid great rejoicing. But what a day! Before long a mighty conflagration swept over the city, and then the misery and suffering began. After four years, I returned to Germany. In the meantime my wife had died of poverty and despair. My only daughter had married the noted sculptor, Werner. I went to live with my children. Werner was a talented fellow. But at the birth of little George here, who is my trusty companion, my daughter passed away beyond life's gray shadows, leaving Werner behind. The latter loved his wife dearly; the parting was too much for his sensitive heart, and he followed her soon after, to be united in heaven. I was a lithographer, and made good money at that time. Then a great misfortune came upon me. It was all brought on, my physicians said, by overwork, and those previous hardships and exposures in Russia. In a short time I grew blind; and this, sir, in short, is how I became a beggar on life's highway.'

'And where did you learn to play the violin?'

'At home. My father was a musician, and he taught me.'

The stranger sighed deeply and whispered to himself:

'Oh, if there were only some one who could help, soften and bear all this misery!'

Just then a crowd of guests passed by, laughing and chatting briskly, men and women whose outward bearing showed that they were people of culture and wealth. Instantly an idea shot through the stranger's mind.

'Give me your violin!' he exclaimed.

And, taking it on his arm, he tuned the strings, clear as a bell.

'Now watch me, child,' he spoke authoritatively, 'and pass your hat quickly through the crowds.'

Then the bow flew over the strings, so that the poor old violin sounded like a human voice calling out pitifully and sweetly to the children of earth, gathered around. Even the blind musician was beside himself with admiration. Wondering, he inquired:

'What! Is that my violin?'

But the stranger did not hear him. His soul was wrapped up in the music that he drew out of the humble instrument. It was a beautiful march theme, interlaced here and there with many artistic and intricate variations.

A large crowd of noted men and fashionable women had, in the meantime, gathered in response to the pleading cry of the singing violin. Everyone present seemed to know that the stranger was playing for the poor old man and the little boy, and silver—yes, even gold—pieces dropped carelessly into the hat.

As he ceased, a tall, earnest-looking man, with a strong physique, was seen making his way through the crowd of interested spectators. He was dressed in the striking military uniform of a Prussian general.

'What has happened here?' the general asked inquisitively.

As he spoke, all the men present bared their heads.

'Frederick William II. of Prussia!' was the whisper that stole from lip to lip.

'Your Majesty,' answered the director of the sanatorium, 'a stranger, a violinist of the first rank, is playing there for a poor old invalid.'

'Invalid? Send him to the hotel director at once. I will give you a hundred dollars for your trouble. Adieu!'

Thereupon Frederick William II. turned and left with his attendant, remarking thoughtfully:

'Since Louise died I do not care to listen to any music.'

The talented violinist had, meanwhile, handed the instrument back to the old man, and was disappearing in the crowd when the director of the sanatorium walked up to him and said:

'Sir! His Imperial Majesty, the Elector of Hessen, begs you to give him your name.'

'I am Ludwig Spohr, born in Brunswick.'

And already it was whispered through the throng.

'Spohr—it is the illustrious Spohr!'

The great violinist had come to assist at a concert at Wiesbaden.

That evening as Spohr sat at his supper table, an electoral hunter came in upon him suddenly and handed him a letter in his Majesty's own handwriting. The letter read:

'My Dear Herr Spohr,—We have been witness to-day of your noble deed and have admired your remarkable musical talent. The invalid and the child whom you assisted so kindly will hereafter be well taken care of; and you we elect to the high position of Hofkapellmeister. Your salary, rest assured, will be worthy of your high art. Affectionately,

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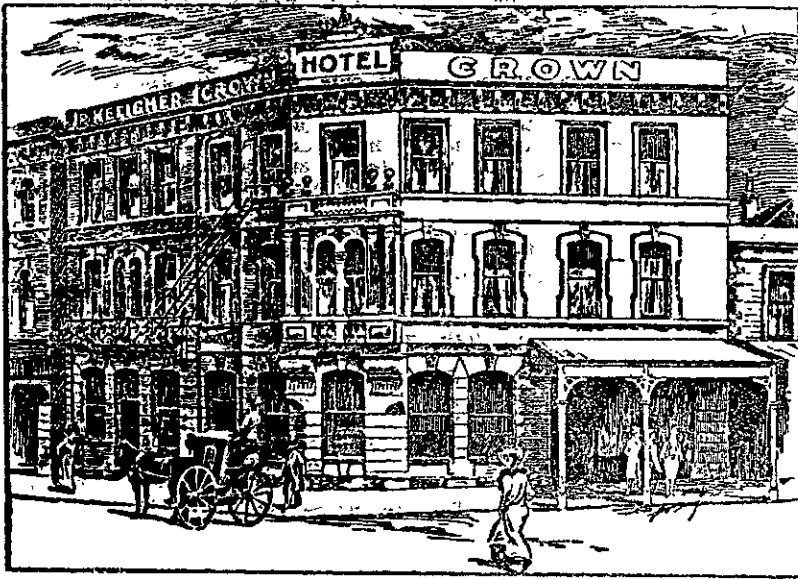
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Current Topics

Satan's Relatives

'Take home one of Satan's relations', says an old and wise proverb, 'and the whole family will follow'. Principii obsta: 'resist the beginnings'—the little violations of conscience, the little yieldings to expediency at the cost of principle, the little deviations from the narrow path of right and duty. These are the small members of Satan's family, entering like burglar Sikes's apprentices through the unguarded windows of your soul; and they, once in, will open a way to the father of their clan, who will rifle your souls of their richest and best treasures. 'I tell you', said the old German Emperor William I., 'it is the unfastened button that loses a battle'. It was a burrowing crayfish that let loose the devastating waters of the Charleston reservoir. A seemingly little thing is never a little thing when it opens the flood gates of evil, or makes the difference between right and wrong. 'When Infinite Wisdom', said Wendell Phillips at the election of President Lincoln in 1860, 'established the rules of right and honesty, He saw to it that right should always be the highest expediency.' A reminder to those weak and vacillating souls who act too often as if the morally right may be the personally or socially wrong or inexpedient.

More Quacks

Huck Finn 'didn't care a darn for a thing 'thout it was tollable hard to git.' It has been 'tollable hard to git' our Legislature into motion against what Carlyle calls the 'brass-faced, vociferous, voracious, and pestilent tribe of quacks. But when our legislative wisdom is precipitated in the form of an Act of Parliament upon our Statute Book, we hope that it will be something worth the waiting for. The crass credulity to which the quack appeals is in one respect like insanity or case-hardened yokel-prejudice: you will volley argument against it in vain. You may (as Max O'Rell says in another connection) call to your aid all the principles of algebra, trigonometry, and differential and integral calculus, to prove that it is wrong. But it is effort idly spent. The dupes upon whom the quack-parasite fastens are, in this matter, mentally 'in statu pupillari'—in a condition of legal infancy, so to speak; and they require the protection of the State from those pestiferous harpies, just as the normal citizen requires protection from the insinuating fingers of the pick-pocket and the unseen blow of the sandbagger.

There is one peculiarly odious class of quack that seems to us not to have come within the purview of the Bill now before Parliament. We refer to the so-called hypnotist and 'hypnotic healer'. Male creatures of this description are to be found in every large city in New Zealand; and their operations should be brought to a full stop in the interests of the physical, mental, and moral well-being of their hapless victims. One thing more: To this hour the New Zealand mails are used for the carriage of disgusting circulars that are posted by thousands to mere boys. The Federal Postmaster-General some time ago refused to make the country's mails the medium of spreading the circulars both of 'advertising professionals' and of medical quacks, some of whom use the confessions of clients for the purpose of blackmail, terrorism, and extortion. We once more commend to the special attention of the police and of the postal authorities the sort of 'literature' that is being circulated through the mails by certain blackguards that are doing an extensive business in mountebank 'electric' remedies. Young people who would retain the

bright flower of innocence will avoid the whole horde of advertising 'specialists' and quacksalvers. Samuel Rogers kept both physician and charlatan from his door, and lived to ninety-two on this prescription: 'Temperance, the bath and flesh-brush, and don't fret'. Good advice; but, like patience and cod-liver oil, the last part of it is more easily prescribed than taken.

Cagliostro, the prince of quacks and mountebanks, concocted an 'elixir of immortal youth' that had a great run, especially with ladies, and bulged the enterprising impostor's fob with golden guineas. Some years ago there lived in Melbourne a Chinese 'doctor', childlike and bland, who was much sought after by white people who were, or fancied that they were, 'not themselves at all'—like the swain that loved the Widow Malone, ooh hone! Ching's great curative agent was a pill about the size of a ping-pong ball. It was composed of honey, dates, earth, sawdust, ground horn, and half-a-dozen other equally variegated ingredients. This indigestible salmagundi is known in the Chinese Pharmacopoeia as ning-shin-yoon—'repose to the spirit'. Kee Sam (another bland Eastern) got one 'repose to the spirit' and ate it. Then his spirit flitted. There was an inquest. The Medical Society 'said things' about Chinese 'doctors' and their diagnoses and their 'remedies'. But the gullibles, white and yellow, flocked to the 'doctor' as before, and ate his balls of honey and sawdust and street-sweepings and ground rotten-stone just as heartily as ever. It is the way of the world, as Poor Richard sadly discovered long ago. Many of those who developed a sturdy appetite for 'repose to the spirit' were soon sleeping with Kee Sam where the lilies blow. The others recovered by the blessing of God, sound constitutions, or non-lethal doses. And the rumbling of the hearse-wheels and the noise of the clouds falling on the coffins of Sam Kee and the others were drowned in the hymns of praise which the white survivors sang to the praise of ning-shin-yoon. It does not, after all, seem as if the schoolmaster has been abroad to very much purpose in our day. The quack was a meagre incident in the social life of bygone days. Nowadays he is like lying—one of the world's Great Powers.

The 'Smart Set'

Father Bernard Vaughan has completed his course of oratorical fly-blisters for the pagan 'smart set' among the wealthy and titled lower orders in England. The great preacher's utterances inspired the following epigram by Sir Francis Burnand in the London 'Daily Telegraph':—

'Ere "the Smart Set" becomes a little rowdy,
Its men a-weary and its women dowdy,
All will admit that the bold preacher's art
Has done its best to make "the Smart Set" smart.'

In the latest of his fine philippics, Father Vaughan traces the history of 'the Magdalen in Mayfair.' It is the sad story of a girl born of vulgar, wealthy, and worldly parents; brought up without a mother's love, without religion; trained to a vicious taste for unwholesome romantic literature, and to the worst forms of vanity in dress. Her parents, who 'would not humble themselves to enter the kingdom of heaven, would lick the very dust of the floor to have their names, and their names only, associated with hired guests who did not want to know them', at 'the enchanted castle' where the 'fast smart set' dwell. Then the heavy bribes to secure introductions, the engagement, the marriage (for the Magdalen's hawbees), the downfall of the undisciplined wife, the moral ruin, and death.

Describing the lack of supervision over 'the young persons' among the 'smart set,' Father Vaughan conveyed a lesson, part of which parents in New Zealand may well take to heart. 'Human nature,' said

he, 'being constituted as it is, these tremendous liberties between young people that are now countenanced by the smart set are fraught with consequences that are only too often as shocking as they are inevitable. It is no easy thing to keep sweet and clean and good when shielded from harm. What then must happen to the bloom and beauty of our country when they are tossed into the arms of men whose passions are raging like a mob? Not only in London, but in country houses also, parents are to blame. Ought not young ladies to retire to their rooms when their mothers bid the company good night? Surely the horse-play and bear fighting between men and girls at bed time that has sprung up of late years in some fast country houses can end only in the same disastrous way as the home drivings after supper to which I have referred. I venture to hope and pray that this coarse romping, and these illicit intimacies between the sexes may be stamped out of existence, and denounced unmercifully by both host and hostess in every Christian home in England. Thank God, nothing that I have here condemned have I ever seen in the typical homes of the best people in this dear, dear land.'

Church and Bible

Archdeacon Robinson, of Dunedin, placed some rackarock under a mossgrown legend in the course of an address in the Anglican Pro-Cathedral, Dunedin, last week. The 'Otago Daily Times' of Tuesday (September 18) reports his utterance as follows:— 'Many wild things had been said of the ignorance of the people concerning this Book during the so-called "dark" ages. It had been believed that the Bible was a sealed book to all but the very learned, while the fact was that the clergy and monks read and studied this Book daily, and sought to make its teachings known to the people. This would be seen by the written sermons of that time, which were saturated with quotations from the Scriptures. It must be remembered that for five hundred years after the Norman Conquest the language was in a state of change, also that the people of one class were barely intelligible to those of another class, and that this would increase the difficulty of making known the Scriptures in a time when the printing press was unknown. The Ven. Archdeacon then referred to the translations made by the Venerable Bede, and also by King Alfred. After enumerating the various printed editions of the English Bible, the Archdeacon closed a most interesting address.'

'Meagher of the Sword'

A white-haired, quiet, charitable woman—Mrs. Elizabeth Townsend Meagher—passed over to the great majority in New York a few weeks ago. She was the widow of Brigadier-General Thomas Francis Meagher—'Meagher of the Sword'—who was associated with Smith O'Brien, Charles (afterwards Sir Charles) Gavan Duffy, and John Mitchell in opposing O'Connell's 'Peace Resolutions' in 1846. Mrs. Meagher followed her husband through the war, and nursed him back to life after his horse had been shot under him and he had been left for dead on the hard-fought field of Bull's Run. He was taken from her in 1867 by the swirling yellow waters of the Mississippi, and his handsome form was never again seen of men. His widow then dropped beneath the great public life of the country, carried on till her death a mission of love and charity among the submerged tenth of New York. Then she fitted, full of years and good works, leaving 'no memorial but a world made a little better by her life.'

Yet the widow's passing recalls strenuous days and brings back the memory of one of the most gallant feats of arms that poet ever sang. We refer to the wild charges of General Meagher's Irish Brigade at the battle of Fredericksburg, during the American

Civil War, on December 13, 1862. 'That,' said General Longstreet, an eye-witness, 'was one of the handsomest things in the whole war.' It was the heavy task of Meagher's division to burst out of Fredericksburg, form under a devastating fire from the Confederate (Southern) batteries, and then attack Marye's Heights, which towered in an almost impregnable position high above them. Behind a stone wall that ran along the Heights there lay a Georgian regiment, almost wholly composed of seasoned Irish troops. 'When,' says a historian of the war, 'the Brigade was seen advancing from the town, they were at once recognised by their green badge, that sent a thrill to many a brave but sorrowful heart, behind that rampart. "God! what a pity!" said some. "We're in for it!" said others. "Here are Meagher's fellows!" said more. The voice of the colonel rang clear and shrill: "Its Greek to Greek to-day, boys; give them hell!" And they did. For that deadly fusillade was a genuine feu d'enfer.'

Meagher's men swarmed up the Heights twelve hundred strong. Six times they faced the hell-storm of lead that poured upon them from the levelled barrels behind the wall. 'I looked with my field-glass,' said the Adjutant-General of General Hancock's staff, 'and I looked for a long time before I was certain of what I saw. I at first thought that the men of the Brigade had lain down to allow the showers of shot and shell to pass over them, for they lay in regular lines. I looked for some movement, some stir—a hand or foot in motion. But no; they were dead—dead every man of them—cut down like grass'. Of the six hundred and seven gallant men of the Light Brigade who charged at Balaklava, one hundred and ninety-eight (or thirty-two per cent.) returned. Some twenty-six per cent. of MacMahon's regiment of cuirassiers drew their rations after their desperate charges on and through the eleventh Prussian corps at the battle of Reichshofen. Out of Meagher's Brigade of twelve hundred men that breasted the death-storm on Marye's Heights, only two hundred and eighty (or twenty-three per cent.) came back. On May 3 of the following year, the Brigade was annihilated at Chancellorsville, after two days and two nights of continuous fighting, during which they had dragged into action a battery of guns of which both horses and drivers had been mown down by the flying leaden death. Of the 'wild charge they made' up the Heights above Fredericksburg, a brilliant historian and eye-witness wrote: 'Never at Fontenoy, Albuera, nor at Waterloo, was more undoubted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during those six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe. . . The bodies which lie in dense masses within forty yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns are the best evidence what manner of men they were.' The fearless and faithful wife who lately passed beyond the Veil witnessed that Homeric struggle and welcomed her cool and dashing husband back from the inferno. They were stirring times for man or woman to live through.

The Rev. Father J. M. Kelly, of Rydalmere, was operated on for appendicitis in St. Vincent's Hospital some two weeks ago. He is now almost convalescent.

In a letter to Mr. Joseph Winter, of Melbourne 'Advocate,' Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., states that his brother John still wears with great pride the watch which was presented to him 23 years ago by the Irish working men of Sydney.

In cricket field or football bounds,
Sporting with gun or following hounds,
In swift horse-race or yachting course,
Where'er a man's delight finds source,
One more delight keeps him aglow—
Best game of all—'tis sport to know
That Woods' Great Peppermint Cure was sent
To be man's best medicament.

"A SORROWFU' heart's aye drouthy; but a cup o' genuine
"Cock o' the North" will quench ony.

"A toom haun is nae lure for a hawk; but a cup o' Hondaj-
Lanka's a temptation for anybody!"

'ORATE FRATRES'

AN ARTICLE FOR THE LAITY

(By THE REV. J. GOLDEN, KAIKOURA.)

In last May's issue of the 'American Ecclesiastical Review' there is a thoughtful and appropriate article on the 'Orate Fratres' of holy Mass. It is a valuable contribution by 'Layman,' who has studied the question closely and brought into prominence many fresh ideas on the subject.

That in New Zealand the 'Review' in question circulates only among the clergy may be taken for granted: therefore, the laity have no opportunity of reading the contribution under notice. The object of this paper is to reproduce in substance the most salient points advanced by 'Layman,' adding thereto other matter of a cognate nature. With the view to throw some light on a theme of deep interest to a wide circle of lay readers, I venture to send for publication the following remarks, based chiefly on 'Layman's' edifying article.

Before the secret prayers and the Canon of holy Mass, the officiating priest, turning towards the people, addresses them as follows: 'Pray, brethren, that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty.' To this humble and earnest request the people respond with the prayer: 'May the Lord receive the Sacrifice from thy hands, to the praise and glory of His Name, to our benefit also, and to that of all His holy Church.'

In the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass Christ is at once the

Priest and Victim,

as He was at the Last Supper, when He graciously instituted the venerable Sacrifice of the New Law. To Him belongs the supreme action of the Sacrifice. The priest at the altar is His minister, who is divinely appointed for this exalted function. Christ Our Lord remains the High Priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech. The priest standing on the altar discharges his sacred office in the name of Christ Jesus, and as His visible and authorised minister. At the Last Supper Our Blessed Lord ordained the Apostles His first priests in the New Dispensation, and empowered them to consecrate the elements of bread and wine, as He had done. 'This do for a commemoration of Me.' The Apostles ordained others for the same divine functions. Their successors in the episcopate have ever since done the same. Thus the sacred priesthood of the New Law, which is the priesthood of Christ the Redeemer, has been perpetuated from generation to generation, and is to be coeval with time itself.

Accordingly, the offering of holy Mass belongs to an ordained priest. Yet in the 'Orate Fratres' there are words of deep significance touching the congregation. 'Pray that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty.' The words of the celebrant, 'My sacrifice and yours,' clearly indicate that the people are united with the priest in the great offering, which is made in behalf of both by the invisible and eternal High Priest and Victim, Christ Jesus Himself. Very great, then, is the dignity conferred on the congregation by giving them a share in the offering of the Adorable Sacrifice. There is a spiritual priesthood, realising the promise made by God to His people in the long-ago: 'And you shall be to me a priestly kingdom, and a holy nation' (Exod. xix., 6). And St. Peter, the chief of the Apostles, and the rock-foundation of the Church, expresses the same idea in words at once forceful and significant: 'But you are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people.' (I Peter, ii., 9).

Such is, then, the exalted dignity of a Catholic congregation during the offering of holy Mass. But here arises the obvious and important question: Have the laity in general sufficient knowledge to appreciate their own dignity in being united with the priest in the offering of the Adorable Sacrifice? The writer in the 'Ecclesiastical Review' points to 'the condition of darkened intellect prevailing more than is suspected with regard to the Sacrifice of the Mass.' This darkness regarding the grand centre of Catholic worship may be removed by instruction from the altar and by strictly exact terms. 'The modes of speech employed' in speaking of Mass should be select and precise. In this connection there are

Three Phrases

which 'Layman' forcibly condemns:—

First, 'Mass will be read.' Second, 'Mass will be said.' Third, 'Mass must be heard.'

'Read,' 'said,' and 'heard,' are far from being choice or correct words. Against these terms 'an earnest protest is entered.' They are out of harmony with the idea of Sacrifice and the theology of Mass. They are calculated to mislead the people. The expression 'read' is improper. It has no warrant in theology, and it savors of heresy. There is question here of the venerable Sacrifice of the New Law, the Mass. Now, this Sacrifice is not 'read' to Almighty God, but offered. To 'read' a sacrifice is a bald expression, meaningless, void of dignity. 'Mass will be offered' is the correct and meaningful expression. Better still, the Adorable Sacrifice will be offered.

The word 'offer' is most intimately connected with sacrifice. We use it respecting the various sacrifices of the Old Dispensation. The theology of the Mass abounds with it. It is consecrated by constant and frequent use in the celebration of the sacred mysteries. The priest finds it in devotional prayers before and after holy Mass. It is found by the people in their prayer-books as they follow the celebrant through the different parts of Mass. And the word 'offer,' frequently occurs in the prayer which the priest reads in public for the congregation before he begins Mass,—a most excellent prayer and instruction which forcibly reminds the people of the different ends for which the holy Sacrifice is offered. Behold how the Church puts the correct words into the mouths of all. Ears are constantly hearing it, and lips pronouncing the same. Yet an inappropriate word is picked up and too often used to the detriment of the Adorable Sacrifice.

Neither can the word 'said' be correctly used. For, the Sacrifice of the Mass is essentially an action. We 'offer' to God all our thoughts, words, and actions. We don't 'say' them to our Heavenly Father. Neither is the Adorable Sacrifice 'said' to God. Behold how awkward and meaningless the phrase is. There is a part of the Mass known as the 'Offer-tory,' and this alone supplies the key to the proper word, 'offer,' which is distinctive, appropriate, meaningful, and instructive.

'Mass Will be Celebrated'

is a commendable expression. It is logical also, and sanctioned by long usage. Hence we have the word celebrant as applied to the officiating priest. 'He celebrated Mass' is a correct and laudable phrase. 'I want you to celebrate Mass' follows the same rule. But 'offer,' 'offered,' 'offerer,' and 'offering,' are the strongest, most meaningful, and appropriate expressions respecting the venerable Sacrifice of the Mass.

The third objectionable phrase which 'Layman' rules out of court is 'hearing Mass.' This is undignified and misleading. It is illogical, as nobody can hear the priest during the greater and most solemn part of the holy Sacrifice. It becomes necessary to repeat once more that the offering of Mass is an action on the part of the celebrant. It is an action also on the part of the congregation, as they have the privilege of uniting with the priest in the offering of the holy Sacrifice. If the people only 'hear' the celebrant during a portion of the service and do nothing more, they surely fail in their solemn obligation. No matter how often used, the expression 'hearing Mass' is illogical and misleading.

(To be continued.)

Success of Catholic Colleges

The Honors lists of the Royal University Arts Examinations, which were recently held, have been published (writes a Dublin correspondent), and they prove more conclusively than ever the great superiority of the unendowed Catholic colleges of Ireland over the Queen's colleges that receive £34,000 a year from the State. University College, Stephen's Green, as usual, heads the list with seventy-one distinctions; while the Queen's colleges of Belfast, Cork, and Galway combined only muster forty-one. Blackrock College, County Dublin, conducted by the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, won twenty-one exhibitions or four more than the Cork and Galway Queen's colleges together obtained. Seeing that Blackrock does not get one penny endowment either directly or indirectly, this is a most creditable performance, and speaks volumes for the excellent education imparted in this old-established and widely-known college. Maynooth College and Loreto College for girls, Stephen's Green, won each thirty honors. Owing to the quality of the distinctions won by the latter it is placed second in the Honors list. Both obtained six distinctions more than the Queen's College, Belfast. Among the successes may be mentioned St. Mary's College, Eccles street, and Mungret College, Limerick; they received twenty-one and ten honors respectively.

"A LIGHT purse makes a heavy heart." Buy Cook o' the North, and save your siller!

"A E guid turn deserves anither." You are delighted with (Cook o' the) North; then tell your friends.

Mixed Marriages

The mixed marriage menace is (says the "Catholic Transcript"), according to unanimous verdict, alarmingly on the increase. Mixed marriages, or the union of persons of different faith, are now counted extremely unsafe ventures. The happiness of the contracting parties is seriously jeopardized. Men and women who are to spend their lives under the same roof, sharing each other's confidences, hopes, ambitions, destiny, should be in agreement at least on essential points. There is nothing, in the minds of the vast majority of mankind, as essential as

The Things that Bear Upon Eternity.

Religion is altogether concerned with these things. Cicero, in his immortal treatise on friendship, declares that there can be no friendship where there is not a perfect accord in all things human and all things divine.

It will be admitted by all that husband and wife should at least be good friends. But this old Roman sage declares, and his assertion cannot be gainsaid, that there can be no friendship worthy of the name where there is not absolute accord in all things divine.

In alliances where there is disagreement respecting things eternal, the heaviest burden falls upon the Catholic party. His point of view is altogether different. His creed forces him to the position that the Catholic religion is the only true religion. Non-Catholics admit that one faith is as good as another. They can be at once liberal and logical. When a Catholic becomes liberal he becomes illogical and lacking in allegiance.

The Catholic Religion

postulates a supernatural order. It believes in mysteries. It stands for the existence of a future life, of heaven and of hell. It inculcates faith in a personal God, in a personal devil, in the life of the soul when separated from the body. It requires its votaries to subscribe to the dogma of the divinity of Christ, His resurrection, His coming to judge the world at the end of time. It is full of dogmas—dogmas which must be accepted under pain of excommunication.

Now, to the mind which rejects nearly every one of these truths such belief is superstition, pure and pernicious. And it will require consummate acting and superb tact on the part of a dissenting husband or wife to run through a lifetime without betraying some sort of contempt for the sacred tenets of the Catholic party. Distrust, disquietude, pity, and impatience at the weak-mindedness of all who seriously subscribe to such absurdities are but natural to those who look on and doubt. There is nothing that inflicts such an irreparable shock upon the sensitive as the full realisation that what is dearest to them in life is held

In Suspicion and Slight Esteem

by those who are nearest. Then there are generations yet unborn to be looked to. The child accepts his father as his hero. A word from either parent has the force of an oracle from on high. When the husband and wife are not in agreement respecting the eternals, to whom can the offspring appeal for light? Whichever way he goes, he turns his back upon father or mother. His filial piety is submitted to the severest test. His loyalty to the faith of his father is disloyalty to the faith of his mother. One need not investigate far before finding the natural results of such anomalous association.

Observation teaches the sad lesson that faith declines as mixed marriages increase. Catholic parents do not indeed favor them, but they frequently reserve their opposition till attachments are formed, till promises are exchanged and till the young people grow so far enamored of each other as to be practically convinced that the evils which naturally attend mixed marriages will not obtain in their altogether exceptional case. And so the die is cast.

It is true to say of such alliances that the die is cast. They are pre-eminently a hazard. You make your throw and await your possible chance of winning. Meanwhile the chances are ten to one against you.

Nor will it avail to say that there are plenty of unions between men and women of the same faith which are far from being cast in pleasant places. Admitted. But why should depth be added to depth? Why should extraneous and grievous causes for heart-burning and discontent be deliberately invoked? If it is dangerous to toy with a revolver, the hazard is heightened when you play with two—especially if the second is loaded and cocked.

Pens that Signed Treaties

The great historic interest attaching to the pens used in signing the peace treaty between Russia and Japan at Portsmouth, U.S.A., was evidenced by the extraordinary keenness of makers in all parts of the world to gain the distinction of supplying them.

Pens poured in from dozens of different manufacturers; and, to avoid disappointing any of these enterprising firms, it was decided that the treaty should be signed with quill pens.

This was quite in accord with precedent as well as the eternal fitness of things; for, as a matter of fact, such momentous documents as peace and other treaties have more often than not been signed with the good old-fashioned quills.

If the newspaper reports can be believed, however, quill pens were, notwithstanding the announcement previously made, not used at the signing of the treaty. The two Russian representatives are said to have subscribed their signatures with pens brought from the Foreign Office at St. Petersburg. The holders are described as being of brown-colored wood, tipped with black horn.

The two Japanese envoys likewise came equipped with their own pens, though they are reported to have bought theirs in the United States. If this is actually the case, American manufacturers will leave no stone unturned to discover the identity of the make for advertisement purposes.

It is understood that on each side the signatories retained their pens after the signing of the treaty, though it would, perhaps, have been a graceful act to present them to the President who brought them together.

Though their intrinsic value is practically nil, these pens always command high prices when offered for sale by public auction. Not long ago there was offered for sale in Vienna the pen which was used at Paris almost ninety-one years ago by the high signatories to the treaty embodying what is known to history as the Holy Alliance.

They were the Czar Alexander J. of Russia, the Emperor Francis I. of Austria, and King Frederick William III. of Prussia, who on September 26, 1815, with this pen subscribed their signatures to the treaty, which it is interesting to recall was actually drawn up by the first-named.

The first bid for the precious relic, which was the property of the late Count Falkenhayn, was 125fr., but it was ultimately knocked down to Consul General von Lindheim for 800fr., or something under £32 of the current coin of this realm.

It is fairly well known that the ex-Empress Eugenie of France is the proud possessor of the historic pen with which the Treaty of Paris was signed by all the fourteen plenipotentiaries who were parties thereto. Quite naturally each had a particular desire to retain for himself the pen with which he signed, but the Empress was so anxious that they should all sign with the same, and that she would be allowed to keep it, that none of them could deny her.

The fourteen signatures were accordingly appended with the one pen, which was afterwards handed over to the Empress. It, too, was a quill, but, quite appropriately, it had been plucked from the wing of a golden eagle, and was richly mounted with gold and diamonds. This pen the ex-Empress still uses occasionally.

Another pen with which a famous treaty was signed is a heirloom in the family of Viscount Bangor. This is the pen that was used on the occasion of the signing of the peace treaty between France and Austria in October, 1809, and which is known as the Treaty of Vienna. By it the last-named country was bereft of more than 42,000 miles of her finest territory and of some three and a half millions of her people, who became the subjects of other Powers.

The pen came into the possession of its present owner through an ancestor, who occupied the post of secretary to a former Viscount Castlereagh. It is still used for treaty signing, but of a happier kind than that which made it famous. When any member of the Bangor family marries it is with this pen that the marriage register is signed.

It is announced that the law providing for old age pensions in France is to come into force in January of next year. It is calculated that the cost will be some twenty-three million francs per annum.

The heaviest fall of snow in forty years recently laid low the telegraph and telephone lines at Ballarat, delayed the Adelaide express, and caused considerable damage to stores, stables, and the roofs of buildings along the southern slope of the dividing range.

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Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

September 15.

The Very Rev. Dean McKenna, of Masterton, and the Rev. Father Goggan, of Napier, have been on a visit of inspection to the orphanage at Stoke.

The annual social in aid of the schools of Te Aro parish was held in the Town Hall on Wednesday evening. There was a fairly large attendance. The first part of the proceedings was devoted to musical items, songs being rendered by Misses V. Lamacroft, E. Martin, A.T.C.L., and Amy Hyde, and Messrs. Reade and Carr. A cornet solo was given by J. Parker. Miss M. Sullivan played the accompaniments.

News was received by cable during the week of the death in Sydney of Mr. A. H. Redwood. Deceased while on a brief visit to Sydney was taken suddenly ill, and an operation was found necessary. Unfortunately it was not successful. Mr. Redwood was about forty years of age, and leaves a widow and four children. He was a native of Blenheim, and his father, Mr. Charles Redwood, is at present a resident of Toowoomba, Queensland. Mrs. Maurice McGrath, of this city, is a sister, and his Grace Archbishop Redwood an uncle of deceased.—R.I.P.

The results of the Trinity College music examinations form very interesting reading for Catholics as far as the Wellington centre is concerned. The pupils from St. Mary's Convent are still to the very forefront in carrying off any honors that are to be had. Four candidates were presented for examination in the higher division of singing, and all gained honors. The successful pupils are:—Rita Rabone, A.T.C.L., 89; Alice Macdonald, A.T.C.L., 88; Edith Martin, A.T.C.L., 85; Althea Cundy, A.T.C.L., 81. The first of these, Miss Rita Rabone, is only seventeen years of age, and is probably the youngest candidate in New Zealand to secure the Associate degree. The only honors in senior pianoforte playing in Wellington were Sylvia Williams, 88, and Mary Harnett, 86. Miss Williams gained the Dresden medal for highest marks in the senior division. These results are extremely gratifying. The debt which the musical public of this city owes to the Sisters of Mercy is one that is ever increasing from year to year.

A reception ceremony was conducted by his Grace the Archbishop at St. Joseph's, Buckle street, on Friday morning, when three young ladies were received into the Order of Our Lady of Compassion. The church was beautifully decorated by the Misses Gibbes, the Misses Hackett, and Miss B. MacManaway. The sacred edifice was crowded. His Grace was assisted by Very Rev. Dean McKenna, Very Rev. Father MacNamara, and Rev. Fathers Holley, McDermott, Venning, Herring, and Walsh. The candidates were Miss Josephine MacManaway, of Wellington (in religion Sister Mary Francis of Assisi), Miss Mary Cregan, of Sydney (Sister Mary Xavier), and Miss Agnes Boland, of Darfield (Sister Mary Claudia). His Grace delivered a short address in which he pointed out the duties of all who desired to enter the Order of Compassion, and particularly stated that their work in life was the amelioration of the woes of suffering humanity. Their duties would often be of the most humble, even menial, character, and it was not for them to imagine that such duties were carried out by them as philanthropists. Rather they should consider that they were doing the work of their Master. It was a sacrifice demanded by the Saviour of mankind. A special choir rendered the music appropriate to the occasion.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

September 15.

The St. Mary's Catholic Club intend placing two cricket teams on the field this season. Mr. J. Belve and Mr. White were appointed hon. secretary and hon. treasurer respectively, and Messrs. N. Anderson, J. Sleeman, and Belve appointed delegates to the Wanganui Cricket Association at the meeting held last Monday. The members present showed great enthusiasm. A special general meeting of members was held last night, when it was decided to take a lease of the Commercial Travellers' Club Rooms at Taupo Quay for a term of five years. The members are to be congratulated on this progressive step. The present rooms are too small for the actual membership, which totals 190—a truly marvellous result for five months.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

September 17.

News by the last mail from England, from his Lordship the Bishop, states that he was still in London. It was his intention to leave for Rome at the beginning of September, making a sojourn in France en route.

The Marist Fathers have lost one of their pioneer missionaries in the South Sea Islands, in the person of the Rev. Father Trouillet, news of whose death has come to hand from Fiji, where he labored with indefatigable zeal, in the face of many difficulties, for close on forty years.—R.I.P.

As a result of a ballot, taken by the committee of the Cathedral Club on September 10, diplomas are to be awarded by the Executive of the Federated Catholic Young Men's Societies of New Zealand to the following gentlemen in recognition of their past valuable services in different capacities to their club:—Messrs. J. R. Hayward, G. Dobbs, and M. O'Reilly.

The following pupils of the Sisters of Our Lady of the Missions were successful at the examination in musical knowledge, held in connection with Trinity College, London:—Senior honors, Annie Riordan. Senior pass, Mary Wildey, Mabel Yemm, Katie O'Halloran, Eileen Murphy. Intermediate honors, Ivy Sheppard, Mary Coakley. Intermediate pass, A. Vera Barker. Junior honors, Gladys Barker, Emma Moyna, Florence Lyford, Alma Baker, H. Cronin. Junior pass, Diny Mandell, Ella Cronin. Preparatory division, Mary Mullane. Preparatory pass, Maggie Rodgers, Mary Cummings.

After Vespers on Sunday the altar boys assembled in the Cathedral sacristy to say good-bye and make a presentation to Mr. Peter O'Connell, who is retiring from their ranks, after a service of sixteen years. The Very Rev. Father Le Menant des Chesnais, V.G., presided, and, in presenting the gift, spoke in very eulogistic terms of the senior altar boy whose retirement he very much regretted. He spoke of his fidelity to duty, the edification he invariably gave, and the great assistance he rendered on special occasions in the sanctuary. In handing him a very handsome travelling rug, the Vicar-General asked him to appreciate it, not so much for its value, but for the good wishes of the givers. The recipient thanked the altar boys for their nice gift, and the Very Rev. Father Le Menant des Chesnais for his kind remarks, and said he would always look back with pleasure to the time he spent at the Cathedral, and ever remember the good advice given him by their esteemed Vicar-General.

Greymouth

(From an occasional correspondent.)

September 13.

The many friends of Mrs. Felix Campbell will learn with regret that she is seriously ill, and her condition is causing grave anxiety.

Last Sunday, being the day for the quarterly Communion of the St. Columba Club, the members of the Hibernian Society united with that body in approaching the Holy Table. The united societies, to the number of about eighty, marched from the St. Columba Hall to the church in regalia. Dean Carew, in the course of his remarks, congratulated both societies on turning up in such numbers.

At the St. Columba Club rooms last Friday evening Mr. W. McEvedy, of the Railway Department, who has been transferred to Timaru, was presented on behalf of the club members and the Hibernian Society with a handsome pair of field glasses, suitably inscribed. Mr. W. Duffy, in making the presentation, referred to the excellent services rendered to the club and the Hibernian Society by Mr. McEvedy, and wished him every success in the future. Mr. McEvedy was also the recipient of several other presentations on the eve of his departure, including a Gladstone bag from his fellow-employees on the railway. Mr. McEvedy left on Saturday evening for Christchurch. A large number of his comrades assembled at the railway station, and, as the train moved off, gave three hearty cheers for Mr. McEvedy and the future Mrs. McEvedy.

A large audience assembled at the St. Columba Club rooms last Friday evening to hear the debate between the St. Columba Club's representatives and those of the Trinity Institute. Mr. Joseph Petrie (editor of 'Greymouth Star') occupied the chair, whilst Mr. A. A. Adams (headmaster of the State school) presided as judge. The Trinity Club was represented by Messrs. L. de Berry (leader), K. Petrie, S. Croft, and A. West, whilst the St. Columba representatives consisted of Messrs. Donald Butler (lead-

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er), W. Packer, W. Duffy, and P. White. The question at issue was, "Should the State control the liquor traffic?" The Trinity Club favored State control, whilst the St. Columba Club upheld the present system. The judge, in announcing a victory for the St. Columba Club by twenty-one points, said he had been taken by surprise at the manner in which the question had been handled by the various speakers, and trusted that the members of both clubs would endeavor to arrange several contests each year.

The West Coast is, as a rule, remarkably free from bigotry. All sections of the community live very peaceably together. However, a rather disagreeable incident has lately led your correspondent to fear that the leaven of bigotry and narrow-mindedness is gradually being introduced, though he trusts that the better sense of a liberal-minded majority will easily prevent it causing strife. Across the river opposite Greymouth lies the small suburb of Cobden. It is not yet constituted a borough, but its school committee seems to think they are a very important body. Very Rev. Dean Carew, about a year ago, applied to this enlightened body for permission to teach catechism after school hours. After a very long and painfully significant delay, he received an intimation that the use of the school would be granted only on condition of payment of one shilling per visit. It was not much, but it meant a lot, it involved principles; it seemed to imply a bitter opposition to the Dean teaching his children at all. The worthy Dean communicated with the Grey District Education Board. To their credit, be it said, the members of this more important body at once notified the aforesaid Cobden School Committee that in their humble opinion the use of the school should be given free of charge. Another considerable delay followed—very significant also in its length,—and it was only after the recent elections that either payment or the free right of entry was made optional. Of course the Dean took the option of free entry, and had further communication with the Board, which has very properly made it a recommendation to Parliament, that the State schools throughout the Colony should be open after or before school hours free of charge to any minister of religion who wishes to instruct the children of his denomination.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

September 14.

The handsome new brick presbytery at Onehunga is nearing completion.

Rev. Father Farthing arrives here next Sunday from Sydney for this diocese.

The boys at the Takapuna Orphanage have been presented with a fine set of cricketing material by Mr. C. Little. It was a timely and thoughtful act.

Yesterday the Bishop left for Huntly, where Father Clune has been giving another mission. His Lordship will give Confirmation at its close next Sunday.

Rev. Fathers Mangan and King, of Melbourne, arrived last Wednesday via the Islands in the 'Navua.' Yesterday morning both left for Rotorua, and will return in time to catch the steamer leaving here next Monday for Sydney.

In last Wednesday's issue of our local morning journal appeared an interview with a young French lady by one of the staff, 'On the Church and State in France.' To our non-Catholic friends, who get their information from the cables, the news imparted by this young lady must have proved an eye-opener.

His Lordship the Bishop was at Ngauruawahia last Sunday, when he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large number of children and many adults. The Very Rev. Father Clune, C.S.S.R., concluded his mission the same day, which throughout the week was exceedingly well attended. Rev. Father Cahill also assisted towards the close of the mission.

Last Saturday was the fourth anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. Father Holbrook. The children of the catechism class were determined not to allow the occasion to pass without marking their high appreciation of the good work done for them by Father Holbrook. They assembled in large numbers at the convent school. There were also present Rev. Father Murphy, Brothers George and Joachim, and ladies and gentlemen of the parish. Miss Bessie McDonnell, on behalf of the children, read a most beautifully worded address, and afterwards handed a nicely framed picture containing the photos of the various classes with their teachers. Miss Patricia O'Con-

nor then recited a poem appropriate to the occasion. Several useful presents were given Father Holbrook. Rev. Brother George, on behalf of the boys, added his meed of praise of Father Holbrook for his untiring efforts on their behalf. The school had in him a warm and enthusiastic friend. He wished Father Holbrook many years of successful labor in their midst. Mr. M. J. Sheahan also briefly addressed those present, and extolled the good work of Father Holbrook, particularly the great interest always evinced by him in the welfare of the children. Father Holbrook on rising was warmly applauded, especially by the children. He heartily thanked the children for their nice presents, which he would always treasure, and he thanked the good Sisters of Mercy who had arranged the programme for the afternoon, and which was so highly creditable to them and their pupils. He never felt so much at home as when he was with the children. They had appraised too highly his humble efforts. He thanked Brother George and Mr. Sheahan for their kind references to him, and Mrs. Lennardo and other kind friends for their useful presents. Refreshments were passed around, and several musical items were given by the children.

The Church and State in France

A French Lady, who has just come from France to New Zealand to settle, and who was interviewed by a representative of the Auckland 'Herald,' drew a most doleful picture of the internal affairs in her native land, consequent upon the action of the Government in regard to the Church.

Speaking of the North of France generally, and Roubaix in particular, she said, 'You cannot imagine what effect the Government's action has had upon the people. Catholics are placed at a serious disadvantage in everything with which the State has to do, and to be a Catholic is an almost certain disqualification for employment by the Government. Indeed, upon the examination of young men candidates for employment in the Civil Service lads from the Lycee were given the preference over lads from the Church schools, notwithstanding that the latter secured the greater number of marks, but it was the practice to endorse their examination papers with the word "Catholic," as though some sort of stigma attached to it. It seems,' said the lady, 'that the Government is persecuting the Church for two reasons, one in order to make good (to a small extent, it is true) a decreasing revenue; and the other in order to obliterate the Christian religion altogether in France.'

'I myself was present at the attacks made on the churches at Roubaix. The Catholics were determined that profane hands should not be laid upon the sacred things consecrated to the worship of God. A barricade was erected in front of one church and electricity was employed in the defences. The door could not be opened by the military, and the clergy and laity refused to admit them, being determined to hold the position to the end, but the soldiers got in at the windows, which they smashed in with their rifles.'

'One of the most pathetic sights in connection with this wretched business, was the presence of the soldiers in the church. They, poor fellows, were called upon to do duty which was manifestly repugnant to their spirits. Some poor fellows, although on duty, stood in the churches counting their beads, and some of them were in tears. It was most distasteful for them, good Catholics as they were, to have to take their horses into the churches.'

'And what do you think will be the outcome of all this?' the lady was asked.

'Already,' she replied, 'the poor, who derived so much benefit from the religious communities of both sexes, are suffering acutely. The State does nothing for them, and yet it has closed the monasteries and convents, where they used to receive food and clothing and medical attention. The hospitals have been emptied of the devoted Sisters who did the work of mercy of nurses, and the schools maintained by the religious have been appropriated by the State, with no compensation. The Benedictine and Carthusian Fathers, who built up an enormous business in the manufacture of their liquors, have been driven from the country, the former to Switzerland, the latter to Spain. France is the poorer for their departure by many thousands of pounds, for the monks devoted their profits entirely to charitable and religious purposes. As for the future, well, some trades are busy because they are unaffected by the change of front of the Government towards the Church; but others, particularly the building trades, are suffering. Business men fear serious trouble originating out of the persecution of

the Church by the State. The people are disturbed from one end of France to the other—in the north and south and from Brittany to Bescancon. Capital is being taken out of the country to England, Belgium, and Germany, or wherever the outlook appears more settled than it does in France, and the French rentes—an excellent political barometer—are most unstable. Admirable as the French foreign policy is, the domestic policy is altogether wrong, and must sooner or later result in very serious internal trouble. Who can tell that the harsh treatment meted out to the churches may not be the spark that will set the whole of France in a blaze? The situation is really very serious indeed, and no person by a mere perusal of the newspapers, either French or English, can accurately appreciate the true state of affairs. One must be in the country to do this.

The San Francisco Disaster

His Grace the Archbishop of Wellington has just received a letter from the Most Rev. Dr. Riordan, in which the Archbishop of San Francisco thanks Archbishop Redwood for his sympathy, and also for his words of consolation and encouragement. 'We are not at all dismayed by the great disaster that fell upon us,' continues his Grace, 'but we have not the strength and vigor of early days to meet such gigantic difficulties as confront us. However, we are full of hope and courage, and little by little I think we shall be able to replace the institutions ruined by the earthquake.' The Most Rev. Dr. Montgomery, Co-adjutor Archbishop, after thanking Archbishop Redwood for a kind letter of sympathy, says: 'I am glad, however, to be able to tell you that it is astonishing how the Archbishop bears up under the calamity. He has given his residence in the city to two convents of the Presentation Nuns, who were burned out in the fire, and he himself has taken a little cottage in San Mateo, a few miles from the city.'

The following list of the losses in the archdiocese of San Francisco by earthquake and fire has been supplied by Archbishop Montgomery:—In the city twelve churches were burnt, and the parishes absolutely wiped out of existence. In the burnt district we lost along with the churches every institution within it—the parish schools, colleges, academies, hospitals, Homes for aged, and abandoned children, including the large Church and College of St. Ignatius, and the Sacred Heart College of the Christian Brothers. Four churches in the city were destroyed by earthquake and several others seriously shaken, and several schools likewise in the same district more or less seriously injured. The Cathedral was seriously damaged. The altar was ruined by earthquake. The Archbishop's residence and the residence of the Cathedral clergy are within the district saved. Outside the city two or three churches were destroyed by earthquake, and several others, and schools as well, seriously shaken. The St. Patrick's Seminary at Menlo Park was badly damaged. There is no loss of life among priests, nuns, or children under their care.

The Newspapers of China

Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun contributes to the 'North American Review' an interesting article on 'The Chinese Press of To-day.' Peking is the home of the oldest newspaper in the world, the 'Pekin Gazette': and, long before the modern newspapers made its appearance in China, there was an extensive use of placards and broad-sheets, which, though they often contained criticisms of the government, were not censored, and indeed, there are no press laws in existence in the middle kingdom to-day.

The first modern newspaper was published in China in 1870, but the growth of the Chinese press was slow until after the Boxer rising. Now Peking has three daily papers and two fortnightly ones; Tientsin three dailies; Shanghai 16 daily papers; Foochow, Soochow and Canton between them have some six or seven dailies, while there are five in Hong Kong and one in Kiaochow. Besides, several papers are now published in the interior.

In all these, there are, as in American and English papers, leaders and leaderets, news items, telegrams, scraps of general information and advertisements.

In describing the Chinese paper, Mr. Colquhoun says: Along the top, where we are accustomed to see

the title, runs the pious exhortation to 'respect the written word,' and the custom of reverently collecting and burning all printed matter still survives, although it is neglected in some of the treaty ports.

Special correspondence is 'conveyed' from the foreign press, and not always well translated, which leads to many ludicrous mistakes. The acknowledgment is made to a 'Western Friend,' and the leading papers have a foreigner to advise on foreign news, but some of the more advanced statesmen have men to translate direct to them, as had Li Hung Chang.

Advertisements in the more popular papers are much in evidence, as in our own papers, and war news is given prominence. This is a modern development, for at the time of the China-Japanese war the defeats of China were never chronicled, but imaginary victories were dithyrambically described, and the same happened in some parts of China at the time of the Boxer movement.

As a rule, the articles in Chinese papers and magazines are not signed, but the niceties of style are such that the authors are soon recognised locally; whereas, in Japan, the leading writers enjoy quite a national reputation.

Spiders and their Webs

All spiders spin, but not all of them spin snares, those orbed and radiated webs that we see pictured so many times and every time pictured wrong (says a writer in 'Ainslee's'), but that only goes to show that the lower animals are not the only ones that possess instinct. I think it will be generally agreed that artists may be classed among the higher animals. Here of late, though, I think I have noticed a little improvement in artists. They have begun to notice that the spider always stands head downward in her web, if it be a perpendicular one, and if it is horizontal hangs back downward. Some flat web spiders can hardly walk right side up. But the spider of art never has more than six legs, while the real spider has eight, and the spider of art often has three sections of the body, while the real spider never has more than two. The head and chest are in one department, so to speak. There are their eyes, from four to eight in number, and disposed in different patterns according to their political affiliations; their jaws, which work sidewise instead of up and down; their poison-bag and a few other arrangements, and in the abdomen, or silk department, are the heart (a banana-shaped affair), the liver, the slit and tubes that do duty for lungs and the spinnerets. These last are warty looking affairs that may be spread apart and brought together exactly like the thumb and fingers of the hand. Each wart is covered with hundreds of little hollow hairs through which is expressed a gummy liquid that turns to silk when it dries. Mrs. Spider slaps her spinnerets broad against the wall and sticks fast (I don't know how) many hundreds of fine filaments. Then she pulls away the spinnerets and shuts them up, and all of those fine filaments melt into one rope, in thickness about one five-thousandth of an inch. Insects' silk is a simple thread; spiders' is compound.

The burglars who broke into the office of 'Coatomedra Herald' the other night, and found only a few shillings in the safe, must have been amateurs. It is not likely that they will ever again waste time trying to rob newspaper men.

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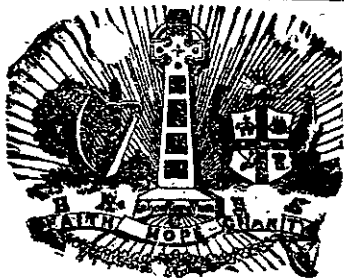
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PRODUCE.

Wellington, September 17.—The Department of Industries and Commerce has received the following cable from the High Commissioner, dated London, September 15:—There has been more inclination to purchase mutton during the past week. Stocks on hand are heavy, but the market is firm in anticipation of smaller supplies arriving. Canterbury mutton is quoted at 3½d, North Island 3¾d. Lamb: The market is firm, with a hardening tendency. Canterbury lamb is extremely scarce at 4½d. Average price for other than Canterbury brands, 4¼d. The stock of New Zealand beef on hand is light, and there is a much better demand for it. Hindquarters are quoted at 3¾d, fore-quarters 2½d. Butter: The market is firm, with a large demand for better grades. 2442 boxes of New Zealand butter arrived during August. Choice New Zealand makes are quoted at 115s; Danish, 123s; Canadian, 114s per cwt. Cheese: The market is quiet, and the tendency in favor of buyers. A good deal of cheese is now arriving and being held in store. Canadian makes are quoted at 61s per cwt. Hemp: The market is quiet, with little business doing. A good feeling, however, prevails. Prices are unchanged since last week. Cocksfoot: The seed market is quiet. Bright seed is scarce; 17lb clean dressed lots are worth 45s per cwt.

Invercargill Prices Current:—Wholesale—Butter, (farm), 9d; separator, 11d. Butter (factory), pats 1s 0½d. Eggs, 8d per dozen. Cheese, 7d. Hams, 9d. Barley, 2s to 2s 6d. Chaff, £3 5s per ton. Flour, £9 10s to £10. Oatmeal, £11 to £12. Bran, £4. Pollard, £5 10s. Potatoes, £10. Retail—Farm butter, 11d; separator 1s 1d. Butter (factory), pats, 1s 4d. Cheese, 9d. Eggs, 10d per dozen. Bacon, 9d. Hams, 9d. Flour—200lb, 21s; 50lb, 5s 9d; 25lb, 3s. Oatmeal—50lb, 7s; 25lb, 3s 6d. Pollard, 9s 6d per bag. Bran, 5s. Chaff, 2s. Potatoes, 12s per cwt.

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

Oats.—There is a fair inquiry for both feed and seed lines, but there is not the same inquiry for milling. Quotations: Seed lines, 2s 5d to 2s 9d; prime milling, 2s 2½d to 2s 3d; good to best feed, 2s 1d to 2s 2d; inferior to medium, 1s 10d to 2s per bushel.

Wheat.—No change to report in this market, there being a good inquiry for fowl wheat, and quotations (nominal) are as follow: Prime milling, 3s 5d to 3s 6d; medium, 3s 3d to 3s 4½d; best whole fowl wheat, 3s 1d to 3s 2d; broken and damaged, 2s 9d to 3s per bushel.

Potatoes.—There is very little change to report in this market, quotations being as follow: Seed lines, £11 10s to £12 10s; extra choice picked, £13; prime table sorts, £10 10s to £11 10s; medium, £9 to £10.

Chaff.—No change to report, prime quality bringing up to £4 per ton.

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co. (Ltd.) report:—

We held our weekly auction sale of grain and produce at our stores on Monday. —We had a full catalogue of oats, wheat, potatoes, and chaff suitable for the local trade, and although competition was not keen the bulk of the entry changed hands at prices about on a par with late quotations. Values ruled as under:—

Oats.—We have more inquiry for good to best feed oats suitable for shipment, but in most cases shippers' limits are rather below vendors' ideas of value. Milling lines have not much attention; but good clean seed lots, chiefly sparrowbills and Gartons, continue to move off freely. Quotations: Seed lines, 2s 5d to 2s 9d; prime milling, 2s 2½d to 2s 3d; good to best feed, 2s 1d to 2s 2d; inferior to medium, 1s 10d to 2s per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—The conditions in this market are practically unchanged from those reported last week. No business is being done in milling quality, although a few sales are reported in northern markets. Fowl wheat has fair demand both locally and for export. Quotations: Prime milling, (nominally) 3s 5d to 3s 6d; medium to good, 3s 3d to 3s 4½d; whole fowl wheat, 3s 1d to 3s 2d; broken and damaged, 2s 9d to 3s per bushel (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—With heavier consignments from both north and south the market is more fully supplied. Values for specially-picked seed lines are well maintained, but for uneven lots and for most table sorts the demand is not quite so strong, and quotations are a shade lower. Inferior quality and small sorts of all descriptions are almost unsaleable. Quotations: Best Seed lines, £12 to £13; fair do, £11 to £11 10s; best table sorts, £10 10s to £11 10s; medium to good, £9 10s to £10 5s; small and inferior, £5 to £8 per ton (sacks included).

Chaff.—Prime bright oatens sheaf continues to meet with good demand at quotations, but with medium to good quality the market is over-supplied, and even at a reduction on late values sales are not readily effected. For medium and inferior kinds there is no inquiry. Quotations: Prime oatens sheaf, £3 17s 6d to £4; medium to good, £3 10s to £3 15s; light and inferior, £3 to £3 5s per ton (bags extra).

Pressed Straw.—Quotations: Best oatens, 45s to 47s 6d; wheaten, 32s 6d to 35s per ton (pressed).

Turnips.—Quotations: Best swedes, 14s to 15s per ton (loose, ex truck).

WOOL

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

Rabbitskins.—We offered a very large catalogue at Monday's sale, prices being quite up to those ruling a week ago, a shade better if anything, with the exception of blacks. Winter bucks made up to 16½d and winter does to 19d, fawns to 12d, and blacks to 15½d. Horse hair sold up to 19½d per lb.

Sheepskins.—We submitted a large catalogue at our sale on Tuesday, competition being keen and prices firmer, with the exception of merinos, which were slightly easier. Halfbreeds sold up to 10½d, crossbreeds to 19½d, and merinos to 8d per lb.

Hides.—No sale since last report.

Tallow and Fat.—Owing to the improved state of the London market and extra competition locally we are pleased to report a considerable rise in this commodity. Quotations are as follow: Best rendered tallow, 19s 6d to 22s per cwt; medium to good, 17s 6d to 19s; inferior tallow, 15s to 17s; prime caul fat, 15s to 16s; rough fat, 12s to 14s 6d per cwt.

LIVE STOCK

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

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

The number of horses forward this week was larger than for a few weeks past, and the quality was good, especially the draughts. The attendance was first class, buyers being present from far and near, all anxious to secure horses fit to go into immediate hard work. The continued scarcity of both draught and strong harness horses is making itself increasingly felt, and this was evidenced at this week's sale in a very pronounced manner. The sale of the draughts was the liveliest we have experienced for a long time, and prices were higher than at any sale this year. The feature of the sale was a consignment of first-class draught mares and geldings, four and five years' old, from Mr. William Baird, Invercargill. They were a really nice serviceable lot, were greatly admired, and each horse, as it came under the rostrum, was eagerly competed for, and sold at up to £57 10s. For other vendors we sold twenty draught mares and geldings at, from £27 to £46 10s. The light harness section was not so well represented, and nothing of any note was on offer; only a few aged sorts changing hands at up to £20. Taken all through, Saturday's sale was the best we have had for considerable time. We quote: Superior young draught geldings, at from £45 to £52; extra good do (prize takers), £55 to £60; superior young draught mares, £55 to £65; medium draught mares and geldings,



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£30 to £40; aged do, £15 to £25; well-matched carriage pairs, £75 to £100; strong spring-van horses £25 to £30; milk-cart and butchers' order-cart horses, £18 to £25; light hacks, £10 to £15; extra good hacks and harness horses, £20 to £25; weedy and aged do, £5 to £8.

New Publications

In connection with the silver jubilee of St. Joseph's College, Hunter's Hill, Sydney, the 'old boys' have issued the first number of their annual under the title of 'Cerise and Blue.' The object of the annual is to promote the interests of the college, and foster a spirit of union and good-fellowship among the past students of the institution. We have no doubt but that the objects aimed at will be attained, as the initial effort of the 'old boys' is highly creditable, and gives promise of even better things in the future. The literary contributions of the ex-students of the college to the magazine are of a high order of merit, and may be read with interest and profit by many who are not directly interested in the welfare and progress of the school. To the 'old boys' themselves the most interesting article is, no doubt, that entitled 'Reminiscences of the early days,' by Brother Basil, now of Christchurch, whose connection with the college dates back to a time antecedent to its inauguration at Hunter's Hill. Brother Basil has much of interest to say about the early days of the college, the students, and the pioneer Brothers. Much information regarding the careers of ex-students is given under the heading, 'Personal items.' 'Cerise and Blue' is well printed and illustrated, and is highly creditable to the editors.

We have received from the publisher, Mr. James Hunter, Invercargill, a copy of 'The Colonial Horse Doctor,' by Mr. A. M. Paterson, M.R.C.V.S., which we think ought to be in the hands of every farmer, and every person who has to do with horses, in the Colony. The chief object of the book is to assist the farmer in maintaining his horses in a state of health and usefulness, and to give him practical guidance in cases of emergency. There have been many more pretentious works dealing with horses published, but the majority are of too technical a character and too diffuse to be of much use to the man who is not an expert. In the work under notice there is nothing which cannot be easily understood by the merest tyro. In the first place there is an index of symptoms, and then follow clear and definite instructions, devoid of technical phraseology and scientific terms, as to the necessary remedies. Other features worthy of notice are the instructions for taking the pulse and temperature of the horse, for measuring fluids, and the explanation of the qualities and effects of the various drugs recommended. The work should prove most useful to farmers, especially those in remote districts where the services of a veterinary surgeon are not easily procured, and when horses are taken suddenly and seriously ill, and prompt measures are necessary.

In nearly every centre in the Colony there are Railway Leagues whose object is to press upon the Government the necessity of constructing lines in their respective districts. No doubt some of the lines advocated are requisite to cope with the advance of settlement and for the opening up of unsettled country, whilst others have little to recommend them save political pressure and provincial jealousy. The Government should long ago have resolutely declined to spend money on branch railways until such time as the main trunk lines were finished. The North Island Main Trunk Railway League, of Wellington, have issued a pamphlet, a copy of which has been forwarded to us by Mr. J. Hott, giving a history of that undertaking since its inception in 1884. The League in their remarks, are pretty severe on successive Governments for their dilatoriness in this matter, and contend, taking the progress made since 1884, as a guide, that it will take nine years to link up Wellington and Auckland. Considering the strategic and economic nature of the work it is to be hoped that the League are unduly pessimistic, and that a work of such prime importance to the whole Colony, and more especially to the North Island, will be carried on with a little more vigor in the future than in the past, and that the end of 1909 will see the hopes of the League realised—Auckland and Wellington connected by railway.

Messrs. Duthie Brothers, Drapers, Dunedin, are now showing all the latest attractions for spring and summer wear, direct from the Home market. These include mantles, trimmed millinery, dress goods, fancy neckwear, etc....

The Romance of the Violet

There is one flower which all humanity loves—the violet. And yet this same dainty violet is the emblem of the Bonapartes. It was the favorite flower of the great Corsican who flooded the whole of Europe in blood, and crushed rebellious France, that he might rise to highest power, and make his adopted country the mightiest of nations.

The violet brought to Napoleon the first news of his coming greatness. It was the only flower that ever bloomed, at St. Helena, over his lonely grave, when the sun of Austerlitz had sunk for ever in the clouds of battle smoke which hung heavy over the fields of Waterloo.

This is the story of how the purple flower conveyed to the great Napoleon the first tidings of that promotion which opened to him a pathway to imperial honors.

It was a woman, beautiful, well-born, and patriotic, who suggested to Barras, the people's champion, the leader of the Convention, that the young officer, Napoleon Bonaparte, was the one man who might yet save France.

By Barras the Corsican was summoned and taken into the great hall of the Convention.

'So France has come to this, whispered one grey-beard to another, that her life and faith lie in the hands of a youth of twenty-five (and, indeed, he looked younger), only five feet two inches in stature, with hair combed low on his brow like a woman. Alas!'

'I am perfectly aware of the difficulties in my path, but I am accustomed to succeed,' said the young Corsican, speaking in a loud, clear voice. 'But one thing I must insist upon—it is I am not to be embarrassed by orders; I must have supreme command.'

And bowing low to the people's representatives, the little pale man, but five feet two inches in height, with mild, brown eyes, left the hall, and the Convention, with closed doors, discussed his proposition.

Barras followed him for a last word, and while they spoke a little girl came up to them with a basket filled with fragrant violets. The little man's eyes softened.

'They always remind me somehow of home,' he murmured, apologetically, as he gave the seller a sou and took a tiny bunch.

A thought struck Barras. He bought a bouquet for the woman he loved. Then, turning to Napoleon, he said:—

'Go to the house of Madame —, and remain there until ten. If I succeed for you, as she says I shall, she will send you a violet.'

It was six o'clock when the young officer was admitted to the house, and as he paced the great empty salon he heard the clock strike seven, then half-past, then eight. At last the timepiece in the hall struck nine, and as its chimes ceased, a servant entered the room with a perfumed envelope. Napoleon opened it, and lo! it contained only a violet. A flower which changed the map of Europe!

And this is why those of every land and clime whose hearts are thrilled by the romance of war and the story of the youth who, unaided, reached the zenith of earthly power, love the flower he loved best—the purple violet of Corsica.

It is customary for many Japanese workmen to wear on their caps and backs inscriptions stating their business and the names of their employers.

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A well-appointed Infirmary attached to the College is under the charge of the Sisters of Compassion, from whom in case of illness all students receive the most tender and devoted care, and who at all times pay particular attention to the younger and more delicate pupils, who without such care would find the absence of home comforts very trying.

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MARRIAGE

MULQUEEN—TURNBULL.—On August 5, at St. Joseph's Church, New Plymouth, by the Rev. Father McManus, John Francis, third son of Patrick Mulqueen, Greenlawn, Balfour, to Violet Mary, eldest daughter of John Henry Turnbull, farmer, Henderson, Auckland.

GOLDEN WEDDING

COTTER—CAHILL.—On September 12, 1856, at the R.C. Church, Ballarat, by the Rev. Father Smyth, Richard Joseph, only son of R. Cotter, Queenstown, (Cove of Cork), to Frances, youngest daughter of Patrick Cahill, City of Cork, Ireland.

DEATH

On August 2, 1906, at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Sunday's Well, Cork, in the twenty-eighth year of her religious profession, Sister Mary of St. Celestine, daughter of the late Michael O'Grady, Kilrush, County Clare, Ireland, and sister of Mrs. M. Bunbury, Bishop's road, Dunedin.—R.I.P.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

INTERESTED.—There is no true repentance, and no forgiveness for grievous sin committed after Baptism, unless there is a firm purpose of amendment. Your four questions are fully answered in the catechism in the chapter on the Sacrament of Penance.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae 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.



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1906.

CATHOLICS AND CRIME

A FRENCH cook (so the story runneth) tried once upon a time to make an English plum-pudding. He sorted the materials out 'in portions true'—got the ingredients all right, but somehow got the pudding all wrong. 'How vas dees?' asked the puzzled Frenchman of an English cook. The Englishman hinted that Monsieur had perhaps forgotten the pudding-cloth. And such turned out to be the case. An analogous error is committed by the over-eager enthusiasts who from time to time—and for the greater part anonymously—serve up to newspaper readers in these countries badly-cooked statistics of Catholic criminality. Quite commonly

the ingredients (that is, the figures) of their statistical plum-pudding are all wrong. Even when these are, by a rare and happy chance, right, the pudding-cloth (that is, right logical treatment of the figures) is wrong; and the final result is generally sufficient to justify the sarcastic degrees of comparison in falsehood: Hes, thumping lies, and statistics.

This is the case with a set of statistics received by us this week from a northern correspondent. They are scissored from a paper the title of which does not appear, profess to be taken from the 'Catholic Times', and are published in New Zealand for the express purpose of showing that the number of Catholic prisoners who passed through the Liverpool prison in 1884 was 'out of all proportion to the Roman Catholic population of the city'. And then comes the smug observation: 'By their fruits ye shall know them'. The number of 'Romanists' given is 13,676. These figures are, so to speak, the ingredients of the statistical dish. But the pudding-cloth of right logical inference was forgotten. This latest statistical chef cooked his figures in the wrong way, and the result has been a dish that is neither 'dainty' nor fit 'to lay before the king' Demos, who has, or ought to have, a taste for truth above all things. These figures were also published (anonymously, as usual) some time ago in Dunedin. Both statistical cooks fell into the following fallacies of undue assumption: (1) they assumed that the Catholic prisoners referred to were all from Liverpool; (2) they assumed that the degree of criminality of the Catholic prisoners was the same as that of the non-Catholic ones; (3) they assumed that all those who appeared on the returns as 'Roman Catholics' were properly described as such; and (4) they assumed that 'Romanism' was the cause of the criminality of the alleged 'Roman Catholics' in the Liverpool prison, for in each case we are asked to take the returns of crime as the 'fruit' of Catholic teaching. Now (1) the Catholics in the Liverpool prison in 1884, as at the present time, were not all from the big city on the Mersey. They are sent there from Lancashire (St. Helen's, Widnes, Southport, Waterloo, Seaforth, Crosby, Ormskirk); from Cheshire (Birkenhead Borough, Liscard); from Wales (Flint Borough and County). Why was not this explained? And (2) why was it not stated that over fifty per cent. of the alleged Catholic prisoners were mere 'drunks' and other petty offenders who were 'sent up' for less than a fortnight (usually through inability to pay fines); that thirty-eight per cent. of them were 'in' for a week and under; and that only four per cent. of them had to serve sentences of three months or longer? And why, in such a connection, was no mention made of the noteworthy and frequently published Protestant testimony to the relatively remarkable purity and crimelessness of the Catholic poor, and especially of the Irish Catholic poor, in the slums of Liverpool?

(3) It is assumed, in 'odorous comparisons' of this sort, that all who appear as 'Roman Catholics' on the prison returns are correctly described as regards religious profession. We have from time to time abundantly demonstrated the falsity of such an assumption so far as Australia and New Zealand are concerned. We need not here again refer in detail to such signal instances of fraudulent misdescription as that of the pagan aboriginal 'King Billy of Ercildoune' who described himself as a 'Roman Catholic' in the Ballarat prison; nor to the long-sentence Jew who had himself entered as an adherent of the same faith upon the register of the Dunedin gaol. Our readers will readily recall the remarkable article that appeared in our columns two or three years ago from the pen of an observant and painstaking clergyman who discharges the functions of chaplain to one of the largest prisons in New Zealand. It wholly coincides with our personal experience as regards the frequency

HENRY HUGHES

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PATENTS

of false religious registration in the prisons of Victoria. The Melbourne 'Advocate'—which has from time to time done yeoman service in exposing this class of calumny and fraud—has the following observations in point in its issue of September 8, in the course of a reply to Orange Grand-Master Snowball:—

'What is the authority upon which he bases his conclusions? If he answers truthfully, he must confess that the figures upon which he relies are founded upon the unchallenged statements of every convicted criminal in the State, and upon no other ground whatever. He knows well that, beyond the mere statement of the criminal, which is never questioned, there are no ordinary means of ascertaining his religion; nor, for that matter, his name, nationality, age, or any other matter of the kind. This is a fact well known to officials charged with the custody of malefactors of every degree, and the statements of prisoners on these matters are not merely regarded with suspicion, but are known to be absolutely worthless and utterly misleading.'

The 'Advocate' then directs attention to the following cases, which are taken from the official records, adding that 'such instances could be multiplied by many hundreds':—

'M.B., convicted on five separate charges, including forgery and uttering; on the first batch of convictions religion is given as Church of England, on the second Roman Catholic. J.M., three convictions; religion on each occasion, Roman Catholic. This man was known to be a bigoted Orangeman, and never had been a Catholic; his marriage certificate, when produced in the Divorce Court, showed his religion to be Victorian Free Church. W.B., with a number of aliases, seven convictions, seven years and one month sentences; record of religion, Church of England, Church of England, Roman Catholic. W.K., with an alias, four convictions, sentences, 22 years; religion, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic. M.P., a notorious criminal, with forty convictions; religion in each case, Roman Catholic; parents Wesleyans, and the criminal had never been a Catholic. J.D., with an alias, 10 convictions; sentences, 9½ years; religion, Presbyterian Roman Catholic. The last example which we shall cite is rather striking. H.T., with six aliases; convictions, 29, birthplace, Newcastle, N.S.W., England, London; born, 1871, 1870, 1868; religion, Wesleyan, Wesleyan, Roman Catholic.'

'It may be argued,' adds the 'Advocate,' that the practice of deception works all round, and 'that there is no reason why a majority of criminals should misrepresent themselves as Catholics. Unfortunately, there are substantial reasons for knowing what criminals do habitually misstate facts in the manner referred to, and that the Catholics are unjustly made to bear the odium of crime perpetrated by men of other denominations.' Our Melbourne contemporary then recalls the case of Knox, the Williams-town murderer, who had his name entered in the charge-sheet as a 'Roman Catholic'. We have a very distinct recollection of the man and of the crime, which was a peculiarly brutal case of murder. The criminal was a Sunday-school teacher and had never been a Catholic. When it was discovered that he was, and had always been, a Protestant, the question was put to his mother: 'Why did he designate himself a Roman Catholic?' And (according to the Melbourne papers) she answered: 'I suppose he did not want to disgrace his own religion.' We have a personal recollection of many such instances of religious misdescription.

Entries of the religious profession of prisoners are made for two purposes—with a view to spiritual ministrations, and for statistical information and comparison. For this latter purpose, accuracy becomes a matter of public right and of scientific and moral interest, and it should be secured by adequate precautions. Such affirmations as to religious profession should be taken as statutory declarations, in which false statements would be punishable as perjury. The details of this much-needed change could be readily worked out, and a few prosecutions for perjury would serve to convince even the criminal fraternity, that, in this matter at least, truth-telling is the better policy.

Notes

The Tohunga

The Maori tohunga has fallen far from his old place in war and peace and in the councils of the tribesmen of Ao-tea-roa, the Land of the Long White Cloud. He is now little more than a combination of the sorcerer and witch-doctor—a sort of quack with occult powers. And in many parts the simple-minded tribesmen believe in him with the same simple, and childlike faith that the 'superior' white man manifests towards the quack 'cancer-curer', 'specialist', 'hypnotic healer', and 'astro-mathematician'. 'Fatalism', says Dr. Pomare, Native Health Officer, in his just-published report, 'hangs over the (Maori) race like a funeral pall. . . It is the fatalistic idea that drives the Maori to his tohunga, for all diseases which cannot be accounted for are considered mate Maoris; and no one can cure a mate Maori except a tohunga. It is pleasing to report that some councils have blankly refused to grant tohungas licenses, and yet in one district nearly all the members of the council are followers of a tohunga. It is hard to know what to do without interfering with the liberty of the subject too much. Of course, as long as we allow crystal gazing, fortune-telling, spiritual mediums, and a host of other quackeries to thrive in our midst we cannot very well see clearly to take out the mote in our brother's eyes; but, nevertheless, we cannot help recognising the greatness of the evil of tohungaism, and that it must be grappled with at once. The only solution of the problem that I can see, and this has been pointed out years ago, is the compulsory registration of every death. The fear of gaol and a few post mortems will bring them into line quicker than anything I know.'

The Snake's Return

A small spark may create a great fire. And, in Ireland at least, a small snake may create a great blaze of excitement in the neighborhood where he is discovered. A little reptile (escaped possibly from a travelling show) was discovered some weeks ago in the garden of a Dublin suburb. It was no longer than one of the giant earthworms that fatten under the rich compost of the fern-gullies of Gippsland. But it seems to have scared some people as much as if it were a Bengal tiger at large. Snakes generally do so when they get free in a snakeless land. The reptile terror was at last captured after an exciting chase, imprisoned in a glass jar, and brought to the Zoological Gardens. The newspapers made much of the event, and there arose much discussion about the legend of St. Patrick banishing the snakes from Ireland. Tim Healy accounted for the snake's presence in his own characteristic way. 'I don't believe in the St. Patrick tradition,' said he, 'the fact is, no respectable reptile could live in Ireland under the regime of Irish landlordism, and like some self-respecting people, they removed to a free atmosphere. With the disappearance of the landlord, they, like every other patriot, desire to return to their own country.'

The 'Sirio' Disaster

Some day a gloom-pampered man may arise to harrow people's souls with a history of famous shipwrecks. That of the 'Sirio' will then find its place among the woful tales of the 'Pomona', the 'Lay-ee-moon', the 'Wairarapa', and the rest of the first-class disasters that sometimes befall those who go down to the sea in ships. There were on board the 'Sirio' (an Italian emigrant ship bound for South America) eight hundred and eighty-two souls. She ran on the rocks off Cape Palos, in Spain. Through her gored sides the seas came surging in, and she sank

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stern-foremost, carrying with her three hundred and forty-five of her living freight. There were scenes of wild-panic and a mad scramble for life when it became clear that the vessel was about to founder. The newspapers to hand tell stories of primitive savagery in the struggle for life. It was as on the fateful day when the 'Bourgogne' was sunk off Nova Scotia.

Happily, the story of the loss of the 'Sirio' is lighted up by scenes of splendid heroism, too. Among the drowned were the Catholic Archbishop of Para (Brazil) and the Catholic Bishop of San Pablo. Both (as stated by the cables at the time) were drowned. But the cable-messages did not tell how the two devoted prelates gave to others the life-belts that were pressed upon them, and how (as the correspondent of the London 'Daily Telegraph' wrote) 'the Bishop of San Pablo displayed stoic calmness, standing on the deck of the doomed vessel and giving absolution "in articulo mortis". The worthy prelate', adds the correspondent, 'continued his ministrations until he was swept into the waves. His last act before meeting death with Christian fortitude was to give up his lifebelt to another person in the water.' Reuter's Agency also tells a pathetic story of a young monk who hung on to the rigging, up to his neck in the water, blessing the people and praying for them, and refusing to make any attempt to look after his own safety.

Somewhat similar scenes were witnessed when the 'Bourgogne' went down in 1898. There were on board five priests—four French and one German. They went about among their terrified shipmates, absolving them and consoling them on the brink of their liquid grave—making no effort to save their own lives, but busying themselves to the last that others might die happily. Here is a description from a New York daily paper that will bear quoting:—

'The priests on board the 'Bourgogne' exhibited sublime courage. When all hope was gone they passed among the stricken passengers on the deck, quieting them, and warning them to prepare for their end. Large groups gathered around the priests, kneeling and praying, and, as the ship sagged down deeper and deeper, received absolution. In this posture, the priests with hands uplifted, the people kneeling in a swaying circle around them, they sank beneath the water'.

On the 'Sirio', as on the 'Bourgogne', the Catholic pastors died with sublime heroism, performing their sacred duties to the last.

'Birreligion'

Mr. Birrell's Bill for the endowment of Nonconformity in England is passing through the gates of tribulation in the House of Lords. By the time that it is through, its author will probably find some difficulty in recognising it. Of the proposed State-made 'Birreligion,' Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., said:—

'I hold to the conviction I have always held, that no Irish Catholic, or English Catholic, should be subject to any inequality, either in his schools or anything else because of his religious convictions. True religious equality involves equal treatment of the Catholic school with the Protestant school, and I could never understand how any broad-minded Protestant could fail to see that, however they might describe the religion taught in the State schools of the country, whether simple Bible, simple Christian, or undenominational teaching, or common Protestant teaching. Whatever claims they might be able to make upon that point, to a Catholic it is Protestantism. We have never objected to Protestants teaching Protestantism in their schools; but we make the demand, and we shall never depart from it by so much as a hair's breadth, that if the Protestant is to teach his faith to the child in the Protestant school the right is equal that the Catholic shall teach Catholicity in the Catholic school.'

'What the fate of the Bill may be', said Lord Halifax (Anglican); 'I shall not venture to predict, but this I do know, that if it passes in anything like its present form, resistance to it will not cease. On the contrary, it will be but the beginning of the battle. Such resistance would mean a religious war in every parish and municipality in England. The Bill attacks the deepest convictions of those who put the integrity of the Christian faith before all else; and, painful as such a strife will be, it will be inevitable.' Mr. Redmond's forecast is this: 'Either this Bill will never pass into law at all, or else it will be amended in such a way as to make it at least tolerable for the Catholic schools.' But even in the last resort, there remains an alternative to those who object to the proposed scheme of endowing Nonconformity and closing and in part confiscating the religious schools. The united 'passive resistance' that Catholics, Anglicans, and other dissidents, could put up against the Nonconformity of the Birrell Bill would be sufficient to wreck any measure. The lesson will not, we presume, be lost upon Catholics in New Zealand. 'Passive resistance' is a big gun that even Mr. Birrell can neither capture nor spike.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

On Monday evening Rev. Father Cleary gave a lecture to the South Dunedin Catholic Social and Literary Club on 'The Romance of Gold-seeking in Australia.' There was a large attendance.

All the pupils presented by the Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin, and Mosgiel, were successful at the recent music examination held in connection with Trinity College, London. The following is the list:— Junior honors, Agnes Brown, 100; Rubena Heward, 96 (Mosgiel); Gertrude Carmody, 89; Maggie Neylon, 83; Winifred Cheyne, 80 (Mosgiel); Catherine Walsh, 80 (Mosgiel). Junior pass, Violet Leary 75 (Mosgiel); Katie Robertson, 74; Dora Heward, 65 (Mosgiel). Preparatory, Emily McAnelly, 100; Reby Roy, 90; Mary Lawless, 87; Cassie Mulholland, 79; Annie Jennings, 79.

The fifth annual road race from Port Chalmers to Pelichet Bay, promoted by the Dunedin Harriers, took place on Saturday afternoon, when the enthusiasm displayed and the interest that was centred around the event, despite the wretched weather, plainly showed that the fixture is one of the most important of the harrier season. The race resulted in a win for Mr. J. Swanson, of St. Joseph's Club. Mr. Swanson (who will hold the Hooper Challenge Cup for the ensuing 12 months, and also receives a trophy from the Dunedin Harriers) in this race made his second appearance in athletic circles, having competed in the same race last year, not being successful on that occasion. In providing the winner for 1906 the St. Joseph's Club is to be congratulated, and the popularity of the win was seen at the gathering in the hall after the race. Mr. P. O'Gorman of the same club received a trophy for making the best time as a novice.

St. Joseph's Hall was crowded on Friday evening when the Very Rev. Dean Burke, of Invercargill, delivered a most interesting lecture under the auspices of St. Joseph's Men's Club. The Rev. Father Coffey presided. Dean Burke said he had some difficulty in selecting a subject, but after consideration he had decided to deal with the career of a man whose name was perhaps unknown to most of those present—Dr. Ives, at one time Bishop of North Carolina, and one of the most distinguished of that long line of Americans who have made their submission to the Catholic Church during the last sixty years. Dean Burke prefaced his account of the life of Dr. Ives by a graphic description of the condition of Catholics in the United Kingdom prior to the granting of Catholic Emancipation. The subject of his lecture was in early years a Presbyterian, but later on joined the Episcopalian Church, of which he was subsequently ordained minister, eventually being appointed Bishop of North Carolina. Whilst preparing a lecture to be delivered before the North Carolina Historical Society he was struck with the misrepresentations of the historical works then in vogue. The discovery was a great shock to him. He then began a study of the works of the Fathers of the Church, and the more he read of these the more unsettled became his religious convictions. In his difficulties he applied for counsel and advice to his brother bishops, but the

diversity of their opinions only helped to increase his doubts. He sought distraction from his thoughts in pastoral work, but try as he might he could not quiet his conscience, which kept urging him on to seek the light. Even when he felt that the Catholic Church was the true Church worldly considerations held him back for a time, but at length he determined to take the final step, and in November, 1852, he resigned his see, and on the following Christmas Day, kneeling before Pope Pius IX., he made his profession of faith. Such in brief is the history of a man who, unaided, save by the grace of God, found the true faith by study and right reason. The lecturer was listened to with the closest attention throughout, and frequently applauded. In replying to a vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. T. Deehan, and carried with acclamation, Dean Burke said he was very pleased to be of service to the club, as he was the founder of the St. Joseph's Literary Society twenty-three years ago, and would be pleased to lecture before them next season if they desired it—an intimation that was received with applause. During the evening songs were contributed by Messrs. Hussey and Carolin, the accompaniments being played by Miss Drumm.

The following are the results of the theory examinations in connection with Trinity College, London, held at St. Dominic's Priory on June 13:—Senior honors, Tottie McMullin, 80. Senior pass, Ida Edmunds, 73; Elizabeth Murphy, 73. Junior honors, Margaret Callanan, 93; Madge Laffey, 86; Margaret Burke, 86. Preparatory pass, Nora King, 86; Helena Nolan, 73.

At this week's meeting of the Catholic Literary Club, Milton, there was a debate on Home Rule. The affirmative side was taken by Messrs. Keogh, Kean, and Curran; the negative by Messrs. Kirby, J. Curran, and Maloney. The Very Rev. Father O'Neill presided. The debate was conducted with great ability on both sides and was followed with a very lively interest by the goodly number of persons who were present. The affirmative side won on the voices, and the proceedings were unanimously pronounced very pleasant.

The following are the results of the examination in musical knowledge held in connection with Trinity College at Rosary Convent, Oamaru, on June 16, 1906.—Senior division, Millicent H. Potter, 72. Junior division, Cecilia Ormiston, 98 (honors); Annie Kay, 94 (honors); Aileen Welsh, 93 (honors); Mollie Dore, 91 (honors); Kathleen Gallagher, 84 (honors). Preparatory division, Ellen Pratt, 95; Grace Molloy, 86; Doris Preston, 85. Nine candidates were presented, all of whom passed.

Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

September 17.

The usual weekly meeting of the Invercargill Catholic Club was held on Tuesday evening last. There was a fair attendance of members, and the evening was devoted to a discussion on the accuracy of the prison statistics, which show a greater proportion of Catholics in prison, according to population, than any other denomination. The discussion was interesting, and the opinion of members was that the information imparted by these statistics was not reliable. The following members took part in the discussion: Messrs. M. Gilfedder, Collins, T. P. Gilfedder, Mulvey, Woods, Ryan, H. Grace, and Shepherd.

Interprovincial

There were 20,108,471 sheep in the Colony on April 30, 1906, the increase during the previous twelve months being 977,596. There are 10,609,731 sheep in the North Island, and 10,098,740 sheep in the South Island.

Mr. M. Nolan, of Christchurch, was in Glasgow when the last mail left, and intended remaining in Great Britain until the latter half of September, when he proposed to return to New Zealand, visiting Rome en route.

The unusual sight of a waggon-load of bees travelling between Springburn and Methven was to be seen last week. There were 72 hives on the waggon, and the bees reached their destination—a distance of fifteen miles—safely, and have settled down at their new quarters.

A large totara tree felled at Mangakahia, North Auckland, about sixty years ago, was split up the other day and found to be as sound as the day it was cut down.

The lambing season is in full swing in the Gore district (says the 'Standard'), and farmers generally are highly satisfied with the results. The fine percentage is attributable to the splendid season. On a number of farms there have been lambings of 100 per cent. and over.

Figures collected by the Tourist Department show that no less than 400 oversea visitors stayed at the principal hotels and boarding-houses in Auckland during the past month. Of these, 99 came from England, 148 from New South Wales, 49 from the United States, and 22 from Victoria. This represents an increase of about 100 on the preceding month, and illustrates the importance of the tourist traffic to Auckland.

Several trout at Masterton hatcheries are suffering from cancerous growths, generally in the vicinity of the gills, believed to be due to the fish not securing supplies of their natural food. The fish affected have been marked, and a special diet treatment tried, but although they have been treated for three months there is no appreciable difference in the growths, which in some cases are ulcerated and sloughing. Mr. Gilruth, chief veterinarian, is taking a good deal of interest in the matter.

The St. Mary's Catholic Club (writes our Wanganui correspondent) intend having an oratorical contest on Friday, September 28, on the lines laid down by the Federated Catholic Clubs' Executive. The quarterly Communion of the members of the club takes place on Sunday, September 30.—Wanganui people are proud of their sculler, Webb, and have sought in Australia, the home of champion scullers, for an opponent worthy of him. Stanbury, the late champion, has accepted a challenge to row Webb for £200.

At the weekly meeting of the Hokitika Catholic Literary and Debating Society on September 11 (writes a correspondent) the land policy of the Government was discussed. An excellent debate was the result, Mr. M. Daly upholding the leasehold, whilst Mr. W. Dixon favored the freehold system. Messrs. Dee, Wylie, Haurahan, Cuttance, and T. Daly were the other speakers. On a vote being taken, the meeting decided in favor of the leasehold. An oratorical competition will be held next meeting, for which a good number of members have entered.

The steamer 'Kumara,' which reached Wellington on Saturday, brought nearly 200 immigrants to New Zealand, 87 of the number being for Wellington. There were only a few laborers. There were farmers, joiners, carvers, clerks, drivers, and butchers in fair number, and amongst single representatives were a clergyman, a carter, a dressmaker, a navy, a seamstress, a storeman, a shepherd, a traveller, a miner, a wharfinger, a grocer, and a builder. There were half a dozen or so aged men amongst the immigrants, but the remainder were all youthful or in the prime of life.

The tourists who honor New Zealand with their flying visits are nothing if not critical, and it is interesting to glance through the comments they inscribe in the visitors' book at the Tourists Department's Office (says the 'Press.'). One man from Cheshire has recorded his opinion that New Zealand is 'a great country,' while a compatriot from across the border, sums the Colony up as 'a very good country, but boomed too much.' A gentleman from Basutoland, who was in Christchurch on August 8, found the place 'very cold'; but a later visitor from Gippsland thinks Christchurch has 'a delightful climate,' and is altogether 'a splendid city.' The climate also found appreciation in the eyes of a Sydney visitor, who has noted besides that the people of Christchurch are 'very English,' an opinion to which another gentleman from the same city also subscribes. One patronising traveller, who gives his abode as Liverpool, in looking for a few words of criticism found 'nil desperandum' suitable for the occasion, though whether it is the city or the Colony that should 'never despair' is not quite clear. The most enthusiastic of the recent callers at the Tourist Office was a lady from Melbourne who was so well pleased with her experiences here that she put it on record that 'everything in the place' is lovely.

'The publication of an advertisement in a Catholic paper shows that the advertiser not only desires the patronage of Catholics, but pays them the compliment of seeking it through the medium of their own religious journal.' So says an esteemed and wide-awake American contemporary. A word to the wise is sufficient.

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Winter is here, and so is TUSSICURA. Mind you have a bottle in the house. Stops the cough at once.

Better than Drugs.

D.C.L. WHISKY

No Bad After Effects.

Irish News

CORK—Tenants Purchase their Holdings

The tenants on the estate of Lord Headley, near Castleisland, County Cork, have purchased their holdings at twenty years on non-judicial rents.

Tenant Reinstated

Mr. P. V. Guiry, Inspector to the Estates Commissioners, paid a visit to Youghal recently, and had interviews with some thirty evicted tenants from the townlands of Ardmore, Grallagh, Ballyillinane, and other districts. He subsequently proceeded to Ballycraige, near Clashmore, where he reinstated a farmer named Thomas Fleming, who had been evicted from his holding on the Stuart Estate 17 or 18 years ago.

DUBLIN—A Link with the Past

Mr. David Richard Pigot, ex-Master of the Queen's Bench, died on July 26 in Dundrum, County Dublin, at an advanced age. Deceased was the son of the late Chief Baron Pigot, O'Connell's most trusted and intimate friend, and a brother of John Edward Pigot, a brilliant member of the Young Ireland party. When a young man, he frequently met the Liberator in his father's house, and conversed with him on the stirring topics of the time. He was also an intimate friend of Thomas Davis. Deceased was a prominent figure in social and literary circles until a few years ago, when the infirmities of old age prevented his going far from Churchtown House, where he passed away. The death of ex-Master Pigot reminds a correspondent that the Judge outlived his brother John by thirty-five years. John Edward Pigot was one of the most distinguished of the Young Irelanders, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1845. He it was who set to music "Who Fears to Speak of '98" in the "Spirit of the Nation," the words of which were by Dr. Ingram, of Trinity College, Dublin, and which had appeared in the 'Nation' on April 1st, 1843. He started the idea of an Irish Dictionary, and did much for the Irish archaeology and Irish art.

FERMANAGH—Death of a Priest

Much sympathy is felt in County Fermanagh for Mr. John Maguire, J.P., Irvinestown, on the death of his son, Rev. John Maguire, pastor of Modder River, Cape Colony, which took place in the Convent of the Holy Family, Capetown, on July 23, after a long illness.

GALWAY—Charitable Bequest

Miss Barbara Mary Daly, of Southampton, and Biarritz, who died recently, left estates amounting to about £10,000. £500 has been bequeathed towards the founding of a convent at Mount Bellew, County Galway, Miss Daly's native place, and the remainder of her estate to various other charities.

LONGFORD—Early Irish Bronze

Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., who was chiefly instrumental in establishing the claim of the Dublin National Museum to the Celtic gold ornaments which were dug up by a farm laborer in the north-west of Ireland ten years ago, has just received from the Bishop of Longford an interesting specimen of early Irish bronze work which was recently discovered in that county. It is a small figure of the Saviour which, it seems certain, was originally part of a processional cross, and dates back to the twelfth century. Careful examination of its curious workmanship has shown that there is nothing quite like it either in the Dublin or British Museums.

MAYO—Lands for Settlement

The Estate Commissioners have entered into negotiations with Mr. H. L. Fitzpatrick, late of Hollymount, for the purchase of his grass lands for distribution purposes, and have so far been very successful. The estate comprises some thousand acres of untenanted land, probably of the best quality in Mayo.

A Pilgrimage

Thousands of people, young and old, rich and poor, gentle and simple, climbed the rugged sides of Croagh Patrick on Sunday, July 29, and assisted piously at the devotions on the summit, where St. Patrick fasted and prayed more than one thousand years ago. Not a few of the pilgrims came from Great Britain, America, and even from the colonies. Many who made the toilsome ascent were women, and the piety they displayed was most edifying. Masses were celebrated at frequent intervals from eight o'clock until mid-day, when Very Rev. Dr. Gilmartin preached to the multitude. He said they were assembled there to honor the memory of Ireland's greatest benefactor, and to

imbibe anew his spirit on the spot which tradition and authentic history had associated with his name. Pilgrimages were of human institution. Lovers of Shakespeare and Burns went year after year to Stratford-on-Avon and to Bonnie Doon just to see the surroundings in which those children of genius grew up. The men of every country were honored by shrines, to which their countrymen made pilgrimages, and their countrymen did well, for the good deeds of heroes were as streaks of light which showed them the path to glory.

TIPPERARY—A Visitor from the West Indies

Rev. Mother Milburge Walton is on a visit to her friends and relations in Tipperary, after thirty-three years spent in Trinidad, where she was instrumental in founding convents and doing much good work.

Developing a Copper Mine

At present an English company are developing a copper mine situate at Knockacopple, Killeen, quite close to Keeper Hill, near Newport, County Tipperary. Over forty men are constantly at work, and the ore is carted to Castleconnell station, where it is loaded for transport to England. The mine is on the farm of a Mrs. Dwyer.

Sad Fatality

While Mr. Mortimer Gleeson, who lived outside the village, was riding a spirited horse through the Silvermines, the animal became restive, and unshipped his jockey, who, falling rather heavily to the ground, received serious injuries to the head, which resulted in his death.

TYRONE—A Venerable Religious

The community of the Loretto Order in Omagh have sustained a great loss by the death of Mother Anastatia, the sad event having taken place at the convent on July 27, at the age of 76 years. Mother Anastatia (who was known in the world as Miss McNamara) was a member of an old and highly-respected Clare family. She was one of the founders of the great Loretto Order in Omagh, where she labored in the service of the Lord for fifty-two years.

Peasant Proprietors

After eighteen months' negotiations the tenants on the estate of General S. A. Montgomery, which comprises a number of townlands adjacent to Aughnacloy, County Tyrone, have signed purchase agreements on the following terms:—First term tenants to get a reduction of 6s in the £ (21½ years' purchase), and second term tenants to get a reduction of 4s in the £1 (24½ years' purchase).

WATERFORD—Rural Libraries

Mr. Carnegie has written to the Lismore Libraries Committee offering to pay £3000 sterling for the erection of four small branch library buildings for the rural district of Lismore provided a penny rate is levied at once so as to have money in hand for books, etc., and the proceeds, not less than £210, be devoted to the upkeep of libraries in said buildings. Sites must also be given free, the cost of them not being a burden on the penny rate. The offer was accepted, and it was decided that the grant be allocated as follows:—£2,400 for the erection of a central library at Lismore, and £200 for the erection of each of the subsidiary libraries at Tullow, Cappoquin, and Ballyduff.

Clerical Changes

The Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, has made the following appointments:—Very Rev. J. Canon Power, P.P., V.F., Dungarvan, to be V.G. of the diocese; Very Rev. C. J. Canon Flavin, P.P., St. Mary's, Clonmel, to be P.P., S.S. Peter and Paul's, Clonmel, and V.F.; Very Rev. P. Canon Spratt, P.P., Cappoquin, to be P.P. St. Mary's, Clonmel; Rev. P. Dunphy, chaplain to the Ursuline Convent, and Bishop's Secretary, to be P.P., Cappoquin; Rev. M. C. Crotty, chaplain, Mount Zion, to be chaplain to the Ursuline Convent, and Bishop's secretary; Rev. E. Power, C.C., Modeligo, to be chaplain to Mount Zion.

WEXFORD—Honored by the Holy Father

In recognition of the good work accomplished by Mr. Grattan Flood for Church music in Ireland, and especially for Solesmes Chant, the Holy Father has just sent him, through the Very Rev. Dr. O'Riordan (Rector of the Irish College, Rome) a large silver medal exquisitely engraved, being one of those specially struck on June 29th by order of the Pope.

WICKLOW—Harbor Improvements

The Wicklow Harbor Commissioners have, on the recommendation of Sir Alexander Rendel, C.E., the Government Engineer, accepted the tender of Mr. Louis

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Nott, of Bristol, for the carrying out of the harbor and foreshore protection works at a sum which, with 15 per cent. for contingencies, will be close on £30,000. The free grant given by the Government for these works is £22,000, which, together with the sum of £5000 subscribed locally by the interested public bodies, makes the sum available for the purpose £27,000.

GENERAL

A Distinguished Visitor

Mr. W. J. Bryan, who is likely to be Democratic candidate for the American Presidency, paid a visit to Ireland recently. He was accompanied by his wife. On arriving in Dublin he paid a visit to "Boss" Croker, who owns a magnificent residence at Stillorgan. After a motor drive through the Phoenix Park, Mr and Mrs Bryan left Dublin for Killarney.

A Visit to Paris

The Paris correspondent of the 'Times' writes:—A deputation of the promoters of the Irish International Exhibition recently visited Paris, and were received by the Minister of Commerce and other representatives of the French Government, who promised to give them every assistance in the object they had in view. Official sanction of this verbal promise has since been received. It is also hoped that the permission of the Minister of War will be obtained for the band of the Republican Guard to play at the Exhibition.

A Connection Severed

London's three-century old connection with Ireland in the capacity of landlord and tenant is now all but severed. In the reign of James I. a grant of land in the Plantation of Ulster was made to the Corporation of London and the City Companies with a view to colonisation. Of late years the guilds have been disposing of the estates, and now the Irish Society, which represents the Corporation, has followed suit, and sold its property to the tenants at what Sir George Faudel-Phillips describes as 'bed-rock prices.' The old Government House has been disposed of, the local staff has been pensioned off, and in future the business of the Society will be conducted in London alone.

Tobacco Culture

A correspondent, writing to the 'Freeman's Journal,' states he has just been over two of the principal places where tobacco is being grown this year, viz., the plots in Kilkenny and Wexford counties. Some eight acres are sown in Kilkenny, and twelve acres in the southern end of the County Wexford. The plots in the latter case are grown close together, and within a short distance of the drying and storing sheds near Tagoat, which were erected last year. The crops are looking very well—the sunshine and showery weather being just the kind of climate to bring on the young plants. At Wexford the plots are in charge of an expert, who has had some training at Randalstown, where Colonel Everard has over twenty acres in cultivation this year. Altogether, there are just eighty acres under cultivation in Ireland, and in every instance last year there was a profit made out of the plots.

Potato Blight

We are sorry (says the 'Freeman's Journal' of August 3) to be informed that the potato blight is showing itself among the fields and gardens in the counties of Wexford and Waterford. Along the sea coast more especially has the blight shown itself unmistakably in the withered stalks and decaying leaves, and, in some instances, the baneful smell that is given out by the decaying tubers. Where spraying has been resorted to the blight has not shown itself so markedly, and in many instances where a portion only of the field has been sprayed, and another part not, the former has escaped, while the latter has not. Potatoes—the ordinary growth—are now selling freely in the market towns at from 5d to 8d the stone weight, and are of superior quality. Indeed, all the crops are looking splendid in Wexford, Waterford, and Kilkenny, the light rainfalls merely freshening up the ground and not doing any serious injury, while the strong and hot sun is fast ripening the barley, oat, and wheat crops.

You wrap up your head in red flannel,
You snuffle and snort on your bed,
You plaster each pane and each panel,
In dread of a draught that is dead.
Nay. Cast all your wraps to the needy,
Such miseries never endure,
For Woods has a remedy speedy
In his Great Peppermint Cure.

People We Hear About

The Empress Eugenie, in a letter which she has written to a friend in America, says that only three times in her life did she wear a costume that cost her as much as forty guineas. 'Once it was her wedding dress, and another time it was the dress she wore at the baptism of the Prince Imperial.' Yet the wife of Napoleon III. was constantly blamed for the luxury of her Court, and for her personal extravagance.

In his Sydney speech Mr. Devlin paid a glowing tribute of praise to the late General Patrick A. Collins, of Boston (U.S.), as a splendid example of what an Irishman can become under free conditions. General Collins, who was Mayor of Boston three times, is to have a monument in Boston Park, as a companion memorial to that of another Irish patriot, John Boyle O'Reilly. Five sculptors have already prepared designs, three of which have already been submitted to the memorial committee.

Father Bernard Vaughan, whose pulpit denunciations of the 'smart set' are about to appear in book form, has already had a good deal of his eloquence put into print. His biggest book is one of 359 pages, embodying the ten addresses he delivered in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in reply to the then Protestant Bishop of that city, Dr. Moorhouse, on 'The Roman Claims.' Before he went to London Father Vaughan was for twenty years associated with the Jesuit Church of the Holy Name in Manchester.

The engagement of the young Lord Gerard to his cousin, Miss Gosselin, recalls the fact that her home, Blakesware, in Hertfordshire, has been immortalised by Charles Lamb under the name of Blakesmoor. Here, we learn from him, he spent many happy days of childhood. The modern mansion, built in the Jacobean style by the late Mrs. Gosselin, some twenty-five years ago, does not, however, occupy exactly the same site as the house made familiar to us by the pages of Elia. The Gosselins are not one of the old English Catholic families. Miss Gosselin's father, the late British Minister at Lisbon, was the first Catholic of his family, who originally came from Guernsey.

Westinghouse, a young inventor, was trying to interest capitalists in his automatic brake, the device which now plays so important a part in the operation of railroad trains. He wrote a letter to Cornelius Vanderbilt, president of the New York Railroad Company, carefully explaining the details of the invention. Very promptly his letter came back to him, endorsed in big, scrawling letters, in the hand of Commodore Vanderbilt: 'I have no time to waste on fools.' Afterwards, when the Pennsylvania Railroad had taken up the automatic brake and it was proved very successful, Commodore Vanderbilt sent young Westinghouse a request to call on him. The inventor returned the letter, endorsed on the bottom as follows: 'I have no time to waste on fools.'

Mr. Chas. E. Jerningham, whose contributions to 'Truth' over the title of 'Marmaduke' are the wittiest things of their kind to be found in the London press, is also a famed collector of bric-a-brac, chiefly glass and prints. He has just presented to the nation a rare collection of old prints of St. James's Park and the surrounding district, which was exhibited last year at the Westminster Town Hall. The King gratefully accepted the gift. The prints have now been hung in one of the rooms at Kensington Palace, which will be thrown open to the public. The King visited the collection recently, and was greatly interested by it, warmly complimenting Mr. Jerningham on his taste and public spirit. Mr. Jerningham (says the 'Freeman') has Irish blood in his veins on his mother's side, which may, perhaps, account for his very un-English type of wit as well as for his rare personal popularity.

Mr W. J. Bryan, in the course of his speech at the Irish Club, London, on July 28, when there was a brilliant reunion, at which Mr. John Redmond and Mr. T. P. O'Connor spoke, explains his pedigree in Gladstonian style. He said:—'I have the testimony of my father that we were of Irish extraction, although we don't know when our ancestors landed in America, or from what part of Ireland they came. I know that I am part Irish. My name helps me out in that. I am part English. My father's mother's name helps me out in that. I am part Scotch. My mother mother's name helps me out in that (laughter). But I am all American (applause). I think my wife not only has some of the blood of each of these countries, but, as she goes beyond me in nearly every other respect, so in this, she traces her ancestry to one more race than I do, and mixes a little German with Irish, English, and Scotch.'

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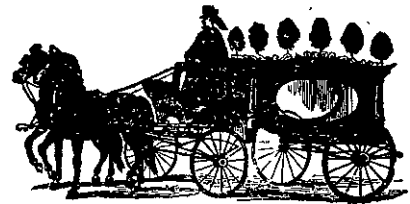
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The Catholic World

ENGLAND—Sad Accident

The 'Catholic Times' regrets to learn that Monsignor Basil Feilding, D.D., brother of the Earl of Denbigh, has been drowned by the capsizing of his canoe on the Rhine. Monsignor the Hon. Basil George Edward Vincent Feilding was born in 1873, and was educated at the Oratory School, Birmingham, and in Rome. He served in South Africa in 1901 as Acting-Chaplain to the forces.

Visit of Bishop Grimes

His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Grimes, S.M., Bishop of Christchurch, celebrated Pontifical High Mass at St. Anne's, Underwood street, London, and also preached on Sunday, July 29. There was a large congregation.

Diocese of Nottingham

Archbishop Bagshawe's visit to the diocese of Nottingham recently was the occasion of much rejoicing among a very large body of his friends and admirers—clerical and lay. In addition to his reception at Ratcliffe College, his Grace was entertained by the secular clergy at Leicester. The Archbishop, who is in his 78th year, is in the best of health.

Reformatory School

A Catholic reformatory school, known as the Farnworth Nautical School, erected near Widnes, was opened recently by the Right Rev. Dr. Whiteside, Bishop of Liverpool, in presence of a large and representative assembly. Built at a cost of about £12,000, the new erection is most substantial and handsome, with accommodation for 120 boys and teaching staff.

A Distinguished Honor

The 'Oxford Times,' dated July 21, reports that Mr. Hartwell de la Garde Grissel, M.A., Brasenose College, has been the recipient of a distinguished honor at the hands of Pope Pius X., who has appointed him to be a Knight Commander of the Order of Pius IX., in recognition of his long services at the Papal Court. Mr. Grissel has been a Papal Chamberlain for more than thirty years, in which capacity he assisted at the Vatican Council, at the obsequies of Pope Pius IX., at the coronation and obsequies of Pope Leo XIII., and at the coronation of the reigning Pontiff. He was also on duty when King Edward VII., as Prince of Wales, visited the late Pope a few years ago; and it was about the same time that he was appointed Chamberlain of the Cloak and Sword, a remarkable honor, hitherto never conferred on any but an Italian.

FRANCE—A Prince-Priest

H.R.H. Prince Max of Saxony, once a tireless worker for the poor in the East End of London, the brother of the present King Frederick Augustus, preached one Sunday lately in the Church of St. Laurence, Paris, in favor of the missions of St. Joseph to help the needy in Alsace-Lorraine, and to assure them the aids of religion. The five aisles of the church were filled, and the prince-priest himself made the collection, a very good one. What but the Catholic religion could show such a union as this: a prince of a reigning German house preaching and collecting in a French church in the French capital for the faithful of Alsace-Lorraine?

Inconsistency of Anti-Clericals

There are many well known instances in France of politicians (writes a Paris correspondent) who, outrageously anti-clerical in public life, uphold strictly the Catholic tradition in their own families. Thus M. Loubet, ex-President of the Republic, who signed, without a protest, every measure of spoliation and persecution of the Church, although he could have done much to stem the tide; again, M. Jaures, the rampant Socialist, had his children baptised in water from the Jordan. The other day at Grimaucourt, near Sampigny (Meuse), M. Grosdidier, Radical deputy for Commerce, went to preside at a democratic banquet. Speaking against the right of liberty of education, he delivered himself as follows: "We must watch over the education of woman in order to withdraw her reason and her intelligence from the influence of the priest." Now the 'Vosgien' informs us that M. Grosdidier brought up his own daughter in a convent, and requested the services of a Bishop to marry her.

The Injustice of the law

In 1875, at Mesnil-Saint-Loup (Aube), two sisters, Mlles. Becard, built a spacious house, at their own expense, on their father's estate. They lived there, supporting themselves by their own labor. In 1878 it

seemed good to them to commence the religious life. They consecrated their house to the new work, took the habit, and trained novices. When an iniquitous law compelled them to ask for authorisation, they renounced the religious life. They did what the law required, gave up the habit, sent back religious and novices to their families, and themselves re-entered ordinary life. The liquidator, however, did not intend to lose his booty thus, and claimed both the house and the ancestral belongings of the Sisters Becard. In the case of the house built on their estates before any community was formed, his claim has failed; but he has obtained possession of all their furniture, although left to them by their parents. This has been sold, and one of the sisters actually reduced to the necessity of sleeping on a bundle of straw. A sad epoch, when injustice becomes legal.

ROME—American Pilgrims

Two hundred American Catholics, headed by the Right Rev. Henry Gabriels, Bishop of Ogdensburg, were on a pilgrimage to Rome towards the end of July.

A Catholic Newspaper

The Marquis de Felice (writes a Rome correspondent) has kept his word and succeeded in supplying Rome with a good Catholic daily. This was on July 26, when, towards evening, subscribers began to receive copies of the 'Corriere d'Italia.' During half a year Rome has possessed but one religious daily paper, 'Osservatore Romano.' In the address which embodies his policy, printed in the inaugural number of the new daily, the Marquis de Felice strikes at once the note of faith and fatherland, as reconcilable factors; of devotion to the progress of the working classes, and of profound obedience to the word of the Sovereign Pontiff. The Papal organ, the 'Osservatore Romano,' on the following day, published a paragraph welcoming the new venture.

SCOTLAND—An Appointment

Mr. John Swinerton Phillimore, who succeeds Professor G. G. Ramsay in the Chair of Humanity at Glasgow University, is a son of the late Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, and, like all the Phillimore family for several centuries, was educated at Westminster School. At Oxford, where he won almost every classical distinction and was President of the Union, he proved himself a 'bard of triple tongue' by publishing a little volume of poems, and another of his Greek and Latin verse compositions. He also collaborated in the 'Essays in Liberalism,' dedicated to Mr. John Morley by 'Six Oxford Men.' Professor Phillimore joined the Catholic Church about a year ago.

UNITED STATES—The Laetare Medal

The Laetare medal, conferred once a year by Notre Dame University, Indiana, upon a member of the Catholic laity who has won distinction by his service to mankind, has been bestowed upon Francis J. Quinlan, M.D., LL.D., by Rev. John Cavanagh, C.S.C., President of the University.

From 'Old Donegal'

Cut and dressed in Donegal, the corner stone of St. Columba's Church, Philadelphia, was placed in position and blessed by Archbishop Ryan the other day. The stone was the gift of Bishop O'Donnell, of Raphoe.

GENERAL

Foreign Missions

The Very Rev. Father Sykes, Jesuit Provincial, makes a strong plea in the 'Zambesi Mission Record,' for increased interest in the work of foreign missions. There is, he points out, no other European country which has under its flag such a vast infidel population as England. And wherever that flag has been planted non-Catholic missionary agencies are actively at work, and are most liberally supported. Father Sykes is confident that if Catholics only knew how the Protestant denominations are pushing their propaganda; what immense subsidies the different societies for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts receive every year—how quickly they are filling up the available places and occupying the empty theatres of work, Catholic zeal for foreign missions would be quickened and the desire of the Catholic laity to lend the missionaries a helping hand would wax stronger. He discerns signs by which he judges that the missionary spirit is more in evidence than it was wont to be some years ago. The number of publications devoted to the subject is larger, the number of priests, Brothers, and nuns, who are going forth to different countries has grown, and a greater stimulus is given to the work in many directions.

For Children's Hacking Cough at Night, WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE, 1/6 and 2/6 per Bottle.

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WAI-RONGOA MINERAL WATER.

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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Office: Dunedin.

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Water Colours and Oil: Wednesday Afternoon Class, one guinea. Evening Class for Black and White, one guinea.

Classes Bi-weekly, £2 2s.

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My selection of Millinery, Hats, Toques and Bonnets represent the latest styles from the leading Parisian and London Hous's. Artistic and Exclusive Models in High-class Millinery. Prices Moderate. Your patronage solicited.

Country Orders receive prompt attention.

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THE LEADING DRAPER,
KAIKOURA.

Keep your eye on this house and your mind on our Bargains.

WILLIAM OWERS,
ELIZABETH STREET, TIMARU.

Readers Note!! OWERS' is the Shop for Groceries in this district. Quality and Prices Considered. Try our "CORONATION" TEA at 1s 6d per lb.

PURIBI NATURAL MINERAL WATER.

FOR RHEUMATISM, INDIGESTION ETC.

At all Clubs, the Leading Hotels, and on board the U.S.S. Co.'s Steamers.

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Grain! - Grain! Grain! Chaff! Potatoes! etc.
SEASON 1906.

OTAGO CORN AND WOOL EXCHANGE, VOGEL ST., DUNEDIN.
To the Farmers of Otago and Southland.

ANOTHER Grain Season being at hand, we take the opportunity of thanking our many Clients for their patronage in the past, and to again tender our services for the disposal of their Grain here, or for shipment of same to other markets, making liberal cash advances thereon, if required.

Special Facilities for Storage, &c.—We would remind Producers that we provide special facilities for the satisfactory storage and disposal of all kinds of farm produce. Our Stores are dry, airy, thoroughly ventilated, and in every respect admirably adapted for the safe storage of Grain, being conveniently situated, and connected to railway by private siding. Produce consigned to us is delivered direct into Store, and is saved the loss and waste incurred in unloading and again carting into warehouse.

Weekly Auction Sales.—We continue to hold the regular Weekly Auction Sales of Produce as inaugurated by us many years ago, and which have proved so beneficial to vendors; and owing to our commanding position in the centre of the trade, and our large and extending connection, we are in constant touch with all the principal grain merchants, millers, and produce dealers, and are thus enabled to dispose of consignments to the very best advantage, and with the least possible delay.

Account Sales are rendered within Six Days of Sale.

Corn Sacks, Chaff Bags, &c.—Having made advantageous arrangements to meet the requirements of our numerous Clients, we can supply best Calcutta Corn Sacks, all sizes, and at the lowest prices. Also Chaff Bags, Seaming Twine, and all farmers' requisites at the shortest notice, and on the best terms.

ADVANTAGES.—We offer Producers the advantage of large Storage and unequalled Show Room Accommodation. No delays in offering. Expert Valuers and Staff. The best Service. The Lowest Scale of Charges. The Highest Prices, and Prompt Returns.

Sample Bags, Advice Notes, and Labels sent on Application.

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Knows that "money saved is money earned," and "**Coalbrookdale**" is the real money-saver! Why buy poor heatless lignites? Don't you burn Coal for heat? Then use "**Coalbrookdale**," which is full of strong live heat! This is the weather when you want heat! "**Coalbrookdale**" is uniform in quality, and it is unexcelled wherever people want "Coal with heat in it."

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Do You Need Spectacles?

If after reading or working your eyes become tired or watery, or if the eyelids smart and the head aches, it is a sign that you are overworking or straining your eyes. Proper glasses will not only afford present relief, but will preserve the eyes as well.

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17 Manse Street, DUNEDIN.

DEAR ME!

forgotten that SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE, whatever shall I do? Call at the nearest Store you pass. They all KEEP IT.

RETURNING TO THE FOLD

Mayor Moore, of Omaha, Neb., whose death was recently announced, became a Catholic on his deathbed. He had governed Omaha for nine years.

The conversion of a Jew, a rather rare event, has just taken place at Venice. The convert, Forti Felice, is twenty-four years of age. He was baptised by the Patriarch of Venice.

Three Catholic Archbishops and seven Bishops of the American hierarchy in the last fifty years were born Protestants. The Anglican Prelate, Bishop Ives, of North Carolina, divested himself of his Episcopal office and became a layman in the Catholic Church.

During the lifetime of the late Bishop Thorold, Winchester, two of his children became Catholics. His eldest daughter has now been received into the Church by Father Maturin, the well-known preacher and former Cowley Father. Bishop Thorold's wife was a sister of Mrs. Henry Labouchere.

It will give great pleasure to many of our readers to learn (says the 'Catholic Times') that Mrs. Katharine Parr has been received back into the Church. The ceremony of reconciliation, which was of a practically private nature, was performed at Buckfast Abbey, on the Feast of the Precious Blood, by the Abbot Dom Boniface Natter, assisted by Father Winfrid Rechsteiner, O.S.B. The ceremony took place at the Lady altar containing the famous pre-Reformation statue of Our Lady of Buckfast, and Mrs. Parr's daughter was the only other person present.

Mrs. J. D. Weaver, Dallas, Texas, widely known throughout the State because of her prominence in charitable and philanthropic works, was received into the Catholic Church by Rev. J. M. Hayes, of the Cathedral, a short time previous to her death, which occurred recently. Mrs. Weaver had belonged to the Protestant Episcopal Church, but for some years she had shown a strong attraction for the Catholic faith, having been brought into closer touch with its workings in the pursuit of her own benevolent efforts. She was president of the Federation of Women's Clubs and was associated with the educational enterprises of her native state.

Our readers (says the Ceylon 'Catholic Messenger') will learn with pleasure of the return to the true Faith of Mr S. D'Penha, lately one of the most influential adherents of the 'Independent Catholic' schism. This happy event took place in the Cathedral of Our Lady of Hope, Bombay. Mr D'Penha's re-admission to the Church was preceded by a retreat conducted by the Very Rev. Father Aloysius Gyr, S.J., Vicar of the Cathedral. Mr D'Penha desired that the news of his conversion be published in the Catholic Press of Ceylon, for as the schismatics gave great publicity to his unhappy lapse into the errors of their sect, he now wishes it to be known that he no longer belongs to them, and hopes that by the public announcement of his return to Holy Church, the public scandal which his apostasy caused may be removed.

Sermons in stones assuredly there are, if we may judge by the number of architects who have joined the Catholic Church (says the London 'Tablet'). Some of the most illustrious names of the profession are on that list from the days of Inigo Jones, fined as a recusant, to those of Pugin and Scott. One such eminent architect, a convert to the Church, was Mr Garner, whose death we now deeply regret to announce. Formerly a partner in the firm of Bodley and Garner, he had of late years devoted a large portion of his time to work at Downside, and at Downside his ashes will appropriately rest. He bought and admirably restored Fritwell Manor House, near Souldern, Banbury, some years ago; and it was here that this devoted Catholic passed away, after only a short illness, receiving the last rites of the Church at the hands of Father Glossop.

Any brief respite he can snatch from his political duties Mr. Birtell, the British Minister of Education, spends in haunting second-hand bookshops.

MYERS & CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George Street. They guarantee the highest class of work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth give general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth.

Domestic

By 'Maureen'

Beef Tea.

When making beef tea do not add salt to the meat until it has been cooking for some time, as the salt prevents some of the nourishment from being extracted.

To Keep Macaroni.

Macaroni deteriorates very rapidly if it is kept in anything but covered jars or bottles. The great secret in cooking it is to plunge it in salted water which is boiling quickly.

How to Clean Mirrors.

Finger marks on looking glasses may be removed by means of a few drops of ammonia. Fly specks should be washed off with cold water, the mirror being afterwards polished with chamois leather.

Strawberry Microbes.

The cold eye of science has seen that strawberries are a favorable resting place for air-borne poisons. It is suggested that before they are eaten all strawberries should be washed in clean water. The process will not injure the fruit in the least.

Cutting New Bread.

Cutting bread while it is new or fresh is a very wasteful and unpleasant process when done in the usual way, but if a hot knife is used the slices will be more even, and there will be less waste of the crumb.

How to Store Blankets.

Before blankets are put away for the summer, they should be washed, dried, and thoroughly aired. They should then be tied up in sets of four, and pieces of yellow soap scattered between the folds. This will effectually guard against the inroad of moths.

Linoleum Polish.

Linseed oil and vinegar may be made into an excellent polish for linoleum or oilcloths. It should be applied with a piece of flannel, polishing being effected by means of a soft cloth. A mixture of beeswax and turpentine gives a better polish, but it makes the floor very slippery and glassy.

To Test the Heat of an Oven.

Put into the oven a piece of clean white paper: if it at once becomes dark brown the oven is fit for pastry and too hot for cakes. If the paper turns yellow or very pale brown cakes may be put in. If the heat of the oven is inclined to reach too high a temperature and scorch pastry or confectionery, which is in course of baking, a good plan is to place a tin or enamelled saucer on the lowest shelf of the oven and fill it with water.

How to Utilise Sour Milk.

It frequently happens that a certain quantity of milk turns sour and is thrown away as useless, but a delicious bread or scone loaf may be made from milk which has turned. A teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda should be used to a pint of the milk, and as it effervesces mix quickly with flour into a dough, adding a pinch of salt. Place in a tin, and stand in the oven for twenty minutes.

For the Complexion.

The beauties of Denmark have a habit of bleaching the skin. They wash the face in oatmeal water. Instead of plunging the face in a basin of plain, hard, harsh water, they take a big basin of hot water and drop into it a handful of finely ground oatmeal, almost a powder. This they stir until the water is all milky. It is then ready to be used. A Danish girl with a skin like a rose will come in from her skating of an afternoon, prepare her facial bath of oatmeal and hot water and will wash her skin thoroughly with it. She will go over and over her face as carefully as though she were washing lace, and when she has finished there will not be one flaw in her complexion. Sometimes she washes in bran instead of oatmeal.

Maureen

The Archbishop of Melbourne has made the following clerical changes in the Archdiocese:—Rev. A. E. Hennessy from Gisborne to the charge of Lillydale; Rev. P. Boyle from Carlton to Gisborne; and Rev. J. Vaughan from Footscray to Carlton.

PHOTOGRAPHIC GOODS.

Cameras, Magazine (hand), $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate, from 8s upwards.

Folding Hand or Stand Cameras from 22s 6d.

Half-plate Complete Sets from 87s 6d each.

Camera Cases, Canvas, 3s 6d and 6s* each;

$\frac{1}{2}$ -plate Magazine Camera size.

Calcium Tubes, 6 x 3, 1s 6d each.

Calcium Tubes, 10 x 4, 2s 3d each.

Carriers, $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate to $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate, 1s 6d each.

Clips, for Prints, Plates, or Films, Wooden, 9d dozen.

Cutting Shapes Glass, $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate; 9d and 1s each; $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate, 1s and 1s 3d each.

CHEMICALS (PHOTOGRAPHIC).

Acid Pyrogallic, 1s 3d oz. Amidol 8s 3d oz.

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Formalin, 8oz 1s.

Gold Chloride (Johnson's), 2s 6d tube.

Hydroquinone, 1s 3d oz.

Metol, 3s 3d oz.

Potash Bromide, 3s 6d lb.

Potash Carbonate, Pure, 3d oz.

Potash Metabisulphite, 6d oz.

Silver Nitrate, 3s 6d oz.

Soda Carbonate, Pure, 9d lb; in bottles 1s per lb.

Soda Sulphite, Pure, 9d per lb; in bottles, 1s per lb.

Soda Hypo. (pea crystals), 3d lb; 5lb, 1s.

Soda Phosphate, 3d oz.

Other Chemicals at Equally Cheap Rates.

Developers, No. 1 and 2 Solutions, 10oz size, 1s 3d.

Tabloid Developers, B. W. and Co.'s Amidol, Pyro Soda, Metol Pyro, and Metol Quinol, 1s 4d each.

Compressed Developers, Powell's, Pyro Metol, Pyro Soda, and Metol Hydroquinone, 1s 4d each.

TONING TABLOIDS AND COMPRESSED TONING BATHS.

Gold and Sulphocyanide, and Gold and Phosphate, 1s 4d each.

Combined Toning and Fixing Compressed, 1s 4d.

Developing Dishes, Zylonite, strong $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate, with spout, 8d each; $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate, with spout and lifter, 1s each; 5 x 4 plate, with spout, 10d each; $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, with spout, 1s each; 1-1-plate, with spout, 1s 9d each.

Developing Baths for Films, the Waverley, 5s 3d each.

Developing Dishes, semi-Porcelain, 8 x 10, 3s 6d each; 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 10 $\frac{1}{2}$, 5s 6d each; 12 x 15, 10s 6d each.

Developing and Printing for Amateurs done at Lowest Rates, and with utmost promptitude.

Draining Racks, Wooden, for Plates, 9d each.

Draining Racks and Wash Tanks, combined, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 9d; $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 1s 6d.

Enlargers, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate to 1-1-Plate.

Enlarging Lanterns, for using with Camera, 7s 6d; enlarges up to any size.

Exposure Meters, Imperial, 1s 4d each.

Exposure Meter Refills, 8d each.

Ferrotypes Plates, for enamelling 6d each.

Films, Kodak Roll, No. 1. Brownie, 10d; No. 2, Brownie, 1s 2d; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2s 6d; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, 3s 6d; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2s 6d; 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, 3s 6d; 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, 4s; 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, 4s; 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, 4s; 5 x 4, 4s 6d; 4 x 5, 4s 6d.

Ensign Films, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, 9d; 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1s; $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 3s 6d; Postcard size, 3s 6d; 5 x 4, 4s 3d.

Focussing Cloth, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 2s 6d each.

Focussing Cloth, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 3s 6d each.

Focussing Cloth, Waterproof, 7s 6d each.

Lamps, Dark, 1s, 1s 6d, 1s 9d, 2s, 3s 6d, 6s 6d, and 7s 6d each.

Measures, Graduated, 1oz, 9d each; 2oz, 1s each; 4oz, 1s 3d each; 10oz, 2s 3d each; 20oz, 3s each.

Mountant, Higgins, 8oz size, 9d bottle.

Mountant, 2oz size, 6d bottle.

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Mounts, Midget, from 6d doz, or 3s per 100.

Mounts, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, from 8d doz, or 5s per 100.

Mounts, $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate, circle, 1s doz, or 6s 6d per 100.

Mounts, 5 x 4 plate, from 8d doz, or 5s per 100.

Mounts, $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate, from 1s doz; 7s per 100.

Mounts, 1-1-Plate, from 1s 6d doz, or 10s 6d per 100.

Mounts, Cut-out, $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate, 1s 6d doz; Cabinet, 1s 9d doz.

5 x 4, 2s 3d per doz; 1-1-Plate, 7d each.

Large Size Mounts also stocked, in Plain and Cut-out.

PAPERS.

Wellington Ward, P.O.P., in Mauve, Matt, White, and Special Mauve, in $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 5 x 4, Cabinet, $\frac{1}{2}$ -plate, and 1-1-Plate size, 1s per packet; 12-Sheet Rolls, 7s each.

Wellington S.C.P. Gaslight, in Matt, Glossy, Porcelain and Art, White and Tinted, in $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 5 x 4, Cabinet, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 1s per packet; 1-1-Plate, 2s per packet.

WELLINGTON WARD, Platino, Matt, Ennammo, Bromide Papers, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plates, 5 x 4, Cabinet, and $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 1s per packet; 1-1-Plate, 12 sheet, 2s packet; 8 x 10, 12 sheet, 3s 3d per packet; 10 x 12, 12 sheet, 4s 6d per packet; 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 15 $\frac{1}{2}$, 12 sheet, 6s 6d per packet; 17 x 23, 6 sheet, 6s 6d per packet.

Paget Prize Self Toning, Matt and Glossy, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 5 x 4, Cabinet, and $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 1s per packet.

Post Cards (self toning), 1s per packet.

Imperial P.O.P., $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 5 x 4, and $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 1s per packet; 12-Sheet Rolls, 7s each.

Gaslight, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 7d per packet; 5 x 4, 10d per packet; Cabinet and $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 1s per packet.

Ilford P.O.P., Matt, Carbon, White, and Mauve, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 5 x 4, Cabinet, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, and 1-1-Plate, 1s per packet; 12 Sheet Rolls, 7s each.

Ilford Bromide Papers, in rough and smooth, rapid and slow, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 6d per packet; 5 x 4, 9d per packet; Cabinet, 11d per packet; and $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 1s per packet.

SUNDRIES AND ACCESSORIES.

ALBUMS—A large assortment in all sizes, both slip and paste down and "Sunny Memories," from 1s each.

BALLS and TUBES—For Shutters, 1s 6d and 1s 9d each; for Thornton Pickard Shutters, 3s each.

BOOKS—Ilford Manual of Photography, 1s 4d. Photography in a Nutshell, 1s 6d.

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Paper, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 1s 6d per packet; Post Card size, 1s 6d packet.

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Bottles, stoppered or plain, all sizes. Bromide Retouching Sets, 1s 6d each. Bromide Pencils, 4d each.

ILFORD PLATONA PLATINUM PAPERS.

20-Sheet Tubes.

$\frac{1}{2}$ -Plates, 1s 6d; 5 x 4 Plate, 2s 3d; Cabinet, 2s 3d; $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 3s; 1-1-Plate, 5s 6d; 10 x 8 Plate, 7s 9d; 12 x 10 Plate, 6s (12 sheet).

Post Cards, Ilford and Wellington, P.O.P., 7d packet.

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Ordinary, Empress, and Special Rapid, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 1s dozen; 5 x 4, 1s 9d dozen; $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 2s 3d dozen.

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Ordinary, Sovereign, and Special Rapid, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 1s dozen; 5 x 4, 1s 9d dozen; $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 2s 3d dozen; 1-1-Plate, 4s 6d dozen.

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Plate Washers and Draining Racks, combined to hold 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plates, or 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plates, 1s 6d.

Print or Mount Trimmers, 4s 6d and 7s 6d each.

Printing Frames, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, 9d each.

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Printing Frames, $\frac{1}{2}$ -Plate, 1s 3d and 1s 6d each.

Printing Frames, 1-1-Plate, 2s and 3s each.

Print Cutters, circular, 4s; cuts 16 different sizes. Extra Knives for same, 1s 6d each.

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Spirit Levels, 1s 3d each.

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Triangle, Christchurch.

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MASSEUR AND MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN,

X-RAYS OPERATOR (by Exam.), Member and N.Z. Representative of the Australasian Massage Association,

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A New Coating for Iron.

As a protective coating for iron, cadmium is proving much superior to zinc. The coating looks like zinc, but it is much more adhesive and harder, it tarnishes less rapidly, and it withstands the fumes of acids better.

A Solar Emanation.

From observations on Mont Blanc and recent discoveries in physics, A. Hausky has concluded that the solar corona, zodiacal light, and aurora borealis are all electrical phenomena, and are due to negatively charged particles detached from the sun and repelled by the pressure of light with a velocity of several thousand miles a second.

A Rope Seven Miles Long.

Glasgow is the proud possessor of the biggest rope that was ever made for hauling purposes. Strangers view it as one of the 'sights' of the city. Manufactured to haul cars through one of the subways, the rope is seven miles long, several inches in circumference, and weighs nearly sixty tons. It has been made in one unjointed and unspliced length of patent crucible steel. The rope forms a complete circle around Glasgow, crossing the Clyde in its course, and is intended to run at a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

A Lightning Change.

A German paper manufacturer at Esenthal has just made an experiment to see how rapidly it is possible to transform a tree into a newspaper. Three trees in the neighborhood of his factory were cut down at 7.35 in the morning. They were instantly barked and pulped, and the first roll of paper was ready at 9.34. It was lifted into an automobile and conveyed to the press-room of the nearest daily paper. The paper being already set, the printing began at once, and at 10 o'clock precisely the journal was on sale in the streets. The entire process of transformation had taken exactly 2 hours and 25 minutes.

Wood Pulp Drain on Forests.

The forest service of the United States Department of Agriculture has furnished a preliminary statement showing there was used in the past years in the United States more than 3,000,000 cords of wood in the manufacture of wood pulp. The returns were from 150 firms controlling 232 mills. The wood used was divided among the various processes as follows: Sulphite, 1,538,000 cords; soda, 410,000 cords; ground wood, 1,068,000 cords. The total pulp production by all processes by the firms reporting was 1,903,000 tons. According to the census of 1900, the consumption of pulp wood was then 1,936,310 cords, so that there has been an increase of over 50 per cent. in the last six years.

The Rusting of Iron.

So familiar a process as the rusting of iron appears to have been misunderstood. The presence of moisture and oxygen has been regarded as the condition necessary, and the old idea that carbonic acid plays a part has been quite generally discarded. A different view has just been brought before the London Chemical Society by Mr. Gerald Moody. In very careful experiments a piece of polished iron was exposed to distilled water and a continuous current of air freed from carbonic acid, and the metal continued un tarnished at the end of six weeks. When air with the normal carbonic acid was drawn over the sample, however, the bright surface was dulled in six hours, and was covered with deep red rust in seventy-two hours.

A City of Glass.

Des Moines City, Iowa, U.S.A., is decidedly a place that is being talked about. Its latest idea is to build its houses of glass, which is incombustible, strong, healthy, damp-proof, cheap, and easily kept clean. A young architect, who noticed that glass was usefully employed in the decoration of house-fronts, conceived the idea of building houses altogether of glass, and, to try his hand, he constructed a glass cottage, which was found to be so comfortable and sensible that he has had to build several other houses of the same material. The latest thing is to build a magnificent church entirely of glass, the interior of which will be most beautifully decorated with colored glass. There is plenty of excellent sand close to Des Moines, and the making of glass is now one of the chief industries of the place.

Intercolonial

His Lordship Bishop Doyle has concluded a tour through the southern parishes of his diocese in aid of the funds of the Cathedral at Lismore, now in progress of erection. During a two months' tour he succeeded in collecting £800.

In the course of his address at the laying of the foundation stone of a school-church at Newtown a few Sundays ago, his Eminence Cardinal Moran said that the pastor of the district, Very Rev. Dean Slatery, had labored unceasingly and devotedly for upwards of 42 years in the Archdiocese.

Another Eureka veteran died at Skipton (Victoria) the other day in Mr. John Daly. He kept a general store at Bakery Hill in the early fifties. In 1855 he went to Skipton, where he engaged in pastoral pursuits. Mr. Daly, who was in his 84th year, was a native of Watergrass Hill, County Cork, Ireland.

The new hospital erected by the Nursing Sisters of the Little Company of Mary from Lewisham at North Adelaide has cost £6000. The accommodation provides for 35 patients in two large, well-ventilated wards, and 15 private rooms. The new building is only part of a larger scheme. There are eight Sisters in charge and they have under them an in-and-out staff of 30 nurses.

The latest letter received from Mr. Daniel O'Connor (dated August 4) was written in St. Mary's Hospital, San Francisco, where he was recovering from three weeks' prostration, from an enteric epidemic induced by bad food and water. Mr. O'Connor, who eulogizes the treatment he had received at the hands of the Sisters of Mercy and their nursing staff, hoped within a short time to be starting Eastward.

The golden jubilee of the Rev. Mother Prioress of the Dominican Nuns of the Perpetual Adoration (Mother M. Raymond) occurred on August 28, and was celebrated most fittingly at St. Dominic's Priory, North Adelaide (says the 'Southern Cross'). Mother Raymond was born at Winchester, England, in 1840, and entered the Mother House, St. Dominic's Convent, Stone, Staffordshire, in 1855, receiving the habit in August, 1856, and was stationed in various houses of the Order in England until 1883. In that year the Rev. Mother, with Rev. Mother Rose Columba, came to found the present house at North Adelaide, and has been there ever since.

Marked progress (says the Sydney 'Freeman's Journal') is being made with the building in brick of the handsome Catholic Cathedral at Lismore. The main walls are now towering above the surrounding buildings, and the clerestory arches are almost completed. The arch over the main entrance to the nave is giving an imposing and chaste appearance to the southern facade. The pediments overhead and tracery rose windows above are finished. Some time ago it was decided to proceed with the sanctuary, two chapels, sacristy, and the northern end of the transept, and the walls of these are now up about ten feet. The convent is now receiving the joinery, fittings, and plaster, but it will be about December before it is ready for occupation. The exterior of the walls of the building are covered by a preparation resembling chipped marble and newly-fallen snow, and the effect is very striking. His Lordship hopes the Cathedral will be ready by Easter next, but owing to the immensity of the new building, this is very problematical. The cluster of buildings is a huge landmark in the town.

The Cathedral Fair (writes the Broken Hill correspondent of the Sydney 'Freeman's Journal') was a magnificent success, resulting in an addition of £1012 to the Cathedral funds. At the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday, August 26, Dr. Dunne (Bishop of Wilcannia) tendered his hearty thanks to all who had in any way assisted towards the successful result achieved. He was particularly struck with the large number of non-Catholics who had attended night after night, and he was pleased beyond measure at such evidence of liberal mindedness and goodwill in their non-Catholic fellows. His Lordship repudiated the mention of the word 'gambling' in connection with a bazaar conducted in such a manner. If drawing for prizes at a bazaar was gambling, drawing for land at our land courts and at the local Star-Bowkett societies was gambling in a greater degree. People attended the fair not for any personal gain, but to assist in the liquidation of the Cathedral debt. He thanked all who had contributed to such a magnificent result, even those who by their opposition gave the fair an unlooked-for advertisement and stimulated the generosity of the more liberal-minded of the community.

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ALL THE COMFORTS OF A HOME

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CONVENIENCES OF A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

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Importer of all kinds of Ironmongery, Glass and Chinaware
Groceries, Bamboo Curtain Rods,
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House and Farm use.

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THUS SAVING TIME & MONEY

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36 CUMBERLAND STREET,
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desires to inform the public he still continues the Undertaking Business as formerly at the Establishment, corner Clark and MacLaggan streets, Dunedin.

Funerals attended in Town or Country with promptness and economy.

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CHRISTCHURCH,

Visitors to the above Hotel will receive
Good Mile Faltte from the Proprietor,

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Late of Dunedin.

MIDLAND RAILWAY HOTEL

TOTARA FLAT.

MR. H. ERIKSON (late of Orwell Creek)
Proprietor.

An Excellent Table kept. First-class Accommodation. The Beers, Wines, Spirits, etc., sold are of the very best. Refreshment Rooms at Railway Station. Billiard-Billiards, with an efficient marker.

Mr. Erikson, having a thorough knowledge of the whole district, will be pleased to give directions and other assistance to travellers and persons interested in Mining

"SPRING BLOSSOM OINTMENT" is a Marvellous Remedy for Blood-poisoning, Poisoned Hands, Inflamed or Ulcerated Wounds.

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Melville Hill Shoeing Forge,

Wishes to thank his patrons for past support, and to notify them that he will in future use his utmost endeavours to give every satisfaction.

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Branson's Hotel,

Corner of KING and ST. ANDREW STS.

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 surrounds the Hotel, giving the most ample security against fire.

Tariff—5s per day; 25s per week.

Permanent Boarders by arrangement.

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New Zealand Tablet Co.

—FOR—

Job Printing, etc.

CHARGES MODERATE.

The Family Circle

SPEAK GENTLY

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear.
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently—love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart!
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

HOW TOM SAVED HIS FATHER

'Yes; Tom's been here. Can't you tell he's been here? See the mud on the floor, all the way from one door to the other. Just look at the books, his school books—he has only five and they in five different places. I never saw such a careless, selfish boy.'

It was Nellie, the sister just younger than Tom, who was talking, as she went from place to place, picking up the things Tom had scattered when he came in from school. The little mother had been trying to check her and saying softly: 'Wait, Nellie, wait and think of the reasons for this.'

'Reasons? There are no reasons, only downright selfishness. What does he care how much work he makes?'

'Tom is thoughtless,' said the mother, 'and he does not see things as a neat little girl sees them; but he is improving.'

'There is room for improvement, and his change for the better is so slight it needs a magnifying glass to discover it.'

'There is a change, Nellie. He usually puts his books on the shelf near the window, but to-day he wanted to go to see the football game, and he was late getting home from school. He just threw his books toward the lounge and never waited to see where they landed. But Tom is a brave little fellow, and he will do anything for one of us if he only thinks.'

'It is just as bad to be thoughtless as downright selfish,' said Nellie, as she put the finishing touches to the dainty room.

The next day Nellie and all the family were busy making the house gay with flowers, for father, who had been in California for his health, was expected home. He had been gone nearly a year, but the time had seemed like years instead of months. Everyone was trying to do something to add to the happy welcome home.

'Tom,' said Nellie, 'there are some beautiful ferns down by the river, just below the railroad bridge. I wish we had some for our dining-room. Dad likes ferns as well as flowers.'

'I'll get them,' said Tom. 'I'll bring back all I can carry.' Away he ran—whooping like a wild Indian and then calling a bird, but making as much noise as possible.

'What keeps Tom?' said Nellie, about two hours after Tom had gone for the ferns. 'I thought he would be here long ago.'

'What keeps father?' said Nellie's mother. 'The train is past due. I have been listening for the whistle, and although I heard the freight leave the yards I am not sure the passenger train has come in yet.'

'I had not noticed the time. I had my eye on the hill over which the hack would come. I intended to

meet him at the walls, I had half a mind to slip down to the station, only he does not like to have us meet him there. But it is late, mother.'

'Is that the hack, Nellie?'

'Yes, it is! It is!' and both mother and Nellie started to meet the loved one. After the greetings were over the father said: 'But where is Tom: I've been looking and listening for him.'

'Tom went after some ferns to decorate the dining-room. He had plenty of time to be back before you came.'

'I wonder what detains him?' said the mother. 'What was the matter with your train; you were so late?'

'We have reason to thank God we are all safe. The train was late, true; but had it not been for a young boy, we would have had a most serious wreck. You remember, there is a down-grade just the other side of the bridge, and this bridge has always been called the strongest and safest on the road. It seems you have been having some heavy rains lately and they have injured the foundation on the east side of the river.'

'In some way this boy—I do not know who he is, as I did not see him—discovered the damage done by water. He must have realised that as soon as the cars touched the east end, down would go the train, for the weight of the first cars would carry the others over the bridge and down the chasm.'

'The train had started on the down-grade, when the boy appeared in the middle of the track waving green branches and his coat. He never moved to save himself, only kept jumping up and down like a crazy chap. The engineer told me about it as we drove down by the lower bridge and up this street.'

'They had all they could do to stop the train. The engineer said he thought at one time the train would run over the boy. As it was, he was so near, the engineer dragged him up into his cab and asked him what was the matter. The poor fellow was so excited he could only point to the other end and say: "Water—wash foundation." The men went ahead and found it was a most dangerous washout. Had it not been for the boy, they would not have made any examination here, for this place was considered safe.'

'What became of the boy?' asked Nellie, with a queer little look in her eyes.

'When the men started to examine the bridge, he just fainted. A doctor on the train took charge of him. The engineer said the boy gasped out: "Father—safe," and just fell back in the arms of one of the passengers. We in the last coaches, were not permitted to go forward, so we did not see the boy.'

'There is a carriage just coming here,' said Nellie. 'And Tom is getting out! Why—and away she ran to meet him.'

Yes, it was Tom, somewhat pale, but trying to appear as if he had done nothing. Tom had saved the train, a large number of passengers—and he had saved his father.

The tears were running down Nellie's cheeks as she embraced him and said: 'You dear, dear brother—you brave, thoughtful boy!'

A GOOD CHILD

A good child never forgets its mother, and the older it becomes the stronger grows the affection. Next to God we owe our life to our mother, and with life we can have happiness, both here and hereafter.

A good, grateful, and loving child will seek occasions to show its filial love to its mother, not only in words but especially in acts.

WHY SOME YOUNG MEN DON'T GET ON

Of the dozens of young men who are idle in nearly every community of any size, the 'Catholic Citizen' says: 'Many of them are idle because they can't find work of any kind. More are idle because they can't find work that suits them. The trouble is that there are too many of the latter kind. They have certain pride that demands a fancy job. Which is all right, of course; but idleness ought, to a right kind of pride, be even more galling than employment, even if it be beneath them. The reason so many young men of your and my acquaintance "don't get on" is because of their habit of indulging in spells of idleness. An idle young fellow is going to school to a master who will soon graduate him into the army of "no good for anything." He acquires a loafing spirit, a slouchy manner and an utter lack of perseverance. A young man can not hope to get on in the world if between the ages of twenty and thirty-five he spends about a fourth of his time throwing up one job while waiting for another. Steadiness, industry and perseverance are what compel success.'

SMILES AND FROWNS

Which will you do—smile and make your household happy, or be crabbed, and make all the children gloomy and the older ones miserable? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eyes, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed; and you will feel it at night when you rest, at morning when about your business.

ODDS AND ENDS

Many wrinkles are smoothed away by the soft fingers of little children. The music of their flute-like voices calms the most turbulent mood and banishes the darkest frown. The power of the little ones consists in their innocence; they bear in their hands that lily the magic might of which gates of brass cannot resist.

Some American visitors were being shown the treasures of the Sir John Soane Museum. The curator said that a certain exhibit was 'made in cork.' One of the ladies of the party replied, 'That is curious, for we are just going to visit some friends there.'

'I mean, madam,' said the curator, 'that this model was made out of cork.'

'That is still more curious, for our friends live a little way out of Cork.'

He gave it up.

FAMILY FUN

In what color should our friendship be kept? In violet (inviolate).

Why is India ink like a cunning Hottentot? Because it is a deep black.

There is a well known word in the English language, the first two letters of which signify a male, the three first a female, the four first a great man, and the whole a great woman.—He, her, hero, heroine.

How do bees dispose of their honey? They cell it.

What game do the waves play at? Pitch and toss.

What sort of men are always above board? Chess-men.

What letter is it that is never used more than three times in Australia?—Answer—A.

Bend a match in the centre so that it forms an acute angle and place it over the neck of a large bottle; on top of the match place a piece of money—a penny, for instance. The trick is to put the money into the bottle without touching the match or the bottle. Dip your finger in water, holding it over the place where the match is bent, and allow one or two drops of water to fall on that point. The two sides of the angle will open slowly, allowing the money to drop into the bottle.

'We can't always remember which are the short months of the year, or some of us can't, anyway, and then,' said a man who is not very strong in memory, 'we take to repeating the old jingle, "Thirty days hath September, April, June and November," and so on, to bring the short months to us. But I have just learned another way that pleases me.

'If you double up your fist and hold it with the back of the hand upward, you will see the four knuckles of the hand standing up in little prominences, with little depressions between the bases of the fingers.

'Now, if you will start ticking off the months on these prominences and depressions, one for each prominence and one for each depression, in regular order, you will find the long months all come on the high places, and the short months all in the low ones.

'First knuckle, high place, January; first depression, low place, February; next knuckle, March; next depression, April; next knuckle, May; next low place, June; and then the fourth and last knuckle July. Then you come back to the first knuckle and start over again: High place, August, and first depression, September; next knuckle, October; next depression, November, and the next knuckle, December.

'If you should forget even the "thirty days" jingle, count the months off on the back of your doubled-up hand in this way and you can't go astray. You will find the short months all coming in the little valleys between the knuckles. "Mountain and Valley," the young folks call this.'

All Sorts

Nearly forty per cent. of the population of Siberia are Russian exiles.

Some time ago, a party of friends travelling by a tramcar had occasion to ask the starter on a certain line how often the cars ran, to which question he made the following reply: 'Quarter arter, half arter, quarter to, and at.'

There are a good many things of which even the very poor may get more than is sufficient. A tired and weary man fell from utter and sheer faintness by the roadside. A crowd gathered round immediately, when an officious individual hurried forward, shouting; "Stand back! Give him air!" The fainting man rallied and sat up. "Air!" he gasped. "Give me air. Why, gentlemen, I've had nothing but air for the last fortnight."

When Princess Alexandra left Denmark forty-three years ago to become the bride of the Prince of Wales, the Danish people, determining that their idolized Princess should not go dowryless to her Royal husband, subscribed 100,000 kroner, which they presented to her, as 'the people's dowry.' By the Princess's own wish 3000 thalers were set apart to form the dowers of six Danish maidens of the poorer classes who became brides in the same year as herself.

There is now at Sandy Hook proving grounds the biggest cannon ever turned out in the world. Not even the Krupp gunworks of Germany have ever dreamed of making such a gun. The weapon referred to is 20yds. long, and weighs 13 tons. The projectile discharged by this monster is 16in. in diameter and 5ft. long, and weighs 1½ tons. The charge of smokeless powder is of 1000lb weight, and when the projectile leaves the muzzle it is travelling at the rate of 2300ft. a second. The cost of each shot fired is £300.

The heavy demand for alligator skin has been such that it is estimated that from 1890 to 1900 3,000,000 alligators were killed in the State of Florida alone. The result is that the alligator is rapidly becoming extinct, and with a view to keeping up the supply Mr. H. I. Campbell, the famous sportsman, has established an alligator farm in Arkansas, where hundreds of the saurians, ranging in size from babies just hatched—scarcely longer than lizards—to 15ft. patriarchs, 200 years old, may be seen and purchased.

A curious plan is adopted by the public schools of several Continental cities for the inculcation of economy. In Brussels the children are requested by their teachers to pick up on their way to school such apparently useless articles as empty paint tubes, scraps of metal, tin cans, bits of tin foil, etc. In eight months the following amounts were collected: Tin foil, 1925 pounds; old paint tubes, 220 pounds; bottle capsules, 4415 pounds; scraps of metal, 1221 pounds; total, 7781 pounds. The whole of this apparent rubbish was disposed of, and the proceeds were applied so as to clothe 500 poor children completely and send 90 invalids to hospitals and convalescent homes, and there still remained a considerable balance, which was distributed among the sick poor of the city.

The Manchester and Salford Savings Bank have hit upon a new means for encouraging thrift. They propose to loan to their customers substantially made steel safes, with a slot arrangement which permits of the deposit of all sizes of coin, but prevents its removal except at the bank. The customer, in short, has the safe, but the bank keeps the key. The safe will be loaned, at a rent of 1s per year, to any persons depositing 5s. credit for which will be given in a pass-book. In consideration of loaning the safe the bank expects a deposit of savings about once a month. The idea is that people who hesitate to go to the bank with small amounts will drop their coins into the safe whenever they can spare them.

'Now, sir,' said the cross-examining counsel, 'answer "Yes" or "No." The Court does not want to know what you supposed. I supposed that I had my watch in my pocket this morning, but as a matter of fact I had left it on my dressing-room table. The Court wants facts, sir, not supposition.'

The witness did not quibble any more, and the case went quietly on. But when the lawyer arrived home that evening the wife of his bosom said to him:—

'You must have been anxious about your watch to send four men after it—one after the other.'

'What!' cried the lawyer, as a suspicion crossed his mind. 'Did you give it up to any of them?'

'Of course!' she said. 'I gave it to the first who called. Why, he actually knew where you left it!'