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Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BROTHER
AGAINST
BROTHER.

FAMINE is bad enough in its way—'death's undress of skin and bone,' as somebody has called it. But there are features in civil wars, and in some wars that are not particularly 'civil,' than are more heartless than famine. For

instance: the slaughter of friend by friend and of brother by brother. We have already recorded in these columns the spectacle of many Englishmen 'drawing a bead' for the Transvaal on their countrymen who are fighting on the British side. (From a recent American exchange we learn that the Irishmen who have shouldered the Mauser are almost to a man Irish-Americans naturalised in the Transvaal.) Here is a scrap from a recent letter of a South African volunteer who is at the front: 'I and Gordon stood up to the Dutch fire. Gordon was hit. I looked and saw it was Bodenstein from Johannesburg who fired. I raised my rifle at 70 yards and shot him dead between the eyes.' A Wexford priest at the Cape gives us the following further painful bit of local family history: 'Two sisters and their families live near me, the one married to a Transvaal official, the other to a lieutenant volunteer on the British side. Letters and money come to support the families from both camps.' Such cases are plentiful in South Africa just now. Imagination can easily fill in the rest of the picture. An old German proverb has it that 'broken friendship may be soldered, but never made sound.'

One of the most deadly instances of the hostile encounter of fellow-countrymen in war took place when General Meagher's famous Irish brigade stormed St. Mary's Heights at Fredericksburg during the great American Civil War. The great stone wall on the Heights was strongly held by the Georgia Irish under Colonel Robert McMillan. When Meagher's gallant fellows were seen advancing from the town, their countrymen on the Heights recognised them by their flag and the green badge in their caps. John Francis Maguire tells how a thrill of feeling and murmurs of pity and prayer passed through the men that lined the rampart. 'God! what a pity!' said some. 'We're in for it,' said others. 'By heavens, here are Meagher's fellows!' was the exclamation of others still. Then the order of Colonel McMillan rang out over the murmur of voices: 'It's Greek to Greek to-day, boys. Give them hell!' 'And they did,' says Maguire; 'for that deadly fusillade was a genuine *feu d'enfer*'—a veritable hell-fire. Six times Meagher's men—fighting for the Union—stormed the hill in the face of that withering fire at short range. It was a rush to certain death. The storming party were cut to pieces. The Adjutant-General of General Hancock's staff was looking on. So was General Longstreet. So were many others. And round about men grounded muskets to watch the deadly brothers' struggle between Celt and Celt. Said the Adjutant-General afterwards: 'I looked with my field-glass, 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.' 'In these six desperate charges,' says Maguire, 'that Brigade was almost annihilated. Again and again they braved that hell-storm, and would have done so again and again. But of the 1200 that bore a green badge in their caps that morning, nearly a thousand of them lay on the bloody field, literally mown down in ranks. . . . "It was the admiration of the whole army." "Never was there anything superior to it." But General Longstreet's eulogium leaves nothing unexpressed: "It was the handsomest thing of the war." After the burial parties had done their melancholy task, an Irishman who helped to lay the thousand dead in their graves, said: 'It was a sad but glorious day for our country. It made us weep, but it made us proud.'

BULL-DOG
STRUGGLES.

THE annals of war probably furnish no other instance of a brigade leaving upon the field, after a series of dogged rushes, over 80 per cent of its men dead. The nearest approach which we can discover to such bull-dog tenacity and headlong daring occurred at what is commonly called the battle of Vionville during the German attack on Bazaine south-west of Metz on August 16, 1870. The most desperate fighting took place up the Gorze road, which was strongly held by French infantry and commanded by a half-battery of mitrailleuses that did frightful execution, turning Prussian men and horses into tangled piles of dead meat. The Eleventh (Prussian) Regiment began the series of wild rushes up this lead-swept road. It went into action 2000 strong—it had already been through a 'valley of death' at Spicheren. When evening came only 200 of the gallant fellows answered to their names. Nine out of every ten men were killed or wounded. Ligonier's British column was 14,000 strong when it tried to cut through the French centre at Fontenoy. In its forward and backward march it passed through a storm of artillery and musketry cross-fire in a cramped hollow-way and left over 4000 of its 14,000 men dead or wounded along the red track of its wild advance and stern and unhurried retreat. The Peninsular campaigns furnish many conspicuous samples of what Archibald Forbes terms the English, Scottish, and Irish soldiers' 'gluttony for punishment.' Thus, of the 10,000 dare-devil fellows whom Wellington sent to capture Badajoz, 3000 were 'laid out' 'before the torn old rag waved over the place.' At the battle of Salamanca (July 28, 1812) a British battalion went into action with 27 officers and 420 rank and file. Only 3 officers and 78 of the rank and file answered to their names when, after the long and murderous tussle, the roll was called—the rest lay dead or wounded on the field. This represented 80 per cent of casualties—a monstrous blood-tribute, in all reason. The famous Light Brigade lost 37 per cent of its men before its gallant remnant came back 'out of the valley of death, out from the mouth of hell' at Balaklava. In the Franco-German war the Gardeschutzen lost 46 per cent before Metz; the Westphalians (Sixteenth Infantry) 40 per cent during their fierce onsets at Mars-la-Tour on August 16, 1870. In the American Civil War the losses in individual commands were greater still. General Longstreet lost 50 per cent of his men in the sanguinary fight at Gaines' Mill on June 27, 1862; and in the following December General Hancock's casualties were equally great at Fredericksburg—one of the toughest and most dogged struggles of the whole war.

Other instances of heavy slaughter may be readily found in military history. Thus, at Austerlitz, in 1805, the Austrians (84,000 strong) lost 26,000 men, or 31 per cent. of those that went into action. The French losses at Sedan (30,000) in 1870 reached exactly the same percentage. The Prussians at Jena lost 27,000 men—39 per cent. of all that went into action. At Gettysburg, in 1863, the Confederate loss was exactly the same number of men, but the percentage of casualties was 40. The Russians lost 51,000 of their human fighting machines at Moscow—40 per cent. of all that had gone into action. The 20,000 British troops that fought at Talavera in 1800 left 30 per cent. of their number dead or wounded upon the field. At Albuera, eleven years later, the percentage of casualties was 48—3,900 out of a total strength of 8,200. At Inkerman, in 1854, the percentage was 31—2,357 men out of 7,464. At Modder River in the present South African campaign the percentage of casualties was only 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ —475 killed and wounded out of a total force of 6,500 that had gone into action! The fighting qualities of Thomas Atkins have by no means deteriorated since the days of Albuera and Salamanca and Inkerman. He could undoubtedly have taken more punishment than he received at the Modder River and yet have held his grip upon the place or come off victorious. And as surely Lord Methuen's throat was in his mouth and his heart not in the right place when he described the Modder engagement as 'the bloodiest fighting of the century' and the Boer fire from across the turbid waters as 'so hellish that no troops could withstand it.'

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An American officer, writing in the *Army and Navy Journal* of December 30, 1899, has the following figures which will be interesting for their bearing upon the campaign in South Africa,—

Before troops can consider that they have been defeated in a stand-up fight, they should, on historical average, lose:—

| | Killed per cent. | Killed and Wounded per cent. |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|------------------------------------|
| In a body of 50,000 or upward ... | About 1 | About 16 |
| In a body of 20,000 to 50,000 ... | About 4½ | About 18 |
| In a body of 10,000 to 20,000 ... | About 5 | About 20 |
| In a body of 2,000 to 5,000 ... | About 7½ | About 28 |

The wise adoption of 'Boer tactics'—fighting from cover—would account to a great extent for the happily meagre losses in the rank and file of the opposing forces in South Africa. But the death-rate among the British officers still continues to be enormously high, despite the fact that they have discarded the flashing 'livery' of former wars, and lead on their men in unpretentious and inconspicuous khaki. In the Franco-German war, the death-rate of staff officers was 105 per 1,000, of officers generally 80 per 1,000, as against 45 per 1,000 among the men. So far as we can gather from the incomplete and unsatisfactory returns to hand, the mortality among British officers is much higher still. This arises chiefly from the quiet heroism which has become a tradition among British officers of standing up in the face of the enemy's fire in order to set an example of courage and patience to the men under their command. Such a thing occurs frequently in the French army, less frequently in the German, which loves, indeed, *ein tapferer Soldat* ('a brave soldier') but is not accustomed to speak of a 'gallant officer,' and values the wearers of the silver and gold lace solely in proportion to their possession of the *Dispositionstalent*—the talent for the handling of troops. And yet the German officers have time and again given examples of the quiet, though unnecessary, chivalry which risks all things for the sake of giving a good example to the men of the rank and file. In Whitman's *Imperial Germany* we find the following conspicuous instance in point—

It was at the hard-fought battle of Gravelotte that a company of the Alexander Guard infantry regiment was standing under a withering hail of bullets. The men were ordered to lie down under cover. The officers alone, as if by superhuman instinct, remained upright, to show the men that although they were not to be needlessly exposed, there was even more expected of those who were placed over them. Of 20 officers, 18 were killed or wounded on that occasion. . . . It was done quietly, unostentatiously, with no reporters in sight, and with no individual reward to follow. The true reward was, however, found in the devotion of the troops themselves. For a few days afterwards, on the road to Sedan, this very battalion marched 23 hours out of the 24 without leaving a single man behind.

In the British army we have the Victoria Cross for the rescue of officers or comrades from the enemy. There is no corresponding distinction in the German army. But the Iron Cross is a personal distinction for duty bravely and faithfully done in trying circumstances such as are recorded in the quoted words of Sidney Whitman.

If you draw a long breath, shut your eyes, and try hard, you can bring yourself to believe things that are impossible. So, at least, says (or implies) the Queen in *Alice in Wonderland*. By assiduous practice you might, perhaps, even train yourself at last to accept all the statements of the 'Rev. James O'Connor,' whose domicile is somewhere in New York, and who was at one time the editor and proprietor of a notorious sheet entitled *The True Catholic*, which would have made Ananias and all his tribe die of jealousy. The Reverend James is 'onaisy in his mind' over the recent conversion of the distinguished American Episcopalian, Dr. De Costa, to the Catholic Church. He has, however, hunted up something which, it is claimed, will 'offset the retirement of Dr. De Costa into the Catholic fold.' This 'offset' he is permitted to describe as follows in the *New York Tribune*:—

While the Roman Catholic Church on Sunday last received a ministerial convert in the person of the Rev. B. F. De Costa, from the Protestant Episcopal Church, a few days before it lost a priest, the Rev. D. Theodore MacDonald Stuart, who became an Episcopalian. Dr. Stuart was a Jesuit, and was received into the Episcopal Church on November 23, when the Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington administered the Holy Communion to him in Grace Church.

We are elsewhere assured that the 'Rev.' Theodore was 'a Romanist priest in good standing.' The addition of an alphabetical tail to his name (D.D., LL.D., &c.) enabled the New York ex-cleric to fly his new controversial kite all the higher. But the little amusement was promptly spoiled by a number of persons who cruelly cut the string of Mr. O'Connor's kite with the scissors of fact. We refer to the story here because it has received circulation in this Colony through the incautious editor of the religious column of the Dunedin *Evening Star*, who, by the way, has a settled and apparently insuperable objection to taking Catholic news-items from any sources except those that are markedly hostile to our faith.

A significant fact in connection with the *Tribune* communication is noted by the *New York Freeman's Journal* of January 6—that not one of its Protestant Episcopal exchanges contained the slightest reference to the alleged 'conversion.' Again: it is claimed for the 'Rev.' Theodore that he was 'a Romanist priest in good standing.' But in the accounts of his 'conversion' there is a spacious silence as to what diocese he belonged to, what Jesuit house or college he resided in, etc. The names of 'Romanist priests in good standing' in the United States are to be found in Hoffman's or Sadlier's Directories. Strangely enough the name of the Rev. Theodore McDonald Stuart is not to be found in either. Worse still, such a name has never been, as far as we know, in any such directory. And worst of all, such a name is unknown to the Jesuit body, whether in the United States or elsewhere. There is, however, a certain individual at large in the United States who lays claim to the name of Theodore McDonald Stuart. But we greatly fear that his career will give but little comfort to Mr. O'Connor or to the *Star* journalist who, somewhat recklessly, but probably in good faith, accepted O'Connor's statement as true. This Theodore McD. S. has never been a Catholic priest, whether Jesuit or non-Jesuit, nor is he a D.D. nor an LL.D., nor is there any evidence that he has ever been a Catholic, much less a 'reverend' one. The story of his career is thus officially told in a recent issue of the *Michigan Catholic*.—

Rev. Theodore McDonald Stuart was never a Jesuit; he was not even a novice. He applied for admission to a novitiate and was placed on probation. He got no further, as it was clearly seen by the reverend Fathers that he was a notoriety-seeker. He was dismissed, but came back again, begging for admission. His conduct was so peculiar that he was ejected, and then he threatened to go about denouncing the Jesuits. From his own history we understand that the 'Rev.' Stuart was at one time ordained in the Greek Church, and since then has turned his coat many times. Despite his name, his father was a Russian, and he speaks English imperfectly.

From another American contemporary—the *San Francisco Monitor*—we learn that the 'Rev.' Theodore was, at a very early stage of his probation, discovered to be an adventurer, that he did not know how even to make his confession, and that, after his peremptory dismissal by the Jesuits, he returned, feigned fainting fits, etc., and was summarily ejected by the Fathers. It is, of course, quite possible that the enterprising Theodore may have gone through a ceremony of 'conversion' and been accepted at his own valuation by some honest and well-meaning Episcopalian clergyman. If clergymen make sheep of themselves they'll generally find obliging strangers ready to shear them. But if as stringent inquiries are made regarding the antecedents of 'ex-priests' seeking 'conversion' as are made concerning the character of grooms and housemaids seeking employment, the non-Catholic clergy would be spared the humiliation of being hoaxed by adventurers like the 'Rev.' Theodore McDonald Stuart or of having dismissed inebriates like Slattery admitted to the ministry of their denominations.

The scene was Wellington. The street well, we don't want to deprive you of the pleasure of finding it out for yourselves. A female of the kind that attend the Slattery meetings was detailing to an aged neighbour some of the sham nun's evil tales. Quoth the old man: 'Dear me! If only a *leettle* bit of that is true, what a rush of converts to the Catholic Church there ought to be in Wellington!' 'Converts? What converts, pray?' 'Why, the people who attend the Slattery lectures, of course.' This is about 'the most unkindest cut' that has yet been given to the class of people who support the Slattery pair. Converts are, indeed, brought to the Church by such attacks, but they are not of the two classes to whom the Slatterys specially appeal. We are glad to learn that very few or no Catholics have thus far contributed their coins to swell the profits of this gross and scandalous imposture. Only a prurient and criminal curiosity could prompt any Catholic man or youth to place himself within earshot of the filthy and venomous tirades which this wretched pair utter for money, and evermore for money. We will not offer any decent Catholic woman or girl in New Zealand the insult of supposing that they would attend such low exhibitions or brush skirts with the class of females who can stomach, and even enjoy, the coarse brutalities of a trade which, very appropriately, had its origin in a house of ill fame in New York, and which in the United States at least, of recent years, received its chief impetus from a fallen woman 'whose past history,' says Mr. Stead in the *Review of Reviews*, 'is deeply stained with both vice and crime.'

The most original and tolerable parrot story that we have read for some time past is contained in the recently issued reminiscences of Mr. Kegan Paul, the noted publisher and convert. It occurs in the course of his description of his native village and its ways. 'Nearly all the colliers,' he says,

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'belonged to the village club, and the funeral of a member was always largely attended by his fellow-clubmen. We had a very old green parrot allowed to wander at will about the house and garden. The creature on one occasion climbed to the top of a high fir-tree in the garden which overlooked the churchyard, and seeing a very large assemblage at a funeral below, screamed out in most distinct tones: "O Lord, what fun! what fun! O my eyes, what fun!" This, indeed, was an accident, but there was a general want of decorum about the Church in those days.'

MARIA MONK.

THE FIRST SHAM NUN.

THE STORY OF AN INFAMOUS PLOT.

LAST week we gave the substance of the wild anti-convent story attributed to Maria Monk—a story which is being circulated in this Colony by the notorious impostor and sham nun who accompanies ex-priest Slattery upon his tour. We likewise proved, from the sworn affidavits of Mrs. Monk (Maria Monk's mother), of Dr. Robertson, J.P., and of other residents of Montreal that Maria Monk—whom Mrs. Slattery befalls as an angel of light—was a half-witted creature, a thief, vagrant, notorious liar, and prostitute, and of such evil life and morals that she had to be dismissed even from a refuge for fallen women. The small beginnings of this filthy romance falsely attributed to her are to be found in the following portion of the affidavit of Dr. Robertson, of Montreal, which was sworn before Benjamin Holmes, J.P., on November 13, 1835:—

'On the 9th of November, 1834, three men came up to my house, having a young female in company with them, who, they said, was observed, that forenoon, on the bank of the canal, near the extremity of the St. Joseph's suburbs, acting in a manner which induced some people who saw her to think that she intended to drown herself. They took her into a house in the neighbourhood, where, after being there some hours, and interrogated as to who she was, etc., she said she was the daughter of Dr. Robertson. On receiving this information they brought her to my house. Being from home when they came to the door, and learning from Mrs. Robertson that she had denied them, they conveyed her to the watch-house. Upon hearing this story, in company with G. Auldjo Esq., of this city, I went to the watch-house to inquire into the affair. We found the young female, whom I have since ascertained to be Maria Monk, daughter of W. Monk of this city, in custody. She said that, although she was not my daughter, she was the child of respectable parents, in or very near Montreal, who from some light conduct of hers (arising from temporary insanity, to which she was at times subject from her infancy) had kept her confined and chained in a cellar for the last four years. Upon examination, no mark or appearance indicated the wearing of manacles or any other mode of restraint. She said, on my observing this, that her mother always took care to cover the irons with soft clothes, to prevent them injuring her skin. From the appearance of her hands she evidently had not been used to work. To remove her from the watch-house, where she was confined with some of the most profligate women of the town, taken up for inebriety and disorderly conduct in the streets, as she could not give a satisfactory account of herself, I, as a Justice of the Peace, sent her to gaol as a vagrant.'

Thus, when she found that, owing to the personal attendance of Dr. Robertson, her story as to her relationship to him could not be maintained, she serenely shifted her ground and represented herself as the daughter of other persons in Montreal who had kept her for four years chained in a cellar. Later on she gave up the cellar story for one which, it was pointed out to her, would be much more profitable. She then represented herself as having been an inmate of the Hôtel Dieu during the very four years that she had previously said she had been chained in a cellar by her 'curru-el parents.' A week or two later—towards the close of November, 1834, she became an inmate of the Magdalen Asylum, a home for reclaiming fallen women to a virtuous life. She remained there until dismissed for bad conduct in the following March. According to the affidavit of Mrs. McDonnell, the matron of the institution, Maria Monk never once hinted, during all this period, 'that she had been an inmate of the Hôtel Dieu convent, or of any convent whatever.' The new version of her older melodrama story of her father's cellar forms a notable chapter in the history of shams and swindles. It arose in the following way:—

A PRECIOUS TRIO.

In the course of her sinful career the roving unfortunate drifted to the slums of New York. There, in a house of ill-fame, she was taken up by a reprobate preacher named Hoyte, who had been dismissed from the sect to which he belonged for disgraceful swindling in money matters. Maria Monk became Hoyte's paramour. We have seen how her mother testified on oath that Maria was a hopeless and unconscionable liar, and that Dr. Robertson, J.P., of the same city—whose daughter she had falsely represented herself to be—declared on his affidavit that he 'considered her assertions upon oath were not entitled to more credit than her bare assertion, and that [he] did not believe either.' Maria Monk's splendid mendacity was exploited to its fullest extent by the rogue Hoyte and two other male adventurers with whom he associated himself. Maria was an exceptionally gifted everyday liar. But she was shy of soaring to the dizzy heights pointed out to her by the enterprising Hoyte. Hence it took time and much persuasion before her story attained its full perfection in the *Awful*

Disclosures of Maria Monk. The precious trio—or one of them—had got possession of a scarce and infamous tract which had been translated from the Spanish or Portuguese in 1781, and entitled *The Gates of Hell Opened*. The editor of the Boston *Pilot* had a copy of this vile tract in his possession. Hoyte and his fellow-conspirators decided to induce Maria Monk to pose as an ex-nun, to alter the names in the pamphlet, and to republish it as her actual experience. Their was money in the business, and money was what Hoyte and Co. were after. Obviously, if Maria Monk's mother could be induced to enter into the conspiracy, a great point would be gained. The enterprising trio therefore set out for Montreal, accompanied by the frail Maria, who, at this time was only 18 years old. Here Maria broke away from Hoyte and returned to her old haunts. The affidavit of Mrs. Tarbert (a friend of Maria's mother) states that once, when sent by Mrs. Monk to look after the roving unfortunate, she found her 'in a house of bad fame.' And here we pick up another strand of the conspiracy. 'Maria Monk,' says Mrs. Tarbert, 'then told me she would not go to him (alluding, as I understood, to the father of her child) for that he wanted her to swear an oath that would lose her soul forever, but jestingly said, would make her a lady forever. I then told her (Maria): "do not lose your soul for money."' Mrs. Monk's affidavit shows that Maria again returned to Hoyte, but again flitted, abandoning her illegitimate child, then only a few weeks old. Hoyte delivered the child to Mrs. Monk. She, in turn, once more requisitioned the services of Mrs. Tarbert in tracing out the half-witted unfortunate. Maria was found, but refused to go to her mother's house. Mrs. Tarbert tells us in her depositions 'that Maria Monk had borrowed a bonnet and shawl to assist her to escape from that man Hoyte,' and that she requested deponent to return them to the owner. This was on August, 1835. Mrs. Monk's affidavit tells what followed and brings us a further stage forward in the story of this scandalous conspiracy of calumny:—

THE CONSPIRATORS AT WORK.

'Early in the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Hoyte came to my house with the same old man, wishing me to make all my efforts to find the girl, in the meantime speaking very bitterly against the Catholics, the priests, and the nuns; mentioned that my daughter had been in a nunnery, where she had been ill-treated. I denied that my daughter had ever been in a nunnery; that when she was about eight years of age she went to a day-school; at that time came in two other persons, whom Mr. Hoyte introduced; one was the Rev. Mr. Brewster; I do not recollect the other reverence's name. They all requested me, in the most pressing terms, to try to make it out my daughter had been in the nunnery, and that she had some connexion with the priests of the seminary, of which nunneries and priests she spoke in the most outrageous terms; said that should I make that out, myself, my daughter and child, would be protected for life. I expected to get rid of their importunities in relating the melancholy circumstances by which my daughter was frequently deranged in her head, and told them that when at the age of about seven years, she broke a slate pencil in her head; that since that time, her mental faculties were deranged, and by times much more than at other times, but that she was far from being an idiot; that she could make the most ridiculous, but most plausible stories; and that as to the history that she had been in a nunnery, it was a fabrication, for she was never in a nunnery; that at one time I wished to obtain a place in a nunnery for her, that I had employed the influence of Mrs. De Montenach, of Dr. Nelson, and of our pastor, the Rev. Mr. Esson, but without success. . . . After many more solicitations to the same effect, three of them retired, but Mr. Hoyte remained adding to the other solicitations; he was stopped, a person having rapped at the door; it was then candle-light. I opened the door, and I found Dr. McDonald, who told me that my daughter Maria was at his house in the most distressing situation; that she wished him to come and make her peace with me; I went with the doctor to his house in McGill street. She came with me to near my house, but would not come in, notwithstanding I assured her that she would be kindly treated, and that I would give her her child; she crossed the parade ground and I went into the house and returned for her; Mr. Hoyte followed me. She was leaning on the west railing of the parade; we went to her; Mr. Hoyte told her: *My dear Mary, I am sorry you have treated yourself and me in this manner; I hope you have not exposed what has passed between us; nevertheless I will treat you the same as ever, and spoke to her in the most affectionate terms; took her in his arms; she at first spoke to him very cross, and refused to go with him, but at last consented and went away with him, absolutely refusing to come to my house.* Soon after Mr. Hoyte came and demanded the child. I gave it to him.

'Next morning Mr. Hoyte returned, and was more pressing than ever in his former solicitations, and requested me to say that my daughter had been in the nunnery; that should I say so, it would be better than one hundred pounds to me; that I would be protected for life; and that I should leave Montreal, and that I would be better provided for elsewhere; I answered that thousands of pounds would not induce me to perjure myself; then he got saucy and abusive to the utmost; he said he came to Montreal to detect the infamy of the priests and the nuns.'

In her affidavit—which is a very lengthy one and was sworn on October 24, 1835—Mrs. Monk deposes that she gives her evidence on this subject 'wishing to guard the public against the deception which has lately been practised in Montreal by designing men, who have taken advantage of the occasional mental derangement of her daughter, to make scandalous accusations against the priests and nuns of Montreal, and afterwards to make her pass herself for a nun who had left the convent.'

MARIA SELLS HER SOUL.

Despite her depraved character, Maria Monk, as we have seen, long resisted the wiles and entreaties of the reprobate Hoyte, and refused to take the final and fatal step of passing herself off as an

'escaped nun.' Her resolution, however, at last gave way, and Mrs. Monk tells how, a few days after Hoyte's interview, her daughter was staying with Hoyte at the house of a joiner named Johnson in Griffin-town (a suburb of Montreal), and how Hoyte had represented her as a nun who had escaped from the Hôtel Dieu Convent. On subsequent inquiry Mrs. Monk found that her daughter had disappeared with Hoyte. Maria's half-crazed brain was no match for the fox-like cunning and dog-like persistency of Hoyte and his pair of fellow-reprobates. Such poor scruples as the unhappy creature had were overcome at last. She lent herself, though evidently after a long struggle, to the spread of the savage anti-convent romance which was 'to make her a lady for ever.' And thus, for the sake of the wretched 'bawbees,' she became a professional sham nun—the evil prototype of some scores of impostors of the type of the woman Slattery. Her impresario and his guilty confederates licked into shape *The Gates of Hell Reopened* by the alteration of a few proper names and other details. It was reprinted under a new title—*The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk*. The scene of the revised story was placed in the Hôtel Dieu nunnery in Montreal. Maria Monk posed at the same time as its author and as a nun who had escaped from the Hôtel Dieu. This was in October, 1835. And thus was set afloat that remarkable imposture which finds credulous believers down to the present time.

A WELL-TIMED IMPOSTURE.

Such were the auspicious beginnings of Mrs Slattery's evil trade—that of sham ex-nun. The moment of the publication of *Maria Monk* was well chosen. The Eastern States were at the time passing through one of those fanatical outbursts against the Catholic Church which were afterwards revived by the secret Know-nothing organisation in the fifties and by the A.P.A. during the course of the present decade. In August of the previous year (1831) the report had been circulated—the coinage of a foolish or malicious brain—that a nun was being detained against her will in the Ursuline Convent, Charlestown (Massachusetts), and was pining in an underground dungeon. It was the old, old story that, with a certain class of gullibles, has never lost its vitality and eternal freshness. The flame of feeling was fanned by infamous tales of vice on the part of those holy religious whose souls and lives were devoted to God's service. One or two preachers—may God forgive them—lent their wind-power on the Lord's Day, August 10, 1831, to rouse and strengthen the brewing storm of public hate against the Ursuline community. On the following night a ferocious mob, blinded by the foulest calumnies, enraged by the harangues of the clerical incendiaries, flung themselves without warning upon the dwelling of ten defenceless nuns and of the sixty helpless children under their care. A providential fear or panic gave momentary pause to the mob and allowed the defenceless women and children just time to escape. The rioters finding that, contrary to their fears, the place was undefended, entered the building. They spent several hours in carefully ransacking every room. They then deliberately set the building on fire. Broken furniture, books, curtains, vestments, and altar ornaments were piled up in the middle of the several rooms and set on fire. A copy of the Bible was thrown in derision on top of the first fire as it blazed up. When morning came the fine convent was a mass of blackened ruins. The rioters next burned down the bishop's house, farm buildings, and their contents. Not content with this 'they burst open the tomb of the establishment, rifled it of the sacred vessels there deposited, wrested the plates from the coffins, and exposed to view the mouldering remains of their tenants.' Such is the substance of the report of the Committee of Protestant gentlemen of position and influence who were appointed at a public meeting in Boston, and who publicly investigated this disgraceful outrage, cleared the nuns of an infamous charge, and endeavoured to bring the perpetrators of the crime to justice. In the last-mentioned purpose, however, they failed—only one of the Charlestown miscreants was ever made amenable to the law. The rest were all acquitted by sympathetic jurors in the face of overwhelming evidence of their guilt.

This scandalous miscarriage of justice led to a swift spread of anti-Catholic fury, which extended from Charlestown, Massachusetts, to Charleston, South Carolina. There, too, an attack was organised on the local convent with a view to its destruction. Word went round of the preparations of the mob. A gallant band of Irishmen rallied to defend the menaced convent. They took up their positions, well armed and ready. An Irish bishop passed round their ranks at night. He coolly examined the flints and pans of their rifles to see that there should be no 'miss-fires' and that the cowardly assailants of defenceless women should, in South Carolina, at least, meet with their deserts. The mob were quite ready to fight women. They went home and stayed at home when, to their terror and disgust, they found that they had to deal with a stern and determined band of well-armed and chivalrous fellows who were prepared to shed their blood in defence of the noble and self-sacrificing women whom an American Protestant officer in the Civil War styled 'God's army on earth.'

It was in the near wake of this tornado of anti-Catholic feeling that the rogue Hoyte and his fellow-conspirators edited and republished as the work of Maria Monk an indecent old pamphlet that had appeared in its English dress 36 years before the birth of the notorious fallen woman of Montreal. This calumny long drawn out was, in its new shape, first published on October 11, 1835, in a vile muck-rake news-sheet in New York called the *Protestant Vindicator*—a paper which was as great a disgrace to the decent journalism of the period as are, at the present day, those organs of the Orange Society, the *Victorian Standard*, of Melbourne, and the *Protestant Banner*, of Sydney. Three months later, in January, 1836, the story appeared in pamphlet form. As Hoyte and his fellow-reprobates had anticipated, the publication of the sensational tale created great excitement. The pamphlet had an enormous sale. The conspirators' pockets were well lined with the proceeds of their infamous swindle. They subsequently wrangled over the spoils, and two of them admitted the falsehood of the

whole story. It, however, suits the purpose alike of the prurient who revel in a filthy tale for its own sake, and of the happily diminishing number of blind and unreasoning bigots who would not believe good of Catholics were even the God of Truth to confirm it by special revelation. To these two classes the Slattery's appeal for the shekels which, as *Truth* points out, are the whole and sole object of their wandering crusade of slander. The lewd will relish their calumnies irrespective of their truth. As to the blind—the Slatterys can only make them a little more blind.

A SWIFT EXPOSURE.

Such is, briefly, the history of the remarkable swindle, *Maria Monk*. But even on the face of it, and apart from all knowledge of the details of the Hoyte conspiracy, the *Awful Disclosures* are not, as we showed last week, deserving of the slightest credit. The lie had, unhappily, a start. But it was a short one. We give a brief record of subsequent proceedings in connection with it, chiefly with a view to point out and gratefully acknowledge the leading and triumphant part which respectable Protestants of every creed took, and took promptly, in investigating the story and proving to the world that it was from beginning to end a tissue of as malignant falsehoods as were ever penned or spoken. Within a few days after its first appearance it was denounced as a gross calumny by the whole of the Montreal Press—the *Montreal Herald*, the *Montreal Gazette*, also by the *Rocher Mercury*, the *Quebec Mercury*, etc., in words which are before us. In our last issue we referred to the many affidavits by respectable Protestants of Montreal—including Maria Monk's mother—declaring the unfortunate stroller's story (or rather Hoyte's new edition of an old tale) a baseless calumny. Independent investigations were made, with the same result, by Dr. Robertson: by Colonel Stone (editor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*), assisted by Mr. A. Frothington (President of the Bank of Montreal) and Mr. Duncan Fisher, another Protestant gentleman of the same city; by Mr. W. Perkins, of Montreal; and by other prominent Protestants as well. And Appleton's *Cyclopædia of American Biography* (Ed. 1838, vol. iv.)—a standard Protestant publication—tells us that 'the Protestant residents of Montreal thought it necessary to deny her allegations in a public meeting held for that purpose.' 'Her imposture,' it continues, 'considering the internal improbabilities of her story, is one of the most remarkable on record.' The same publication tells us that 'her stories met with no credence in Montreal, and she was shown to be a woman of bad character.' A few lines further on Appleton tells us that her malicious tale 'was conclusively proved to be a falsehood.' Chambers's *Encyclopædia* (Ed. 1891) briefly tells us that she was 'a woman of bad character who pretended, in 1835, to have escaped from the Hôtel Dieu Nunnery in Montreal,' and that, coming to New York, she 'found a good many credulous adherents.' The findings of the various investigations into the *Awful Disclosures* may be summarised as follows—

A USEFUL SUMMARY.

1. The various affidavits already referred to, and of the investigations regarding the story of Maria Monk being an ex-nun, may be summed up in the words of Col. Stone: 'The result [of our investigation] is the most thorough conviction that Maria Monk is an arrant impostor; that she never was a nun, and was never within the walls of the Hôtel Dieu; and consequently that her disclosures are wholly and unequivocally, from beginning to end, untrue—either the vagaries of a distempered brain or a series of calumnies unequalled in the depravity of their invention and unsurpassed in their enormity.' The evidence of her mother and other residents of Montreal has already been given.

2. (a) On November 9, 1834 (as already shown), she declared to Dr. Robertson, J.P., that she had been 'confined and chained in a cellar for the last four years' by her parents. (b) Under pressure of Hoyte's persuasions and entreaties she afterwards told the more profitable tale that she had passed the *very same four years* as an inmate of the Hôtel Dieu Nunnery. (c) As a matter of fact both stories were equally rank falsehoods. Dr. Robertson, in his affidavit, deposes that, after due inquiry, he learned where Maria Monk had been 'residing a great part of the time she states having been an inmate of the nunnery. During the summer of 1832 she was at service at William Henry; the winters of 1832-3 she passed in this neighbourhood of St Ours and St Denis. The accounts given of her conduct that season corroborate the opinions I had before entertained of her character.' Mrs. Duncan Cameron McDonnell, manager of the Magdalen Asylum at Montreal, testified on oath that Maria Monk was an inmate of that institution for fallen women from November 1834 till March 1835. And the pamphlet, *An Awful Exposure*, etc. (published by Jones and Co., of Montreal, in 1836), traces step by step and authenticates with eighteen affidavits from her successive employers, etc., the places where the unfortunate creature resided during the years when, according to the story attributed to her, she was in the Hôtel Dieu at Montreal.

3. Appleton's *Cyclopædia*, referred to above, says: 'She (Maria Monk) had even gone so far as to publish a plan of the interior of the nunnery, which was shown by careful examination to be incorrect in every particular, and in her second publication she described an island in the St. Lawrence River that had no existence.' The absurd falsity of the plan was fully demonstrated by Col. Stone and the Montreal Protestant committee of investigation, likewise by Mr. W. Perkins, another Protestant. With the episcopal sanction, they searched the place from garret to cellar, and found the passages, doors, etc., described by her in the account of her second 'escape' to have no existence, and to have never existed. Mrs. Duncan Cameron McDonnell's affidavit throws a flood of light upon this famous 'plan.' She deposes that it is nothing more or less than 'an incorrect description of the apartments of the said [Magdalen] Asylum, of which the said Maria Monk was for some time an inmate, as is hereinbefore mentioned.'

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This supposition is strengthened by the bogus names of 'nuns' which Maria Monk, and, after her, Mrs. Slattery, have introduced into their narratives. No such nuns as those mentioned in *Maria Monk* were known to the Sisters. The affidavit of Mrs. McDonnell deposes that the names 'Fougnee' are misspelt for 'Fournier,' and stand for two sisters who were assistants to Mrs. McDonnell in the management of the Asylum at the time Maria Monk was an inmate. In the same way the 'Miss Howard,' 'Jane McCoy,' 'Jane Ra,' and 'one of my cousins' who lived at Lachine, named 'Reed,' so far from being nuns, were reclaimed prostitutes who were living at the Asylum at the very time that Maria Monk was under probation for an amendment of her infamous career of sin and shame. Briefly, the *Maria Monk* imposture is simply a slightly edited reprint of an old eighteenth century anti-convent romance, revamped with a piece of fiction based on the sojourn of a fallen woman in an institution under lay control, for the reclaiming of prostitutes to a life of virtue.

MARIA'S MISERABLE END.

Little more remains to be said. Maria Monk was not allowed to profit by the financial success of Hoyt's unclean enterprise. Her death was, as might be expected, of the same complexion as her life. The sad account of the close of her career of sin and shame is told as follows in *Dolman's Register* of October 9, 1849: 'Two months ago or more the police book recorded the arrest of the notorious but unfortunate Maria Monk, whose book of *Unfulfilled Disclosures* created such excitement in the religious world some years since. She was charged with picking the pocket of a paramour in a den near the Five Points. She was tried, found guilty, and sent to prison, where she lived up to Friday last, when death removed her from the scene of her sufferings and disgrace. What a moral is here indeed!'

And this is Mrs. Slattery's heroine and 'famous nun' and 'valiant woman!' 'Behold thy gods, O Israel!'

Appleton's *Cyclopaedia* says: 'The Know-nothing party used it [*Maria Monk's*] to make political capital [in the fifties], and the burning of Roman Catholic churches in various cities was indirectly the result of it. Happily, religious passions are not so easily aroused now as they were half a century ago. But the purpose of the circulation of this book by the Orange Society is undoubtedly at root the same as that of their congeners, the Know-nothings—to arouse public hatred against the Catholic body. For roving impostors like Mrs. Slattery the chief value of the book would probably lie in the appeal which its contents would make to the lewd as well as to the bigoted.'

MARIA MONK'S DESCENDANTS.

Catholic as well as Protestant readers will be interested to know that Maria Monk's daughter is still living. She is a cultivated woman, was twice honourably married, is in easy circumstances, is a devout and fervent Catholic, speaks with frank indignation and keen regret of the use which is still being made by the adventurers and purveyors of unclean literature of the disgusting book of which not one line was penned by her unhappy and half-witted mother who, as we have seen, was probably as much sinned against as sinning. In 1870 she published in New York an autobiography entitled *Maria Monk's Daughter*. Her daughter (the grandchild of Maria Monk) grew up a girl of great piety. She renounced the world somewhere in the eighties, after her father's death, and entered a religious Order which, we believe, devotes its whole or chief care to the reformation of the frail sisterhood of the streets from the evil of their ways.

Diocesan News.

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON.

(From our own correspondent.)

February 21.

A sum of £100 has been collected towards the erection of the new Cathedral as a result of the visit of the Archbishop and the Rev. Father Ainsworth to Westport.

Rev. Father O'Reilly, of Melbourne, has been staying in Wellington for the last week with the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy. He begins his return journey via Sydney to-day.

The following are the pupils attending the local Catholic schools who succeeded in passing the Junior Civil Service Examination—Ethel Mary Crombie (St. Mary's Convent), Joseph Leydon, Duncan McMurrich, and Arthur Woolcott, from the Marist Brothers.

The parishioners of Thorndon very much regret the departure of Police Sub-Inspector MacDonnell for Greymouth, but congratulate him on his promotion. He has been appointed an inspector in the Westland district, *per* Inspector Ellison. We gladly welcome Sub-Inspector Mitchell in his place.

The Rev. Father Clancy went out to Titahi Bay on Sunday and celebrated the first Mass in the nuns' cottage there. Several of the visitors who were expected from town were unable to be present owing to the very unsettled state of the weather on that day. The building is now almost finished, and as donations of furniture, etc. collected by Miss O'Connor, continue to flow in the house will probably be completely furnished without cost to its owners. To avoid the possibility of having their sea view on the north-west side cut off, the Sisters have purchased a further section of about a quarter of an acre, and can now boast of possessing one of the finest seaside residences in the district. The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy is to lease the house and grounds at an early date. 'Maristella' is the name by which the house is to be known.

A very large number of stallholders and assistants interested in the bazaar to be held during Easter Week assembled on Tuesday at the Archbishop's house. Correspondence was read from Signor Borzoni dealing with the spectacular display he proposes to put before the people of Wellington. The meeting unanimously accepted the suggestions in their entirety. As may be gathered from the title of the festival, 'The Birth of the British Empire,' something very novel and highly interesting is in store for those who patronise the bazaar.

Under the auspices of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association Mr. J. Doyle gave a most interesting lecture on physical culture in St. Patrick's Hall on Tuesday last. Besides dealing with the subject from a theoretical point of view, Mr. Doyle, who is one of the ablest exponents of the art in the Colony, gave an excellent display of club swinging and weight lifting. After the exhibition songs were sung by the Rev. Fathers O'Reilly (Melbourne) and Moloney and Mr. T. Walsh, the items being highly appreciated. Before the conclusion of the entertainment the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Doyle for his lecture and display, and advised the Association to place physical culture on its programme for the coming winter. I understand that the committee has since adopted the suggestion, and that Mr. Doyle, who offered his services gratuitously, has been appointed honorary instructor.

During his sermon at St. Joseph's Church on Sunday the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy referred to the calumnies and slanders concerning priests and nuns which are being at present circulated in this city by the Slatterys. To the Catholic people and those of other denominations who gave the matter the slightest thought it was, he said, unnecessary to contradict such palpable falsehoods, but it was his duty to impress on his people the necessity for the exercise of the virtue of charity towards the people whose business it is to circulate them. Catholics must not be disheartened with the attacks made on those they revered, or on the doctrine of the Holy Church. Out of these evil attacks good frequently came, and he cited as an instance the lectures in Christchurch of a person engaged some 20 years ago on a business tour such as the Slatterys are now conducting. He himself was at that time stationed in the Cathedral City, and the number of virtuous and intelligent people converted to the Catholic Faith as a result of the lectures was surprising to him and his fellow-priests there. Having heard of those coarse attacks on the Catholic Church and its ministers they took to reading up the matter for themselves. They speedily saw the falsehood of the assertions made, gained incidentally a knowledge of Catholic doctrine, and finally embraced the Faith. He concluded by urging the congregation to visit the Church on Sunday, when the Blessed Sacrament would be exposed, and spend some time in prayer in reparation of the insults offered to God by these lectures.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND.

(From our own correspondent.)

February 22.

The Rev. Father Fay, S.M., of Blenheim, is at present on a visit to Auckland.

The Rev. Father T. McKenna, who has been on a visit here, leaves for the South to-day.

The Very Rev. Dean O'Reilly visited Otahuhu last Sunday, and officiated there in the evening.

A substantial surplus is likely to result from the recent concert on behalf of the cemetery improvement fund, and the committee intends to push on immediately the much-needed work.

The old Norman custom of ringing the curfew-bell was strongly urged upon the Government of the Colony by a resolution adopted at a meeting of goody-goody ladies this week in Auckland city.

A successful concert was held in Mocketu, situated in Rev. Father Ahearne's parish, last Friday evening in aid of the Church Building Fund. A number of well performed items made a very acceptable programme. Misses Annie and Clara Lorrigan, from Auckland, rendered valuable service.

The annual cry with regard to a water famine has been again sounded by our civic authorities. This question of a water supply for Auckland is a positive scandal. The precious liquid is in abundance and at comparatively short distances from the city, and though millions of gallons are allowed to go to waste in the rainy season, yet in the dry months of the year the citizens are regularly treated to 'expert opinions' as to how a sufficient supply is to be obtained. And there the matter is invariably allowed to rest.

The Very Rev. Dr. Egan, O.S.B., hon. sec. to the Auckland Catholic Diocesan Education Board, is to be heartily congratulated upon the way in which he placed, in an interview with a *Herald* representative, the Catholic claim for State inspection of our schools. Dr. Egan in the most concise and conclusive manner marshalled his facts, going back to the time when the first appeal was made to the Board of Education, showing subsequent appeals with their accompanying curt refusals; producing a telling letter addressed to the Bishop from the Hon. C. Bowen, the father of the Education Act, and from the present Premier, both of whom stated that the refusal to examine the schools was contrary to the spirit of the Act. Since Dr. Egan's interview, the Board of Education have met, and, with but two dissenting votes (those of Messrs. Muir and Luke), have granted permission to their inspectors to examine our schools. The argument put forward by Mr. Muir with regard to the financial aspect of the case was ludicrously illogical. By maintaining (he said) their own schools, the Catholics saved the State a great deal of money. But the Board of Education was not the State. On that ground he would oppose the request. The battle has been, after years of requisitioning, won, and a meed of justice has at last been dealt out to us.

A pastor of the Presbyterian Church, the Rev. John Irwin, last Sunday at Cambridge (Waikato) said from the pulpit that it was British greed that had caused the war in South Africa, and had it not been for the enormous wealth of gold and diamonds in the Transvaal no notice would have been taken of the treatment the Uitlanders received. The rev. gentleman then denounced Lord Roberts for telling the troops they would have an opportunity of avenging the reverse they had sustained at Magerfontein. One of the elders, as a protest, rose and left the building.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE LONDON IRISH RIFLES OFFER THEIR SERVICES.

Captain W. Farquaharson, son of the late John Farquaharson, Dundalk, and 14 officers and 500 men of the 16th London Irish Rifles, offered their services to serve in South Africa, and were accepted by the Commander-in-Chief, and were to leave their headquarters, 2 Duke street, Charing Cross, W.C., on the 9th January for the front.

THE ONLY SCOTTISH MILITIA REGIMENT AT THE FRONT.

The only Scottish militia regiment accepted for service at the front (says the *London Tablet*) is that of the 1th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who were to sail on January 17 from Queenstown on the City of Rome—a name that might once have been of happy and most appropriate augury. For 300 of the men of this regiment are Catholic Highlanders, and they are commanded by a Catholic—Colonel Douglas Dick.

THE BATTLE OF TUGELA RIVER.

In the battle at Tugela River the Irish troops constituted 20 per cent. of the men engaged, and 70 per cent. of the whole number of killed.

AN OPEN QUESTION.

Special prayers have been ordered for Sunday next (January 14) by the bishops (says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*), most of whose letters, we are glad to see, avoid the political question as to whether the war is just or unjust—a question whereupon bishops, priests, and laymen have a right to hold and express their own unfettered opinions, which bind only themselves.

A FRENCHMAN'S OPINIONS.

Mr D. Hotmaul, a magistrate of Natal, writes as a Catholic to the *Paris Univers* to remonstrate against its sympathy with the Boers. He urges that Catholics at the Cape enjoy the greatest liberty under English rule and that their schools receive encouragement such as is not granted in France, whereas the Boers dislike Catholics and exclude them from public offices. He adds that England is not the cause of the war, for it had been prepared for eighteen years by the Afrikaner Bond, a secret society like Freemasonry.

ATTENDING TO THEIR RELIGIOUS DUTIES.

The following is an extract from a letter received from Corporal F. O'Grady, East Surrey Regiment, under date December 12 from Frere Camp, Natal.—On Saturday evening I was speaking to Father Matthews. He is the military chaplain who came from Egypt. It is wonderful to see the men of the Irish Brigade waiting outside Father Matthews' tent to go to confession, long rows of them, all waiting patiently for their turn, and the same at Holy Communion in the morning, more troops than I have ever seen in my life at their duties. So you see we are trying to serve our God as well as our Queen and country. On Sunday we went to service to Father Keatinge, from Aldershot. I have not had an opportunity of speaking to him yet. We have all we require here, treat us just the same as the officers, but milk and butter we never see, and can do without them. We can see the Boers scampering about, and we will give them some music in a couple of days.

THE SISTERS OF NAZARETH AT PORT ELIZABETH.

One of the Sisters of Nazareth House, Port Elizabeth, writing to Hamersmith on December 3 says—

The war is still too terrible, and the end, I fear, very far off. How hard it is for those poor soldiers who have to go to the front not knowing the moment they may appear face to face with Almighty God. We do pray for them and help them all in our power. A thousand volunteers left here yesterday. Our doctor (Dr. Slater) has gone with them. He brought his dear old father for us to take care of during his absence. We trust he will come back safe. He is a Protestant, and said he wished the Sisters were going, too, to help him, for there is very hard work before him. Mass was said for the soldiers the morning before their departure in the stables at the racecourse. The Sisters went up to arrange the altar. They tried to cover up some of the advertisements on the wall—'Morgan's Pale Ale, etc.' One of our boys served the Mass. Three hundred men went to Holy Communion.

How good of that kind lady to send £10 for the refugees. Do you know, dear Mother, the sufferings of the poor creatures are dreadful. They look such nice people, and when they come to ask for relief I scarcely like to look them in the face. The Sisters go round to them. They found three families in one small room; three of the children were dying, and the poor mothers were so exhausted and overcome with suffering that they did not seem able to look after them. You would be pleased with the Sisters, dear Mother; they work so hard and yet are happy and brave, just what our dear Mother-General would like them to be. You cannot imagine what a joy it was to them to receive our dear Holy Father's blessing. If we are not good it is our own fault.

LET'S MAKE A NAME FOR OURSELVES.

The report (says a London paper, December 30) has been confirmed that the Dublin Fusiliers succeeded in crossing the Tugela and effecting a foothold on the Boer side of the river. But, support failing them, they were withdrawn. The bodies of several of those dapper little Dubliners have been found in the historic stream. The correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, describing the fight, in which the Dubliners were foremost, says they were surprised when, on reaching the bank, a storm of bullets greeted them from Boers entrenched at a distance of only 200 yards. The men returned the fire, but, though they fought bravely, they were handicapped by not being able to see their adversaries, and a retirement was ordered. The correspondent adds—

'Just previously the Dublin Fusiliers had been preparing for a bayonet charge, the men standing up to inspire each other with confidence, and shouting, "Let's make a name for ourselves."

As to the Irish in the war and their conspicuous valour, we take the following from the *Westminster Gazette*—

'In looking through the long list of brave men who fell wounded in the Tugela battle, one will be struck, not only with the losses suffered by the Irish regiments, but by the number of Irish names in the English and Scotch battalions. The bravery of our Irish soldiers was conspicuously displayed in last Friday's battle. "Let's make a name for ourselves" was the cry that came from the ranks of the Dublin Fusiliers as they dashed through the "torrent of lead."

A Wexford rhymist, who modestly signs himself the 'Poet Laureate of Bridgetown,' elaborates some verses upon incidents of the war. As is often the case in Irish affairs, the comic and the tragic are so blended as to be indissoluble. The following is one verse of rhythmical dialogue between a Catholic chaplain and a wounded Irish soldier—

'And what religion are you?'
 Asked the priest in holy fear;
 Then the soldier slowly murmured,
 'I'm a Dublin Fusilier!
 I was sick for want of fighting,
 But now I've got my fill,
 An', Father, kindly make my soul,
 I needn't make my will.'

We need not call attention to the vein of humour in the last line. Having no worldly goods to bequeath to any one, the making of wills does not trouble the last hours of the dying soldier.

CATHOLICS IN THE ARMY.

The Rev. J. E. Rockliff, acting-chaplain to the forces at Malta, writes thus to a Home paper—

The following list of regiments with the greatest number of Catholic men will serve as a guide to those who are so generously sending papers and Catholic literature: 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers, 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers, 2nd Royal Irish Rifles, 1st Royal North Lancashire Regiment, 1st Liverpool Regiment, 2nd Royal Lancaster Regiment, 2nd Scottish Rifles, 5th Royal Irish Lancers, 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, 1st Connaught Rangers, 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, 1st Manchester Regiment, 1st South Lancashire Regiment, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, 8th Royal Irish Hussars.

THE ENGLISH, IRISH, AND SCOTCH.

In talks with General Joubert, Commander Cronje, Commissioner Smit, Postmaster-General Van Allen, and other Boer leaders (says a correspondent of a Home paper) I gathered that the Boers make an exception of the rank and file of the Scotch, Irish and colonial regiments. In them, say the Boers, the officers have confidence. As for the troops recruited in England proper—Devonshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, Manchester, and other provinces, cities, and rural districts—they are not counted upon.

When it comes to a charge where desperate and steadfast courage is needed Highlanders or Irishmen are called to the front. This is an unwritten but also an unbroken rule in English military science.

The Irish soldier is a fighter pure and simple. A coward among these men is likely to be shot by his comrades. General White has been making good use of this well-known quality in the Irish.

The courage of the Scotch is different from that of the Irish. They too are inspired by the ties of clan-ship and traditional pride. But the Highlanders do not fight with the ferocity of the Fusiliers. With them it is quiet, steady determination to go through and fight to the death. They have patience, while the Irish have not.

When men are required to lie in the trenches and bide their time under hot fire it is the Highlanders who are wanted. The Irish cannot stand still under fire. They are at their best only in a charge. That is why at Glencoe they were ordered to lead that reckless charge. The officers knew that their Irishmen would go at anything—white, black, or brown—each man to show what his country could do.

THE BRITISH LION MEANS BUSINESS.

The following is an extract from a leading article regarding the war which appeared in an up-country paper in South Africa:—'The hoary old British Lion is beginning to raise his head once more in South Africa; his resonant roar is now making itself heard in the great veld of this sub-continent; and those short-sighted antagonists of his who spat at him and pin-pricked him when he slept are now trembling in fearful amazement as they see him arising in all his power, shaking off the shackles of apathy and indulgence which hitherto bound him, and rushing forth in all his majesty and strength to engulf for ever in a chasm of destruction those who were mad enough to thwart his will and to scoff at his power.'

Friends at Court.

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

(Written for the N.Z. TABLET.)

- March 4, Sunday.—First Sunday in Lent.
- " 5, Monday.—St Casimir, King and Confessor.
- " 6, Tuesday.—St. Fridolinus, Abbot.
- " 7, Wednesday.—Quatuor Tense. St. Thomas Aquinas, Confessor and Doctor.
- " 8, Thursday.—St. Cathaldus, Bishop and Confessor.
- " 9, Friday.—Quatuor Tense. Feast of the Lance and Nails of Our Lord Jesus Christ.
- " 10, Saturday.—Quatuor Tense. Feast of the Forty Martyrs of Sebaste.

ST. CATHALDUS, BISHOP AND CONFESSOR.

THE great glory of the school of Lismore was St. Cathaldus. Like many other Irishmen who left home and died abroad, he has been almost forgotten by our native writers. But the country of his love and his adoption has not been ungrateful to Ireland. With one accord all foreign writers, following the testimony of Tarentum itself, proclaim that Cathaldus, its second apostle and patron saint, was an Irishman and a scholar of the great school of Lismore.

Lismore is far away from Taranto, as it is now called. Tarantum was a city of Magna Graecia, frequently hostile to Rome, and at the best of times yielding only a reluctant obedience to the Queen of the Seven Hills. Strange that this Greek-Italian city, situated in the very heel of Italy, should get its apostle from a Munster monastery. Yet such is the fact, to which its own writers bear unanimous and grateful testimony.

The *Life of St. Cathaldus* has been written by two Tarentines—the brothers Bartholomew and Bonaventure Morini—of whom the former wrote his account in prose and the latter in poetry. The substance of their account is as follows:—Cathaldus, or Cathaldus, which is the Latin form of Cathal, a very common Irish name, 'came from Hibernia, which is an island beyond Britain, in the western sea, smaller in area, but fully equal to it in the fertility of soil and productiveness of cattle, whilst in the warmth of the land, in the temperature of the climate, and the salubrity of the air it is even superior to Britain.' Some say, continues Morini, that Rachau was the Irish city in which he was born, because in many books he is called Cathaldus of Rachau, but the writer rather thinks his native town was Cathandum, which by a change of letter would be Cathaldum, the town of Cathal.

His father's name was Euchus and his mother's name is rendered Achlena or Athnea. Euchus is an attempt at Latinising the Irish Eochaidh. Achlena was a not unfrequent Irish female name, which was borne by the mothers of St. Fintan and St. Columbanus.

The young Cathal, who seems to have been born about the year A.D. 615, grew up in holiness and grace before God and men; and, according to the author, was whilst yet a youth sent to study in the great monastic school of Lismore. Morini's account of our saint at Lismore would seem to imply that he was a professor there as well as student, for he tells us that the fame of his learning and virtues attracted many disciples to the new college, and, what is more, raised up against himself many powerful enemies. He not only taught in the schools, but he preached the Gospel most successfully in all the country of the Desii, working many miracles too, and building churches—one of which, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, is specially mentioned in his life as the glory of Lismore.

After Cathaldus had ruled the See of Rachau for some years, with his brother Donatus and some companions he went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem—a journey that it was by no means unusual for the fervent saints of Erin to accomplish even at that early period. On their return from Palestine their vessel was wrecked in the Gulf of Taranto, not far from the city of the same name. Taranto, the classical Tarentum, was an ancient and famous city, beautifully situated on the northern shore of the bay. It was founded by a Spartan colony of young men who had left their native country. The climate was delightful, the air bracing and salubrious; for the summer heats were tempered by the sea breezes, and the mountains sheltered them from the biting winds of winter. But its inhabitants, even in the days of Phyrus, were said to be an effeminate and licentious people, more devoted to the pleasures of peace than to the arts of war.

When the Irish Bishop saw this beautiful city given over to pleasure and to vice, like St. Paul at Athens his spirit was moved within him, and in burning language he implored the inhabitants to return to the service of God, Whom they had forgotten. He performed also many striking miracles in the sight of all the people, healing the sick, and even, it is said, raising the dead to life. It happened at this time that there was no Bishop in the city, so the Tarentines besought the Irish saint to become their Bishop, and promised to obey his commands and follow all his counsels. Reluctantly he consented, in the hope that he might thus be able to win them back to the service of God. His efforts were crowned with complete success. Once more Tarentum became a Christian city in reality as well as in name, and Cathaldus was venerated as the second apostle and patron saint of the city. Cathaldus spent some years in his new See, then feeling his end approaching the saint once more exhorted the people and the clergy, in language of the most tender affection, to be true to the profession and practice of the Christian Faith. He died shortly after in his city of Tarentum, towards the close of the seventh century, on the eighth day of March. The holy remains, by which many miracles were wrought, were buried in a marble tomb, which up to this day is preserved in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Tarentum.

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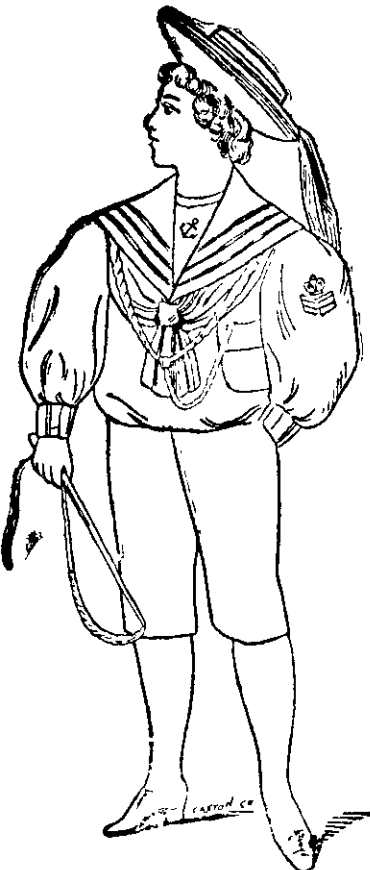
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Irish News.

ANTRIM.—A Belfast Grievance.—The Protestant papers in Belfast are troubled in spirit because an Orangeman has not been selected as postmaster of the northern capital. The *New Letter* says:—We understand that a letter has been received by an influential gentleman in Belfast to the effect that Mr. Sheridan, the new postmaster of Belfast, is a Roman Catholic, and that one of the reasons why he obtained the appointment, which is regarded as one of the plums of the department, was because he has one year's service longer than Mr. Lindsay. That appears to be an inadequate reason, considering Mr. Lindsay's local experience, which would undoubtedly have been of great advantage, and considering also that the appointment should have been given to a Protestant. We are informed that Mr. Sheridan proved himself an excellent official in Cork.

ARMAGH.—Death of a Religious.—Widespread grief was felt in Lurgan on January 2 when it became known that the Superioress of St. Joseph's Convent of Mercy, Mother Mary Gertrude O'Hagan, had passed away during the previous night. The deceased was the eldest daughter of the late Charles O'Hagan, J.P., who was extensively engaged in business in Newry, and thus belongs to an old and respected Catholic family. Early in life she displayed a desire to enter into the service of God, and accordingly, at about the age of 20 years, she entered the Convent of Mercy in her native town, Newry, and shortly afterwards took her final vows. She continued there until the month of September, 1871, when she was transferred to St. Joseph's Convent of Mercy, Lurgan, to fill the then vacant position of rev. mother. The choice proved a most desirable one, as subsequent events have amply shown, for from the time that she took up her duties she laboured with untiring energy, in conjunction with the then parish priest, the Very Rev. James McKenna, to better the condition of the schools and the convent itself.

CLARE.—A Reception Ceremony.—A reception ceremony took place at the Convent of Mercy, Ennis, about the middle of December. The young lady received was Miss Margaret Lenihan, of Scariff (in religion Sister Mary Vincent), niece to the Rev. M. D. Lenihan, P.P., Silvermines, County Tipperary. The Most Rev. Dr. MacRedmond, Lord Bishop of Kullaloe, celebrated the Mass, assisted by the Rev. Father Enright (Diocesan College).

CORK.—Death of a Priest.—The death is reported of the Rev. Father Coveney, of Ovens, Cork. Father Coveney entered Maynooth in 1870, and was ordained in 1876, going to Bantry, County Cork, as curate shortly after. Later he was transferred to Bandon, and thence to the chaplaincy of the Cork Workhouse. When he was subsequently sent to Catheragh he found it necessary to take up the cause of the oppressed tenantry. Father Coveney also officiated at Courneys and Dunmanway, and some few years ago took up the curacy at Ovens, where he laboured incessantly up to the time his health failed.

Death of a Christian Brother.—Many friends in Wexford (writes a correspondent of the *People*) will regret to learn of the death of Brother Jerome J. Murphy at the Christian Brothers' Monastery, Cork, after a brief illness, aged 69 years. Brother Murphy, who was a most accomplished scholar, was Superior of the Wexford Monastery about ten years ago, and effected many improvements in the schools. He had numerous friends in Wexford who will hear of his death with sorrow. On Christmas Eve his remains were interred in the little cemetery attached to the monastery.

DUBLIN.—The Lord Mayor in the United States.—At a meeting of the Dublin Corporation recently a resolution was unanimously adopted placing on record their high appreciation of the honour conferred on the Lord Mayor by the President of the United States on the occasion of his lordship's recent visit to Washington and the warm reception given to him on that occasion.

Ordinations at Clonliffe College.—On Sunday, December 24 (writes the Dublin correspondent of the *New Era*), a number of students were ordained at Clonliffe College. His Grace the Archbishop performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Father Dunne, vice-president of the College, and the Rev. D. Petit, the Rev. A. J. Moore being master of ceremonies. The following were raised to the priesthood:—Rev. Louis Ryan, Maynooth; Rev. Michael Headen, Clonliffe College; Rev. John Ballist, C.M.; and Rev. John Ellis, All Hallows. Rev. Denis O'Sullivan, C.M., was ordained deacon, and the Rev. Anthony Murphy, Clonliffe, and the Rev. J. Murray were ordained sub-deacons. Father Headen is going to the diocese of Dunedin, New Zealand, of which the Most Rev. Dr. Verdon, a former president of Clonliffe College, is Bishop.

A Portrait of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.—In the National Gallery, Merrion-square, Dublin, is a picture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, by a contemporary painter, Mr. Hamilton, a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy. A copy has just been made by a Dublin painter, Mr. D. J. McEgan, and this has been on view for some time at the Members' room in the City Hall. The Lord Mayor, Councillor Tallon, purchased the painting just before Christmas.

The City Technical Schools.—At the annual distribution of prizes at the City of Dublin Technical Schools the secretary's report showed that great progress had been made during the year, when the largest number of pupils yet reached 1076 were enrolled. The average nightly attendance was 215 as against 249 of the preceding session. A scheme of scholarships for pupils attending the evening classes was established and examinations were held for same in May. The report gave many interesting details of the

various classes, the most recently established of which, namely, a class for teaching the use of the linotype printing machine, is very largely availed of. The Lord Mayor, in the course of his remarks, attributed the backwardness of technical education in Ireland to the neglect of the Government in past years to make any adequate provision for it. But it is to be hoped that a new era is now opening up, and that in future an amount of care and attention more commensurate with its importance will be devoted to the subject of technical education.

KERRY.—The Mackerel Fishing.—On the whole the autumn mackerel fishing along the Kerry coast has been fairly successful. The opening months were the best known for some seasons past, but during the last months the takes of fish were not so numerous. The Great Southern and Western Railway are very much alive to the importance of the fishing industry in this district. They have a project in hand for building a deep-water pier at Kenard Point, so that the fish can be loaded direct from the boats to the trucks. It is also proposed to extend the premises at Valentia Railway Station.

KILDARE.—Death of a Staunch Nationalist.—Through the death of Mr. Thomas Baker, of Allenwood, which occurred recently, the district has lost a staunch Protestant Nationalist, who, unlike the majority of his co-religionists, threw in his lot with his Catholic fellow-countrymen in every agitation carried on for an amelioration of their grievances. In the days of the Land League, and, subsequently, in the days of the National League movement, he was a prominent figure at all political meetings, and attired in the old Irish garb, knicker-bocker, and body coat, evidenced externally what he was in reality—an ideal Irishman.

LIMERICK.—Death of a Venerable Lady.—The death took place recently at Thomond Row, Limerick, of Mrs. Anne Murphy, mother of the Rev. Andrew Murphy, president of St. Munchin's College, Limerick. There has been a succession of bereavements in Father Murphy's family within a short time. Some months since his brother, the Rev. Patrick Murphy, was called away; then his sister, Mrs. Johanna Fitzgerald, died; and finally his mother, who had reached the age of seventy-five, succumbed to a lingering illness.

LONGFORD.—The Hon. E. Blake and the University Question.—In the course of a speech delivered at a public meeting in Longford on January 7, the Hon. E. Blake, M.P., said that the subject of higher education touched in the most vital spot the growth and elevation of the people. 'It is not a question for the few (he said) who can directly enjoy the blessing; it is a question for the masses, who must largely depend on the trained and broadened, the strengthened, instructed and elevated minds of the race for guidance and leadership. It is a burning shame that in this country, famed of old for the pursuit of learning under barbarous and incredible obstacles, there should be no suitable provision for the highest cultivation of the intellects of the great Catholic majority. Now, though some leading men in both British parties acknowledge the grievance, they seem powerless to redress it. In fact, the Conservative party counts in its ranks many of the extreme Low Church section and of the Orangemen; while the Liberal party gains its greatest strength among the Nonconformists. But in these elements of the British population mingled with numbers holding broader and more generous sentiments, there are yet to be found in one quarter many examples of the survival of an intense hostility to Roman Catholicism, and in another quarter many more examples of a determination, in the supposed interest of common or non-sectarian education, and in despite of the fact that Irish education is now almost universally denominational, to refuse to the majority here a University, though by no means exclusive, yet as Catholic in atmosphere as Trinity College is Protestant. This condition of political opinion bars the door to Parliamentary success on this, treated as an isolated question. It can prevail only as an element in a great imperial settlement of the Irish difficulty. I agree then in the view expressed by a most eminent Irish ecclesiastic, that this question depends upon Home Rule. I am proud to remember—for it happened that I myself suggested the plan to our friends of the Irish Committee—that the amended scheme proposed to the House of Commons in 1893 was then received with practical unanimity. But the fruition of that or any other scheme is now, I believe, inexorably bound up with the larger question of Home Rule. Still we should press for redress, and make manifest our sense of this as a serious National grievance.' The conclusion of the speech was a strong plea for unity.

GENERAL.

Proposed National Assembly.—A special meeting of the Wexford County Council was held on December 23, at which a delegation was appointed to represent the Council at the National Assembly of Ireland. Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart., M.P., in moving the resolution delivered an important speech, in which he explained his position in the matter, and dwelt at length on the possibilities of a properly organised National Assembly. The following is the resolution proposed by the chairman, and unanimously adopted:—That we appoint a delegation of four members of this Council to meet in Dublin a similar delegation from each of the County Councils and County Borough Councils of Ireland, with a view to the formation of a National Assembly, whose duties shall be to formulate the policy of the Nationalists of Ireland; the conduct of Parliamentary elections affecting the National welfare, as the County Councils, Urban Councils, and District Councils shall direct by resolution from time to time. That we respectfully invite the assistance and representation of our clergy in this National Assembly, leaving the form of their representation to their own decision. That we invite the Nationalist members of those County Councils, County Borough Councils, District and Urban Councils, where the Nationalists are in the minority, to send a delegation

similar to that of the other County Councils and Urban and District Councils to the proposed National Assembly. That we also invite the District and Urban Councils throughout the country to send each a delegation of two of their members to the said assembly. And that copies of this resolution be sent to the Bishop of each diocese and to the chairman of each County Council, County Borough Council, District and Urban Council in Ireland. As the efforts of Sir Thomas Esmonde in the movement he has inaugurated in Ireland are entirely based on a patriotic desire for unity among the representatives of the country, his labours deserve the approbation of all well meaning friends of Ireland.

Sir Thomas Esmonde's Proposals.—The following resolution was passed at a meeting of Castleblayney Board of Guardians: 'That we tender our sincere thanks to Sir T. G. Esmonde, Bart., M.P., for proposing what we have often among ourselves thought both desirable and necessary, viz., the calling together of a body whose representative character should be beyond question. That we gratefully acknowledge the public service and patriotism of any public man, no matter to what section of Irish Nationalists he belongs, who has adopted this course. That it is an insult to the intelligence of the people to propose or suggest that the County Council, borough, district, and urban councillors elected by the people on the broadest franchise known in Ireland do not reflect the robust nationality of the country and are incapable of devising means of promoting all National needs. That in our opinion in addition to the delegates proposed by the Navan or Wexford resolutions there should be such a number selected by the Urban and District Councillors as to allow a representative from each parish. That the convention have power to found a National Association and finally decide all National questions. That the clergy attend as in Parnell's time.'

Nurses for the Seat of War.—During the last week in December Miss Talbot, of Westmeath, Miss Callwell, of Dublin, and Miss Mary Anna Davis, of Waterford, three lady nurses attached to the City of Dublin Nursing Institute, Bagot street, left the North Wall en route for Southampton, where they embarked for South Africa. They received a cordial send-off from a large number of friends who were present when the boat sailed. Miss Rosa Lawless, of Dublin, who has also been selected for service, will probably leave with the next batch of nurses going out.

The Irish Literary Society.—The Committee of the Irish Literary Society (through the generosity of one of their Vice-Presidents, Mr. William Gibson) have offered for competition two prizes, the first of fifty guineas and the second of twenty guineas, for an essay on the 'Sieges of Derry and Limerick,' giving an account of those events, drawing a comparison between them, and discussing their historical significance.

The Closing of the Century.—The impressive ceremonial prescribed by the Bishops of Catholic Ireland for the inauguration of the closing year of the century (says a Dublin correspondent) was probably the most striking and solemn demonstration of a purely religious character ever celebrated in the Irish Church. There was indeed much to be grateful for on the part of those privileged to take part in it, and much to be proud of in the way in which Ireland responded to the summons of the Holy Father to join in the celebration of the opening of the Holy Year. The celebration of the Midnight Mass was held in every city and town and in every rural parish throughout the whole country wherever the sacred rite was at all practicable. In Dublin the churches were thronged and it seemed as if the whole Catholic community of the capital had on the occasion sunk all else in its eagerness to give full expression to its desire to take part in the solemn act of united prayer in which the Vicar of Christ besought Christendom to join. In all parts of Ireland similar scenes of enthusiastic fervour and religious feeling were witnessed. The occasion and its ceremonial will be long remembered by those who joined in the universal functions, for Ireland has never before given a more solemn proof of her living faith or of her obedience and loyalty to the Holy see. The event was indeed at once solemn, significant and hopeful in the fullest degree.

The Bishop of Raphoe and the United Irish League.—In the course of a letter sent to a meeting held at Letterkenny under the auspices of the United Irish League, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, wrote.—'The programme of the League, as set forth in its provisional constitution, has my warmest sympathy; and I do not think the sterling Nationalists of this country are likely to dishonour a good cause by employing wrongful means for its attainment. It is a good cause to establish the farmer as a proprietor in his own land, liable only for an annual instalment, which is considerably less than the present rent, is to be reduced at fixed periods, and will finally disappear altogether, so as to abolish the relation of landlord and tenant, and make the hardworking occupier the true owner of the land he cultivates, subject to paying the taxes fixed by his own chosen representatives. It is a good cause to stem the tide of emigration, and plant from Meath to Galway, and from Tipperary to Donegal, thrifty families on the grass lands that were cleared in evil times and that now give an annual yield only up to a small part of their capacity if they were properly cultivated. The League proposes a just price. It is a good cause to provide, on reasonable terms, healthy cottages for the labouring class in town and country, with suitable garden plots or allotments, as far as possible. It is a good cause to return a solid Parliamentary representation at the general election, and to supply the momentum that will enable the Irish members to demand these reforms, and push to the front the education question, the financial relations question, and the National question. These things the United Irish League, with a blessing, can do. But in an agricultural country, where the agricultural and industrial and social condition of the bulk of the population remains as unsettled as it is unsatisfactory, no political organisation

that is not largely based on a demand for the primary right of access to land, on reasonable terms, and decent homes for the toiling masses of the people, can hope to command the public strength that will wrest any great reform, even in the educational or financial line, from a hostile Parliament. The United Irish League knows no distinction of creed or class. But it must appeal, as a National grievance, to every true-hearted Irishman, no matter what his creed, that half a century after Catholic Emancipation was wrung from the fears—not from the justice—of Parliament, Irish Catholics are still by law an inferior race in their own country. There are offices which they may not hold; some of their clergy are banned by statute as felons; and the higher education, that conscience approves, is denied to all.'

THE ARCHDIOCESE OF GLASGOW.

A RECORD OF PROGRESS.

Mr. Austin Oates, writing in the *New Era* on 'Catholicity in Scotland since the Reformation,' says with regard to his Grace Archbishop Eyre and the Archdiocese of Glasgow:—

That Glasgow, though universally considered the stronghold of Presbyterians in Scotland, is at the same time the backbone of Catholicity cannot be contested. The phenomenal increase of its Catholic population, churches, colleges, convents and schools, its numerous benevolent and charitable institutions, the social and commercial status of the people all tend to prove this assertion.

This increase of the Church in its population, institutions, and in the religious and social influence and position it wields throughout the country is due to two causes. First, to the one continuous stream of Irish emigrants during the last sixty or seventy years to the banks of the Clyde, and secondly, to the heroic labours, zeal, and energy of the clergy who fed and fostered the germs of Holy Faith thus brought within the country until it has made of Scotland's great commercial centre the third most populous Catholic city within Great Britain and Ireland.

Reference has been made in previous articles to those priests who may well be called the pioneers in the revival movement of Catholicity in Scotland. As one by one God called them to their reward, others came forward to carry on the everlasting work of His Mission. And among the many illustrious prelates whose labours will mark an epoch in Catholic Scottish Ecclesiastical Church History during the last half of the closing century, the name of the Most Rev. Charles Eyre, Archbishop of the Metropolitan See of Glasgow, will ever stand most prominently forward.

The Archbishop of Glasgow comes of an old Derbyshire family. He is the eldest son of the late Count Eyre, and was born at Bryan Hall, Askam, York, on November 17, 1817. He entered Ushaw College in 1826. His studies were exceptionally brilliant and were completed in 1839, he then being twenty-two years of age. He spent a year or two in travelling and was ordained priest in Rome, March 19, 1842, by Mgr. Canali, and shortly afterwards was appointed by Pope Gregory XVI. one of his chamberlains. On his return to England he was placed in charge of St. Andrew's Church, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he laboured until 1868, when the Holy See entrusted to him the office of Papal Delegate to Scotland.

On January 31, 1869, Mgr. Ayre was consecrated Archbishop of Glasgow in Rome by Cardinal Reisach, assisted by Archbishop Manning and Archbishop de Merode. On his return to Scotland he was appointed Administrator Apostolic of the Western District of Scotland, which then contained nearly three-fourths of the Catholic population of the country. Together with Bishop Strain he visited Rome in 1877 in order to further the cause of the re-establishment of the Hierarchy. Both Archbishop Strain and Archbishop Eyre received the Pallium at the hands of Cardinal Catarini on March 31, 1878. On the death of his father, Count Eyre, November 11, 1880, he fell heir to the title and a large fortune. Of the former he makes no use whatever, of the latter the Archdiocese of Glasgow has reaped a munificent share.

The high esteem and affection Archbishop Eyre enjoys at the Vatican is manifested in the episcopal rank and honours he holds. His Metropolitan See of Glasgow is directly subject to the Holy See. Of the place he holds in the opinion of his fellow citizens is evidenced in the tribute they paid him by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws of the Glasgow University. Of his episcopal zeal and generosity his Archdiocese is witness in the numbers of the faithful, in its churches, colleges, and institutions.

In 1880 there were in the Archdiocese 121 priests, 137 churches, chapels and stations with an estimated Catholic population of 220,000; in 1899 there were 205 priests, 186 churches, chapels and stations, whilst the Catholic population had risen to 280,000.

Dunstan Times says:—'Messrs W. Gawne and Co. have forwarded us a bottle of their Worcestershire Sauce. The sauce is quite equal in quality to Lea and Perrin's, and is only half the cost of the imported article. It has also a delicate piquancy all its own, which must make it an epicurean's delight and a joy for ever. We asked a number of people to sample the Sauce sent us, and they were charmed with it. Our readers should ask for the Sauce and try it for themselves.—* *'

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. They guarantee highest class 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. Read advertisement.—* *'

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The Best Driller in the Market.

SAVES TIME and LABOUR,

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INVINCIBLE M'CORMICK REAPER AND BINDER

Is still to the front, having

WON THE TWELVE BIG PRIZES IN FIELD COMPETITIONS IN FRANCE THIS SEASON ALREADY

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AGENTS ALL OVER THE COLONY

THE TRIPLE FORK crown affords all necessary strength at a vital point, and is a distinctive feature of the **MASSEY-HARRIS BICYCLE**, which imparts added value and security to the machine.

Factories—Toronto, Canada. New Zealand Head-quarters—Dunedin
Depots at Auckland, Wanganui, Wellington, Greymouth, Christchurch,
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ENGINEERS, BLACKSMITHS, MILLWRIGHTS
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Manufacturers of Pumping and Winding Machinery, Hydraulic Mining Plant—including Hydraulic Giants, Sluice Valves, Elevator Castings, Iron and Steel Fluming, etc., etc., Dredge Tumblers Buckets, Links, Windmills, Waterwheels, Turbines, Brick and Drain Pipe Making and Wood-working Machinery, Horse Powers, Chaff Cutters, Turnip Pulpers, and all kinds of Machinery and Gearing.

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QUEEN STREET,
A U C K L A N D .

MAURICE O'CONNOR (late of Christchurch and Dunedin) begs to notify that he has taken over the above favourite hotel, close to Train and Wharf. Splendid view of Harbour.

Best brands of Wines and Spirits always on hand.

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NOTE.—Shipments of the cream of the World's Markets constantly
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| <p>FIRST. Boots with this Brand on the heel are Guaranteed to Fit and Wear Well.</p> | <p>SECOND. On this Brand only the Very Best of Workmen are employed.</p> | <p>THIRD. Only the Very Best of Materials are used in this Brand of Boots and Shoes.</p> | <p>FOURTH. Farmers, Miners, and all who want to keep their feet dry, try this Brand.</p> | <p>FIFTH. The "STANDARD" Brand Boots and Shoes are known from Auckland to the Bluff for sterling quality.</p> |
|---|---|---|---|--|

Commercial.

(For week ending February 28).

Mr. J. A. CHAPMAN, Sharebroker, Dunedin, reports as follows:
BANKS.—National, from 2/16/0 to 2/17/0; New South Wales, from 39/0/0 to 40/0/0; Union of Australia, Ltd., 35/0/0 to 36/0/0; Bank of Australasia, 65/0/0 to 65/10/0.

INSURANCE.—National, from 16/6 to 17/0; New Zealand, 3/1/0 to 3/2/0; South British, 2/14/0 to 2/16/0; Standard, 13/6 to 14/0.

SHIPPING.—New Zealand Shipping, from 4/14/0 to 4/15/0; Union Steam, 10/9/ to 10/10/0.

COAL.—Westport from 3/6/6 to 3/7/6.

LOAN AND AGENCY.—Commercial Property and Finance Company, from 5/0 to 5/6; National Mortgage, 28/0 to 30/0; Perpetual Trustees, 12/6 to 13/0; Trustees and Executors, 29/6 to 30/6.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Kaiapoi Woollen Co., from 6/5/0 to 6/6/0; Mornington Tramway, 16/0 to 16/6; Mosgiel Woollen, 4/0/0 to 4/2/0; New Zealand Drug, 2/12/0 to 2/13/0; New Zealand Drug, new issue, 1/18/6 to 1/19/0; Milburn Lime and Cement, 2/0/0 to 2/2/0; do., new issue, 1/0/0 to 1/0/6 (30/- paid); Otago Daily Times, 13/4/0 to 13/5/6; Emu Bay Railway, 7/6 to 8/6; Wellington Woollen, 5/0/0 to 5/2/6; Silverton Tram, 4/14/0 to 4/16/0; New Zealand Refrigerating, 1/10/0 to 1/11/0; Roslyn Tramway, 5/3 to 5/9.

GOLDFIELDS.—Reefton: Big River Extended, from 7/0 to 8/0; Keep-it-Dark, 25/0 to 26/0; Alpine Extended, 2/3 to 2/9; Cræsus (Paparoa), 4/0 to 4/9.

DREDGING COMPANIES.—Chatto Creek, 40/0 to 41/0; Clyde, 65/0 to 67/0; Dunedin, 10/0 to 12/6; Empire, 3/17/0 to 4/0/0; Enterprise, 85/0 to 90/0; Evan's Flat, 31/0 to 32/0; Ettrick 3/6 to 3/9; Golden Gate, 140/0 to 144/0; Golden Beach, 53/0 to 57/6; Golden Point, 31/0 to 34/0; Tuapeka, 36/0 to 38/0; Vincent, 43/0 to 46/0; Hartley and Riley, 13/13/0 to 13/15/0; Jutland Flat, 4/0 to 4/3 (contrib.); Macraes Flat, 4/0 to 5/0; Golden Run, 60/0 to 62/0; Golden Terrace, 12/0 to 14/0; Magnetic, 75/0 to 79/0; Matau, 115/0 to 118/0; Molyneux Hydraulic (B), 30/0 to 32/0; Nevis, 27/6 to 28/0; Otago, 39/0 to 41/0; Upper Waipori, 2/3 to 2/9; Waimumu, 26/0 to 27/0; Sunlight, 33/0 to 35/0; Cromwell, 69/0 to 71/0 (prem); Riverbank, 7/0 to 8/6; Nil Desperandum, 33/0 to 36/0; Klondyke, 35/0 to 37/6; Waikaka Forks, 2/6 to 3/6 (prem); Dunstan Leads, 18/0 to 19/0; Ophir, 2/9 to 3/3; Golden Gravel, 2/3 to 3/0; Dunstan Pioneer, 3 3 to 3 9; Golden Reward, 1/0 to 1/6; Halfway House, 18/0 to 19/6.

SLUICING COMPANIES.—Moonlight (contrib.), 13/0 to 14/0; Roxburgh Amalgamated (contrib.), 6/9 to 7/0; Deep Stream, 22/0; Central Electric, 95/0 97/6.

PRODUCE.

London, February 20.—The total quantity of wheat and flour afloat for the United Kingdom is 2,355,000 quarters, and for the Continent 960,000 quarters.

The C.C. and D. Company cable to Messrs. Nelson Bros.—Frozen meat market: To-day's quotations are—Best Canterbury, 3d; Dunedin and Southland, 2½d; Napier and North Island, 2½d; lamb, first quality, 4½d.

London, February 23.—The American visible supply of wheat is estimated at 85,750,000 bushels.

Wheat.—Adverse crop reports from France have hardened the market, but it has since slightly reacted on account of the heavy Argentine shipments. 29s 6d was bid for Australian wheat (February-March shipment).

Butter is steady, but quiet. Choicest colonial, 100s (a few boxes, 102s); Danish, 110s. Many brands of the Cuzco's shipment of Australian showed signs of heating.

Australian cheese arrived in fair condition. The quality is irregular. Best sold at 57s to 58s; New Zealand, 59s; Canadian, 61s. The market is strong.

London, February 25.—Frozen mutton: New Zealand and River Plate mutton has advanced 1-16d, prime New Zealand lamb 4½d.

Wellington, February 26.—The Agent-General wires:—'No alteration in the butter market since last week. Small supplies of cheese on hand; Tokomairiro, 59s.'

AUSTRALIAN COMMERCIAL.

Sydney, February 21.—Wheat: Chick, 2s to 2s 3½d; milling, 2s 8d to 2s 8½d. Flour: L6 to L7. Oats: Feeding, New Zealand, 2s 4d to 2s 6d; Tasmanian 2s 4d to 2s 5d. Barley: Cape, 2s 4d to 2s 6d. Maize (prime), 2s 6d to 2s 9d; American, 2s 6d to 2s 7d. Peas: Prussian blue, 3s 6d. Bran, 8d. Pollard, 9d. Potatoes: Circular Heads, L3 10s to L4; local, L1 10s to L2 10s. Onions, L2 to L3 10s. Butter. Dairy, 7d to 7½d; factory, 8½d. Bacon, 4½d to 7½d.

[The above quotations are those ruling between merchant and retailer, and do not represent the slightly lower values obtained by the recognised broker.]

Melbourne, February 21.—Wheat (large sales), 2s 9½d to 2s 10½d. Oats (active), 2s 2½d to 2s 4d. Maize, 2s 7d. Bran, 2s 8½d. Pollard, 10½d. Potatoes, L2 to L2 12s 6d. Onions, L2 to L3.

Adelaide, February 21.—Wheat (good demand), 2s 7½d to 2s 8½d. Flour, L6 7s 6d to L6 10s. Oats: Dun and Algerian, 1s 10d to 2s 1d; stout, 2s 6d to 2s 9d. Bran, 9d. Pollard, 10d.

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co. report as follows:—

OATS.—Prime milling and best feed qualities are in strong demand, and meet with ready sale at quotations. Lower grades are not inquired for, and are difficult to place. Our catalogue contained only fair to medium feed oats, which were not strongly competed for. We quote Prime milling, 2s 1d; good to best feed, 2s to 2s 0½d; medium, 1s 10d to 1s 11d; inferior, 1s 8d to 1s 9d per bushel (sacks extra).

WHEAT.—We offered several lines of fowl wheat, which sold at 2s to 2s 1d; one lot, extra good, 2s 2d; milling quality, if prime, is in fair demand, at late quotations. We quote: Prime milling, 2s 5d to 2s 6d; medium, 2s 3d to 2s 4d per bushel (sacks in).

POTATOES.—We catalogued a few lots of medium quality, for which there was little competition. We quote: Best kidneys, L2 10s; others, L2 to L2 5s per ton (sacks in).

CHAFF.—The demand is confined to prime oaten sheaf, medium samples being almost neglected. We quote: Best oaten sheaf, L2 15s to L3; medium to good, L2 to L2 10s per ton (bags extra).

SOUTHLAND PRODUCE MARKET.

The Grain Brokers' Association reports:—Oats: The demand is strong for good bright feed, and any offering is readily saleable. The s.s. Undaunted took over 20,000 sacks for South Africa last week, and as a consequence there is a very limited quantity of best feed available. A grade is worth 2s 3d; B grade, 2s 2½d; C grade, 2s 2d (f.o.b., Bluff, sacks in). The harvest should be general in about a fortnight. There will be no new oats on the market for four or five weeks, and prices should remain firm.

Invercargill prices current:—Wholesale: Butter, fresh, 7d, factory, 11d; eggs, 10d per doz; cheese, farm, 3½d; bacon, farm, 7d; do (rolled), farm, 6d; hams, 8d; potatoes, 4s per cwt; barley, 2s to 2s 6d; fowl wheat, 2s; chaff, L2 10s; flour, L7 10s; oatmeal, L9 to L10; pollard, L3; bran, L2 10s, including bags. Retail—Fresh butter, 9d, factory, 1s; eggs, 1s per doz; cheese, 6d; bacon, rolled, 8d, sliced, 9d; hams, 10d; potatoes, 16lbs for 1s; flour, 200lb, 16s; 50lb, 4s 3d; oatmeal, 50lb, 5s; 25lb, 2s 9d; pollard, 5s 9d per bag; bran, 3s 6d per bag; chaff, L3 per ton; fowls' feed, 2s 8d per bushel.

The Waverley Bicycle.

Send for beautiful illustrated Catalogue and learn all about this handsome and easy-running wheel. **WAVERLEY CYCLE DEPOT, 217 Colombo St., Christchurch and John Orr and Co., Ashburton.**

"Tested Seeds." New Supplies.

H OWDEN AND MONCRIEFF,
SEEDSMEN AND NURSERYMEN,
51 PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

Grass Seeds — Ryegrasses, machine dressed, off old pasture. Italian Ryegrass. Cocksfoot. Chewing's Fescue Timothy.

Clovers—Cowgrass, Colonial and Imported. White. Red. Alsike. Trefoil.

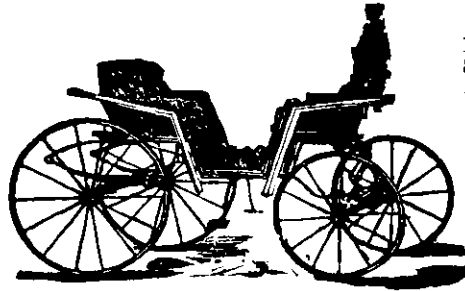
Turnip Seeds — *Swedes*: Champion. Elephant. Monarch. Webb's Imperial. Tait's Best of All. Webb's Giant King. *Yellows*: Aberdeen Green Top. Aberdeen Purple Top. Romney Marsh (our strain gave very great satisfaction last Season). Fosterton Hybrid. *Whites*: Devon Greystone. Lincoln Red Globe.

— Samples and Prices on Application. —

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Princes street South, Dunedin.

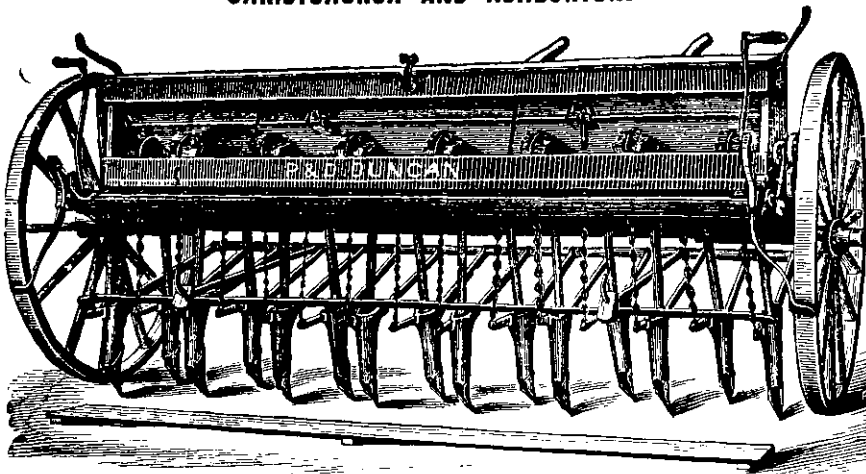
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Have now on hand Single and Double Buggies, Station Waggons, Waggonettes, Spring Carts, etc. First award for Carriages at New Zealand and South Seas Exhibition, 1889-90.

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AGRICULTURAL ENGINEERS,
CHRISTCHURCH AND ASHBURTON.



Manufacturers of Agricultura Implements and Machinery, sole manufacturers of Duncan's Patent Drills, with Fertiliser Attachments; Duncan's Patent Spring Tine Cultivator, with Seeder Attachment; Duncan's Patent Disc Harrows; Duncan's Patent Stubble and Multi-furrow Ploughs, etc. Agents for Marshall, Sons and Co's Threshing Machinery.

The CLEVELAND.

A BICYCLE of HONEST VALUE.

Perfection is attained simply by not resting on Past Achievements as Final.

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The PIONEER of the PRESENT DAY CYCLE.

Write for Catalogues to the Sole Agents—

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WE WISH TO DRAW THE SPECIAL
ATTENTION OF FARMERS
To the
**LIGHT - RUNNING PLANO
BINDER.**

THIS Machine is fitted with the simplest knotter, which has the fewest parts of any machine on the market, and for lightness of draft it cannot be equalled. Do not purchase elsewhere before seeing this favourite Machine.
Trials will be given in your district.

TOTHILL, WATSON & CO., AGENTS,
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**U NION STEAM SHIP
COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND
LIMITED**

Steamers will be despatched as under (weather and other circumstances permitting):

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| LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON— | | |
| Waikare | Thurs, Mch. 1 | 3 p.m. D'din |
| Flora | Fri., Mch. 2 | 3 p.m. D'din |
| Waihora | Tues., Mch. 6 | 2.30 p.m. tr'n |
| NAPIER, GISBORNE and AUCKLAND— | | |
| Flora | Fri., Mch. 2 | 3 p.m. D'din |
| Waihora | Tues., Mch. 6 | 2.30 p.m. tr'n |
| SYDNEY via WELLINGTON— | | |
| Waikare | Thurs. Mch. 1 | 3 p.m. D'din |
| Mokoia | Thurs, Mch. 8 | 2.30 p.m. tr'n |
| SYDNEY via AUCKLAND— | | |
| Waihora | Tues., Mch. 6 | 2.30 p.m. tr'n |
| Mararoa | Tues., Mch. 20 | 2.30 p.m. tr'n |
| MELBOURNE via BLUFF and HOBART— | | |
| Talune* | Mon., Mch. 5 | 3.35 p.m. tr'n |
| Monowai* | Mon., Mch. 12 | 3.35 p.m. tr'n |
| * Calls at Milford Sounds | | |

WESTPORT via TIMARU, AKAROA, LYTTELTON, and WELLINGTON.
Cargo only.
Opolu,* 1141 Mch. 9 4 p.m. D'din
* Calls at Nelson.

GREYMOUTH via OAMARU, TIMARU, LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, and NAPIER.
Cargo only.
Taupo Wed., Mch. 7 4 p.m. D'din
TAHITI and RARATONGA—
Ovalau Tues., Mch. 13 From Auckland
FIJI (SUVA and LEVUKA)—
Taviuni Wed., Feb. 28 From Auckland
FOR TONGA, SAMOA, FIJI & SYDNEY
(From Auckland).
Manapouri Wed., Mch. 7

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B AKER BROTHERS
FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,

Direct Importers of Best and Latest Designs in Funeral Furnishings. FUNERALS Conducted with the greatest Care and Satisfaction, at most Reasonable Charges.
Corner of Wakanui Road and Cass streets, and Baker and Brown's Coach Factory.

WILKINSON AND SON,
FAMILY & DISPENSING CHEMISTS.

Since the death of the late T. M. Wilkinson this Old-established Business is now under the proprietorship of his son, R. Wilkinson.
All prescriptions and Recipes are dispensed with care and accuracy from only the purest Drugs and Chemicals.
Orders by post receive special attention. For Xmas Presents of Perfumery, Sachets, Hair Brushes, Perfume Sprays, Toilet Soaps, etc., we have a large assortment to choose from.
WILKINSON & SON, CHEMISTS,
Medical Hall, Princes Street, Dunedin.

"DEAR ME! I've forgotten that **SYMINGTON COFFEE ESSENCE**, whatever shall I do? Call at the next Store you pass; they All Keep it."

Messrs. Stronach Bros. and Morris report as follows:—

WHEAT—Demand rather dull except for prime milling. Quotations: Prime milling, 2s 5d to 2s 6d; medium, 2s 3d to 2s 4d; fowl wheat, 1s 9d to 2s 2d per bushel (sacks in).

OATS—Demand steady. Prime milling, 2s 1d; good to best feed, 2s to 2s 0½d; medium, 1s 10½d to 1s 11½d; inferior, 1s 8d to 1s 10d per bushel (sacks extra).

CHAFF—Prime quality is in good demand, but other sorts are neglected. Prime oatens sheaf, L3; medium to good, L2 10s to L2 17s 6d per ton (bags extra).

POTATOES—Market very dull. Best, L2 5s to L2 10s per ton (bags in).

MR. F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale price only—Oats: Quiet demand. Feeding, 1s 10d to 2s; milling, 2s 1d. Wheat: milling, 2s 6d; fowls' wheat, 1s 9d to 2s 1d. Hay: ryegrass and clover, best, L3. Straw: pressed, 26s; loose, 28s. Bran: L2 15s. Pollard: L3 10s. Flour: L6 10s to L7. Butter: best brands factory, 10d to 11d; dairy, 6d to 8d. Oatmeal: L11. Chaff: fair demand; L2 15s to L3. New potatoes: Local, L2 0s best. Market glutted. Eggs, 1s 2d.

WOOL, SKINS, TALLOW, ETC.

London, February 21.—At the tallow sales 825 casks were offered and 525 sold. Mutton, Fine, 31s; medium, 29s 6d. Beef, Fine, 30s; medium, 28s 6d.

Melbourne, February 21.—The wool sales have been resumed. Merinos and fine crossbreds declined 5 per cent. compared with prices obtained a month ago. Other sorts remain unchanged.

London, February 23.—The Bradford wool market is lifeless. Prices are not quoted.

London, February 25.—Rabbitskins: Fair demand. Good New Zealand sold at from par to ½d advance; inferior New Zealand declined 1d.

Messrs. Stronach Bros. and Morris report as follows:—

RABBITSKINS—Very few coming forward and prices unchanged.

SHEEPSKINS—Market firm at late quotations.

HIDES—In good demand. Prime heavy ox, 4d to 4½d; medium, 3½d to 3¾d; light and inferior, 2d to 3d per lb.

TALLOW—Market steady. Best rendered mutton, 15s 6d to 17s; medium, 13s 6d to 15s; rough fat, 10s 6d to 13s 6d per cwt.

DUNEDIN WOOL SALES.

Messrs Donald Reid and Co. report as follows:—

We held our fourth sale of the season's series at the Agricultural Hall, Dunedin, on Thursday, the 22nd February, 1900, when we submitted a small catalogue comprising 240 bales of wool, chiefly late shearings and lots passed in at previous sales. The total number of bales submitted at this series by the various brokers being 2106 bales. There was again a very full attendance of buyers considering the small catalogues to be submitted. The average character of the wools offered at this sale was not up to the standard of our earlier sales, being late shorn, sandy and seedy, and the several held-over lots did not present so fresh or attractive an appearance as they did when first opened out. The bidding at the sale was very erratic; in some cases the prices realised were in excess of those at which the same lots were passed in at our last sale, while in other cases the prices realised were below those which could have been obtained at the earlier sales. On the whole, however, there was very cheerful competition up to buyers' limits for all lots, while for all the finer sorts of wools passed at our previous sales and for all newly-opened wools suitable for the use of our local manufacturers there was very spirited competition and satisfactory prices realised. The following were the prices realised:—Greasy merino (medium), 9½d to 10d; do (inferior), 8½d to 9d; greasy half-bred (good), 10d to 11d; do (medium), 8d to 9½d; do (inferior), 7d to 7½d; greasy crossbred (good), 7½d to 8½d; do (medium), 6½d to 7½d; do (inferior), 5½d to 6½d.

LIVE STOCK.

ADDINGTON STOCK MARKET.

There were heavy yardings of all classes of stock at Addington, including 1300 fat sheep, 1700 fat lambs, 13,500 store sheep, 471 cattle, and 290 pigs.

FAT CATTLE—The 278 fat cattle were mostly heifers and cows of good quality. There were only a few steers, mostly prime, and bidding was slack, and there was a fall of 1s per 100lb on best beef, but secondary held its own. Ordinary to good steers sold at from L5 2s 6d to L7; prime, L8 to L9; heifers, L4 5s to L7; cows, L3 17s 6d to L6 12s 6d.

STORE CATTLE—Stores of all descriptions sold well. Three-year-old steers fetched up to L4 10s; do heifers, to L3 17s 6d; good dairy cows, L6 to L8.

FAT SHEEP—These were very mixed, including coarse crossbred wethers and ewes from the North Island, and only a few really good freezers. A few prime heavy wethers brought 16s 4d to 18s 4d; freezing weights, 14s 6d to 16s; lighter, down to 13s 6d. Butchers' ewes were in over-supply, and the trade had all their own way, except for good young sorts, which sold at 12s 6d to 14s, and aged and inferior at 9s to 10s. Merino wethers, second quality, brought 8s 6d to 10s.

FAT LAMBS—Most of the fat lambs were only secondary. Best sorts sold well at from 14s to 14s 9d; freezing quality, 11s 6d to 13s 6d; and inferior down to 8s 9d.

STORE SHEEP—All the Canterbury and southern sheep in the store pens sold well, but the coarse wethers and ewes from the north were easier. Forward turnip wethers sold at from 13s 4d to 13s 10d (a Marlborough line of over 2000 at 13s 2d and 13s 3d);

backward and North Island, 10s 10d to 12s 6d; and Chatham Islands, 8s 9d to 10s 3d; local mixed two-tooths, 12s 3d to 14s 11d; good young to sound-mouthed ewes, 13s to 15s; aged, 10s to 12s; and Chatham Islanders, 8s 1d to 9s 1d; merino ewes, 5s 6d.

PIGS—There was a slight improvement in pigs. Heavy baconers realised 30s to 39s 6d, or 3d to 3½d per lb; porkers, 20s to 34s 6d, or 3½d to 4d per lb; stores, 14s to 21s; weaners 11s to 13s 6d; suckers, 6s to 10s 6d.

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

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

There was a goodly array of horses for Saturday's sale, chiefly light harness sorts, and most of them were of very ordinary class, whilst a good number were pronouncedly inferior. The few draughts forward were just useful farm horses. There was a very fair attendance of buyers, but as most of them were either in quest of really good heavy draught mares and geldings, or first-class thoroughly broken in light harness horses, the amount of business done was on a much smaller scale than at the sales of the two preceding weeks. A consignment of 30 mixed hacks and light harness horses, a rather common lot, from North Canterbury, was the principal entry, but as there were several up-country rabbit export agents in the market, fully half of the draft was sold at very moderate values. The unsold portion of this consignment will be disposed of at next Saturday's sale. In light harness horses a few of the principal sales were the following, viz.: Three useful harness geldings, four years old, by General Tracey, at L18, L17, and L14 respectively; a very smart pony cob gelding, four years, by Nimrod, at L14; a good milk cart horse at L23, and a very shufty nuggety spring van gelding at L34; a number of horses suitable for the rabbit export trade at L8 to L14. We strongly recommend consignments of first-class young buggy horses for next Saturday's sale, as we have customers in want of thoroughly broken in animals of this class. First-class heavy draught geldings for town work are also wanted, as are useful farm horses for harvest work. Our only sales in the draught class this week were two, viz.: One gelding at L40, and another at L36, both good, useful horses and young. We quote as follows:—Superior young draught geldings, L40 to L45; extra good prize horses, L46 to L50; medium draught mares and geldings, L30 to L38; aged do, L20 to L27; upstanding carriage horses, L25 to L30; well-matched carriage pairs, L50 to L60; strong spring van horses, L22 to L28; milk cart and butchers' order cart horses, L15 to L20; tram horses, L8 to L12; light hacks, L6 to L10; extra good do, L15 to L25; weedy and aged hacks and harness horses, L2 to L5.

THE WEEK'S DREDGING RETURNS.

During the week ended Monday, 26th inst. (says the *Otago Daily Times*), returns were reported from the following 28 dredges, the total yield being 893oz 17dwt, or an average of 31oz per dredge:—

Electric (Cromwell), 103 hours, 110oz; Junction Electric No 2 (Cromwell), 76oz; Magnetic (Cromwell), 5 days 3 hours, 75oz; Earnsclough No 2 (Alexandra), 61oz 18dwt 12gr; Hartley and Riley (Cromwell), 44oz 7dwt; Enterprise (Alexandra), 41oz 16dwt; Empire (Waipori), 37oz; Matau (Clyde), 36oz; Lawrence (near Lawrence), 33oz 7dwt 10gr; Vincent (Clyde) 7½ days, 33oz; Clyde (Alexandra), 30oz; Woolshed (Glenore), 29oz 3dwt; Waimumu (near Gore), 138 hours, 29oz; Golden Gate (Island Block), 26oz 13dwt; Tuapeka (Tuapeka Flat), 23oz 13dwt; Success (Waipori), 131 hours, 23oz 1dwt 12gr; Jutland Flat (Waipori), 128 hours, 22oz 17dwt; Golden Treasure (Miller's Flat), 6½ days, 22oz; Golden Point (Alexandra) 21oz 16dwt; Chicago (Alexandra), 130 hours, 17oz 1dwt 12gr; Golden Terrace (Lower Shotover), 16oz 18dwt 5gr; Charlton Creek (near Gore), 131 hours, 15oz 19dwt 11gr; Alpine (Riley's Beach, Cromwell), 15oz; Evans Flat (Tuapeka), 14oz 10dwt; Dunedin (Roxburgh), 127 hours, 14oz 9dwt 10gr; Inch Valley (near Palmerston), 70 hours, 11oz 6dwt; Chatto Creek (Manuherikia), 100 hours, 4oz 16dwt; Morning Star (Manuherikia), 94 hours, 4oz 10dwt. Total, 893oz 17dwt.

The Elderslie settlement, containing 11,497 acres, and situated 11 miles from Oamaru, will be open for application for lease in perpetuity on March 20 at the District Land Office, Dunedin, and the office of Mr Henry McIntosh, Tyne street, Oamaru, where maps and pamphlets can be obtained. The settlement is divided into 25 farms of areas ranging from 96 acres to 822 acres, at rentals from 3s 9d to 8s 10d per acre per annum. The land is served by good roads and railway, and is medium to first-class, capable of growing good average crops of root and grain.—*.*

Mr. R. S. Black, rabbit exporter, Dunedin, is now prepared to receive rabbits at the cattle yards, Mataura, and Ocean Beach, Bluff. Mr. Black is also prepared to make special arrangements with large land owners to clear their ground of rabbits.—*.*

Our readers who are resident in Dunedin, and visitors from the country, would be consulting their own interests by inspecting the grand autumn display of goods at Messrs. Herbert, Haynes and Co.'s establishment. The goods comprise new autumn drapery in all the newest styles, colourings, and textures, and novelties in dress materials, millinery, mantles, trimmings, laces and gloves. The display of ladies and children's underclothing is exceptionally fine, especially as the goods are all of the latest and most approved styles.—*.*

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All communications connected with the literary department, reports, correspondence, newspaper cuttings, etc., should be addressed to the editor.

Correspondents forwarding obituary and marriage notices are particularly requested to be as concise as possible.

The New Zealand Tablet.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1900.

SOME FORMS OF COSMOPOLITANISM.



IT is a far cry back to the days in 1759 when the the British public first curiously fingered the leaves of GOLDSMITH'S *Citizen of the World*. The title and the thing were neither new. For if HERODOTUS tells us truly, the great Greek philosopher SOCRATES had ages before styled himself a 'citizen of the world'—and that, too, in the midst of a people on whom the idea of cosmopolitanism had at the time never dawned. This was four long centuries before the Christian era. SOCRATES' idea fell on barren ground. At a later date ARISTOTLE, another great leader of Attic thought, maintained, says LECKY, 'that Greeks had no more duties to barbarians [i.e., to non-Greeks] than to wild beasts; and another philosopher was believed to have evinced an almost excessive range of sympathy when he declared that his affections extended beyond his own State, and included the whole people of Greece.' The cosmopolitan idea first really soaked into and influenced the political mind during the stirring times when ALEXANDER made all Greece tingle to its farthest corner with the sense of the presence of a master-spirit—of a sort of secular Messiah who, emerging from the wilds of Macedonia, eclipsed the ancient glories of Athens and Sparta, filled the heated imagination of the Greeks with golden visions of a world-wide empire, and, in the words of LECKY, 'accorded to conquered nations the privileges of

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conquerors, and created in Alexandria a great centre both of commercial intercourse and of philosophical eclecticism. The fact and sense of conquest, but over a much wider field and for an indefinitely longer period, contributed to broaden the sympathies of the Romans towards people of every race and tongue. Even after their conquest of Greece, while they dominated their new territory in politics, the latter held the ascendancy over their conquerors in the intellectual sphere, and the influx of Grecian philosophers, Grecian artists, architects, and dramatists, turned the Rome of 'high society' for a lengthened period into a spurious and somewhat vulgar replica of the Athens of the time. But it was Christianity, and Christianity alone, that really and finally broke down the barriers between race and race. And it did so not by virtue of any principle of social or political expediency, but by the inculcation of a doctrine hitherto undreamed of in the philosophy of heathendom—the Fatherhood of God and (in Him and through Him) the Brotherhood of Man. In His eyes, said St. PAUL, 'there is no distinction of the Jew and the Greek' (*Rom.*, x., 12); and again: 'There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in CHRIST JESUS' (*Gal.* iii., 28).

The cosmopolitanism of Christianity is divine in its origin and motive. It has by no means displaced, but it has overshadowed and guided the weak imitation of itself that still finds its sole and all-sufficient motive in political expediency and in the shadowy 'religion of humanity.' Its best practical application and test will, perhaps, be found in the missionary spirit that characterises all periods of religious fervour. Thus, in the far-off centuries, Ireland gave COLUMBA to her kin beyond the North Channel, St. GALL to Switzerland, St. COLUMBANUS to Italy. Wales gave NINIAN to the Picts. St. BONIFACE, called 'the Apostle of Germany,' was an Englishman. So were his associates WILLIBALD and WILLIBROD. St. AUGUSTINE, surnamed 'the Apostle of the Anglo-Saxons,' and his companions were Gauls and Italians, and were Pope GREGORY's precious gift to the English people. And so on, over all the wide area covered by missionary enterprise and charitable zeal down to our own day we find the true Brotherhood of Man—that which is intimately bound up with the Fatherhood of God—receiving everywhere at Catholic hands a glorious practical application such as was never dreamed of in the shallow creed of mere philanthropy or in the tangled 'moral teachings' (if such they can be called) of 'the religion of humanity.' Even the most civilised paganism of the olden time—that of Greece and Rome—set up a wall against the exercise of fraternal charity beyond the limits of the State. The normal fate of prisoners of war among the barbarians of those times was death. Among the civilised Greeks and Romans it was usually worse than a swift and rushing death following fast on capture: it was slavery; it was strangulation in the Mamertine, during or after the brief glories of the victor's triumphal march; or it was death in the gladiatorial arena, where thousands of wretched captives were, after every campaign, 'butchered to make a Roman holiday.' But Christianity knew neither bound nor bar to its charity. It recognised no 'colour-line,' no distinction of bond or free, of enemy or friend. It proclaimed, so to speak, free trade in well-doing—from the days of St. PAUL the Apostle of the Gentiles to those of LAL CASAS the Apostle of the Indians and of St. FRANCIS XAVIER the Apostle of the Indies and of Father DAMIEN the Apostle of the Lepers.

In certain quarters we hear much flowing talk—including a deal of sounding nonsense—about the solidarity of the race. Whatever there is of folly in it all is their own. All that is solid and true in it—and not mere hollow-sounding brass—is as old as the days of the parable of the Good Samaritan. But it is none of your out-of-date old things, like a stone quern—fit for use only in unpleasantly primitive states of society or in places that are 'remote, unfriended, solitary, slow'; or like a fifteenth century bombard, too ancient and rust-eaten and dangerous for use in our time and fit only for exhibition as a curiosity in a museum of antiquities. No. The Christian principles on this matter have been quietly and without pause leavening the life and thought of the nations to this very hour. At an early period in Christian history it succeeded, as LECKY

points out, in putting a stop to the gladiatorial shows, in partially abolishing slavery, and in diminishing to an altogether remarkable extent the atrocities of war. Long before GROTIUS wrote his famous treatise on international law (*de Jure Belli et Pacis*), the rules of war, as binding on Christians, had been clearly stated, and, in a sense, codified by the Spanish theologians, SUAREZ and AYALA. It is, in fact, owing to the long and steady operations of the principle of Christian Brotherhood that the present relatively satisfactory condition of international law has become possible. Much of the old mutual suspicion and hate between nation and nation are dying away, and the growing cosmopolitanism of the age shows itself in many a various form. Not the least curious is what may be called that free-trade in talent which makes genius the possession of the race rather than of any particular nation, and readily welcomes the man of great mental acquirements, no matter what the colour of his skin or to what clime he may owe his birth.

There is nothing new in all this. Only the movement is, owing to a variety of causes which it is not necessary to specify, more marked now than in the olden days. The great Englishman ALCUIN occupied, eleven centuries ago, a high and honoured position in the court of CHARLEMAGNE. An Irishman, JOHANNES SCOTUS, filled a like honoured place at the court of CHARLES THE BALD some 40 years later. LANFRANC, the great, scholarly, and fearless Archbishop of Canterbury, was an Italian. So, likewise, was Cardinal MAZARIN, the famous chief minister of France during the minority of LOUIS XIV. His proper name was GIULIO MAZARINI. The first NAPOLEON was a Corsican, and by the merest chance had his fortunes permanently linked with the French, instead of the English, army. GAMBETTA was an Italian. M. WADDINGTON, the French statesman and ambassador at St. James's, is an Englishman. So is Rajah BROOKE, of Sarawak. The Italian admiral, ACTON, is of English descent. Sir ROBERT HART, director of the Chinese Customs, is an Irishman. So is Sir HALLIDAY MACARTNEY, Chinese ambassador in London. Marshal MACMAHON was of Irish descent. So are the LALLYs, the TAAFES, the DE LACYS, and the NUGENTS of Austria, and the O'DONNELLS of Spain. The Chief of the General Staff of the Russian Army is General O'BRUSCHEFF (a Russianised version of the Irish cognomen, O'BRIEN). MARCONI, the wizard of wireless telegraphy, was a grand-nephew of the enterprising Italian, CHARLES BIANCONI, of Irish mail-carrying fame. His mother is a Power of Gurteen. It is, perhaps, but natural that a world-wide empire like that of Great Britain should, after the manner of Imperial Rome, attract to its centre from all the winds of heaven, men of talent to add a new lustre to its art, its literature, its statesmanship, and its military policy. In this case, at least, the expected has come to pass. There is, perhaps, no old-world country in which aliens, or the near descendants of aliens, or those who, though born subjects, are not 'sons of the soil' enter so closely into the life of the nation as in Great Britain. To select a few prominent examples: The financier, Mr. GOSCHEN, is the son of German parents. The ROTHSCHILDS the GOLDSMIDS and others among the kings of finance are also Germans or of recent German descent. Lord REAY, who was appointed Secretary of State to India in 1894, was born in Holland in 1839, and became a naturalised British subject only some 22 years ago. Sir FRANCIS H. JEUNE is of French descent, and another distinguished English lawyer, Sir JOHN DAY—one of the judges on the PARNELL Inquiry—was born at the Hague, and claims a long line of Dutch ancestry.

Turning from politics and finance and law to the lighter arts of life, we find a wide field occupied by persons of alien birth or blood. Of the 'British' writers that are more or less prominently in the public eye, we find that HENRY JAMES is an American—an old Harvard man. WILLIAM L. ALDEN, the novelist, is also American by birth and training. MAX O'RELL (PAUL BLOUET) is a full-blood Breton. SWINBURNE claims a mingled French and Scandinavian ancestry. So, in his day, did Lord TENNYSON. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE's blood is 'mostly French,' and his family were from Guernsey. The gifted ROSETTI family were Italy's gift to England. MARIE CORELLI is half Celt, half Italian. M. DE BLOWITZ, the

noted Paris correspondent of the *Times*, is an Austrian. ISRAEL ZANGWILL, the Jewish writer, is German by immediate descent, though probably not by birth. COVENTRY PATMORE also claimed German blood. And ROBERT BROWNING is described as 'a strange admixture of English, Scotch, German, Dutch, and Creole'—a sort of human *rambambuli* or *salvagundi*. Among the honoured beaurocrats of strangers that have added a lustre to British art, Mr. ALMA-TADEMA is a Hollander by birth and education: Mr. BRITON RIVIERE is of French extraction; Mr. WHISTLER is American by birth and training; so, too, is Mr. ABBEY, R.A. Of the famous living singers that have made England their temporary or permanent home, Madame ALBANI is a French-Canadian; Madame MELBA an Australian; CHRISTINA NILSSON (Countess de Miranda) is a Swede; and ADELINA PATTI is of Italian extraction, but was born in Madrid. Of the men who have added a lustre to British science, SIEMENS, the great metallurgist and electrician, was born and educated in Germany. To the Fatherland also the Right Hon. FRIEDRICH MAX-MULLER, the famous Oxford philologist, owes his birth and education.

Both sacred and profane history give us instances of the scions of conquered races or nations being entrusted with the reins of Government of their conquerors. But the instances are rare indeed. Rarer still is it to find the sons of a subject people entrusted with supreme or very high commands in the armies of their conquerors. The first NAPOLEON is one conspicuous instance in point. The history of the British army in the present century furnishes many such. The two great British Commanders-in-Chief of the century, the Duke of Wellington and Lord WOLSELEY, were Irishmen. So were many of the most prominent British leaders of the past hundred years: Lord GOUGH, Sir CHARLES JAMES NAPIER, Sir EYRE COOTE. So likewise are by far the greater number of prominent officers now or recently at the front in the South African campaign—Lord KITCHENER, Generals WHITE, CLERY, and KELLY-KENNY. Lord ROBERTS, though born in India, is of Irish parentage, proudly describes himself as an Irishman, and is described as such in comparatively recent speeches—now before us—by Major-General HUTTON and Rear-Admiral Lord CHARLES BERESFORD. We do not even except the exploits of MARLBOROUGH when we state that Great Britain's Irish generals have, of all her military leaders, left the deepest mark upon the later history of the Empire. It takes many kinds of men to make a world. But an Empire that adopts a policy of limitless expansion needs strong hands and clear brains, from whatever point of the compass they may come. And it is both justice and good policy for Great Britain to practically and gratefully recognise the good that is in the little island-rock out of which so much of her military greatness has been hewn.

THE SLATTERY ANTIDOTE.

OUR PINK PAMPHLETS.

WE have on hands a full stock of our two Pink Pamphlets on the Slattery pair, who are now engaged in an endeavour to arouse and profit financially by sectarian passion against the Catholic body in this Colony. The first is entitled *Joseph Slattery: The Romance of an Unfrooked Priest*. It consists of 28 pages, chiefly of reprint from the N.Z. TABLET, with additions, and is the most withering exposure of the man yet published. It is published at this office at the small charge of 2d per copy, and 8s 4d per 100, carriage extra. The other (now ready) is entitled *Mrs Slattery: The Romance of a Sham Nun*, and is published at the same price. We strongly urge the Very Rev. and Rev. clergy and the laity to purchase these pamphlets well in advance of the Slatterys' visit, and, at the proper time, to scatter them broad-cast by the thousand. These pamphlets have everywhere proved themselves the best antidotes for the Slattery plague.

Investors and persons interested in mining and other stocks will notice that Messrs. Barr, Leary and Co., stock and share-brokers, Crawford street, Dunedin, and Featherston street, Wellington, have correspondents all over the Otago and Westland goldfields, and that they are members of the Dunedin Stock Exchange.—**

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street They guarantee highest class 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. Read advertisement.—**

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN.

We are pleased to notice that Dr. O'Neill has received the appointment of senior house surgeon of the Dunedin Hospital.

A first list of subscribers to the Bishop Verdon Testimonial Fund appears elsewhere in this issue.

The Very Rev. Father Corcoran, parish priest of Morpeth, diocese of Maitland, New South Wales, is at present in Dunedin, being the guest of the Rev. Father Coffey. He leaves this week on his return journey.

At the Trinity College Musical examinations the following pupils of the Sisters of St. Joseph were successful:—Port Chalmers: Intermediate—M. Drury, 73. Arrowtown: Preparatory grade—A. Partridge, 81.

At the Douglas Hotel, on Tuesday afternoon a presentation of a silver tea service and an illuminated address was made by Mr. Darcy and the employees to Mr. and Mrs. Liston on the occasion of their retirement from business. Mr. D. Falkner, on behalf of Mr. Darcy, made the presentation, to which Mr. Liston suitably replied.

On last Sunday a collection was taken up in the Catholic churches of Dunedin in aid of the fund for sending nurses to the seat of war. At St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, the amount realised was £10, and at St. Joseph's Cathedral a sum of close on £16 was received.

At the local centre, Oamaru, the following pupils of the Dominican Convent passed successfully the Trinity College London musical examinations (theoretical), gaining high marks:—Junior grade: Nellie Corcoran, Agnes Ford, Mary Falconer. Intermediate grade: Margaret Mary Rodgers, Annie Duguid, Monica Ongley, Kathleen Cartwright, Mary Maud O'Grady.

It is intended to celebrate St. Patrick's Day in Dunedin by a first-class concert. The committee having the affair in hand are making great preparations to make the concert a thorough success and well worthy of the occasion. The services of the best musical talent in Otago have been secured, so that patrons may rest assured of an excellent programme being submitted.

Over 20 members of the contingent now in camp attended Mass at St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, on Sunday. The men were in charge of Acting-Sergeant Tubman. Donations of interesting Catholic literature and periodicals and other healthy reading matter for the use of the men on the voyage, will be thankfully received by the Rev. Father Coffey, South Dunedin, or at the office of the N.Z. TABLET.

A social, given by the young ladies of St. Mary's Church, was held in the old Mosgiel House on Thursday evening, when there was a large attendance (says the *Advocate*), and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. A. Quelch acted as M.C., and excellent music was supplied by Messrs. J. Allan and J. Mehalski. Songs were given by Messrs. A. Dickson, J. Allan, J. Mehalski, and A. Quelch. Refreshments were supplied by Mr. R. Maca-lam. The young ladies who promoted the affair were very energetic in seeing to the pleasure of the guests.

General regret is felt in Dunedin at the departure of Mr R. Dobbin, accountant in the N.Z. Insurance Company's office, for Christchurch. Mr Dobbin has severed his connection with the Company for the purpose of commencing business as sharebroker in the City of the Plains. From Mr Dobbin's knowledge of commercial matters, and his up-to-date acquaintance with the value and prospects of dredging claims, we have little doubt but that he will quickly secure a large share of business, especially as he is well known in the Canterbury capital. His departure from Dunedin will be keenly felt by his many friends, who recognised in him a thoroughly upright business man and a practical Catholic who always took an active part in matters appertaining to the Church. In common with his many well-wishers of every class and creed we wish him success in his venture.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent)

February 26.

During Lent short instructions are to be given from the Pro-Cathedral pulpit on each Wednesday evening.

The Very Rev. Dean Foley preached on Sunday night, and announced that it was his Lordship the Bishop's intention to deliver a course of lectures on the Sunday evenings during Lent.

A concert and entertainment to celebrate St. Patrick's Day is being arranged by the local branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, the proceeds of which are to benefit the schools.

Three pupils of the Sisters of Our Lady of Missions successfully passed the recent Civil Service examination, their names being Agnes Ryan, Viola Montague, and Elizabeth McGee, and were educated at the Convent High School, Barbadoes street.

As a result of the collection in aid of the Cathedral Building Fund made at Loburn during the recent mission held there by the Right Rev. Dr. Grimes, the sum of £55 10s was handed in. Eleven candidates received the Sacrament of Confirmation on Sunday, the 18th inst.

At a patriotic meeting held at the Hanmer Springs, attended by residents and visitors, the Rev. Father Treacey was one of the speakers, and was, according to a local paper, cheered for his eloquent and passionate defence of the Irish from the charge of failure to respond to the Empire's call in the present crisis. He showed how valiantly the Irish regiments had fought, and how England's successes on the battlefield had been purchased with the life-blood of Ireland's best sons.

After being six years in the parish of Hawarden the Rev. Father Treacey, a short time ago, owing to ill health, resigned charge of that district. His late parishioners learning he was passing through to Christchurch, after a visit to the Hanmer

Springs for health purposes, met at the residence of Mr. Coakley, Lower Waiau, on Thursday last, and presented their former pastor with an address and purse of sovereigns. General regret was expressed at the cause of his severance from them, with hopes that complete rest and a long voyage would assist in a restoration to health. Father Treacey will leave in a few days for the North Island *en route* for England.

TIMARU.

(From our own correspondent)

February 26.

A meeting of members of the St. Patrick's Day Sports Association was held in the Mechanics' Hall last evening. The ground committee reported that the Caledonian Society asked £10 for rent of ground (£5 to be given to the Patriotic Fund if the directors approved), and the South Canterbury Athletic Club offered their ground free of cost. The committee recommended that the latter offer be accepted. The chairman explained that the Association would make nothing out of the sports, as all profit went to the Patriotic Fund, and said that the Amateur Athletic Club had met them in a very generous spirit. The programme was then submitted, and after slight amendment was adopted. It provides for £56 being given in prizes for cycling, running (both amateur and professional), dancing, music, and fire brigade events. The programme is so arranged that it can be comfortably got through during an afternoon. Judges were appointed as follows:—Cycling, Messrs. Lawson, Whelan, Bourn, and Shepherd; amateur running, Messrs. Turnbull and Knubley; professional, do., Messrs. Hale, Priest, Palliser, Cameron, Whelan, Jones, Mullin, and Grandi; stewards, Messrs. O'Rourke, Dennehy, and Mullin; general sports, Messrs. Hale, Grandi, Geaney, Reilly, Chute, Shea, and McAteer; dancing and music (Scotch), Messrs. Kelly, Martin, Sinclair, and Gunn; Irish, do., Messrs. Howley, McCarthy, and Connell; wrestling, Messrs. Evans, Pringle, Guaney, Hole, Reilly, Grandi, and Shepherd; timekeepers, Messrs. Lindsay, Gunn, and Mullin; competitors' stewards, Messrs. Raymond, Dennehy, and McKenna; marksmen, Mr. F. Cameron; amateur handicapper, Mr. C. A. Jefferson; referee, the President (Mr. D. Mahoney). It was unanimously resolved that a grand concert be held on the evening of the sports, the mover (Mr. Hole) referring to the great success previous concerts had been. The secretary of the League of Wheelmen wrote, granting a permit to hold bicycle races on the date applied for. A committee was appointed to make any necessary improvements to the track. The Garrison Band generously proffered their services free. Fifty-one new members were elected. A working bee was arranged to put the track in order, and voluntary offers were sufficient to do the work. Some objection was made at holding the annual concert and social in the Assembly Room, but when it was explained that no concession would be made from the ordinary charge of hiring the Theatre, and the Assembly rooms being kindly offered by Mr. Bowker free of cost, the action of the committee was endorsed.

NEW ZEALAND: GENERAL.

THE Waiwera with the second New Zealand Contingent on board arrived at Capetown last week.

THE Slatery pair reached Christchurch on Tuesday last, and may be expected further South very soon.

IT is probable that the Rough Riders Contingent will get away from the Colony about March 13 or 14. Port Chalmers will be the port of departure.

THE Wellington Fabian Dramatic Club will produce 'The Wearing of the Green' in Masterton on St. Patrick's night in aid of the funds of the local Catholic school.

AMONG the successful candidates at the Trinity College (practical) musical examination we notice the name of Master Edward J. Brownie, a pupil of the Sisters of Mercy, Lyttelton. The youthful violinist secured 85 marks in junior honours.

AMONG the successful candidates at the recent Junior Civil Service examination (writes our Timaru correspondent) were Richard Madden and John O'Connor, pupils of the Marist Brothers' School, Timaru. R. Madden, who is a son of Constable Madden, was the winner of one of the two scholarships at St. Patrick's College, competed for last December.

AT their last meeting the members of the Ashburton Catholic Literary Society debated the question, 'Are we over-educating our girls?' Mr. J. Quinlan took the affirmative, and Mr. P. Harahan the negative. Both of these made good speeches, and adduced some strong arguments in favour of their respective sides. Other members also contributed to the debate, which resulted, on a vote being taken, in favour of the negative side.

TWELVE candidates were presented from St. Mary's School, Nelson (says the *Colonist*), at the recent theory examination (music), in connection with Trinity College, London, and the following are the results:—Senior pass: Ellen B. Eden, 79; Bridget Kelly, 72. Intermediate pass: Hedevig Gibbs, 100; Cecilia Arnold, 67; Maggie Kelly, 67. Junior pass: Eva Gapper, 95; May Egan, 93; Constance Seymour, 93; Monica Armstrong, 91; Hannah Leighton, 87; Catherine Ward, 66; Evelyn Kelly, 65.

THE whole of the pupils sent up from the Convent of Mercy, Greymouth, to the Trinity College musical examinations (theoretical) were successful in passing. In senior honours Mary Kennedy got 88 marks, the highest ever obtained in Greymouth. In the Civil Service examination the only pupil presented by the Convent

(Mary E. Noonan) was successful. The following are the results of the musical examinations:—Senior honours: Mary Kennedy 88, Maude Bradshaw 85, Lizzie Taylor 82, Kate McLean 79. Senior pass: Margaret O'Meara 87, Annie McDonald 63. Intermediate honours: Florence Foot 92, Nellie McDonnell 87. Intermediate pass: Florence Foot 91. Junior pass: Mary Anne Heaphy 96, Alice Hannan 93, Julia Mahony 85, Annie Duffy 84.

SOME interesting financial returns were quoted by the manager of the Union Steam Ship Company (says the *Post*) in the statement of the employers' case at the Conciliation Board. Taking returns for the 12 months made up to the 30th September last, his company had paid in Wellington £62,990 for wages and labour, £17,820 going for wharf labour, and just upon £10,000 for men in the workshops. For coal labour the company had, during the same period, paid £1737 at Dunedin, £1682 at Auckland, £4569 at Lyttelton, and £9368 at Wellington. For the working of general cargo at these ports during the year the company had paid £10,277 at Auckland, £8367 at Dunedin, £7805 at Lyttelton, and £8452 at Wellington.

THE *Normanby Star* of February 20 records the success of the three following young ladies at the musical examinations held in October last in connection with Trinity College. Miss Bessie Flynn passed most successfully the Senior Division (singing), and took very high pass and honours (theory). This young lady also received a high certificate for her Royal Academy exam. in the singing higher division, which was held in November last. Misses Julia and Mary Flynn were the only pupils from the Wanganui Convent who gained 100 per cent. for theory, the former securing honours. Julia secured a very high pass for Intermediate (practical) and Mary took pass and honours, Junior (practical). Each of the young ladies are Convent pupils, the first-named being a pupil of St. Mary's Convent, Wellington, and the two last of the Sacred Heart Convent, Wanganui. They are sisters, and Hawera girls.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

AFTER the relief of Kimberley the Boer force, under Commandant Cronje, retreated in the direction of Bloemfontein, about 90 miles distant. Cronje had covered about half the distance when, in consequence of being hard-pressed by the British forces, he was compelled to lager at Koodoosrand, a small village about 40 miles in a straight line from the Free State capital. Here the enemy was completely surrounded by the British force, and as a result terrible fighting took place from the early part of last week until last Monday. The Boer losses were said to be tremendous, while the British losses were very heavy.

THE Boers were confined on Friday and Saturday on a spot in the river bed two miles long, 150ft wide, and 50ft deep. General Oberholser's brigade held the upper end of the ditch, Colonel Smith-Dorrien's force occupied the lower end. High banks and numerous dongas afforded the enemy some shelter. Their food supplies were abundant, but their ammunition was running short.

IT was confidently expected in this Colony that any moment might bring the report of Cronje's capitulation. The news came early yesterday morning in a message from the Agent-General to the Premier, dated London, midnight, February 27, and was as follows:—Lord Roberts has telegraphed that General Cronje and all his force capitulated unconditionally at daylight to-day. They are now prisoners in Lord Roberts's camp. This is the anniversary of Majuba Hill.

WEDDING BELLS.

ENNIS—NORTH.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday morning at St. Mary of the Angels' Church (writes our Wellington correspondent), when Mr. M. J. Ennis (organist at St. Joseph's Church) was married to Miss M. J. North, second daughter of Mr. T. North, of this city. The ceremony was performed by the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy. The bride was attired in a white muslin dress and wore a picture hat to match. She was attended by Miss C. Sullivan, and Mr. J. Brennan acted as best man. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold brooch set with amethyst, pearls, and rubies, and to the bridesmaid a gold bell brooch with rubies and pearls. The wedding breakfast at 'Coorang House,' Mrs. Sullivan's residence, was attended by the priests of the parish and a few intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ennis. The array of handsome and serviceable presents showed the high esteem in which the happy couple are held. The 'Wedding March' at the church was played by Mr. D. Kenny. The honeymoon is being spent in the North.

WARD—DUNNE.

A wedding which attracted considerable attention took place at St. John's Catholic Church, Cromwell, on Wednesday of last week, the contracting parties being Mr. Gilbert J. Ward, of Dunalister, Wyndham, and Miss Eliza M. Dunne, daughter of the late Mr. Francis Dunne, of Wellington. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Hunt in the presence of a large number of friends. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. P. J. Dunne, wore a charming costume of cream surah silk, trimmed with Limerick lace and chiffon. Miss Bella Dunne was bridesmaid, and Mr. J. J. Connor best man. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at the residence of the bride's brother. In the evening a large number of friends were also entertained by Mr and Miss Dunne. The happy couple left by coach for Dunedin accompanied by the good wishes of their friends.

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Good! It's
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Extract of Herbs.

N.Z. Price: 8d. per Bottle.

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Send 1/- in Stamps for Sample. Post Free.

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At last a tonic!—The bot of Ginger Wine Essence make a veral bot of most delicious wine.

NEWBALL & MASON
NOTHING BUT
Mason's Extract of Herbs for making de licious non-intoxicating beer. A bot. makes 5 gals. Sample bot. stamps or a sample of both Wine Essence and Extract of Herbs, post free, for 15 stamps. Agents wanted

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HUGH GOURLEY
desires to inform the public he still continues the Undertaking Business as formerly at the Establishment, corner Clarke and Maclaggan streets, Dunedin.
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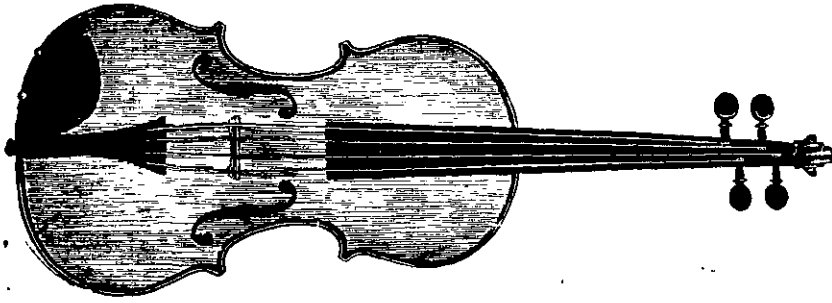
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The Storyteller.

A HUNTER HUNTED.

JONES got us the tale.

'Tell us that yarn of yours about the wolves, Granby,' he said. 'When they all—'

'Well, don't give it away before-hand,' said someone, 'if Granby's going to tell it.'

'I don't mind,' said the latter. 'Only remember, all of you, that it isn't a yarn, as Jones is pleased to describe it, but the true story of what actually happened to me.'

'I was in the Novgorod Government on business,' he commenced, 'and occasionally did a bit of snowshoeing, carrying a shotgun in case of a hare or a tree-partridge, or so. They were very scarce, however, and I rarely got a shot. Consequently I usually carried no more cartridges than the couple with which my gun was loaded—a very foolish practice which I have since abjured, and which I do not recommend to any of you. Always carry at least half-a-dozen cartridges, even though you are practically certain to have no use for the same. This is a concession to the chapter of accidents which it can hurt no one to make, for half-a-dozen cartridges are no great weight, neither do they take up much room.'

'Well, I'm afraid I was a duffer. I went out into the forest one afternoon upon my snowshoes, carrying a gun with a couple of fours, but with no reserve of cartridges in my pocket. I merely intended to take my day's exercise, and the chance of a shot at some stray hare or bird was but a secondary consideration. I wandered for several hours, getting, of course, deeper and deeper into the heart of the forest—a circumstance which gave me no anxiety whatever, for the weather was clear and there was no danger of snow falling to obliterate the tracks of my snowshoes, and if a fellow cannot find his way home upon his own tracks, why he must be unfit to venture outside his own back garden, and had better sit at home and darn stockings.'

'There was a little rascal of a tree-partridge whose shrill whistle lured me farther and farther onward.'

'Then, suddenly, something happened that changed my dull, almost purposeless ramble into an exciting enterprise and set my heart beating with all the ardour of a sportsman.'

Something skulked across my path, a large grey creature which at first—like a fool—I took for a small donkey, though I might have known that such an animal was probably not to be found nearer than the Zoological Gardens at Moscow, where one was kept as a rarity and greatly valued as such.

'Then, like a flash, the truth was borne in upon me—it was a wolf, and a huge one. Fool—idiot that I had been to miss such a chance' for even number fours—and at a distance of twenty yards—might have so wounded the brute that I should have chased and perhaps over-aken him.

'I rushed forward in the forlorn hope of catching sight of him once more, little as I deserved it.'

'Well, I did catch sight of him. Skulking off quickly with a grinning face—as it seemed—turned back at me over his shoulder, he was cantering under the trees thirty yards away, and I sent a cartridge-full of number fours after him.'

'Of course, he instantly disappeared, but there was a spot of blood upon the track of the brute, who—to judge from the somewhat scrambling footmarks he had left in his first frightened rush into cover—had retreated upon three legs instead of four.'

'Away I scudded at full speed. I had my second barrel, and—said I to myself—I would keep my head and my cartridge; even though I should come as close upon the brute as 10 or 12 yards from his tail I would not fire. I should wait until I could actually over-take him, and then spurt along-side and fire point-blank into his ear.'

'Even as I turned I saw him again, 40 yards ahead, going for all he was worth at a three-legged gallop, holding his fourth foot in the air, and from time to time losing ground by suddenly stopping for an instant to turn and bite at the wounded member, which he would do with a yelp of pain or rage.'

'Away he went and away went I after him, and soon—though I hesitated to assure myself of the fact, lest it should prove a mistake and disappoint me—soon I could not help being pretty certain that I was gaining.'

'It was not very long before the forest began to thin, and it became evident that I had travelled fairly across the belt of forest, which I had entered at the Moscow side, and was about to emerge at the other end.'

By this time I was within 15 or 20 yards of the wolf, who hobbled along well, considering that he was a leg short.

'Another minute or two and we had passed out of the forest and were careering over a wide plain, and here—just as I expected, I began to gain pretty rapidly, a yard at a time, till I was first 12 paces, then 10, and at last but a bare half-dozen from his tail. The left hind leg was broken, I could see, near the foot.'

'I now began to feel certain of my wolf, and only waited for the moment when I should make my effort, spurt rapidly for a moment or two, rush past him on the right, and empty my gun into his head at discretion. I must be careful and do the thing thoroughly, once for all, since I had been so idiotic as to bring not a single spare cartridge.'

'Quickly we flew across the wide plain that opened, level and white, from the edge of the forest, and now we had reached a bushy patch of ground that seemed to crown a gully, leading, I suppose, in summer to the banks of a streamlet or small river.'

'I was almost at the very tail of my limping quarry, who panted now as he ran, occasionally turning a wicked face at me over his shoulder and snarling back at me a message of deadly

hatred and menace, which made me doubly determined to be very sure of my shot before I attempted to perform the happy despatch of him, for if I should only wound and enrage the brute and he turned and fell upon me with those fangs that he seemed so anxious to show me in all their glistening glory, why, the chase might end in a manner which would prove less agreeable to me than I had taken the liberty to expect.'

'Just as I was in the very act of sprinting forward in order to bring myself level with the side of his head, which I should then blow into fragments at half a yard range, we reached the top of the gully just mentioned and my snowshoes began to slip and skid and show that inclination to cross one and another and floor their master which is so familiar to all those who have practised the pretty art of ski-running and especially of shooting the hillsides, upon the narrow, slippery snowshoes or ski used in Norway and Russia.'

'I should have been all right, for I flatter myself that I can negotiate a steep hill on the shoes as successfully as most, but, unfortunately, the slope was covered with the stumps of felled or burned trees, some of which were visible above the surface of the snow, and some invisible, just beneath the snow level.'

'I dodged two or three of these, and the impetus of my rapid descent was just carrying me like a lightning's flash past the wolf, when suddenly the points of my ski struck a tree-stump concealed just beneath the surface, and in a moment I was flying head first through space, to plunge an instant later, face first, into a deep snow bath that awaits the overthrown ski-runner, and into which he penetrates to any depth that the impetus of his flight avails to carry him.'

'I was furious with rage and disgust. I knew I should now lose all the ground I had gained, and a great deal more besides, before I could be up and after my wolf, even though by good luck, and I suppose the instinct of the moment, I had clung to my gun, and still held it fast in my snow grave.'

'But, alas! No sooner had I begun to move in order to regain the surface and get once more upon my feet than I became aware, by a violent twinge of pain at the ankle, that I was damaged. It was agony to move my leg, and in despair and the deepest mortification I instantly realised that the hunt was up; I had lost my wolf.'

'This was bad enough, and at the first moment I certainly did not think that anything could possibly be worse, but when I began to pick myself up and attempt to get into my snowshoes once again I learned that worse things are possible than the mere losing of a wolf.'

'For I now discovered that I was dead lame. My ankle was badly sprained; the pain was great but that was nothing. The significant thing was that I could now no more attempt to skate homeward upon my snow-shoes than leave them behind and fly homewards with only my coat-tails for pinions.'

'I sat down and began to think how I should best proceed in order to get back to town. It was obviously impossible to travel at any pace: the chase was up—I thought no more of that as a possible thing—but could I limp slowly along (if such a word can be used of ski-going, even of lame ski-going) or, indeed, use my sprained foot in any way whatever in order to get homewards?'

'A very little while spent in the attempt served to convince me that I could not.'

'Slowly the conviction forced itself upon me that I was destined to spend the night out of doors.'

'Now, this was not only an extremely disagreeable prospect, seeing that I was without food or warm clothing, but distinctly a dangerous one as well, for what if it should come on to snow—as well it might at this season—and the new fall were to obliterate the tracks of my snowshoes? Why, then I should not be found, maybe, until I was frozen stiff and hard, a candidate for sepulchral honours, which, of course, are all right so far as they go, though I, for one, prefer to remain as long as possible on the sunny side of the soil, and have never yet felt any ambition to be buried, even smartly.'

'On the other hand, if the weather continued fine and clear, my tracks would remain, and I should undoubtedly be sought for and easily found by my friends, but not until the next morning; for the short day was already almost ended, and dusk had begun to blunt the sharp lines and edges of the forest that lay behind and in front of me, surrounding the two-mile plot of open land in which I lay. I was, I suppose, quite ten miles from home. In a word, the prospect was unpleasant.'

'I would, I think, have painfully hobbled back as far as the nearest pine cover, but that it occurred to me, on reflection, that I would rather be benighted in the open than in the midst of the forest, where prowling beasts might creep up unseen, in the shadow of the pine trees, and watch and perhaps attack me unsuspected.'

'My wounded wolf, for instance, might well both think him that I had caused him severe pain, and perhaps the anguish of fear also—for I had all but caught him when an evil destiny upset me and my calculations and gave him the game. Perhaps he would return up in his tracks—catch me asleep beneath a tree—work himself into a passion of hunger, which, for a wolf, is the one and only road to courage, and presently—primed to the necessary point—would suddenly spring upon my throat, and—crunch!—exit sleeper, after a disagreeable awakening!'

'No—I would remain here in the open, where, at least, I could watch and see anything that moved within sight. There would be half a moon to-night. I should distinguish objects pretty plainly.'

'So I tied up my ankle, which was swollen and painful, and covered myself with snow for warmth, until little but my head remained above surface, and waited.'

'My gun, with its one No. 4 cartridge, lay beside me—my only friend and guardian, a kind of one-armed sentry, that could strike but one blow in my defence, and must then, like its lame master be overpowered.'

'It was cold, but my body was warm enough, buried in the snow. I thought of everything that was most distracting: I thought of my business, of my best girl—and, perhaps, of my second best—of my holiday in England now looming in the near and blessed future—and after a while I fell asleep.

'I slept, I suppose, for four hours at least, and it may have been more. One of my ears was frozen slightly, but otherwise the cold had not hurt me. I looked sleepily around to make sure that all was safe. The moon was up and I could see fairly well to a considerable distance.

'The forest line was indistinct, though of course the tops of the trees were clearly outlined against the sky. In front of the forest, half-way between them and me on my left, was a row of tree-stumps that I did not remember—six, seven, nine of them. It was curious that I had not noticed these, for they stood so symmetrically, like a line of little black men on sentry-go.

'I rubbed my ear with snow, releasing my arms to do so, and soon made it comfortable. Then I glanced again, but quite without design, in the direction of the row of stumps. They were not there!

'I winked my eyes and looked again. Certainly they had disappeared. Was my sight going wrong—spots in the eye or something of the kind—the result of the frost? I rubbed the skin violently all around them and looked again. The stumps were not there; but my eyes felt all right. I must have been mistaken.

'So I sat still awhile, and gave myself up to the luxury of thought. I was going to England, I had done well in my business, and I might marry if I chose, and if someone else chose. The thing was, did I choose? I liked girls, and this girl perhaps best of them, but—

'Suddenly my meditations were broken by a sound which positively made my blood run cold: it always does whenever I hear it, and under any circumstances—the howl of a wolf; the dreariest, saddest, weirdest, uncanniest cry that ever was selected by one of God's creatures to convey information to a brother of his ilk, or, it may be, to relieve his own feelings. It was doubly weird, trebly terrifying now—when the sound betokened extremely serious things for me, and since it was, moreover, much nearer than I had ever heard it before.

'At the same moment, slowly turning my head in the direction whence the howling proceeded, I observed that the nine stumps which I had seen on my left now stood in a row on my right.

'Then I recognised those tree-stumps, and recognised also my position, which was most unenviable I can assure you. The stumps were, of course, wolves—nine of them, seated upon their haunches and watching me; licking their lips, no doubt, and trying to pluck up courage to run in and win.

'I waved my arms and uttered a shout.

'Like a dream the creatures vanished, scudding for the cover of the pines although the Evil One were after them.

'"Come," I thought, "you are far from worded up as yet, my friends! There may still be a chance for me if I keep my head!"

'As a matter of fact, a wolf is a great coward until he is so hungry that famine and desperation compel him to disregard danger for his stomach's sake. The winter had not been a very cold one, however, and these wolves were probably by no means starving; if there had been but one or two they would not have dared even this much; their numbers had emboldened them. Every companion adds to the pluck of a wolf, and in that lay my danger; for here were nine wolves, and nine wolves are more than nine times more dangerous than a single wolf.

'Presently they were out again and seated upon their haunches watching me. I shouted a second time, and once more they fled, but not so far as the forest line, turning and squatting this time after running a few yards. This was a bad sign, for it meant that they were beginning to gather courage. I remained still, anxious to see to what extent their courage would avail them, and whether I was to regard the brutes as really dangerous or not.

'Of a sudden one of them set up a howl, and another chimed in. It was just as though he had cried "Come, boys, there's only one, and probably he's almost frozen to death. Let's make a dash and have him!"—for immediately the whole company started and trotted towards me, suddenly stopping and squatting when within about thirty or forty yards.

'I do not pretend that I was not frightened. On the contrary, I gave myself up for lost as they came nearer and nearer. I prayed, and then shouted. It was in response to my shout that they stopped and sat down. But the effect went no further than this, evidently my shouts no longer greatly terrified them since they found that these were followed by no physical injury to themselves.

'At a distance of forty yards they sat and watched for an hour. During this time my courage rather increased than diminished. I stood up and waved my arms, doing imaginary dumbbell exercises. This kept me warm, and prevented, it seemed, a further advance of the enemy.

'Then I grew tired and rested, and almost immediately the brutes advanced another ten or fifteen yards, and again squatted upon their haunches and watched me. The situation was becoming somewhat desperate.

'Then I took to singing songs. I sang a dozen on end, howling them at the top of my voice till I was hoarse and was compelled to stop. Instantly my nine friends advanced—this time trotting forward until they sat within ten yards of me. It was more than horrible, almost maddening. Indeed I think I grew somewhat light-headed at this point of my trials. I remember addressing the nine grim, squatting brutes in a speech, abusing them in calm but coldly-cutting terms—a speech, biting, sarcastic, venomous, but not, I think, rude. I remonstrated with them, and also threatened them. I had my gun, I told them, and intended to blow out the brains of the first wolf that ventured to come within a four-foot circle.

'The wolves seemed to listen with interest. They fidgeted their feet when I had finished speaking, and one or two whined softly. One howled aloud—it was terrible; moreover, it seemed as if the sound encouraged the rest, for they moved a very little closer.

'I went through wild gymnastical exercises, some of which alarmed them sufficiently to drive them for a moment or two a few yards further from me, but they soon returned, and again sat about me as close as the nearest point up to which they had yet ventured.

'So long as I moved or spoke they came no nearer, and so the matter halted for a period which seemed an eternity, but which was, I suppose, two or three hours at most. Then I became so hoarse that I could speak no more, and was, moreover, so weary that every movement, besides being most painful to my injured limb, which the gymnastics had not relieved, was an effort for which I scarcely now possessed sufficient strength. I felt that I must sit down and rest. If they came nearer in consequence one should die at any rate and perhaps the shot would scare the rest. I sat down and waited and rested, gun in hand.

'Almost immediately the wolves began to grow impatient, believing, I suppose, that the time had nearly arrived when an attack upon me might be made with impunity. One or two began to trot round and round me—a move which disconcerted me very much, for I could not protect myself both in front and behind at the same time. The whining turned to snarling—matters were coming to a crisis.

'Suddenly, and almost unexpectedly, for I had not thought that I should be attacked quite yet, one of the brutes rushed in, open-mouthed and long-toothed, uttering no sound but a kind of indrawn snarl; he had actually fixed his teeth in my leg—partially protected by the felt-lined leather knee-boot that I wore—before I was aware of his intentions. I felt the drag of his jaws as he pulled at my flesh, his teeth firmly fixed in my calf, his desire being, I suppose, to haul me away among his comrades, to betorn to pieces at discretion.

'He had, I think, dragged me a little way before I brought my gun to bear upon him, and fired.

'His jaws relaxed their hold and his eyes dimmed, he fell backwards from me, recovered himself and snarled viciously, looking like an angry devil and striving to gather himself together, as though to spring upon me, but in a moment he fell back again, dying.

'I looked about, having struggled to my feet, for the rest, clubbing my gun for a last fight. They were gone.

'Not for long, however. Inch by inch I saw them creep back until, within a quarter of an hour, they squatted and walked and trotted as before, licking their lips and snarling, within five yards of me, but keeping their distance.

'Suddenly one made a dart. I thought he meant to pull me down, and was ready for him with clubbed gun, but he seized his still struggling comrade by the foot and dragged him away.

'Immediately the other seven fell upon him and his prize, and a snarling, growling, rearing, tearing match began, which lasted for an hour or more—until the eight had picked the one to pieces and swallowed every particle of him save his bones—a devilish cannibal orgie, indeed, but undoubtedly my salvation.

'For whether their weird meal had satisfied them, or whether the oncoming of dawn reminded them that their deeds were deeds of darkness and would not bear the light of day, or whether, their hunger satisfied it suddenly struck them that I was a dangerous thing and might at any moment spit fire at them, even as I had launched it at the late lamented object of their supper, whatever the cause, they drew off by ones and twos, and the howling of the last of the crew died away in the distance of the forest.

'This was a good opportunity to faint, and I availed myself of it so thoroughly that when my friends arrived upon my track at about eight or nine in the morning I was still as insensible as the picked bones of my victim, which lay, as witness to my adventure, 15 yards away, in the spot to which he had been dragged for the feast.—FIELD WHISHAW, in *Captain Magazine*.

The Catholic World.

AUSTRIA—A Catholic University.—The Catholics of Austria have an association for erecting a Catholic University at Salzburg. The Catholic University fund amounts to a million marks.

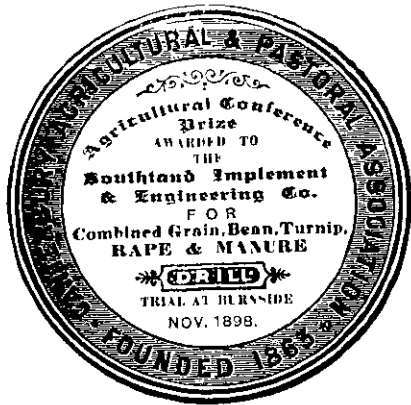
BAVARIA—Appointment of a Papal Nuncio.—Mgr. Cesare Sambucetti, titular Archbishop of Corinth, and Secretary of Ceremonial, has been nominated by his Holiness to the Apostolic Nunciature of Bavaria. It may be remembered that Mgr. Sambucetti was the Prelate appointed by Leo XIII. as delegate to England on the late occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, and it was then said that he was one of the most distinguished-looking representatives present on that occasion.

BELGIUM—Catholic Journalists and the Holy Father.—The Belgian Catholic journalists have this year renewed the handsome New Year's gift of a goodly round sum which they offered Pope Leo XIII. last year. Subscription lists were opened by every Catholic journal. This, of course, is in addition to the usual Peter's Pence subscribed. In a special audience granted the Belgian journalists last year when they presented their New Year's gift, his Holiness remarked that the money would be devoted to the needs of the Syrian, Chaldean, and Melchite patriarchs who were in sore want.

— THE —

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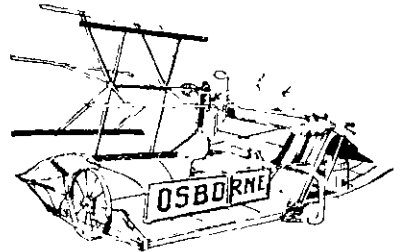
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CHINA.—Condition of the Church in the Celestial Empire.—Monsignor Favier, Vicar-Apostolic of Peking, is expected shortly at Rome. Thanks to his tact, Pontifical diplomacy, and the efforts of M. Pichon, French Minister at Peking, the condition of the Catholic mission in the Celestial Empire is highly satisfactory.

ENGLAND.—Beginning the New Year well.—Midnight Mass was celebrated in all the Catholic churches in London in connection with the new year, and the congregations were everywhere large, the majority, and, in some instances, all receiving Holy Communion, which, by special concession was administered to the faithful on this occasion. Cardinal Vaughan attended the pro-Cathedral, Kensington. At St. George's Cathedral Bishop Bourne assisted at the service. Canon Murnane preached at the Church of the Sacred Heart at Camberwell. It is to be hoped (says the *New Era*) that a new year begun so holily by the Catholic world will be specially blessed and that the new century, which is about to dawn, will witness still greater advances in the progress of Catholicity than the memorable century which is closing and which has been marked by two such notable events as Emancipation and the restoration of the English and Scotch hierarchies and the Tractarian and Romeward movements.

Overlooking the Bristol Channel.—The Church of the Immaculate Conception, Clevedon, is perched on a cliff and overlooks the Bristol Channel. Catholic mariners, passing up and down the Channel, are able, even at a great distance by means of telescopic advantages, to see the statue of Our Lady Star of the Sea, which occupies a niche in the front of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and which looks down on all passers by as well as all the mariners up and down the Bristol Channel. The Franciscans here are doing a noble work for God and souls. It was in 1880 that these Fathers, expelled from France, their native land, turned their back on their own ungrateful shores and crossed over to enjoy some of England's liberty. Clevedon was one of the places they settled in and they are now flourishing here. They also have fine friaries at Ascot (Berks) and Woodford Green (Essex).

Destruction of a Church at Cardiff.—The Church of the Holy Cross, Cardiff, was practically destroyed by fire on Thursday afternoon, December 28, the outbreak being attributed to the heating apparatus. The organ, which was ruined, was valued at £500, and the church itself cost about £1,300 to build.

Death of a Venerable Priest.—The death is reported of the Rev. A. Cruickshank, D.D., the sad event taking place on January 4 at St. Bernard's Abbey, Leicestershire. In early life Father Cruickshank was brought up and educated as a Protestant, like all his family. He was sent to Rugby School, and passed with distinction through its course of studies. As an earnest and thoughtful student of the religious controversy of the day he became a Catholic soon after the establishment of the Hierarchy. After his reception into the Church he went to the English College, Rome, to study for the priesthood. After a distinguished career in the theological schools at Rome he was ordained priest, and was appointed Vice-Rector of the Collegio Pio, which Pius IX had founded for converts. After a few years in that office he went to England and was appointed on the staff of Warwick street Church, London. The harassing duties of a priest on the mission in those days did not suit his somewhat delicate constitution, and after a time he went to reside at the Abbey of Mount St. Bernard, Leicestershire, where he dwelt for nearly a quarter of a century.

A Venerable Priest.—A correspondent of the *London Tablet* writes:—It may interest your readers to know that the Rev. Dr. Rymer does not stand alone as the representative of the clergy of the old London District. There is living at Newport, Isle of Wight, the nephew of the Rev. Joseph Hunt, by whose efforts St. Mary's, Moorfields, was built—the Rev. Joseph Bowler, who was born in 1817 and ordained priest September 29, 1839, by the saintly Bishop Griffiths. I think he must be the oldest representative of the clergy of the old London District.

FRANCE.—Ordinations of ex-Military Officers.—Three ex-Infantry officers who had passed through the famous military College of St. Cyr, the French Sandhurst, were ordained deacons at St. Sulpice recently by his Eminence Cardinal Richard. They are the Comte de Miremont-Parguc's, M. de Bois-marin, and M. Quillet. The eldest son of General Fenech, Governor of La Flée in the Azores, one of the strongly fortified towns of France, also received deacon's orders. Minor orders were conferred in the chapel of the Seminary, the principal ordinations taking place in the Church of St. Sulpice. The church was thronged on the occasion with friends and relatives of the students, many others, including leading Catholics, attending the imposing ceremonies which gave 33 new priests and 58 deacons to the Church in France and elsewhere.

An alarming incident.—The Christmas functions in the cathedral at Meaux were suddenly interrupted by an alarming incident. Mgr. de Bruy, the Bishop, who was about to address the vast congregation on the subject of a monument to his illustrious predecessor Bossuet, suddenly fell from his throne in an apoplectic fit. He was carried to his episcopal palace, and according to the latest news, has recovered consciousness.

GERMANY.—Prince Max of Saxony.—Prince Max of Saxony, who is a priest (says a Berlin correspondent) has been appointed by Liberal papers to every vacant episcopal See. He was lately made Bishop of Metz and Mayence, and Archbishop of Cologne. The Prince himself desires to live and work quietly among his Catholic toilers at Nuremberg. One of the most prominent and respected Catholic prelates of the German Empire said lately, as to these appointments of the Prince:—Prince Max is doing much greater and more splendid work for the Catholic cause as a simple labouring-priest at Nuremberg than he would do

as Archbishop of Cologne. Two of the Prince's ancestors have been bishops of Germany and Austria. One of them was Prince Clemens Wenceslaus, who was Bishop of Freising, Augsburg, Ratisbon, and Elector of Treves. The four dioceses over which he ruled as an excellent Bishop and regent, covered an area larger than the kingdom of Saxony.

The Catholic Press in Fatherland.—At the awakening of Catholic life and activity and Germany, the Catholics of the Fatherland were represented by three papers. Now the number has swollen to over 300. The power of the Press is generally appreciated. It is held that wherever error, heresy, and false reasoning find a way, so can truth, dogma and equity. Catholic journalists are banded together in a society under the patronage of St. Augustine. They have frequent conventions to discuss and decide upon one common programme by which close contact between the Catholic Press and the Catholic people may be assured and maintained.

SCOTLAND.—The Archdiocese of Edinburgh.—In the year 1880 there were in the Archdiocese of Edinburgh and in the four suffragan Sees of Aberdeen, Dunkeld, Galloway, Argyll and The Isles, 162 priests, 307 churches, chapels, and stations, and a Catholic population of 110,000; in 1899 the numbers were:—priests, 233; churches, etc., 369; Catholic population, 133,400.

SOUTH AFRICA.—Missionaries for Rhodesia.—The Very Rev. Father Sykes, S.J., Prefect Apostolic of the Zambesi left Southampton, on February 3, for South Africa. He took with him a party of lay brothers. After a short stay in one of the Jesuit houses in Cape Colony, Father Sykes hopes to get to Rhodesia and Buluwayo by Beira.

THE PHILIPPINES.—Liberation of Clergy.—The Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs has received a telegram from the Spanish Consul at Manila, announcing that the steamer *Uranus* has arrived there from the island of Panay, having on board the Bishop of Wega, 117 monks and priests, five officers, and 115 civilians, who have been liberated.

UNITED STATES.—Honouring Archbishop Ireland.—The Commercial Club of St. Paul recently gave a reception in honour of Archbishop Ireland. Rarely, if ever, has there been such a gathering in St. Paul: all the representative citizens and many leading inhabitants of the State came together to do honour to Archbishop Ireland as the representative of all that is best and greatest in American citizenship. Among those present were the Anglican Bishop (Dr. Gilbert), the Mayor, two Judges, and the Senator for the district, all of whom were members of the reception committee. Several speeches were made in which the Archbishop was eulogised in glowing language: and it was pointed out that he had made the City of St. Paul known throughout the whole world. Bishop Gilbert's speech was as cordial as any. He said, in the course of it, that he came to pay a tribute of affection, admiration, and honour to one whose noble life, splendid achievements, and exalted patriotism had been an inspiration and guide to him as it had been to all. Everywhere he went he had found the name of Archbishop Ireland known, honoured, respected and loved. Archbishop Ireland, who was deeply moved by the speeches and by the extraordinary enthusiasm with which he was greeted, said in the course of his reply:—As my friends and fellow-citizens you greet me; as your friend and fellow-citizen I thank you. I am deeply moved by the words addressed to me in the name of so many citizens of St. Paul and Minnesota. Not to appreciate the value of this evening's manifestation, not to experience from it the thrill of joyous gratitude would argue that mine is not a mind to apprehend nobility and generosity of thought and action in fellow-man; that mine is not a heart to soften beneath the warmth of kindness, to vibrate in response to the touch of disinterested friendship. I have ardently loved my city, my state, my country. I have always deemed it my urgent duty to do whatever was possible for the benefit of my fellow citizens, without distinction of race or creed. The minister of a Church whose principles are for me inviolable, to the spiritual welfare of whose children I am pledged by my ordination vows, I have never believed that I must not see in men outside the ranks of that Church, my fellow-men and brothers. His Grace then went on to say that for him humanity was the mark of man's brotherhood, and to its remotest frontiers humanity received his love. While his primary field of work was the strictly spiritual, yet he held that his field was likewise in the whole range of human interests moral, intellectual, social, and even material. To his mind religion embraced the whole man. As a bishop of the Catholic Church and the sternest upholder of her teachings, he was greeted by fellow-citizens, most of whom were non-Catholics. This showed that they had all learned the great lessons of practical Christian charity and of practical American citizenship. While each one held fast in his own conscience to what he believed to be the truth, he respected the consciences of others whom God, not man, should judge. They sincerely loved one another in the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of the great God. Faithful to the letter and spirit of the American Constitution, they admitted and proclaimed equal civil, political, and social rights for all American citizens. In no other city in America was there less evidence of religious strife or dissension than in the city of St. Paul. His visit to Europe convinced him that for the whole people there was more social liberty, greater extension of social and political rights, richer rewards for industry, more fruitful opportunities for talent in America than in any other country of the world. They should be the most satisfied of peoples. Unless they frittered away their opportunities America was sure to become a great nation, and the opening of the twentieth century would be for her the opening of an era of prosperity such as she had never before dreamt of, such as no other nation might hope to attain.



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INAUGURATION OF THE HOLY YEAR.

IMPOSING CEREMONIES AT ST. PETERS

A ROME correspondent gives the following interesting account of the ceremony of the opening of the Holy Door by his Holiness the Pope on December 24, a brief report of which appeared in a recent issue of the N.Z. TABLET:—

On Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, the Pope formally inaugurated the Anno Santo or Holy Year by performing the ceremony of opening the Holy Door in the Basilica of St. Peter. This solemn function took place in the vestibule of the Cathedral, from which the public were excluded, but in which were assembled the members of the diplomatic body, the Roman nobility, and a number of distinguished persons who had received invitations from the Pope. At half-past ten his Holiness, accompanied by the Pontifical Court, was carried from his apartments to the Robing Hall, where the Cardinals, patriarchs, bishops, and all the dignitaries of the Pontifical Court were gathered. Having put on the pontifical vestments, Leo XIII. mounted the *Sedia Gestatoria*, and, preceded by a long train of Cardinals and ecclesiastics, was borne to the Sistine Chapel, where were assembled the representatives of all the religious Orders and the clergy of the confraternities in Rome.

After a short prayer before the Holy Sacrament, which was exposed on the altar, the Pope left the *Sedia Gestatoria* and intoned the 'Veni Creator.' The procession was then resumed, with the addition of the religious Orders, who carried lighted candles. Near the portico at the side of the Holy Door the Papal Throne was erected. Here the Pope was received by the Chapter of the Vatican, and he then took his seat on the throne, surrounded by all the princes of the Church.

At the signal given by the great bell of St. Peter's, his Holiness approached the Holy Door with two Cardinal deacons and Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli, who handed to the Pontiff the beautiful golden hammer, which is the gift of the Italian bishops. With this the Pope, who was wearing the mitre, struck three forcible strokes on the door, which had previously been sawn through, and which only needed a little additional pressure from the workmen to give way. The threshold of the door having been washed, the Pope, meanwhile, intoning the first words of a psalm which was taken up by the pontifical choir, his Holiness, holding in his right hand the cross and in the left a candle, knelt down at the now open door while the 'Te Deum' was sung. Then rising, he entered the Cathedral alone, followed, after a certain interval, by the Cardinals and the Bishops.

At the moment all the church bells in Rome were set pealing. The Pope, on passing into the basilica, stopped at the Altar of Pity, and here, in accordance with ancient usage, the Guards of the Arch-confraternities of Rome, whose office it is to keep the Holy Door during the Anno Santo, were allowed to kiss the foot of the Supreme Pontiff. After a brief discourse on the significance of the ceremony which had just been performed, the Pope proceeded to the Altar of the Holy Sacrament, where he offered a short prayer, and was then carried to the High Altar, from which he pronounced the Benediction.

The public who thronged the Cathedral at this point broke into loud cheers for the Pope. After a short interval his Holiness took off his vestments, and was carried back to his apartments. All was over by one o'clock. During the two hours and a-half that the ceremony lasted the Holy Father kept up wonderfully well, though he looked very pale and worn. The aged Pontiff smiled constantly on the people and the attendant ecclesiastics, and his voice, which was weak at the beginning, gradually gained in strength towards the end.

THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE CEREMONY.

The preparations for the opening of the Holy Door began on December 19, when stone portals that had remained undisturbed since they were sealed by Pope Leo XII, in 1825, were removed. In their place were erected light frames of wood and iron, which, on Christmas Eve swung inward, responsive to the knock of the Pontiff.

The coincidence of this Holy Year with the end of the century and the beginning of another has raised the belief in many that some relationship exists between these circumstances, while in reality it is the faculty of the Pontiff to proclaim the intervals by which Holy Years shall be divided. And now, while Rome is preparing to solemnise with elaborate festivities the industry of the world at the beginning of the century, from the Eternal City the

voice of Leo XIII. summons the faithful to reunite themselves for the solemnities of the Holy Year in a grand and universal jubilee, when greater favours and indulgences will be granted.

PAST JUBILEES.

The last Holy Year—when, however, the ceremony of the opening of the Holy Doorway was not performed—was proclaimed in 1875 by the preceding Pontiff—Pius IX.—and many remember still the great assembly of foreigners, which was marked by the arrival in Rome of the international deputations from Italy, Austria, Hungary, Russia, the United States, and Australia.

The Holy Year, or Jubilee, derives its origin from the custom instituted by Moses, when the elect people every fiftieth year were called to sanctify themselves with works of piety. The first Holy Year was proclaimed in 1300 by Pope Boniface VIII.

The Pontiff did not live then in the Vatican, but at the patriarchal palace of St. John in Lateran, and it was from the pontifical residence that the famous bull was issued whereby he assigned the Basilica of St. Peter as the goal of reunion for the pilgrimage. To the appeal of the Pontiff there was immediate response, with great enthusiasm, and to Rome began to flock in thousands the devotees from France, Spain, England, and Germany. It was estimated that about 2,000,000 of foreigners came to Rome on that occasion, and among these were such illustrious persons as Carlo Martello, the King of Hungary, and Charles of Valois, brother to Philip the Fair, in company with his wife, Catherine, niece to the Empress Baldwin, besides his sons and a suite of about 500 French knights.

Rome was then inclosed with a wall broken here and there by towers. The Church of St. Peter's was far different from what it is now, being entered by means of small marble steps that the faithful ascended kneeling and kissing them one by one. Ingress to the church was through five large doors, of which that in the middle was called the silver doorway and was almost always closed, since it was destined for monarchs: in more recent ages another was called 'Holy,' and reserved for jubilee years.

It was Pope Alexander VI. of the Borgia house who, after having personally directed researches for the purpose of discovering the position of the holy doorway which had been opened on the fourth jubilee of Boniface IX, not succeeding in his attempt, ordered a new one to be made, and that this might afterwards be recognised he adorned it with marble and sculpture.

THE GOLDEN HAMMER.

The golden hammer which the Pope uses is a precious piece of goldsmith's work, and, besides a work of art, is a manifestation of symbolical talent that the Italian episcopacy offers to the Pontiff. But besides this there are three other hammers, offered him for the opening of the doorways in the other churches. The French Catholics have given that for St. John Lateran, the work of a celebrated goldsmith of Lyons; the clergy and Catholic laity of Italy that for St. Mary the Greater, made on the design of the architect Collamarini; and the Catholic laity of the German Empire that for St. Paul's. The last opening of the holy doorway was celebrated, as we have said, in 1825 and a copperplate engraving of the ceremony of that year exhibits the Pontiff, Leo XII, in the act of striking with his golden hammer the fragile wall which closed up the doorway. Some old people now living, who were then in Rome, remember the ceremony of that year, when the Pontiff, in penitence, proceeded barefoot to the tomb of St. Philip Neri, and went also to wash the feet of the poor in the hospital of Trinita dei Pellegrini, and to perform other works of charity and humiliation.

THE HOLY YEAR OF 1825.

Among those who were present at the opening of the holy doorway in 1825 was Joachim Pecci, the present Pontiff.

It is too early yet to know all that is contained in the various documents that may be found hidden by the door closed by Pope Leo XII at the end of the year 1825, but it is believed that they will be found to contain many things which, when fully disclosed, will verge upon the prophetic.

A peculiar coincidence marks the ceremonies of 1825 and of the present year in that Pope Leo XII, almost a year before the time for the ceremony of 1825 was not expected to live, and, in fact, had taken the last sacraments on December 23, 1823, and prepared for death. He recovered, however, and lived until 1829. At the end of the jubilee year he closed the portals and sealed them up, anticipating that within a quarter, or at the latest half, of a century some succeeding Pope would open them and find the relics and tokens deposited within.

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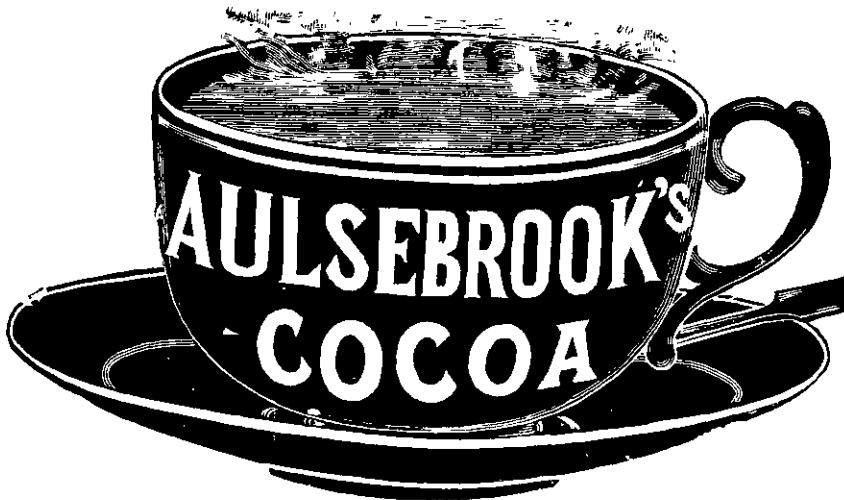
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People We Hear About.

The Duke of Norfolk, who recently celebrated his 52nd birthday, succeeded his father in 1860. The premier Duke has, therefore, the further priority of having borne his title—the only one in existence granted by Richard III.—for 40 years, a longer period than has fallen to the lot of any other English Duke outside the Royal Family.

Miss Agnes Macready, who has written under the *nom-de-plume* of 'Arrah Luca' for the Sydney *Catholic Press*, went quietly to South Africa a few months ago to nurse the wounded on the battlefield. Miss Macready is a qualified nurse. She paid her own expenses. She is also acting as correspondent for some of the Sydney newspapers.

Lord Salisbury brought up all his children to do something. His eldest son is a hard-working member of Parliament. Another is rector of the family parish; another is an industrious barrister; another is a tall soldier now at the front. One of the daughters is married to Lord Selbourne; another, a very clever lady, elected to devote herself to her father and mother.

The owner of some of the most valuable silver and gold mines in Arizona is Mr. Patrick Driscoll, a County Antrim man. Though deriving a large income, Mr. Driscoll is of the most frugal turn of mind, and his monthly expenses do not exceed 30 dollars. He is a man of unbounded generosity, any sons of the Old Soil who happen to be in difficulties find him a splendid and open-hearted benefactor.

Probably every admirer of Robert Louis Stevenson supposes that he wrote his fascinating books fluently; but his own testimony, in a playful postscript, is this: 'Be it known to this fluent generation that I, R.L.S., in the forty-third year of my age, and the twentieth of my professional life, wrote 24 pages in 21 days, working from 6 to 11, and again in the afternoon from 2 to 4 or so, without fail or interruption. Such are the gifts the gods have endowed us withal.'

Rev. Father Hudson, editor of the *Ice Maria*. Rev. Father Baart, of Michigan, and Father Elliott, of the Paulists, have by request prepared papers to be read at the Australasian Catholic Congress, which is to meet in Sydney next October, under the presidency of Cardinal Moran. Father Hudson treats of Christian principles as our guide, our individual conduct in family life and in our duties to the State. Father Baart treats of Church and State relations in the United States. Father Elliott writes on Christian charity, as applying Christian principles in our dealing with those around us.

The late Father Halsen, C.S.S.R., who died recently at the Redemptorist Monastery, Waratah, N.S.W., was in early life in the Commissariat Department of the British Army. He served in the Crimean War, and at the conclusion of hostilities made his way like so many others to the goldfields of Victoria. He was an Anglican, and made his studies in Oxford. Some years after his reception into the Church, he made up his mind to enter the priesthood and was ordained in Rome in 1877. Having joined the Redemptorist Fathers, he was one of the first batch of the fathers chosen to come to Australia.

Lord Lovat, who has been writing an account of his adventures in Abyssinia, is the owner of a vast domain of deer forests in Inverness-shire and of a great deal of the soil in Inverness itself. His principal abode is Beaufort Castle, close to Beaulieu, where the fishing has been rented more than one season by the Duke of Portland. The late Lord Lovat, who died while deer-stalking, once made a bet he would leave London for Beaufort and be back in forty-eight hours, having caught a salmon, shot a brace of grouse, and killed a stag; and he won his bet. He spent enormous sums on the house at Beaufort. Lord Lovat is the head of Catholicism in the North of Scotland.

Politics, like poverty, make strange bed-fellows. The present Victorian Ministry, according to the Melbourne correspondent of the *Otago Daily Times*, is certainly a peculiar political combination. Mr McLean is a rabid protectionist and anti-federalist; Mr Shiels a most erratic individual, all fireworks and glitter, the very worst Treasurer the colony ever possessed, again at that important post; Mr Irvine a staunch freetrader and federalist; and so on. Rather a curious specimen is Mr Melville, of the Upper House, who is the new Minister of Defence. He is an amiable, simple-minded, garrulous Scotchman, something in the grain trade, who has made a competence by careful, steady, hard work. He continues in his good old simple way—rising every morning at 5 and milking his own two cows regularly, just as he has done these 40 years.

There was an amusing episode at the Irish Literary Society's lecture in London recently between Mr. Charles Russell and his father, the Lord Chief Justice. The former lectured on Curran, and lectured very well. Then the latter criticised, and regretted that the lecturer had not given more samples of Curran's wit, an omission which he partly supplied. He related, amongst others, the retort so often ascribed to Curran of a certain judge who declared that if the law was as counsel had laid it down, he would go home and burn all his books, and the well known retort—'You had better go home and read them.' It was not till Mr. Russell's response to a vote of thanks that he gave his reason for not relating that anecdote. The real author of the retort, he explained was Sergeant Dunning in reply to Lord Mansfield, and not Curran at all.

A delicious story of an interview between President Kruger and the Duke of Abercorn should not be unrecorded, inasmuch as the accuracy of the story can be vouched for on the authority of a Minister of the Crown. Conversation was carried on by an interpreter. 'Tell the President,' said the Duke, 'that I am the Duke of Abercorn.' Kruger nodded his knowledge of the fact. 'Tell him I am chairman of the South African Chartered Company.' An assenting nod from the President apprised his Grace that his 'Honor' was aware of that interesting connection. 'Tell him,' said the Duke, 'that my father was the Viceroy of Ireland, the representative of her Her Most Gracious Majesty in that country.' At length the President grew communicative. 'Tell him,' said President Kruger, 'that my father was a shepherd.'

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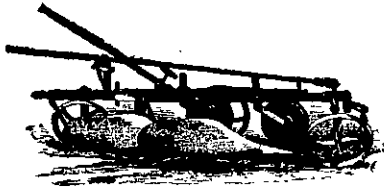
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