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

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

LEO XIII., P.M.

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

LEO XIII., Pope.

Current Topics.

QUEEN'S LATIN. THE inscription on Queen Victoria's coffin was in Latin, not in English. We wonder some of the Orange bigots did not object on the ground of its being "popish." Thus writes our valued contemporary, the *N.Y. Freeman's Journal*. But the inscription on the late Queen's coffin was not the only Latin that hung around her. There was Latin—and even ranker "popery" still—upon every coin struck during her long reign. The titles or initials of British royalty are inscribed in Latin upon every British coin, upon proclamations, mail-coaches, etc. The 'F.D.' or 'Fid. Def.' of our coinage stands for 'Fidei Defensor' or 'Defender of the Faith'—a title which was conferred by Pope Leo X. on Henry VIII. in 1521 for his treatise in defence of the Seven Sacraments against the doctrinal novelties of Martin Luther. The title was expressly limited to Henry VIII. by the Pope. But, strangely enough, it is to this day retained by English monarchs, even though they are compelled to swear that the religion, for the defence of which the title was conferred, is 'superstitious and idolatrous.' Reverting to the use of Latin, we may add that many of the Reformers, both English and Continental, wrote in Latin. Stranger still, the records of English courts of justice were kept in Latin till the reign of George II. Your doctor's prescription for dyspepsia, sciatica, or cholera morbus is to this hour written in Latin, which is still recognised as the language of scientific and learned men all over the world. And Bax, in his *German Society at the Close of the Middle Ages* (p. 94) says: 'One of the advantages of the custom of writing in Latin, which was universal during the middle ages, was that books of an important character were immediately current amongst scholars without having, as now, to wait upon the caprice and ability of translators.' Anyone who witnesses a *disputa*, or the ordinary routine of class-work in, say, a Roman ecclesiastical college, will find reason to greatly doubt the statement that Latin is even now a dead language.

AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

We rather suspect that Father Reginald Collins, army chaplain, has, like Father O'Flynn, 'a wonderful way' with him in dealing with the 'boys.' At any rate he is one of the most popular of army chaplains and his name has long been associated in the British army with many a reckless act of personal bravery performed for the sake of the men committed to his care. The *Daily Chronicle* remarked editorially some time ago that 'the pluck of the Roman Catholic chaplains has become a serviceable tradition among the [British] troops.' It records in one of its latest issues to hand the fact that Father Collins has had the unusual distinction of having been twice mentioned in General Buller's despatches—on, as the phrase runs, he has been 'twice happily dispatched.' 'Bishop Brindle,' says the *London Tablet*, 'has had five mentions. Three of these were for his services in the Soudanese campaigns of the eighties. It was in these same campaigns, as many readers will remember, that Father Collins first made his name. In March, 1885, General McNeill marched out of Suakin, which we were holding against Osman Digna, with a column to establish a fortified post in the bush. While preparing his camp he was surprised by the enemy. Just in time

to escape massacre, the column formed into squares, and conspicuous in one of these was Father Collins, of whom a correspondent had to write that he "wielded a revolver as to the manner born." After the first rush had been repulsed, it was necessary to send a message to a Hindu regiment in square close by, whose bullets were threatening British lives. Father Collins volunteered to bear the message across the fire-swept ground. A correspondent who was present describes the scene: "Stepping forward calm and collected in demeanor the chaplain walked, his life in his hands, across to the Hindus to whom he gave the necessary orders, and then returned as calmly to the little square he had just left. His reception must have been some compensation for the dreadful risks which he had run. The men, struck with his heroism, raised cheer after cheer; and placing their helmets on their bayonets, waved them frantically in their enthusiasm." 'Father Collins,' says the *Tablet*, 'was also at Tel-el-Kibir; and so struck was a Colonel of the line—wounded that day—with his bearing on the field, that his last act before he died was to send the chaplain's name to the General in command.' Father Bellord was wounded at Tel-el-Kibir; and it was in the same historic battle that Father Collins, when found among the 'boys' and under fire in the front rank, had to plead in excuse that his horse had bolted and borne him there.

TEL-EL-KIBIR, Atbara, Omdurman, El Caney, Gravelotte, or Fredericksburg—it is all the same: the Catholic army chaplain generally contrives to find himself where the

bullets chirrup and sing and the stricken men go down. Never, perhaps, was the value of the Catholic chaplain more enthusiastically appreciated than during the great American Civil War of the sixties. 'The war,' says an American author, 'had in it nothing more remarkable than the religious devotion of the Irish Catholic soldier whenever he was within reach of a chaplain. The practice of their faith, whether before battle or in retreat, in camp or in bivouac, exalted them into heroes. The regiment that, in some hollow of the field, knelt down to receive, bare-headed, the benediction of their priest, next moment rushed into the fray with a wilder cheer and a more impetuous rush. The benediction nerved, not unmanned, those gallant men, as the enemy discovered to their cost.' In the face of death a clear conscience often creates a hero where a bad one 'makes cowards of us all.'

A clear conscience undoubtedly contributed to make such splendid heroes of the pious but ill-armed band of Zouaves who fought for Pope Pius IX. under Major O'Reilly at Spoleto and under General Lamoricière at Castelfidardo. And apart from the national love of 'a rare purty bit of a fight,' the presence of their priests upon the field played a great part in producing the wonderful *élan* and magnificent dash which characterised the Old Irish Volunteers and Meagher's Irish Brigade and the Ninth Connecticut and the famous Sixty-ninth New York and 'Billy Wilson's Zouaves' and the other Irish regiments on both sides during the great American struggle of the sixties. The sabre-cuts of General Rosecrans and his men were none the lighter nor their charge less gallant because they made the sign of the cross and invoked the blessing of heaven before setting foot in stirrup.

RIDE "ANGLO SPECIAL" CYCLES.

When a battle was impending the Irish Catholic soldiers prepared for eventualities by approaching the Sacraments, and their chaplains were kept busy day and night. Here is what an American officer had to say of one of the Irish regiments: 'Their chaplain—a plucky fellow, sir, I can tell you—had extraordinary influence over them; indeed he was better, I do believe, than any provost-marshal. They would go to Mass regularly, and frequently to confession. 'Tis rather a curious thing I am going to tell you; but 'tis true, sir. When I saw those Irishmen going to confession, and kneeling down to receive the priest's blessing, I used to laugh in my sleeve at the whole thing. The fact is—you will pardon me?—I thought it all so much damned tomfoolery and humbug. That was at first, sir. But I found the most pious of them the very bravest. And that astonished me more than anything. Sir, I saw those men tried in every way that men could be tried, and I never saw anything superior to them. Why, if I wanted to storm the gates of hell, I shouldn't want any finer or braver fellows than those Irishmen. I tell you, I hated the "blarney" before the war, but now I feel like meeting a brother when I meet an Irishman. I saw them in battle, sir; but I also saw them sick and dying in the hospital, and how their religion gave them courage to meet death with cheerful resignation. Well, sir,—and the great, grim, war-beaten soldier softly laughed as he added: 'I am a Catholic now, and I no longer scoff at a priest's blessing, or consider confession a humbug. I can understand the difference now, I assure you.'

THERE was a time when Americans were very touchy about the lecturings which they received from 'people with enlarged consciences' at the other side of the Atlantic on the subject of lynching. The late Dean Hole was about the first transatlantic critic who broke the established literary tradition of unconditional condemnation of the rough-and-ready proceedings of Judge Lynch. In his *Little Tour in America* (which appeared in 1896) this noted author of *A Book of Roses* regards those irregular trials with a half-smile, half-frown. 'Of course,' said he, 'no rational man defends this process as a principle.' But he is decidedly in favor of the swift sentence and short shrift of Lynch law in cases of outrage committed upon women and children in sparsely settled districts where immediate arrest of the offender is difficult, where the proceedings of the improvised court are fairly conducted (a rather important proviso, by the way), and where, according to common belief, both judge and jury can be 'squared' or 'got-at.' Cases are, however, of frequent occurrence where prisoners (and especially negroes) are torn from the grip of justice and put to death by excited mobs amidst the flare and fury of unreasoning passion. At other times the quarry is hunted down and shot at sight, or strung up to a tree and riddled with revolver-bullets, or roasted alive. This penalty has been unknown to civilised countries since, somewhere about the beginning of the eighteenth century, it ceased to be the legal punishment in England for wives who murdered their husbands. But within the past ten years it was inflicted upon no fewer than fifteen citizens of the United States by order of the greenwood courts of Judge Lynch.

Lynching is more frequent in the Southern States. But its operations have been witnessed in Colorado, where a negro was burned to death at the stake a few months ago. No official statistics of the victims of lynch-law have been published. A Cork jury is said to have returned the verdict 'died of an accident' in the case of a man who had undergone the extreme penalty of the law in the city by the Lee long, long ago. And at an inquest on a man killed in a faction fight the verdict was that 'the deceased met his death by the visitation of God under suspicious circumstances.' The deaths at the hand of Judge Lynch's executioners may be concealed in the State records under some such euphemistic headings as 'accidents,' 'murders,' or 'the visitation of God.' At any rate they do not publicly appear, although they are as constant a cause of mortality as lock-jaw or chalky gout. Enterprising newspapers have, however, published from time to time unofficial statistics in point. The most careful return of the kind which we can discover covers the years 1884-89, and was published by the *Chicago Tribune*. It appears in a work of Mulhall and runs as follows:—

Year.	Murders.	Legal Executions.	Lynchings.
1884	3377	103	219
1885	1808	108	181
1886	1409	83	133
1887	2335	79	123
1888	2184	87	144
1889	3567	98	175
Total	14,680	558	975

The reader will be struck with the smallness—nay, the insignificance—of legal executions to murders, and with the high rate of Judge Lynch's operations as compared with those of

the legitimate Jack Ketch. During the past sixteen years as many as 2573 persons were lynched in the United States. This gives an average of 161 per year. It would appear that the Lynch's business is steadily declining, for during last year the number of these illegal executions was reduced to 115, of whom 107 were negroes. As usual, the greater number of these executions—all but eight—took place in the South.

From the South, too, the most earnest and authoritative protests against lynching have proceeded. Judge Anderson, Edward J. McDermott (of Louisville, Ky.), Governor Atkinson of Georgia, and others, have denounced the custom in terms of vehement shame and indignation, and have shown that it has been made time and again the instrument of private interest or vengeance for the ruin of innocent persons. But no stronger or more weighty rebuke of Lynch-trials has been published in late years than the recent pastoral of Dr. Durier, the Catholic Bishop of Natchitoches, La. He uses no lispings syllables in denouncing the stain which this form of assassination casts upon the vaunted civilisation of our day. 'Lynchers,' said he, 'are murderers in deed; their helpers, counsellors, and sympathisers are murderers in heart, blood-stained before God.' Americans are sending missionaries to 'vert the Catholic natives of the Philippines, among whom such crimes are unknown. 'Wouldn't it be a good plan,' says the *Pittsburg Observer*, 'for the President to invite some of the friars, or of the native priests, or even a band of Filipino laymen, to come over and help America's civilisation?'

PERHAPS some of our readers may be able to solve the following query, which has been propounded by the Hon. Thomas B. Reed: 'If killing 10,000 Filipinos in ten months, as our soldiers are said to have done, is "benevolent assimilation," how many must the Spanish have killed in 300 years to warrant us in calling their government of the archipelago tyrannous?' In the *North American Review*, Mark Twain, after having described in terms of sarcasm that blister like drops of vitriol, the betrayal of liberty and the dishonor of America in the Philippines and Cuba, suggested that the flag for the new Provinces should be 'just our usual flag, with the white stripes painted black, and the stars replaced by the skull and cross-bones.'

THERE is a resurrection as well as a downfall in progress in the religious life of the German Fatherland. As far back as October, 1882, the *Edinburgh Review* said: 'The land which was the cradle of the Reformation has become the grave of the Reformed faith. . . . Denial of every tenet of the Protestant faith among the thinking classes and indifference in the masses are the positive and negative agencies beneath which the Church of Luther and Melancthon has succumbed.' The same melancholy tale had been previously told by the noted Scottish Presbyterian, Samuel Laing, in his *Notes on the German Catholic Church*, in 1845, and in 1879 by two other Protestant writers, Vizetelly and Baring Gould. It is, in effect, the burden of Rev. Dr. Williams's hopelessly hopeful *Christian Life in Germany*, which was published in 1897. The same subject was touched in dark colors by the writer of an article on 'The Decay of Evangelicalism' which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* for May, 1898. The figures given by Baring Gould in 1879 (in his *Germany Past and Present*, ii., 164) regarding the decline of church-going in the Fatherland are sufficiently gloomy. Those given in the number of the *Contemporary Review* just referred to by us are, if possible, more melancholy still. Only two per cent. of the population of Berlin, for instance, are said to attend at church. At Hamburg the percentage is a bare one and a half. Saxony is described as having 'meagre accommodation and empty churches.' In Hanover the frequenters of the State church are only 14.35 per cent. of the population; in the city the proportion drops to 6.5 per cent. The causes of all this are stated with extreme frankness and unanimity by the authorities quoted above—namely: the wholesale spread of infidelity among the educated, among 'the vast majority of the middle classes, and even among a large portion of the lower strata of society.'

The one bright light in this dark picture is the unanimous verdict given by those noted Protestant authorities as to the steady and vigorous growth of the Catholic Church in Germany. It was noticed by Samuel Laing as far back as 1845. 'The sense of religion,' wrote he, 'its influence on the habits, observances, and life of the people, is alive only in the Roman Catholic population.' 'In contiguous parishes of Catholic and Protestant populations one invariable distinction has long been patent to all eyes. The path to the Catholic church is trodden bare, that to the Protestant Church is rank with grasses and weeds to the very door.' So wrote the *Edinburgh Review* of October, 1880. Rev. Dr. Williams likewise gives the palm for church-going to German Catholics in his book, *Christian*

Life in Germany. And, says he, 'nowhere in the world is the Roman Catholic Church doing better work' than in the land of the Kaiser.

HOW THEY DID IT.

THE unity, vigor, and energising solidarity of our co-religionists in the Fatherland are an object-lesson which ought to be taken to heart by the good, but sometimes knock-kneed, spineless, and shadow-scared Catholics of these southern lands. Above all, German Catholics have taught the world the enormous value of lay co-operation in the Church, of leagues and unions for social work, and of the power of a well-written and fearless Catholic newspaper press. An article in a recent number of the *Revue des Questions Sociales* attributes principally to Herr Windthorst, the great deceased leader of the Centre (Catholic) party, the signal triumph of German Catholic enterprise. 'His far-seeing eye,' says the *Revue*, 'recognised the needs of the future, and his provident mind provided the programme by which those needs were met. His work has prospered since he was taken from it. To-day 200,000 German Catholics are members of the Volkverein, and in the past decade at over 5,000 meetings, the principles of the Catholic Church have been declared, defended and disseminated with increasing success. To combat the trend of socialism the Volkverein has the following plan: There are in Germany some 250 Catholic journals, and in order that these may be equipped for the battle, a committee of the Volkverein, called the Press Committee, sends every week a couple of articles bearing on social questions to each paper, and, what is more important, sends them without cost. Thus do German Catholics support their Press, and thus do our German co-religionists face the trials and the problems of modern times. They are firmly convinced that Christianity is the greatest power for social good and social progress on this earth. Even Liebknecht, the chief opponent of the Centrist party, was generous enough to admit this. 'The Catholic Church,' he is reported to have said, 'is an invincible power, because it is a social power; and as long as it continues to be so will it remain unconquered.' German Catholics have long ago learned the lesson that those who keep in the background and start at shadows or the rustling of a falling dead leaf, will be quietly and contemptuously relegated to the cowshed. And they have proved moreover that there is something better than skimmed milk in their veins.

As to the Catholic Press, 'there are now,' says the *Carmelite Review*, in its December issue, '305 Catholic newspapers in the German Empire, with nearly a million and a quarter regular subscribers, and the influence of the Catholic Press gives an impetus to Catholic thought which is beyond estimate, especially as parents in Germany oblige their children to read the Catholic papers at home. The extent to which these papers are read may be appreciated when we consider that there is at least one taken in every three families in the Empire. Faith would be strengthened and innumerable souls kept in the pale of holy Church did Catholics in America [and, we may add, in New Zealand] see the importance of supporting their own journals.' Here is a timely 'word to the wise.' We hope it will be sufficient.

Tussicura, the wonderful cough remedy—sold by all chemists and grocers.—* *

Did you ever read *Helen's Babies*, and do you remember the delightful enthusiasm of little Toddy when he got at the internal workings of somebody's watch and wanted to see 'the wheels go round'? And does it occur to you that wheels occupy a pretty important part in cycles? We have realised this fact, and as an evidence of the attention given the subject, want you to examine the latest Sterling chain, chainless, and free wheels. Built like a watch. New shipment just landed. Morrow, Bassett, and Co.—* *

A RICH RETURN.

When a mixture attains so wonderful a success in so short a time as Tussicura has managed to do, it is difficult to speak of the matter in a way that does not appear like exaggeration. Let us look back at the career of this extraordinary medicine from the start. It is only a few months since the proprietor launched it upon the market, and, as it was produced in a comparatively obscure town in Central Otago, it will be seen that the inventor was considerably handicapped. There was no idea of putting forth a cheap mixture—for there are only too many of these before the public at the present time—but the object in view was to use the very best drugs procurable after a careful consideration as to the effect they would have on the systems of persons suffering from particular complaints. People are, not unnaturally, chary of trying a new remedy unless it comes to them heralded by all sorts of 'bold advertisements,' and the proprietor of Tussicura, although he might have expected to have an extremely hard fight in convincing the public of the excellence of his preparation, is naturally gratified at its immediate success. At the same time he recognises that, in order to recoup him for his large expense that he has been put in preparing the mixture, he must seek a wider field, and the number of testimonials he has received amply justified him in anticipating a success.—* *

IN THE WAKE OF THE RISING SUN.

(By 'VIATOR'.)

Jerusalem, December 23, 1900.

THE JORDAN.

We too 'went down from Jerusalem to Jericho,' but a Bedouin escort, robed and armed, on fleet Arab steed, accompanied our carriage. And verily down went we, for Jericho lies in the basin of the Jordan 3,500 feet below the hills of Jerusalem, and 1,300 feet beneath the level of the Mediterranean. Skirting the Mountain of Olives, leaving Bethany on our left, we make first halt at a khan, or public hostelry, where travellers supply their own luncheon, and note a well called the 'Apostles' Spring.' Here we saw a string of 105 camels on their way to the hills of Moab beyond the Jordan, leisurely descending the road from Jerusalem to water at the spring. Patient, silent, cynical looked the animals under their various loads looking into nowhere with bobbing heads and jutting humps, and gingerly, steady step. Still we pursue our way to the khan, called that of the 'Good Samaritan,' marked by tradition as the place where this type of human beneficence 'was moved with compassion' for the wounded traveller, and 'going up to him, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and, setting him on his own beast, brought him to an inn, and took care of him.' Crossing the brook Cherith, rattling away in its stony bed, we see the basin of the Jordan stretching away beneath us, and far in the distance the dark blue waters of the Dead Sea. Jericho is beneath us, and reached towards evening after a drive down hill of more than five hours. The Bedouin escort is 'drawn up' at the hotel, proudly cognizant that he has so far seen us safe.

Here we are sensible of a considerable rise in temperature. It was chilly in the early morning after sundown among the hills of Jerusalem, but here in Jericho in the afternoon of December 15 the thermometer registered 75 degrees Fahrenheit in the sun. Everywhere you see the vine, the date-palm, orange and lemon trees, the zakkum tree or balm of gilead, the gorgeous scarlet loranthus and narcissus and convolvulus peeping out from the thick vegetation. We gathered here, too, the 'apple of the Dead Sea,' or 'apple of Sodom,' first yellow and afterwards red, fair to the eye, but crumbling to ashes on being pressed; also the 'Spina Christi,' a plant said to have supplied the thorns with which Our Lord was crowned. All these are products of a sub-tropical climate.

A few hotels, a Catholic church (where I said Mass), and the Russian Hospice, the Governor's house, and a few others compose in greater part the modern Jericho.

But there is the ancient Jericho at the foot of the hill of Karantel road in its ruins, and not far away the Roman Jericho whence Our Lord started on his last journey to Jerusalem. The modern Jericho arose under the Crusaders—a struggling village drawing its life from visitors and pilgrims. Ancient monuments, tombs, water-conduits, and broken walls tell of glorious days that have fled. The native inhabitants, mostly Bedouins, about 400 in all, are as dark almost as the Ethiopian, and particularly squalid and degenerate in their habits, lives, and surroundings. We visited their quarter, heard their piteous appeal for bakshish, and saw naught of aim or purpose or ideal in their commonplace lives. Mayhap are they the descendants of Ishmael, as our dragoman advised us. There are sycamore trees still here, even as when Zachæus climbed into the branches thereof to see Our Lord pass, 'for he was low of stature' and heard the Divine summons: 'Zachæus, make haste and come down, for this day I must abide in thy house. . . . This day is salvation come to this house, because he also is a son of Abraham.' 'At that time Jesus entering in walked through Jericho.'—(Luke xix.)

THE DEAD SEA.

Next morning, Sunday, December 16, we are off in the early sunshine to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, for am I not duly empowered by the venerable Patriarch of Jerusalem, who gave us a kind reception, to say Mass in the open, on the banks of the river, and at the very spot, so says tradition, where Our Lord deigned to undergo the form of Baptism. Our escort is well in evidence on his frisky bay, which curvets and gyrates to the top of his bent. As we drove across the low-lying plain I read aloud with singular appropriateness the Gospel of the day—third Sunday of Advent—'The Jews sent from Jerusalem priests and Levites to John to ask him: "Who art thou? . . . What sayest thou of thyself?" He said: "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Make straight the way of the Lord.' And they asked him: "Why dost thou baptise if thou be not Christ, nor Elias, nor the prophet?" John answered and said to them: "I baptise with water, but there hath stood one in the midst of you whom you know not." These things were done in Bethania, beyond the Jordan, where John was baptising' (John 1).

The Gospel, so appropriate to day and place, wrought an impression not easily conveyed, and deep in thought we traversed the desert through the brushwood to the open bank along which the Jordan runs deep, rapid, and tawny, to lose itself in the Dead Sea. Our altar was soon erected—the congregation was there—and in the still morning, under the vault of heaven, the warm sun glinting the while, the Jordan rushing by, I offered the Holy Sacrifice, while the Doctor and Madame and our dragoman knelt on the sward. Our Bedouin was on guard. Here in the very centre of this amazing panorama, near where the trumpets of Joshua signalled the fall of the city walls, on a site bristling with name and memories the highest and most appalling of history, we mingled our orisons together and heard in spirit the voice from heaven: 'This is my beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased—hear ye Him.' After an *al fresco* breakfast—for our Bedouin escort, a man of resources, had not been idle or unmindful—we journeyed to the shores of the Dead Sea, not a sound to break the heavy silence but the sound of our voice and the sobbing of the clear water on the beach. Desolation marks the shores of this the most depressed sheet of

water in the world, for it lies 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. We journeyed back to our camping place at the Jordan and again set ourselves down mid the oleanders and crimson-colored loranthus and jubbe trees that line its banks, and here we had a swim in the fast-running river, to plume ourselves for ever and aye on being washed in the Jordan. Running south from Mount Lebanon and losing itself in the depths of the Dead Sea, the Jordan marks a course of not more than 120 miles, though its cork-screw turnings between the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee increase its course to 200 miles.

On returning we pass two lonely monasteries over the valley of Achan, where Achan and his family were stoned, and one past Gilgal, where the Israelites first set their camp west of the Jordan on taking possession of the land of promise. 'And the Lord said unto Joshua: "This day have I rolled away the reproach of Egypt from you." Wherefore the name of the place is called Gilgal (i.e. rolling) unto to this day.

Over the sandy road, in bright, hot sunshine, through groves of orange, oleander, pomegranate, date-palm, and apple of Sodom trees we make our way back to our headquarters at

JERICHO.

In the plain are ruins of sugar-mills, telling of the culture of sugar-cane down to the time of the Crusaders, and a hermit's cave, identical, it is said, with the grotto in which Our Lord passed the forty days of His fast in the desert, before He entered on His three years' public life. A good hour's climb on foot takes you to the summit of an overhanging hill, crowned by a monastery, and here tradition says is the 'Mountain of Temptation,' whither Our Lord was taken by the devil and offered the sovereignty of the world, if falling down He would adore him. The weird seclusion, the thread of silver in the distance marking the course of the Jordan, the broad face of the Dead Sea looking silently up into the arching blue above, the setting of all in the verdure of the plains stretching away in splendor to the hills of Moab, whence the chastened Israelites caught first glimpse of the Promised Land—all bathed in the evening sun, made a picture to look on and not soon to forget. Coming down we find at the foot of the hill a basin of clear, crystal water fed from a stream. This basin is called the 'Spring of Elias,' as marking the stream that Elias made sweet with salt. In its clear depths the little fishes chased one another, and to and fro came the dark natives in bare-footed silence, poising their water-pots on the head, and pausing a time to turn over their simple topics at the well-side. We see the glinting forms innocent of much wardrobe, and follow the bye-play and the gambols and hear the shriek and laugh and appeal ring out on the soft air, and we know that later the conviction will be brought in on them, seen through the glass of past years, that merry of heart and free from care, and recking not of shadows are the dreamy days of youth. The poet-searcher is quick to phrase the thought

'Too soon have these young days faded
Which even in sorrow were sweet.'

JERUSALEM.

But our dallying in Jericho has the fate of things human—and vain would we dally mid charms and spells and a fairy bonds—but we must ever move on if we are to keep true with the fixtures of our itinerary. Early next morning after Mass before the dawn, we are off from Jericho. Up the hills we climb, in the fresh morning air, a perfume of balm softening the chill breeze, and the nodding fronds of the date-palm speeding us. Our Bedouin escort is at our side. The road is a stiff one. Over the silent road we go past the khan of the 'Good Samaritan,' past the brook of Cherith, and the lonely monastery cleaving to the naked sides of the cliff, past the khan of the 'Apostles' Spring,' the boundary between Judah and Benjamin, past lordly camels and lowly asses and groups of natives bent on their humble errands, past the toilers in the vine-rows, up, up till we scale the Mount of Olives and mingle with the busy throng at the Damascus Gate. Here Jerusalem stands—over the ruins of the City of David, the City of Solomon, the City of Oman, buried perhaps under 30 or 40 feet of rubbish; here it stands over the buried relics of former grandeur; over streets trodden peacefully by Our Saviour's footsteps, washed by His blood; unchanged are the natural features of the surrounding country, unchanged the landmarks. The mountains around Jerusalem, which of old were her bulwarks, are still here. Here are Olivet, and the brook Cedron; here are Gethsemane and Calvary. The city still crowns Sion. Kings, and prophets, and apostles, and saintly knights, and a greater than they have looked out upon these identical scenes which it is now our privilege to gaze on and tread on and pray on.

It was evening as we climbed the hill to Bethany, and here, taking leave of our Bedouin escort with many salaams and some bakshish, whereat he beamed from ear to ear and airily caracoled into the misty hills, prancing his winsome Arab and waving his hands the time. We stay to visit the house of Martha and Mary and the tomb where Our Lord called forth Lazarus from the dead for 'He loved him.' 'And presently he that had been dead came forth, bound hands and feet with winding bands. . . . Jesus said to them: "Let him go." Standing here mid the lowly surroundings, the humble village, the poor-clad peasants, the gaping children clamoring for the unearned increment, it was borne in upon us that 'not by bread alone doth man live,' and that there is something greater, higher, more to be pined after than the passing goods of a world that gifts its votaries with no finality in the claims and strife of life. Over the hill we wound from Bethany, through the Damascus gate, past the grandiose hostelry and Church of Notre Dame de France. Then we turned to look on the panorama below, at the stretches of country flushed with the vivid rose of the expiring sun. The city walls and towers stood out sombre and majestic, the purple lines of the hills of Moab came ever so near, and the slopes of Mount Olivet tapering to the tower that crowns its summit, slept peacefully in the growing shadows. In quick and

vivid thought, with steady, overpowering force came back on us the close of that tremendous day, 'day of wrath and dreadful day'—the bare, bleak, hill-top, the crosses black and rude against the angry sky, the darkening of the heavens, the passing of the forms that were, when multitudes seeing what was done smote their breasts and said: 'Verily is He the Son of God.'

Diocesan News.

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON.

(From our own correspondent.)

April 6.

Rev. Father Herbert, of St. Patrick's College, has been appointed ordinary master of ceremonies for the archdiocese.

Great satisfaction with the result of the Coningham case is expressed here by people of all creeds. Immediately on receipt of news of the verdict his Grace forwarded to Dr. O'Haran a cable congratulating him on his complete vindication.

Miss Rose Harvey, a pupil of St. Mary's Convent, Wellington, has received advice from the secretary of Trinity College, London, that she has been successful at the higher examination in musical knowledge held last December, gaining a special harmony certificate. It would appear from the pass list that Miss Harvey was the only successful candidate in New Zealand.

The usual weekly meeting of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Literary Society was held last Monday evening. Mr. John Kays presided. Readings from various authors were given by the members. Some of the readings were very humorous, and a very pleasant evening was spent. A new syllabus for the coming quarter was drawn up and a sub-committee appointed to arrange for lectures during the winter. The Rev. Father Goggan promised to give lessons in elocution every Thursday evening to the members who desired them.

At the Sacred Heart Basilica on Palm Sunday Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Hills, Rev. Father S. Mahoney being deacon, Rev. Father Holley subdeacon, and Very Rev. Father Lewis master of ceremonies. In the evening at Vespers the sermon was preached by his Grace the Archbishop on 'Mortal sin and the consequences thereof to the soul.'

On Holy Thursday Pontifical High Mass was sung by Archbishop Redwood, Fathers Moloney and Bowden being deacon and subdeacon respectively. On Good Friday Mass of the Presanctified was celebrated at 10 o'clock by his Grace the Archbishop, Father Clancy deacon, and Father Holley subdeacon. Very Rev. Father Keogh, of St. Patrick's College, preached the sermon appropriate to the day. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings the Office of Tenebrae was said. The Lamentations were sung by Rev. Father Holley, Mr. R. A. Loughnan, and Mr. McManaway. The choir harmonized the 'Benedictus,' 'Miserere,' and 'Jerusalem.' Miss Connell sang the hymns 'Jesus my God' and 'By Thy Blood,' the congregation joining in the chorus. The sermon, on Thursday evening, was preached by Father S. Mahoney. On Saturday, when the new baptismal font in the church was blessed, Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Lewis, with Father Clancy deacon, and Father Holley subdeacon.

At St. Joseph's Church on Holy Thursday Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Keogh. Rev. Father Mahoney acted as deacon, and Rev. Father Clancy as subdeacon. On Good Friday morning the Mass of the Presanctified was sung by Father Moloney, Father Hills being deacon and Father Mahoney subdeacon. The Office of Tenebrae was held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, the Lamentations being sung by the Very Rev. Father Keogh, Rev. Fathers Hills, Clancy, Mahoney, and Herbert. The sermon on Wednesday was preached by Rev. Father O'Shea on the necessity for early compliance with the law of the Church as regards Easter duty. Father Goggan preached on the doctrine of Transubstantiation on Thursday, and on Friday evening Father Mahoney took for his text, 'It is consummated, and bowing down His head He gave up the ghost.' Mass on Holy Saturday was celebrated by the Rev. Father O'Shea.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND.

(From our own correspondent.)

April 3.

The Very Rev. Father Boyle, C.M., Sydney, preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Sunday evening.

The Rev. Father MacIntosh, of the archdiocese of Glasgow, is at present a guest of the Rev. Father Patterson at St. Patrick's. It is probable that Father MacIntosh will remain in this diocese.

At the invitation of the Rev. Father Patterson, the members of the Confraternity of the Guard of Honor and Children of Mary, the choir and altar boys, and also the members of the St. Patrick's Old Boys' Club, of the Cathedral parish, will form a picnic party to spend Easter Monday at Waiheke Island.

On Sunday last, at the 11 o'clock Mass, at St. John's Church, Parnell, the Rev. Father Augustine opened a mission which is to last a week. In the evening Father Augustine preached an impressive discourse on 'Death.' The services so far have been very well attended, and good results from the mission are already apparent.

RETURN OF MONSIGNOR O'REILLY TO THAMES.

The Right Rev. Mgr. O'Reilly returned to the Thames on Thursday, March 21, and was met on arrival by many of the principal members of the congregation of St. Francis's parish, who

accorded him a very cordial reception. Monsignor O'Reilly was deeply affected (says the local *Advertiser*) by the warmth of his reception, and the evident satisfaction shown at his return. In the evening he was entertained at a concert in the Catholic Hall, when the following address, signed on behalf of the congregation by Messrs. Joseph M. Foy, H. McDonnell, William Meehan, Daniel Scanlon, Edward Kenny, and C. McPike, was presented to him:—

Dear Monsignor,—We, the parishioners of the Thames, desire to tender to you our congratulations on your happy return to us after an absence of nearly two years, and we can find no words better suited to express the greetings of our hearts on this auspicious occasion than those from the language of Erin, the land of your birth: 'Cead Mile Failte!' Cold indeed would be the heart that could not unite with us to-night in welcoming you; yes, on the one hand, we can look back with joy and pride on the years you have spent in our midst—years of incessant and unwearied labors in the service of the flock committed to your care; and on the other, we have watched with delight your honorable administration during the absence of our beloved Bishop in Europe. No words could depict our joy on learning that the successor of St. Peter, our venerable Pontiff had testified his appreciation of your devotion to the duties of your sacred office by conferring on you one of the highest ecclesiastical honors. Since your departure from amongst us you have, as the representative of the Auckland Diocese, visited many of the grandest cities of the South. You have seen countries favored with more material prosperity than our once golden shore-cities where the faithful have vied with each other in erecting temples of surpassing beauty. From the stately magnificence of the Melbourne and Sydney Cathedrals to the not less beautiful dwelling places of God's glory in our own lands. Yet, after all this, we feel to-night that there is not beneath the Cross of the South a people who could greet you more kindly than those to whom you came so many years ago to be in truth their pastor, guide, and friend. It is this memory of the devotion of almost a life time that prompts us now to acknowledge the debt of gratitude that we owe to you, a debt which we shall ever cheerfully acknowledge, though we can never adequately repay it, and it is our most fervent prayer that you will be left to us for many years to come to instruct us by your teaching and edify us by your example. We tender to you again, dear Monsignor, the assurance of our unalterable attachment, and ask a remembrance in your prayers and holy sacrifices.

In reply Monsignor O'Reilly stated that he felt deeply touched at the cordial welcome accorded him. Personally he felt as though he had arrived at home. His pleasure was great when upon his arrival he saw so many familiar faces, and that pleasure was intensified at the hearty welcome accorded him by parishioners. He returned thanks to them for the address of welcome—a welcome so well expressed by those Irish words 'Cead Mile Failte.' The entertainment provided that evening came as a pleasant surprise to him. Monsignor O'Reilly had a kind word to say to the children, who had taken a prominent part in welcoming back their priest on his return to his parish. He referred to his travels, and spoke of the beautiful edifices he had seen in the southern portion of the Colony. He felt quiet rejuvenated after his holiday, and quite equal to the task of carrying on his work in the future as he had done in the past. It would be his endeavor to promote the Christian education of the children, as his feelings in this connection were stronger than ever. He was pleased to note that the local press advocated the most liberal views in connection with this question, and it was gratifying to note that influential papers throughout the Colony quoted from and approved of the articles appearing in the local papers. He again thanked them for the address, and the cordial welcome they had accorded him.

The following was the programme rendered at the concert:—Overture, Miss N. McDonald; chorus, 'Chimes of Normandy,' children of Convent Schools; address, Mr. Foy; song, 'The two nightingales,' Miss Murphy; song, 'Look back,' Mr. T. Cantley; duet, 'Nocturne,' Miss Gibson; song, 'Island of dreams,' Miss McEnteer; song, 'Eileen Alannab,' Mr. Johnson; duet, 'Life's dream is o'er,' Misses Nolan; recitation, Mr. Cooney; chorus, 'Scarlet and blue,' boys.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

April 8.

The cricket match between St. Mary's Club and the Christchurch Catholic Club, which I alluded to in my last letter, resulted in a win for St. Mary's, Messrs. Hunt and Ormandy being top scorers for the winning team, and Bro. Xavier and Mr. J. Canavan for the other side; the bowling honors also going to the players above named. Refreshments were provided by the ladies of St. Mary's and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent.

At the Choral Hall, on Tuesday evening last, Miss Kate Connell, assisted by Misses Marsden and Graham, and Mr. Hockley, gave a most enjoyable concert to a highly-appreciative audience. Miss Connell was very warmly received, and at the end of her programme numbers were greeted with recall after recall. In her songs 'Tell me my heart,' 'Hush, my little one,' and 'Solweig's lied' (Grieg), and with Miss Graham in the duet 'Lullaby' Miss Connell fully sustained the high reputation which preceded her. As encore numbers she gave the ever welcome 'Killarney' and 'Home, sweet home.' Those who were fortunate enough to be present at the concert freely admit they were afforded a rare vocal treat, and predict a great future for the talented young artist in the musical world.

During Holy Week the Office of Tenebræ was sung in the Pro-Cathedral, the services being largely attended. His Lordship the Bishop presided, there being also present at the various services the Very Revs. Vicar-General, Deans Foley and O'Donnell, Very Rev.

Father Ginaty, Rev. Fathers Chastagnon, Marnane, Goggin, Dunham, Regnault, Tubman, Price, Hyland, Gallais, Richards, Galerne, Higgins, Cooney, McDonnell, Bowers, and Kerley. On Wednesday evening the Lamentations were sung by Fathers Price, Galerne, and O'Donnell. On Thursday morning the customary services took place, and in the evening Fathers Galerne, Cooney, and Richards chanted the Lamentations. The church was quite filled on Good Friday morning. The Passion was sung by Fathers Bowers, Galerne, and O'Donnell, the sermon being by his Lordship the Bishop. After the adoration of the cross, during which offerings were made on behalf of the holy places in Palestine, Mass of the Presanctified was celebrated. A relic of the true Cross was exposed throughout the day for the veneration of the faithful. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon very many attended the devotions of the Stations of the Cross, the various stations being recited by the Bishop from the pulpit. In the evening the Office of Tenebræ was continued, and on Saturday morning the ceremonies appropriate to the occasion were celebrated. The sermon was preached on Thursday evening by the Rev. Father Price on the 'Blessed Sacrament,' and by the Rev. Father Tubman on Good Friday on the 'Passion.'

During the three nights of the Office of Tenebræ the choir rendered valuable assistance for which they were complimented and publicly thanked by his Lordship the Bishop. They gave the Psalms and Lamentations from the Ratisbon plain chant, and the responses etc. from De Vico's 'Tenebræ.' This is most beautiful music and the conductor (Mr. H. H. Loughnan) took infinite pains in the setting and rehearsal of it. The task was an arduous one and every credit is due to the conductor especially, the organist and choir for the really excellent manner it was rendered.

At the earlier Masses on Easter Sunday in the Pro-Cathedral large numbers approached the Holy Table. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at 11 o'clock by his Lordship the Bishop, the Rev. Fathers Galerne and McDonnell being deacon and subdeacon respectively, and the Very Rev. Father Le Menant des Chenaais assistant priest. The Pontifical and Episcopal blessings were imparted by the Bishop, who also addressed the congregation. The music was Gounod's 'Messe Solennelle,' capably rendered by the choir, the soloists being Mrs. A. Mead, Miss Pender, Messrs R. Hayward, and McKay. The 'Hæc Dies' and 'Victima Paschali' (Eti) were rendered as an offertory piece. Mrs. Mead sang Mascheroni's 'Ave Maria,' with cello obligato by Mr. H. H. Loughnan. Mr. Loughnan also played one of Goltzman's beautiful cello solos and conducted, Miss Funton presiding at the organ. At Vespers the church was crowded to excess. His Lordship the Bishop officiated with the same assistants as at High Mass; he also preached a most impressive sermon on the words, 'Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth: He is risen.' It being the first Sunday in the month the usual Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament during the day and procession after Vespers took place, followed by Benediction. The church was tastefully decorated under the supervision of Mr. F. Geohagan, and the high and side altars by the ladies of the Altar Society, the result of their devoted labors being most effective. After Vespers the choir were entertained by the Bishop and clergy at the episcopal residence.

INTERCOLONIAL.

The gross receipts in connection with the St. Patrick's Day celebration in Sydney were over £900.

Mr. P. Connelly, headmaster of the Leichhardt public school, Sydney, has been appointed inspector of State schools.

The building known as the Academy of Music, and formerly the Salvation Army Barracks at Williamstown, has been purchased for the Catholic Church by the local pastor.

The Very Rev. Father Keating, S.J., is returning to Australia. He will succeed Very Rev. Father John Ryan as Rector of St. Francis Xavier's College, Kew.

His Eminence Cardinal Moran laid recently the foundation stones of a new church and presbytery at Moamans, near Sydney. The church contract price is £1168, and the presbytery will cost £852. The subscriptions received at the ceremony amounted to £200.

The Rev. Father Lane, of Flemington, was entertained recently by the members of the Mansfield branch of the Hibernian Society, and presented with a beautifully-illuminated address and gold cross. The rev. gentleman whilst in the district established a branch of the Hibernian Society, which is now in a very flourishing condition.

The Right Rev. Dr. Corbett, Bishop of Sale, arrived at Melbourne on March 27, on his return from a visit to Rome. Bishop Corbett was met at Port Melbourne by the Coadjutor-Bishop of Sandhurst and the Very Rev. Dean Phelan. The distinguished party were driven in the Archbishop's carriage to the palace, Eastern Hill. Subsequently Dr. Corbett left for his episcopal seat, where an enthusiastic public welcome home awaited him.

The Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Geraldton, has returned to his diocese after an absence of a year in Europe. His Lordship was accompanied by the Rev. Fathers Walter and White and the Rev. Brothers John and Augustine of the Pious Society of Missions, whose destiny is the aboriginal mission at Beagle Bay. On his arrival at Geraldton Bishop Kelly was presented with an address from the laity, which was read by Mr. Drew. Mr. R. D. Hutchinson, M.L.A., on behalf of the people, presented the Bishop with a purse of sovereigns. In the course of his reply Dr. Kelly gave an interesting account of his travels.

The first founding hospital in Victoria will be opened shortly by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The Archbishop of Melbourne has secured what is described as a beautiful mansion known as 'Kerrlands,' situated next to Broadmeadows Railway Station. The

grounds cover 30 acres, and the site is 500 feet above sea-level. The situation is delightful. Necessary alterations are now being made. A secular journal remarks:—The opening of this institution will have supplied the missing link in the chain of charities formed by the Roman Catholic bodies. One of the rules is that mothers must stay at the institution with their children.

The Very Rev. Father O'Neill, of Tamworth, has been appointed Rural Dean by the Right Rev. Dr. Toreggiani, Bishop of Armidale. On March 19 Dean O'Neill was entertained at a banquet by his parishioners to show their appreciation of the honor conferred on him. Dean O'Neill was raised to the priesthood in 1822, at St. John's College, Waterford, and arrived in Australia in October of the same year.

Mr. T. B. Curran, who represented two Irish constituencies in the House of Commons, was recently, on the motion of Mr. Barton, K.C., admitted by the Full Court to practise as a barrister in the State of New South Wales. On the following day Mr. Curran obtained his first brief. Mr. Curran was educated at St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, and completed his studies at the Oxford University. Acting on the advice of Mr. Thomas Sexton, Mr. Curran abandoned active politics in favor of the law, having been admitted to the Inner Temple, London, in January, 1898.

The Melbourne Catholics (says *Punch*) have bought and pulled down Chalmers' Church, built for their chief denouncer, Dr. Cairns. After this victory over the Presbyterians, Archbishop Carr attacked the Congregationalists, Dr. Bevan's party, and bought from them that fine church on the Eastern Hill near the fire brigade station. The tower is to come down—a lowering of the flag. The church is to be used as a Young Men's Hall. An ultimate idea is making it an addendum to the St. Vincent's Hospital. The bluestone from Chalmers' Church is to be used in building the school and convent in Grey street. What times of change we live in! The hall at the back of the Victoria Parade Congregational Church is being used as an out-patients department for St. Vincent's Hospital.

Things are not always what they are said to be. Already the Government of Tasmania are finding out that certain financial inconveniences will result to the island colony in consequence of being a State of the Commonwealth. The New Zealand Federal Commission sat in Hobart last week and examined several witnesses. The evidence was valuable as showing the financial difficulties in which the State was involved through the loss of the control of the Customs and Excise duties. It was admitted by all the witnesses that, even to cover existing engagements, Tasmania would have to levy a considerable amount in direct taxation. All public works must come to a standstill unless the people were willing to submit to further levies in this direction.

The new organist of St. Patrick's Church, Sydney (says the *Freeman's Journal*), Mr. Sydney Hoben, is no stranger. A native of Sydney, he received his musical education at the Leipszig Conservatorium. On his return some years ago to his native city he soon established himself as a popular favorite no less by his amiability than by his musical ability. He has given, by the way, many hostages to Catholic charity by his invaluable assistance to our frequent concerts. On the departure of the Chevalier Wiegand Mr. Hoben was appointed conductor of St. Patrick's choir, which, in a few months under his baton, has made rapid strides. A close friend of the late Mr. Harte, Mr. Hoben has succeeded him as organist at St. Patrick's, whose choir he continues to conduct. Mr. Hoben has composed several very meritorious songs. [Mr. Hoben is well known in the North Island of New Zealand, having been for some years a resident of Napier.]

The Chief Justice of South Australia (Sir Samuel Way) speaking at the opening of the Probationary Home for Girls under the auspices of the Salvation Army, said:—That afternoon they were inaugurating a new kind of work in South Australia, and the principle upon which the home was founded was that "prevention is better than cure." For many years he had advocated that the reformatories of women should, in the case of Catholics, be handed over to the Catholic Church, and in the case of women who did not belong to the Catholic Church, to the Salvation Army. They, as Protestants, must also admire the great work which the good Sisters of the Catholic Church performed in that respect. At the same function Mr. T. Rhodes (President of the State Children's Council) said: "The first person to establish a home of this character was the devoted Father Healy, whose reformatory for boys at Brooklyn Park was a monument to his self-denying labors. Then there was a reformatory at St. John's Kapunda, and both of these institutions reflected great credit upon their Catholic fellow-colonists."

HISTORICAL FRIDAYS.

FRIDAY, which is regarded as a day of ill luck by the superstitious of the rest of the world, ought to be considered the luckiest of all days for the Americans. Among the historic events that occurred on Friday are the discovery of America, October 12, 1492, by Christopher Columbus, who had sailed Friday, August 3, 1492. He returned on Friday, and made the discovery of South America on Friday, June 12, 1494. John Cabot received his commission from Henry VIII. on Friday, March 6, 1496, which resulted in finding North America. Mendez founded St. Augustine on Friday, September 6, 1565. The Mayflower landed on Friday, December 22, 1620; George Washington was born on Friday, February 22, 1732; on Friday, June 16, 1775, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified; on Friday, October 17, 1777, Burgoyne surrendered at Saratoga; and on Friday, September 22, 1780, Arnold's treason was discovered. Then came the surrender of Cornwallis, also on a Friday; and last, on Friday, July 7, 1776, John Adams moved in the Continental Congress that the United States 'are and ought to be independent.'

THE POPE'S GUESTS.

SOME of the secular newspapers occasionally poke fun at Peter's Pence (says the *Ottawa Union*). Is there any other European court that is given to such forms of amusement and extravagance as are outlined in the following paragraph?

'Recently the Pope invited to dinner 1000 old paupers of both sexes in the Belvidere Hall at the Vatican. The guests arrived early and took their seats at 24 tables, anxious to partake of the Papal cheer. At noon the band of the Swiss Guard played the Papal hymn, and Cardinal-Vicar Respighi entered the banquet room, followed by several Roman noblemen. His Eminence sat at the principal table, having on his right Agnese Deocchi, aged 100 years, and on his left Francesca Carosi, born in 1806. His Eminence said grace and then informed the guests that the Holy Father sent them his blessing, which they received on bended knees, and a rosary to each of them, requesting them to remember him in their prayers. The menu was greatly appreciated. It consisted of rice broth, macaroni, boiled meat, fruit, sweets, and a modicum of wine. The old folks took their time to dispose of the eatables, and at 2 p.m. left the Vatican, after transferring from the tables to their pockets what they could not consume.'

THE CHURCH IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THE Roman Catholics of Great Britain (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*) have made for ever memorable in the chronicles of their Church the closing of the nineteenth century by the completion, at the cost of £135,000, of the shell of the great Cathedral at Westminster, without doubt their most stupendous material creation since the days of the Reformation.

The dawn of the century brought with it but little prospect or promise of so propitious a close. True, Bishop Douglass, who was Vicar-Apostolic of the London district from 1790 to 1812, describing the effect of the Relief Act of 1791, wrote:—'The Catholic religion is now beginning to flourish, and as public sermons and services in the chapels are now permitted, many conversions are the result.' This cheerful view of things was due, doubtless, in no little measure, not only to the passing of the Relief Act in question, but to the presence in the country of some 10,000 emigrant priests driven out of France by the French revolution, and towards whose support a sum of £41,000 was collected in the Protestant churches throughout England.

Bishop Poynter, who succeeded Bishop Douglass, in a report sent to the Holy See about the year 1815, concerning the position of Catholics in England and Wales, estimated the then total number of the clergy at 88, and that of the Catholic population at 69,000.

At that time England and Wales had been parcelled out by the Holy See into four districts—the London, Western, Midland, and Northern—over each of which was appointed a Vicar-Apostolic. Of colleges and middle schools at the beginning of the century, there were certainly not more than ten, and of State-recognised primary schools not one. In Scotland the outlook was not rosy. That country was divided into two districts—the Highlands and the Lowlands—governed each by a Vicar-Apostolic. There were 40 priests, about a dozen chapels, two small seminaries, and a Catholic population of some 30,000 souls. In 1850 there came about the re-establishment of the Hierarchy in England. The number of Catholic churches and chapels was then 587. The number of recognised primary schools had increased to 166. In 1900 the number of churches and chapels was 1536, that of the clergy 2837; the number of certified elementary schools is some 1400, with a roll-call of over 300,000 children.

Taking the number of children in the schools in proportion to the whole population, the proportion must be, according to the average generally in force, six times more than enrolled in the schools; this would then give the Roman Catholic population of England and Wales as 1,800,000.

The increase of Roman Catholicism has been most notable in Lancashire and Glasgow. In the whole of Lancashire in 1804 the Catholic population was estimated at 50,000; it now exceeds 600,000. A century ago it might almost have been said that there were no Catholics in Glasgow; there was but one priest, and a poor little disused building in the Calton for a chapel; now there are 110 churches and chapels, 228 priests, and a Roman Catholic population of 180,000.

In these statistics there is no mention of the almost bewildering number and variety of religious communities of women engaged in educational and charitable pursuits. In England alone there are at least 60 different communities numbering some 2000 nuns. Of Roman Catholic charitable institutions in England for the destitute and homeless, sick and infirm, young and old, there are over 200 wholly supported by voluntary contributions, the total number of inmates of which certainly exceeds 15,000.

Wanted, about 50 clerks to help read testimonials re Tussicura. Sole manufacturer, S. J. Evans, 2s 6d.—*.*

Wanted, everyone who has proved the worth of Tussicura to recommend it to their friend.—*.*

Witches Oil cures pains and aches, neuralgia, headache, sciatica rheumatism. Price, 2s 6d. Try it.—*.*

Insure your crops by purchasing M'Cormick machinery. The best in the world. Costliest to build, best to buy, and easiest in the field.—*.*

The gigantic expansion of output is not due merely to the everlasting raising of the M'Cormick standard of excellence higher, higher, and still higher, but to the quick intelligence of the host of farmer buyers who discern that the only profitable machine, the only reliable-at-harvest-time machine is the M'Cormick.—*.*

IN FAVOR OF LIFE INSURANCE.

THE Rev. Father Harrison, of Milwaukee, United States, is reported as having declared himself strongly in favor of life insurance as a necessity and a duty. His remarks are worthy of the attention of our readers. He said:—

'My experience leads me to believe that a little money is a very good promoter of morality, and I would encourage all men—Catholics in particular—to be more frugal and to have a few rainy-day dollars carefully laid aside. And one of the best ways to save money is by life insurance. I would encourage every young man, and especially every father of a family, to have his life insured and not leave the widow dependent on friends, in case of misfortune, humiliated to the very earth in seeking the charity of this or that organisation.

'Charity is charity. No matter how warm it may be, there is always an element of cold comfort in it when brought home to our families. Some men seem to be perfectly insensible to the possible needs of others. They follow out a selfish and narrow-minded policy. Among the worst of men must ever be ranked those who willfully refuse to provide for their families.

'Not long ago I was present at the death of a comparatively young man, who left his widow and five children to be provided for. His great regret was that his wife had persuaded him to discontinue his life insurance payments in order to purchase a piano on the instalment plan. That good woman, I fear, will have more music as a result of her folly than she expected. I say "as a result of her folly." It is unpardonable foolishness for any woman to barter away the necessities of life for accomplishments dubiously probable. I would advise young ladies to demand of any young man as the first introduction to their friendship, a policy of at least 1,000dol. written on his life. His life insurance policy and marriage certificate should both adorn the wedding breakfast.

'I would advise mothers of families to so importune their husbands that life insurance would be the only condition of domestic peace. Oh! but it costs so much. This is an excuse that springs from shiftlessness. It does not cost five cents per day for a thousand dollar insurance policy. What is twenty dollars a year to a man who spends double that amount to gratify his whims? Usually those who are alarmed at the expense have more money to squander in some life destroyer than in life insurance. But life insurance money is blood money? No it is bread money. And the man who needlessly denies it to his family is unworthy to have a family.'

GAELIC IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

DURING the debate on the Address-in-reply in the House of Commons the following incident occurred, which had been magnified into a 'scene' in the cable messages to these colonies:—

Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, the member for West Kerry, rising immediately after the adjournment for dinner, attempted to address the House in the Native Irish tongue. He had uttered about three or four words, when

The Speaker called him to order, and pointed out that the language in which the hon. member was speaking was not familiar. To speak in Irish was an unknown practice in that House, and, therefore, he must ask the hon. member to make his remarks in English.

Mr. O'Donnell continued to speak in the Erse tongue, much to the delight of his Nationalist friends around him.

The Speaker (severely): I must ask the hon. member not to disobey my ruling.

Mr. J. Redmond asked if there was any rule written or unwritten to prevent a member of the House from speaking in the language most familiar to him. He personally had heard a member of the New Zealand Parliament speak in the Maori language.

The Speaker: There is no rule one way or the other, but there is no precedent of any member during the existence of this House having addressed it in any other language than English.

Mr. Leamy: Is it not the fact that the Irish chieftains before the time of the Union, when they were invited to this House, addressed it in their own tongue, whilst the English spoke in theirs? We are coerced to sit in this House, and consequently we ought to be allowed to express our thoughts in our own language.

The Speaker: Irishmen have been in this House for over 100 years, and never once have they sought to address it in their own language. I have no doubt that the hon. member for West Kerry, with the eloquence of his countrymen, will be able to address the House in very good English. If Irish members desire to speak in their native tongue, the practice must be legalised, by making it a standing order of the House.

Mr. J. Redmond: Is it not the fact that in 1886 the member for Rhondda Valley, Mr William Abraham, actually addressed the House in the Welsh language?

The Speaker: I remember the incident, but the member for Rhondda did not speak in Welsh; he only used a quotation from the language in the course of his speech.

Mr. O'Donnell again rose, and amid loud cries of 'Order, order,' again attempted to continue his speech in the Erse tongue.

The Speaker: I must adhere to my ruling. The hon. member is not entitled to address the House in that tongue.

Mr. John Redmond: Then I advise the hon. member to reserve his right of addressing it as he proposes, and to refuse to speak on the present occasion.

One of the sweetest things about pain and sorrow is that they show us how well we are loved; how much kindness there is in the world, and how easily we can make others happy in the same way when they need help and sympathy.

Friends at Court.

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- April 14, Sunday.—Low Sunday.
- " 15, Monday.—St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church.
- " 16, Tuesday.—St. Benedict Joseph Labré, Confessor.
- " 17, Wednesday.—St. Anicetus, Pope and Martyr.
- " 18, Thursday.—St. John Damascene, Confessor and Doctor of the Church.
- " 19, Friday.—St. Leo IX., Pope and Confessor.
- " 20, Saturday.—St. Isidore, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church.

ST. BENEDICT JOSEPH LABRE, PILGRIM AND MENDICANT.

Benedict Joseph Labré was a native of Amettes in the diocese of Boulogne, and was the son of respectable people who brought up their family virtuously and religiously. The early piety of Benedict induced his father to place him at the age of 12 under the care of his uncle, who was then parish priest of Erin. The good cure, who was a man of saintly life, placed his nephew at a day school kept by a priest. After studying for about four years with great industry and success, Benedict began to realise that he had no vocation to the priesthood, while on the other hand he felt a strong attraction to the solitude and austerities of the cloister. To bury himself in the monastery of La Trappe, where the severe rule of the Cistercian Order is observed, became the object of his secret ambition. For this purpose he fasted rigorously, often slept on the bare floor, and spent much time in prayer and contemplation. Meanwhile his uncle was carried off by a dangerous epidemic which he contracted in ministering to the wants of his sick parishioners. Soon afterwards Benedict, who with great devotion had shared his charitable labors, quitted the village of Erin and returned to his home. Benedict at last received the reluctant permission of his parents to enter the monastery of La Trappe. Upon his arrival there he found that his youth and emaciated appearance presented an insurmountable barrier to his reception. He accordingly retraced his steps to his native village. An application to the Carthusians met with better success, but after six weeks he was dismissed by the Prior as unfitted to the Order, owing to the state of spiritual desolation with which it pleased God at that time to visit him. A similar result followed his admission to the Cistercian monastery, where he remained for six months in a state of bodily weakness and spiritual languor.

After bidding a final adieu to his parents by letter Benedict, moved by the spirit of God, entered upon a course of pilgrimages to the celebrated sanctuaries of Italy, which he continued for 13 years up to the time of his death. These journeys he performed on foot in a miserable and tattered dress, which he never varied in the heat of summer or the severest cold of winter. He subsisted chiefly on the dry crusts, cabbage stalks, and remains of vegetables which had been cast out of the houses as unfit for food, and sometimes made use of orange peel or even grass to stay the pangs of hunger. After 13 years spent in this obscure and painful manner of life, Benedict one morning, after leaving his favorite Church of Sancta Maria fei Moati where he had spent six hours in prayer, was found fainting in the public street and was carried into a neighboring house. Having received Extreme Unction he remained unconscious until evening, when he calmly expired on Wednesday in Holy Week, April 16, A.D. 1783, at the age of 35.

ST. JOHN DAMASCENE.

St. John Damascene 'the last of the Fathers of the Church' was born towards the end of the seventh century at Damascus, from which city he received the surname 'Damascene.' By the Saracens he was called 'Mansur,' and on account of his eloquence was surnamed 'Chryssorrhoeas,' which meant 'gold-streaming.' He received his education from a pious and learned monk named Cosmos, who was taken prisoner and brought to Damascus. Like his father, he held a high office under the Caliphs. His zeal in defending the sacred images against the Iconoclasts exposed him to the resentment and persecution of the Greek Emperor. On the suspicion of a treasonable correspondence he was deprived of his right hand, which, however, was miraculously restored. He resigned his office, distributing his wealth among the poor, and retired into the Laura of St. Sabas, where, after some time, he was ordained priest. He died about the year 754. St. John Damascene has left many works, which, on account of their solid learning and great literary merit, have been held in high esteem in both the Latin and Greek Churches.

ST. ISIDORE, BISHOP, CONFESSOR, AND DOCTOR.

St. Isidore, who was born at Carthage in the South of Spain about the middle of the sixth century, belonged to a most holy family, his two brothers Leander and Fulgentius, and his sister Florentina, being all numbered among the saints. From his youth he was distinguished for virtue and learning, and having embraced the ecclesiastical state, devoted himself with his brother Leander to the conversion of the Visigoths. This great work he had the happiness of seeing perfectly accomplished before the close of his apostolic career. Upon the death of his brother St. Leander, Isidore succeeded him in the See of Seville, which he governed for 36 years.

The heart of a Christian should be a tomb for the faults of his friends.

Truth which is not charitable springs from a charity which is not true.

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SPEY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

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THORNDON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

JAMES DEALY ... Proprietor

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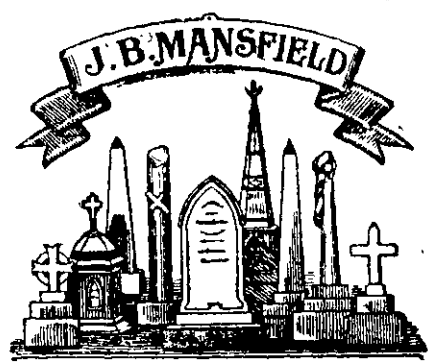
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Accommodation for over 100 guests.

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BEATH AND CO.,

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Irish News.

CLARE.—A Food Inspector for the Ennis Market.—

The Ennis Urban Council has decided to call a special meeting to consider the advisability of appointing a Food and Drug Inspector for the Ennis Market, a step the advisability of which was urged by a large deputation of Limerick and Clare butter merchants that attended the last meeting of the Commissioners.

CORK.—Shooting Accident.—

William Cotter, farmer, of Farranbriad, near Tracton, County Cork, while duck-shooting, accidentally fired off his gun, the discharge blowing away the ear and right side of his face. He was found the next morning in an unconscious state.

Ordination at Queenstown Cathedral.—

The Rev. Patrick Honohan, son of Mr Andrew Honohan, Donoughmore, and a nephew of the Rev Maurice Brew, Kanturk, was ordained by the Bishop of Cloyne in the Queenstown Cathedral on Sunday, February 10. Father Honohan had a brilliant collegiate career.

DOWN.—Death of a Centenarian.—

On February 12 an old woman named Catherine Cull, a widow, residing in the townland of Ballynaris, a short distance from Dromore, passed away at her residence. The deceased, who was born in the year of the Rebellion, had attained the ripe old age of 102 years. She was up till lately able to go about and attend to household duties with the aid of a staff, remembered the stirring events of '98 discussed in the early part of the century by her neighbors, and was capable of rehearsing many interesting events in and about her native county.

DUBLIN.—Damages against the Tramway Company.—

Mrs Eleanor Jane Egan, a Dublin lady, secured £200 damages against the Dublin Tramway Company for injuries received through the negligence of the defendant's employees.

Presentation to a Priest.—

Father Farrington, late of Rush and now of Aughtrim street, Dublin, was recently presented with an illuminated address by the children of his former parish, in which he ministered for over six years. During the period Father Farrington was in Rush he endeared himself to all by his genial disposition, affable manners, and unvarying kindness.

The Irish Art Industries Exhibition.—

Prizes to the value of £200 will be given by the Royal Dublin Society to the Irish Art Industries Exhibition, to be held as usual in August at Ballsbridge, in connection with the annual horse show. The number of exhibits has increased during the past twelve years from thirty-nine to close on a thousand.

The Late Cardinal McCabe.—

The Office and Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Cardinal McCabe were celebrated in the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, in the early part of February.

The Munster Bank.—

At the half-yearly meeting of the shareholders of the Munster Bank held in Dublin, the report of the six months' working, which was submitted, showed greatly increased business. A dividend at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum was declared. It was announced that the vacancy in the directorate caused by the death of Mr P. J. Madden would be shortly filled up.

A Close Forecast.—

Mr O'Neill, clerk to the North Dublin Union would make an excellent Colonial Treasurer for this Colony. At the beginning of the last financial year Mr O'Neill estimated that the Union expenditure for the following twelve months would be £63,711. It has now been ascertained that the actual amount expended was £63,730—a difference of only £19! This remarkable justification of his estimate must be very gratifying to Mr O'Neill.

International Football Match Won by Ireland.—

The Irish Rugby team defeated England in the match played off in the Lansdowne Road grounds on Saturday, February 9, in the presence of a huge crowd of spectators. The final score was—Ireland, two goals (10 points); England, one penalty goal one try (six points).

Rumored Abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy.—

There is a rumor (says the *Daily Chronicle*) which will be a surprise for Ireland, that the King intends abolishing the Vice-royalty of Ireland, and, with the Queen, holding four levees and drawing-rooms a year in Dublin. This is partly a corollary to the late Queen's last visit and its success. There has always been a difficulty in managing the London and the Dublin seasons simultaneously under the present régime. Obviously the King intends to be no lay figure.

Death of a good Catholic.—

We regret to record the death of Mr. Patrick D. Coughlan, third son of Mr. Michael Coughlan, formerly of Youghal, County Cork, which took place at Rathmines, Dublin, on January 7. The deceased, who was for many years connected with Arnott and Co., was secretary of the St. Vincent de Paul Conference, Clarendon street, and was extremely popular with all classes. After a Requiem Mass at the Clarendon street church, the remains were borne to Glasnevin Cemetery, where the interment took place. Numerous wreaths were placed on the coffin from relatives and friends, and sodalities with which the deceased was connected. Among those at the funeral were a large number of clergy, and representatives from the leading establishments in the city.

A Peculiar Case.—

A peculiar case came before the Commission Court in Dublin in the early part of February, when a well-known lady—Miss Norma Borthwick—was charged with having uttered a forged cheque for £1. Two bank clerks swore that the accused had presented a cheque for that amount which was admittedly forged. Accused denied such a proceeding. Evidence for the defence was given by several persons of high social position, in-

cluding Sir John K. McDonald, the Justice Clerk of Scotland, her maternal uncle, Mr. Alfred Webb, Mr. Dillon M.P., and Mrs. Dillon. There was a total absence of motive, and the jury, when Mr. and Mrs. Dillon had been examined, stopped the case and discharged the accused, who was loudly cheered on leaving the dock. But what a cruel act to arrest this lady, drag her before a police magistrate, and from that, before the Commission in such a flimsy case. It must have been a terrible ordeal for an innocent and cultured woman.

FERMANAGH.—Mr. T. W. Russell's Agitation Condemned.—The Earl of Erne, as a Fermanagh landlord, considers Mr. T. W. Russell's agitation for Compulsory Purchase a violent, ill-judged, and ill-considered movement.

GALWAY.—Death of a Carmelite Nun.—On February 9 took place the death of a member of one of the most severely cloistered Orders of nuns in Europe, Mother Evangelist, Sub-Prioress of Mount Carmel Convent, Loughrea.

KILKENNY.—The Deanery of Ossory.—The Very Rev. Martin Howley, P.P., V.G., Callan, has been raised to the dignity of Dean of the diocese of Ossory in succession to the late Dean Phelan.

A Memorial to the Late Mr. Thomas Harrington.—On Thursday, February 7, a splendid monument was unveiled to the memory of the late Mr. Thomas Harrington, of Johnstown, County Kilkenny, by his widow and family. The monument, which took the form of a Celtic cross, is the work of Mr. Bracken, Templemore, and is a beautiful specimen of art. It stands 16ft high from the base, is of massive limestone, and on the face of the cross the Divine Image of Our Saviour is beautifully engraved, and towards the end an image of St. Patrick is cut to perfection. On the top of the base is engraved the harp without the crown, over which is inscribed—'Here lies the original inventor of the Harp without the Crown.' The late Mr. Thomas Harrington was in his day an advanced Nationalist, and during the '48 movement engraved a woodcut of a harp without a crown, which in 1867 was used as a popular emblem on grocers' bags printed at his establishment, which was seized, in Borrisoleigh, and a prosecution instituted against a respectable shopkeeper, which, however, after many days' trial, proved abortive. Mr. Harrington was identified with the '67 movement, as his father, Mr. Thomas Harrington, senior, was identified with the '48 movement, and was the composer of the popular ballad, 'The boys of sweet Slievardagh.' This gentleman was the grandfather of the present Mr. Thomas Harrington, of Urlingford, Director of the United Irish League of North Kilkenny, the popular president of the Urlingford Workmen's Club, and a sterling Nationalist worker. So that for three generations the Harringtons are identified with every movement for the good of the country. The Rev. John Harrington, assistant pastor, St. Mary's, Rochford, who is a celebrated preacher, is another grandson of the elder gentleman, and brother of Mr. Harrington, of Urlingford.

LIMERICK.—Return of a Priest from America.—The Rev. John Austen, of Kansas, U.S.A., has arrived in Ireland. After a short sojourn in Limerick he joins the Redemptorist Congregation in Belfast.

Gaelic Names for the Streets.—The names of the streets in Limerick are to be given in Gaelic letters in future. The City Council have decided to that effect. The present names will be done away with after a time, and good Irish names—commemorative of great Irishmen or great Irish events—will be substituted.

Vote of Sympathy.—The Limerick County Council at a recent meeting passed a vote of condolence with the Earl of Dunraven on the death of his daughter, Lady Rachel Fitzgerald, wife of the Knight of Glin.

LOUTH.—Death of a Nun.—Considerable regret will be felt by the many friends of the family of the late Mr. John Chadwick, of Stameen, Drogheda, on learning of the death of his daughter, Mother Frances Chadwick, which occurred in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Beauvais, France, on January 22. The deceased, who was the second daughter of Mr. John Chadwick, was 57 years of age. She was highly esteemed in her Community and amongst all the members of the Order to which she belonged.

MAYO.—A Serious Fire in Ballinrobe.—A big fire originating in Mr. P. Moran's spirit stores in Main street, Ballinrobe, quickly spread to the neighboring drapery premises of Mr. George Hearn. In the absence of fire-appliances, the premises were completely gutted. Damage is estimated at £7,000.

WATERFORD.—Sad Result of a Fire.—The residence of Dr. Graves, of Ring, near Dungarvan, was destroyed by fire. Dr. Graves, who was 90 years of age, was lying ill at the time, and had to be removed from the burning house. He died the following day.

WEXFORD.—Assisting the Evicted Tenants.—The farm of Mrs Mary Rossiter at Burkestown, Tintern, County Wexford, has been purchased by the Coolroe Evicted Tenants' Restoration Committee for £450. The land will be divided among some of the tenants.

In Memory of those who Fell at Oulart.—On the motion of Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., the Wexford County Council unanimously granted a site on the public road at Oulart for the erection of a monument to the heroes who perished in the ever-memorable battle of Oulart.

GENERAL.

Heavy Damages.—Charles Plunkett Kenny was awarded £1000 damages from the Great Northern Railway Company for injuries received while driving a trap through the entrance to Inniskeen Railway Station.

Land going out of Cultivation.—It is to be regretted that year after year the area of land under cultivation in Ireland is decreasing, and the prospects that there will be any improvement in the near future are not encouraging, in the face of imports of corn, flour, meat, and other products from countries where land is cheap, and the producer is the owner of the soil. According to a pamphlet issued recently by the Irish Agricultural Department the following crops were cultivated to the extent set out in acres in 1855, a few years after the dreadful famine:—Oats, 2,118,858; wheat, 445,775; barley, 226,629; flax, 97,075; potatoes, 982,301; turnips, 366,953; mangolds, 22,567. Compare these with the figures for last year.—Oats, 1,105,070; wheat, 53,821; barley, 179,996; flax, 47,451; potatoes, 654,079; turnips, 297,859; mangolds, 68,803. Thus it can be seen that the area under oats, the most popular cereal, has fallen by 47.8 per cent.; wheat by 87.9; barley by 23.2; flax (the crop of the north) 57.1; potatoes, 33.4; turnips by 18.8.

The Chief Secretary in the West.—Chief Secretary Wyndham has been touring in Connaught (writes a Galway correspondent) in the interests of the Congested Districts Board. He was accompanied by Father Denis O'Hara, of Kiltimagh, whom he described as one of the ablest of his colleagues on the Congested Districts Board, and everywhere he received a civil enough welcome. The addresses presented to him wasted no words in effusive greeting, but usually came to the point quickly of requesting Government assistance for local industries. Mr Wyndham, in his replies, was sweetly conciliatory. He gave a good deal of advice, but that was the extent of his giving. The people, he said, should turn from agriculture and produce commodities which the world wants, and for which it will pay cash down. Well said. But even in Connaught the difficulty of the peasant is not so much to raise as to retain money. To help the peasant to make more is one way of improving his position. To leave him what he does make is a readier method.

An Irish Harper.—The *Ulster Journal of Archaeology* for January opens with a contribution by Mr Francis Joseph Bigger, M.R.I.A., regarding Arthur O'Neill, the well-known Irish harper, and first master of the Belfast Irish Harp Society, a native of Drumnaslad, near Dungannon, a district, as Mr Bigger says, still full of poetry and genius. When the Harp Society fell to the ground, O'Neill left Belfast for Tyrone, where he continued to receive an annual stipend from some lovers of native music in Belfast until his death, which took place near Dungannon in 1818, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. The Belfast Harp Society paid O'Neill an annuity of £30. In the letter bearing date 1838 from Dr. James McDonald to Bunting, published by Mr Bigger, we find reference made to the quaint fact that almost all harpers were blind, this profession having been humanely reserved as a provision for the sons of reduced gentlemen who happened to be blind, a calamity then much more common than at present owing to the virulence of smallpox. Arthur O'Neill, according to the custom of these itinerant musicians, travelled several times over all Ireland, and became thereby acquainted with several of the principal families who were in the habit of entertaining such persons. Among these there were some Protestant families, but the harpers frequented mostly the houses of old Irish families who had lost their titles, or were reduced more or less in their estates. These they would visit once in two or three years, and remain from a week to a month in each house. At the Harp Festival held in Belfast in 1792 O'Neill played 'Green Woods of Truagh,' author unknown, and 'Mrs Crofton,' by Carolan, and was awarded the second premium of eight guineas for the 'Green Woods of Truagh.' He contemplated with grief the extinction of the old strains which had delighted the Irish nation for so many years. He called them, with tears coursing down his cheeks, 'the dear, dear, sweet old Irish tunes.' The house of the old Harp Society was in Cromac street.

An Orange Organ and Mr. T. W. Russell.—The *Belfast News-Letter*, the Orange organ of Ulster, is pursuing Mr. T. W. Russell with a campaign of obloquy because he continues in his course of advocating the compulsory buying-out of the Irish landlords, or, as it is termed, Compulsory Sale. Mr. Russell is blamed for 'inviting and accepting co-operation of the enemies of the Union,' and the Orange farmers are warned that good Unionists ought to have nothing to say to any agitation countenanced by 'Separatists.' That is all very well in its way, but some of the Orange farmers have had open eyes and long memories. One of them reminds the *News-Letter* that to be consistent it should rebuke Mr. Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, for appearing, as he did recently on a Temperance platform with a Nationalist M.P. Of course, Mr. Johnston remains unrepentant. Another Unionist farmer, Mr. John Magee, of Arva, reminds the same paper that in 1847-8 and '49 the landlords exacted the hanging gale from Orange tenants, just as from Papists, and that during the Land League years Orange farmers did all they could to fight against the 'boycott,' only to see 'Romanists' who agitated get five shillings in the £ knocked off their rents, while 'Loyalists' got not a penny because they were too 'loyal' to embarrass the landlords. It is an echo of the old Orange cry—'The Pope may be Antichrist, but he serves no eviction writs in County Down.' These flow solely from Orange landlords, whom Orange tenants therefore have little concern now to defend.

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.—

People We Hear About.

Sir William Lyne, Premier of New South Wales, is a Tasmanian of Scotch parentage on the mother's side, and he is now 56. At the age of 20 he went squatting on the shores of the Gulf of Carpentaria, but returned to his native island, where he was a Municipal Council Clerk at Glamorgan until 1875. Then, being 31 years old, he transferred his affections to the Riverina district of New South Wales, where he entered into pastoral pursuits within the borders of the district which he now represents in Parliament, and of which Albury—long spoken of as the Federal city—is the chief centre. Sir William has been a legislator for 20 years, and he gained his earliest taste of Cabinet office under Sir George Dibbs in 1885, Mr. Barton being a member of the same Government.

The will of the late Marcus Daly appoints Mrs. Daly the sole executrix of the estate without bonds, makes her guardian over the minor children and gives her one-third of the estate. The remaining two-thirds is to be divided equally between Mr. Daly's three daughters and his son. In the event of the death of Mrs. Daly before the trusts imposed upon her by the will are executed, the four children of the testator or the survivors of them are to be made the trustees and executors in her place without security. Any of the children may, during the life of the trust, dispose of his or her share by will. The Daly estate is estimated at from £10,000,000 to £20,000,000. The former figure is the one named by Mr. Daly himself as nearest designating his wealth.

Lately, of course, the Duke of Norfolk (says *M.A.P.*) was a much-discussed man, before his labors in connection with the Queen's obsequies, on account of his visit to the Pope. As might be expected from the Duke's position as the premier Roman Catholic layman in the British Empire, this visit was by no means the first of his pilgrimages to Rome, in which connection many tales are told illustrative of his simple character and good-heartedness. On one occasion seats had been reserved for him and his sister near the altar where the Pope was to officiate. The Duke looked round—none of his fellow-pilgrims were near. 'Where are the others?' he said; 'I should be with them,' and, catching sight of them some distance away, he left the seat of honor reserved for him, and took his place among his humbler fellow-travellers. Another time, at the Rome railway station, one of the English travellers, a lady, seeing the Duke rushing here, there, and everywhere in a most energetic fashion, went up to him and said, 'You are one of Cook's men, are you not? Just help me with my luggage!' Whereupon Henry Fitzalan Howard, Premier Duke and Earl, Hereditary Earl-Marshal and Chief Butler of England, seized the lady's packages and what not without a word, and saw her safely into a cab.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in *M.A.P.*, discourses of W. B. Yeats, the celebrated Irish poet and playwright:—Not far from Woburn Place, W.C., you turn down a side street and come to a long, narrow door next to a cobbler's shop, on the post of which is a tiny brass plate, beneath a bell inscribed with the name 'W. B. Yeats.' You ring and wait until you hear steps coming down some squeaking, creaking stairs; the door opens, and there is Mr. Yeats waiting to receive you with all the courtesy and stateliness of the grand school. You shake his long, bony hand delicately—it might break, it feels so brittle—and follow his long, thin figure, dressed in black, up the narrow, wooden staircase, which goes winding round and round, until the topmost story is reached. Here you are ushered into a large room hung about with Blake's engravings of Dante, a Rossetti, some Bardsleys, and others of a mystical character. The window overlooks the tops of the little shops opposite and a tree or two, for the street is a poor one, where humble folk live and work and children swarm, where there is no carriage-way and foot passengers alone can pass, it is so narrow. A street of the poor, and so in harmony with the tender, sad strain of so much of Yeats's poetry. Over a cup of tea, which—after many vicissitudes in the way of the fire refusing to burn, the sugar being dropped into a tobacco jar instead of the cup, and, at the last moment, Mr. Yeats going out to purchase milk—you sip reclining in a huge leather armchair, you listen to your host, who, with hands clasped together round his knees, sits perched nearly on the fire and croons and talks of the things he loves best. By-and-bye you go away and wonder, as the days pass on, whether he is a human being in the flesh or not, so intimately do he and his dreams form one. As you think you see once more the long, white, cadaverous, clean-shaven face, topped by a drooping lock of blue-black hair, you notice the enthusiast's nose—broad at the root and pointed at the tip—the strange mouth, the long neck and huge butterfly tie of many colors, but above all you remember the black brown eyes, which flash and glow in moments of enthusiasm behind the glasses he performs must wear. Such is Mr. Yeats in 'the outer,' which—together with all his strange contradictions and narrowness, his fiery independence as opposed to a strange obedience in occultism—passes away, and in spirit you see a beautiful soul hungering after a perfect happiness that the world in which its lot is cast can never give.

The McCormick Harvesting Machine Company built and sold 213,629 machines in the season of 1899. This is the greatest sale of harvesting machines ever made by one company.—

The Grand Prix was the highest award obtainable at the Paris Exhibition, and the McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, of Chicago, secured this coveted honor, and not only this but they obtained more special prizes than all other competitors. Such a tribute to the worth of the McCormick machines is proof positive of their excellence. Messrs. Morrow, Bassett and Co., Christchurch, Ashburton, and Dunedin, are the agents for the Company's manufactures in New Zealand.—

Largest "Pot-Still" Distillers in the World.

THE DUBLIN DISTILLERS' COMPANY, LTD.

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£20 for a NAME

for the Second-Grade Dunlop Tyre we intend placing on the market to meet the existing demand for a

Good Wearing Tyre at a Low Figure.

CONDITIONS of COMPETITION.

The *Name* to be concise and appropriate.

The Competition is open to all.

Competitors may send in as many selections as they like, provided that they are sent in separately, with the selected name on one side of a sheet of paper and the senders name and address on the other.

Should more than one Competitor select the winning *Name*, the award will be made by priority. All letters will be numbered and filed as received, so that it is advisable for Competitors to send in their selections as soon as possible.

Letters to be addressed to "A." care of any of our Australasian Depots.

The Competition will close on December 31st, and our award advertised early in January.

The Dunlop Tyre Co. to be sole judge of the winning *Name*, which will be the property of the Coy.

A cheque for £20 will be forwarded to the successful Competitor as soon as our award is made.

THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE CO. OF AUSTRALASIA LTD.,

ESTABLISHED 1859.

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY

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CAPITAL **£1,000,000**
PAID UP AND RESERVES **£420,000**

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Fire and Marine Risks accepted at Lowest Current Rates. Losses settled with promptitude and liberality.
 OTAGO BRANCH: Corner of Rattray and Crawford Streets, Dunedin.

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GLOBE HOTEL,
OAMARU.

P. KELLY Proprietor.
 P. KELLY wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has purchased the Globe Hotel, and will be happy to meet them there. Country Visitors and the Travelling Public will find every convenience. The Hotel, which is being renovated throughout, has accommodation for a number of Boarders; has its Private Sitting Rooms, Billiard Room, Bath Room, etc. Convenient to the New Railway Station and opposite the Theatre Royal. A good table kept. All Wines and Spirits of the Best Quality. Free Stabling accommodation.

SANITARY PIPE
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The undersigned, having purchased the above Works, is prepared to sell at Lowest Current Rates.

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 NORTH-EAST VALLEY AND KENSINGTON.

RAILWAY HOTEL
MANCHESTER STREET,
CHRISTCHURCH

(One minute from the Railway Station).
 MR. WILLIAM JOHNSTON, late of Timaru Refreshment Rooms, has taken over the above favourite house, and offers every comfort to his patrons and friends.

FLETCHER, HUMPHREYS & CO.,
WINE, SPIRIT, & CIDER MERCHANTS.

Also Importers of

Cigars, Cigarettes, Indian, Ceylon, and China Teas, and American Goods

WAREHOUSE AND BONDED STORES:

CATHEDRAL SQUARE,

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JONES PLANO LEVER BINDER.

Jones Chain Drive Mowers, Light-Running, Keen cutting. Two sprockets, one chain constitute the mechanism of the Plano Mower. Simplest and Strongest Binder on earth.

Great Binder Competition.—We are pleased to inform you that at a Binder Trial, held under the auspices of the Inverk Society, Kilkenny, Ireland, the following was the result:—

PLANO: 1st PRIZE and SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL.

We are also happy to state that we received from the hands of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society Highest Award, First Prize, and Special Gold Medal for our Binders and a Special Medal for our Sickle Grinders. Also Special Gold Medal for our Reapers and Binders at the Paris Exhibition.

TOTHILL, WATSON, AND CO.,

SOLE IMPORTERS,
OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.**VETERINARY SHOEING FORGE,**

WASHDYKE, TIMARU.

JOHN ROBERTSON, PROPRIETOR

(Late of Oamaru),

Begs to return thanks for the liberal support accorded to him since coming to Washdyke, and trusts by strict attention to business and good workmanship to merit a continuance of favors. All work received promptly attended to.

HORSE-SHOELING A SPECIALITY.

ESTABLISHED 1880. TELEPHONE No. 69

BAKER BROTHERS,
FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,
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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.

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RELIABLE FIRM.

It is rapidly becoming known throughout

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Sound, pure and reliable seeds are

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CHEMISTS, INVERCARGILL.

A Complete Stock of Everything that is looked for in a first-class Pharmacy

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 PURE NATURAL LYMPH FOR
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Furniture, Carpet, Floorcloths, and

Linoleum Warehouse,

8 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

Has just landed Brussels and Tapestry Carpet of magnificent designs, Floorcloths and Linoleums, all widths up to 12 feet in new designs and various qualities.

Bedsteads and Bedding, all kinds fresh and new.

A large assortment of Bamboo Tables, Whatnots, Brackets, Screens, Stools, new colourings and designs.

A large stock of New Furniture of latest new styles.

Houses Furnished on the Time-Payment System. Terms very easy. Everybody in town and country cordially invited to visit and inspect our Immense Stock.

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Importers of Fencing Wire (plain and galvanised), Barbed Wire, Sheep and Rabbit Netting, Fencing Standard in, 'Kiwi' and 'Reliance,' Rabbit Traps, etc., etc., including all kinds of Farmers' requirements in Hardware.

STANDARDS PUNCHED

True to gauge. Net weight after punching only charged.

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General, Builders', and Furnishing Ironmongery, Electro-Plated Ware, Cutlery, &c., &c., in great variety.

PRICES LOW. QUALITY EXCELLENT.

Building Timber of all kinds supplied direct from Sawmills when required.

Totara and Black Pine, to any description, from our own mills at OWAKA.

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For STYLISH,
RELIABLE **Boots and Shoes**

VISIT

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95 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

NOTE.—Shipments of the cream of the World's Markets constantly coming to hand. SEE WINDOWS.



<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>
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Commercial.

(For week ending April 10.)

PRODUCE.

London, April 3.—The wheat markets are a shade easier, and a holiday tone prevails. Cargoes are steady. Victorian (afloat), 29s 6d and 29s 9d; parcels, 28s 9d.

Butter is quiet and unchanged.

All New Zealand mutton is 1-16d per lb lower.

Napier, April 4.—Messrs Nelson Bros. have received the following cable from Colonial Consignment and Distributing Co.:—'Further fall in North Island mutton and second quality lamb. To-day's quotations: Best Canterbury, 4½d; Napier and North Island, 3½d; lamb, first quality, 5½d; second, 5½d.'

MR. F. MEENAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale prices only—Oats: Feed, fair to good, 1s 2d to 1s 4d; milling, 1s 5½d to 1s 6d. Wheat: milling, 2s 5d to 2s 7d; fowls', 1s 9d to 2s 2d. Potatoes: New, local, L3. Chaff: Good demand for prime up to L2 12s 6d; inferior, hard to sell; medium, L2 5s. Straw: pressed 30s, market fair; loose, 30s. Flour: Sacks, 200lbs, L7; 50lbs, L7 10s; 25lbs, L7 15s. Oatmeal: 25lbs, L9 0s. Butter: Dairy, 6d to 8½d; factory, 11d to 11½d. Cheese: Dairy, 4½d; factory, 5½d. Eggs, scarce, 1s 3d. Onions: Melbourne, L8; Canterbury, L5 5s.

SOUTHLAND PRODUCE MARKET.

Invercargill prices current:—Wholesale: Butter, fresh, 7d, factory, bulk, 10d; pats, 10½d; eggs, 1s per doz; cheese, farm, 3½d; bacon, farm, 7d; do (rolled) farm, 6d; hams 8d; potatoes, L4 per ton; barley, 2s to 2s 6d; fowl wheat, 2s; chaff, L2 10s; flour, L6 10s to L7 5s; oatmeal, L9 10s to L10; pollard, L4; bran, L3 10s, including bags. Retail—Fresh butter, 10d, factory, bulk, 11½d; pats, 1s; eggs, 1s 3d per doz; cheese, 6d; bacon, rolled, 8d, sliced 9d; hams, 10d; potatoes, 5s per cwt; flour, 200lbs, 14s; 50lb, 4s; oatmeal, 50lb, 6s; 25lb, 3s; pollard, 6s 6d per bushel; bran, 4s per bag; chaff, L3 per ton; fowls' feed, 2s 9d per bushel.

WOOL, SKINS, TALLOW, ETC.

London, April 3.—The Bradford wool market is restricted. Common sixties, 18½d; supers, 19d.

LIVE STOCK.

ADDINGTON STOCK MARKET.

FAT CATTLE—149 head yarded, mostly of fair average quality. Good beef brought from 20s 6d to 22s 6d per 100lb. Steers (heavy-weights) sold from L8 to L9 10s; others, L6 15s to L7 15s; heifers, L4 17s 6d to L7 15s; cows, L4 5s to L7 17s 6d.

FAT SHEEP—About 3000 penned, including some good lines of both wethers and ewes and many inferior sorts. There was no competition for export, and the market had an easier tone, while ewes were also weaker, being in over supply. Good wethers realised 17s to 19s; lighter, 16s; best ewes, 14s to 16s 6d; others, 10s 6d to 13s; merino ewes, 8s 11d to 10s 3d.

FAT LAMBS—3550 penned. The demand was keen, and the bulk was taken by exporters at from 14s to 15s 11d; unfinished sorts sold down to 12s.

STORE SHEEP—9500 penned, mostly ewes. Younger sorts sold well, but aged were neglected. Wethers and lambs also sold better. Good young ewes brought from 15s to 18s; medium sorts, 12s 4d to 14s 6d; aged, down to 10s 11d; aged merino ewes, 5s to 5s 4d; forward wethers, to 16s 6d; backward, 13s to 14s 6d; lambs, 9s to 12s 6d.

PIGS—About 400 yarded, including some very prime baconers, which, however, were slightly easier considering the quality, selling at from 37s to 52s 6d, or equal to 3½d per lb. Porkers were in demand at from 25s to 35s, or equal to 4d per lb. Stubblers were also in request at from 12s to 25s 6d, and small sorts were dull at from 4s to 8s.

LATE BURNSIDE STOCK REPORT.

(Per special favour Messrs. Stronach Bros. and Morris.)

Wednesday, 5 p.m.

FAT CATTLE—145 yarded. There was a good demand, and prices ruled about 10s higher than last week. Best bullocks, L8 10s to L10 10s; medium, L7 to L8 5s; best cows and heifers, L5 15s to L7; medium, L4 10s to L5 12s 6d.

SHEEP—1497 penned, prices ruling about the same as last week. Best wethers, 17s to 19s; medium, 14s 6d to 16s 6d; best ewes, 13s 6d to 15s; medium, 11s 6d to 13s; others, 9s to 11s.

LAMBS—569 penned. Good quality lambs met with a good demand but other sorts were slow of sale. Best lambs, 13s to 15s 3d; medium, 11s to 12s 6d; others, 8s to 10s 6d.

PIGS—70 forward, all with the exception of suckers and slips meeting with a good demand. Suckers, 3s 6d to 9s; slips, 10s to 12s 6d; stores, 13s to 16s; porkers, 22s to 30s; baconers, 42s to 48s.

DECREES OF BEATIFICATION.

A LIST of the decrees of beatification and canonisation ordained by the Holy See 'during the nineteenth century' has recently been prepared by the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

This list shows that the Pontiffs, Pius VII. (1800-1823), Leo XII. (1823-1829), Pius VIII. (1829-1830), Gregory XVI. (1830-1846), Pius IX. 1846-1878), and Leo XIII. have pronounced 310 beatifications, while the names of 78 holy men and women were put on the roll of saints.

Leo XIII. has pronounced 81 beatifications, and 10 canonisations during his pontificate.

Leo XIII. has taken particular interest in the martyrs who suffered under Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth. Nothing, it is said, gave him greater pleasure than the beatification of Cardinal Fisher, Margaret Pole and Sir Thomas More.

Two hundred and five out of the 310 persons beatified during the century were martyrs. Of the 78 canonised 46 were martyrs, 24 confessors and seven virgins.

Of the 310 beatified, 206 died for the Lord, most of them in Japan during the slaughter of the Christians there. The majority of the 46 martyrs canonised suffered death in Tonquin in 1885, and later.

The Earl of Westmeath, who has been elected a representative peer of Ireland, has acted as private secretary to Mr. Chamberlain. One of his titles, that of Baron of Delvin, dates back to the time of Henry II.

Miss Eugenia Washington, who died recently in Washington, was one of the few remaining relatives of George Washington. Some 30 years ago, Miss Washington, while visiting relatives in Louisiana, attended a Catholic mission held by the Paulists in a neighboring church, and after careful study joined the Catholic Church. She spoke of the step she was about to take to a clergyman of the Episcopalian Church she had been attending. He was somewhat shocked and advised her to reconsider. She said, 'Oh! no, I must act up to my convictions, and,' she added, laughingly, 'I shall pray hard that you may be given the same grace.' She returned home and some years later had the gratification of meeting her former pastor as a prominent lecturer of the Catholic faith.

J. G. WARD & CO. WOOL, GRAIN, SEED, AND MANURE MERCHANTS,

AUCTIONEERS AND STOCK AGENTS,

Full Stocks of Cornsacks, Woolpacks, Manures, Seeds, etc., kept, and Farmers are asked to call upon us before purchasing their requirements.

Invercargill, Gore and Bluff.

AGENTS FOR—Massey-Harris Implements, Huddart, Parker Steamers, Manchester Fire Insurance Co., Lawes' Dips and Manures.
MANAGING AGENTS FOR—Ocean Beach Freezing Works, (Birt & Co., Limited, Proprietors).

B O U S K I L L A N D M O N A B

THREE FIRST AWARDS AND SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL AT THE AUCKLAND EXHIBITION, 1899.

These Awards were gained by work manufactured on our premises, Symonds street, and distanced all competing work, both local and imported. We invite inspection of our large stock of

MONUMENTS, TOMBS, HEADSTONES, CROSSES, ETC.

The Largest Stock of Designs of IRON TOMB RAILINGS in the Colony. Designs and Prices forwarded Free on Application.

Lowest possible Prices consistent with Good Work and Material.

B O U S K I L L A N D M O N A B,
SYMONDS STREET,
AUCKLAND.

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Telephone 650.

House, Land, Estate, & Financial Agents,

ROYAL EXCHANGE, OPERA HOUSE,
WELLINGTON.

Money Invested, Loans Negotiated, and entire Management of Properties and Collection of Rents undertaken.

The firm have Special Facilities for disposing of Town and Country Properties.

Correspondence invited from property owners also persons wishing to buy.

E. W. DUNNE, BOOKSELLER,

43 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

JUST REMOVED TO NEW PREMISES.

Special inducements are now offered to Customers and the General Public to kindly inspect our NEW STOCKS in every line.

Just Opened :

THE LATEST IN BOOKS, STATIONERY,
AND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF GENERAL & FANCY GOODS.

Inspection freely invited.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

DUNEDIN PAWN OFFICE,

5 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

(Late A. Solomon.)

W. G. ROSSITER (for the last 15 years Manager for the late Mr. A. Solomon) having bought the old-established and well-known pawnbroking business of the late Mr. A. Solomon, begs to announce to the public of Dunedin and Suburbs that he will carry on the business with the same attention and fidelity as formerly.

Note Address :

W. G. ROSSITER,

PRACTICAL WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,
NO 5, GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

SCOTIA HOTEL

Corner of

LEITH AND DUNDAS STREETS, DUNEDIN.

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN (late of the Police Force, Dunedin and Ashburton), Proprietor.

Having leased the above well-known and popular Hotel, which has undergone a thorough renovation. Mr O'Halloran is now prepared to offer first-class accommodation to families, boarders, and the general public.

The very best of Wines, Ales, and Spirits applied.

NEW BUTCHERY.

JOHN MCINTOSH

(For many years salesman to City Co.),

Opposite Phoenix Company,
MACLAGGAN STREET, DUNEDIN,

Has opened as above.

Only the best of meat at lowest possible prices.

Families waited on for Orders.

A TRIAL SOLICITED.

GEORGE DENNIS,

Late of Park Hotel, Newtown, Wellington and West Coast South Island,

Has taken over BARRETT'S HOTEL Lambton Quay, WELLINGTON, where he is prepared to provide for his old patrons and the public generally every accommodation.

Two minutes' walk from Post Office and wharf.

Tram passes door.

WAIMATE HOTEL, WAIMATE

T. TWOMEY ... Proprietor.

T. TWOMEY (late of the Grosvenor Hotel, Christchurch) having now taken possession of the above favorite and centrally-situated house, will spare no pains to make the place as comfortable as possible.

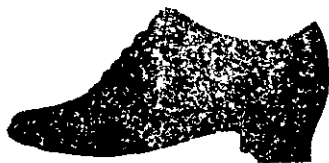
Wines and Spirits of the best brands.

The Hotel is being refurnished and renovated throughout.

HUGH GOURLEY

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

Funerals attended in Town or Country with promptness and economy



SIMON BROTHERS,
GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

MONSTER BOOT SALE,

Commences on

SATURDAY next, FEBRUARY 23rd,

For Fourteen Days Only.

UNION STEAMSHIP COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

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

LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON—
Tarawera Thurs., April 11 2.30 p.m. tr'n
Te Anau Sun., April 14 1 p.m. D'din
Waikare Tues., April 16 1.30 p.m. D'din

NAPIER, GISBORNE and AUCKLAND—
Te Anau Sun., April 14 1 p.m. D'din
Waikare Tues., April 16 1.30 p.m. D'din

SYDNEY, via WELLINGTON—
Tarawera Thurs., April 11 2.30 p.m. tr'n
Waihora Thurs., April 18 3 p.m. D'din

SYDNEY via AUCKLAND—
Waikare Tues., April 16 1.30 p.m. D'din
Mararoa Tues., April 30 1.30 p.m. D'din

MELBOURNE via BLUFF and HOBART—
Monowai Mon., April 22 3.35 p.m. tr'n
Mokoia Mon., April 29 2.30 p.m. tr'n

WESTPORT via TIMARU, LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON (Cargo only)—
Upolu Fri., April 12 3 p.m. D'din

WESTPORT via OAMARU, TIMARU, AKAROA, LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON, NEW PLYMOUTH and GREYMOUTH, (cargo only)—
Corinna Thurs., April 18 3 p.m. D'din

GREYMOUTH via OAMARU, TIMARU, LYTTELTON, WELLINGTON and NAPIER, (cargo only)—
Janet Nicoll Wed., April 10 3 p.m. D'din

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For FIJI (From Auckland).
Flora Wed., May 1.

TONGA, SAMOA, FIJI, and SYDNEY (From Auckland.)
Manapouri Thurs., April 11

RARATONGA and TAHITI, (From Auckland.)
Ovalau Wed., April 10.

"DEAR ME!

I've forgotten that SYMINGTON COFFEE ESSENCE, whatever shall I do? Call at the nearest Store you pass they All Keep it.

SPORTS AND CONCERT AT MILTON.

(From our Special Reporter.)

A RAW and rainy morning militated against a large attendance at the Feis Gaedhilge or Gaelic sports held in Milton on Easter Monday in aid of the local convent school. There was, however, a fair attendance of spectators on the Farmers' Club Grounds, and those who patronised the Feis had reason to be well pleased with the varied and interesting programme provided for their amusement. The sports consisted of a considerable number of well-contested athletic events, wrestling, tug-of-war (Irish against the world, the latter being declared the winners after a hard tussle), wheelbarrow race (blindfolded), sack-race, dancing competitions, etc. The chief interest of the day centered around a hurling match—Milton v. Dunedin. The Dunedin team, being short, was strengthened by the inclusion of some men from Milton. The Dunedin team was captained by Mr. L. Clancy, the Milton team by Mr. Calvey, and after a capital two-apell contest, which was witnessed by the spectators with enthusiastic interest, the Dunedin team secured a win by two goals to one. The frequent skirl of the bagpipes enlivened the day's proceedings. The committee—Father O'Neill, and Messrs. Walsh, Forsyth, Scott, Powley, Lilburn, and T. Gibson—deserve much credit for the manner in which the sports were conducted.

In the evening a capital entertainment was presented in St. George's Hall, which was packed in every part. Two fine orchestral selections were contributed by the Milton String Band, under the conductorship of Mr. H. Marryatt. Miss M. Morrison (Dunedin) sang, in finished style, 'Killarney,' 'Robin Adair,' and 'Arrah go on,' and for the last was enthusiastically recalled. Mr. T. J. Anthony (Dunedin) also contributed two items, one of them an exceedingly droll affair, for which he was also emphatically encored. Other vocal numbers were also contributed by Messrs. J. McLean (Dunedin), P. Mullins (Dunedin), and Mr. Marryatt. Mr. L. Pastorelli (Dunedin) ably recited 'Ordered to the front,' and Mr. J. Dee (Dunedin) was very well received in his well-rendered dramatic song, 'Kimberley.' The accompaniments were played by Mrs. Marryatt.

The evening's entertainment concluded with a laughable one-act comedy entitled 'An Irish Engagement.' The principal honors of the piece fell to Mr. T. J. Anthony, who, as Tim O'Rafferty, kept the fun going at a merry pace from start to finish. Mr. L. Pastorelli acquitted himself very well of the difficult part of a 'heavy' and exasperated paterfamilias. Messrs. J. McLean and J. Dee also contributed much to the success of the piece. Miss S. Smith (Dunedin) made a very amiable heiress, and the part of Norah, the effusive housemaid, was filled with much life and sparkle by Miss W. Heffernan (Dunedin). The play was received by the audience with very marked appreciation. At an interval in the entertainment Very Rev. Father O'Neill thanked the various performers.

CONCERT BY MISS ANITA MOSS.

MISS ANITA MOSS is to be warmly congratulated on the success which attended her concert in the Agricultural Hall on Monday night. Considering the high encomiums which had been passed on her singing by the public press of Australia, and assisted as she was by such able vocalists as Messrs H. Wright and W. Farquhar Young, and instrumentalists as Messrs Robert R. Moss, A. Vallis, W. E. Taylor, and Madam Von Look, it was only natural to expect that the concert would be an artistic success, but very few had anticipated the presence of such a large audience, especially during holiday times when many people are out of town. It was evident that those present enjoyed the performance, for they displayed their appreciation by persistent demands for encores. The concert opened with a pianoforte duet, 'Tarantella,' by Messrs Vallis and Taylor, who gave a finished rendering of the item. Miss Moss was down on the programme for four items, all of which were encored. The majority of the audience had heard of this talented young lady's success in Australia, and her debut on the public concert stage here was viewed with some curiosity as to how she would come up to expectations. Her performances on Monday night more than fully confirmed all that had been said regarding her ability as a vocalist. She has a voice of great compass, clearness, and uniformity. The items set down for Miss Moss were: 'Flower song,' from 'Faust'; 'Jock o' Hazeldean'; 'Stride la Vampa,' from 'Il Trovatore'; and 'To the angels'—a wide range of music, in which ample opportunity was afforded the audience of judging the capabilities of the singer; and that the verdict was highly favorable the enthusiastic applause and undeniable recalls bore ample testimony. In the last-mentioned item Miss Moss was accompanied by Mr. Vallis on the organ, Mr. R. R. Moss on the cello, and Madam Von Look on the piano. The encore numbers were 'Egyptian boat song,' 'Damon,' and 'Croon, croon underneath the moon.' Mr. Farquhar Young was in splendid voice, and his items, 'Bedonin love song' and 'The mighty deep,' well deserved the recalls which he received. 'Message of the king' and 'Friends of the brave' were given in Mr. H. Wright's usually finished style, and the inevitable encores followed. Two very enjoyable items on the cello, played with faultless execution, were contributed by Mr. Robert R. Moss, who was recalled. The concert lost nothing by the finished manner in which the accompaniments were played by Mr. Taylor and Madam Von Look.

Miss Moss will give a popular concert in the Agricultural Hall on Saturday night, when she will be assisted by leading talent.

The greatest happiness? Peace and contentment in the home. Manners carry the world for a moment, character for all time. To dispense with ceremony is the most delicate mode of conferring a compliment.

O B I T U A R Y.

MRS. MATTHEW GARTY, CHRISTCHURCH.

Very deep sorrow (writes our Christchurch correspondent) is felt by a wide circle of relatives and friends at the death on Thursday night, after a short illness, of Mrs. Garty, wife of Mr. M. Garty, a much respected resident of this city. Before marriage the late Mrs. Garty was a member of the pro-Cathedral choir, and, with other members of her family, was always to the fore in matters pertaining to the welfare of the Church. Much sympathy is expressed for the bereaved husband and two young children. The Rev. Father McDonnell attended the deceased in her last illness, to whom he administered the last rites of the Church, and also officiated at the graveside in the Linwood Cemetery. The funeral took place on Saturday, members of the Hibernian Society forming part of the cortege. At Lyttelton the flags on the Shipping offices of Messrs. Kinsey, Barnes and Co. (for whom Mr. Garty has for years occupied the position of Customs clerk), and the U.S.S. Company were lowered to halfmast out of respect for the deceased.—R.I.P.

ST. PETER'S CHAIR.

THE actual material chair of St. Peter is now venerated in his basilica in Rome, and enshrined in the splendid bronze throne, supported by the colossal figures of four doctors of the Church—SS. Ambrose, Augustine, Athanasius, and Chrysostom—the whole weighing 219,000 Roman pounds. The actual seat is a simple oak chair, which only in the ninth century was adorned in front with ivory plates. Until the time of Alexander VIII. the position of the relic frequently changed. In the oldest Church of St. Peter, built by Constantine between 320 and 350, the chair had a place of honor at one of the sides in the baptismal chapel erected by Pope Damasus. In those days the Roman Pontiffs used to seat themselves upon this chair in order to administer Confirmation to the neophytes just baptized. In the eighth century contemporary pictures represented the chair as kept in the oratory of St. Leo. Archaeologists like De Rossi and Marucchi have proved the existence of this venerable relic as far back as the second century. Even at that time it was looked upon with the highest veneration as a material proof of the Apostolic succession. In the sixth century the Abbot John is recorded as having carried some of the oil from the lamp ever burning before the apostolic throne to the Lombard Queen Theodolinda.

GOOD RULES TO GO BY.

- Never obtrude any advice unasked.
- Aim at cheerfulness without levity.
- Never show levity when people are engaged in worship.
- Never judge a person's character by external appearances.
- Say as little as possible of yourself and of those who are near you.
- Never affect to be witty, or jest so as to wound the feelings of another.
- Never court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanities or vices.
- Never ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem to be such, however absurd they appear to be.
- Never think the worse of another on account of his differing with you in politics or religious opinions.

Dr. Tanner went up to London for the opening of Parliament, but was too ill to attend the House regularly.

Mr. Edward Fullen, a prominent and highly-esteemed Catholic of Belfast, has been created by his Holiness the Pope Knight-Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. Mr. Fullen and family are noted for their religious fervor and open-handed generosity, and the Catholics of Belfast are proud of the distinction conferred on one of their number.

Father John P. Prendergast, assistant pastor of Sacred Heart Church, in Kansas City, and Father Thomas F. Prendergast, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, at Warrensburg, Mo., are the only twin priests in the world (says an American exchange). Seven of the nine children in the Prendergast family are priests and nuns, making one of the most remarkable instances of religious devotion known in Church experience. The twin brothers were born July 26, 1874, in Ballylooby, Cahir, County Tipperary, Ireland. The family is one of the oldest and most prominent in southern Ireland. There were nine children, of whom the twins are the youngest. One brother is still living at the old homestead with his parents. Three brothers and three sisters came to America, and seven of the nine have renounced the world. Father William Gregory Prendergast is a priest at Mannington, in the diocese of Wheeling, Va. Two sisters entered the Ursuline community at Toledo, Ohio, one of them, Sister Scholastica, being the Mother Superior of the Order there. The other, Sister Theodora, died in February, 1893, at the age of 37 years, after giving 17 years of her life to the work of a nun. The third sister, who is known to the world as Sister Benedicta, belongs to the Order of Sisters of Charity, at Dubuque, Iowa, and is now in charge of the academy at Emmetsburg, Iowa. James Prendergast, a brother, entered the Trappist monastery at Mount Melleray, Ireland. The twin brothers received their classical education at Mount Melleray. They then began the study of theology at the University of Louvain, Belgium, where they were ordained June 29, 1896. When they completed the required course they were under the canonical age, and in order that they might be ordained it was necessary to secure a special dispensation from the Pope.

Ashburton Residents

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" " " " " " " " (Perraud)	2 9
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Office of Holy Week: Masses and Offices (red edges)	1 3
" " " " " " " " (smaller, cloth, limp)	0 8
Officium Majoris Hebdomadae Sanctae (Ratisbonne)	6 0
Benediction Service, Easter, etc. (Lambillotte)	2 9
Cantus Ecclesiasticus Passtonis (Ratisbonne)	19 6
Passion (St. Matthew) Bach (Oratorio)	2 3
Haec Dies (Cellini). Duet and chorus	1 7
Haec Dies (Feltz). Solo, soprano, and chorus	1 1

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Sealed Tenders, addressed to the Secretary to the Treasury, Government Building, Wellington, accompanied with the 5-per-cent. deposit, will be received up to noon of Tuesday, 23rd April, 1901, when they will be opened in the presence of the Colonial Treasurer and the Controller and Auditor-General, and allotment will forthwith be made. If cheques are lodged with a Tender, they must be drawn upon a Bank in Wellington, and be marked by such Bank as 'good' for fourteen days. Cheques issued by a Bank need not be so marked.

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In case of default in the payment of any instalment at its proper date, the deposit and instalment (if any) previously paid will be liable to forfeiture. If no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned.

The first and second instalments may be paid at any Branch of the Bank of New Zealand either in the Colony or Australia, to the credit of the Public Account, or at the Treasury, Wellington, not later than the several dates previously mentioned.

Scrip Certificates will be issued, to be subsequently exchanged for the Debenture-bonds.

Tenders must be on printed forms, which may be obtained at the Cashier's Office, Treasury, Wellington, or at the Offices of the Bank of New Zealand at Sydney, Melbourne, Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, or Dunedin.

Office of the Colonial Treasurer,
Wellington, 2nd April, 1901.

GRAND POPULAR CONCERT.

AGRICULTURAL HALL, SATURDAY, 13th APRIL, 1901.

ANITA MOSS will sing—
'O DIVINE REDEEMER.'

All parts of Hall One Shilling.

NOTICE.

Correspondents are particularly requested to bear in mind that to insure publication in any particular issue of the paper communications must reach this Office not later than Tuesday morning.

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LEO XIII. to the N.Z. TABLET.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1901.

A MIGHTY GROWTH.



JUST eleven years ago there appeared in the *Missionary Review* (a Protestant publication) an article on the destiny of the Catholic Church in the American Republic. It was from the pen of Dr. ELLENWOOD—a writer who, though gifted with a wide knowledge of his subject, made it abundantly clear that he lay not open to any suspicion of bias in favor of the ancient creed which he designated by the vulgar nickname of 'Romanism.' He estimated the number of Catholics in the Republic at that time as, in round numbers, nine millions. He described them as a 'strong-stranded, hard-twisted agency which no one can ignore.' In dealing with the sources and extent of Catholic expansion in the United States, he said: 'In the first place, the great Catholic gain in this country [America] has been due mainly to the constant tide of immigration. This is not likely to cease so long as the populations of Europe throw off a surplus; and this alone will constantly affect the comparative ratios of Romanism in this country. In the second place, there is a great increase of Catholic population by natural generation. The influence of wealth upon our native-born citizens of the Anglo-American stock, of the increased extravagance which widely prevails, operate unfavorably upon the number of marriages and the natural increase of population. Thus, from 1800 to 1850, the population of the country increased nine-fold; the membership of all Evangelistic Churches twenty-seven-fold; the Roman Catholic sixty-three-fold. From 1850 to 1880 the population increased 116 per cent., the communicants of Protestant Churches 185 per cent., and the Roman Catholics 294 per cent. Or, to take another line of comparison, in 1850 the Catholics equalled 45 per cent. of the total Protestant Church memberships, and in 1880, 63 per cent.'

Under the Stars and Stripes the Church has moved forward as if shod with the shoes of swiftness. Only two years ago—in 1899—the Catholic hierarchy of the United States celebrated the centenary of the consecration of their first Bishop, Dr. Carroll, of Baltimore. And, says MULHALL, 'so rapid has been the growth of Catholicism in that country that it now possesses more bishops than France, Austria, or Spain.' Hoffman's *Catholic Directory* for the present year gives the following statistics of the Church in the United States: One Cardinal, 13 Archbishops, 80 Bishops, 8977 secular priests, 3010 priests of religious orders, 66,127 churches with resident priests, 6518 missions with churches, 1774 chapels, 8 universities, 76 seminaries, with 3395 students; 188 colleges for boys, 677 academies for girls; 3812 parishes with schools, 903,980 children attending; 247 orphan asylums, 35,084 orphans; 885 charitable institutions, 1,053,832 children in Catholic institutions, 10,774,980 total Catholic population. The

magnitude of what may be termed, without profanity, the 'operations' of Catholicism in the country may be gauged from the carefully compiled figures published by the *New York Herald* of January 13, 1901, the cost of maintaining the Catholic churches in the Republic during the year 1900 was £6,335,000. And the *New York Sun*, in the course of a recent article on the Catholic parochial school system of the United States, says: 'According to the figures prepared for 1899 . . . the total number of pupils in these schools in the United States was 853,725. [The more recent returns given above show that these figures were greatly exceeded in 1900.] Computed at 25 dollars per capita, the cost of maintaining the parochial system of education would be over 21,000,000 dollars [about £4,200,000] a year. These figures do not include any statistics of children educated in the very numerous orphan asylums under Catholic management. Academies, colleges, and other institutions devoted to higher education are also omitted.'

Uncle SAM is—in KINGLAKE'S phrase—'odiously statistical' in some things. But he has thus far developed no curiosity to know anything about the religious beliefs of his subjects. Hence there are, unfortunately, no religious statistics for the United States based upon an actual count of heads. Those that are commonly given are mere estimates or approximations. And, in regard to the Catholic population, they vary very widely. The late Dr. GILMERY SHEA—who was described by the *New York Sun* as 'the best Catholic authority on the subject'—made a painstaking calculation, based on official statistics, and computed the Catholic population of the United States in 1890 to be 10,627,000. The statistical volume published in 1895 by Dr. O'GORMAN, of the Washington Catholic University, placed it in round numbers at 12,000,000. This was also the estimate of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Baltimore for 1897. The figures published annually in the American Catholic Directories are based on such unsatisfactory data as the recorded baptisms and deaths. HOFFMAN'S and SADLEIR'S Directories differ as much as close on 2,000,000 in their estimates! And one keeps wondering why the rival figure-grinders do not meet in conference and adopt a sane and common basis of computation which shall have the merit of at least giving approximately uniform results. The *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1890, places the total Catholic population of the United States for that year at, in round numbers, 10,000,000. The *Economiste Français* arrived at a practically similar conclusion: its figures were 9,977,270. For the past four years *Hazell's Annual* has constantly estimated the Catholic body in the United States at 'about 12,000,000.' The *Independent*—the great Protestant organ of the United States—places the number of *communicants* at 8,610,226. The nearest approach to this total made by any individual denomination in the country is shown by the Methodist Episcopal Church, which is credited by the *Independent* with 2,716,437 'members.' And all reliable estimates are in agreement with the *Statistical Atlas of the United States*, which declares that Catholics are 'the largest religious body in the country.' Taking into account our coreligionists in the Philippines (6,565,998) and in Cuba, there are at present under the Stars and Stripes not less than 20,000,000 Catholics.

According to the tables given in the late Mr. MULHALL'S Congress paper, 'in forty years [1850-1890] the Roman Catholic churches [in the United States] multiplied seven-fold and the church property thirteen-fold, while Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians showed a much lower rate of progress.' But all this material growth is but the outward evidence of the wondrous vitality which marks the spiritual side of Catholic church-life in the United States. The Protestant writer of the article in the *Missionary Review*—to which reference is made above—says of the Catholic Church in the United States: 'That its strong faith and its unflinching maintenance of its principles will help to interpose an important barrier against the flippant infidelity of the day, there is good reason to believe . . . That the Roman Catholic Church in this country will become a great power, we have no doubt.' In his *Little Tour in America* (published in 1895), the noted Anglican writer, Dean HOLZ, dwells with wonder upon the 'enthusiastic zeal' of the Catholic body in the United States.

'Not only,' he continues, 'are their buildings the most beautiful—there is no church in New York to compare with the Cathedral of St. Patrick—but they are used more frequently for their sacred purposes than any other places of worship.' We may conclude by again referring to an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1890, which says of the Catholic Church in the United States that it is 'one of the most powerful and most democratic religious communities which the world has ever seen, and one which is fated to leave a lasting mark on the history of Christendom.'

Notes.

A leading New Zealand daily had the following in its issue of last Saturday: 'A well-known identity of Edi (Victoria) reached 100 years of age on March 9. The old man retains all his faculties excepting that he is slightly deaf and his eyesight is somewhat dimmed and he can converse intelligently.' It is evident that all the 'bulls' were not raised in Ireland.

Two weeks ago we referred to the liberal views taken by the present King on Irish questions. A Dublin man who has lately been turning out the contents of an old diary now states that fifteen years ago he was informed by Earl Spencer that the then Princess of Wales (now Queen of England) was a Home Ruler. 'She thought Ireland was, like her own Denmark, a little country that had been hardly used by stronger neighbors.'

Fitzpatrick, in his biography of Father Healy of Little Bray, tells how Sir Redvers Buller dined with the witty Irish *soyart* on one occasion when the other guests were Archbishop Walsh and eleven priests. It was shortly after Sir Redvers had made something like a reputation for himself in the Soudan. Sir Redvers was the only layman present, and he made a slight start when he looked around and discovered the fact. 'Never mind,' said Father Healy, 'the soutane is not worse than the Soudan.'

Motor-cars are being shyly introduced into Christchurch, and may soon become a feature in the street-traffic of Canterbury's fair capital. It may interest our friends up there to learn that the official German name for the vehicle is 'automobiletaxameterdroschen.' The Flemish designation gives a still more fearful alphabetical procession: 'snelpardelooszoonderspoorwegpetroolrijtuig.' We rather think people would be scared about mounting a machine with such a formidable name—just as Lovelight agreed readily enough to bleeding, but he'd die before he'd be phlebotomised.

A Belfast newspaper of February 18 says that an evidence of the mildness of the season was to be seen in the presence of butterflies, violets, and primroses. And then laconially adds that 'an Orange drumming-party was out on parade on Sunday in the vicinity of Old Lodge Road.' What concord hath Christ with Belial—or Orange drumming parties and their ways with such fair and gentle things as butterflies, violets, and primroses? We had thought that the drummers were associated with brickbats, ories of 'To hell with the Pope,' and other unpleasant features of the dog-days in Belfast.

The Secretary of the Bendigo hospital (Victoria) recently received the following letter from the local School of Mines: 'Dear Sir,—I am informed by your president that the school can again have the loan of your skeleton. Please deliver same to the bearer, and oblige.' Bendigo was hot, very hot just then—just the climate for a salamander—and the hospital secretary wished, probably, he were able to divest himself of his perspiring flesh as easily as of his clothes, and 'sit down in his bones' for his own comfort and the instruction of the pupils of the School of Mines. As he could not do so, he gave the hospital skeleton to the 'bearer' who 'rattled its bones over the stones' to the mining museum. It is only in keeping with the eternal fitness of things, that the skeleton of one of the old diggers should become a kind of presiding genius over the exhibits of past and present methods of mining in the Golden City.

'Coming events cast their shadows before'; and the people are already quietly speculating as to what our Royal visitors have in store in the way of titles for our prominent public men. Knighthoods, say some, will be conferred on the Hon. Messrs. Ward and Carroll and the Mayors of the four cities visited. But when it comes to Mr. Seddon, whose whole-souled Imperialism has been so much to the fore of late, newspaper scribes and others are fairly non-plussed. Even Dame Rumor sits tongue-tied, unable to suggest an appropriate acknowledgment of the services done to his country

and to the Empire by the remarkably live Premier of this 'Britain of the South.' Mr. Seddon, however, has probably never let the thought of a title disturb the current of his dreams of a Greater New Zealand. But the Duke would probably need something more than the magic power of Santa Claus to satisfy the bauble-loving children of larger growth who would hang out their stockings o' nights if they sniffed even the distant hope that the Order of the Garter would glitter around them in the morning.

Storekeepers are often by nature and always by training patient and long-suffering. Their habit of rubbing against all sorts and conditions of men polishes off most of their angularities into gentle and unresisting and graceful curves. But a Taranaki tradesman has found evidently that constant intercourse with commercial travellers is about as pleasurable as rubbing one's cuticle against a barbed-wired fence, and has sent out a strong letter warning off those gentlemen, who now literally outnumber his customers. 'This notification,' he says, 'may save those who may be gentlemen (but for their unfortunate profession) from possible insult if they intrude themselves on my time in ignorance of this warning.' 'Commerce,' says Bancroft, 'defies every wind, outrides every tempest, and invades every zone.' But this Taranaki tradesman would evidently take a fall out of her advance agent, the commercial traveller.

When a bill is read three times in the House of Commons it is deemed to have passed that particular legislative chamber. But in Hamilton (N.Z.) when a clergyman has read the same sermon three times the congregation 'passes,' not the sermon, but the preacher. Some sermons, like Browning's poems, require reading and re-reading and deep thinking. Muddy thoughts require time to settle before the sense becomes clear. But, somehow, one cannot help thinking that a good sermon—of just the right length—would bear repetition after a reasonable lapse of time. And for the life of us we cannot conceive why people are so much more tolerant of the dreary repetition of the same platitude in the same sermon, and yet find the 'turning on' of (say) a two-year-old discourse a sort of Bulgarian atrocity. In reply to a question by his parish priest as to what part of that morning's sermon had struck him (Pat Mulvaney) most, Pat replied: 'Well, now, as you're for axin' me, begorra I'll tell you. What took houl't iv me most was yer reverence's per-severance—the way you went over the same thing agin an' agin an' agin.' The poor preacher can't be blamed if he is not always fresh and sparkling. Mark Twain, in *Tom Sawyer, Detective*, tells us that 'Uncle Silas' 'preached the blamedest, jumbledest, idiotic sermons you ever struck, and would tangle you up so you couldn't find your way home in daylight.' But his congregation bore with his infirmities and 'loved him back' to clear thinking.

A remarkable coincidence in names—strangely reminiscent of children's story-books—occurred in a criminal case which came before the Dublin Courts in February. A Lamb, a Wolff, a Field, and a sheep were considerably entangled in the case. Wolff, however, was not the culprit. He came in merely as a witness, whilst, strange to relate, Lamb was accused of stealing the sheep, which was the property of Field. All were in court except the sheep, which could not be found, and the guilty Lamb was convicted of the theft. Some time ago the *Oxford (Mo.) Register* published a rather funereal paragraph to the effect that a local resident, Mr. Coffin, had gone to visit his cousin, Mr. Graves, in Tombstone Arizona. But we think that New Zealand can give points to both Ireland and America in the matter of name-coincidences. Some time last year the *Southland Times* contained the following curious item of local news—and the reader is asked to note that the name Campbell is only seventh on the list of the fifty most common surnames in Scotland: it is, of course, not nearly so high in Otago:—

'On Tuesday a lost cheque and £5 note were advertised for. The loser was Mr. Robert Campbell, the cheque was signed Robert Campbell (not the same individual), the note was signed Robert Campbell (a bank official), and the documents were found by a young man named Robert Campbell, who was just receiving the reward offered in this office when the Robert Campbell, the loser, came in to ascertain if his property had turned up.'

Some weeks ago we gave some of the recipes most in vogue in ye oldene tyme for producing length of days far beyond the ordinary span. Ex-Governor Bradbury, of Maine (according to an American contemporary), gave a singular recipe for longevity when he was almost a century old. 'Get an incurable ailment in your youth,' said he, 'and nurse it till your death.' Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, recently gave out the following rules at the celebration of his eightieth birthday:—

'No pies or cakes; no pains or aches.

'Most men dig their graves with their teeth.'

'If you overwork your liver it will soon tell on your brain.
'Live like a farmer and you will live like a prince.
'Men can live ten days without eating; they can't do without pure air five minutes.
'Don't get angry and don't get excited; every time you fret you lose a minute of life.
'Let a man abuse his stomach and he'll get fidgety, cross to his family, and go to the devil.
'Doctors say don't sleep on a full stomach. I take my after-dinner nap just the same, and I am 80 years old. You can't believe all the doctors say.
'I cured a man once by telling him he was a fool for imagining that he had a dozen ailments.
'If you catch a cold lose your quinine and eat an onion.
'Give away your money; it's exhilarating and tends to longevity.
'The idea of giving while one is alive will become epidemic as soon as men discover what fun it is.
The doctor himself is, by the way, a generous and judicious giver, and within a few years has devoted sundry millions of dollars to the endowment of small colleges where they are most needed.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN.

Mr. E. Eagar, a member of St. Joseph's Cathedral choir, was recently the recipient of a handsome dinner service from his fellow-employees at Messrs. Ross and Glendinning's factory on the occasion of his marriage. The presentation was made by Miss May Kavanagh, who, on behalf of her shopmates, wished him every success and happiness. Mr. Eagar suitably responded.

On Monday evening of last week in St. Joseph's School (says the *Oamaru Mail*) Mr. J. B. Grave, of the New Zealand Insurance Company, was the subject of a presentation on the occasion of his leaving to take charge of the Dunedin branch. A large number of friends and members of the congregation of the Basilica attended, and the Right Rev. Monsignor Mackay made the presentation, which took the form of a valuable gold watch and pendant, on behalf of the Catholic congregation of Oamaru. Sergeant O'Grady and Mr. J. Cagney also made speeches eulogising Mr. Grave, who replied suitably, thanking his friends for their handsome recognition of the little he and Mrs. Grave had been able to do during their stay in Oamaru. Several ladies contributed songs to a pleasant gathering, and the meeting broke up shortly after 10 o'clock.

A movement is on foot among the clergy of the diocese of Dunedin, and also among the laity of Dunedin, to suitably acknowledge the splendid services rendered to the diocese by Father John Ryan, who, owing to a serious breakdown in his health, is about to take a 12 months' holiday trip to Ireland and America. The two movements are separate, distinct, and spontaneous, and have been taken up with the greatest enthusiasm. During the nine years of his residence in the diocese of Dunedin Father Ryan has won—and what is better still, amply merited—to an altogether exceptional degree the esteem and affection in which he has all along been held by his fellow-priests and by the laity among whom his missionary work lay. Universal regret is entertained at the serious impairment of health which necessitates for him a period of complete rest and change, and earnest hopes are expressed for his speedy and complete recovery. The date of Father Ryan's departure is not as yet fixed.

At the early Masses at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Easter Sunday about 1000 communicants approached the Holy Table. At 11 o'clock Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Verdon, Rev. Father Cleary being assistant priest, Rev. Father Murphy deacon, and Rev. P. O'Neill subdeacon. A sermon appropriate to the festival was preached by Rev. Father Murphy, Adm., St. Joseph's Cathedral. The music selected for the occasion was Haydn's Second Mass, which was rendered in a finished and devotional manner by the choir, assisted by an orchestra under the leadership of Mr. W. T. Ward. Mr. A. Vallis conducted, and Mrs. J. Woods presided at the organ. The soloists were Miss Rose Blaney (soprano), Mrs. Butler (contralto), Mr. E. Eagar (tenor), Mr. McKenna (bass). As an offertory piece Miss Anita Moss sang Cherubini's 'Ave Maria.'

The services at St. Joseph's Cathedral during Holy Week were attended by large congregations. The Office of Tenebre was sung on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. On Thursday Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Verdon, Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay (Oamaru) being assistant priest, Rev. P. O'Donnell (Gore) and Very Rev. Father O'Neill (Milton) deacons at the throne, Rev. Father Headen (Holy Cross College) deacon of the Mass, and Rev. Father Lynch (Palmerston) subdeacon. The Altar of Repose was tastefully decorated for the solemn occasion. In the evening a sermon on the Blessed Eucharist was preached by the Rev. Father Headen. On Good Friday the Mass of the Presanctified was celebrated by his Lordship Bishop Verdon, Rev. Father Lynch being assistant priest, Rev. Father McMullan (Naseby) deacon, Rev. Father O'Malley subdeacon, and Rev. Father Murphy master of ceremonies. The Passion was chanted by the Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay, Very Rev. Father O'Neill, and Rev. Father Headen. The Very Rev. Mgr. O'Leary preached in the morning, and the Rev. Father Lynch in the evening. In the afternoon the Stations of the Cross were held. On Saturday morning High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay, Rev. Father Delaney being deacon, and Rev. Father O'Malley subdeacon. Very Rev. Father O'Neill acted as deacon at the blessing of the paschal candle.

INVERCARGILL.

A little time ago (says the *Southland Times*) the Catholic congregation held a meeting to consult for the erection in Tyne street of a church suited to their numbers and to the importance of the town. The Very Rev. Dean Burke headed the list of contributions with a subscription of £200, and others followed with a generosity well proportioned to their means. The plans of the new church are in the hands of our local architects, Messrs. Mackenzie and Wilson. It will be in the early English style—second period. The length of the church externally will be 152ft, the general plan including central nave, side-aisles, transepts, and chancel. The nave will be 27ft wide and 52ft high, inside measurements. The aisles will be 16ft wide and lofty in proportion to the nave. The transepts will be 90ft across and wide to correspond with the nave. The chancel, a prolongation of the nave, will be 38ft deep. A tower and spire 152ft high will be erected on the western side of the church. The material will be brick, with stone facings, and will be procured locally, as far as possible.

The first performance of the gorgeous spectacular display, 'The Birth of the Empire,' was given in the Zealandia Hall, Invercargill, on Monday evening, and in spite of the inclement weather the seating accommodation in the large building was fully occupied. Signor Borzoni's work was not unknown in Invercargill, and the public retained pleasant recollections of a somewhat similar entertainment organised by him in the past, but the majority must have been surprised to see the magnificence and the magnitude of 'The Birth of the Empire.' The object of the entertainment is to raise funds for the new Catholic church, which is to cost £11,000, and there is every prospect of the venture being successful. The exhibition is an artistic series of tableaux, dances, and fascinating evolutions, aptly named by Signor Borzoni. It is a symbolical story told in the pretic language of music and motion, and illustrated with a dazzling wealth of color. There are 200 performers, and these have been undergoing daily practice for five weeks, with so much success that there is now not a hitch in the performance from beginning to end. Eight parts of the Empire are represented—England, Scotland, Ireland, India, Canada, Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, and the land of the Stars and Stripes is fittingly included to demonstrate the brotherhood of all who speak the English tongue. The opening movement represented the arrival in camp of the soldiers of the Queen and the unprofessional lady nurses. The national costumes, the flower hoops, the bright ribbons, made a dazzling spectacle and created a good impression. The evolutions were graceful, and the scene was an ever-changing spectacle of life and color that completely charmed the eye, and the hearty applause showed the unmistakable delight of the spectators. No matter how intricate the evolution, the performers moved with perfect precision, swaying, gliding, circling, dancing and marching with the easiest grace. A sketch in black by our friends the Basutos was a popular item and had to be repeated, a fate that befell the most of the items that make up the performance. A Canadian dance was much enjoyed, but much more so was a Spanish Bolero, which was one of the most graceful dances given. The grand march with *tableaux vivants*, representing the muster of the Empire, was a splendid sight, and fully deserved the storm of applause which followed it. A hornpipe by eight bluejackets, a pretty Polish polka, and a Highland reel were all worthy of praise, and the display as a whole cannot be too highly spoken of. The huge gathering of spectators was delighted, and there will doubtless be crowded houses every night of the week. A bazaar is also being held, and the stalls are fully stocked with an innumerable variety of saleable articles; not only this, but cushions, paintings, etc., are carried around by beves of charming lassies, who rarely fail to draw the nimble shilling, a shooting gallery, telegraph office tea kiosk, etc., also help to empty the purse of the visitor, and swell the coffers of the management. The whole carnival is perhaps the biggest ever organised in this town, and is deserving of the success which seems already assured.

T I M A R U.

(From our own correspondent).

The settling up meeting of St. Patrick's Sports Association was held in the Mechanics' Hall on Thursday last, and the approximate balance sheet brought forward by the secretary promises a substantial credit to the funds of the association notwithstanding the inclement weather prevailing throughout the meeting. Votes of thanks were passed to the various officers of the association and to the ladies and gentlemen who had contributed to the success of the concert.

During Holy Week Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was held on Holy Thursday and continued until the morning of Good Friday, when Adoration of the Cross was attended by a large congregation. Three Masses were celebrated in the church on Easter Sunday. High Mass was said by Rev. Father Pertuis, and the Rev. Father Aubry preached an appropriate sermon. The choir sang Gounod's 'Messe Solennelle.' The Rev. Father Tubman officiated at St. Andrew's.

The Aloysian Society purpose opening their session on the 15th inst., and the committee have issued a circular to the young men of the parish pointing out the advantages to be derived from joining the ranks of the society, and urging upon them to do so. Considering that there are about 130 young men in the parish engaged in various occupations, it does seem strange that only 20 or 30 active members form the strength of the society. As several of those young men left school before passing the higher standards it is obvious, from an educational point of view, that they would derive decided advantages by taking part in debates with those who have had the privilege of a higher standard of training. The

president (the Rev. Father Aubry) takes a keen interest in the society, and as different games and amusements are combined with literary advantages, a large meeting on Monday, the 15th inst., is anticipated.

Mrs. J. Egan, Timaru, leaves for the Old Country during the week accompanied by her three daughters.

The choir of the Church of the Sacred Heart journeyed to Waimata on Easter Monday to hold their annual picnic. A most enjoyable day was spent, although the weather in the afternoon was a little disagreeable.

A rather sudden death took place on Sunday, the 31st ult. Mr. William Kelly, the deceased, a young man of 31 years of age, was a native of Birr, Kings County, Ireland, and a member of the Hibernian Society. The funeral took place on Tuesday last and was largely attended, the members of the Hibernian Society attending in regalia. Father Pertuis officiated at the grave.—*R. I. P.*

HIBERNIAN SOCIETY'S SPORTS AND CONCERT AT OAMARU.

The annual sports meeting of the Oamaru Hibernian Society on Monday (says the *North Otago Times*) brought a large number of people into town by the early morning trains in anticipation of a good day's sport. Unfortunately a cold southerly wind brought up a heavy shower of rain about midday, and interfered to a great extent with the attendance, both of town and country folk. In spite of that so large a number braved the elements that a sum amounting to nearly £50 was taken at the gates. The large prizes offered for the 75 Yards Handicap and the Sheffield Handicap brought together competitors representative of most districts in the South Island and several in the North. The running events provided several fine finishes, though the rain made the track so heavy as to spoil chances of good times being put up. Cycling had, after the first race, to be altogether abandoned, owing to the state of the track. Though the events were started late, they were finished well up to time, having been smartly put through by the officials, who all worked hard. Messrs. P. J. Duggan and M. Hanning deserve credit for the interest they take in these annual events, and for the efficient way in which they discharge their duties. The Garrison Band played during the afternoon.

In the evening a concert was held in the Theatre Royal, when there was a large and appreciative audience. All the vocalists were in the enjoyment of their best powers, and one after the other delighted and surprised the audience with their efforts. Encores were the rule, not the exception, and generously and good naturedly the performers responded to the demands of their auditors. Miss Rose Blaney has been heard here with pleasure to her hearers before this, and her reappearance was the signal for welcoming applause. She sang, 'Oh, Erin, my country,' and in the second part, 'Dear heart'; and as encores, 'The shamrock' and 'Kate O'Shane.' In concert as well as in oratorio music Miss Amy Murphy has a reputation in Oamaru, which her efforts last evening served to enhance. 'Waiting' and 'Killarney' are well enough known to be keenly appreciated, and for her sweet singing of these Miss Murphy was recalled, and in response sang in the first part a plantation lullaby, and in the second, 'The cows are in the corn.' These two ladies also rendered the duet, 'Venetian song,' their voices blending most pleasingly. In the second part they, with Mr James Jago, sang a trio, 'I'm not the queen,' and for the item they were recalled and repeated the last verse. Mrs T. J. Lynch is a soloist who is always sure of applause on her appearance on the Oamaru stage. Her numbers were 'Ashore' and 'The last rose of summer,' and her encores 'She wore a wreath of roses' and a repetition of the last verse of the second. Mr Moss is a new singer to Oamaru, but his singing last evening assures him of a good reception should he return. His two songs were 'Avourneen' and a new patriotic song, 'Sons of New Zealand,' and his encores 'Annie Laurie' and 'Afton Water.' Mr James Jago, who has not been on an Oamaru stage for some years, assured himself of attentive hearings by the artistic manner in which he sang 'The evergreen hope' and 'Claude Duval.' His response to the plaudits of the audience were 'The minstrel boy' and 'Dear me, is it possible?' Mr Ryan varied the programme by delivering four very comical recitations, two of them in acknowledgment of the audience's applause. The accompaniments were carefully and artistically played by Miss M. Duggan and Mr V. Booth.

NEW ZEALAND: GENERAL.

The Customs revenue for the financial year will exceed the estimate by £150,000.

THERE are about 2700 Justices of the Peace in New Zealand, or approximately one to every 300 of the population.

It is rumored that some men who have been prospecting for nearly two years in the Maharajah copper mine have struck a lode of silver. Arsenic was also discovered.

THE post and telegraph revenue of this Colony now amounts to £508,000, the returns for the financial year just closed showing an increase of about £20,000 over the previous one.

THE Patea *Press* understands it is very probable that, if the war continues, Mr. George Hutchison, M.H.R., will be in New Zealand in time to take his seat when the House meets.

A CHEERFUL old lady who was among the applicants for old age pensions at the Magistrate's Court the other day (says the *New Zealand Times*) was confronted with a difficulty which the officials explained could only be overcome by her writing to her native parish in Ireland. As she was leaving the Court, another applicant, also an elderly dame, said to her, 'You ought to write at once;

there's an English mail going to-day.' 'Ah, yes,' was the reply, which convulsed the Magistrate and everyone else in Court, 'but it's the Irish mail that I want.'

THE *Catholic Messenger* of March 1 notices the arrival in Colombo on their way to Europe of the Very Rev. Father Lane and Rev. Father Ainsworth, of Wellington. They were passengers by the steamer China.

SPEAKING at Wellington last week the Postmaster-General said that the Savings' Bank receipts during the past year had showed a marked increase. The sum of £4,170,000 was deposited, as against £3,645,000 for the previous year; and £3,827,000 withdrawn, against £3,170,000. The sum at the credit of depositors on the 31st of December last was £5,809,552, as compared with £5,320,321 for the previous year, an addition of £489,231 to the balances at the credit of 197,408 depositors.

THE Railway authorities at Dunedin are to be congratulated on the successful manner in which they coped with the heavy passenger traffic during the Easter holidays. On Thursday night 600 persons went by the North trains, 1800 on Friday, 550 on Saturday, and 1000 on Monday. On Thursday night the South trains took away 100 passengers, on Friday 1200, and on Saturday 550. On Monday there went South 700, exclusive of 650 who travelled to the Taieri races.

MONDAY was a red-letter day for the Orepuki Shale Works (says the *Southland News*) for, at a late hour that afternoon, their first barrel of oil (made from the shale) was turned out and placed on the market. There are now about 2000 gallons on hand, and the Company hope to have, within the next three months, sufficient to supply any ordinary order in New Zealand that may come to hand. This is not only good news for Orepuki, but for all New Zealand. The shale is not only good for making lubricating oil, but for kerosene, paraffin, naphtha, wax, candles, soap, blacking and many other necessaries, thus showing the good use to which this slaty substance can be turned. It must be very gratifying to the shale manager, directors and shareholders to know that what seemed to be an uncertainty is turning out that for which it was set up.

THE certificates were received by the last mail in connection with the Trinity College musical examinations held at St. Mary's school (says the *Nelson Colonist*) last November. There were 12 candidates sent up for the examination in the preliminary, and all of them passed. Great credit is due to the Sisters for their untiring zeal and energy for bringing their pupils on so well. The following is the result of the examinations (maximum marks, 100):—Hermine Wiesner, piano, 95 marks (honors); Eva Light, piano, 90 (honors); Marjory Mercer, piano, 87 (honors); Inez Louisson, piano, 87 (honors); Ivy Monica Crisp, piano, 81 (honors); Ellen Wimsatt, piano, 75; Sarah Eden, piano, 74; Mary Cullinane, piano, 72; Monica Floyd, piano, 72; Ada Elen, piano, 60; Hedevig Gibbs, violin, 62; May McMahon, violin, 60. Miss McCarthy was successful in her Civil Service examination, and Misses Egan and Rapley have obtained their third grade shorthand certificate.

MISS KATE CONNELL, an ex-pupil of St. Mary's Convent, Wellington, who is making a tour of the Colony previous to going to Europe to perfect her musical education, gave a concert in the Choral Hall, Dunedin, on Monday night. The attendance was not as large as was anticipated owing no doubt to a variety of causes, one of which was that a concert was given on the same night in the Agricultural Hall for which preparations had been made for some time. Those who attended Miss Connell's concert were highly pleased, and many competent to judge expressed the opinion that she has a great future before her as a vocalist. Her programme items were 'Solveig's song,' 'Jour de mon enfance,' 'Jock o' Hazeldean,' and 'Robin Adair,' for all of which she was encored. Miss Connell was assisted by Miss Annie Marks, Mr. G. C. Branson and Herr Zimmermann. The accompaniments were capably played by Miss Winnie Connell.

MR. A. Bennett Robinson, financial editor of the *Melbourne Age*, speaking to the representative of a Christchurch paper last week regarding Federation, said: 'New Zealand had nothing to gain and everything to lose by joining the Federation. The position of New Zealand he took to be not dissimilar to that of Ireland towards Great Britain. She would always have a grievance, either real or imaginary. It would be very much better for her to be content with a reciprocity treaty, and continue to maintain her own internal government. The only thing she could look to gain from entering the Commonwealth would be a free interchange of her products with those of the other colonies, and this she would secure equally well by means of a reciprocity treaty. Another objection to her joining was that she was too far away. There was not the same community of interest for her as existed between the neighboring States of the Commonwealth. Australia and New Zealand were separate identities, and had nothing to gain through a coalition. He had found these views generally endorsed in commercial and other circles in the Colony, and there was evidently a strong feeling in the Colony against entering the Commonwealth on any terms.'

It is written in the structure of the soul that no man can attain the higher skills, or master the higher wisdom, or live the divinest life, until he has made acquaintance with grief.

THE Colonial Treasurer invites tenders for £500,000 New Zealand Government 4 per cent. debentures of the face value of £1000, £500, £200, and £100 respectively, as may be desired. Tenders are receivable by the Secretary to the Treasury, Wellington, up to noon of Tuesday, April 23. Full particulars will be found elsewhere in this issue.—

P R O S P E C T U S
A.M.D.G. ET S.P.H.
(Sectare Fidem.)

S T. P A T R I C K ' S C O L L E G E,
WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

RE - O P E N S O N 1 S T F E B R U A R Y .
C O N D U C T E D B Y T H E M A R I S T F A T H E R S

Under the Patronage of His Grace the Most Reverend Francis
Redwood, S.M., D.D., Archbishop of Wellington

President : THE MOST REV. DR. REDWOOD, S.M.
Rector : THE VERY REV. T. BOWER, S.M., B.A.

ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE is intended to afford the youth of New Zealand a sound liberal education, whilst furnishing all those safeguards of religion, without which education ceases to be an advantage. The course of education, classical, scientific, and mercantile, is traced in the programme of studies. A special course is provided in which students are taught everything needful for mercantile pursuits. Students are prepared for Civil Service, Law University and Musical Examinations. A large and well-appointed Gymnasium has been added to the College, giving the students facility for developing muscular power. A Select Library is at the disposal of students during the hours set apart for reading. Vacation is given twice a year, in June and December. One term's notice is required before the withdrawal of a student. The religious education of students will be attended to as a matter of the first and greatest importance. Non-Catholic Students are required to attend the common exercises of religion, and to conform to the ordinary rules of the College.

O U T F I T F O R B O A R D E R S .

Each Intern Student requires the following Outfit :— Two ordinary suits of clothing for weekdays, one dark suit for Sundays, six day shirts, three night shirts, six pairs of socks, six pocket handkerchiefs, three table napkins, two pairs boots, one pair slippers, three pairs of sheets, four pillow cases, six towels, combs, brushes, and other dressing articles, one silver spoon, knife, fork, and napkin ring.

T E R M S .

Boarders.— All Intern Pupils, 40 guineas per annum ; Entrance Fee (payable once only), 3 guineas.

Day Scholars— Preparatory School, 6 guineas per annum College, 9 guineas per annum.

Extras.— Music, 8 guineas per annum ; Drawing, 3 guineas per annum ; Shorthand, 3 guineas per annum ; Washing, 1 guinea per annum ; Stationery, comprising use of copybooks, letter paper, etc., 1 guinea per annum.

A charge of 9 guineas per annum extra is made for day scholars who dine at the College.

A reduction of 10 per cent. is made in favour of brothers, whether boarders or day scholars.

No reduction may be expected in the case of absence or withdrawal before the end of a term.

For further particulars application may be made to the President, the Rector of the College, the Marist Fathers, and the Local Clergy.

N.B.— Payments are required in ADVANCE at the beginning of each term : 1st February, middle of May, and 1st September.

T. BOWER, S.M., B.A., Rector.

J. M. J.

S A C R E D H E A R T C O L L E G E,
AUCKLAND.

C O N D U C T E D B Y T H E M A R I S T B R O T H E R S .

Under the patronage of his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Lenihan. The System of Teaching is that followed in our popular and eminently successful Sydney College (St. Joseph's).

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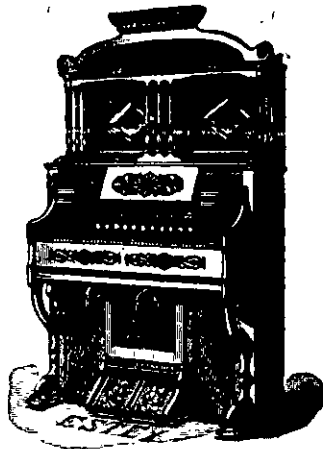
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The Storyteller.

THE FATAL DIAMONDS.

(Conclusion.)

It was Christmas Eve, and the weather very cold and beginning to threaten snow. Besides Mrs. Kenrick and the two men, there were no passengers in the compartment except an aristocratic looking old gentleman who was seated in their rear, and who had just awakened from a delicious nap over the London *Times* to inform the conductor that he was an English traveller who was making, for the first time, the grand tour of Northern America.

The remark was overheard by the more vigilant and more elegant of the two Dons in front, and, simple as it was, it seemed to afford him a singular pleasure. He smiled and stroked his long, silky beard, and whispered approvingly to the companion beside him.

The smile, however, had vanished the next instant, and a little dumb show took place between the dark gentleman and the conductor.

The former had passed the latter his companion's ticket, and then he tendered him two other tickets, indicating by a silent gesture that one was his own, and the other that of the lady who sat before him.

The pantomime was concluded by a nod towards the unconscious Margery, a melancholy shake of the traveller's head, and a significant tapping of his finger upon his dark forehead.

The little stir behind her aroused Mrs. Kenrick from her book.

Looking over her shoulder, she saw the conductor, and suddenly remembered that she must produce her ticket.

She was not accustomed to travel alone. She extracted her dainty little pocket-book from her satchel, and searched hurriedly through its contents.

The ticket was not there, neither was it in the satchel itself.

How odd, and how annoying! She had certainly purchased it a while ago at the station window, but with a blush at her own carelessness, she concluded she must have dropped it in passing from the ticket-office to the car.

She must buy another. The conductor had gone passed her without any comment, but she called him back and offered him the money, telling him that she had lost her ticket.

She was surprised to see the official turn his eyes from her with an inquiring gaze, and look meaningly at some one beyond her.

'It is all right, madam,' he said, in a soothing, conciliating way, which astounded and angered her 'the gentleman there, your friend, has already attended to your ticket.'

'What gentleman? What friend?' she questioned hotly, in her intense and proud astonishment; and then, looking behind her, saw, for the first time, the person he indicated.

'This is an outrage!' she cried, with her cheeks aflame. 'Conductor, I do not know this man at all! I am travelling entirely alone.'

The old English traveller in the corner peered through his gold-rimmed glasses with an expression of supreme disgust at this situation (so unusual in a first-class carriage), and frowned openly at the usages of American society which permitted so young and beautiful a woman to travel 'entirely alone.'

Meanwhile, the dark-bearded gentleman had drawn the conductor's ear close to his lips, and whispered, but loud enough to be heard by all:

'She is my wife, poor girl! hopelessly deranged for months past. My brother and I are taking her to Lethe for special treatment.'

Lethe was a large private asylum for the insane, a couple of stations ahead.

For a moment Margery Kenrick was mute with rage.

She had risen to her feet. She became deadly pale, and the pupils of her eyes dilated till those blue orbs seemed changed to black. A slight froth rose upon her lips.

'It is all right, madam,' reiterated the conductor, alarmed at her looks, and dreading an immediate outbreak of the supposed mania.

'It is not all right!' she screamed, losing at once all control of herself. 'It is all wrong, all false and outrageous! Conductor I will have you reported for this. I am Mrs. Lewis Kenrick! see!'—and she produced one of her cards from her pocket-book—and this insolent man is—'

'Dr. Lewis Kenrick, your husband, poor darling!' said the dark gentleman coaxingly, also producing a card which bore that name. 'The worst feature of her mania,' he whispered aside to the official; 'very distressing!' and he sighed deeply.

'This man is not my husband. I swear it, conductor!' she cried, beginning to grow wild and bewildered. 'My husband is Dr. Lewis Kenrick, of Wyldewood, and he is now in Elton visiting a dying patient. That was the reason he could not come with me to Olney, for it is to Olney I am going, conductor, and not to Lethe. If I had not unfortunately lost my ticket, you could see for yourself.'

The conductor was puzzled. He was a new hand on the road, and knew none of the prominent residents of the village. The lady was very beautiful, and seemed in great distress. He appealed to the old Englishman in the corner.

'They seem to be vulgar people,' said the old aristocrat, sniffing the air with disdain; 'but if that fellow is not her husband, why the deuce doesn't she telegraph to the one that is, and get him to identify her? Poh!'

The train was slowing up to the station.

'If you will give me the address of the sick person in Elton, madam,' said the conductor, coming back to the now frightened girl, 'I will telegraph to inquire if Dr. Kenrick is there.'

'Yes, yes!' she cried eagerly, and then paused in blank consternation.

The Spanish-looking traveller rubbed his gloved hands softly together, and nodded again significantly at the official.

In her excitement she had forgotten that she did not really know the name of her husband's patient.

All she did know was the name of the Elton hotel where Dr. Kenrick was accustomed to stop.

Would a telegram there reach him in time?

She wrung her slender hands in an agony of apprehension.

The train had reached the station. The early winter twilight was beginning to fall as the conductor gave the clerk the telegram Margery had dictated, addressed to the Elton hotel with instructions to forward the answer at once to Lethe.

Then on with a shriek steamed the locomotive into the cold, grey shadows, fitting emblems of the chill darkness beginning to settle relentlessly down upon one wifely woman's troubled heart and life.

She could no longer sit at her ease and dream her vain and self-h dreams. A hectic spot burned in each of her fair cheeks as she paced up and down the narrow passage of the car, clenching her hands and biting her fevered lips till she looked, indeed, the mad, reckless creature she was so cruelly said to be.

What could all this terrible mystery be? Who is this strange enemy who, even now, while affecting sleep in his chair, was watching her stealthily but closely through his half-open lids? What was his object in playing out to its end this bold and hazardous game?

The conductor had lighted the lamp above his head, and she scanned the dark face more narrowly.

Surely she had seen before (and recently) those small, evil eyes, that expression of vengeful and treacherous hate! Another face—was it at Wyldewood!—dark also, and treacherous, but beardless.

She shuddered, she began to sob passionately as the conviction of her own utter helplessness burst upon her. Oh, why had she slighted the gentle mother's advice, and started alone on this fatal journey?

'No matter what the consequences may be,' she had said in her bitter anger. And now she would have given every one of the precious jewels in her grasp to be back once more in the safe retreat of home, kneeling at Mrs. Ursula's feet in the warm, bright sitting-room, and listening gratefully to one of those grave, tender homilies she had so often despised as tedious and impertinent.

Like a cool, calm picture in the frame of her excited fancy, she saw again in spirit the crucifix above the mantelshelf. The Madonna on the wall, and the sweet-faced old lady asleep by the fire in her high-backed chair, the rosary shining in her withered hand.

'Oh, Blessed Mother Mary!' she prayed with an intensity of fervor never felt before, 'comfortress of the afflicted, refuge of sinners, hear and help your unworthy child!'

A long, sharp whistle sounded on the frosty air. A voice shouted 'Lethe!'

The lights of the trim station loomed in view. The trees slid past the windows like picture things on the slide of a magic lantern. There was a rattle, a grinding rumble, a jolt, which threw her against a hand which grasped and held her like a vice, and the train had stopped at the dreaded station.

A faintness began to creep over her. As in a troubled dream, or under the oppression of a nightmare, Margery Kenrick felt that the supreme moment of her life had come.

She sank into a seat, still in the grasp of that iron hand. The conductor's voice seemed to come to her from some far-off depths as he bent over her, saying:

'There is no answer to your telegram, madam.'

Then she was conscious that another face, darker and more evil, full of a suppressed and hideous vengefulness, bent close to hers, and hissed at her through its clenched teeth a terribly significant echo.

'No answer to your telegram, madam!'

In that brief instant she recognised her foe.

With a ringing shriek: 'Arnold, Arnold! I know you at last!' she sprang from the chair, tottered blindly forward, with her hand to her head, and fell prone in a dead faint at his feet.

'You see she recognises me, poor dear!' said the dark gentleman, softly; 'but she calls me by my brother's name. Arnold'—turning to his companion—'help me to support our afflicted darling to the carriage. So! It is better as it is—better as it is. Our sad task is easy while she remains insensible. Conductor, please put off this lady's trunk upon the platform and call yonder cab. Gently, gently'—as they bore her carefully to the door. 'Here is her pretty little satchel. Sweet pet! Slip it safely into the valise, Arnold. The cold air will soon revive her. Thanks, conductor. Now we are all right.'

And clasping to his breast the limp, inanimate mass of seal-skins and garnet silk, with the blonde head and the beautiful, deathlike face lying like a broken lily on his shoulder, the supposed Dr. Kenrick shut himself and his companions into the carriage in waiting, and was driven off, bag and baggage, down the dark road leading to the Lethe Asylum.

III.

The gray dawn of the Christmas morning stole into a ground-floor chamber of a fine old mansion on the outskirts of Elton, wherein had, all night long, been fought a silent but desperate battle between Life and Death.

Life had conquered, but at such terrific odds that the grinning skeleton with the scythe seemed yet to linger by the bedside, crying out in hollow tones: 'Your triumph is but short-lived!' as his fleshless finger pointed jeeringly at the cadaverous face of the victor, lying spent and wasted among the pillows.

The crisis of the disease was past, however, and the sick man had sunk into a profound and healing slumber.

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With a sigh of relief Dr. Lewis Kenrick arose from the chair of a sleepless vigil, and, with an assuring nod to the nurse, who had just returned to her post after a brief repose, he stepped noiselessly to the window and looked out upon the wintry town.

It had snowed heavily in the night, but the dawn was clear and promising. The Christmas chimes were ringing merrily from the belfry of a church some blocks away.

A rosy light was beginning to glow in the east, and a large, fair star hung tremblingly there, like a dying lamp.

'Oh! star of Bethlehem! sweet star of Bethlehem!' murmured the doctor softly under his breath; and just then a little child came gaily up the street, singing the dear old 'Adeste Fideles' in a quavering little voice, very tender and touching to hear.

The doctor's eyes, so like his mother's brown and placid eyes, grew moist with unshed tears.

He was a big, brave bearded man, with auburn hair and a fresh complexion; strong, wise, and skilful, as became a master in his art, but at the same time gentle and pure and simple-hearted as a child.

Looking up now into the cloudless expanse above him, with the tender prayer of Tennyson's 'St. Agnes,'

'Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are these frosty skies,'

he made reverently upon himself the sign of the cross, and gave thanks to the great Physician for the life He had seen fit to give back to the sick man, that peaceful hour, through the ministry of His grateful servant's hands.

Then he dropped the curtain and came back to the nurse.

'I am going now,' he said, in a quiet voice.

'How long will this sleep last?' questioned the woman, nodding towards the white face among the pillows.

'Possibly for hours. When he wakes give him the drops yonder and the beef-tea. All he needs now is careful feeding and nursing.'

The nurse followed him into the hall.

'Don't you want some breakfast, doctor, before you go?'

He shook his head.

'Not even a biscuit or a cup of coffee?'

'No, thank you, nurse. It is Christmas morning, remember, and I shan't break my fast for an hour yet, if I can help it.'

The woman was an Irish Catholic. She smiled understandingly, and murmured a blessing on him as he passed down the stairs and out into the street.

He walked briskly on, block after block, feeling how good it was, after his long vigil in a close sick-room, to drink in deep draughts of that pure, elastic air and crunch the fresh snow under his rapid tread.

A flood of light and sacred song suddenly poured on him from the open door of a church.

He went in with the silent throng of worshippers hastening to one of the Aurora Masses.

Near the entrance a priest in cassock and stole sat at a latticed screen hearing confessions.

This was the opportunity Dr. Kenrick had desired.

Grave and recollected, he knelt at once in the line of penitents, rich and poor, gentle and simple, reverently waiting alike their turn for holy absolution.

How warm and bright and peaceful was the holly-wreathed House of God! The pungent odor of the greens and the sweet aroma of the altar incense mingled gratefully together.

'How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!' thought Dr. Kenrick. 'My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord!'

And then he fell to wishing most fervently that Margery, his young wife, were kneeling there at his side, sharing the solemn delights of that early Christmas morning.

Possibly, at the same time (he consoled himself with the thought) she and the dear old mother were adoring the Divine Babe of Bethlehem in the little chapel at Wyldewood. 'God bless and keep them both!' prayed the loving, tender heart.

A half-hour passed. The great bearded man knelt with the throng of devout communicants at the sacred rail, and, with tearful eyes, received from the hands of the priest that Incarnate God Whose altar shall be unto the end of time truly a Bethlehem, truly a House of Bread—yea, of the Bread of Life which cometh down each day from Heaven!

The sun was well up, and the earth rejoicing in her Christmas mantle of unspotted ermine, when Dr. Kenrick came out of the church and made his way to the Elton hotel for breakfast.

He had finished his coffee, and was just about drawing towards him one of the morning papers when the office clerk approached him.

'This came for you last evening,' he said, 'but we did not know where to find you'; and he passed on, leaving a telegram in Dr. Kenrick's hand.

Walking into the reading-room, the doctor tore open the envelope. He read it at first mechanically, not taking in all its real meaning. Then, with a start and a shudder which shook his strong frame from head to foot, his eye ran wildly again over the mysterious message:

'Margery! my wife—on the road to Olney—in danger!' fell in broken words from his lips.

He crushed the paper in his nervous grasp, standing transfixed with astonishment and anguish.

'Merciful Heaven! what could it all mean? Was some one playing a trick on him? Or had the child really persisted in going to Olney without him, and had some misfortune—'

He clapped his hand to his reeling head. The blood, surging to his temples, seemed to blind him.

Unworthy as she was (it was one of those incongruities, so singular in their essence, so common in their daily occurrence), this grave, gentle noble-hearted man loved tenderly, devotedly, with all

the strength of his simple mature, the proud, passionate, frivolous girl who bore his name.

And this woman whom he loved! Oh, pitying angels! this wife of his bosom, his precious, golden-haired darling, had called to him for aid hours ago, from the depths of some far-off, unknown peril, and no answer had been made to her wild appeal.

Six—eight—ten hours ago—was it now too late? The cold sweat stood in great beads upon his brow; but with a wordless prayer to God for help, for direction in this supreme emergency, Dr. Kenrick threw himself into a carriage at the hotel door, and was borne rapidly away to the rescue.

'There go the church bells, Rosie, asthore! Isn't it sweet and beautiful they sound (glory be to God!), and everything so cold and dark and dismal about us! It's Heaven's mercy it stopped snowin' afore midnight.'

'You may well say that same, Peter Finnegan. Have you the lantern, man? Take care of that broken bit of wall by the outhouse, and hurry along, or it's late we'll be for the midnight Mass, I'm thinking.'

'Hark!' cried the man. 'What's that? I hear a sound close by.'

'Tut, tut!' returned his wife; 'don't loiter. Sure, it's only the wind moaning through the little wood beyant.'

'It's no wind at all, at all, Rosie Finnegan,' disputed the lantern-bearer. 'It's a groan it is, as I'm a livin' man! Hist! there it goes agin. Faix, it's the voice of a human craythur, and no mistake, and somebody's in distress in the outhouse.'

The worthy couple (who belonged to the force of hired help at the Lethe Insane Asylum, and were now making their way across its extensive grounds to midnight Mass at an adjoining church) pushed open the door of the outhouse and stepped in.

Peter Finnegan flashed his lantern around the interior of the old shed, used for the storage of garden tools, and not far from the public road.

He and his wife gave vent to a simultaneous cry of surprise and horror.

Stripped of her outer garments, bound hand and foot to a rickety old bench, on which she lay at full length, they beheld, a beautiful fair-haired lady, who was moaning and shivering most piteously in the piercing cold of the December night.

Her linen and underwear, they saw at a glance, were of the finest quality. Her lips were blue, her delicate features pinched and drawn, her face and hands as white and almost as cold as the snowdrifts which had blown in during the storm through the broken window of the shed, and lay, like tufts of ermine, upon her lovely hair.

'God save us!' cried Peter, 'it's kilt the poor colleen is, entirely, with the black frost. And her as purty and shapely itself as a wax doll. Mebbe she's one of the craythurs from the house, yonder. She's give them the slip, and some villain of a tramp has robbed her of her clothes. Lend a hand, Rosie, dear.'

And in less time than it takes to tell it the good fellow had whipped out his pocket-knife and cut the cords which bound the unhappy stranger, and, with the aid of his strong-armed wife, was bearing her across the snowy field to the asylum.

Poor Margery Kenrick! Poor, wifely Margery Kenrick!

'How hath the gold become dim; how is the finest color changed!'

Cold, senseless, stripped of all the vain ornaments so precious to her heart, indebted for her very life to a poor Irish couple, whose services she would have scorned in the heyday of her pride and passion, the haughty woman whom God had humbled was carried over the threshold of a madhouse, and welcomed, as a vagrant, to its walls.

She was put to bed at once and restoratives applied. Before an hour had elapsed there was no crazier creature in that vast abode of crazy misery than the hapless wife of Dr. Lewis Kenrick.

Delirium had supervened upon the exposure and horrors of that awful night.

The white cheeks glowed, the blue eyes were brilliant with fever, as their owner tossed about her couch, crying aloud ever the same strange words.

'The stable of Bethlehem! the stable of Bethlehem! Oh, how dark it is! how cold it is! Help, help, Lewis! They have robbed me of my diamonds and my furs! They have left me alone in the cold, dark stable of Bethlehem!'

If Arnold, the mulatto, could have stood that hour beside her bed of racking pain, and gazed upon the shattered wreck of the once proud and beautiful Margery Kenrick, even his desperate heart must have foregone any further satisfaction of his bitter revenge.

But Arnold would cross her path no more. Far, far away, hours ahead of pursuit and detection, making the best of their opportunities and their stolen treasures, the mulatto and his travelling companion (no other than his disguised wife Daphne) were afloat in a sailing vessel from the nearest port, bound for foreign shores.

Late in the afternoon of that eventful day a tall-bearded man stole softly into the chamber where Margery Kenrick lay, with the ice-fillets bound about her burning brow.

The nurse and the superintendent stepped aside in mute sympathy into the outer corridor, and Dr. Kenrick bent alone over the suffering girl.

As he listened to her pitiful ravings, her hot hand clasped in his, his broad chest heaved, and his eyes ran over with tender tears. He fell on his knees beside the bed, and gave vent to his long pent-up emotion in a prayer of mingled thanksgiving and anguish.

Praise be to God! the lost one was found! But alas, alas! would the hungry grave even now yield up its threatened and trembling victim?

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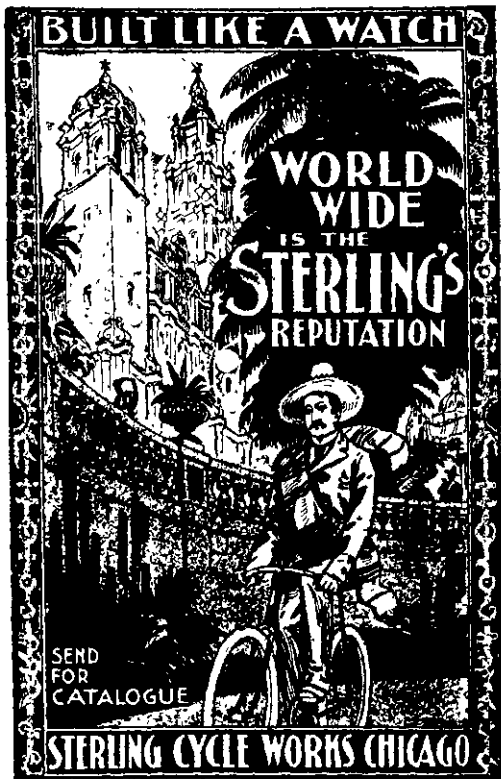
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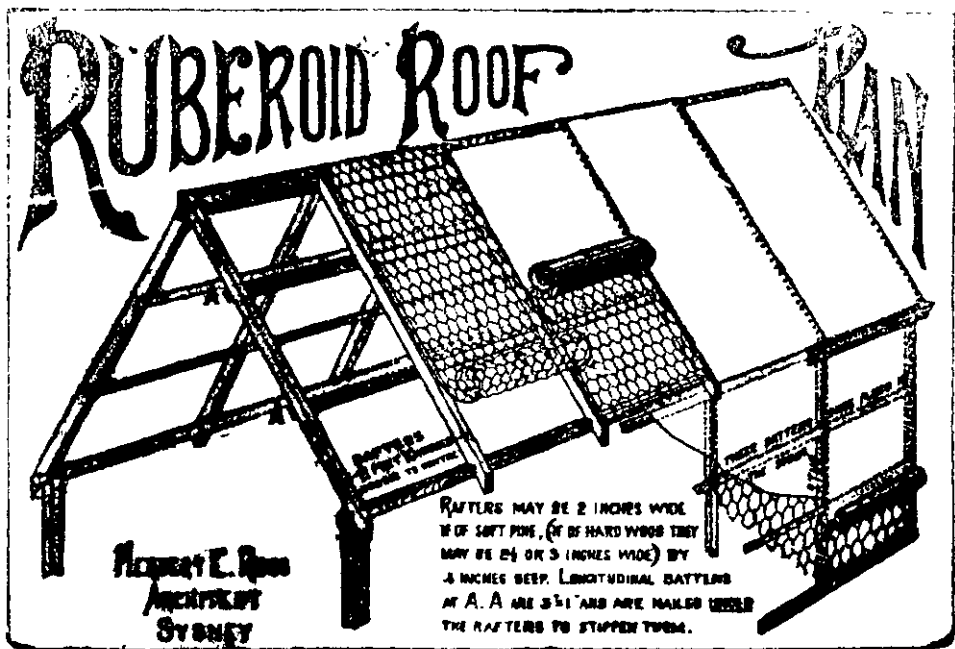
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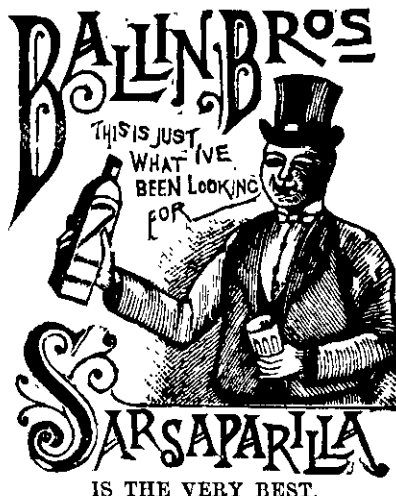
Is the most effectual remedy for old sores, wounds, ulcers, rheumatism, and all skin diseases, in fact, when used according to the printed directions, it never fails to cure alike, deep and superficial ailments.

These Medicines may be obtained from all respectable Druggists and Store keepers throughout the civilised world, with directions for use in almost every language.

They are prepared only by the Proprietor, Thomas Holloway, 57 Oxford Street, London.

Beware of counterfeits that may emanate from the Continent.

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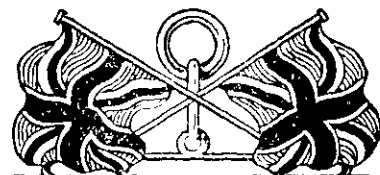
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RATTRAY ST., DUNEDIN.

JOHN LAFFEY ... PROPRIETOR.
(late of Gridiron Hotel).

J. LAFFEY wishes to inform his friends and the public generally that he has purchased the above well-known and popular Hotel, which has undergone a thorough renovation both inside and outside. Mr. Laffey still retains the sole right to import from France the well-known Wines and Liqueurs for which Court's Hotel has been famous. He has at present a large stock of these celebrated brands.

Medicinal Port Wine a speciality.



KIDNEY DISEASE

18

LIVER DISEASE

79

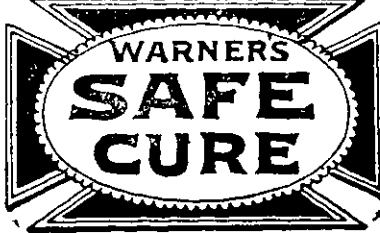
JAUNDICE

19

RHEUMATISM

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JAMES ROLLESTON

Proprietor.

Christmas Eve once more in the old, familiar sitting-room at Wyldewood.

The crucifix upon its oaken shelf, the pure Madonna smiling down upon her marble pedestal, and the gay canary singing among the flowers in the sunny bow-window—it is all the more like a scene in June than December.

But beside the glowing grate stands the grandmother's high-backed chair.

Yes, the grandmother, for in her old-fashioned chair sits the dear old brown-eyed lady in her muslin cap and dove-colored gown, and across her knee (as brown-eyed and cheerful as herself) lies her month-old grandson, a superb, rosy roll of a baby, crowning on us back at a stray sunbeam and smiling like a cherub, as the ray flashes full upon grandma's glasses.

Close at hand, in her low sewing-chair, sits the young mother. Floy, the pretty quadroon, had just dropped on one knee beside her, seeking directions as to the mass of delicate white embroidery flung across her arm; and as Margery Kenrick lifts her head to answer, we see what a charming change has come over that fair, distinguished face.

The proud blue eyes have grown soft and gentle. A tender meekness hovers about the curves of the once haughty mouth, and over the whole face is shed the grace of Christian motherhood, giving it an indefinable likeness to the face of the Mother of all mothers throned upon the wall.

She wears no jewels, and her dress is a simple one of violet cashmere, for Margery Kenrick has profited well by the bitter lessons of the past.

Purified and refined by suffering, she has learned, at last, to seek the things that are above; and all her earthly joys are centred upon her duties to her husband and to her peaceful, happy household.

Now, as she dismisses Floy and the crowing baby to the nursery, the portiere is lifted and the grateful husband and father enters.

He carries in his hands a large morocco casket, and his brown eyes glow with tenderness as he lays it in Margery's lap.

'Our Christmas offering, dearest,' he softly says; 'our blessed "ex voto" for past and present blessings!'

And opening it, the sunlight blazes upon the magnificent golden chalice set with diamonds of the purest water.

Brighter than those jewels, purer, and far more precious in the sight of God than any gems of earth or sea, the contrite tears begin to shine upon Margery Kenrick's blushing cheeks.

'Nay, weep not, my darling,' says her husband fondly; 'but rather rejoice and smile.'

He draws her close to his side, and lays his hand in benediction upon her golden head:

'The past is buried, love, with all its bitterness and pain. The present is full of peace and radiant promise. And when, to-morrow, at our Christmas Mass of thanksgiving, the good priest raises aloft for the first time this jewel-studded chalice, what shall we say, my Margery, to the Divine Babe of Bethlehem, for all his tender mercies?'

'Gloria in excelsis Deo!' says the aged mother, her moist eyes raised in grateful reverence to Heaven.

And slipping to her knees at her husband's feet, her head bowed meekly on her folded hands, Margery Kenrick joyfully makes answer:

'Et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis!'—ELEANOR C. DONNELLY in the *Catholic Times*.

The Catholic World.

BELGIUM.—Jubilee of the Cardinal Archbishop.—The fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of his Eminence Cardinal GOUSSEAU, Archbishop of Malines, occurred recently. The clergy and faithful of the archdiocese, by whom his Eminence is loved and revered, were anxious to testify in a public manner their esteem for their chief pastor, but the Cardinal was averse to any demonstration, being desirous of spending the day in retirement and prayer. In accordance with a circular issued by the Vicars-General special prayers were offered during three days for his Eminence's intentions in all the churches and chapels and by all the religious communities of the diocese. On the anniversary day the Cardinal celebrated Mass in the Church of Notre Dame d'Hanswyck, where he received episcopal consecration, and on the following day in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, where he offered his first Mass. On the following Sunday his Eminence celebrated Pontifical High Mass of thanksgiving in his cathedral, sumptuously decorated for the occasion, a vast concourse of the clergy and laity assisting at the ceremony. At the conclusion of the function the Cardinal-Archbishop was conducted in procession to the Palace, after which all the Catholic societies of the town, with bands and banners, defiled past the archiepiscopal residence. Amongst the numerous congratulations received by the Cardinal were those of the King and their Royal Highnesses the Comte and Comtesse de Flandre.

CANADA.—Dominion Catholics and the Coronation Oath.—The London *Express* correspondent in Ottawa writes: The leading Catholic clergymen of the capital took occasion in their sermons on Sunday to denounce the coronation oath as insulting to all Catholics. They had no hope that the oath would be remedied at the coming coronation of the present Sovereign, but they hoped that it would be the last occasion when a British ruler would be required to make a declaration offensive to his Catholic subjects.

ENGLAND.—Monsignor Barry's Library.—The late Monsignor Provost Barry, Vicar-General of the Catholic archdiocese of Westminster, has left his valuable library to St. Edmund's College, Old-hall, Ware, the college in which he received his education.

The Earl Marshal Eighty Years ago.—A curious sidelight is thrown on the stride made in the matter of religious emancipation in England by the fact that when King George IV. was crowned in 1821 a special Act of Parliament was passed to enable the then Duke of Norfolk, grandfather of the present Duke, to per-

RABBITSKINS.

RABBITSKINS.

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LARGEST EXPORTERS OF
—RABBITSKINS—

Cash Buyer of WOOL, SHEEPSKINS, HAIR, HIDES, etc.
Agents for the ALBERT CHURN (Patented)

In the Colony.
NO COMMISSION.

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"AJAX" DEFIES RIVALRY



To Save Time, to Save Labor, to Wash your Linen Clean without injury, use

"AJAX,"

The King of Clothes and Wool-washing Compounds.

Why? Because it is APPROVED and USED by such authorities as the Managers of

The City Steam Laundry, Union Street, Murray, Roberts & Co., Dunedin, Fletcher's Argyle Laundry, George St., and Ross and Glendinning, Limited (of the Roslyn Worsted and Woollen Mills).

Therefore it is the Best.

Sold in 1lb and 1/2lb Packets and in Bulk.

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Hotels bought and sold. Purchasers liberally financed at reasonable rate of interest. Advances granted on licensed property from £100 to £5000. Terms Moderate.

HOTELS FOR SALE.

We have always a good number of valuable Hotels to offer. Reasonable in-going. Liberal financial assistance. Parties wishing to dispose of their properties should place them in our hands. Advances made pending sale.

MIDLAND RAILWAY HOTEL TOTARA FLAT. MR. H. ERICKSON (late of Orwell Creek) Proprietor.

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

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

GO TO HITCHINGS AND MILSOM, ASHBURTON

For Aerated Waters and Cordials

Best Value in the Colony.

PURIRI NATURAL MINERAL WATER.

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Beach, Bluff.

Special arrangements with Large Landowners to
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Late of the Trafalgar Hotel, Greymouth, begs to announce
that he has taken over the Hotel known as the

'THISTLE INN,'

Opposite Government Railway Station,
WELLINGTON,

Where he is prepared to cater for the wants of the travelling and
general public.

Excellent Accommodation. Good Table kept. Best Ales, Wines,
and Spirits in stock. Trams pass the door every five minutes.

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CEYLON, INDIAN and BLENDED,

Have for years past maintained their superior
character for UNIFORM QUALITY and
GOOD VALUE.

Householders will find them the most
economical to buy, yet for Strength and
Fragrance they LEAVE NOTHING TO BE
DESIRED.

ASK FOR . . .

ARTHUR NATHAN'S LEAD
PACKETS RELIABLE TEA

and see that you get them and none
other.

ARTHUR NATHAN, AUCKLAND.



To a meal unless it includes a cup
of that delicious beverage

"KUKOS" TEA

This Tea can be obtained from the
leading Grocers and Storekeepers
throughout Otago and Southland,
and is, without doubt, the VERY
BEST. It is put up in four
qualities, packed in 1lb. and ½lb.
packets, and 5lb. and 10lb. tins.

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Is a Solid Metal, takes a High Polish
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SILVERINE

Has given Immense Satisfaction to
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SILVERINE

Posted Free to any part of New
Zealand at following prices:
Tea, After noon and Egg Spoons

	5s doz
Dessert Spoons and Forks	10s doz
Table Spoons and Forks	15s doz

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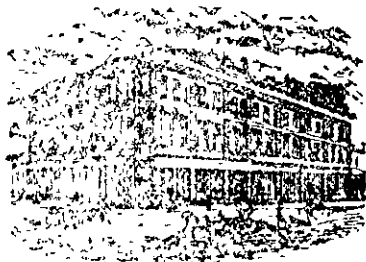
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CITY HOTEL, DUNEDIN.

Having LEASED my
HOTEL to Messrs. J. J
CONNOR and J. T.
HARRIS, I have to
THANK the PATRONS
of the 'City' for their
LIBERAL PATRONAGE;
and in bespeaking a Con-
tinuance of the same for
my successors I feel quite
satisfied that the reputa-
tion the Hotel has enjoyed
will be fully maintained
under their Management.

J. F. NIXON.



WITH reference to the above, we feel that it is hardly necessary
to assure our Friends and the Patrons of the 'City' that no
effort will be spared on our part to merit the Patronage so liberally
bestowed on our esteemed predecessor.

J. J. CONNOR } Proprietors.
J. T. HARRIS }

CRITERION HOTEL,

PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

CONNOR AND HARRIS, PROPRIETORS.

We have great pleasure in announcing that we have purchased the
above well-known house from MR. JAMES LISTON, so long and
favourably known in connection with its management. We need
hardly assure our Friends and the General Public that we will make
the CRITERION a really comfortable home for Commercial Men
and Travellers.

IN reference to the above announcement by MESSRS. CONNOR
and HARRIS, I regret that, owing to ill-health, I am com-
pelled to retire from active business, and have sold them my interest
in the CRITERION. I have to thank all my Friends for the liberal
support I have received in this favourite house, and now bespeak a
continuance of this support for my esteemed successors, who, I feel
sure, will make the CRITERION HOTEL one of the best houses in
the Colony.

JAMES LISTON.

form his functions of Earl Marshal on the day of the coronation, and also at all other functions connected with the accession of the King.

A Priest's Estate.—The Rev. Richard Stanton, of the Oratory, Brompton, who died at St. George's Retreat, Burgess Hill, on January 1, aged 80, has left £1272 net personalty. The books and furniture and £1000 and the copyright of his *Menology of England and Wales* are bequeathed to the Superior of the Congregation of the Oratory and the Rev. Frederik Antrobus and Edmund Peel Garnett.

The Catholic Church and the Secular Press.—It is a significant sign of the times (writes a London correspondent) to observe the increased space that the English Press are giving to and about Catholic Church affairs and leading Catholic ecclesiastics and laymen. The far from pro-Catholic *Daily Telegraph* ignores no Catholic happening of importance; the Imperialist *Daily Mail* has every Saturday a well-assorted summary of current Catholic news; the *Morning Leader* is generosity itself in regard to space; the *Daily Chronicle* on its review page has momentous Catholic works treated of by such well-qualified Catholic critics as Wilfrid Meynell and Lionel Johnson; and the *Times* hospitably throws open its columns to—well to any Catholic that has a grievance against the Church and has sufficient self-confidence and lack of true Catholic feeling to exploit it.

Death of the Recorder of Oldham.—The death of Mr. George Xavier Segar, B.A., barrister-at-law and Recorder of Oldham, which took place on Sunday, February 10, at his residence, Abercromby square, Liverpool, has caused deep regret amongst the large number of people in Lancashire with whom he was such a favorite. The deceased was the younger son of Mr. Robert Segar, also a barrister-at-law, who was the first Catholic to receive a judicial appointment after the removal of Catholic disabilities, the positions he held being judge of the County Court at Preston, judge of the Court of Records at Salford, Recorder of Wigan, and judge of the Insolvency Court at Lancaster. His son, Mr. G. X. Segar, was born at Preston in 1838, and was educated at Stonyhurst College, at Cardinal Newman's College in Dublin, and at London University. He was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1862, but previously had had a chair in the office of Messrs. Loftus and Young, solicitors, London. After being called Mr. Segar joined the Northern Circuit, where he was the contemporary of Mr. Speaker Gully, Lord Herschell, and the late Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Segar was a most exemplary Catholic, and was a constant and generous benefactor of the Church in the Liverpool diocese.

A Non-Catholic Journal on the Coronation Oath.—The *London Pilot* has some excellent remarks on the insulting words which English law forces the Sovereign to use on his accession to the Crown. 'We pick out the two doctrines that enter most intimately into the daily life of every devout Roman Catholic—the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Invocation of the Blessed Virgin, and call upon him to declare that they are "superstitious and idolatrous." And then we expect these very subjects, whose religion he has outraged, to be as loyal as though he had been paying them the highest compliment that a Sovereign can offer to his people. It would be an unfortunate time to choose for abusing the beliefs even of his Mohammedan or Hindoo subjects, but the Roman Catholics of Ireland and Canada and his own Earl Marshal in England are fair game. . . . It will be a relief to all reasonable Protestants, and most of all to the King himself, to have a Ministerial assurance that the necessary steps will at once be taken to put an end to it.'

Bequests to Catholic Charities.—The estates (says the *Preston Catholic News*) has been valued at £65,328 of the Rev. Thomas Ord, of Thropton, Northumberland, who died on October 7 last. He gave £4,000 to the institution known as the Tudhoe St. Mary's Home, £6,000 to the Certified Poor Law School (St. Peter's Orphanage) at Gainford, a perpetual annuity of £10 to the Convent of Sisters of Mary at Hexham, £500 to Mary Forster, annuities of £100 each to his servants, Isabella Smith and Martha Spratt, and an annuity of £40 to Andrew Clark. His real estate at Rothbury is to be held upon trust to pay the income thereof to the priest in charge of the Catholic Mission at Thropton. The residue of his property he gave to the Right Rev. Thomas Richard Preston, D.D., and the Very Rev. James Rooney, as joint tenants.

Inconsistency of the Government.—In the House of Commons on Tuesday, February 12, Mr P. O'Brien asked the First Lord of the Treasury whether, in view of the fact that the King had sworn or declared that 'the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary, or any other saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous,' the Government intended to discontinue the payment out of public funds to Catholic chaplains of the military and naval forces. Mr Balfour replied that they did not propose to discontinue the payment.

Aid for the African Missions.—The annual collection in the archdiocese of Westminster for the African missions realised £160.

SCOTLAND.—An Interesting Ceremony at Partick.—The interesting ceremony of cutting the first sod in connection with the building of St. Peter's new church and presbytery was performed on Monday, February 11. The ecclesiastical buildings are to cost about £13,000 when completed, and will form handsome architectural acquisitions to the district.

The Bishop of Galloway and the War.—Dr Turner, Catholic Bishop of Galloway, in addressing his diocese in a pastoral letter refers in strong terms to the South African War. In former ages, he says, no undertaking in public or private life on which the

Divine blessing had not been previously evoked was expected to prosper, but in our day God has been effaced from the life of nations and the work and eternal love of the Redeemer ignored. In all that has been written and spoken in reference to the cruel and sanguinary conflict for 18 months being on in South Africa, how often was the mysterious providence of God acknowledged as a possible factor? Neither at the commencement nor at any subsequent stage did we hear of any public appeal for the blessing of the Most High on our armies. True, the country assembled in its hundreds and thousands to speed its parting sons, but it omitted to commend them to trust in the Lord of Hosts. On the contrary, our soldiers were sent forth like the Philistines of old, trusting in their material armor, and made delirious with the wild howling of frantic mobs and the vain boasting of arrogant men. Nay, more, the prayer meetings and heavenward appeals of those whom we despised and thought to crush were scoffed at and jeered at by a section at least of the public Press. Need we wonder that it has proved to be the most inglorious war in which our country has ever been engaged? Need we look elsewhere than in the godless spirit for sufficient explanation of the blunders of leaders, of the series of disasters, of the appalling slaughter of our brave soldiers, of the humiliation of our armies, of the universal mourning for innocent victims of the schemes and lusts of rapacious and unscrupulous men.

Honoring a Catholic.—Mr. M. J. Connell, B.A., LL.B., has received an invitation to become a member of the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, the office-bearers of which include Lord Blythwood, Lord Kelvin, and Dr. Story, the Principal of the Glasgow University. This society, as its circular claims for it, includes all the men of scientific research and original ability in the West of Scotland, and the Catholic body in Glasgow will no doubt rise to a full appreciation of the unique compliment which the members of the society have thus paid to one of their number in the person of Mr. Connell.

Presentation to a Paisley Priest.—Very Rev. Canon M'Donald, Paisley, has been the recipient of an address and a cheque for £120 from his parishioners on the occasion of his jubilee.

UNITED STATES.—A Convert's League.—The American Catholic Converts' League held its first public meeting on February 4, at the Catholic Club, New York, with Dr. Benjamin F. De Costa, formerly a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, presiding. Archbishop Corrigan was present and addressed the meeting.


Catholic Statistics.—The Catholic Directory for 1901, which has been issued, gives the following statistics of the Church in the United States: One Cardinal, 13 Archbishops, 80 Bishops, 8977 secular priests, 3010 priests of religious orders, 66,127 churches with resident priests, 6518 missions with churches, 1774 chapels, 8 universities, 76 seminaries, with 3395 students; 188 colleges for boys, 677 academies for girls; 3812 parishes with schools, 903,980 children attending; 247 orphan asylums, 35,084 orphans; 885 charitable institutions, 1,055,832 children in Catholic institutions, 10,774,980 total Catholic population. An interesting feature about the directory is the statement of the statistics of the Catholic Church in the Philippine Islands. The dioceses in the archipelago are as follows: Manila, 1,811,445; Cebu, 1,743,872; Jaro, 1,310,754; Vigan, 997,629; Camarines, 697,293; total, 6,565,998. Of the 675 priests 150 are secular and the remainder belong to the following orders: The Augustinian, the Recollete, the Franciscan, the Capuchin, and the Jesuit.

A Bishop's Estate.—For 19 years Bishop Wigger presided over the diocese of Newark. Though Bishop Wigger had it in his power to accumulate a small fortune he died possessed of not a dollar of real or personal property except about £70 in money, which accumulated during his last illness. His executors would not have found even that much had he been able to get around during the last few weeks of his life, for he would have given it away just as he gave every dollar which found its way into his hands during his bishopric, save what was actually necessary to clothe him. 'We knew that every bit of the Bishop's income went to the poor,' said one of the prominent priests of the diocese. 'That is as near as anyone can come to giving definite information about it, for the Bishop never told what he did with his money nor to whom he gave it. It went all over the diocese, mostly in the form of alms-giving for the relief of needy and worthy persons.' Bishop Wigger gave much toward the education of worthy young men who hadn't the necessary few hundred dollars a year with which to pursue their collegiate studies for the priesthood. Of late years the Bishop has been enthusiastic over the building of a cathedral for the Newark diocese. The edifice is now well under way. After meeting other obligations there was not enough of the Bishop's property to pay even his funeral expenses, and a fund for the purpose will be raised by church societies.

'FRENCH LEAVE.'

THIS term is supposed to have originated from the practice of the French army, when on the march, taking anything they might require and not asking leave or permission, or paying for what they took; but there is considerable doubt about the origin of the phrase. One pretty story, which is sometimes given as the origin, is to the effect that a Frenchman who visited Richmond strolled by accident into the grounds of the Duke of Buccleuch and commenced to pluck the flowers, under the impression that they were common property. The Duke, chancing to see him, asked the trespasser who gave him leave to do so, whereupon the Frenchman—either intentionally or because he had not understood the words—answered that he was taking the leaves and flowers together.

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it's
Mason's



MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS
FOR MAKING **NON-INTOXICATING BEER**

The most palatable thirst-quenching, refreshing, stimulating tonic drink procurable.
For every **OPEN-AIR WORKER** and all employed in shops, Mills, Manufactories, and Mines.
IMITATED BUT NOT EQUALLED
Agents Wanted.
One bottle makes 8 gallons. Of all Chemists & Grocers.
Sample Bottle Free 9 Stamps, 2 for 12 Stamps.
NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM

Good! It's
MASON'S

Extract of Herbs.
N.Z. Price: 8d. per Bottle.

MASON'S WINE ESSENCE.
9d. per Bottle.

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

SOLE AGENT—
C. J. BADHAM
CHRISTCHURCH.



MASON'S WINE ESSENCE
GINGER
NON-INTOXICATING.

A Bottle will make a Gallon of delicious Wine. Sample bottle post free for stamps. *A Lady writes.*—“The bot. of Ginger Wine Essence made several bots. of most delicious wine.”
NEWBALL & MASON NOTTINGHAM
Mason's Extract of Herbs for making delicious non-intoxicating beer. A 4 bot. makes 8 gal. a sample bot. stamps or a sample of both Wine Essence and Extract of Herbs, post free, for 12 stamps. Agents wanted

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FIRST GRAND AUTUMN SHOW

HERBERT, HAYNES & CO.

are now making their **First Grand Autumn Show** of Latest **PRODUCTIONS & NOVELTIES** from the Principal Manufacturers of the World. Every Department is stocked with the Most Reliable and Up-to-Date Goods in the Market.

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HENRY FIELDER.

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CABINETMAKER AND UPHOLSTERER,

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Has the Largest Stock of high classed Household Furniture in New Zealand.
£50,000 Stock to select from.

Drawing Room Suites from £13. Dining Room £12 10s.

CALL AND INSPECT OR SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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For Coughs and Colds.

This justly popular remedy now enjoys the largest sale of any Cough Mixture in New Zealand.

The reason is this—It cures quickly even a chronic cough. It allays the annoying, tickling and huskiness of recent colds. It is pleasant to take. Children really like it. It dissolves hard, tough, viscid phlegm. Causes free and easy expectoration. Reduces inflammatory symptoms. And last but not least, it is a cheap remedy, and one bottle usually breaks up the worst cold.

Benjamin Gum, price 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Obtainable everywhere.

Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors:

LOASBY'S WAHOO MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., DUNEDIN.

KOOLIBAH Cures unbroken Chilblains, allays Irritation almost instantly.

BEATH AND CO., DRAPERS, CHRISTCHURCH. respectfully request your support and kind recommendation.

To the Wool Growers of Otago.

SEASON 1901.

GENTLEMEN,—Another Wool Season being at hand, we beg to again tender our best services to growers for the disposal of their clip here, or for shipment of same to London or other markets.

SHOW ROOM.—Our Show Room being fully equipped with all the latest improvements, conveniently situated and specially lighted for the proper display of the wools, buyers are thus in a position to value to the best advantage, and to operate with such confidence as must ensure a satisfactory sale, to which end no pains will be spared on our part.

VALUATIONS.—We make careful examination of every lot (large or small) prior to sale, and as every department of the business is conducted under our personal supervision, consigners may rest assured that no lot will be sold below its full market value, and aion, that their interests generally will be thoroughly protected.

DATES OF SALES.

- The First Sale will be held on Thursday, 20th December, 1900.
- The Second Sale " " Friday, 11th January, 1901.
- The Third Sale " " Thursday, 31st January, 1901.
- The Fourth Sale " " Friday, 22nd February, 1901.

ACCOUNT SALES.—Account Sales will be rendered, and proceeds paid over promptly within six days of Sale, as heretofore.

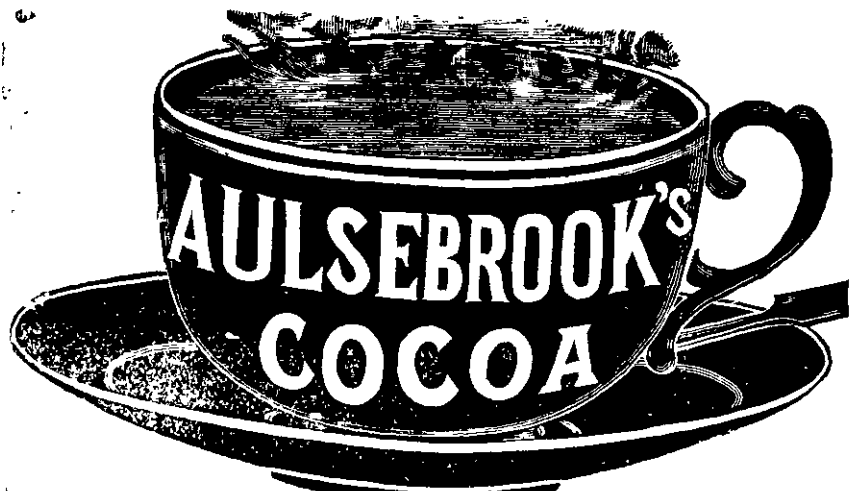
CHARGES.—All Charges throughout will be made on the very lowest scale.

INSURANCE.—All wool and other produce consigned to us is fully covered by insurance from the time it enters our Stores, and wool can be covered from sheep's back if desired. Consignment Notes, Labels, Wool Packs, and all Station Requisites forwarded at once on application.

Returning our best thanks for the liberal support we have hitherto received, and assuring you that no effort will be wanting to merit a continuance of your confidence, We remain, yours faithfully,

DONALD REID & CO., Ltd.

Build up your Constitution by taking



Full of NOURISHING and SUSTAINING QUALITIES.

A HIGH AUTHORITY ON

WAI-RONGOA MINERAL WATER.

Bottled only at Springs, Wai-Rongoa.

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

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

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LIMITED.

(CAMPBELL AND CRUST.)

DUNEDIN, INVERCARGILL, GORE
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OAMARU, AUCKLAND & HAWERA.

GENERAL CARRIERS, CUSTOMS,
SHIPPING & EXPRESS FORWARDING
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PARCELS FORWARDED to any part of
the World.

FURNITURE Packed and Removed by our
own men throughout New Zealand.

ADDRESS: CRAWFORD STREET
(Next N.Z. Insurance Co.).

Established 1861.

W. GREGG AND CO
(LIMITED)

Manufacturers of the Celebrated
"CLUB" COFFEE, "ARABIAN" COFFEE
AND "FRENCH" COFFEE.
(Net weight tins.)

Also Exhibition Brand Coffee
Eagle Brand Coffee
Crown Brand Coffee
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(Gross weight tins.)

The Best Value to the Consumer known in
New Zealand.

—EAGLE STARCH—

Favourably spoken of by all who use it as the
Best Made in New Zealand.

SODA CRYSTALS, FLAVOURING ES-
SENCES, CURRY POWDER, AND
PURE PEPPER AND SPICES,
GUARANTEED.

Ask your grocer for the above brands and
you will not be disappointed in quality
W GREGG & CO., DUNEDIN.



TERMINUS HOTEL,
DUNEDIN.

This Hotel is situated just opposite the Triangle Gardens, Railway Station, and Wharves. It is one of the most beautiful positions in Dunedin. There is no pleasanter place at which to live. The Hotel is quite new, and the rooms are large and lofty. The Baths and Lavatories are all that could be desired

TARIFF MODERATE.

THOS CORNISH ... Proprietor.

THE SHAMROCK HOTEL
Corner of

HIGH AND MANCHESTER STREETS,
CHRISTCHURCH.

JAMES MURPHY - Proprietor.

The above hotel is most centrally situated, being three minutes' walk from Railway Station and from General Post Office. Every accommodation.

Letters and telegrams promptly attended to.
Telephone 428.

"All who would achieve success should endeavour to merit it."

WE have during the past year spared no expense in endeavouring to make our Beer second to none in New Zealand, and can now confidently assert we have succeeded in doing so.

We invite all who enjoy A Good Glass of Beer to ask for

STAPLES' BEST,

On Draught at almost all Hotels in the City and surrounding districts.

And confidently anticipate their verdict will be that STAPLES AND CO. have successfully removed the reproach that Good Beer could not be brewed in Wellington.

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The Patent Prize Range
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Requires no setting, and will burn any Coal.
VERANDAH CASTINGS OF all kinds.
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NEWS AGENT, ETC.,
42 George Street, Dunedin.

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The Cheapest Shop in Town for Prime Ox Beef, Wether Mutton, Dairy Fed Pork, beautiful Lamb, Fat Veal, etc.

Small Goods a Speciality—fresh daily.

Cooked Mince Beef, Cooked Hams, Cooked Ox Tongues got ready on the shortest notice for Picnics and Parties.

Families waited upon daily for orders.

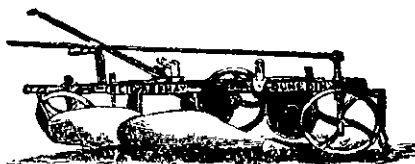
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TAY ST., INVERCARGILL.

BUYERS OF DRAPERY AND READY-MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS, AND SHOES WILL
DO WELL TO SEE OUR CASH PRICES BEFORE GOING ELSEWHERE
STRANGERS SPECIALLY INVITED.



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Famous

DOUBLE-FURROW PLOUGHS

Also DIGGING PLOUGHS, SINGLE FURROW, and SWING PLOUGHS.
Over 13,000 made. We make more ploughs than all other Colonial makers put together.
Our PATENT STEEL POINTS FOR SHARES have superseded all others, and farmers
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DISC & DIGGING HARROWS, all sizes, ALL STEEL ZIG ZAG HARROWS, the best made.

CHAFFCUTTERS—Double and Single Baggers.

The premier chaffcutters in the colony.

Cambridge Rollers, Horse Powers, Seed Sower, 'MAST' and 'EURFKA' Grain Drills,
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This old-established and Popular Hotel is
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Everything of the Best and all Drawn from
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COOKING RANGES are the Most Popular,
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Single or Double Ovens, High or Low
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DECISION OF COMPETENT JUDGES AT
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EXHIBITION

Including Eight English Competitors:—
Powley and Keast—First Award (Gold
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The Largest and Most Complete Bottling
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Order, through the Telephone—No. 644.
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THE NATURAL EXCELLENCE OF
THE REAL AND ORIGINAL KAITANGATA
COAL for every purpose is so universally
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MANUFACTURERS throughout the Middle
Island now, that it would be superfluous for
the Company to detail the special features
of its superiority over all other coals in every
notice like this. The present, therefore, is
only to assure the Public generally that the
Coal maintains its excellence, and is sold by
all Merchants in the trade.

The KAITANGATA ALMANAC will be
delivered to Consumers as usual.

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Offices: Crawford street, Dunedin,
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By  Appointment

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Tombstones, etc., made to order. Any
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Concrete Kerbing, Iron Railing, Baptismal
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WILLIS STREET, WELLINGTON.

Established 1880.

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Purchasers only.

Hotel, Rangitikei, rent £4 per week, price
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THE BEST CEMENT

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Vide Jurors' Report N.Z. Exhibition.
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by experts, proving our Cement to be equal
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Having recently erected extensive works
supplied with the most modern plant obtain-
able which is supervised by a Skilled Cement
Maker from England, with confidence we re-
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test our Cement side by side with the best
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Milburn Lime at Lowest Rates.

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FRANK OAKDEN, Manager.

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Corner Octagon and George streets,
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Tables. Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.
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CASHEL AND MANCHESTER STREETS
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(Late of Gladstone Hotel).

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Beers, Wines and Spirits of best quality.

Dunedin Ale on Draught.

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HARLEQUIN - - - TOBACCO

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M'Kay Patent Safe, Acetylene Gas Generators,
suitable for Churches, Halls, Hotels, etc.
Portable ditto with wind-proof Lamps of 150
candle-power for outside use, for Dredges, etc.
These are strong, reliable-tested Machines.
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Economisers—a No. 2 burner (giving the
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