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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

They Were Caught.

Some weeks ago we issued a fresh warning—our fifth or sixth—against the oily-tongued and smooth-spoken rogues who, with a cheap affectation of piety, 'sneak into Catholic homes—and especially Irish Catholic homes, display cheap and gaudy rubbish that is made to catch the fancy of incautious house-mothers or their better halves, and succeed in committing them to "sign" for a purchase at prices that spell rank extortion.' We are glad to know that our timely and friendly warning has been heeded to an extent which has seriously hampered the operations of those wandering agents who are perambulating the country from Dan to Beersheba intent upon victimising the Catholic body. Our words have, however, failed to penetrate the lintels of those who 'cannot afford to take the TABLET'—whose easy-going consciences permits them to bolt and bar their doors against the good influences of a Catholic paper and to place before their households, as their sole mental pabulum, secular papers that dish up details of murders, suicides, and divorce cases and break out from time to time in attacks upon the Catholic faith or upon every form of religious belief. From an esteemed priest we have learned that in his parish a number of those who 'cannot afford to take the TABLET' have recently been victimised and left lamenting—to the tune of two years' subscription to this paper—by the vendors of high-priced, garish, and unnecessary religious trumpery, against which we have so often cautioned our readers. Those who have not yet received the visit—or rather visitation—of those itinerant vendors will do well to paste this note 'in a conspicuous place' in their homes and hold themselves in readiness to unchain the dog.

Spring.

In his Spring sermon to the Volunteers in 1888 the author of *The Recreations of a Country Parson* said: 'I saw yesterday a reviving tree: just the suspicion of a green cloud. And the golden crocuses and daffodils are with us. Look at them and let them speak to your heart. They will, hopefully, suggest to you something they never could have taught. And you will quietly say, as great St. Paul said before you: "That I may know Him, and the power of His Resurrection!"'

The Rev. Stopford Brooke found another lesson in the season that is with us now, and he couched it in the following poetic numbers:—

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 'A little sun, a little rain,
 A soft wind blowing from the West—
 And woods and fields are sweet again.
 And warmth within the mountain's breast.
 So simple is the earth we tread,
 So quick with love and life her frame,
 Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
 And still her magic is the same.

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 'A little love, a little trust,
 A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
 And life as dry as desert dust

Is fresher than a mountain stream,
 So simple is the heart of man,
 So ready for new hope and joy;
 Ten thousand years since it began
 Have left it younger than a boy.'

The Coronation Oath.

A good many things come to those who wait. We have been waiting for some time for an explanation of the abandonment, by the Salisbury Government, of the Bill to modify the terms of the declaration required by the Sovereign of Great Britain at his accession to the throne. It was stated that both Catholics and extreme Protestants had alike objected to the terms of the proposed alteration. The explanation has come in the columns of our Home exchanges. So far as the Catholic attitude on the matter is concerned, it could not have been any other than one of strenuous opposition to a proposed alteration which, in some respects, was scarcely less offensive than the old 'relic of barbarism' which it was intended to replace. The old formula ran as follows:—

'I, A.B., by the Grace of God, King (or Queen) of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever; and 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. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do make this Declaration and every part thereof in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation, already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, or without any hope of any such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this Declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope or any other person or persons or power whatsoever should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null or void from the beginning.'

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 The Catholic Peers agreed to leave the terms of the modification of the oath to the decision of a Select Committee appointed to consider the matter. The Committee consisted of the Lord Chancellor, the Marquis of Salisbury, the Duke of Argyll Earl Spencer, Earl Cadogan, the Earl of Crewe, the Earl of Dunraven, and Lord Tweedmouth. This heavily-titled assembly of grave and reverend seigniors seem to have gone through their work like a matchwood house on fire. 'In fact,' says a London contemporary, 'the proposed changes in the Declaration required by the Bill of Rights are said to have been disposed of in a sitting of 20 minutes, and without the formality of hearing any evidence. We understand that an influential Peer strolled down to the committee-room with a draft of the proposed changes in his pocket, and that this was adopted practically without discussion. It is,' concludes our contemporary, 'hardly surprising to find that the result is profoundly

RIDE "ANGLO SPECIAL" CYCLES.

unsatisfying to all parties.' Here is the modification which they elaborated:—

'I, A.B., by the Grace of God, King (or Queen) of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever. And I do believe 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 contrary to the Protestant Religion. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do make this declaration and every part thereof unreservedly.'

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'The verbal improvements proposed by the Committee are,' says the *London Tablet*, 'considerable. The first sentence which involves a denial of Transubstantiation, is unchanged. It effectually excludes any Catholic from the throne. And here it is impossible not to be struck by the apparent liberality of the formula forced upon the Sovereign under penalty of the loss of three kingdoms. It allows him to be a Mahommedan or a Buddhist, or a Parsee or a Unitarian, or a member of any other non-Christian body. The King of England may be a Fire-worshipper or an Atheist, or a Mahommedan, but he must not believe that 'at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is a Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever.' The King of this realm may be Pagan or Infidel or Protestant, but he must not believe in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. In the second section the words 'superstitious and idolatrous' are omitted, and the King is solemnly committed to the statement that Catholic doctrines are not Protestant doctrines. He might just as usefully point out that black is not white. The words run as follow: 'And I do believe 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 contrary to the Protestant religion.' Sir William Charley, with all the air of a person who has made a profound discovery, explains in the columns of the *Times* that 'a Buddhist could make this declaration with a clear conscience.' At the risk of frightening Sir William Charley, we might add that Leo XIII might join the Buddhist in making this declaration. Unfortunately, although this clause of the Declaration is absolutely useless for the purpose for which it was intended, it still manages to be offensive. Surely the twelve million Catholics of the Empire are entitled to say to their future Kings: 'Deny our doctrines if you must, but at least do not misrepresent them.' If Lord Salisbury's Committee had decided after instead of before hearing evidence, they would have learned that we do not "adore" either the Blessed Virgin or the Saints. The generous confidence shown by the Catholic Peers when they intimated their wish to leave the whole question of the revision of the Declaration to their Protestant fellow-countrymen has surely been strangely repaid. The least we could have hoped for was that they would take the trouble to ascertain what was Catholic doctrine before proceeding to condemn it. The alteration in the third section is of the Declaration is all to the good. The Pope is no longer alluded to as likely to give a license for lies; and to make the Sovereign declare that he has given his kingly word "unreservedly" is at least less humiliating to him than to exact the additional assurance that he has not been equivocating.'

A Proselytising Tale.

Thackeray says somewhere in his *Vanity Fair* that 'slander is a touching proof of regard.' There is so much of this particular form of 'regard' in the following paragraph—which has found its way into the brimstone columns of the New Zealand secular press—that it is worth giving in full. One paper published it under the heading 'Anti-Protestantism in Limerick':—

Intense indignation has been created in Protestant circles in Ireland by recent displays of Roman Catholic intolerance in the city of Limerick, by which Dr. Long, of the Limerick Medical Mission, has been a sufferer. Dr. Long, who is a fully-qualified practitioner and an M.D. of Dublin University, combines his work of making converts to the Protestant faith with free medical aid to those who require it, and has thereby made himself extremely obnoxious to the Roman Catholic priests of the town. Some time ago Dr. Long was called in to attend a Catholic patient. Shortly after his arrival the Rev. Father O'Leary, a Roman Catholic priest, followed him into the house, told the people of the house to turn him out, and called the doctor a 'brute' twice. On another occasion a crowd followed the Rev. Father O'Leary to the patient's door, and in the presence of the crowd, which was composed of the lowest rabble of Limerick, the priest said: 'This is a proselytiser,' and told Dr. Long to 'go away from this.' On this occasion the doctor was not admitted to the house, and as he turned away and went down the street the crowd followed him. One woman threw half a brick at him, and another, who is said to have been the Rev. Father

O'Leary's own servant, struck him with an egg. On these grounds Dr. Long summoned the Rev. Father O'Leary. The case was heard by Mr. Hickson, resident magistrate, and four other magistrates, and though there was practically no defence it was dismissed, Mr. Hickson accompanying his judgment with the advice to the people to give Dr. Long no employment as regards his profession. Mr. W. Johnston, M.P., announced his intention of bringing the matter under the notice of Parliament, and the City of Dublin Grand Orange Lodge passed a strong resolution calling upon the Government to dismiss the resident magistrate.

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Mark Twain says that there are 869 different forms of lying. The story quoted above lies by omission, by commission, and by insinuation. As More said of Tyndale's pamphlets, 'the lies come in by lumps.' (1) In the first place, there is no 'anti-Protestant' feeling in Limerick or in any other part of the South of Ireland. It is only in the north-east and Orange corner of Ireland that sectarian hate and religious strife are a running sore. Cork and Limerick, which are about the two most Catholic cities in Ireland, have ever displayed a broad-minded tolerance and friendly feeling towards their few Protestant inhabitants—in marked contrast to the state of persecution in which Catholics live in such Orange centres as Belfast, Derry, Armagh, and Portadown. From the passing of the Reform Act of 1841 till 1886, Catholic Limerick elected thirteen Protestant mayors, and ever since Irish Corporations received power to elect sheriffs, it has appointed Protestants to that office. The same kindly feeling is displayed to Protestants in Limerick to this hour. The present agitation in Limerick is not against Protestantism, but against proselytism and 'souperism,' and the Catholic objections to the methods employed are equally shared by respectable Protestants of every degree in the city.

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(2) We have had one eye upon this Dr. Long and his 'medical mission' for some time past. The methods adopted by this class of proselytising agent are the free distribution of pamphlets, leaflets, etc., which are grossly offensive to Catholics, unasked and unwelcome intrusion into the homes of poor Catholics, and the standing offer of temporal inducements to apostasy. In a country where the infamous records of the 'soupers' of 'Black Forty-seven' have been burned so deeply into the memory of the people, such methods could not fail to lead to disturbances of the public peace, and, on the Deuteronomic principle, the blame of such disorder must be laid at the door of those who first lighted the fire. We quote the following from a home exchange, with the remark that Mr. Hickson, the Resident Magistrate, is a north of Ireland Protestant and that he was appointed to that position by Lord Londonderry:—

On Friday, February 15, four men were charged with forming part of a disorderly crowd by which Dr. Long was hooted through the streets. Mr. Hickson, the Resident Magistrate, in announcing the decision of the court, said that such conduct as that of Dr. Long was strongly to be deprecated. It not only disturbed harmony of feeling, but led to the endangering of person and property. It also helped to provoke a bad feeling, which it took a long period to eradicate. The court wished that those responsible for Dr. Long being in Limerick engaged in this most despicable work would take such means as would lead to the removal of the disturbance from the city. There should be no interruption in court, but what he said he said honestly and conscientiously, and as a Protestant he must deprecate any kind of attempt at proselytising, which was the cause of this disturbance. Coming from a part of the country where sectarian animosity prevailed, he could say it was much increased year by year wherever proselytising was carried on.

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But that was not all. The Lord Chief Justice also applied the cat-o'-nine-tails to the epidermis of Dr. Long in his remarks to the Grand Jury of the City of Limerick at the Spring Assizes. Here is how he was reported at the time in one of our Irish exchanges:—

In the course of his charge he (the Lord Chief Justice) said he understood that the presence of a Dr. Long, an agent of what was described as the 'Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics,' had excited violence, which was much to be deprecated. If the people took his advice they would leave the agents of that Society entirely alone. Let them not make martyrs of them, because if they did so they only secured that the monetary stream came in greater volume from England. The respectable Protestants in Limerick and throughout Ireland did not associate themselves in any way with the attempts of this Society. The Irish Church Missions were supported in England by people who were very well-meaning and religious, but who had no conception of the worthlessness of the Irish Church Missions in Ireland.

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The remainder of the story may be briefly told. On Friday, June 7, Father O'Leary, C.C., St. Munchin's, saw Dr. Long entering the house of a Catholic family in Thomondgate. Suspecting the object of the visit, Father O'Leary entered and remonstrated with the proselytiser. Dr. Long thereupon charged Father O'Leary with having used threatening language towards him and sought to have him bound over to the peace. 'The case,' says an Irish exchange, 'was

simply scouted out of court, and Mr. Hickson, R.M., who presided—himself a Protestant—gave the proselytiser a lecture that should do him good—that is, if anything could do good to such a fanatic.' On Tuesday, June 18, a question was asked on the subject in the House of Commons by the veteran Orange leader, Mr. W. Johnston. In the course of his reply, the Chief Secretary stated that no threats had been used by Father O'Leary, and that 'the police reported at the time that Dr. Long's action was often injudicious, and that he seemed disposed to court an exhibition of hostile feeling.' The Chief Secretary said in conclusion: 'It is, I think, to be regretted that Dr. Long, or the society which employed him, should conscientiously have thought it right to offer gratuitous medical attendance with the avowed object of making converts in the midst of a Roman Catholic population.'

Among the many decent and fair minded Protestants of Limerick who condemn the tactics of Dr. Long is an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. S. L. Maxwell, of the Rectory, Ardcanmy, Kildimo, Limerick. Writing to the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* under date June 25, he says that the methods adopted by the proselytisers and their friends are 'very often ill-advised, and that their tone towards their Catholic fellow-countrymen is greatly to be deplored.' He concludes his letter as follows:—

For myself, I can say that I have been through almost every street in Limerick and have never received the slightest insult from anyone, young or old. I have lived half my life in the South of Ireland, the last seven years being in the ultra-Catholic counties of Kerry and Limerick, yet I have never had the smallest difficulty in being on good terms with my neighbors; and my experience invariably has been that Protestants, and especially Protestant clergymen, who wish to do so, can with perfect ease cultivate good relations with their countrymen of a different faith by simply making their rule of life the Divine precept which tells us to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. I wish with all my soul that the converse could with truth be said of Belfast and some other places in the North. If any Protestant clergy have been insulted in Limerick I greatly fear they brought the insult on themselves, and that, like their friend Dr. Long, they sought a little cheap martyrdom by 'courting an exhibition of hostile feeling,' as our ornate Chief Secretary would express it—Yours truly,

S. L. MAXWELL.

It is, after all, a rather singular thing that the papers which had no word of condemnation for the violence offered to the Mormon elders who were quietly and decorously preaching their peculiar tenets in Dunedin, should roll in frothy hysterics over a much milder demonstration of disapproval that took place against insolent, insulting, and aggressive 'souperism' in far-off Limerick. It is the old story over again: one man may steal a sheep, but another dare not look over the fence.

THE REV. MR. GIBB'S ATTACKS.

THE LAST WORD.

THE following is the closing letter in the controversy between the Rev. Mr. Gibb and the Editor of the N.Z. TABLET.—

Sir,—The mass of new matter introduced into his last two letters by the Rev. Mr. Gibb, and the new turns and contentions given to old matter, are highly calculated, if not directly intended, to obscure our respective positions in this controversy. Briefly, the Rev. Mr. Gibb set forth to prove that certain statements (detailed hereunder) are 'Catholic doctrine.' I have been expressly engaged all along in testing his credibility as a witness against the Catholic Church and body. I have touched not merely what he calls 'small points,' but have gone through the substance of his Choral Hall speech and his letter of July 27—including his broad statements of alleged 'Catholic doctrine'—and ear-marked nineteen out of some fifty misstatements, misquotations, etc., which he has made. These affect his credit as a controversialist in the most serious degree. Yet he has made practically no effort whatever—and absolutely no successful effort in even a single instance—to set aside the record scored up against him.

The Rev. Mr. Gibb set forth to prove that the following statements are

'Catholic doctrine,'

which it would be heresy to deny. (1) That the Pope has 'independence of all human authority'; (2) that the Pope is 'every man's lord'—elsewhere he styles him 'lord of all the wide world'; (3) that the Pope is 'the supreme judge and director of the human conscience'; and (4) that 'it is absolutely necessary to salvation that every human creature should be subject to the Roman Pontiff.' The Rev. Mr. Gibb holds the unenviable position of being the aggressor in this controversy. The whole burden of proving his statements fell upon him. He took it up with a light and 'thankful' heart on July 27. He has now completely abandoned it. His amazing blunders made it necessary for me to point out to him the elementary fact that the term 'Catholic doctrine' means formally-defined articles of faith, and that an impassable barrier separates Catholic doctrine from the private views, opinions, or inferences of theologians. Every instructed Catholic schoolboy knows this; but it seems to have come as a revelation to the Rev. Mr. Gibb. At best—and with one solitary exception—his alleged quotations and

assertions referred not to Catholic doctrine, but to the private opinions of this or that writer. As a result of the elementary information thus obtained, the Rev. Mr. Gibb has abandoned the first three statements of 'Catholic doctrine' quoted above. He has likewise in express terms abandoned the fourth, the true translation of which fourth constitutes a quite different theological proposition. And thus the main contention of his Choral Hall speech and practically the whole substance of his arguments in your columns have collapsed like a house of cards. In his letter of June 27 he declared himself 'thankful' to me for having given him 'an opportunity of proving that the statements given above are 'Catholic doctrine, and that it would be heresy to deny them. But his dead-sureness of July 27 has all evaporated. He now recognises as an 'intelligible point' the radical distinction between fixed and defined doctrine and shifting and variable opinion, and can only plead in extenuation of his amazing blunder that it was I, not he, who first raised the question of 'Catholic doctrine.' But this plea is of no avail. (a) Had he stated in the Choral Hall that he was dealing merely with the opinions of this or that Catholic writer (Manning, of course, included), I should never have crossed his path, however mistaken many of his statements in point have proved to be. But he gave no hint of this. On the contrary, the whole force of his contention depended on his alleged doctrinal statements being given and taken as the official teaching of the Catholic Church. (b) He expressly professes to give an exposition—he would probably call it an exposure—of 'Roman Catholicism.' And the *Encyclopaedic Dictionary*—or any other good dictionary—could show him that the term 'Roman Catholicism' means 'the doctrines of faith' of the Roman Catholic Church, not the private opinions of this or that Catholic writer. Moreover (c), the Rev. Mr. Gibb himself, in his letter of July 27, sets forth the alleged points of doctrine quoted above as containing the gist of 'the full statement' given by him in the Choral Hall. He can now, at least, recognise the folly of impeaching the beliefs of 250,000,000 souls—the great majority of all Christian people—without having acquired even the elementary knowledge of their teaching which is contained within the pages of a Catholic child's penny catechism. He now amends his previous positive statements by saying that 'for all practical purposes' they are 'the doctrine of the Roman Church.' I dismiss his fresh assertion as an absurdity.

In his last letter the Rev. Mr. Gibb asks me to accept his hearsay and second-hand or tenth-hand

Alleged Quotations

from Catholic writers, on the plea that the non-Catholic or anti-Catholic sources from which he says he took them 'are, without exception, men wholly above suspicion.' Let us see.

1. To be 'wholly above suspicion,' a non-Catholic treating expressly of Catholic theology should have a thorough and first-hand knowledge of his subject, and an honest and unbiassed mind.

2. The sources from which the Rev. Mr. Gibb took his alleged quotations and 'facts' are all hostile to the Catholic Church. The most noted among them are Schaff and Mosheim, with whose works (which are before me) I am familiar. But Schaff is decidedly, and Mosheim strongly, biassed. Two of the Rev. Mr. Gibb's 'authorities' have seriously mistranslated plain Latin sentences—of which more anon. Another (as I showed in my last letter) gravously misrepresented a passage from Father Hunter's *Outlines of Dogmatic Theology* (to which my reverend opponent has given an amusingly incomplete and, of course, second-hand reference). Yet another (Blakeney) garbled and misquoted five passages from St. Liguori in a manner so disgraceful that no language is too strong to condemn it. (See, for particulars, the NEW ZEALAND TABLET of June 8, 1899). In fact, there is not one of his second-hand authorities 'wholly above suspicion.'

3. In at least seven cases specified by me the Rev. Mr. Gibb professed to quote at first-hand. He afterwards had to admit that he did no such thing. What evidence have we that he is really quoting even from the second-hand authorities that he names? Has he not professed to know ever so many things about the NEW ZEALAND TABLET, although he has declared that he 'does not read' it?

4. Moreover, the hearsay quotations alleged by the Rev. Mr. Gibb to have been taken originally from Catholic theologians are the merest scraps and snippets torn violently from their context. Even if they referred to Catholic doctrine—the point here under discussion—and were taken at first-hand, they would be inadmissible in this controversy, for the simple reason that they could not possibly give the real mind of an author upon so vast a subject as the relations of the Papacy to Church and State. Here is a double instance of the unreliability of the Rev. Mr. Gibb's system of hearsay and snippet 'quotations': (20) Bellarmine is stating an opinion (not a doctrine) as to the Pope having power to order the temporal affairs (*disponere de temporalibus rebus*) of Christians whenever their spiritual good might demand it. One of the Rev. Mr. Gibb's 'authorities' actually translates the Latin words given above 'To dispose of the temporal goods of all Christians.' Now (a) in all Bellarmine's treatise (which is before me) on the temporal power of the Pope there is not a word or hint about the disposing of the temporal goods or effects or property of Christians; and, of course, no Roman pontiff ever dreamed of claiming such a power. (b) Bellarmine is speaking solely of their 'temporal affairs' ('*in temporalibus*', '*in temporalibus negotiis*', '*in temporalibus rebus*', etc.). Whenever, elsewhere, he refers to 'goods' or chattels he uses the ordinary Latin word '*bona*.' To 'dispose of goods' means to transfer, give away, sell, alienate, or part with them (see *Encyclopaedic Dictionary*, vol. iii., part 1, p. 107). And '*disponere de*' has no such meaning, either in classical Latin or in the Latin of any other period (see Dr. Smith's *Latin-English Dictionary*, and especially Forcellini's monumental work *Lexicon Totius Latinitatis*, De-Wit, vol. ii., p. 760). If a schoolboy made such a blunder as the Rev. Mr. Gibb he would—to use Macaulay's phrase—run the risk of a flogging. This rounds off an even score of errors on the part of

the Rev. Mr. Gibb. Here is another (21) The same 'quotation' from Bellarmine is advanced in support of the alleged (but now abandoned) 'Catholic doctrine' that 'the Pope is every man's lord, the supreme judge and director of the human conscience.' But the Rev. Mr. Gibb, on his hearsay 'authority,' does not so much as hint at the following vital facts:—(a) Bellarmine is dealing expressly, not with 'Catholic doctrine,' but with 'opinions' (*sententiae*). (b) He is contemplating the case of a united Church and State. (c) He devotes several chapters of the same book (lib. v. *De Romano Pontifice*) to prove the following theses: 'The Pope is not lord of the whole earth'; 'The Pope is not lord of all Christendom.' And yet the Rev. Mr. Gibb cites Bellarmine in support of the alleged 'Catholic doctrine' that the Pope is lord of the earth—lord of all men of every creed upon this planet! The rev. gentleman pleads that he is unable to consult Bellarmine and the other Catholic theological writers whom he 'quotes' at second or tenth hand. Why, then, does he venture to controvert regarding them? The writers he refers to are in my possession. I shall be happy to afford him every reasonable opportunity of consulting them, and, should he elect to do so, he may count upon receiving every courtesy at my hands.

To a few

Fresh Points

raised by the Rev. Mr. Gibb I make the following replies:—

(22) He attributed to the *Tablet* of October 9, 1864, an alleged report of an utterance of Cardinal Manning. It subsequently came out that he got his quotation at second-hand from a Rev. Mr. Lilley. I pointed out that no *Tablet* bears the date October 9, 1864, which fell on a Sunday, and that no such report appears in the *Tablet* of that year so far as I have read it—August to November inclusive. The Rev. Mr. Gibb now wishes to make it appear that this is purely a question between my veracity and that of the Rev. Mr. Lilley. It is no such thing. It is a question as between the Rev. Mr. Lilley and the very authority from which he professed to quote. The *Tablet* for 1864 is in my possession. I have twice offered, and still offer, to submit it to the Rev. Mr. Gibb or any person for him. The Rev. Mr. Lilley is probably a very excellent man, but even if he were an archangel he has blundered, at least in his reference here. As regards Cardinal Manning, he never could—as the Rev. Mr. Gibb assured his readers he did—have laid down as defined 'Catholic doctrine' the statements attributed to him by the Rev. Mr. Lilley.

(23) Here is the twenty-third evidence of the Rev. Mr. Gibb's unreliability as a witness. He attributed to me three statements regarding the alleged Manning report which I never made. I naturally denied his assertion. Here was a clear issue. If he were right he had only to quote the precise words which he alleges I used. Why—in his two letters—has he not done so? For the simplest reason—he cannot. I stated that the alleged Manning quotation was contrary to Catholic doctrine. So it is. I nowhere stated that 'every phrase' of it was contrary to Catholic doctrine. It was sufficient for my purpose if even at one point the quotation in question was contrary to Catholic doctrine, and I specified a particular part as being so. Of the remaining parts of the alleged report of Manning's words I said just this, and nothing more: 'We shall see later on whether or not they are contrary to Catholic doctrine.' The Rev. Mr. Gibb actually turns this statement into an assertion on my part to the effect that 'they are Catholic doctrine, or at any rate in harmony with Catholic doctrine.' The Rev. Mr. Gibb twits Catholic priests with ignorance. His contention here implies on his part an altogether surprising unacquaintance with the veriest elements of logic. Is it possible that he cannot 'distinguish' a proposition? Is it possible he does not know that a statement may be 'contradictory' of the proposition 'All these assertions are Catholic doctrine' without being 'contrary' to it? As regards the four particular doctrinal statements quoted in the second paragraph of this letter, not one of them, in the terms given there by the Rev. Mr. Gibb, is 'Catholic doctrine.'

I very appropriately mentioned his amazing misquotations from St. Liguori, for the perfectly legitimate purpose of pointing out (a) the hopeless unreliability of his statements and references against the Catholic Church, and (b) the worthless and disreputable character of some of some of the 'authorities' whom he is now pleased to describe as 'wholly above suspicion.' These shameful misquotations he can neither palliate nor defend. Instead he introduces into this controversy a fresh general issue—the question of

Mental Reservation

or restriction. For the information of your readers, I reply: (1) All Catholic theologians, without exception, teach that a lie is in itself sinful, and that no motive can ever justify or excuse it. (2) Mental reservation, as sanctioned by Catholic theologians, is not lying—it is simply taking refuge in the very ambiguity of human speech itself. Only what is termed 'broad' mental reservation or ambiguity is permitted, and only within the following limits:—(a) Its use is never lawful in order to obtrude or suggest an untruth; (b) the deception of the hearers can never be intended, nor the speech such as will cause it; (c) the amphibology (or ambiguous expression) must be truly such, having two acknowledged significations, presumably known to the hearers—that is to say, a "pure" mental restriction can never be used—and such an outward clue to the meaning which the speaker intends must be given as will enable a listener who is on the alert to understand that the words are uttered in a restricted sense; (d) a mental restriction can only be used to hide a secret which the speaker has a strict right or duty to conceal, and which the interrogator has no right to know; (e) other rights of some importance must also depend upon its concealment; (f) the occasion of using mental restriction must not be freely chosen, it must be forced upon the speaker; (g) mental restriction may not be used when a refusal to answer will suffice; (3) In such circumstances Catholic theologians permit the use of an ambiguous expression which is true in at least one acknowledged

and externally manifested sense, and therefore not a lie. The Protestant writers Jeremy Taylor, Milton, Charles Kingsley, Froude, and Professor Sidgwick (Professor of Ethics in the University of Cambridge), in words that are before me, permit, in similar circumstances, the use of statements which are not true in any sense. (4) Mental reservation of the kind mentioned above is in common use among God-fearing people of every creed as a protection against the undesired visitor, the meddler, the busybody, and the political and commercial opponent, enemy, or rival. In connection with this matter I should like to read an exposition by the Rev. Mr. Gibb of the difference in moral guilt between grievous misquotation and lying. The reverend gentleman seeks to make capital out of the Papal approval of certain writings of St. Thomas and St. Alphonsus Liguori and innocently concludes that such works are thereby constituted a great body of 'Catholic doctrine.' The approval of St. Alphonsus' writings merely states that they contain 'nothing deserving of censure.' And every tyro in Catholic theology knows that such general Papal approval of any particular work does not carry approbation of every separate statement or opinion contained therein. In the case of the works of St. Alphonsus such an idea was negated by a decree of the Sacred Penitentiary, published in 1831.

The reverend gentleman introduces, with many a fresh contention, the closing words of the

Bull *Unam Sanctam*.

(24) This time he describes as 'sound' the translation of '*omnino*' as 'absolutely,' although it alters the whole theological meaning of the sentence in which it occurs (*Porro subhesse Romano Pontifici omni humana creatura declaramus, dicimus, et diffinimus omnino esse de necessitate salutis*). In ordinary language and in Catholic theology as well, the word 'absolutely' in this connection would naturally mean 'unconditional, without condition or qualification' (compare *Encyclopaedic Dictionary*, vol. i, part 1, p. 20). Now, in this particular sense of the term 'absolutely' the word '*omnino*' has never been used in the Latin of any period, and in Catholic philosophy and theology (which are alone in question here) it has never been employed in such a sense (compare Forcellini's work, vol. iv., p. 407, and Smith's *Latin-English Dictionary*). The Bull says that it is 'altogether (or certainly) necessary for salvation that every human creature should be subject to the Roman Pontiff.' In his first letter the Rev. Mr. Gibb interpreted this to mean a defined doctrinal claim of the Pope to be 'every man's lord,' even in purely temporal matters. No such claim is advanced in the Bull, as may be seen by reference to Jungmann (*Dissertationes*, tom. vi., capp. iv.-v., pp. 37-71; Batisbon, 1836), Rohrbacher (*Eglise Catholique*, tome. xix., pp. 442-481; Paris, 1858), and among several other writers before me, Cardinal Manning's *Vatican Decrees* p. 72—all of which are open to the inspection of the Rev. Mr. Gibb. The quoted words of the Bull are simply a variant of the doctrine that it is 'necessary to salvation' to belong to the one Catholic Church. For the information of your readers, I may state that, like the words 'absolutely,' 'conscience,' etc., the expression 'necessary to salvation' is, in Catholic theology, a technical term with a clear-cut and definite meaning. Two kinds or 'necessity' are distinguished. A thing may be so 'necessary to salvation' that it is indispensable as a means to that end, and no degree of ignorance, however inculpable, can set aside the need of it. This is described by Catholic theologians as 'necessary as a means' (*necessitate medi*). They describe membership of the true Church of Christ as necessary to salvation 'by virtue of a precept' or positive command of God (*necessitate precepti*). In regard to things which are necessary 'by virtue of a precept,' invincible ignorance excuses from the violation of the precept and renders the attainment of salvation possible. It is Catholic teaching (a) that God has imposed a precept on men binding them under grievous sin to enter His true church and to continue members of it to the end; (b) that those who knowingly, wilfully, and pertinaciously defy this Divine precept are not in the way of salvation, and that if they persevere to death in its violation there is no salvation for them; (c) that salvation is within the reach of those who are ignorant of the precept, or who misunderstand its meaning, or who honestly believe that they are fulfilling it by remaining in the Church of which they are members—provided that they omit none of those things that are 'necessary as a means' of salvation. This is, in briefest terms, Catholic doctrine. It is stated at greater length in an allocution of Pope Pius IX., delivered in 1854, and in an Encyclical Letter published by him in August, 1863. It is therefore not 'Catholic doctrine' that it is 'absolutely' necessary to salvation to be 'subject to the Roman Pontiff' or visible members of his fold.

To the other fresh

Statements and Contentions

of the Rev. Mr. Gibb I reply (1) It is absolutely untrue that I minimise Catholic doctrine. This is my reverend opponent's twenty-fifth lapse from true statement. Those who know me give me credit for the courage of my convictions, and as regards matters of Catholic doctrine I am prepared to stand by them to the death. But I rightly demand that Catholic doctrine shall be truthfully stated, and not travestied by amateurs on the war path. (2) There is no difference in 'doctrine' among Catholics as to the Pope's independence of temporal sovereigns. I have already sufficiently explained this subject. It is NOT 'Catholic doctrine' that the Pope is independent of 'all human authority,' or that he can at will override civil laws, or disregard rights in conscience arising in civil laws—as, for instance, the laws of contract—or that he can, in any circumstances, 'dispose of the temporal goods' either of Christians or of non-Christians, or that (except for his own civil subjects) he has jurisdiction in the simply temporal affairs even of Catholics, much less that he is 'every man's lord' or 'lord of the whole earth.' And it is NOT 'Catholic doctrine' that the Pope is 'the supreme judge and director of the human conscience.' The Rev. Mr. Gibb

evidently does not know the meaning of the terms 'supreme,' 'judge,' and 'conscience.' If he consults any of our theological treatises *De Conscientia* (*On Conscience*), he will realise how greatly mistaken he is. (3) In the face of my rebutting evidence the Rev. Mr. Gibb has not pressed his charge against Father Harney of advocating persecution. (4) A brand new contention of the Rev. Mr. Gibb compels me to again notice a personal experience which he alleges he had with a certain priest on the Rotomahana from Melbourne to Dunedin in February, 1887. He represents the priest as displaying a massive ignorance of the word 'anthropomorphic,' which is so familiar to Catholic ecclesiastics. 'Anthropomorphic,' the priest is made to say; 'that is the stuff that will be putting you to sleep.' And on, I have vouched my personal word that this story (but told of a non-Catholic clergyman and not deemed to be original) was current in Maynooth College as far back as my freshman days there in 1878. This is confirmed by the testimony of a much-esteemed class-fellow of mine, the Rev. D. J. Devane, who is rector of an important parish in the diocese of Ballarat, and to whom I submitted the Rev. Mr. Gibb's story. I have evidence—to which at the present moment I will not further refer—that the 'anthropomorphic' story was current in England before the Rev. Mr. Gibb was born, and I may shortly be in a position to show that it appeared in a shilling pamphlet of examination blunders that was published in Oxford in 1844. Assuming that the incident took place as related, the Rev. Mr. Gibb was probably the subject of a hoax.

Catholics in New Zealand desire to live in harmony and goodwill with their fellow-colonists of every creed. In the present case the Rev. Mr. Gibb is the aggressor against us, and he could not expect that we would lie down trembling and voiceless under his violent and uncalled-for attacks.—I am, etc.,

Editor N.Z. TABLET.

August 16.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON.

(From our own correspondent.)

August 17.

Rev. Father Hickson passed through Wellington this week on his way to Auckland to see his mother who is seriously ill.

From Sydney comes news of the death at an advanced age, of Mr. O'Sullivan, father of the Rev. Father O'Sullivan, of Wanganui.

Mr. McGrath, who is returning to Meanee to continue his studies, is spending a few days with Ven. Archdeacon Devoy. He is considerably better in health for the rest taken.

Very Rev. Father Goutenoire, of the Meanee Seminary, left Wellington for Home by the Rimutaka on Thursday. His trip is a business one, and he hopes also to benefit his health which has been impaired lately.

Rev. Father Loretucci, late of Barcaldine, Queensland, passed through Wellington on Sunday last. He sang the last Mass at the Sacred Heart Church and preached also. He is returning to Italy via America, and intends visiting Rotorua before leaving New Zealand.

The inspector's report on the Marist Brothers' School has not yet been furnished, but I understand that the boys have had a most satisfactory examination. Ninety-two per cent of those presented were passed. Mr. Fleming was the inspector this year. The drawing examination is to be held on the 6th prox.

At Petone on Wednesday last Mr. George Findlay, of the Gear Company's staff, was married to Miss Agnes Cairns, eldest daughter of Mr. Cairns, of Petone. Rev. Father Maples, of the Hutt, performed the ceremony. The bridesmaids were Misses Louie Cairns, Mary Findlay, and Dorothy Arcus. Mr. Leibeziat acted as groomsmen. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents.

The annual football match in the junior championship contest between St. Patrick's College and Wellington College teams was played last Saturday and resulted in a win for the latter, the scores being Wellington College, 6 points; St. Patrick's College, nil. The game was an exceptionally poor exhibition of football, and though beaten, St. Patrick's College boys had slightly the better of the game, but through want of combination threw away many chances of turning the tables on their opponents. Both teams were sadly lacking in the dash which was such a conspicuous feature of the matches between the colleges a few years back.

A most enjoyable social was held at St. Paul's Schoolroom, on Monday evening last, in aid of the organ fund for the Sacred Heart Church. The attendance was large and a most satisfactory financial result is expected. The stage was most tastefully decorated with pot plants and ferns. The pupils of Sister Agnes, together with Rev. Father Hills, of St. Patrick's College, Messrs Morgan and De Laurencie, contributed to the musical part of the programme. Rev. Father Hills received an enthusiastic recall for his singing of the 'Arab's farewell to his steed,' and gave in response the 'Diver.' Miss McCloskey, for her very feeling rendering of the 'Irish Emigrant,' secured a recall, and gave in response the 'Daily question.' A very promising singer is Miss D. Reilly, whose first appearance created a very favorable impression. The supper was provided by the ladies of the parish and the dance music was supplied by Cimino's orchestra.

The students of St. Patrick's College acquitted themselves in a very creditable manner on Thursday evening in the dramatic play, 'Paneratus and Sebastian,' before an enthusiastic audience. It

was evident from the results achieved that the performers worked industriously at their parts, and the majority of them showed no small amount of talent. The action of the play takes place in Rome during the reign of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and the stirring events of the time are depicted in a very forcible and attractive manner. The style in which the drama was staged and the costumes worn on the occasion are deserving of a word of praise. Mr. S. Trowell conducted an efficient orchestra, and the incidental music was a special feature of the entertainment. Among the audience were Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, Sir Joseph Ward, and many others. The following was the cast of characters:—Marcus Aurelius, Hugh O'Neil; Lucullus, Bernard Petre; Corvinus, Frederick White; Paneratus, Lynch Dignan; Sebastian, Thomas Segrief; Quadratus, Richard Madden; Fulvius, Eugene McArdle; Torquatus, Daniel Twohill; Tarsisius, John O'Sullivan; Bibulus, John Dignan; Ursus, Patrick Dwyer; Afer, Ernest McCardell; Davus, Patrick O'Leary; First soldier, Hamilton Redwood; Second soldier, Joseph Collins.

The half-yearly meeting of the Marist Brothers' Schools Old Boys' Association was held last Monday evening. Mr. Kays, J.P., presided. The report and balance-sheet were read and adopted. The former sketched the great progress made by the Association during the past term, the latter showed the finances of the Association to be in a sound position. The result of the election of officers for the ensuing six months is as follows: Patron, his Grace Archbishop Redwood (re-elected); president, Rev. Father O'Shea (re-elected); vice-presidents—Rev. Fathers Holley, Lewis, Goggan, Ainsworth, and Moloney, Messrs M. Kennedy, O. McArdle, J. P. Kelly, R. J. Collins, J. J. Devine, T. G. Macarthy, W. Missen, J. Kays, Drs. Mackin and Grace (re-elected), and Very Rev. Father Devoy, Messrs A. McDonald and C. P. Skerrett; hon. secretary, Mr. H. McKeown (re-elected); assistant secretary, Mr. P. J. McGovern (re-elected); hon. treasurer, Mr. F. McDonald (re-elected); general committee—Messrs E. J. Leydon, E. Gibbs, L. Reichel, J. M. O'Reilly, R. A. Keenan, L. Grimstone, J. Blewman, J. Stratford; hon. auditors, Messrs J. Weybourne and J. Gamble (re-elected); librarian, Mr. T. Lawlor (re-elected); hon. chairman of Literary and Debating Society, Rev. Father Goggan, S.M.; editor of the Magazine, Mr. E. J. FitzGibbon; sub-editors, Messrs P. Foley and J. M. O'Reilly. A donation of six guineas was received from Mr. Martin Kennedy to go towards the Magazine fund. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. Kennedy for his many acts of kindness and generosity towards the Association. The services of the honorary secretary and treasurer were recognised by the donation of a guinea each. Mr. J. Kays, who has done so much for the Association and who has always figured prominently in Catholic affairs, is about to leave for Australia. He was on Monday evening made a life honorary member of the Association.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

August 19.

The public exercises of the Jubilee are announced to commence in the Pro-Cathedral on Sunday, September 1.

The public seem keen about information concerning Bishop Grimes and his doings while away. All the local papers have since his return published lengthy interviews. With the exception of guarded remarks on the Accession Oath and the cause of the recent controversy much of the information given has already appeared in the columns of the TABLET.

The extraordinary number of deaths recorded lately of old people at ages ranging from 65 years upwards is the subject of general remark. The great mortality is attributed to the exceptionally cold weather experienced during the winter. The influenza epidemic in rather a virulent form is now very rife, and numberless ailments are affecting children. On the whole the medical men are kept fully occupied.

The Christchurch Catholic Club held a social on Tuesday evening last with a good attendance. Mr. J. R. Hayward (vice-president) occupied the chair, and the following members contributed items to the programme: Instrumental quartet, 'Drum major's daughter' (violin, flute, euphonium, and cornet), Messrs. W. T., and C. Geohegan and M. Marnix; recitations, Messrs. M. McNamara, M. Findlay, and M. O'Reilly; songs, Messrs. Talbot, D. Carey (with chorus by company), and M. Marnix; duet, 'A morning gallop' (cornet and euphonium), Messrs. W. and C. Geohegan; violin solo, Mr. T. Geohegan; selection, 'Mascotte,' orchestra.

His Lordship the Bishop has kindly placed at my disposal a telegram he received on the West Coast through Sir A. Bigge from their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in connection with their recent visit to Christchurch, of which the following is a copy:—'Their Royal Highnesses desire me to express their regret that they will not have the pleasure of seeing you in Christchurch, also on the causes which detain you. They beg that your Lordship will accept for yourself and convey their sincere thanks to the priests and people of the Catholic diocese of Christchurch for the assurance of their and your loyal allegiance to the King and for the expression of gratitude for his Majesty's recent providential escape (alluding to the yacht accident) contained in your message to his Excellency the Governor.'

His Lordship the Bishop, now that he has returned, will no doubt notice that very satisfactory progress has been made by the contractors, Messrs. J. and W. Jameson, in the erection of the Cathedral. Already £5000 has been expended on the work, and in addition to the massive concrete foundations, the first course of Timaru blue stone and the second course of Mount Somers stone have been completed, and this week a start was made with laying the actual walls in Oamaru stone. All the most approved appliances are in use in connection with the work, and a tramway, with iron rails, has been laid round the whole of the exterior for

carrying the heavy pieces of stone used in the building. A good idea can now be formed, by a casual glance at the operations, of the immensity of the structure, or rather what it will be when complete.

As showing how keen was the expectancy manifested, and how much the anticipated arrival of the Bishop excited the audience at the Art Gallery conversation on Wednesday night, during Mr. G. R. Hart's lecture on 'Celebrities I have met,' some slight movement at the bottom of the hall occasioned a commotion, and, as if acted upon by some mysterious influence, the entire audience arose and turned their faces towards the doors. Some acclamation was indulged in until it was discovered to be a false alarm. Immediately his auditors were again seated, Mr. Hart resumed his discourse, not at all discomfited by the unusual disturbance good naturedly and humorously making use of the occasion, and completing his narrative much to the interest and enjoyment of all. This incident in the proceedings proves the intensity of the welcome that the Bishop would have received had he put in an appearance during the evening.

The Very Rev. Dean Foley preached at High Mass in the Pro-Cathedral on Sunday, and at Vespers his Lordship the Bishop occupied the pulpit and gave a vivid account of their travels and experiences. Many incidents were related—some humorous, others pathetic, but all breathing a sense of extreme thankfulness at the result. His Lordship paid an eloquent tribute of gratitude to the Very Rev. Dean Foley for his zeal and self-sacrifice under most exceptional and trying circumstances. He expressed himself extremely sorry at not being present at the 'welcome home' reception, and thanked the people for their great thoughtfulness and generosity. Among other things he mentioned that during their ministrations on the coast he had preached or publicly spoken on 117 occasions and confirmed 345 persons. There was a crowded congregation. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the Bishop, assisted by Rev. Fathers Galerne and McDonnell.

RETURN OF BISHOP GRIMES.

(From our Christchurch correspondent.)

Peril and adventure seemed to persistently accompany his Lordship the Bishop in his travels even to the last. As previously announced, it was the intention of the Catholics of the city to tender the Bishop on his expected return last Wednesday, a reception such as would fittingly reflect the feelings of gratitude of the people for all he has endured for the welfare of the diocese during these few eventful months in recognition of the splendid work he has accomplished in regard to the grand Cathedral now rapidly rearing its noble proportions aloft, and as an expression of their joy at his return, safe and sound, to the episcopal city. With this object in view, a strong committee, with the Very Rev. Vicar-General at the head, at comparatively short notice, arranged for the event on a somewhat extensive scale. The principal feature was the conversation in the Art Gallery. At the appointed hour, despite the severe wintery nature of the weather, the building was crowded, it being estimated that at least 500 persons were present.

It appears, however, that early in the evening a telegraphic message was received from the Bishop at Springfield stating that owing to a snow storm in the Otira Gorge, and other delays on the road due to the prevailing bad weather, the West Coast coach arrived too late to connect with the train for Christchurch. A five-horse coach was however arranged for to take the travellers on to Rolleston, with the intention of meeting and being taken on by a special conveyance sent out from the Bink Stables, Christchurch. Here, however, was only the commencement of further disaster. The coach left Springfield at five o'clock in heavy snow, which increased as darkness set in. The driver, unaccustomed to the road, missed his way and all night the party was doomed to wander, whither they apparently knew not, until 1 o'clock in the morning, when Rolleston was reached. Here they were made as comfortable as possible at the Rolleston Hotel, and finally reached town at 10.30 a.m. The Very Rev. Dean Foley, who knew something of the roads and district, elected to sit on the box-seat all night, guiding to the best of his ability the driver, and as the Bishop says he (the Dean) is worthy of the greatest commendation for his action. His lot was a particularly unhappy one, and he must have suffered acutely from the extreme cold and exposure. At the Art Gallery, the people, until they were all gathered there, knew nothing of what was happening until Sir George Clifford, who presided, announced the fact, stating that as his Lordship would be with them before the evening was over, it was decided in the meantime to go on with the programme. Under the direction of Mr. W. H. Corrigan and the entertainment committee, the following excellent programme of musical and other items was given, encores being frequent:—Song, 'Beloved, it is morn,' Mrs. A. Mead; song, Miss Moir; song, 'A song of thanksgiving, Miss Bee-ley; song, 'Sunshine and rain,' Miss McLaughlin; song 'In the cathedral,' Mr. W. H. Williamson; song, 'The skipper,' Mr. E. McNamara; parts songs, (a) 'Fragrant odors,' (b) 'Brooks shall murmur,' St. Mary's Choir; clarinet solo, Mr. W. H. Corrigan; 'A few celebrities I have met,' Mr. G. R. Hart; trio (piano, violin, and cello), Miss K. Young, and Messrs. R. and H. H. Loughnan. Mrs. Mead and Miss Katie Young played the accompaniments in a highly finished manner.

At an interval refreshments were handed round. When the programme was concluded, Sir George Clifford said, as it was nearing 11 o'clock, and hope of seeing the Bishop was gone, all that remained was for the meeting to convey to him through the Vicar-General, its congratulations on his having overcome so many difficulties and dangers in his visit to the remote parts of his diocese, and its regrets that he could not be present.

HOKITIKA.

(From our own correspondent.)

August 15.

Very Rev. Dean Martin returned to Hokitika on Saturday last, looking the picture of health, after an absence of 12 months. On Tuesday evening the Convent School pupils held a concert in honor of the return of Dean Martin. The schoolroom was crowded to excess. Among those present was Dean Carew, who had just returned from a twelvemonths' tour in Europe. Before the commencement of the concert the Church Committee assembled on the stage, and Mr. Dee, in a few well-chosen words, expressed their pleasure in having the Dean home again, after which he called on Mr. J. Burke to read the following address, which was signed on behalf of the parishioners by Messrs P. H. Dee, James Toomey, H. Gribben, and T. Cahill:—

Very Rev. Dear Father,—

Accept the genuine expression of our hearty welcome back to your old home and people who have been anxiously looking forward to your return. To some extent, we shared the honor and felt a pardonable pride in the distinction and confidence conferred on you by your religious Superiors. Still, Rev. Father, the fear that you may not be permitted to return to Hokitika haunted us in a very uncomfortable manner, and during the past few weeks, especially, many and anxious have been our inquiries about you. Thank God our fears have proved to be groundless and we see you in our midst once more, hale and seemingly benefited by your recent travels. Rev. Father Le Petit, who so zealously ministered to our spiritual wants during your absence, was most anxious to have the intended parochial school completed, or nearly so, before your return. He, and we, believed that we could present you with no more acceptable gift. Circumstances, however, have not favored the project, and nothing now remains for us, Rev. Father, but to promise you that practical aid and sympathy that is calculated to make a work, difficult in itself, comparatively easy. We are not alone, Rev. Father, in bidding you welcome, very many who are not of your flock hail with as much enthusiasm as ourselves the return of the benevolent and unobtrusive Dean Martin, and cordially unite with us in the hope that in his length of 'peaceful days' he may rival the 'Patriarchs of old.' Begging a constant remembrance in your holy prayers, we subscribe ourselves, Very Rev. Father, with deep respect, your devoted children in the Lord, 'The Catholics of Hokitika.'

Miss Annie Macdonald read and presented an address to Very Rev. Dean Martin on behalf of the pupils of St. Columbkille's Convent schools. Both addresses were the work of the Sisters of Mercy, and were very artistically done.

After the presentation of the addresses the following programme was gone through:—

'Song of welcome' (chorus), singing class; 'Marseillaise' (violins) Misses L. Amberger, A. MacDonald, J. Stapleton, M. A. Johnston, L. Macdonald, M. Sullivan, U. Sullivan, G. MacAndrew, Masters R. MacDonald and C. Ross; 'I love to think of the days when I was young' (song), Masters P. Ross and D. Dee; 'Home, sweet home' (piano duet), Misses E. Daly and N. Coltman; 'Neapolitan' (violin duet), Masters R. MacDonald and C. Ross; 'Robert of Sicily' Part I. (recitation), Master S. Coltman; 'The last rose of summer' (song), Misses J. O'Connor, J. Brown, M. Stabba, and E. Daly; 'Marche des Tambours' (piano trio), Misses E. Daly, A. MacDonald, N. Coltman; 'The pea-ants' march' (violins), Misses A. MacDonald, L. Amberger, Masters MacDonald and Ross; 'Mermaids' song' (chorus), singing class; 'Careless Darkie' (song), Master Ross; 'Les Clochettes' (piano duet), Misses Eileen Daly and Elsie Ridd, march from 'Norma' (violin), Misses S. MacDonald, I. Stapleton, M. Sullivan, N. Sullivan, G. MacAndrew, E. Northcroft, Master Ross; debate—Chairman, Master F. Sellers; speakers Masters R. MacDonald, J. Lincoln, C. Ross, T. Green, E. Gronfsky, S. Dwan, S. Coltman, P. Ross, D. Dee, P. Daly, P. Heshan, J. Downey; 'The gleaners' (song), Misses J. O'Connor, J. Brown, N. Ridd, E. Ridd, N. Coltman, R. Lincoln, M. Sellers, E. Daly, M. Maher, S. MacDonald, A. Stabba, P. Dowell; 'Marche aux Flambeaux' (violins), Misses A. MacDonald, M. A. Johnson, Masters R. MacDonald and C. Ross.

At the conclusion of the concert Dean Martin thanked all for the welcome accorded him. He understood he was to attend a children's concert, but instead of that he found a crowded house, and to crown all the parishioners presented him with an address, which he neither expected nor looked forward to. He expressed his pleasure at the performance of the children, and commended them for their excellent programme. He also spoke in the highest terms of the work done by Rev. Father Le Petit during his absence.

Rev. Father Le Petit leaves to-morrow on a holiday trip for Marlborough and the North Island.

Amongst recent arrivals here we number Mr. P. J. Dunne, at one time of St. Patrick's College, Wellington, and later of the staff of the *N. Z. Times*. Mr. Dunne succeeds to the editorial chair of our morning paper, the *West Coast Times*. His spirited and well-balanced articles prove him capable of making our paper second to none in the district.

Another recent arrival is Mr. J. M. Hickson, brother of Rev. Father Hickson, of Reefton, who has been appointed clerk of the S.M. Court.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND.

(From our own correspondent.)

August 15.

The Very Rev. Father Benedict, O.P., commences to-morrow a three days' course of instruction to the children of the Star of the Sea Orphanage, Ponsonby.

The drop-scene in the new Hibernian Hall shows historic Blarney Castle, running beside which are 'the pleasant waters of the River Lee,' dear to the heart of every Corkman.

Mass is once more being celebrated in that rising portion of St. Benedict's parish, Surry Hills. It was discontinued owing to the parish being short of priests. This is now rectified.

An entertainment will be given to-morrow evening in Ponsonby Sacred Heart School in aid of the work of renovating the Very Rev. Dr. Egan's residence.

To-day, the Feast of the Assumption, was celebrated with due solemnity in the four city parishes. The confraternities of the Children of Mary in the Sacred Heart, St. Benedict's, and St. Patrick's attended special services. At St. Patrick's, at the half-past seven o'clock Mass, the Children of Mary sang the appropriate music, Miss Julia Rist presiding at the harmonium. The number of communicants was exceedingly large.

At the Supreme Court this week a prisoner was found guilty of pocket picking, when the judge discovered in the jury box a baker's dozen instead of the usual 12. It was a very peculiar oversight. Here before a full court, many learned men of law, and two men in blue to solely attend to the jury, the case went right on, the jury retired, returned, gave their verdict, when probably the oldest man in court discovered the odd man. The judge ordered the trial to begin *de novo*.

The 'ghost' is the topic now in city and suburbs. Arranged in orthodox white sheet, lamp upon each shoulder, and covered in phosphorus to the waist, some idiot sports himself, frightening women and children. The other night he bounded out upon a gentleman driving a trap and only a miracle saved the life of the driver, as the horse reared and bolted, and before he was pulled up the trap was several times within an ace of overturning.

The examinations of the schools of the Marist Brothers and the Sisters of Mercy, Hobson street, by Mr Mulgan, Government Board Inspector, terminated last Tuesday afternoon. It would be premature to publicly announce the results, but I can safely say that in both schools the very best were attained, and the good Sisters and Brothers are to be heartily congratulated. With regard to one school Mr Mulgan said: 'The composition and dictation, for merit, exceed any in my experience.' And of the other school he said: 'What has struck me most is the evident laboriousness manifested in the work of the year.'

The Catholic community has long felt the want of a college in Auckland where the higher branches of education would be imparted. His Lordship Bishop Lenihan recently offered the Marist Order 13 acres of the church property near Cox's Creek, Ponsonby, provided the Order erected thereon a suitable college. This offer was sent to the head house of the Order, St. Genis, Laval (Rhône), France, and the Council, after consideration, accepted the Bishop's proposal, and ordered the erection of a seminary to cost some thousands of pounds. The plans are now in the hands of Messrs E. Mahoney and Son, and on completion they will be forwarded to the Council in France for ratification. No delay is likely to occur, as the authorities are desirous of having the building completed as soon as possible.

Southland News Notes.

Very Rev Father Coffey is now in Southland on his mission collecting for St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage, South Dunedin.

Sickness is very prevalent throughout Southland at present, influenza, diphtheria, and measles being the chief complaints.

The Rev. Father Sheehan, of Riverton, has been far from well for some time, but it is hoped that the milder season now approaching will restore him to his usual health. Father Sheehan's numerous friends—in fact the entire community—extend to him their sincerest sympathy in his illness.

My remarks made about a year ago that Orepuki would soon be a working man's paradise have been fully justified. Since then a couple of hundred workers from all points of the compass have settled at Orepuki, and still room remains for a hundred more, but only those of a steady class need apply.

A couple of months ago I mentioned that a son of Mrs. Crosbie (Lumsden) fell a victim to an epidemic that then raged locally, and now I have to record with regret the demise of that lady. Since her husband's death a few years ago her health had been of the very frailest, so her end was not unexpected. She was a staunch Catholic, and her example was worthy of imitation by all. The Rev. Father Keenan conducted the burial service.—*R.I.P.*

For pains and aches of every kind from whatever cause they may arise, WITCHES' OIL provides immediate relief. Kempthorne Prosser, agents.—*.*

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.—*.*

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.—*.*

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- August 25, Sunday.—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Bartholomew, Apostle.
- " 26, Monday.—St. Zephyrinus, Pope and Martyr.
- " 27, Tuesday.—St. Joseph Calasancius, Confessor.
- " 28, Wednesday.—St. Augustine, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
- " 29, Thursday.—Beheading of St. John the Baptist.
- " 30, Friday.—St. Fiacre, Confessor.
- " 31, Saturday.—St. Raymond Nonnatus, Confessor

ST. BARTHOLOMEW, APOSTLE.

St. Bartholomew was one of the twelve Apostles, and is generally supposed to be identical with Nathaniel. He carried the Gospel into India, Arabia Felix or Yemen. A century later, traces of Christianity were found in these countries by Pantaenus of Alexandria, who also discovered a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel in Hebrew, which had been left there by St. Bartholomew. Armenian writers inform us that he afterwards traversed Persia, Babylonia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Asia Minor. Thence he passed into Greater Armenia, and there, after making numerous conversions, suffered a cruel martyrdom at Albanopolis. By order of King Aetages, whose predecessor and brother, Polymius, had been converted by him, the Apostle was flayed alive and beheaded.

ST. ZEPHYRINUS, POPE AND MARTYR.

St. Zephyrinus became Pope in 202, the year in which the Emperor Septimius Severus began a general persecution of the Church throughout the Roman Empire. His pontificate, extending over seventeen years, was troubled by many heresies, which the holy Pontiff resolutely combated. Whether his death was that of a martyr, or this title was given to him on account of his previous sufferings for the faith, cannot be accurately determined.

ST. JOSEPH CALASANCIUS, CONFESSOR.

St. Joseph was born in the kingdom of Arragon, in Spain. From his youth, and especially after becoming a priest, he felt a great attraction for the instruction of children. Having gone to Rome he devoted himself almost entirely to this work. He died in 1648, in his 92nd year, after having founded a religious Congregation which had for its special object the education of the young, but particularly of the poorer classes.

ST. AUGUSTINE, BISHOP, CONFESSOR, AND DOCTOR.

St. Augustine, the most illustrious among the Doctors of the Church, was born in 354 at Tagasta, in Africa. He received his literary education in the schools of Madaura and Carthage, and was reared by his mother, St. Monica, in the Christian faith, but, as his own *Confessions* tell us, his conduct was far from exemplary; he early lost his faith and innocence. At the age of twenty he embraced the Manichean heresy, and for a space of nine years remained more or less under its influence. From Manicheism he turned to Neo-Platonism without, however, finding a resting-place in that system. The reading of *Hortensius*, by Cicero, roused him to a diligent search after truth. Setting out for Rome and thence to Milan, he was, by God's grace, rescued from the errors of his youth, and together with his son Adeodatus, and his friend Alypius, baptised by St. Ambrose, in 387. He was then thirty-three years of age. From this time forth Augustine devoted himself with his whole mind and soul to the service of truth and the Church. His mother having died at Ostia, Augustine returned to Carthage and lived for three years with several friends in monastic retirement. He was ordained priest by Valerius, Bishop of Hippo, who also, about the year 395, appointed him coadjutor and successor to his see. For 35 years Augustine was the centre of ecclesiastical life in Africa, and the Church's mightiest champion against heresy; he bore the great burden of the controversy against the Donatists, Manicheans, and Pelagians. His death occurred in 430, while Hippo was besieged by the Vandals. These barbarians entered and burned the city, but the library of Augustine was providentially saved.

BEHEADING OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

St. John, having accomplished his mission of preparing the Jews for the advent of Christ, was seized and cast into prison, by order of Herod Antipas, whose criminal life he had boldly reprovved. After languishing for about a year in prison, he was beheaded. The circumstances of his death are narrated by St. Mark in the sixth chapter of his Gospel.

ST. FIACRE, CONFESSOR.

St. Fiacre was an Irishman, who, having crossed over into France, lived for many years in a solitude not far from the city of Meaux. His life there was most austere—a continued exercise of prayer and heavenly contemplation, which he interrupted only to afford relief to the poor, or to attend to those who, led by the fame of his sanctity, came to seek his advice. After his death in 670, his tomb became famous for frequent miracles, and was resorted to by crowds of pilgrims from all parts of France.

ST. RAYMUND NONNATUS, CONFESSOR.

According to the rule laid down by Christ, that Christian proves himself His most faithful disciple, and gives the surest proof of his love of God, who most perfectly loves his neighbor for God's sake. Judged by this test of true sanctity, St. Raymond should rank high among the saints. Born in Spain in 1204, he gave not only his property, but also his liberty, and even exposed himself to the most cruel torments and death, in order to promote the spiritual welfare, and accomplish the redemption of Christians held in captivity by the Moors. After a life wholly spent in the service of his neighbor, he died near Barcelona in 1240.

By Special Appointment.

The HONDAI-LANKA TEA CO. are Purveyors to the DOMINICAN CONVENTS of Otago and Southland. (Vide 'Dominican Star' Directory, page 37.)

COCK O' THE NORTH

IS NEW ZEALAND'S

XXXX at 2 1, and No. 1 at 2/2.

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M'KENZIE'S

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Packets. 5lb. and 10lb. Boxes. Unblended. Unmixed. Unadulterated. PACKED AND SEALED IN CEYLON.

N.B.—Name on every packet and box (never sold loose). These Teas the big Profit-loving Tea Blenders HUMBLY petitioned Parliament to tax an extra twopence per lb.—thus confessing the superiority of Hondai-Lanka Tea over the locally blended or mended article.



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Have just taken place in Europe, namely,

AT BUDDA-PESTH ... HUNGARY AT MOLDE ... NORWAY
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Alpha-Lavals RECEIVED THE Highest Award.

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A BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY FOR NOTHING.

THE PROPRIETORS, in thanking the public for the splendid reception the above TEA has met with, and the general appreciation of the good value of the books given away, beg to announce that in order to give the public the full benefit of the reduction in tariff of 2d per lb, the 2s quality is now reduced to 1s 10d, and, instead of reducing the 2s 4d to 2s 2d, they withdraw the 2s 4d and introduce a new 2s Tea of Special Value. The price of the Blue Label is now 1s 10d, and the Red Label 2s.

The following are a few of the authors whose works are in our catalogue:—Scott Dickens, Lytton, Marryatt, Broughton, Mrs. Henry Wood, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Jessie Fothergill, Kingsley, E. P. Roe, A. J. E. Wilson, Sheldon, Mrs. Oliphant, Thackeray, Dumas, Mrs. Riddell, Rider Haggard, Guy Boothby, etc.

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This Hotel offers first-class accommodation to the travelling public. A good table kept.

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Irish News

OUR IRISH LETTER.

(From our own correspondent.)

Dublin, June, 1901.

A PAGE OF IRISH HISTORY.

I wonder has Mr Wyndham, our Irish Chief Secretary, who is said to be a well-read man, ever read Moore's 'Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald' or Dr R. R. Madden's powerful description of the last scenes in that young life? Did he never meet with a letter written by Lord Edward's brother, Lord Henry Fitzgerald, to Lord Camden, in which he passionately arraigns the Government as his brother's murderer:

Nor, my Lord, shall I scruple to declare to the world—I wish I could to the four quarters of the world—that, amongst you, your ill-treatment has murdered my brother as much as if you had put a pistol to his head. . . . In this situation (Newgate prison) no charitable message arrives to his relations; no offer to allow attached servants to attend upon him, who could have been depended upon in keeping dreadful news of all sorts from him. No, no; to his grave in madness you would pursue him; to his grave you persecuted him. . . . On Saturday my poor forsaken brother, who had but that night and the next day to live, was disturbed; he heard the execution of Clinch at the prison door. He asked eagerly, "What noise is that?" And certainly, in some manner or other, he knew it—for, oh God! what am I to write? From that time he lost his senses: most part of the night he was raving mad, a keeper from a madhouse was necessary.

So died for Ireland's freedom a young nobleman, 'the son of the Duke of Leinster, the most honored and beloved of all his race.' And in the middle of the night his body was taken secretly to a vault in an old church close by Dublin Castle, where so neglected was it by his family—the nation that idolised him did not then dare to honor his remains—that long afterwards the celebrated biographer of the men of '98, Dr R. R. Madden, found the coffin rotting away and the remains exposed. Through his exertions, the body was re-coffined.

Some years ago, I visited the vaults under Saint Werburgh's and spent some time near Lord Edward's coffin, which is marked and adorned by the hand of nature in a strange manner. In the centre of the vault, upon trestles, rests the coffin, which is (or was when I saw it) completely covered by a most beautiful snow-white pall that hangs almost to the ground and is fringed with tassels of the same soft, velvety material. But no human hand wove that pall; it is one of the strange secrets of nature that she, with her own loving hand, clothes the neglected Irish churches with a green mantle and has flung her snow-white cloak over the lonely remains of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

No one can account for this phenomenon; few, indeed, have ever seen it. The vaults beneath St. Werburgh's Church are perfectly dry and a current of air keeps them pure. No sign of fungi of any kind is to be seen throughout the whole labyrinth save this growth of soft, snowy substance, which, as I said, covers over and hangs in folds from Lord Edward's coffin, the only undraped spot being the breastplate bearing name and date, which is kept brushed by the sexton.

We have still in fine preservation the mansion of Frascati, at Blackrock, near Dublin, where Lord Edward's mother lived and where the young patriot spent many joyous hours with the family he so fondly loved, and where he passed at least one hour of awful suspense.

The old mansion is close to the high road from Dublin. It stands embowered in lofty trees and is so large that it is now two beautiful houses. I sometimes visit there, and never look around what is now the dining-room, but was a ball-room when the Fitzgerald family lived there, without thinking of the loved old stepfather, the stately dowager, the bright young enthusiast and the beautiful Pamela, whose descendant our Irish Chief Secretary is. When I look out on the verdant lawn at the back, with its flood of sunshine, its noble old trees, and see a group of happy faces, I think for the bright hopes for Ireland once dreamed, once cherished under the spreading branches of those great elms. Then I turn to a side-alley and glance at an immense hollow tree that brings to my mind a hunted patriot youth—hunted by base spies and cruel yeomanry, taking refuge for a brief while within that hollow trunk—where he had often hidden in boyish frolic—while his home was searched that he might be dragged away, if found, to die a felon's death.

The tree, though so long hollow, is still alive. In a glass-case containing Irish historical mementoes, I have leaves from the ivy covering Frascati, and laid upon the leaves is a tiny casket containing a piece of dried timber; this is a piece of the first coffin in which Lord Edward Fitzgerald's body was laid.

Curiously enough there died last spring, not far from Frascati, a man who also did what he thought was best to aid Ireland—James Stephens, the Fenian Leader, who lived to a ripe old age and whose body was not hustled away secretly at two in the morning, but was borne publicly to the grave, accompanied by bands, public societies, and a vast concourse of people.

Well, of course people differ in their opinions as to the wisdom or unwisdom of all these men, but of a certainty all—United Irishmen, Repealers, '48 men, Fenians, Land-Leaguers—were honest lovers of Ireland, and all helped in their own time and in their own way to keep up Ireland's heart, even though many of their own hearts broke in the effort. I do believe all had at least honest love for the land that bore them.

PROSELYTISING AGENCIES.

Death has been busy in another field. We have lost Mrs Smylie. 'Mrs Smylie! Who is Mrs Smylie?' you ask, and no wonder. Well, for longer than I can tell, she has been a remarkable woman in this country; for if James Stephens was Head Centre of the anti-English party in this much tried land, Mrs Smylie was, for at least forty years, Head Centre of a system that has worked a million times more harm and has done a million times more to keep up animosity between Irish and English than ever James Stephens did.

There comes to Ireland annually from England a sum of £20,000 for the conversion of Catholics to Protestantism. We are very ostentatiously informed that this money is subscribed every year by zealous English Protestant 'old women' Who are these mighty generous old women and where are they? I have heard it stated by Protestants who hate the system that the money comes in reality from a very different source and is paid over in order to do the work it does most effectively: keep alive religious animosities in the South and West, and especially in and around Dublin, for, argue the donors of this secret service money, were Catholics and Protestants to be allowed to live in brotherly peace and kindness side by side, and were equal justice shown to the two in all walks of life, they would soon join hands and have but one national and political aim amongst them.

Dublin and its outskirts form a network of an extraordinarily active system of proselytism which finds almost all its victims in the city slums. Mrs. Smylie was the clever organiser of this system and her agents are spread throughout city and suburbs, these agents being, for the most part, women of fair social position who add to their income in this manner, for very little, indeed, of the £20,000 per annum finds its way to the wretched creatures who are tempted to believe the promises of relief held out to them. Mrs. Smylie held a very good social position and received five per cent., or £1000 a year of the £20,000 that passed through her hands to her agents, while another of her family drew £300 a year as her secretary in a work that keeps alive the most bitter and miserable religious rancor in our midst, for all the coarsest and most ignorant calumnies against Catholics are sedulously preached and taught by these people to their unfortunate perverts and in the schools full of little children who fall into their hands.

Is there a wretched drunkard, male or female, dead; an agent pounces upon the starving parent left, and only too often is the child's soul bartered in misery and despair. Mixed marriages bring a large harvest, and hatred and disunion are the outcome of a cruel wrong done, for the sake of gain, to these poor people who, instead of being educated in Christian charity, are reared to hate and blaspheme all that their own flesh and blood hold most sacred. Very many honest Protestants detest these things, but the fact remains this large sum of money is spent for the political aim of keeping Catholics and Protestants asunder, and the Head Centre was Mrs. Smylie. But, unfortunately, there is money in the business; not for the wretched beings whose souls are bartered, but for people living in handsome houses in and around Dublin. Thus the disedifying work goes on.

BARREN RESULTS.

Five years ago I spent some months in Sligo, and anything more painful and ludicrous than the 'Christian work' that was carried on there cannot be imagined.

Sligo was, up to that time, a good, quiet, 'God-fearing' little city: there were Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian clergymen, all quite well able to look after the spiritual wants of their flocks, all doing their work zealously, and the people lived in peace and harmony, without religious bickerings or ill-will, until it was suddenly discovered by Mrs Smylie's agents—who must earn their money somehow—that Sligo is inhabited by Pagans, Pagan and Catholic being synonymous with these enlightened folk. Forthwith to Sligo went an ex-official of Dublin Castle and two or three others althirst for souls (and extra pay), and on three days in the week a mission was preached to the Catholics in the open streets. Close to the Catholic Cathedral these gentlemen (?) stood and poured forth the usual abuse of Catholic doctrine, Catholic priests, and so on. The people arose against this, mobbed the preachers and drove them off. Immediately, instead of intimating that Sligo had hitherto been a most peaceful town, and that this peace was due to the good teaching of the ministers of religion, the Government, at the instance of the disturbers, began sending large bodies of special police two or three times weekly to protect the men whose irreligious intolerance was the whole cause of disturbance. Then the war began.

I was staying near the Railway Station and had a full view of each day's proceedings, for the coming of the evangelists and their 50 policemen always transpired an hour or so before the arrival of the Dublin train, and all the inhabitants of the suburb, rich and poor, Catholic, Protestant and Presbyterian, turned out to watch the fun. When the train steamed in, as if from underground there started forth a crowd of men and women, armed with improvised un-musical instruments; in the centre always stood the town buffoon, with a griddle (old Irish folk, do you recall hot griddle cakes?) for a tom-tom, and well he played it; on the fringe of the crowd hovered urchins and cur dogs and chickens, and what not. Then, the train having arrived, the station gates were unlocked, 50 policemen, some looking highly amused, some indignant, others bored, came forth about 30 paces outside the gates, formed a circle, and into the circle advanced three apostles clad in tweed, who could be seen gesticulating wildly for perhaps 15 minutes, while, outside the cordon of police, the band played, the people chafed, the urchins danced a delighted war dance, and, outside these again, I have seen half a dozen wise-looking fat ducks standing observantly in the centre of the road, quacking their remarks to each other on the queer ways of Christians. The seance at an end, the police once

more protected the missionaries inside the railway gates, which were then locked upon the emissaries of peace and good will to all mankind, luncheon was conveyed to the hungry party and all returned by the next up train to report progress to Mrs Smylie and to receive their pay in Dublin.

A TAX THAT WAS NOT COLLECTED.

But there was another side to the business. Mrs Smylie paid only her own party. Government gave the police, but the citizens of Sligo, all creeds included, were ordered to pay the cost of these special police, and the tax assessed for these various comings and goings amounted to a large sum. Sligo demurred: all creeds there agreed that they had never asked for Mrs Smylie's missionaries—that their happy Christian neighborliness had suffered from the irritation and counter irritation stirred up over religious discussions never dreamt of before, and Sligo said not a penny would it pay. The authorities waxed wroth: lawsuits ensued and law costs piled up to a big sum. There was a sturdy Mayor in Sligo, with the whole town to back him, he respectfully told the Queen, or Lord Salisbury, or the Lord Lieutenant, or the whole Government, to come and see could any of them or all of them together collect a tax that a united community refused to pay. This was five years ago; Queen Victoria is dead. Mrs Smylie is gone to her reward, but the tax is still uncollected. What a suggestive subject for meditation in an over-taxed land, let us say Italy; tuigeann tu! Two generations ago, there was a celebrated social economist, Nassau Senior, who said that every community has one unfailing weapon against injustice at hand if they choose to use it: a unanimous refusal to pay taxes.

M.B.

COUNTY NEWS.

ANTRIM.—Returned for Trial.

At the Belfast Police Court, the men, Arthur Trew, Richard Braithwaite, Robert Calvert, and Thomas Greeves, charged with inciting the Orange mob to violence during the recent disturbances, were returned for trial to the assizes.

CORK.—Death of a Priest.

One of the most popular priests in Cork City—the Rev. John Mintern, of St. Finbarr's West—died on June 28. Up to a few days previous he was in the best of health. The cause of death was an attack of pneumonia. Father Mintern had been for many years attached to the parish of St. Finbarr, where he was beloved by the people. His demise was the cause of deep and universal sorrow in the city.

DUBLIN.—Sad Drowning Fatality.

While bathing near Shankanagh, Killiney, County Dublin, Miss Sarah Gibbons, daughter of Mr. James Gibbons, chairman of the Irish Prisons Board, and her governess, Miss Schermze, were drowned.

Death of a Conservative Leader.

Sir Robert Sexton, for many years the recognised leader of the Conservative party in Dublin, died on June 28, at the age of eighty-seven.

KERRY.—Compensation for Injuries.

At Tralee Quarter Sessions, Timothy Clifford, laborer, recovered £5 from the Manchester Co-operative Company as compensation for injuries sustained through the breaking of a scaffold on defendant's premises.

MEATH.—Peaceable State of the County.

The Lord Chief Baron presided at the Spring Assizes for County Meath, held at Trim. But one case called for attention—and that was a miserable one in which two men were charged with having taken away a quantity of oats the property of a John Spicer, of Navan. The jury acquitted the prisoners after a brief deliberation.

TIPPERARY.—Charitable Bequests.

The late Mrs Margaret Bourke, a wealthy Catholic lady, who died last October, has by her will left valuable bequests to the Church, to the poor of Clonmel, and to various charitable institutions. To the poor women of Clonmel, she leaves £4,000 and shares in the W.D. and L. Railway; for the reduction of the building debt of SS. Peter and Paul's, £300, and the building debt of the Friary, £200; to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Clonmel, £300; for free breakfasts to children attending the Sisters of Charity Schools, £100; to the sick poor visited by the Sisters, £120, and for the maintenance of 17 orphans in their orphanage, £600; to provide free breakfasts for poor children attending SS. Peter and Paul's Christian Schools, £200; to Presentation Schools, £100, and to St. Mary's Christian Brothers' Schools, £200, for a similar purpose; to the Diocesan Fund for invalided Catholic priests, £300; to the Carrick St. Vincent de Paul Society, £100 and a yearly rental of £17; to the Mercy Convent, Carrick, for the poor and the orphanage, £400; for free breakfasts at the Christian Brothers' and Presentation Schools, £100 each; to the Little Sisters of the Poor, Waterford, £200; to the Good Shepherd Convent, Waterford, £500; to the Mater Misericordia Hospital, Dublin, £500; to the Hospice for the dying, Dublin, £500; to the Convent of Refuge, Drumcondra, £500; to St. Mary's Blind Asylum, Dublin, £400; to the Blind Asylum, Dublin, £200.

Lost a severe attack of RHEUMATISM by the application of WITCH'S OIL. Experience shows it acts like magic.—*.*

BEWARE OF CONSUMPTION.—If a chemist tells you that some thing else is 'just as good' as TUSSICURA, refuse to accept it.—*.*

I heard a voice saying that MOUNTAIN KING ASTHMA POWDER was a sure specific for ASTHMA. Price, 2s 6d. Kempthorne Prosser and Co., Agents.—*.*

People We Hear About

Out of 141 tourists who ascended Mont Blanc last year 39 were Swiss, 38 French, 17 English, 15 German, and 13 from the United States. There were also 4 Canadians, 1 Egyptian, and 1 New Zealander.

According to the *New Zealand Times* the late Sir John M'Kenzie was the fourth child and second son of a family of fifteen. His father was twice married, his wives being cousins. Professor M'Kenzie of Victoria College, is the eldest of the second family. Seven members of the family have found their way to New Zealand, including Sir John's eldest and youngest brothers (aged respectively 69 and 32). There are now over 100 descendants of Sir John's father in New Zealand.

It is not generally known (says the *Ave Maria*) that among the things to which Mr Carnegie has turned his hand is the making of books; two well-known volumes besides a good many magazine articles, stand to his credit. Some time ago, when he applied for membership in the Authors' Club, New York, the intimation was delicately but unmistakably conveyed to him that the club was really for authors and not for rich men. Mr Carnegie replied by sending a copy of his 'Gospel of Wealth,' with the information that, though he was unfortunately a rich man, he was undeniably a *poor author*! The message pleased the Club and Mr Carnegie was forthwith elected a member.

'F. M. Edselas,' a name now missed from Catholic periodicals (says the *Ave Maria*), is a rearrangement of the letters of M. F. De Sales, a nun of the Order of the Visitation and a convert to the Church. She was a grandniece of the late Chief Justice Chase, of the Supreme Court of the United States; and her father, we believe was an Episcopalian Bishop. She was the author of several occasional articles and of some books for the young. Another humble literary worker lately deceased was madame Ten Broeck, a religious of the Sacred Heart, for many years stationed at Edan Hall, Philadelphia. At a time when Catholic books were few she translated several important works from the French; and, under the initials E.V.N., contributed many stories, sketches of travel, etc., to various magazines. It was her ambition to do all in her power for the advancement of Catholic literature without being known.

Mr. C. T. MacCarthy, M.R.I.A., city architect of Dublin, has been elected president of the Architectural Association of Ireland. Mr. MacCarthy is a son of the well-known Irish church architect who designed several of the more important churches erected in Ireland during recent years, including the college chapel at Maynooth. Mr. MacCarthy was himself engaged in church work before he became city architect. During his tenure of the latter position he has been responsible for the designs of several important municipal undertakings, among which may be mentioned the new library in North William street, the new fish and vegetable market, the new fire brigade stations at present being erected in different parts of the city, and several blocks of artisans' dwellings.

The Norfolk Peerage case is (says the *Daily News*) a very interesting and curious affair. The position, so far as it is to be understood by people outside the legal profession, is this: Lord Mowbray, who is also Lord Seagrave, and Baron Stourton of Stourton as well, claims the ancient earldom of Norfolk, which was created by Edward the Second in 1312. It fell into abeyance in a few generations for want of a male heir, and no claim has been set up since 1420. Now comes Lord Mowbray and says that it is his, on the ground that he is the descendant and true representative of the original Earl, Thomas of Brotherton, upon whom Edward the Second conferred the title nearly 600 years ago. The Duke of Norfolk is opposing this claim of Lord Mowbray's on the following ground. If the Earldom granted in 1312 exists at all, he says, it is vested in himself; for in 1644 the Duke's ancestor was created Earl of Norfolk by Charles the First. The curious point then arises, can there be two peerages of the same title in existence at one time? This the Lord Chancellor appears to think may happen. But the Duke's reply (through his counsel, Lord Robert Cecil) is that this is a question of one peerage alone; for the Duke's ancestor was made Earl of Norfolk because he was thought to be the descendant and true representative of that same Thomas of Brotherton from whom Lord Mowbray descends.

A WORD OF WARNING.—According to the opinion of many doctors in New Zealand, that dreadful scourge, Consumption, has obtained a strong hold in the Colony, and anything that will tend to counteract its terrible ravages should be welcomed as a boon and a blessing to mankind. It is well known that a slight cold, neglected in its earlier stages, is frequently the precursor of phthisis, and many a valuable life could have been saved had an effectual remedy been applied before the disease had established itself in the system. Such a remedy is to be found in TUSSICURA, and the innumerable testimonials received by the inventor of this preparation, which has earned a world-wide reputation, prove conclusively that it is a certain cure for all pulmonary complaints. A dose of this mixture, administered when a person is suffering from a bad cold or a harassing cough, will not only give instant relief, but will also strengthen the organs affected, thus preventing more serious trouble in the future. Prevention is better than cure, and for this reason no household should be without a bottle of TUSSICURA, as its timely administration will obviate suffering in after-life and preserve the constitution from disease. One feature of the preparation should not be overlooked—namely, that it is applicable to both the adult and the infant, all that is necessary being the adjustment of the doses to the circumstances, according to the directions.—*.*

J. F. WILSON,

DENTIST

(Late R. J. B. Yule).

SPEY STREET, INVERCARGILL.

MR. WILSON, having purchased the goodwill of Mr. Yule's practice, would like patients to understand that any contracts entered into by Mr. Yule for mechanical work or otherwise, will be carried out by him without any difference in fee. Any alterations and so on free of charge.

HOURS OF CONSULTATION—9 a.m.

5.30 p.m., and 7 to 8 p.m.

Hospital patients attended to Tuesday and

Friday mornings from 9 to 9.30.

COOKING RANGES

The Patent Prize Range
ZEALANDIA.

Requires no setting, and will burn any Coal
VERANDAH CASTINGS OF all kinds.
Catalogues on Application.

BARNINGHAM & CO.,

VICTORIA FOUNDRY, GEORGE ST., DUNEDIN
Opposite Knox Church).

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.

RAILWAY HOTEL
THORNDON QUAY, WELLINGTON.

JAMES DEALY ... Proprietor

This well-known Hotel is in close proximity to both Railway Stations, thereby offering great facility to the travelling public of being able to leave by the early trains.

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

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

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

Table d'Hotel daily from 12 to 2, and Meals at all hours for travellers. Free Stabling.

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.

E. F. LAWRENCE
BUTCHER,

82 and 84 GEORGE STREET, DUNEDIN.

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.



MANCHESTER STREET SOUTH,
Near Railway Station,
CHRISTCHURCH.

"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.

J. STAPLES AND CO.
(Limited),

MOLESWORTH AND MURPHY STREETS
WELLINGTON.

Largest "Pot-Still" Distillers in the World.

THE DUBLIN DISTILLERS' COMPANY, LTD.

The Popular Brands of this Company are

WM. JAMESON & CO.'S "HARP BRAND,"

GEO. ROE & CO.,

"G.R."

Guaranteed absolutely Pure Malt Whisky.

Head Office for Australasia:

JOHN MEAGHER & CO.,

82A Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

BEATH AND CO. FOR ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES,

DRAPERS CHRISTCHURCH.

ESTABLISHED 1859.

NEW ZEALAND INSURANCE COMPANY

(FIRE AND MARINE).

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

WITH UNLIMITED LIABILITY OF SHAREHOLDERS.

THE PREMIER COLONIAL COMPANY

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

JAMES B. E. GRAVE, Acting Manager.

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.

PATERSON, BURK AND CO.,

VENETIAN AND HOLLAND
BLIND WORKS.WIRE SCREEN AND PICTURE
FRAME MAKERS.

Old Blinds repainted and repaired with promptness and despatch equal to new. Shop and Office Windows fitted with Latest and Improved Patterns of Holland Blinds and Patent Spring Rollers. A large assortment of specially prepared Tapes and Cords and every other requisite always on hand.

MORAY PLACE

(Opposite Normal School),
DUNEDIN.

Telephone: 458.

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BAKER BROTHERS,

FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,
ASHBURTON.

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.

GENUINE SEEDS

From a
RELIABLE FIRM.

It is rapidly becoming known throughout N.Z., that

CRAVEN'S SEEDS GROW.

Sound, pure and reliable seeds are

WHAT YOU WANT,

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WE WANT TO SUPPLY THEM.

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SEED SPECIALISTS,

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MACALISTER AND CO

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CHEMISTS, INVERCARGILL.

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

Sole Agents for the supply of

PURE NATURAL LYMPH FOR
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JOHN GILLIES

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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J. N. MERRY & CO.,

BOND STREET, DUNEDIN, WOOL AND SKIN MERCHANTS

Are prepared to PURCHASE any Quantity of

RABBITSKINS, SHEEPSKINS, WOOL, HIDES, HORSEHAIR,
ETC., for CASH.

Consignments promptly attended to.

LABELS ON APPLICATION. NO COMMISSION CHARGED.

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 Inverc 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.

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SOLE IMPORTERS,

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

TRUST MONEY TO LEND

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In Large or Small Sums, for Long or Short Periods, at Lowest
Current Rates of Interest.

CALLAN AND GALLAWAY,

SOLICITORS,

No. 2, JETTY ST., DUNEDIN,

RAILWAY HOTEL,

OREPUKI,

KIERAN D'ARCY - Proprietor.

Mr. D'Arcy wishes to inform his friends and the public that he has purchased the above hotel. The building has undergone a thorough renovating from floor to ceiling, and now offers unrivalled accommodation to tourists, visitors and travellers. The bedrooms are well and comfortably furnished, and the fittings are all that could be desired.

Travellers called in time for early trains.
The Wines and Spirits are of the Best Procurable Brands.
Good Stabling. Horses and Buggies for hire.
Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

TO THE CLERGY.

WE can supply Baptismal and Confirmation Register Books on
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Apply TABLET Office.

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The Extensive Alterations and General Improvements that have made in the CRITERION HOTEL have made it one of the most Comfortable Houses in the Colony.

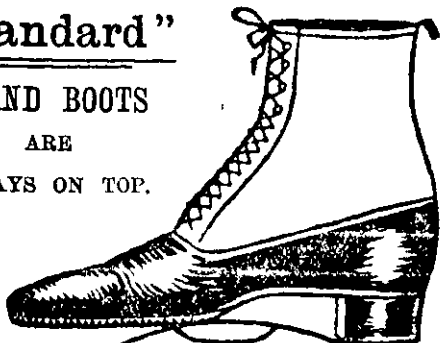
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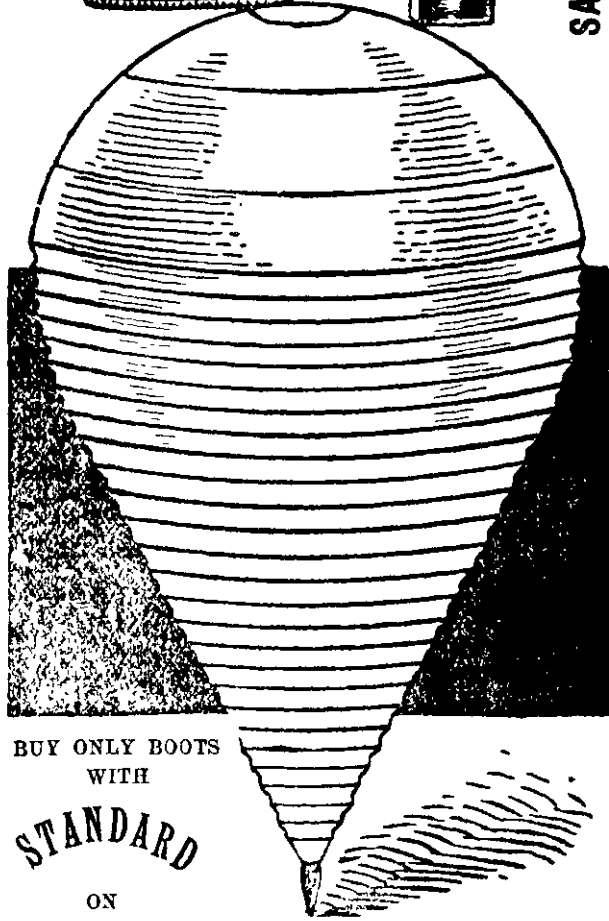
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MANUFACTURED BY
SARGOOD, SON, & EWEN
DUNEDIN.



BUY ONLY BOOTS
WITH
STANDARD
ON
THE HEEL.

Commercial

(For week ending August 14.)

PRODUCE.

London, August 15.—The wheat markets are firm, but steady. American is hardening, owing to the decreased official estimates of the spring crops. Cargoes are strong. Victorian and New South Wales, August and September shipments, are at 29s 9d. The Inverclyde (New Zealand) cargo sold at 29s 3d.

London, August 16.—Weddel and Co's annual butter report states that they anticipate that last season's high prices will be maintained, and possibly augmented.

London August 18.—Frozen meat—Mutton: Crossbred wethers and maiden ewes—Canterbury, unchanged; Dunedin and Southland, 3 7-16d; North Island, 3 1/4d. Lamb: Prime Canterbury, 4 1/2d; fair average (including Dunedin, Southland, Wellington, and secondary Canterbury), 4 1/4d. River Plate crossbred or merino wethers—heavy, 2 15-16d; light, 2 1/2d. New Zealand beef (180lb to 220lb fair average quality): Ox fores, 2 1/2d; ox hinds, 3 1/4d.

Wheat.—The Euterpe's cargo sold at 28s 6d.

Wellington, August 19.—The Agent-General, in his weekly cablegram to the Agricultural Department, dated the 17th inst., says that there is a better tone in the mutton market this week. The average prices to-day were as follows:—Canterbury, 3 1/2d; Dunedin and Southland, 3 3/4d; North Island 3 1/4d. Lamb: Irregular; under 36lb, 5d to 5 1/2d; over 44lb, 3 1/2d to 4 1/4d. There is a better demand for beef, but prices are unaltered.

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

OATS—Good to prime feed lines are in strong demand, and can be readily placed. Prime milling sorts also meet with good inquiry at quotations. Medium quality has not the same attention. We quote: Prime milling, 2s 1 1/2d to 2s 2d; good to best feed, 2s to 2s 1d; medium, 1s 10d to 1s 1 1/2d per bushel (sacks extra).

WHEAT—The demand is strongest for prime to choice milling and for fowl wheat. The latter is scarce, and all on offer meets

with ready sale. Medium milling is in fair demand at quotations. We quote: Prime milling, 2s 8d to 2s 10d; medium, 2s 6 1/2d to 2s 7 1/2d; whole fowl wheat, 2s 5d to 2s 6d; broken and damaged, 1s 1 1/2d to 2s 4d per bushel (sacks in).

POTATOES—We offered a fair selection, and sold prime Northern Derwents at L5 10s to L5 15s; medium, L5 to L5 7s 6d; kidneys, L4 10s to L5 10s per ton (sacks in).

CHAFF—Our catalogue was made up chiefly of medium quality, for which there was not much inquiry. We sold prime oatmeal sheaf at L2 15s to L2 17s 6d; good, at L2 5s to L2 10s; medium and inferior, 32s 6d to L2 per ton (bags extra).

TURNIPS—We quote: Best Swedes, 16s per ton (loose)

STRAW—We sold oat straw (pressed) at 30s per ton.

MR. F. MERRAN, King street, reports:—Wholesale prices only—Oats: Feed, fair to good, 1s 1 1/2d to 2s 1d; milling, 2s 1d to 2s 2d. Wheat: Milling, 2s 6d to 2s 9d; fowls', 1s 9d to 2s 6d. Potatoes: Market bare; Southern, L5 10s; Oamaru, L6 Chaff: Derwand for prime up to L2 15s 0d; inferior, hard to sell; medium, L2. Straw: pressed 27s 6d, market bare: loose, 32s 6d. Flour: Sacks, 200lbs, L7 5s; 50lbs, L8; 25lbs, L8. 5s. Oatmeal: 25lbs, L11 11s. Butter: Dairy, 8d to 10d; factory, 1s 1d to 1s 2 1/2d. Cheese: Dairy, 4 1/2d; factory, 5d. Eggs, 1s. Onions: Canterbury, L15.

SOUTHLAND PRODUCE MARKET.

Invercargill prices current:—Wholesale: Butter, fresh 8d, factory, bulk, 1s 2d; pats, 1s 2 1/2d; eggs, 10d per doz; cheese, 4d; bacon, farm, 7d; do (rolled) farm, 6d; hams 9d; potatoes, L4 10s per ton; barley, 2s to 2s 6d; fowl wheat, 2s 3d; chaff, L2 10s; flour, L7 5s to L8 5s; oatmeal, L11 to L11 10s; pollard, L4 5s; bran, L3 5s. Retail—Fresh butter, 10d, factory, pats, 1s 4d; bulk, 1s 3d; eggs, 1s per doz; cheese, 6d to 7d; bacon (rolled), 8d; hams, 10d; potatoes, 6s per cwt; flour, 200lb, 15s 6d, 50lb 4s 6d; oatmeal, 50lb 6s 3d, 25lb 3s 3d; pollard, 7s per bag; bran, 4s 6d; chaff, 1s 3d; fowls' feed, 2s 9d per bushel.

WOOL, SKINS, TALLOW, ETC.

London, August 16.—The Bradford wool market is very firm, and prices are unchanged.

London, August 18.—At the weekly sales of rabbitskins there was a large supply. Better sorts sold at late rates; common skins declined 1/2d to 2d per lb.

LIVE STOCK.

ADDINGTON STOCK MARKET.

FAT CATTLE—220 head yarded, consisting mostly of good sorts. There was a brisk sale, resulting in from 20s to 24s per 100lb being firmly maintained. North Island bullocks brought from L11 to L14; local bullocks, L11; prime steers, L10 to L14; lighter do, L6 2s 6d to L9; best heifers, L8 to L9 15s; others, L5 10s to L7; heavy cows, L7 to L8 15s; others, L5 to L6 10s.

STORE CATTLE—150 head yarded. There was a keen demand, and an improvement in prices.

FAT SHEEP—2500 penned, mostly wethers, merinos being much in evidence. Except for exceptional lines there was a weak sale, and many withdrawals of station lines and freezers. Fine show lots of wethers ranged from 25s to 40s; heavy wethers, up to 21s 9d, freezers, 18s to 20s 6d; lighter, 17s to 17s 9d; heavy ewes, 15s to 18s, and up to 18s 6d for maidens; others, 13s 6d to 14s 6d; hoggets, 13s to 17s. Half a dozen lambs sold at from 14s to 18s.

STORE SHEEP—3000 penned, mostly wethers and hoggets, which sold well. Ewes in lamb were in short supply, and there was a poor demand for them. Wethers realised from 14s to 16s; hoggets, 13s to 13s 7d; ewes in lamb, 13s to 15s 2d; do (merinos), 11s.

PIGS—About 280 penned. There was a good demand for all kinds. There were very few good baconers, and most lines were unfinished. Baconers brought from 32s 6d to 33s 6d, or an average of 3 1/2 per lb; porkers, 20s to 31s 6d, or an average of 4d per lb; stores, 10s to 18s 6d; suckers and weaners, 6s to 9s.

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

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

A very poor entry of horses came forward for this week's sale, 20 more than covering the number. Of these half a dozen were aged draughts, another was a useful four-year-old gelding, sold at L40, and two others were just rising three-year-olds, too young for town work, and although L37 10s was bid for the one, and L36 10s for the other, we failed to effect sales, the vendor's reserve being L80 for the pair. We quote: Superior young draught geldings, L40 to L50; extra good, prize horses, L52 to L60; medium draught mares and geldings, L28 to L38; aged do, L18 to L25; upstanding carriage horses, L25 to L30; well-matched carriage pairs, L60 to L80; strong spring-van horse, L25 to L30; milk-cart and butchers' order-cart horses, L16 to L21; tram horses, L12 to L15; light hacks L8 to L12; extra good hacks, L18 to L25; weedy and aged hacks and harness horses, L2 to L5.

Hurry up, girls: Here's the chance of a lifetime—University man, of cultivated tastes, living in Dunedin, and having a tandem for lady and gentleman, but with few lady cyclists among his friends, would like to meet with agreeable ladies who would enjoy an occasional tandem ride. References given with pleasure.—We would recommend ladies who contemplate replying to above to make sure that the machine is a Sterling, if they value appearances. It's a remarkable fact that ladies look their best when mounted on a Sterling.—*

REID & GRAY,

Leading Implement Manufacturers.

BEST MANURE DRILLS ARE:

"EUREKA" GRAIN, TURNIP AND MANURE DRILLS, and "MAST" AMERICAN GRAIN AND MANURE DRILLS, with Turnip Feed.
 DISC HARROWS and CAMBRIDGE ROLLERS, with Wooden or Steel Frames; any sizes.
 CULTIVATORS, WINDMILLS, HARROWS, SEEDSOWERS, and all kinds FARM IMPLEMENTS.
 SOLE AGENTS BURRELL'S TRACTION ENGINES and CLAYTON AND SHUTTLEWORTH'S THRESHING MACHINERY.
 HORNSBY ACKROYD OIL ENGINES.
 RUDGE WHITWORTH and YELLOW FELLOW BICYCLES on easy terms to suit purchasers.

Write for full particulars to

REID & GRAY, Dunedin & Branches

A NOTED HOUSE,

THE SHADES
 DOWLING STREET, DUNEDIN.

This old-established and Popular Hotel is most carefully managed by the proprietor,

J. TOOMEY

Everything of the Best and all Drawn from the Wood.

SHACKLOCK'S

ORION

COOKING RANGES are the Most Popular, the Most Economical, the Cleanest, the Easiest to Work, the Cheapest.

Single or Double Ovens, High or Low Pressure Boilers.

CASTINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Catalogues from all Ironmongers, or the

Maker and Patentee,
 H. E. SHACKLOCK,
 PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.

SOUTH END MONUMENTAL WORKS.
 Established - 1865.

H. PALMER
 STONE MASON & SCULPTOR,
 PRINCES STREET SOUTH, DUNEDIN

Monuments and Tombstones erected of New Zealand Granite, Scotch Granite, and Italian and American Marble.

Tomb Railing in great variety.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED

Town and Country Orders promptly attended to.

POWLEY AND KEAST
 BOTTLEERS OF
 SPEIGHT AND CO'S PRIZE ALES
 AND STOUT.

DECISION OF COMPETENT JUDGES AT
 TASMANIAN INTERNATIONAL
 EXHIBITION

Including Eight English Competitors) :-
 Powley and Keast—First Award (Gold Medal) against the world for Bottled Stout.
 Powley and Keast—Second Award (Silver Medal) against the world for Bottled Stout
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The Largest and Most Complete Bottling Stores in the Colony.

Order through the Telephone—No. 614

Note the Address:

POWLEY AND KEAST,
 Bottlers, Hope Street, Dunedin.

THE KAITANGATA RAILWAY AND
 COAL COMPANY, LIMITED.

THE NATURAL EXCELLENCE of the REAL and ORIGINAL KAITANGATA COAL for every purpose is so universally recognised by all HOUSEHOLDERS and 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.

W. P. WATSON,
 General Manager

Offices: Crawford street, Dunedin,
 12th November, 1896.

By  Appointment

W. SEY,
 PAINTER AND DECORATOR.

HIGH-CLASS AND ARTISTIC WALL
 PAPERS

107 COLOMBO STREET,
 CHRISTCHURCH.

MOUNTAINEER HOTEL,
 QUEENSTOWN,

LAKE WAKATIPU.

Proprietor - P. MCCARTHY.

This New and Commodious Hotel has been well furnished throughout and is now one of the most comfortable Houses in Otago. Suites of Rooms have been set apart for Families, and every attention has been paid to the arrangements for carrying on a first-class trade. Hot, Cold, and Shower Bath.

TERMS MODERATE.

Best Brands of Wines, Spirits, and Beers.
 FIRST-CLASS SAMPLE ROOM,
 A Porter will attend Passengers on the Arrival and Departure of Steamers.

First-class Stabling.
 Horses and Buggies for Hire.

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.

THE BEST CEMENT
 EXHIBITED—MAORI BRAND.

Vide Jurors' Report N.Z. Exhibition.

The above was given, with TWO FIRST-CLASS AWARDS, after most thorough tests by experts, proving our Cement to be equal to the best the world can produce.

Having recently erected extensive works supplied with the most modern plant obtainable which is supervised by a Skilled Cement Maker from England with confidence we request Engineers, Architects, and others to test our Cement side by side with the best English obtainable.

Milburn Lime at Lowest Rates.

MILBURN LIME AND CEMENT COMPANY (LIMITED), DUNEDIN.

FRANK OAKDEN, Manager.

DOUGLAS HOTEL

Corner Octagon and George streets,
 Dunedin.

JOHN CRANE, Proprietor.

Mr. Crane wishes to inform his friends and the public that he has taken the above hotel. The building has undergone a thorough renovating from floor to ceiling, and now offers unrivalled accommodation to visitors and travellers. The bedrooms are well and comfortably furnished, and the fittings are all that could be desired.

Travellers called in time for early trains. The wines and spirits are of the Best procurable Brands.

One of Alcock's prize medal Billiard Tables. Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

TELEPHONE 1306.

**SANITARY PIPE
 AND STONWARE FACTORY
 KENSINGTON.**

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

J. H. LAMBERT,
 NORTH-EAST VALLEY AND KENSINGTON.

**UNION STEAMSHIP
 COMPANY OF NEW ZEALAND
 LIMITED**

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

LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON—

Monowai	Thurs., Aug. 22	2.30 p.m. tr'n
Te Anau	Fri., Aug. 23	3 p.m. D'din
Mokioia	Thurs., Aug. 29	3 p.m. D'din

NAPIER, GISBORNE and AUCKLAND—

Te Anau	Fri., Aug. 23	3 p.m. D'din
Moura	Fri., Aug. 30	3 p.m. D'din

SYDNEY, via WELLINGTON—

Monowai	Thurs., Aug. 22	2.30 p.m. tr'n
Mokioia	Thurs., Aug. 29	3 p.m. D'din

SYDNEY via AUCKLAND—

Talune*	Wed., Sept. 4	2.30 p.m. tr'n
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* Tranships to Mararoa at Auckland.

MELBOURNE via BLUFF and HOBART—

Waihora	August 25	2.30 p.m. tr'n
Monowai	September 8	2.30 p.m. tr'n

NELSON and NEW PLYMOUTH via OAMARU, TIMARU, AKAROA, LYTTELTON and WELLINGTON—

Upolu	Mon., Sept. 2	3 p.m. D'din
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WESTPORT and GREYMOUTH via OAMARU, TIMARU, LYTTELTON, and WELLINGTON (cargo only)—

Janet Nicoll	Fri., Aug. 23	6 a.m. D'din
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SOUTH SEA ISLAND SERVICE.

For FIJI (From Auckland).

Ovalau	Wed., August 21
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TONGA, SAMOA, FIJI, and SYDNEY (From Auckland.)

Hauroto	Wed., August 28
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RARATONGA and TAHITI.

(From Auckland.)

Taviuni	Tues., August 27.
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Late Burnside Stock Report.

Wednesday, 5 p.m.

FAT CATTLE—179 yarded, prices ruling about 5s to 10s a head lower. Best bullocks, L8 10s to L10 5s; medium, L7 to L8 5s; best cows and heifers, L6 to L6 15s; medium, L4 15s to L5 15s.
SHEEP—1626 penned, prices ruling about the same as last week. Best wethers, 17s to 19s; extra heavy, 20s 6d; medium, 16s to 16s 9d; best ewes, 14s 6d to 15s 9d; medium, 12s to 14s.
PIGS—143 forward, all meeting with a fair sale. Suckers, 6s to 9s; slips, 10s to 14s; stores, 16s to 20s; porkers, 24s to 31s; baconers, 36s to 44s.

WEDDING BELLS.

PURCELL—CULLINANE.

A WEDDING of more than ordinary interest took place at St. Mary's Church on August 13 (writes our Wanganui correspondent), the Very Rev. Dean Kirk performing the ceremony. The contracting parties were Mr William Purcell, of Foxton, and Miss Mary Cullinane, eldest daughter of our respected townsman, Mr John Cullinane. Misses Ka'e Cullinane (the bride's sister) and Alice Purcell (sister of the bridegroom) attended upon the bride, their dresses being cream figured lustre trimmed with violet. Mr W. McKittrick acted as best man, while Mr Martin Hearn did duty as groomsman. Mr David Cullinane gave away the bride, who was attired in a handsome costume of cream silk lustre. She also wore the time-honored veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of choice flowers. As the bridal party left the church Mrs Lloyd played the Wedding March. The wedding breakfast was laid at the residence of the bride's parents, a large number of friends being entertained. Mr and Mrs Purcell left by the mail train to spend their honeymoon in New Plymouth.

The Pollards are still drawing good houses at the Princess Theatre. On this evening, to-morrow, and Saturday, the ever-popular 'Belle of New York' will be staged, and on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 'Djin Djin' will be produced. The box plan is now open at the Dresden...

Spring has come, and with it a grand show of seasonable novelties at Messrs Herbert, Haynes, and Co., Princes street, Dunedin. These are now on view, and include the latest lines in millinery, silks, satins, laces, prints, muslins, fancy dress goods etc...

The Deaf Hear.—No. 301 of the *Illustrated World* of 626 Chiswick High road, London, W., England, contains a description of a remarkable cure for deafness and head noises which may be carried out at the patient's home, and which is said to be a certain cure. This number will be sent free to any deaf person sending their address to the editor.

The old-established firm of Mr John Hislop, watchmaker and jeweller, Dunedin, has a reputation, which extends back 40 years in the life of the Otago province—a reputation gained by probity in business, excellent quality of goods, and first-class workmanship. The firm was honored with a commission to manufacture 12 gold and greenstone afternoon teaspoons, with tongs, for H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall, but this was not the first order from the Royal family for greenstone goods, for Mr Hislop made a gold and greenstone inkstand and pen for the late Queen Victoria, two gold and greenstone snuff-boxes for H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and a gold and greenstone double-ended scent bottle for Princess Beatrice. A very fine specimen of the firm's workmanship in the shape of a gold and greenstone spade was presented to the Mayoress of Dunedin a few days ago in commemoration of the planting of two royal oaks in the Botanical Gardens...

The Rev. Joseph Dahdah, who has charge of the Sydney Maronite (Syrian) mission left for New Zealand recently on mission duty which will extend over the summer.

"The Orange Society."

By REV. H. W. CLEARY
(Editor of the N. Z. TABLET).

(472 pages demy 8vo., Price 1s 3d, free by Post, 1s 8d.)

The most complete and withering exposure of Orangeism ever published. Contains a vast mass of official information, drawn from the Reports of Royal and Parliamentary Commissions and Committees of Inquiry, copious extracts from the addresses of Judges and other high-placed officials, the publications of the Orange Society, and hundreds of historical and other works, chiefly by Protestant writers.

This book has been described by Mr. Vale, Deputy Grand Master of the Orange Society in Victoria as "the cheapest work that ever issued from the press."

The cheap edition is now out of print and only a limited number of copies are available at the price mentioned above.

Apply TABLET Office and all Catholic booksellers.

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M. METZGER, Proprietor (late Railway Hotel, Orepuki),
Having now taken possession of the above favorite and centrally-situated house, which has been thoroughly renovated, will spare no pains to make travellers and the general public as comfortable as possible.

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SUPPLY EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN.

Fruit Trees, clean healthy and vigorous.
Bush Fruits, etc.—Currants, Gooseberries, Raspberries, and Strawberries, in large or small quantities.
Ornamental Trees and Shrubs of every description.
Roses, the best novelties Teas, H.P's, and Climbing.
Rhododendrons, a splendid collection.
Climbing and Trailing Plants, suitable for covering walls, trellises, arbors, etc.
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Try our Special Mixture of Dwarf Evergreen Grasses for
Ornamental Lawns, Bowling Greens, Tennis
Lawns; also Golf Links.

PRICES AND PARTICULARS ON APPLICATION.

CATALOGUES POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

It is impossible for one who never goes wrong, nor makes a mistake, nor commits a blunder, to know just how to be sorry for an erring one. We must stumble ourselves before we can really judge of the hardships of a rough road and the frailty of weary feet. True character is first tender, then hopeful, and afterwards reformatory.

Ashburton Residents

and the public generally are reminded that T. H. UNDRILL & CO., Tancred Street, Furnishing Warehousemen and UNDERTAKERS, deserve your patronage

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GIVING UP BUSINESS.

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1901.

For Positive Sale (without Reserve) the Bookselling and Stationery Business of

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Books of all descriptions, Stationery, Pens, Albums, Pencils, Purses, Cards, Photo Frames, Fancy Goods, Bibles, and all lines too numerous to mention. No Reserve.

Must be Sold this Month, Singly or in Lots.

Note the Date:
AUGUST 6, AND FOLLOWING DAYS.

Open Every Evening while the Sale lasts.

GRAND ART UNION.

THE Proprietors of the GAYNOR STUDIO beg to inform the friends of his Lordship Bishop Verdon that they have decided to dispose, by Art Union, of the Handsome Life-Sized Original Oil Painting of his Lordship painted by Mrs. S. G. Clayton, artist to his Excellency Sir William C. F. Robinson, late Governor of South Australia. Value 200 Guineas.

The Picture is on view at R. Dunne's Artists' Material Depot, 36 George Street.

Drawing will take place about October at the Dresden Piano Company's, Princes Street, under the supervision of the Hon. Hugh Gourley, M.L.C., and J. J. Connor Esq.

Tickets, 2s 6d, or in books of Nine Tickets, One Pound.

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THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY, 22nd, 23rd, and 21th,
THE BELLE OF NEW YORK.

MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY, 26th, 27th, and 28th,
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BOX PLAN NOW OPEN AT THE DRESDEN. Day Sale at Jacobs's, tobacconist. PRICES: Dress Circle, 3s; Stalls, 2s; Pit, ONE SHILLING; Reserved Stalls, 5s.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

All Communications with the Commercial Department of the 'N.Z. Tablet' Newspaper are to be addressed to John Murray, Secretary, to whom all Post Office Orders and Cheques are in all instances to be made payable.

Complaints re irregular Delivery of Paper should be made without delay to the Manager.

Annual Subscription, 25s. booked; 22s. 6d. if paid in advance; shorter periods at proportional rates.

NOTE.—Our limit of Credit is Six Months.

EDITOR'S NOTICES.

All communications connected with the literary department—reports, correspondence, newspaper cuttings, etc.—should be addressed 'The Editor, N.Z. Tablet, Dunedin,' and not by name to any member of the Staff.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

DEATHS.

GRIFFEN.—On the 14th August at Morningside, Nicholas Coleman, fourth son of the late John Griffen. May his soul rest in peace.

RETOUL.—On the 15th August, at the residence of his uncle, Taradale, Hawke's Bay, Alexander John, youngest son of Mary and the late Alexander Rentoul; aged 22 years.—R.I.P.

MAHONEY.—On the 27th June, 1901, at his residence, Shanbally, County Cork, Ireland, Michael Mahoney, the father of Daniel Mahoney, of Timaru; aged 87.—R.I.P.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

DEEP STREAM.—(1) Dominican Convent, Dowling street, Dunedin, price 3s 6d, posted 3s 11d. (2) The other matter you refer to is an advertisement and we know nothing more of the matter than what is stated there.



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

LEO XIII to the N.Z. TABLET.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1901.

LESSONS OF A CONTROVERSY.

IT is no easy work to impeach a nation. The slander that, directed against an individual, slays, will either miss the name of a nation or, in due course, rebound from it and strike the accuser or lose itself in the boundless air. A controversy that—as stated elsewhere in our columns—has just been brought to a close in Dunedin, has triumphantly proved how difficult it is to impeach the Catholic Church. The attack which led to the discussion in the columns of the *Evening Star*, originated in circumstances which can by no possibility add any personal credit to the prominent Presbyterian cleric who struck the first blow. (1) In the first place, it was wholly gratuitous and unprovoked. (2) It was concluded in terms of such violence that it excited the strong dissent—not to say disgust—of fair-minded people of every creed and class in the community. And (3) it was delivered at a demonstration of Orangemen—of the members of a secret and oath-bound Irish association who have been the bitterest foes of the religious liberties of the creed to which our assailant belongs. Within his memory, the leaders of that fanatical society in the British Parliament—when the Burials Bill (Ireland), which had been introduced by the Catholic representative of Limerick, was before the House—steadily voted against Irish Presbyterians being accorded the right to bury their dead in the sepulchres of their fathers. One of them, when Member of Parliament for Tyrone County, even went so far as to publicly advocate the interment of Presbyterians at low water mark.

Catholics entertain no objection to having arguments against the tenets of their religion pushed with the decency and moderation that are to honorable controversy what sparkling gems are to a ring of gold. But they rightly demand that the doctrines which are made the subject of attack shall be fairly and faithfully stated. 'No honest purpose,' says our valued contemporary the *New York Freeman's Journal*, 'is to be gained by misrepresentations of any system, whether of religion, philosophy, or politics. Aside from the moral obligation of not bearing false witness, the best way to defend a true system or refute a false one is to let them be seen as they really are, and deal with them on that basis. Catholics thoroughly appreciate this principle, because they have been the greatest sufferers from misrepresentations. In all investigation truth should be the object of every honest man. To begin by a false presentation of

RIDE "ANGLO SPECIAL" CYCLES.

a system you would defend or refute, is to place obstacles and stumbling-blocks in the way of that objective. It is not conducive to true religion, or true philosophy, and is destructive of moral integrity in those who practise that immoral method. It is, therefore, the best morals, as well as the best policy, in refuting an erroneous principle or system. to first state it correctly, that it may be seen as it is.' All this, of course, implies, on the part of the critic or adversary, a sound and first-hand acquaintance with the system or doctrines or set of doctrines which he sets forth to refute. When, therefore, a prominent cleric stands forth in public and bombards the Catholic Church and her official teachings with volleys of the red-hot shot that is traditionally associated with the month of July, we are entitled to ask him: 'What do you know about the Catholic Church? Have you ever seriously tried—and for how long—to learn at first hand and from authoritative sources just what she believes and teaches? Would you feel justified in attacking any other society or organisation, any individual or body of men, any State or nation, without adequate knowledge, and with scarcely any fund of information but natural, inherited, or cultivated prejudice?'

*

In every branch of human knowledge except two—from boot-making to mining, sculpture, fortification, and higher philosophy—knowledge is regarded as a condition previous to discussion. The two exceptions are the 'running' of a newspaper and Catholic theology. The knowledge of these things comes, as DOGBERRY said of writing, by nature. Every drover and ploughman can conduct a paper better than a paper has ever been conducted before. We all know that bachelors' wives and maiden's children are well trained. And every over-confident no-Popery enthusiast deems ignorance of Catholic theology about the best qualification for dealing with it, and, as soon as he has swallowed the contents of one or two of the cheaper and nastier kind of controversial tracts, is exalted with the mental rawness which is proud, and considers himself fit to teach the Pope and the whole College of Cardinals. This extraordinary delusion—or superstition, or whatever you may call it—is not confined to the more ignorant and bigoted section of the non-Catholic laity. It is found here and there, although in happily decreasing abundance, even among the clergy. Its melancholy prevalence accounts in great part for the frequency and virulence of attacks, in press and pulpit and upon the platform, against the Catholic Church and body. From long use, Catholics can shrewdly guess the literary—in some cases semi-illiterate—sources from which the rude and rusty weapons of such attacks are drawn—just as the lady says in *Hudibras* :—

Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow ;
Some kicked, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather.

*

In the present instance the uncalled-for attack was delivered by one who had never opened a work of Catholic theology, who was wholly unacquainted with the meaning of the most elementary terms of the science, who, in the course of the discussion, learned, to his evident amazement, and for the first time in his life, the impassable barrier that separates the shifting and variable opinions of this or that theologian from the unchanging and defined dogmas of our faith, who had never seen even one of the Catholic authorities about whom he dogmatised so freely, and who did not bring to the controversy even such a knowledge of the subject as may be acquired by a perusal of one of our penny catechisms. Add to these amazing evidences of his unfitness for discussion an altogether surprising looseness and 'riskiness'—not to say recklessness—of statement such as almost invariably characterise the violent and noisy slap-dash order of anti-Catholic controversy, and you have all the elements for first-class blundering on a large scale. This double-barrelled source of inaccuracy led to the Dunedin assailant of the Catholic body into his rash and inconsiderate statements of alleged 'Catholic doctrine,' every one of which, without a single exception, he had to subsequently withdraw. It also enticed his unwary feet into some fifty errors and blunders in matters of fact, some of them of an exceedingly puerile and ludicrous character. Twenty-five of these were specifically noted and sheeted home by us during the course of the discussion. 'Old

HOBBS' said in his *Leviathan*, that 'words are wise men's counters: they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools'. Logicians tell us that most disputes and misunderstandings arise out of the abuse or misuse of words. Even an elementary acquaintance with Catholic philosophy and theology would save from many a blunder those controversialists with a loose habit of mind who are given to attack. Journalism, according to MARK TWAIN, places a similar curb upon the mouth of the over-free and reckless speaker. In a recent discussion with Dr. SMITH, the American humorist says he does not blame his adversary for certain discrepancies between his statements and hard fact, and continues: 'I make the proper allowances. He has not been a journalist, as I have been—a trade wherein a person is brought to book by the rest of his brothers so often for divergencies, that by and by he gets to be almost morbidly afraid to indulge in them. It is so with me. I always have the disposition to tell what is not so; I was born with it; we all have it. But I try not to do it now, because I have found out that it is unsafe. But with the Doctor, of course, it is different.' The moral of it all is this: that the cultivation of the habit of accuracy of thought and expression would do more for concord among Christians than the Hague Conference did for the peace of Europe.

*

Thus one important lesson learned from the recent controversy is this: that complete and proven and admitted ignorance of Catholic doctrine is, in effect, with certain minds, rather an incitement to, than a deterrent from, attack upon it. The other lesson learned is this: that the usual source of supply of ammunition for attacks of this kind is, not the authoritative standards of the Catholic Church, but hostile writers, some of them, indeed, men of ability and reputation, but in most cases ill-acquainted with their subject and in nearly every instance more or less biassed; others (as we have shown) mere controversial rag-and-bone men, devoid of honor, honesty, or any title to consideration or respect. (1) Our assailant advanced twelve 'quotations' as 'proof' that certain more or less wild statements are 'Catholic doctrine.' Five of the twelve were about the most disgraceful instances of misrepresentation of the plain meaning of an author (St. LIGUORI) that have ever come under our notice; two more of them were grossly misstated and travestied; two were so absurdly mistranslated that they were made to convey an absolutely different meaning from what their authors intended; one was undiscoverable at or near the reference give; and the remainder did not represent the minds of the writers on the subjects under discussion. (2) The 'quotations' were the merest scraps or snippets torn from their context; and (3) not one of the dozen stated—as they were all alleged to state—'Catholic doctrine.' These, be it noted, are the methods not of one controversialist only. He represents a class—a happily diminishing class, it is true, but still a class whose sole or chief weapon against the Catholic body is a collection of second-hand or tenth-hand 'extracts' from anti-Catholic sources, and who, when forced from one contention or charge, promptly takes refuge, with ready versatility and slipperiness, in another—like ARTEMUS WARD's editor of the *Bugle of Liberty* in the controversy with a rival paper about a plank road: 'The road may be, as our contemporary says, a humbug; but our aunt isn't bald-headed, and we haven't got a one-eyed sister. Wonder if the editor of the *Eagle of Freedom* sees it?' One of the most regrettable features of the recent controversy was the storm of abuse to which we personally and the Catholic body generally were subjected, and the free and frequent use of the offensive—and, in polite usage, obsolete—terms 'Papist,' 'Popish,' 'Romish,' and other fierce watchwords of a day that is, thank GOD, long gone by.

*

To Catholics under attack we therefore advise: (1) Accept from assailants only absolutely correct and verified statements of 'Catholic doctrine.' (2) Insist strongly upon the sharp distinction between defined doctrine and the opinions, inferences, or conclusions of this or that theologian. (3) Suspect all alleged quotations or extracts or translations from Catholic theologians, etc. (4) Insist upon first-hand references. And (5) resolutely refuse to accept second-hand

'quotations' that are attributed to Popes or Catholic writers of theology. Such a method will disclose the extent of the knowledge or ignorance which assailants have of Catholic doctrine; it will lay bare the real sources of the attack; and, by making the path of the aggressor harder, it will tend in the short run as well as in the long run to peace and good-will among Christians.

Notes

A Wanganui Lecture.

We have received the first published instalment of a lecture delivered recently in Wanganui by Mr. Joynt, M.A., on the middle ages. When the remainder of the production is before us we shall have a few brief words to say regarding that much-misunderstood and much-maligned period of Christian history.

Lucky for Him.

A sign of the weakening of Christian principles and of retrogression towards pagan ideals outside the Catholic Church was furnished by the Colorado State Medical Association deliberately and in all seriousness discussing the advisability of putting imbecile children to death. The report went on to say that, if the suggestion be adopted, a petition will be presented to the Legislature with the view of making this brutal practice a law. A Denver doctor has, within the past few weeks, also advocated the slaughter of imbecile innocents. Which leads the Boston *Pilot* to remark: 'Lucky for him that the custom did not prevail when he was a youngster!'

Wealthy, but not Happy.

Wealth and happiness are not necessarily yoke-fellows. In *M.A.P.* of June 29, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., says of one of America's greatest and most generous millionaires: 'In spite of a happy marriage, Andrew Carnegie is not a happy man. I remember as we drove down to the station on his four-in-hand coach, I was saying how I envied him his wealth, and he said: "I am not really to be envied. How can my wealth help me? I am sixty years old and I cannot digest. I would give you all my millions if you could give me your youth and health." And then I shall never forget his next remark. We had driven on some yards in silence when he suddenly turned, and in a hushed voice, speaking with a bitterness and depth of feeling quite indescribable, he said: "If I could make Faust's bargain, I would; I'd gladly sell *anything* to have half my life over again." And I saw his hands clench as he spoke.'

'A Little Fun.'

'A famous Jesuit missionary (says an American exchange) had just concluded a successful mission, and was walking up and down the platform of a European railway station, awaiting the arrival of a train to convey him home. On the same platform stood several well-dressed atheists, intently observing him, and among themselves exchanging derisive remarks about him. "Wait one moment," said one of them, "we will have a little fun out of him; I will give him a nut to crack." Courteously approaching the Jesuit, he bowed and said: "Pardon me, reverend sir, I have always heard that the Jesuits are very knowing men. Therefore, I am so bold as to ask you if you can tell me why it is that my head of hair is yet all black, whilst my beard, as you see, is white." Nowise disconcerted, the Jesuit answered in all courtesy, but in a tone of voice easily heard by all on the platform: "The reason, sir, is self-evident; in your life time you have exercised your mouth more than your brains." The laughter of the waiting passengers was not suppressed, and happily for the crest-fallen atheist, the train just then came along.'

Christian Science.

Some years ago, when the Christian science craze was getting well floated, an American writer said of it: 'Christian science, so-called, recently reminded a clever lecturer of the definition applied to a crab by a coterie of Frenchmen. It was a fish, they said, of red color, and walked backward. But when an old scientist was called in he remarked that this definition was a good one, but needed a little modification. For, in the first place, a crab was not a fish; in the second place, the color was not red; and, in the third place, it did not walk backward. And so the term Christian Science, as applied to the "ism" of that name, needs modification. It is not Christian, and it is not science.' Which reminds us of what a wit said some time ago of Christian Science. 'It is like a guinea pig,' said he, 'because a guinea-pig does not come from Guinea and is not a pig.'

A week or two we dealt with some of the vagaries of those strange psychological freaks—Dowie and Mrs. Eddy—who, claiming the most extravagantly miraculous powers, have contrived to become millionaires by securing the ardent belief of tens of thousands of well-meaning gobe-monoches. Madame Eddy's followers are progressing apace, and we should not be surprised to see the craze break out, in the near future, in New Zealand. The Eddyites undertake—of course for a consideration—to cure all manner of disease by either 'present' or 'absent treatment.' The records of the criminal courts show they are not exactly prize-winners in the matter of cures. An American contemporary tells the following story of the effects of the 'absent treatment': 'Out in Ohio an earnest advocate of Christian Science noticed a very lame man passing her house and determined to effect a cure through absent treatment. After several days of prayer, she was delighted one morning to see that his limp had almost entirely disappeared. That evening she accosted him as he approached and joyfully related what she had done for him.

"Yes, ma'am," said he, "it has been very very bad lately, but yesterday I had it fixed. You see, ma'am, it's a wooden one."

The New York *Freeman's Journal* 'gets off' the following: 'A leading Chicago Christian Scientist had a sick horse, and he determined to cure him by an application of Christian science doctrines. He knew Christian-scientifically that the horse was only sick "in his mind," because nothing that has a mind can be sick outside of it. All that was needed was to draw the hallucination out of the mind of the horse and he would be sound in wind and limb. To this end the horse was left alone in his stable—where his meditations would not be disturbed—and the Christian science gospel, that is, a copy of Mrs. Eddy's *Science and Health*, was placed in the hayrack in front of him and he was told to concentrate his mind on the idea that sickness is only a myth. The horse's opinion of the new scientific treatment can only be inferred from the fact that after a prolonged meditation and one-horse power concentration of his mind he lay down and died. The faith-cure might work on automobiles.'

In Lighter Vein

(By 'QUIP'.)

*. Correspondence, newspaper cuttings, etc., intended for this department should be addressed 'QUIP', N.Z. TABLET Office, Dunedin, and should reach this office on or before Monday morning.

Influenza.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. And nature has laid her fingers with a stepmotherly touch upon us in New Zealand this Spring in the influenza epidemic that is paying domiciliary visits in our towns and cities now. Some eleven years ago Dr. Jolles, of Vienna, separated the 'pesky critter' that is the cause of all the trouble. He describes it as 'a little creature wearing a hat like a bishop, but otherwise indistinguishable from the microbe which produces pneumonia.' They seem, in fact, to be nearly related, and often work in double harness. Would to heaven that Dr. Jolles, when he shook salt on the creature's tail, did not hand it over, hat and all, to the Austrian representative of Jack Ketch! For, alack! it has taken up lodgings in my breast—'rather numerously,' as Artemus Ward would say, and another colony has settled in my brain-box—the kind, I suppose, that

. . . 'Take lodgings in a head,
That's to be let unfurnished.'

I hereby offer my lodgers to anybody who cares to call to White Island, and I have no objection to throw in gratis the following directions by which you may know when they have settled down to work and made themselves at home in your anatomy:—

*

'If you're sore
To the core,
With aching bones,
And husky tones
When you speak,
And you're weak
In the knees,
And you sneeze,
And often cough
Your head near off,
And you note
That your throat
Feels quite raw,
And your jaw
Feels as if

You'd got a "biff."
And dull pains
Vex your brains,
Then you've caught it,
You have got it—
It's the grip.

'If you feel
The heat of steel
O'er your frame
Like a flame,
Till you burn
And you yearn
For chunks of ice
At any price,
Then like a flash
The shivers dash
From head to feet—
A chill complete—
And you shake,
And you quake,
And there's desire
For a fire,
And something hot
Right on the spot
To quickly drink,
And you think
Right there and then
You'll never be warm again,
Then you've caught it,
You have got it—
It's the grip.

'It's in the air,
It's everywhere—
The microbe of the grip
Is on another trip,
And up and down
Through all the town,
By night and day
It seeks its prey,
And it's the fad
If you are sad,
Or even mad,
Or if you sneeze.
Or cough or wheeze,
Or feel too warm,
Or chills alarm,
To wear a look of grim dismay
And hoarsely say:
"I've caught it,
I've got it—
It's the grip!"

Only a Controversy.

Bartle's friend Hogan was a 'mimber of the force' in Auckland for three days and eleven hours. He spent most of the daylight hours of his brief apprenticeship asleep against a lamp-post in a quiet part of Queen street. But during his 'career'—as he proudly called it—he heard two police court cases, one the trespass of a bantam fowl, the other a charge of 'sauce an' batthery.' He had never seen 'th' inside iv a court' before, and he has not seen it since. But the insight there given him into the law has left him ever since with the illusion fast anchored in his brain that he is a walking monument of legal lore, fit to teach the Lord Chief Justice and give points to Cook and Blackstone and all their later following.

*

A lawyer seldom comes to mar the beautiful landscape of White Island. But when he comes he stays at Bartle's, and Hogan never misses such an opportunity of airing his erudition. Just before the influenza and his impish half-brother the gout laid me out, so to speak, on the field of fame fresh and gory, I dropped in casually to the White Island Hotel to get the right time—or something else. I found Hogan inside the bar and the lawyer outside. Hogan was laying down the law and emphasising every point with a thundering thump that set the glasses dancing in a drunken waltz all over the counter. 'Be the law iv the land,' said Hogan, 'the Financial Statemint should a been submitted to the May'rs iv Dunaidin, Christchurch, Wellin'ton, an' Auckland before bein' tould to a mother's son iv the mimbra iv the House. An' moreover, be Act iv Parliamint every volunteer should be up for manslaughter. I see no difference in larnin' to turn a man in a collar wid a Maxim gun an' relievin' him iv his soul be pluggin' him behind th' ear wid a yard iv lead pipe. It's red murder whichever way, an' accordin' to law as I read it every wan iv em should be up for manslaughter.'

The man of red tape protested that these were absurdities, not law, and demanded to know where he had ever come across such rubbish.

'Is it where did I come across it?' said Hogan. 'I read it in the Dog Registration Act, Vic. seven, chapter seventeen, verse twenty-wan. Isn't it in the Disaised Wife's Widow Bill, skeddle two hundred an' seventy seven? Where did I find thim Are iv Parliamint? Is that what ye're axin' me? Was it in law-books an' statchoos? says ye. Devil a bit, says I. D'ye think I'd be wastin' me time sarchin' fr law in law-books an' plaster figgers? I found 'em in books that's above suspicion; I found 'em in the multiplication table an' in th' back iv *Stone's D'recth'ry* fr 1874—or 1784, I don't 'xactly disremember which, but it's wan or t'other if it ain't both, an' in any case it's there or thereabouts, an' if ye say another word, 'pon me sonkins I'll import the *D'recth'ry* itself an' show that if it's not there it's prob'ly somewhere else. Besides, don't I remimber the time I 'rested a man at th' Thames for committin' shuicide be takin' away his own life, an' the coroner said, says he, "Gintlemin iv the jury," says he, "this corpse," says he, "is on'y a dead Chinaman," says he, "an' ye'll on'y c'lect half yer usual fee," says he. An' what about the Contentious Disaises Act, volume 12? an' eh-pleurisy-unum an' a-poster-on-ye-ye? [He meant *e pluribus unum*, and *a posteriori*.—QUIP.] That's thru anyway, bekase it's Latin. I heard the Judge say it when he was on the circus, an' besides I read it on my insurance policy. I haven't got an insurance policy, but it's on it anyway.'

The lawyer contended that all this was not evidence and that it proved nothing. 'I know it don't,' said Hogan, 'but it don't prove anything else, anyway.' And the glasses reeled and danced as his broad palm fell like a Nasmyth hammer on the counter.

*

Just then Bartle entered. 'Are ye argufyin' about law, as usual,' said he, 'or is it thayology ye're after? Law? Well, Hogan, I often tould ye yer a failure in them kinds iv argument. Ye know too little law to argue agin a lawyer, an' ye know too much iv yer catechism to start a conthroversy agin religion. Every man an' woman an' colleen an' gossoon on White Island knows that thayology—I mane, iv coorse, Catholic thayology—is the wan thing in all creation that ennybody is best fit to argufy agin whin they don't know a ha'porth about it. Yer style o' thumpin th' counter 'll do fr that soart o' thing. fr ye brok two iv me best glasses into a million iv smitherens. Yer argumints is not worth a *thrancon* in law or reason, but in a conthroversy agin Popery they'd be sound—more sound nor sinse, Hogan *agra*, before ye start on that lay, forget your catechism an' larn to say "Fee-faw-fum" wid a Scotch accint. "Fee-faw-fum" is a good argumint—whin all the others are bankrupt or dyn mited.'

Quip

DIocese OF DUNEDIN.

The Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin, acknowledge with thanks receipt of £1 from 'A friend,' Lawrence, towards the funds of the St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage.

The choir lately formed in connection with the Catholic church at Clinton, assisted for the first time on Sunday (says the *Clutha Leader*), and the manner in which the music was sung reflected much credit on all concerned. Mrs. Martin was the organist and Mr. Henry conductor. Miss White, Ashburton, sang a duet with Mr. Henry at the offertory. The Rev. Father O'Donnell, at the conclusion of the service, congratulated the choir on their first effort, which pleased him very much, and he expressed a wish that the members would attend the practices regularly.

On Friday evening last one of the most successful gatherings ever held in connection with the annual social of the Milton branch of the Hibernian Society took place in St. George's Hall. The members were present in their full strength, also a large number of delegates representing the various friendly societies established in the district. All wore their respective regalias during the evening, the effect of which looked exceedingly pretty, and the impression left on the visitors to the district was that a fitting and proper spirit of fraternal good-fellowship existed amongst the different orders which could be followed with advantage in other places. The items set down on the programme were well received. The hall was very prettily decorated, and the committee are to be complimented for the taste displayed. Several members from the Dunedin branch of the Society were present, and no pains were spared by the secretary (Bro. P. Walsh) and other officers to make their visit a pleasant one. During an interval several speeches were made appropriate to the occasion and thanks accorded to those present, especially the visitors from Dunedin, to which the president of the latter branch (Bro. Jas. O'Neill) suitably responded. The catering was in the capable hands of Mr. T. Bewley, who carried out his part to the satisfaction of all.

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.—*.

NOTES FROM THE HOUSE.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

The Right Hon. the Premier delivered the Financial Statement on Friday evening to what, in theatrical parlance, would be called a 'full house.' The delivery lasted close on two hours and a half. There had been a good deal of speculation during the past week or so as to the nature of the taxation which would be proposed to meet an alleged deficiency in the current year's revenue, and in expectation of an increase in Customs duties it is said that heavy clearances had been made within the past week, but all had been agreeably surprised to find that in the opinion of the Colonial Treasurer no additional taxation was necessary. In the course of his exhaustive statement Mr. Seddon said: 'The total revenue for the past financial year amounted to £5,906,916, which was the largest volume of receipts since the establishment of responsible government. Compared with the revenue of the previous year there was an excess of £272,320, of which £73,295 was from customs, £43,036 from stamps, £45,936 from the land and income tax, and £99,028 from railways. Other items of revenue produced a net increase of £11,025. These figures conclusively proved the wonderful progress the Colony had made without any undue pressure upon the tax-payers to contribute to its revenue.'

Under all heads of receipts except one the estimates for last year had been exceeded. With regard to the customs revenue, which I have mentioned as being £73,295 more than the previous year, and £157,861 in excess of my estimate, I may remark that in my estimate for the year I took off nearly £85,000 from the actual receipts of the previous year, so as to provide against the anticipated loss arising out of concessions, which I have stated in my Budget would probably reach £157,000. In spite, however, of the reduction of duty made on leading lines of goods, there has been an extraordinary clearing of other lines untouched by tariff alterations, which have resulted in large increases of revenue. Take, for instance, the duty on "spirits," which increased by £22,800; "tobacco," £15,800; "cigars and cigarettes," £9100; "sugar," £3500; "ad valorem goods" and other items, £98,000. These items, which are mainly luxuries, may be taken as clearly demonstrating the increased earning-power of our colonists and the prosperity which arises therefrom.

The revenue for the current year is estimated at £5,896,000, and the expenditure at £5,763,814, leaving a balance of £132,186, to which may be added the balance (£32,564) of the surplus brought forward from last year (after allowing for £500,000 to be transferred to the public works fund). These figures produce a balance of £164,750, out of which provision for the Supplementary Estimates has to be made.'

Speaking with reference to the revenue from Railways, etc. Mr Seddon said: 'The returns of last year are being not only maintained, but are even exceeded. I feel I am therefore justified in anticipating the receipts will reach £1,760,000, or £39,359 in excess of last year. The stamp revenue remains substantially the same. I estimate this year's receipts at £903,500. Last year they reached £903,945. In last year's Budget I estimated there would be a loss of revenue arising from the adoption of the penny postage to the amount of £80,000 per annum, but owing to the great activity of trade generally I do not anticipate a greater loss than £24,000 from this source. On the other hand, there has been a large accession of business in the telegraph branch, and this, with the increasing revenue from other sources, will quite counterbalance any loss which may be sustained by the introduction of penny postage.'

'The gross public debt on 31st March, 1900, was £47,874,452. On the 31st March, 1901, it was £49,591,245, or an increase of £1,716,793 for the year. The net debt on 31st March last was £49,557,751, showing £1,627,675 net increase of debt during the year.'

In conclusion Mr Seddon said:—'The Budget proves that the financial position of the Colony is sound and prosperous, that the operations of last year were satisfactory, and that at the close there was a credit balance of £532,000. This year there will be a surplus, and additional taxation is not required, provided the present laws remain unaltered. I trust that I have clearly demonstrated that with regard to the current year's finances there was nothing to warrant the alarm and pessimistic view which some persons have taken respecting them, and that, with care and economy, notwithstanding the very heavy and exceptional expenses already incurred, it is reasonable to expect that there will be a fair surplus on the 31st March next.'

Obituary.

MR. NICHOLAS C. GRIFFEN, DUNEDIN.

We regret to record the death of Mr Nicholas Coleman Griffen, fourth son of the late Mr John Griffen, Dunedin, which occurred on August 14. The deceased was well known in commercial circles in this city, having been for a number of years managing clerk to Messrs John Mill, and Co., and latterly a partner of the firm of Messrs Ponsonby and Griffen, stock and sharebrokers. The deceased had been seriously ill for some time and had only recently returned from Queenstown where he had gone with the hope that the change of scene and air might prove beneficial. The Rev. Father Murphy attended him during his illness, and also conducted the burial service at the graveside in the Southern Cemetery, where the interment took place on Friday last. The funeral was representative of the high esteem in which the deceased was held by the commercial community, and amongst those present were many members of the

Dunedin Stock Exchange, which had been closed during the afternoon out of respect to the memory of the departed member.—*R.I.P.*

MR. ALEXANDER J. RENTOUL, WELLINGTON.

The many friends of Mrs. Rentoul, Melville street, Dunedin, will regret to hear of the death of her son, Mr. Alexander John Rentoul, which occurred on August 15 at the residence of his uncle, Mr. Richard O'Rourke, Taradale, Hawke's Bay. Mr. Rentoul had been for some years connected with the National Bank, Wellington, but left it for the purpose of entering Sharland and Co. The deceased, who was a very promising young man and highly esteemed by his employers, was an enthusiastic athlete, and it is thought that over-exertion in training was the cause of the illness which led up to his death. His death at such an early age, and with such bright prospects before him, was a severe blow to his mother, who has our sincerest sympathy in the great loss which she has sustained.—*R.I.P.*

MR. MATTHEW O'SULLIVAN, SYDNEY.

Last Monday, August 12 (writes our Wanganui correspondent), Rev. Father O'Sullivan received a cable message announcing the death of his father, Mr. Matthew O'Sullivan, at Sydney. The deceased, who was born in 1818, at Castleconnell, County Limerick, Ireland, arrived in Sydney as far back as 1849, and, with the exception of a few years, had resided in St. Patrick's parish during his 52 years of colonial life. The late Mr. O'Sullivan, despite his advanced age—83 years—was able to attend Mass on Sundays until a few weeks before his death. Rev. Father Piquet, S.M., attending him during his short illness. Besides Father O'Sullivan there are five members of the family, and of these one is a Sister at the Convent of Mercy, St. Patrick's, Sydney. Telegrams of sympathy have been received by Rev. Father O'Sullivan from several of the priests of the archdiocese, who have signified their intention to assist next Tuesday at a Solemn Requiem Mass.—*R.I.P.*

NEW ZEALAND: GENERAL

HIS Grace Archbishop Redwood (writes our Palmerston North correspondent) paid a visit to Palmerston last week and was present at Benediction on Thursday, the Feast of the Assumption.—The Rev. Father O'Shea, of Te Aro, Wellington, is at present the guest of the Rev. Father Tymons of this mission. The Rev. Father O'Shea preached at the eleven o'clock Mass on Sunday to a large congregation on the 'Love of our neighbor.' He again favored us with an impressive sermon at Vespers, his text being, 'Woe unto him by whom scandal cometh.'

PRESENTATIONS were made recently on behalf of the Plasterers' and Carters' Unions, Dunedin, to Mr P. Hally for his services to these respective organisations during the last sitting of the Arbitration Court. Mr R. Mackie, president of the Plasterers' Union, presented Mr Hally with a gold sovereign case suitably inscribed; and on behalf of the Carters' Union, Mr J. Haynes, their president, presented a very handsome Davenport writing desk and a gold watch pendant. Both gentlemen referred in praiseworthy terms to the tact and ability displayed by Mr Hally in conducting their industrial disputes before the Conciliation Board and Arbitration Court. Mr Hally, in thanking the members of the unions for their handsome recognition of his services, gave some sound and wholesome advice, not only on matters connected with the management of their organisations, but also on the relationship that should exist between employes and the employer.

THE Rev. Father Servajean, Blenheim, has issued the following letter:—'At a largely-attended meeting held on Sunday, 11th inst., it was unanimously decided to build at once a new convent, owing to the fact that the old cottage used now as a convent is totally unfit for that purpose. Several members of the congregation inspected it, and were soon convinced that Dr Anderson was right in condemning it as most unsuitable and unhealthy for the Sisters. We have in hand £450 from the bazaar, and want about £300 more. A Protestant friend has offered £50, if within three months we raise the balance. This kind and generous offer was duly appreciated by all those present at the meeting, and it was moved by Mr E. G. Walsh, seconded by Mr F. Shaw, that a subscription list be opened in the room. It was unanimously carried, and over £130 was subscribed, to be paid in two instalments, as moved by Mr J. Redwood, seconded by Mr J. O'Leary—the first, on the laying down of the foundation stone (some time in September), and the second when the roof would be on. As it was also decided that an appeal should be made to all friends and well-wishers, I am sending you this letter, to ask you to assist us in this most deserving undertaking. Donations will be thankfully received by the Sisters or myself.'

Two very fine Irish flags have just been imported to the order of a couple of citizens of Napier by Mr John Higgins from Messrs Clery and Co., Dublin. It will be remembered that through the kind offices of Mr Michael Davitt the Irishmen of Napier procured a beautiful Irish banner from the same firm some time ago. It is said that the material and workmanship of these flags are of a very high class, and reflect much credit on the makers, and on the patriotism of those Napier citizens for whom they are intended.

THE *Austral Light* for August maintains the high standard which this magazine set up for itself when it came to be published under ecclesiastical authority. Among the contributors are His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Revs. M. W. Watson, S.J., Thomas Quin, T. A. Fitzgerald, O.F.M., Edward O'S. Goidanich, H. W. Cleary, and John Murphy, and Messrs Philpotts and Dunderdale. It is pleasing to note that the circulation of the *Austral Light* has risen from 800 to 3500 copies within the last two years—a sure sign that it is appreciated by the Catholic public.

PROSPECTUS

A.M.D.G. ET S.P.H.

(Societas Fidem.)

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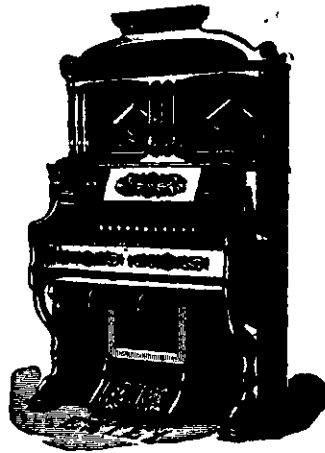
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The Storyteller

A SOUTH AFRICAN SCHOOLMISTRESS.

FOUR o'clock was striking on a summer's afternoon, as Miss Weeks came out of her schoolroom. After a final glance through glasses dim with the heat, Miss Weeks was satisfied that all was as she desired within the four walls of her domain, and closed and looked the door. The afternoon sun was shining full upon her as she stood with her sharp-featured face uplifted to the breeze coming across the village from the long range of low, round-topped hills on the horizon. She was an insignificant figure in the landscape; small and thin, with the hall-marks of spinsterhood written large upon her, from the top of her sleek nondescript-colored hair to the point of a loose, shapeless slipper appearing under her cotton skirt.

If anyone had taken the trouble to discover it, there was a kindness in the short-sighted brown eyes, when they were not occupied in awing into order her three and thirty unruly scholars, and a staunch reliable look in their steady gaze that promised much in a friend's need. But no one ever had taken the trouble to notice these things since Miss Weeks came to Franklinburg eighteen years to a day on this day of grace in January, 18—.

She was twenty-two then, a small, pale-faced girl who looked as though she had never been young, with an unmistakable air of independence and aloofness that prevented the more genial-hearted of the village-folk from fraternising with her. She had brought with her to this remote hamlet in Cape Colony an invalid elder sister, and these two had been sufficient for each other until Amelia died. Elizabeth was thirty then. The village people had been as kind to the sister as they were permitted to be, and when Elizabeth was left alone Mrs. Meyer, the grocer's wife, begged her to share her home. But Elizabeth clung to the three-roomed house adjoining the school, a building so modest in dimensions that the village wag named it 'The Matchbox.'

There was a diminutive sitting-room, which was also used as dining and living room; there was an equally diminutive bedroom and a kitchen so small that it required the experience of eighteen years for Miss Weeks to turn round safely in it; anyone else would have injured herself or brought utter ruin on the ingenious arrangement of its scanty furniture.

In this house Miss Weeks had lived alone for ten years, going out now and then among the people, especially searching out the few Catholics, whom she visited with the regularity of a parish priest. When it could be achieved, she gathered them together on Sunday for the recital of the Rosary, and she read the Epistle and Gospel for the day in a voice that had not quite lost its refinement and sweetness.

She went away sometimes during the vacation, and some imaginative ones said she went to Cape Town, where she rode in a black carriage with grey horses. But this was a saying too wild for sane belief. The idea of Miss Weeks swallowed up in the wilderness of a cushioned four-wheeled carriage was too much for the credence of the sensible people of Franklinburg.

But when any venturesome spirit attempted to penetrate the mystery of Miss Weeks' abode and occupation during her absence, the inquiry was met with the precise and perfectly polite intimation that the doings of one so very insignificant as herself were not worth chronicling. Yet she said it with an air rather of one whose actions it was impertinent to scrutinise. For there was always a suggestion of condescension in Miss Weeks' manner to the people of Franklinburg. She was English, thoroughly English, she would affirm, with a little superior air, quite unconsciously assumed. To be English, with her, was next best to being a Catholic.

Despite the fact that the best years of her life were spent in a place where a priest's visit was an annual event, or sometimes rarer, Miss Weeks was as rigid a Catholic at 40 as she had been at 22. One of the few joys of her life was holding controversies with the Reverend Mr. Olivier, the Dutch Reformed clergyman, and vanquishing him in her own perfectly-polite way.

There were only three Catholic families in Franklinburg, and one of these lived a mile and a half from the school-house. Nevertheless, twice a week, Miss Weeks tramped that mile and a half on foot through loose sand across the veld to teach Catechism to the five children of Mrs. Stone, and to Mrs. Stone's credit, be it told, she often sent the catechist home in a cart well laden with the produce of her farm.

When a priest did come he found some children prepared for the sacraments. The day of his reverence's arrival was a great day for Miss Weeks. The school-room was fitted up as a chapel, and most of the three and thirty were sent in various directions for flowers to decorate the temporary altar whereon the Holy Sacrifice was to be offered. Miss Weeks received the priest in her diminutive sitting-room with a quaint mixture of dignity, reverence, and condescension. 'The golden largesse of his praise' was honey to her, and repaid her for many a weary task. Her delight was on the increase from the moment he came, hot and dusty and travel-stained, to the 'Matchbox' door (for his first visit must be there before he went to the house where he usually stayed during his visits), to the moment when her pupils, with shiny, awe-struck faces, answered their Catechism so as to give credit to their teacher, and on to the time when she herself answered the priest's Mass in very correct Latin. But it reached its climax when the priest sat down to a breakfast, prepared by her own hands, in the tiny sitting-room. If during the breakfast his reverence gave her (as he invariably did, after discovering her relish for it), a sketch of the political horizon, Miss Weeks' cup of bliss was full.

Life had passed with her after this fashion for 18 years. She had never known a day's illness, nor had her school ever missed her presence. Generations of boys and girls had passed through her hands. She had no rival, for her school had Government support and its teacher had the confidence of the people, though she was of the dreaded Roman Catholic religion. Big turbulent boys of 14 and 15 were in awe of her, and it was to Miss Weeks that helpless mothers brought their obstreperous offspring when they grew beyond control at home. Yet her sway was not one of harshness. Her one pet vanity was that she was just the height of Queen Victoria, and she secretly prided herself on possessing somewhat, at least, of her late Majesty's dignity and majesty of mien. Certainly when she got one of the boisterous ones before her and made the delinquent be seated so that she could look down through her glasses with the steady firmness of gaze peculiar to her, there was no doubt that the wrong-doer looked abashed, and took, in a silence that might have meant almost anything, Miss Weeks' harangue delivered in quiet, even tones, briefly and to the point.

Perhaps it was that to these country-bred children Miss Weeks, with her English accent, her precise manners and her (to them) strange religion, seemed a being of another world. To them she was the living proof of England's greatness—the latter a point never missed in any lesson into which it could be dragged.

Fritz Friedrichs, Mrs. Stone's nephew, was the only boy who attempted to laugh when she scolded him. But then Fritz was notably a daring spirit. If there was any mischief brewing, he was sure to be in it. Was it not he who took the Reverend Mr. Olivier's horse, growing fat and lazy in the minister's field, and rode him at a mad gallop to Basson's Vlei and back—a crime so great that the other boys watched him set off with a mixture of fear and admiration, and hung about till he came back hot but triumphant, just in time to escape the minister's man Jan, who had been searching all over the village for the missing steed, which was wanted to drive the minister and his wife—an unusual occurrence, for the Reverend Mr. Olivier was not a very constant visitor to his parishioners, being old and soant of breath. Was it not Fritz who tied his bag of marbles to the long pig-tail of Sophie du Toit, and so securely that some of her fair locks had to be shorn before the bag could be detached? And Fritz, without a doubt, it was who pounded fat Peter van Wyk into the semblance of a jelly and sent him home to a fond maternal parent somewhat dishevelled as a punishment for calling Miss Weeks names.

Fritz was an orphan, and lived with his aunt Mrs. Stone. His father had left enough to educate the boy and pay for his support in the modest mode of living followed at Franklinburg. He had been sent to school regularly and he was the show pupil of the school, having passed from the First to the Seventh Standard with a brilliant record.

Miss Weeks was giving him elementary lessons in Latin and Algebra and Geometry. For in a burst of boyish confidence he had told her he wanted to be a priest, and Miss Weeks' interest in him took on a motherly aspect from thenceforth. It did not seem incongruous to her that a boy should be the wildest in the neighborhood, yet should aspire to so great a dignity. She deplored his escapades of course, but because there was never a trace of meanness or dishonesty or untruth in him or his doings she condoned a great deal. She had always been fond of the handsome fair-haired lad, from the day he came shy and unhappy, for his first experience in school-life after five years of undisciplined farm-life. That had been his only unhappy day, for with childish instinct Fritz felt that Miss Weeks was both proud of him and fond of him. He disregarded both pride and affection outwardly with boyish contempt for display, but his gratitude was shown in true boyish fashion, on more than one occasion, as several of the village boys could testify and some of the village matrons corroborate with ruined garments and bruised bones as witnesses. In his presence it was not safe to vent irate feelings or disrespectful language about Teacher?

Expressions of opinion about Fritz were abundant and choice in Franklinburg. If a mother missed her son towards evening 'It's Fritz Friedrichs again!' she would say, 'and I've told Johnnie never so much as speak with him. Wait till I catch them both.' But she never did catch Fritz. Johnnie got his share when he put in an appearance. Miss Weeks, who, it was well known, was the only person Fritz regarded with anything approaching awe, was duly informed of every fresh misdemeanor; and after each they would have a talk. It was not a monologue of Miss Weeks as was the case with other culprits. Fritz did not 'talk back,' but he 'talked up'—a distinction with a difference. He owned honestly to his share in the wrong-doing, but he never 'peached' on his fellow-sinners. After Fritz's admission about his future Miss Weeks had a stronger hold on him.

It was about Fritz that Miss Weeks was thinking on this summer afternoon, as she stood on the steps of the school-house.

He had been through an unusually serious escapade. Some three days before, at the head of a party of six boys, he had gone to Matsys Kopje, a distance of about two miles outside the village, a favorite haunt of the boys, but a forbidden one. Added to the breach of all discipline that the going there entailed, was the further horrible consequence of what was likely to prove a fatal accident. Little Frank Liesching had begged to be allowed to join the daring adventurers and had succeeded in losing himself in a donga. In his search for Frank, owing to the increasing darkness Fritz had fallen down a krantz and lay stunned and chilled through for three hours before the search party from the village, consisting of irate but merciful fathers, came to carry him on a stretcher to Mrs. Stone's. Frank Liesching was unhurt, but Fritz was still insensible when the men poked him up. The heavy dew of the summer night had soaked into his clothes. A fever that seemed likely to prove fatal followed, and little Miss Weeks had queer emotions pulling at her heart strings during those days. She had heard of Fritz's bravery in saving Frank. Every one of the five boys who were

sharers in the event gave his own version of it, so Miss Weeks had the details off to a nicety.

This was the third day since the accident, and already Miss Weeks had tramped across the veld to Mrs Stone's twice to hear and see her favorite. Mrs Stone had a large family of her own, and looked upon Fritz's illness as the outcome of his innate wickedness. She had little love for the boy, and no quarter was given him when the village folk complained of him. But, not being utterly callous, she was giving him such attention as could be spared from her own numerous brood. But he was plainly a burden on her hands. Miss Weeks saw that during her visits. As she stood beside the bed of the unconscious boy, and cooled his fevered temples with the eau de Cologne she had brought with her, all the latent motherliness in her rose up like a strong tide flowing in on a placid river. She had scarcely realised how dear the boy had grown until now. There had been so few strong emotions in her life that the strength of this carried her out of herself. The precise, even, undisturbed lady-like manner was gone; she was tremulous, anxious, and moved to tears. Two sleepless nights had followed her visits to Fritz. She wrote to the priest at once, and herself sent for a doctor from Cape Town. There was none in Franklinburg. 'He must not die. Dear God, he must not die,' she said over and over with despairing iteration.

All the plans for the future—the near future, too, for Fritz was fifteen now—passed before her excited imagination. What good might he not do as a priest, this boy who was already a leader among his kind, and had such a strange power of fascinating his companions so that they followed at his beck—even the unruliest of them. True, he had done wrong often, but it was always boyish wrong, so Miss Weeks concluded. There had never been a mean action in the scroll of his misdeeds. He was wild: true. But he was honest to a fault, generous and forgiving. He had a great future before him, thought Miss Weeks, as she opened the 'Match-box' door and entered her tiny sitting-room. She was too tired to eat, and too worried to think of anything but Fritz, so the little paraffine stove remained unlighted, while Miss Weeks sat wearily in the little old chair that had belonged to Amelia. He had a great future before him, this pupil of hers. A priest, possibly, who knows? a bishop! So much good done for souls—so much honor gained for the Church! Already her disturbed imagination and fond fancy saw him in biretta and soutane—noble-looking, eloquent, winning—endowed with every gift his position required, whether of mind or manner. And then the fatal possibility looming on the horizon would come with bitter certainty and crueller force.

The doctor was to arrive by the evening train from Cape Town, and Miss Weeks had made arrangements to accompany him to Mr Stone's farm. So she roused herself at length to make preparations to be absent from her little house for the whole of the coming night. It was a very anxious, and indeed to the smart young doctor from the city, a somewhat ludicrous small face that greeted him on his arrival at Franklinburg. However, he was a young man of tact—not so young either, for Miss Weeks disliked young men—and he looked grave enough to please her fastidious taste.

Together they drove to Stone's. They did not speak much on the way. Miss Weeks had her rosary in her nervous fingers and was noiselessly praying. The doctor, who did not quite fathom her anxiety for a boy who, by her own showing, was a troublesome young scamp, and, moreover, no relation whatever, was wondering vaguely at the specimen of womankind beside him. To him she appeared a tiny little old maid, English to an intense degree, a trifle less fussy than most of her kind—but not less of an oddity. He could not understand—how could he, being a mere man? how the hopes of the little woman's life had grown round the boy whom he had been called to attend. He was well versed in the troubles of human bodies, but of the ways of human souls he knew little and cared less. But he was determined to do his best for the boy, being wise enough to know that this call might lead to others as lucrative.

Arrived at their destination they found Mrs Stone in a state bordering on frenzy. Fritz had been delirious all day, and had needed constant attendance. Mr Stone was a helpless, shiftless kind of man, and the farm was practically run by his wife, so that owing to her absence the whole household was in a state of chaos. Fritz had been removed to a small building somewhat apart from the dwelling-house. It was a cheerless, comfortless apartment in which Miss Weeks found him. She watched anxiously while the doctor was forming his verdict.

'Fever,' he said, though a child could have told that. 'Danger?' in answer to the two women's query. 'Well—yes, a critical stage just now. He will need to be watched all night to-night.'

'I shall stay,' said Miss Weeks, in her firm tones.

The doctor looked down at the quaint little woman. He gave her sundry directions, to which she listened with strained attention. Mrs Stone looked relieved. It would be such a boon to have Fritz off her hands for the night. She was fond of the boy, after a fashion, but plainly this last escapade had worn out her patience with him. Fritz was muttering in his delirium, and Miss Weeks caught her name. She put her cool soft hands on his forehead and the expression of her face transformed her for the moment into something akin to loveliness. Afterwards she turned again to the doctor.

'He's young and his constitution is good,' returned (the doctor, evasively. With the utter absence of comfort and even ordinary requirements that he saw, coupled with the distance from a town where these things could be obtained, the doctor foresaw danger ahead. He himself would have to leave Franklinburg the following day. But he felt a strong desire to do his best, being strangely stirred by the little woman's earnestness. She was not fussy nor tiresome, and she was not talkative; all these qualifications recommended her to the doctor's favor, for he had a horror of talkative women, which long acquaintance with them had not lessened.

So he did what could be done to make the boy comfortable for the night, and after some final instructions to Miss Weeks, he took his departure to the village.

Through the long night watch, with bated breath and anxious heart, Miss Weeks sat beside the boy's bedside. It seemed even to her inexperienced eyes that he grew worse as the night advanced. She had sent to Cape Town for ice, and it had not yet arrived, but now she longed for it to cool his burning temples. He talked almost constantly; now it was of Frank Leisching and the search at Matsys Kopje, again it was of herself. He was defending her against the bully of the school, Johnnie du Toit. He went through the fight with an imaginary opponent, and Miss Weeks had to use her authoritative voice to keep him quiet. Her tones penetrated directly to his consciousness and for a time he was quiet. But soon he was arguing a point of doctrine with the Reverend Mr Olivier's youngest son, and much as Miss Weeks desired to keep him still, yet she took a keen pride in listening to his clear statements. 'What a preacher he will be!' she said fondly, though there were none to hear; and being alone, stooped and gently kissed the boy's forehead. 'But oh! dear God, he must not die!' she cried in her heart.

And so the long night wore to dawn, and Miss Weeks, worn and heavy-eyed, but with the indomitable will shining out of her eyes, and showing in her set lips, met the doctor when he came early in the morning. He looked graver after he examined the patient than he had done on the previous night.

'Worse,' he said, 'I'm sorry to say it, but you had better know the truth.'

He saw there was little affection for the lad in the Stone household, but he did not guess the crushing blow his words were to Miss Weeks.

'You think he will—die?' she asked in a voice that strove to be firm, but which slipped into tremulousness. The doctor looked down at her, and saw how moved she was.

'The boy is no relation of yours, Miss Weeks?' he asked.

'None—no, none whatever. But he has grown up under me. I keep a school. Perhaps you know? I—the boy is very dear to me. He is so manly and—oh doctor, can you not save him? Do not mind the expense; I can defray all. I have saved all these years. I meant it all for Fritz some day. You will save him?'

'If it is in human skill to save him I will. But the harm was done before I came. And then, as you see, there is not even ordinary comfort in the place, not to speak of what a fever patient wants.'

'I will see to that,' said Miss Weeks, eagerly. 'To-day you will see the change. Could you not stay a day—or two? Think what it means, doctor! Life, if you stay, and, if you go, Death! And the boy—I have such hopes of him.'

The doctor looked at the little tremulous face charged with interest and feeling, and once again wondered.

'I will stay until the crisis is past,' he said, more moved than he cared to admit, even to himself.

'God reward you,' said Miss Weeks solemnly, and with a little sigh her head dropped against the back of her chair, and the doctor saw she had quietly fainted. The strain of the past three days had told on her vigorous frame, and all through the previous day and night she had tasted no food; this, coupled with her sleepless watching, had prostrated her.

When she recovered her first question was for Fritz. The doctor and Mrs Stone were standing beside her, and she sat up, with a pathetic assumption of her most alert manner.

'Keep quiet, Miss Weeks, do. Don't you know you fainted? It's my opinion that scapegrace Fritz will be the death of you yet. But there: you always was fond of the boy, from the time he was a little chap in petticoats.' Thus Mrs Stone, voluble and inclined to patronise the small schoolmistress since her weakness was discovered. 'Fritz? Oh, he's much the same. Fever awful high yet. He's off his head worse than yesterday. Doesn't know his own auntie. But he'll get through, don't you fret. It's the bad pennies that turn up.'

Miss Weeks rose, her indignation giving her strength.

'You do not understand the boy,' she said with dignity. 'You never did, and you never will. But—if he lives, you will be proud of him yet.'

'I hope so, I'm sure, Miss Weeks,' returned Mrs. Stone in the tone of one who disagreed, but did not dare to say so. For she knew when to avoid bringing Miss Weeks' perfect English about her ears.

She was not ill-disposed at heart, but the cares of life and the daily struggle for existence had crushed out her compassion for anyone beyond her offspring. Miss Weeks thought her narrow and hard-hearted, and in her charitable way put it down to the fact that she had to act the man as well as the woman in her household.

The day wore on, and Fritz's condition did not improve. Miss Weeks' scholars had royal times. For when did children ever realise the threatening shadow of death, even when it fell upon one of themselves?

That day, amidst many other achievements, Miss Weeks did an unusual thing. She made her will. In it she bequeathed the bulk (not very great) of her worldly possessions to Fritz Friedrich, reserving only sufficient for Masses for her sister and herself. The Cape Town doctor witnessed the document, and Mrs. Stone was another witness.

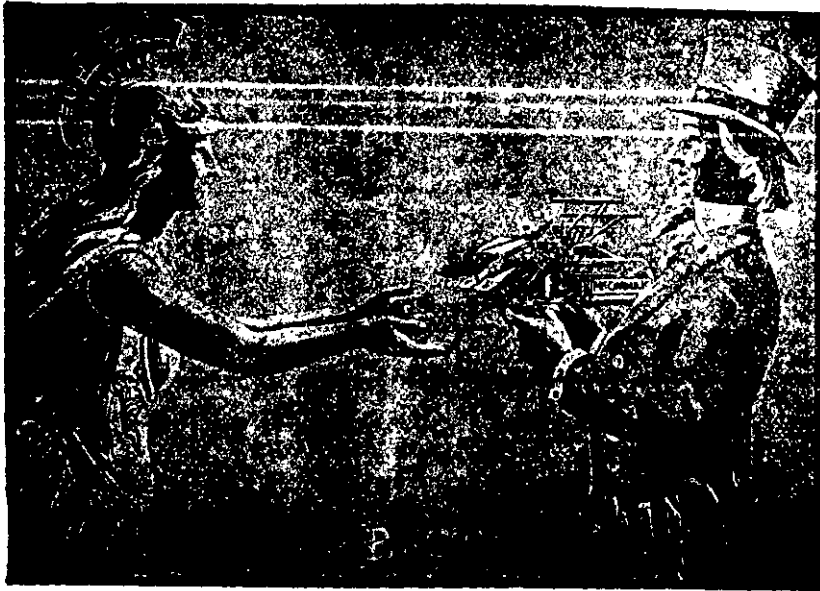
The doctor had grave doubts as to whether Fritz would live to claim his inheritance, but like the rest of Miss Weeks' small world, he fell under her authority without quite understanding how or why. Mrs. Stone was gratified and would have expressed herself volubly had not Miss Weeks quenched her—no mean feat.

Having accomplished her day's designs to her entire satisfaction, Miss Weeks was further relieved by the arrival of the priest for whom she had sent, and who had come as quickly as he could

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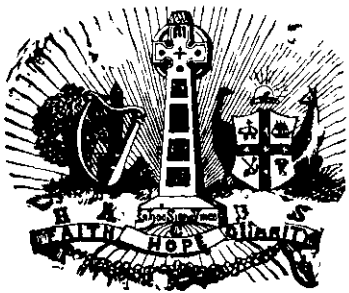
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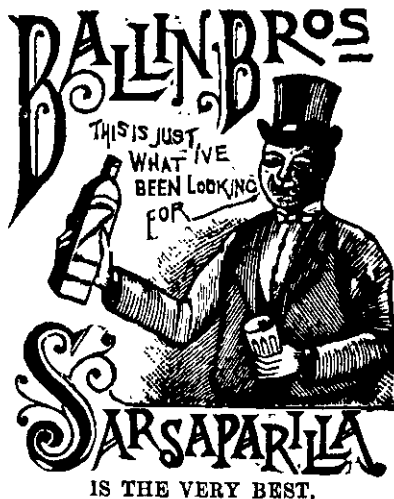
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from where he was stationed. He could do nothing for Fritz. of course, for the lad was still quite delirious, but it comforted Miss Weeks to learn he had come to stay three days. In him she felt she had a friend who understood. With the insight and tact that were the result of years of service in the ministry, coupled with a genial sympathetic nature, 'The Father,' as he was called, saw beyond the peculiarities of manner to the true nobility of the heart of this little woman. He knew the work she had done during all the past years in Franklinburg and he valued it. Without her aid how many a soul would have drifted away through neglect. How many were the little ones carefully instructed in their religion, where without Miss Weeks they would have grown up in stark ignorance. It was not without good reason Miss Weeks felt that he understood her.

On the second day after his arrival Miss Weeks spoke to him of the future of Fritz. With the precision characteristic of her she settled that Fritz was to go for a change of air when convalescent, and when quite recovered he was to go at once to Rome to commence his studies for the priesthood. The priest smiled as he listened, and the smile was a sad one. The little woman seemed so sure that Fritz would recover; sure in spite of the doctor's opinion to the contrary, sure in face of the daily proof of his opinion. She read his face and knew his thought.

'He will not die,' she said in answer to it, 'I feel he will not die. Last night I offered my life for his, and without knowing quite why, I feel God has accepted.'

She spoke quite calmly, and the priest looked at her, somewhat startled by her statement.

'It was not wrong?' she said with touching humility.

'Not wrong—no, surely not wrong.'

'Eccentric, you think, Father? Perhaps so. But just consider how very terrible a thing it would be to have that bright young life untimely ended. After all, my work is done. Fritz's work is all before him. And what a work! So much done for God, for souls. He is a clever lad, too, and he will be an ornament to the Church. It was a poor exchange I offered, but I believe it was accepted. I shall not live long.'

The priest was a man of few words. 'God grant the lad may prove worthy of your sacrifice,' he said.

The days that followed bore out Miss Weeks' confidence. For Fritz passed the crisis and slowly but surely regained health. The priest and doctor both left Franklinburg and Miss Weeks resumed school. But her former vigor was gone. The people said she had overworked herself attending that thankless Fritz Friedrichs. They had put her care of him down to eccentricity, and no one had wondered at it. But now they were inclined to grumble because Miss Weeks was plainly losing her ground as an awe-inspiring member of the community, and the children brought home stories of strange misrule where perfect order had reigned.

One afternoon when school was dismissed Miss Weeks dragged her little weary body, now almost constantly in pain, to the 'Match-box' door, to find Fritz Friedrichs waiting for her. The greeting was characteristic of both—Fritz boyishly exuberant and demonstrative; for him, that is, for he was not so usually; Miss Weeks in a tremor of delight at the sight of him, but with that outward firmness of eye and voice that rarely deserted her when she chose to summon it.

Fritz noticed her illness, as he could not help doing, for it had changed her so much. In his boyish way he was sympathetic, but words did not come easily to him, as is the way sometimes with those that feel deeply.

'I've never seen you ill before, Miss Weeks,' he said, 'you'll soon be all right again, won't you? I believe it was nursing me that knocked you up. Aunt told me. I can never repay your goodness.'

But Miss Weeks would not let him talk like that. It was, she felt, their last meeting. The shadow of death had fallen upon her and it was sheer force of will that kept her on her feet. So she took him into the small sitting-room and put him into a seat opposite to her while she talked of his future. With a strange gentleness and sweetness she put before him the high hopes that were in her heart for him. And Fritz, moved by her earnestness, unfolded again his own ambition. It did not seem incongruous to the lad that when he rose to say good-bye, Miss Weeks should draw down his face to hers and touch his forehead with lips that trembled.

'If I am ever a priest, my first Mass shall be for you,' he said. Miss Weeks did not answer. Her heart was too full. His first Mass! Perhaps God would let her see it from where she should be then.

'Pray for me always,' she said as he turned from the door.

'Always,' he said, and lifting his cap, he passed down the street and out of sight.

*

The priest and the doctor stood together beside the bed whereon lay the form of Miss Weeks, dignified now in the mysterious majesty of Death. Her face was calm, almost beautiful in its sweetness and peace. The hands that had done so many a kindly deed were folded over a crucifix. Some friendly neighbor had put white flowers there too. Both men had been with her at the last, and they stayed to give her their last service.

The doctor spoke, 'If that little woman's heart had been in a beautiful woman's body, what a stir she would have made in the world.'

And the priest, after a moment's silence, said, 'As she is, it is not improbable she has made a stir in a better place.'—S.M.C. in the *Catholic Magazine for South Africa*.

The Catholic World

ENGLAND.—Jubilee of a Convent.

The Sisters of Mercy of the first convent of the Order in the Archdiocese of Westminster, St. Edward's, Harewood avenue, kept the jubilee of their foundation recently. St. Edward's Convent was built in 1851 under the direction of the late Canon O'Neal, V.G., the funds being raised by subscriptions. A few years later the House of Mercy was erected by the late Mr. Pagliano. In this House nearly 7700 young girls have been received and trained for service. St. Anne's Room, another branch of the establishment, provides board and lodging at a low charge for servants who have been in place, and assists them to find fresh situations. This department has been exceedingly useful, not only in providing shelter and employment for Catholic servants, but also in bringing many strayed sheep back to the Fold. For the last 34 years the Sisters have visited daily the Marylebone workhouse and infirmary, and their work here in caring for the poor inmates and assisting the sick and dying has met with very great success. The Sisters are allowed great liberty in these institutions, and are treated with marked consideration and respect by the officials. They also visit regularly the Paddington Infirmary and St. Mary's Hospital, and the poor of their own parish (St. John's Wood), and the parish of Homer row know them well, and have every reason to be grateful to them. Besides teaching the schools at St. John's Wood, Portland Town and Richmond street are also taught by the Sisters. They work in their own convent, have a guild for young girls who have left school and are in business, a large Congregation of the Children of Mary, a numerously-attended mothers' meeting, and they have lately ventured on a boys' club.

Church Extension in Southwark.

So recently as the beginning of the year 1892 there was no sign whatever of Catholicism in Sittingbourne. Nor were there any known Catholics, except two inmates of the Milton Union Workhouse. In both these respects the year 1901 presents a remarkable contrast. Where nine years ago no sign of Catholicism was visible there are now to be seen a presbytery, a Catholic club, a large school recognised by the Board of Education, a convent with boarding and day school attached, and the foundations of a large church. And no old inhabitant can pass along West street on Sunday mornings, when worshippers defile from the service in the Catholic school-chapel, without being struck by the contrast in this respect between 1901 and 1892, especially if he knows that there was an earlier service attended by many others. It was soon after the beginning of 1892 that the first sign of resurgent Catholicism became visible. This was when the foundations were marked out for a school-chapel. The Catholic building in West street went on till its completion in November, when a priest arrived from Chatham. This was Father O'Sullivan, who is still in charge of the mission.

TOWNEND'S CINNAMON CURE.

SEVERE INFLUENZA AND HACKING COUGH QUICKLY CURED IN TWO DAYS.

MR. FRANK P. POWER, of Kaikoura, writes as follows:—

"Enclosed please find cost of Cinnamon Cure which you forwarded to me.

"On the day I wired I was seized with a very severe cough and bad cold, which quickly turned to severe influenza, and which obliged me to take to bed. On receipt of Cinnamon Cure I immediately took a dose and continued the same. TWO DAYS AFTER STARTING IT I was completely cured.

"I am weak-chested and susceptible to colds, but after Cinnamon Cure I have never felt better in my life.

"One bottle cured me, and the other acted likewise for a friend who was similarly attacked."

TOWNEND'S CINNAMON CURE—Price, 2s 6d. Chemists and Grocers, or Post Free from Sole Proprietors.

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

KOOLIBAH

Is unequalled for Chilblains. Relieves Itching instantly; cures quickly.

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SEASON 1901.

OTAGO CORN AND WOOL EXCHANGE, VOGEL STREET, DUNEDIN.

To the Farmers of Otago and Southland.

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

SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR STORAGE, ETC.—We would remind producers that we provide special facilities for the satisfactory storage and disposal of all kinds of farm produce. Our Stores are dry, airy, thoroughly ventilated, and in every respect admirably adapted for the safe storage of grain, being conveniently situated and connected to railway by private siding. Produce consigned to us is delivered direct into store, and is saved the loss and waste incurred in unloading and again carting into warehouse.

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

PRODUCE SALES EVERY MONDAY.

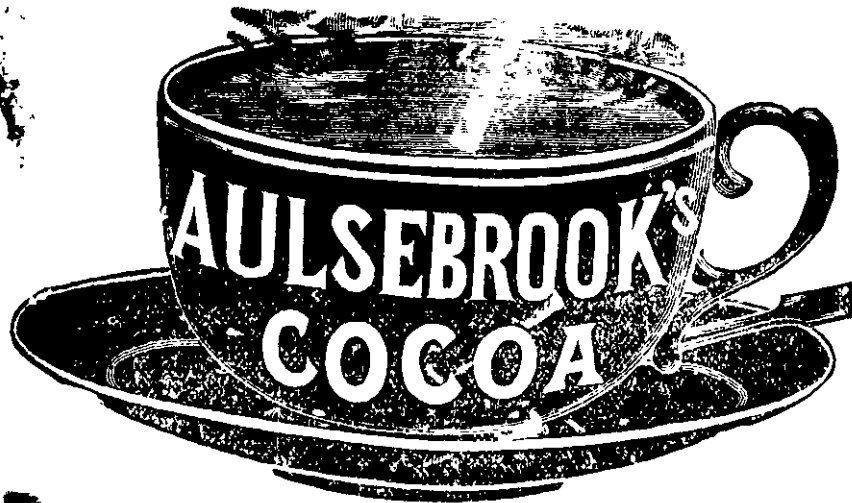
Account Sales are rendered within six days of sale.

ADVANTAGES.—We offer producers the advantages of Large Stores and unequalled Show Room Accommodation. No delays in offering. Expert Valuers and Staff. The Best Service. The Lowest Scale of Charges. The Highest Prices and Prompt Returns.

Sample Bags, Way Bills, and Labels sent on application.

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Bottled only at Springs, Wai-Rongos.

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 effervescent, the taste clean, with just sufficient chalybeate astringency to remind one that there are healing virtues as well as simple refreshment in the liquid, this Mineral Water ought soon to become popular amongst all who can afford the very slight cost entailed."

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

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OAMARU, AUCKLAND, & HAWERA.

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AND "FRENCH" COFFEE.
(Net weight tins.)

Also Exhibition Brand Coffee
Eagle Brand Coffee
Crown Brand Coffee
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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.

SHAMROCK HOTEL

DUNEDIN.

W. J. COUGHLAN - PROPRIETOR.

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

The News from Abroad.

"It is about 10 years ago," says Mrs. Gray, "that I became acquainted with Seigel's Syrup—a time when I greatly needed something having healing virtue in it.

"A cousin of mine in the old country (near London) had for years been a perfect martyr to indigestion. His trouble was principally a violent colic, from torpid stomach and liver.

"After years of almost hopeless suffering he finally discovered in Seigel's Syrup a perfect remedy. I presume he first came to know of it through reading some kind of advertisements. It does not matter.

"As I always keep up a regular correspondence with my relatives they were aware of the dreadful condition I was in with indigestion.

"Naturally they lost no time in letting me know of my cousin's marvellous recovery—after he had vainly expended a deal of money in seeing doctors and so forth.

"They said Mother Seigel's Syrup alone had restored his health, and strongly urged me to try it.

"You may hardly believe it, but I was so opposed to all advertised medicines that I used them with great reluctance and entire want of confidence. Nevertheless I had already tried such of them as I, or my friends, could think of, without any tangible or permanent benefit.

"I suffered from violent pains across my stomach and under the shoulder-blades, a bitter and disgusting taste in the mouth, want of sleep, languor and weariness, and all the evils and ailments, bodily and mental, which seem part and parcel of that common and abominable malady.

"Finally, under the strong importunity of a friend, I was induced to try a dose of Seigel's Syrup. I wish to state emphatically that *even so small a quantity gave me immediate relief*, and after I had used it for a time, regularly and according to the directions, I was gradually and surely restored to my usual good health. I now believe in this famous remedy for the best of reasons—my experience of its merits. I never cease praising it to my friends, and always keep it in the house against the time when it may be needed.

"I feel grateful for what Mother Seigel has done for me; and if you desire to publish my statement for the good of others you have my free permission so to do." Jane M. Gray, Ave Maria Cottage, Auburn Sydney, N.S.W., October 4th, 1899.

TAKE NOTE!!

THE old proverb says: A stitch in time saves nine; or, to put another construction on the words: A shilling in time saves pounds. The words are indeed true, and yet what a number of people do we find letting pounds and pounds worth of music and books go to wreck and ruin when the expenditure of a few shillings in binding would prevent this sad waste and give them volumes handsome to look upon and a pleasure to handle in place of a lot of tattered and torn leaves. Be warned in time and send your music, etc., for binding to

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CHRISTCHURCH, N.Z.

An Old Jesuit Mission.

The Jesuits have had a mission in Worcester since 1580. The Baptismal Register preserved at St. George's, Worcester, dates from 1685. It was in the old Catholic chapel of this mission that James II. heard Mass, on the feast of St. Bartholomew, 1687; and it was on the same day that at dinner in the Protestant Bishop's palace when his Lordship Bishop Thomas offered to say grace the King declared 'he would spare him that trouble, for that he had a chaplain of his own,' and the Jesuit present, Father Henry Humberston, accordingly said grace. Two of the rectors of this mission were martyred for the faith—Father Oldcorne, S.J., 1606, and Father Anthony Turner, S.J., 1674.

Home for Destitute Girls.

At a cost of about £10,000 a Catholic home for destitute girls has just been completed at Tudhoe, Durham, with subscriptions collected from the Catholics of Hexham and diocese. The new building is of brick and consists of three stories. Besides classrooms replete with the latest patterns of fittings, there are also dormitories and a neat little chapel.

An Important Social Work.

What bids fair to be one of the most important social works in connection with the Church in South London was inaugurated at Bishop's House, Southwark, recently. It is needless to emphasise the vast importance of establishing a home for Catholic working girls in the great industrial districts south of the Thames. Numbers of these girls are living absolutely alone in London, without friends, without recreation, and only too frequently without religion. A home where they might, for the payment of a small sum, enjoy the advantages of Catholic influence and companionship, and of comforts and innocent amusements, such as they could not possibly afford to obtain elsewhere, would be a real boon to these girls. The Hon. Mrs. Tredoroff, of Guildford, is the moving spirit in the scheme, and she deserves all encouragement and assistance in her noble work.

The Church during the late Queen's Reign.

Mr. Austin Oates, K.S.G., writes to *La Revue Générale* an article on the progress of Catholicism in the British Empire during the period synchronous with the reign of Queen Victoria. He ably reviews the position of Catholics in England since 1837 and brings out effectively the wonderful contrast between their condition at that time and their status at present. Probably in no part of the world has so great a change occurred as that which has taken place during the century with regard to Catholics in Great Britain. Nowadays it is unthinkable that the King at a reception should say of a prominent Catholic, simply in consequence of his religion 'Who dared to bring this man into my presence?' Yet such was the language of George IV. towards O'Connell. We are now living in an entirely different atmosphere from that of George IV.'s day.

Catholic Education.

Canon Keatinge's report on the schools in the diocese of Southwark shows an increase of nine departments and of 570 children on the books. As an important sign of Catholic activity in educational matters, it is of interest to note that the Catholic schools have received an increase of grant amounting to nearly £3000 for the year, whereas the rest of the voluntary schools have received less by £62,000. Are we nearing the time when, to use the Canon's words, 'the only denominational schools that will be found surviving in England will be the little handful of Catholic schools'?

The Catholic Union.

The thirtieth annual general meeting of the Catholic Union of England was held on June 27, in London, under the presidency of the Duke of Norfolk. After the adoption of the annual report, which gave a satisfactory account of the condition of the union, it was resolved, upon the motion of the Duke of Norfolk, seconded by Sir John Austin, M.P., 'That the Catholic Union of Great Britain, assembled in general meeting, desires to express its satisfaction at

the measures which are being taken for removing the outrage offered to his Majesty's Catholic subjects by the Declaration required of the Sovereign under the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement.' It was further resolved, upon the motion of Admiral Whyte, seconded by Mr W. S. Lilly, 'That the President of the Catholic Union be requested to transmit a copy of the resolution to the Chairman of the committee of the House of Lords appointed to consider the question of the Declaration.'

Golden Jubilee of a Diocese.

July 25 was the fiftieth anniversary of the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Turner, first Bishop of Salford, who died 29 years ago. Strictly speaking, of course (says a writer in the *Harvest*) the See of Salford is a year older than its line of Bishops. When Pope Pius IX., on September 29, 1850, by his Apostolic Letter restored the English Hierarchy, he created the Metropolitan See of Westminster, with 12 Suffragan Sees, one of which was entitled Salford, which was to contain 'the hundreds of Salford, Blackburn, and Leyland' (the last named was afterwards detached and added to Liverpool). But at first no Bishop of Salford was appointed; the first Bishop of Liverpool, Dr. George Brown, formerly Vicar-Apostolic of Lancashire district, being temporarily nominated 'Administrator Apostolic' of the diocese. This arrangement, however, did not last many months, for on June 16 of the following year, Dr. William Turner, who for many years had been Vicar-General to Bishop Brown, was, by a Decree of Propaganda, appointed first Bishop of Salford. His consecration took place in St. John's, Salford, as above-stated on July 25, at the hands of Cardinal Wiseman.

COOKING A PLEASURE.

It has been difficult in the past to obtain First-Class Recipes for Colonial use, because the best books devoted to cooking are based on English requirements, and it is often impossible to obtain the ingredients recommended in such books.

Cooking will be a pleasure to many now that Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs have brought out a new 1s "Everyday Cookery," which contains 782 Economical Recipes compiled by one of the best professional cooks that have come to New Zealand.—*.*

The best remedy yet discovered for Influenza is TUSSICURA; it is a wonderful tonic.—*.*

If at any time persons in country towns experience difficulty in procuring TUSSICURA write to the manufacturer, S. I. Evans, Octagon, Dunedin.—*.*

The efficacy of TUSSICURA in all lung and throat complaints is undeniable; it "tou hes the spot" every time. Price, 2s 6d. Kempthorne, Prosser and Co., agents.—*.*

All kinds of Throat and Lung troubles can be cured by taking TUSSICURA. It has proved its worth in thousands of cases. Kempthorne, Prosser and Co., agents.—*.*

Why suffer from coughs and colds when TUSSICURA will effect an immediate cure. Hundreds have testified to its worth. Price 2s 6d; all Chemists and Stores.—*.*

A little wonder is the patent broadcast seed sower just now being offered to farmers by Messrs. Morrow, Bassett, and Co., Dunedin and Christchurch. For turnips, rape, grass, and clover seeds it is unequalled. It will sow four acres per hour, and any quantity up to six bushels per acre. The price is only £1.—*.*

Doctor: 'I hope your husband followed my prescription. Mrs. Smith: 'No, indeed. If he had, he'd have broken his neck. Doctor: 'Broken his neck?' Mrs. Smith: 'Yes; he threw it out of the fourth floor window. What he wants is a Daisy Cart, from MORROW BASSETT'S, and he won't be well until he gets one.—*.*

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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.

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V.  R.

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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

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Best Value in the Colony.

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GRAND SHOW OF SPRING NOVELTIES

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Now on view, First Shipments of

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PRINTS, &c.
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GALATEAS

HOUSEHOLD LINENS, FURNISHINGS, AND CARPETS.

SALE! SALE! SALE!

Stock-Taking Sale, for One Month only.

As our stock, amounting to over £20,000, is too large, we mean to make a big sacrifice before Stock-taking.

SILVERWARE, of which we hold a large stock, we will sell at under wholesale prices.

BICYCLES! BICYCLES! BICYCLES!

The "RALEIGH," one of the very best English bikes—Usual price £22, now £17 10s. The "IMPERIAL," guaranteed for twelve months—Usual price £20, now £13 10s. This bike has given every satisfaction.

SEWING MACHINES—They must be sold; we are going out of this line as we are short of room.

The "GRITZNER,"—One drawer, former price £6, now £4; five drawers, former price £7 10s, now £4 15s. Each machine is guaranteed. If you are not satisfied with it, you can return it and get your money back in full.

BEDSTEADS! BEDSTEADS! BEDSTEADS!

Of this line we hold the largest stock in Dunedin. As our stock is much too large, no reasonable offer will be refused.

JAPANESE WARE, TABLES, MUSIC STANDS, WHATNOTS, SCREENS—no reasonable offer refused. FOR ONE MONTH ONLY.

LIDLAW & GRAY, The Peoples' Ironmongers.

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CABINETMAKER AND UPHOLSTERER,

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TE ARO HOTEL,
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R. C. CHUTE (late of Temuka Hotel) has much pleasure in informing his friends and the travelling public that he has taken over the above well-known hotel and trusts, by keeping only the best brands of liquor and giving the best accommodation, to merit a share of their support. First-class table. Hot and cold shower baths. Letters and telegrams promptly attended to.

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RODERICK MACKENZIE,

Late of the Oban Hotel, Dunedin, begs to notify that he has taken Donaldson's (Excelsior) Hotel, at the corner of Dowling and Princes streets, Dunedin, where he will be glad to meet his friends.

The Hotel is newly built, has excellent accommodation for families, and all the appointments and sanitary arrangements, including hot, cold, and shower baths, are first class.

The position is central to post office, railway station, and wharf.

The famous Tobermory Brand Whisky drawn from the tap.

All the Liquors kept are of the best brands. Charges moderate. Telephone 784

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JAMES CONNOLLY - PROPRIETOR.
Under the Management of Miss M. J. Fahey,
Late of the Pier Hotel.

Having purchased the above popular and centrally-situated Hotel, and having considerably added to and improved the accommodation, the Proprietor hopes, by strict attention to the requirements of his customers, to obtain a fair share of support. Tourists, Travellers, and Boarders will find all the comforts of a home. Suites of Rooms for Families. Charges strictly Moderate.

A SPECIAL FEATURE—

Is LUNCHEON from 12 to 2 o'clock, Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths. The very best of Wines, Ales, and Spirits supplied.

A Night Porter in attendance.
JAMES CONNOLLY - PROPRIETOR.
Accommodation for over 100 guests.

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(Member Dunedin
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SHAREBROKERS, MINING AND
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GLADSTONE HOTEL,
MACLAGGAN ST., DUNEDIN
JOHN COLLINS (late of the Al Hotel,
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Having leased the above centrally situated Hotel, the proprietor is now prepared to offer First-Class Accommodation to the general public. The building has undergone a thorough renovation from floor to ceiling. The bedrooms are neatly furnished and well ventilated.

Tourists, Travellers, and Boarders will find all the comforts of a home. Suites of rooms for families.

Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.
A SPECIAL FEATURE—Is LUNCHEON
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The Very Best of Wines, Ales, and Spirits supplied. CHARGES MODERATE.
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Opposite Government Railway Station,
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Tombstones, etc., made to order. Any design.

Concrete Kerbing, Iron Railing, Baptismal Fonts, House Carvings, etc.

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Established 1880.

Full particulars supplied to Bona Fide Purchasers only.

Hotel, Rangitikei, rent £4 per week, price £4500; Hotel, Wellington City, taking about £80, price £2350; Hotel, Taranaki, first-class business; Hotel, Wellington, rent £6, price £2800; Hotel, Hawke's Bay, price £1700; Hotel, Feilding district, price £1400; Hotel, Marton district, rent £3, price £2600.

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“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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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 Continuance of the same for my successors I feel quite satisfied that the reputation 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 }

C L U B H O T E L, T I M A R U.
M. KAVANAGH, Proprietor.

This well known and favorite Hotel has been thoroughly renovated, and now affords the best accommodation to travellers, tourists, and the general public.

Good Table and none but Best Liquors kept. Special attention given to tourists breaking their journey to and from Mount Cook.

Letters and telegrams receive prompt attention. Country orders carefully packed and forwarded. A porter meets all trains.

For **STYLISH,** RELIABLE **Boots and Shoes**

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Have a Choice Lot of NEW MONUMENTS. Light and Dark
Marble and Red, Gray, and Dark Green Granite. Prices moderate.
Our work has again been awarded the highest honors presented at
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Carving; First and Second for Lead Letters. Auckland Exhibition,
Four First Prizes and Gold Medal. Designs Free on application.
All kinds of Iron Fences. Telephone 732.J. A. GOLDRING, Proprietor.
Good Scabbling.Begs to notify that he has purchased the well-known Hotel, and
that customers shall have the very best attention. I am not going
to keep the best brands of liquors, but shall sell them to my
customers.

J. A. GOLDRING (late of Winton and Drummond)

DEE S M E T, INVERCARGILL.

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Corner of

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MICHAEL O'HALLORAN (late of the
Police Force, Dunedin and
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popular Hotel, which has undergone a
thorough renovation. Mr O'Halloran is now
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Opposite Phoenix Company,
MACLAGGAN STREET, DUNEDIN,

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Only the best of meat at lowest possible
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Families waited on for Orders.

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The Prices in all Departments will be mode-
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A trial solicited and inspected invited.

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T. TWOMEY ... Proprietor.

T. TWOMEY (late of the Grosvenor Hotel,
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Wines and Spirits of the best brands.

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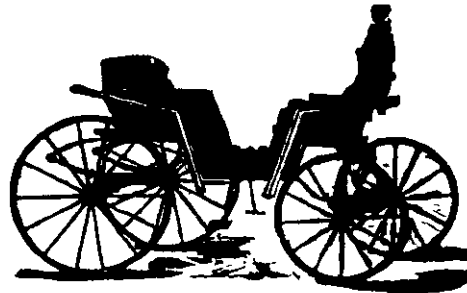
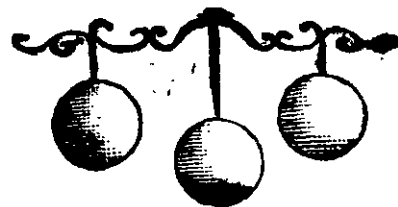
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