

that a black cat is always a sign of luck: it simply means that sometimes the luck is bad.

**War News.**

Ever since Lord Kitchener 'disqualified' the armed Boer burghers with his proclamation, every corporal's secretary and other officer under him has been following suit in a more or less prodigious way. 'Expand, expand,' says 'Dooley.' And this business of posting proclamations is being conducted on a scale so regardless of expense that a paste-train for the front is now a permanent institution in South Africa. The Acting-Commander of Jansenville, Cape Colony, has been one of the latest to break out to the extent of making history. According to the Cape Town correspondent of the *Morning Leader*, this is what this young Buonaparte recently worked off his martial chest: 'For obvious reasons, the present continued cock-crowing by night must cease. Residents of the town will, therefore, please arrange not to have more than one male fowl of crowable age in their possession after the 18th inst. By order, (signed) G. Wigram, Lieutenant, Acting Commandant.'

The rooster—so Shakespeare says—

'Doth, with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
Awake the god of day'

The 'male fowls' around Jansenville used to keep up this tradition of their race, but now they will have to let the aforesaid god adle his head with sleep and confine their attention to prospecting for flower-seeds in their neighbors' gardens. The ghosts of the locality too, will be greatly inconvenienced, as, lacking the familiar chanticleer's watchman-cry, they will now have no means of knowing the psychological moment after the witching hour when they ought to go home after they have revisited the glimpses of the moon and scared the eye-brows off the home-returning toper. Moreover, the proclamation seems to me superfluous, because Mr. Atkins is, like Diana and Nimrod, a mighty hunter, and it is to the last degree unlikely that he would leave many roosters alive in the vicinity, whether of crowable age or not. But, on the other hand, they may not like roosters particularly: for is not this the season of the fine fat duck and the podgy Michaelmas goose down yonder? In that case the proclamation may be justified, because there is nothing more annoying to a sentry than to be startled from a sweet sleep and happy dreams by the raucous song of an inconsiderate rooster. The law is to be strictly enforced—so strictly, indeed, that the soldiers have to carry their rifles with the hammers down, because a half-cock, you know, might give a half-crow.

**Old Nick Still Alive.**

The Irish Bench has produced a goodly bunch of judges who could not alone—in Dryden's words—'see a joke further off than other men, but make one, too.' Norbury, 'the hanging judge,' with the black cap on his pointed pate, cracked jokes that made the reporters chip flakes off their front teeth with crashes of laughter. Lord Morris, lately deceased, had a sly wit, buttered thick with the richest brogue that ever melted in the mouth of a Munsterman. M.A.P. has been telling how it worked its way out during a trial in Coleraine in which a gentleman sought damages from a veterinary surgeon for having poisoned a valuable horse. 'The issue depended upon the question of how many grains of a certain drug could be safely administered. The dispensary doctor proved that he had given eight grains to a man, from which it was to be inferred that 12 for a horse was not excessive. "Dothor, dear," said the Judge, "never mind yer eight grains in this matter of 12, because we all know that some poisons are accumulative in effect, an' ye may go to the edge of ruin with impunity. But tell me this: the 12 grains—the 12, mind ye—wouldn't they kill the divil himself if he swallowed them?" "I don't know, my Lord," said the doctor, pompously drawing himself up; "I never prescribed for that patient." "Ah, no, dothor dear, ye never did, more's the pity? The ould boy's alive still!"'

*Quips*

**Obituary.**

MRS. ANNE M'KENNAH, TIMARU.

It is with feelings of deep regret we have to record the death, on the 22nd inst., of a very old and respected Catholic resident of Timaru in the person of Mrs Anne M'Kennah, relict of the late Thomas M'Kennah. The deceased was born in Dublin, and arrived in the Colony many years ago. She had been ailing for some months, but it was not until a few weeks previous to her death that any serious consequences were apprehended. During her illness she had the constant spiritual ministrations of the Rev. Father Tubman and the Rev. Father Aubry. Her last moments were consoled

by the administration of the rites of the Church of which she was a devoted member. Her genial manner and good qualities made for her a large circle of friends, by whom she was highly respected. The remains were taken to the Church of the Sacred Heart on Thursday, 24th inst., at 8 a.m., and a Solemn Requiem Mass was offered up for the repose of her soul. The funeral, which was representative of the esteem in which the deceased was held by her many friends, took place in the afternoon. The Rev. Father Tubman conducted the burial service. The coffin was borne to the grave by Messrs J. Cunningham, J. Sullivan, P. Kane, and T. Egan. There was a very large number of wreaths, amongst which was a very beautiful one from the choir, of which her family were prominent members. There is a family of three left to mourn the loss of their devoted mother—viz., Miss Ellen M'Kennah and Messrs John M'Kennah (of Dunedin) and Thomas M'Kennah, and to these we tender our sincerest sympathy in their bereavement.—R.I.P.

MRS. ELLEN KENNEDY, GERALDINE.

It is my sad duty to record (writes a Geraldine correspondent) the death of Mrs Ellen Kennedy, relict of the late Mr John Kennedy, of Geraldine. Though the deceased lady had been in indifferent health for the past twelve months, her death came as a great shock to her many friends. On Sunday, the 20th inst., she assisted at Mass as usual, and marched in the procession apparently in the best of health, but in the evening she fell ill, and passed away on Monday afternoon. She had the happiness of being attended by and of receiving the last rites of the Church from the Rev. Father Bowers. The deceased leaves a grown-up family of three to mourn their loss—Mr J. Kennedy (Ashburton), Mrs J. P. McQuilkin (Willingby), and E. Kennedy (Geraldine). The large number of people who followed the remains to their last resting place showed the respect in which the deceased lady was held by the people of Geraldine, where she had resided for the past 27 years. Among the mourners present were several from Lyttelton, Rakaia, Ashburton, Temuka, Seadown, Kerrytown, Pleasant Point, Albury, and Timaru. R.I.P.

CONSTABLE MADDEN, PLEASANT POINT.

The many friends in Wellington and elsewhere in the Colony of Constable John Madden, of Pleasant Point, will hear with regret of his death which occurred in the early part of last week at the comparatively early age of 53 years. Deceased had been for a number of years stationed at Clyde Quay, Wellington, and was transferred to Pleasant Point in 1896. He was a native of the South of Ireland, and when a young man engaged in farming. In 1880 he joined the armed constabulary, and took part in Major Gudgeon's expedition to Parihaka and the arrest of Te Whiti. In 1883 he joined the police, and his career since then gained the approval and esteem of his superiors. He leaves a widow and 11 children, most of whom are grown up. One boy is a student at St. Patrick's College, having been a successful scholarship winner from the Timaru Marist Brothers' School.—R.I.P.

**NEW ZEALAND: GENERAL**

A VERY favorable review appears in the London *Times* of Mr. R. A. Loughnan's book, 'New Zealand: Notes on its Geography, Statistics, Land System, Scenery, Sport, and the Maori Race.' It is described as 'an admirably illustrated little work.'

THE Colonial Secretary has promised the Wellington City Council to consider the suggestion that a model by-law should be drawn up to operate over the whole Colony in regard to the control of billiard saloons.

It is reported that a line of 10 000 lambs from one of the large estates in Hawke's Bay has been sold to a Canterbury buyer at 12s. The cost of transport between Napier and Christchurch is said to be close on 3s 6d per head.

THE growing of lemons has been brought to a great state of perfection by Mr. G. Schmidt, of Repongaere, Poverty Bay. He has a large area of ground entirely devoted to lemons, and even at the present stage of the season he is in a position to supply about eight tons of fruit.

THE Napier *Telegraph* has computed that there are in New Zealand 130 schools, the average attendance at which is below 10, and that there are nearly 140 more (136, to be exact) at which the attendance ranges between 10 and 11.

THE editor of the *Rock*, a London newspaper, sends us (*New Zealand Times*) a letter stating that a libel action has been raised against him because of some comments he made upon the Jesuits, and he appeals for funds to help him in his fight against 'the wealthiest corporation in the world.' The letter is declined with thanks, its language being of too violent a partisan character.

AS a result of very severe frost great damage has been done to the early spring crops in Hawke's Bay. Potatoes in particular have suffered, in addition to damage to vineyards, whilst stone fruit suffers considerably. It is estimated that the loss to growers is fully £5000. The season promised so well that great hopes had been built up of a very profitable outlook.

DURING the course of the council meeting at Gore (says the *Ensign*) Councillor Poppelwell referred to the danger of making verbal agreements, and the necessity for having everything in writing. Quoting a case in point he said: 'If those councillors who made the agreements were in heaven or somewhere else the council would be in an awkward fix.' Councillors generally expressed perfect agreement as to the awkward fix, but resented as superfluous the significant reference to the 'somewhere else.'