

GENERAL.

In the current number of the *Review of Reviews* Sir Robert Stout discourses on the political situation in this Colony. As a leading public man one would expect that Sir Robert would be accurate in his figures, but evidently his political bias prevents him from looking at matters in an impartial manner. He says *en passant* that the liquor trade is mainly in the hands of Catholics. As far as I know of New Zealand this statement is not warranted by facts, and especially so in Sir Robert's own constituency. Of the fifty odd hotel-keepers in Wellington only about eight, or at the outside nine, are Catholics, which gives us a fraction over our proportion to the total population.

I regret to notice that among the sufferers by the fires in the Wairarapa district, Mr. Stempa, a prominent parishoner of the Very Rev. Father McKenna of Masterton, was a heavy loser. Mr. Stempa and his family are among the most respected Catholics in the district and sincere regret will be felt at the trouble that has befallen them.

(By Telegraph from our own correspondent.)

Tuesday.

Rev. Father Power has been appointed rector of Hawera in place of Rev. Father Mulvihill, who has resigned in consequence of ill-health. Rev. Father O'Shea of Hawera takes Father Power's place at Waipawa. Rev. Father O'Meara is to assist Father Power as curate.

Dr. Watters, the popular Rector of St. Patrick's College, has been elected a member of the Council of Victoria College. He occupied the first place on the Parliamentary roll.

HAWERA.

The ceremonies of Holy Week were concluded at St. Joseph's Church by the Rev. Father O'Shea with the Missa Cantata, which was sung at 11 o'clock on Easter Sunday. The choir, conducted by Professor Higham, rendered Mozart's seventh Mass and Webbe's *Hæc Dies*. In the evening, *Regina Coeli* (Lambillotte), *O Salutaris* (Jones), *Litan* (Professor Higham), and *Tantum Ergo* (Murra), were also sung at Benediction. Miss Flynn presided at the organ. The altar was most artistically decorated for the ceremonies by the Sisters of St. Joseph.

(From our WESTPORT correspondent.)

Owing to the inclemency of the weather the volunteer encampment was partially a failure. On Easter Monday the weather cleared up and was all that could be desired, and a pleasant day was spent on Mr. McPadden's farm where the encampment was held. The volunteers showed their appreciation of Mr. McPadden's kindness by giving him three cheers at the conclusion of the encampment.

Unfortunately the pleasure of the day was marred by an accident to Mr. Hunter, chief mate of the "Tutanekai." His leg got entangled in the head line of the boat and was severed completely off just below the knee. The boat was putting off from the wharf at the time the accident occurred with the Nelson and Marlborough volunteers on board. Mr. Hunter's injuries were immediately attended to by Surgeon Major Peerless, and the vessel returned to the wharf, where the assistance of Dr. McDonnell was obtained and the sufferer removed to the hospital, where he is now progressing favourably under the care of Doctor Mackenzie. The volunteers on board the "Tutanekai" subscribed £42 for the benefit of Mr. Hunter, and a telegram of sympathy was received by Dr. Mackenzie from the Hon. Hall-Jones, Minister of Marines.

On Easter Sunday the Catholic volunteers marched to St. Canice's Church under the charge of Sergeant Michael McDonnell of the Marlborough Mounted Rifles—one of the Jubilee Contingent—and attended Mass. Father Costello said he took the opportunity to wish all a happy Easter-time, and heartily congratulated the Volunteers on their soldierly appearance, and said he had no doubt they would give a good account of themselves if the Russians came with hostile intentions to the shores of New Zealand. He also congratulated them on not forgetting their religious duties in the excitement of camp life, and trusted others would take example by their conduct and never be ashamed of their religion. The church was beautifully decorated, and in the evening a procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place.

C A N C E R.

THE following letter from a medical man appeared in the *Otago Daily Times* of last Saturday:—SIR,—The figures given by Dr. Fell in his presidential address before the Medical Congress at Wellington are very disquieting for us, and should make us search every way for a cause. It is asserted, and I believe with truth, that cancer is unknown amongst the Jews. Does not this point to the possibility of there being something wrong about Gentile food. Is it the meat we eat, the way we kill it, or the manner of cooking? We not only eat that "unclean thing" thing, the pig, but some of us devour the blood with the appurtenances thereof. It has often occurred to me that the colonial habit of drinking strong tea—long stewed—with quantities of badly cooked meat is responsible for a lot of ailments in country districts. I don't know if it would help to produce cancer, but should like opinions upon these points.—I am, etc., L.M.C.P.

WHAT MAKES THEM CRY ?

YOU have a very sore finger, let us say. It may be a hurt, a boil—or, worse still, that fearfully painful thing, a felon. Oh, my! oh, my! What a time you have been trying to protect that poor finger. It is all the time getting hit or knocking against something. Simply to keep it out of harm's way worries you more than doing a day's work; and you don't succeed—and wouldn't, even with a dozen policemen to help you. You are scared of a fly threatening to light on it.

That is the principle on which Elizabeth Allen couldn't bear the least noise. She had no sore finger, but she had what was still more sensitive—a body full of sore nerves. So the prattle of children, the closing of a door, the momentary roar of a waggon in the street, the clatter of dishes in the kitchen, the thousand and one sounds and noises that are in the air constantly—why, the smallest of them struck her like a blow from a club. Noises which are not regarded by a well person are like volleys of musketry to one in this condition. Millions of women know all about it, and plenty of men, too—crowds of them. You recognise them on sight—those who are subject to this affliction. Their lined foreheads, their bright, suspicious eyes, their self-protecting gestures and manner—you've seen them. Perhaps you are one of them yourself. If so, you'd give all your money and mortgage your future to have a stronger set of nerves. wouldn't you? Let's talk about it two minutes, first quoting the lady's letter, which is dated May 11, 1893, and written from her home, 263, Syston street, Leicester.

"For many years," she says, "I suffered from indigestion and weakness. After meals I had a great pain at my chest. Every few days I had an attack of sick headache, and had to be constantly lying down on the couch; I strained and heaved a good deal, and spat up a sour nauseous fluid. As time went on I got very weak and nervous, and couldn't bear the least noise.

"I took all sorts of medicines and consulted doctors, but nothing did me much good. Later on I came to hear of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and after taking it a short time the disease left me, and I was able to relish and digest my food. Owing to the virtue of this remedy I now keep in good health. (Signed) Elizabeth Allen."

And here is Mr. W. Nash, who says: "For fully 10 years I suffered from periodic attacks of biliousness. At times a severe headache, preceded by excessive drowsiness; at other times vomiting and retching for a whole day; at other times sleeplessness, pain in the chest, side, and stomach, coated tongue and bad breath—that was the way it acted with me. I grew very melancholy, and was not able to follow my business. I consulted doctors and used tonics, etc., but they only made me worse.

"I had constantly heard of your wonderful remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup, but didn't believe in it. Then I read in *Wit and Wisdom* of a case like mine that the Syrup had cured; so I tried it, and the first bottle acted like magic. The pains left me the first week, I repeated my food no more, and in a month all my ills were gone. Bless Mother Seigel for ever, I say.—Yours gratefully (Signed) W. Nash, 331, Goswell Road, E.C., London, October 2nd, 1893."

Now, where is there room enough on paper to sufficiently praise a medicine that will do what this one did for these two good friends of ours? All pain, remember, is nervous pain, and in the above case it was the foul and inflamed stomach which, by stopping digestion, starved the nerves and made them cry out. What won't cry out when it is starved? Babies will, men will, women will, nerves will.

Mother Seigel's medicine set the stomach in order and gave the nerves some food. Then what? Why, quiet, comfort, strength, rest, enjoyment. "Bless Mother Seigel," indeed.

The Catholic World.

ENGLAND.—Anglicanism Losing Ground.—Anglican controversialists occasionally have the hardihood to declare that the stream of converts from Anglicanism to Catholicism has ceased and that the tide has now rather turned the other way. Even the most imaginative of Anglican apologists will hardly dare to maintain this now in view of the melancholy and damaging admissions as to the decline of Anglicanism made by one of their own leading organs. Two recent attempts at creating new bishoprics—one at Birmingham and one at Sheffield have failed. The ordinations have stood a steady decline in the numbers ordained during the last ten years. In 1888 there were 1479 ordained; in 1897 there were only 1296. The Confirmation statistics are still worse: "In a large number of parishes the candidates were little more than a quarter of what they should have been." We quote from the *Church Times*, which further complains that the number of communicants is far below the mark. And yet that high authority considers ten per cent. of the congregation the lowest number of regular communicants to be expected, which is certainly allowing a very wide margin. The *Church Times* tries to console itself by saying "Roman leakage is as certainly going on as any other leakage," and "that religion is losing ground in most of the large centres of population." "Roman leakage," however, as a contemporary points out, does not in any way affect Anglican defection. It is due in the main to lack of means to provide for destitute children, but of funds and machinery for this purpose the Anglican Church possesses an abundance, and her losses include a large number amongst the people of intellect and culture.

A Bigoted Bequest!—The *London Daily Chronicle* gives the following particulars of the will of Sr William Cayley Worsley,