

NAZARETH HOUSE, CHRISTCHURCH

HOME FOR AGED POOR AND ORPHAN AND INCURABLE CHILDREN.

This Institution is a Branch of the well-known Nazareth House, Hammersmith, London, which has 29 Branch Houses in the United Kingdom, Africa, and Australia; affords a permanent home to aged and infirm poor of both sexes, also to Orphan and Incurable Girls (those entirely idiotic or suffering from fits excepted). The Home has no funds, and depends entirely for the support of the poor on the alms collected daily by the Sisters in money, food, and clothes. The aged poor are received without distinction as to creed or country, and left perfectly free to attend their own place of worship. A number of applications had to be refused for want of space, and the Sisters were obliged to build, and thus incur a very heavy debt; but they rely entirely upon Divine providence and the generosity of their many kind benefactors (which has never yet failed them) to enable them to pay off this debt. The House may be visited daily between the hours of 2 and 4 p.m. Cheques and p.o. orders may be made payable to the Superior, Mother M. Felix.

WANTED, SITUATION as HOUSEKEEPER; satisfactory references.—Address 'Housekeeper,' c/o Tablet Office.

IN MEMORIAM

O'REILLY.—In loving memory of Julia Josephine O'Reilly, who died in Glasgow on November 25, 1908.—R.I.P.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

'ESCAPED NUN.'—Will be dealt with in next issue. No space available this week.

THEOSOPHY.—May refer briefly to matter in next issue. A matter of such delicacy as that vice is very difficult to handle, but the documents forwarded will be preserved and may be useful any day. Many thanks.

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, 1909.

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, 1909.

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1909.

MORE 'IRISH OUTRAGES'



MARK TWAIN once complained that he never could tell a lie which any one would doubt, nor a truth which any one would believe. But, then, Mark's 'terminological inexactitudes' had at least the merit of plausibility. So had Chauncey Depew's brilliant tales of things that might easily have been 'more so.' 'Your speech convinced me,' once said a free and independent American elector to Depew, 'though I knowed all the

time that it was the peskiest lie that ever was told. I made up my mind to vote your ticket; but I'd 'a' been willing to bet a peck o' red apples that no man could stand up and tell me such a lot o' convincing lies without havin' 'em writ out. You must 'a' had an awful lot o' practice.' The 'carrion crows' of Ireland (as Chief Secretary Mr. Birrell aptly called them)—that is, the Irish Orange-Tory ascendancy party—have had 'an awful lot o' practice' at defaming their country as a political moye to postpone the fast-coming day when their disastrous and

irresponsible and tyrannous class domination will be brought to an end. But they have not yet learned the art of lying plausibly and cleverly or concealing the great guiding motive of their impeachment of the most crimeless people in the British Isles. At this time of the day the true inwardness and inartistic and palpable exaggeration of that disgraceful campaign of Orange-Tory vilification ought to be sufficiently well known to wide-awake journalists in these countries. Yet we find the *Grey River Argus* of April 12 serving up to its readers with apparently unsuspecting good faith stories of 'Irish outrages' that were told to the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* by its London correspondent, and picked by the London correspondent from the Orange-Tory 'carrion-crow' publication that invents or exaggerates Irish misdeeds in a manner that has time and again brought down upon it the severest official reprobation in the House of Commons. But with £3000 a year, a long-established class monopoly of place and pelf in imminent danger, and (like Sheridan's termagant) 'a free tongue and a bold invention,' you can always make even the most orderly and crimeless people on the face of the earth appear to be a combination of apes and demons. And this all the more so if (like the Orange-Tory slanderers quoted at second-hand by the *Grey River Argus*) you take the precaution of making the 'outrages' 'happen' in unmentioned places and to people who have neither a local habitation nor a name. The *New Zealand Tablet's* latest and largest publication, *An Impeached Nation*, places in the hands of honest men a whip to lash those professional calumniators naked through the land. Will some of our Irish organisations, or others interested in defending the fair fame of a faithful and sorely-tried Catholic people, take steps to have copies of that publication placed in (say) all our newspaper offices and public libraries? That would, we submit, be a very practical and useful way of meeting the ding-dong of 'yellow' calumny from overseas.

Notes

A Rowdy Meeting

Last week an organised and festive Britisher section of a big Navy League meeting vented their views on the offer of a warship, by the Dominion, in ways that were frequent and free. They tore down the British flag, trampled it under foot, and turned the gathering into a whirling pandemonium. Had New Zealand, like Ireland, a 'carrion crow' fraternity—to whom an 'outrage,' real or bogus, is a valuable party political asset—every submarine cable from the Dominion would be tingling with wildly exaggerated versions of the Christchurch meeting. But we have, happily, no crusted Orange-Tory monopoly of place and pelf in New Zealand. So the good name of Christchurch is safer than that of Cork or Ballymagruidery would be if a ten-year-old 'rebel' 'smiled in a threatening manner' at a six-foot p'lecceman.

Another 'Popish Plot'

'The average Orangeman,' says the Christchurch *Evening News* of April 14, 'has a long, keen nose for a Popish plot. His suspicious mind sees a conspiracy in a whispered conversation between people professing another religious faith, although they might only be swapping tips about prospective Cup winners, or arranging to go fishing on Sunday. An accidental meeting, a quiet handshake, or an absorbed expression are all sure indications to Orangeite Sherlock Holmes that an attack is contemplated on the Throne and that the foundations of Protestantism are being undermined. To-day one of these worthies is reported to have been censuring the Governor-General of Australasia for attending a St. Patrick's Day sports meeting, and warning him that the baleful eye of Orangeism is on him, hence he had better be careful. Lord Dudley is an Irishman and a good sport; surely he ought to be able to put a shamrock in his buttonhole and join in the innocent amusements of his own countrymen without incurring the condemnation of religious bigots whose creed is so narrow that charity and tolerance are entirely excluded.'

Catholic Educators Commended

In the course of a friendly notice of the St. Patrick's College (Wellington) annual, *Blue and White*, the current (April) issue of the *Triad* (Dunedin) refers to the love of 'the old' boys for their Alma Mater. 'In short,' says our breezy contemporary, 'we have renewed proof of the fact that the priests of the oldest Church are excellent educators of youth. They are eminently human, and in their schools there is no damaging tendency to pedestal the mouldy bones of a dead idea. With all due reverence for ancient things worth while, they keep constantly in

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