

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- August 22, Sunday.—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 23, Monday.—St. Philip Beniti, Confessor.
 „ 24, Tuesday.—St. Bartholomew, Apostle.
 „ 25, Wednesday.—St. Louis, King and Confessor.
 „ 26, Thursday.—St. Zephyrinus, Pope and Martyr.
 „ 27, Friday.—St. Joseph Calasanctius, Confessor.
 „ 28, Saturday.—St. Augustine, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Bartholomew, Apostle.

After the Ascension of our Blessed Lord, St. Bartholomew carried the Gospel to the most remote and barbarous countries of the East. He afterwards preached in Asia Minor, and crowned his labors by a glorious martyrdom in Armenia. The manner of his death is not absolutely certain, but the common tradition is that he was flayed alive.

St. Zephyrinus, Pope and Martyr.

St. Zephyrinus, became Pope in 202, the year in which the Emperor Septimus 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 him on account of his previous sufferings for the faith, cannot be accurately determined.

St. Joseph Calasanctius, Confessor.

St. Joseph was born in the Kingdom of Aragon, 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 his work. He died in 1648, in his ninety-second year, after having founded a religious congregation, which had for its special object the education of the young, but particularly of the poorer classes.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

TO THE SACRED HEART.

Within Thy Sacred Heart, dear Lord,
 My anxious thoughts shall rest;
 I neither crave for life nor death—
 Thou knowest what is best.
 Say only Thou hast pardoned me,
 Say only I am Thine;
 In all things else dispose of me,
 Thy holy will is mine.

Old friends are the great blessings of one's later years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have a memory of the same events, and have the same mode of thinking.—Horace Walpole.

That is a good day in which you make some one happy. It is astonishing how little it takes to make one happy. Feel that the day is wasted in which you have not succeeded in this.

He who in times of peace has not sufficient generosity to give his garment for the love of God, how will he have the courage in a time of persecution to make the sacrifice of his life!—St. Gregory the Great.

The youth gets together his materials to build a bridge to the moon, or, perchance, a palace or temple on the earth, and, at length the middle-aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them.

So great is the goodness of God in your regard, that, when you ask through ignorance for that which is not beneficial, He does not grant your prayer in this matter, but gives you something better instead.—St. Bernard.

The Storyteller

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

Charles MacMahon, sub-lieutenant of the Dragoons of Clare, in the service of his Majesty of France, and presently engaged as recruiting-officer on his native heath, sighed deeply into the fold of the collar of his riding-coat. Was it a year ago or a hundred or a thousand, thought he, since he left Dunkirk with its camp bustle and stir, and the gay jests and laughter of his gallant comrades? In faith so it seemed. And it was but a score of short days.

Yet was he young and lone; the whistle of the curlews as they ran down the wind was not joyful in the darkness overhead; and the thin soft drip of the Irish rain did not help to cheer him, as he sat on Father Tom's good cob, in the shadow of the fir trees at the cross-roads of Killard, this chill March dawn of 1709. And God knows there was small cause for joy in the heart of a young MacMahon of Clare in the reign of Anne the dutiful daughter.

And so he sighed.

Down the wind there came, swift and sharp, a woman's shriek.

With a touch of his knee MacMahon sent the cob into the middle of the road, and waited, alert, grim, the soldier. His life was in his hands. Death, he knew well—it might be shameful death—could be the only end of capture and conviction through the horde of spies who watched for such as he. Yet he did not pause to think. Death had no terror for an Irishman of the Brigade, in any case; but when a woman shrieked on a lone road in the dim dawn of a March morning—oh, well what would you?

He had not long to wait. From the east there came a murmur; then a rumble; then, with a rattle and a clatter there was the swift rush of the thundering hoofs of mad fright. Through the dusk, two bright eyes of carriage-lamps swayed and swung towards him at break-neck speed.

MacMahon wheeled the cob and cantered along the near lockspit away from the runaway pair; then, he shook the reins, and the gallant animal spread herself. Faith, for a moment he enjoyed it. But that shriek! and the long hill of Moreen a hundred yards ahead! Now was the time for brain of ice and heart of fire and arm of steel. And now they were on him. One skilful touch of the left hand and he was alongside the near horse. One swift swing to the right to grip the rein—but no rein was there. Neck and neck, neck and neck, neck and neck—and then the pace told on the cob. They were gaining, and death was certain for the girl. But these dragoons of Clare were horsemen—and they were Irishmen, quick of brain and quick of hand. One little check on the cob's neck, as delicate as a child's caress, and then—to stoop and wrench open the carriage door was the work of an instant. He leaned over and hooked his arm. The maiden understood. 'Now!' he shouted. She slipped into the hollow of his arm; with the ease of lifting a dainty trinket he swung her across his saddle. At once he dismounted and assisted her to the ground.

'Oh, good sir!' she half whispered in a voice that trembled, 'how am I to thank you? You have saved my life.'

'It is nothing, madam, I pray you do not mention the matter,' and MacMahon swept the toe of his right boot with his hat in that magnificent gesture which he had learned from his friend, Viscount O'Grady of the King's Guard. 'I trust you are not hurt. No? Then permit me.' He took off his riding-coat and gently placed it on the shoulder of the trembling maid.

Her protests he laughed off with a jest; 'but,' she said, 'my poor father, he will think me dead.'

'Let me bring you to your father,' he said gravely.

But even as he spoke, down the road came the thunder of hoofs, and two horsemen appeared from the shadows. At sight of the lady they pulled up and dis-

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mounted. The first, a thick-set, middle-aged man with a strong, kindly face, rushed forward and clasped her in his arms. 'Thank God! thank God! my little girlie, Marjorie,' he cried, as he kissed her forehead and hair, while she clung to him, sobbing. The second man was a groom. One glance at MacMahon was enough for him. They had played as boys together on Doughmore strand; but he made no sign.

Squire Stodart wheeled around. Two hats together flourished in the salute courteous of the time. Was there a sudden glint of recognition in the Squire's eye, or was it but a reflection from the east where now the sky was bright?

'Sir,' said he, hand outstretched, 'I am everlastingly in your debt. I perceive you are a stranger'—MacMahon bowed—'but let me tell you that in these parts the name of Stodart of Carrigmore carries weight. Count me and mine at your service. May I have the pleasure of knowing to whom I owe my daughter's life?'

'My name is MacMahon. I am a dealer, in search of a good horse'—'God forgive me' he thought, 'but, sure, cavalry is horse.'

'MacMahon? MacMahon? Anything to the MacMahons—Ah! Yes, yes,' suddenly producing a snuff-box, and taking a huge supply which produced a violent fit of coughing—then, 'to be sure, Mr. MacMahon, I can show you some in my stables that will be hard to beat. By gad! that reminds me. Lynch, go and look after those poor brutes.'

Tim Lynch leaped into his saddle. When thirty good yards away he said to himself: 'Glory be to God! Is Master Charles mad, or what the mischief is he doing here?'

Continued the Squire: 'Faith, sir, 'tis a cold place to welcome a stranger here on this road. 'Tis but a short way to my house. May I have the pleasure of your company to breakfast?'

'I am honored, Squire Stodart, but, believe me, business of the most pressing nature forces me to go to Dunbeg without delay.'

'Well, sir, let me hope we may meet again. You are welcome any time you are passing Carrigmore. Do not forget I am your debtor.'

'I am proud to be your creditor, sir, for such a cause.' Two pure grey eyes set in an aureole of golden hair smiled trustfully into his dark strong face. Wistfully she said, 'My life-long, life-long thanks, Mr. MacMahon.' 'Au revoir, I trust.'

'I hope so, madam, from my heart.'

Two pistol-shots snapped, down the road. Tim Lynch rode up and touched his cap.

'Both?' said the Squire.

'Both, sir,' said Tim.

In a moment they were gone. And she waved her hand once as he stood there bare-headed watching them. He sighed again, but not this time into the folds of the collar of his riding coat, for just then he woke up to the fact that this useful garment was cantering towards Carrigmore on the fair shoulders of Mistress Marjorie Stodart.

Inside the cottage there was peace. On the open hearth the turf fire burned dimly. There was no other light, but it was enough. A neat dresser with rows of shining plates that glistened in the firelight; a deal table; a few straw chairs; a clock; a little bookcase; a prie-dieu, over which was a crucifix. That was all.

And by the hearth sat two men, talking. One in peasant dress; the other in the riding costume of the horse-dealers. They talked low; these were times when one could not, prudently, shout in the market-place if one were recruiting officer of the Brigade—or if one were a priest.

The fire lit up the fine features and silver hair of Father Tom. Sad memories had this old man, who for fifty years of priesthood had devoted his life to his flock, crushed by the infamous code that held him and them little better than the beasts of the field; but there was no sadness in his voice to-night. They talked of pleasant scenes and memories in the old days before the blight of bigotry had made the land a wilderness, and its people outcasts.

At last the old man rose. 'My child, it grows late, and you have an early start for Dunbeg; let us say the Rosary.'

There, in that little cottage, those two men—the old priest and the young soldier—knelt, and they raised to heaven their hearts. In the cottage was nought but peace.

They were shaking hands, when suddenly, there came at the cottage door, a double knock, loud, short, authoritative. The priest waved MacMahon towards the inner room.

'Who is there?' he asked in his mild, mellow voice.

'Open at once, in the name of the Queen,' came a rough voice, followed by a pounding on the door.

Father Tom hesitated; then, with a silent prayer, he undid the bolt. In rushed half a dozen soldiers, their muskets at the ready, bayonets fixed. Followed a young officer, sword in hand. A fine young fellow, with the stamp of breeding. His sword came up to the salute, as he gazed on the grand old man standing there, leonine, silent. 'Pardon, reverend sir,' he said, 'pardon this intrusion. My duty compels. We have information that you harbor one, Charles MacMahon, engaged in treasonable practices against our Sovereign lady the Queen. The house is surrounded. Escape is impossible. But, if you give me your word of honor as a gentleman that he is not here, I withdraw my men—'

'Don't do it, don't do it, sir,' yelled a cracked voice; and from the shadows outside there darted forward a cringing, ragged figure, of evil face, hawk eye and nose; one of the famous priest-hunters—'don't do it, sir, the wicked popish mass-monger will swear anything.'

Leisurely, the young officer stuffed the hilt of his sword full against the mouth of the intruder; so the creature suddenly sprawled on his back, spitting blood, and curses, and teeth.

'As I was saying,' remarked the young officer, 'when I was interrupted, if you give me your word of honor—'

'There is no need,' said a grave voice at the bedroom door; 'I am Charles MacMahon. What is your business with me, sir?' He stepped forward, head high, and that smile on his face that comes in time of peril to men of blood.

The young officer's face hardened. 'Then,' said he, 'I arrest you, Charles MacMahon, in the name of the Queen'; and, turning to Father Tom, 'it is my duty, reverend sir, to arrest you also.'

The old priest bowed his head. 'God's will be done,' said he. 'Let us trust in heaven. I am ready.'

'And so am I,' said MacMahon.

A word of command, and fifty musket-butts rang as one on the hard ground; another, and fifty bayonets, flashing in the cold March sunlight, were sent home with a whirr. The fifty troopers, staring stolidly at the crowd, formed three sides of a square, of which the fourth was the front of Dunbeg courthouse.

The tense, anxious crowd waited and watched—and prayed. They could do nothing more, though there in that little court was to be settled that day for their loved priest and for their loved young chief, life—or, it may be death.

The prisoners were brought from the cell, and stood in the dock between armed troopers. Father Tom laid his hand protectingly on MacMahon's shoulder; and he stood up like a soldier, looking straight in front of him at two magistrates on the bench.

After formalities, the clerk read out the long charge and the young officer entered the box. Before he could be sworn there was a hustle at the door and Squire Stodart, looking hot and breathless, entered, and sat on the bench.

The young officer gave formal evidence of the arrest. Neither prisoner asked him any question. There was a lull, and the prosecutor looked anxious. There were whisperings amongst his underlings, and shakes of the head, and rustlings of papers—

'Call the next witness!' said Squire Stodart, in his clear, strong voice.

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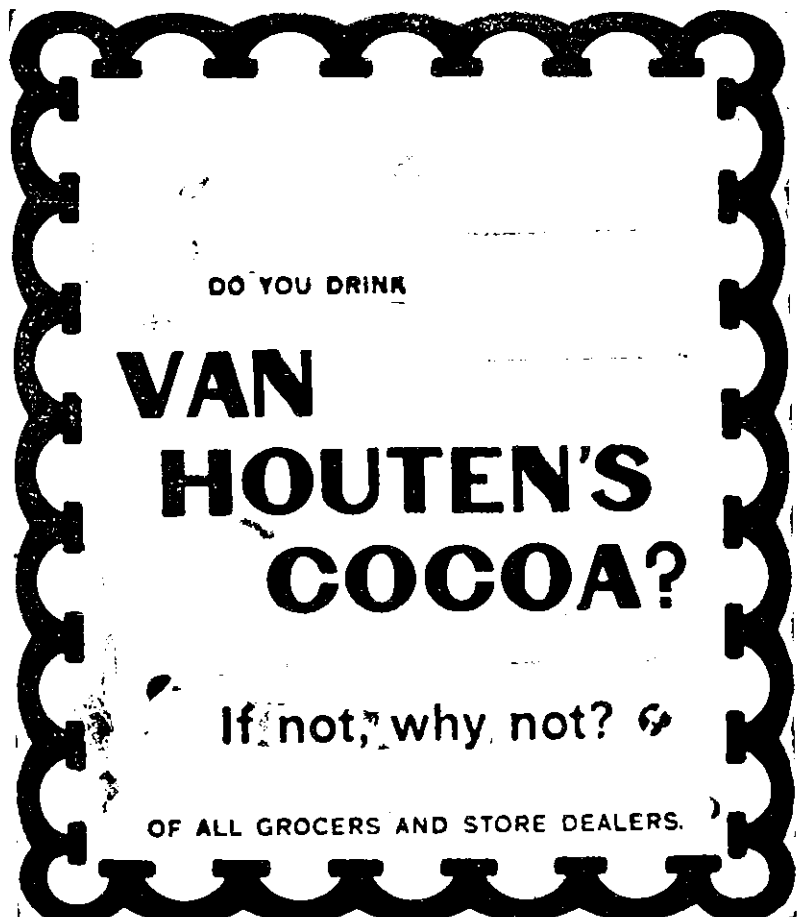
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'William Monro,' cried the clerk. No answer. Again he called, and again—Silence.

The sergeant bustled to the door, and bellowed over the heads of the soldiers, 'William Monro!' but from that crowd, praying from their hearts, there came no sign.

Up jumped the prosecutor, 'Your worships, I must ask for an adjournment. Through some extraordinary reason, my most important witness, Mr. Monro, is absent.'

'Does your case depend on—er—Mr. Monro?' said Squire Stodart.

'Yes, your worship; he can prove the charges up to the hilt.'

'Do you mean William Monro, the sneaking rascal who has been going about the country for the last year hunting down peaceful men, and holy men, like dogs?'

'Well, if your worship likes to put it that way, that is the man I mean.'

'Then,' said the Squire, 'I can tell you that William Monro will never again prove anything up to the hilt this side of doom. With my own eyes I saw him lying dead of a broken neck in the last half hour. By some means he got into the loft above one of my stables. Disturbed by the arrival of my groom, he jumped from the loft, fell on his head and, as I said, broke his neck. No doubt the coroner will inquire fully into the matter, and my groom and myself will have great pleasure in giving evidence. Have you any other witnesses? No! Then I see nothing to detain us here.'

A hurried whisper followed amongst the three magistrates, and then the senior announced:

'The prisoners are discharged.'

MacMahon never moved a muscle, but Father Tom raised his hands and muttered a prayer. Maybe that good man included a Pater and Ave for the wretch who was gone. Who knows?

Down from the bench came Squire Stodart, and wrung Father Tom's hand. He did not make any sign of recognition to MacMahon. 'Come, Father Tom,' he said, 'the carriage is waiting. You and your friend are coming to lunch with me.' The sergeant stepped forward, and touched MacMahon on the shoulder.

'You must remain,' he said, as a suspected person.'

'Suspected he hanged,' shouted the Squire. 'I beg your pardon, Father Tom; this gentleman is in my custody and there he remains.'

The three walked out into the sunshine. For a moment there was a hush; and then such an Irish cheer rang, such a yell of triumph and joy and courage and hope, as has been heard aye—hundreds of times all over the world, from the throats of Ireland's sons, when the fierce gladness of battle has roused them.

No horses drew the carriage that day to the Squire's door. Men and women, and even the little ones, lent willing arms. In front rode the Squire, on his black hunter, the proudest man in Clare. At the door Marjorie was waiting, and her eyes were shining. MacMahon bowed low over her hand, and she did not shrink when he kissed it. Father Tom laid his hand on her head, and she smiled bravely at him. 'Thank God! Father Tom,' said she, 'thank God!'

'Thank God, my child,' said he; but his voice was broken; and in his eyes there was a troubled look.

When they entered he faced his host. 'Squire Stodart,' said he, placing both his hands on the other's shoulders and looking him square in the face, 'Squire, did that man die by accident, or—?'

'I don't know,' said the Squire; 'ask Tim Lynch. He was there. But this I do know that it is not by accident you would die on the gallows of Ennis town if that fiend had reached Dunbeg Courthouse this day—not to mention your friend.'

Father Tom fell on his knees. He bowed his head in his hands.

It was not a merry meal. It could not be; but the two needed refreshment and cheer after what they had gone through; and both they got.

'And now,' said the Squire at its conclusion,

'Father Tom, you are a free man to-day as you were yesterday, and heaven knows that's not saying much; but as for you, my young friend—I told you once there were good horses in my stable. I tell you so now again; if you are wise you will take the best of them after dark and make for the north of the county where the faces of the MacMahons are not so well known. Tim will select the horse for you, and you are welcome to it—'

That night by the light of a stable lantern Tim Lynch led out the grand black hunter. 'Tell me,' said Charles before he mounted, 'did you kill Monro?'

'No, Master Charles, fate did. We had him bound hand and foot in the loft. The master and myself did it. I came to have a look at him in the morning. The scoundrel had some way cut the cords on his feet. I made a grab at him to tie him again and whatever way it happened the cord hanging from his leg tripped him, and between that and the shove I gave him to grab him he fell over backwards off the loft and, begannies, he broke his neck—bad luck from him.'

'I see,' said Charles.

'Aye! wisha, Master Charles, isn't it worse to think of yourself with your neck stretched. As for him, he has only got his due. Sure 'tis only cheating the hangman.'

Fond was the parting between those two, who as little boys had played together. 'God speed you,' said poor Tim, 'and keep you safe, and His Holy Mother,' and he kissed MacMahon's hand over and over, while his tears dropped full and hot. Well he realised what he had done to save the two lives. 'God speed you!' And he stood at the gate looking into the darkness long after the last hoof-beats had died away.

But over the crest of the hill, where the firs shut out the last view of the house, MacMahon, thinking of the last whispered words of Marjorie, and taking a long, long look at the lighted windows—sighed deeply into the folds of the collar of his riding-coat.—*Catholic Bulletin*.

A GHOST STORY

Alida Loyd panted heavily as she came into her aunt's kitchen, for she was very fat and quivered like a mould of jelly when she moved. She was an idle, shallow-minded woman, much given to gossip of a harmless sort, and, as might be expected, she was a poor housekeeper. Her husband, Finney Loyd, was a little wisp of a man who did odd jobs around the shipyard.

'Well, Aunt Betsey,' said Alida, in her slow drawl, 'any news?'

'News of what?' snapped Betsey Findlebury.

'Oh, anything,' was Alida's reply, but her little eyes narrowed watchfully as she swayed to and fro in the Boston rocker.

'No news,' Mrs. Findlebury clipped her words sharply, as she always did when speaking to her niece.

For the past six months Alida had carried much news from Betsey Findlebury's neat white house.

'Haven't you heard a word from Uncle Silas?' asked Alida.

'I can't communicate with the dead,' persisted Alida.

'Of course,' and Betsey's lips shut tight.

'Then Mrs. Moore was wondering why you don't wear black for him or lavender,' went on Alida.

'Mamie Moore's always wondering about something,' retorted Betsey dryly. 'Once she wondered what Finney Loyd ever saw about you that was worth falling in love with.'

Alida's fat cheeks reddened dully. 'Mamie Moore's always been jealous of me marrying Finney,' she said with some difficulty.

'Hum! Seeing's she gave Finney the mitten two years before you kept company with him, I don't see how she's got anything to complain of,' nodded Aunt Betsey. 'Now, you was talking about your Uncle Silas, Alida.'



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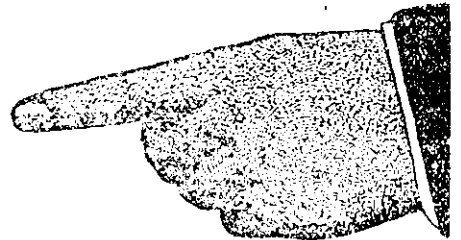


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WANGANUI

Mrs. Loyd glared resentfully at the quiet little white haired woman knitting so serenely by the west window.

'I ain't the only one Mamie Moore talks about,' she muttered, as she got upon her feet, 'She says, says she, "I hear that Silas Findlebury's ghost is walking again," and, being as he was my own uncle, I felt it a duty to myself, he having been a Findlebury, to come over and find out about it.'

Betsey's soft lips settled into a straight line, and for a moment she made no reply. Then:

'Your Uncle Silas was drowned off the White Rock six months ago—to be exact, on the 17th day of February. Leastways, we think he was drowned, and now we're sure he was drowned because he never came home, and the empty boat, all stove in amidships came ashore one day. You know all that I know, Alida.' Betsey was quite pale when she finished.

Alida stared at her with round eyes.

'Well, Humboldt Pedrick declared he saw Uncle Silas ploughing the south field in April,' she said, boldly, 'at night.'

'Fiddle!' snapped Betsey, crossly.

'Well, who ploughed it, then?' demanded Alida, triumphantly. 'Humboldt says he's asked every man in Little River, and there ain't one that done it. Who did it, Aunt Betsey?'

'Good-bye, Alida,' said Mrs. Findlebury, coldly.

'I'm sorry you're in such a hurry, but it's most supper time, and I expect your dinner dishes ain't washed up yet, and it might be that your beds ain't made. I saw a pillow hanging out of Finney's winder just now.' She smiled grimly as the door slammed after Mrs. Loyd's bulky form.

When she was alone her sweet face grew suddenly pinched as if with mental suffering. She hid her face in her worn hands and rocked gently to and fro.

'I wonder—I wonder who did it,' she murmured over and over again.

She wondered what Alida and her inquisitive friends would say if they knew that Silas Findlebury had quarrelled bitterly with his wife the day before he disappeared.

No one but herself knew of that quarrel, the outgrowth of Silas' desire to build a new barn on the place. They had been saving money for two years to pay off the little mortgage remaining on the farm. The 500 dollars, together with 18 dollars for six months' interest, would build the barn that Silas declared he needed for the proper housing of his stock.

Betsey believed that the old barn would do for a while longer. She was eager to remove the last encumbrance from her home. They had quarrelled for the first time during their happy married life.

The very next day Silas had announced his intention of going fishing, and that was the last Betsey had seen of him. The money had been in his pockets, for Silas placed no faith in banks.

Early in April Mrs. Findlebury awoke one morning to find her south field ploughed and harrowed, ready for the corn. It had been Silas' habit to have his corn in before the 10th. The field was ploughed on the 7th, and Betsey herself planted the corn on the 8th and 9th.

Humboldt Pedrick declared that he saw Silas Findlebury driving two white horses before a white plough, ploughing his own cornfield at midnight. He also said that Silas was dressed in white robes, and that a cold wind blew over the field as he watched. Suddenly he was stricken with the truth. It was the ghost of Silas ploughing his own cornfield.

Betsey Findlebury grew very white when she heard what the gossips were saying, but she said nothing.

If she only knew whether Silas—but what else could have happened to a middle-aged man of his sober habits? The sound had been rough that day, and the sea was quite high, and near the mouth of the river there was a strong tide, and White Rock was a dangerous reef.

Well, there was the empty boat floating bottom upward. The oars were missing, and there was the broken side.

'It can't be explained,' muttered Betsey Findlebury, as she arose and began to get supper. 'There's more things in heaven and earth than—I've forgotten the rest—but I guess it means there's more queer happenings than we poor mortals can explain.'

After supper she went out to feed the chickens. On her way back she looked up at the roof of the old house. The two wide-mouthed chimneys needed re-painting, and if Silas had been alive she knew that he would have painted the bricks fresh red, with neat white stripes outlining the mortar. A big locust tree overhung the house and trailed drooping branches along the ridgepole.

'That limb needs lopping off,' sighed Betsey, as she went indoors.

At 12 o'clock that night Betsey Findlebury awoke suddenly and sat up in bed.

What was that sound? She listened intently. It was a gentle pattering overhead, and occasionally a heavy creaking sound.

Betsey Findlebury slipped from her bed and went to the garret stairs. Again she hearkened. Now the sounds were plainer, and they appeared to come from the roof.

What could it be? She sniffed the air.

In five minutes Betsey had dressed herself in the dark and noiselessly gone down stairs. The front door opened and closed, and Betsey tiptoed out on the porch, down the steps, and on to the grass of the front yard. When she had reached the shadow of a tall shrub she peered up at the roof of her house, and her nervous fingers clutched her throat.

Silhouetted against the midnight sky, in the radiance of the full moon, was a man's tall, white-clad form. Betsey saw him stepping carefully to and fro, bending now and then. His arm went back and forth, back and forth, and, although she shrill chorus of the katydids drowned any sounds he might have made, Betsey imagined she could hear the pat-pat-pat of a paint brush passing over the bricks of the shabby chimney.

The midnight painter was quietly letting himself down into the branches of the locust. By the time he had slipped down to the ground beside the back porch Betsey had flung wide the kitchen door and was saying in a cheery voice that she tried to hold steady:

'Hurry up, Silas. Your breakfast is waiting for you. Seems to me you've been a powerful long time over them chimneys.'

For an instant there was silence. Then the tall form, clothed in painter's overalls, stepped forward on to the porch.

Silas Findlebury appeared worn and haggard and very tired. His eyes looked anxiously at Betsey's face, beautiful with its tender, tremulous smile.

'Betsey, Betsey, do you want me?' he whispered brokenly.

'Silas Findlebury, you'll catch your death a-standing out there!' scolded Betsey, and so, drawing her lost husband within the house, Betsey Findlebury once and forever laid his ghost.

Over that midnight meal Silas Findlebury told how he had gone fishing that February day, how the wind and tide had carried him off shore and into the path of a sound steamer, and how a deck hand had flung a rope and pulled him aboard.

He told of their arrival in New York, and of his sudden inspiration to speculate with the \$518 contained in his pocket. If he could return home with double that amount of money they could pay off the mortgage and build the new barn as well.

Silas speculated and lost. Then he went to Milltown, where his brother lived, and obtained work there in one of the mills. Little by little he was saving money, trying to make up the sum he had lost. At different times he had walked the ten miles to Little River to do something on his own farm, to help Betsey, to catch a glimpse of her sitting beside her lonely lamp. To-night he had come to paint the chimneys. They had worried him, he said. Here Betsey's arms around him stopped his narrative.

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It mattered not that he had saved only a paltry 25 dollars of the needed amount; it mattered nothing to Betsey that it would take two or more years of saving to acquire another amount sufficient to pay off the mortgage. Silas had come home, they were together and his ghost would walk no more.

And Betsey was so happy that she gave the glad news to Finney Loyd's wife, so that Alida would have the pleasure of spreading the tidings from one end of Little River to the other.

'STAND FAST IN THE FAITH'

(A Weekly Instruction specially written for the N.Z. TABLET by GHIMMEL.)

STRAY QUESTIONS.

1. *Is one religion as good as another?*

I am always disposed to question the sanity of anyone who in the matter of religion takes up the position that one belief is as good as another. Why? Because that same man would not dream of admitting such a principle in any other matter. No one, for example, would hold for an instant that one system in philosophy or in economy is as good as another. It is either better or worse. One social scheme put forward to further the material well-being of a nation cannot be just the same as another; it is either better or worse. And if this be so even in the relations that exist between the citizens of a state and the governing authorities of that state, how much more is it the case, when, in the matter of religion, God enters into relations with his creatures! No sovereign or prince ever existed who left to his subjects the free, untrammelled choice as to how they were to give expression to the allegiance they owed him; nor did any government, however liberal or democratic, ever embrace as a principle of its liberalism or mark of its democratic character that the mode of the service of its citizens was to be decided by the humor of each individual at his whim.

2. *What is meant by the Inspiration of the Bible?*

When we speak of a writing as inspired we mean that God 'directed the mind of the writer in those truths He wished to be committed to writing; urged that writer effectively to obey, and assisted him in its execution lest he should err' (Leo XIII.). It does not turn the writer into a machine, depriving him for the time being of his faculties of memory, will, and intellect; no, it allows these full play, only directing, guarding, and assisting them to the extent that what God wants written down is written down and that no errors creep in.

3. *Why do we believe that the books contained in the Bible are inspired?*

This is a fundamental question, and the answers given to it by the various non-Catholic religious bodies would fill a book. I shall content myself with giving the answer of the Catholic Church. Note, in passing, that this answer was not invented recently to meet a pressing need; it is the answer which the Church gave centuries ago, and which she will always give.

This is what the Catholic Church proclaims from the housetops: 'I am a living teacher. I am the same Church who speaks to you to-day as the Church who spoke on the day of Pentecost. To my custody was the entire body of revealed doctrine committed by Christ and His Apostles. I kept these doctrines and apprehended them and pondered them. In the custody of these revealed doctrines, in keeping them pure and free from all taint or error, the Spirit of Truth was with me. In teaching them I was, and am, infallible by the gift of Him Who was my Founder. A part of that revealed truth was God's testimony that the documents which I afterwards gathered together, and which are now known as Scripture, were in deed inspired, were the very words of God.'

That is a plain answer, and there is no uncertain ring about it. One of the keenest thinkers of modern times, a man who knows the ideas of other Churches

from top to bottom, Mr. Mallock, thinks the answer is the only logical, self-consistent, and thinkable one. He writes 'There is one body of Christians, and it is older and incomparably more numerous than any of those other Christian bodies distinguished from it, which does give to those questions a distinct and coherent answer, and it is the only distinct and coherent answer which has ever been given or attempted, the answer of the Church of Rome. The fact, therefore, that Rome is provided by the Roman theory with a teaching authority, which it never has lost, or will lose, which is living to-day as on the day of the first Council, which is as ready to meet the philosophic thought of the past, and which is destined, perhaps, to unfold to us a body of Christian doctrine wider and deeper even than that which it has unfolded and defined already: the fact that Rome is provided with an authority of this indestructible kind is the feature by which that Church is most clearly known to be the only Christian body still possessing the means of presenting Christian doctrine to the modern world as a body of truths supported by a system of definite proofs, and destined, like other truths, to develop as knowledge widens.'

ST. AUGUSTINE

(For the N.Z. Tablet by the Rev. J. KELLY, Ph.D.)

Christ is known in His saints. The saint is a saint because he is a friend of Christ's. And no man or woman ever became a saint in any other way. Friendship is more than charity, as charity is more than love. Love of itself may be either good or bad; but charity is never bad. As its name implies, charity makes those we love *dear* to us; and friendship is nothing else than this higher love specialised and become a habit. It is mutual, benevolent love. It is not a virtue; but it is built on all the virtues. It grows through exercise like the virtues, and is nourished in the mind.

All love tends to union, and through friendship the highest union is possible. It not only makes the friend like the friend, but it lifts the lowly to the plane of the highest; it makes man like God. Thus it made the friends of Christ like Christ. And through them, who seem to be, but really are not, more kin to us, except in their infirmities, men sometimes find it easier to come to Christ and to approach that friendship with Him which the lives of the saints show us to be within our reach.

Who abides in charity, abides in God, and God in him. A friend is an *alter ego*, another self. One Roman poet called another the half of his soul. Now the Eternal Truth tells us that this, too, may be said of man and God, when once man has come into the friendship with Christ, for which on His part He hungers and thirsts. The Divine Friendship is for us all. It is ours to make it ours. And when we have done so, and when by our acts of friendship it is growing, when our mind and will and imagination feed it, we will come to understand at last why He put one positive law of love in the place of all the stern prohibitions of the Decalogue. 'Thou shalt not' need no longer be a warning beacon for which we have to look at every step. We can steer by the stars without danger of losing our way. In this month of August the Church asks us to honor a friend of Christ's whose life is at once an example and a consolation for all men. On the 28th of August we keep the Feast of St. Augustine. He was a sinner and he became a saint. Midway in the walk of life he came out of the dark wood into the light and warmth of Christ's love, through which he won his crown as any of us sinners may.

Nothing in human affairs is constant but the law of change. In the fulness of its beauty the flower begins to wither; the ripeness of the fruit is followed by rotteness. When the great Roman republic became an Empire it was at the zenith of its greatness; and with the Empire decay set in. If you would learn what rottenness attended its decay read the Apocalypse and the Epistle to the Romans. That in the awful

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symbolism of St. John and in the plain language of St. Paul there is no over painting of the dreadful picture is plain from the testimony of the Romans themselves. The foundations of the Empire were giving way. The height of pagan civilisation was also the depth of pagan corruption. Justice and honor and virtue became shadows: cruelty and impurity reigned in the human heart. Through what unspeakable orgies Rome tottered to its fall Tacitus and Juvenal and Lucullus still tell us. The rot continued until the fourth century, when the barbarians of the north succeeded the effete Caesars. Let us remember that it was in the midst of this sea of iniquity the early Church grew, the leaven and the salt, active and salutary in the heart of the mass of unmentionable wickedness.

Against such a background the figure of Augustine arises out of the years. He was born at Tagaste, a little African town, in 354. His father, Patricius, did not become a Christian until just before death, about the year 371. But Monica, his mother, was not only a Christian but a saint. Under her care his early years were spent. And in these years, three cardinal ideas were fixed in his mind: the Divine Providence of God, the life to come with its rewards and punishments, and Christ the Saviour of mankind. In after life no tempest that ever broke on the barque of his soul shifted these anchors, which, hidden deep, held through all stern and stress. "From my tenderest infancy I had with my mother's milk sucked that name of my Saviour, Thy Son; I kept it in the recesses of my heart; and all that presented itself to me without that Divine Name did not altogether carry me away." In 370, he went to Carthage to study law. The vortex of licentiousness caught the gifted, imaginative boy in that half pagan city. The seductions of vice, the example of his fellow-students, his own pride, dragged him down. Still a boy, he formed an attachment then which fettered his soul for fifteen years.

In 373, through the eloquence of Cicero he became enamored of philosophy. This phase of development unfortunately led him to seek in the doctrines of the Manichaeans a solution of the problems of nature and of the origin of evil. He was won over to this sect and threw himself into it with all his energy, much to the grief of his mother. For nine years he followed the false light. But, as his powers developed, he saw how vain it was. Its dogmatism, its inability to answer the problems it attempted to deal with, its want of science, at last disillusioned him.

In his twentieth year he went to Rome, and thence to Milan, where he obtained a professorship. He soon fell under the spell of the great Bishop of that See, St. Ambrose, and became a regular attendant wherever the saint preached. The seeds were now germinating in his soul, but it was long yet ere they bore fruit. He began to read Plato, and that most beautiful of pagan philosophers filled him with dreams and aspirations after a higher life spent in quest of truth. But the fabric of his passions did not withstand the rude onslaught of his passions, and as yet he neither renounced pleasure nor embraced celibacy.

All these years Monica was praying for the home-coming of the wanderer. Ambrose had told her that it was impossible that "the son of so many tears could perish." And through the tears and prayers of her mother's love he found himself at last.

The way of grace as a rule is as gentle as the breath of a vernal breeze, and as soft as the mild rains of spring. Softly it knocks at the door of the heart, softly, too, it calls on the sleeping sinner. But history records, as does the experience of every confessor, instances in which it comes like an irresistible torrent, breaking down all barriers and taking the heart by storm. So it came to St. Paul; so to Mary Magdalene, and so also to Augustine. In the garden at Milan, in 386, it came to him. The marvellous pages of *The Confessions* tell the story vividly in his own words. First the impression made by the reading of the life of Anthony; then the great conflict between

the flesh and the spirit, and borne in on the turmoil of his soul, a voice chanting, 'Take up and read, take up and read.' Then, 'returning to the place where Alypius was sitting, for there I had laid the volume of the Apostle when I arose thence, I seized, opened, and in silence read that section on which my eyes first fell: "Not in revelling and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and emulation; but put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh and its desires." No further would I read, nor needed I: for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a light, as it were, of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.'

Now the shackles fell from his spirit; now the gloom of the wood was behind him for ever. The stars were shining, and the tremulous waves of grace broke in music over his soul:—"Too late have I loved Thee, O Beauty, so old and yet so new. Too late have I loved Thee. And behold Thou wast within and I without; and without I sought Thee, and rushed in my deformity on these fair forms which Thou hast created. Thou wast with me, and I was not with Thee. Thou calledst; Then utteredst Thy voice; Thou brokest through my deafness. Thy lightning flashed; Thy splendor shone; my darkness was scattered. Thy scent came forth, I drew my breath, and I pant for Thee. I tasted, I hunger, and I thirst. Thy touch reached me, and I burnt after Thy peace.'

In the following year, with his mother, he went down to Ostia, thence to embark for Africa. And at Ostia Monica died. In all literature there are no pages to rival his description of those last days with his mother in that old town between the Tiber and the sea. I know no writing more beautiful than the description of their discourse as they looked down from the window over the garden of that house in Ostia; nor, do I believe, has the language of man ever soared to such exalted flights of eloquence. And for vibrating words of pathos what can compare with his account of her death! She died full of hope, joyful now that her work was done and the wanderer brought home again. She made but one request: 'Lay this body anywhere: let not the care for that in any way disturb you: this only I ask, that you would remember me at the Lord's altar, wherever you be.' "And I believe," he says, 'Thou hast already done what I ask. For she, the day of her dissolution now at hand, took no thought to have her body sumptuously wound up, nor desired she a choice monument, nor to be buried in her own land. These things she desired not, but desired only to have her name remembered at Thy altar, which she had served without the intermission of one day, whence she knew that holy Victim to be dispensed by which the handwriting that was against us is blotted out.'

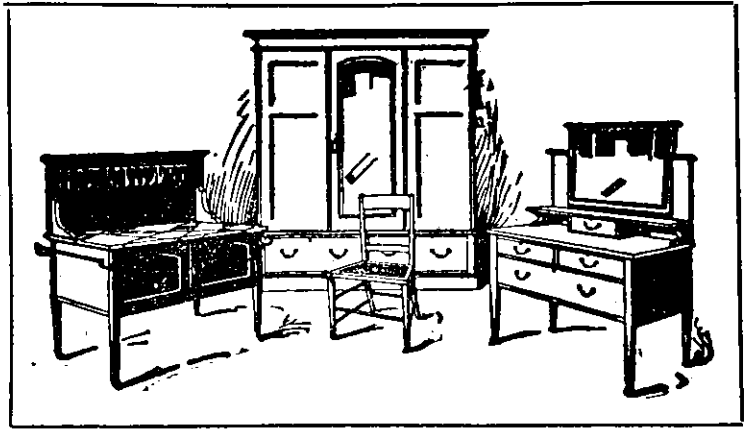
For forty-four years after his conversion Augustine stood as a priest and a bishop amid the ruins of the pagan world, a builder of the city of God in the hearts of men. They were years of marvellous labors and of extraordinary mental activity. In his most important work, *De Civitate Dei*, he groups round the Catholic religion the destinies of the world, and draws clearly the lines between the City of God, living and always enduring in the hope of God, and the city of the devil, having its end fixed in the things of time, in vain glory, in ambition, and in lust. The *Confessions* lay bare to us the heart and mind of the writer with an insight so clear and an analysis so exact that they are unequalled as an autobiography. And besides these he left to posterity a treasury of theological and scriptural learning, controversial works, sermons and pastoral writings which place him in the foremost rank of the Doctors and Fathers of the Church. If any excelled him in some respects, none had such power over the human heart, nor knew so well how to sound its depths, or so skilfully to subjugate it. The secret lay in his own tenderness, so poignantly revealed in all he wrote about his mother.

The influence of his works no man can estimate. His words have not lost their freshness after all the

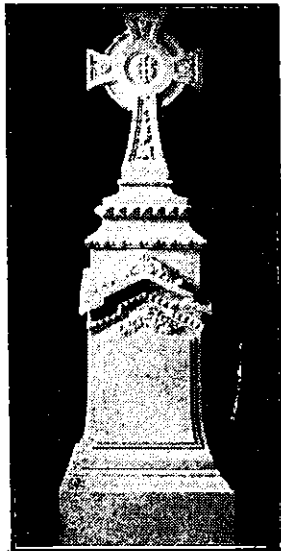
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centuries since his death in the year 430. But the example of his life still reaches many whom his words never reach. And as many a mother finds hope against hope in the memory of Monica, many a wayward son finds in the life of Augustine a strength which enables him to liberate his soul from the bonds that keep it from union with its Saviour, and from friendship with Him Whose love is life and sweetness in time and in eternity.

ROME LETTER

(From our own correspondent.)

June 9.

A great many false rumors have been circulated and offered to credulous readers concerning the Holy Father and the European war. One tells us that the Pope is about to call a European Peace Congress over which he himself will preside. Then comes the approaching departure of the Pope from Rome, and the transferring of the Apostolic See to Switzerland, or may be to the island of Malta. The burden of the song of the third of the series is the compilation of a work by a celebrated jurist and a high ecclesiastic to prove how legitimate is the intervention of the Holy Father in the Congress of Peace. According to a fourth we may soon expect from the Holy Father a White Book of an apologetic nature, in which all Papal documents of the European war will be given. This last originates, I believe, not from enemies of the Holy See, but from well-meaning people. On rather good authority, it has been stated that the Pope is preparing a species of White Book on the diplomatic negotiations initiated by the Vatican on the exchange of prisoners of war. How far this may be true time will tell.

THE COMMANDANT OF THE POPE'S NOBLE GUARDS.

This morning the Contraternity of the 'Sacconi,' after chanting the Office for the Dead in their little church of San Fedele at the foot of the Palatine, and after attending the Solemn Requiem for the soul of Prince Camillo Rospigliosi, Commandant of the Pope's Noble Guards, here at the San Lorenzo cemetery, laid their coturno and laid it in their own vault beneath the yew trees. He was an Italian, a true Catholic gentleman, this head of an ancient and powerful Roman family. The honors spared from the management of his estates were given to the promotion of the interests of religion, of charity, and of Rome. He was a councillor of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and many similar societies; president for ten years of the Primary Roman Society for Catholic Interests; member of the Contraternity of the 'Sacconi,' which is exclusively of noblemen and priests, and which bores its dead with a degree of poverty that even the Poor Man of Assisi could not but approve of; artilleryman on the walls of Rome in 1870 in defence of Pius IX. against Victor Emmanuel's army; and Commandant of the Pontiff's special guard for the past fourteen years. This head of the great Rospigliosi family had had a truly grand career. When his end came his family sent for the 'Sacconi' to lay out the body as the rules of this plain society prescribe. They did not vest it in the magnificent uniform of the Commander of the Noble Guards, nor did they place on the broad breast the decoration of the Order of Christ, the Sovereign Military Order of the Knights of Malta, or any of the others given to Rospigliosi by several of the crowned heads of Europe. But they clad the body in the habit of the 'Sacconi,' made of brown canvas, and they laid it upon a linen sheet on the floor. A candle was lighted at the head, and another at the bare feet. This is how Prince Don Camillo Rospigliosi, like all the other 'Sacconi,' lay in state in one of the large halls of his palazzo on the Quirinal Hill.

FROM ROME TO THE SEA.

Were Julius Caesar in Rome this week his heart should feel glad, not because the war cloud grows

blacker much as the conqueror would enjoy taking a hand in it— but because one of his dearest plans is about to be realised. Rome is about to be joined to the sea. From the City Fathers on the Capitol the fiat has gone forth: an electric train is to run from the Piazza Venezia to Ostia in less than an hour. Everybody feels glad. The masses will be enabled to breathe the ozone occasionally. For though the sea, as the crow flies, is only a dozen or fifteen miles from the Eternal City, I feel inclined to think half of Rome's 600,000 inhabitants never laid eyes on the ocean wave except from the heights of the Alban Hills on the 'festa' days when they went to Albano, Frascati, and Castel Gandolfo. But things have not worked out on Caesar's plan. Julius Caesar paid no attention to such new fangled things as steam trains or electric trains. His idea was to deepen the bed of old Father Tiber and thus enable substantial triremes which should be rowed, of course, by slaves from Gaul, Anglia, and the banks of the Danube to ply between Rome and the sea. Time is more precious now than when Caesar crossed the Rubicon.

THE FUTURE.

Are we at the beginning or in the middle of the European conflagration? Who knows? All I know is that the mails are often late and spasmodic, and that frequently this Rome letter, which is mailed punctually each week, plays queer tricks on the way. Though there was a thought of suspending it for some time, I think now it is well to continue as usual, even though it arrives late. People always like to hear of things in Rome, particularly when they hear the truth. There is no city in the world like 'the world of Rome.' At least this is my experience, and I have seen most cities that are worth seeing.

NOTE.

Among those received recently by Benedict XV. in private audience were Father Chiano, General of the Friars Minor, and Father Gramicci, Institute of the Misericordias of the Sacred Heart.

Don Solano, steady lay sick in his bed.

'Twas a good that in a contracted,

With limbs like lead, he was all but dead,

And his wife was nigh distracted,

In the stress of her grief she shook like a leaf,

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SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

GENERAL.

His Majesty the King has sent a letter of congratulation to Mr. Malcolm Morrison, Bunchrew, Inverness, a Catholic gentleman whose six sons, two sons-in-law, and two grandsons are serving with the Army.

Private Walter Birchall, of the 5th King's, writing to his relatives in Liverpool, states: 'The village we are in now is a very large one. Everything has been knocked down except three shrines and a crucifix, and they are not scratched. It has been the same everywhere I have been. It is curious, but true.'

From St. Helens, England, almost the entire male Catholic population of military age and fitness has gone to the war, and, in battle many of the men have heroically died, or have distinguished themselves beyond their fellows. In this respect, Holy Cross parish has a remarkable record. Only recently, two of its members—Corporal Thomas Hallwood and Private John Percy—have gained the Distinguished Conduct Medal; three others have been awarded promotion as sergeants; six have been made corporals; sixteen have been killed in action, and four are reported missing, whilst a large number have been wounded, and one, James Wynne, who has four brothers with the colors, was gassed at Ypres. Amongst the dead is Sergeant John Gallon, who died from wounds received in the great battle at Hill 60, and who had a long service medal, and one, with five bars, for the South African war. For years he was one of the canopy bearers in the Corpus Christi procession at Holy Cross.

FATHER FINN'S GRAVE.

The following letter, addressed to 'The next of kin of the late Rev. W. Finn,' who was recently killed in action at the Dardanelles, is published in *St. Austin's Magazine*, Canon Caswell's parochial record at Kentworth, England. It bears the address 'Cottonera Hospital, Malta.'

Dear Sir, I am sending herewith the obituary of the late Father Finn, which I collected before leaving him at the Dardanelles on the 26th April last. It may be some little consolation to you to know that his death was almost instantaneous, and that he could have suffered absolutely no pain.

I trust you will accept my sincerest sympathy in your great loss, shared equally, I know, by every member of the battalion, to whom he had greatly endeared himself during the short period he was with it.

He was laid to rest in a quiet spot close to where he fell near the beach of Saddle Bahr, and I erected a small cross over his grave before leaving the shore for a hospital ship.

NAAS SERGEANT AWARDED D.C.M.

The depot of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers at Naas was the scene of an interesting military function recently when Sergeant W. Cook, 2nd Battalion was decorated with the D.C.M. with sash, by the Commanding Officer, Col. Briggs, in recognition of his bravery in the field. The official notification of the award was read as follows: 'No. 8672, Sergt. W. Cook, 2nd Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, has been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for the following act of gallantry: For great coolness during the engagement of April 25th, and the following eight days east of Ypres, patrolling every night up to the German lines. From the top of a farm he killed ten Germans and then went out and took their leader, a German officer, prisoner.' Col. Briggs said it gave him great pleasure to bestow upon Sergt. Cook the decoration which he had earned by his distinguished conduct on the battlefield. The regiment was proud of him and proud of the manner in which he upheld their traditional bravery. Amid loud cheers Col. Briggs then fixed the medal on the sergeant's breast, and shook hands with him and once more congratulated him.

In an interview with a press representative, Sergt. Cook said he went to the front in August, and was

promoted from private to sergeant on the field, and several times had been recommended for his conduct in attending to and bringing in wounded men. On one occasion he went out at night, and having reconnoitred the enemy's trench, found his way back barred by a party of Germans. He lay still for some time and waited for the next flare shell to locate the enemy, and then poured in shot after shot on them, taking them completely by surprise. He had fifty rounds of ammunition, and at about the twenty-fifth shot his rifle jammed. He had accounted for several of the party, and then charging them with the bayonet he shouted, 'Come on the Dubs! Come on Boys! We have them now.' This gave the impression that he had a large force behind him and what remained of them cleared back to their trench, so that he was enabled to return in safety to his own lines, where he received an ovation from the men.

PRIESTS IN THE POST OF DANGER.

The valor and zeal of the Catholic priesthood in the fighting line has been the theme of many tributes from observers of different religions. No finer testimony to their splendid record of service at the front has been paid than the words of Driver Frederick J. Collinson, who is engaged on ambulance work at the front.

Although, Driver Collinson says, he has been brought up a strict Protestant, he must plainly express that he has never seen or heard of such heroism as these abbots show. They practically fight among themselves to be able to go into the front line of trenches, and when the wounded are put in the ambulance and are beyond aid the priests will suffer any inconvenience to be able to pray by their side while the cars are tearing along on their errand of mercy. Most of them are in soldiers' clothes, and by the ordinary way they work one would never think they held such a high rank in private life.

He has never seen one of the priests show any signs of weariness. When he has a puncture or engine trouble they are always the first to have their hands black. In conclusion, he says: 'My opinion of the Catholic priest will always be at the highest, although my religion will never change from Protestant.'

A CREDITABLE RECORD.

Speaking at the mass meeting in the Town Hall, Auckland, on Wednesday evening week, when the loyalty and determination of the community with regard to the Imperial war policy were reaffirmed, Mr. P. J. Nerheny submitted some exceedingly interesting information regarding the part that Ireland has played in the present war. He quoted Mr. John Redmond, who, in a speech at Manchester in March last, had said: 'We have 100,000 men from the soil of Ireland itself. We have 115,000 from the Irish in Great Britain. From Canada, Australia, and New Zealand I have good means of information, because I am in close touch with men in every one of these colonies, and I have been told that an enormous, and quite a surprising proportion of those contingents are Irishmen born, or the sons of Irishmen. Therefore, it is no exaggeration for me to state that at this moment the Irish race has at the front a quarter of a million of her sons.'

'Turning to prominent individual Irishmen,' Mr. Nerheny said: 'Sir John French comes from a good Roscommon stock. Admiral Beatty comes from Wexford. Admiral Carden, who in the early stages commanded the fleet which bombarded the Dardanelles, comes from Tipperary, and when Carden, through ill-health, was forced to resign his command, his place was taken by Admiral De Roebuck, from Kildare. Lieutenant-Commander Creagh, of the destroyer that sank the German submarine No. 8, is from County Clare. If we come down to the rank and file, the name of Miko O'Leary will be for ever associated with this war, and with him large numbers of Irishmen who have won fame and distinction.'

In South Africa, Mr. Nerheny reminded his

John
Adair

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audience, an Irish Brigade was formed and joined Botha in his task of defeating the Germans in that country.

Coming to the Irish regiments, who had not heard with pride of the deeds during the war of the Dublin Fusiliers, the Munster Fusiliers, the Inniskilling Fusiliers, Connaught Rangers, Royal Irish Rifles, and the Irish Guards, of all of which our Empire was proud to-day? Stephen Gwynn, D. Sheehan, Professor Kettle, William Redmond, and William Archer Redmond (brother and son of the Irish Leader), all of whom were members or ex-members of the Irish Party, had enrolled for the front. Well, we might say with the Irish poet of the last century:—

'Far away in foreign lands, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the graves of the men of the Irish Brigade.'

A LETTER FROM THE DARDANELLES.

Trooper J. Fogarty, 10th New Zealand M.R., writes to us as follows from the Dardanelles under date June 14:—

'Just a few lines to inform you that some N.Z. *Tablets* reached us from New Zealand from someone unknown to us, and we were all delighted to get them. It is in a place like this that we find its value and appreciate the paper to its utmost. We are all very thankful to the senders for their thoughtfulness, although the issues are generally a fortnight behind the other weekly papers in reaching here. We trust the senders will remedy this, so that we will be up to date in news. Now, perhaps, you would like to hear a little of our life at the front. To start with, we left Zeitoun on the -- of last month, and arrived at -- at daylight, and embarked on board the --. We had a lovely trip, which we enjoyed after the sand and heat of Egypt, which we were pleased to leave behind us. After a -- voyage we landed at dusk, and on the torpedo boat taking us ashore, one of the boys got shot through the arm. We landed behind the firing line, and got our baptism of fire from the start. In the morning shells were bursting overhead, and we camped in a valley for the night. In the afternoon we shifted to a permanent bivouac, and we no sooner got settled than the enemy's shells began to fall on the place we had just left. Our first deed was to take over an outpost on a hill outside the main trenches. For nearly three weeks we held that post. Among those killed during that time were Sergeants Bowden, Johnstone, and Patterson, Troopers Dalton, Harding, Taylor, Dobson, whilst a number had been wounded. From there we went sapping up in the main trenches on our front. The trenches are for all the world like a spider's web going in all directions from the centre—a regular network of them. The hottest time we had so far was on a Sunday night, two weeks ago. We captured an outpost trench from the enemy, and manned it from the --. The enemy surrounded them, and on Sunday morning reinforcements were sent out to them from camp, but could not reach the trench owing to the enemy's fire. At six o'clock we got orders to get our tea and be prepared at seven o'clock to go and rescue the Wellingtons. We set out at 7, and before going far we had two hundred yards of open country, under the enemy's fire, to cross. The bullets were simply pouring round us. We got across with one man killed and two wounded. However, we got out to the trench and covered the Wellington men, while the wounded were got out, and then those who were un hurt. We all left the trench together, and when the enemy found out that the trench was abandoned, they made a noise. Some of them followed us, but it cost them their lives. Wellington lost heavily there from shrapnel and bombs. We are camped on the hill that the infantry took when they landed, and one cannot speak too highly of them in capturing and holding this position against such odds. It fills one with pride to stand and gaze on this position, and think it was the Colonials that took and hold it in the manner they did. The Colonies have much to be proud of in these boys. This is a lovely climate here, much the same as that of New Zealand. We have had beautiful weather since landing, with the exception of one night in the trenches, when a

storm came on, and most of us found our packs and blankets in the dug-out floating round in the water. We are very well treated, in fact we couldn't be better. We get plenty to eat, although it is hard food, it is good, and we get plenty of it. Yesterday we had bread for the first time in five weeks, and it was a luxury, although from this on we will get it oftener. The troops here are in the best of health and spirits, indeed, far better than they were in Egypt. I am sorry to say that Father McMenamin has not been well of late, and I am sure all in New Zealand will join with us in wishing him a speedy recovery. Yesterday we had the Rosary in the trenches, when there was a good attendance, considering the numbers who are on duty. After the Rosary, confessions were heard, of which all present took advantage.

'Now, Mr. Editor, I must close this, as I am just about at the end of my writing paper, which is very scarce. It is the same with most of the boys here—no writing paper or envelopes, and if people want letters they should send both to their friends here. Now, sir, I close with the wish that the N.Z. *Tablet* still continues to prosper.'

AN AUCKLAND MAN AT GALLIPOLI.

We have received the following letter from 'D.G.S.' formerly of St. Benedict's, Auckland, now with the Main New Zealand Expeditionary Force at the Dardanelles. Writing under date June 10, our correspondent says:—

The following is a short account of the landing at -- on April 25 of the Main New Zealand Expeditionary Force (of which I was a member). After being at anchor at -- Island for ten days, we left at 1 a.m. on April 25, and after a four hours' voyage we dropped anchor at 5 a.m. We were astonished on waking at 6 a.m. that we were so near to the battlefield. At 10 a.m. the Auckland Battalion disembarked and went ashore, under heavy shrapnel and rifle fire. Little tugs took us ashore from our transports, and the -- did great damage to the men on some of the tugs. On landing we were ordered to fix bayonets and reinforce the troops who had landed before us. We had to climb two very steep cliffs before we joined the firing line, and during our advance we suffered heavy casualties on account of the enemy's heavy shelling. Once in the firing line we started using our rifles to good purpose up till dark, but on account of our heavy losses and want of reinforcements we were compelled to retire 200 yards. After settling down in our new position we began to dig trenches under heavy fire, and after four hours' strenuous work we were pretty well entrenched in a position which we were determined to hold to the last man. During the night the battle was very furious, and the -- made two attacks on us, but we drove them back. On the following day reinforcements arrived and joined us. There was great joy when our boys saw them coming, and by Wednesday, the 28th, our artillery was in action, so from that day to this we have been doing good work, and have gained new positions. The New Zealanders have suffered here, but we are not downhearted, and are quite confident of success. The enemy has suffered severe losses, and I might add, they don't like the bayonet. Our landing place is now like a township, and when the boys are out of the main trenches, they are employed digging roads and reserve trenches. In conclusion I must tell you what an edifying sight it is to see our Catholic boys attending Mass under fire. We have Mass when we are in the reserve trenches, but no matter where I am I always read the Ordinary of the Mass. The N.Z. *Tablet* is a welcome paper here. I receive one every week, and I generally hand it around to all my mates. It is surprising the number of Catholics here, and I am sure you will agree with me that the Catholics of New Zealand have responded splendidly to the call of the Motherland. I have the honor to be one of the Catholic boys of dear New Zealand. With God's help I will see it through. The boys, whilst in Egypt, were longing to get into action, but they got their wish fully satisfied when they got here.'

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Current Topics

Sir Edward's Changed Role

The *Westminster Gazette*, on the announcement of the personnel of the British Coalition Ministry, declared that the appointment of Sir Edward Carson as Attorney-General was a conspicuous example of poacher turned game-keeper; and an American paper, the *Antigonish Casket*, puts the same point still more vividly: "If the poor workmen of England should have a riot this summer, they will have the novel experience of being prosecuted by a man who, last July, was threatening his King with civil war and challenging the Government of which he is now a member to pass laws to his liking or 'come out and fight.'" Even the *Christian World*, one of the staunchest supporters of the Liberal Party, launches severe condemnation against the appointment. "The inclusion of Sir Edward Carson, especially as a Law Officer," it says, "is the one item in the new Cabinet that offends." Sir Edward Carson has stood during these last few years for open defiance of constituted authority, and yet he is now a Law Officer of the Crown. He has gloried in being a rebel, and he has preached rebellion. How he would act if there were Labor troubles during the war it is difficult to imagine. It may be, and probably is, that the Unionists insisted on Sir Edward's inclusion as the price of their support, but it would have been better for the internal peace of the land not to have offended the public sentiment of the larger part of the nation in this way, and we are sorry that the Prime Minister has succumbed. The appointment of this lawless lawyer was, in short, a scandal; and there have been persistent demands that it should be cancelled.

The Russian Line: 'Wait and See'

It is not a pleasant thing to see the Russians driven further and further back, albeit our regret must certainly be tinged with admiration at the utter absence of panic and disorder with which the retirement is being conducted, and the fine and determined stands which are being made whenever the opportunity offers. We freely confess that it would be more cheerful to have the position of things reversed, and to witness the Germans saying their turn at heaving these strategic retreats. That, no doubt, will come in due time; and by the meantime there is no occasion to attach undue importance to Germany's present successes in the east. Their moral effect on the Russian army is evidently quite negligible; and from the heavy losses which he is inflicting upon the enemy whenever a stand is possible, and the eagerness with which he is looking forward to a resumption of the offensive, it is apparent that the ean of the Russian soldier is in no way impaired. Nor do the German successes appear to have made a substantial impression upon the neutral nations; for the latest cables make it perfectly clear that Bulgaria, the only doubtful neutral in the Balkans, is willing and ready, in spite of the German advance in the east, to take up arms on the side of the Allies the moment her demands are granted.

As to the military significance of the eastward advance, it must be admitted, of course, that it represents a considerable stretch of territory to be recovered, and that it will so far mean a delay in the final defeat of Germany. But both German and English press writers are clear and definite on the point that so long as the Russian armies remain intact there is no element of decisiveness about the operations that have been in progress in Galicia and West Poland during the last couple of months. "Since the position on the Bzura-Rawka front was given up," says the *Caloque Gazette*, "the possession of Warsaw has lost its military importance." "No fortress, not even Paris," says the *Vossische Zeitung*, "can be regarded as the final object of military operations. Peace will only follow the ruin of our enemies' armies." English press writers

take precisely the same line. "Apart from the sentimental considerations involved in the abandonment of the Galician capital, Lemberg, so dear to Russian hearts, there are legitimate grounds for congratulation on the preservation of the Russian armies intact with an unimpaired capacity to resume the initiative when the psychological moment arrives," says the *Times* Petrograd correspondent. "If the Russians have received blows they are all the time giving them, and with a new and powerful Ally, we in the west are not in the least dismayed by the fear of any harm that can be done us by the German armies now in the east, or such of them as can be extricated after the present exhausting conflict," says the *Westminster Gazette*. "Our enemies will do well to understand that we are going to endure to the end, and that we are confident of our power to make the 'fruitful peace' when it comes, a peace which will rid us of their menace in the future." "The incalculable wastage of the German new formations involved in the strategy of the Grand Duke Nicholas is a factor that outweighs the geographical venue of the struggle. And while this protracted hemorrhage goes on Joffre and Kitchener and French are calmly and secretly perfecting their plans. Wait and see," says the *London Star*. "So long as the Russian line remains unbroken," says Mr. Belloc, "there can be no decision, and if the Russians maintain it intact until the great offensive is delivered in the West they will have done all that was expected of them. The chance of its being broken now is more remote than since the end of April." These words were written at the end of June. The principle then laid down still holds, and the Russian line is still unbroken. "The higher military authorities," says one of last week's cables from Petrograd, "regard the Russians on the Vistula as an army out of danger. The troops are taking up positions without precipitation at the rear, and are not at the moment threatened, showing indications that the impetus of the Austro-German attack is weakening." Each side naturally tries to make the best of its position; but after making full allowance for this weakness, there appears to be good ground for the assertion that there is nothing permanent or conclusive about the German eastern successes of the past two months.

The Long Way to Constantinople

The fresh batches of heavy casualty lists which have been published during the past week serve to bring vividly home to us the tremendous difficulty of the task which the Allies have undertaken in attempting to force a way to Constantinople. The progress made is, indeed, sure; but it is as slow as it is costly. Our troops landed at Gaba-tepe, by a feat of gallantry which will go down in history, on April 25. We are near the end of August, and the Allies have not yet secured a sufficient hold on the peninsula to be able to protect the whole of the part which they occupy at its extreme toe from being shelled by the enemy. The immediate obstacle, as every reader now knows, is the hill called Achi Baba. It is only 700 feet high and from the Allies' side is the culmination of a gradual rise of the ground from the sea. But until our troops can take Achi Baba and post their batteries upon it the Turkish guns mounted on that hill and the others round it can bombard all the part which the Allies now hold. Achi Baba is Spion-Kop, on a smaller scale; and the natural features which give it exceptional strength as a defensive position have been taken advantage of to the full. It has been cunningly entrenched under the direction of German sappers who have learned all the lessons that the war in the west has taught. Even when this vital and dominating position has been taken, our men have still to carry out the object which the landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula was intended to effect—namely, the capture of the forts on the European side of the Narrows. To accomplish this, the troops will have to advance a good deal farther—about eight miles—over very broken and difficult country. As it has taken nearly four months to

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advance to the point where the British and Australasian front trenches now are—about four miles from the landing-points—it is evident that it is a long way yet, not alone to Constantinople, but even to the Maidos and Kilid Bahr forts. If, therefore, the cable item in Saturday's papers can be relied upon which states that a vulnerable point has been found further up the western coast of the peninsula, it is very welcome news. It is evident, at least, that a determined forward move is being made, and the heavy casualty lists are the measure of the vigor and intensity of the offensive.

*

The long and hard road to Constantinople would, of course, be made very much shorter and easier if a back-door entrance or way round to the Turkish capital could be found; and, as everybody knows, the Allied diplomats have for months past been bending all their energies to attain that end. If Greece joined the Allies, she could send an army to land at Enos or at Bulair, at the root end of the Gallipoli Peninsula; and the Turks would either have to fall back and let them advance or they would be compelled to withdraw troops from Gallipoli to meet them, and so lighten the Allied Army's task. If Bulgaria threw in her lot with the Entente that would probably settle the matter so far as the fate of Turkey is concerned, and the end would be rapidly reached. Bulgaria, from the military point of view, is important for two reasons. She has one of the best armies in the Balkans, and by geographical position holds the key of the back door entrance to Constantinople. 'The Bulgarians boasted to me when I was there last month,' says Mr. G. W. Price, correspondent to the *Daily Mail*, 'that they would be in possession of Adrianople a couple of days after the declaration of war on Turkey. It would not take them long, with most of the guns from the forts and the garrison sent to the Dardanelles. And from Adrianople you have got the railway and open country right down to Constantinople, with only the Chatala lines, which are weak in comparison with the Gallipoli positions, to cover the capital.' But Greece is afraid of Bulgaria, and until she definitely knows that country's intentions will probably want to keep her army at home. That is why so far the Greek General Staff has set its face absolutely against sending a single Greek battalion out of the country. Bulgaria, according to Saturday's cables, is willing and waiting to join the Allies if her demands are granted, and there is at least this satisfaction about the situation that everybody knows exactly what her terms are. She wants Macedonia from Serbia and Kavalla from Greece—the territories that were originally allotted to her by the Balkan Confederation that defeated Turkey. So far the Allies have either not been disposed or have not been in a position to pay Bulgaria's price; and it is generally understood that Serbia has been the obstructionist. Considering what she has suffered and what she stands to suffer by a prolongation of the struggle, it is difficult to understand why Serbia should be so obdurate, for it seems clear that the Allies could offer ample compensation in the shape of an outlet upon the Adriatic and the cession of the strip of Hungarian territory called the Banat—for the few miles of Serbian territory involved. It looks as if a little gentle pressure would have to be applied. As Mr. G. Ward Price puts it: 'This diplomatic nettle of the Balkans will have to be gripped, and England being the one Power whom all the Balkan States agree in trusting, it is to her that the initiative should fall.'

A Repudiated Interview

The cabled accounts of the *La Liberté* interview with the Pope, published in our dailies of June 24, was immediately followed by a message from Rome in which it was stated that the *Osservatore Romano* denied the correctness of the French journalist's report of the interview, and declared that it contained 'many inaccuracies.' The official repudiation and disavowal of the *Liberté* version, however, was in point of fact much more positive and emphatic than the mildly-worded cable supplied to us would lead the public to

suppose; and in view of the fact that the bogus report has already been reproduced in full in this country, and that it is not unlikely to crop up again in the columns of some of our newspapers, it is well worth while to place the definite official disclaimer upon record. First of all there was the statement of the *Osservatore Romano*—which is, for such purposes, the official organ of the Vatican—in which it denied that the representative of *La Liberté*, M. Louis Latapie, had interpreted aright the mind of the Holy Father on the grave situation brought about by the war. It called attention to the fact that there is 'an essential difference between the official public documents of the Holy See and private publications,' and continued: 'As to that which concerns the European conflict, the thought of the Sovereign Pontiff is not doubtful because it has been clearly expressed at different times in numerous pontifical documents—namely, the Encyclical of November 1, 1914, the Christmas discourse to the Cardinals, the Consistorial allocution of January 22, 1915, many letters from the Pontiff to Cardinals and prelates, and the recent letter on May 20, to the Cardinal Deyen.' No attention, therefore, it urged, should be paid to any statement purporting to give the views of the Holy Father on important questions unless it be contained in the authorised and official letters signed by the Pope himself or by the Papal Secretary of State.

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Then came a still more emphatic and categorical disavowal by Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of State, embodied in an interview published in the high class and reliable journal, the *Corriere d'Italia*, of June 28. His Eminence declared that M. Latapie had garbled, distorted, and wrenched the words of his Holiness from their plain contextual sense in many passages, and that he had invented entirely many grave assertions. 'We give the terms of this important interview in full,' M. Latapie said the Secretary of State, 'invented entirely many grave assertions. You must remember that a phrase isolated from the context cannot reproduce faithfully a thought, or, what is worse, it gives a meaning entirely false. For instance, take the quotation regarding hostages in Berlin. What confusion! The Pontiff is made to mix the Jews of Galicia, the Austrian priests of Cremona, and the Belgian prelates, all of which, according to M. Latapie, was covered in the allocution of January 22. With regard to the Jews, it was in March that Austria-Hungary sent a protest to the Holy See. The protest was not mentioned, as the Vatican could not condemn Russia on the sole affirmation of Austria-Hungary. The Pope was informed that Italy had taken some parish priests of the towns occupied as hostages, but the Bishop of Cremona informed him that they were being treated with every regard. The Pope knows all this perfectly. How, then, could he put them in a category with the Belgian and French hostages or with the Jews of Russia? With regard to General von Bissing, the German Governor of Belgium, neither the Holy Father nor the Secretary of State ever received a letter or a communication from him directly or indirectly. Thus the Pope could not refer to such a letter, and he did not. The letter was born of the fervid imagination of M. Latapie.' Cardinal Gasparri denied that Pope Benedict said: 'It was under the pontificate of Pius X.,' when asked by M. Latapie if it was necessary to inquire whether the neutrality of Belgium had been violated. 'But much graver,' continued his Eminence, 'is the confusion of M. Latapie when he speaks of the relations between the Holy See and Italy. The following is the real opinion of the Pontiff: It is true that he wished Italy to remain outside the conflict upon receiving concessions from Austria, because he desired that Italy should not suffer the horrors of war, and he was pre-occupied with the delicate position of the Church if Italy entered the conflict. War once declared, the Church became entirely neutral. It has not in any way tried to prevent Catholics from doing their duty according to their consciences, and it has done every-

thing for the spiritual welfare of the soldiers. The Pontiff recognises that the Italian Government has done everything possible to attenuate any difficulties that might arise between it and the Holy See. The Vatican's correspondence is not being touched. But that does not mean that the situation of the Holy See is normal. It does not intend to create embarrassment for the Government. The Holy Father much deplored the sinking of the Lusitania, but he could not pronounce directly on it because there was before him a question of fact regarding which each side makes different assertions. Cardinal Gasparri ended the interview by saying: 'With regard to what concerned me personally I saw M. Latapie only a few minutes. In that time the diplomatic relations between the Holy See and France were not mentioned. M. Latapie would have done better had he maintained the promise he formally gave me not to publish anything without previous authorisation. But as that formal promise was not sufficient to preserve the Holy See from such deplorable indiscretions M. Latapie will have the honor of being the last journalist to be received by the Holy Father during the war.'

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There are good grounds for believing that the *Liberté* interview was deliberately cooked and doctored and turned and twisted with the express purpose of creating friction and 'bad blood' between the Governments of France and Italy and the Holy See. The attempt has failed; but there will be general satisfaction at Cardinal Gasparri's announcement that henceforth the Vatican doors will be locked against all journalists and correspondents until after the conflict is over.

IN THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

INTERESTING LETTER FROM EGYPT.

HISTORIC SIGHTS AND SCENES DESCRIBED

Private Raymond W. Ward, son of Mr. W. T. Ward, postmaster, Christchurch, writes as follows from Ras-el-tin Military Hospital, Alexandria, Egypt, under date May 31, to Mr. Arthur Mead, Cashmere Hill, Christchurch:

You will perceive from the foregoing address that I am for the time being *hors de combat*, so, leisure being ample, I am occupying the long hours in writing letters for the infliction of my friends at home. If memory serves me rightly I was guilty of sending you two letters only since our departure from New Zealand—one from the troopship and another from the camp near Cairo, both of which I trust reached you safely, uninterfered with by those troublesome persons—the censors.

We remained encamped at Zeitoun, near Cairo, until, I think, April 9 last. During the whole of that period we underwent a severe and rigorous training on the desert. When that was completed we found ourselves drilled into a really formidable army, and, thanks to this hard training, our men were able to endure, as the survivors of us still are doing, the innumerable hardships which, later on, they were required to face on Gallipoli peninsula. I shall not weary you with an account of our camp life, because you must be tired altogether of recitals of such experiences in the daily papers, which at the present time have no other theme but that of the "pomp and circumstance" of war. The few months we spent in Egypt will always remain as a most pleasant memory with me. During intervals of freedom from military duties I found on all sides subjects of the greatest personal interest to me, so that I seized the opportunity of improving an acquaintance with

'The Science of Egyptology

—a subject which has occupied much of my leisure time at home—and in acquiring a knowledge of fresh tongues by introducing myself amongst the civilians

of all nations, for, as you probably know already, the European population of Egypt, and in particular of Cairo, is cosmopolitan to an extraordinary degree. We were fortunate in being granted considerable liberty betwixt the hours of work, which respite every man devoted to such distractions as pleased his fancy. It was my custom of an evening, the majority of which, unless night manoeuvres were in operation, were free, to pass the night amongst numerous civilian friends whom I had gradually made—one night at a French cafe, another at a Greek, next at an Italian, and so on, with the result that I made many agreeable acquaintances and at the same time gained no small amount of linguistic knowledge. To speak French is the 'open sesame' to hospitality in Cairo; English is quite unknown and never heard spoken, except of course by the army of occupation, for the British residents are few. It is strange that we, who virtually hold the country and who have the greatest interests there, are the least represented of the European nations. French is the official language of Egypt: it is used entirely in business, not only amongst Europeans, but amongst the better class Arabs. This explains why the bulk of our men, unacquainted with any language but English, speak in terms of disappointment in regard to the people of Cairo, for, unable to hold any conversation with them, they were never in sympathy with one another and practically never mingle together. More fortunate than most of my comrades in that respect, I formed quite a large circle of friends. Some of them had strange customs too. Saturdays I generally spent in the famous Cairo Museum, a magnificent edifice erected at great cost and containing the richest collection of Egyptian antiquities in the world. Anyone interested could find many months' occupation there. Amongst many other celebrated kings and queens, whose long rest has been rudely disturbed by the archaeologist, and who are now exposed to the gaze of the modern curious, is the Pharaoh who oppressed Moses (Rameses II.). His character, as described in the Scriptures, agrees with that which any phrenologist would at once see depicted in the striking features of that man who lived fourteen hundred years before Christ—the prominent nose and powerful jaw indicating a determined and obstinate nature. Nearly all the Pharaohs from Rameses II. onwards are reposing next to him in a state of preservation truly wonderful, besides rulers and royalties of many earlier and later dynasties.

The statuary, which includes many of the best works of antiquity, is most beautiful and imposing. Books have been written on it alone. There are also vast collections of gold ornaments, superbly executed, and which must be of great value. Some of the bodies are entirely cased in thick gold and adorned with precious stones. So amongst these treasures I wandered many hours oblivious of the past week's toil and uncertain of the next, with a guide book of huge dimensions in hand, vexing my brain with hieroglyphics, hieratics, and demotics, until the doors closed on all visitors.

'Old Cairo.

On Sundays I usually succeeded in securing leave for the whole day on which occasions it was my habit to explore that part of the city known as Old Cairo, where one is surrounded with scenes and sights to be read in the *Arabian Nights*. To visit the Citadel and the beautiful mosques adjacent to it; to prowl about the Coptic quarters, or to inspect the numerous ancient churches in which Cairo abounds—Armenian, Coptic, and Greek Orthodox. Of these the Coptic are the most interesting. The Copts are the descendants of the men who built the pyramids, the Sphinx, and the great temples of Egypt. They are naturally very proud of their ancestry.

They belong to one of the earliest schisms of the Church, and have since then acknowledged their own Patriarch as their head in place of the Pope. With some dogmatic differences their beliefs are identical with ours. They use a very ancient ritual in the Mass, the language being really that of the ancient

Egyptians, but in place of hieroglyphics, Greek characters, or a modification of them, are used. Only the priests understand Coptic, the people always speaking Arabic. As in most of the Oriental churches, the Eucharist is given under both species. There are four million Copts in Egypt, and they are regarded as a smart race, many of them holding important positions in the country. I was present on Sunday at a Greek Mass in the Orthodox Church of St. Nicholas. The interior of this church is most beautiful and the ceremony I witnessed that morning most impressive, though it was somewhat difficult to follow because the order of their Mass is altogether different to ours. A dozen or more priests assisted, and the Greek Bishop. They looked very dignified with their long black hair down their shoulders, long beards and rich vestments. They wore also a peculiar black hat, like an inverted top-hat minus the rim. The music is wonderful—the ancient Byzantine chant. It is unaccompanied by any instrument and sung entirely by men and boys. To describe the singing is impossible; it must be heard to be understood. At first it seems incomprehensible, almost jarring, but as the ear becomes used to it, one gradually recognises and is amazed at the extraordinary majesty and beauty of this ancient music. At a later date I heard it again in our own church at Heliopolis, where a Greek Roman Catholic Bishop celebrated Mass for a Syrian congregation. The ritual seemed to be identical with that of the Orthodox, and the language used was Greek and partly Arabic.

Some of our Catholic soldiers who had never been confirmed had the unique experience of receiving Confirmation that day at the hands of the Greek Bishop. The latter was a refugee from Smyrna, the Turks having set a price on his head.

Among other localities of venerable interest I should mention one of which perhaps you have already heard. Only twenty minutes' walk from my tent was situated "The Virgin's Well" and "The Virgin's Tree." It was here that the Holy Family rested on their flight into Egypt, and tradition says that the Infant was washed at the well. The tree is some species of sycamore, and is, of course, not the original tree but an offshoot of it. There is a beautiful church near the well, erected within recent years by the Jesuits, but the tree and well are the property of the Copts. People come from all parts of the world to taste the water (the best I have tasted in Egypt, where the water is inferior) and view the sacred tree. Even Mahometans have some veneration for the place. Our camp was situated on the exact

Site of Ancient Heliopolis,

where tradition says the Holy Family lived during their sojourn in Egypt. Modern Heliopolis is opposite this site, and is the most beautiful suburb of Cairo, having been built only fifteen years ago by a Belgian syndicate. In marked contrast to Cairo proper, its streets are very spacious with boulevards after the French fashion. The business houses, private residences, and public buildings are large and most tastefully built, many of them in Moorish or Arab style.

The hideous disfigurement seen on all sides in Cairo, and the unhealthy insanitary dwellings of poor Arabs are unknown in Heliopolis. It is really like an enchanted city. An immense beautiful building recently erected there and intended to rival the Casino at Monte Carlo, has been taken over by the military authorities and used as a soldiers' hospital. It contains twenty thousand beds. The King of the Belgians has a large share in the premises.

It used to be a common sight in our camp to see the men digging in spare time huge holes into the desert, their object being to find antiquities, which lie buried everywhere about that vicinity. Some of the men made very valuable discoveries, and sold them to antiquaries and the Museum for considerable sums. We used to find beads, jars, and statues, and some luckier ones came across gold ornaments and an occasional mummy. It is not to be wondered at, since every inch of Egypt is historic, and beneath the sands must lie untold treasures of antiquity.

On another occasion I obtained extended leave for the purpose of visiting Luxor, 460 miles south of Cairo, in Upper Egypt. Here are situated the celebrated temples of Karnak and Luxor, which I shall not here attempt to describe. The former, however, I should mention, is the most vast and marvellous masterpiece of ancient architecture that has been preserved. The blocks forming the pillars weigh twenty tons apiece, and so huge is the edifice that a wall could be built round Paris with the stones. Throughout (as with other temples) are hundreds of colossal statues of kings and queens who made Egypt so glorious thousands of years past, each carved from one solid block of stone. The temple of Luxor is smaller in size but is celebrated for the gracefulness of its architecture. Between the two temples there is a broad spacious roadway, lined on both sides with a long procession of sphinxes. A number of the latter are now covered with sand. I crossed the Nile at Luxor and journeyed by donkey over the Theban plains as far as the mountains, where I explored the tombs of the kings and queens. Here the sovereigns of ancient Thebes were buried; some hundreds have been discovered and opened, but there remain many more cunningly hidden in the heart of the mountains. The tombs are very large, often containing three or four chambers, being, in fact, small temples in themselves. The paintings and writings on the walls are indescribably beautiful, and though executed three thousand five hundred years ago are as fresh as though the artist had just laid down his brush. The roofs are painted to imitate the night sky, and though the tombs are deep down in the gloomy earth, the colors are so brilliant that on looking upwards one fancies the stars are twinkling in dark azure skies.

On the road back I explored another monstrous temple called Abou Medinet, where the donkey made an attempt on my life by running me with great violence against the granite walls. I should mention one peculiar sight to be noticed in the three temples I have referred to. The advent of Christianity was the occasion of the final disappearance of the ancient religion of Egypt. Until then a few of the Copts had clung to the old beliefs, but Memphis and Thebes had long ago fallen, their temples alone standing, as they do to-day, neglected in the desert. The first Christians in Egypt to escape the violent persecutions of the Roman Emperors fled south, and that they might, without interruption or fear of persecution, preserve the new religion, they erected their altars in the disused temples. It is indeed strange

To See Such Evidences of Christianity—

paintings of Christ, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints—amidst the idols of Isis and Osiris, and the other pagan deities. It is interesting also to note how the ancient science and knowledge of Egypt had become a lost art at that date, for, whereas the writings and paintings on the pillars and roofs executed 1600 years previously are to-day bright and fresh as though just completed, the work of the Christian artists, which originally must have been most beautiful, has quite faded, and in places has vanished from the walls altogether. In the Theban Plains, en route to the tombs, one passed the renowned Colossi of Memnon. For more than three thousand years these two vast stone figures, ninety-four feet high, in a dignified and majestic seated posture, have watched in silence each morning, the sun rise over the distant pillars of Karnak. Scrawled all over, in a hundred different languages, are the names of travellers who, from the remote ages until the present, have gazed in awe at the ancient sculptors' masterpieces. Amongst other historic names carved there is that of the Roman Emperor Hadrian. So it is evident that this species of vanity is not peculiar to moderns alone. Another interesting example of human weakness came under my notice at Thebes, and it shows our characters have not changed a whit. One of Thebes' greatest rulers was Queen Hatshepsut, called the Queen Elizabeth of Egypt, because of her energy and also some violent religious changes effected in her reign. She erected

numerous additions to the temple of Karnak, Luxor, and Abou Medinet, and very many long inscriptions in them record the glorious episodes of her reign, but, strange to relate, from almost every one of these inscriptions the name of the Queen is carefully erased. On very few indeed does the name of Hatsu appear. The reason is, that on her death after a very long and brilliant sovereignty, she was succeeded by a jealous half-brother (Thothmes III.), who went to great pains to cover her name from posterity in oblivion, by eradicating it from every record he could find. I expect some of the priests, who honored her memory more, succeeded in concealing a few of the inscriptions from her envious successor. Even the poor Queen's tomb was found empty, her unnatural kinsman having penetrated there and hidden her mummy, as he thought, securely in some distant hills. His evil designs were baffled only a few years ago by some of our Egyptologists who discovered the bodies of three royal ladies together (now all in the Cairo Museum) and one of them, it is not quite certain which, is the unlucky Hatsu.

'Her tomb, into which I descended, is one of the most beautiful of any I saw. So far as I could see, none of the writings there had been tampered with. Perhaps the sacredness of the surroundings deterred the violators from any such act there.

'The Island of Lemnos.

'Now, I shall not weary you further with stories of tombs and temples, but return to my own performances after my departure for the seat of war. That was about the 9th of April. The transports sailed from Alexandria passing the countless Isles of Greece, and having reached Lemnos anchored in the magnificent Bay of Mudros. Transports and warships of all the allied nations, a most unique armada, surrounded us, awaiting final orders for the attack on Gallipoli. We remained nearly a fortnight there. We marched some distance inland and were all struck with the picturesqueness of the country which reminded us vividly of New Zealand, save that few trees were growing in any part. The groves and glades of oak of which the old Greeks were so proud must have disappeared long ago. The valleys and mountains are entirely fertile and all under cultivation, for the inhabitants occupy themselves solely in agriculture. All the fields are in a blaze of colors with poppies and wild flowers growing in profusion. The country is well watered, and the water itself delicious to drink. As in classic times, the honey and wine produced in Lemnos are still celebrated for their excellence. The population of the island is about fifteen thousand, of whom three thousand are Turkish and the rest Greek. They

live in quaint, scrupulously clean villages scattered throughout the island, and containing a score or so of dwellings, a school, and a small Orthodox Church. The Grecian inhabitants, though simple and by no means wealthy, are independent and contented looking, very hospitable and courteous, and exceedingly clean. It was quite a relief to find ourselves amongst such amiable people after so long a contact with the clamorous, untrustworthy, and indescribably dirty Arabs. The children are particularly attractive. I went into a village school and questioned some of them over a large map on the wall. They seemed to be intelligent and apt.

'The regular features, blue eyes, and fair hair of most of the people are unmistakable proof of their Hellenic origin. Their blood has no foreign admixture as in the case of their kinsmen in Greece proper, and amongst these humble islanders an artist could find many truly classic models. If I have the fortune to survive the war I hope to explore more thoroughly the Isles of Greece under more peaceful conditions.

'A few hours' sail from Lemnos brought us to the mouth of the Dardanelles, where a magnificent spectacle awaited us. The allied fleets were in full engagement, bombarding the Turkish forts. I am not able to attempt any description of that grand sight; probably you have already had accounts of the bombardment. We did not delay long at that point, but proceeded along the peninsula as far as Gaba Tepe, where that same morning the Australians and New Zealanders effected

'Their Historic Landing.

Of that deed you will also have heard. We landed about noon on the same day and saw on all sides evidence of the morning's conflict, wounded and dead and baggage lying everywhere in the greatest confusion. On ascending the heights, and the lines we had to hold being pointed out, we commenced to entrench in face of a galling fire.

'By dawn next day a fine line of trenches was completed and we jumped in without delay, as matters became livelier than ever that day. From that time onwards until my retirement we were under fire day and night without respite; fighting in the day and digging in in the night, sleeping and eating when possible, and dodging sudden annihilation every few seconds. The country is by nature hilly and rough, and covered in thick shrub; it is therefore more suitable to the defenders than the attackers.

'The enemy's snipers have excellent concealment all over the hills in consequence, and can pick off our men with ease and with no fear of being seen themselves. You would smile to have a glimpse of us in the trenches

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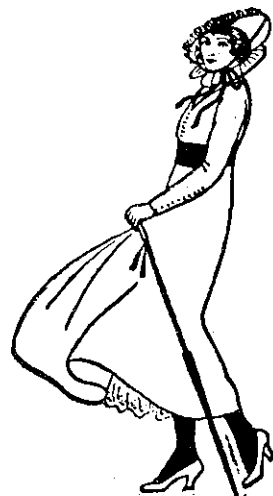
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after a week or two, *sans* wash, shave, or removal of clothes. We look decidedly grubby. Those of my friends who are still there must be unrecognisable.

The din, night and day, was terrific; a number of men became quite deaf for a time. When the magnificent Queen Elizabeth (popularly known as the "Lizzie") used to assist our attacks by discharging broadsides of her 15 inch guns, it was as though the earth was cracking; the shells from these guns are a ton each in weight, I believe. Nearly all the Allies are represented in the Dardanelles: British regiments, Australians, New Zealanders, French, and Indians. There were also a body of 500 Russian Jews mule transport drivers. Our colonial troops have suffered considerably; the Otago Battalion, to which I belong, has had a particularly severe cutting up; amongst the officers killed I hear is Major Price, of the 4th Otago Regiment. He was with me in the Public Trust Office in Dunedin. His loss will be much felt here as he was one of the best officers in the force. Our fellows did well and are still doing so in the Dardanelles. Necessarily the subjugation of the Peninsula is a slow business, and we must expect a heavy casualty list, but there is a splendid spirit amongst the troops and all are confident of ultimate success. I am hoping to return in time to witness the downfall of Constantinople. The Turks are desperate fighters, and dispute every inch of their territory with great determination, but they are constitutionally unable to face the bayonet and invariably bolt from the steel. They are as inhuman as of old, for they mutilate our wounded, and their snipers pick off our ambulance men. They also play all kinds of deception with the white flag. We received orders eventually to ignore the white flag altogether.

The Bullets Perform Strange Tricks Sometimes.
Many men find holes in their hats and tunics and their own skin unscathed. Occasionally rifles are broken to pieces by scraps of shell and their owners unharmed. I know of a case where a man was blown right out of his trench by a bomb with no ill results, and another where an Australian was digging a trench at close range. A hand grenade exploded against his shovel and sent it fifty feet into the air, much to his indignation. There is a man in this hospital whose life was saved by a Bible in his tunic pocket, a piece of shrapnel penetrated 500 pages old, when its flight was impeded. The strangest instance of which I am aware also refers to a man in this hospital. He was shot through the heart, and is now walking about here apparently little the worse for his unique experience. Many visitors from the city come out here to inspect him.

I was "baggged" about the beginning of the month by a bullet through the groin and a piece of shrapnel in the leg. Thanks to the best of attention received at the hospital and a fairly sound constitution, I am making a speedy recovery, and expect to be ready for action in another month. This is a very pleasant institution, situated outside Alexandria in a cool spot by the Mediterranean. After the Eastern fashion, the building is square with a garden in the centre. It is there I am accustomed to sit during the day in peace and without any cares, dividing the hours between reading and writing. The patients are from various regiments—British, Australian, and a few New Zealanders. The bulk of the latter are in Cairo hospitals, but the wounded became mixed up in the confusion at Gallipoli, hence we are all separated.

No letters have reached me nor any of my companions from New Zealand for two months, and we are not very hopeful of hearing from home for many a day, because the post office arrangements are clumsy to a degree. The Australians complain of the same negligence. I only hope that those we write reach home safely, otherwise you may not have received those lengthy communications I sent you since departing from New Zealand. On arrival here a note from you addressed to Trentham awaited me. It is possible that you have written since, but if so the letters did not come to hand. I fear our military mailmen are superb bunglers.

'I often wonder how you are faring at home, especially in the past few weeks, when during long hours of idleness the mind naturally reverts to scenes enacted before the war. Our vicissitudes of the past few months, however, cause these visions to become rather hazy. For this is a grand life, and very engrossing in spite of its attendant inconveniences. I am certain you would rejoice had it been possible for you to accompany us through these adventures.

'It would be a great pleasure to receive a letter from you with news of you all. The sole news from home I have received for two months was from an *Otago Witness* given me by a nurse. Therein I read of the death of Bishop Grimes. If destiny is considerate and I return after these wars I hope to find you all prosperous and well as when I left.'

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

August 15.

A movement is on foot to resuscitate the Irish Pipe Band in this city. The Hibernians have held several meetings, and have decided, should a capable instructor be found, to form a band to be known as the Wellington Hibernian Pipe Band.

The members of the Sacred Heart branch of the Hibernian Society in regalia received Holy Communion in a body at the Basilica of the Sacred Heart last Sunday morning. The Communion was offered up for those who lost their lives in the present calamitous war.

Through the efforts of the Island Bay section of the National Reserve, the Home of Compassion has been supplied with firewood sufficient to meet all its requirements for many weeks. On Saturday afternoon the members of the company, under Major Wells, assembled on the beach, and collected several tons of drift wood. The material was placed on lorries, carts, and expresses, the free use of which had been given by the owners, and was duly transported to the Home of Compassion, the good Sisters of which expressed warm appreciation of the kindly action.

At all the Catholic Churches in Wellington on last Sunday Masses were celebrated for the speedy termination of the war, and for the victory of the Allied Forces, and sermons on the subject were preached. There were full congregations, and at the Sacred Heart Basilica, Hill street, His Grace, Archbishop Redwood, S.M., delivered an eloquent address at the evening devotions. In the course of his remarks he said: We now know that the object of the war was the destruction of the British Empire. For forty years Germany had planned the war; the whole nation had gone mad, as it were, on the wildest dreams of world dominion. To carry out her arrogant designs, Germany had resorted to scientific barbarity, which had involved so many millions in misery without obtaining and decided victory. As to Belgium, he said, the whole world owed an unpayable debt of gratitude to her, because she held back the Teutonic hordes and gave the stronger nations a short breathing space. She stood for national independence, she resisted a great crime, which had brought eternal shame upon the German name. In conclusion, he said the Allies had every prospect of success. The duty of all was to pray to the Almighty that He will shorten our trial, and give victory to the cause of right over the enemies who had disgraced themselves by their barbarities.

The half-yearly meeting of St. Anne's Catholic Club was held in the clubrooms, Daniel street, on Thursday, July 29. Mr. B. A. Guise was in the chair, and the Rev. Fathers Finnerty and O'Connor and 30 members were present. The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, reviewed the work

of the past half-year, and urged upon the members to take up and carry on the good work of the club. Mr. J. Fagan congratulated the executive on the good work done during the past term, and hoped the coming one would be the most successful in the history of the club. Rev. Father Finnerty spoke of the many advantages Catholics clubs offered their members, especially the literary and debating side of club life. Rev. Father O'Connor gave a few words of advice to the members. The election of officers resulted as follows: Patron, Ven. Archdeacon Devoy; president, Mr. B. A. Guise; vice presidents—Rev. Fathers O'Connor and Peoples, Messrs. J. Fagan, J. Gamble, J. Wickliffe, M. Segrief, J. Coyle, R. W. Collins, T. Burke, G. Dee, and M. O'Kane; spiritual director, Rev. Father Finnerty; secretary, Mr. F. Galvin; treasurer, Mr. J. Hayden; auditors, Messrs. J. Gamble and J. Wickliffe; librarian, Mr. T. H. Foster; delegates to Catholic Federation, Messrs. T. H. Foster and C. Rouse; executive Messrs. C. Rouse, F. Hills, O. Foote, T. Murphy, E. Galvin, D. Ryan, T. Foster, W. Rouse, D. Bradley. Votes of thanks were passed to Ven. Archdeacon Devoy for the support he had given the club during the past six months, and to the outgoing officers. Mr. M. J. Gamble moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, and eulogised the good work done by Mr. Guise. He congratulated him on being elected for the third term as president of the club.

DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

August 10.

On Wednesday, Paris was flown at Akaroa to commemorate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the landing of the French immigrants on August 11, 1840. Of the original number only two now remain.

Mr. H. St. A. Murray, who for the past four years has been following his profession (that of an architect) in several of the chief centres of the Commonwealth, has been on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Murray, of Riverwood, Avonside, and also his brother and sister prior to embarking on the fighting lines. Mr. Murray is a splendid specimen of young New Zealand manhood, and was a noted athlete a few years ago. He has formed the Reserves for the Queen's Own Regiment.

Mr. Camille Jean, Emile's Elder brother, a native of this inhabitant, died last week at the age of eighty-seven years. The venerable settler was born in 1828 in the department of Jura, France, and came out with his parents in 1840 on the *Cloué de Paris*, the famous French immigrant ship. In 1848 he married Miss Melani Libard. In 1850 he and his wife left Akaroa and settled on the West Coast, where he carried on his trade as a boat builder, also making several trips to Melbourne. About ten years ago he returned to Akaroa and spent the rest of his life there. He was much respected by his neighbors, and he possessed a fund of interesting reminiscences of the very early days. The late Mr. Etienneaux leaves besides his widow, two daughters and one son, a number of grand-children to the first generation.

A special summoned meeting of St. Patrick's branch H.A.C.B. Society was held in the Hibernian Hall, Barbadoes street, on Monday evening last, for the purpose of discussing the business paper for the half-yearly district meeting. Bro. J. Curry (president) occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance of members. Rev. Father Long, chaplain, being also present. It was the unanimous opinion of the meeting

that the triennial movable meeting, should, as was already arranged, be held in Westport next year, and Bro. R. O'Brien was appointed to represent the branch at the forthcoming half-yearly district meeting. One candidate was elected and one was proposed for membership. A deputation, consisting of Bros. F. J. Doolan, G. Getson, and J. Power, was appointed to confer with the Catholic Club and the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association for the purpose of devising a scheme for recognising the success in literary and athletic circles of the boys of the Marist Brothers' School. Bro. O'Gorman, representative of the National Provident Fund in Christchurch, was present at the meeting and brought under the notice of the members a report of a deputation from the United Friendly Societies, which waited on the Hon. G. W. Russell with reference to the competition of the National Provident Fund with the work of friendly societies. He pointed out that the fund did not touch on friendly society work at all, and that the only case in which a contributor received payment was when, after being a contributor for five years, he was incapacitated for over three months.

As in recent years, the annual concert in aid of Nazareth House on October 11 is being promoted by Miss Nellie Hayward, who has enlisted the sympathy and helpful assistance of a number of representative ladies. The results from last year's concert were considerably in excess of any preceding one, but, as there has been a great falling off in the support accorded to the Sisters of Nazareth owing to the war and consequent continuous calls on the public, it is Miss Hayward's intention, and that of the ladies associated with her, to endeavor on this occasion to eclipse all previous efforts, relying, of course, on the generous assistance of the many friends of the Sisters and sympathisers in their noble work.

Letters from Mrs. Arthur Mead, the well-known Catholic soprano vocalist, state that she is now in New York, and, acting under the advice of those best qualified, is studying with Mr. Yeatman Griffith, one of the most noted masters in that city. Mrs. Mead will probably remain in New York until October, when she proposes giving a recital. Under the conditions existing in Paris and London, Mrs. Mead found it impossible to make an appearance in either city, or to venture to Milan, to her great disappointment. She is most happy in her work in New York, and has made marvelous progress in the study of her profession since leaving New Zealand.

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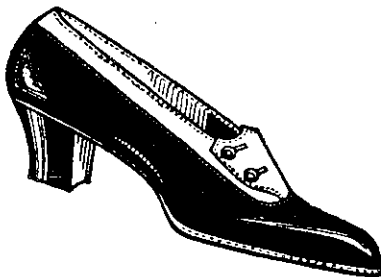
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BRANCHES THROUGHOUT NEW ZEALAND.



ROLL OF HONOR

PRIVATE FRANK GILLESPIE, OTUREHU. A.

Private Frank Gillespie, of the Otago Infantry Battalion, who died of enteric at the Dardanelles, was the third son of Mr. George F. Gillespie, Oturehua, Central Otago.

LANCE-CORPORAL J. C. T. FOLEY, STRATFORD.

Lance-Corporal John Cyril Terence Foley, who was killed in action at the Dardanelles on July 17, was the fourth son of Mr. Michael Foley, of Stratford. Mr. Foley's second son, Lieutenant W. R. Foley, is in camp at Palmerston North, and the third son, Trooper M. F. Foley, is in Egypt, having gone with the Fifth Reinforcements.

LIEUT.-COLONEL MALONE, STRATFORD.

Lieutenant-Colonel William George Malone, commander of the Wellington Battalion of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force at the Dardanelles, who has been killed in action, was born in 1850. He was educated privately in England and France, and arrived in New Zealand in 1882, serving in the Auckland Cavalry for two years. He then settled on the land in the Stratford district, and when war broke out was the owner of the property. He had been a solicitor in 1874. He was a member of the Stratford branch of the New Zealand Rifle Volunteers, and was elected to the position of lieutenant-colonel in 1906. He was a member of the Stratford Rifle Regiment, and was elected to the position of lieutenant-colonel in 1907.

Two sons, Thomas and William, have also been serving at Gallipoli. Thomas is in the 14th Battalion, and William is in the 15th Battalion. A third son, John, is in the 16th Battalion. He has also been serving at Gallipoli. He has also been serving at Gallipoli.

Wellington, August 19, 1915. The following is a list of the names of the men who have been killed in action at the Dardanelles. The names are arranged in alphabetical order. The names are arranged in alphabetical order.

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PRIESTS FOR NEW ZEALAND

The annual ordinations at All Hallows College, Dublin, were held on Sunday, June 20, in the beautiful chapel connected with the famous missionary establishment. The ordaining prelate was his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Harty, Archbishop of Cashel, assisted by Rev. J. S. Sheehy, C.M., Dean, and Rev. J. Furlong, C.M. Among those ordained priests were the Rev. Vincent P. Kelly for the archdiocese of Wellington, and the Rev. Thomas Hanrahan for the diocese of Christchurch.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

August 16.

St. Patrick's Club was crowded on Friday night to make a presentation and bid farewell to Mr. John Kennaird, who has enlisted with the Eighth Reinforcements. Rev. Father Parthing presided, and in making the presentation (a wristlet watch), referred to the long and pleasant relations which had existed between Mr. Kennaird and his fellow members. He lauded their guest's action in enlisting and wished him, on behalf of the club, a safe return. Mr. J. H. Rowe (president of St. Patrick's Club), also spoke, voicing the kindly wishes of the club and their appreciation of Mr. Kennaird's action in offering his services to the Empire. The recipient briefly thanked those present for their gift and appreciative expressions. He trusted that he would uphold the proud reputation of the soldiers of New Zealand. During the evening songs were contributed by Misses Magee, Barry, and M. Manon, Rev. Father Parthing, and Mr. Rowe. Miss Gilligan was accompanist. After a pleasant hour spent in social harmony the evening wound up with the singing of 'Auld lang syne.'

A welcome to Mr. W. Curran on his return from England was extended by members of the Athletic Football Club last night. Mr. J. S. Burns presided. The chairman briefly outlined the career of Mr. Curran, and stated that he had received his first tuition at the able hands of Mr. P. J. Duggan; then he played for the Athletic Club for two or three seasons, finally going to Auckland and playing for the Marist Brothers. He had then decided to enter the professional ranks, and had toured Australia with the All Black team, where he made a reputation for himself. He next accepted an offer to go Home and play for Wigan, and for his play there was honored as 'the wonderful W. Curran from New Zealand.' The usual toast list was honored, harmony being rendered by Messrs. E. P. Curran, T. Nightingale, H. Nightingale, E. Hamill, W. Hamill, and P. James. Mr. Curran congratulated the Athletic Club on winning the Citizens' Shield for ten years in succession, which is a New Zealand club record.

Temuka

(From our own correspondent.)

August 14.

The ordinary meeting of the local branch of the H.A.C.B. Society was held on Monday last, the vice-president (Bro. A. Scott) occupying the chair in the absence of the president through illness. Five new members were initiated. Bros. W. Hally and J. Sullivan were appointed to represent the branch on the committee of the Catholic Federation.

At the celebrations in the local Domain on the anniversary of Declaration Day, Rev. Father Ainsworth, S.M., was called upon to speak immediately after the Mayor. Father Ainsworth gave a very stirring address, which was frequently applauded, and at its conclusion he was loudly cheered. To those present who had not previously heard him speak in public the address was a revelation, and the local paper described him as 'an orator of the first order.'

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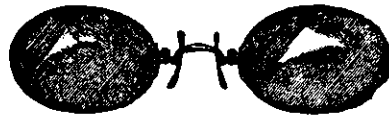
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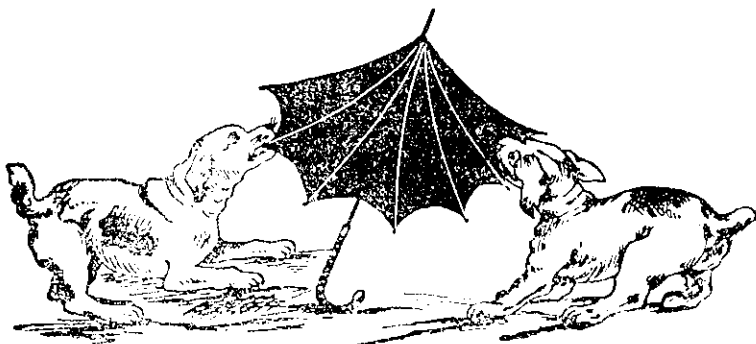
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AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN THROUGHOUT NEW ZEALAND.

COMMERCIAL

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ended Tuesday, August 17, as follows:—Rabbitskins.—We held our fortnightly sale yesterday, and offered a full catalogue to the usual attendance of buyers. Competition was keen throughout and values were firm at late rates. Quotations:—Racks, 6½d to 7d; early autumn, to 10½d; autumn, to 11d; early winters, 12d to 14d; winter bucks, to 10½d; prime winter does, to 19d; outgoing, to 12½d; runners, 3d to 3½d; prime winter blacks, to 67½d; fawns, to 19½d; hareskins, to 6½d; horsehair, to 20½d per lb. Catskins, to 7d each. Sheepskins.—Our next sale will be held on 24th inst. Hides.—Our next sale will be held on 26th inst. Oats.—The market still continues quiet and there is very little to report, any requirements being for seed purposes. Prime milling, to 4s: good to best feed, 3s 10d to 3s 11d; medium to good, 3s 6d to 3s 9d per bushel (sacks extra). Wheat.—Millers are still holding off the market, and there is practically no business doing at all. Potatoes.—There is a fair demand for prime lines. Inferior and damaged sorts, however, are not so keenly sought after. Best tables, £6 10s to £6 15s; medium to good, £5 10s to £5 5s per ton (sacks in). Chaff.—The market is still fully supplied. There is a fair demand for prime oaten sheaf, but inferior lots, however, are dull of sale. Quotations: Prime oaten sheaf, £6 10s to £6 15s; medium to good, £6 to £6 7s 6d; inferior and damaged, £5 to £5 15s per ton (sacks extra).

Hamilton

(From our own correspondent.)

August 12.

Owing to the resignation of the president (Miss Doyle), a meeting of members of St. Mary's Club was held on Tuesday evening for the purpose of electing a successor. The officers of the club at present are:—President, Mrs. L. M. Pryor; vice-presidents, Mrs. Watson and Miss Smith; secretary, Miss McCarthy; treasurer, Miss Stapleton; committee, Misses Lafferty, Cussen, and Burke. A report was presented, showing the work done by the members for the wounded soldiers, and also for men going to the front. Many were enrolled as members of a prospective branch of the Red Cross Society, with the object of taking a course of lectures and studies.

At St. Mary's Club rooms on August 4, a farewell social was tendered to the eight members of St. Mary's Football Club who have joined the Eighth Reinforcements. The present contingent made a total of 26 out of a possible 43. They were Messrs. A. Cranston, F. Devine, M. McKendry, C. Brown, S. Geary, J. Lineen, E. Coe, and C. Carthy. All were present in uniform. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens and the national colors of the Allies. There was a crowded attendance, and speeches were given by the chairman (Mr. J. A. Hair), who apologised for the absence of the Very Rev. Dean Darby, and the president (Mr. P. Ryan), who were indisposed. Rev. Father Duffy eulogised their manly act in giving their services for King and country, and the support of their fellow-countrymen who had gone before. During the evening 'Rule Britannia,' 'For they are jolly good fellows,' and 'God save the King' were sung. A splendid supper was provided by an energetic committee of ladies.

At St. Mary's Club rooms the Men's Club met on Thursday evening to debate the question: 'Are early marriages advisable?' The following took part:—Affirmative—Messrs. C. Lafferty, T. Roach, and F. J. Pryor; negative—Messrs. H. J. McMullen, L.L.B., E. De Vining, McGarrigle, and M. H. McCarthy. Very Rev. Dean Darby presided, and Dr. P. Noonan was judge. The hall was wellfilled, ladies being in the majority. Mr. Rafferty led off in good style, and

did justice to the subject in the fifteen minutes allotted to him. Mr. H. J. McMullen delivered an able speech. Mr. Roach advocated the affirmative side in vigorous style. Mr. McGarrigle made out a good case for mature age and thought before marriage. Mr. Pryor criticised the views of his opponents, and made some good points, which were well received. Mr. McCarthy also did very well. The judge having been called away at an early stage of the proceedings, Very Rev. Dean Darby acted in his place, and in his summing up gave judgment for the affirmative side. In doing so he criticised the various speeches in an instructive and pleasing manner. The proceedings closed with votes of thanks to the speakers, the chairman, and judge.

WEDDING BELLS

DUNNE—McDONALD.

On June 9, Mr. E. W. Dunne, of the Electrical Department of the New Zealand Railways, formerly of Dunedin and Melbourne, was married at St. Mary of the Angels' Church, Boulcott street, Wellington, to Miss Annie Frances McDonald, daughter of Mr. Peter McDonald, Kelso, Otago. The Very Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., celebrated the Nuptial Mass, and Mr. Leo Leydon was best man, Miss Mary Markham being the bridesmaid. The bride was given away by Mr. P. Hannigan. Luncheon was partaken of at the Albert Hotel, at which over 100 guests were present. There were many presents, including a cheque from the members of the Wellington Catholic Club, of which body Mr. Dunne has been a prominent member, and now occupies the position of vice-president. The honeymoon was spent in the Rotorua district.

CONDON—McKENZIE.

(From a correspondent.)

A pretty wedding was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, Palmerston North, on August 10, the contracting parties being Mr. John Beale Condon, of Wellington, youngest son of Mr. Maurice Condon, of Belmore, Sydney, and Miss Margaret Helen McKenzie, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John McKenzie and Mrs. McKenzie, of Tokomaru. The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law (Mr. E. K. Daniel, of Hastings), wore a handsome gown of ivory satin charmeuse, with an overdress of floral muslin. The veil was of embroidered tulle, and she wore a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a pretty ivory prayer-book, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were Miss Rita Brooks, of Wellington, and Miss Margerie Daniel, of Hastings, nieces of the bride. The former was dressed in ivory silk with rose colored satin belt, and mob cap. Little Miss Daniel was tastefully attired in a blue satin frock, trimmed with maltese lace, and wore a lace mob cap. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a set of foxaline furs, and the bride's gift to the bridegroom a gold Albert and pendant. The bridesmaids wore gold crosses, the bridegroom's gifts. They carried bouquets of lilies and Irish heath. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Cronin, of Foxton, who celebrated the Nuptial Mass. Mr. T. Judd, of Tokomaru, attended Mr. Condon as best man. As the bridal party left the church, the 'Wedding March' was played by Mrs. C. Brooks, of Wellington, sister of the bride. After the ceremony a reception was held at the 'White House,' where the guests were received by Mrs. McKenzie and Mrs. Daniel. Amongst the guests present were Rev. Father Cronin (Foxton), and Rev. Father Mahony (Hastings). The customary toasts were duly honored. The bride's going-away dress was a military costume of navy cloth trimmed with Paisley silk, and she wore a black velvet hat with white plumes. Mr. and Mrs. Condon left by motor car for Wanganui, where the honeymoon is to be spent. The bride and bridegroom's future home will be in Palmerston North.

J. M. J.

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¶ The Extra Charges are: Washing, £1 10/- a year, and Medicines and Medical Attendance if required.

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METHVEN, CANTERBURY.
SUNDAY, AUGUST 22, 1915.

SOLEMN BLESSING AND OPENING OF THE NEW PRESBYTERY

His Grace the Most Rev. Francis Redwood, S.M., D.D., Archbishop of Wellington and Metropolitan, has graciously consented to officiate.

ORDER OF SERVICES.

- 8.30 a.m. Archbishop's Mass in the Parish Church.
- 10.45 a.m. (In the Methven Town Hall) Solemn High Mass at which the Archbishop will preside and preach.
- 2 p.m. (In the Parish Church) Pontifical Benediction; Procession to and Blessing of the new Presbytery; Discourse by his Grace.

A SPECIAL TRAIN, stopping at all Intermediate Stations, will leave Rakaia for Methven at 9 a.m. on Sunday, 22nd inst. It will leave on the return journey at 4.30 p.m. Fares at Excursion Rates.

Members of the H.A.C.B. Society are requested to assemble at the Parish Church at 10.30 a.m. for the Procession to the Hall.

Father Kennedy and parishioners extend a hearty welcome to all friends and well-wishers.

DR. C. F. MORKANE

Notifies that he has begun practice in Christchurch as a SPECIALIST IN DISEASES OF WOMEN. CONSULTING ROOMS : SOMERSET BUILDINGS 153 HEREFORD ST. HOURS: 11 to 1 and 2 to 4.

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MARRIAGE

DUNNE McDONALD. At St. Mary of the Angels' Church, Boulcott street, Wellington, on June 9, 1915, by the Very Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., E. W. Dunne to Annie Frances McDonald.

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GORE : : : SEPTEMBER 6TH
OAMARU : : : SEPTEMBER 7TH
ASHBURTON : : : SEPTEMBER 8TH

FRANK LEVY, TOURING MANAGER.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae 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.



THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1915.

BISHOP CLEARY'S ILLNESS



HERE is courage and courage. There is the animal courage which, as 'Mr. Dooley' says, 'ain't a question iv morality, Hinmissy, but 'a question iv how the the blood is pumped'—the courage that is at its best on the 'field of fame, fresh and gory,' and that 'makes a man's face flame an' his neck swell an' his eyes look like a couple iv electric lamps again a cyclone sky,' and nerves him 'to lead a forlorn hope acrost th' battlements iv hell.' And there is that much rarer and higher type moral courage, the courage of the spirit, the quality which enables its possessor to bear up with unbroken bravery and indomitable endurance and cheerful and uncomplaining serenity against repeated set backs, even when the physical forces are at their lowest ebb. It is the true courage, of which the poet sings:

To slight a life in misery
Is nothing; but he that can be
Contentedly distressed is truly brave.

It is to the display of this fine spirit by the beloved Bishop of Auckland that we desire in these few lines to pay our modest tribute of admiration. During the last few weeks Bishop Cleary has been in the arena wrestling, if not with death, at least with grave prostration and weakness. Through the weekly messages in the *N.Z. Tablet* the Catholics of the Dominion by proxy have been looking on, with sympathetic and solicitous interest for the gifted prelate who has done such wonderful work and made such splendid and ungrudging sacrifices for the Church which he adorns. Two months ago, Bishop Cleary underwent an operation, which took place in a private hospital in Sydney and lasted nearly three hours. The patient rallied splendidly, and made excellent progress until towards the end of July. About that

time he was allowed to leave his bed and sit in an easy chair for a couple of hours, but the effort proved too much for him, and since then there has been a serious relapse and marked retrogression. On July 26 he experienced the first of a series of severe and extremely exhausting nerve shocks; and during this first attack the patient was unconscious for nearly an hour. In twelve days Bishop Cleary suffered eight such attacks; and our latest message informs us that he has now had in all seventeen of these violent nerve storms. The attacks are particularly distressing, compelling the patient to struggle desperately for breath, and causing him to tremble like a leaf from head to foot. Naturally they are followed by complete exhaustion and prostration, and leave the patient utterly weak and helpless. Yet through it all he has kept up his courage and spirit in a truly remarkable manner. The sufferer who, after attack following upon attack, and with vitality almost gone, can yet think of his friends and people, and keep his faculties sufficiently clear to dictate succinct and in some cases lengthy messages to them, is a man of rare mettle and of lion heart. Bishop Cleary never showed a finer fighting spirit or more unflinching bravery in the thick of his wordy frays in this country than he has shown during the last few weeks on his sick bed in Sydney.

It is one of the compensations of sickness and suffering that it draws the members of a family nearer and closer to one another, and strengthens, as nothing else can do, the bonds of affection between them. Bishop Cleary was always the idol and the beloved of the Catholic people of the Dominion; and the knowledge that his present heavy trials are being endured for us and for our sakes has rendered him at this moment doubly dear to us. If he should be spared to see these lines—and fervently we trust that he may!—may they serve to assure him that he was never more deeply enshrined in the hearts of the people he has loved and served so well, and that his name is ever affectionately remembered in prayer, in the suppliant hope that, if it be His Holy Will, our Heavenly Father will graciously and speedily restore him to us.

Notes

Something in the Rumor

It is a general rule that affirmations made in pleadings in a court of law must be proved or supported by evidence. An exception is made in the case of 'matters of common knowledge'; but it is left to the judge to decide whether or not a particular item comes within that category, and some curious rulings have been given. We have a hazy recollection of a Dunedin case in which a lawyer contended that it was unnecessary to produce evidence to show that it was daylight at six o'clock in the morning in a particular month, as that was 'matter of common knowledge'; but the opposing counsel insisted on proof, declaring that he himself, and most members of the profession, had no 'common knowledge' whatever regarding six o'clock in the morning. A judge has now been found who has even refused to accept the existence of the war as 'a matter of common knowledge.' At a recent trial in a Brooklyn Municipal Court, in which a young woman was suing a tourist agency for failure to deposit her in Germany last August, the defence pleaded the European war as justification; and the *New Republican* gives the following account of the proceedings. "War?" said the attorney for the plaintiff. "The court knows nothing about this alleged war." The judge had heard of the war unofficially, but ruled that it would have to be established if it were to be dragged into the case. After some delay the defendant obtained from Washington several volumes of diplomatic correspondence so convincing that even the counsel for the plaintiff had to admit that there was something in the rumor.

German Intrigue in Athens

Germany is evidently moving heaven and earth to overcome pro-Ally sympathy in Greece, and a well-informed Greek correspondent of the London *Telegraph* gives some extraordinary facts about German intrigues in Athens against M. Venizelos: 'There has been a lavish expenditure of German gold in Athens on a scale which can only be paralleled in recent revelations of Teutonic intrigue in Rome. The object has been to obtain the exclusion of M. Venizelos from power. In order to effect their object those who are a party to the intrigue have not hesitated to represent that M. Venizelos is the enemy of the dynasty. It is suggested that the Cretan statesman is in reality anxious to establish a republic and overthrow once and for all the Royal House. I need scarcely add that accusations against M. Venizelos's loyalty are absolutely absurd, in view of the fact that it is due more to him than to any other living man that the Royal authority stands as it does to-day. It may be hoped that the Greek people, who understand the responsibility of freedom and independence, will know how to deal with this shameless endeavor to overpower the exercise of their free volition by force.'

Apparently the Greek people are quite prepared to deal with these intrigues; and the Venizelist newspapers, *Patris* and *Hestia*, have opened a violent campaign against the doings of Baron Schenk, the well-known chief of the German propaganda in Athens. The *Hestia* writes: 'We appeal to the Government not to permit the further sojourn among us of such vipers (meaning Baron Schenk and his satellites), whose mission it is to belie Greek consciences and pollute our morals. These miserable vipers have now gone so far as to question the result of the elections, in which the popular will in favor of M. Venizelos so emphatically asserted itself, by boasting that they will cause the majority returned to vanish by the time the Chamber meets on July 20, implying by this that they will attempt to use with success, in Greece, the same dastardly means of bribery and corruption which they tried in Rome, but which failed, and which the Italian Premier, in his scathing speech from the Capitol of Rome, denounced to the world.'

Relief Fund for Hospital Ship

As we anticipated in our previous comments on the subject, a satisfactory adjustment of the mistake which had been made in regard to the allocation of the fund for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers on our New Zealand Hospital Ship has, through the good offices of the Catholic Federation, now been effected. Under the original arrangement, the whole donation of £200 contributed by all sections of the community was to be handed over to Major-Chaplain Dutton, while the Catholic and Anglican chaplains were ignored in the matter. The Catholic Federation courteously pointed out that it was not an equitable, fair, or reasonable arrangement that the Catholic chaplain should have to go, as it were, hat in hand to the Presbyterian chaplain for money for Catholic soldiers who might need it, and it was suggested that Major Dutton should be asked to place a sum at the disposal of Father Segrief. In concluding his communication on the subject, the secretary of the Federation said: 'I do not think it is too late yet for an alteration to be made in this matter, and I think you will see that it only fair that at all events the Catholic chaplain should have funds placed at his disposal for distribution amongst men of his own faith. My executive trusts that you will see your way to write to Chaplain-Major Dutton directing him to place at the disposal of Chaplain-Captain Segrief such an amount as your committee may deem equitable, to be used, at his discretion, for the relief of such cases as may come under his notice.'

As the following letters will show, this request has now been complied with. The first, addressed to

the secretary of the N.Z. Catholic Federation, is from the hon. secretary of the Mayor of Wellington's Patriotic Fund: 'Dear Sir,—Your letters of the 16th and 28th ultimo were duly laid before my committee, who, after considering the points put forward by you concerning the amount handed by this committee to Chaplain-Major Dutton for use on the Hospital Ship Maheno, or in other hospitals where our wounded soldiers, or those from other parts, might be needing assistance, decided that the difficulty raised would best be met by asking Major Dutton to confer with the other chaplains on the ship so that together they might constitute a board for handling these funds. A copy of letter sent to Chaplain Dutton on these lines is enclosed. This was despatched by last week's mail and will, I am sure, be acted on without delay.

Yours faithfully,

C. R. SMITH.

Hon. Secretary.

The following is a copy of the letter referred to:

Wellington,

15th August, 1915.

Chaplain Major Dutton,
Hospital Ship Maheno,
Columbu, Otago.

Dear Sir,—In regard to the £200 placed in your hands to be used for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers, congratulations have been made by the New Zealand Catholic Federation that men of their communion will not be allowed to suffer through you, and consequently will not receive the benefit intended. My committee consists of members of your, and they are quite satisfied that you will capably use money for the benefit of all and not of class or creed; but in order to be completely satisfied in the men from the chaplains of other creeds my committee have requested me to ask you to call on them and see the disposition of funds, the board to be composed of yourself and other chaplains on the ship. If you will act in accordance with the wishes of these good partners will be satisfied.

Yours faithfully,

C. R. SMITH.

Hon. Secretary.

There is no person to contribute that this arrangement will be satisfactory and satisfactory; and the Federation has been congratulated on the success of its efforts to secure gentle and fair treatment for our sick and wounded men.

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CLEARY

We received on Friday evening the following authoritative information from Sydney with regard to the illness of His Lordship Bishop Cleary: 'His Lordship Bishop Cleary has had altogether seventeen violent nerve storms, with great shocks and desperate difficulty in getting breath, lasting from three quarters of an hour to two hours and a half. His Lordship has now reached the greatest weakness and exhaustion. At a consultation today (Friday) it was decided that unless he could take and assimilate sustaining food there was no chance for him. This has been impossible for some time past owing to physical causes. Fresh treatment is now being tried.'

On Tuesday afternoon Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., received the following telegram from the Right Rev. Mgr. Brodie, Diocesan Administrator, Auckland: 'Only mail news. Patient very weak; doctors hopeful.'

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

Sympathetic reference to the illness of Bishop Cleary was made at all the Masses and Vespers at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday, and the prayers of the congregation were asked for his Lordship's speedy recovery.

Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., Mr. D. L. Poppelwell (Gore), and possibly Mr. T. J. Hussey will represent the Dunedin Diocesan Council at the meeting of the Dominion Council of the Catholic Federation in Wellington next week.

A concert, under the auspices of the Christian Brothers' Football Club and in aid of an injured player, will be given in St. Joseph's Hall this (Thursday) evening. An excellent programme will be presented, and some of our leading vocalists will contribute items. The object is a very deserving one, and the concert should be well patronised.

The members of St. Joseph's and Dunedin Harriers ran from the Home of the Aged Poor, Anderson's Bay, on Saturday. Dickenson (Dunedin) and O'Brien (St. Joseph's) were in charge of the paper, and laid an excellent trail down towards Lawyer's Head, skirting the lagoon and coming out on the high road at Halfway Rock. The members of each club had a keenly contested run home. Later the members were the guests of the Little Sisters, who supplied refreshments which were greatly appreciated. J. O'Farrell, on behalf of St. Joseph's Club, welcomed the members of the Dunedin Club, and B. Rosevear replied.

About 20 past and present members of the Hibernian Senior Cadets assembled on Friday evening at St. Patrick's Presbytery, South Dunedin, to bid farewell to Lieutenant W. Bevis, who was on leave from Trentham, before proceeding to the front. Mr. Nolan, in presenting Mr. Bevis with a Webley revolver, spoke of his good qualities and the high esteem in which he was held by the cadets. The Rev. Father O'Neill and Mr. Atwill heartily endorsed the statements made by Mr. Nolan. The recipient suitably replied, thanking the donors for their gift and good wishes.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(By telegram, from our own correspondent.)

August 16.

The Feast of the Assumption was celebrated in the city churches with befitting solemnities. The early Masses were largely attended, large numbers receiving Holy Communion at the Cathedral. The confraternities of the Guard of Honor and Children of Mary, in regalia, sang appropriate hymns, particularly 'Our Lady of Lourdes,' which they sang before the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, which occupied a foremost position in the sanctuary, and was nicely decorated. In the evening Rev. Father Dundy preached a most instructive sermon on the Blessed Virgin. A procession followed, the statue of our Blessed Mother being borne through the aisles.

At St. Benedict's special services were held on Sunday. The high altar presented a magnificent spectacle, being ablaze with electric lights. Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan preached at the 11 o'clock Mass, and Right Rev. Mgr. Brodie in the evening. The procession in the morning was augmented by the girls and boys, who received their First Communion, together with the Children of Mary. This morning the Masses were well attended, and the church was visited throughout the day. Rev. Father O'Doherty, of Huntly, will preach to-night. The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration concludes to-morrow morning. All the services were most impressive, the decorations of the altars being carried out with great taste.

At the last meeting of the district executive of the Hibernian Society a sum of £80 was passed for re-assurance of members on active service. Over 100 members are reported to have enlisted, while it is thought several have gone to the front without having reported themselves to their branch secretaries, particularly in the earlier stages of enlistment. Now organised efforts are being put forth to reach the men before they leave the Dominion. It is strange the apathy displayed by many of the members towards making this wise provision against casualties, seeing

that their contributions are being paid for those financial at the date of departure, during their absence abroad. Re-assurance on their account is being effected in order to protect the funeral fund from the possibility of the great loss which may occur through excessive mortality. The unity scheme is now under earnest consideration, and ere long will be submitted to branches for their approval or otherwise. This matter should be well in hand and ready for the final committee stage within the next three months.

CATHOLIC FEDERATION

DOMINION EXECUTIVE.

(From our Wellington correspondent.)

The executive met last Wednesday under the presidency of Mr. J. J. L. Burke, there being present the Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., Adm., Messrs. Johnson, Duggan, Reichel, Foully, Walsh, Hoskins, and Girling-Butcher. The principal business was the preparation of the report of the executive for the Dominion Council meeting on August 25. A sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Burke, Duggan, and Hoskins, was set up to draw up a special report on an important matter, which will be submitted to the Dominion Council.

TEMIKA.

(From our own correspondent.)

August 14.

The annual meeting of the local branch of the Catholic Federation was held on Sunday last, Rev. Father Kerley, S.M., presiding over a very large attendance of parishioners. The balance sheet for the past year, which showed a fair credit balance, was read and adopted. The following were elected a committee for the ensuing year: Messrs. J. Scott, O'Connell, Farrell, J. Braschman, W. D. Fitzgerald, and J. J. Nolan.

ST. JOSEPH'S PARISH COMMITTEE, DUNEDIN.

A meeting of the St. Joseph's Cathedral Committee of the Catholic Federation was held in St. Joseph's Hall on Sunday evening after Vespers. Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., presided over a good attendance of members. The secretary (Mr. J. Almy) reported that so far the following parish societies had appointed representatives: Children of Mary, Misses A. Heley and L. Cahoon; Hibernian Society, Messrs. Ahern and O'Farrell; A.M.D.G. Guild, Mesdames Dunne and O'Keefe. To facilitate the enrolment of members it was decided to make a thorough canvass of the city and suburbs, and with this object canvassers for the various districts were appointed.

ST. BENEDICT'S PARISH COMMITTEE, AUCKLAND.

The first monthly meeting of St. Benedict's parish committee was held on Monday evening, August 9. The president (Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan) presided over a large attendance of members. A letter was received from the Diocesan Council exhorting all committees to commence as early as possible with the renewing of subscriptions for the current year. Mr. Treacy (treasurer) reported he had received since the annual meeting the sum of £3 12s for new subscriptions. Reports from the various canvassers were received. It was stated that 217 members had been enrolled for the present year.

Commenting on the report, Monsignor Gillan congratulated the members on the good start made, which augured well for another successful year for the branch. He pointed out that the enrolling of all the Catholics in the parish in the organisation and the renewing of subscriptions from present members were the most important duties of the new committee. After that

was successfully accomplished, there was a great amount of other work the committee could attend to, but first of all it was necessary to have the Federation to work on.

Mr. Rogers moved—'That a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Lorrigan, Temin, Molloy, Pearson, and the mover, be set up for the purpose of dividing the whole of the parish into districts, and to allot a district to certain members to canvass in order that the work of enrolling be carried out systematically and successfully.'

Mr. Lorrigan seconded the motion, which was carried.

After a vote of thanks to Monsignor Gillan for presiding, and for his valuable assistance to the cause of Catholic Federation, the meeting closed.

Huntly

(By telegraph, from our own correspondent.)

August 16.

The mission which took place at Ngaruawahia last week and was conducted by the Rev. Father McCarthy, S.M., was the first to be held in the new church, and the most successful held in that part of the parish. The opening ceremony at the 11 o'clock Mass was well attended, and the congregation gradually increased day by day until at the end of the week practically every Catholic in the district had received Holy Communion. During the mission two processions—one in honor of our Blessed Lady and the other in honor of the Blessed Sacrament—took place in the church grounds. The Children of Mary and members of the other societies attended in regalia and carried the banners of their respective patron saints. During the week a branch of the H.A.C.B. Society was formed. The mission was concluded at the 9 o'clock Mass yesterday, when a number of children received their First Communion, and practically the whole of the congregation approached the Holy Table. After the renewal of baptismal vows, and the Papal Blessing had been given, the Rev. Father O'Doherty thanked the missionary, on behalf of the parishioners, for the great enthusiasm with which he had labored, for his many eloquent appeals, and for the untiring zeal which he displayed in visiting those in need. At the wish of the congregation, Father O'Doherty promised to try and secure the service of the Rev. Father McCarthy for a renewal mission to be held in about twelve months' time.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

J.M., Christchurch.—Many thanks for Y.M.C.A. cutting. We have filed it for use when the opportunity presents itself.

ALLEN DOONE

The Allen Doone Company is playing to crowded houses in Christchurch. 'Molly Bawn' was presented for the last time on Saturday night. 'In Old Donegal' was staged on Monday and Tuesday nights. This is to be succeeded by a thrilling detective drama.

The friends of Catholic education, who have received art union or carnival tickets in connection with the Morven bazaar, will render valuable assistance by sending the blocks and remittances on or about September 1, either to the Rev. Father McDonald, general secretary and organiser of the bazaar, or to the Rev. Father Aubry, treasurer.

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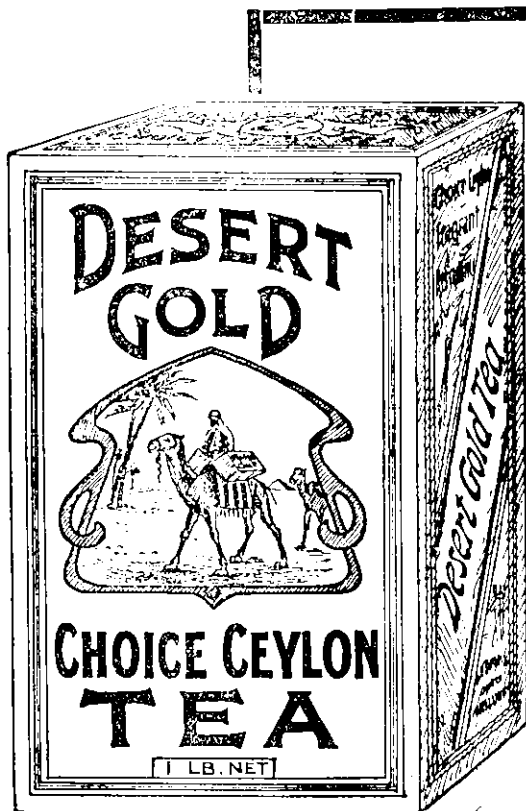
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Irish News

GENERAL.

The chairman of the Kildare County Council, Mr. M. J. Minch, J.P., has three sons with the colors, one of them at Aldershot and the other two with the Connaught Rangers.

Tipperary town, which has already got a lady bank clerk, has now a lady postman, Miss Josie Slattery. She has been appointed for the Grantstown, Donarkeigh, and Pallinardy districts.

A number of Civil List pensions were granted in June. One of the largest (£100) is granted to Mr. George Coffey, in recognition of the value of his researches and writing on Irish archaeology.

Second-Lieutenant M. F. J. R. Mahoney, Irish Fusiliers, reported wounded, is the son of Mr. Martin F. Mahoney, Lota Bay, Cork. He was educated at Downside and Sandhurst, whence he passed into the Irish Fusiliers last December.

Major C. J. Hickie, Royal Fusiliers, reported wounded at the Dardanelles, is the third son of Colonel J. F. Hickie, Slevoyre, County Tipperary. Educated at Oscott and Beaumont, he served in the South African war and was wounded at Ladysmith. He became Captain in 1902 and Major in 1912, and Brigade-Major in the East Lancs. Infantry Brigade. He married in 1903 Edith, daughter of the late Capt. M. H. Thunder, Coolmagloose, County Wexford.

Mr. J. J. Kavanagh, eldest son of Mr. T. J. Kavanagh, solicitor, Cork, who was gazetted as sub-lieutenant in the 3rd Connaught Rangers in August, 1914, and went to the front on 4th March, was appointed lieutenant about two months ago, and has now been promoted captain for distinguished conduct and bravery on the field. Captain Kavanagh, who is only 21 years of age, was through the battle of Neuve Chapelle, and took part in two other engagements.

On June 18 the three Irish wolfhounds presented to Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., by Mr. Thomas Ryan, Brixton, for the Irish Division, arrived in Kingstown by the Royal Mail steamer Leinster. They were in charge of Mr. David Williams, and are considered splendid specimens of their breed. One of the animals stands 37in high, and the others 31½. They were received by two of the Inniskilling Fusiliers and conveyed to Fermoy, Tipperary, and Buttevant, where the Irish Brigades are in training.

NORTH TIPPERARY ELECTION.

The election in North Tipperary, occasioned by the death of Dr. Esmonde, M.P., took place on June 17. Out of an electorate of over 6000, about 4000 voted. Three candidates went to the poll, all of them

Nationalists. The following were the figures:—John L. Esmonde, 1693; Patrick Hoctor, 1293; Robert P. Gill, 1192. The successful candidate, Mr. Esmonde, is the son of the previous member. Mr. Hoctor, one of the defeated candidates, complained that hired cars had been used in the interests of the successful candidate, and threatened a petition against Mr. Esmonde's return. The Irish Party took no action in the contest. No Convention was held. At the previous election the late Dr. Esmonde was returned unopposed, as was also the Nationalist candidate in 1906 and 1910.

SERGEANT O'LEARY, V.C.

Sergeant Michael O'Leary, V.C., left the trenches 'somewhere in France'—or perhaps Belgium—in the early afternoon of Monday, June 21. He got seven days' leave from duty—he had been right at the front since the first day of the struggle—and he turned straight for Inchigeela, via London and Cork. The clay of the Low Countries was still clinging to his military apparel when he appeared at Wellington Barracks, London, on Tuesday; and the war-begrimed hero of the most remarkable of all personal military exploits was not recognised by the members of his regiment at home until someone 'spotted' the ribbon of the V.C. on his breast. Then the news spread; it reached Buckingham Palace, where the King and Queen were. Without delay, the King sent instructions to the Colonel of the Irish Guards at the Barracks that O'Leary was wanted at the Palace; and Colonel Proby easily persuaded the Sergeant to accompany him. The King, the Queen, and the Princess Mary were in the Palace garden; soon the King's mother and his sister appeared on the scene. Under these circumstances the Victoria Cross was formally 'pinned' to the soldier's dust-covered tunic by the Sovereign; and the wearer thereof returned to Wellington Barracks, whence he left by the night mail train for Cork, via Holyhead and Dublin. He thought of presenting himself unannounced at the home of his parents by the far-away Lake of Inchigeela; 'but,' he said to friends at the station that night, 'I suppose it's no use hoping to surprise the old folks now, as an account of what happened to-day will surely be in the morning's *Cork Evening Echo*, which will get to Macroom hours before I can arrive.' O'Leary is a stalwart, modest young fellow, boyish in appearance, though he boasts 25 years and is a veteran sailor and soldier, and remarkably like the familiar photograph which has served so effectively as a recruiting poster.

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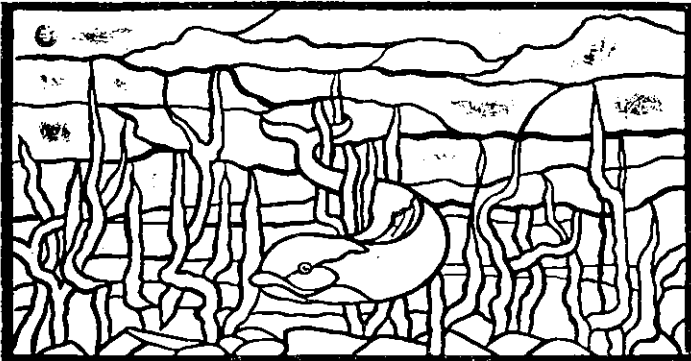
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CORRESPONDENCE

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

THE H.A.C.B. SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The proposal to be brought forward by the district executive at the August half-yearly meeting, to adjourn the triennial movable meeting or conference of 1916 to some future date, will, I hope, meet with the fate that it deserves. Now, what does this proposal mean? It means that our conference held triennially is to be put back indefinitely, and the opportunity of discussing progressive measures by direct representatives of branches is withheld. Surely once in three years is long enough to wait for a meeting with our district officers and the leading representatives of the society throughout the Dominion. Our society is the only friendly society that meets at such lengthy intervals, and it is certainly not to our advantage. I wonder how long would the Federated Catholic Clubs or the Catholic Federation last, if delegates from their branches only met triennially. The H.A.C.B. Society could, with advantage, copy some of the progressive methods of our younger Catholic bodies, for instance: (1) diocesan meetings of branches, with annual meetings of diocesan representatives in a Dominion centre; (2) an organising secretary, which would save hundreds of pounds and give more satisfaction. The business paper should have reached branches in time for their half-yearly meetings, but it did not reach here till after that date, July 5. The late arrival does not affect so much the city branches, but in the country (and they are the majority) the quarterly and half-yearly meetings are the best attended during the year, and consequently the opportunity of getting an expression of opinion from the majority of members has been missed. As the August district meeting will be held in Auckland, and will not be attended by many direct representatives, it is more than likely that the eloquence of the district executive will carry such weight with the Auckland propagandists, that the suggestion will be carried.

The business of the triennial movable meeting is now in course of preparation by branches, two reports being proposed by the Christchurch branch and a suggestion by an erstwhile ex-member from Dunedin should see the light of day at that meeting, so that business is assured. I think, also, that Westport should be considered, and the letter from there in your issue of August 5 speaks for itself. The society's officers and delegates will be their guests, and arrangements have been made for their reception, which should not be lightly postponed.

Bro. Burke, of Wellington, has dealt separately with the reasons put forward by the district executive, and the consensus of opinion seems to be that things will be worse after the war is over. Unless the district executive propose to cut out the triennial movable meeting altogether, what will be gained by the postponement? If the district executive are in earnest to expense of the triennial movable meeting, well then, all I can say is that war or no war, our funds should be conserved and not frittered away in big unwieldy meetings. Let the district executive, in their wisdom, bring down proposals to the Westport meeting, either to end or mend such meetings, and they will find plenty of support. I am, etc.,

F. J. DOOLAN.

Christchurch, August 9.

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PUBLICATIONS

Fairyland Fancies: A Cycle of Fairy Songs for Mezzo-Soprano. By Margaret A. Sinclair and Robert McLeod. Price, 2s 6d net. Bayley and Ferguson, London and Glasgow.

A series of four exceptionally dainty little fairy songs, which would be a decided acquisition to the repertoire of any light mezzo-soprano, but which would be still more suitable and pleasing for a child's voice. Both melodies and accompaniments are unusually taking, and the words, which are so often the weak point, are in this case equally attractive. The 'Fairy lullaby,' the third song of the series, reminds us a little, both in words and music, of Alicia Needham's charming lullaby in her collection of *Ballads for Bairns*; but it is, of course, difficult to get away from the beaten track in such songs. The volume is very tastefully bound, but the good effect of its cover is somewhat marred by the omission of one letter in the word 'Margaret.'

The Awakening. Melody for the Piano. By S. M. Harris. Price, 2s net. S. T. Upham, City Printing Works, Perth.

This piece of music would make a good study for a music student at a certain stage of progress, as it is sufficiently showy and melodious without presenting any difficulties to a pianist with any faculties of execution. There is a well-marked and pleasing theme throughout, working up to an effective climax. The piece is dedicated to Sergeant H. L. Parry, of the East West Australian Contingent.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

August 13.

The annual meeting of the junior branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society took place in St. Joseph's Schoolroom on last Sunday evening. The Rev. Father N. Moloney, S.M., presided. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. T. P. Souter. The election of officers resulted as follows: Patron, Rev. Father Moloney, S.M.; president, Mr. T. P. Souter; vice-president, Mr. M. P. Shute; treasurer, Mr. C. Lloyd; secretary, Mr. P. Gordiss. The branch meets every Friday evening, and all young boys up to the age of 21 are invited to the meetings.

Sunday, August 8, was kept as 'Intercession Day' with special solemnity at St. Mary's Church. In accordance with the direction of the Archbishop, the last Mass was offered up for 'a speedy victory for the Allied armies and an honorable and lasting peace.' The High Mass was sung by the Rev. Father S. Mahony, who, in his address, said that the war originated from the fact that one nation had become obsessed by the notion that it is a chosen people, destined to rise into greatness and hold undisputed sway over all the world. But Germany had not counted on Belgium's resistance; she received a check there for which the world must ever be grateful. All posterity must admire the Belgians as a band of heroes, from the hero King and his noble Queen, down to the least of their subjects. Thousands of noble lives have already been sacrificed in this righteous struggle, and as far as human foresight can know, the end is not yet; but God's ways are inscrutable, and we are here to-day to implore His assistance, that in His mercy and omnipotence He may grant what we pray—a speedy termination to this dreadful scourge and an honorable peace.

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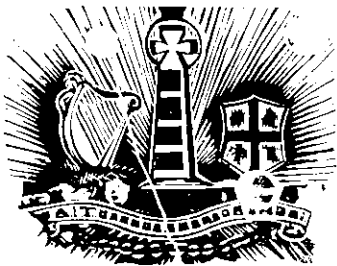
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The Catholic World

BELGIUM

CARDINAL MERCIER'S PASTORAL.

His Eminence Cardinal Mercier issued a Pastoral Letter about the middle of June in which he says:— 'Love to think that others are more deserving than yourselves. Above all, beware of calumnies. Since the beginning of the war crafty, wicked, perfidious people have eagerly accredited the rumor that the deceased Pope, Pius X., and our Holy Father Benedict XV., the reigning Pope, favored our enemies financially or morally and through weakness paid no regard to the right of the Belgian people. These are calumnies, my brethren, infamous calumnies. The simple, loving, magnanimous heart of Pius X. was incapable, I do not say of baseness, but of the appearance of sympathy with injustice, even were it triumphant. The truth is that the noble old man died through grief when he saw the European nations afflicted by murderous strife, and Providence did not give him time to express in public the horror he felt at these fearful excesses. As for our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV., what more could he do for us Belgians than he has done?'

FRANCE

THE PRIESTS AND THE ARMY.

The influence of the soldier-priests has made itself felt in an unexpected and it may be said, an almost miraculous manner. It is so evident, and so powerful, that M. Jaffon de Naxos, writing in the *Figaro*, is thoroughly beside himself, wondering whether the law which puts the knowledge of the rank of the priests, the sectarian character of which some think of denying, was not a felix culpa. In an article published in the *Courrier* M. Geoffrey de Grammont, the collaborator and intimate friend of the lamented Comte de Mun, says, speaking of that law, 'Let it be blessed. It was not in the least ill-considered, but it has had the result of multiplying the presence of priests among the soldiers, and of causing them to be known, and appreciated by their companions of work and battle.' A priest attached to the military ambulance corps declares that from the medical and supernatural point of view, the part played by the priest has never been so useful and efficacious. The dying who are brought to us from the battlefield enter eternity content and reconciled with God after passing through our hands. As for those who leave us to complete their cure, it is extremely comforting and hopeful for the future to see the confidence they have in the soldier-priests, their comrades. They are so docile to our advice, and so accessible to our influence, that it is impossible not to discern in their conduct a certain pledge for the resurrection of our country.'

DECLINED APPOINTMENT TO A BISHOPRIC.

The request to be relieved of such an honor as the nomination to a bishopric is rarely granted by a Pope. However, it is to such a supplication that Benedict XV. has just acceded (writes the Rome correspondent of the *Irish Catholic*). Amongst the French bishops whose appointment was announced recently was Mgr. Costa de Beauregard, who was designated as the new Bishop of Dijon. Without any delay he undertook the journey to Rome on purpose to beseech the Pope to leave him at Chambéry with his dear orphans, who, during his absence, made a novena that God should not take their benefactor from them. It was on the last day of that novena that the Pope acceded to the demand of the saintly prelate. Mgr. Costa de Beauregard has succeeded in convincing Benedict XV. that his absence from Chambéry would endanger the work to which he was so deeply attached. The fact is that the orphanage of Chambéry was bequeathed to Mgr. Costa de Beauregard, with all the liabilities for its

maintenance, by the venerated Canon Camille Costa de Beauregard, who died about five years ago and whose long career of devotion had earned for him the name of 'Father of the Orphans of Savoy.' The cost of the maintenance of the great orphanage is very heavy, and it is pretty sure that cost will be increased by the war. While expressing to the Sovereign Pontiff his absolute submission to the desire and will of the Holy See, Mgr. Costa de Beauregard had, to obtain the Holy Father's consent to the realisation of his desire to be left at his present post, explained the critical situation created by the present events for all the works which he had assumed responsibility, of which depend on him personally.

HOLLAND

MISSION TO THE HOLY SEE.

The news that the Bill appointing an extraordinary mission to the Holy See, which the Second Dutch Chamber passed by a majority of 83 to 10, has been adopted by the First Chamber without debate, will be received with satisfaction by Catholics in all countries (says the *Catholic Times*). The opposition offered to the measure by certain Protestant organisations broke down, thanks to the firmness of the Dutch Government and the common-sense of the people's representatives. The Catholic Church has made remarkable progress in Holland within the past half-century, and a large proportion of the population consists of Catholics, who might justly claim that in their interest alone Holland ought to have a diplomatic representative at the Vatican. But, as both the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Minister of the Interior explained, that is not the chief motive that inspired the Government to make the proposal. It is the interests of the country as a whole and of its colonies that the Government has in view. No one, said the Minister of the Interior, could deny that from the international point of view the Pope is a great power. Holland is anxious to neglect no opportunity of exerting her influence in favor of peace, and to that end she desires to cooperate with the Holy Father. When the moment comes for the discussion of peace terms the voice of the Pope will, it may be presumed, count as a weighty factor. There is no individual or nation that can do so much as his Holiness to make the peace lasting.

POLAND

RUSSIA'S PROMISES.

If the sketch given in the *Boussier Stern* of the new Constitution which Russia intends to set up for the inhabitants of Russian Poland be correct, the measure of autonomy they are to receive leaves much to be desired (remarks the *Catholic Times*). Indeed, to us, who are accustomed to the working of free popular institutions, the use of the word autonomy in connection with the project seems out of place. The Poles are not to have control of finance or of legal administration. They are to be governed by a Viceroy, assisted by a Council whose members are to be practically his creatures. Some of them are to represent the different branches of the administration. Others are to be elected by the people, but before their admission to the Council the election must be approved of by the Viceroy. The Poles who may be permitted to discharge public functions must be able to speak Russian, but, as a rule, permission will be given for the use of Polish in municipal and communal institutions. Catholic priests will be allowed to preach in the churches and to lecture in other places and the Bishops to exercise surveillance over the teaching of the catechism in the schools and the instruction imparted in the seminaries. The right to possess property will also be granted to the Catholic clergy. It is to be hoped that the ideas of the Russian authorities will expand before the time comes for carrying out the reform and that the expectations raised by the promises made at the outbreak of the war will be realised.



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CATHOLIC FEDERATION

DUNEDIN DIOCESAN COUNCIL.

At the annual meeting of the Dunedin Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation the secretary (Mr. J. Hally) read reports from the secretaries of several parish committees, dealing with the work done during the past year.

Wrey's Bush.

Mr. P. A. Cusack, the retiring secretary, Wrey's Bush, reported that the financial members totalled about 400, and it was stated at the annual meeting a more lively interest was being displayed in the work of the Federation. The branch had done its share in helping to defeat the Bible-in-schools question. The parishioners attended in large numbers the Pan-Southland gathering, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. Such gatherings will in many ways do much to promote the best interests of the Federation. The members of the branch contributed a sum of £32 for the Belgian relief fund. The following are the officers for the current year: Committee Messrs. John Boyle (vice-president), John Cady (secretary), James Egan, and Peter A. Cusack; Catholic Club representative, Mr. Michael Egan; Children of Mary, Miss K. Forde. A sub-committee was elected at Nightcaps, consisting of the following: Messrs. James Egan, D. Callinan, T. Cosloff, and P. Hayden.

Milton.

Mr. Kirby, secretary, Milton, writing under date July 21, reported that the membership of the branch to date was 117.

Mogiel.

The secretary of the Mogiel branch reported that at the annual meeting in June 1914 a new committee, consisting of the following, was elected: Congregation Messrs. Mahon, Curran, W. Hawke, T. Flannery, J. McGettigan, junior, and C. O'Connell; Bible-Club Society, Miss Agnes Fitzgerald; and Mr. J. Dwyer; Altar Society, Misses T. O'Brien and C. O'Neil; Children of Mary, Misses L. O'Brien and A. M. Fitzpatrick. At a subsequent meeting of the committee Messrs. Cunningham and Hawke were appointed vice-presidents; Mr. J. Curran, secretary; and Mr. J. McGettigan, treasurer. During the year Messrs. J. Curran, W. Hawke, and J. McGettigan, junior, have been very departmental in their work, which consisted of the re-parture of Mr. Curran and Mr. James Dwyer had volunteered for the year. At these young men had taken an active interest in the Federation and all matters relating to the same. The committee also sections are to the branch. During the year the committee took active steps to promote the same. This was done by the electoral roll, and that the committee were active in the election of representatives. At a general meeting of the branch on March 19, 1915, Rev. Father McKean, president, presided. Mr. Thomas Wain was elected treasurer, Mr. James McGettigan, junior, who had left the district, and Mr. E. O'Neil was elected secretary. At the annual meeting in place of Mr. J. Curran, who had also left the district. The committee on meeting in office expressed the wish that all would continue to take an active interest in the work of the Federation, which so far had been of great benefit to the Church in New Zealand.

Winton.

The secretary of the Winton branch (Mr. Henry O'Reilly) reported that the membership last year was 164, but hoped that there would be an increase this year.

Invercargill.

The annual report of the Invercargill committee, a copy of which appeared in our issue of July 15, was also read.

Gore.

In their annual report the committee of the Gore branch of the Catholic Federation said:—Your committee have pleasure in congratulating the members

on the useful work accomplished during the year. We regret, however, that there is a slight falling off in the amount of the subscriptions received by our branch. The falling off in membership is more apparent than real, as several local committees have not yet sent in any returns. It is to be hoped that the various local secretaries will attend to this matter, as it is of the utmost importance that all returns should reach the secretary of the branch without delay in order that a proper report and return can be sent to the Diocesan Council. Shortly after its appointment your committee elected Messrs. Poppelwell and O'Neill as delegates to the Diocesan Council, and Mr. Bernard Kelly as secretary. Mr. Poppelwell was elected Dominion president of the Federation in August last, and your committee offered their congratulations on the honor conferred on him. The principal work of the Federation during the year was connected with opposing the Bible-in-schools movement. The great success of the Federation's efforts is well known, and a debt of gratitude is due by the Catholics of New Zealand to the leaders of the organisation, and especially to Bishop Cleary, for their great and successful fight against an endeavor to inflict grave injustice on our people. Another successful step resulted in the alteration of the law relating to public scholarships, which can now be held at any Catholic secondary school approved by the Minister of Education. Now no fair-minded Minister can withhold his approval of our secondary schools, as they are undoubtedly of an equivalent standard to the State high schools. The principle of this measure applies equally to free places, and when these are granted, as they must be in time, the Catholics of this country will have gained a very important point. The Federation has also been active during the year, with good results, in the matter of arranging for suitable homes for Catholic children boarded out by public institutions. All Catholic persons willing to take such children should register their names with the Federation, so that that body would be in a position to make recommendations on the subject. The Federation, through its various agencies, has also done much to suppress objectionable literature and films. The terrible war which is now being waged has called forth the patriotism of our members, many of whom have nobly gone forward to fight for the Empire's liberties and prestige. During the year 70 or 80 members from this parish joined the ranks, and your committee decided that these members should be kept financial on the books so as not to allow any break in their membership. Your committee desire to congratulate the Catholics of Southland on their successful gathering this year, and hope that these meetings will grow and increase in the years to come. The work of the Federation for the year has been solid, and as time goes on its activities should increase and its success become more pronounced.

TUAKAU.

(From an occasional correspondent.)

The annual general meeting of the Tuakau branch of the Catholic Federation was held on Sunday, August 8, the president (Rev. Father O'Hara) presiding. After the formal business of the meeting had been dealt with, the diocesan secretary (Mr. P. E. Dromgooll), in a short address, outlined the work which had been accomplished by the Federation in New Zealand in general, and in the Auckland diocese in particular, during the past year, and showed the fallacy of assuming that, as the Bible-in-schools agitation had been successfully defeated, there existed no useful work to which the Federation could turn its attention, and gave indication of what the Federation could do in the future in the interests of the Catholics of this Dominion.

The election of officers for the ensuing year was then proceeded with, the result being as follows:—President, Rev. Father O'Hara; vice-presidents, Messrs. J. Quinlan and P. Cooney; secretary, Mr. T.

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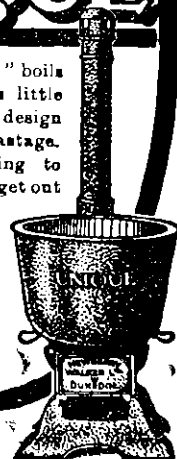
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B. McGahan; treasurer, Mrs. B. G. Geraghty: committee—Mrs. M. McGahan and Miss A. McGuire (representatives from the Altar Society) and Messrs. M. Black, J. J. Dromgool, H. McGuire, Thos. Murray, B. G. Geraghty, Thos. Dromgool, and John Geraghty (Orewheho).

During the meeting information was asked for concerning the manner in which a temperance remit from Tuakau to the half-yearly meeting of the Diocesan Council, held at Hamilton on January 27, had been disposed of by the council. The meeting expressed pleasure at hearing that the remit in question had been favorably and sympathetically received by the council. It was resolved that it be a suggestion to the incoming parish committee to consider at its first meeting the advisability of establishing in Tuakau a Catholic temperance society.

Mr. P. E. Dromgool, (diocesan secretary) congratulated the members of the new committee on their election, and stated that he felt confident, judging by the enthusiasm shown by the meeting, that at the next half-yearly meeting of the Auckland Diocesan Council the committee would be able to report that Tuakau was one of the most flourishing branches of the Federation in the diocese.

A vote of thanks to the diocesan secretary (Mr. P. E. Dromgool) for his attendance concluded a most successful meeting.

GARDENING NOTES

(By Mr. J. J. Dromgool, Gardener, Christchurch.)

THE DIFFERENT MODES OF PROPAGATING PLANTS.

As a general rule trees and shrubs, which seed freely, are very difficult to propagate by cuttings, and are seldom raised in this manner. For instance, the ash, elm, and sycamore, the American Spinaerobolus, nut, holly, and the various species of the olive cut, spruce, cedar, yew, pine, and cypress, the larch or white pine, and the various species, and most of our New Zealand forest trees, and the other native trees, which do not seed freely, are easily propagated by cuttings. We scarcely ever see any seedlings of the cuttings of the willow (which can be raised by seed or cuttings), the many kinds of poplar, the cutting of which will grow if planted in the right season, the oriental plane, and most of our grasses, shrubs, other conditions of evergreen. The various species of the laurel family and most of our ferns, which do not seed freely, and can be propagated from cuttings, whilst the pine family objects to be increased in any other way except by seed. The different varieties of the rhododendron seed very freely, and are very difficult to raise from cuttings. They are generally grown from layers and seed, and the seedlings answer for stocks to graft the better kinds on. Camellias, too, are difficult to propagate from cuttings, they are usually grown like the rhododendron by layering and seed. The single camellia seeds freely and the double flowered ones are grafted on to them. Plants which are slow to grow from seed and difficult to propagate from cuttings are usually increased by layering. The method of layering a plant is to cut at a joint upwards, about half an inch or more, care being taken not to cut too far into the branch, or it might snap off when bending it into the ground. When the cut is made the branch is bent so that the tongue made by the cut will point downwards; then it must be pegged down, and covered well with the soil. It will take root by this little tongue, but it will be about twelve months before it can be separated from the old plant. If the summer is dry a good watering occasionally will be of benefit. If the old plant is any size, several branches can be layered at the same time. Sometimes a twist of the branch will answer instead of a cut with the knife. Some plants will grow by merely putting some soil over the branches to be layered. The laurestinus and laurel family and many others will succeed in this manner.

PROPAGATING PLANTS BY CUTTINGS.

A cutting is a part of a plant taken from its parent, and inserted in a proper manner in the ground. After a time it will put forth roots, and become an independent plant, but not a new plant, only a part of the parent with the same habit, foliage, flower, and fruit. Cuttings of trees and shrubs are usually planted from the end of autumn until the end of spring. Soft wooded plants can be propagated by the young spring growth, inserted in pots or boxes filled with sandy soil, and placed in a hot bed or greenhouse, heated by hot water. When treated in this manner they strike very freely. Such plants as geraniums, fuchsias, verbenas, petunias, all the different spring-grown plants needed for the garden, and chrysanthemums propagate freely when placed in a gentle heat. Cuttings of shrubs and trees require to be of well-seasoned wood of the previous year's growth. They should be made about a foot long, cut at a joint with a nice clean cut. They should be planted pretty deep, leaving about one or two eyes above ground, two or three inches apart, and the soil made very firm around them. They usually take about twelve months before they ought to be disturbed, when they should be taken up and replanted, giving them plenty of room to grow. When making evergreen cuttings all the leaves should be cut away at the lower part, leaving two or three at the top, and should not be allowed out of the ground any considerable time for fear of getting dry. Andros and heaths want special treatment. They must be grown in pots, and covered with a handglass. Very small bits of the tops of the shoots are inserted in prepared soil with a good mixture of peat and silver sand, and placed in a greenhouse or frame away from the sun. Several plants will grow from the leaf, such as the true fern, hegenas, oxias, and gesneras. Others are propagated from cuttings of the roots, such as apple stalks, pine, juniper, &c. Many stove plants are propagated in this manner.

I was very pleased to read of Mr. Roach's letter in last week's Tablet concerning his notes on native trees and shrubs, growing only by coming from one, as I noticed by his remarks that he was what he writes about. Such a letter of appreciation encourages me to do a pleasant thing, and call a few notes for the Tablet each week. It also presses me to understand that the editor's criticism of each week is not wasted. If others, who appreciate these notes, or who might differ with the author's conclusions, would also express their opinions occasionally, it would be a guide for me, and would make the gardening matter more interesting, as there we would have various opinions, and out of it some knowledge would be gained. In the notes on a native tree, any remarks referred to a gentleman's ordinary private ground, wholly confined to native trees, etc., not what we see in public gardens. We have a couple of native plots in the Christchurch Public Gardens, but they take more the form a miniature bush, and are very interesting. But to see lawns and walks laid out, and planted, as I said, with a fine residence standing in the middle would be a novelty.

I cannot sing the old, sweet songs
Which I should sing by night,
I've lost my voice, and have no choice,
Because of bronchial blight;
But very soon I'll be in tune,
And sing them all, be sure,
I'll change my means to dulcet tones,
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

What a lot of odd jobs in a house go without being done for the want of a few good common

TOOLS.

A man has some pleasure in doing a job if he has a few decent Tools. Why not come along to SMITH & LAING'S, INVERCARGILL, and select one or two. Tradesmen know where they can get the best at the lowest price.

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☞ AFTERNOON TEAS.

Why Tea Costs More

A Statement that Every Housewife Should Read

The war has faced every tea merchant with the problem of increasing prices of an inferior quality. He has to follow the course of the other, there's no escape for the wholesale cost of fine tea in Eastern markets has increased over 250 per cent since August last. The main reason for this rise has been the greatly increased demand and the fact that the production cannot naturally increase at least five years.

Take for instance the minimum quantity of tea required for the men in the trenches and on active service.

It is readily seen why tea has been selected as the soldiers' beverage—it is easily transported—is quickly and readily prepared anywhere and above all it is invaluable for its invigorating and stimulating qualities. With the exception of 5 million Britishers, but few of the 25 million tea and sugar armies in Europe today were previously tea drinkers—yet almost in a day tea had to be found for them.

Do you wonder then, that the tea has gone up, up, up in price—that to-day fine tea costs the packer in New Zealand on the average 2½d. to 3d. per lb. more than in August last.

Add to this Russia's 160 millions, who, with a stroke of the pen, have been turned into tea drinkers by the Vodka prohibition—add a score of minor causes and you will see why the increase had to come.

Therefore, too, you will see that any tea giving value for the money

cannot be sold at the same price as in August last. It simply can't be done—unless, of course, the price originally charged was absolutely excessive. If a fair price and good value was formerly given, the packer is now faced with a loss on every packet.

There's no escape from the facts—either prices have to be increased—or, as an alternative, quality and value must be reduced by the admixture of cheaper, inferior, less beneficial teas.

The "Amber Tips" Proprietors are determined that, in their case, this alternative will never be taken.

"Amber Tips" remarkable rise in a few years from an unknown brand to by far the largest selling tea in New Zealand—the largest selling tea in the world in proportion to population—is due to its quality and reasonable value.

The same wonderful value will still be given, no matter how the finest teas will be raised, but to do so the price has to be increased.

We are convinced that most homes in New Zealand would rather pay 2d. per lb. more and get the finest tea that can be produced rather than pay the old price and get an inferior article—with an admixture of poorer teas, less beneficial alike to nerves and digestion.

Forget quality and healthfulness—consider the question purely from the standpoint of economy—there too "Amber Tips" leads, for every pound will give more cups—and at a less price per cup, cup for cup, there's no cheaper tea.

Therefore even at the new prices Amber Tips is still the cheapest—you get better tea—more delicious flavour—finer fragrance—while, as the Lancet investigation showed, your health will benefit.

Surely because of a penny extra per half lb. packet you will not deprive yourself of a tea which for quality, flavour, fragrance, and economy is unique and unsurpassable.

The housewives of New Zealand want a good article and good value, and one that convinced them that Amber Tips is a tea that nothing else could equal.

Do they still want value and quality? We believe they do—we know it.

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The only tea that has to increase its prices—the foregoing will tell you why.

WEDDING BELLS

WEDDERSPOON—COTTER.

A quiet but very pretty wedding was celebrated in the Cathedral on Tuesday, July 27 (writes our Christchurch correspondent), when Miss Constance Cotter, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Cotter, of the City Hotel, was married to Mr. W. C. Wedderspoon, eldest son of Mr. Richard Wedderspoon, of Wellington. The Rev. Father Long officiated. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely frock of ivory satin charmeuse, with pearl trimmings, and carried an ivory-bound prayer-book. Her tulle veil, which was trimmed with real Limerick lace, wrought by the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, of Mount Magdala, was crowned with a wreath of orange blossom. Miss E. Cotter (sister of the bride), who acted as bridesmaid, wore a pretty frock of white Arcadian crepe, with which she wore a dainty white mob cap, with a fall of the same material. Her bouquet was of freesias and violets. After the ceremony a reception was held at Broadway's, at which the bride's mother wore a smart blue costume and black hat. Mr. and Mrs. Wedderspoon left by motor car for Akaroa.

Taumatunui

(From our special and correspondent.)

Mr. and Mrs. H. McMillanridge were entertained at a social evening prior to their leaving the district, when many elegant presents were made to their worth. Much regret was expressed on the occasion of their departure.

The building of a new vest in the heart of the King Country is making good progress. The parishioners of Taumatunui, so advised by Rev. Father Brennan, are to be congratulated on the efficient manner in which they have taken up the matter. A considerable time and labor have been given by members of the congregation, especially Mr. M. Hekey, who levelled and filled up a substantial site.

A large number of the members of Messrs. O'Connor Bros.' residence in Taumatunui on Thursday, July 29, to bid them farewell on the occasion of their leaving the district. Both Mrs. and Miss T. O'Connor were the recipients of beautiful presents. On the previous Sunday, Mr. W. T. Jennings, M.P., and Mr. M. Hekey took the opportunity to drop in Taumatunui to bid farewells and were very good friends to their next home. Both Messrs. H. and M. O'Connor have each taken up a post by the Wairakei, but it is rumored that Mr. B. O'Connor has enlisted. If so, his particularly good record as a marksman should make him of some use in the front, having represented the province of Canterbury on numerous occasions as a cadet, and also in the Dominion rifle team, 1908, when he gained the highest score on the Lord Robert's trophy.

Stratford

(From a correspondent.)

August 8.

The members of the Stratford branch of the Hibernian Society received Holy Communion in a body this morning (Sunday). There were twenty members present, and the number would have been larger but for the fact that the weather was inclement. Great credit is due to the country members, who had come five and six miles. It is a great pleasure to report that our membership is increasing, and in a short time the Catholic young men of Stratford and district will be proud of belonging to the society, whilst the good example shown by the members is to be commended.

Hokitika.

(From our own correspondent.)

August 7.

On Friday evening, July 30, at St. Mary's Club-rooms, the ladies of the club tendered a farewell social to those members of the various local clubs who have enlisted, and are about to proceed to the Trentham Camp preparatory to leaving for the front. The following were the guests of the evening: Messrs. E. O'Leary, T. Toohy, G. Berney, H. Wild, B. Dowell, and A. Folley. The proceedings took the form of a musical evening, the following contributing items: Mesdames Bennett, Richards, Maugle, and Richardson, Messrs. T. Stopforth, B. Dowell, and T. Hills, Misses Devaney, Daly, Stopforth, and Giese. At the supper adjournment, Mr. W. Jeffries, on behalf of the ladies' committee, expressed the president's (Mr. G. Wornington) regret at not being able to be present, and on his behalf wished the recruits every success at the front, and a safe return to Hokitika. Mr. Felley, on behalf of the guests, returned their sincere thanks for the honor paid them by the ladies of St. Mary's Club. He recognised, he said, the serious task before them, but came what may they intended doing their duty to the very end. With the singing of 'Auld lang syne,' and 'God save the King' a pleasant evening terminated.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the H.A.C.B. Society was held last Thursday evening, the president (Bro. P. Callan) being in the chair. Two new members were initiated, and three candidates proposed for membership. After the business of the society had been transacted, the president took the opportunity to congratulate Bro. W. Bade on his promotion to Greymouth, and made reference to the loss the branch was sustaining in losing so active a member. Bros. H. Williams, Dwan, and Pickering also spoke in high terms of their departing member. Bro. Bade suitably replied, thanking the members for their kindly references, and the courtesy shown him whilst a member. The singing of 'For he's a jolly good fellow' concluded a pleasant evening.

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MUSIC EXAMINATIONS**ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, WELLINGTON.**

(From our own correspondent.)

The following is a list of successful pupils of St. Mary's College, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, Hill street, at the local centre examination held by the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music:—

Advanced Grade Harmony Counterpoint: Jean Mathieson, 115.

Intermediate Grade Harmony Maude Parker, 103.

Rudiments of Music (full marks 99, pass 66) — Sara Mulholland, 99; Effie Knowles, 97; Myra Clegg, 96; May Tracy, 93; Olive Cox, 91; Norma Blake, 88; Eva Lynch, 88; Rita Clegg, 87; Josephine O'Donnell, 85; Eileen Connolly, 74.

School Examinations: Higher Division Harmony (full marks 150, distinction 130, pass 100) Mary Gamble, 104; Lynne Edwards, 101; Alan Bewie (Prep. College, Seatoun), 100.

Grammar of Music (full marks 99, pass 66) — Division I. — Mollie Wright, 98; Nellie McGovern, 95; Marjory Paino, 94; Vera Wood, 87; Mary Ward, 83; Francis Hailes (Prep. College, Seatoun), 81. Division II. — Olga Khoari, 97; Eileen Staff, 94; Walter Hayes (Prep. College, Seatoun), 92; Jean Johnstone, 92; Jean McKenzie, 91; Anna Gail, 87; Dorothy Bolt, 86; Dorothy Klunz, 85; Kathleen Baxter, 83; Florence Nidd, 81; Mary Mexted, 77; Edgar Carl (Prep. College, Seatoun), 74; Kathleen Grimstone, 68; Tessie Mewhinney, 68. Division III. — M. Blacklock, 93; R. Chapman, 93.

SURREY HILLS' CONVENT, AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

The following are the results of the music examinations held at the Surrey Hills' Convent centre, under the auspices of Trinity College, London.

Licentiate Gertrude Gardner (Surrey Hills' Convent), 89; Gertrude Wainman (St. Benedict's Convent), 79.

Associate Hazel Lamb (St. Benedict's Convent), 76.

Higher Level: Mary Case (Surrey Hills' Convent), 68; Myrtle Young (Surrey Hills' Convent), 67.

Senior: Isabel Manning (Surrey Hills' Convent), 80 (honors); Ruth Lovegrove (St. Benedict's Convent), 77; Madge Vernal (St. Benedict's Convent), 75.

Intermediate: Jennie Lambton (Surrey Hills' Convent), 90 (honors); Elsie Sherman (Surrey Hills' Convent), 83 (honors); Dolores Farrell (Surrey Hills' Convent), 78; Frederick Wynn (St. Benedict's Convent), 76; Beulah Stevens (Surrey Hills' Convent), 71.

Junior: Edna Fenton (Surrey Hills' Convent), 66 (honors); Ivy Adams (Surrey Hills' Convent), 88 (honors); Hilda Wainman (Miss Wainman, A.L.C.M.), 85 (honors); Sylvia Parry (Surrey Hills' Convent), 82 (honors); Gladys Vincent (Miss Charlton, A.L.C.M.), 81 (honors); Edward Wright (Surrey Hills' Convent), 80 (honors); Doris Kay (St. Benedict's Convent), 78; Cecilia Staunton (St. Benedict's Convent), 77; Winifred Haynes (Surrey Hills' Convent), 72; Joseph Emanuel (Surrey Hills' Convent), 72; Elva Turner (Miss Charlton, A.L.C.M.), 71; Stella Rose (Miss Charlton, A.L.C.M.), 70; Roy Lightfoot (Surrey Hills' Convent), 70; Phyllis Johnston (St. Benedict's Convent), 70; Thelma Worthington (St. Benedict's Convent), 63.

Preparatory: Melba Weathergill (Surrey Hills' Convent), 95 (honors); Gladys Hart (Miss Wainman, A.L.C.M.), 93 (honors); John Porteous (Surrey Hills' Convent), 91 (honors); Maribel Avey (Miss Wainman, A.L.C.M.), 88 (honors); Edna Little (Surrey Hills' Convent), 87 (honors); Maude Farrow (Surrey Hills' Convent), 85 (honors); Holly Jones (Surrey Hills' Convent), 83 (honors); Maria Lloyd (St. Bene-

dict's Convent), 81 (honors); Thelma O'Brien (Surrey Hills' Convent), 77; Ena Darrack (St. Benedict's Convent), 76; Mary Lawson (St. Benedict's Convent), 75; Kathleen Regan (Surrey Hills' Convent), 75; James Stevenson (St. Benedict's Convent), 74; Kathleen Dalton (St. Benedict's Convent), 71; Thelma Darrack (St. Benedict's Convent), 69.

First Steps.— Margaret Nevin (St. Benedict's Convent), 80; Doris Martin (St. Benedict's Convent), 76; Beatrice Heren (St. Benedict's Convent), 76; Myrtle Douglas (St. Benedict's Convent), 75; Brenda Burns (Surrey Hills' Convent), 70.

Palmerston North

(From our own correspondent.)

The second monthly Requiem Mass for the fallen soldiers was celebrated on Wednesday morning before a large congregation. The Rev. Father Forrestal was celebrant, Rev. Father McManus deacon, and Rev. Father Cashman subdeacon. The music was rendered by the nuns. A large number received Holy Communion.

The annual card tournament, between the various friendly societies was brought to a close on Thursday evening, when the Hibernians were declared the winners. The trophy, which is to be played for seven times before it can be won outright, has already been won by the Hibernians on three occasions. Last year the Druids tied with the Hibernians, but in the play off the former were the victors by a narrow margin. The president of the Friendly Societies' Council presented the shield to the H.A.C.B. captain (Bro. G. V. Graham), and in doing so, referred to the friendly spirit in which the contest had been carried out. Bro. Graham suitably replied. A beautiful silver-mounted pipe and case, given by a local Bro. to the member who had won the most games during the season, was won by Bro. T. O'Riely.

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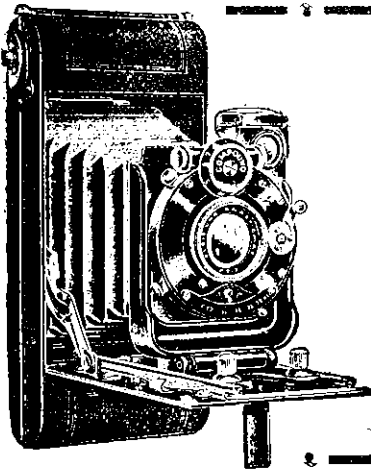
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OBITUARY

MRS. HONOR HANNAN, OTOKIA.

There passed away at Otokia on August 4 an esteemed resident in the person of Mrs. Honor Hannan, at the age of 86 years. The deceased was a native of County Mayo. She came out to New Zealand in 1874, and settled with her husband (the late Thomas Hannan, who died 26 years ago) at Otokia, where she had resided ever since. She will be greatly missed by many in the district, as she was noted for her kind and generous disposition. The deceased leaves one daughter to mourn her loss. Rev. Father Morkane officiated at the interment.—R.I.P.

MRS MARY HALL, TIMARU.

A very old and respected resident of Timaru, Mrs. Mary Hall, relict of the late Emil Hall, passed away at the age of 73 years, at her residence, Rhodes street, on July 14. The deceased was a daughter of Mr. Timothy McHardy, of County Cork, and came to Australia in the early 'sixties, where she married Mr. Hall at Deep Creek. From there she came with her husband to Hokitika, and remained on the West Coast till 1878, when they removed to Timaru, where Mr. Hall commenced business as a building contractor. In conjunction with his sons he erected many buildings in Timaru, including part of the convent and also the Marist Brothers' School. Mr. Hall died some years ago of heart failure. Mrs. Hall, who enjoyed fairly good health up to about two years ago, was of a cheery disposition, and much beloved by neighbors and friends. She was always willing to give help in cases of sickness and trouble. Of a family of nine there are now five alive, two sons and three daughters, who will have the sympathy of all in their bereavement. The sons, Messrs. Charles and William Hall, on the decease of their father, continued the business in which they had been partners, and are well known as the contractors for many large works, including the Arowhenua and Ashley bridges, the Pukeuri and Hawera Freezing Works, and large additions to North Canterbury Freezing Works. The daughters are Mrs. E. Rodgers (Christchurch), Mrs. J. P. Kalaugher (Auckland), and Miss Hall (Timaru).—R.I.P.

IMPORTANT HOTEL SALES

DWAN BROS., WELLINGTON.

(From *N.Z. Times*, Wellington.)

Messrs. DWAN BROS., Willis street, Wellington, report having sold Mr. E. L. Chaffey's interest in the Grand Hotel, Willis street, Wellington, to a local buyer, who is a well-known resident, whose name will be disclosed later; Mr. Charles Jensen's interest in the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Masonic Hotel, Dannevirke, to Mr. Joseph Caldwell, who had conducted the Railway Hotel, Hawera, for the last eight years; on account of the Mayo Estate, Marton, the freehold of the Club Hotel, Marton, to Mr. P. D. Pedersen, formerly of Feilding; in the estate of the late Mr. J. H. Hinton, the New Zealander Hotel, Manners street, Wellington, to Mrs. E. M. Davey, late of the Caledonian Hotel, Adelaide road, Wellington; Mr. Walter King's interest in the Imperial Hotel, Queen street, Auckland, to Mr. J. Ivory, late of South Africa; Mr. Andrew Begg's interest in the Queen's Ferry Hotel, Vulcan lane, Auckland, to Mr. A. E. Farrow, late of Christchurch; on account of the late Mr. T. Lowe's estate, the freehold of the Commercial Hotel, Kimbolton, to Mr. J. Brown, of Hawke's Bay; on account of Mr. C. Ticklebank, the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Imperial Hotel, Waipawa, to Mr. Lionel Isherwood, late of Whakataki, Wairarapa; on behalf of Mr. James Hawkins, the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Toko Hotel, Toko, near Stratford, to Mr. Richard Smith, late of Birmingham, England;

the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Ohaupo Hotel, Waikato, to Mr. J. Fibson, late of the Empire Hotel, Featherston; the valuation on account of Mr. J. Carter, the Kaponga Hotel, to Mr. Leatham, late of the Railway Hotel, Eltham; Mr. Doughty's interest in the Ferry Hotel, Westshore, Napier, to Mr. Charles Powell, late of Levin; Mr. R. Dwyer's interest in the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Railway Hotel, Lower Hutt, to Mr. A. Thomas, late of Richmond, Nelson; Mr. J. Lamb's interest in the Junction Hotel, Sanson, to Mrs. R. Buckeridge, late of the Napier Hotel, Napier; Mrs. Doogan's interest in the Railway Hotel, Otaki, to Mrs. St. Leger, late of the Porirua Hotel; Mrs. E. M. Davey's interest in the Caledonian Hotel, Wellington, to Mr. George Luoni, formerly connected with the Occidental Hotel, Lambton quay, Wellington; the lease and furniture of the Clarendon Hotel, Picton, to Mrs. Pyke; Mr. Allen's interest in the Empire Hotel, Westport, to Mr. Robert J. Paul, formerly of the Paekakariki Hotel, Wellington; the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Makuri Hotel, Pahiataua, to Mr. F. E. Roie, late of the Commercial Hotel, Blenheim; the lease, furniture and goodwill of the Family Hotel, Lower Hutt, on account of the late Mr. H. Fielder, to Mr. Adam Mouro, late of the Raunui Hotel, near Palmerston North; Mr. R. Morrison's interest in the lease of the Commercial Hotel, Blenheim, to Mr. P. Creedon, late of Renwicktown; the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Royal Hotel, Bunnythorpe, on account of Mr. W. S. Gard, to Mr. J. McBrearty, late of Kumerua; the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Royal Oak Hotel, Weber, H.B., on account of Mr. J. T. Moore, to Mr. Harold Welch, late of Masterton; Mr. Mitchell's interest in the lease, furniture, and store of the Mohaka Hotel, Gisborne district, to Mr. J. Henderson, late of the Otane Hotel, H.B.; the lease, etc., of the Morrison's Bush Hotel, Wairarapa, to Mr. John Immis, late of Alexandra South; Mr. Gibson's interest in the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Empire Hotel, Featherston, to Mr. H. C. Gard, late of the Central Hotel, Petone; the renewal lease of the Englewood Hotel, on account of Mrs. New, the freeholder, to Mr. A. Laing, the present proprietor; the lease, furniture, and goodwill of the Te Aro Hotel, Wellington, on account of Mr. W. Nidd, to Mr. Percy Rogers, late of the Shamrock Hotel, Wellington; the lease, etc., on account of Mr. T. Harvie, of the Clarendon Hotel, Waverley, to Mrs. Callaghan, late of the Occidental Hotel, Palmerston North; Mr. Claude Nelson's interest in the Masonic Hotel, Waitara, to Mr. St. George, late of Ohikawa, New Plymouth; Mr. Lionel Isherwood's interest in the Marine Hotel, Whakataki, to Mr. Robert Morrison, late of the Commercial Hotel, Blenheim; Mr. Malholland's interest in the Tauern Hotel, to Mr. J. Oliver, of Napier; Mrs. Strout's interest in the Timui Hotel, to Mr. Bert Kelliker, late of the Manchester Hotel, Feilding; Mr. G. Oakenfall's interest in the Royal Hotel, Napier, to Mr. A. F. Hook, late of the Motueka Hotel, Nelson; Mr. Tricklebank's interest in the Imperial Hotel, Waipawa, to Mr. Lionel Isherwood, late of Whakataki. Ayr.

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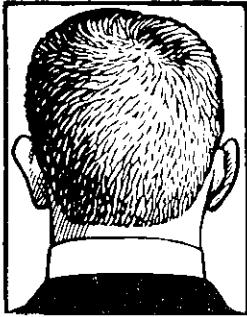
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On the Land

GENERAL.

Pigs should be fattened early in life, in such a manner that they never receive a check. The only hope of making pig-keeping really profitable is in producing pork of the very best quality, and this can only be accomplished by breeding from those animals which are possessed in a marked degree of early maturity, quick growth, and fine quality of bone and offal.

It is not perhaps generally known (states the *Wellington Post*) that the Department of Agriculture issues certificates to men who show that they are proficient in the work of pruning and spraying orchards. Mr. T. W. Kirk stated on Friday that the department was also prepared to issue certificates to fruit packers, but so far no applications for examination had been received.

It has been calculated by scientists that in fairly good soils clover takes one-third of the nitrogen from the soil, and two-thirds from the air, and that one-third of the nitrogen of the clover plant is in the roots, and two-thirds in the stems and leaves. If this be true, growing clover and removing the crop neither adds nor increases the nitrogen supply of the soil. In very rich soils the plant takes more nitrogen from the soil and less from the air.

Farm management, based on economic lines, requires not the use of farmyard manure alone, because the supply is not sufficient, not the use of artificial alone, but the combination of the two, and, secondly, in order to obtain the most profitable results from farmyard manure and artificial, both should be employed systematically with a well ordered method of cropping, and not in a haphazard manner, haphazardly one season and niggardly the next.

There were very numerous yardings of fat cattle, fat lambs, and pigs at Burnside last week, while the entry of fat sheep was fair. Prices for fat cattle and sheep were somewhat easier than those ruling the previous week. Fat Cattle.—Only 167 were penned, the quality on the whole being only fair. Prices for prime bullocks were a shade easier. Medium and inferior were easier by 15s per head. Quotations: Best fat bullocks, £16 10s to £17; extra, to £19; 2½s; medium, £12 15s to £13 10s; inferior, £10 15s to £11 5s. Best cows and heifers, £11 10s to £13; medium, £9 10s to £10 10s; inferior, £6 15s to £7 10s. Fat Sheep.

A fair yarding, 2564 being penned. Prices were easier than those of previous week by about 1s per head. The majority of the yarding consisted of sheep of only fair quality. Quotations: Prime wethers, 32s to 36s; extra do, 49s; medium do, 26s to 27s; inferior do, 22s to 23s; best ewes, 27s to 30s; extra do, 37s; medium do, 21s to 25s 6d; inferior do, 20s to 21s. Fat Lambs.—The yarding was small, only about 1400 being penned. Prices were very firm at previous week's rates. A number of the lambs forward showed signs of going back in condition on account of losing their teeth, and consequently were not competed for by freezing exporters. Competition from graziers was very poor. Best lambs, to 30s 3d; medium do, 24s to 26s; inferior freezers, 18s to 19s; forward stores, 15s to 16s. Pigs. A moderate yarding of fats. Competition for porkers and baconers was firm. Stores were more keenly competed for. Quotations: Heavy baconers, to £4; heavy porkers, to £3; light do, to £2 15s; stores, to £1 6s; slips from 15s to 18s; suckers, 7s 6d to 10s.

CHOKING.

Pig-breeders occasionally have to deal with cases of choking from pieces of roots, potatoes, or apples, and so a few notes may be useful (says *Farm, Field,*

and Fireside). The symptoms are mouth open, attempts to swallow and to vomit, squealing, and flowing of saliva. Treatment consists of taking away food and water, offering only new milk, in which some olive oil has been shaken up. Some of this mixture may be forcibly administered, hoping that some portion may find its way to the offending body. Gentle manipulation of the throat should be tried at frequent intervals, trusting it may pass when softened by the saliva and broken down by rubbing. Of course, the pig must be watched, and this course of treatment persevered with at intervals. Unless tympanitis should threaten suffocation, there is no particular danger for forty-eight hours or more. Passing a probang or cutting into the oesophagus are both the former in particular extremely difficult, and the latter, unless the animal is a very valuable one, not worth the time of nursing and the expense of the operation. Rather slaughter if the case is serious.

ERADICATION OF MOSS IN PASTURES.

The prevalence of moss in pastures is a serious drawback to their value, as the moss is liable to spread unless checked by suitable measures, and it takes up space that should be occupied by nourishing herbage (remarks a Home exchange). Much good can often be done by drainage, the application of lime, and raking out the moss; a dressing of superphosphate is also an effective means of eradicating the pest. A dressing of 5wt per acre applied in early spring will usually suffice; in exceptional cases, where there is a thick carpet of moss, another application of a similar quantity may be required. Apparently the destructive effect of the superphosphate on the moss is due to the acidity of the fertilizer; this seems to have been demonstrated by a series of experiments, which were as follows:

Plot 1. 5wt superphosphate and 5wt fine bone meal applied separately.

Plot 2. 5wt superphosphate and 5wt fine bone meal applied at the same time as the manures on plot 1, but mixed three months before.

Plot 3. 5wt basic superphosphate.

Plot 4. 5wt superphosphate.

On plots 1 and 4 the moss turned brown in from a week to ten days after the application of the manure, while on plot 2 no appreciable effect could be observed until late in the autumn of the second year. In the case of plot 2 the acid of the superphosphate had been neutralised by the bone meal.

On plot 1, close observation on several occasions showed that the acidity of the superphosphate so affected the carpet of moss that the moss, which often stood from 2 to 3 inches high on the poor pasture, died out.

On plot 2, on the other hand, the manure, which could be seen lying upon the carpet of moss months after it had been applied, was powerless to either injure the moss or to reach the soil below.

This fact and the good result of plot 4 proves that the effective action was caused by the superphosphate.

SYMPATHY.

If there is one person who deserves sympathy it is surely he who suffers from chronic colds. A sudden change in the weather or going out into the night air from a heated room, is quite enough to bring on the trouble. Usually the tendency to catch cold is due to a generally run down condition, and the treatment should take the form of a tonic like BAXTER'S LUNG PRESERVER. It is pleasant to take, gives sure results, and is quite harmless; for children and adults you cannot find a better cough or cold remedy. 1/10 a bottle from all chemists and stores, or by post direct.

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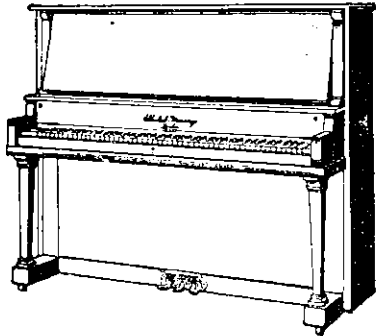
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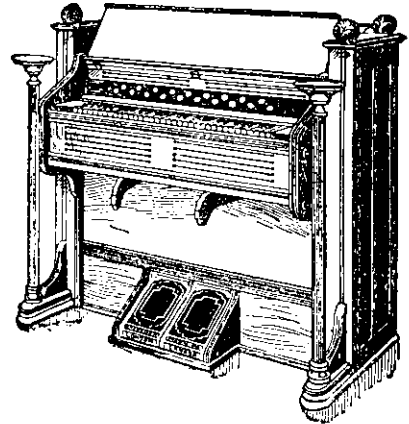
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Domestic

(BY MAUREEN.)

Cornflour and Rice Pudding.

One ounce of rice, 1oz cornflour, 2oz sugar, 1oz butter, rind of one orange thinly peeled, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs. Boil rice till tender, and strain it. Grease a piedish with butter. Mix cornflour to a smooth paste with two tablespoonfuls milk; put remainder of milk and orange rind into a stew-pan on the fire, allow them to come slowly to boiling-point, then cover the pan, draw it from the fire, and leave it for about one hour. When the milk is well flavored, take out the orange-rind, add the cornflour, stir quickly, simmer 10 minutes, cool, add the rice, sugar, beaten eggs, and remainder of the butter. Put in piedish and bake 20 minutes.

Venetian Eggs.

Required: Four eggs, four ounces of cheese, one and a half ounces of butter, one small onion, salt, pepper, and half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Method: Peel the onion and slice it very thinly. Melt a little dripping in a frying-pan and fry the onion a light brown. Do not over-royce it, or it will be bitter. Now take a fireproof dish and butter it well over the bottom and sides, line it with the slices of onion, and then with a layer of the cheese on thin slices. Break the eggs over the cheese and season them; cover them with the remainder of the cheese finely grated. Put a few small pieces of butter here and there on the top and bake it in a quick oven for about ten minutes. Serve this dish as soon as possible. Some people like to strew the top with fine breadcrumbs, and this makes the dish look very nice. A few sprays of parsley may be used as a garnish, and the dish should be wrapped in a napkin and set on a silver plate when ready to be sent to the table.

Savory Rissoles.

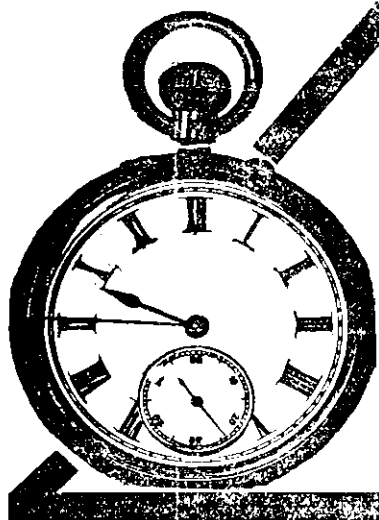
Required: Six tablespoonfuls of mashed potato, two tablespoonfuls of fresh white crumbs, two teaspoonfuls of chopped onions, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, two raw eggs, one ounce of butter, one hard-boiled egg, seasoning, breadcrumbs, and fat for frying. Method: Melt the butter gently in a saucepan, add the potato, fresh crumbs and parsley and onion. Mix all well together. Chop the hard-boiled egg very finely and mix it well with the potato mixture. Season all carefully. Now beat one of the raw eggs and add it to the other ingredients. Stir them over the fire to bind the eggs well and then season. Make the mixture into even-sized balls or long rolls, roll them in crumbs, and then brush them over with beaten egg and then again in crumbs. Fry to a light brown in a very hot pan, drain them well on paper. Serve these rissoles on a hot dish and garnish with fried parsley. A few ground nuts make a nice addition, or two tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. A little brown sauce or tomato catsup goes well with this dish.

Ground Rice Cheese Cakes.

Three-quarters of an ounce of ground rice, 1½ gills milk, 1oz castor sugar, ½oz butter, 1 egg (beaten), pinch of salt, grate of nutmeg, half lemon rind (thinly peeled), a few currants, trimmings of rough puff or short crust. Line two dozen patty-pans with pastry, mix the ground rice to a smooth paste with half gill of milk, put the remainder of the milk in a stew-pan over the fire with the lemon rind, let them come slowly to boiling point and leave them to infuse for ten minutes, strain the milk, add it to the rice, return both to the stew pan and boil for ¼ hour, stirring continually, cool and add the butter, sugar, egg, nutmeg, and salt. When nearly cold half fill the patty-pans with the mixture, sprinkle a few currants on top of each and bake in a moderate oven for 20 minutes.

Household Hint.

A useful funnel can be made out of the half of an egg shell by making a small hole in the tip of it.



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This is our Twenty Shilling Lever Watch in a strong Gunmetal Case. Undoubtedly the finest timekeeper on the market at the price.

It is built so strongly that it will withstand rough usage, and is not affected by temperature or electricity. It will run on a hot stove, on the ice, or on a dynamo equally as well as in the pocket. Posted with a month's free trial on receipt of remittance.

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HIGHLANDER Condensed MILK

Here is the recipe:

1 lb flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ pint Highlander milk (1.5)
2oz butter	3 level teaspoons powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	1 cupful dates, stoned and rolled

METHOD: Sift flour, powder, and salt; rub in the butter, and mix to a flexible dough with the milk. Turn on a floured board, and roll it smooth, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Brush all over with a little milk. Place the sheet of dates on one half, and fold over the other half of the dough. Brush over with good milk, cut into 2in squares, and bake in a quick oven.

The dates may be stoned, cut up, and added to the flour, instead of being rolled out to a thin sheet.



IMPORTANT STATEMENT

BY

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To dispel possible misapprehension we point out the following facts:

The Dr. Jaeger Company was founded in London with British Capital in 1883, to acquire Sole Rights throughout the British Empire in connection with the System of Pure Wool Clothing originated by the distinguished scientist, the late Dr. Jaeger.

The Dr. Jaeger Company has always been British and entirely under British control. It has Branches all over Great Britain, in Canada, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. The Company's Goods are mainly made in the United Kingdom.

In a few articles the special skill and taste developed in France, Belgium, and other Continental Countries were represented. As, however, these have never formed more than a very small proportion of the world-famed Jaeger Specialities the War has not caused any appreciable diminution of supply. Jaeger Goods are fully stocked in New Zealand.

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—A proved and certain cure.—

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DIOCESAN LADIES OF CHARITY

CATHEDRAL CONFRATERNITY,
CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

The annual meeting of the Cathedral Confraternity of Diocesan Ladies of Charity was held on Tuesday evening, August 3. The Rev. Father Murphy, B.A. (spiritual director), was present, and certified to the correctness of the financial statement. The balance sheet and report for the year ended July 31 were read and adopted.

Summary of Report.

During the year, thirty-seven meetings were held, and the present active membership is twenty-three. The records show that during the year visits were made as follow:—To Addington Prison (women's), 49; Christchurch Public Hospital, 90; Consumptive Sanatorium and King George Memorial Hospital, 7; Jubilee Memorial Home, 18; Charitable Aid Board *re* poor people, 6; Police Court, 4; State Receiving Home, 4; Waltham Orphanage, 1; Female Refuge, 2; to poor people in their own homes, 20. Altogether 160 visits to sick people were made, 22 of these to the Lewisham Hospital. Admission to the Jubilee Memorial Home was secured for one person. Two visits were made to St. Helen's Maternity Hospital, and four to the Citizens' (Associated) Benevolent Society. Rent was paid for two aged women, and a subject for Mount Magdala was taken there at the expense of the confraternity. New garments to the number of 109 were made up, 106 yards of flannel and 105 yards of flannelette were purchased, 7 pairs of stockings were bought, and 69 new garments were made up and distributed, also 10 parcels of second-hand clothing, 22 bags of coal, 3 bags of wood, and 37 yards of new material were given out. Apart from the usual weekly collection, all members agreed to contribute one shilling per year towards the society's funds. Two Masses were arranged for and offered for the repose of the soul of the late Bishop, a Mass was offered for a member's father, and another for the repose of the soul of the late Corporal Clarkson, who was killed at the Dardanelles. Letters were received from Dr. Blackmore, superintendent of the consumptive institutions, granting permission for two members to visit the sanatorium and King George Memorial Hospital. Bells and medals were purchased for the inmates of the Addington Prison, also six small hymn books, and a large one with music for use of the organist there. Two children were brought for Baptism. Acknowledgment is made of the co-operation of the Cathedral conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and its grant of seven bags of coal. The president (Mrs. Green) attended nine meetings of the Mayoral Coal and Blanket Fund Committee, and was thus instrumental in having 8½ tons of coal, 9 pairs of blankets, and 4 rugs distributed among our deserving Catholic poor people. Mrs. Green also attended eleven meetings of the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board, the full number held since her election as a member. The Ladies of Charity desire to sincerely thank their spiritual director (Rev. Father Murphy), for the consistent and much appreciated interest taken in their meetings and work, together with his valued advice, and encouragement generally, and also the many friends and benefactors who have generously assisted the funds, either by direct donations or assistance in the various undertakings promoted for the same object.

Summary of Balance Sheet.

The receipts for the year ended July 31 totalled £41 19s 2½d, the principal items being—proceeds two jumble sales, £22 11s 2d; private donations, £9 12s; honorary members' subscriptions, £2 15s; collections at weekly meetings, £2 13s; trustees Hyman Marks' estate, £2 2s. The expenditure amounted to £28 12s 6d, leaving a credit balance of £13 6s 8½d. The principal items of expenditure were—Drapery, £13 0s 3d; groceries, £4 19 11d; boots, £3 15s 6d; coal, £2 6s 6d.

The officers elected for the current year are as follow:—President, Mrs. F. Green; vice-presidents, Mrs. J. O'Brien and Mrs. Neilson; secretary, Miss M. Hannan; treasurer, Miss Nelson; wardrobe-keeper, Mrs. W. Mahar; librarian, Miss Plank.

Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

August 9.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood spent a day in Napier last week, after introducing Rev. Father Travers to his new charge at Takapau.

The lecture on Proportional Representation in the Theatre Royal by Mr. O'Regan, of Wellington, was well attended by both Catholics and non-Catholics.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society are to be commended on their good work. As the result of another of their popular euchre parties the Wounded Soldiers' Fund has further benefited to the extent of £9, which has been handed to the treasurer of the fund.

Intercessory services were held yesterday in St. Patrick's Church, as ordered by his Grace the Archbishop. Rev. Father Dignan preached a most eloquent sermon at the half-past 9 Mass. At Benediction, Rev. Father O'Sullivan referred to the need of prayer for international peace and the success of the Allies.

Hastings

(From our own correspondent.)

August 9.

Last Sunday was Federation Sunday here, and the response made to the enrollers at both Masses was really splendid. The Catholics of this parish have shown that they are in earnest with regard to this movement, and if the effort is sustained this branch bids fair to be one of, if not the best in the archdiocese. Upwards of 500, nearly all adults, have already enrolled. The parish is to be divided into districts, and a house-to-house canvass will be made, when it is hoped that all our people will be banded together to protect our interests from encroachment from whatever source the attack comes. The thanks of the executive are due to the Children of Mary, who have taken a lively interest in the Federation, and have helped very materially in the enrolment.

The many friends of Mr. Patrick Gilhooly heard with regret of the death, after a brief illness, of his son, Patrick, on Thursday last, at the early age of seventeen years. He was a youth of great promise, and was a pupil of the local convent school. The funeral took place on Saturday last, and was very largely attended.—R.I.P.

During the week Mr. Ralph Halliburten, of Norsewood, and Miss Mary Rose McIvor, of Hastings, were married at the Church of the Sacred Heart. The wedding was a quiet one, only friends of the bride's parents, who are very old residents of Hastings, being present. The young people left by train, after the breakfast, and took with them the best wishes of the community.

August 8 was observed as Intercession Sunday, when both Masses were largely attended. It was extremely edifying to see the number of people who approached the Holy Table, as was remarked by the Rev. Father G. Mahoney, who preached at the second Mass on the attitude of our Holy Father the Pope regarding the war.

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RESERVE FUND ...	£111,398.	Year Ending July 31, 1914)...	£3,389,426.

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THE WILL MAKES THE WAY.

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's Imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the castle, say:
'They're safe in such a fortress—
There is no way to shake it!
'On, on!' exclaimed the hero,
'I'll find a way, or make it!'

Is fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high!
In vain he seeks her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh!
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says with Roman firmness,
'I'll find a way, or make it!'

Is learning your ambition?
There is no royal road:
Alike, the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode.
Who feels the thirst of knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has the Roman will
To find a way, or make it.

Are riches worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought
With wishing and with fretting
The boon can not be bought.
To all the prize is open,
But he can only take it
Who says with Roman courage,
'I'll find a way, or make it!'

THE POET'S STRATAGEM.

A whimsical story is told of a king who denied to poets those rewards to which usage had almost given them a claim. This king, whose name is not recorded, had the faculty of retaining in his memory an ode after having heard it only once: and he had a memlook (a male white slave) who could repeat an ode which he had twice heard, and a female slave who could repeat one that she had heard thrice (says the *Ave Maria*).

Whenever a poet came to compliment the king with a panegyric ode, he used to promise him that, if he found his verses to be his original composition, he would give him a sum of money equal in weight to what they were written upon. The poet, consenting, would recite his ode: and the king would say: 'It is not new, for I have known it some years.' He would repeat it as he had heard it: after which he would add, 'And this memlook also retains it in his memory'; and would order the memlook to repeat it: which, having heard it twice—from the poet and the king—he would do. The king would then say to the poet: 'I have also a female slave who can repeat it': and ordered her to do so. Stationed behind the curtains, she would repeat what she had thus thrice heard. So the poet would go away empty-handed.

The famous poet El-Asma'ee, having heard of this proceeding, and guessing the trick, determined upon outwitting the king: and accordingly composed an ode made up of very difficult words. But this was not his only precautionary measure: another will be presently explained: and a third one was to assume the dress of a Bedawee, that he might not be known, covering his face, except the eyes, with a litham (a piece of drapery), in accordance with a custom of Arabs of the desert. Thus disguised, he went to the palace: and, having asked permission, entered and saluted the king, who said to him:

'Whence art thou, O brother of the Arabs, and what dost thou desire?'

'May God increase the power of the king!' the poet answered. 'I am a poet of such a tribe, and have composed an ode in praise of our lord the Sultan.'

'O brother of the Arabs,' said the king, 'hast thou heard of our condition?'

'No,' answered the poet; 'and what is it, O king of the age?'

'It is that if the ode be not thine, we give thee no reward; and if it be thine, we give thee weight in money of what it is written upon.'

'How,' said El-Asma'ee, 'should I assume to myself that which belongs to another; and knowing, too, that lying before kings is one of the basest of actions? But I agree to the condition, O our lord the Sultan!'

So he repeated his ode.

The king, perplexed, and unable to remember any of it, made a sign to the memlook; but he had retained nothing. He called to the female slave, but she also was unable to repeat a word.

'O brother of the Arabs,' said he, 'thou hast spoken truth, and the ode is thine without doubt! I have never heard it before. Produce, therefore, what it is written upon, and we will give thee its weight in money, as we have promised.'

'Wilt thou,' said the poet, 'send one of the attendants to carry it?'

'To carry what?' asked the king. 'Is it not upon a paper here in thy possession?'

'No, O our lord the Sultan!' replied the poet. 'At the time I composed it I could not procure a piece of paper upon which to write it, and could find nothing but a fragment of a marble column left me by my father: so I engraved it upon this, and it lies in the court of the palace.'

He had brought it, wrapped up, on the back of a camel.

The king, to fulfil his promise, was obliged to exhaust his treasury: and, to prevent a repetition of this trick (of which he afterwards discovered El-Asma'ee to have been the author), in future rewarded the poets according to the usual custom of kings.

NOT INFECTIOUS.

Bert Willis is a very nervous, fidgety young man. While travelling on a train one day he chanced to be seated next to a woman who held a baby. The infant's face was covered with a thick veil, and every now and then it would utter a sharp cry, which the woman endeavored to suppress. Young Willis watched the proceedings with considerable anxiety for some time, and finally leaning over toward the woman, asked:

'Has—has that baby any—anything contagious, madam?'

The woman turned and looked at him with an expression in which scorn and pity were blended.

'Well, 'twouldn't be for most folks, but maybe 'twould for you,' she replied sharply 'he's teething.'

PAPA'S TENANT.

There is a time in a little boy's life when his universe holds one central star, around which paler stars tamely revolve. It is of that time that a New York paper tells:

One of the financial magnates of the country is so immersed in business that he cannot make the rounds of his show places with any regularity. One day, however, he had an hour of idleness and strolled through the great stables of one of his country estates. In a corner he came upon a little boy—the head coachman's son—at play with a fox terrier. They admired the terrier for a while together, and then the financier said, casually:

'Do you know who I am?'

'Yes, sir,' said the child, 'of course I do.'

'Well, who am I?'

'Why, you're the man that rides in my father's carriages.'

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HE MADE HIM HEAR.

A Chinaman was brought before a magistrate in the court of a Canadian city and received a fine for a slight misdemeanor. The judge had great difficulty in making the Oriental understand, for he pretended not to know a word of English.

'Look here, man,' he said, disgustedly, 'that is one dollar. Do you see? Pay it—otherwise in gaol! Understand?' The Chinaman signified that he did not understand and the magistrate repeated it.

'Let me talk with him, your Honor,' said the portly officer who had arrested the man. 'I'll make him understand!'

When the judge had given him leave the officer approached the Chinaman and shouted in his ear:

'Say, can't you hear anything? You've got to pay a two dollar fine!'

'You're a liar!' cried the Chinaman, forgetting himself in his rage. 'It's only one dollar.'

A CRACK CORPS.

A Yankee entered a big hotel in the Highlands, when he overheard a party of visitors speaking about shooting.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I guess I have seen some good shooting in my time. I have seen a fly killed on the flagpole at three hundred yards.'

An Irishman, who was one of the party, said:

'Begorra, it's pretty good, but I believe I've seen better. When I was in the army the major used to roll an empty beer barrel down the hill, and every time the bunghole turned up we put a bullet in. Any man who couldn't do it was dismissed. I was in that corps for fifteen years, and never saw a man dismissed.'

SPEAKING OF THE TWIG.

At a dinner-party the other evening the conversation turned to the ecstatic way in which we often praise the beauty of our friends' babies, and this story was recalled by Mrs. Bob Sweeney.

Some time ago Uncle Brown called on his nephew, and hardly had he reached the house before the new baby was trotted out for his admiration. Uncle Brown, of course, became very much interested.

'And so this is the great baby?' he remarked to the proud parents, as he gazed at the fluffy little bundle. 'I trust that you will bring him up to be a conscientious and worthy man.'

'I am greatly afraid, uncle,' demurely responded the mother, 'that that will be utterly impossible.'

'Nonsense, Kitty! Nonsense!' was the energetic rejoinder of Uncle Brown. 'As the twig is bent the tree is inclined, you know.'

'Yes, I know,' smiled Kitty; 'but this particular twig is bent on being a girl.'

MORE WONDERFUL STILL.

The inspector was examining a very youthful class of boys, and among other subjects he requested the teacher to ask her pupils a few questions in Nature knowledge. Desiring her class to do her honor she decided upon the simple subject, 'Chickens.'

'Now, children,' she said, 'I want you to tell me something very wonderful about chickens.'

'How they get out of their shells?' promptly responded one little fellow.

'Well,' said the teacher, 'that is, of course, wonderful; but I mean something more wonderful still.'

There was a silence for a few seconds. Then up spoke little Johnny. 'Please, ma'am, it's mair wonderful hoo they ever got intae their shells.'

SPOILED THE JOKE.

Jones, who appreciates a joke, but, like many others, cannot repeat one with any degree of success, heard for the first time the joke about the dog being

the most musical of animals, 'because he wears a brass band round his neck,' and determined to spring it on the first party of friends to which he was invited. The time came, and he electrified his victims with the exclamation,

'I say, I've a really good one!' He asked, 'Why is a dog the most musical of animals?'

They gave up.

'Because,' announced Jones, triumphantly, 'he wears a brass collar round his neck.'

JUST A SUGGESTION.

The manager of the restaurant stood behind the cashier's desk, wearing his stock-in-trade smile for each customer.

An old gentleman came up. 'I notice,' said he, pleasantly, pulling out his wallet, 'that you advertise you make your own pies.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the manager proudly, 'we do.'

'Will you allow me to offer a suggestion?'

'Certainly, sir; certainly. We shall be most happy to have you do so.'

'Well, then, just let someone else make them.'

A NEW DISEASE.

'Father,' said James, who was laboring over his home-work list of words to be defined, 'what is appendicitis?'

'Appendicitis, my son,' answered the deep-thinking father, 'is something that enables a doctor to open up a man's anatomy and remove his entire bank account.'

THE TEACHER'S GIFT.

'What a wonderful painter Rubens was!' remarked Mr. Gibbs at the art gallery.

'Yes,' assented Mrs. Gibbs. 'It is said of him that he could change a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke.'

'Why,' spoke up Willie, in disgust, 'my teacher can do that.'

NOT USED TO THE POSITION.

Before arriving at their hotel in the city, the young couple agreed that by no word or act would any indication be made that they were newly married.

When asked to register, the bridegroom made this certain by writing in a firm, bold hand, 'Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. Brown, and wife.'

PARDONABLE MISTAKE.

The following incident took place at a party some little time ago. Our friend the 'funny man' introduced a young gentleman to a young lady, whom he (the young gentleman) understood to be a daughter of the Countess of Ayr, and in consequence he was very deferential to her.

By and by, after a dance, the young fellow ventured to ask after her mother, the Countess.

'My father, you mean,' said the young lady (the mother being dead).

'No, no-no,' said the bewildered youth. 'I was asking after your mother, the Countess of Ayr.'

'Yes, I know,' was the reply, 'but that's my father.'

Whereupon the young gentleman rushed off and told his hostess that the young lady must be quite mad, as she told him the Countess of Ayr was her father.

'So he is,' answered the hostess. 'Let me introduce you to him. He is Mr. Smith, the County Surveyor.'

¶ When shopping with our advertisers, say—
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