

wounded at the Dardanelles. He has been doing 'great' work; never idle, but going from trench to trench. All—Catholics and non-Catholics—highly appreciate it.'

A CATHOLIC V.C. MAN GETS £1000.

There was a remarkable demonstration of enthusiasm in the village of Carluke recently, when Lance-Corporal Angus, the Scottish V.C. hero, returned to his native place. Innumerable gifts were publicly presented to him, and these ranged from a modest gold badge, subscribed for by comrades in the trenches, to vouchers for War Loan stock, representing one thousand pounds.

This large sum was raised by villagers, and many footballers in Scotland, who in the old days admired Angus as a player. Both donor and recipient were deeply moved when Lieutenant Martin presented Angus with a gold watch and memento of his heroism. It was this officer whose life the V.C. hero saved.

Carluke was gay with bunting and triumphal arches. One of the mottoes which greatly pleased the hero, since it struck a homely note, was 'Glad to see you, Willie.'

TWO MORE CATHOLIC V.C.'s.

The names of two more Catholic heroes are included in a recent list of soldiers who have gained the coveted Victoria Cross. Captain Robert O'Sullivan, 1st Battalion, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, was awarded the V.C. for conspicuous bravery during operations south-west of Krithia, on the Gallipoli Peninsula, on the night of July 1-2.

Sergeant James Somers, of the same Battalion, earned his V.C. on the same day for conspicuous bravery at the Gallipoli Peninsula.

REV. FATHER RICHARDS AT THE DARDANELLES.

Writing to a friend under date September 6, Chaplain-Captain Richards says: 'I am still in the land of the living after my first real adventure. Our ship was torpedoed on the way up (from Alexandria to Anzac), but most happily floated for a long time, and was eventually beached. I got away an hour and a half after we were struck, on a raft, and we were picked up four and a-half hours after we were attacked. The night before, I had heard confessions for four and a-half hours, and had a big congregation, and sixty for Communion at Mass the same morning, including a General and a big number of Catholic officers.'

SEVEN SONS WITH THE COLORS.

There are few prouder Catholic women in Edinburgh (says the *Catholic Herald*) than Mrs. Wynne, 16 South Richmond street, who was recently the recipient of a letter from the King congratulating her on having given seven sons to the service of her country. All the sons were pupils of St. Patrick's School, and it is a remarkable fact that notwithstanding that they have gone through some of the stiffest of the fights, not one of them has had so much as a hair of his head injured. The names of the gallant young fellows are:—Thomas Wynne, R.S.F.; Benjamin Wynne, R.F.A.; Joseph Wynne, H.L.I.; James Wynne, A.S.C.; Frank Wynne, Naval Volunteers; Norman Wynne, H.L.I.; and Duncan Wynne, Royal Merchant Service. This is another instance of what Catholic Edinburgh is doing in these troublous times.

PRAISE FOR A CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN.

The following letter was recently received by the Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Auckland, from Rev. H. Mason, Vicar of Otahuhu. The Rev. Mr. Mason is well-known throughout the Dominion for his alto-

gether phenomenal success in locating underground water—one of the places benefited by his remarkable gift being the Home of Compassion, Island Bay, Wellington. The following letter is a graceful tribute by the Rev. Vicar, to the kindness of a Catholic chaplain to the writer's son:—

The Vicarage, Otahuhu, N.Z.,
October 22, 1915.

'My Lord Bishop,—I have just received a letter from my eldest son, Bombardier F. W. H. Mason, who writes from the military hospital, Fulham, London, and therein he speaks in enthusiastic terms of a priest of your Church, a military chaplain at Alexandria. My boy was desperately ill there, and this priest (whom unfortunately he omits to name), by his devoted attention to him, rendered such service that, as my boy says, 'he saved my life.'

'It is with a heart full of gratitude that I make this acknowledgment to you as the head of the Church in your diocese, and the debt which my wife and myself owe to this (to me) unknown priest, though unrepayable, will never be forgotten.

'You are quite at liberty to use this letter in any way you think fit, as showing the unselfish and truly Catholic spirit of your chaplain.

'Hoping that you may yourself soon recover,
'I remain,

'Yours very sincerely,
'H. MASON.'

TIT-BITS ABOUT THE TYROL.

Austrian Tyrol, where fighting is going on between Italy and Austria, is one of Europe's healthiest provinces. In the northern parts the air drifts pure and cool, from the haunts of the glacier and pungent with fir and pine; and in the south it is soft with Mediterranean sunshine and fragrant with orange and lemon.

Though it is a country where Nature has been overlavish with beauty, and where there are more than 350 registered health resorts, it has not been very popular with English tourists.

Austrian Tyrol forms a considerable part of the forbidding and difficult boundary that runs between Italy and Austria. It is a barrier more effective than the Vosges barrier between Germany and France, or than the Carpathian barrier between Hungary and Galicia.

Austrian Tyrol is 10,305 square miles of Alpine mountains, etched with a wonderful and intricate design of valleys. While there are fewer lakes in Tyrol than in Switzerland, and while the highest Tyrolean summit, 12,790 feet above the sea level, falls far behind the monarchs of the Swiss Alps, yet the Austrian crownland yields nothing in charm by comparison with its neighbor.

Tyrol, though small, has more sorts of climate within its borders than any other part of Europe. There are parts of the crownland where the winters are those of north-east Siberia and the summers are those of Franz-Joseph Land. There are other parts, more southern, where an Andalusian languor is hardly freshened by recurring winter.

Tyrol is primarily a pasture land. There is a little farming within the sheltered valleys, but, for the most part, the population depends for support upon its flocks and herds.

Moreover, there is a goat's milk cheese prepared by the peasants of Tyrol that equals in its mellow, fragrant beauty any product made of milk, whether from Brie, Neufchatel, or Roquefort.

CAPTAIN JOHN AIDAN LIDDELL, V.C.

With regret (says the *Universe*) we chronicle the death of Captain John Aidan Liddell, who was awarded the V.C. for the deed which unhappily resulted in his death on August 31 in Belgium at the age of 27. Captain Liddell, V.C., the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Liddell, of Sherfield Manor, Basingstoke,