

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

February 25, Sunday.—First Sunday in Lent.
 " 26, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 " 27, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 " 28, Wednesday.—Of the Feria. Ember Day.
 March 1, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 " 2, Friday.—Of the Feria. Ember Day.
 " 3, Saturday.—Of the Feria. Ember Day. No Abstinence.

WHAT AND WHEN ARE THE EMBER DAYS?

The Ember Days are the first Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of each of the four seasons of the year, set apart as fast days by the Church. According to the testimony of Pope Leo, they originated in the time of the Apostles, who were inspired by the Holy Ghost to dedicate each season of the year to God by a few days of penance; or, as it were, to pay three days' interest, every three months, on the graces received from God. The Church always commanded the faithful to fast at the beginning of each of the four seasons of the year, because it is at this time that she ordains the priests and other servants of the Church, which even the Apostles did with much prayer and fasting. Thus she desires that during the Ember Days Christians should fervently ask of God by prayer, fasting, and other good works, for worthy pastors and servants, on whom depends the welfare of the whole Christian flock; she also desires that in the spring Ember Days we should ask God's blessing for the fertility of the earth; in summer for the preservation of the fruits of the field; in autumn when the harvest is ripe, and in winter when it is sheltered, that we should offer to God, by fasting and prayer, a sacrifice of thanks, petitioning Him to assist us, that we may not use His gifts for our soul's detriment, but refer all praise to Him, the fountain of all good, and assist our neighbor according to our means.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief.

Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
 And waits to see it push away the clod,
 He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
 'Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by.'
 Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow
 The silent harvest of the future grow,
 God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
 Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
 Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, 'To-morrow,' 'The unknown,'
 'The future,' trusts the Power, alone
 He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when eyelids close
 And dares to live when life has woes,
 God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief;
 And day by day, unconsciously,
 The heart lives by that faith the lips deny,
 God knoweth why!

—Bulwer Lytton.

To live without suffering is to live without loving.
 To live and not love is to die.—Mother Barat.

No life is a failure which is lived for God, and all lives are failures which are lived for any other end.—Faber.

The Storyteller

PHILEAS FOX, ATTORNEY

By ANNA T. SADLER.

[By Arrangement with the *Ave Maria*.]
 (Continued.)

XX.

John Vorst remained silent while Phileas read the following paragraph of the offensive letter:

'William Gross writes these presents to warn you of a snake that has crossed your path, and who bears the ugly name of Fox. A red-headed shyster of a lawyer, he is trying to get the better of you, in conjunction with the old woman in Monroe street. He was seen more than once at her house, and is understood to be engaged by her, because he is so young and so unknown that he could be trusted to do any dirty work. He plays fair to deceive you, and one of your Romish priests is in the deal.'

'That first part of the letter you may pass over, if you wish,' laughed Mr. Vorst. 'It is a little bit the reverse of complimentary, and, of course, would not have given me a thought. But it is the latter portion of the precious epistle that I thought might be worth considering.'

Phileas, who had colored sensitively at the allusions to himself, though he laughed too, and met the kindly glance of Mr. Vorst with a steadfast one from his own blue orbs, gave his attention again to the document. It was written legibly enough, in a round, clerkly hand.

'You've insulted me and ill-treated me for many a year,' read Phileas from the paper; 'but I'll do you a good turn now at the last, and spite that miserable cur of a lawyer that's plotting to take away your property. I know, and my father before me knew, that John Vorst, senior, left a will, and in it he willed everything to yourself, and nothing to them that claimed a portion on account of a previous will; and, more than that he wiped out the whole ground of litigation, and cleared up the title that's been in dispute. And no one should know better than my father, since he witnessed the document.'

'A pair of scoundrels, father and son!' cried Phileas. 'They knew of the existence of that will and kept it secret.'

John Vorst was momentarily silent; Phileas remembered that another had known of its existence and refused to testify to that knowledge.

'He and his father probably stole the will between them, so as to be revenged on you.'

'It seems likely,' agreed Mr. Vorst. 'But we must not jump too hastily at conclusions. The will certainly disappeared in the hours following upon my father's death. He himself had informed me of having signed such a document, and deposited it in the library safe. I did not know its contents, nor did I inquire; but, from the tenor of my father's remarks, I believed that it was such as this fellow has now stated. I understood that he had revoked certain provisions which he had made two years previously, on the occasion of my marriage. He was, however, a reticent man about his affairs, and did not care to be questioned. But he also gave me to understand that he had made some arrangement by which the informalities in the original sale, and which had already led to litigation, had been amended. In that final will he left everything to me, but, as it were, in trust for the other heirs, and that each might receive a due share.'

'And it was these wretches,' observed Phileas, 'who have caused these interminable lawsuits, and kept you out of your property!'

'You are determined to charge everything upon them,' said the elder man, laughing; 'and they certainly were the cause of much mischief, in the sense that

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they might have given evidence in my favor. But as to the rest, we must have some charity even for the William Grosses and—their fathers.'

'We shall have justice for the son, in any case,' replied Phileas, angrily. He could not think nor speak patiently of the miscreant, especially after what he had just heard.

'And to all this I am prepared to swear,' continued the letter; 'and to bring forward other evidence, in order to circumvent that villain Fox and to frustrate his schemes. I warn you to turn him out next time he calls on you, and to treat him in all respects as he deserves.'

'He little knows,' said Phileas Fox, chuckling 'that he has done me, and us all, an immense service in smoothing the way for a final settlement of an intricate affair.'

'You may well call it an intricate affair,' mused John Vorst; 'and of course that arose, as I presume you have long since discovered, from the fact that Martha Spooner was not only mentioned in my father's former will as my wife, but as having had a prior claim to the Monroe street property through her mother's family, who were the original owners of the dwelling—or at least the ground on which it was built,—and once again through her distant kinship with my father's family.'

'My client explained those different points to me in our various interviews,' said Phileas.

'Which makes it unnecessary to go into those matters at present,' said Mr. Vorst, with evident relief; 'though, of course, at any time I shall be glad to clear up any difficulty that may exist in your mind. But what steps shall you take with regard to this letter?'

'Our object must be to get possession, if possible, of that will, if it be still in existence; or at least to obtain such evidence as the rascal may be induced to give. He little knows the rod that the District Attorney's office has in pickle for him. I have been asked this very day to assist in procuring his conviction. If this matter of the will can be brought home to him, it alone will be sufficient to send him up for some years.'

'Remember, my dear fellow,' objected John Vorst, with an involuntary smile, 'that this William himself could have had no hand in the actual abstraction of the will, since he was not even born at the time of my father's death.'

'By his own showing, he was aware of the existence of the document, and probably of its abstraction. His father had evidently made him privy to the fact.'

'I think I should be glad to fasten that particular crime upon him,—I mean upon the elder Gross,' said John Vorst, slowly.

And Phileas, looking at him, realised what it must have meant to this man to have had during all those years a doubt, which very probably he would scarcely admit to himself, that some one else—some one who had a more direct interest in the transaction—might have abstracted the paper. The young man, therefore, did not ask any question, but waited in silence while Mr. Vorst went on:

'Otherwise, I have no special desire to see the wretch punished. As we grow older, we realise that the hour of punishment, lesser or greater, is coming for everyone of us; and we are disposed, as far as we are personally concerned, to leave even the most desperate offenders to the last tribunal.'

'But the good of society must be considered,' argued Phileas, with the hot zeal of youth. 'This ruffian is a menace to every decent citizen.'

'I suppose so,—I suppose so,' agreed John Vorst; 'and it will be your duty to convict him if you can, instead of leaving him to the last Grand Assizes. But, oh, I can find it in my heart to pity such as he, who have never known one generous impulse, one inspiration toward good!'

'But think of his victims,' said Phileas.

'Yes, I acknowledge that they must be thought of, and such an offender must be put out of the way of doing evil. I was merely thinking of my personal feelings, you inexorable man of law!'

And Phileas could not help wondering a little, since the man before him, of all others, had reason to complain of the machinations of this Gross, or Trowbridge, and, as it appeared, likewise of his father.

'Of course,' the lawyer said, waiving any further discussion of the abstract part of the subject, 'the will can be obtained from him—if indeed he possesses it—only through you.'

'Through me?' echoed John Vorst, shrinking back in repulsion; then, almost immediately bracing himself, he added: 'But I must be brave, and do whatever is required of me.'

'Were I to act,' said Phileas, 'he might destroy the will and refuse to give evidence. In fact, it is certain that such would be his procedure. You must, therefore, approach him in person, or, possibly, through your attorney. Of course there is the other alternative of causing his immediate arrest on some one of the other indictments which we hope to bring against him, and striving to force him, through the production of this letter, to divulge his knowledge of the whole matter. But I believe the former course to be preferable.'

'Come and dine with me this evening, and we can discuss the affair at our leisure,' said John Vorst. 'My cab is waiting, if you care to come now; or you can call for me at your convenience, and we can decide on whatever hotel you modern man of the day may select.'

This being agreed upon, Phileas met and accompanied his newly made friend to one of those great hostelrys which have made the name of Manhattan famous, and there they debated the question in all its bearings. They finally decided that the matter should be arranged through John Vorst's solicitor, who should interview the miscreant, and obtain from him a full confession of the affair, and, if possible, the missing document. John Vorst stipulated only one thing: that such confession and the missing will, even if procured, should not be brought in evidence against the wretch, provided that his conviction could be otherwise procured.

'I have very little doubt,' said Phileas, 'that we can get all the evidence we need against him in other quarters.'

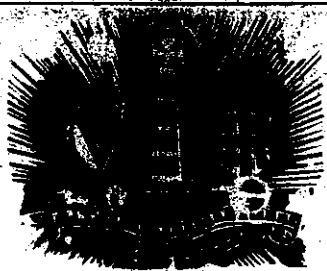
And so, in fact, it proved. It would require many chapters to describe the emotions of that past-master of villainy when, after giving up the will, and freely confessing, under promise of immunity, the share which he himself and his father had taken in those transactions of the past, he discovered that he had unwittingly befriended the lawyer with the red hair and predatory cognomen, against whom he had vowed an everlasting vengeance.

Almost tragic in its intensity was the scene when that discovery was made, and, face to face with Phileas Fox—the latter stern, menacing, and representing the full majesty of the law,—he learned of the fatal mistake that he had made, and of the relations in which Phileas really stood both to plaintiff and defendant in the famous suit.

Phileas was not yet hardened enough to receive with equanimity the storm of invective which was poured out against him by the miscreant. With a cold and deadly malignity more terrible than the fiercest rage, the wretch cursed him and called down the most awful maledictions upon his head. The young attorney could not repress a shudder; and that fearful scene often recurred to him long after the villain, convicted upon one of the numerous other indictments against him, was sent for a term of years to the inferno of dangerous criminals in the innocent-looking village of Sing Sing.

XXI.

Somehow, during the first days following upon Mrs. Wilson's illness, and in the press of work that had coincided therewith, Phileas had been forced to neglect John Vorst, in whose company he had, nevertheless, found an ever-growing charm. From the occasion of that dinner wherein they had discussed the affair of Jason Trowbridge, he had not seen him at all. But after that memorable interview with Isabel, when



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Love, overleaping the barriers of reserve, had thrown down the gage of battle to unpropitious Circumstance, the lawyer, in view of the girl's warning, had felt uneasy. It seemed incumbent upon him to communicate to the old man the intelligence which he had hitherto sedulously guarded from him,—that of Mrs. Wilson's condition. Isabel's pessimistic view of the situation seemed to justify some preparation of John Vorst for a summons that Phileas felt might be sent to him. Therefore, he took his way to the lodging-house, where he was greeted by Mrs. O'Rourke, with a look of reproach upon her worn face.

'I'm glad you have come at last, Mr. Fox, sir,' she said. 'The old gentleman has missed you sorely, and he seems kind of down like these few days back.'

'It was not my fault that I did not come sooner and oftener,' the lawyer answered, as he was ushered into the front parlor, where he found John Vorst seated as usual in his chair near the window. There was in his attitude some trace of despondency, which he instantly threw off when the visitor appeared.

Phileas was oppressed by the consciousness of the mission upon which he had come. He felt persuaded that John Vorst should know, and yet he found it very hard to broach what might be called the intimate and personal part of the business between husband and wife. Hitherto, it had not been thought necessary to acquaint the old man with the facts concerning Mrs. Wilson's seizure. She had either been unconscious or too weak for even the smallest excitement; while, on the other hand, the physician had assured Phileas that the patient might linger for a considerable period in the same state. Isabel's opinion had, however, brought home to the lawyer the responsibility of permitting John Vorst to remain in ignorance of his wife's condition; and, moreover, there was the possibility, amounting almost to a certainty, that Mrs. Wilson might ask to see John Vorst.

As the young attorney sat constrained and uncomfortable, the experienced man of the world beside him was observing his perturbation with eyes that were keen for all their gentleness. He wondered what was amiss with his frank and ordinarily interesting visitor. He made no remark, however; but with his perfect tact, waited for the other's explanation. At last Phileas, taking his courage in hand, blurted out:

'There is something I want to say to you, Mr. Vorst, and I find it hard to make a beginning.'

The older man turned to him instantly, with the exquisite sympathy that all his life through had won friends for Mr. Vorst.

'My dear boy,' he replied, 'I have always found that when anything painful had to be said or done, the safest rule was, the sooner the better. If what you have to say concerns me, remember that I am too well inured to trials of all sorts to flinch now. If it concerns you,—why, you must know me well enough by this time to be certain of my sympathy.'

'The former supposition is the correct one,' said Phileas.

'Then it does concern me?' John Vorst exclaimed quietly, and for the merest instant he bowed his head; and Phileas fancied he was praying. When he looked up again, Mr. Fox was struck with the brave, bright expression of the face. It was such as a soldier might have worn going into battle.

'Old age,' he said, 'makes cowards of us all. Forgive the paraphrase, and go on with what you have to tell me.'

'In the various conversations I have had with you concerning the case of Spooner *vs.* Vorst, or Vorst *vs.* Spooner, I have avoided as much as possible what might be called the personal side of the affair.'

'I appreciate your delicacy,' said John Vorst, with a slightly perceptible stiffening of the figure.

'The interval since my last visit to you,' continued Phileas, 'has been one of painful anxiety at the house in Monroe street. Its mistress was attacked by a seizure of some sort, and has been very seriously ill.'

The face of the listener, seeming to grow tense in every line, slowly blanched; while an almost painful brightness centred about the eye.

'She is better,' the young man added hastily; 'though I have been told by one who has closely followed her case that she is not likely to survive very long.'

Still John Vorst gazed at the speaker, maintaining the same rigid attitude, and with an expression of keenest suffering; but he spoke no word.

'Under these circumstances, certain business affairs have been necessarily interrupted,' the lawyer went on. 'But I feel it only right to tell you that they shall have to be terminated speedily, and that your attention to them will now be necessary.'

'Oh, it can not be necessary,' cried John Vorst, vehemently, 'to disturb a dying woman by details of business!'

'It may be necessary to a certain extent,' Phileas said gravely.

'I can not, *will not*, force such details upon her,' persisted John Vorst.

'That is entirely my own feeling,' said Phileas.

'Even though acting in the capacity of her attorney, I have taken no steps and made no suggestion since her seizure. Nevertheless, I believe that she may wish to see straightened out certain matters that may necessitate your co-operation. You will understand that, in the whole affair, a grave responsibility has been placed upon my shoulders; and I can not entirely rid myself of that burden without at least acquainting you with my client's wishes. She was so painfully anxious that justice should be done to everyone concerned.'

'Poor Martha,—poor Martha!' murmured the white lips, so softly that it seemed merely the whisper of the breeze passing the window frame.

'It was her hope and prayer,' said the lawyer, earnestly, 'that God would permit her to repair all wrongs,—to complete what she called her expiation. Therefore, Mr. Vorst, at the risk of seeming hard, I must respect that trust she has reposed in me, and relieve her mind by complying with the few remaining formalities that are absolutely necessary. You will help me in this, will you not?'

'It is a difficult and delicate question,' answered Mr. Vorst; 'and all my instincts are against any introduction of business at the present juncture. But still, if it could afford her the slightest comfort and relief, of course you must do what you think expedient.'

His voice became so broken as to be inaudible; but he rallied and said firmly.

'May God direct you! Already, at the outset of your career, you are discovering that the right thing is very often that which is at variance with one's feelings. I can not advise, but I beg of you to spare my poor Martha all you can; and if you see any other means of accomplishing her wishes, do so. For myself, I am totally indifferent to the result. My course is nearly run. In a few short months, or years at best, I shall have followed her into the shadows, and in the meantime I have sufficient for my actual needs.'

'But consider, Mr. Vorst,' urged the lawyer, 'that as matters now stand, if these affairs are not settled before my client's demise, the estate must be divided between her next of kin, to whom she is altogether indifferent, and that act of justice which it is her desire to do must remain undone. And remember that besides yourself there are the other heirs for whom you have hitherto contested.'

'Yes,' assented John Vorst; 'there are the other heirs for whom all these legal battles were fought unavailingly.'

'For their sakes, then,' said Phileas, 'but still more for my client's sake, we must make this last effort.'

'Do whatever you think best,' agreed the old man, in a tone in which there was only infinite weariness.

Phileas felt the tears rise unbidden to his eyes. The tragedy of this life, once so rich in promise, wrecked by no fault of his own, but by the multiplied wrong-doing of another, smote upon the young man with full force at that moment. As he began to realise something of what that other had suffered, his wrath rose and burned fiercely against one who, now as plaintiff, now as defendant, had waged a bitter war

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fare. But even in the midst of his anger something like pity welled up within him for that other life, so much more surely wrecked than this; and for the old woman who was expending the last of her strength in pitiful striving after reparation.

'You forgive all?' whispered Phileas.

'Forgive!' cried John Vorst, turning those brilliant and unnaturally distended eyes upon the speaker. 'Have you never heard the saying, "Love is stronger than death. It forgives all, it understands all"?' O my dear boy, my whole heart goes out to her, lying alone amongst the shadows! If you could have seen her as I saw her, young, gay, and beautiful, you would feel the pathos and the pity of it. Nothing else appeals to me now.'

Phileas did not interrupt that retrospect even by a single word. Only partially could he understand the varied emotions that were rending the strong frame before him with an agony too deep for adequate expression, but which yet had loosened that long silent tongue and given voice to the thoughts of years. Phileas, therefore, sat still, while the clock ticked away the slow moments. That complete forgiveness upon the part of one deeply wronged appeared to him most marvellous, especially when he looked around the lodging-house parlor, and considered the sordid surroundings wherein this man had been glad to find a refuge from legal persecution. He finally roused his friend from a painful reverie to say:

'It seems probable to me, Mr. Vorst, that you might be sent for, should the danger become imminent.'

'And I shall most willingly go,' said the old man, 'if only I can feel assured that my presence shall not be unwelcome.'

'I believe that my client may even express a wish to see you.'

'I shall be ready at any moment. God forbid that I should refuse any request of hers!'

'And remember, sir,' added Phileas, 'that you may command me at any time. I am altogether at your service.'

The hand-shake exchanged between the two men was strong and cordial, and John Vorst said:

'I thank you from my heart. I will be guided by whatever you and Father Van Buren may think best. But I beg of you, my dear Fox, to make everything as easy as possible for—your client, and to consider me personally not at all.'

Phileas went away, pondering deeply upon that first impression which he had got from reading dry legal documents, and thinking how completely the order of things, as they then appeared to him, had been reversed, just as in the successive lawsuits plaintiff had changed places with defendant, and defendant with plaintiff. He further reflected, in the unwontedly solemn tone of thought that had been induced by his late experiences, how often those legal phrases twist and rend the deepest fibres of human nature and make men's hearts their playthings.

In the midst of his moralising, Mr. Fox smiled to remember the exaggerated precaution which Mrs. Wilson had at first taken to insure secrecy concerning his visits to the house in Monroe street; and the subsequent measures to be adopted, until reassured by him on that point. For the poor soul had seemed to forget that greater New York goes on its way unheeding, caring little for what occupies the atoms composing its population.

(To be continued.)

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TWO STORIES FROM THE FRENCH FRONT

Translated from the French of Péro Louis Lenoir, S.J.,
by P. J. Gannon, S.J.

I.—LE PETIT PATROUILLEUR.

Why did the Taube appear at the exact moment when I was passing this particular trench? The warning-bell sounded the order to seek shelter. Pressed as I was, I had to stop, however reluctantly, and take cover in the first dug-out. A volunteer of some twenty years of age, with the large and beautiful eyes of Israel, was cleaning his rifle. We commenced chatting.

Son of a free-thinking workman and a Jewish mother, Raymond had experienced in his parents only brute force and greed of gain—never a word of tenderness, never any instruction, religious or moral. He had grown up alone, without affection.

One day it was high festival for his school-mates. In their new clothes, with an armlet of white and gold, they went to church. From without such fine music could be heard that Raymond also wished to share in the ceremony. He crossed the mysterious threshold—for the first time in his life. Fascinated by the splendor of Catholic ritual, he remained a long time there hidden in a corner, wondering why he had no such days of gala. But on his return home blows rained upon him. His parents had drunk on this evening as on all others, and they threatened the boy with still worse punishment if he ever went near the church again. He was strictly forbidden to choose any religion—if he wished one—till he was of age.

To satisfy the needs of a drunken father and frivolous mother, Raymond practised almost all trades—mechanician, designer, waiter, aviator. None brought in enough to please the tipplers, and each return home was marked by fresh 'scenes.' Finally, his patience being exhausted, Raymond determined to leave them: he joined the Colonial Infantry.

The war brought him his first real joy. At length he was 'going to do something.' Endowed with a courage which was backed up by physical vigor and skill, he offered himself from the start for the most dangerous tasks. When wounded in the early encounters he refused to have himself sent back from the front. 'To lay out Boches—that's the best cure for one's wounds.' And his wound healed quickly.

Then followed the withdrawal, next the victory of the Marne; a halt was made on the heights of the Aisne. During the days of oscillation before the fixing of the lines, Raymond was posted at the point of danger, well in advance, behind a rick of straw. Three days and nights he remained there; he had been forgotten. He found this quite natural, happy to suffer for his country, busy moreover in an excellent way. In the ruins of a village he had picked up a book of Catholic prayers; behind his rick he read it and re-read it, learning by heart all he could understand. And already the idea was awakening in him of a better life, of a Sovereign God to serve and to implore: 'Not in bread alone doth man live.' At length his absence was noticed; he was recalled, restored to his ranks, and sent elsewhere on patrol duty.

Some days later the shells set fire to a neighboring farmstead. Fifty soldiers found themselves buried under the burning debris. A staff-captain ran up and asked for volunteers to aid in rescuing the unhappy men. Raymond proved himself a hero. As long as a victim remained in the furnace he plunged in without shrinking, and succeeded in bringing out all who were alive. The captain pressed his hand and said: 'It's superb, Raymond, what you've done. If men don't reward you, God will.'

'God will!' What? A staff-captain believes in God! And in a God Who can reward! The brain of Raymond was active now under the aid of grace: the lessons of the little prayer-book grew clearer, and the first prayer rose from the boy's heart: 'My God, if Thou existest, let me know Thee.'

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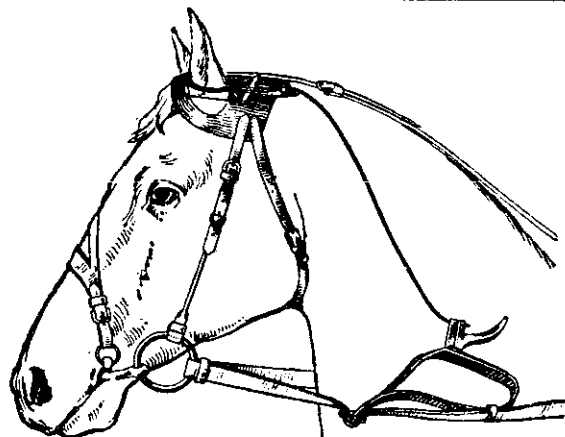
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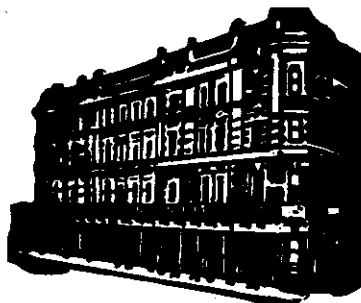
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D. DALTON P.: PROPRIETOR.

Henceforth his arduous task to court danger redoubled. Each evening he came to suggest to his 'chiefs' some new ruse for the following night. Whether his company was on duty or not, he insisted on going. Something told him that by self-sacrifice he was meriting the grace of light. His greatest happiness was to patrol. Crawling on his stomach in the mud he would steal up to the German lines to reconnoitre their mining operations, or throw grenades at them, or shoot their sentries at point-blank range.

A hundred times each night he ought to have been killed; but God was waiting till he was ready before he should be touched by the bullets. It was at this time that I was passing and was compelled by the German aviator's approach to enter his dug-out.

Very few explanations sufficed to determine him. 'As soon as possible,' he said, 'give me Baptism and the Little Host. I don't want to die before receiving them. And then teach me to pray.' We decided that he should be baptised three days later, November 21, Feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, in order that the ceremony might take place in the neighboring church with more solemnity.

During these three days Raymond had a great scruple which he confided to me: 'I am afraid I have done wrong; these three days, though I have accepted all the tasks and missions entrusted to me, I have not volunteered for any, so much was I afraid of being slain before becoming a Christian. But I assure you, Father, I'll make up for it when you have baptised me.'

The ceremony was very moving. The youth, in a tunic whitened with mud and riddled with bullets, replied in French to the beautiful prayers of the liturgy. At his side as god-father was the captain whose simple word had caused the first spark of faith to kindle in his soul. After his baptism, at which he chose the name of Mary, I gave him the Body of Christ, and he stood up erect and proud. 'Now I'm strong. I promise to conduct myself like a Christian till I die.'

As he was going out the captain of his company congratulated him, adding, 'But I hope you're not going to profit by it to seek favors.' 'Why, yes, captain; and I do so at once. I ask you to send me every night on patrol.'

After that I brought him Communion to the trenches almost every day. He was eager for it. We made a short preparation together, and a short thanksgiving, and he always added, in thanking me: 'I feel stronger than before.' The following week his commander told me: 'For these eight days he has been absolutely wonderful. I mean to get him the military medal; he has earned it more than twenty times.'

The medal! It was the brightest of his earthly dreams! Yet one night from his post he perceived a sentry who, surprised by a German patrol, was running back towards the trench. As the communication trench was too narrow, Raymond sprang over the parapet and charged the aggressors. He shot point-blank the first, who had already occupied the sentry's post, bayoneted two others, and faced unsupported the fusillade from the enemy's trench. Next day his captain summoned him: 'Raymond, you have now won the medal; but I can't make the necessary report without compromising the sentry who fled: he will be shot.' 'Then, captain, I don't wish you to make the report; I'll get the medal another time.'

Almost every night he went out on patrol, so that he came to be called *Le Petit Patrouilleur*. His favourite post was that of advanced sentry at thirty paces from the German lines. There, beside his parapet, several times destroyed and repaired, he had dug himself under ground a burrow from which he could shoot in safety. What joy his white teeth revealed when he came back smiling! 'That's all right. The bullets find their mark. But I've emptied my cartridge slips; hand on some more.'

His duties as a soldier did not make him forget his duties as a Christian. 'Remember that every day you've got to enlighten the soul of a comrade.' Taking the counsel literally, he had laid upon himself the ob-

ligation of leading a 'pal' back to God. And he had commenced by those who were farthest from Him—a free-thinker, for example, whom he knew to be an artist, and whom he converted by explaining to him, in his own fashion, Christian art.

Considerable raillery greeted the zeal of the neophyte. But he said: 'I don't fear it any more than the balls. I'm a Christian, and will do my duty as a Christian.'

The first souls to whom he would have wished to communicate his faith were those of his parents. He wrote to tell them of his conversion, his happiness, his desire to see them, too, enter the Church. They did not answer this letter any more than the preceding ones.

One day he came to me meditatively, almost timidly. 'Father, you have told me to be humble, and I think I have a great deal of pride. See what I would like now—to become a priest in order to make our Lord known to so many men who know Him not. Would it be possible? Can I think of it?'

And more and more he felt a hunger for the Eucharist: 'It is our Lord Who gives me strength.' 'You're going to give me our Lord?' he would say each time to me. One evening I met him in the trenches when he was going to make a grenade attack: 'Father, quickly, our Lord.' On the spot, standing in the water, I gave him the Divine Master, and he went off radiant: 'I carry Him with me; I'm calm.'

But that night all his comrades were not so calm. The machine guns spread consternation among the group, which was falling back. Raymond stood up behind them and lifting a grenade he cried out: 'The first who draws back I'll fling it in his face!' Thanks to him, order was re-established, and good work done. *Le Petit Patrouilleur* seemed invulnerable: only his cap and tunic were hit; but he kept laughing all the time.

On account of his patrol duty he knew perfectly the little fortress which the enemy had excavated in the Hill of Bees. But one day the command came that we must take it to-morrow by storm. 'We'll all be left behind, and we shall not take it,' said Raymond to me; 'it's impregnable. But count on me to do all my duty; only give me our Lord.'

The action was terrible and unavailing. Twelve hundred men remained behind. In the evening, on the edge of a trench I saw my little Raymond lying in a shroud of mud; a bursting shell had fractured his skull. From the position of his arm he seemed as if in the act of flinging a grenade; his open lips still smiled, and all his boyish face proclaimed the joy he felt to die for France with Jesus in his breast. It was December 28, the day when the Church allows to mingle with the joyous hymns of Christmas a plaintive note in memory of the massacre of the Innocents.

Helped by a friend of the *Petit Patrouilleur*, I brought back his body. The Germans did not fire on us, as if they wished to respect the dead youth who for three months had been their most dangerous adversary.

Behind the trenches, in the cemetery already peopled with innumerable little wooden crosses, we had his grave dug. On his stretcher, where he still smiled, we covered him with chrysanthemums and yew branches. His god-father fastened round his neck a little silver chain with the medal of the Virgin, engraved in honor of his baptism, which had arrived the very day of his death. Then I took up again the ritual of November 21 at the chapter—not the least beautiful—of Christian funerals. . . . 'that as the true faith joined him to the ranks of the faithful, so there Thy Mercy may unite him to the choirs of angels.'

No chant answered the prayers; only the thunder of the guns. But in this stately ruin, in the apse of a church ploughed up by shells, under rain that pierced through the very tunics, at the foot of the impregnable Hill of Bees, the smile of the *Petit Patrouilleur* proclaimed in spite of all the certitude of victory. . . . 'Blessed are they who dye their robes in the Blood of

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the Lamb' . . . 'Who eats My flesh has eternal life, and I will raise him up on the last day.'

II.—THE DEATH OF YOUP.

In this story I was neither actor nor witness. But Jean, who related it to me, is worthy of credence. Jean is a corporal and one of the best of my friends. His girlish moustache suggests some fifteen years; and hence he assumes in all seriousness a paternal air towards the long-beards of his squad.

Among his 'youngsters,' as he calls them, was the famous Youp, whose real name I have never known—a poor Jew, recognisable as far as you could distinguish his profile, a pitiable spectacle under his muddy tunic (the horizon blue of it turning to a German green), always seeming to beg pardon of the passer-by, so much had he become accustomed to blows.

In virtue of his duties as 'father,' Corporal Jean had made himself the defender of the oppressed. Every day he used his authority to put a stop to rough jesting and horse-play.

Youp was not of a rich tribe: no comforts for him. And the comrades, without meaning to be cruel, in their unreflecting way, scarcely thought that the zone of friendship in the army, wide though it be, should be stretched to embrace a son of Israel. Jean made up for this by giving him, if not the better, at least the larger half of the bulky hampers which the 'mama' made up for her son every fortnight.

Like a great dog Youp hardly moved a yard away from him, a fact that irritated somewhat at times the proud little corporal, but in reality flattered him still more. And quite naturally, as a consequence of the protection and the shared hampers, Jean ended by getting quite fond of Youp.

'You ought to try and convert him,' I said to Jean one day. He exploded with laughter. 'Convert him! Why, he does not believe in God or devil. He's no more a Jew than a Christian or a Turk. When at times the question of religion crops up, he commences to giggle. Do you wish him to have a faith? Why, he has not even a soul.' It was vain for me to chide or reason on the point. 'I tell you again he has no soul.'

Well, the other day Jean came to me greatly moved, and here is the story he told:

'I was out on patrol last night with Youp and three others. We met a German patrol; we fired, and I'm sure we stretched out two or three of them. But they did for Youp. The poor beggar got a bullet in his stomach. He groaned so that I could not get him silenced. I told the two others to clear away, and Marcel and I picked him up. Only, lo and behold! a German machine gun noticed us. With his groans it was to be expected. Luckily there was a shell hole near at hand and we sank into it, all three.'

'Then poor Youp took hold of me and drew me towards him. "Jean," said he, "tell me the truth. Is it serious this thing I've got?" "Oh, yes and no," I answered. "How long have I still to live?" Seeing he was getting anxious, I replied: "Thirty years, unless you catch cold in your head"—though of course I did not know whether he was going to live or die.'

'Then he drew me close to him. "Jean, no humbug! I feel my number's up. Listen! I can't die like this. You must hear my confession." Then I said: "It's you who are humbugging now. This is not the time for it—and least of all on that point; you know right well I don't like it."

'But not at all, he was not humbugging. "Jean," said he, "I have thought it over well; it's only the true religion could make you so good to me. I want to die in that religion; you must hear my confession."

'What a fix I was in! What was I to do? Refuse? It would have made him worse. Hear his confession? But I'm not a priest. In truth, I'd have preferred if the captain had sent me to capture the machine gun which was raking us. Suddenly an idea came to me. I said: "You can't confess. You're not baptised; it would not count." "Well, then," he answered on the spot, "baptise me."

'This was better. I think I had the power to do that, had I not? Then I took some of the water which was there in our shell hole. I'm not sure if it was clean, seeing it was night-time; but as it was for Youp the cleanness makes little matter. He was not over particular on that point, and I baptised him. Oh! yes, don't be uneasy. I knew the words. I learned my catechism well formerly.'

'But this was not enough for him, my poor Youp. He wanted right or wrong that I should hear his confession. I was in a queer fix. At last I thought it better not to cross him, but pretend to hear him and talk to you about it afterwards.'

'I told Marcel to stop his ears, as he could not move away on account of the machine gun, and then I said to Youp: "Go ahead! Now that you're a Christian, it can be done."

'Then he came out with all his load. I can well understand it weighed heavily upon him, the poor beggar! As for me, I did not know what to say to him afterwards. I recited an Our Father, and told him to have trust in the Bon Dieu, Who is all that there is of goodness.'

'How happy he was, poor Youp! He kissed me on the two cheeks, and indeed I believe he cried. And I—I had to do all I knew to keep from imitating him.'

'We waited for a time to deceive the machine gun, and we could then, Marcel and I, have crept back to the trench, dragging Youp. But, alas, when we looked at him again, he was dead. That was a shock for me. Even still I feel as if it was my own brother who had gone. But pray, Father, what am I to do with his sins?'

SWISS BISHOPS AND MODERN FASHIONS

The Catholic hierarchy of Switzerland have just taken the opportunity afforded by the Federal Fete of Thanksgiving to address a joint pastoral letter of serious admonition and advice to their flock.

Speaking of the command of God, which enjoins for the body the reasonable care demanded by the exigencies of life, they say: 'It is not the body, but the soul which runs the risk of being neglected these days. The average home is spacious, full of air and light, gracefully decorated, but no religious picture, no crucifix or book is there to give light and air to the soul; no Catholic paper is found upon the table. The nourishment of the body is carefully chosen, weighed and calculated to support its vigor. But if the Word of God is not heard in sermon or catechism, if the Holy Table is not approached even once a year, how can the soul retain its vigor?'

'Unhappily, not content with taking reasonable care of the body, not only children, but grown persons of both sexes now expose their bodies as much as possible, even in public places. We protest against these intolerable abuses, which are the shame of our time. This is not the spirit of Jesus Christ or His Apostles, who have told us to renounce ourselves and to crucify the flesh.'

'We must say a word, too, on the feminine fashions. Women do not dress now to conceal themselves, but on the contrary to excite evil passions. Most sad of all is it to see persons having pretensions to be virtuous and pious degrading themselves in this manner by following indecent modes. When such persons enter our churches and approach the Holy Table it becomes necessary for us to raise our voices with energy, and we enjoy that the Holy Communion should be refused to persons approaching the altar indecently attired.'

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READINGS IN IRISH HISTORY

By 'SHANACHIE.'

ST. FINBARR AND HIS SCHOOL AT CORK.

The name of the City of St. Finbarr is derived from an Irish word *Corcagh*, meaning a marshy place. 'At the time St. Finbarr founded his church there, and for centuries afterwards, it certainly well deserved the name. Especially when the mountain floods came down the valley of the river Lee, the whole right bank of the stream was converted into a vast lake called *Loch Irce*. This valley extends from west to east, and is enclosed on either side by bold and fertile hills, now crowned with houses and villas which render Cork one of the most picturesque cities of the Empire.'

St. Finbarr's baptismal name was *Lochan*; but as the boy grew up with beautiful fair hair he was called *Find-barr*, 'the fair-haired one.' Finbarr had for his teacher a monk named *Curporius*, who is said to have spent some time at Rome, and to have been whilst there a disciple of St. Gregory the Great. St. Gregory was Pope from A.D. 590 to 604, but for some years previous to A.D. 590 he had held various offices in the Church; and it was probably between A.D. 575 and 590 that the Irish monk had an opportunity of becoming his disciple in the great monastery of St. Andrew, which was once the private mansion of St. Gregory. From a master so trained for some time in Rome itself young Finbarr had an opportunity of acquiring a fuller knowledge of ecclesiastical discipline, as well as sounder and wider theological views than the ordinary Irish schools could at the time afford. How long Finbarr remained under the care of this holy man is unknown. From the active life which Finbarr led, we may infer that he began to preach and found churches whilst still a young man. It is probable that *Gougane Barra*, so celebrated for its wild romantic beauty, was the earliest foundation of St. Finbarr, and that it was there during the years of his retirement that he prepared himself for the great spiritual work which he afterwards accomplished. *Gougane Barra*, the name given to a lake situated in the wild and barren mountains which separate Cork from Kerry, is simply a kind of natural reservoir that collects the streams flowing down the mountain sides. The name means 'Barra's (Finbarr's) lone retreat,' for the saint dwelt for a time on an island in the lake. 'This lovely lake,' writes Dr. Healy, 'is situated among the mountains on the western border of Cork, and in that very territory of Muskerry, where St. Barry (Finbarr) is said to have been born, so that he was probably familiar with it from his childhood. The savage grandeur of this mountain valley has been celebrated both in poetry and in prose by many writers. The lake is surrounded on all sides by an amphitheatre of lofty and rugged mountains, rising up in naked grandeur from its lonely shores.' This lake forms the source of the river Lee, and the islet that formed the retreat of St. Finbarr is 'The green island in lone *Gougane Barra*,' of Callanan's well-known song. The lake, Dr. Healy tells us, is deep, and beautifully green, where the broken walls do not cover the turf. Its shores are fringed with hoary ash trees, and a few willows that stoop to kiss the wavelets.

'There grows the wild ash, and the time stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.'

The natural aspect of the place is still the same, changeless and grand, as in the days of Finbarr, the Fair-haired; but the works of man are in ruins. 'The ancient church, with its solitary cells and courtyard, are all in ruins—ruins, too, even in this wild retreat, that have apparently been wrought by the hand of man.' 'It was probably after spending some time in his hermitage at *Gougane Barra* that St. Finbarr came to the lake which is called *Loch Irce*. Close to the shore of this lake he built his monastery, to which, as

to the home of wisdom, and to the nursery of all Christian virtues, crowds of zealous disciples flocked together from all quarters in such numbers and inspired with such zeal for holiness, that the solitude around became filled with cells of monks, and thus grew into a great city. The site of Finbarr's primitive church and monastery was that now occupied by the Protestant Cathedral of St. Finbarr, on the south-west of the city, but, all traces of the primitive buildings have entirely disappeared.' (Dr. Healy.)

St. Finbarr ruled the monastery and church of Cork for a period of seventeen years before he died. Hence the monastic school had time to grow up under his own holy and prudent management, and thus Cork from a solitude became a city. That is to say, in the time of St. Finbarr arose those monastic buildings which formed the nucleus of the present beautiful city 'by the pleasant waters of the River Lee.' St. Finbarr died, not in his own monastery of *Loch Irce*, but at *Cloyne*, some fifteen miles distant on the other side of the bay. It seems he went there on a pilgrimage, doubtless preparing for the end, which he felt was close at hand, for we are told that he died at the Cross of *Cloyne*, which was in the church of that monastery. His loving disciples would not let his remains repose at *Cloyne*. According to the most probable account they took the body of the saint to Cork, and buried it in his own Cathedral church, beneath a monumental cross, which marked the spot. Afterwards the tomb was opened and the sacred relics enclosed in a silver shrine, which was preserved with great veneration near the high altar. We are informed in the *Annals of Innisfallen* that A.D. 1089, a fleet, with Dermot O'Brien, devastated Cork, and carried away the relics of St. Finbarr.

The character of this great saint is thus given in an ancient Irish life published in 1864: 'His humility, his piety, his charity, his abstinence, his prayers by day and night, won for him many great privileges; for he was God-like, and pure of heart and mind like Abraham; mild and well-doing like Moses; a psalmist like David; wise like Solomon; firm in the faith like Peter; devoted to the truth like Paul the Apostle; full of the Holy Spirit like John the Baptist. He was a lion in strength, and an orchard full of apples in sweetness.'

JAPANESE POLICE OFFICERS

The police officer who knows his duty and does it conscientiously is a force for good in any community. A writer in a Japanese magazine gives some interesting facts about the training and character of policemen in Japan. We quote as follows:—

Our police training-schools admit candidates aged twenty to forty-five; most of them are college graduates or non-commissioned officers of the army reserve. The force is divided into two shifts, each serving twenty-four hours on a stretch. One of their duties is to keep up their skill in *ju-jutsu*. Our policemen do not patrol beats, but have their fixed posts where they can be reached by telephone. The patrolman's pay is £1 to £2 10s a month, and he has to serve ten years at least before reaching the salary maximum. For special expenses he receives a monthly allowance of 12s to £1. Detectives and polyglot policemen who can serve as interpreters receive an additional 10s to £1 per month. The average policeman, even if he serves his whole life, never gets beyond the monthly £2 10s. His only chance of increase is the capture of a notorious criminal which earns for him a bonus of £5 to £10.

The Japanese policeman is as a rule respected and trusted by his countrymen. In spite of his poverty he keeps up a good appearance. The sergeant starts with £3 10s a month and can reach £10. The civil-service examinations leading to this much-envied post are very rigorous; one often finds among the candidates graduates of the Law College of the Imperial University of Tokyo.

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SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

GENERAL.

On the invitation of General Hickie, commanding the Irish Division, Right Rev. Mgr. Ryan, P.P., V.F., Tipperary, went to pay a visit to the Irish troops at the Western Front during the Christmas holidays. He was accompanied from London by Major Wm. Redmond, M.P.

Thanks to a compilation made by the Bishop of Namur, the Vatican Information Bureau has been able to make out an exact list of the French soldiers who have lost their lives in the province of Namur and the Givet-Furnay region. The Holy Father through Cardinal Amette presented it to the French Government, and his Eminence was commissioned by the Government to thank his Holiness for the kind act.

Mr. Lloyd George, speaking in Welsh on Christmas Eve, at the Castle Street Welsh Baptist Chapel, London, said when he was at Albert he saw the figure of the Virgin with the Infant Christ in her arms facing the Germans, and the spirit of Christianity was facing them now. In the future there would be more evidence of the spirit of Christ, and there would be peace on earth and good will towards men after the present turmoil had ended.

A good story of the battle of Jutland is told by a chaplain of the Grand Fleet. In a ship which was in the thick of the action and was well hammered by the enemy, many poor fellows lost the number of their mess, and many more were sadly wounded. Among these latter was a sailor whose leg was so much shattered and lacerated by a splinter of shell that there was nothing else to do but amputate it above the knee. The poor wounded man was practically unconscious from loss of blood, so the surgeons were not able to tell him of their intentions of operating. Some hours later he recovered consciousness, and found himself comfortably tucked up, with the stump dressed and bandaged. When he learned what had happened he broke into an agonised cry—no, not for the crippling he had undergone: his cry was 'Where's my leg? For 'Evin's sake, find my leg, somebody! It's got all my money in the stocking!'

KING CONSTANTINE'S POSITION.

In view of the cable message the other day hinting at the deposition of King Constantine of Greece, the following from the *Catholic Times* is of interest:—As details of King Constantine's attempts to damage the cause of the Allies come to light the wonder grows at the toleration extended to him. There are numerous conjectures as to the cause, but the most generally accepted explanation is that he belongs to a Royal Trades Union. Our contemporary the *Irish News*, of Belfast, says:—'The "Trade Union of Kings" is a great and wonderful institution. William II. of Germany is primarily King of Prussia. His sister, as the world knows now, is King Constantine's Queen. We have heard and read of threats that the Kaiser will be deposed, or even banished, at the end of the war. Let no simple-hearted anti-Monarchist nurse the delusion that such a result of the mighty conflict will be thought of by the "diplomats." It is true that they sent Napoleon Bonaparte to St. Helena; but Napoleon was an intruder; an "upstart," a "blackleg." William of Prussia is a Hohenzollern, not a Bonaparte. He will not be dethroned—unless the Germans themselves chose to hunt him out; and if they tried the experiment they might find themselves fighting all the armies of the Kingdoms of Europe again. Constantine sits and smiles in Greece by virtue of his blood-membership of the great Royal Trade Union. He is the German Emperor's brother-in-law; he is also the nephew of Queen Alexandra, and his own "favorite aunt" is the strong-minded Dowager Empress of Russia. King George of England and Czar Nicholas of Russia are his first cousins. Many lesser Kings, Princes, and Grand Dukes are closely allied to him by a consanguinity.

The deposition of a King is a serious business. No one can tell where the practice might stop if an example were set. It would unquestionably be bad for Kingship if the people were forced to conclude that success in a great conflict for freedom was deemed of less importance in Royal quarters than the safety of a petty monarch's throne.

ILL-TREATMENT OF PRISONERS.

A non-commissioned officer and three privates of the Connaught Rangers—three of the signatories to the document being Belfastmen—send us a pitiful story of neglect and suffering from the camp in which British prisoners of war are confined at Drinovitz, Bulgaria (says the *Freeman's Journal*). The letter, dated September 10, is signed by the four men; they write on behalf of their comrades and themselves, many of whom hail from Belfast and fought gallantly with the Tenth (Irish) Division. 'We would be very grateful,' they write to the *Irish News*, 'if you could make it your business to know the reason why we are not receiving any boots or clothes either from the British Government or from our own Regimental Prisoners of War Fund which we subscribed to every week while we were at home.' Perhaps those directly concerned will wake up. The men's plight is wretched—and the neglect of which they complain is peculiar; for they say:—

'The King's Own Royal Lancaster Regiment, the Norfolk Regiment, and the Hampshire Regiment, have all received boots and clothes of some description. Not one of the Irish Regiments has received any clothes; only some of them have received some under-clothing through the kindness of the Irish Women's Association. The majority of us are going about barefooted and naked; some of us are that bad that our bodies are exposed; some have no jackets; others are bareheaded; in fact it is a disgrace to the British Government to say that some of her soldiers are going about in the state that they are in—especially the Connaught Rangers, who bore the brunt of the fighting in Servian Macedonia. . . . About the country we are in, we could have received no better treatment than what we are getting at present; but you cannot compare this country with England. Hoping you will do all you can for us.'

The Bulgarian winter is rigorous and bitter under the most favorable conditions; it is not surprising to learn that men who are compelled to face it as prisoners of war on the conditions described by these spokesmen of the Connaught Rangers feel that they are slighted and neglected. The Rangers fought splendidly against overwhelming odds during the first battles against the Bulgarians: the Tenth Division that had been shattered at Gallipoli saved Salonika. If steps are not taken to save the semi-naked soldiers from the horrors of a Continental winter, those responsible for neglecting them cannot now plead ignorance of their situation.

A CRUSHING DOCUMENT.

To-day (writes the Rome correspondent of the *Tablet*, under date December 1) the Holy Father, the Cardinals, and all the high officials of the Church in Rome were afforded a full opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the salient facts of the slave raid in Belgium. M. Van den Heuvel, Belgian Minister to the Holy See, has reunited for them in a single small volume (1) the Note sent by the Belgian Government to the Powers; (2) the cry of alarm raised by Cardinal Mercier and the Belgian Bishops; (3) the protest of the Deputies and Senators of Brussels; and (4) the account of an eye-witness at Nivelles—all these documents prefaced by a summary written by himself. As this last is the purely Roman part of the volume, some account of it may be appropriately given here. Germany, says the Minister to the Holy See, has ever-growing fears about the issue of the war. It foresees strong offensives, and is preparing to increase its dwindling reserves by sending to the front all the men who are now employed in its workshops. One means taken is profoundly illegitimate, for it means the forced

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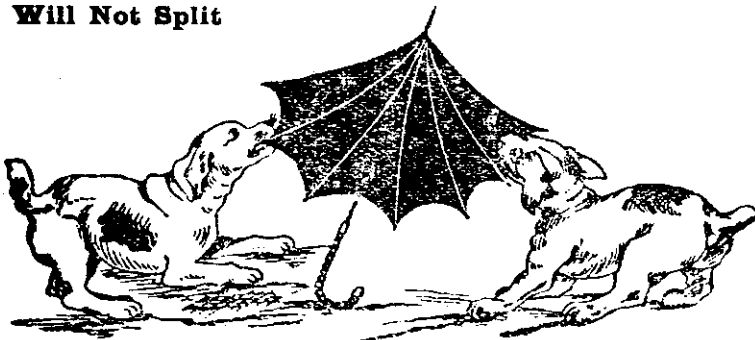
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employment of the civil population of the occupied districts, the deportation of them into slavery, and setting them to work against their own country. Belgium is the first region to undergo this barbarous treatment, almost throughout the whole extent of its territory. The three essential elements of these measures of deportation—the family, the state of slavery and forced work in a foreign country, and participation, direct or indirect, in war against the fatherland—are outrages on humanity and on law.' Referring to the 'Laws of War,' published in 1903 by the German Grand Staff, as a condemnation of its present odious methods, M. Van den Heuvel concludes:—'To-day the humanitarian rules of the Grand Staff are forgotten, the guarantees given by the governing authorities are disowned. We are witnessing to-day the exodus of a people being led into servitude and slavery. Every day sees some fresh deportation of men who are to be employed in forced works against their country. This new crime against the Belgian people is one of exceptional gravity, and one that cries aloud for vengeance.'

SOLDIERS' RIBBONS.

Nowadays it is almost impossible to pass along a crowded street without noticing on the breast of some soldier's tunic a strip or more of colored ribbon.

The ribbons mean to the wearer a great deal, for they represent the features of his military career. Each strip has a special significance; it may mean a reward for some act of personal gallantry in the field, or for serving in some campaign, or for long service, or for being present on some great ceremonial occasion.

Most people know all this, but few can tell the meaning of each ribbon.

The ribbon most coveted by the British soldier is, of course, the red ribbon of the Victoria Cross. This is, indeed, the red badge of courage, and it proclaims in silent but eloquent language that the wearer has been in the Valley of Death, and has there, by immortal heroism and devotion, earned the right to wear the cross of bronze.

There are over a hundred British medals and ribbons, but here are only mentioned those that one is likely to see worn at this time. A red ribbon with dark blue edgings of about 1/4 in wide is that of the Distinguished Service Order. This is awarded only to officers of commissioned rank, as is also the Military Cross, the ribbon of which is blue with a white centre. Blue, white, blue, each stripe of even width.

A red ribbon with a black centre—red, black, red, each stripe of even width,—is that of the Distinguished Conduct Medal, which is awarded to non-commissioned officers and men.

The King Edward Coronation Medal ribbon is black with a red centre, and narrow white edgings. The King George Coronation and Durbar Medal ribbon is blue with two narrow red stripes in the centre.

The ribbon of blue and white stripes of even width is that given for service in Egypt from 1882 to 1889.

A yellow ribbon with three narrow blue stripes is the award for service in any of the following campaigns: Matabele, 1893; Rhodesia, 1896; Mashonaland, 1897.

A red ribbon with two dark blue stripes is the Indian General Service Award for service, 1852 to 1895.

A red ribbon with two green stripes is the Indian General Service Award, 1896 to 1902.

A dark green and yellow ribbon with a very narrow

pink line on the green next to the yellow is for service in the Sudan, 1896-7.

A ribbon very often seen is the South Africa Award; there are two for the war and one for general service. The ribbon with a red border 1/4 in wide, two black stripes, and a yellow centre is the one known as the Queen's. The King's Ribbon, from left to right, is yellow, white, green. The General Service Ribbon is yellow with dark green border, and two paler green narrow stripes.

The red ribbon with narrow white edgings is given for long service and good conduct.

A plain green ribbon is the Volunteer Decoration, and the Volunteer Long Service Medal ribbon is of a darker shade of green.

The dark green ribbon with a yellow centre is the one given for Territorial efficiency.

The plain blue ribbon is that of the Khedive's Star.

The yellow with light blue centre—yellow, blue, yellow, each stripe of even width,—is the ribbon for service in Egypt, 1896 to 1905, and is known as the Khedive's Medal.

HOW A CHILD'S FAITH WAS REWARDED.

The Sister in charge of instructing outsiders in the Catholic faith, as a rule, keeps the narrations of her people to herself (says the Brooklyn Tablet), but the following incident she related to the community, without fear of indiscretion:

A tidily-dressed non-Catholic woman presented herself at the convent 'Instruction Room,' bringing two young children with her. She said her husband was in the artillery. Before his departure for the front he was completely indifferent to religion, but war had changed him into an earnest Catholic, as she found, to her surprise, during the few days' holiday for a needed rest he was allowed to pass at home with her. Before his return to France he made her promise to see to their children being 'taught to be Catholics,' as he expressed it. He even made her sign a paper, promising that whatever happened to him, the children should be brought up Catholics and practice their religion.

The next day saw the three again at the convent. The wife said that as the children were being 'taught to be Catholics,' she would learn it with them; her gunner would be all the better pleased. . . . Now comes the part worth writing down.

Sister gave Mrs. N. a badge of the Sacred Heart to send to the front, and said that first she must put it in the hand of her tiny child at home, who, with its little hands clasped 'round it, should repeat: 'Jesus, keep daddy safe.' This was done, and the man received the letter and badge while standing by his machine gun under a heavy fire from the enemy. He thrust it into his breast pocket until a moment's respite came. On opening the letter the badge dropped out and went rolling into a slight hollow. The gunner jumped down after it, and, while stooping to pick up the badge, heard the whizzing of a cannon ball above his head.

It took almost no time to be again at his post, but he found the gun smashed up, while he himself was unhurt. The infant's prayer, when the badge was sent, had been, 'Jesus, keep daddy safe.'

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Current Topics

Rumania

According to a writer in *The Sunday at Home*, people in general must have known as little about Rumania until recently as the English War Office knew about South Africa when they invaded that country with utter disregard for all General Butler's warnings. Letters posted for Bucharest have gone there via Tartary and Timbuctoo. A writ of summons from one of the superior law courts was marked by postal officials 'Try Egypt.' Rumania is as large as England and Wales. It has clearly defined frontiers of mountain and river. In population it is seventh among the independent States of the Continent, ranking next to the Great Powers in military strength. Two-thirds of the members of the Government hold western diplomas. Fourteen daily papers appear in Bucharest; twenty or thirty reviews and magazines.

Denominational Education

Referring to the Government 'Reconstruction Sub-Committee' with regard to the question of education, the November number of the *Month* says:—'We should like to have seen amongst the sub-committee's terms of reference—To inquire into the justice and policy of denying the rights and claims of parents to have their children brought up in their own religion. We are to borrow, it seems, scientific methods from Germany. Let us borrow what is far more important, the provision made by the State that every child shall be educated in its parent's faith by teachers of that faith.' Germany woke up to the evil of secular education too late. Lord Haldane warns England that something must be done. To what depths of rottenness must New Zealand descend before her statesmen become conscious of the need of reform? That they do not yet see the writing on the wall is a poor testimony to themselves.

The Imperial Conference and Home Rule

Thirteen years ago W. T. Stead wrote: 'The more imperially we think—always in the British sense—the more irresistibly we shall be driven to include Ireland in the scope of our Imperial thoughts. Mr. Rhodes, from whose table Mr. Chamberlain has picked up some soiled crumbs, was quick to see that Imperialism and Unionism were antagonistic terms. Home Rule was to that thinker in continents a necessary postulate of the continued existence of the Empire.' How will Ireland fare at the Imperial Conference? Hope is weak indeed in Irish breasts now. No doubt the colonies are in favor of justice; so are the English people; but the real rulers of England will never consent to put the welfare of the Empire before their own interest and religious hatred. And ultimately all the Irish wrongs are rooted there: to hold still what they hold unjustly and to demonstrate to the world that the law of England has justice for everyone except Irish Catholics is the object of the ruling clique in England to-day as it has been in the past. And all the world laughs in scorn when English statesmen speak in sounding words of the liberty of small nations and the rights of oppressed people. When a Peace Conference does sit Germany will not be the only country that will have to account for torn 'scraps of paper.' How long will the English people allow the Carsons and the Norfolks to make a laughing stock of them?

An Anglican Manual on the Religion of the Church

Dr. Gore, Anglican Bishop of Oxford, has written a book, not intended to be apologetic or controversial, but setting forth what he believes the Anglican Church teaches. Forthwith dignitaries of the same Church, who should be equally able to say what the Anglican Church teaches, proclaim that it teaches nothing of the kind. Dr. Gore says that the Anglican Church is part of the Catholic Church. In his view this means that the Catholic Church is a body which embraces the

Roman, the Greek, and Anglican communions. The other two branches reject Dr. Gore's assumption that the Church is so composed, both holding that the Anglican Church is not and never has been Catholic at all. Mgr. Moyes points out that 92 per cent. of those whom Dr. Gore includes in the Catholic Church tell him that he has no place there. It is not a mere question of numerical voting. It is the decision of the vast majority of a society as to who belongs to the society.

*

In a letter to the *Guardian* the Dean of Durham tells what he thinks the Anglican Church teaches; and his views and Dr. Gore's are far apart indeed. The Dean formulates as 'governing assumptions' of the Church of England 'that the Mass is a wholly inadmissible perversion of the Lord's Supper; that the Papal Supremacy was radically inconsistent with Christ's sole Headship of the Church, and with its proper spiritual character; that the Royal Supremacy was Divinely ordained, and that it covered the whole area of ecclesiastical jurisdiction.' The Dean's letter is pretty clear evidence that Dr. Gore has not even the unanimity of the Anglican Church in support of his claim to Catholicity, affirming unmistakably the good old Lutheran Protestant principle '*cujus regio ejus religio*.' He goes on to warn the Bishop of Oxford: 'Bishop Gore and his friends need not apprehend the fate of the non-jurors, and will not follow the example of Newman and his disciples. They will point the same moral by a larger catastrophe. For the English people will not recognise much longer a *National Church* which is teaching doctrines which its formularies were designed to disallow, and laboring to restore a discipline which its established system was intended to prohibit.'

The Economic War

Though the war is not over yet, politicians and newspapers, in the confident hope of victory, have for some considerable time past been discussing the commercial terms which the Allies should impose upon Germany in days to come. We have even had a conference of the leading statesmen of the Allied countries to deal with the matter, though it seems to have come to no working arrangements. All are agreed that it would be traitorous madness to the best interests of our Empire to allow Germany, supposing her to be well beaten in this war, to build up new wealth for the purpose of attacking us again. It is not, to say the least, to the economic advantage of a victorious people to leave their vanquished opponent wealthy. Strong in this sound idea many are equally convinced that the Allies should absolutely exclude the products of Germany from their respective countries. This policy is—the words are not ours, but that trained economist's, Hilaire Belloc—the act of an idiot. He explains his point in a Preface to the recently published book, *The Perils of Peace*, by Cecil Chesterton, and the novel explanation is well worthy of reading and considering by all who have the true welfare of the Empire at heart. 'There is every advantage in leaving the vanquished laborious and productive of wealth, but the whole effort of the victor should be turned to the draining of that wealth, once produced, away from the vanquished and toward themselves. . . . There is but one obvious public policy—the maintenance of a continual drain of wealth from a Germany conquered and compelled to export to our advantage. It is a policy the richer can impose most simply by life-long indemnity, most drastically by the confiscation of mortgage and scrip with garrisons to maintain the treaty.

'Private interests are at issue with such a public policy. The financier has interests bound up with German interests; the merchant fears the ruin of his client.

'There is here a very interesting example of private fortune misunderstanding its own advantage from its very avarice.

'The financial interests—which are by far the strongest things in this country—thoroughly under-

stand the taking of tribute from the occupied and subject territory of those whom they think very weak.

The whole history of Ireland is nothing else than that. Ireland, until George Wyndham's Land Act (and to some extent even since that Act), was sending overseas masses of material, vast in proportion to her wealth, as interest upon loans, which loans had been advanced to the landlord class by cosmopolitan financiers.

The whole history of modern Egypt is nothing else. What the Egyptian peasant produces beyond his bare livelihood and the cost of administration is paid as interest to these same cosmopolitan financiers, who caught in their net long ago the foolish and irresponsible monarch of the country.

It is perfectly clear that the economic fate of any conquered country could be modelled upon the same lines. You can always so arrange matters that the vanquished have to produce wealth indeed, but, instead of retaining that wealth, shall regularly pass it over to the victors.

The trouble in all this is that financiers are cosmopolitan, and many of them, even though residing in the Empire and fond of airing their patriotism, have large interests in Germany or Austria. These wealthy men (and they are numerous) will be very anxious to prevent anything like the economic impoverishment of the enemy.

The Congo Atrocities: A Reminiscence

A few years ago the newspaper world was made to ring with the iniquities of Leopold, King of the Belgians, in the Belgian Congo. Cables, extracts, letters, affidavits, missionaries' tales, Blue Books were thrown at an easily-deluded, because badly-informed, public. Thoughtful men saw that there was far more behind this campaign of abuse than appeared on the surface, and knew that in due time the father of lies would reveal himself. This confidence is now justified, for recent events have thrown some light on the organisation of the campaign against Belgian rule in the Congo.

Our readers will recollect that the British public (quietly forgetful, by the way, of Britain's own treatment of some native races), pinned their faith in these Congo atrocities to the statements of one who was an Englishman, a man of independent means with no axe to grind, a fearless champion of the down-trodden, etc., etc. We do not intend to mention his name here, for the law of libel is very tricky and some of the statements we are about to make concerning this gentleman are not altogether to his credit, but our readers should not have much difficulty in recalling the man and his work. Our statements are based on facts given with full names, places, and dates by a fearless English publicist. He has scornfully challenged this 'hero' of the Congo to deny the facts or to explain, but after many months there is still no reply.

It appears then, according to his account in *Who's Who*, that A.B.C. (let us call him that) was born in 1873. A Frenchman by birth (according to his statement, at least), he was a French citizen up to the age of twenty-three. He became a naturalised British citizen at Liverpool in 1896, and he must have been resident in England for at least five years before receiving that privilege. It further appears that this Frenchman—if he was a Frenchman—was for a time in the employment of Sir Alfred Jones, the head of a great Liverpool shipping firm that was intimately connected with Leopold of Belgium, the owner of the Congo, that as the outcome of a quarrel he left this firm and went to the rival firm of John Holt and Sons. This latter firm was not on good terms with King Leopold, and was therefore glad to back our French-Anglo citizen in the Congo agitation: indeed, the head of the firm left in his will an annuity to the Congo hero.

After an extremely interesting analysis of A.B.C.'s public career, our authority comes to the conclusion that A.B.C. was nothing less than a spy employed by the German Government to promote the interests of Germany. He simply riddles the fable to which our news-

papers used to treat us—namely, that A.B.C. took up the Congo agitation out of sincere indignation at the alleged ill-treatment of the natives. If it were so, why did he not also take up the cause of ill-treated natives elsewhere—say, in German colonies, or even in British ones?

When the war broke out A.B.C., who had never shown the faintest interest in Socialism or Labor before, now began to blossom out as a friend of Labor and a Pacifist. And his attitude in the matter of peace was very significant. He resurrects a newspaper which before this was always on the rocks, writes for it, and the sum of his argument is not that war itself is evil, not that all nations are equally guilty, not that Great Britain has its share in the responsibility for the present war, but that the *whole* responsibility rests upon France and Russia. These two nations were out to crush Germany, and Germany had to strike in self-defence. England, much against her true interests, was hoodwinked into joining the conspiracy. Let her, then, A.C.B. pleaded, get out of it as soon as possible. There are English Pacifists, but they don't argue in this way. On the other hand, is it not a very natural line for a German agent in England to take?

These, then, are the facts and inferences of the case. They have been before the public, and A.B.C. was taunted with them at a public lecture. He has never offered any explanation, and after his efforts for peace in the early stages of the war proved abortive disappeared from the gaze of men.

There may be some mistakes in the minute details of this indictment, but the plain fact remains that A.B.C.'s credit is gone for ever. And be it noted well, it was on the strength of his evidence especially that the British public so readily swallowed the stories of the Congo atrocities. Those atrocities may have been committed, they may have been far worse even than A.B.C. reported, but until a better witness than A.B.C.—he was the chief witness—comes forward, we must resolutely refuse to accept them. So once more it is found that, tho' truth is often slow in coming, it does prevail in the long run.

PAN-SOUTHLAND GATHERING

A GREAT SUCCESS.

The fourth annual Pan-Southland Gathering was held under the auspices of the New Zealand Catholic Federation on the Southland A. and P. Association's grounds on Wednesday, February 14. In the matter of weather the function was again unfortunate, but that did not in any way dampen the enthusiasm of the large number of people present, who entered wholeheartedly into the proceedings, which were pervaded with optimism and enthusiasm throughout. The gathering is undoubtedly the big event of the year so far as Catholics in Southland are concerned, and the attendance strikingly exemplified that fact. The special trains from the different parts of Southland were all well filled, and the townspeople responded to the call by being present in large numbers, so that the estimate of 5000 people being present was, if anything, a conservative one. The committee were wise in their selection of a ground, as the A. and P. Association's enclosure if it had been made to order could not have been better adapted for the purpose, and the unanimous opinion expressed was that all future similar gatherings should be held in the same place. The ground was looking its best, and the splendid buildings provided accommodation which rendered the function impervious to the onslaughts of Jupiter Pluvius.

The proceedings opened with a procession, which formed up in Esk street, headed by the Hibernian Band under Conductor A. R. Wills, and from there a move was made to the ground. In the procession were numbers of school children in their holiday attire, and all looking smilingly happy and anticipatory. The

members of the Gore and Invercargill branches of the Hibernian Society, in full regalia, followed the children, and after them came the members of the Federation. The procession was an imposing one, and the streets were lined with people to witness it as it wended its way to the rendezvous, and a large proportion joined in the proceedings at the grounds. On arrival at the grounds the programme was commenced with High Mass. The Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Woods, the Rev. Father Lynch (Wrey's Bush) being deacon and the Rev. Father Farthing (Gore) subdeacon. The music of the Mass was rendered by St. Mary's Choir, assisted by the members of the Waikiwi choir, under the conductorship of Mr. H. S. Searle, with Mrs. P. O'Byrne at the organ. The High Mass gives a solemn religious tone to the proceedings every year. The 'Song for the Pope' and the hymn 'Faith of Our Fathers' joined in by five or six thousand people after the Mass is something to be remembered.

The religious ceremony concluded, the people scattered here and there through the grounds for luncheon. At 1.30 the bell called them again together for the feast of oratory provided. The Very Rev. Dean Burke, who presided, called upon Mr. D. L. Poppelwell, of Gore, to move the first resolution—'Resolved that this meeting conveys its sympathies to the parents and relatives of those members of the New Zealand Catholic Confederation who have fallen or have been wounded in the present war; whilst, at the same time, all present pray that this sacrifice of the lives of brave men may soon cease and that peace may soon return—but a complete victorious peace which will effectively terminate Prussian threats of the "mailed fist," a peace which will secure the independence of the smaller nations, a peace which will eliminate from international politics the power of a few kings and diplomats to involve whole nations in bloodshed and destruction, a peace which will bring to the masses of the people the control and disposal of their own lives and liberties.'

Mr. Poppelwell, after congratulating the Catholics of Southland on the large attendance at the meeting, continued:—I desire to express the sincere sympathy of the Catholics of Southland for the friends and relatives of those members of our Federation who have fallen or been wounded in the terrible war now being waged in Europe. We who sit at home in the luxury of peace have a difficulty in fully appreciating the great sacrifice of so many of our best and bravest young men in going to fight our battles. After a long period of peace during which the arts and sciences flourished and comfort and luxury made progress among the masses to an extent perhaps unparalleled in history, the ambition of a military clique had plunged Europe into bloodshed and war. The progress of the world has been set back, and modern civilisation is threatened with ruin. Acting under the impulse of a burning patriotism, the flower of our youth in numbers disproportionate to their numbers in the population have sprung to the Empire's assistance in its time of trial. With Catholic France, Catholic Italy, and Catholic Belgium they are fighting to maintain the freedom of Europe, the freedom of the world. Their brave deeds fire the imagination and have made the world ring with their praises. Their young blood has poured itself forth as a sacrifice for us, and we mourn with their parents and relatives for those who will never return and for the maimed and wounded. Their sacrifice has not been in vain. Already the 'mailed fist' of the Prussian is showing signs of weakness. Already the dark night of war is showing signs of the approach of dawn. Let us hope that the new day will reveal a new world, a chastened Europe, a better people, free from the unworthy ambitions of the past, ready and willing to live and let live. If it does not, the war will have been waged in vain. There is one thing certain, namely, that those of our people of all denominations who have fought side by side in the trenches, who have spent their best blood and energy in the common cause, can surely never again be guilty towards one another of the crimes of narrowness and bigotry. May their mutual respect be such that when they return to their

homes they will once and for all sweep away those anomalous grievances under which so large a section of our people are suffering. Let us pray, then, that a victorious peace may soon come—a peace that will destroy the demon of militarism, and will secure to the smaller nations their place in the sun—a peace which will limit the power of kings and politicians to cast the world into bloodshed and destruction,—a peace that will bring to the masses of the people the disposal of their own lives and liberties.

Mr. J. Collins, in a brief stirring speech, seconded the motion, which was carried with applause.

The second resolution was moved by the Very Rev. Dean Burke. It ran thus: Resolved—'That this meeting reaffirms its adherence to the time-honored historical Christian school, the school in which the inculcation of Christian doctrine and the formation of Christian character are treated as of fundamental importance.' The Dean said that at previous meetings of the Pan-Southland gathering speeches on interesting topics were part of the programme. They intended to continue the practice to-day. The speakers would confine themselves mostly to the Catholic school grievance. The resolution which he moved contained three ideas: the antiquity of our Catholic school system, the predominance in it of Christian teaching, and insistence upon the practice of the Christian virtues. Of our Catholic school system we are very proud indeed. We have every reason to be so. Historically considered, our parish schools this day are the lineal descendants of the catechetical schools of the second century of the Christian era. Those early Christian schools of Alexandria, Antioch, Caesarea, and Odessa continued down through the long centuries in the shape of cathedral, monastic, chantry, guild, and church schools, and are represented to-day by our parish schools. The predominant ideas in those Christian schools have been and are now Christian doctrine and the Christian virtues. How could it be otherwise in schools founded and conducted by a Christian people? Religion and things eternal are above the temporal and material. What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul? Why fit up with such inventive care the shepherd's tent pitched to-day on the shifting sands; to-morrow to be folded up and carried away? Why should not due prominence and proportion be observed in those great matters, as we are careful to observe them in small daily things? Again, intimately connected with Christian doctrines are the Christian virtues, supernatural habits and Christian character. Character is above knowledge; hence the formation of character should be valued more than the acquisition of knowledge. The good man should be preferred to the clever man. The good man is always a reliable man; the clever man is often a rogue. Obviously, then, religion and the Christian virtues and habits should prevail in the atmosphere of every school supported by a Christian people. The three agencies providentially set up to protect the young against an environment of wickedness and to bring them up in the way they should go, are the home, the Church, and the school. Speaking for the majority, not one of the three can be done without. Speaking for the majority, most certainly the Christian school cannot be done without. Papal and episcopal legislation tells us so. Our own experience of life tells us so. Hence we go to such expense to maintain our schools and hence this great meeting of Catholics emphatically re-affirms its adherence to the time-honored, historical idea of the Christian school, wherein religion and Christian and supernatural virtue get the first place.

Mr. J. Robertson, in speaking to the resolution, insisted on the necessity of surrounding children in their daily life with the 'atmosphere' of the religious school. He knew the blank pagan emptiness of the secular school, and he furthermore knew that Sunday schools, in most instances were unable to do more than turn out the Sunday Christian—a merely nominal specimen.

Mr. F. G. O'Beirne proposed the following resolution—'That we declare our sense of the want of fair play and elemental justice shown by the New Zealand

Government, which is lavish in expenditure on education, in refusing aid to Catholic schools, which do for the State the same work as the State schools; whilst the Government accepts and demands from the youth brought up in those schools all the duties of citizenship, including that of military service and the laying down of their lives at its call. We further declare that this injustice is intensified by the compulsion of Catholics to contribute their quota to the support of a system of education to which they object and of which they cannot conscientiously avail themselves.

Mr. F. G. O'Beirne said: 'Education has for long years been looked upon by the people of New Zealand, as in other parts of the world, as being essential to the welfare of the country. In giving form to their views it was found necessary to make education in New Zealand "compulsory" and "free"; but not only was it made compulsory and free but also "secular," just as was done by Julian the Apostate and the pagans of the fourth century, when they wanted to stifle Christianity. Whether free and compulsory education in any country is good or bad depends entirely on circumstances; but secular education is undoubtedly bad in all countries and in all circumstances. Strange, in New Zealand, a country in which 95 per cent. of the people are Christians of some sect, religious teaching has been taken out of the national system of education. This want of the religious element in education has, it must be admitted, resulted in obvious failure not only in New Zealand but also in other countries, such as the United States and France, where materialism and mammon-worship had taken the place of religion. Now the system of education in New Zealand is good in so far as it compels the people to be educated—but bad in that it lacks the most essential parts of education. It is also bad in prescribing how or by whom the people must be educated, for it says in effect that the people must be educated according to the system laid down by the State itself and by no other. Were our position, and the position of others who do not think that the secularised State schools are the best means of education, clearly understood by the people of New Zealand as a whole, there is, to my mind, no doubt but that they would appreciate the justice of our claims. I would say that when the war is over and won by the Allies and the people, by reason of the lessons of the war, will have become more just and will have lost some of that all-absorbing materialism and mammon-worship now so much in evidence, they will be prepared to meet such claims and even to avail themselves of religious education as the best possible means of bringing about a new world in the future and one in which such a war as is now being waged will never again be possible.'

The Rev. Father Lynch, in seconding the third resolution, said that long ago a certain sturdy little man, not unknown to history, said when threatened by a parliament of princes, politicians, and scribes: 'Are we to hear you rather than God? Are we to obey you rather than our consciences? Are we to be freemen or your slaves?' This little man announced a new principle, the principle of human freedom—the right of individual conscience. That principle never since died out in the world. It has been maintained in the face of tyrants and at great cost; it has been maintained principally by the successors of St. Peter and by that great institution—the Catholic Church—of which he after his Divine Master was the founder and the head. Autocrats and plutocrats, like lackeys, cowards, valets, dumb dogs, billet-seekers—the weak-kneed of different colors,—who have no love for men, are ready to say: 'Is it just to hear you, rather than God.' They have no love for men who dare to be independent and to call their souls and bodies their own. Hence they have never shown any love for the Catholic Church, for her spirit or for her institutions or her schools. Has she not been the victim of things and of governments—of Caesarism and of secularism all through her history? Now Caesarism or Kaiserism, if you understand that spelling better, and secularism have two tools, the politician and the newspaper-man.

They obey their masters and they, too, are not friendly. But the Church, after much anxiety and struggle—ever brave and independent,—after the exercise of patience and perseverance, always comes out victorious. Recall the long struggle in Great Britain and Ireland for Catholic emancipation. Look at the long struggle of Catholic Ireland for self-government for the nation. With organisation and perseverance we, too, shall get our grievances redressed. But to reach that end we need men with the spirit of Peter, men of manliness and independence. Cowards, selfish calculators and the faint-hearted deserve no success. He (the speaker) came from a part of New Zealand where men were not afraid to speak their minds, where they called a spade a spade and when the executive of the Catholic Federation called upon them they would find the West awake.

The Rev. Father O'Neill moved—'That the thanks and appreciation of this meeting be conveyed to those noble men and women, the Brothers and nuns of New Zealand who give their lives without fee or reward to Christian education, and without whose self-denying labors our great Catholic system of education could with difficulty be upheld.' He said that all concerned had reason to congratulate themselves on the success attending the gathering. The teachers in the Catholic schools of the Dominion had given and were giving every day ample proofs of their devotedness and disinterestedness. Those whose memories could go back a generation would remember how readily the teachers had undertaken the work in newly-established schools under circumstances that involved courage and self-sacrifice. The Catholic teachers of New Zealand had proved their efficiency and had turned out countless pupils who had 'made good' in their after careers. Considering the large number of schools and the hundreds of teachers, it was manifest that an immense amount of money was saved to the ratepayers of the Dominion. Had these teachers been in State schools and their pupils filling the benches of those schools the teachers would have been enjoying substantial salaries and the expense of public education would have been correspondingly vastly increased. As a matter of fact, they were doing without salary, and with nothing more than a living of the most meagre kind. Their services were beyond all praise, and the entire Dominion was under a debt of gratitude to them. Father O'Neill referred to the broadening trend of the education given in Catholic schools, which tended to eradicate bigotry and cultivate a spirit of civility and good feeling.

Dr. Collins and Mr. M. Timpany, as being ex-pupils of the local Brothers' school, fitly spoke to this resolution. Dr. Collins said he had seen the Brothers and nuns in New Zealand and in the Homelands at their work of teaching, and everywhere they were the same laborious, joyous workers, devoting their lives freely and gratuitously to their neighbors' welfare. This was Christian heroism. Who would not admire it?

Mr. M. Timpany said that centuries of experience had convinced clergy and laity that Catholic schools, with a Catholic atmosphere and a ruling religious influence were necessary if children were to become staunch practical Catholics. Hence they shouldered the burden of providing for Catholic education. The magnitude of that work in English-speaking countries alone was immense. Dr. Otten, a professor in St. Louis University, states that education costs the Catholics of the United States £25,000,000 per annum! Or it should cost them that amount, taking the Government expenditure as a standard. It does not really cost them so much. Why? Because the members of the teaching religious communities give their services for nothing! What is true in the States is true in the same measure in New Zealand. We can keep our Catholic schools going. Why? Because of the freely given services of Brothers and nuns. These teachers could get, for the asking, salaries ranging from £120 to £300 a year in the State schools; yet for us they give their abilities, their acquirements, their health, their lives—all from a motive of Christian charity! Is it neces-

ary, then, to call for an expression of thanks to those heroic men and women without whose self-denying labors our Catholic system of education could not be efficiently maintained? (Applause.)

Mr. O. Kelly, Gore, proposed—'That the men and women of Southland, assembled in this meeting, pledge themselves to support with well-ordered vigor the New Zealand Catholic Federation in the steps it may take for the removal of Catholic educational grievances and for the attainment of its social and charitable designs.' Mr. Kelly said he had always been a hustler and a fighter. Like Father Lynch, he liked to call a spade a spade. If you do not fight and hustle you will soon find the other fellow in upon your claim. In dealing with politicians especially, you have to be emphatic, not in words merely, but in the use of the strong arm. Pass resolutions at meetings once a year and then retire into the shade for a twelve month, and public men will trouble little about you. But push on, hustle, get a following with votes; then the politician will take off his hat to you. Speeches not followed by action are of little use. He believed in action—not the sporadic vagaries of cranks and individualists,—but in action with discipline and under authority. Discipline, self-control, and obedience to the leaders are essential conditions in all combined action, whether in warfare, in industry and commerce, or in religious and social matters. Without authority and obedience to it, without discipline, you will have only internal conflict, the neutralising of energies and consequently chaos instead of ordered progress. Hence this meeting pledges itself to support with vigor, discipline, and obedience, the direction of the heads of the Federation. (Loud applause.)

Mr. W. Caulfield, Woodstock, in seconding the resolution, said he knew who Mr. Kelly's model is—von Hindenburg, the man of action, hustle, and fight. (Laughter.) True speeches and resolutions, if not followed by action are mostly a heating of the air. For 30 years Anglican and Presbyterian synods had been passing resolutions on the education question; but no one bothered even to read their resolutions. But when they got that hustling Bible-in-schools Canon from Queensland, the country was soon in a ferment; everyone was studying the Bible-in-schools question, and the politicians were for some time sorely troubled. The din and whirr of the heavy guns is necessary to remove obstacles, but it is the rush and bayonets of the infantry that carry the position. So the noise of speeches, resolutions, and applause is good for the Federation, but it must be followed by well-ordered, faithful, vigorous support.

The various resolutions when submitted to the meeting were carried amidst enthusiasm.

After the conclusion of the meeting a sports programme was got through, and this provided plenty of

fun and excitement. All the events were well contested, and there were exceptionally large fields in each instance. The feature of the programme, however, was perhaps the old men's race, which was won by Mr. William Hishon, a veteran of 78 summers. The win was a most popular one, and served to show in a marked degree the surprising activity of Mr. Hishon, whose feat provided something in the nature of a revelation. Another event in which great interest centred was the tug-o'-war, the redoubtable Winton team again making its presence felt to some purpose.

During the day there were children's races galore, and a free distribution of toys and sweets to the children. Undoubtedly every person who attended voted the fixture the most pleasant that has been held under the auspices of the Federation, and the management

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committee are deserving of hearty congratulations on the success they achieved. In this connection Mr. Jas. Collins, as superintendent of sports, is worthy of special mention, and on Mr. Thos. Pound, the hard-working, efficient and courteous secretary, too much praise cannot be lavished. He had everything in excellent order, and with the help of an energetic and willing committee everything was got through without the semblance of a hitch.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

February 17.

The 'D' Battery, Wellington, recently reconstituted on account of the war, held a Territorial camp at Waikanae, and as nearly all the members of the battery were new hands, they were highly complimented on their work. On Sunday, 11th inst., Mass was celebrated at Waikanae, and of the 86 men training, 21 Catholic lads attended the Mass.

Captain C. K. Gasquoine, son of Mrs. W. C. Gasquoine, of Tinakori road, Wellington, is in the 10th Military Hospital, St. Omer, France, with a lacerated scalp. Captain Gasquoine was a member of the Samoan Expeditionary Force, and, returning to New Zealand, left for the front. Captain Gasquoine had been connected with the Volunteers since he left St. Patrick's College some years ago, and when the Territorial system was inaugurated was adjutant of the 5th Regiment.

The Rev. Father Bowe, of Dannevirke, met with an unfortunate accident during the progress of the grand parade at the local A. and P. Society's show. Driving a somewhat restive horse attached to a light gig, and as a result of coming into contact with a post in the enclosure the animal took fright and bolted. The gig was capsized, the shafts were broken, and the vehicle was otherwise damaged. The driver was dragged for some distance, and was reported to be severely injured about the head. Father Bowe was at once removed to the local hospital.

The monthly meeting of the Catholic Hostel Board was held on Monday last, Major Halpin (chairman) presiding. Mesdames Cornish, Simon, Dunne, Miss Wheeler (secretary), Rev. Father Venning, S.M., and Messrs. Corry, W. F. Johnson, and Sievers (treasurer) were present. Very satisfactory reports were received from the secretary, treasurer, and matron, showing the hostel to be in a flourishing condition. Much regret was expressed by the members of the board at the resignation of Miss Mulvany (matron), who is compelled to relinquish the position owing to illness in her family. Tributes of appreciation were expressed by several members, and the secretary was instructed to write to Miss Mulvany on these lines, the letter to be signed by the executive officers. Applications for the position of matron were considered and Miss K. Keating, of Blenheim, was appointed.

The following temporary changes among the Marist clergy of the archdiocese are announced:—Rev. Father W. Tymons, of Greenmeadows, is appointed parish priest of Napier; Rev. Father Fay, of Blenheim, replaces Father Tymons at the college, Greenmeadows; Rev. Father Ainsworth goes to Wanganui, and is replaced by Rev. Father J. Dowling; Rev. Father O'Leary, Thorndon, is to be attached to the South Canterbury Missions, and replaced by the Rev. Father Dignan, formerly of Thorndon, but lately of Nelson; the Rev. Father Peoples, of Newtown, is transferred to Greymouth, in place of the Rev. Father Fraher, who goes to Hastings, in succession to the Rev. Father McDonnell, who has joined the professorial staff of St. Patrick's College; the Rev. Father George Mahony, S.M., assumes charge of the parish of Hastings in succession to the Rev. Father H. McDonnell.

In spite of the boisterous weather last Wednesday evening, the Catholic Schoolroom at Lower Hutt was crowded with parishioners to say farewell to the Rev. Father Walsh, who leaves to-day for his new parish at Eltham. Very Rev. Dean Lane presided, and expressed great regret at the loss of such an able, sincere, and enthusiastic assistant as Father Walsh had proved himself to be during his fourteen years' residence in Lower Hutt. Mr. J. J. Burke, in presenting the guest with a substantial purse of sovereigns, expressed the sorrow of the parishioners at losing one who was so highly esteemed by the whole community. Councillor Hodgins also voiced the feelings of the people at the loss of a friend. During the evening a programme of songs and recitations was rendered.

In spite of the inclement weather, the Palace Theatre, Petone, was well filled last Wednesday evening on the occasion of the Catholic concert, the proceeds of which are in aid of the local convent school. The promoters are to be congratulated on an excellent programme, well rendered. Special features were the fancy dancing of Miss Kathleen O'Brien and the Scotch songs of Master Winston McCarthy, who has been well styled 'the miniature Harry Lauder.' Songs were rendered by Misses Rose Payne, McKeowen, Frances Barry, Eileen McCarthy, and Messrs. Clements, Keeney, and Master Leo O'Brien, and recitations by Mr. Hannon and Miss Eileen O'Brien. The accompanists were Miss E. and Mr. Jack O'Brien. At the conclusion, Rev. Father Quealy made a few remarks as to the purpose of the concert and thanked the performers.

The ceremony of crowning the successful queen candidate in the competition held recently in conjunction with St. Mary's Parish Festival, was held at the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall last Thursday night. There was a large attendance of parishioners. The queen candidates, all young school girls, looked exceedingly well, and the various colors of their robes produced a pretty effect. The successful candidate, Miss Loretto O'Driscoll (representing the Altar Society) was supported by the other candidates—Miss Doris Hoskins (representing the Hibernian Society), Miss Phyllis Warren (representing the Boulcott Street School children), Miss Lucy Carney (Brooklyn), and Miss Ryan (the Children of Mary). Before ascending the dais the queen and her supporters, preceded by a maid carrying the crown and sceptre, moved in royal state, through the audience. The Very Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., performed the coronation ceremony, and thanked the people for the success which had crowned their efforts at the recent festival, over £500 being cleared as a result.

The Catholic Knitting Guild held its usual monthly meeting on Wednesday of last week. It is sincerely hoped that now the holidays are over the attendance at meetings will increase, and that Catholic women and girls will endeavor to do their utmost to participate in this work. The letters from the chaplains and men are most encouraging, and prove that no effort that can be made to assist in providing our men with knitted comforts should be relaxed. Wool can always be obtained at the library, St. Mary's Presbytery, on Tuesday afternoons. On Friday, March 2, the guild is to provide and sell all kinds of produce, cakes, etc., at the Red Cross shop, 125 Lambton quay. An appeal is made to all generous friends to send cakes, jam, pickles, and produce generally so that the Catholic effort may be a successful one. Goods may be left at the shop any time on Thursday afternoon, or at the Federation office, Boulcott street, all day Thursday. As this is for the Red Cross requirements, on which our Catholic boys depend, all are urged to come forward with their contributions, however small. The ladies of the guild will be grateful for anything to help. Country friends sending goods are asked to send direct to the Red Cross shop, Lambton quay, but all correspondence should be addressed to 'Miss Wheeler, Wellington College,' who will make arrangements for trains to be met. The ladies feel confident that this appeal will meet with a very generous response.

PRESENTATION TO FATHER O'CONNELL, S.M.

At the Town Hall last Thursday evening, on the conclusion of the coronation of the successful queen candidate in the recent St. Mary's Parish Festival Competition, Major Halpin, on behalf of St. Mary's parishioners, took advantage of the occasion to bid farewell to their pastor, the Very Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., who will be leaving next week to assume charge of the parish of Wanganui in succession to the Very Rev. Dean Holley, now Provincial of the Marist Order in New Zealand. Father O'Connell had, said Major Halpin, absolutely forbidden any demonstration or presentation, but they could not, even at the risk of incurring his displeasure, let him depart without expressing their regret, and voicing their best wishes for his future welfare. He then presented Father O'Connell with an illuminated address, worded as follows:—

Very Rev. and Dear Father,—Although we know that it is against your wishes to have any presentation or demonstration on the occasion of your severance from St. Mary's parish, Wellington, to take over charge of the most important parish of St. Mary's, Wanganui, we cannot let the opportunity of this gathering pass without publicly conveying to you our extreme regret at your departure from our midst, after spending three happy years with us. The period of your office in this parish will ever be gratefully remembered, for it is marked in a most convincing manner by the advance which has been made both spiritually and materially. Our spiritual wants have been most carefully studied and supplied and excellent opportunities have been afforded us to advance stronger in the faith, which we have the privilege of enjoying, by the excellent retreats and missions which you have from time to time arranged. Your keen and kindly interest in the work of the various societies and sodalities of the parish has had the effect of not only keeping those societies intact but also of considerably strengthening them, the Catholic Federation, the H.A.C.B. Society, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Altar Society, Sacred Heart Sodality, Catholic Club, Marist Brothers Old Boys, Children of Mary, and the Education Committee have all experienced the effect of the kindly encouragement which you have at all times given those associations; and the officers and members are most grateful to you for it. You have earned the deep debt of gratitude of the parishioners for your strenuous and successful efforts in clearing completely the debt off the parish, giving your worthy successor a clean start in the finances of the parish.

In conclusion, Very Rev. and dear Father, please accept from the parishioners and the various societies and sodalities of this parish their heartiest good wishes for your future welfare. We earnestly pray that the good God, for Whose service you have so nobly consecrated your life, will continue to shower down His blessings upon you. We, in turn, beg of you to kindly remember in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass your most appreciative members of the parish of St. Mary of the Angels, Wellington.

For the parishioners and various societies, we beg to remain ever gratefully yours,—Thomas O'Brien and D. R. Lawlor (for parishioners), T. P. Halpin (for Catholic Federation), P. D. Hoskins (for H.A.C.B. Society), Maureen Griffin (for ladies' H.A.C.B. Society), A. Scott (for Sacred Heart Society), M. Kent (for Altar Society), M. O'Kane (for Catholic Club), H. McKeowen (for Education Committee), F. J. O'Driscoll (for Marist Brothers' Old Boys), Leo. Carrol (secretary).

Mr. P. D. Hoskins, on behalf of the members of the Hibernian Society, paid a tribute to the work which Father O'Connell, as a Marist Missioner and as chaplain, had done for that society.

Father O'Connell thanked the parishioners and the Hibernians for their kind words. He was averse to accepting any monetary testimonial, as he considered the people had assisted him right loyally in helping him to wipe off a debt of £1500 which existed when he assumed charge of St. Mary's parish.

During the evening an excellent programme was contributed to by Misses Teresa McEnroe, Agnes and Rose Segrief, Eileen and Kathleen O'Brien, and Messrs Keaney and J. O'Brien, and Masters Winston McCarthy and Leo O'Brien.

REV. FATHER PEOPLES' FAREWELL.

The great respect and esteem which the Rev. Father Peoples, S.M., of St. Anne's, Wellington South, is held was fully evidenced by the great number of people who attended a farewell gathering on last Wednesday evening. The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., rector of the district, presided, and there were present on the stage the Rev. Fathers Peoples, Kimbell, M. Devoy, D. Campbell, J. Cullen, and Gondringer, also prominent lay members of the congregation. It was feelingly explained by Archdeacon Devoy that after a period of five years in St. Anne's parish, during which time he had endeared himself to the hearts of the people by his strict and devoted attention to the spiritual wants of the flock, the Rev. Father Peoples had received notice of his transfer to Greymouth. Father Peoples would be greatly missed by both the priests and the people of Wellington South.

Mr. J. E. Gamble, on behalf of the congregation, presented Father Peoples with a purse of sovereigns, while Messrs. J. Redican and W. H. Giles, on behalf of St. Aloysius' branch of the Hibernian Society, also made a presentation to the departing priest. Master Wickliffe, on behalf of the altar boys, added a souvenir, whilst Mr. E. B. L. Reade, on behalf of St. Patrick's congregation, Kilbirnie, and Mr. P. J. O'Regan, representing St. Francis' Church, Island Bay, each presented a purse of sovereigns. Miss Margaret Collins, for the pupils of St. Catherine's Convent, Kilbirnie; Miss Kathleen Carswell, for the pupils of St. Patrick's Convent School, Kilbirnie, and pupils from St. Anne's School and St. Joseph's Convent, also made small presentations.

The Rev. Father Peoples was greeted with enthusiastic applause on rising to respond. He made a feeling reply, and expressed his sorrow at leaving them. Owing to the shortness of time he could not visit them before he departed. He felt highly honored by the large crowd gathered that evening to farewell him and make those handsome gifts which he did not deserve. He gratefully accepted them, together with the good feeling that prompted the givers. He was doing his best to carry out the duties of his high vocation. He regretted leaving his esteemed confreres, and especially his good and kindly hearted superior, the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, with whom it was his privilege and pleasure to be associated for a period of five years.

The Rev. Father Dalton Campbell, who is taking Father Peoples' place, was introduced to the audience by the chairman and briefly replied to the cordial welcome extended to him. During the evening Misses Agnes Segrief, E. Clark, and Henderson, and Messrs. Kevin Dillon and E. B. L. Reade rendered musical items. The Rev. Father Peoples left for the south last Thursday night.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

February 19.

A successful garden party, promoted by the congregation of the Sacred Heart Church, Addington, was held on last Saturday afternoon and evening in the spacious grounds surrounding the church and Catholic schools in Spencer street. The weather being perfect for out door gatherings the attendance was large. Among those present were his Lordship the Bishop and several of the clergy. Numerous attractions were provided by the committee, of which the Rev. Father O'Hare was chairman, and there was every indication that the school funds, for which object the fete was arranged, will be very considerably augmented.

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The Misses Johnson, who so successfully inaugurated and for a period managed the Catholic Women's Hostel in Christchurch—the first institution of its kind in New Zealand,—and who subsequently went to Australia on a prolonged holiday, recently returned here, and at the earnest solicitations of the management committee resumed control of the hostel, much to the satisfaction of all concerned.

His Lordship Bishop Brodie announced in the Cathedral on Sunday that he had appointed the Very Rev. Father Price (whose health, he regretted to say, was not fully restored) to the parish of Methven. The Rev. J. Kennedy, D.D., until then pastor of that district, which he had so ably organised and equipped, would in future do duty as Administrator of the Cathedral parish.

The anniversary of the dedication of the Cathedral was observed on Sunday last with befitting ceremonial. At the early Masses reference was made to the sacred edifice, and at all the services offerings were received in reduction of the remaining comparatively small liabilities. Commencing at 11 o'clock, there was Solemn Pontifical Mass. His Lordship the Bishop was celebrant, Rev. Father Herbert, S.M., assistant priest, Very Rev. Father Graham, S.M., M.A., and Rev. Father T. Hanrahan deacons of honor at the throne, Rev. Fathers Long and Berger, S.M., deacon and sub-deacon respectively of the Mass, and Rev. Father Murphy master of ceremonies. As the ecclesiastical procession filed into the sanctuary the organ pealed 'Ecce Sacerdos Magnus.' Bishop Brodie, in addressing the large congregation, paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the late Bishop Grimes, whom he characterised as a great and good prelate, who had accomplished noble and enduring work in the diocese, the magnificent Cathedral being a notable example. His Lordship then went on to announce that the cost of the Cathedral in its erection was £61,000. Of this great sum all, with the exception of £5800, had been paid off up to the lamented death of Bishop Grimes. Since then this amount had been so reduced that at the present moment but £600 of liabilities remained, and this could without any difficulty be liquidated at once if necessary. His Lordship concluded by expressing his deep appreciation of the loyalty and generosity of the people who had so nobly assisted such stupendous advancement in the diocese.

The music, most efficiently rendered by the choir, was a Mass by Plumpton (an Australian composer). Miss Ward was organist, and Mr. Alfred Bunz conducted. The sanctuary and high altar were tastefully adorned.

His Lordship Bishop Brodie was one of the few selected speakers at the distribution of awards last week at the Technical College, and annual meeting of the Board of Governors of that institution. His Lordship, after expressing his sympathy towards the Mayor on the loss of his soldier son, said his (the Bishop's) presence at the gathering there that evening might be taken as an expression of sincere gratitude for the splendid work which was being done at the Technical College, work which gave the children attending the Catholic Schools an equal chance with all other children in the Dominion. The speaker thanked his Excellency the Governor for his kind words of welcome, and said that he was proud to be associated with Lord Liverpool at such a function, which was for the encouragement of such a valuable object as technical education, which was certain to be one of the main factors in the triumph of our Empire. He pointed out that education had gone through an evolutionary process like other things. They had their primary schools and secondary schools, and then came the technical schools, the value of which was recognised as far back as 1699 in England. Technical education, however, had had a hard struggle, and when in modern times it had first been energetically pushed, its advocates were looked upon as a kind of faddist. Now, technical education was more than merely an integral part of education; it was an essential. The Bishop dwelt upon the importance of having good teachers, and he said that he felt that New Zealand was particularly well off in that respect, for they

had many skilled and enthusiastic men. Scholars, however, were as important as teachers, for without them nothing could be done, and he thought it was a sad fact that not as many young people in New Zealand took advantage of their opportunities for gaining further learning. He earnestly exhorted the young people to seize that opportunity and avail themselves of the facilities offered them. Too often the young boy or girl at the close of his or her primary school days shut their books, and said, 'I have learned enough.' That was a most serious fallacy, for they could never really learn enough. He numbered self-made men amongst the most valued of his friends, and he had nothing but honor and admiration for the man or woman who raised himself or herself by using the opportunities within grasp. There were 180,000 children attending the primary schools in New Zealand, and only 18,000 attending the technical schools. This pointed to the fact that only one in ten was taking advantage of the opportunity to obtain knowledge which would not only be of advantage to the possessor but a real asset to the country as a whole and to the British Empire. The speaker concluded amid applause by congratulating the Board of Governors and the staff on the very excellent work that was being done at the college.

PRESENTATION TO MR. J. J. WILSON.

On the eve of his departure from Christchurch for Dunedin, where he has received an appointment on the literary staff of the *N.Z. Tablet*, friends of Mr. J. J. Wilson, representing the Cathedral and St. Mary's (Manchester street) congregations, met at the library of the episcopal residence to wish him farewell, and tender sincere and cordial good wishes for his future success.

His Lordship Bishop Brodie presided. Mr. G. C. Hayward, as one of the oldest personal friends of Mr. Wilson, voiced the feelings of those who, he said, were gathered to offer congratulations on his appointment and extend their heartfelt felicitations to one who, over a long period of years, had taken a foremost part in all that had tended towards the advancement of Catholic interests.

The Rev. Fathers T. Hanrahan and Seymour, S.M., paid personal tribute to Mr. Wilson for his deep interest and helpfulness in all matters of a social and charitable nature, and added their earnest wishes for his future success and prosperity.

His Lordship the Bishop very warmly eulogised Mr. Wilson for his many and great services in the cause of holy faith. Whilst regretting Mr. Wilson's removal from Christchurch, it was pleasing to know that he was about to take up duties that would give full scope to his energies, and although his going would be a great loss to the Christchurch diocese the gain of his association in a much wider sphere of usefulness would compensate for all else. His Lordship concluded by expressing the hope that Mr. Wilson would have the choicest blessings in all his future undertakings.

On behalf of himself and family Mr. Wilson was asked to accept a silver tea service, suitably inscribed, as a memento of his lengthy residence in Christchurch, and as a mark of the sincere esteem in which he is so widely regarded. Mr. Wilson feelingly replied, expressing his deep appreciation of the extreme kindness shown him and cordial sentiments expressed. He gratefully acknowledged the handsome gift, which would ever remind himself and family of their many sincere friends and happy days spent in their midst.

DIocese OF AUckLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

February 16.

Rev. Dr. Ormond left last Sunday for Wellington. He visited Christchurch, and later joined the Moeraki on his return to Sydney.

Rev. Father Murphy, Adm., of the Cathedral, returned yesterday from a holiday spent in the thermal district, considerably benefited by the change.

Rev. Father Edge, of Huntly, addressed the Holy Family Confraternity last Tuesday evening, his subject being St. Peter the Apostle. Many incidents connected with our Lord and St. Peter while on earth were interestingly narrated.

Notification has been received from the Superior-General of the Order of Marist Brothers in Italy to the effect that New Zealand, Fiji, and Samoa have been detached from the Australian Province, and canonically erected into a separate one. Brother Denis, the first Provincial, is expected from Australia in a few weeks' time, and it is probable he may make Auckland his headquarters, and reside at the Sacred Heart College.

A very successful moonlight excursion took place last Wednesday evening on the waters of the Waitemata, participated in by the parishioners of the Cathedral. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Cathedral stall at the forthcoming bazaar in aid of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Ponsonby. The Kestrel, the largest of the Devonport Ferry Company's fleet, commissioned for the purpose, was crowded. Amongst those present were Rev. Fathers Speirings and Taylor, the former ably assisting with Mr. Pringle, in the musical programme. The Italian string band performances added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Among the successful candidates at the recent public examinations are the following pupils of the Sisters of Mercy, Auckland:—Intermediate Senior Free Place—Elizabeth Murphy (St. Mary's Convent High School, Ponsonby), Annie Prendergast (St. Mary's Convent High School, Ponsonby), Eileen Seely (Convent, Te Aroha), James Godfrey (Convent, Onehunga). Junior Free Place—Margaret Flynn (St. Mary's Convent High School, Ponsonby), Vera Sneddon (St. Mary's Convent High School, Ponsonby), Yvonne White (St. Mary's Convent High School, Ponsonby), Noreen Hyland (St. Mary's Convent High School, Ponsonby), Dorothy Smith (St. Mary's Convent High School, Ponsonby), Lucy Davies (Convent, Onehunga).

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

The customary ceremonies of Ash Wednesday were observed in St. Joseph's Cathedral, where at the 7 o'clock Mass the ashes were blessed and distributed to a large congregation.

Prior to his departure from Waikaia to reside in Dunedin, Master Maurice Cronin, who had filled the position of organist at the local Catholic church, was entertained to afternoon-tea by Mrs. D. Garvey. The members of St. Aidan's Choir were also guests. All joined in farewelling Master Cronin, whom Mrs. Garvey asked to accept a set of ebony military brushes as a slight token of their appreciation of his services, both as organist and singer, and wished him every success. Master Cronin thanked his friends for their good wishes and gift.

The Rev. Father John A. Roche, of Lewisham, Sydney, at present on a holiday tour of New Zealand, is spending a few days with his cousin, Very Rev. J. Roche, C.S.S.R., at the Monastery, Wellington. Father Roche, who is an Australian by birth, has distinguished himself for his eloquent sermons, and on Sunday last, in St. Gerard's Church at 10 o'clock Mass, preached an instructive sermon in preparation for the season of Lent, and in the evening, before a large congregation, delivered an eloquent and touching sermon on the Blessed Virgin.

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Te Awamutu Parish (per Rev. Father Lynch), £17 0s 6d; 'Irishwoman,' Dunedin, £5; Hastings Parish (additional contributions), £4 5s; Margaret Halley and Co., £5; Mr. Peter Shiel, Miller's Flat, £2 2s 6d; Mr. Denis Dunn, Riversdale, £1 1s; Mr. O. Cummins, Dunedin, £1.

Waipawa.—Rev. Father Bergin, £3 3s; Mr. John Butler, £2; Mr. S. McGreevy, sen., £1; Mrs. O'Reilly, 10s; Mr. E. J. O'Brien, 10s; Mr. Jas. O'Halloran, 10s; Mr. Denis O'Connor, 10s; Miss Annie Hoey, 10s; the following contributed 5s each—Miss A. Bradbury, Mr. John Moroney, Mr. Wm. Lyons, A Friend, Miss Agnes Moloney; Mrs. Dan. Moroney, 4s; Mrs. Fletcher, 3s 6d; smaller sums, £1 1s 9d;—total, £11 7s 3d.

Albury.—Mr. D. Angland, £1 1s; Mr. Thos. Hone, £1; Mr. Denis Dillon, 10s; Mr. M. Boaler, 10s; Mr. Pat. Brosnan, 10s; Mr. Ed. Gallen, 10s; Mr. Simon Green, 10s; Mrs. W. Casey, 10s; Mrs. J. Connor, 10s; Mr. Henry Campbell, 5s; Mr. Wm. Kennedy, 5s; Mrs. Power, 5s; Miss Sarah Power, 5s; Mrs. A. Kennedy, 2s 6d; Mr. Thos. McCourt, 2s 6d. Cave—Mr. M. Coughlan, £1 1s; Mr. W. O'Neill, jun., 10s; Mr. W. Fitzgerald, 5s. Ma Waro—Mr. Wm. Barry, £1 1s; Mr. Pat. Daly, £1; Mr. M. Naughton, £1; Mr. John Barry, 10s; Mr. Roland Chute, 10s;—total, £12 13s.

All Subscriptions to be sent to Manager or Editor 'N.Z. Tablet,' Octagon, Dunedin.

COMMERCIAL

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ended Tuesday, February 20, 1917, as follows:—

Rabbitskins.—Our next sale will be held on Monday, 26th inst.

Sheepskins.—The first valuation of sheepskins will take place on Tuesday, 27th inst.

Oats.—Offerings are light and values are firmer. Good bright samples are readily placed at quotations. Prime milling, 3s 1d to 3s 2d: good to best feed, 3s to 3s 1d; medium, 2s 10d to 2s 11d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—The millers are ready buyers at the prices fixed by the Government. Fowl wheat is scarce and is easy of sale at 5s 8d to 5s 9d per bushel (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—More lines are offering of late and values are a little easier. Prime freshly-dug lots are selling at from £7 to £8 per ton (sacks in).

Chaff.—Consignments have not been coming in hand so freely of late and values have hardened. Any lines of bright heavy chaff are readily sold at quotations. Quotations: Prime heavy chaff, £4 10s to £4 15s; medium, £4 to £4 10s per ton (sacks extra).

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The committee of the above fund gratefully acknowledge the following subscriptions:—

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Miss M. J. Mahoney, Roslyn	10	0	0
Mr. Jas. Kelleher, Dunedin	5	5	0
Dr. Collins, Invercargill	5	5	0
Very Rev. Father Coffey, Dunedin ...	5	5	0
Very Rev. Dean O'Donnell, Ashburton ...	5	0	0
Very Rev. Dean Tubman, Timaru	5	0	0
Rev. Father O'Donnell, Queenstown ...	5	0	0
Rev. Father Graham, Queenstown	5	0	0
Rev. Father O'Neill, South Dunedin ...	5	0	0
Rev. Father O'Neill, Waikiwi	5	0	0
Rev. Father O'Neill, Winton	5	0	0
Rev. Father O'Connell, Oamaru	5	0	0
Rev. Father O'Reilly, Port Chalmers ...	5	0	0
Rev. Father Delany, South Dunedin ...	5	0	0
Mr. C. O'Leary, Aramoho	5	0	0
Very Rev. Father O'Donnell, Gore	5	0	0
Mr. M. Roughan, Whenuakoa	3	3	0
Mr. C. McGovern, Rongahere	3	3	0
Mr. G. Stumbles, Cromwell	3	3	0
Mr. A. Cameron, Tapanui	3	0	0
Mr. T. Fahey, Lawrence	3	0	0
Mr. J. Gregan, Wetherstones	2	2	0
Mr. J. Roughan, Whenuakoa	2	0	0
Mrs. E. Roughan, Wetherstones	2	0	0
Mr. T. Hunt, Evan's Flat	2	0	0
Mrs. R. M. Rattray, Melbourne	1	1	0
Miss M. Kearney, Evan's Flat	1	1	0
Mr. J. J. Ardagh, Timaru	1	1	0
His Grace Archbishop Redwood, Wellington	1	1	0
Very Rev. Dean Holley, Wanganui	1	1	0
Rev. Father Golden, Auckland	1	1	0
Sergeant T. King, Timaru	1	0	0
Mr. G. W. Woods, Invercargill	1	0	0
Mr. G. McClusky, Lawrence	1	0	0
Mr. M. Hunt, jun., Lawrence	1	0	0
Mrs. M. Hunt, jun., Lawrence	1	0	0
Mrs. Duffy, Roslyn	1	0	0
Mr. T. Shields, Evan's Flat	1	0	0
Mrs. Moody, Lawrence	1	0	0
Mr. J. Brosnan, Blue Spur	1	0	0
Mr. J. Paget, Lawrence	1	0	0
Mr. P. Keppel, Mosgiel	0	10	0
Miss H. Neilon, Lawrence	0	10	0
Miss K. Neilon, Lawrence	0	10	0
Mrs. S. Neilon, Whenuakoa	0	10	0
Mr. R. Walker, Lawrence	0	10	0
Mrs. Cumming, Arthurton	0	10	0
Mrs. Kennedy, Tuapeka Flat	0	10	0
Mrs. J. Richmond, Lawrence	0	10	0

(To be continued.)

The French boat V. Despujois holds the speed record. In a private test on the Seine two years ago, she covered 62.8 knots (equalling 72½ miles) per hour.

Their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Chelmsford during their stay in Agra, India, were pleased to visit the Catholic Cathedral on a Sunday. The boys and girls of the Catholic institutions were lined up on the circular road before the Cathedral, and the girls of the St. Patrick's School looked very picturesque in their uniforms of white and blue.

Palmerston North

(From our own correspondent.)

General regret was experienced when it became known that the Rev. Father Forrestal had been transferred to Lower Hutt. During his stay of two years in Palmerston North, he made a large circle of friends, and it was at once arranged to give him a fitting send-off. This took place on Wednesday evening last in the Empire Hall. About an hour before the time fixed a thunderstorm intervened, and this had an effect on the attendance of parishioners. A good number, however, braved the elements. - Mr. E. L. Broad presided, and on the platform were the Rev. Father McManus, Rev. Father Prendergast (Feilding), and Rev. Father Kelly (Kaikoura). On behalf of the parishioners, Mr. M. J. Kennedy expressed regret at the departure of Father Forrestal and asked him to accept as a parting gift a purse of sovereigns. Mr. F. Oakley, on behalf of the Children of Mary, presented Father Forrestal with a travelling bag.

Rev. Father McManus, in referring to the departure of Father Forrestal, expressed regret at losing one who, during the past two years, had been his companion. Father Forrestal was ever ready to do his duty and was always most helpful, and he wished Father Forrestal every success in his new scene of activity. Rev. Father Prendergast also spoke in brief and complimentary terms.

Father Forrestal feelingly replied. During the past few days he had received, he said, two shocks—shell shocks, in fact. The first was when he was told he was to be removed to Lower Hutt, and secondly the gathering that night. Father McManus had remarked that they were companions; he (the speaker) would add that they had, too, been brothers. The Children of Mary evidently thought that he would be visiting them again, when they had given him a travelling bag. He thanked them one and all for their good wishes and thoughtful kindness.

During the evening a musical programme was contributed to by Mrs. E. L. Broad, Miss Hanlon, and Mr. T. Rodgers. Light refreshments were served and an enjoyable evening spent.

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E.E.R.—It is not our sphere to give medical advice. The safer course is to consult a medical man.

BIRTHS

MACDONALD.—On February 8, 1917, at Nurse Mathieson's, Royal terrace, to Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Macdonald—a son.

METCALFE.—On February 18, 1917, at their residence, 87 Main road, North-East Valley, Dunedin, to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Metcalfe—a son.

DEATH

CULLINANE.—On January 27, 1917, at Wellington, Mary (Minnie), widow of Thomas Cullinane, mother of T. W. Cullinane, Palmerston North; sister of Mrs. D. McCarthy, Princes street, Devonport, and Mrs. J. Fitzgerald, Police Station, Temuka. (Interred at Waikumete, Auckland). Eternal rest grant unto her, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine on her. May she rest in peace. Amen.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

HOBBS.—On December 10, 1916 (in France), Private Charles Vivian, dearly beloved and only son of Stephen and Alice Hobbs, of Hamua; aged 23 years.—R.I.P.

His duty done.

IN MEMORIAM

SHERRIFFS.—In loving memory of Julia, beloved daughter of Mrs. Brick, Christchurch, who died on March 1, 1912.

On whose soul, Sweet Jesus, have mercy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Please address Correspondence on Editorial Matters to 'The Editor.' On all other business to 'The Manager.'

ST. MARY'S ANNUAL FESTIVAL, WELLINGTON

ART UNION DRAWING.

The following is the result of the drawing of the above Art Union:—

- 1st Prize (Gold Nugget) ... No. 7548
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- 3rd Prize (Oil Painting) ... No. 2063

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

Die 4 Aprilis, 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, FEBRUARY 22, 1917.

ABOVE OUR COUNTRY



NEARER to the heart than love of our own is the love of country, which is the root of patriotism. Every normal man is a patriot. The higher and truer the civilisation of a nation the more ardently will its children love their land. This noble passion is begotten of race and nationality, cherished by all the story of the past and exalted by our own memories and perceptions until it becomes a sentiment of profound depth and exalted sublimity. In it are clasped the traditions of our own family, the dreams of our youth, the hopes of our manhood. No other human passion has so little of self in it; none can attain to such heights of sacrifice. The Spartan hymn, 'What you were we are, what you are we will be,' is its simplest expression. As the tree Igdrasie of Scandinavian mythology has its roots buried in the earth and its branches hidden in the clouds, so patriotism reaches from the immemorial past to the unknown future. The national idea, says Renan, is enthroned on a heroic past, on the great men who went before, and on imperishable glory. 'Our country,' wrote Lamennais, 'is our common mother, the unity in which individuals are emerged and fused; it is the

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sacred name which expresses the voluntary union of all interests in one interest, of all lives in one life no longer transitory.

So long as this passion was kept pure the Roman armies were invincible. In the days of their glory the Roman people regarded their country as a divinity which received offerings only to render them tenfold, which demanded love rather than fear, which rewarded joyfully and punished sorrowfully. The white fire of such love kept them whole, because it taught them lessons of duty and self-sacrifice; and not until they forgot these and began to put their own interests and their own gratifications first did the nation decay.

'One must have been a soldier,' wrote Jules Claretie, 'one must have crossed the frontier and walked on roads no longer those of France; gone forth from one's own country and from the sound of the language of infancy; have felt during long days of weary marching and tiring labor that the only thing left of our native country was the strip of silk waving in the midst of the battalion; and when amid the smoke of battle there was no other rallying point one began to realise all that was meant by the folds of that sacred thing called the flag. But the flag is, in one word, in a single object, all that there was and is of the life of each one, the home of our birth, the little corner of the earth where we grew up, the mother who nursed us, the father who scolded, our first years, our early tears, our hopes, our dreams, our fancies, our memories: all our joys at once clasped in one word, the loveliest of all: our Native Land.'

Like love of country, because it rests on similar foundations, but stronger and nobler, must be the love of a Catholic for the Church. The Church has all the same human claims on our affection; the same pride of the past, the same right delight in its glory, the same hopes for the future. Think of the heroic deeds which kept the faith living in spite of the gates of Hell; of the brave lives given freely for its sake; of the unnumbered triumphs, the unshaken constancy, the unspeakable sufferings and manly endurance which our faith stands for! Whether we look back at the sands of the amphitheatre or the valleys of Poland or the green hills of Ireland the glory swims before our eyes. What memories, too, of our childhood, of our own mother, of our First Communion, of our youth, of our maturer years, of trials overcome, of great graces given, of almost tangible supernatural aids will come back to us all if we yield ourselves to them for a quiet half-hour! Have we never felt the throb of rightful pride quickening our pulses when, after Benediction, the defiant strains of 'Faith of Our Fathers' surged up to the altar throne?

The altar throne! There is the force which can make a Catholic's love for the Church and passion over-reaching even love of country. For beyond and above all that we have in the Church in common with our country, we have also Christ and His standard, the Cross. All individuals in a nation are clasped in one nation by patriotism; but all nations are one around the Cross of Calvary. All our national hopes and aspirations for the future are bounded by time; but in the common fold of Christ's Church we look forward to triumphs and glories that will not end in time and which we count on sharing for eternity. In front of St. Peter's in Rome, on the spot marked by the horrors of the cruellest day that ever came since Calvary, there stands an obelisk on which the pilgrim may read the words:

*Christ reigns,
Christ conquers,
Christ commands.
May Christ defend His people from all harm.'*

As it stands there, pointing to heaven in witness of the victory of our Faith over the gates of Hell on the spot where Nero gorged himself with Christian blood so,

when all the Neros are no more and all the strongholds of Hell have rushed down in confusion at the last day, will the Cross of Christ be raised in triumph above the glorious army of His followers, victors over pain and sin and death, and crowned for ever. The Church is our real country, and the Cross our flag.

It is worth while asking ourselves how we rally about our flag. Do we keep it in the forefront, or do we turn our back on it? What sacrifices do we make for the cause of the Church? What sacrifices have we ever made in our lives? Are we going to follow our flag, or are we prepared to sell our Church for our own interest, putting mere politics and party spirit in the first place? It is about time some of us asked ourselves these questions. We can no longer blind our eyes to the truth that the Church in New Zealand will not get common justice and fair play until we win it for her.

THE CLERGY AND THE BALLOT

If it be a reflection upon the Christian Church of New Zealand that it holds an Archbishop who is not ashamed to appeal to a law 1600 years old in support of the exemption from military service of physically fit men, or to assert that there is greater need for these men remaining in the Dominion than fighting in the trenches. So begins an hysterical leader in our evening contemporary of the 20th inst. We might retaliate by saying that it is a reflection on the press in New Zealand that it 'holds' and gives hospitality to writers who exhibit such crass ignorance of the present law of the Dominion, and such intense bigotry for what they call the 'Christian Church,' whatever that may mean, as the writer of the article mentioned, and of the writers of the inane letters appearing over the signatures of anonymity in the daily press. We have vivid recollections of harmless screams from the same sources in the past. We also remember articles appearing about the end of the first year of the war stating definitely and dogmatically that the war was now won, and we had only a little clearing up to do before peace was proclaimed. Now, two years later, the few clergy who in the opinion of their Superiors and the vast number of the saner portion of the community are necessary to attend their home work, and who are more effectively engaged in strictly attending to their religious vocation, are called upon by those same prophets to render not only what is Caesar's to Caesar but what is God's also to Caesar. Times must be desperate indeed when about fifty or one hundred men, all told, in an army of twelve or more millions, are considered necessary to win the war by our armchair tacticians and strategists who are wasting their time and talents, as well as the patience of the community, in the Dominion while the trenches cry loudly for leaders such as they.

Notes

The Late Monsignor O'Leary

We gladly publish the first instalment of subscribers to the memorial to the late Very Rev. Monsignor O'Leary. We understand that it is the desire of the committee who have the matter in hand to raise amongst the late Monsignor's parishioners and his numerous friends throughout the Dominion a sufficient sum of money which will enable them to erect a suitable but simple monument over his grave in the Lawrence Cemetery and to invest the surplus money, which they hope will be considerable. The interest from this investment will be used to pay for the education, in Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, of a deserving student for the priesthood. They are convinced that this is the best monument they could raise to a great and good priest.

G. K. Chesterton

Speaking recently of this man of genius, John B. Kennedy says: 'G. K. Chesterton is not yet a professed Catholic, and when the writer made bold to ask him to confirm or deny the rumor of his reception into the Church, he politely declined to discuss the matter. But were he a communicant, Mr. Chesterton could hardly be more serviceable to the Church. Some day the world will receive his confession of faith. It may be a posthumous monograph; it may be a brilliant book; but I am quite sure that its central substance will be the "Credo," and its final apostrophe will be the tri-prayer of Pater Noster, Ave Maria, and Gloria, a child's penance.'

The Humor of Saints

Saints are not usually credited with the gift of humor, yet they are the most cheerful of men. St. Joseph of Cupertino, in view of his worldly incompetence, named himself (he didn't wait for the other to do so) 'Brother Ass.' St. Teresa's letters and recorded conversations reveal a born wit. St. Thomas Aquinas made excellent 'limericks.' Blessed Giles dispelled an unbeliever's doubts on the doctrine of free will by playing a fiddle and dancing round the room. The winning St. Philip Neri was well-known for his practical jokes, as witness his ordering a conceited penitent to carry Philip's favorite cat on a cushion behind its master through the streets of Rome. St. Bernard, the great contemplative and foremost man of his age, could appreciate a joke. 'Oh, Father Abbot,' said his attendant, 'why do you not admire the scenery of the lake?' 'My son, I was saying my prayers.' 'But I can admire the lakes and the hills and say my prayers at the same time.' 'Come,' the Saint replied, 'I will make you an offer. If you can say one Pater Noster without distraction you shall have my mule.' The man commenced: 'Pater Noster, qui es in coelis, sanctificetur—and the saddle, too, Father Abbot?' 'No, my son, nothing!'

Modern Poetry

A modern school of poets have daringly tried to justify the maxim of one of their leaders: 'Our aim is natural speech, the language as spoken,' in accordance with which they would write nothing they might not actually say in life—under emotion Mr. Waugh says of them in *The New Poetry*: 'To such a manifesto there is one preliminary reply. It is indeed true that the artificer may put whatever he sees into his melting pot, but it by no means follows that he will get a work of art out of his mould. It may be arguable that the poet should shovel the language of the mining-camp into his lyric, but it is more than doubtful whether poetry will emerge. Force may emerge, vigor may emerge, an impressive and vital kind of rhetoric may take form from the composition; but poetry is something more than these. Poetry must possess beauty; beauty is the essence of its being; and it has never been the general experience that the language of the common crowd possesses either beauty or authority.'

A Desecrated Shrine

Mr. Edmund Gosse having been invited by M. Briand to visit Rheims, tells us that at first sight he was agreeably surprised; the beautiful outline was not changed; it was still there, the monument of monuments. On a nearer examination he found that there was a difference, the living monument had become a corpse:—'There it is before us, colossal and superb, but we rub our eyes. What, we ask ourselves, can be the cause of the dimness, this immaterial look, for the Cathedral is "pinnacled" indeed, but, as Shelley would say, "in the immense inane." After some moments of reflection the cause of this cobwebbed effect flashes across the mind. In its pristine state the sculptured detail of the great West front, with its traceries and its pierced galleries, its tiers on tiers of triumphant saints and angels, was sharply drawn everywhere, with a profusion of lines all pure and clear. Now, no salient part has been removed, but the sculptured detail has

been clipped and calcined, broken and stained, so that all the exquisite harmony of the lines is suppressed, veiled, made inexact and ineffective . . . it is not precisely a ruin, but it is like some delicate object of art that rough children have been playing with.'

'USELESS PERSECUTION'

CLERGY AND CONSCRIPTION.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP O'SHEA SPEAKS OUT.

An address was delivered by Archbishop O'Shea at St. Joseph's Church last night (says the *New Zealand Times* of February 19) on the subject, 'Conscription and the Clergy.' The church was crowded to the doors. His Grace said:—

'The question of the military conscription of the clergy is at the present moment engaging a great deal of public attention, and is a question about which a great deal that is beside the point and a great deal that is nonsense has been said and written. The criticisms that have been directed against the clergy in regard to this matter are due in part to the ignorance of some otherwise well-intentioned persons concerning the position and duties of our priests, but unfortunately they are due in part also to the organised attempt by sectarian bigots to injure the Church. They are prompted by the same spirit that has prompted the statement made recently even in this country by some of them—that the Pope has caused the war. I will make no comment upon this wicked attempt to sow the seeds of sectarian bitterness at a time like the present, but will leave it to the contempt it deserves from all reasonable and fair-minded men.

The Law of the Church.

'The law of the Church against priests going into war as combatants goes back centuries,' continued Archbishop O'Shea. 'It is a prohibition, not a privilege, and it was enacted first by the civil power, not at the demand of the ecclesiastics, but at the demand of the laity. It was promulgated in its present form about the beginning of the ninth century by Charlemagne, in answer to an urgent petition presented to the Sovereign by the whole of his subjects. This Imperial law has been frequently re-enacted by the Church, and for at least 1100 years has been the law for Catholic priests. The reason for it is well summed up by St. Thomas: "Fighting," he says, "is forbidden the clergy, not because all fighting is wicked, but because all fighting, even the most justifiable, is out of keeping with a priest's vocation." Many other things are forbidden priests which are quite lawful for the laity, such as engaging in secular professions and trades and commercial enterprises.

'A priest's work is predominantly of a religious and spiritual nature. To devote themselves more thoroughly to the service of their fellow men, priests make sacrifices from the beginning of their career, such as no other class of men of any profession are called upon to make. They have to discharge duties of a sacred and individual character in regard to their people that the clergy of no other denomination are called upon or expected to discharge. First of all there is Divine Worship itself, which for us Catholics consists primarily in the Sacrifice of the Mass.' Then there are other demands made upon us by our people—the Sacraments have to be administered—confessions must be heard; Holy Communion must be given; the sick and dying must be visited and attended to; special services must be held and a host of other things, which are multiplied, not diminished in war time.

'Even from a military point of view the priest following his proper calling has a very great value. The morale of the civilian population left behind as well as the morale of the troops at the front has to be kept up by the clergy, so that even from this point of view, it would be the worst form of mismanagement to draw

for other purposes on the limited and irreplaceable body of clergy. What kind of organisation is it that would take men from work that they are experts in and that is just as necessary to win the war as fighting, and put them in positions that they are not used to and in which they might be an indifferent success. Not that our priests, who have no fear of death, would not go anywhere and do anything at the call of duty, and would not fight as bravely as the bravest. Ask the survivors of Gallipoli what they think of the bravery and devotedness of the priest chaplains there, and they will tell you. But though a priest may lawfully expose his own life and will cheerfully do so at the call of duty, to put a rifle in his hand and require him to take the life of another would be an outrage on the sanctity of his profession and an outrage on the Catholic conscience, more deeply resented by our laity and especially by our Catholic soldiers than by the priest himself.

An Understanding Given.

'Now, we have in New Zealand—the only part of the British Empire to have it—a law that does not exempt the clergy from fighting. When it was made an understanding was given to the bishops that the conscription of the clergy was against the policy of the Government, and that means would be taken to have such of the priests and theological students as desired by the bishops exempted. The spirit of this understanding has not been kept, and yesterday a Military Board refused to exempt two students. These young men are clergy in every sense of the word. They are bound by nearly all the obligations of a priest, and they come under the prohibition against soldiering. Now, this law as it stands affects for all practical purposes the clergy of one denomination only—the clergy of our Church. For our clergy are all bound by the vow of celibacy—they must be unmarried—while the clergy of the other denominations marry. It follows that all our priests of the military age, about two-thirds of the total number, are in the First Division, while the clergy of the other Churches are, for the most part, in the Second Division. Therefore, all our clergy in the First Division will eventually be drawn in the ballot, and everyone of them who is passed as medically fit will be compelled to go before the non-Catholic clergy who are married are even thought of. You see, then, how this law, which exists in no other part of the British Empire, strikes principally at our Church.

'Catholics, because they cannot in conscience accept the spiritual ministrations of any but an unmarried clergy, are to be singled out for this special treatment, and have their priests taken away from them, left to live and die without the Sacraments and to be buried like cattle. If this is not religious persecution, I do not know what is. The spirit that animates it—unconsciously it may be true—is the same spirit that animated the penal laws of the bad old days. But the whole thing—this conscription of the clergy of any denomination—betokens an apostasy from the Christian ideals that the British race in the past held in veneration, and still professes to hold so dear. True, it is only in this far-off part of the Empire that such an apostasy has been perpetrated.'

Fighting Priests of France.

'But what about France? you will be asked. The priests are fighting there. Well, the law that compelled the priests to fight in France was passed by an infidel Government for the purpose of destroying the Church. Its effect has been the exact opposite, however. But nevertheless the Church has always protested against this law as a scandal and still protests. When the war broke out and the enemy poured into France, the Holy Father dispensed the French priests from the prohibition against fighting because of the exceptional circumstances.

First of all, because of having followed the materialistic scientific principles so dear to the infidel Government, the population of France had dwindled enormously of late years, and the clergy were numerically considerable. Then the Government at first would not allow any chaplains in the army. So where all the soldiers were or ought to be Catholics, soldier priests mixing amongst them would be able to absolve them and administer spiritual consolation when they

were in the firing line and dying in battle. Then one of these soldier priests was asked if he were going to the front: "Yes," he replied, "but not to kill—to heal, to succour, to absolve." That is why the French priests went.

'But the conditions are quite different here. We have our priests as chaplains at the front, and splendid work they are doing, too. Their departure has thinned our ranks and will thin them more as time goes on, and has compelled us to reduce our staffs in several places. Besides this country has already sent a very large number of fighters and will be able to send even more than the proportion expected of us, without calling upon a handful of clergy, whose small numbers would not influence the actual fighting in the least, but whose help in God's work will have a mighty influence in winning this war. For no matter how just our cause is—and it is a just cause—we cannot win without God's blessing. This is the conviction of all sane Christians, and especially of our two great naval and military leaders. And are we going the right way to obtain this blessing if we set about scrapping the religious machinery of the country, or handling it so poorly as to render it ineffective. And we are a Christian country after all, notwithstanding the fact that there are some infidel cranks amongst us.

'Then there is that other senseless cry: "We must send every man to the trenches, in order to win the war." Such a cry makes me sometimes despair of ever being able to win it. It shows a deplorably erroneous idea of what organisation means. And it is the proper organisation of our immensely superior resources that is going to win the war—not throwing men indiscriminately into trenches. This applies not only in the case of the clergy, but also to many other professions and trades, where, if men are told to follow the business they know best, they will be of infinitely more help in winning the war than anywhere else. The other day I read in an English paper that there were three million English soldiers under arms, but that at the same time there were just under three million men (women were not included) engaged in the manufacture of munitions. If you are going to send every man from the country into the trenches, who is going to raise the food for them? Who is going to make clothes for them? Who is going to provide them with munitions? Who is going to make the money that helps to win the war—the money that we shall need to pay the cost of the war? Really, the common-sense of some people in this country seems to have deserted them.

The Catholic Position.

'Briefly, then, this is our position in regard to the conscription of the clergy,' said his Grace, in conclusion. 'We are doing our full share in providing chaplains for the spiritual wants of our soldiers at the front, and we are likely to be called upon to do even more, and please God we will do it. Our chaplains will go anywhere with our soldiers, and our Catholic soldiers will go anywhere with their chaplains. But our poor people, who are left behind, who have given up their sons and brothers and husbands for the cause of their country, whose sorrows and trials are many and great at this time—they, too, need the consolations that religion and the spiritual ministrations of their priests can alone bring them. Are they to be deprived of these, and thus have their sorrows increased, tenfold? Surely not. Surely this ought to appeal to the sense of justice and fair-mindedness of the community. We ought to have this much sense left to endeavor to work all together in harmony during these so critical times for our country, and avoid needlessly exasperating any section of the people. It is for a little more of this spirit that I plead. Catholics are resenting deeply the attempt to conscript their clergy, and will resent it still more if it is persisted in. We will use every means in our power to prevent it, and will appeal against some of the recent decisions of the Military Boards to the Final Appeal Board. But we will appeal more than all to the Christian sentiment and fairness of a British community, not to persist in a policy that we look upon as useless persecution, and will resent to the end.'

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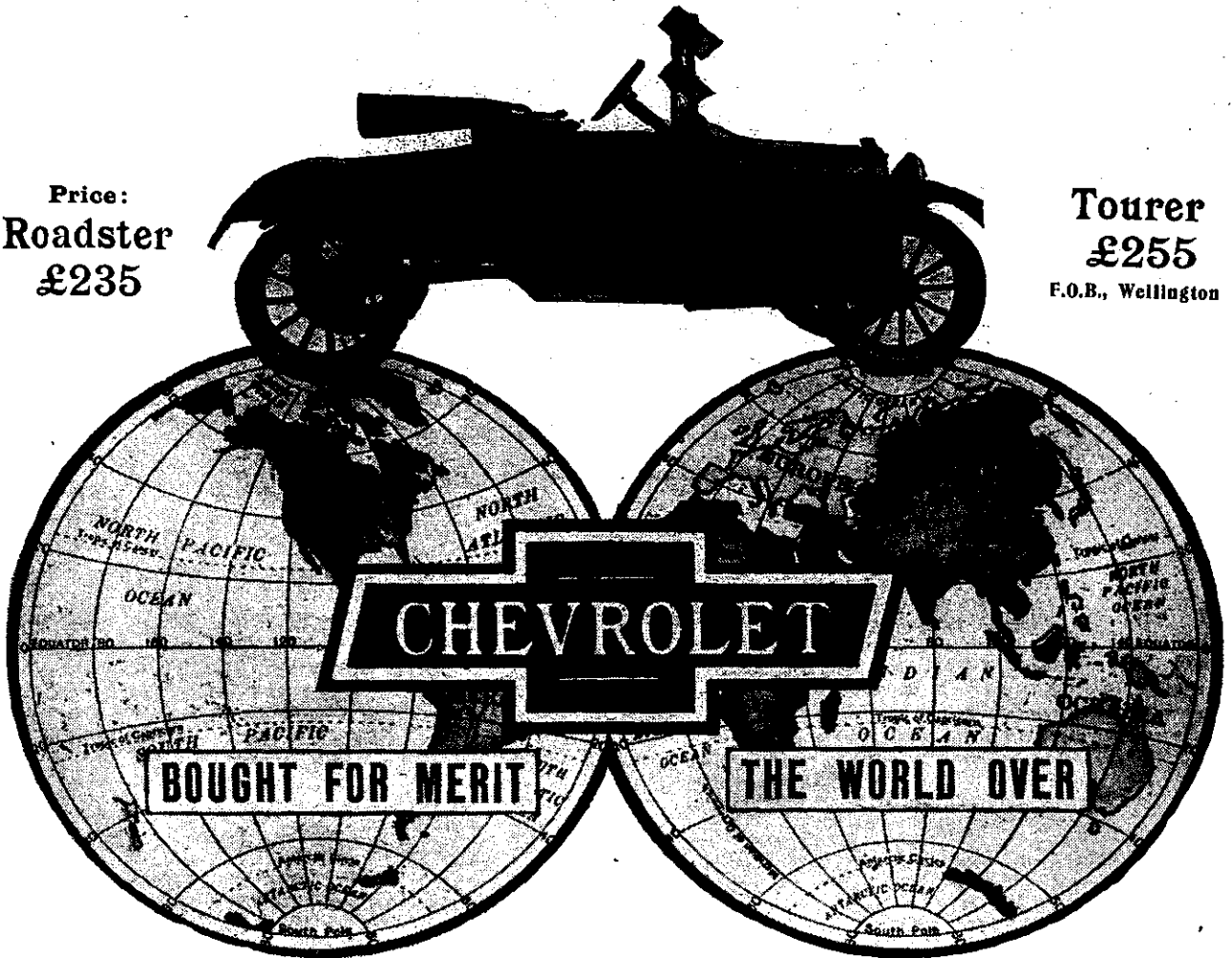
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Irish News

GENERAL.

Mr. James MacMahon, Chief Clerk, Secretary's Office, G.P.O., Dublin, has been appointed Secretary to the Post Office, in succession of Mr. Norway, who has returned to London. Mr. MacMahon is the first Irishman who has been appointed to the position. He is one of the founders of the Blackrock College Union.

In the course of a Christmas message to the Belfast *News-Letter*, Brigadier-General the Earl of Shaftesbury, after paying a tribute to the men of the Ulster Division, writes:—'Will not Ulster reach out her hand to the brethren of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught? Hers is the hand that can guide the ship of State into channels of good Irish government.'

The *Freeman's Journal* says the amnesty granted in the case of Irish political prisoners cannot be considered complete until the prisoners at Lewes are released. Mr. Dillon intimates in a letter to the paper that he has obtained a promise of the publication of the court-martial proceedings in Dublin, and that the Irish Party will ask for a revision of the sentences.

DEATH OF A PROMINENT NATIONALIST

Mr. James J. O'Kelly, the well-known Nationalist, died in London on December 22. He was a member of the House of Commons since 1895, and was widely known from his adventurous career. He was one of Parnell's earliest recruits in Parliament and went through the ritual of suspension and removal from the House which marked the early '80s. While still a member of Parliament he accepted a commission to go up the Nile during the Sudan campaign and interview the Mahdi, but Lord Kitchener barred that enterprise. Mr. O'Kelly fought in the Franco-Prussian war, having a commission in the French Army. His passion for adventure also found an outlet in the United States Army during the Indian campaigns of a generation ago. At the time of the Cuban revolt against Spanish rule he served as a correspondent for New York and London newspapers, and distinguished himself particularly by his daring when, contrary to the orders of the Spanish captain-general at Havana, he made his way to the rebel lines and sent a series of dispatches concerning the revolution. Mr. O'Kelly was born in Roscommon, Ireland, and was in his seventy-first year.

CARDINAL LOGUE SOUNDS WARNING.

A message from Dublin, under date December 4, says:—His Eminence Cardinal Logue has sounded a warning against the exportation of food-stuffs from Ireland. Speaking at a recent meeting in Armagh he said: 'I fear very much for the poor unless immediate and efficient steps are taken to prevent wholesale export of potatoes.' They were told that 390,000 tons of potatoes were exported in October alone. They would feed many poor Irish families for many a cold winter's day. He feared that in this matter as in so many others of not less vital importance, the motto of the Government action might be once more the unfortunate one—'Wait and see.' The memory of the famine of '47 and its sequel—the famine fever, he said, would always be a dark cloud on the horizon of his youthful memories. Unless something be speedily done there was reason to fear famine and sickness for the poor of Ireland.

IRELAND DENUDED OF ITS FOREST TREES.

Ireland is being denuded of its woods at an alarming rate. When the Departmental Committee on Irish Forestry inquired into this subject in 1907 the area of woods was 306,661 acres, the smallest proportion of woodlands in any country in Europe except Iceland (says the *Dublin Independent*). According to the evidence given before the committee, the process of

cutting down without replanting was going on at a 'terrible pace.' One of the most serious aspects of this state of things was the menace it constituted to existing Irish wood-working industries, which were dependent upon the supply of home-grown timber. To make matters worse, 72 per cent. of the trees felled leave the country, and in the round state, merely as trunks and logs. The Departmental Committee found that, apart from existing woodlands, at least 750,000 acres of land suitable for planting were available, and that altogether over one million acres might be devoted to forestry without involving any disturbance of existing agricultural industries. They expressed the view that the State should undertake a national scheme of afforestation. Considering that the area of woodlands to-day has been reduced to 295,000 acres, it is apparent that the State paid no serious attention to the report of the Committee. Even the paltry grant of £10,200 that had been made by the Development Commissioners for the purpose of afforestation has been abolished, so that whatever the Department of Agriculture is in a position to do at present can to no appreciable extent offset the destruction that is taking place. If the present process continues much longer and there is no replanting on a large scale the country will soon be stripped completely of woods.

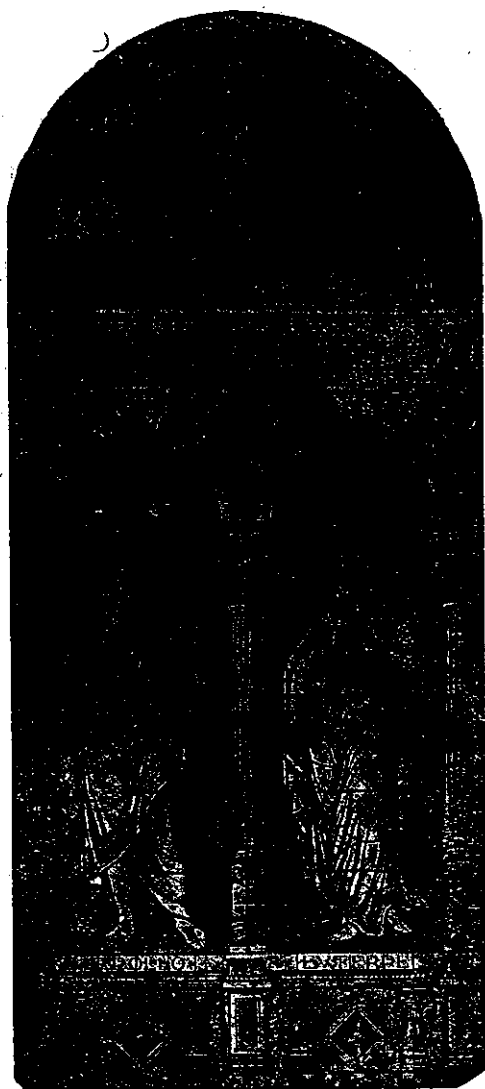
A TRIBUTE TO MAYNOOTH.

Le Journal de la Grotto de Lourdes contains an interesting and laudatory description of Maynooth College, given by his Lordship the Bishop of Digne, one of the distinguished French ecclesiastics who recently visited Ireland, to a French journalist, and told his interviewer that 'Maynooth College is very perfect in its organisation. It is a very spacious and magnificent building, situated at about an hour's journey from Dublin, appropriate in every detail for its purpose. We have nothing in France to be compared to it. It is, first of all, a National Seminary, much more national than our Saint Sulpice was. Six hundred young students study philosophy and theology in it, as well as becoming more perfect and proficient in their knowledge of literature and the sciences. The study of the ancient and modern Oriental languages, of Exegesis, of Canon Law history, and of the sacred and profane sciences, is carried to a very high degree. The liturgy is taught there and observed with minute piety, chanted in plain chant. We have been present at Offices the touching beauty and magnificence of which drew tears of admiration from his Lordship the Bishop of Orleans.'

The Bishop added that 'the college possesses as its professors secular priests who have attained a remarkably high literary and educational knowledge. Thanks to numerous rich foundations, the Maynooth professors can pursue a long and difficult course of studies. They have very keen intellects, and minds ever vigilant for scientific progress. This explains the depth of their truly universal information. The President of Maynooth is Monsignor Hogan. This eminent priest is the nephew of M. Hogan, a priest of St. Sulpice, an Irishman who spoke French with such perfection that he was appointed Professor of Eloquence in the French Seminary. The Abbe Hogan, who is dead about ten years, has exercised a deep influence over the clergy in Paris by his fervent piety and his generous kindness. We were very pleased to recall the name and memory of this venerated Irish priest.'

His Lordship continued: 'You understand, therefore, that Maynooth is the heart and centre of Catholic Ireland, and truly the intellectual capital of that fine island. It is, therefore, natural that twice a year the meeting of the Irish Bishops should be held in the college. Twenty-seven were present at the re-union at which we had the honor of being present. We received a warm and hearty welcome from our esteemed colleagues, as well as from the six hundred students in Maynooth. These episcopal meetings are a great benefit for Ireland. At the last one held the Bishops decided to found a college for the Chinese Mission.'

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THE UNDER-SECRETARY AT A NURSES' HOME.

Presiding the other week at the annual meeting of St. Laurence's Catholic Home for Nurses in Dublin, at which the Bishop of Canea was present, Sir William Patrick Byrne, K.C.V., C.B., Under-Secretary for Ireland, said, although an Irishman, he had spent most of his public life in England. It was nine or ten years since he was in Ireland, when he had officially to visit most parts of the country, and he gained at that time a thorough knowledge of the needs for an institution such as this. It was a matter of great regret that financial considerations should have limited the possibilities of the good work of the Home, but that fact should, after all, be but a strong incentive to them all to support it to the utmost of their power. No words could be too strong in recommending the Home to their benevolent consideration. The Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea, said he greatly welcomed the presence of Sir William Byrne in giving to that meeting and the institution the influence of his presence. He strongly urged the advantage of co-ordination in respect of many institutions having the same or like objects. But his duty was to propose a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman, who he hoped would discharge his duties with satisfaction to the Government and to the people over whom he would have jurisdiction.

THE MORAL OF WEST CORK.

Both the *Daily Independent* and the *Irish Times* are silent on the subject of West Cork (says the *Free-man's Journal*). They had been persuading their readers that the Irish Party were down and out, that the country was panting to get rid of them, and here in a constituency of which faction had the lease the people have risen up of their own will and got rid of faction for ever. Silence in face of such a flat contradiction of the campaign of delusion was the only thing left to the campaigners. The result is, indeed, a significant event. It is a confounding blow against the attempt to set up a Murphyite Dictatorship. The first object of the Dictator was to kill the labor movement. As he explained in the Dublin High Court, he precipitated the bitter struggle of 1913 because he thought the time had come to settle accounts with the labor leaders, after the manner of a capitalist Castlereagh, in other words, he 'exploded the insurrection.' The defeat of the men was, however, incomplete. Larkin was got rid of but a more formidable, because more intelligent and cautious, leader remained. When he was caught in the meshes of the insurrection the Dictator determined that the clemency cry should have no hearing until James Connolly was shot. The appeal for clemency was shouted down by the clamor for blood; and when poor Connolly was disposed of it was the turn of the Irish leaders. By a whirlwind campaign of misrepresentation the efforts of the leaders to salvage the wreckage of the insurrection were travestied to the country. For a moment the campaign seemed to have succeeded. The dagger which Mr. William O'Brien declared the would-be Dictator had purchased for Mr. Healy to kill the Constitutional Movement with seemed to have found its mark. Time and the truth-spreading march of events, however, have told their tale. The eyes of the country have opened upon the pit into which it was being so unscrupulously led.

REPRESENTATIVES' MOVEMENTS

NORTH ISLAND:

MR. RYAN—Taranaki.

SOUTH ISLAND:

MR. PICKUP—Invercargill and Suburbs.

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People We Hear About

Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., celebrated his golden jubilee as a member of the Society of Jesus on December 8, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

An exchange states that John McCormack, the famous Dublin tenor, earns by his wonderful voice not less than £100,000 per annum, which is said to exceed the income of any artist in the world. The Irish tenor is a lover of rare paintings, and has just acquired a Rembrandt, the portrait of the painter's sister, at a price of £30,000. This Rembrandt is only 20 inches high, and comes from the collection of the Marquis of Carcona in Paris. Mr. McCormack's art collection is valued at close on £300,000. He was formerly a singer in Dublin churches and recently he gave a concert for the benefit of the families of the victims of the Dublin rebellion, which netted £2000.

Very deep regret was felt throughout France at the death of Mgr. Lobbeday, Bishop of Arras, which occurred quite suddenly at Boulogne during the last week in December. This distinguished prelate, who has been called 'The Soldiers' Bishop,' was only recently decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, for his splendid courage and sacrifice during the ten months he spent in his beleaguered city of Arras. He offered the decoration to the Pope, saying that it had been received by the French episcopate in his person. It is thought that the privations and mental distress he went through before he was induced to remove the seat of his diocese to Boulogne had weakened his health, thus causing his death. Another heroic prelate, Mgr. Charost, Bishop of Lille, is still at his post and says that he and his people are looking forward with great hope to the coming spring.

A Rome message announces that at the solemn religious ceremonies on December 19 inaugurating the celebration of the seventh centenary of the establishment of the Dominican Order a note of sorrow was interjected by the death of the ex-General of the Order, the Very Rev. Father Cormier, O.P., who passed peacefully away at noon, just as the Solemn High Mass closed at the central Dominican Church in the Eternal City. He sank gradually under the weight of his 84 years. So holy were his dying hours that already the thoughts of the prominent members of his Order who were present are turning towards the taking of steps in the near future to introduce the case of his beatification. Father Cormier was a remarkable man in many respects. Though practically all his life an invalid, he rose to one of the most important positions in the Church, head of the great Dominican Order.

I had the pleasure the other evening of listening to Mr. Asquith give his views on age and efficiency in the House of Commons (says a Home paper). Sir Cyprian Bridge, who is 77 years of age, has been appointed as the naval member of the Mesopotamia Commission and Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux thought he was too old for the work. Mr. Asquith did not agree with the gallant admiral. He recalled his first experience of a Cabinet. His chief was Mr. Gladstone, who was then 83 and still active physically and mentally. One of Mr. Gladstone's predecessors, Lord Beaconsfield, was Prime Minister up to within a short time of his death at the age of 77, and Mr. Asquith was inclined to attribute his death to the cessation of work. A number of men do not think it too late to begin a career in Parliament when they have reached three score years and ten. Mr. Hicks-Beach, who not long ago was elected to the Commons as member for Tewkesbury, is 75. Sir Robert Pullar, formerly Liberal member for Perth, entered Parliament for the first time at the age of 79 in 1907. Mr. Samuel Young, the oldest member of the present House, was 70 when he began his Parliamentary career, and he is now in his 95th year.

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MEMORY OF THE DEAD IN FRANCE

TOUCHING DEVOTION.

Devotion to the dead is in France one of the most striking signs of faith in the immortality of the soul (writes Francois Veuillot in the *Catholic Times*). In some foreign countries it is said that the French, with few exceptions, have embraced the doctrines of materialism; that they do not believe in the life to come; that their ideals and hopes are all exclusively confined to the narrow limits of this world. Hence the unbridled pursuit of enjoyments, the frivolity which obstinately puts aside good sense and neglects the sacred obligations of human life.

A Huge Mistake.

What a profound mistake! There is not perhaps on this earth a country where the dead are more touchingly or more devoutly remembered. In a thousand Frenchmen you will not find ten who, if they were questioned regarding their devotion to the dead, would reply that the beings who were so dear to them were annihilated and are lost to them for ever. And this strongly rooted conviction becomes evident under other circumstances. It is manifested not only beside the tomb of the relative who is no more, but also by the bed of the invalid who is about to die. The number of French people who, at the last hour, obstinately reject the aids of religion is exceedingly small. The majority, after having gone astray in the course of their lives, become recollected on the approach of death and profess anew the faith of their baptism.

At the Cemeteries.

As to devotion to the dead, a short stay in France is sufficient to convince one of its depth and extent. A visit to our cemeteries is like a sermon on this subject. Very rarely does one meet there with a tomb that is not cared for. Large numbers of graves are admirably kept, and flowers abound. The ground where the dead lie is full of life. And what touching respect is shown, even where religious life is least active, in the commemoration of the dead! That festival of sorrow and hope is the last link by which many souls are bound to religious faith and practice. There are baptised French folk who no longer approach the Sacraments at Easter, but they do not fail to attend Mass on November 2. The Divine Mercy, infinite in goodness, holds them by this string.

The War's Teaching.

All this is true of the pre-war time. How much more emphatically can the same be said of the present! Amidst the great and tragic sacrifices which have put nearly all the families in France into mourning, it can be affirmed that belief in the immortality of the soul counts amongst the most precious treasures of the country's intellectual and moral heritage. Faith in the immortality of the soul means at the same time invincible belief in eternal justice. Not alone the immense majority of the French—the people almost unanimously are convinced that the heroes who have fallen fighting for their country survive in another life; they doubt not that in this new existence they have received the reward of their sacrifice. 'This war,' wrote one of the most influential men in the State recently, one of the authoritative interpreters of French thought—M. Paul Deschanel, President of the Chamber and member of the Academy—'this war has taught us to take a different view of death. Sacrificed in a just cause, human life is, like it, superior to ephemeral things; it shares in the eternal and the infinite.' The idea which the distinguished orator expressed in eloquent words is now entertained by all the French people, even those who were lately anti-clerical, with more simplicity, but equal energy.

Requiem Services.

This devotion to the dead has been displayed with moving fervor during last November. Never before has one seen in the cemeteries crowds so large, so recol-

lected, so devout. As for the millions of tombs along the immense battle-front, everywhere flowers have been employed to decorate them with tender care. Besides, in all directions, in our vast cathedrals, in our more modest parish churches, in the half-devastated sanctuaries of the camps, requiem services and commemorative ceremonies succeed each other, attracting multitudes every time. Ah, if you want to meet the people of France and to feel the French heart beating it is not to theatres and concert halls you must go; you must visit the churches. These prayers, these solemn expressions of grief have a twofold character. They bear a twofold testimony in favor of the French soul. They afford a twofold motive for hope to those who look forward to the Christian regeneration of our country. For they do more than attest our devotion to the dead; they also are a proof of the 'Union Sacree.' There, around our glorious tombs and amidst pious admiration for our heroic dead, the 'Union Sacree' is re-formed and cemented. It there assumes a strength and solidity which political differences will never overcome or attenuate.

The Masses at the Front.

The Masses celebrated at the front are particularly touching. There one sees the generals, with their staffs, in their dusty uniforms, around the altar where the chaplain offers up the Holy Sacrifice for the dead; around the pulpit where he speaks of their eternal glory and develops the lessons of their sacrifices. Beside them are a crowd of soldiers in prayer, and all grades and conditions are united in a common sentiment. If the services arranged in the interior of the country have perhaps a less impressive character, they often have a more significant import. It is at these especially that the 'Union Sacree' is officially made manifest. The highest civil functionaries join with the clergy in honoring the dead who have died in the war and calling on God to bestow His divine blessings on them. In their presence and with their approval the religious authorities in the discourses delivered on the occasion lift up the souls of the faithful and the soul of the nation to God. It was at such a time—to cite but one instance out of many—that Cardinal Amette in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and in the presence of a compact and devoutly attentive congregation, spoke in apostolic terms before a Minister of State who represented the Government at the foot of the altar. Our dead obtain for us these favors.

When, on the approach of the enemy, the civil authorities had departed from Meaux, the Bishop, Monsignor Marbeau, remained with his flock. He quickly organised a Committee of Public Welfare, and, thanks to his initiative and his executive abilities, soon became the leader and the mainstay of his suffering people. At Rheims, Cardinal Lucon; at Arras, Monsignor Lobbedey; at Amiens, Monsignor Dizien and Monsignor de la Villerabel; at Verdun, Monsignor Ginisty; at Soissons, Monsignor Pechenard; at Nancy, Monsignor Turinaz; at Saint-Die, Monsignor Foucault, faced the dangers of the firing line, lived with the people in cellars and dug-outs, raising the courage of all, attending to the wounded and the sick, and assuring food and shelter to the poor.

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. J. BAXTER & CO.—CHRISTCHURCH.

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THOMAS KETTLE

The accepted principle of '*De Mortuis Mendacia*' would be specially foolish in Kettle's case (writes Professor Arthur E. Clery, in *Studies*). He was far too big a man to have his memory fobbed off with that mendacious panegyric, which is commonly the meed of the middle-class dead. His character was much disputed while he lived; and if his memory survive, the dispute must inevitably survive with it.

'That colored speech which is styled oratory is of its essence a Swiss: it may attack to-morrow what it defends to-day. "Hannibal" Plunkett, for instance, delivered quite as cogent and imaginative an oration in prosecuting Emmet as in opposing the Union or pleading for Catholic rights.'

This severe criticism, which Kettle in his last and best writing, the preface to the Irish Orators, passes upon the eighteenth-century Plunkett, is certain to form the model for criticism upon himself. Men will point out that he began his career by writing seditious poetry for the *United Irishman*, a journal of which the later *Sinn Féin* was merely a milder recension. Most Irish writers, and certainly most Irish poets, begin in that way. I doubt if Kettle was ever, except perhaps in his very earliest youth, a real disciple of Emmet; he was too much the politician. Like many another who believed himself to be walking in Emmet's footsteps, he got a bad shock when he came upon someone who was not merely in Emmet's footsteps, but in his shoes. Kettle was at all relevant times a constitutionalist, but with a highly developed dramatic sense; and I am convinced that within the limits in which sincerity is at all possible to a practical politician Kettle was, in all his actions, thoroughly sincere.

In the period between the end of the Parnell split and Sir Edward Carson's assembling of his Provisional Government, which proved the beginning of a new era in Irish politics, three schools of thought flourished among native Irishmen. First, there was the orthodoxy of the Irish Party, tracing its apostolic succession from Davitt and Parnell. It was powerful and popular. But its followers too often came to look upon Faith—Faith in the Party—as an all-sufficient substitute for personal good works. Over against them were the 'good workers' of various descriptions—language revivalists, industrial revivalists, men who devoted themselves to Irish poetry, Irish music, Irish pastimes, Irish drama, or Irish art, many of them heretics, or at least schismatics in matters political. Of this movement, or series of movements, to which the name 'Irish Ireland' came to be applied, Moran was the prophet, or, as he would put it himself, the philosopher. But there was also a third movement, which never advanced very far, but which influenced many thinking minds. A casual observer would describe it incorrectly by some such loose adjective as 'socialistic.' It was the effort to apply cosmopolitan ideas of regeneration (often without any very clear idea of what they were) to the social conditions of Ireland, more especially to the social conditions of its cities—in fact, an aspiration towards modern 'progress' of the less brutal kind.

Kettle's effort in life was to combine the first school with the third—Party orthodoxy with social advance. He was, as Mr. Lynd has put it, 'European' in his sympathies. With the second movement, on the other hand, with everything that could be described as 'Irish Ireland,' though he sometimes gave it a nominal support in words, he had a very *minimum* of agreement. He looked upon it as insular and un-European. He was quite alive to the fact that his own family was not one of Gaelic race. He was fond of playing cricket. He looked forward to that progress which should be borne to Ireland across the seas. But above all, strange though it seem in a man who was destined later on to give up his life for a cause, he had no sympathy with that idea which lay behind all 'Irish Ireland' notions, that the way to advance a cause is by each man doing his own part, irrespective of his neighbor's backwardness. Kettle always thought in multitudes. He

sought for broad effects. If he did a thing, he blushed to find it was not fame; not through vanity (he had less of the vice than the common run), but because he realised that this *was* the way to *do things*. And he had in a high degree that capacity for saying and doing things in a manner that attracts public attention, which is the first essential of political success.

With Kettle the idea of '*Progress*,' beloved of the last century, was almost the dominant enthusiasm. The men of the nineteenth century had certainly better reason to speak in the name of Progress than these of our time. Kettle was beyond all else a 'modern,' a 'progressive.' He hated the cynical attitude, and had a particular detestation for the ideas of a man like Belloc. He believed in politics and in party. He was always on the look out for the newest thinker, the freshest enthusiasm. He liked German philosophers and Russian novelists. He had at all times a leaning towards socialism; in a celebrated phrase he said that he agreed with everything in socialism except its first principle. He was by tradition a strong democrat. His political ideals are brilliantly expounded in his essay on the '*Philosophy of Politics*,' in which, improving on John Morley, he deals with Politics as the science of the *second worst*. Kettle's disposition towards things 'liberal' and 'modern' was so strong that if he had been brought up in a different religion, or perhaps even in a different country, he would not improbably have been a Free Thinker. As it was, like many other Irishmen of advanced social ideas, he was a believing and enthusiastic Catholic. He always confined his social and political enthusiasms within the limits of Catholic discipline, though he rather delighted to march up to the boundary and look across the wall, or perhaps one should say—for he was a mountain-climber—to look down from the edge of the cliff. He often shocked timid people.

In his private life he had that virtue which a native Irishman only loses when exposed to foreign influences—he was a man of the strictest purity. Indeed, in the many years of my association with him I think I never heard him tell a doubtful story or even make a doubtful remark. To another different orthodoxy he was no less faithful, though here again he liked to walk upon the edge—the orthodoxy of Party discipline. It was much the heavier restriction. To a man of Kettle's idealistic temperament the discipline of the Irish Party in the period of his connection with it, must often have been a severe strain. But he never even considered the idea of breaking away. He made the best of an unenthusiastic lot. He was a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. He confined his speculation and his political action alike within practical and permissible limits.

From what has gone before there is little difficulty in understanding the enthusiasm with which Kettle espoused the French and British cause on the outbreak of the war. They were the champions of all that was progressive and modern. The Czar he regarded as the apostle of Polish freedom: his poem has attained some celebrity. For once he was wholly free to champion the cause of what was progressive and modern without any fear of incurring ecclesiastical censure or the displeasure of party leaders. He threw himself heart and soul into the campaign. Many men faced death; Kettle faced unpopularity, a much harder thing for a politician to do. Indeed, he probably looked upon the sacrifice of his own life as the lightest sacrifice which he was called upon to make.

When I first met Kettle he was a small boy with a treble voice, with his interests divided between cycle-racing and winning Intermediate prizes. He was good at both. We came to Clongowes from different day-schools. As his father had been 'detained' by Forster in the Frongoch of these days, he was naturally a hot politician. His study was mathematics! He took German instead of Greek. Seeing that the publication of Intermediate results is now looked upon as a crime, almost fit to be restrained by the Press Bureau, it may be interesting to remark that Kettle was a 'First Place in Senior Grade,' one of three from the same school

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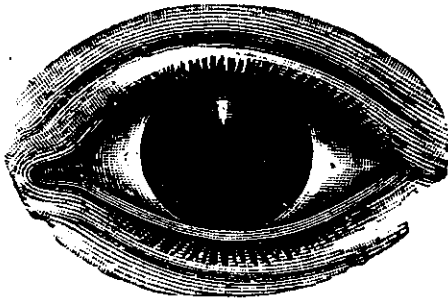


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in four years. He had 'Anthony Wharton,' the well-known dramatist, and a high public official in Dublin as his predecessors in the distinction. He played up hard at the school games. He used to say in later years that his taste for literature dated from a 'fallow' year in which he had no examination; indeed he constantly complained that he had been over-worked at school. Dublin boys were not very popular at Clongowes, and, like other hard-working students, Kettle had little influence. He moved in a set that devoted itself to cycling. His satirical humor had already begun to develop. But the most vivid recollection of him I possess is a speech at the school debate in which he maintained that the man who died on the battlefield died better than the man who died in his bed with the consolations of religion. In those days the sentiment caused a sensation; and he found it necessary to make a sort of recantation.

It was at the University that he first came into his own. His University course was not indeed a specially distinguished one. As the result of bad health and bad management in choosing courses he failed to repeat the academic distinction of his school-days. He eventually graduated in Philosophy. But he at once became a power among the students. His first achievement was characteristic. Mr. Pierce Kent, the present Secretary of the Insurance Commissioners, who was a friend of his, was a candidate for an elective position in the religious sodality of the students. Kettle composed an election address and a poster, 'Vote for Kent and Christianity,' which at once carried the day. Soon after Kettle was elected auditor (as in Dublin the student president is called) of the students' Literary and Historical Society; a few years later found him editor of *St. Stephen's*, the new college paper, which was 'unprejudiced as to date of issue,' as its editor happily announced. It may be remarked in passing that, seeing that it was popularly supposed to afford no true education whatever, the old University College of the Catholic University succeeded at this period in producing a remarkably large number of persons who, to put it no higher, have got the public to talk about them. Trinity College has no one but Hannay to show in the same epoch.

Politics was soon to claim him. His first serious entry into this field was made in 1905 as a political journalist, as editor of the brilliant but short-lived *Nationalist*. After a few cases, mostly political defences of cattle-drivers, Kettle wearied of the Irish Bar, to which he had been called.

Politics was and continued to the end to be the real enthusiasm of Kettle's life. For a very short time he was attracted by Mr. Arthur Griffith's 'Hungarian' policy of passive resistance, later called by the famous title of 'Sinn Fein.' A new propaganda always fascinated him. But he soon conformed to Parliamentary nationalism. He was, to all appearance, a sincere convert. If he ever afterwards had any leanings towards extreme opinions, the opposition he received from Irish extremists in the U.S.A., when he went there some time later as the envoy of the Irish Party, fixed him in the constitutional view and made him ever afterwards very bitter against the extreme party. It is interesting to note, however, that in his 'Philosophy of Politics' he maintains the moral right of Ireland to rebel, 'if it were possible.' This brilliant essay, already referred to, was first read as a presidential address at the Young Ireland Branch of the United Irish League. Seldom has a pronouncement containing so much political philosophy, so many abstract ideas, been read before a branch of a working political organisation in any country. But then the famous and much-abused 'Young Ireland Branch' was a political assembly of a very unusual kind. This is not the place to discuss the fortunes and merits of that ever storm-tossed foundation. It is sufficient to point out that the youthful Kettle had the merit or responsibility of being its founder.

Kettle's fortune was exceptional in one way. He was the only young man of abstract ideas (or at least with a capacity for expressing such ideas) to make his

way into the Irish Party since the Parnell split. The men of this type belonging to his generation for the most part turned their energies into other channels and became either indifferent or openly hostile to the Irish Party. Kettle's amazing success in Parliament shows what a man of ideas can achieve if he is once allowed to get a start. A young and unknown man, without influence or political backing, he began to take his place with men like Redmond, Balfour, and Asquith as a debater. He made an immense impression upon Young England, an England that was unfortunately never destined to grow up. Of course I cannot speak at first-hand of this period of his career, which began in 1906, but the secret of his Parliamentary success would seem to be that he threw aside traditional clap-trap and thought out at least new modes of expression for himself. His early mathematical training also came to his aid, and he showed an unusual command of figures. The Irish University Bill was the Parliamentary measure with which his name will be especially connected. But a man in the twenties only attains success of this kind at the price of much jealousy and ill-feeling, and Kettle was by no means the man to allay feelings of that sort. For he was neglectful of the smaller courtesies of life, and he was by no means an easy man to work with.

He had accepted a professorship in the new National University, for the establishment of which he had worked hard. As the subject (National Economics) was off the beaten track, he had few students and the duties were not heavy. There seemed, however, to be a certain inconsistency between holding a whole-time professorship and being a Member of Parliament; so, after a short interval, he sent in his resignation to the Irish Party. It is now generally understood that he had counted upon the Party taking a line in this matter which would enable him to withdraw his resignation and remain in Parliament. But if he had any such hope, he was destined to a severe disappointment. He was allowed to go. (Grattan, as a politician, says Kettle, in his last writing, 'committed the two deadly sins, which are to sulk and to retire.') From this forth Kettle's career was simply a career of despair. One or two hopeless attempts to get back into politics only served to darken the gloom. A man familiar, as he was, with the realities of politics could never devote himself to the nonsense of political economy. 'Economics,' he used to say, 'is not a science, but a series of controversies with a fixed terminology.' You cannot expect strength of character from a man broken with despair. Some of his former political associates must have felt strangely when at the last Kettle became the martyr of their principles.

Apart from that quality of intellectual concentration already referred to, Kettle's greatest literary asset was an intense brilliancy of phrase. In this he had something of the skill of Grattan or Tacitus. Speaking of Grattan, he might have spoken of himself when he said:—

'The epigrammatist, too, and the whole tribe of image-makers dwell under a disfavor far too austere. We must distinguish. There is in such images an earned and an unearned increment of applause. The sudden, vast, dazzling, and deep-shadowed view of traversed altitudes that breaks on the vision of a climber, who, after long effort, has reached the mountain-top, is not to be grudged him. And the image that closes up in a little room the infinite riches of an argument carefully pursued is not only legitimate but admirable.'

As with *A Kempis*, so you will best appreciate Kettle if you read but four or five of his sentences at a time, the five just quoted for instance. You can make them the subject of a long meditation. Often a single sentence of his is enough to stand by itself. 'Cynicism, however excusable in literature, is in life the last treachery, the irredeemable defeat.' Or again—'It is with ideas as with umbrellas: if left lying about they are peculiarly liable to change ownership.' There is always a combination of the sardonic and the imaginative in his writings, a kind of eloquence that is

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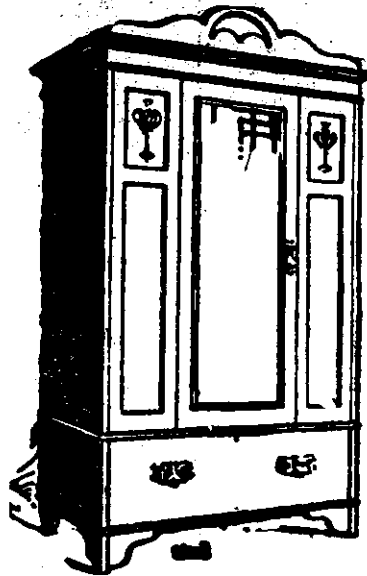
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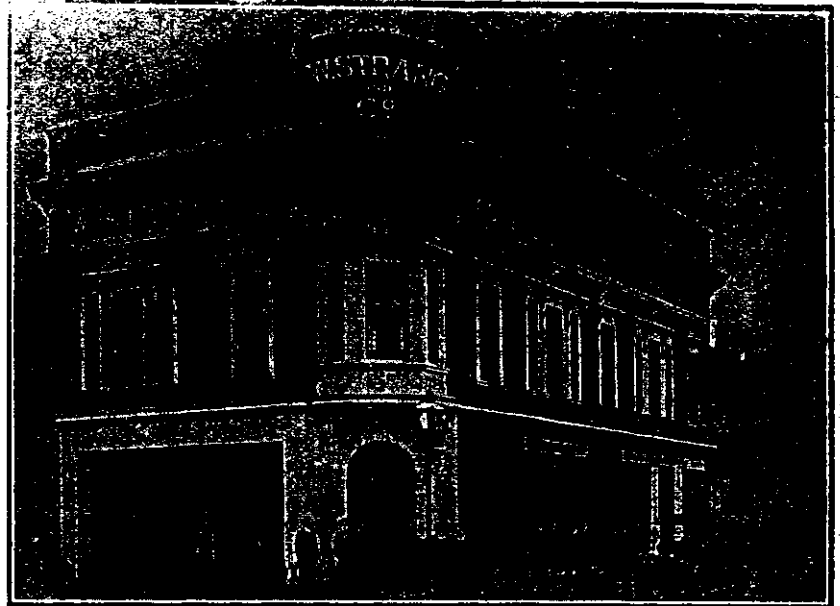
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the more effective for being eternally self-critical. Consider this description of an orator:—

'The sound and rumour of great multitudes, passions hot as ginger in the mouth, torches, tumultuous comings and goings, and, riding through the whirlwind of all, a personality, with something about him of the prophet, something of the actor, a touch of the charlatan, crying out not so much with his own voice as with that of the multitude, establishing with a gesture, refuting with a glance, stirring ecstasies of hatred and affection—is not that a common, and far from fantastic, conception of the orator. But when the fire is become ashes, and the orator too; when the crowd no longer collaborates; when the great argument that transfigured them is a paragraph in a text-book, yawned over by schoolboys

Kettle's greatest defect, if in a politician it be a defect, was an almost complete incapacity for appreciating the point of view of an opponent. Many of his speeches that 'stirred ecstasies of hatred' are to be so explained. One could not find a better example of this weakness than his chapter on Ulster in that otherwise clever work, *The Open Secret of Ireland*. His treatment of the subject is tremendously unfair: it is simply a collection of brilliant results, 'annual brainstorm,' and the rest, each cleverer and more unjustified than the one going before it. On the other hand he was a man of the very greatest personal magnanimity. He often required magnanimity in others; he always showed it himself. He had never the least difficulty in making up with an opponent however bitterly they might have quarrelled. When William O'Brien, the subject of his bitterest satire, for a time rejoined the Irish Party, Kettle was quite sincere in declaring that the past was not only a sealed book, but a burnt book. And it is but a few months ago since chancing to meet him at an intimate's house, he had a very friendly interview with Eoin MacNeill.

The last time I met Kettle was a few weeks after Easter. He was driving in uniform on a car with his little daughter, and stopped it to speak to me. I congratulated him on his preface to the *Irish Orators*. But his whole conversation was of MacDonagh and the others who had been put to death in Low Week, of the fortitude they had shown. He felt very bitterly, and he spoke of their fate with that wistfulness which Mr. Lynd also noticed. I think there must have been a time in his life when he looked forward to die as they had died. He died in a different way and for a different cause. But the idea of final self-sacrifice was as much a haunting desire with him as it was with Patrick Pearse.

DAILY LIFE OF THE HOLY FATHER

The Holy Father rises at 5 a.m., an hour before three-fourths of Rome leave dreamland. At 6 o'clock (says an exchange), prayer and meditation over, the Vicar of Christ stands vested to offer up the Holy Sacrifice, attended by a couple of prelates attached to the Vatican. His Mass is served by a lay Brother of the Order of St. Augustine.

En passant, one can well imagine with what reverential and loving solicitude the good old man lavishes his care on the preparation of the beautiful little chapel each evening.

At 7 o'clock, when a Mass has been heard by way of thanksgiving and the 'Small Hours' of his breviary are said, the light Italian breakfast of coffee and rolls is served. Then comes the perusal of the newspapers by a statesman who has the politics of Europe, Australasia, and the two Americas on his finger tips. One of the duties of the Papal Secretary of State, is to mark for the Pope's notice items of special importance. The present Pontiff, like Leo XIII., likes the whole paper to be laid before him. Pius X. used, I believe, feel content at receiving cuttings on important matters to be laid before him each morning.

While the clock is striking 8, Benedict XV. is sitting at his desk amid his private secretaries ready to begin the labors of his long day. Work goes on steadily until 9, at which hour the Secretary of State arrives with a portfolio filled with documents for the Pontiff's consideration. By 10 o'clock commence private audiences to Cardinals, Bishops, laymen of prominence who may have special matters to treat on with the Head of the Church, and ambassadors representing the different countries on diplomatic relations with the Holy See. Only rarely, of course, is an ambassador received by the Pope in person, because it is the duty of the Cardinal Secretary of State to receive the Diplomatic Corps one day every week and the report which each individual has to make.

A Cardinal or a Bishop has always some official business to transact during his audience, but this is not necessarily the case with laymen of distinction; very often a gentleman's prominent status in his own sphere in life or particular services to the Church in his own country obtains for him special recognition in this way at the Vatican. Or he may be given a special audience, that is, an audience at which not more than five or six persons—all of whom may be his own party—are permitted to be present. Private and special audiences over, public or collective audiences begin towards 11.30. At the public audiences any number of persons are received. The largest public audience which I have ever witnessed in Rome was that given to the French pilgrims, 40,000 in number, who came to assist at the beatification of Blessed Joan of Arc in the days of Pius X.

Benedict XV., if not a vegetarian, is on the border line. His dinner, which takes place alone, consists mostly of vegetables and eggs with very little meat. His Holiness dines alone, according to the custom of the Popes, a custom which the late Pontiff did not see his way to follow. Not more than half an hour is passed at table, for the short siesta which Benedict XV. allows himself has to be finished by 3 o'clock.

From 3 to 6 work continues uninterrupted. In the evening the Holy Father anticipates Matins and Lauds, and afterwards takes some recreation, accompanied by one or two attendant prelates. Sometimes this consists of a half hour's drive in the Vatican gardens, at others the Pope walks on the balconies from which all Rome is seen.

To some it may seem rather strange that audiences should be resumed as late as 8 o'clock in the evening. However, the audiences conceded at this time are not of such an official character as those in the morning, besides it is usually only Cardinals or Bishops who are then received, and then for only a short time.

By 9 his Holiness retires to his private chapel and recites the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. After this the evening meal, almost a repetition of dinner, is taken, and then to his desk for another hour's quiet work. Nine o'clock may seem late for supper, but this, I have been told, has been the custom of his Holiness for years. Indeed, the late Cardinal Rampolla never took his evening meal until 11 o'clock, after which the great Secretary of State to Leo XIII. retired to his bed-chamber.

From the foregoing we may well conclude the Pontiff's day is long and strenuous. We are in a great Pontificate and in all probability a prolonged one. It is likely Benedict XV. will live to a ripe old age, for ever since his election to the Papacy his general health has improved, and the nervous lines, which were apparent on his face a year ago, have now disappeared.

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FRANCE

REMEMBERING THE DEAD.

At this season the number of people who frequent the Sacraments is always larger than at almost any other (says the *Irish Catholic* of November 29). The past week has been no exception. On the contrary, the affluence at the Holy Table has been most remarkably superior to the average; and all the churches were crowded during the solemn religious ceremonies of All Saints' and All Souls' Days. As to the cemeteries, there were very few persons who did not visit them. The example was set by the President of the Republic and Madame Poincare, who, on All Saints' Day, went to the Bagneux, Ivry, and Pantin cemeteries to strew flowers on the graves of the soldiers who died of their wounds in Paris hospitals and ambulances and are buried there. Four deputations of the British colony in Paris visited the cemeteries of Neuilly, Pantin, Bagneux, and Levallois-Perret, where so many British heroes of the war are buried. Each was headed by a clergyman or priest. The Presidents of the Paris Municipal Council and of the Council General of the Department of the Seine, the Minister of the Interior, the Prefect of Police, and various other high officials also headed deputations to the tombs of soldiers in the Parisian cemeteries. A large number of the members of the Canadian colony, who assembled at Versailles, went to the Gonards Cemetery to deck with flowers the graves of their fellow-countrymen who at Versailles and the vicinity had died of the wounds received in defending the cause of right and justice. In connection with the prayers offered up for the repose of the souls of the heroes killed in battle, a touching cartoon was published in the *Echo de Paris*. It represented a woman with an infant in her arms and a little boy clinging to her dress. The child, looking up to his mother, whose cheeks are bathed in tears, is represented as inquiring: 'Where am I to pray for papa, since he has no grave?' The reply given was: 'Here, on my heart.'

MEXICO

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS.

The Mexican Constitutional Assembly, in session at Queretaro, Mexico, has decided to amend the committee report on the educational section of the new constitution in such a way as to permit representatives of any religious denomination to teach in private schools. After several speakers had advocated the committee report, which prohibited clergymen from being teachers in lay schools, Senor Palavacini characterised the report as absurd, saying it was astounding that the right of representatives of any denomination to teach should be denied. Senor Palavacini urged that the article be amended so that General Carranza's proposal that instruction in all public institutions should be non-sectarian would extend also to private schools, but not forbidding clergymen from teaching. He took the ground that other sections of the Constitution provided against possible educational abuses. He referred to Protestant clergymen who, he asserted, accepted pay for teaching Mexican Catholics, and, at the same time, received remuneration from Protestant missions.

ROME

AUDIENCE TO THE ROMAN NOBILITY.

A Rome correspondent, under date January 8, writes:—On Sunday Pope Benedict gave the customary New Year audience to the members of the Roman nobility. Replying to an address of homage and devotion read by Prince Colonna, his Holiness made sympathetic references to the patricians who were unable to be present, owing to some of them being on the battlefield fighting for their country, and to others

having been killed there. He praised those present for their generous work in behalf of the sufferers from the war, and expressed a hope that this example of Christian charity which they were giving would serve as a model for the practice of other Christian virtues in order to appease the wrath of Almighty God and end the awful scourge of war.

A COSMOPOLITAN CITY.

The visitor to Rome is always impressed by her magnificent basilicas and churches, her mammoth ruins, her catacombs, museums, gardens, and fountains. But there is another item that proves more impressive in his eyes—i.e., the seminarians belonging to the foreign colleges. From the historic hills around the Eternal City (writes a correspondent), where their summer villas are situated, the students of the North American, South American, Irish, Scottish, English, Canadian, Armenian, Maronite, Greek, Polish, Spanish, Portuguese colleges have returned after their holidays. And more important than all, are those of the Collegio de Propaganda Fide hailing from the United States, Australia, several parts of Europe, Africa, China, and Japan. Truly a living testimony to the universality and strength of the Church are those white and colored young men, who gather twice daily in the lecture halls of Propaganda, and who will scatter as priests in a few years to all parts of the world.

ANTI-CLERICALISM.

Examples of anti-clerical intemperance of language are still, alas! far from rare, both on the public platform and in the columns of the press (writes a Rome correspondent). The most diverse occasions are used by the anti-clerics to give expression to their nonsense. Patriotic gatherings are especially taken advantage of. A chance is given to them of coupling the Vatican and Austria together, and it is too tempting to be allowed to pass. Quite recently a certain lawyer named Pozzi took occasion to attack the Papacy during a commemoration of a fallen soldier. More recently still, a festive gathering in a reserve hospital was made the scene of similar fooling. The promoters of the hospital, intending the entertainment for the poor invalids, had admitted not only the nuns in charge of the hospital to take part in it, but also a large number of school children from an institution near by. An enemy of Italian ideals and the friend of Austria, the Papacy met with the cold reception it deserved: but that was not enough to deter a reciter from coming on the platform with an assortment of ill-sounding verses that even their author, a sarcastic Roman poet of the Papal days, had the decency to repudiate. One of the Sisters present rose with a cry of protest, and left the place, followed by the other nuns present. A poor blind soldier expressed his desire to get at the reciter, but as no one led him before the face of his enemy, the fellow escaped without getting what was intended for him, and what he richly deserved.

SPAIN

NATIONAL UNION OF SPANISH PRIESTS.

It is proposed to establish a National Union of Spanish Priests for the purpose of forming Catholic agricultural syndicates for the uplifting of the small farmers and laborers, for the eradication of usury, which is so widespread in Spain and causes such havoc amongst the rural population, and for the betterment of the condition of the rural clergy. The honor of such an initiative goes to the Rural Deanery of Tendilla, in the province of Guadalajara, which is now circularising all the deaneries of Spain for the purpose of forming this truly sacred union. As further objects of propaganda, it is proposed to assist the Catholic press and extend the Good Press Movement, and also to work for the enrolling of all Catholics under the banner of a strong and courageous Catholicity.

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THE DISCOVERER OF ANTHRACITE

'When Philip Ginter kicked a stone lying beside the trail one drizzling evening in the year 1791, that unlucky woodsman started something big, though all he saw was a shiny black rock sliding down hill before him,' says a writer in the *Bellman*, introducing an interesting account of how hard coal was discovered. Ginter was tired, hungry, and discouraged. He had hunted all day without success. The shiny stone did not mean anything to him, though he picked it up and carried it to his shack in the ravine of Mauch Chunk Creek. He tossed it into a corner, as he told his wife of his hard luck; neither deer nor bear had he come across, so corn-meal porridge was his supper. Says this writer:—

'Meanwhile in the corner of his cabin lay that polished jetlike stone which, if he had only known, represented more treasures than the magical lamp of Aladdin ever brought forth. Cities, the like of which Philip Ginter had never dreamed of, palaces, railroads, all the power and luxury and dazzling folly of our present-day civilisation; all that can be bought with wealth, was represented in that disregarded stone in the corner. It was anthracite, the first fragment to be taken from the huge veins of Pennsylvania.'

Ginter had some idea that it might be a bit of 'stone coal,' which he had heard was used by blacksmiths in the Wyoming Valley, but was of little value. One day he took his find to a trader on the Lehigh River. The trader sent it to Philadelphia, learned what it was, and, with two merchants of that city, filed a claim on the coal deposit. Ginter was given a scrap of forest land, in return for his information. The land was of little value, but poor as it was it was taken from him later by the holder of a prior claim.

'The unsophisticated pioneer left descendants who witnessed the rise of anthracite,' says this writer. 'They saw their ancestor's discovery grow in value from decade to decade until it was the foundation of prosperity for a commonwealth, the corner-stone of glittering fortunes, the support of vast industries, and, it may be added, the cause of desperate struggles, hard-fought labor wars that held the attention of the world while they lasted.'

The coal was taken out like stone from a quarry, but transportation was difficult, and consumers were ignorant of how to use anthracite. A pushing agent managed to sell an ark-load of the coal to Philadelphia for the water-works. The Superintendent complained that not only did the stone coal refuse to burn, but it put out a roaring wood fire in his furnace. After vain efforts to make it burn the whole consignment was crushed and used as a substitute for gravel. The first man who devised a grate in which the coal would burn invited all his friends to see the wonder. Still, housekeepers did not take to it, and the owners were put to some trouble to dispose of it. They got out an advertising pamphlet, extolling its merits. A Quaker warmly endorsed it, adding: 'In conclusion, I would assure thee that I possess no shares of stock or other interest in this company'; another booster declared he had been troubled with cold feet until he began to use 'these excellent stone coals.' Even when prejudice against it was in part overcome, transportation continued difficult. 'Arks,' great rough boxes, brought the coal down the Lehigh and Delaware Rivers. When the load was sold, the ark was broken up, the lumber sold, and the iron-work hauled back to the mine on a wagon. The crew walked the eighty miles of rough road. Then came the idea of canals, with a wooden railway to bring down the coal, and mules to take back the cars. Philip Ginter's 'find' had found a market and a way to reach it. A single stone had brought about the development of the anthracite region, and wealth untold to those who owned the coal-fields.

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ALL COMBINE IN THE GOOD

In every work organised for the national defence, the bishops and the clergy of France have collaborated, and this collaboration, in many instances, has proved to be of capital importance. When it was decided to increase the gold reserve of the Bank of France, the Government called upon the bishops. And bishops, priests, and people answered generously to the appeal.

The wounded seem in a special manner to belong to the clergy and the Sisters. In Paris alone, and its suburbs, 955 beds have been placed at the disposal of the wounded in 11 Catholic hospitals; 437 beds in 8 sanatoria; 2189 beds in educational establishments; 954 beds in 18 settlements; 2058 beds in 21 religious communities. In all 5633 beds have been set aside for the wounded soldiers by Catholic institutions in the diocese of Paris, and out of 12,700 beds which the three societies of the Red Cross have in Paris and the suburbs, 6200 are cared for by religious. All through France the role of the bishops, priests, religious, and devoted Catholic laymen is of the same importance in the service of the wounded, the sick, and in the maintenance of every work of charity. On the Committee of the Secours National we find the name of Cardinal Amette side by side with that of Chief Rabbi Levy and of the Socialist, Dubreuilh. The war orphans and widows have not been forgotten. To help the former the 'Family Adoption' has been established in the offices of *La Croix* on the initiative of 'Noel,' and the 'Association of War Widows and Orphans' has been founded under the auspices of Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris. In the field, in the ambulances, in the hospitals, in the Red Cross and relief work, bishops, clergy, and religious are everywhere doing their share. But they are especially solicitous for the spiritual welfare of their people. In the great majority of cases these have responded to their appeal.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in the last issue of *Land and Water* to hand, takes a rationally optimistic view of the military position of the Allies. He says the British blockade of enemy countries is as severe as it can be made. The enemy is insufficiently fed—even as to portions of his armies. The Allies have elaborated a new tactical method which will win the war—the infliction by a local offensive of greater losses upon the defensive by far than the offensive suffers. Exhaustion of enemy effectives is the most important point of all. Germany's shortage of men 'is the whole cause of the enemy's present anxiety for peace.' The Allies in every country have indefinitely larger reserves of human material.

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'Holy Bo Tree.'

Throughout the East the sacred fig tree or peepul tree is held in great veneration by the Buddhists and Hindus. The latter say that the birth of Vishnu, one of their deities, took place beneath its branches. It is a very handsome tree, growing often to a great height; an evergreen that flowers in April, and yields, on the bark being cut, a sourish milk containing india-rubber. The leaves are heart-shaped, long, pointed, and like those of some poplars, and as the stalks are long and slender, the leaves rustle like those of the aspen. This vibration of the leaves, the Buddhist fancies, is caused by the breath of Gautama, the founder of his faith, for it was under this tree Gautama slept and dreamed that he was to become the Buddha, and when the dream was fulfilled he was again seated beneath the same tree.

It is one of this kind which is not only the oldest tree, but the oldest still worshipped in the world. It was planted about the year 250 B.C. in the ancient city of Amuradhapoor, in Ceylon, and became known as the Bo tree. Its native name is Jaya-sri-mahabodinhawawai, which means 'The Great, Famous, and Triumphant Fig Tree.' To Buddhists and Hindus alike the most binding oath is to swear by 'the sacred and holy Bo tree.'

Rearing Ducks in China.

The rearing of ducks is made an object of great importance in China. The greater part of them are hatched by artificial warmth; the eggs being laid in boxes of sand, are placed on a brick hearth to which a proper degree of heat is given during the time required for hatching. The ducklings are fed with crawfish and crabs, boiled and cut small, and afterwards mixed with boiled rice, and in about a fortnight they are able to shift for themselves. The Chinese provide them with an old stepmother, who leads them where they will find provender, being first put on board a 'sampane,' or boat, which is destined for their habitation, and from which the whole flock, often three hundred or four hundred in number, go out to feed and return at command. This method is used nine months out of the twelve, for in the colder months it does not succeed, and is so far from a novelty that it may be seen everywhere, more especially about the time of cutting the rice, when the masters of the duck boats row up and down the rivers, according to the opportunity of procuring food, which during that season is found in plenty at the ebb of the tide, on the rice plantations, which are overflowed at high water. It is curious to see how the ducks obey their masters, for some thousands belonging to different boats will feed at large on the same spot, and on a signal given follow the leader to their respective boats without a stranger being found among them.

Tyrants of the Deep.

Like sturgeons, the sharks have their mouths under their heads, but the mouths, instead of being merely soft tubes, are armed with several rows of flat and pointed teeth which cut like razors. Only the front row of the teeth is intended for use, the others being folded back, one upon the other, and coming forward when wanted, just as takes place with the poison-fangs of the venomous snakes. Some of the sharks reach a length of more than thirty feet, and one of these terrible fish has been known to sever a man's body at a single bite. They follow ships in order to feed upon any refuse that may be thrown overboard, and there seems to be nothing which a shark will not swallow or be capable of digesting. One remarkable shark is known by the appropriate name of the hammer-head, on account of the extraordinary shape of the head, which almost exactly resembles that of a sledge-hammer, the eyes being set on the two opposite faces of the hammer.

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Intercolonial

Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy, C.G.D., has been appointed Clerk of the Senate at his former salary of £1000 a year. He is an old boy of St. Patrick's College, East Melbourne, in which Chief Justice Madden was also educated.

The genuine piety and Christian qualities of the late Archbishop Dunne, of Brisbane, were appreciated very much outside the Catholic community. For instance, Rev. J. S. Pollock, head of the Socialist Christian Brotherhood in Brisbane, in the course of a sermon the other Sunday, paid a splendid tribute to the zeal of the late Archbishop.

The gold medal for English literature in the Leaving Certificates of the Western Australian University has been awarded to James B. Colgan, of the Christian Brothers' College, Kalgoorlie. This is the only prize given by the University, and the young student is to be congratulated on his splendid success, which reflects the greatest credit on himself and his teachers.

The Very Rev. M. Hourigan, treasurer of the Irish Relief Fund in Adelaide, recently cabled £700 to the Very Rev. Richard Bowden, Adm., Dublin (who is chairman of the now amalgamated Irish National Aid and Volunteer Dependents' Fund). This, with the £240 cabled to the Archbishop of Dublin soon after the opening of the fund, makes a total of £940 so far sent from South Australia. There is now no doubt that the total will exceed £1000.

Mr. J. F. Collopy, LL.B., of the Commonwealth Treasury, has been appointed a special magistrate for dealing with war and old-age pensions in Tasmania. Mr. Collopy is secretary of the Old Padians' Association, Melbourne, and left for the Island State a few days ago (says the *Sydney Freeman* of February 1). He was equally successful in the athletic as in the intellectual field, carrying off the best prizes at the sports of the Parade college. It is to be hoped that we shall hear no screaming in the sectarian camp, as was the case in Brisbane recently.

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Duhig, Archbishop of Brisbane, when speaking at the opening of a school at Hamilton (Q.) the other day, said that he had been told in the course of a public controversy that no man had ever had greater opportunities than he (Dr. Duhig), and yet he had completely lost them. He could not see where he had missed any opportunities of erecting and opening Catholic schools, presbyteries, churches, and convents; he also did not think that he missed any opportunities of co-operating with the priests, the Christian Brothers, and the nuns in furthering their magnificent work. He did not know that he was in the world to take any other opportunities.

An announcement, made at all churches in the archdiocese of Brisbane on Sunday last (says the *Queensland* correspondent of the *Sydney Freeman* of February 1) to the effect that the Catholic schools would re-open this week, affords a suitable opportunity to refer to the glorious work of Catholic education in Queensland. This is more particularly appropriate as one of the items included in the objects of the newly-formed Bigoted League is 'to maintain the national system of education without endowment, concession, or privilege in any form to any denominational or private schools.' As one eloquent preacher briefly summed up the situation referring to the subject: 'Was there ever a time in the history of Queensland when the Catholic clergy and laity had reason to feel more proud than the present day, when their educational centres are the objects of green eyes of jealousy. To instance the wonderful achievement of education imparted by the teaching Orders, it is only necessary to refer to the results of extension scholarships published last week. They were won by students who two years ago secured State scholarships. Out of some 70 successful students, half that number were those taught in the Catholic colleges. When it is remembered that Catholics are only one-fourth of the population, this result is self-explanatory.'

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THE POPE'S FLAG ON THE SEAS

Since the war began, sundry daring prophets have been lecturing the Pope on the harvest of ill-will towards the Church that his action in maintaining a strict neutrality between the belligerents would reap (says the *Catholic Magazine*). If these would-be Jeremiahs have any real knowledge of European affairs, they must have felt very small, when the following important cable appeared in our papers a short time back:—

'The first appearance of the Papal flag at sea since the loss of the temporal power has now taken place on board the steamer *Nuncios*, which has been brought by the Pope with a view to safeguarding the diplomatic representatives of the Holy See from war risk. The ship, which is painted white and yellow, is making her first voyage to Buenos Aires, carrying the new Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Torregrossa. The Italian Government has permitted the use of Civitavecchia as a permanent harbor.'

The importance of this news can only be fully appreciated by those who know the history of United Italy. It speaks first of all, of a new era of cordiality between the Pope and the Italian Government. Evidently the Government is willing to acknowledge publicly that his Holiness by his wise neutrality has shown himself a true friend to the Italian people. With this idea in mind, the Italian authorities have made a friendly concession in allowing the use of their port to his Holiness.

On the other hand the Austrians, who according to our papers now largely dominate the Adriatic with their fleet and submarines, are prepared to respect the Pope's flag, whilst they are at war with the Italian Government. They too recognise that his Holiness has played the part of friendly neutral. And thus the policy of Benedict XV. has fully vindicated itself. The spiritual ruler of the subjects of Austria and Italy has succeeded in retaining the friendship of both governments and peoples at a time of terrible rancour between the two peoples. And the Pope's flag upon the seas to-day, sailing at peace between the Italian and Austrian fleets, is the symbol of the increase of that spiritual power, which is the real strength of the Papacy.

The white ensign of the Pope, used at sea, has a pure white ground; but the half nearer the staff has embroidered upon it figures of the Apostles Saints Peter and Paul. St. Peter has the keys in his right hand and a volume of the Scripture in his left: he wears a deep yellow garment and a crimson cloak. St. Paul has his left hand upon the hilt of a large sword resting upon the ground: he is arrayed in pink with a blue cloak.

The chief function of the Papal flag has always been to protect the Papal nuncios and legates in their travels abroad. Two years ago we gave, in this magazine, a translation of Cardinal Pacca's account of his eventful journey from Lisbon to Civitavecchia, when he called at Gibraltar on the way and was the guest of their royal highnesses the Duke of Kent (Queen Victoria's father) and the Duke his brother. Cardinal Pacca tells us how he had the Papal flag prepared for use at Lisbon before starting, and as they entered the harbor of Civitavecchia, which was then the chief port of the Papal States, it was unfurled.

Though for a thousand years the Popes had full sovereign and territorial rights, they never kept a fleet that would be of any use for aggressive purposes. The biggest effort that any Pope ever made in this direction was at the famous battle of Lepanto in 1571. And here certainly there was every motive—religious, patriotic, and cultural—for the Head of the Church to use every means possible to roll back the tide of Turkish invasion.

This was the period when the Ottoman power

seemed about to overwhelm the great Christian powers of Europe. The Turks had already overhauled Italy and Greece, and had made various attempts to subjugate Malta and Cyprus, with a view to complete possession of the Mediterranean. The time was critical for religion and civilisation, and the Pope saw it.

Venice and Spain were then the two strongest Catholic maritime powers, and if the Turkish attempt to dominate the seas were to be frustrated, it must be by the co-operation of these that the work would be done. The Venetian ambassador Suriano gives us an idea of the earnestness of the Pope in promoting this naval crusade. 'When I received permission to negotiate with him on that subject,' says Suriano, 'and communicated my instructions for that purpose, he lifted up his hands to heaven offering thanks to God, and promising that his very thought, and all the force he could command, should be devoted to that purpose.'

At the time Pope Pius V. was very short of money, and he had no ship or munitions. Yet he was determined to make great sacrifices, in order to contribute something to the common fleet of Christendom. He levied a tax upon convents and the clergy, and was thus enabled to send a few Papal galleys, to reinforce the quota of the great Powers. It was not a great fleet, but it was the greatest the Popes have ever possessed.

The command of the Christian armada was entrusted to Don John of Austria. The great battle took place at Lepanto, an island in the Ægean Sea due south of Salonika. The opposing forces were about equally matched in ships and men but the Catholic fleet achieved a brilliant victory, which sent the Catholic nations wild with delight. It was the first time that they had conquered the Turks in a big-sea battle. The joy of the faithful at this great feat has been well voiced by G. B. Chesterton in his fine poem *Lepanto*. A few verses will show the spirit of it:

'Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
Thronging of the thousands up that labor under sea
White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for
liberty.

Vivat Hispania!

Domino Gloria!

Don John of Austria

Has set his people free!

The outcome of this battle was such a triumph for the faith, that Pius V., who had ordered the Rosary to be said for the success of the enterprise, added a new invocation to the Litany of Loretto as a thanksgiving. Help of Christians! was the added invocation.

It is extremely improbable that a Papal ship will ever take the seas again for any purposes of aggression. But it is a hopeful sign, in the midst of much darkness, that the nations are showing themselves more and more considerate to the rights of the Holy See. It seems a natural consequence of the sovereign status of the Papacy, acknowledged by the Italian Constitution, that ambassadors and legates of the Pope should be able to go where they choose under their own flag.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND PROGRESS

There has been astounding progress in every department of the human mind in the last 300 years; there has been astounding progress in the Catholic Church in the last 300 years (writes the Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D.D., in the *New York Truth*). The more the world progresses the more the Catholic Church makes progress for progress and Catholicity go hand-in-hand. The Catholic Church has kept steady pace with the increasing progress of the age, and the remarkable progress of the scientific world has been a real help to the progress of the Catholic Church.

The Catholic Church has made her most wonderful progress in the United States, Germany, England, that is in precisely those enlightened countries of the modern world where scientific progress has reached its greatest heights.

The Catholic Church loves education, and her greatest conquests have been in those countries where there has been a high degree of education, such as in the United States, Germany, and England.

The Catholic Church has made its greatest gains in those very countries where there is compulsory education.

In countries where there is no compulsory education, the Catholic Church has made gains only in proportion to the ability of the people to become enlightened; ignorance has always been a hindrance and a handicap to the progress of the Catholic Church.

The Catholic Church has made unexampled progress in spite of the fact that in her doctrines she is irrevocably committed to the past. She cannot change her truths to suit the whims of the latest theorizer, or amateur theologians, any more than the multiplication table can be changed to suit the whims of dishonest stock gamblers.

The Catholic Church has the burden of nineteen centuries on her shoulders, but no one can accuse her of losing her influence over people and nations because she is old. No other form of religion has made enduring conquests at all comparable to hers, none can keep pace with her, and she still is 'up-to-date,' with an answer for every difficulty, a solution for every problem and a solace for every ill of the modern world.

The Catholic Church has made this immense progress because she preaches the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and Him Crucified, and has not betrayed her divine Founder by turning the Institution established by Him into an uplift organisation, a social welfare club, a community centre or a scholastic group for the dissemination of merely humanitarian doctrines.

The Catholic Church has made immense progress in the United States simply because she has steadfastly kept before her eyes the one great purpose of Christ, in founding the Catholic Church—namely, to save men's souls. To develop their bodies, to keep them clean, to teach them to play, to instruct them in folk dancing, to entertain them at the 'movies,' to become an adjunct for political parties, may well be the object of other organisations, but it is not the end for which the Catholic Church was instituted by Christ.

The Catholic Church has made immense progress in the United States and in other parts of the world, in spite of enormous difficulties. She has not had wealth on her side, she pays double rates for the education of her children, she has been the victim of organised subsidized opposition on a colossal scale, and her children have been deliberately excluded from positions of prestige and honor in both public and private life. No human institution could make progress under such terrifying conditions; therefore the Catholic Church must be divine.

The Catholic Church now numbers more than 300,000,000 human beings. That is more than three times the total number of all other forms of Christianity combined. In other words, all other forms of Christianity taken together do not number more than 100,000,000, or just about one-third the number of Catholics in the world.

The progress of the Catholic Church for the last 300 years presents the most remarkable phenomenon of all time. She is the only institution in the world's history that has never revised her constitution, recast her doctrines, nor reshaped her truths to suit the changing fancies of the hour. She teaches to-day the century-old truths that Christ taught, and those will she teach forever, for, like Christ Himself, she is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

THREE GREAT POLES

The death of Henryk Sienkiewicz recalled to Mr. James Morgan, of the *Boston Globe*, an interesting conversation he had while stopping in Warsaw, Poland, some years ago. On the bridge spanning the Vistula he conversed with an aged Polish revolutionist, who might be mistaken 'for one of our own Grand Army men.' He had lived in America for some years after the uprising of 1863 in his own country. Mr. Morgan started kindly memories, by remarking—as he relates in the *Globe*:—

'No living American author is so much read in America as Sienkiewicz.'

'A Pole! A Pole!' he cried with his old face aglow. 'And a dear friend of mine. You must see his house here in Warsaw. He is our National leader, and our whole Nation united to give him a fine country estate on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of his literary labors.'

'No mere politician, no mere agitator could have served us as Sienkiewicz is serving us. He has put philosophy and patience into our too fiery patriotism. He has taught us to wait, but to be getting ready all the time.'

'Paderewski—'

'A Pole! A most loyal Pole. All the nations are at his feet, but there is only one nation in his heart. Three years ago we celebrated at Cracow the 500th anniversary of the defeat of the invading Germans at Tannenberg, or Grunewald, by the Poles under King Jagello. All Poland was at Cracow to see Paderewski unveil the statue of Jagello, which was erected at his own expense; the monument cost him more than 100,000 dollars.

'You should have heard him speak, this pianist who can be an orator, too, when Poland is on his tongue. Not a bitter word fell from his lips. He had raised the monument, he said, not against any nation, and only for the love of his native land.

'Paderewski is of Warsaw. Here he started, very, very poor. And now he is always ready to share his great wealth with us. Just to provide a welcome for the stranger, he built the hotel where you are staying. You like it? Good! some visitors tell us it has no superior in all Europe.'

When I praised the hotel orchestra, he explained that Paderewski insisted it should be the best. 'And whenever he himself can come to Warsaw, the poorest people in town have the privilege of hearing him play in Philharmonic Hall. He charges the well-to-do the full price, but gives all the receipts to charity. Then he plays for the poor without any charge at all. But for the Czar, he will not play. Nor for the Kaiser either.'

'Chopin,' I ventured, 'was half French, was he not?'

'You can't cut a man in two like that,' he mildly reproved me. 'A man is what his heart is, and you saw the heart of Chopin down under the Church of the Holy Cross? Well, it belongs to Poland; he gave it to her.

'Chopin's father was born a Frenchman, but he was a Pole all his long manhood. He adopted our nationality, and he married a Pole. As for his great son, Frederick, he was born a Pole; he lived a Pole, and he died a Pole.'

Domestic

(By MAUREM.)

The Value of Broths.

Broths are not particularly valuable from a nutritive standpoint, but they have a decided stimulating effect (says the *Sacred Heart Review*). In this way the extracts from the meat, contained in the broth, stimulate the gastric juice in the stomach and prepare it for the food which follows. On the contrary, the cheaper, inferior parts of meat yield more nutriment. The chief object in making broth is, of course, to obtain the largest possible amount of nutriment, and this is best accomplished by observing the following rules: Cut meat in small pieces. Soak it in cold water before heating. Make a careful selection and proportion of meat, bone, and water. Usually one pint of water to one pound of meat. Judicious seasoning. Long, slow cooking. Simmer (not boil) in a steam-tight kettle. Make the day before using, so that fat may be removed more easily. Various nourishments may be added to broth—rice, barley, vermicelli, noodles, and the white or whole of egg, etc. Cream soups have a greater food value. Just one caution—when I advise broth before meats I mean not a soup-plateful, but a small cupful to start the gastric juices.

Oranges and Lemons.

Many good cooks advise keeping lemons in cold water, changing it every day, but the dry method is best. When a lemon has been halved or quartered and left unused, it may be kept from drying or moulding for several days by simply turning a tumbler over it to exclude the air. If lemons begin to spoil, wipe the skins with a wet cloth, then with a dry one, and grate off the essential oil with lumps of sugar. Put these in an air-tight glass jar, and keep for flavoring. Then grate off the yellow rind, taking care to get

none of the white pith, and dry, also for flavoring, or shave off the yellow rind and cover with pure spirits of alcohol until a lemon-extract results, better than you can possibly buy. Squeeze out the juice, straining free from seeds, put with it as much sugar as it will take up, and keep in a close sealed glass jar ready for any form of lemonade or fruit punch where the acid of lemons is desired.

Lemons may also be kept for some time by wrapping each in tissue-paper and putting in a tightly-covered jar or pail.

Oranges should be kept in the same way as lemons or spread on a shelf in a cool, airy room, not allowing them to touch, and turning them over every two or three days.

Household Hints.

To keep butter fresh, place in clean pots and surround with charcoal.

Vinegar and salt mixed together will take away stains on china, glass, flower vases, and water-bottles.

If you add the juice of a lemon when making a cake with dripping the cake will taste, when cooked, as though it had been made with the best butter.

When making toast for breakfast, if it has to be done quickly, cut the bread in slices and lay them in the oven whilst preparing the other things. The toast then only requires to be 'shown the fire,' and will be nicely brown and crisp.

It is a good idea when cooking a chicken or game in the oven to roast it in the usual way until it is nicely browned, then turn the back upwards, and leave it until done. In this way the gravy will run into the breast, and make it soft and deliciously tender.

Ink-stains can be removed without injuring the most delicately-colored material. Mix some mustard into a thick paste and spread over the stain. After 24 hours sponge thoroughly with cold water, and no trace of the ink remains. Ink-stains on linen: Put some melted tallow on the mark, then wash the article. Ink and grease will come out together.

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On the Land

GENERAL.

Burnside Stock Report:—Fat Cattle.—Two hundred and nine yarded. The quality was very good. At the commencement of the sale prices were down about 20s per head, but they improved towards the finish. **Fat Sheep.**—1800 were yarded, consisting of fair to medium sheep, with a few pens of extra prime quality. The sale opened with a rise on previous week's market from 1s 6d to 2s, but about the middle of the sale owing to freezing buyers' prices being exceeded, prices dropped to previous week's level. **Fat Lambs.**—Four hundred and fifty lambs were yarded for last week's market, the quality being fair, with a few pens of prime lambs. Prices were on a par with previous week. **Fat Pigs.**—The market for fat pigs improved on previous week's rates, but for young pigs prices showed a drop on late rates.

DISEASES OF CORN CROPS.

A certain amount of disease is to be observed every year among cereal crops, much of which could be prevented if some preventative measures are taken at the time of sowing the grain (says a writer in *Farm, Field, and Fireside*). It so often happens, however, that one is in a hurry to 'catch the season' and cannot spare the time which is necessary for the pickling of the grain, but it is a great mistake not to dress or pickle the grain, as if this became just as compulsory as sheep-dipping less smut, rust, and other destructive diseases would be prevalent at harvest time.

The common fungoid diseases of wheat are
Smut and Bunt,

although there are others less familiar to most farmers, such as rust and mildew, and ear-cockle or pepper-brand, as they are variously termed. Usually the precautions adopted to prevent infection consist in moistening the seed with some solution that will destroy the spores adhering to the grain, otherwise known as 'pickling.'

A solution of copper sulphate is employed as a rule for this purpose, the wheat seed being spread out on the barn floor, sprinkled with a solution, and turned over with a shovel at intervals, so as to ensure the whole of the grain being saturated with the fluid. From 1½lb to 2lb of copper sulphate in two gallons of water makes a solution that is sufficient to dress a quarter of corn. Afterwards the grain is spread out in a thin layer to dry.

Both smut and bunt attack all cereal crops besides wheat, but it is the latter that is chiefly the host of the bunt fungus spore. Smut shows its appearance in the form of diseased grains filled with black, dusty spores, these grains being easily distinguished amongst the other sound ears.

Oats and barley are chiefly susceptible to attack from the smut fungus spore, but the damage it does to the wheat crop is not by any means inconsiderable. One very quickly notices the presence of

Smut in a Crop of Wheat,

for if the diseased ears do not at first catch the eye the black soot-like dust that gathers on the clothes when walking through the corn will quickly indicate its presence. Innumerable spores of the fungus *ustilago* make up this sooty substance, and so powerful is it in destroying the grain that often after a heavy shower of rain the whole of the powdered tissue of the grain is washed away, leaving only a bare spike to denote the ravages of smut. 'Black ears' in the wheat crop, due to the presence of this disease, is sometimes a very serious means of reducing the yield, and every possible precaution should be taken to prevent such attacks. In contrast to smut, bunt does not make its presence known so conspicuously, unless the diseased grain is rubbed or bruised so that the spores can escape.

Wheat Ears Affected With Bunt.

stand more erect than sound ears, because they are not so heavy as the latter, and they also remain green for a longer time towards the approach of harvest. When the grains are rubbed, the fungus spores (*Tilletia*)

escape, and give off a reddish-brown powder, usually described as 'blain' sooty, and which causes a total deterioration in the quality of the flour made from such grain.

At one time it was thought that the fungus grew in the tissue of the plant while it was in the seedling stage, and continued growing there until it reached the ear; hence the familiar practice of pickling the seed. Now, however, it has been proved that the roots of the wheat plants are first attacked, and not the seedling plants themselves.

Prevention.

In the absence of any other successful method of treating smut in wheat or barley, it may be remarked that some good may be done by placing the seed in a canvas bag and immersing it in a solution of formalin, compounded by dissolving one pint of that substance (40 per cent. strength) in 36 gallons of water.

Thirty bushels of seed may be treated in this way, and the bag should be allowed to remain in the liquid for at least ten minutes, being afterwards spread out to dry. The same treatment may be adopted in the case of bunt with a certain amount of success, or a copper sulphate solution may be used instead. In the latter case 1lb of bluestone should be dissolved in a gallon of water and sprinkled over a sack (four bushels) of corn as it lies on the floor.

Another remedy for the prevention of smut or bunt in wheat is to soak it in hot water at a temperature of, say, 130 deg. F., and providing the seed is first immersed several times in cold water before sowing this treatment will not have any bad effect upon the vitality of the seed, but will prove, to a certain extent, efficacious in destroying the fungus spores of smut and bunt.

Rust in wheat may be found in most seasons, when it is noticed that certain wheat stalks are blotched with brown or black marks, arranged more or less in lines, the rust-like appearance of these blotches giving rise to the name of the disease, the presence of which is so indicated—namely, rust. This rust is, however, only the forerunner of a serious fungoid pest known as

Mildew.

When the blotches turn almost a complete black, the mildew has seized upon the plant, and the latter is then unable to form seed in a healthy state, so that the grain is either very much shrivelled when it is formed or else there is no grain at all.

Damp, low-lying soils are especially favorable to mildew in wheat, but in almost any situation this and the other forms of fungus diseases that have been mentioned above will be more or less prevalent if the variety of what cultivated is not well adapted to the peculiar nature of the soil and climate in which it is grown. The farmer needs to ascertain which particular variety suits his land best for this reason alone, if for no other. Similarly, in order to avoid the presence of mildew or smut or bunt in the wheat crop, attention must be given to such preparations as will ensure a strong, healthy plant, as, for instance, the best methods of cultivation, seasonable sowings, good drainage, judicious manuring, and a clean seed-bed.

There is a disease known as

Ear-Cockle or Pepper-Brand,

which causes the wheat plant to develop a kind of gall-like peppercorn, instead of a grain of ordinary size. At first sight this gall appears to contain a quantity of some fibrous material, but as a matter of fact the latter is composed of innumerable minute eelworms, which are supposed to ascend from the moist soil below through the sap into the grain. It is a disease that does not do a great amount of harm to the wheat crop, and in any case it is improbable that either the copper sulphate or the formalin solutions would have any appreciable effect in destroying the eelworms.

Prevention is best accomplished, however, by taking care that none of these peppercorns are sown with the seed. Another practice that often proves successful in preventing this disease amongst the wheat plants is that of soaking the seed in a weak solution of sulphuric acid. The latter does not effect the germinating capacity of the wheat grain, but it kills the peppercorns, or at any rate the latter float on the surface of the liquid and can be easily skimmed off.

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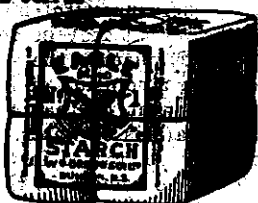
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MY COOKY MAN.

With currants for his eyes and nose,
And raisins for his ears,
You really cannot think how fine
My cooky man appears.

And when he's baked a golden brown,
With sugar glistening white
Upon his face and on his coat
I take a tiny bite.

Beginning at his toes, and then—
It is so hard to stop—
I eat some more, and then some more,
Until I reach the top.

And then my cooky man is gone,
And I am very sad.
But Norah says, 'Cheer up, my dear,
You mustn't feel so bad!

'You're learning now a lesson that
You'll find through life is true:
There's no one ever yet could eat
His cake, and keep it, too!'

IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

John Brown was very proud and happy. He was a member of his first baseball club—not a little one, but a regular club with a name. The boys thought and talked a long time about that name. It was so hard to get one that was good enough. Someone proposed the name 'The Giants,' but as the club was made up of the smallest players in the town, they decided not to use that name, for fear that someone would make fun of them.

'But never mind; we'll play as well as the Giants some day,' said the little captain, who was full of courage.

At last they decided on 'Star,' and each player was to wear the name in red letters on a grey sweater. The day that the letters came John Brown ran home in great excitement. Shouting with joy, he ran upstairs.

'Where is mother?' he asked.

'Mother has gone away to spend the day,' answered his sister Jessie.

'Oh, pshaw! Just when I want her most!' sighed John. 'I don't suppose you can sew, can you, Jess?'

'Certainly I can sew,' she answered briskly. 'Mother says that I can sew very well indeed.'

'Then could you sew these letters on my sweater?'

Jessie was very anxious to read the next chapter of her book. 'Do you have to have it done just this minute, John?' she asked. 'I'll surely do it for you to-morrow morning.'

'We want to play to-morrow and wear our suits, and I do want mine like the others.' There are only four little letters. See, here they are; and they go on like this—straight across the front, so, S-T-A-R. I shall be back when it's done.'

Jessie was very fond of her brother, and so she laid aside her fascinating story, got out her workbasket, and basted all the letters firmly into place. She held the sweater up in front of her and looked in the glass to see the effect.

'Yes; they're all right,' she said; 'so I'll sew them on without waiting for John. Won't he be pleased!'

Jessie sewed steadily away until all the letters were fast. Then she laid the sweater on John's bed and went back to her book. She was so interested that she did not hear the front door open and someone run rapidly upstairs. But she did hear, a minute later, John's door banged violently, and his angry voice shouted:

'You're a mean thing, Jessie Brown, and I'll never forgive you!'

'Why, John, what is the matter? What have I done?'

'Done! Why, you know well enough what you've done. It was real mean of you to put those letters on that way, and I'll never forgive you for doing it, either!'

'Why, they are right. I looked in the glass to see before I began sewing.'

'Well, you didn't look straight, then,' answered the disappointed boy, standing before the mirror. 'See there, it spells "R-A-T-S" as plain as can be. I would not wear a thing like that.'

'Jessie laughed. 'It only looks so in the glass—that turns it backward,' she said. 'Take off the sweater and let me show you how it works.'

'Yes, I'll take it off, and keep it off; for I'll never be called rats,' answered her cross brother.

Jessie took the sweater and held it up before John.

'Now, what is it?' she asked, as she held the sweater before him.

'A very surprised lad answered, 'Why—it is Star! I didn't know that the looking-glass made things read backward. I'm sorry that I was so cross.'

So John wore his sweater, but he never liked to look in the mirror when he was dressed in his baseball suit.

NOT WHAT THE CHAPLAIN WANTED.

Young Mr. Halowell, who was not much of a preacher, was appointed chaplain on a battleship. He desired to amuse, as well as instruct his men, and to that end he arranged a magic lantern lecture upon Bible scenes and incidents.

A sailor who possessed a gramophone was secured to discourse appropriate music between the slides. The first picture shown was Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The sailor cudgelled his brains and ran through his repertoire, but he could think of no piece exactly appropriate.

'Play up, play up,' whispered the chaplain.

Suddenly an inspiration struck the sailor, and, to the consternation of the chaplain and the delight of the audience, the gramophone squawked out:

'There is only one girl in this world for me.'

THE SENTRY'S REPLY.

A Scotch sentry had considerable trouble with a batch of German prisoners who behaved in a high-handed manner. On being reprimanded, one of the latter, drawing himself to his full height, exclaimed: 'Don't you know I vos a Pomeranian?'

'It disna matter if ye were a Newfoundland,' was the answer; 'ye've got tae gie in tae the British bulldog.'

A CHANGE OF SPORT.

The following story is related of a popular Archdeacon, who was of a sporting turn of mind. While out one day, with his dog and gun, he met a parishioner.

'I hope,' said the Archdeacon, 'you attend church regularly and read your Bible?'

'I do read my Bible,' replied the parishioner, and added, in a severe tone, 'but I nowhere find that the Apostles went out shooting.'

'No,' said the Archdeacon, 'the shooting was very bad in Palestine so they went fishing instead.'

THE MESSAGE HE RECEIVED.

This comes from a Y.M.C.A. hut, so it ought to be true. The recruits were receiving lessons in passing messages to the rear of a column. The officer in charge of the leading company sent the order, 'Going to advance; send reinforcements.'

astonishment of the other commanding the re-
serves on receiving the message thus: "Going to a
dance, send three and fourpence."

HANDY STUFF.

A little man with long hair was sitting quietly in the bar-parlour of the Punch and Pewter, when the talk suddenly veered round to hair-producers.

'If anyone ain't tried "Quickcrop,"' he suddenly declared, 'they dunno wot 'air tonics is. It'll do anythink from raisin' a-crop o' kiss-curls round a 'en-s-egg to gettin' you mistook for a poet. The most marvellous thing it ever done in my 'ouse wos wen a couple o' friends dropped in unexpected to supper. We 'adn't got a thing in the 'ouse to eat, so the misses rubs some o' this 'ere "Quickcrop" inside a jar, pops it in the oven, an' ten minutes later we wos settin' down to some o' the finest jugged 'are we'd ever—'

A pint pot whizzed across the bar-parlor; but the little man with the long hair had fled.

THE DOCTOR'S REVENGE.

The doctor shook his head, and looked serious.

'Hum!' he said, after feeling the patient's pulse and taking his temperature. 'You're very ill indeed.'

'Y-you don't say so, doctor!' gasped the man, as he turned pale. 'Am I coming down with some serious illness?'

'You are liable to, sir, unless you follow out my directions to the letter. Let's see. Do you go to Jointer, the butcher?'

'Yes, doctor.'

'You must buy your meat after this at some other shop. It will be somewhat of a change, I think. Does Sander, the grocer, get your custom?'

'He does, doctor—all of it in that line.'

'Just so. I must caution you to change grocers for awhile. Even that will be a little change in your diet. Who's your baker?'

'Why, Flowers, at the corner.'

'Then buy your bread somewhere else, so as to have a complete change in food all round. That's all, I believe. Follow those directions faithfully, take this prescription and have it made up, and you'll be a different man in a week.'

And as the sick man walked out, the doctor rubbed his hands and chuckled to himself:—

'This is the fifth patient I have given the same advice to in the last three days. Sue me for their little bill, will they? Well, it's my opinion that by the end of the month Jointer, Sander, and Flowers will be driven so far out of business that they will never get in again.'

WHAT HE KNEW ABOUT IT.

The new woman orator waxed eloquent.

'And what,' she demanded, as she came to the climax, 'is to be the result of our emancipation?'

She looked around with the calm assurance of one who had asked a poser, and this was too much for the little man who was waiting for his wife in a far corner of the hall.

'I know,' he shouted.

'Ah,' returned the new woman on the platform, scornfully, 'the little man with the bald head thinks he has solved the problem that we came here to discuss this afternoon. We will gladly give our attention while he tells us what is to be the result.'

'Cold dinners and ragged children,' roared the little man.

STILL THE CAPTAIN TOLD HIM.

An Englishman, touring through America, went on board a steamer late one night, and on the follow-

ing morning, as he was about to go to bed, he heard the captain say to a passenger: 'What would you kindly tell me what lake I'm on?'

'The Lake Huron,' replied the captain, and turned away.

The Englishman looked puzzled for a moment, and then, following the captain, began again, 'I beg your pardon, you said—'

'It's the Lake Huron,' roared the captain, thinking the man was deaf.

'Yes, I know,' persisted the passenger, 'but what's the name of the lake that I'm on?'

'The Lake Huron!' shouted the captain, incensed at what he thought gross stupidity, and he turned away to relieve himself by railing at one of the hands. The Englishman looked more puzzled than ever.

'The lake you're on is the lake you're on. Of course it is! The lake I'm on can't help being the lake I'm on. What impertinence! Let me look in my guide-book; perhaps that will tell me.'

It did tell him; and then the humor of the situation suddenly dawned upon him.

'HOWLERS.'

Amongst the gems of history answers on examination papers are the following:—

'The courage of the Turks is explained by the fact that a man with more than one wife is more willing to face death than if he had only one.'

'Julius Caesar was murdered at the Cinema House.'

'When the last French attack at Waterloo proved a failure, Napoleon turned very pale and rode at full gallop to St. Helena.'

Among 'howlers' on general subjects were the following:—

'Ambiguity means telling the truth when you don't mean to.'

'The flannelette peril means petticoat government.'

'Much butter is imported from Denmark, because Danish cows have greater enterprise and superior technical education to ours.'

A schoolboy 'howler' is quoted by Sir John Struthers in his annual report on secondary education in Scotland. Discussing the history papers produced at a recent examination, Sir John remarks that much vagueness still prevails in the use of ecclesiastical terms, and that this vagueness extends to prominent personalities. Luther, for instance, was written about as if he had been Wycliff, Calvin, Latimer, or even John Knox. But the palm for confused thinking of all sorts was easily earned by the author of the following: 'When the South Sea Bubble was drawn up, in the reign of Charles, the men placed it on the table, and, sending for Cromwell, asked him to sign it. Cromwell, when he saw the document, put on a stern look, and, swinging his hand in the air, with a loud voice shouted, "Take away that bubble!"'

ONE FOR THE BARBER.

The barber's shop was well patronised, when in walked a shabby stranger.

'Good morning, sir!' called the barber, doubtfully.

'Good morning!' replied the stranger. 'My good man, will you shave one side of my face for a penny?'

The barber winked at his waiting customers.

'Certainly,' he replied. 'Take a seat, please.'

Presently it was the shabby stranger's turn to occupy the seat of honor. 'Now, which side shall I shave?' asked the barber, as he waved the lathering brush in the air.

'The outside,' replied the shabby stranger, meekly.

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