

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 13, Sunday.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
 „ 14, Monday.—St. Boniface, Martyr.
 „ 15, Tuesday.—Blessed John de la Salle, Confessor.
 „ 16, Wednesday.—St. Ubaldu, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 17, Thursday.—Feast of the Ascension (Holiday of Obligation).
 „ 18, Friday.—St. Venantius, Martyr.
 „ 19, Saturday.—St. Peter Celestine, Pope and Confessor.

Feast of the Ascension of Our Blessed Lord.

Christ risen from the dead remained forty days on earth instructing His Apostles, and proving beyond doubt the truth of His Resurrection. At the end of that time He ascended into Heaven from Mount Olivet, in full view of His Apostles. Thus He secured for His sacred humanity the happiness and glory which He had merited by His sufferings, and at the same time opened to us the gates of Heaven. From the time of the Apostles this event has been commemorated in the Church by a special feast.

St. Peter Celestine, Pope and Confessor.

St. Peter, a native of Southern Italy, spent the greater part of a very austere life in solitude. In his old age he found himself unexpectedly elected Pope. He endeavored in vain to decline the proffered office, but at length yielded to the importunities of kings and cardinals. Considering, however, that through inexperience of the world he was unfitted for the government of the Church, he resigned the Pontificate after four months, with the object of spending the remainder of his days in the retirement of his monastery. He died about eighteen months after his resignation. A. D. 1296.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS.

Blessed be the Name of Jesus,
 Jehovah, helper, Saviour, King;
 Once announced by radiant angel
 To Maiden-Mary, wondering.

Blessed be the Name of Jesus,
 For no other Name is given;
 Under Heaven, for man's salvation,
 Sorrowing souls by it forgiven.

The enemy of souls pursues us,
 As we falter on the way—
 Calling on the Name of Jesus,
 Sin and Death, release their prey.

A mighty tower is His Name,
 He the Rock, and sure foundation;
 In that fortress we are safe,
 In that shelter, our salvation.

Blessed be Thy Name, O Jesus,
 Worthy of all adoration!
 Veiled angels bow before Thee,
 Earth and Heaven, with all creation,
 Loudly sing in sweet accord:
 'Holy, holy, holy Lord.'

—Eliza G. Pember.

Our material works decay, our spiritual works live and augment. 'Can we wonder that men perish and are forgotten,' says Ansonius, 'when their noblest and most enduring works decay?' Let us, therefore, do spiritual works of virtue, and live forever.

The Storyteller

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE

(Continued.)

27th.

I feare me they parted unfriendlie; I hearde *Father* say, 'Thus much I have a Right to bind thee to, that thou indoctrinate not her in thine owne Heresies. Thou shalt not imperill the Salvation of my Child.'

Since this there has beene an irresistibile Gloom on our Spiritts, a Cloud between my Husband's Soul and mine, without a Word spoken. I pray, but my Prayers seem dead.

Thursday, 28th.

Last Night, after seeking unto this Saint and that, methought, 'Why not applie unto the Fountain Head? Maybe these holie Spiritts may have Limitations sett to the Power of their Intercessions at anie Rate, the Ears of *Mary-mother* are open to alle.'

Soe I beganne, '*Ea mater, fons amoris.*'

Then methoughte, 'But I am onlie asking *her* to intercede—I'll mount a Step higher still.'

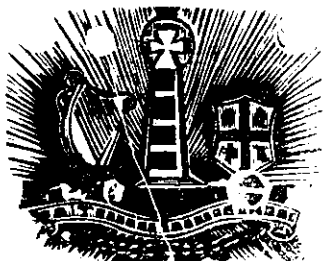
Then I turned to the great Intercessor of alle. But methought, 'Still he intercedes with another, although the same. And his owne Saying was, "In that Day ye shall ask *me nothing*. Whatsoever ye shall ask in my Name, *he* will give it you." Soe I did.

I fancy I fell asleep with the Tears on my Cheek. *Will* had not come up Stairs. Then came a heavie, heavie Sleep, not such as giveth Rest; and a dark, wild Dream. Methought I was tired of waiting for *Will*, and became alarmed. The Night seemed a Month long, and at last I grew soe weary of it, that I arose, put on some Clothing, and went in search of him whom my Soul loveth. Soon I founde him, sitting in a Muse; and said, '*Will*, deare *Will*!' but he hearde me not; and, going up to touch him, I was amazed to be brought short up or ever I reached him, by Something invisible betwixt us, hard and clear, and colde, . . . in short, a Wall of Ice! Soe it seemed, in my strange Dreame. I pushed at it, but could not move it: called to him, but could not make him hear: and all the While my Breath, I suppose, raised a Vapour on the glassy Substance, that grew thicker and thicker, soe as slowlie to hide him from me. I could discern his Head and Shoulders, but not see down to his Heart. Then I shut mine Eyes in despair, and when I opened 'em, he was hidden altogether.

Then I prayed. I put my hot Brow agaynst the Ice, and I kept a weeping hot Tears, and the warm Breath of Prayer kept issuing from my Lips: and still I was persisting, when, or ever I knew how, the Ice beganne to melt! I felt it giving Way! and, looking up, could in joyfulle Surprise just discern the Lineaments of a Figure close at Cother Side; the Face turned away, but yet in the Guise of listening. And, Images being apt to seem magnified and distorted through Vapours, methought 'twas altogether bigger than *Will*, yet himself, nothingthelesse; and, the Barrier between us having sunk away to Breast-height, I layd mine Hand on's Shoulder, and he turned his Head, smiling, though in Silence; and . . . oh, Heaven! 'twas not *Will*, but —

What could I doe, even in my Dreame, but fall at his Feet? What could I doe, waking but the same? 'Twas Grey of Morn; I was feverish and unrefreshed, but I wanted noe more lying a-bed. *Will* had arisen and gone forthe; and I, as quicklie as I could made myself readie, sped after him.

I know not what I expected, nor what I meant to say. The Moment I opened the Door of his Closett, I stopt short. There he stode, in the Centre of the Chamber; his Hand resting flat on an open Book, his Head raised somewhat up, his Eyes fixed on Something or some One, as though in speaking Communion with 'em; his whole Visage lightened up and glorified



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with an unspeakable Calm and Grandeur that seemed to transfigure him before me; and, when he heard me Step, he turned about, and 'steade of histinc me away, helde out his Arms. . . . We parted without neede to utter a Word.

June, 1530.

Events have followed too quick and thick for me to note 'em. Firste, *Father's* Embassado to *Cambray*, which I shoulde have grieved at more on our owne Accounts, had it not broken off alle further Collision with *Will*. Thoroughlie homesick, while abroad, poor *Father* was; then, on his Return, he noe sooner sett his Foot a-land, than the King summoned him to *Woodstock*. 'Twas a Couple o' Nights after he left us, that *Will* and I were roused by *Patteson's* shouting beneath our Window, 'Fire, fire, quote *Jeremiah!*' and the House was a-fire, sure enow. Greate part of the Men's Quarter, together with alle the Out-houses and Barns, consumed without Remedie, and alle through the Carelessness of *John Holt*. Howbeit noe Lives were lost, nor any one much hurt; and we thankfullie obeyed deare *Father's* Behest, soe soone as we received the same, that we woulde get us to Church, and there, upon our Knees, return humble and hartly Thanks to ALMIGHTY GOD for our late Deliverance from a fearfulle Death. Alsoe, at *Father's* Desire, we made up to the poor People on our Premises theire various Losses, which he bade us doe, even if it left him without soe much as a Spoon.

But then came an equallie unlookt-for, and more appalling Event: the Fall of my *Lord Cardinall*, whereby my *Father* was shortlie raised to the highest Pinnacle of professional Greatnesse; being made *Lord Chancellor*, to the Content, in some Sort, of *Wolsey* himself, who sayd he was the onlie Man fit to be his Successor.

The unheard-of Splendour of his Installation dazzled the Vulgar; while the Wisdom that marked the admirable Discharge of his daylie Duties, won the Respect of alle thinking Men, but surprized none who already knew *Father*. On the Day succeeding his being sworn in, *Patteson* marched hither, and thither, bearing a huge Placard, inscribed, 'Partnership Dissolved'; and appparelled himself in an old Suit on which he had bestowed a Coating of black Paint, Weepers of white Paper; assigning for't that 'his Brother was dead.' 'For now,' quoth he, 'that they've made him *Lord Chancellor*, we shall ne'er see Sir *Thomas* more.'

Now, although the poor *Cardinall* was commonlie helde to shew much Judgment in his Decisions, owing to the naturall Soundness of his Understanding, yet, being noe Lawyer, Abuses had multiplied during his Chancellorship, more especiallie in the Way of enormous Fees and Gratuities. *Father*, not content with shunning base Lucre in his proper Person, will not let anie one under him, to his Knowledge, touch a Bribe; whereat *Dancey*, after his funny Fashion, complains, saying,—

'The Fingers of my *Lord Cardinall's* veriest Door-keepers were tipt with Gold, but I, since I married your Daughter, have got noe Pickings: which in your Case may be commendable, but in mine is nothing profitable.'

Father, laughing, makes Answer,—

'Your Case is hard, Son *Dancey*, but I can onlie say for your Comfort, that, soe far as Honesty and Justice are concerned, if mine owne *Father*, whom I reverence dearly, stode before me on the one Hand, and the Devil, whom I hate extremely, on the other, yet, the Cause of the latter being just, I shoulde give the Devil his Due.'

Giles Heron hath found this to his Cost. Presuming on his near Connexion with my *Father*, he refused an equitable Accommodation of a Suit, which, thereon, coming into Court, *Father's* Decision was given flat agaynst him.

His Decision agaynst *Mother* was equallie impartiall, and had Something comique in it. Thus it befelle.—A beggar-woman's little Dog, which had bene stolen from her, was offered my *Mother* for Sale, and she bought it for a Jewel of no greate Value. After

a Week or soe, the Owner finds where her dog is, and cometh to make Complaynt of the Theft to *Father*, then sitting in his Hall. Sayth *Father*, 'Let's have a faire Hearing in open Court; thou, *Mistress*, stand there where you be, to have impartial Justice; and thou, Dame *Alice*, come up hither, because thou art of the higher degree. Now then, call each of you the Puppy, and see which he will follow.' Soe *Sweetheart*, in spite of *Mother*, springs off to the old Beggar-woman, who, unable to keep from laughing, and yet moved at *Mother's* Losse, sayth—

'Tell 'ee what, *Mistress* . . . thee shalt have 'un for a Groat.'

'Nay,' sayth *Mother*, 'I won't mind giving thee a Piece of Gold'; soe the Bargain was satisfactorily concluded.

Father's Despatch of Business is such, that, one Morning before the End of Term, he was tolde there was noe other Cause nor Petition to be sett before him; the which, being a Case unparalleled, he desired mighte be formally recorded.

He ne'er commences Business in his owne Court without first stepping into the Court of King's Bench, and there kneeling down to receive my Grandfather's Blessing. *Will* sayth 'tis worth a World to see the Unction with which the deare old Man bestows it on him.

In Rogation-week, following the Rood as usual round the Parish, *Heron* counselled him to go a Horse-back for the greater Seemliness, but he made Answer that 'twoulde be unseemlie indeede for the Servant to ride after his Master going afoot.

His Grace of *Norfolk*, coming yesterday to dine with him, finds him in the Church-choir, singing, with a Surplice on.

'What?' cries the Duke, as they walk Home together, 'my *Lord Chancellor* playing the Parish-clerk? Sure, you dishonor the King and his Office.'

'Nay,' says *Father*, smiling, 'your Grace must not deem that the King, your Master and mine, will be offended at my honouring his Master.'

Sure, 'tis pleasant to heare *Father* taking the upper Hand of these great Folks: and to have 'em coming and going, and waiting his Pleasure, because he is the Man whom the King delighteth to honour.

True, indeed, with *Wolsey* 'twas once the same; but *Father* neede not feare the same Ruin; because he hath HIM for his Friend, whom *Wolsey* said woulde not have forsaken him had he served HIM as he served his earthly Master. 'Twas a misproud Priest; and there's the Truth on't. And *Father* is not misproud; and I don't believe we are; though proud of him we cannot fail to be.

And I know not why we may not be pleased with Prosperitie, as well as patient under Adversitie; as long as we say, 'Thou, LORD, hast made our Hill soe strong.' 'Tis more difficult to bear with Comeliness, doubtlesse; and envious Folks there will be; and we know alle Things have an End, and everie Sweet hath its Sour, and everie Fountain its Fall; but . . . 'tis very pleasant for all that.

Tuesday, 31st, 1532.

Who coulde have thoughte that those ripe Grapes whereof dear *Gaffer* ate so plentifulle, should have ended his Dayes? This Event hath filled the House with Mourning. He had us all about his Bed to receive his Blessing; and 'twas piteous to see *Father* fall upon his Face, as *Joseph* on the Face of *Jacob*, and weep upon him and kiss him. Like *Jacob*, my Grand-sire lived to see his duteous Son attain to the Height of earthlie Glory, his Heart unspoyled and untouched.

July, 1532.

The Days of Mourning for my Grand-sire are at an end; yet *Father* still goeth heavilie. This Forenoon, looking forthe of my Lattice, I saw him walking along the River Side, his Arm cast about *Will's* Neck; and 'twas a dearer Sight to my Soul than to see the King walking there with his Arm around *Father's* Neck. They seemed in such earnest Converse, that I was avised to ask *Will*, afterwards, what they had bene saying. He told me that, after much friendly Chat together on

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this and that, *Father* fell into a Muse, and presently, fetching a deep Sigh, says,—

'Would to God, Son *Roper*, on Condition three Things were well established in Christendom, I were put into a Sack, and cast presently into the *Thames*.' *Will* sayth, —

'What three soe great Things can they be, *Father*, as to move you to such a Wish?'

'In Faith, *Will*,' answers he, 'they be these. First, that whereas the most Part of Christian Princes be at War, they were at Universal Peace. Next, that whereas the Church of Christ is at present sore afflicted with divers Errors and Heresies, it were well settled in a godly Uniformity. Last, that this Matter of the *King's* Marriage were, to the Glory of God, and the Quietness of alle Parties, brought to a good Conclusion.'

Indeed, this last Matter preys on my *Father's* Soul. He hath even knelt to the *King*, to refrain from exacting Compliance with his Grace's Will concerning it; movingly reminding him, even with Tears, of his Grace's own Words to him on delivering the Great Seal, 'First look unto God, and, after God, unto me.' But the *King* is heady in this Matter: stubborn as a Mule or wild Ass's Colt, whose Mouths must be held with Bit and Bridle if they be to be governed at alle: and the *King* hath taken the Bit between his Teeth, and there is none dare ride him. Alle for Love of a brown Girl, with a Wen on her Throat, and an extra Finger.

July 18th.

How short a Time agoe it seemeth, that in my Prosperity I sayd, 'We shall never be moved; Thou, LORD, of Thy goodness hast made our Hill soe strong!' 'Thou didst turn away thy Face, and I was troubled!'

28th.

Thus sayth *Plato*: of Him whom he soughte, but hardly found: Truth is his Body, and Light his Shadow.' A marvellous Saying for a Heathen.

Hear also what St. *John* sayth: 'God is Light: and in Him is no Darknesse at all.' And the Light was the Life of Men: and the Light shineth in Darkness, and the Darkness comprehended it not.'

Hear also what St. *Augustine* sayth: 'They are the most uncharitable towards Error who have never experienced how hard a Matter it is to come at the Truth.'

Hard, indeed. Here's *Father* agaynst *Will*, and agaynst *Erasmus*, of whom he once could not speak well enough; and now he says that if he upholds such and such Opinions his dear *Erasmus* may be the Devil's *Erasmus* for what he cares. And here's *Father* at Issue with half the learned Heads in Christendom concerning the *King's* Marriage. And yet, for alle that, I think *Father* is in the Right.

He taketh Matters soe to Heart that e'en his Appetite fails. Yesterday he put aside his old favorite Dish of Brewis, saying, 'I know not how 'tis, good *Alice*; I've lost my Stomach, I think, for my old Relishes' . . . and this, e'en with a Tear in his Eye. But 'twas not the Brewis, I know, that made it start.

Aug.

He hath resigned the Great Seal! And none of us knew of his having done soe, nor e'en of his meditating it, till after Morning Prayers to-day, when, insteade of one of his Gentlemen stepping up to my Mother in her Pew, with the Words, 'Madam, my Lord is gone,' he cometh up to her himself, with a Smile on's Face, and sayth, low bowing as he spoke, 'Madam, my Lord is gone.' She takes it for one of the manie Jests whereof she misses the Point; and 'tis not till we are out of Church, in the open Air, that she fully comprehends my *Lord Chancellor* is indeed gone, and she hath onlie her *Sir Thomas More*.

A Burst of Tears was no more than was to be lookt for from poor Mother: and, in Sooth, we alle felt aggrieved and mortyfyde enough; but 'twas a short Sorrow; for *Father* declared that he had cast *Pelion* and *Ossa* off his Back into the bottomless Pit; and fell into such funny Antics that we were soon as merry as ever we were in our Lives. *Patteson*, so soon

as he hears it, comes leaping and skipping across the Garden, crying, 'A fatted Calf! let a fatted Calf be killed, Masters and Mistresses, for this my Brother who was dead is alive again!' and falls a kissing his Hand. But poor *Patteson's* Note will soon change; for *Father's* diminished State will necessitate the Dismissal of all extra Hands; and there is manie a Servant under his Roof whom he can worse spare than the poor Fool.

In the Evening he gathers us alle about him in the Pavilion, where he throws himself into his old accustomed Seat, casts his Arm about *Mother*, and cries, 'How glad must *Cincinnatus* have been to spy out his Cottage again, with *Rachia* standing at the Gate!' Then, called for Curds and Cream; sayd how sweet the soft Summer Air was coming over the River, and bade *Cecil* sing 'The *King's* Hunt's Up.' After this, one Ballad after another was called for, till alle had sung their Lay, ill or well, he listing the While with closed Eyes, and a composed Smile about his Mouth; the two Furrows between his brows relaxing graduallie till at length they could no more be seene. At last he says, —

'Who was that old Prophet that could not or would not prophesy for a *King* of *Judah* till a Minstrel came and played unto him? Sure, he must have loved, as I do, the very lovely Song of one that playeth well upon an Instrument, yeleft the Human Heart; and have felt, as I do now, the Spirit given him to speak of Matters foreign to his Mind. 'Tis of *res angusta domi*, dear Brats, I must speak: soe, the sooner begun, the sooner over. Here am I, with a dear Wife and eight loved Children . . . for my daughters' Husbands and my Son's Wife are my Children as much as any: and *Mercy Giggis* is a Daughter too . . . nine Children, then, and eleven Grandchildren, and a Swarm of Servants to boot, all of whom have as yet eaten what it pleased them, and drunken what it suited them at my Board, without its being any one's Businesse to say them nay. 'Twas the dearest Privilege of my *Lord Chancellor*; but now he's dead and gone, how shall we contract the Charges of *Sir Thomas More*?'

We looked from one to another, and were silent.

'I'll tell ye, dear ones, he went on. 'I have been brought up at *Oxford*, at an Inn of Chancery, at *Lincoln's* Inn, and at the *King's* Court; from the lowest Degree, that is, to the highest: and yet have I in yearly Revenues at this Present, little above one Hundred Pounds a-year: but then, as *Chilo* sayth, "honest Loss is preferable to dishonest Gain: by the first, a Man suffers once: by the second for ever;" and I may take up my Parable with *Samuel*, and say: "Whose Ox have I taken? whose Ass have I taken? whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? of whose Hand have I received any Bribe to blinde mine Eyes therewith?" No, my worst Enemies cannot lay to my Charge any of these Things; and my Trust in you is, that, rather than regret I should not have made a Purse by any such base Methods, you will all cheerfully contribute your Proportions to the common Fund, and share and share alike with me in this my diminished State.'

We all gat about him, and by our Words and Kisses gave Warrant that we would.

'Well, then,' quoth he, 'my Mind is, that since we are all of a Will to walk down-hill together, we will do soe at a breathing Pace, and not drop down like a Plummet. Let all Things be done decently and in order: we won't descend to *Oxford* Fare first, nor yet to the Fare of *New Inn*. We'll begin with *Lincoln's* Inn Diet, whereon many good and wise Men thrive well; if we find this draw too heavily on the Common-Purse, we will, next Year, come down to *Oxford* Fare, with which many great and learned Doctors have been conversant; and, if our Purse stretch not to cover e'en this, why, in Heaven's Name! we'll go begging together, with Staff and Wallet, and sing a *Salve Regina* at every good Man's Door, whereby we shall still keep Company, and be merry together!'

(To be continued.)

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A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

Six-year-old Reggie Reynolds was having a birthday party. His young invited guests romped through sitting-room, corridors, bedrooms, chased one another around the porches, and had an occasional race across the green sward of the front yard. They were a happy lot. Father was not at home, for a wage-earner in a large factory is seldom honored with a holiday when the kids have a birthday party, but mother was there, everywhere attentive and watchful, and the little people did not lack for suggestions as to their games and amusements; and when supper was served around the big cake with six wax candles stuck through the frosting, she was the presiding genius that gave animation to the whole. And when the childish chatter grew too loud, and the calls for ice cream and cake waxed too frequent, mother was there to restrain the one and moderate the other. Then came the good-byes, the wrapping-up in scarfs and hoods, and the farewell wishes, expressed with the happy innocence of childhood. And when it was all over, Mrs. Reynolds, tired, but filled with rejoicing because her first-born had spent so happy an afternoon, sat in the large wicker rocking chair, and folded to her bosom the noisy youngster who had been the occasion of the boisterous feast.

'Mama,' said Reggie, after an interval in which he had apparently been struggling with some mathematical problem, 'am I really six years old to-day?'

'Yes, my son, you are six years old; just think what a big boy you are getting to be.'

'Then, mama, I can go to school, can't I?'

'Yes, my dear; we have been thinking of sending you just as soon as you were old enough. You have now reached the age when the school authorities will admit you to school, and as school opens next week, you must prepare to go.'

'Will I go to the big public school on the corner where Johnny Hutson goes?'

Mrs. Reynolds was silent. She was an intelligent woman, a woman who had travelled, who was acquainted with up-to-date methods of education, and she was an impartial student of affairs. She was not a Christian woman, but she had seen enough of the public schools of that place to form a very unfavorable opinion of them. Her neighbors had told her of the influences at work in those institutions, of the lack of moral training, of the close intermingling of the sexes, with the pernicious effects produced, of the slangy habits of speech, the unclean utterances of many of the boys, and the disregard of courtesy and politeness that seemed a necessary concomitant of a child's education. She was acquainted with several of the teachers in the big public school on the corner; and while she knew nothing against their moral character, she had heard them utter atheistic doctrines that astonished her, worldling as she was, and made her averse to putting her boy under their charge.

'I do not know, Reggie,' Mrs. Reynolds said, after awhile, 'I shall talk it over with papa. I have been thinking that the Lutheran school would be the best place for you. You would have a little farther to go, but a great big boy like you wouldn't mind that'; and she drew the child closer, and kissed him.

'Oh, I wouldn't mind it, mama, for you know I have my roller skates, and in the winter time I could coast down the long street on my sled.'

'Yes, dear, you could, but remember you would have to walk back,' replied Mrs. Reynolds, smiling.

'That's so,' said Reggie, laughing, and then in a more sober tone: 'But, mama, they are religious there, don't you think? They have prayers in their school, and things of that kind. I've heard the boys tell about it.'

'I do not know just what they have, Reggie, but I have heard good things about the school; and I have noticed that the children who come from there are well behaved and very polite; one little fellow, when he passed me the other day, smiled, and raised his cap.

I never saw a boy from the public schools do that, but I have seen them making fun of an old man whose trousers were torn. But I will talk with papa about the school, and then we will purchase your books, and a little basket for you to carry your luncheon in.'

'But, mama?' said the little fellow, a look of inquiry in his eyes, 'you are not a Lutheran, are you?'

'No, my dear,' she uttered the words with hesitation, and a tone of sadness, 'I am not anything. I was never baptised.'

'And papa, is he anything?' asked the boy.

'He used to be a Catholic,' she replied, and there was a faraway reminiscent look in her eyes. 'But he has not been in a Catholic church in several years—certainly not since we were married. But there comes papa to his supper, darling, you must let me go and meet him'; and Mrs. Reynolds permitted the boy to slide from her lap, anxious to avoid further questioning.

That night, after Reggie and a younger brother and sister had been tucked away in bed, Mrs. Reynolds broached the subject of their son's schooling, and expressed a desire to send the boy to the Lutheran school. Her suggestion was met by a hot refusal from Mr. Reynolds, who declared that no child of his should ever darken the door of an establishment that had its origin in the heresies of Martin Luther. Mrs. Reynolds, who had gathered her information concerning the ex-monk's teaching and conduct from D'Aubigne's *History of the Reformation*, a book she had always been told was as infallibly correct as Holy Scripture, was surprised at her husband's attitude, for she supposed he had long since lost all interest in religious questions. He now displayed a knowledge of Church history that amazed her with its fulness and breadth; and when he revealed to her the true character of the so-called 'Reformer,' referring to Protestant authorities concerning his intemperance, his loose ideas of marriage, his profanity and obscenity, his violation of the most sacred of vows, and false interpretations of Scripture and sacrilegious treatment of holy subjects, she replied hotly that Luther, at least, stood squarely by his convictions, and that was more than Mr. Reynolds had done; that if he really believed that the Lutherans were wrong, and the Catholics right, as he seemed to imply, he would show a more manly part by going back to the Church of his fathers, which he had abandoned when he ran away with her to be married several years before, and asked a Protestant minister to perform the ceremony. Other hot words followed, until Mrs. Reynolds declared that she was resolved not to put her boy in a godless public school, but that she would send him to the Catholic parochial school, since her husband was unwilling the Lutheran establishment should be patronised. And so the first family quarrel that had taken place in their little home came to an end, and the man and woman, heated with argument, and perhaps vexed with themselves for having given way to anger, retired for the night.

The following day was Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds appeared at the breakfast table without betraying any of the bitter feeling that had marked their separation the evening before, although their quiet and sober mood during the meal showed that they had not forgotten what had passed. Reggie was full of his plans for school. He chattered about it incessantly, wondered why his parents were so silent, but was too well-behaved a child to ask the reason. He suggested, however, that as it was Sunday he would like to go to church, and his father promised him that ere long he would take him. 'What are churches for, anyway?' asked the little fellow; and the father, confused and with heightened color in his face, for he knew his wife was watching him, explained in simple language the object for which Christ founded the Christian Church. 'My goodness,' said Reggie, directing a look at his mother. 'He must have made a good many of 'em, for I know several—the Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian, Mormon, Christian Science, and—'

'Never mind, Reggie,' said the mother, with a smile; 'they all believe pretty near the same things.' 'No

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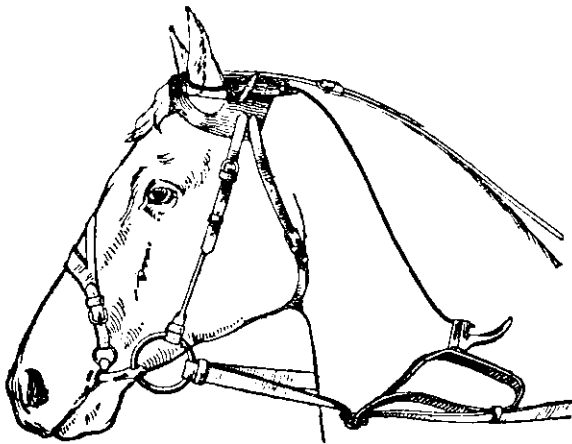
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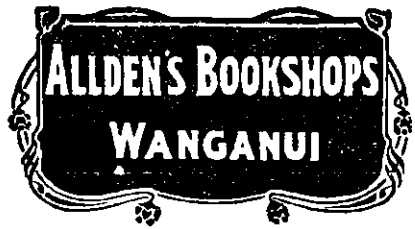
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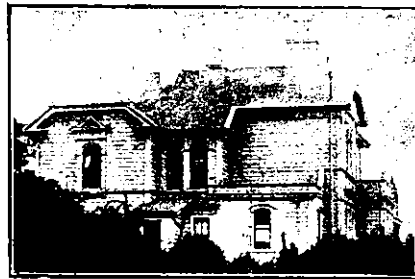
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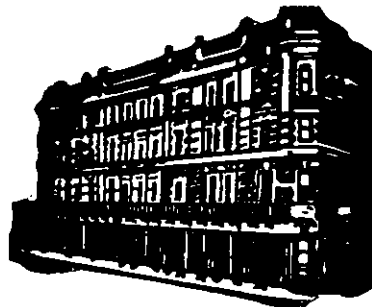
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they don't,' put in Mr. Reynolds; 'they believe different things, Reggie. There is only one thing in which they are united, and that is in the opposition to the Roman Catholic Church. Christ never founded but one Church, Reggie, and that was the Catholic Church. Some day you will understand better than now how it was that so many churches started up in the world; but I am afraid you never will understand how they can all claim to be right, for they cannot explain that themselves.'

The shadows that had fallen over the home the preceding evening gradually wore away, and Mr. Reynolds in the afternoon confided to his wife that he intended to take a walk, and 'might go to church somewhere.' She appeared pleased, and said: 'That will suit Reggie all right; why not take him with you?' 'Not to-day,' replied her husband: 'I want to go alone to-day.'

The Catholic church was not far away. He had not entered its doors in nineteen years. When he ran away with the girl who became his bride, and he refused to become reconciled to his Church, his parents, brothers, and sisters turned away from him, and they had been as strangers ever since. They had not entered his home, and he had not gone to theirs. A tender feeling filled his heart as he thought of the grey-haired couple who had nourished his youth, and recalled the happy days of his childhood when his brothers and sisters were sharers in his play, and his labors. He was now in front of the church. 'I must put an end to all this,' he said to himself, as he ascended the steps: 'and for Reggie's sake I will do it.'

Vesper service was in progress, and Mr. Reynolds took part in the responses as he had never done in earlier years, and then came that most solemn and beautiful of all Catholic acts, the Benediction of the Holy Sacrament, and Mr. Reynolds bowed his head in most humble thanks to God, while his heart filled with ineffable joy as the monstrance was held before the worshipping congregation. He remained for awhile after the rest had departed, for he wished to see the priest. When the latter appeared, and had been accosted by the visitor, he invited him to accompany him to the rectory. The conversation that took place was long and searching. It ended by Mr. Reynolds' promise of reform. The following Saturday he went to confession, and received Holy Communion the next morning. In the meantime Reggie had been enrolled in the Catholic parochial school, and told his mama that he was never 'so happy in all his life, for now he was going to learn lots of things, and besides would become a Christian.'

Several years before the opening of our story, Mrs. Reynolds had been an inmate of a Catholic hospital conducted by one of the religious Orders, and the devout conduct of the Sisters had produced a deep impression upon her mind. She was now influenced by little Reggie's childish joy in his catechism lessons, and her husband's reconciliation with the Church, and she sought instruction from the Religious concerning the dogmas and practises of the Catholic Church. Her heart was open; the seed fell into good soil, and on the 8th of December she and the three children were baptised. On Christmas morning, the father, mother, and Reggie, the oldest child, received Holy Communion. What a joy in more than one home! What a Christmas dinner that was! Mr. Reynolds' father and mother, brothers and sisters, were again united with him, and deep peace was in every heart.

'Your home here is very small, isn't it, John?' asked the oldest brother.

'Yes,' replied Mr. Reynolds, 'but I cannot stand the rent for a larger place. You know things have gone hard with me during these last years: loss of work, sickness in the family, and all sorts of drawbacks have kept us in very moderate circumstances; but the Lord has been good to us; bless His Holy Name.'

'I think,' replied the other, a man who had gained a comfortable competence in real-estate transactions, 'that I have been blessed with more than I deserve; and I intend, John, to unload some of it upon your

shoulders. That eight-roomed brick house, a block beyond the rectory, is nearer for you in your factory work, and is close to the school where Reggie now goes, and I have concluded to make you a present of the place. It will be worth more to you than to me, and if you will accept it, I shall be delighted to give you immediate possession.'

It would be hard to say who was the happier man that day—the one who gave or the one who received. But Reggie had the happiest face.—George Slavin in *The Missionary*.

CARRANZA, THE SCOURGE OF GOD

(EBER COLE BYAM, in *America*.)

The revolutionary activity in Mexico has been a continued process of selection of the baser elements. This process was interrupted by the French intervention and the rule of the Emperor Maximilian, whose term, while short, still gave opportunity for a revival of the better element, which was permitted some slight expression under the later rule of Diaz. Slight as this expression was, it made possible a measure of religious liberty and the practice of thrift and industry. Moreover, debts were paid, a sound national credit was established, a surplus was laid up and millions were employed at good wages. To the rage and chagrin of the 'Liberals,' the Church began to prosper and its teachings improved the moral and material stamina of the people. Another generation of peace and prosperity in Mexico and the overthrow of government might have been impossible. During the whole rule of Diaz there had been repeated efforts to revolt; these met with repeated failure, largely because there was no sympathy in the United States with the destruction of law and order. Finally the revolutionists hit upon the happy scheme of 'educating' the American public. This was done most effectively by means of a Socialist writer, who made a trip through Mexico under conduct of a Mexican guide and interpreter, who was also a Socialist. This American Socialist then wrote a series of articles for one of the American magazines, and the articles were widely copied and quoted. The magazine refused to complete the publication of the articles in question because a little investigation proved their utter falsity. But the seed had been sown and the promoters of the scheme had only to wait patiently for the harvest which came in due course.

The American People Read and Believed

the statements of this writer, with the result that when the Madero revolution broke out American public opinion prevented any restraining action, and, as a consequence, the Diaz Government was overthrown with little effort.

For every prejudice the Mexican revolutionist has an acceptable excuse. Is it against the Catholic Church? Then he justifies the villainies by tickling his hearer's hatred with tales of 'Romish oppression,' 'great wealth of the clergy,' a 'priest-ridden Mexico'; not forgetting to mention the 'efforts of the superstitious and reactionary clergy to keep the people in ignorance.'

Is it a prejudice against 'corporations,' or 'capital'? Then he has tales of 'pernicious American speculators who have robbed the Mexican masses of their patrimony and left them poverty-stricken in a land of plenty, whose soil they cannot even call their own.'

Is it a prejudice easily aroused through credulity and morbid sympathy? Then he has tales of 'slavery' and 'peonage,' and 'people robbed of their lands.'

The Mexican revolutionist poses as a modern knight-errant, avenging the wrongs of suffering humanity. In reality he is a demoniacal Socialist, ravishing, murdering, and destroying, while the communities over which he tyrannizes sink deeper and deeper into the helplessness of despair. Those who would work are being driven gradually, through repeated robbery, into the ranks of the fighting Socialist

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bands where habits of pillage can only be cured by the firing squad.

That Mexico has had evils it were futile to deny. There have been practised all the frauds common to all the governments of man, in addition to those perpetrated by minority governments established by force. To political oppression have been added the abuses by wealthy corporations and individuals who have not hesitated to take advantage of the ignorant. And under all have flourished the ever-present ignorance, dirt and poverty.

The Attacks Upon Wealth in Mexico have found much sympathy in the United States, where a growing feeling of resentment against wealth has created a spirit of envy which views with pleased complacency the spoliation of those reputed wealthy. To such an extent has this evil spirit developed in the United States that the mere suggestion that an individual possesses wealth becomes evidence that he is a criminal deserving most drastic punishment. The foundation of this resentment is often of the most trivial character. Perhaps the employee of some public-service corporation has displayed the discourtesy of an ignorant mind, thus arousing hot wrath in the injured patron, who thereupon condemns the corporation employing the guilty servant, and hastily assumes that the 'wealthy' owners of the enterprise are the cause of the affront. Overlooking the fact that the real owners are thousands of modest people of moderate means, the insulted person in hasty judgment demands 'government ownership' as a remedy for the fault, forgetting that the same guilty employee would continue as ignorant, and be emboldened in his impudence, under the protection of government employment.

Ninety-nine per cent. of the complaints against men of wealth and great corporations can be traced to the over-bearing manners of their subordinates, who, under any character of government management, would become intolerable.

A little reflection will discover the remedy to be a cheerful observance of the Ninth Commandment and the inculcation of a stricter discipline of morals and deportment whereby the 'liberty' of insulting one's neighbor will be compelled to give way before the 'servility' of decent courtesy and respect for the rights of others.

Before the Anarchical Uprising in Mexico Under Juarez,

in 1856-7, the convents of that country were schools and colleges; their libraries contained books and manuscripts, and their archives were filled with statistical historical documents of great value. The fate of most of these institutions is illustrated by that of the Convent of San Francisco in Celaya. The group of buildings served as hospital, college, school, and, besides living quarters for the inmates, also housed a number of pupils who were present as boarders: many receiving free room and board, and all receiving free education. The revolutionists closed all but the hospital which was left to be operated by the Government on an appropriation of some six cents a day for each patient. They emptied the library and used the books and manuscripts and documents from the archives to make cartridges.

In 1876 the city officials tore off the tile roof to secure the cedar beams which were used to build a covered way, about half a mile long, down the main street, during a holiday celebration on May 5. The tiling was destroyed and the building left in a condition of utter ruin.

The Church of San Augustin, in the same city, possessed six large, carved, gilded altars, adorning the two side aisles. These works of art the revolutionists ground up and 'panned' for the few dollars worth of gold-leaf used in the gilding. The bells they took down and melted to make cannon, and the organ was destroyed to obtain the lead tubing for making bullets.

In 1859 the Several Cathedral Archives of Mexico escaped damage, with all their records of priceless historic value, for the history of Mexico stood written

through nearly four hundred years in the documentary files of the several bishops. These records in 1913 still stood practically intact, along with many valuable libraries. The triumph of Carranza saw the pitiless destruction of all this invaluable material, for the barbarous Carranzistas emptied the libraries and archives of their records and books and sent them to the paper mill to be ground up as old paper.

Churches may be razed, but other generations of men will reconstruct them; confessionals may be burned and images smashed, but all these can be recreated by loving hands; men, women and children may be butchered, yet others will rise to take their places. But who can reconstruct, who can recreate, who can replace the destroyed and irredeemable historic records that had been accumulating through four long centuries?

Of all their murderous and destructive deeds, of all their outrageous and villainous conduct, this act stands out as the culmination of a career of stupid infamy, and brands the arch-fiend Carranza, with his horde of socialistic devils, a greater 'Scourge of God' than Attila, a greater Goth than Alaric, a greater Vandal than Genseric.

MILITARISM IN IRELAND

Answers given by Ministers to two questions asked by Irish members in the House of Commons on February 13 may fairly be described as 'unsatisfactory'; they were, indeed, delusive and evasive. Mr. Duke told Mr. John Dillon that 'it is inaccurate to say that Martial Law is still sanctioned in Ireland'; further that since 'armed rebellion' was suppressed the powers of the proclamation of Martial Law 'have not been renewed.' There was no necessity to renew them; they exist; they can be put into operation any day; men are tried in Ireland by courts martial for alleged offences that would be investigated by magistrates or juries in Great Britain. The hangman is 'maintained' in England, although he does not practise his profession as regularly as if he were a lawyer or a Minister of the Crown. We were told a hundred times that the Jubilee Coercion Act of 1887 was 'suspended' or 'dead'; yet men were sent to gaol under its provisions recently in Mayo. Mr. Duke's answer did not 'perfectly and accurately' express the state of things at the present time. Equally unworthy was Mr. Ian MacPherson's attempt to uphold the action of the military authorities who paid a tribute to one Colonel Allett for 'his services in the Dublin rising.' Mr. MacPherson admitted that this 're-employed' officer went with the alleged lunatic, Bowen-Colthurst, on a cowardly and villainous 'expedition' to the undefended home of the man who had been brutally murdered by Bowen-Colthurst. The Royal Commission presided over by Sir John Simon declared in their report:—

'At 7 p.m. on this same Friday evening Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington was putting her little son, aged seven, to bed, when a body of soldiers from Portobello Barracks headed by Captain Bowen-Colthurst and Colonel Allett . . . arrived at the house. . . . Before any attempt was made to obtain an entrance into the house, a volley was fired through the windows. A body of soldiers with fixed bayonets under Captain Bowen-Colthurst then burst in through the front door. No request for the door to be opened was made, nor was any time given to those in the house to open it. Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington and her boy had bayonets pointed to them, and were ordered to hold their hands above their heads.'

And so on. This was the performance in which Colonel Allett took part 'on his own initiative'; and he was 'mentioned in despatches,' while an officer who kept his head, prevented outrages, and helped to restore peace was 'sent to the right-about.' Mr. Ian MacPherson cannot have relished the task of endeavoring to defend or condone, even by implication, what Sir John Simon and his colleagues had denounced as proceedings of a 'discreditable,' 'regrettable,' and 'most surprising' character.

READINGS IN IRISH HISTORY

By 'SHANACHIE.'

IRISH MISSIONARIES IN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

St. Fridolin was the first Irish missionary to preach the Gospel in Switzerland. He had come as a pilgrim to the shrine of St. Hilary of Poitiers, and from thence he passed to the scene of his future labors. The Canton of Glarus was the first district of Switzerland the saint visited. Struck with the religious desolation of the place, he there and then resolved to build a church dedicated to St. Hilary. Later on (511) he chose the island of Seckingen, on the Rhine, near Basle, as the centre of his missions. The memory of St. Fridolin still lingers in Switzerland; he is honored as the chief patron of Glarus. The good work thus begun by Fridolin was carried on by Columban and his companions. When Columban was driven out of Luxeuil he found a safe asylum on the shores of Lake Constance, until he moved thence to Bobbio. By far the most distinguished disciple of Columban was St. Gall. This man remained in Switzerland after his master's departure, and in the words of Alzog, 'founded there one of the most celebrated monasteries in Christendom.' So devoted was he to missionary work that he would not accept the bishopric of Constance, which Duke Gunzo pressed on him. He also refused the request of a deputation of Irish monks from Luxeuil, who, in the year 625, wanted him to become Abbot of that great monastery. He gave as his reason for refusal that he was a stranger to them, and moreover, if he accepted their offer he should be obliged to forsake the Alemanni, who were as yet pagans, or only partially converted. He continued to preach the Gospel to the inhabitants of the country round his monastery, and at the time of his death, 646 A.D., in the ninety-fifth year of his age, the whole country of the Alemanni had become a Christian province.

We must be satisfied with the mere mention of other Irishmen who labored for the conversion of Switzerland. Such were: Trudpert, Landelin, and Pirminus, 'the founder of Reichenau,' the great twin abbey of that neighborhood, with St. Gall. This spiritual connection between Ireland and Switzerland continued all through the ninth century. St. Findan built a hermitage at Rheinau, near Schaffhausen, which soon grew into a great centre of religious life. During the same century, St. Eusebius established a monastery at Mount St. Victor, and another Irishman, Moengal, taught at St. Gall men who ranked as the most famous German scholars of those days.

The first great Irish foundation in Italy was Bobbio. The circumstances of its origin are these: Columban's zeal outran his discretion when preaching the Gospel to the pagan tribes round Lake Constance. Accordingly he had to fly with his companions into Italy. He crossed the Alps by the Gothard Pass, though he must have been then over seventy years of age. He made his way to the Court of the Lombard king, who, though an Arian heretic, received Columban kindly. It was, no doubt, mainly through the influence of the queen, a devout Catholic, that the broken-down old man and his companions were so hospitably received. Here, too, there was plenty of scope for Columban's zeal. It was necessary, however, in the first place, to have a permanent abode for himself and his monks. This was soon forthcoming. The king gave them the ruined Church of St. Peter, near the Trebbia, almost at the very spot the great Carthaginian general, Hannibal, first felt the rigors of that fierce winter, so graphically described by Livy. While at Bobbio, Columban converted the Lombard king, and at his request wrote a formula of Faith, which, according to Cardinal Moran, 'is in all probability the famous Quicumque Vult.' The great Columban died in 615, a year after the foundation of Bobbio.

We have already treated of St. Cathaldus of Taranto. At Lucca another Irish saint, whom the Italians name Frediano, and whose Latinised name is St. Frigidian, is honored as patron.

When Charlemagne established the school of Pavia, he placed at its head the Irish monk Albinus. The monastic chronicler of St. Gall describes the coming of this man to the court of Charlemagne, in these words: 'When the illustrious Charles began to reign alone in the western parts of the world, and literature was almost everywhere forgotten, and the worship of the true God was accordingly feeble, it happened that two Scots of Ireland, men incomparably skilled in human learning and the Holy Scriptures, came over with some British merchants to France.' Referring to Charlemagne and Pavia recalls to our mind another distinguished Irish astronomer and writer, named Dungal. In the year 811, we find Dungal in France. He seems to have been a monk at St. Denis. In that year he addressed a remarkable letter to Charlemagne on the two solar eclipses which were said to have taken place in the previous year. 'We have read it over carefully,' writes Dr. Healy. 'It is written in excellent Latin, and shows that the writer was intimately acquainted with many of the classical authors, especially Virgil and Cicero. After this time we lose sight of Dungal for several years. Charlemagne died in 814, and was succeeded by his son, Louis the Pious, whose son Lothaire was crowned King of Lombardy in 821. The Lombards were a restless and turbulent people. Lothaire, believing that education and religion would be the most efficacious means of keeping them in order, induced Dungal and Claudius, as well as several other scholars of the Imperial Court, to accompany him to Italy. Claudius became Bishop of Turin, and Dungal taught at Pavia. Thus Dungal and Claudius were immediate neighbors. Neighbors, however, sometimes quarrel. Claudius was in secret an Iconoclast—an image-breaking heretic. When he became bishop, he threw off the sheep's clothing, and showed himself for what he truly was, a ravenous wolf. He wrote a book censuring the relative worship Catholics pay to images, and by word and deed approved of the Iconoclastic heresy. At once the Irish wolf-dog sprang upon his foe. Dungal came forward with a crushing rejoinder to Claudius. 'It is impossible,' writes Dr. Healy, 'not to admire the great knowledge of Sacred Scriptures and Patristic literature displayed by the author. He reasons, too, clearly and cogently; and writes in a limpid and flowing style. Indeed, we know no writer of that age who excels Dungal in Latin composition, whether in poetry or prose; and this is generally admitted by those acquainted with the Latin literature of the period. Muratori observes that this work shows that Dungal was a man of wide culture.' It was the death-blow to Iconoclasm in the West; soon the heresy entirely disappeared till revived again in the 16th century by such vandals as Knox and his 'rascal multitude.' What wonderful champions of the true Faith these Irish monks were! At one time it is Virgilius safeguarding the dignity of the sacrament of Baptism, at another it is Columban combating Arianism, now it is Dungal crushing Iconoclasm. Dungal died in 834, and is supposed to be buried in the crypts of Bobbio. Another Irish saint who awaits the Resurrection at Bobbio is Bishop Cumman. The story of his life is brief. He left Ireland when an old man of 75; and entering the monastery at Bobbio spent more than twenty years as a monk there. Luitprand, King of the Lombards (711-744), is said to have erected the monument to him which still exists in the crypt of Bobbio Cathedral.

We will conclude these sketches with a short reference to St. Donatus of Fiesole. Donatus was born in Ireland of noble parents towards the end of the eighth century. Having spent a number of years at home, he resolved to make a pilgrimage to Rome. He travelled slowly and by zigzag ways through France and Italy until he arrived at Rome. Here he sojourned for a considerable time. Having obtained the Pope's blessing, he determined to return home. Directing his steps towards Tuscany he halted at a monastery in

Fiesole, near Florence. It turned out that the bishop of the place died, and the clergy and people resolved to have Donatus for their chief pastor. This was about the year 824. He died about 861, and his tomb is still pointed out and regarded with much reverence in Fiesole. Donatus wrote a Latin poem in praise of his native land. The following is a translation of part of it made over a century and a-half ago by a Dublin poet:—

'Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame,
By nature blessed; and Scotia is her name.
Enrolled in books; exhaustless is her store
Of veiny silver and of golden ore.
Her fruitful soil for ever teems with wealth,
With gems her waters, and her air with health;
Her verdant fields with milk and honey flow;
Her woolly fleeces vie with virgin snow;
Her waving furrows float with bearded corn,
And arms and arts her envied sons adorn!
No savage bear with lawless fury roves,
Nor fiercer lion through her peaceful groves;
No poison there infects, no scaly snake
Creeps through the grass, nor frog annoys the lake;
A nation worthy of its pious race,
In war triumphant, and unmatched in peace!'

'The memory of our Irish saints is, after their faith and ours, the dearest inheritance which has come down to us. We need their aid and protection, never more perhaps than at the present day; and if we honor them as we ought, keeping their glorious example before our eyes, we can reckon with certainty on their aid and protection.' (Cardinal Logue.) They stand forth like a beacon light flashing over the path which the progress of sanctity, learning, and civilisation has traced through the ages, under the fostering care of the Church. They have merited for Ireland, so dear to most of them, the proud title of 'Island of Saints and Scholars.'

MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH, AUCKLAND.

Trinity College Theoretical results (St. Joseph's Convent, Grey Lynn):—

Associate—Gabriel Martin, A.T.C.L.

Rudiments and Art of Teaching—Myrtle Young.

Rudiments—Jennie Lambert, Reaby Silvius, and Molly Casey.

Senior Grade Edna Fenton, 86 (honors).

Intermediate—Thelma Craig, 97 (honors), Lexy Ryan, 92 (honors), Gordon Ireland, 92 (honors), Olive George, 80 (honors).

Junior Grade, Advanced.—Joseph Emmanuel, 70.

Junior Grade—Nellie Corness, 97 (honors); Edna Sinclair, 97 (honors); Molly Shean, 90 (honors); Frances Vaughn, 86 (honors).

Preparatory Grade—William Bruce, 100 (honors).

Miss Molly Shean has been awarded an exhibition (value six guineas) for gaining the highest marks in the Junior Practical Grade, Trinity College.

St. Benedict's Convent.—Hazel Lucas, certificate Rudiments.

Convent, Dargaville.—Blanche Hammond, Rudiments and Art of Teaching (Associate).

Politeness is the poetry of conduct, and like poetry, it has many qualities. Let not your politeness be too florid, but of that gentle kind which indicates a refined nature.—Anon.

Want a parcel sent anywhere? Then just notify us, and we'll collect it and forward it wherever desired—New Zealand or abroad. We remove furniture. For this work we have special van and experienced men. Transport baggage from place to place, provide sample rooms and storage accommodation.—The NEW ZEALAND EXPRESS CO., LTD. Branches and agencies in every town of importance....

TRENTHAM CAMP NOTES

(By R.R.O.)

Through the generosity of those who subscribed to the Field Service Fund, inaugurated by the Catholic Federation, our hall, which for a long time was in a very dilapidated condition, now compares adequately with the other institutes in the camp. The hall has been lined with Beaver Board and fitted with folding desks around the walls. A beautifully finished altar, enclosed by folding doors, has also been erected, and is a decided improvement. Those Catholics whose sons are in camp may rest assured that everything is being done to improve the conditions of life here during the time of leisure between the hours of duty.

Chaplain-Captain Murphy is now attached to the strength of this camp.

Chaplain-Captain Daly, in a letter received last week, stated that he was well. On the voyage over Father Neptune played his merry planks, and Father Daly was one of the victims. On his own authority "it was great sport"—a sentence characteristic of the man.

A post-card from Chaplain-Captain Moloney reports all well on hospital ship Marama.

An endeavor is being made to keep the standard of concerts, held in our hall, up to a very high level. The concert organised by the Misses Segrief to celebrate the opening of the hall was worthy of any concert chamber in the land. The opening number was a violin solo by Corporal Chris. Fyfe, whose brilliant playing was enthusiastically applauded. He was recalled. A duet by Miss Teresa McEnroe and Miss Agnes Segrief followed. It was exceedingly well sung and heartily enjoyed. Mr. Edgar Warick, who will be remembered as leading man in 'The Court Cards' combination which visited New Zealand some time ago, was the next performer, and his wonderfully clever and clear humor at once found favor with his audience. He was recalled several times. Miss Rose Segrief is always a popular vocalist at the camps, and for her singing was accorded a very enthusiastic encore. She was followed by Corporal Frank McDonald, whose rendition of Kipling's 'Gunga Din,' was warmly received. His recall number was 'The Student,' in which he was equally effective.

At this juncture Chaplain-Captain Murphy briefly introduced his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, who was warmly greeted. The Archbishop said he hoped that the hall would prove a help to the lads in camp. Apart from being a building wherein the Holy Sacrifice was daily offered, the hall was fitted up to provide a place of amusement for the men, and a place where their letter-writing and reading could be done. The hall was then formally declared open. The concert was continued by Miss N. Simpson, whose flute solos were a rare treat. A double encore was the reward of her finished playing. Another very popular singer, Miss Teresa McEnroe, sang delightfully and was promptly and heartily recalled. Mr. Edgar Warick again delighted the company with his clever wit, and was no less appreciated than on his first appearance. A series of tricks and illusions by Private Reg. R. Oakley was a popular item, and concert concluded with a chorus, 'The Long, Long Trail,' and the singing of 'God Save the King.'

During the course of a year Northern Wairoa farmers use considerable quantities of ashes for fertilising their lands. The following figures show the assessed value per ton of the various kinds—Rimu, £2 19s 6d; white pine, £3 6s 4d; rata, £13 10s 6d; kauri slabs, 5s 6d; also kauri sawdust, 17s 8d.

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Late Provincial of the Marist Fathers in New Zealand, writes:—

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NOTES ON HEALTH

The question of health is one nobody can afford to neglect, yet many people will risk their health by buying inferior food when they can get the very best at the same price. More particularly does this apply to bread.

- Kellow Bread -

is the only bread made in Wellington which is TRULY AUTOMATIC. Many other bakers are using this name and claiming it for their bread, but the only true Automatic Bread is the FAMOUS "KELLOW" BREAD. Don't delay one day longer; have these Crusty, Golden-colored, HEALTH-GIVING LOAVES brought into your house to-day. Ring up 'PHONE No. 986 and give instructions for the cart to call.

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SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

GENERAL.

Amongst the Australian list of the New Year honors are several names of special interest to Catholics. At the head of the list stands Major-General J. G. Legge, C.M.G., divisional commander, who is made a companion of the Bath (C.B.). General Legge is a convert to the faith, having been admitted into the Church by his warm personal friend, the present Bishop of Sale.

In an interesting note on the invasion of Palestine, the military contributor of the *Manchester Guardian* remarks that at Rafa (now 15 miles or more behind the British line), one of the Ptolemies once won a great victory over a Seleucus, and prolonged Egyptian rule over Palestine. 'Gaza, 25 miles further north,' he continues, 'was the great meeting-place of Assyrian and Egyptian wars. Alexander besieged it on his way to Egypt. North of Gaza begins the Philistine plain, a prolongation of the physical features of Egypt into Syria. East of this plain are the Lowlands of Shephelah, where the Biblical conflicts between the Israelites and the Philistines took place. These lowlands lead up to the great plateau of Judea, which is pierced by a number of passes, each of them the scene of classic battles from the days of Samson to the campaign of Napoleon in Syria. Our Egyptian campaign has not quite reached this classic ground, but it is approaching Gaza. Students of the military history of Palestine, and especially of the wars of the Maccabees, two of whom were military geniuses of the first water, will realise how ticklish campaigning in this district is.'

ON THE TIGRIS.

Father Fred Peal, S.J., C.F., with the Connaught Rangers in Mesopotamia, has written some war jottings, which have been published in a booklet. Here is a little incident during the voyage up the Tigris:

Most of the bargemen are Chaldean Christians from Mosul. They insist on calling themselves Roman Catholic, with an emphasis on 'Roman.' They do not wish to be mistaken for Protestants. A few of them know a little French. One of them addressed me very politely, 'Mon pere, pouvez vous donner moi une chemise de Notre Dame?' It took me some time to realise that he wanted a scapular. These Chaldeans are, as a rule, very fair, square built, and make very good bargemen. One of the men took quite a fancy to me, and more than a month later he found out my tent. We managed, by using a little English and Urdu, and now and again some Arabic, to carry on a conversation. He gave me some very interesting details about Christianity in Mosul. The Chaldeans are very numerous here and also in Bagdad. He spoke of another place—I could not catch the name—where he said there were only Christians. He dreaded the Turks, who are, he said, very hard on all Christians, and force them to fight against the British. I heard the same from our officers; and among the prisoners recently taken were many Christians, who were delighted to get into our hands. We had a graphic proof of the same. On January 22, 1916, at the Hannat Position, a man jumped out of the Turkish trenches and advanced towards us, holding up a picture of our Blessed Lady, and signing himself with the Sign of the Cross, as a proof that he was a Christian. Of course, our men did not fire. The man walked in, and gave himself up as a prisoner.

Mass in Camp.

Father Peal gives the following description of Sunday Mass in camp: Whenever possible, we had Mass for the division every Sunday. On February 20 we had a particularly large and varied congregation. A notice, in divisional and brigade orders announced Mass for Roman Catholics at 9 o'clock. Besides the Connaught Rangers every unit was represented. We had the cavalry, engineers, gunners, doctors, sappers and miners, sailors and post officials, Indian drivers,

and even a Turkish interpreter. The altar was erected in a tent, and the men stood round, forming three sides of the square. About 50 came to Holy Communion. The Rangers sang the dear old tunes, 'Hail, Queen of Heaven,' and 'Faith of Our Fathers.' But they surpassed themselves when they treated us to 'Hail, Glorious St. Patrick.'

A Conversion.

Continuing, Father Peal narrates the following consoling incident: After Mass, as I sat down to breakfast, three gunners came in from the other side of the river. Two of these were Catholics, and wished to go to Confession and Communion. The other was a Protestant, very anxious to become a Catholic. After attending to the first two, I devoted a good hour to instructing the second. It was a very consoling case. His wife and children were good Catholics. The war had set him thinking, the good example of his comrades had helped, and he was determined to be a good, practical Catholic. After the necessary preparation he was received into the Church, and as long as I remained in Mesopotamia he was regular at the Sacraments. This is the tenth I have had the consolation of reconciling to the Church during the war.

This reminds me of an incident which happened a short time ago. Two gunners came in one evening for Confession. One of them was an old friend of mine: the other I had never seen before. The latter told me he had a very narrow escape in the last engagement, and this had brought him to confession. He left his seat near the gun just for a few seconds, a shell dropped and smashed the seat to bits. 'Is your mother alive?' I asked. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'That's why you were spared: she was praying for you.' Tears came to his eyes as he added, 'Yes, she prays daily for her absent boy.'

No Death Without the Last Sacraments.

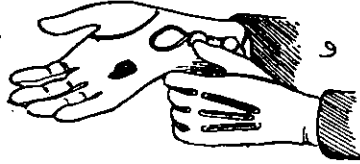
As a final quotation we may give the following comforting assurance of what happened during the retirement after the fighting at the Dujaila Redoubt: We were up early: a start was fixed for five. Anxious to get to our wounded, I sighted the ambulance lights, and picked my way to No. 7. What a sight! Rows and rows of dead and dying. Every possible wound. It was a sad spectacle. I was soon busy. After two hours I had seen every case, and all our Catholics had the benefit of Confession, Extreme Unction, and Viaticum. It makes me happy to think that not a single one died without the last Sacraments. Most of the wounded here were the 1st Manchesters, the only regiment I could not reach before the attack. Moving about among the stretchers it was consoling to see the anxiety of the men to meet the priest. 'Father, this way, please.' 'Father, don't forget me.' 'Sir, here is another of yours who wants you.' And so, from stretcher to stretcher. It consoled me for all previous hardships and fatigue. In the meanwhile some shells burst uncomfortably near, but I must confess I had no fear. To be ushered into eternity thus engaged was, I felt, the best passport to heaven.

FIGHTING THE RAIDERS.

The watch-tower above the Adriatic, from which the field of the coastwise war flattens itself for his instruction to a vast map, is a small structure with a box of a cabin below its high platform for the naval officer in charge, and another at its base for the telegraphist and his instruments. Behind it are suave hills that warm with the dayshine from black to purple, from purple to olive green and russet, with cypresses upon the skyline, like shapes carved in ebony, and the gleam of houses among the fields and trees—a vignette of Italy; before it, beyond the wind-ridged sand of the beach, the ashen-grey Adriatic tumbles white capped, with rags of mist shifting upon the face of the waters. Behind his breast-high rail, as he strides to and fro between the great telescope on its swivel-mounting at one end of the platform and the ladder-head at the other, the look-out man sees to north and south the line

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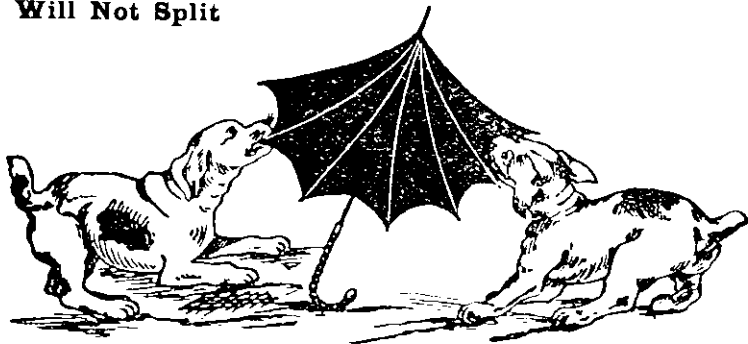
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of the coast deploy in blunt headlands sloping to the water, enfolding shallow, sand-choked bays; to seaward, a tracery of white water and a spout of spray marks the ridge of a bank masking the shore. For him, a seaman of the Italian navy, the prospect is as plain as print upon a chart. It is a coast without a port, a ship-trap; it is the naked and defenceless flank of that Italy which flushes into view behind him when day broadens over the water.

The Raider Sighted.

It is yet something short of full day when the import and significance of that blinded coast are suddenly made vivid for him. There is a foreboding of light in the east, with a rain-squall faintly etched against it; the man on the look-out hitches the collar of his oilskin coat about his ears and pauses in his thwartship tramp to stare steadily to seaward. Below him, in the box-like cabin, whose roof is the deck of the platform, the officer, dozing in a chair, opens his eyes as the feet above him cease to sound. The look-out man steps suddenly to the great telescope, unhoods it, and swings it to bear upon that patch of distant water which the squall is screening. There is something he thinks—and if it is anything, it can only be the one thing.

The look-out man, his eye yet glued to the glass, stamps smartly three times on the deck of his platform. It is the old sea-call: so, in the sailing-ship days, crossing to the starboard side of the poop, one was wont to call the captain: and his boot had barely ceased to thump on the planks before the officer is climbing to his side.

Half a dozen crisp words of report; a touch to a bell-button that warns the signalman of the watch, in the telegraph hut below, to stand by for orders: the lieutenant, at the telescope, is making certain. It needs only a few seconds—she is there, sure enough, a swift, grey shape of a ship with the thin smoke whipping from the lips of her funnels, heading south and west, edging in towards that village-studded coast upon her regular mission of murder. Upon the Italian side, save for Ancona, with its destroyer harbor, there is not a port from Venice to Taranto upon which to base the ships that should meet her and deal with her.

The big, fish-mouthed speaking-tube hangs in its fork beside the telescope; the lieutenant is pouring his orders through it to the ready ear in the telegraph hut below; even before he has finished speaking he can hear the swift trip and stutter of the sending key that passes his words along.

A moment later and a vociferous railway gong is roaring a summons, and between the standing cars of a goods train slumbering in the dew, blue-clad men come running, dodging between buffers and under trucks, flocking aboard of a long lead-blue train that is already moving and beginning to pull out. The sailors leap for the steps as they go by, and spread fore and aft along the cars, swarming over the roofs and down into the pairs of open trucks whose loads are tarpaulin-covered. The great passenger locomotive that hauls them jumps to racing speed while yet the trained hands of the seamen are stripping away the tarpaulins that blanket the long-barrelled naval guns.

Bringing Up the Land Ships.

The sea is beside them as they go, thundering at forty miles an hour through the damp dawn, with the great guns swung inboard to clear telegraph and signal

posts and the buff-painted shells standing handy round their breeches. Even while yet the Triple Alliance of Germany, Italy, and Austria had the solid and enduring appearance of any other lath painted to look like iron, this railway that skirts the Adriatic beach for the whole length of the peninsula was being perfected and elaborated; for the neighborhood of Austria has always to guard against a knife in the back. It is along this line that troops would be poured to repel the landing which was ever one of the Austrian war plans; and now it serves for the land-ships which Italy has improved to meet the conditions of the present war on her eastern coast.

The enemy ship is steering south; the gun train is racing north to meet her. Her course and her speed have been checked from tower to tower and semaphored or yelled through megaphones to the train as it passes. It halts at last where the line runs behind a stone parapet dropping sheer to the beach, and forthwith the blue-clad gun crews are busy, with all that swift precision and trained inter-play of various functions which is the characteristic of a naval evolution. From the roofs of the closed cars that separate the gun-trucks, officers drop quiet-voiced, briefly worded commands into the ordered and systematised boil of activity below; the trucks are pinned down to their places, the long guns, swung outboard, buck and waver and come to rest with that short-sighted and questing manner which is the custom of guns, and the breeches clash to behind the shells and their charges. Telescopes are at work, and a range-finder has been mounted.

The glasses have picked her up; from the range-finder comes a patter of orders. The four big guns lift a little, and edge over to the left slightly, making the motionless train look as if it had moved its eyes without turning its head; and at that moment, in the far greyness to seaward, a white spark twinkles briefly—the cruiser's first gun! Before the report of it has had time to wander in over the water, before even the tearing scream of the shell has sounded over their heads, the order to fire has loosed the four ready shells in a single answering uproar, and a quarter of a ton of metal and melinite is travelling seaward towards the raider in his ambush of mist.

And the results? Well, this is not a report of any instance in particular; and the result varies from a village shelled to ruins to a lame ship on fire limping lamentably to sea again. —Percival Gibbons.

The fruit season, which is rapidly drawing to a close, has been a very busy one (says the *Alexandra Herald*), and the output is reported to have eclipsed anything sent out in former years. Despite the fact that frost caused considerable damage to apricots, particularly in Alexandra, the amount railed from the Alexandra station was approximately 900 tons.

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Current Topics

Conscription of Clergy

A Decree of the S. Congregation of Consistory, January 2, 1917, forbids the ordination of candidates to Sacred Orders who are in the Italian Army or likely to be called to the war. For those who are already in Holy Orders, special recourse to the Holy See must be had in each case. This rule indicates the attitude of the Church towards conscription of the clergy.

Canada on the Treachery of Lloyd George

The following cablegram was sent to Premier Borden, now attending the Imperial Conference:—

'The advocacy of immediate Home Rule for Ireland by your fellow Premier, Sir Edward Morris, closely followed by Lloyd George's new act of treachery, supply both contrast and lesson to the friends of SMALL NATIONS in all parts of the world. How can the people or representatives of Canada trust a Government headed by a man who has been false to his leader and his principles, more particularly when that Government is dominated by Carson, the inciter of armed resistance to constituted authority and the avowed friend of the German Emperor.'

Mr. Campbell on Ulster Loyalty

Here is how Mr. Campbell describes the loyalty of the people whom the *Sun* sets itself to protect when they attack us:— 'We had a great contempt for England and everything English, which was only excelled by our hatred for Ireland and everything in it. We did not put it that way, but that's what it came to. We were terribly down on the Papists, the Home Rulers, and everything they represented. We formed the worthy belief that outside our own little corner, Ulster, all the rest of Ireland was in a hopelessly benighted condition, and more or less seditious. What we thought sedition is not clear to me, considering that our loyalty to the flag could not be held to be loyalty to England, but only hostility to Catholics of Ireland. It strikes me that there is principally what Ulster loyalty is now.' Mr. Campbell's appreciation of Ulster bluster is surely justified by the speeches of her leaders at the time the Home Rule Bill was brought in. And all the bloodshed and turmoil that followed in Ireland were the logical outcome of the tolerated treason of Ulstermen. If a strong Government had shot Carson as he deserved there would have been no Colthurst murders in which England became an accessory after the fact. The Ulstermen abroad are endowed with the same high virtues as their prototypes at home; their religion and patriotism are of the same peculiar brand; hatred of Catholics is the keystone of their faith.

The 'Sun,' the Moon, and the Orangemen

The Orangemen look out for a full moon, and the *Sun* looks after the Orangemen. This curious Christchurch paper describes our notices of the wild anti-Catholic campaign of Mr. Elliott, and of the blasphemies of the L.O.L., and the efforts of Messrs. Allen and Hanan to injure our Church—in which they were hounded on by Stiggins—as 'unprovoked' attacks. To give the genealogy of the King, as Chesterton does, to express an *honest* view of the military situation, as the better informed magazines do, and to protest against the appalling murders in Dublin, as humanity itself does, is, according to the *Sun*, unpatriotic and undignified! As we are sure that the *Sun*, whatever be its standing, could pay for an editor who knows the elements of English grammar, we surmise that the attack on the *Tablet*, reeking as it does of the Twelfth of July, was written by an Orange Stiggins, hired for the bludgeoning. It is altogether in keeping with the tirades of the Orange organ, just as futile, puerile, and hysterical. It is a habit with these people to describe our protests—even when they come from a bishop—as undignified. This is particularly good from one

who can neither quote nor write English correctly. The dignified thing for Catholics seems to be to sit down and smile while the Orangemen here throw rotten eggs at us, and the Ulsterites at Home cut the throats of our friends. The *Sun* has broken out its colors at last! Nobody will mistake them for the Irish flag.

The Omniscient 'Triad'

We have the *Sun* and the full moon and the Orangemen here. Australia has a compensation in naming the *Triad*. Archbishop Mannix, too, has been as unpatriotic and as undignified as ourselves! He is a loquacious Irishman, and a seditious person. We know his Grace, and we rejoice to find ourselves in such good company. Amongst other unpatriotic and undignified persons we may mention Bishop O'Dwyer, G. K. Chesterton, the late W. Stead and his son, Lord Loreburn, Gladstone, Lord Brougham, the Pope, all the unbribed American editors, and human nature minus the Jingoistic germ. Later on, when the shrieking has subsided, the people of Australia will rejoice that they have a Man amongst them. The *Triad* is interesting and entertaining, even in spite of the decadent poetry of Frank Morton; but it tackles too large a proposition when it undertakes to write leaders on Archbishop Mannix. Does the editor assume this attitude because he was the target for the attacks of the *Jingoes* some time ago? It is surely a mistake for the *Triad* to find itself in such company as the Orange organ, and the Christchurch *Sun*. From them we expect no better; from the *Triad* we do.

The 'Journal of Education'

Once again the *Journal of Education* pats Mr. Hanan on the back for his efforts in the cause of irreligious education. 'The State,' says the *Journal*, 'provides for the free, secular, and compulsory education of the children of New Zealand. In the State school syllabus ample provision is made for the physical, mental, and moral welfare of our boys and girls.' We know of one teacher in a State school who attended to the moral welfare of the children by delivering diatribes on the Catholic teaching, and by holding the Irish people up to ridicule for the edification of his class. We know that he is a warm supporter of Mr. Hanan's 'System.' And we do not wonder. We have been given the name of a school in which a Catholic boy stood up to protest against the attacks made by a teacher on the Church. In the light of that read this from the *Journal*: 'It behoves everyone, therefore, who wishes to prevent the introduction of religious strife and sectarian bitterness into our school system to strenuously oppose (*sic*) every attempt by any denomination to secure State grants to their schools.'

*

'Those parents or guardians who are not satisfied with what the State provides are not compelled to send their children to the State schools; they may send them to private or to denominational schools.' No; but those parents are compelled to pay for the education of other children in schools which they conscientiously regard as objectionable, on the ground, recognised in every progressive country in the world, that there can be no sound education where religion is not an important part of the curriculum. We do not demand that the other denominations be compelled to pay for the proper education of Catholic children. We demand that the money extorted from us be applied to the only education that is worthy of the name. We are paying, in round numbers, £1 per head for the education of children in schools which we refuse to recognise as educational at all. All we ask is that the Minister of Education and his colleagues be guided by the elementary principles of statesmanship. It is a bankrupt statesmanship that in defiance of right and reason wrings taxes from people who derive no benefit from them. Until we unite and make our numbers felt we need expect no consideration, and no respect for the rights of citizens from these people. In the meantime the products of Mr. Hanan's schools go to meet

death without ever having used the name of Christ except in blasphemy. He appears to be even proud of the result. It is as nugatory to point out that to teach, not to interfere in politics, is the business of the teachers, as it is to appeal to the Minister of Education for justice. We hope the Catholics of the electorate at present represented by Mr. Hanan are storing all these things up in their hearts against the day of reckoning. Even if his successor be equally bigoted and ignorant of the meaning of education he may be able to sing a new song. We have had enough of Mr. Hanan's now.

Vulgarity and Want of Dignity

Did our readers ever notice that as soon as Catholics reply to attacks made on their Church, especially if they reveal the dishonesty and hate behind such attacks, the attackers fall back on the wonderful argument of telling us that we are wanting in dignity? They do not attempt to argue: that is quite beyond them. Like acidulated spinsters they gather up their skirts and retire hissing, 'How undignified!' Catholics perhaps have after all a better working knowledge of the Bible than their enemies who soon forget that the strong language described as 'vulgar' and 'undignified' was similarly resented by the Jews. The reason is the same now as it was then. Hypocrites, then and now, resent being told that they are whitened sepulchres, full of rottenness, or, haply, compared to a dog returning to his vomit, or to a sow wallowing in the mire. Personally we should never call the use of the right word however hard it might hit—either vulgar or undignified. And we want no higher example than the Book we have referred to to guide us in applying the lash to the enemies of our religion. An Orangeman, in the Dog days, has no scruple about breaking a Catholic's head, but if the Catholic remonstrates, and tells him that he is an assassin, he is a vulgar Papist. So, too, a journal that will quote, the profligate Chini-guy, and the waster McArthur, and repeat charges proved to be false, will protest against the violence and want of dignity of Catholics; and another will mutilate passages, misquote sentences, pick and choose words to build upon their accusations that, even after all these dignified methods, are their own refutation. And although exposed and dishonored and shamed, they will cheerfully return to their vomit, and wallow again in the mire they love (Do yet remark the vulgarity!), and continue to be blind guides, whitened sepulchres, and masses of rottenness until they cease to cumber the earth. Of course the fundamental reason of these childish complaints is ignorance: a man who has a schoolboy's acquaintance with English can see that the 'journalise' of these people is not the English language at all. A little time ago a bishop who made an appeal for the starving children of Dublin was 'undignified'; Archbishop Mannix is the most vulgar and loquacious and seditious person in Australia to-day; Archbishop Kelly has had his share of such compliments too. We do really we do admire the superfine culture, the lofty sincerity, and the abiding dignity of our Orange friends, and of the extraordinary journals that support them. Why does not Mr. Hanan recognise them as they deserve and compel the children to read extracts from them daily? We would not be one bit surprised if he did. That would complete his 'system.'

The Poems of J. M. Plunkett

Whatever we may think of the wisdom of the cause which led Plunkett to his early grave we cannot withhold our admiration for the man himself. He was of the stuff of which are made men who die for lost causes. Father Augustine spoke of the 'sweet and courtly' manner of him as he stood, with hands tied behind his back, waiting for the rifle to end his young life. Sweetness, courtesy, sincerity, piety—old-world qualities largely possessed by most of the gallant gentlemen whose names are written large across the pages of history—were the dominant notes in the character of Joseph Mary Plunkett. He was in the grand old sense of the word that few now understand, a gentleman. 'I am dying for the glory of God and the honor of

Ireland,' he said simply to Father Augustine a little before the end came. To all who cherish his memory, and to all who love real poetry the volume of his poems will be welcome now. His personality lives in his verses. They are lit by Keltic genius and afire with its warmth. And, as is due to poetry, they are set in beautiful language. Here is a word-picture of his travel-years in Algiers:—

The clatter of blades, and the clear
Cold shiver of steel in the night—
Blood spurts in the strange moonlight—
The pattering footsteps of fear,
A little thud and a sigh—
The babbling whispers are still,
Clouds come over the hill,
Silence comes from the sky.

And for a sample of the clear lyric call of his songs read this:

The wind rose, the sea rose,
A wave rose on the sea,
It sang the mournful singing
Of a sad centenary.

It sang the song of any old man
Whose heart had died of grief,
Whose soul had died and withered
At the falling of the leaf.

It sang the song of a young man
Whose heart had died of pain,
When the spring was black and withered
And the winter comes again.

The wind rose, and the sea rose,
A wave rose on the sea,
Swelled with the mournful singing
Of a sad centenary.

He was of the mystic school. Like most Irish poets the Keltic fire of his soul was fed by ideals of patriotism and religion, and more than most, he was of 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' There is a rapt intensity and a white heat of fervor in such verses as the following:—

I see His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of His eyes,
His body gleams amid the eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies.

I see His face in every flower:
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice—and carven by His power
Rocks are His written words.

All pathways by His feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His cross in every tree.

When we look back on the promise and the fulfilment of his twenty-nine years which had their tragic termination in that grim moment when the little twists of rifle-smoke lingered around his lifeless body, let us recall the following words:—

When I am dead let not your murderous tears
Deface with their slow dropping my sad tomb,
Lest your grey head grow greyer for my doom
And fill its echoing corridors with fears:
Your heart that my stone monument appears
While yet I live—O give it not to gloom
When I am dead, but let some joy illumine
The ultimate victory that stings and sears.

Frater, Ave atque Vale! May the memory of Joseph Plunkett find a place in the prayers of us all.

For Chronic Chest Complaints,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. 1/6, 2/6.

DEATH OF FATHER O'DONNELL, QUEENSTOWN

The news of the death of Father John O'Donnell, Queenstown, though not unexpected, will come as a shock to his many friends, and wide sympathy will be extended to his brother, Dean O'Donnell, of Ashburton, who was with him to the last. Scarcely has the grave closed over Monsignor O'Leary—between whom and Father O'Donnell there existed a warm friendship—when again the diocese of Dunedin is bereft by the hand of death of one of its most zealous and devoted priests.

Born in 1852 in Glencoe, County Limerick, after studying classics at Mount Melleray and theology at All Hallows, he was ordained at the latter college in 1889. Twenty-eight years have passed since the late pastor of Queenstown arrived in New Zealand with a band of young missionaries enlisted by the late Bishop Moran, who accompanied them on their voyage out. Father O'Donnell's first mission was in Milton, where for some four years he proved himself an earnest, vigorous, and pious assistant pastor. On his promotion to the charge of Palmerston South he soon won the esteem of all by his devotion to duty and enthusiastic zeal for the organisation of that scattered parish. Having cleared the debt off the presbytery, he set about the building of a neat and substantial church at Hyde, and subsequently erected a pretty church at Hampden. When Queenstown parish fell vacant by the promotion of Dean Burke to Invercargill, Father O'Donnell was appointed to succeed him. The same energy and self-sacrifice that had characterised him in his previous spheres of duty were again exercised, and as a result the beautiful Gothic stone church at Queenstown that looks down upon Lake Wakatipu and commands the admiration of all who visit the Cold Lakes District, was erected and cleared of debt. The church at Arrowtown, now a solid and neat structure, was restored by him. Whilst at Cardrona and at Garston churches were erected that supply all present needs and reflect credit upon the pastor's care and thoughtfulness.

Whilst thus making ample provision for the material requirements of the people committed to his care, he attended faithfully to the more important work of sanctifying them by the edification of his saintly life. His familiar figure will long be missed from the roads and bye paths of his mountain district. In all seasons he was at his post, frequently taking in three centres on a Sunday—Queenstown, Arrowtown, and Cardrona. The privations endured on a journey to Martin's Bay some sixteen years or so ago, when trying to reach the most distant portion of his very scattered flock, brought on a malady from which he was never afterwards entirely free, and which eventually terminated his life. He worked with such ceaseless earnestness as to set an example that will tax the most energetic to follow and maintain. Filled as he was with the most lively faith, he never could do enough for the glory of God and the sanctification of his flock. Endowed with all priestly virtues, particularly with an abiding spirit of prayer, he led a truly supernatural life, the memory of which will be an incentive to the rising generation of priests to emulate. His was no ordinary vocation, for it came to him when he had already reached his manhood, and entailed a heroic sacrifice of his comfortable position in life: and like St. Ignatius Loyola he became again a boy amongst boys in his determined and successful efforts to master the intricacies of sacred knowledge. When this reaches the eyes of *Tablet* readers his remains will be lying in the quaint cemetery nestling beneath the shadow of Ben Lomond beside those of Father John Ryan, another former Milton curate. They loved each other in life, and in death they will be united.

THE OBSEQUIES.

Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Joseph's Church, Queenstown, on Tuesday morning. The Very Rev. Dean O'Donnell, Ashburton (brother of the deceased priest), was celebrant, Rev. Father Murphy (Riverton) deacon, Very Rev. Father Lynch

subdeacon, and Very Rev. Father Coffey (Adm. St. Joseph's Cathedral) master of ceremonies. There were also present the Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay (Vicar-General), Very Rev. Dean Burke, Rev. Fathers J. O'Neill, Hunt, P. O'Donnell, D. O'Neill, McMullan, Howard, O'Dea, Delany, Liston, Corcoran, Buckley, Kavanagh, Kaveney, O'Connell, Graham, and Rev. Dr. Kelly.

Funeral Oration.

Rev. Father Liston, Holy Cross College, addressed the congregation, speaking as follows:—

The duty has been assigned to me of putting into words a tribute of respect to the holy dead from Bishop, fellows-priests, and people. In performing this last sad office, my wish is not to raise an idle structure of praise, but in reverent sorrow for the vanished presence of a dear friend yet with sure trust in his present prayer, to speak in simple words the thoughts that are in all our hearts. If the attempt fails, it fails because it is difficult to speak at all of a saintly soul. Yet the grateful affection of an unrippled friendship may supply important wants.

Our Lord spoke of Himself as the Good Shepherd, Who was ready to lay down His life for His sheep. Such too is the name, such the vocation of a good priest. He must lay down his life for his sheep, either, as happens in the case of the chosen few, in the swift agony of an hour, or in the life-long struggle of duty in order that his people may save their souls.



Twenty-eight years ago Father John O'Donnell hurried from his own dear land and his own sweet home to this rim of the earth, in order to win the souls of men through lonely days and nights and weary journeys of heroic toil. During all this time, whether at Milton, Palmerston, or Queenstown, he went about the ordinary duties of a parish priest, not with parade and ostentation, but with dogged faithfulness, and when the time came for him to go to God he lay down in simple dignity and died amidst his people, content to know that the labor of all these years, the gleams of hope, the clouds of tears had added something to his Master's work here on earth.

There is no need to speak in detail to you of the measure of his achievement. You, his people, on whom he poured out the wealth of a rich heart, and who, in turn, gave him to the full that affectionate attachment and esteem which the Irish race has never withheld from its pastors—you know better than anyone else how he slaved to keep the schools efficient, to renovate one church, build others, and set this gem of a sanctuary on its lovely site, in view of the grand everlasting hills he loved so well. Let me rather turn to his inner life and his more intimate work for souls.

A faithful priest—such is the true description of John Francis O'Donnell. The priest is the man taken

from amongst men who is absolutely God's and the people's—and all the more the people's for being so wholly God's. He consecrates himself to the Great High Priest by his vow of perpetual chastity, and he is, in return, consecrated by a special sacrament which gives him the right to offer to heaven the stupendous sacrifice of the Mass—stupendous, because it sends up infinite praise and thanksgiving to God, and makes infinite reparation and supplication for the people. How keenly Father O'Donnell realised his sacred position could be seen from his manner of offering the Holy Sacrifice: it did one's faith and heart good to assist at his Mass.

The business of a priest again is to instruct, correct, sanctify, and save the people given into his charge. He must first speak to them as a body from the altar steps. 'Now, oh son of man, I have made thee a watchman of the House of Israel. Therefore, thou shalt hear the word from my mouth, and shall tell it them from Me.' Did he not do so whose lips are now closed in rest, in season and out of season, with plain yet burning speech, to good, careless, and bad, to the old, the middle-aged, and children, in every nook and corner of this lordly Wakatipu—Nokomai, Garston, Glenorchy, Queenstown, Skippers, Arrowtown, Cardrona? Then he must deal with each severally and in detail, as though each were the only object of his care. He is like one who would till the broad acres of his farm by spade and garden culture. The work is often hard and disagreeable, but life is a duty and your priest dared it. He rode right up to the fence of duty, and leaping over it, landed safely on the other side. You know how he prayed and made others pray for the prodigals' return; you cannot know, God alone knows, how he wept and sacrificed himself for them. Few, if any of his charges, died without the consoling grace of reconciliation: if any did so die, it surely was not the fault of this tireless tracker of souls. He was indeed a priest first and last, a man of infinite grit and a great soul. He did not look for success in the eyes of the world; his only idea of failure was to fail in pleasing God. How many the works of his priestly career to meet him at Heaven's gates! How many children to whom he taught the catechism with unwearying devotion will welcome him to the nurseries of paradise! The wandering ones whom he led back to God will stand forth to tell the Judge that to his priestly services they owed the grace of repentance, the peace wherein they died, and the crowns they wear. The good and the innocent for whom he blazed a track to Heaven by his own saintly holiness will surely bring him to the feet of Jesus.

All this work for God could never have been done had not Father O'Donnell lived in an atmosphere of Faith. He looked into this world from the next, and not, as most men do, from this into the next. It was natural to him to think and speak and act in view of the eternal. You, his fellow-priests who knew him well, will remember how inevitably the thought of God ran through his ordinary speech. He could not help it. The mountains out there must point to the sky and the lovely lake reflect the glory of the setting sun. To him, God's presence was not a dream, but a reality; not a phantom, but a fact.

But if the mainspring of his life was the living sense of an unseen Presence, prayer ran all through it. He plunged like a strong swimmer into the stream of prayer, and fought his way across with strength and confidence. When conversions had to be made, favors obtained, comfort poured into sorrowing hearts, he would literally storm heaven with his prayers. I recall with gratitude that his last sermon to you in this church only a few weeks ago was a powerful entreaty to pray for the safety of our students. And may God reward him abundantly for his unflinching and generous devotion to the college, his wise counsels, his many Masses and prayers for its success. In this matter of prayer he was a lover of the old ways. He kept up in rare measure that traditional piety which in the country of his birth stood firm amid all the horrors of persecution. The love of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and of

Mary, His Mother, a great reverential affection for St. Joseph and St. Patrick, on these was his soul's life mainly fed. Day by day he would spend much time—often hours, some have said whole nights—in prayer before the altar, pouring out his rich, throbbing, Irish heart in acts of contrition, thanksgiving, reparation, and love, humbling himself in the sight of the Divine Majesty, asking for guidance, imploring God and his heavenly friends to watch over his flock and his earthly friends. And as he prayed with unclouded confidence here before the Tabernacle in the silence of the night—and how often and how long he did pray!—the rough ways were smoothed, light and strength came to his heart.

I do not claim that to Father John God gave such grace as dazzles us in the Saints—only the infallible Church can say that of any man—but I do know that his life was given in absolute and ceaseless oblation to God, until the light of Faith lit up his every thought and prayer became the texture of his heart. It would be difficult to find any man in New Zealand of whom we could say with more confidence that he had a perfect rectitude of mind and life. He had the blood of martyrs in his veins—what Catholic Irishman has not?—and more, their will. We who know what he did and was, can guess what he would have done and been, had the burning hour of martyrdom ever broken for him.

Yet this humble priest cherished no illusions about himself: his ingrained sincerity would not allow him to lay claim to qualities he did not possess, and in his lowliness he could not see the richness of his gifts. As a student and a priest, he set character above intellect. He himself would have said he was not brilliant, but he had something better than brilliant powers—he had a balanced character, a clear head, and sound sense. His proved integrity gave weight to his words and carried conviction in the most unlikely quarters. The purity of his life answered for the purity of his aims. He leaves a white unbroken glory, a gathered radiance.

His priestly life was big with success in saving souls because men were drawn to God by his holiness, by the manly simplicity of his character, and its disarming directness and unaffectedness, by his obvious sincerity and straightness, his thoroughness in work and utter unworldliness. We all know that life for him meant not getting, but giving: he gave of what he had and of what he was. It was only in keeping with his spirit of self-sacrifice that he should stay at home to work the farm and send his younger brother to study first for the priesthood, that he should take into his own home and for months tenderly nurse a dying priest, and that he should cling in spite of shattered health to the hardest parish in the diocese, though his Bishop entreated him not once or twice, but many times to take up easier work. He had, too, a fine gift of sympathy and a rich vein of tenderness, as those in sorrow always found. How could he fail to win souls to God?

His brother priests were drawn within the circle of his engaging friendship by the nobility of his soul, and by his generosity, genial in courteous hospitality. They found him a man of deep thought, wide sympathies, prudent counsel, pleasant ways, and infinite loveliness. His dear delight was to entertain a fellow-priest, and perhaps his heart beat proudest when he stood up in his own home to assure the Papal Delegate in his earnest way that there was no spot in the wide world where the Pope's representative was more welcome than in the Wakatipu. He had the gift of intimacy, and went through life proudly friended.

How can we think of John Francis O'Donnell without calling to mind his love for his dear native land? He was Irish to the bone. He had read the pages of Irish history and seen on them thickly scattered stains of blood; he had looked into Ireland's soul and saw there cut by the sword, or branded by the fetter, sensitive wounds of outrage, and indelible scars of wrong. Could he forget? Can a woman forget the child of her womb? And though she should for-

get, yet will not I forget.' His love for Ireland deepened with the years; his belief in her destiny never faltered; no power on earth, he thought, can wither the persistent and insistent presence of a true and holy cause.

'He is long enough out of heaven,' remarked a friend on hearing that the end was near, and when God called him, he prayed the last prayers for the evening of our exile, received the Viaticum and the last Unction for his journey home, and went out with unreluctant tread to meet his Saviour. He feared Death: he shuddered time and time again at the thought of Omnipotent Justice naked. But then would come the memory of Infinite Compassion and of a divine exile's pilgrimage on earth. 'Quaerens me sedisti lassus, redemisti crucem passus, tantus labor non sit cassus.' He might have said with that saint of old: 'I have served a good Master these six and sixty years, why should I be afraid to meet Him?'

God rest you, rest you, rest you, holy dead. Not one of us—Bishop, who esteemed you so highly; brother, who loved you so affectionately and whom you loved with surpassing tenderness; fellow-priests, who took your life as a model; nuns, whom you led along the heights of spirituality; lonely friends and bereaved people—none of us—praise you rest. Poor, worn body, wasted with the sufferings of the past fifteen years, God has given you rest at last! It was a frail barque, nimbly tossed by wind and wave, that crept into port to-day—Thursday—but it bore safe the pearl of great price.

He, being dead, yet speaketh to remind us, as he so often did from these altar steps, of two great truths of our holy faith. 'To-day for me, I am sure I hear him saying, "to-morrow for thee." Look Death square in the eye, before He comes; cast up your account from day to day. Then again I hear him crying: O loving friends, your prayers.'

Will pray for me?
I plead with thee,
Sometimes just fold my name
In beautiful Hail Marys,
And you give me more
Than all the world besides.

The love that links us all in the Communion of Saints throws a golden bridge across the river that cuts us off from the dear departed, and passing over bears in its hands the alms of Masses and prayers. Let us not grudge him such alms as he may need—him, who was and is so lavish of his gifts and prayers on our behalf.

And so farewell, but not for ever! brother dear. When the history of this puny world shall have drawn to a close, and the Lord Jesus shall come to take you up the shining way, may all who have known and

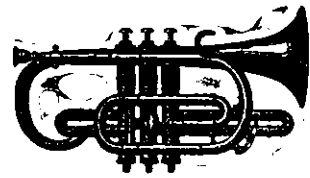
loved you in life—brother, Bishop, fellow-priests, nuns, and people—be there to see!

The solemn service incidental to the obsequies was chanted by the choir of clergy, and at the termination of the sacred ceremonies in the church, the interment took place, at which the whole of the clergy assisted.

AN APPRECIATION.

(By VERY REV. J. O'NEILL.)

Any reference to the late Father O'Donnell would be incomplete that omitted a mention of his intense love for the land of his birth. Born amid the romantic scenes of the Glen of Ossian, or Glensheen as it is commonly spelt; cradled among the wild beauties of that weird and lovely district, he imbibed an undying affection for everything connected with the ancient



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glories of Erin. The legendary lore with which the district abounded gave him ample food for thought, and developed in his spirit a patriotic fire which his own personal knowledge of the wretched misgovernment of his native land never quenched. He took a complacency all his own in his youthful connection with the movement of '67. Those who knew of his successful efforts to promote the celebration of the centenary of '98 through our Dominion, will not need to be told that one of the most loyal hearts that ever beat for Erin is now closed in the casket that his fellow-priests laid reverently to rest in the place of his own choosing, amid the scenic grandeurs of the land of his adoption. Farewell, John Francis O'Donnell, may the merciful Lord grant you that abundant reward which your disinterestedness, zeal, and piety entitle you. R.I.P.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

May 5.

The date of the annual meeting of the Wellington Diocesan Council N.Z.C.F. has been fixed for July 4.

Mr. O. P. Lynch, who for eleven years has been secretary of the Paraparaumu branch of the Farmers' Union, has been elected chairman of the branch.

The handsome sum of £142 has been received from the parish of Hastings, through the Rev. Father Geo. Mahony, S.M., for the Catholic Field Service Fund.

The Rev. Brother Denis, Provincial of the Marist Brothers for the newly created Province of New Zealand and Fiji, is on a visit to Wellington on business connected with the Order.

The bazaar in aid of the funds of the Sacred Heart parish, Thorndon, now being organised by the Rev. Father Smyth, S.M., and his energetic committee, will take place at the Guildford Terrace Schoolroom, commencing on Tuesday, May 29.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Byrne, V.G., Brisbane, who is on a visit to New Zealand, was last week the guest of the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy at St. Anne's Presbytery. Monsignor Byrne celebrated the 7.30 a.m. and 9.a.m. Masses last Sunday at St. Anne's Church.

The centenary of the founding of the religious Order of Marist Brothers occurs in August next. A preliminary meeting of old boys, under the auspices of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association is convened to arrange a fitting celebration of the centenary.

An interesting lecture on the war was given before the students of the Victoria College on Saturday evening by the Rev. Father Gondringer, S.M., M.A., of St. Patrick's College. Professor H. Mackenzie presided. The lecturer dealt in full detail with the operations on the Western front from the commencement of the war to date, and was listened to with the greatest attention and interest. At its close the lecturer was accorded a hearty vote of thanks.

The quarterly meeting of the Thorndon Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation was held in the Guildford terrace schoolroom last week. The Rev. Father Smyth, S.M., Adm., presided, and there was a crowded attendance. The feature of the evening was a spirited address by the Rev. Father Gondringer, S.M., M.A., of St. Patrick's College, on the subject of 'Catholics and Education.' The address was listened to with close attention, and frequently applauded. Father Gondringer was accorded a vote of thanks. During the meeting Miss Jansen and Messrs. Sievers and Reade contributed musical numbers.

The *Tablet* has some strenuous champions among the members of the Thomas Moore anniversary festival committee. In forming an advertising committee in connection with the anniversary concert, it was decided

to advertise in the *Tablet*. The mover in support of the proposition stated that many people had discontinued subscribing to the dailies owing to the increase in the prices, but retained the *Tablet*, with the result that it was a better business proposition to advertise in our only Catholic paper, which had not as yet increased its price.

I very much regret to record the death of Mr. Patrick Scully, of Tinakori road, a much esteemed parishioner of Thorndon, which occurred on Sunday, April 22. The deceased, who was a staunch Catholic, and patriotic Irishman, in his early years was a member of the Armed Constabulary, and later a member of the Police Force, having been stationed in Greymouth and Akaroa. On his retirement from the Police Force he joined the Railway Dept., serving therein up to the time of his death. He took a keen interest in Irish affairs and was a subscriber to the *Tablet* from its inception. His last illness was borne with true Christian resignation, and fortified with all the rites of Holy Church, his death was most edifying. The Rev. Father Smyth, S.M., attended him in his last illness and also celebrated the Requiem Mass prior to the interment. The funeral on Monday, April 23, was a private one. A widow and four daughters are left to mourn the loss of a loving husband and devoted and kind father.—R.I.P.

One of the charges to a new member when being installed into the ranks of the Hibernian Society is that he is to, with fond recollections, ever 'Cherish the memory of Ireland,' condoling in her sufferings, rejoicing in her prosperity and happiness, and to impress on those of the rising generation a love for the noble and devoted race from which they have sprung. In keeping with that injunction, the members of the Hibernian Society are endeavoring to foster a love for Irish music, and with that object in view are commencing this year competitions among the Catholic primary school children, and to celebrate at the Town Hall, the Thomas Moore anniversary with a concert on May 28. In this connection Messrs. C. Begg and Co. have donated a handsome shield for annual competition. The shield, which was manufactured by Messrs. Walker and Hall, is now on view in the window of Messrs. Begg and Co.'s establishment in Manners street. At these functions, numbers by Moore alone will be sung. Messrs. Bernard Page, E. J. Healy, E. B. L. Reade, and Knight, the Catholic choirmasters of the city are aiding the society, and the proceeds, after providing a fund for future celebrations, will be devoted to the Catholic education fund. Those desirous of becoming honorary members of the committee can do so on payment of an annual fee of one guinea, entitling them to three complimentary tickets for the concert. The following have already forwarded their subscription—Mrs. Martin Kennedy, Miss Kennedy, Messrs. J. J. McGrath and M. Segrief.

In connection with the recent picture film conference convened by the Catholic Federation, the following circular on the subject of objectionable posters has been issued by the Hon. G. W. Russell (Minister of Internal Affairs) to all borough councils in the Dominion:—'With reference to my circular letter of 29th September last, stating that I would be glad of the co-operation of your council in regard to the exhibition on hoardings and in vestibules of theatres and other places of objectionable posters, and calling attention to the power given to borough councils by section 344 (a) and (o) of the Municipal Corporation Act, 1908, I have now to inform you that correspondence is being received regarding the continuance of the exhibition of objectionable posters, and I should, therefore, be glad to know what action, if any, your council has taken or proposes to take, in the matter of prohibiting such exhibition. I may add that if the municipal authorities are not prepared to exercise their powers in this matter the Government may consider it necessary to find some other means of coping with what is an undoubted evil, and which is calculated to

undermine the morals of the juvenile portion of the population.'

The widespread interest in an adequate censorship of cinematograph films is shown in the appended letter which recently appeared in a local daily paper:— 'I read in your columns last night that the N.Z. Catholic Federation, at their annual conference, urged that stricter and wider scope of censorship be introduced. This is a very wise course to pursue. Independent of this Federation, the following bodies passed resolutions at their meetings dealing with this subject:—The Methodist Conference, the Baptist Union, the Education Board, and the Coachbuilders' Conference, besides hundreds of letters received by the daily papers from correspondents—all complaining about the present method, and asking that a better system be introduced. These bodies represent thousands of people, and I think that their cause of complaint is fully justified. Therefore let the Government, without further delay, introduce the one and proper system of censorship by a board of three or four persons, as provided for in the Cinematograph Act, 1916. In Australia all films have to be passed by the board; therefore let the same apply here in New Zealand. What the people of New Zealand want is good healthy, instructive, and educational films.'

The Concert Chamber of the Town Hall was well filled when the Fancy Fair in aid of the Infant School and Kindergarten in connection with St. Joseph's parish was officially declared open by the Mayoress (Mrs. J. P. Luke). Mr. J. J. L. Burke, in a few introductory remarks, said the proceeds of the fair would be devoted to completing the payments on account of the Marist Brothers' residence in Tasman street, and in forming the nucleus of a fund for erecting a new infant school and kindergarten, which is urgently needed.

Archbishop O'Shea expressed the pleasure the committee felt in seeing the Mayoress present, and conveyed to Mrs. Luke sincere congratulations upon the unopposed return of Mr. Luke to the high and responsible position of Chief Magistrate of the Capital City. The work of his Worship and Mrs. Luke had been much appreciated by the citizens, and their efforts on behalf of the soldiers, and in war affairs generally, would never be forgotten. The object of the fair was a worthy one, and his Grace commended it to the generosity of all, and concluded by inviting the Mayoress to declare the fair open.

Mrs. Luke thanked his Grace Archbishop O'Shea for his very kind references to the work of the Mayor and the Mayoress in connection with public affairs, and thanked the citizens for the honor shown to his Worship by returning him to the office unopposed. The work of the past two years had indeed been strenuous, but it was gratifying indeed to Mr. Luke to find that it had been appreciated by the citizens in such a substantial manner. The object for which the fair was being held was one that everyone could support, as the claims of the children came before everything else. Mrs. Luke concluded by wishing the fair every possible success, and had much pleasure in declaring it open.

During the evening, the pupils of Miss Guise performed a number of dances in fancy costume, which were much enjoyed. Good business was done at each of the stalls, and the returns for the evening were most satisfactory. The fair will remain open every evening this week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

There was again a large attendance on Monday evening. The boys of the Tasman Street School presented several attractive exhibitions of Swedish drill and gymnastic exercises, and rendered several effective choruses, under the direction of the Rev. Brother Fidelis. Miss Zelma Carroll received a recall for her recitations. Good business was done all the evening. On Tuesday Turner's Orchestra rendered a first class

programme. Each subsequent evening entertainments were given. The bazaar, after a most successful season, closes this evening.

The Dominion treasurer of the Catholic Federation acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following donations to the Catholic Field Service Fund:—

Amount previously acknowledged	... £1090	13	3
Rev. Father Geo. Mahony, S.M., on behalf of the Hastings parish, forwarded through the Wellington Diocesan Council	142	0 0
Anonymous, through the Rev. Father Venning, for Chaplain-Captain McDonald, Egypt	5	10 0
		£1238	3 3
Amount expended, as previously detailed	£704	1 6
Chaplain-Captain McDonald, Egypt	5	10 0
		709	11
Balance	£528	11 9

OBITUARY

REV. MOTHER REGIS, REEFTON.

Tuesday's *Grey mouth Star* says:— 'Widespread sorrow was felt yesterday evening throughout the West Coast, and especially in Reefton and Westport, when it became known that the Rev. Mother M. Regis Murray had passed away yesterday afternoon at Reefton. The deceased lady was Mother Superior of the first band of Sisters of Mercy who founded the Reefton Convent in 1891. A few years later she led another devoted band of Sisters to found the Westport Convent. During her 26 years in New Zealand, the Rev. Mother Regis worked strenuously for the Christian education of the children who came under her care, and in spite of incessant ill-health achieved marvellous results amongst them. The news of her death will come as a painful shock to her pupils scattered throughout New Zealand, also to the many sufferers to whom she brought relief in time of sorrow. Nowhere will she be more missed than in her own community, where she was dearly loved and esteemed. The deceased lady was the eldest daughter of Mr. M. Murray, of West Maitland, N.S.W. She became a member of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy in the Convent at Singleton, N.S.W., and after a few years was chosen as leader of the Sisters. From the convent she came to Reefton in 1891. Her other sisters all became Sisters of Mercy. They are: Sisters M. Cecilia and Gertrude (Singleton), the latter having predeceased Mother Mary Regis, and Sister Mary Gonzaga, of the Reefton Convent. Her brother (Brother Clement) is at present Provincial of the Marist Brothers of Australia, whilst the second brother (Brother Eusebius) is stationed in Wellington.—R.I.P.

Rev. Louis G. Deppen, editor of the Louisville, Ky., *Catholic Record* and chaplain of St. Xavier College for eighteen years, became chaplain of St. Joseph's Infirmary by appointment of Right Rev. Bishop O'Donaghue. Father Deppen has made his home at the infirmary for nearly three decades. As chaplain he succeeds the late Rev. Hugh Brady.

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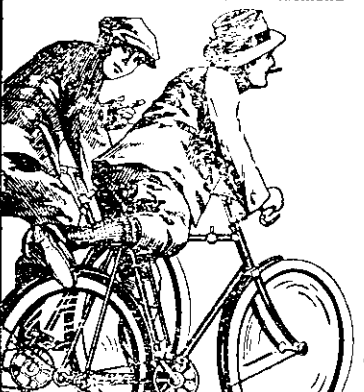
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DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

May 4.

Rev. Father Carran left during the week for Australia on holiday leave for three months. He is being temporarily replaced by the Rev. Father Browning.

The Rev. Father Hegarty, recently ordained, arrived from the old country during the week by a troopship. He is, I understand, intended for the archdiocese of Wellington.

The Very Rev. Father Taylor, S.M., left on Monday for Australia, where he commences a series of retreats and missions, beginning with a retreat for the clergy of Rockhampton.

Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook has been confined to his room since Sunday last with a severe indisposition. He has the sympathy of numerous friends, who wish him a speedy return to health.

With deep regret the news of the death in Westland of Rev. Mother Regis was received, the late religious being well known and highly revered in Auckland. The heartfelt sympathy of a large circle of friends is extended to the sorrowing relatives.

A progressive euchre and social evening in connection with the Surrey Hills portion of the parish was held in St. Benedict's Hall on May 1, in aid of the schools building fund. There was a very large gathering, and all present were well pleased with the entertainment provided.

The first of the series of socials to liquidate the debt on the new presbytery of the Sacred Heart parish, Ponsonby, was held in the club rooms recently. Euchre and other attractions provided an enjoyable evening's entertainment. The parishioners are urged to patronise these socials in large numbers, so that the object for which they are being promoted may be speedily achieved.

A case came before the local S.M. Court this week which recalled the splendid service rendered some years ago by the Very Rev. Father O'Shea, S.M., now Co-adjutor-Archbishop of Wellington. An ordinary young fellow was charged with theft, and wrongfully gave his name. As a consequence he appeared on the charge sheet as 'Murphy,' while his real name was as foreign to Celtic origin as that of Von Hindenburg. In this way statistics are compiled!

The recent school committee elections were contested by several prominent Catholic Federation men, who in almost every instance were returned by good majorities. On one of the city committees Mr. A. Rose (president of the Federation) was returned and elected chairman. Messrs. P. E. Dromgool, W. Kane, Jas. Grace, G. Little, P. Dromgool, sen. (Newton), P. Barry and Young (Parnell) were also elected in their respective districts.

In connection with St. Benedict's Club the following officers were recently elected for the ensuing term: President, Mr. A. Rose; vice-president, Mr. J. Creden; secretary, Mr. C. O'Leary; treasurer, Mr. A. Williams; social secretary, Mr. P. McCabe; custodian, Mr. A. Wigg. The report and balance sheet were read and adopted, disclosing a very satisfactory position. Over half of the original members of the club have enlisted voluntarily for service with the Expeditionary Forces, some of whom have made the supreme sacrifice.

The month of May devotions were commenced in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Tuesday week last in the presence of a very large congregation, including the members of both divisions of the Confraternity of the Holy Family. It being the ordinary meeting of the confraternity the Rev. Father Taylor preached an eloquent discourse on Father Mathew, the great Irish apostle of temperance. This subject is to be treated in subsequent addresses. It is desirable that all should show their love for our Lady by attending the beautiful devotions during this month in her honor.

The members of the Sacred Heart Catholic Boys' Club held their second debate in accordance with the present syllabus in the club rooms on Sunday evening

last. There was a large attendance. The subject for discussion—'Was the rising in Ireland in 1916 justifiable?'—produced a spirited contest. Ultimately the affirmative side were declared victors, the points being affirmative 37, negative 35. The president in his criticism of the speeches congratulated the debaters on the improvement shown, particularly in regard to preparation and delivery. Several very ingenious arguments were adduced and the future success of the debating class was assured.

Prior to his departure for the front, Mr. J. G. Foy was entertained by a large number of friends in St. Benedict's Hall at a social evening. The Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan, V.G., presided and presented Mr. Foy on behalf of the choir, school committee, and Catholic Club, with a wristlet watch. Monsignor Gillan wished Mr. Foy every blessing and success, and trusted he would return safely. Mr. Foy feelingly responded and thanked the donors for their valued gift and good wishes. Musical numbers were rendered by the choir (Mr. Pringle conducting), Misses McLeod, Foley, Studd, Dickson, and Molloy, and Mr. Leo O'Malley. Refreshments were served by the ladies.

Hamilton

(From our own correspondent.)

April 29.

In connection with the recent municipal elections, four members of St. Mary's Men's Club were candidates for the Borough Council. One—Mr. C. Lafferty—was successful in obtaining a seat, while the others, although not successful, polled exceedingly well.

The Catholic Men's Club will meet on Tuesday evening next, when the chairman (Rev. Father Duffy) will answer the questions placed in a question box. A good meeting is anticipated, as it is understood there are several interesting subjects to be dealt with.

A sequel to Howard Elliott effusions was the appearance before Mr. Rawson, S.M., of Peter Kelly, charged with disorderly behaviour on February 27. Mr. J. R. Landon, who appeared for defendant, admitted the expressions alleged to have been used. Counsel quoted copiously from the report of the lecture, and contended that the statements made were enough to raise resentment in any properly constituted Irishman. He said that something would have to be done to stop this sort of thing, and the police would not take action. Proceedings would have to be taken under the War Regulations Act. The magistrate said that assuming the statements were correct as quoted, the lecture was an extraordinary one, and it was very inadvisable to deliver it at any time. He could quite understand that the Catholics would feel incensed at the reflections cast upon them and their religion. It seemed peculiar that the reverend gentleman was allowed to lecture in that strain. If the reports were correct, he was certainly very injudicious. Defendant's language was not very serious. Taking the circumstances into consideration, he would enter a conviction and order defendant to pay costs.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

We thank the clergy and the laity who have so kindly written to assure us of their satisfaction with the *New Zealand Tablet*, and their approval of its policy of honest criticism. From four gentlemen we have received expressions of regret that, (a) we give such prominence to the wrongs of Ireland; (b) that we express what we know to be true, and abstain from unwarranted 'mafficking,' concerning the war; (c) that our words in reference to the wanton attacks of Orangemen and others are too virile and perhaps 'vulgar.' It is unnecessary to say that we will go on exactly as we have begun, and that we recognise the right of no journal in New Zealand to give us lessons in English. We are quite content to have the approval of all those whose opinions we value. *Ed. N.Z. Tablet.*

PRESENTATION TO VERY REV. DEAN POWER, HAWERA

There was a large gathering of St. Joseph's parishioners and their friends in the Catholic schoolroom on the evening of April 30, when a presentation was made to the Very Rev. Dean Power as a mark of the appreciation in which he is held in the parish. Mr. B. McCarthy, solicitor, presided, and associated with him were Rev. Father Doolaghty (Opunake), Mr. P. O'Dea, M.A., L.L.B., and Mr. J. Bartlett, vice president of the local branch of the Catholic Federation. Apologies for absence were received from several of the neighboring clergy.

Mr. McCarthy said the gathering had been promoted by the Hibernian Society, the Catholic Federation, and the parishioners, to mark the unity which existed between pastor and people, and so as to make the unity complete, the children also were associated with the function. Mr. McCarthy referred to the many evidences of progress in the parish during the nineteen years the Very Rev. Dean had been in charge of the parish. The parish would be considered compare more than favorably with other parishes in the Dominion, and the parishioners wished to show their recognition of the fact that most of what had been accomplished had been due to the labors of their worthy pastor. He had much pleasure in calling upon Mr. O'Dea to make the presentation.

Mr. O'Dea said it afforded him great pleasure to be associated with the gathering. He felt, however, that he was not worthy to emphasize the regard and esteem in which the Dean was held by the whole of his parishioners. The Dean had been with them nineteen years, and those nineteen years had seen many changes. When the Dean first came to Hawera the parish extended from Patea to Opunake and Elltham; now the same district supported five parishes, but although the parish was now smaller the work had by no means diminished. Dean Power was esteemed not only for his work in the Church but also for his capabilities and learning, and in his (the speaker's) opinion the Dean was worthy of higher honors, which he hoped would yet be bestowed upon him. Whenever the Church had been attacked there had been no champion more able, no writer more fearless to refute such attacks. He had much pleasure in presenting Dean Power with a cheque for £60 and an accompanying address inscribed as follows:

Inspired by a desire to acknowledge a true union between priest and people gained by an experience of nineteen years' pastorate, and to offer a humble tribute of admiration of one so intellectually gifted, with a real love and veneration of Holy Faith, we, the members of the Catholic Federation, Hibernian Society, and parishioners of Hawera and district, desire your acceptance of the accompanying chalice, treasuring the hope that you may long be endowed with health and strength to follow your high ideals in our midst. (Signed) J. Bartlett (vice-president) and C. S. Shanahan (secretary), Catholic Federation; M. J. Fennell (president) and L. O. Hooker (secretary), Hibernian Society.

Concluding, Mr. O'Dea said: 'Very Rev. Dean, in presenting this to you we wish to honor not only yourself for your own inherent worth, but the Holy Church which you so well adorn, and lastly that little green isle whose wrongs and whose woes you have so ably depicted, and whose rights you have so nobly maintained. May the remembrance of this little gift ever bring to your mind the kindly thoughts and the loving wishes of those who have herein subscribed their names.'

The chairman said the children had asked him to convey their appreciation of the many kindnesses extended to them by the Dean, and he would ask Miss Molly Potter and Miss Eua Rauch to present the Dean with a cheque for 18 guineas, the amount collected by the children. (Applause.)

The Dean, who was received with prolonged applause, said he desired to thank the parishioners and the children for the honor they had conferred upon him on his feast day, or rather the feast day of the parish. It was nineteen years that day since he first arrived in Hawera to take charge of the parish. He desired to thank Mr. McCarthy and Mr. O'Dea for their kind remarks of appreciation, but he did not think all the credit for what had been accomplished should be given to him his parishioners deserved some credit also, because it was they who had found the funds to enable the various works to be accomplished. He was pleased with the presentation, especially the 'little' presentation from the children whom he loved so well. He had received many presentations of this nature from his parishioners, and he had always given the moneys to the funds of the Church, because he did not need them. The presentations he had received that night, however, he intended to use for the purpose of purchasing a gold chalice, and to obtain a replica of one of the finest chalices ever seen. The parish, he might add, was one of the best equipped in New Zealand (applause), it was a most desirable parish, and the envy of all the parish priests in the Dominion. (Laughter.) In conclusion, the Dean said he was very grateful to his parishioners for their marks of appreciation of the goodwill which existed between his people and himself.

During the evening a most acceptable musical programme was presented, when songs were contributed by Mrs. Goodison, Miss Betty Jacomb, Miss C. Reilly, Miss Edwards, Mr. Gornley; vocal duets by Misses Gallagher and Hooker, and the Misses Reilly; recitations by Miss Edwards, Miss Kelly, and Mr. O'Connor; a pianoforte duet by Miss and Master Fennell; and a pianoforte solo by Miss Hooker, while the school children gave a chorus. Recalls were the order of the evening, and at the close the performers were accorded a vote of thanks by acclamation. The Mayor (Mr. E. Dixon), who had lent the piano for the occasion, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Taylor, for carrying out the decorations, were each accorded a vote of thanks enthusiastically conveyed.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

May 7.

In the recent municipal elections for the Borough of Oamaru, Mr. Frank Cooney, the only Catholic candidate, was again returned to the council, and was placed fifth on the list of eighteen aspirants for office, securing 970 votes. Mr. Ongley did not offer himself for re-election.

Miss Maud McCone, pupil of the Dominican Nuns, has been advised she has gained the diploma of licentiate of Trinity College, London (L.T.C.L.). Miss McCone passed practical work in November last, and art of teaching and rudiments in December. Miss D. Hoskin, a pupil of the Dominican Nuns, also passed in art of teaching and rudiments in the December examinations.

Advice has been received that of the two senior exhibitions awarded to the two highest candidates in musical knowledge throughout New Zealand, Tasmania, and Canada, one has been awarded to an Oamaru candidate—Miss Florence Matches—who passed the senior practical examination last year with 95 per cent. At the time of examination Miss Matches had only been studying music for the short period of three and a half years. This exhibition is valued at £9 9s. Miss F. Matches is a pupil of Miss Cartwright, L.T.C.L., L.A.B.

We direct attention to the time-table alterations as affecting the trains in the Dunedin district of the New Zealand Railways, appearing in this issue. The revised time table is to come into operation on Monday, May 14.

A SCRIPTURE LESSON FOR THE L.O.L., THE 'SUN,' AND JINGOES GENERALLY

A correspondent sends us the Hebrew translation of Psalm 41, suggesting that these words of the old inspired writer who had a happy knack of piercing the shams of life by getting to the heart of things, may be an appropriate subject of meditation for pious Orangemen and their journalistic supporters—and others:—

Psalm 41.

Why boastest thou thyself in mischief, O mighty man?

The loving-kindness of the Lord endureth our day.
The tongue desireth destruction;
Like a whetted razor, O thou worker of deceit!
*Thou lovest evil more than good;
And lying rather than to speak truth.*
Thou lovest all words of swallowing up.
O thou deceitful tongue.

Therefore shall God destroy thee for ever.
He shall take thee away, and pluck thee out of thy dwelling.

And root thee out of the land of the living.
And shall laugh at him (saying)
Lo, this is the man that hath not made God his stronghold: but trusted in the abundance of his riches.

And strengthened himself in his wealth.
But as for me, I was like a green olive tree in the house of the Lord;

I trust in the mercy of the Lord for ever and ever.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

NOTES FROM FATHER McMENAMIN.

We are indebted to the Rev. Father Maples, Stratford, for the following interesting extracts from a letter received from Chaplain-Captain McMenamin, under date March 7:—

I came to France in January, and took rather a risk in coming over in mid winter—the coldest experienced here for 30 years. Snow lay everywhere for weeks, and you could gallop a horse on the ice covering the canals. Now things have improved, though today we have a freezing day, and I can hardly hold the pencil. I feel stronger and better than I have felt since I left New Zealand, and am quite happy here. Life for the soldier is much more comfortable than on Gallipoli. Here, for the most part, we are billeted in decent farm-houses, and the food is excellent and abundant. Things are fairly quiet on this sector, though, as I write, the guns are pumping in the lead till the noise resembles one continuous roll of thunder. Father Daly came to France a few days ago. I saw him last night, and noticed that he had thinned down a good deal. I shall be glad for his sake when the warm weather comes on, as he fares badly in the cold. He relieved Father Doyle, who has now gone to England. Fathers O'Neill and Skinner are in England. Fathers Richards, Barra, Daly, and I are quite close together. Mrs. Malone is at present ill at Boscombe, Hants.

I saw Edmond Malone a few days ago: he was looking fit and well, and France evidently agrees with him, as with most of us. Father Tom Connolly is coming on the hospital ship Maheno, so Mosgiel will be well represented on active service. When will the beastly business end? There will be great doings soon, but I fear that the end is a long way off.

P.S. --As the mail is not going just yet, I have time to tell you something of the conditions in France as regards our work as chaplains. So far we have been delighted with the facilities. In every village there is a church, and the P.P.'s are kind enough to let us use the church at any time. In four villages in succession I have struck a lovely church, and have been able to give the Sacraments to the men at any time. I have had as many as 50 men for confession and Holy Communion at night before going into the trenches. Then every week day I had set hours for the men who were

out of the trenches. On Sunday all Catholics out of the trenches march to the nearest church, and I hear confessions both before and after Mass. Last Sunday an English Army priest turned up at my Mass time, and I let him say Mass first while I heard confessions. Then he heard confessions while I said Mass. I had been greatly surprised to find the men so well disposed. Judging from many of the men I met in the English hospitals, I had formed rather gloomy ideas of the spiritual dispositions of the men in France. I thought that the long-continued war was doing them harm. I am glad to say now that the men are responding really well. There are still a number of civilians in all the villages—how many, one does not realise until Sunday comes. With a number of old priests about, there are three Masses every Sunday, and the church is always full. It is great to hear the *sabots* rattling on the cobbles, as the people trot along to Mass at 5.30 a.m. on a freezing morning.

ROLL OF HONOR

PRIVATE RICHARD TRESTON.

Advice has been received of the death at Midland Casualty Station, France, of Private Richard Treston. The late soldier, whose death was the result of pneumonia, was familiarly known in Dunedin some years back as 'Dick' Treston, a member of the Zingari-Richmond Football Club, and an entertainer whose humorous contributions on the concert platform were always welcome. About sixteen years ago, 'Dick' Treston, who was in the service of the Massey-Harris Company here, was transferred to Melbourne, where he was stationed until he joined the Australian Expeditionary Force twelve months ago. He was the second son of the late Mr. P. Treston, of Dunedin.

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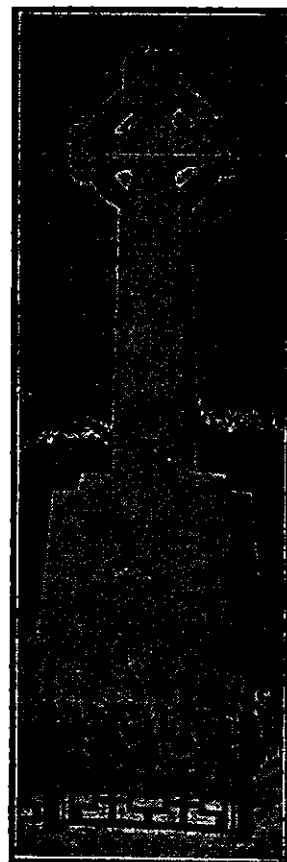
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MARRIAGE

SKINNER--LEONARD.—On Easter Monday, at St. Patrick's, South Dunedin, by the Rev. Father O'Neill, Sergeant R. Skinner (N.Z.R.A., Main Body), to Mary, daughter of Mr. Leonard, South Dunedin.

DEATHS

O'SULLIVAN.—On February 19, 1917, at Winton, Michael O'Sullivan.

May the Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on his soul.

RENAI.—On April 19, 1917, at Westport, Hana, dearly beloved wife of E. L. Renai, Greymouth, and youngest daughter of James and Mary O'Gorman, Westport; aged 29 years.—R.I.P.

O. Compassionate Lord Jesus, give her eternal rest.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

JOYCE.—On May 5, at Featherston Military Camp, Patrick Joseph Joyce, dearly loved nephew of Mrs. Randle J. Montgomery (Lawrence), Mrs. Treacy (Evans Flat), and Mrs. Roughan (Lawrence); aged 39 years.—R.I.P.

TRESTON.—On April 6, at Midland Casualty Clearing Station, France, died of pneumonia, Private Richard Treston (6th Battalion, Australian Forces) second son of the late Peter and Mary Treston, Dunedin.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

MULLAN.—In loving memory of John, dearly beloved husband of Annie Mullan, who departed this life at Christchurch, May 9, 1916.

You have left me sad and lonely,
How I miss your loving face;
Noble, true, and tender-hearted,
None can fill your vacant place.

No matter how I grieve for you,
No matter how I call;

There is nothing left to answer
But your photo, on the wall.

O, Immaculate Heart of Mary,
Your prayers for him extol;
O, Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Have mercy on his soul.

--Inserted by his sorrowing wife and children.

PONINGHAUS.—In loving memory of our dear daughter, Annie Poninghaus, who died at Christchurch, May 9, 1914.

Days of sadness still come o'er us,
Secret tears do often flow;
Her memory keeps that loved one near us,
Though she died three years ago.

--Inserted by her loving father, mother, and little sister.

ROGERS.—In loving memory of my dear son, Frank, who died June 30, 1916, at Capleston.

Eternal rest give to him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him. May he rest in peace. Amen.—Inserted by his loving mother.

AN APPEAL

'C.C.C.' stands for Castlecliff Catholic Church. Would you like to help to build a church at Castlecliff, Wanganui? We have a fine section of ground waiting for a building to be erected, and cannot do so owing to want of the necessary funds. Therefore I appeal to the Catholic people of the Dominion to help us in a way in which they will gain good value in return. To do that, I ask as many as possible to buy a Cookery Book containing 400 tried Recipes, which will cost 1/- only and two penny stamps for postage. Should you not have any use for a Cookery Book, and would like to help, a donation will be greatly appreciated. With thanks in anticipation. Address:—

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

Perpetuo Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1917.

O AMARA VERITAS!



THE truth is great, but it is also bitter. When we decided that the time had come when we could no longer keep silent on certain matters we were warned by the words of Him Who is Truth itself, and Who, therefore, was accused of being seditious, and vulgar, and blasphemous, that the truth would beget hatred. As it beget it in His day, so it has done in every day since. We did not marvel then that a few were ready to express their disapproval and exasperation because we dared to be true, and to hold, as Chaucer held, 'That truth is the highest thing a man can keep.' If some of those persons who were foolish enough to proclaim that they found the truth hard, would only think in their hearts, and consider in what company they find themselves we would have reason to feel sorry for them. 'Thou lovest evil more than good; and lying rather than to speak the truth,' says the Psalmist.

Buy your HOT WATER BAG early and use it for the whole cold season. The North British Rubber Company's Bags are the Best at the Cheapest Price. Big stocks at UNITED FRIENDLY SOCIETIES' DISPENSARY THAMES STREET, OAMARU.

The number to whom his words apply to-day is beyond counting; for, as Segur says, 'to the many the truth is an insult.' But to please the multitude is not the mission of a Catholic paper, though it is evidently the highest aim of certain journals who not only hate the truth but murder it. Justice and Religion, by ways of Truth and Peace, are the aims set before us by Pope Leo XIII. himself; and it is our clear duty to strive for these ends, even though in doing so we have to hurt the tender feelings of all the Orangemen, and of the few anti-Irish Catholics, in New Zealand. We will never stand side by side with those who 'love lying rather than to speak the truth,' nor will we ever hide the truth when plain speaking is a duty to Religion and Justice. Our paper is for those, and for those alone, who are ready to die if need be rather than sell to Caesar the things that are God's. And it is consoling to know that we have the approbation, and the warm support of all whose opinion matters and who are qualified to advise us. To all, high and low in position, who have encouraged us we tender our cordial thanks, and our assurance that the *Tablet* will never truckle to the threats of Mammon or the sneers of the spineless few who should know better.

*

'But here's the plague, that all this trouble comes of telling truth!' We have been abused, misquoted, and misrepresented by a section of the press which by no means represents the journalistic traditions of the Dominion, or indeed anything, if we except bigotry and ignorance. We have, in the plain language the case called for, dealt with the efforts of peripatetic parsons to blacken the Catholics in the eyes of all New Zealand; we have said, in words as strong and as simple as the words of the Scriptures, what it was our duty to say concerning the attempts made by some of our Ministers to destroy the Church in this country; we have expressed on the war opinions that are held by men like Stead and Chesterton, and by impartial observers in neutral countries; we have described in the language of Burke, of Sydney Smith, of Chesterton, of Gladstone, of Morley, of Belloc, of Lecky, and of every writer of note who dealt with the subject, the unspeakable atrocities wrought by the English Government in Ireland; it was our duty to speak the truth and we did so. What happened? Exactly what any sane man would expect—

'For truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a pearl for carnal swine.'

Our references to the scurrilities of the Elliotts became 'unprovoked attacks,' our telling the truth about the war, and our exposure of the frightfulness of the English in Ireland became want of patriotism and seditious tendencies. We refused to have a part in the campaign of lies, and just as General Butler was, we were berated and abused by people whose statements have been contradicted by facts every month since the war began. Had we pandered to the passions stirred up by the blatant organs of Jingoism we would have no doubt enjoyed their approval until some fine day we told a truth that hurt them. But 'truth is truth to the end of the reckoning,' and it will survive when all the lies in the world are long forgotten. We have remembered our love for Religion, and for Erin; and we have defended our rights, and exposed injustice and bigotry. In so doing we have verified the words of One Who was Light and Truth Himself: 'The Truth begets hatred.'

*

What higher or more convincing testimony could we have that we have done our duty than the fact that he have been attacked by such papers as the *Nation*, which is the organ of the Elliotts, and by a curious Christchurch publication which told us that the blasphemies of the L.O.L., and the campaigns of Elliott and company were no provocation! As far as we know the *Sun* is the first paper which reached the dignity of a daily that has gone out of its way to defend the anti-Catholic activities of the Orangemen as mere

acts of civic virtue which should provoke no Catholic resentment. An open, and avowed attempt to stir up hatred against us was no Provocation! We trust that the Catholics know the *Sun* now. We thank it, as we thank the L.O.L. organ—which quotes the ex-priest Chiniquy without knowing how to spell his name—for the splendid testimony that the attacks of journals of their class have given us. We have stung where we intended to sting; the lash has fallen on the shoulders it was aimed at; we should be disappointed if it were otherwise. We thank the Orange organ, and the Orangemen's advocate, for satisfying us on that point.

*

Oh, how the *Sun*, and the *Nation*, and all the forces of Orangeism would rejoice if we swallowed all their insults, and let bigotry trample on us as it trampled on our fathers! But they do not smile now when we have told our readers the whole truth about them, and by the simple expedient of not shirking our clear duty made a laughing stock of them in the eyes of the Catholics of New Zealand. Of course they fume and froth! For the truth begets hatred! We desire peace: but not at the price of telling lies, or of truckling to the right reverend, or irreverent gentlemen who are so ready to wipe us out of existence if we allow them. We are not going to allow them just yet. And we call the attention of all whom it may at all concern to the fact that our watchword remains,

The Glory of God, and the Honor of Ireland.

.. NOTES ..

Things Obvious

The following advertisement caught our eye: 'Wanted a typist, must be good.' We have a reason for thinking that our friend, the Knight, would have worded it, 'Must *not* be a good Catholic.' Does he know why? The organ of the Loyal Orange Lodges is responsible for the following:—'The King's Own L.O.L., No. 29, meets monthly, Monday on or before *the full moon*.' When they do meet they show that the full moon has the usual influence.

An Old Song Again

Mr. Hanan has written a letter to the bigots of Ponsonby to thank these children of light for their support, which he says was a great encouragement to him. He has had a great number of similar testimonials. He says that they indicate that he has the support of a very large section of the community. And how do you think he ends his letter? The dear old bird trolls forth as merrily as ever: 'To grant special concessions would result in the undermining and destruction of the system.' Why does he not learn to sing *Croppies, Lie Down*, or *Boyne Water* for a change?

Yeats

Not for the many, but for the elect, W. B. Yeats is the greatest of the poets of the New Ireland. In spite of all its dreamy, mystic loveliness, and its faultless diction the greater part of his work will hardly ever become popular with Irish readers. At his best he is unrivalled in modern literature. With the exception of Goldsmith no Irish poet has written more perfect verse in the English language; and Goldsmith and Yeats are so far apart in ideals that there is no ground for comparison between them. It will be for his lyric poems that Yeats will be remembered in the years to come by the host of Irish readers. We quote one little love poem, pure, tender, and beautiful, in its way as fine as anything in English literature:—

'When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.

'How many loved your moments of glad grace,
 And loved your beauty with love false or true;
 But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
 And loved the sorrows of your changing face.
 'And bending down beside the glowing bars
 Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
 And paced among the mountains overhead
 And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.'

Parodies

The parody may not appeal to lovers of literature of such high standards of taste as the respected editors of the organ of the Loyal Orange Lodges, and of the Christchurch *Star*, but to people whose minds are strung to a less severe tension of high seriousness this form of literature will be always entertaining. Few poems lend themselves to parody so readily as 'Hiawatha': of many attempts this is the latest: -

'He killed the noble Mudjokiveis,
 Of the skin he made him mittens,
 Made them with the fur side inside,
 Made them with the skin side outside,
 He to get the warm side inside,
 Put the inside, skinside, outside;
 He to get the cold side outside,
 Put the warm side, fur side, outside,
 When he turned them inside outside.'

Epitaphs

Shane Le-lie wrote the following lines on the deaths of four daring aeronauts:--

'One flying past the Alps to see
 What lay beyond their crest
 Behind the snows found Italy
 Beyond the mountains rest.
 'Nor rugged earth nor untamed sky
 Gave him his death to die,
 But gentlest of the Holy Three
 The long grey liquid sea.
 'Say not his life is little worth
 Whose broken wings are made his shroud:
 Death men have met on sea and earth,
 But he hath slain him in the cloud.
 'Another one of mortal birth
 Hath set his spirit free,
 Lie very lightly on him, Earth,
 Who did not tread on thee.'

Ave Atque Vale

These familiar words occur in a little poem by Catullus, a poet banished, with good reason, from the schools; for if he was the 'tenderest of Roman poets,' he was also the most salacious. As a lyric poet he has hardly ever been excelled. 'Catullus,' said the saintly Fenelon, 'whom we cannot name without shuddering at his obscenities, is perfection itself in impassioned simplicity. . . . Compare him with Ovid and Martial: how inferior are their ingenious and artificial points to his unadorned words in which the heart talks with itself alone in an access of despair.' He had the pure trill of the lark, that indefinable quality of 'tears in things,' and a simplicity and grace of diction that merit all the praise bestowed on him by Tennyson. The poem from which the *Ave atque Vale* is taken was

inspired by a pilgrimage to the tomb of his brother. Lamb's version runs thus:

'Brother, I come o'er many seas and lands
 To the sad rite which pious love ordains,
 To pay thee the last gift which death demands;
 And oft, though vain, invoke thy mute remains:
 Since death has ravished half myself in thee,
 O, wretched brother, sadly torn from me!
 'And now ere fate our souls shall reunite,
 To give me back all it hath snatched away,
 Receive the gifts, our father's ancient rite,
 To shades departed still was wont to pay:
 Gifts wet with tears of heartfelt grief that tell,
 And ever, brother, bless thee, and farewell!'

Lamb's translation, well as it is done, loses the loveliness of the Latin original which we quote for lovers of the classics:

'Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
 Advenio has miseris, frater, ad inferias,
 Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
 Et mutam nequiquam adloquerer cinerem,
 Quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,
 Hec miser indigne frater adempte mihi.
 'Nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more parentum
 Tradita sunt tristes munera ad inferias,
 Accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
 Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.'

There is an exquisite charm in these lines that grows more and more as they are repeated; and for melody and pathos we do not think they can be matched in any language. On account of their very simplicity they are as difficult to translate as the lyrics of Heine or the old Irish ballads.

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Joseph's Cathedral from the 11 o'clock Mass until after Vespers. The Rev. Father Collins (Holy Cross College) preached impressively on the 'Holy Name of Jesus.' There was the usual procession, followed by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

A successful concert was given in St. Joseph's Hall on last Wednesday evening, May 2, in aid of the funds of the Christian Brothers' Choir. An excellent programme was submitted, in the rendering of which the pupils of the Christian Brothers' School took a prominent part. A number of local artists assisted in producing a most enjoyable entertainment.

SISTERS OF ST. JOHN OF GOD, BROOME

Rakahouka congregation £10 10 0
 The Very Rev. J. O'Neill, Winton, is in receipt of a letter from the Very Rev. Father Creagh, C.S.S.R. (Vicar-Apostolic), in which renewed thanks are tendered to all subscribers to the above much-needed fund, to enable a motor launch being procured for the Sisters. The letter also contains further particulars of the privations endured by the Sisters in their apostolic work.

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MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

In the theoretical examinations held last December in connection with Trinity College (London) the following pupils of the Sisters of Mercy, St. Mary's Convent, Ponsonby, Auckland, were successful:—Ethel Sharp, art of teaching, 60; rudiments, 61 (A.T.C.L.). Louisa Harris, art of teaching, 60; rudiments, 61 (A.T.C.L.). Eileen O'Brien, art of teaching, 60; rudiments, 70.

The following pupils of St. Leo's Convent, Devonport (conducted by the Sisters of Mercy), were successful:—Intermediate Grade—Winifred Mulvey, 68. Preparatory Grade (honors)—Phyllis Mowat, 100; Lillian Lawes, 99; Sybil Wilson, 90; Wilfred Tanner, 81.

Convent of Mercy, Te Aroha.—Miss Ella O. Phillips, art of teaching, 70; rudiments, 76 (L.T.C.L., L.A.B.). Intermediate Grade Honors—Doris Johnson, 96; Dulcie Chalton, 86. Junior Grade Honors—Doris File, 96. Preparatory Grade Honors—Mary Corcoran, 89; pass, Thelma Carwell-Cook, 79.

OBITUARY

SISTER RAYMOND (SMYTH), NEWTON,
AUCKLAND.

The death of Sister Raymond, Provincial of the Order of St. Joseph in New Zealand, which occurred at St. Benedict's Convent, Newton, on Friday, May 4, has occasioned widespread sorrow. The late religious was born in Adelaide, South Australia, and was the first of the Order to come to New Zealand, arriving at Temuka 36 years ago. She spent nineteen useful years at Temuka and then removed to Auckland, where she subsequently resided. The deceased, who was of a most kindly and lovable disposition, labored unceasingly during her lengthy period in New Zealand, and until recently overtaken by illness, was actively engaged in teaching in the schools of St. Benedict's parish. She was present at almost every foundation of her Order in the Dominion, and was dearly loved and respected by her Sisters in religion, many of whom were her former pupils in their school days. By her saintly character, educational talents, and tireless industry, the late Sister Raymond made numerous friends, and endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact. The illness which terminated in her death was of very brief duration, and although her demise was not unexpected, her loss to the community will be sorely felt, and the notification of her death will come as a shock to her many friends in Australia and in the Dominion. She received the constant ministrations of the Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan, V.G., and of the Rev. Father Forde during her illness. Sincere sympathy is extended to the Sisters of St. Joseph and to the sorrowing relatives of the deceased religious. R.I.P.

COMMERCIAL

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ended Tuesday, May 8, 1917, as follows:—

Rabbitskins.—We held our fortnightly sale yesterday, when we submitted a small catalogue to the usual attendance of buyers. Competition was keen and prices were inclined to be a shade firmer than those quoted in our last report. Winter does, to 41½d; winter bucks, to 34½d; autumn, to 28½d; racks, to 17d; light racks, to 16d; spring bucks, to 16½d; spring does, to 15½d; small, to 11d; horsehair, to 17d per lb.

Oats.—The market still remains quiet and very few oats are offering. Prime milling, 3s 7d to 3s 8d; good to best feed, 3s 6d to 3s 7d; inferior to medium, 3s 3d to 3s 5d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—All milling lines offering are readily taken

at the fixed Government prices. There are a few lines of best whole fowl wheat offering, and these are taken at from 5s 6d to 5s 8d; inferior, 4s 6d to 5s 3d per bushel (sacks extra).

DEATH OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF MELBOURNE

Profound sorrow will be widely felt at the death of the illustrious Archbishop of Melbourne, the Most Rev. Thomas Joseph Carr, D.D., who passed peacefully to his eternal reward on Sunday evening, at the Archbishop's Palace, Melbourne. The deceased prelate was born in County Galway, Ireland, in 1840. After a distinguished ecclesiastical education, he was ordained priest in 1866, and rapidly rose, through his brilliant attainments, until he was consecrated Bishop of Galway on August 26, 1883. He occupied the See until September 29, 1886, when he was appointed successor to the late Archbishop Goold of Melbourne. On the occasion of the celebration of the Archbishop's silver jubilee in 1911, the Pope conferred on Dr. Carr marked distinction by appointing him Assistant to the Pontifical Throne. He was a keen dialectician, and took part in many newspaper controversies on matters affecting the Catholic Church. Transferred from the ancient See of Galway, he arrived in Melbourne on the first anniversary of the death of his predecessor in the Archbishopric of Melbourne. Three years after his arrival he



undertook the great task of completing St. Patrick's Cathedral. A sum of £100,000 was in 1889 required to carry out the original design (exclusive of the towers). What followed may be judged by the fact that on October 31, 1897, the Cathedral was consecrated free of debt.

To enumerate all the notable achievements of the illustrious Archbishop during his lengthy episcopate would fill a bulky volume. He was a prolific writer, his most notable later-day effort being *Lectures and Replies*, a standard work of inestimable value on the Church and its teachings.

The late Archbishop frequently visited New Zealand, and officiated in connection with the ceremonies of laying the foundation stone and dedication of the Christchurch Cathedral, and was a close friend of the late Bishop Grimes.

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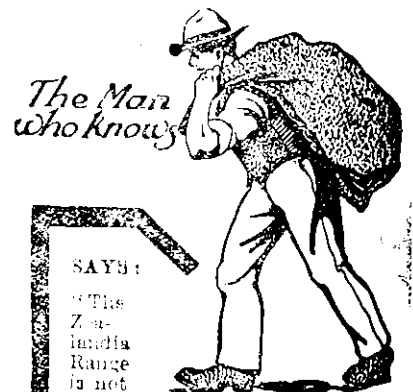
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NEW PRESBYTERY AT PONSONBY

CEREMONIAL OPENING.

(From our Auckland correspondent.)

The Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney, V.G., officiated on Sunday, April 28, at the ceremonial opening of the new presbytery of the Sacred Heart parish, Ponsonby. Although the morning was beautifully fine, heavy rain commenced to fall at the hour appointed for the ceremony, much to the disappointment of the large and representative assemblage. Others of the clergy present were the Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan, V.G. (St. Benedict's), Very Rev. Chancellor Hlobbrook (Grey Lynn), Rev. Fathers Murphy, Adm. (St. Patrick's Cathedral), O'Flynn, Cahill, Golden, and Spiering. After the Right Rev. Vicar-General had blessed the building, an adjournment was made to the commodious clubrooms adjoining. Addressing those present, the Rev. Father Carran (pastor of the district) thanked the parishioners for their generous co-operation and financial assistance, the result being the fine building which formed a valuable parish asset. In grateful terms he welcomed the Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney, who at no little inconvenience and discomfort (owing to the inclement weather) had cheerfully graced the occasion by his presence and officiated at the attendant ceremony.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney expressed the pleasure it afforded him of being permitted to officiate at the opening of the splendid acquisition to their parish property, and warmly congratulated Father Carran and his parishioners on its possession. From a personal inspection he (the speaker) had formed the opinion that the new presbytery was an ideal one, replete with every modern convenience. He expressed pleasure at seeing the large gathering, and trusted that a liberal response would be made to the fund for the speedy liquidation to any existing liability.

Messrs. P. J. Nerheny, P. B. Darby, and A. D. Flynn also spoke in congratulatory terms on the successful results of a really ambitious undertaking.

The presbytery is a fine two-storied wooden structure of twelve large well-finished apartments and balcony. Electricity is installed for lighting and heating, together with every device for comfort and convenience requisite for an up-to-date dwelling. The grounds surrounding have been laid out and asphalt paths formed to the church and clubrooms on either side. The entire cost was approximately £850, and contributions at the opening amounted to £50.

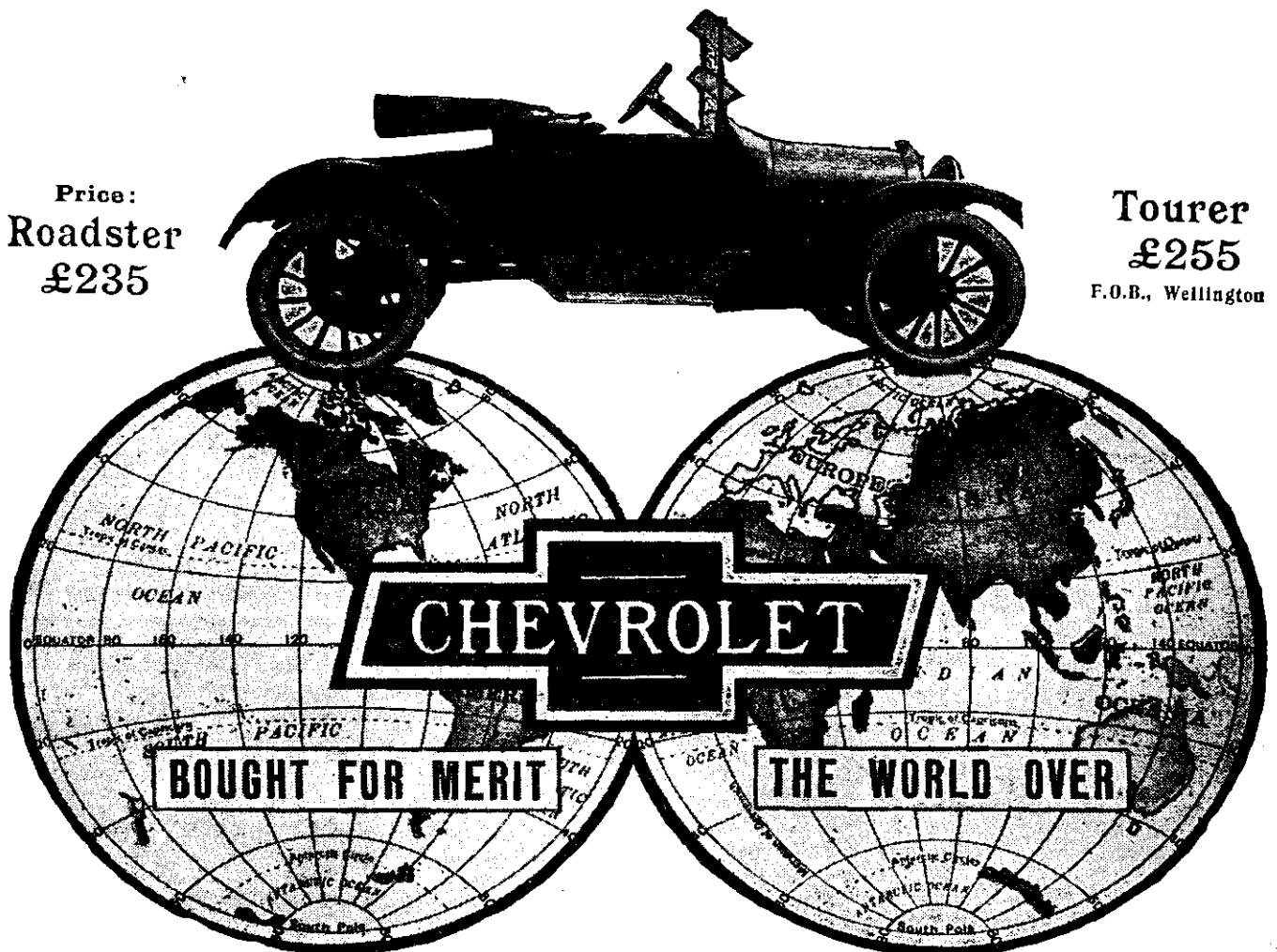
Mentioning the Rev. Father Carran's projected departure on a health visit to Australia, the Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney wished him, on behalf of all present at that afternoon's event, a pleasant voyage and a return in restored health and vigor to enjoy the comforts of his new presbytery for very many years.

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INFORMATION WANTED

Information is wanted by the Management of this paper concerning those whose names appear in the following list. Scrip has been issued to them in days gone by and dividends have accrued which we would like to have squared up.

Kerin Brophy, Geraldine; John Biden; Resta Bros., Gibbston; James Boulden, Timaru; M. Clune, Oamaru; John Cogan, Naseby; Michael Corkery, Timaru; Robert Campian, Timaru; Daniel Coil, Timaru; Lily Clyde Cassels, South Dunedin; Nicholas Campian, Kawarau; M. Craig, Naseby; Wm. Caley, Cardrona; Thomas Connell, Skippers; Daniel Doherty, Otakia; James Darragh, Dunedin; John Dillon, Invercargill; Patrick Dunne, Timaru; Charles Dougherty, Cardrona; R. Doughan; John Dwyer, Arrowtown; Martin Desmond, Arrowtown; Michael Donnelly, Dunedin; John Flynn, Hokonui; Patrick Feehley, Arrowtown; P. Garty, St. Bathans; Patrick Fahey, Arrowtown; Patrick Flynn, Cardrona; Daniel Fitzpatrick, Queenstown; J. Gay, Dunedin; T. Gallagher, Kakanui; Timothy Gorman, Dipton; John Griffen, Milton; Michael Gorman, Temuka; Harrington Gavin, Blacks; John Hassett, Arrowtown; John Healy, Arrowtown; P. Hanley, Timaru; Patrick Hanley, Waikouaiti; Thomas Hawkins, Timaru; William Herton, Timaru; Thomas Harney, Timaru; John Kennedy, Timaru; H. Killeen, Oamaru; John Kerin, Cardrona; P. Kelly, Cardrona; Thomas Kelly, Tuapeka West; Hugh Lyons, Shag Valley; J. Leonard, St. Bathans; Wm. Lynch, Bald Hill; Ignatius Loughnan, Cromwell; Philip Murtha, Waireka; Phillip Miller, Timaru; John Miller, Timaru; J. Molloy, Macetown; Owen Mackin, Cardrona; John McCrory, Dunedin; Michael McGrath, St. Bathans; Thomas McGrail, Humber street, Oamaru; Thomas Ewart McGrail, Waimataiti, Timaru; Michael McGovern, Timaru; James McKerrow, East Taieri; John McGrath, Cardrona; James Nolan, St. Andrews; John Newton, Nevis; M. O'Gorman, Timaru; John O'Brien, Winton; J. M. O'Shannassy, Cardrona; Philip O'Reilly, Cardrona; Denis O'Keefe, Arrowtown; Denis O'Neill, Cardrona; John Pugh, Kyeburn; Patrick Pearce, Nevis; Neil Peyton, Skippers; Patrick Quinn, Hawera; J. Ryan, Morveru; M. Regan, Nevis; Patrick Sheedy, Auckland; J. Sterin, Alexandra; John Smith, Timaru; W. Shanley, Rimu; Daniel Scully, Nevis; D. Toohy, Oamaru; P. Treacy, Oamaru; Michael Towers, Timaru; Nicholas Wall, Waimate; Patrick Walsh, Gore; Mrs. Walsh, Dunedin; John Bradley, Naseby; Timothy Driscoll, Gabriel's Gully; John Jos. Colgan, St. Kilda; Michael Clarke, Kaiwarra; James Fitzgerald, Masterton; Emmanuel Johns, Owaka Valley; Mrs. Ryan, Gore; J. P. O'Shea, St. Bathans; James Purcell, St. Bathans; A. Sangan, Wellington; P. J. Fox, Alexandra; P. J. Fagan, Cootamundra, N.S. Wales; Mr. Bellett, St. Kilda; David Simmonds, Wanganui; Michael B. Donovan, Dunedin; Thomas Reilly, St. Bathans; John Moylan, Dunedin; Daniel Melican, Dunedin; Patrick Foley, Sydenham; Margaret Foley, 132 Fitzgerald avenue, Christchurch; David Sinnott, Waiholia; M. M. Hanley, Oamaru; P. Fitzpatrick, Queenstown; J. Dunne, Wellington; Wm. O'Neill, P.O., Auburn, N.S. Wales; John Conlon, Ngapara; Joseph J. Keane, —; P. Mallon, Chatton; Mrs. S. Kelly, Dunedin; John O'Brien, Cardrona; J. Riordan, Main North road, Waikouaiti; James Brady, Palmerston; Denis Hoare, Timaru; John Conway, Taieri; John Thangney, Taieri; Mary Curry, —; James Costello, Arrowtown; Jno McEntyre, Invercargill; Jno, Flanagan, West Plains; William Cunningham, Eglinton; J. H. McFall, Rangiora; Helen H. Palmer, —; J. Kerwin, Invercargill; John Corkery, Timaru; Arthur Mulholland, Cromwell; Edward Sheedy, Dunedin; John Sheedy, Dunedin; Michael Fagan, Dunedin; Con Lenihan, Dunedin; Thos. Burke, Oamaru; Michael Dennehy, Wellington; Wm. Brooks, 83 Grove street, Nelson; Michael Keenan, Melbourne; Timothy O'Shea, Washdyke; James Hennessy, Bennetts Junction; James Walsh, Makikihi; William H. J. Seffern, New Plymouth; P. J. O'Carroll, New Ply-

mouth; Jeremiah O'Brien, Wellington; George D. Jones, Wanganui; John Wm. McDuff, Wanganui; Jno. Brennan, Wanganui; P. J. Connolly, M.D., Wanganui; John Carr, Westport; Thomas James, Westport; Philip McEnroe, Westport; Michael Queane, Westport; Michael T. Breen, Thames; James Watterson, Oamaru; Ellen Jane Carroll, Sth Dunedin; David J. O'Connor, —; T. Wilkins, Dunrobin; Francis O'Brien, Waihao.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

May 7.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on Sunday last and the monthly procession at the evening devotions. Rev. Father O'Leary, S.M., of the Marist Mission staff, celebrated the nine and eleven o'clock Masses and also preached an eloquent sermon at each Mass on Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

The May devotions which are to be held each evening during the month are being very largely attended. The devotions consist of Rosary, a short instruction on the virtues or privileges of the Blessed Virgin, the Litany and hymns in honor of our Lady, and on Wednesday and Friday evenings Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The monthly meeting of St. Anne's Guild was held on Sunday last with a full attendance of members. A good deal of business was transacted, the members are busily engaged at present in making up clothing for the poor, urgently required during the winter months. After the meeting the members inspected the new hostel and expressed delight at the handsome appearance of the building, which has just been thoroughly renovated. The hostel is centrally situated in quiet and most suitable surroundings. The matron (Mrs Nicholl) is conducting the hostel in a manner that is sure to give the utmost satisfaction to the permanent and casual boarders who patronise it.

At the beginning of the year a new system was introduced to make the schools of the parish free to the children attending. An energetic committee of men are enthusiastically furthering the movement. Each Sunday morning at the church collectors are present with boxes, when all are asked to drop in a small coin. At the evening devotion on Sunday Very Rev. Dean Tubman announced that so far the collections have been very satisfactory and that with a little extra help from social gatherings the scheme was sure to prove successful. At the men's committee on Sunday it was decided to ask the ladies of the parish to undertake the social side of the movement and for that purpose a preliminary meeting is called for Sunday next at three o'clock in the Browne street Hall, when a large attendance of ladies anxious to co-operate in the good work of the schools is expected.

The official opening of the Catholic Women's Hostel was celebrated on Thursday afternoon last by a very successful garden fete held in the hostel grounds, Craigie avenue. Although rather late in the season for an outdoor gathering, the sun shone beautifully, and in the grounds, gaily decorated with flags and bunting, the approach of winter was scarcely thought of, and a thoroughly enjoyable time was spent. A brisk business was done at the various stalls. The tea tables were arranged under the shade of the trees, and needless to say the young ladies in charge spent a very busy and profitable afternoon. The hostel was thrown open for inspection, and many availed themselves of the opportunity. Pleasure was expressed on all sides at the adequate arrangements of the institution. The takings for the day were well up to expectations, and the committee of ladies who had charge of the fete are well pleased at the success of their undertaking. Very Rev. Dean Tubman, S.M., and Rev. Fathers Herbert, S.M., and Murphy, S.M., were present during the afternoon. In the evening a progressive euchre party was held in the hall of the girls' primary school, and proved a fitting termination to the day's festivities.

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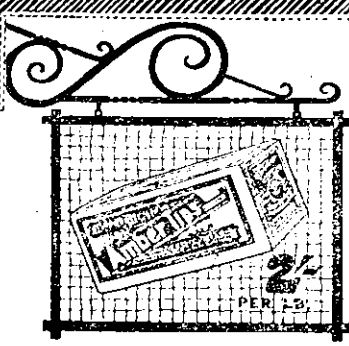
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SPECIAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS!!!

We have pleasure in informing our Readers that we have fresh supplies of the following publications, which should recommend themselves to those desirous of adding some valuable educational books to their libraries.

'THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD,' by the late Very Rev. Le Menant des Chesnais. Price 3/6 posted.

'CATHOLIC MARRIAGES,' by the Right Rev. H. W. Cleary, D.D. Price, 3/- post free.

'THE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND' (Memoirs of the Early Days), by J. J. Wilson. Price, 3/6 post free.

'AN IMPEACHED NATION' (A Study of Irish Outrages), by Right Rev. H. W. Cleary, D.D. Price, 3/6 post free.

'N.Z. PRAYER BOOK' (Suitable for Men on Active Service). Price, 6d each.———ORDER EARLY.

We have limited supplies of these Publications and it is desirable that you should place your order early. Our Representatives will be pleased to accept orders also.

PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

The death is announced of Monsignor Emilius Schmitz, who had been for many years rector of the College of St. Boniface, Rome, which he founded for the training of missionary priests for the northern countries of Europe.

William H. Hughes, editor and publisher of the *Michigan Catholic*, died at his home in Detroit, Mich., on January 14, after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Hughes was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., 64 years ago and was well known in Catholic circles all over the United States.

Brigadier-General James Miller, U.S.A., who died recently in Temple, N.H., was a convert to the Church, having been received in October, 1915, by the Rev. Thomas Redden, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Wilton, N.H. He is survived by an only child, also a convert, who in religion is known as Sister Francis Cecile, of Immaculata Seminary, Washington, D.C. General Miller served for 40 years in the United States Army. He enlisted in 1861, when he was but seventeen years old. He was a grandson of General James Miller, the hero of the Battle of Lundy's Lane.

Right Rev. Mgr. J. Kean, pastor of the Church of the Holy Name, New York, died on January 6, in his sixty-fifth year, after an illness of several months. Mgr. Kean was well known outside of his own church for the prominent part he played in developing congregational singing at Vespers and for his excellent voice, which caused him to be called on to sing Mass at special services in St. Patrick's Cathedral. He was in charge of the singing of children on festive occasions, and had charge of the chorus of 7000 children, who welcomed Cardinal Farley on his return from Rome five years ago.

The new Lord Mayor of Dublin, Alderman O'Neill, was one of the innocent men arrested in connection with the recent Irish rising and detained without any charge being made against him which he could meet or repel. His selection as Dublin's Lord Mayor—the first unanimous selection for thirty years—is significant evidence of how such coercion is met by the Irish people. The new Lord Mayor answered cleverly a query as to whether he would accord a welcome to the King if his Majesty should visit Dublin. He answered that anyone coming with a message of peace and goodwill he would receive with open arms.

The announcement of the death of Monsignor Menini, Apostolic Delegate at Sophia, recalls the remarkable conversion of this prelate. At the age of 23, as he himself related to a friend, he was one of the wildest of the law students of Vienna. One day as he passed the Capuchin church he heard them singing Mass, and entering, remembering how long it was since he had been at Mass, he knelt for a time in a lateral chapel where there was a magnificent picture of our Lady. He had the impression that the Madonna was looking at him and calling him, but the strange attraction was soon forgotten in a fresh round of pleasure. A few weeks afterwards, returning from a ball, he flung himself exhausted on a couch without undressing. In his sleep he suddenly heard the call of God, 'Renounce the world; thou art hastening to ruin.' Awaking, he flung himself at the foot of a crucifix and said, 'My God, if Thou really desirest me, take me.' Three months after he was a Capuchin. His father, who was director general of the Poste, in Dalmatia, would not believe in this sudden conversion, and wrote saying he would pay all the young man's debts if he would give up 'this stupid affair,' for he thought his son had taken refuge from his creditors in the garb of a friar! But this modern St. Augustine refused all blandishments and when bidden to his father's side, would not go until he could do so in the habit of his Order. To the last he carried his seventy-two years lightly and had a charming personality, the 'savior vivre' of the man of the world being sanctified and directed by the spirit of a true priest.

THE ORANGE GRAND LODGE

In a laudable endeavor to introduce a little gaiety to dispel the gloom of these depressing times, a recent welcome visitor, Mr. F. Kenneth McDonall, wrote recently in a vein of polished satire on the above subject. The rev. advocate of the saffron-sashed brotherhood, in childlike innocence, assumed Mr. McDonall's remarks to be a compliment, and a vindication of the 'Christian' attitude adopted by the brethren of the Order. Hence the following in the *Dunedin Evening Star* of May 2:

'Sir.—The Rev. Howard Elliott's calm assumption of those great Christian works of charity credited to the Orange Order really leaves nothing more to be said, for evidently on the premises we are agreed. But it cannot be too strongly advertised that, though the "Romans" take credit, and pardonably so, for their practical charitable institutions and work amidst the poor, sick, and abandoned, the L.O.L. likewise put into practical effect that zeal for Christ's cause, which is openly manifest once or twice a year. As for myself, none could have greater admiration for such as feed the hungry, visit the sick, harbor the harborless, etc., and even if they do it vicariously.

Mr. Elliott still claims that we owe to William certain blessings, and because I sought to correct him, accuses me of having read "Cobbett." I have certainly done so, but Hume, Hallam, Macaulay, and Green are better authors. Whatever Mr. Elliott may think of "Cobbett," the Scotch and English Nonconformists thought him a good author, for at least he exposed the materialistic genesis of the establishment.

Again, William had nothing to do with the Bill of Rights. It was an Act which secured him succession and confirmation. To give one glory for nothing may be satisfying, but there is too much of "spread-eaglesism" about it. Gairdner, a better authority than any past historian, gives William full credit for Glencoe, and it is very evident that there were many bloodthirsty and traitorous Scots as well as Irish, for William's German mercenaries slew and devastated in approved Hun style all over Scotland. Yet the Scots were not Romanists.

William's memorable opinion that "his authority would never be the tool of irregular passions of any party," was no doubt voicing his own personal idea, and all the more credit to him for this; but—and there is a big but—his Ministers and commanders had exactly the opposite intention. He was powerless, for the Bills beloved of your correspondent had, whilst getting him upon the throne, clipped his power and "limited his monarchy." It is quite true, as unwittingly stated by Mr. Howard Elliott, that we want another William to settle the Home Rule matter. Though shorn somewhat of its former dignities and prerogatives, the power of the throne was rigidly upheld and insisted upon by him of pious memory; but he never tolerated anything akin to an opposition of law and order. A few hundred Hessians or Brunswickers would have settled the Covenanters, for even from such pious and loyal subjects as they William would not have tolerated a decimal fraction of what the Home Government have. When Mr. Elliott shall have turned to Christ the thousands of unconverted Christians in New Zealand, filled his own and other churches, and completed the organization of the many, many works of practical charity so sadly needed, let him start on the Pope and the Romans. The founding and maintenance of, say, two orphanages, one children's hospital, one Magdalen retreat, and finally one home for aged poor or destitute will keep himself and the grand old Order going till the millennium. He will then be really proud of the perpetuation of the pious, glorious, and immortal memory of William of Orange, if instead of useless conferences and words he can point to an Orange exemplification of "I was hungry and ye gave me to eat; I was naked and ye clothed me."—I am, etc.,

F. KENNETH McDONALL.

'April 27.'

S. F. ABURN

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NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS

TIME-TABLE ALTERATIONS.

Commencing on Monday, 14th May, the following trains will run in Dunedin District. Except where otherwise specified the trains shown below will run each week day:—

MAIL TRAINS.

DUNEDIN-CHRISTCHURCH.—Dunedin depart 8 a.m., Oamaru arrive 11.35 a.m. depart 12.2 p.m., Christchurch arrive 5.8 p.m.

Christchurch depart 12.25 p.m., Oamaru arrive 5.38 p.m. depart 6 p.m., Dunedin arrive 9.25 p.m.

DUNEDIN-INVERCARGILL.—Dunedin depart 8.30 a.m., Clinton 11.37, Invercargill arrive 2.12 p.m.

Invercargill depart 1.25 p.m., Clinton 4.2, Dunedin arrive 6.38 p.m.

LOCAL TRAINS.

OAMARU-TIMARU.—Trains will leave Oamaru 7.5 a.m. and 3.35 p.m., Timaru arrive 10.43 a.m. and 7.37 p.m.

Trains will leave Timaru 7.5 a.m. and 4.25 p.m., Oamaru arrive 10.50 a.m. and 7.58 p.m.

KUROW BRANCH.—Hakataramea depart 7.15 a.m., Oamaru arrive 10.5 a.m., Oamaru depart 3.10 p.m., Kurow arrive 5.54 p.m. Runs through to Hakataramea on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

NGAPARA & LIVINGSTONE BRANCHES.—Daily, except Fridays. Ngapara depart 9 a.m., Oamaru arrive 10.35 a.m. Oamaru depart 4.15 p.m., Ngapara arrive 5.48 p.m.

Daily, except Thursdays, Tokarahi depart 8.25 a.m., Oamaru arrive 10.35 a.m. Oamaru depart 4.15 p.m., Tokarahi arrive 6.30 p.m.

WAIHEMO BRANCH.—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays—Palmerston depart 10.25 a.m., Dunback arrive 11.5 a.m.

Dunback depart 1.15 p.m., Palmerston arrive 1.55 p.m.

DUNEDIN - PALMERSTON - OAMARU. The morning train will leave Palmerston 6.50 a.m., Oamaru arrive 9.47 a.m., returning from Oamaru at 3.55 p.m., Palmerston arrive 7.5 p.m.

Trains for Dunedin will leave Oamaru 7.40 a.m. and 2.40 p.m., Palmerston 10.12 a.m. and 5.15 p.m., Dunedin arrive 1.13 p.m. and 8.10 p.m.

Return trains will leave Dunedin 8.16 a.m. and 2.55 p.m., Palmerston 11.25 a.m. and 5.58 p.m., Oamaru arrive 1.35 p.m. and 8.17 p.m.

The morning train will leave Palmerston 7.5 a.m., Dunedin arrive 10.8 a.m.

Trains will leave Dunedin at 6 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., Palmerston arrive 9.25 a.m. and 7.25 p.m.

The 2.55 p.m. train from Dunedin will not stop at stations Pelichet Bay to Sawyers Bay (inclusive) except to pick up passengers for north of Palmerston.

The 4.30 p.m. train from Dunedin will not stop at stations Pelichet Bay to Port Chalmers Upper (inclusive) except to pick up passengers for north of Port Chalmers Upper.

DUNEDIN - PORT CHALMERS.—Trains will leave Dunedin at 7.22 a.m., 10.15 a.m., 12.10 p.m. (Saturdays 12.15 p.m.), 2.30 p.m. (not on Saturdays), 4.15 p.m., 5.15 p.m., and 6.15 p.m. Saturdays additional Dunedin depart 10.55 a.m., 1.17 p.m., 9.30 p.m., and 11.15 p.m.

Trains will leave Port Chalmers 7.9 a.m., 8.17 a.m., 11.30 a.m., 1.15 p.m., 3.15 p.m., 5.15 p.m., and 6.15 p.m. Saturdays additional Port Chalmers depart 12.15, 7, and 10.15 p.m.

The Sunday service has been discontinued.

DUNEDIN - MOSGIEL.—Dunedin depart 6.15 a.m., 7.15, 8.55, 11 a.m., 2.15 p.m., 3.50, 5.15, and 6.15 p.m. Saturday additional Dunedin depart 12.15, 1.15, 9.35, and 11.15 p.m.

Mosgiel depart 7.12, 8.22, 10.17 a.m., 1.22, 3.30, 5.10, 6, 6.50, and 7.54 p.m. Saturdays additional Mosgiel depart 12.25, 2.15, 10.15, and 11.55 p.m.

DUNEDIN - BALCLUTHA - CLINTON.—Goods train with cars will leave Mosgiel 7.25 a.m., Milton arrive 9.20 a.m.

Trains will leave Dunedin 8.55 a.m. and 4 p.m., Milton 11.9 a.m. and 6.28 p.m., Clinton arrive 1.52 and 8.45 p.m.

The morning train will leave Clinton 6.35 a.m., Balclutha 7.50, Milton 8.50, Dunedin arrive 10.50 a.m.

Trains will run between Balclutha and Clinton as follows:—Balclutha depart 11 a.m., Clinton arrive 12.40 p.m. Clinton depart 12.50 and 2.35 p.m., Balclutha arrive 2.30 and 4 p.m.

The afternoon train will leave Balclutha 5.5 p.m., Milton 6.30, Dunedin arrive 8.26 p.m.

OTAGO CENTRAL BRANCH.—Dunedin depart 7.52 a.m., Clyde arrive 4.30 p.m.

Dunedin depart 11.40 a.m. (Goods train with car), Ranfurly arrive 6.55 p.m.

Clyde depart 8.50 a.m., Dunedin arrive 5.23 p.m.

OUTRAM BRANCH.—Trains will leave Outram 7.30 a.m. and 3.40 p.m., Mosgiel arrive 8.14 a.m. and 4.25 p.m., returning from Mosgiel 10.20 a.m. and 4.47 p.m., Outram arrive 11 a.m. and 5.27 p.m.

LAWRENCE BRANCH.—Lawrence depart 6.45 a.m., Milton arrive 8.30 a.m.

Milton depart 10 a.m., Beaumont arrive 1 p.m.

Beaumont depart 1.55 p.m., Milton arrive 5.5 p.m.

Milton depart 6.35 p.m., Lawrence arrive 8.25 p.m.

CATLINS RIVER BRANCH.—Trains will run as follows:—

Daily—Balclutha depart 10.40 a.m., Owaka arrive 12 noon, returning from Owaka 2.50 p.m., Balclutha arrive 4.10 p.m.

Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays—Owaka depart 12.20 p.m., Macleannan arrive 1.55 p.m.

Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays—Macleannan depart 12.50 p.m., Balclutha arrive 4.10 p.m.

On Fridays, train leaves Macleannan at 7 a.m., Balclutha arrive 10 a.m., returning leaving Balclutha at 4.50 p.m., Macleannan arrive 7.50 p.m.

Mondays and Wednesdays—Macleannan depart 11.20 a.m., Tahakopa arrive 11.55 a.m. Tahakopa depart 12.15 p.m., Macleannan arrive 12.35 p.m.

Wednesdays and Saturdays—Macleannan depart 2.5 p.m., Tahakopa arrive 2.25 p.m. Tahakopa depart 2.40 p.m., Macleannan arrive 3.15 p.m.

DUNEDIN - QUEENSTOWN.—On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays the Gore-Queenstown service will connect with the Down Mail Train leaving Dunedin at 8.30 a.m., and the Up Mail Train arriving Dunedin at 6.38 p.m.

For fuller particulars see posters. Handbills are obtainable at all Railway Stations.

BY ORDER.

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DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

May 7.

Our schools are now closed for the term holidays.

During the winter months at St. Mary's Church, Manchester street, there will be one regular Mass on week days at 7 a.m.

The devoted priests of the parish are pleased with the manner in which the May devotions are being attended.

The balance sheet for the year's working of St. Mary's Altar Society was submitted to the parishioners on Sunday morning. It shows a credit of £1 10s 7d.

The school children's month of May devotions were opened by his Lordship the Bishop, whose visit for the occasion was much appreciated by the Sisters, Brothers, and pupils.

The month of May devotions are being remarkably well attended each evening at the Cathedral, as also are the early morning Masses. His Lordship the Bishop on Sunday evening preached a very eloquent and instructive sermon on 'The Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady.'

Rev. Brother Denis, B.A., formerly Director of St. Joseph's College, Hunter's Hill, Sydney, was on a visit to the Marist Brothers here this week. New Zealand and the Pacific Islands are a separate province from Australia, and Brother Denis is the first Provincial. Auckland is his present place of residence.

Mr. J. Griffin, a prominent member of St. Mary's parish and St. Patrick's branch, No. 82, H.A.C.B. Society, was elected a member of the Shirley School Committee. He has been appointed by that body delegate to the School Committees' Association, as well as visitor to the schools. The residents of the district are commended on their selection of Mr. Griffin, whom they will find to be a very 'live wire.'

'Pike O'Callaghan' will be staged by the Celtic Dramatic Club in the Hibernian Hall on the 16th and 17th of the present month. This was billed for the 23rd and 24th April, but owing to a rather sudden demand by the military authorities two of those in the cast had to leave for Trentham and their parts had to be re-allotted. In view of the successful rehearsals a successful staging and performance of this fine Irish drama seems assured.

In order to fittingly celebrate the first Sunday of the month of May, a special service was arranged for the evening at St. Mary's Church, Manchester street. Our Lady's altar was very tastefully adorned and Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., preached an impressive sermon on 'Devotion to the Mother of God.' After the sermon the statue of our Blessed Lady was borne in procession by the Children of Mary. This was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Mr. T. B. Riordan, dental surgeon, has accepted a commission with the New Zealand Dental Corps, and is now in camp at Trentham. He was a prominent parishioner of St. Mary's, Christchurch North, taking an active interest in its activities, and is also a member of St. Patrick's branch H.A.C.B. Society. Mr. Riordan's orchestra has contributed largely to the success of many entertainments for Catholic purposes, its services being always most cheerfully given. He has the kindest wishes of his brother Hibernians and of a large circle of friends.

Sapper F. L. Sloan, youngest son of Mrs. E. Sloan, of Simeon street, Spreydon, writing to his mother, states that notwithstanding the intensely cold winter New Zealand soldiers at the front had endured it well. At the time of writing he was in excellent health and had just returned to England from furlough in Ireland. He had visited Dublin, Belfast, and Armagh, and is eloquent in his praises of the beautiful Cathedrals and churches of these cities—the Catholics having every reason to be proud of them. In Armagh he spent several days the guest of relatives, and had the great privilege of meeting Cardinal Logue. His Eminence not only gave him his blessing, but presented

him with a memento. Sapper Sloan also had the good fortune to meet Messrs. John Redmond and T. P. O'Connor, and had as a camp mate a nephew of Mr. O'Connor. The hospitality extended to him in Ireland was surprising, and he intends, if spared, to make a long stay in the dear Old Land, before returning to New Zealand.

A special meeting of St. Mary's Parish Committee was held at Ozanam Lodge on April 12 to consider suggested improvements to St. Mary's Church. His Lordship the Bishop presided, the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., and resident clergy were present. The Very Rev. Dean mentioned that a new church, although greatly needed, was beyond the means of the parish at the present time, and therefore he wished to place before the committee the idea of improving the present building to render it serviceable meanwhile. The facade was anything but architectural from a church standpoint, and this it was decided to alter. Plans had been prepared, which, besides giving greater seating accommodation, would also enhance the appearance of the building. It was decided to leave the whole plan of operations to the Very Rev. Dean Regnault and the architect.

At another meeting on last Sunday evening further particulars regarding the plan were considered. A sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. McNamara, Wall, De La Cour, and Courtney, was appointed to act with the Very Rev. Dean in regard to further operations. The various societies of the parish are invited to organise entertainments to acquire the necessary funds, and the Rev. Father Seymour notified the meeting that the choir were first to respond.

The final meeting of the St. Patrick's Day Celebration Committee was held at the Episcopal residence on Thursday evening, May 3. His Lordship the Bishop presided. Rev. Father Long and Rev. Brothers Palladius and Emilian were present, and most of the members of the committee. The secretary (Mr. M. Grimes) presented the balance sheet, which showed the net proceeds from the concert to be £147 3s 8d. This amount was further augmented to the extent of £105 19s, the result of the sale of a bunch of shamrocks, previously referred to, and with some small sums to come in, the total amount to be handed over to the good Sisters of Nazareth would be equivalent to £252. His Lordship, in moving the adoption of the balance sheet, expressed his extreme pleasure in the outcome of the event, and gratitude to the committee for having secured such a magnificent result. He had also the pleasant experience of realising his idea of such an event in that the concert was typically national, every number on the programme indicating enthusiasm and faith, features that should ever be associated with Ireland's great festival. His Lordship expressed his appreciation of the work of Mr. Grimes (secretary), and also that of Rev. Brother Emilian on the fine display given by the school children. Their singing had been a triumph of sweetness and correct rendering. Mr. J. Flannelly (president of St. Patrick's branch H.A.C.B. Society) also spoke in eulogy of the excellent efforts made and of the general satisfaction at the results achieved. Mr. F. J. Doolan proposed a vote of thanks to the secretary, to Mr. De La Cour (stage manager), and Mr. J. Jacques, for the time and energy each had expended in promoting and carrying out the celebration to such a successful issue. This event was under the auspices of the Hibernian Society, and its success shows the good results of co-operation, the officers and members of St. Mary's branch combining their efforts with those of St. Patrick's branch on the occasion. The Rev. Father Long eulogised the committee on the unity and enthusiasm displayed, which proved that all were inspired with a love for the national apostle, a devotion to fatherland, and a keen appreciation of the great work of charity, in which the Sisters of Nazareth are engaged. Rev. Brother Emilian, in acknowledging the compliment paid by his Lordship the Bishop, said that the children had really risen to the occasion, and great praise was due to them for their whole-hearted rendering of the part allotted to them.



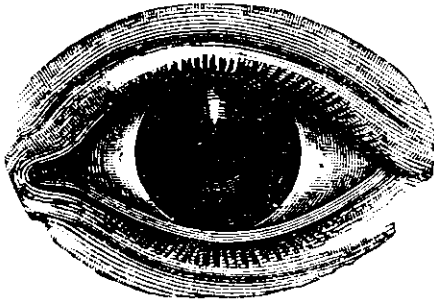
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GARDENING NOTES

(By MR. J. JOYCE, Landscape Gardener, Christchurch.)

WORK FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

The Flower Garden.—May is generally recognised as the first month of winter. Frost may be expected, the result being that all tender foliage suffers. After one of those early frosts we usually observe great havoc wrought among dhalias, geraniums, and the usual tender budding plants. Everything subject to the ravages of frost and intended to be preserved should be taken up, placed in either pots or boxes, and deposited in a sheltered situation. Old plants of geraniums are well worth saving, as they usually flower early and make a good show. The dead stalks of dhalias should be cut away and the roots lifted and stored during the winter. If the roots are large separate them before replanting in the spring. All decayed stalks of plants when finished flowering should be cut down and cleared away to give the beds and borders a tidy appearance. This refers to annuals and herbaceous plants, which usually die down at this time of the year. All dead leaves and garden refuse should be collected in a heap and left to rot; this makes good manure for the beds when dug in later on. All clumps of herbaceous plants should be taken up, separated, and replanted, much benefit resulting. All spare patches should be planted with bulbs such as narcissus, anemone, ranunculus, crocus, and any other specimens available. Gladiolas should also be taken up and stored away for the winter, as they do much better for being lifted, and are not so likely to deteriorate as if left in the ground year after year. Primroses, polyanthus, and violets should also be taken up, separated, and planted in fresh soil; wall-flowers should also be planted now to make a show in spring, as well as Sweet William, foxgloves, penstemons, and all classes of plants that flower in the early part of the year. The Dutch hoe should be kept going during the fine days to keep down the weeds which usually show growth at this period. The weeds should be raked up and cleared away, as they are apt to take root again if damp weather sets in. Keep the lawns well mowed and constantly rolled, as the ground is usually soft now, and the roller will have more effect. As the planting season is rapidly approaching preparation should be made by digging and getting the ground in order. Shrubs which have grown out of shape should be pruned and all hedges well clipped back. Cuttings of shrubs may now be planted in a shady aspect, and see that they are planted firmly, especially at the base, and inserted at least six inches in the ground.

The Kitchen Garden. Give the final moulding up to celery, cut down the decayed growth of asparagus, and fork up the surface of the beds, giving them a good supply of stable manure. A fair sprinkling of salt over the beds will also improve them. Plant cabbage and lettuce plants for supply during the late spring months. Dig up artichokes and store them in sand. This preserves them fresh, as they are a good winter vegetable.

The Fruit Garden.—Pick late apples and pears and store them away on shelves or in boxes in a cool airy place, taking care not to mix any bruised fruit with the sound. Commence to prune apple and pear trees, and burn all the prunings to prevent the spread of pests. After pruning, the tree should be painted over or sprayed, to prevent the spread of blight. Gooseberries, currants, and raspberries should also now be pruned, and the ground dug over rather rough so that the winter frost can penetrate and sweeten the soil.

FLUENZOL Should be gargled night and morning as a guard against Infantile Paralysis and other germs.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

'BELLICOSE PAP.'

TO THE EDITOR.

My Dear Editor,—'Tis said the spirit moves the motor and the spark moves the spirit, and more power to the spark, the spirit, and the motor that carries the fortunes of the *Tablet* to-day! 'Tis pleasant reading to see how you deal it out to the three degrees of Ananias—liars, damn liars, and military experts. According to the latter, Buller crossed the Modder three hundred and onety-one times in twenty-four hours. So that he was dubbed the greatest navigator of Dark Africa; he eclipsed Columbus and left Moses in the dark. Buller was a brave man: he failed before the impossible. The same old cock and bull stories are now rehashed till old Hindenburg is bogged for the last time but one in Pripet, Haig is astride the Somme. Alec Mac is wintering in Bagdad or Jericho, and James Kelly, Doctor of Philosophy, Editor of the *Tablet*, is at his wit's ends to ladle out bellicose pap to the juveniles. —I am, etc.,

J.K.L.

A WARNING NOTE

The significance of the appended letter, which recently appeared in the *Marlborough Times*, is striking. It, too, affords cheering evidence that the Catholic Federation, as a real live force, is being plainly felt, and should instil that necessary stimulus to parochial districts which show a lack of enthusiasm in this regard, to renewed and sustained efforts. A general co-operation is needed, so that when occasion arrives for action sufficient force will be acquired to carry our just claims to victory. Our watchword must be 'Organise,' and this must ever be kept in the forefront.

Parents, do your duty to the rising generation by having a voice in the selection of the school committee on Monday evening. Great events are pending in educational matters in this Dominion, and State schools will require careful handling and careful watching. People who do not go about with their eyes shut must see that the unabated agitation of a certain section to the Government for monetary assistance is gradually, but surely, gaining ground, and the time is coming when the united strength of every school committee (the representatives of the parents) will be required to counteract a tremendous influence in the political world. Therefore, parents, roll up to the annual meeting in full force, and see that the best men are nominated.'

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

The Management wish to thank those who have so quickly remitted their amounts due, and to again remind those who are in arrears that it would be an obligation if they would remit their amounts due at once.

We cannot, after 30th September next, give Advance Rates to any Subscriber who is in arrears.

The mission field is for every Catholic the most fertile soil on which to enrich his life for himself and others for time and eternity. He who for the honor of God and out of compassionate love for the unfortunate heathen devotes his life to the work of saving these precious souls can truly say when his last hour has come: 'I have lived for a good cause. I have done the work of an apostle and may hope for an apostle's reward.'

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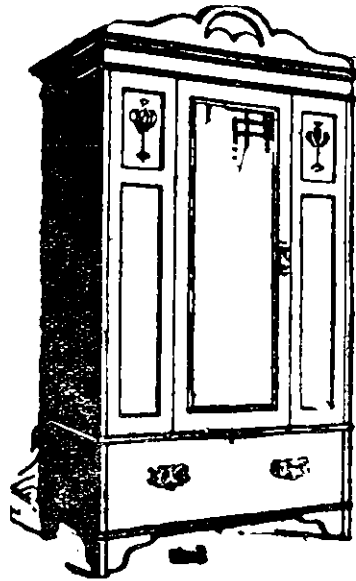
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CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS

The following touching piece of realism from the firing line gives further evidence of the heroism and devotion of the Catholic chaplain. The writer had seen service from the very beginning of the present European War and was killed in August, 1916. The letter was written in April of that year.

We have a Church of England chaplain attached to the battery—a youngster and a very decent chap; been with us for a month now, and we have a lot of fun with him. And this brings me round to a subject that must be of the greatest possible interest to you—speaking of chaplains.

The chaplain at the front is not present in great numbers. There are about twelve to a division (twenty thousand men)—four Roman Catholics, four Church of England, and four non-Conformists. Every Sunday there are compulsory church parades, and I have as yet failed to find a single man of Protestant persuasion whose religion means anything whatsoever to him. Church parades are the most completely perfunctory affairs that I have ever seen in my life. The men hate them like poison, and growl mightily at being drawn for them.

The experience of all these non-Catholic chaplains is alike in this—they meet with the most desperate sort of discouragement in their work out here that it would be possible to imagine. Respect, of course, they get on all sides, and comradeship outside of religious matters; but always are made to feel that their services are an imposition, and that professionally they are not wanted. To see one of them in the trenches is the rarest experience in the world. It must be tragedy to them, and it is a problem to me how any of them can last six months out here without complete disillusionment. Contrast this with what I am now going to tell you.

Of late I have been shooting over an Irish regiment, who (an ancient privilege) have their own chaplain, and imagine my delight to find him an old friend and mentor of my Father Tim Carey, of Beaumont College.

Father Doyle is His Name,

an English Jesuit, and in the two or three nights that we have spent together, I have howled with joy over the tales of the Catholic side of the case. This good man, instead of having to work up interest in the minds of his fighting parish, is *worked hard* to satisfy their spiritual needs. Every morning he says Mass for the reserve company behind the trenches, at which every free man is present a couple of times each week. Every evening he says the Rosary in the front line fire trench for the whole battalion, and at the end administers general absolution to every man there.

Quite as often as not he is cut down to two or three decades by hostile shelling, and once, at least, men have been killed and wounded by German fire while the Rosary was being said. Add to this that when the regiment is out at rest, every man comes faithfully to the Sacraments, and that in times of strafing this intrepid priest goes straight to the front lines and absolves the wounded and the dying, and you have a picture of what the Church can mean to men of faith in the midst of sudden death. He has told me that some of the acts of contrition of the wounded men have been the most wonderful things he has ever listened to—*perfect contrition*, such as he never before thought could be put into words at all.

The Other Morning I Was at Mass Behind the Lines—two planes overhead most of the time; machine guns from the enemy trenches popping away to beat the band; an occasional shell somewhere in the rear—the whole thing was intensely dramatic. A number of Anglican chaplains have 'gone over to Rome' here in the middle of war; that or agnosticism was all that was left to the ones who faced the truth.

Easter rolled up yesterday, and I attended one of the most beautiful open air Masses I have ever seen offered by Father Doyle. Half of his regiment was present, the other half having attended early Mass, and in the interim he journeyed around to camp to

give Communion to the sentries—kneeling with a rifle and fixed bayonet. It was stirring.

Father Doyle spoken of in the above is the one to whom the writer made his last confession, and who was killed ten days before the latter died.—*Catholic World*.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By 'VOLT.'

At a range of 1000 yards a bullet arrives at least a second, and sometimes more, in advance of the report. The sound of the flying bullet is caused by a vacuum at its rear. The air thrown fiercely back from the nose of the projectile travels round and rushes to the rear, as water to the stern of a fast-moving boat. Thus a crash is produced—or, in certain cases, a kind of whining snarl, like no other sound on earth.

Concrete holds its own in the construction of our houses, or public buildings, our bridges, our monuments, and now even in our ships. Harbored safely in Norwegian water is an enormous thousand-ton barge, built entirely of concrete; a 70-year-old skiff of stone floats merrily on the waters of the River Seine, while a concrete barge is daily towed up and down a certain portion of the River Thames.

Utilising Sawdust.

The *Scientific American* says that over 300,000 cords of slabs, sawdust, edgings, and other mill waste were used for making paper pulp last year. Several of the largest sawmills in New York State are installing special apparatus to save material which was formerly wasted or sent to the burner. The price of paper has risen so greatly since the outbreak of the European war that paper pulp manufacturers are becoming more and more interested in the utilisation of wood waste. When it is realised that more wood is wasted than actually utilised in the American great lumber industry, which uses 30,000,000,000 board feet a year, it is seen that there are great opportunities to save this waste.

Guns that Fire Knives.

One of the best defences against the attack of modern infantry has proved to be wire entanglements, thousands of miles of which guard the fronts of the opposing armies. Whenever a good defence is found, however, then human brains set to work to find some means of overcoming it. So well made and so intricate have been the entanglements, however, that the highest explosives have sometimes failed to clear a way, and the French have hit on an invention. This is a gun which fires a special heavy four-bladed knife. The knife revolves rapidly when fired, and cuts a way through the strongest entanglements, so opening a way for a bayonet charge. It has the great advantage over all other methods that it does not involve a risk to the soldiers, who formerly had to place the explosive bombs beneath the wire, with every chance of being shot while doing so.

An Ingenious Device.

An interesting description of the working of an American fruit-grading machine which has just been installed in the Nelson Co-operative Fruit Company's packing shed at Tasman, is given by the *Nelson Mail*. The machine grades fruit into six sizes. A case of apples is emptied on to the head of the machine and the fruit is carried along a table on which there are travelling canvasses, the speed of which can be regulated. An attendant stands at each side of the table, and as the apples pass along they are sorted into 'special' and 'good,' and placed on other canvasses. The rejects are put on a third canvas and drop into bags underneath the table. The special and good apples are carried along to a thrower, worked by powerful springs and projected into canvas bags. The fruit is thrown from 4ft to 14ft, according to weight, and from the bags the apples fall into bins—special on one side and good on the other, and each class in six sizes. The machine is worked by a one-horse-power Dandy petrol engine, and can put through well over 500 cases a day. There is absolutely no bruising—in fact, it is claimed that the machine could deal with eggs without breakages.



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Now, we will suppose that you have never given any thought to the subject of Insurance. One day this subject is brought home to you very forcibly. A large fire occurs in a block of buildings; the occupier of one of the premises destroyed sustains irreparable loss. All his property is burnt with the building. He can get nothing back—not even the monetary value of the goods destroyed. He is absolutely ruined. Why? Because 'he never believed in Insurance. He would never have a fire, he was too careful.' That is where the over-confident person makes a mistake. However careful one may be, one cannot be certain that his neighbor is equally so. That is the risk you have to GUARD against.

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THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

The passing of Henry, Duke of Norfolk, from the scene emphasises more than ever the break which is taking place in England in matters both of Church and State. For more than fifty years he upheld the great title which made him equally the *doyen* of the English Peerage and the first Catholic layman in the British Empire. His position was lonely and unique. The respect and reverence which he commanded might be compared to that of Charles Carroll of Carrollton when he was the surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence as well as the leading Catholic in America. The position of the Duke as hereditary Earl Marshal was one which never allowed the Court to regard itself as wholly non-Catholic. Whatever King or Queen might be, the ace in the pack was always Catholic. In a country where all ceremonial, except religious, is zealously guarded, his position at royal coronations and funerals was a national one. Westminster Abbey was on such occasions officially under his orders and surveillance. At the last coronation it was his duty to marshal the procession, including a motley group of Anglican bishops, several of whom were wearing copes or substitutes for copes. One or two were without their 'wedding garment.' The Duke, having an eye for what was seemly and picturesque, hastily borrowed a decent cope or two from the neighboring Catholic authorities, and the dazzling scene proceeded!

His Life was Almost That of a Recluse,

for he admitted no intimates except his kinsfolk. Only on state occasions the British crowd learned to recognise the lonely but gorgeous figure which left the keep at Arundel to share in making a Cockney holiday. Peculiar and difficult his position was always, but he upheld it without trespassing either on his civil or ecclesiastical duties. He was the only link between the throne and the ancient Faith. Though it was necessary for him to stand by King Edward when the latter swore the offensive and blasphemous portion of the coronation oath, his tact was rewarded by the royal sympathy and the emendation of the wording at the next coronation.

To the public he was only a medieval figure, a supreme church warden and builder. In his largess to the Church he was munificent and magnificent. Apart from the unnumbered charities which his left hand was called upon to support without the knowledge of his right, he was an avowed church-builder in a materialised age and country. The delicate and lofty fane with which he crowned the town of Arundel forever proclaims to the South Saxons that one corner of Sussex is still set aside for Holy Church. In Norwich, the capital of Norfolk, he erected a church that is little less than a cathedral. The Oratory and Westminster he helped to build. To build churches he sold some of his finest pictures to the National Gallery. Unendowed with powers of eloquence or script he disheartened the Anglican schism by the splendor of builded stone. If the old cathedrals could not be given back, he set out to build as great and beautiful again.

His Private Life was Sad and Spiritual.

His only child by his first marriage, a son, was a helpless cripple, to whom he devoted himself for twenty years, refusing to marry again while his son lived. It required the combined influence of his father, 'his cousin,' Queen Victoria, and the Pope to prevent him at one time from entering the religious life. But he took up the most wearisome duties instead, the perpetual patronage of Catholic charities and bazaars. His sense of duty held him to the wheel. He allowed himself no luxuries or pleasures out of his quarter of a million pounds of income. He raced neither horses nor yachts. His fortune was no temptation to him, for he despised it as he despised the gorgeous livery which it was his alone to wear at Court. In civil life he took pleasure in wearing shabby clothes and assuming a neglected aspect. In the Middle Ages he would have worn a hairshirt. In this age he wore the mockery of ill-fitting clothes. With quiet humor he once accepted a

tip from a tourist to whom he had shown his grounds and allowed himself while leading the English national pilgrimage to Rome to be mistaken for Cook's agent.

He gladly accepted humiliation incurred in the course of duty. Though he came near to compromising England, when the so-called Italian Kingdom was her only friend, the Duke did not mince matters at Rome when he openly deplored the spoliation of the Church. 'The Duke's indiscretion' was the subject of violent recrimination in the press and the cause of veiled apologies in diplomacy. To criticism he made no answer but went his way, giving always a self-sacrificing though stiff example to his fellow-Catholics. After his fashion he labored to 'build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land.'

His Lawsuits and his Excursions Abroad

were typically unlike those generally accredited to the English aristocracy. When he travelled on the Continent it was not to Monte Carlo but to Rome, not to Paris but to Lourdes. This pathetic pilgrimage to Lourdes on behalf of his crippled son brought him an envenomed allusion in Zola's novel of that name. The great lawsuit of his life was not with Jew or money-lender, but with the Anglican Vicar of Arundel to recover possession of the Fitzalan Chapel in which his ancestors were buried. The courts gave him practically one half of an Anglican building, which he walled off and restored to Catholic usage. It was an important ecclesiastical decision, as it admitted the break in Anglican continuity to the extent of a wall between the old Catholicism and the Elizabethan hybrid.

The Duke's selflessness and pure devotion to duty gave him the respect of friend and foe. At Rome his word on English affairs was weightier than a bishop's, except when he indulged in his political predilections. A solemn sense of duty seemed to account for his every public and every private act. His public life was a constant endeavor to show that ultramontanism was compatible with patriotism. He resigned a comfortable place in the Cabinet in order to take a quixotic part in the South African War. Duty took him into politics, to Court, to war, to the platform and to church. Many who loved his religion detested his politics. Others who praised his politics detested his religion. But he went his way unflinching, accepting the kicks with the praise.

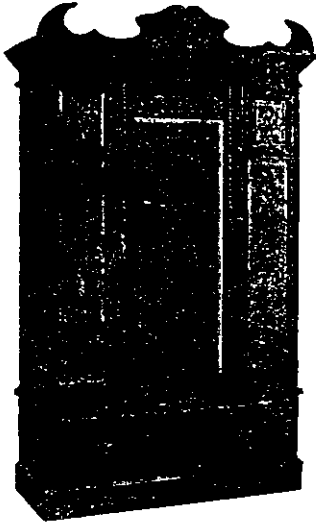
As an Oratory Boy

the congenial duty fell to him of asking Leo XIII. to make Newman a Cardinal. When the matter seemed delayed, he went with Lord Ripon to invoke Manning's aid, which indeed Manning claimed was essential. Bluntly and frankly he asked Manning to request his rival's honor. As Manning still associated Newman with all that was liberal and opposed to him personally in English Catholicism, it was a hard task for the Duke, but it was perhaps harder for Manning to control his features. Lord Ripon used to describe the grim look which flashed in the great Ultramontane's face followed by an instantaneous change of expression as he realised when hard pressed that he could not wisely or honestly refuse to help Newman's promotion. He had already prepared the way by his private vindication of Newman's orthodoxy to the Pope, but it was undoubtedly the Duke of Norfolk who exerted the touch necessary to the result. To him in many indirect ways was due the gratitude of Catholics, but he lives in history as the Duke of Norfolk to whom Newman wrote his famous letter and through whom Newman reaped his earthly reward.—SHANE LESLIE in *America*.

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DOMINION DOINGS

Five Maori weddings were celebrated in one day recently in Mr. Hari Hemera's grounds at Otorohanga (says the *New Zealand Herald*). About 500 Natives assembled and a similar number of Europeans. After the ceremony the guests were invited to the wedding feast in a large marquee. The menu included pork, shark, and eels, cooked in Maori fashion.

Rabbits are very plentiful throughout Southland at present, and the shortage of space at the meat works has given the preserving establishments an excellent chance. To give an instance as to the extent of how rabbits are being profitably slaughtered, the *Southland Times* states it may be mentioned that on Friday of last week the Gap Road Meat Preserving Works received 10,000, mostly from the northern parts of the Kingston-Invercargill line.

Speaking at the Mauawatu Philosophical Society last week, Mr. C. T. Salmon explained that the proposed alteration of the time line in New Zealand, from 11.30 to 12 hours east of Greenwich, had several distinct advantages. In the first place, it conformed to the international agreement on the subject fixing time-lines at exact hours east or west of Greenwich; secondly, noon in New Zealand would occur when the sun was still to the east of both islands.

The Board of Agriculture has forwarded to the Taranaki Agricultural Society a copy of the Dominion Laboratory report on limestone samples from the Mokau, Awakino, and Mahoenui districts. The Mokau River and Awakino limestone is of very good quality, whilst at Stony Creek, three miles from Mahoenui, there is exceedingly high-grade limestone. On the right bank of the Awakino River, one mile and a half from Mahoenui, the upper part of the limestone is very good, but the lower part is poor.

A paragraph in the *Lake County Press* says that the Lakes district has made a wonderful recovery from an exceptionally dry summer. The copious rains that have been experienced throughout the district since the beginning of March have quite transformed the appearance of the country. There is now an abundance of grass, while turnips and other root crops are still making good headway. Present indications are that there will be no shortage of food for stock during the coming winter, and local farmers are more than satisfied with their prospects.

An unusual incident occurred recently on the summit of the Rimutaka ranges, Wellington, during the march from Featherston Camp by one of the reinforcements to Wellington. The men were rested on the top of the range, and during the interval Mrs. W. J. Napier presented each man with a four-leaf clover in green leather for luck, with a safety pin to attach the same under the lapel of their tunics. After all had been so served, the men gave three cheers for Mrs. Napier, and the whole force sang the well-known Irish ballad, 'The Dear Little Shamrock.' The effect of many hundreds of voices singing the well-known song in such weird surroundings was very stirring.

The manufacture of artificial limbs will shortly be in progress at the workshop of the Christchurch Technical College. At a recent meeting of the Board of Governors, a letter was received from the Director-General of Medical Services, asking if the Board would supply a workshop and power for the use of two returned soldiers, themselves crippled, who had been trained in the manufacture of artificial limbs. The department would supply the tools and material for the men. The chairman (Mr. George Scott) said that he had instructed the director to reply in the affirmative to the request, and the board unanimously confirmed this decision.

It was suggested recently, says the *Wellington Evening Post*, that, in view of the unprecedented advances on the London butter market, the levy made for compensating local suppliers would not be sufficient. The Board of Trade has examined the position of the

fund, and is in a position to state that factories supplying the local market will receive the adequate remuneration promised them. It must be noted in this connection that, while London prices have soared very high, only a proportion of the New Zealand output has been able to take advantage of the high level. Locally, the wholesale price of butter has been advanced by 1d per lb to meet storage charges in accordance with the prearranged scheme. This does not affect retail prices, which remain at 1s 7d. The board's schedule provides for further advances in wholesale prices for May, June, July, and August, but the retail price will remain unchanged until June, when it will be 1s 8d per lb.

Speaking at Auckland recently, the Hon. G. W. Russell (Minister of Public Health) said that a return recently prepared by Dr. Valantine (Inspector-General of Hospitals) showed that at the outbreak of war there were 783 medical men practising in the Dominion. Of this number 190 were now serving with the Expeditionary Forces outside the Dominion, and 47 were engaged on purely military duty in New Zealand, leaving only 546 available for the needs of the civil population. This brought the number very close to the danger line. Two questions arose from the situation—Firstly, the maintenance of the civilian medical services; and secondly, the increase of the number of medical practitioners in the Dominion. He was inclined to think that there must be some form of mobilisation before long, together with a power of transfer similar to that now existing at Home, and this matter was now being carefully considered.

That the tremendous demand for iron ore, created by the war, has led to close search for new sources of supply on the part of overseas merchants, was proved lately by a cabled request received by Mr. R. R. Hunt, of Auckland, asking if 3000 tons of iron ore could be shipped from Parapara, Nelson, to England, France, or Italy. After consultation with the Parapara Iron Ore Company, it was found (says the *New Zealand Herald*) that none could be shipped, for the reason that capital was lacking to erect the necessary plant to convey and load the ore into the vessel. It was stated that one of the companies had 2000 tons of ore available, but owing to the difficulty mentioned, and the shortage of shipping space, nothing could be done in the matter. As the development of New Zealand's natural resources is a matter that is receiving a good deal of attention just now, and a heavy demand for iron ore is predicted for many years after the war, the suggestion that the Government should take steps towards aiding this industry, has been made to the Efficiency Board by Mr. Hunt.

The new comet that the astronomers have become so absorbingly interested in since it first floated into their line of vision may now be seen in the morning in the eastern sky. It is already well above the horizon. It has the intensity of a clear white star, with a long tail pointing almost directly to the zenith, with just the slightest inclination northwards. The tail does not appear to taper at all, a fact which signifies that the comet, as it approaches the sun, will become a wonderful phenomenon, possibly outrivalling the great comet of 1910. The comet is regarded as a total stranger. Its periodicity is not established, since it has not so far been identified, and nobody can say when it last visited the sun. It is supposed to have a period of anything up to thousands of years. Mr. D. B. McLeod, of Canterbury College, Christchurch, states that the new comet, which is now known as the Wolf Comet, was discovered on April 3, 1916. At the beginning of April, in this year, it was 33 times brighter than when first discovered, and had increased in brightness three times from the beginning of February to the end of March.

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CHILDREN LIKE IT

NOTICE OF BOOKS

Blessed Are They That Mourn, by Mother Mary Loyola (Burns and Oates, 2s 6d), is a beautiful book from the pen of this deservedly admired Catholic writer. Mother Mary Loyola offers, in these pages, a tribute of deepest sympathy to the many wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, and betrothed whose souls have been through the wine-press of sorrow during the war. The little volume is more than that: it is a source of real comfort to the mourners and a help towards real strength to bear the burden. 'Had we sat with the Twelve at the feet of Christ on the Mount of the Beatitudes and heard Him give those wonderful blessings to His followers; had we seen the earnestness of His countenance as He said: "Blessed are they that mourn"; would not His words, followed up by His example and by the glory of His Resurrection, have come back to us in after years to strengthen us for our own conflict and tribulation?' The joy of the final meeting when there shall be no more parting is depicted in consoling words: "We often hear of the desolation of Rachel, who will not be comforted because her children are not. But God does not leave her un comforted: "Thus saith the Lord: Let thy voice cease from weeping and thy eyes from tears, for there is a reward for work . . . and there is hope for thy last end, and thy children shall return." To the weeping mothers of this time it shall be said: "Look about thee, and behold the joy that cometh to thee from God. For behold thy children come, whom thou sentest away, scattered, they come, gathered together from the east even to the west . . . rejoicing." See our dear men and boys as the Archangel's trumpet sounds over the battlefields of the great war. . . "O Death," we shall cry, as we see their coming, "O Death, where is thy victory? O Death, where is thy sting?" "They shall no more hunger nor thirst, nor shall the sun fall upon them nor any heat. For the Lamb shall rule them and shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life, and God shall wash away all tears from their eyes." Would not one hour of such joy be recompense for the bereavement and loneliness now darkening our lives? But that hour of joy will never pass, and after millions of years will be as fresh and keen as in the first moment of reunion. This is only the beginning of God's reward.

' All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it
In My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies are lost, I have stored for thee
At home;
Rise clasp My Hand and come!

We have received the following English Catholic Truth Society's publications:—*War, Defence, and Loyalty*, by Father Bede Jarrett, O.P.; *Retreat Notes; First Communion Book For Children; God's Truth*, Rev. Herbert Lucas, S.J. (4d net); *Authority and Belief*, Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. (3d net); *Pacifism: A Word With Conscientious Objectors*, Rev. Adrian Fortescue; *Don'ts for Students in Science and History*, G. S. Boulger, F.L.S., F.G.S.; *Sister Mary Assunta; Bishop Hedley*, Dom. Justin McCann; *The Beggar Women of the Blessed Sacrament; The Date of the Anglican Schism*, Adrian Fortescue; *Catholic Chaplains in the Great War*, Hilliard Atteridge; *The Declining Birthrate*, Herbert Thurston, S.J.; *The Petrine Office*, Herbert Hall, M.A. (6d net); and *A Little Pocket-Book for Soldiers* (2d). If we had nothing else but this list of titles alone to judge by we should see what a magnificent work the society is doing in spreading through their admirable pamphlets a knowledge of religion and supplying a defence against its enemies. We would like to see the C.T.S. publications sold at every church in New Zealand.

Four-in-Hand. (Dwyer, Sydney; 3s 9d, post free). When we have said that the author of this book is Father Fitzgerald we have already recommended it. In 'The Battle of the Boyne,' 'Snow Bound on the Royal Canal,' 'The Resurrection of Dublin,' and 'Christmas Morning in Tullybeg'—to mention only a few of the stories in this volume, we have delightful samples of Father Fitzgerald's kindly Irish humor, and wholesome reading for young and old. But we wish to point out that besides the stories there is much serious reading in the book. 'Our Irish Canals' is an essay worth reading. Those sleepy old Irish waterways along which the laden barges move slowly, from the Irish Sea to the Shannon, and from Dublin to Waterford, have a romance of their own. There is a temptation for us to linger over the memories recalled by this essay. The lovely reaches of the Barrow, winding amid the hills of Hy-Kinsellagh, the scale of the autumnal tints in the woods that hang over the Suir, the pageantry of sunsets seen in the quiet midlands come back now in the glamor of the light of other days. And Father Fitzgerald gives us one of the racy ballads—there are many of them—inspired by voyages in the canal boats:—

' Let us change our way till another day
And smoke, and spin a yarn;
On the evening tide, we'll at anchor ride,
In the bay of Dolphin's Barn.'

The papers on Cardinal Moran will be welcome to all admirers of that grand Churchman, and the volume closes with a beautiful appeal on behalf of the Sisters of Charity of Temple Street Hospital. May Father Fitzgerald be long spared to give us books like *Four-in-Hand*.
Ed.

If you ask me the best means to persevere, I would say: If you have succeeded in getting hold of Almighty God's hand, don't let go. Keep hold of Him by constantly renewing ejaculatory prayers to Him, acts of desire, and the seeking to please Him in little things.—Mother Francis Raphael.

If a statement is true, and is certified to,
To accept it as such is a wise thing to do;
It is futile to argue and wrangle and doubt
If there's nought to wrangle and argue about.
If you suffer from coughs, bronchitis, or cold,
Seek relief at the druggists where ' Woodses ' is sold;
A glad restoration to health you'll assure,
If you ask for Woods' Peppermint Cure.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

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Hair Treatments	0	5	0
Courses (5), including necessary preparations	1	1	0
Face Massage	0	3	6
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Course of Face Treatment (5)	from	1	1
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The methods of treatment for hair and face adopted in Mrs. Rolleston's rooms are the latest and most scientific, and similar to those used in the leading saloons and parlors in London, Paris, and America.—256 Lambton Quay, and Cathedral Square, Christchurch.—ADVT.

CARDINAL MANNING AS I KNEW HIM

Rumor has it that at the close of this war we may expect the publication of a well-written and authorised life of Cardinal Manning, which will be based upon a great mass of documents in addition to the Purcell sources of supply, and intended to remove the sort of obloquy which Purcell's curiously incompetent indiscretion cast upon the memory of the great Churchman among outsiders, who were naturally ignorant of the statesmanlike Cardinal's real history (writes F. H. O'Donnell in *America*). The official friends of the Cardinal certainly waited long enough before undertaking the promised vindication. The two bulky tomes of Purcell's life of Manning have had time to enter into history with no adequate contradiction or correction. The volumes were in themselves full of documentary matter which form the most complete refutation of most of Purcell's misinterpretations; but there was nobody in official or unofficial quarters apparently who cared to take the trouble to explain where the defaulting biographer sinned by deficiency of comprehension, or, more often, by excess of imagination. I have often wondered if the most brilliant fancy can come near the flights of absurd invention which can be achieved by a very dull man who has to explain what he does not like and what he cannot understand.

When I First Read Purcell's Life of the Cardinal, the pitiful ignorance of the biographer struck me as astounding. Nearly all the great objects which Manning had in view, and which he endeavored to realise with the utmost power of his forceful nature, appear to have been utterly unknown and utterly unsuspected by Purcell. Take, for instance, Manning's opposition to the Kulturkampf, which was the matter which identified him most closely with the championship of Catholicism throughout the entire world. That opposition became a moral and intellectual crusade against Caesaropapism and the encroachment of the State upon the Church, and brought Manning into the closest contact with all kinds of English leaders of thought: turning Archbishop's House, Westminster, into a place of pilgrimage for Catholic prelates and statesmen from every country in Europe as well as from many lands beyond the Atlantic. Purcell, the extraordinary biographer of the great Churchman, hardly mentions, if at all, the greatest period of Cardinal Manning's activity. I believe that it was the work done by Manning against the Bismarckian Church legislation after 1871 which more than anything else obtained from Pope Pius IX. that crowning honor of the Roman cardinalate.

I knew Manning most intimately for over twenty years, and most of all during the period of the Kulturkampf. Being myself engaged as a foreign editor in the study and criticism of Continental affairs, for I had in the Catholic press the special function of foreign writer on the *Tablet* of those days, I was naturally brought into constant contact with the Archbishop of Westminster. Whom did I not meet at Archbishop's House in those years?

Spain, France, Hungary, Austria,

all sent distinguished or eminent visitors to thank and encourage the English champion of the Church's liberties. Few weeks passed without a deputation or a delegation from the Catholic Rhineland, or from Prussian Poland, and similar countries, in which the Prussian system of gagging and binding or exiling the priests and bishops was in brutal operation. Indeed, all men who loved liberty were welcome at the table and to the company of the great English prelate who defended the rights of Rome with that charming air of freedom of opinion which is naturally sacrosanct to a born Englishman. Broad-minded writers who were then at the summit of their fame, like R. H. Hutton and Mr. Frederick Harrison, alternated with deputies of the German Centre Party and simple Rhineland parish priests, who had been sleeping in hedges and ditches, hiding from Bismarck's policemen, for weeks and months, and who had come over for a good deal of

help and a little rest at Westminster. I think that it was Manning's tenacious, unswerving, ubiquitous exposure of the persecuting littleness of the great Bismarck which more than anything else founded the Cardinal's great popularity among his British countrymen. He loved to use such old-fashioned British arguments about freedom of conscience and rights of worship that even stubborn Nonconformists enthusiastically declared that somehow or other this red-clad son of Rome appeared to love spiritual liberty for its own sake! We had a very clever sub-editor on the *Tablet* who had formerly been an Anglican missionary in Africa, and he used to say, to the Cardinal's great delight, that the 'Cardinal would have been a great Nonconformist if he had not missed his vocation by going to Rome.' As a matter of fact, Cardinal Manning could not conceive Christianity without authority, but he had intense sympathy with the Nonconformist detestation of State control. Of course, I am speaking strictly of the Nonconformists of thirty or forty years ago, like Dr. Dale of Birmingham.

Nowadays the Nonconformists

have suffered a sea-change. They will now take as much public control and public money as they can pocket for the exclusive benefit of schools that suit their special taste in dogma; but no money and no liberty for the Anglican or Catholic, if they can manage it. Like the man who cherished truth so exclusively that he never divulged it, the modern Nonconformist wants to keep all liberty for himself.

Cardinal Manning was the first clergyman, being then Archbishop resident at York Place, whom I visited in London in 1871, with introductions from old friends of his in the Irish hierarchy. When he heard that I was a candidate for Parliament in 1874 he wrote to encourage and congratulate me. Some of his letters to me on the Home Rule question were noble State papers full of sage considerations of the rights of nationhood. The intimacy of our relations prevented many letters, as I had the run of the Archbishop's House from morning to night. A thousand cosy interviews on all the questions of the day were spent with him in his big study, until faithful old Newman (his major-domo, *not* the Cardinal!) came with his warning, 'Now it's time for your Eminence to rest. Your Eminence mustn't keep out of bed all night like the House of Commons!' There was nothing in England, Ireland, and the two hemispheres we did not discuss during that quarter of a century.

It would be quite impossible to write a life of Manning which is not a caricature as well as a libel unless you thoroughly bear in mind and always realise, that you are writing the life of a great and conscientious servant of

Church and State,

whose whole existence was dominated by definite ideals of duty which he never altered and from which he never failed. I would briefly characterise these motives or ideals of Cardinal Manning's pastorate which was patriotic as well as religious or denominational: (1) There was a deep attachment to everything Christian and life-serving in the Church of England. He condemned her deficiencies as one who had left her must in conscience do; but he always honored the motives of her ministers and teachers and her people; and he would curse the hand, especially the Catholic hand, which would do anything to undermine the Kingdom of God in England by injuring a devout community of Christian men and women. 'Let us replace her in God's good time. Let us not dare to wreck her merely to do the devil's work.' (2) Cardinal Manning hated and deplored the hostility between so many English and Irish Catholics in England. He knew that the Irish Catholics had no wish to continue it. He knew that it would deprive the English Catholics themselves of security and influence in the future. He shrank from certain fashionable English Catholic schools which seemed to perpetuate the ancient wrong. He felt that his love of Catholic equality surrounded him with bitter and not very scrupulous enemies. (3) Cardinal

Manning came slowly to recognise the wisdom of self-government for Ireland in intimate and intangible union with Imperial supremacy in the common affairs of the Kingdom and dominions of the Empire. He did not attach much importance to so-called illustrations of Home Rule Constitutions elsewhere in the world.

'Our Coat Should Be Cut in Our Own Fashion.

There are no lessons like those of our own history.' (4) Then there was ever present in his mind the detestation of force oppressing right, for the domination of the material over the spiritual, for the rule of the State over the Church, for the Caesaro-papism of monarchies and electorates, of the mailed masters of legions and the wily manipulators of democracies. I remember that I had written a satire which had some little vogue in those days, and Cardinal Manning had read it and kindly praised it. There were two lines of it which had the gift of wreathing his ascetic features in a humorous smile—

'To gage the godhead of the Pontiff State,
Go view the Commons in a Church debate.'

I often used to visit the scenes of the Bismarckian persecution and when I came back I always had a budget of stories and personal experiences of the wily war of plot and counter plot with which the stout German priests and peasants exhausted, baffled, defeated, and made ridiculous the spies and constabulary of all the Bismarckian brigands. No Irish crowd ever roared with more hearty amusement at the tale of the police who captured the barrels of salt water when they expected unlicensed mountain whisky, than the great English Cardinal, as he heard how the Rhineland Catholics ferried the priests and bishops over the great river to administer the forbidden Sacraments, when half the forces of the Prussian Crown were mustered fifty miles away to defend the State forests from an expected poaching in mass of the 'Free Hunters' of a score of Catholic territories. The Free Hunters had come down in thousands with fowling pieces, and bands of music.

The Police and the Spies

had tried to bar every access to the haunts of wild pigeon and roebuck. Meantime there had been thousands of Confirmations and more even of rustic marriages which had had to wait many months till persecuted pastors had been able, like so much contraband, to slip through the cordon of spies. Now and then the spare-knit figure of the Cardinal raised itself like a man at-arms, as the tale went on to tell of the tragic day beneath Cologne Cathedral, when beloved Archbishop Paul Melchers was taken away to gaol from the midst of half a million of his devoted people: while his priests succeeded in preventing a single blow that might have provoked the volleys of regiments ready to shoot. Cardinal Manning's life was a life well filled.

LADIES!

If your Grocer is out of the delicious **MILITARY PICKLE**. He's asleep. Just order it from the next Storekeeper. Buy a bottle to-day.

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.

HOW ENGLAND THINKS FRANCE OUGHT TO SPEAK TO IRELAND, AND IRELAND'S REPLY

You were not wont to be laggard in fight,
Ireland, Ireland.

In the olden days, the golden days,
When Ireland's sword flashed keen and bright,
And together we put our foes to flight.
Ireland, awake!

By the ghosts of your dead who died for France,
Ireland, Ireland,
'Tis time to awake for your honor's sake.
Where will you hide when the great advance
Bring's Europe's day of deliverance?
Ireland, awake!

If you still count England your enemy,
Ireland, Ireland,
How will you bear to see her wear
The crown of a stainless victory,
While you sit shamed in the whole world's eye?
Ireland, awake!

Can you never forget your ancient woes,
Ireland, Ireland?
Have you no heart for a generous part?
By England's side give blow for blow
In freedom's cause, and proudly show
Ireland's awake,
The West's awake!

To these verses put into the mouth of France by *Punch* a Tory quasi comic paper which has loved Ireland with love far drawn from the old fountains of ignorance and bigotry, we suggest that the answer is the following:—

They are at their old lying ways again
About Ireland.

They do not forget the golden days
When Ireland's sword flashed keen and bright
And together we put John Bull to flight.
We *are* awake.

And we think of our dead who died in France
For our Ireland.

If England would only, for honor's sake
Redress our wrongs, how we would advance
To fight for her as we fought for France
And Ireland's sake!

But we still find England the enemy
Of dear Ireland,
And never a sword will Ireland bare
To crown her with shameful victory
While she sits shamed in the world's eye
For Ireland's sake.

Ah, we could forgive the ancient woes
Of our Ireland,
Had England heart for a generous part;
And gladly would give blow for blow—
Give us our Freedom, then we'll show,
For Ireland's sake,
The West's awake!

J.K.

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MONTHLY LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

An Appeal to Truth.—A letter addressed by Cardinal Mercier and the Bishops of Belgium to the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops of Germany, Bavaria, and Austria-Hungary. Wrapper 14623 2d.

A Retrospect of Fifty Years, by James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, 2 vols. 14622—10/6

The Hills of Contemplation.—Thoughts for Contemplation for every day of the year, by Fiona McKay. 14621—4/6



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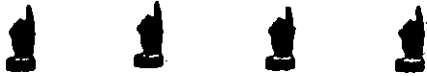
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For details of the course of studies, examination results, etc., see the college prospectus, which can be had on application to the Mother Superior. Places are already booked for the new term. Intending pupils should apply without delay.

DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

For the Hands.

Put crude borax in a bottle and fill with hot water. Keep adding hot water until it can absorb no more of the borax. Keep this on your toilet table, and whenever washing the hands pour enough of this mixture from the bottle to make the water very soft. It keeps the hands in excellent condition. Added to the water with which woodwork is washed, it will not only save the hands much roughness but will clean the paint more rapidly and thoroughly.

Cream Puffs.

Take 1/4 lb of butter, and put in a saucepan with a cupful of water. Let it boil, then add slowly a cupful of flour, stirring quickly and well. Let this boil for a few minutes. Take from the fire, put into a cooking bowl, and add four eggs; beat well for over five minutes. Drop dessertspoonful on buttered tray and cook in a very quick oven. Do not open the door under ten minutes.

To Clean Laces.

Delicate laces that have become soiled may be cleaned by squeezing them through skimmed milk, to which a little bluing has been added. They come out of their bath looking like new, and are just of the right stiffness when stretched and dried, or dried and ironed between cloths.

Before washing fine lace or muslin collars and cuffs, baste them to a piece of heavier muslin, and they will not be apt to stretch or tear in the process of laundering.

Prime Cake.

One pint of flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one and a-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two rounding tablespoonfuls of butter, two-thirds of a cupful of milk

into which one egg has been beaten. Sift the flour, sugar, and baking powder together; into this rub the butter. Moisten the whole with the milk and egg well beaten. Mix thoroughly and pat out with the hands into a square, buttered tin until it is about an inch thick. Press into the dough a layer of stewed prunes that have been pitted and halved, with the skin side down. Pour over all three tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and dust generously with cinnamon and sugar. Bake twenty minutes.

Banana Pie.

Bake the pie crust alone. Slice four or five bananas, according to size of dish, and strew over them about a-quarter of a cupful of castor sugar. Let this stand for an hour, then place them in the pastry and pour over them some whipped cream. Slice the bananas with a silver knife. If you have not got one, a bone paper-knife will do. They darken so after being cut with a steel knife. A little lemon juice squeezed over the fruit before adding the sugar is a great improvement.

Household Hints.

When cleaning a stove if a little common soda is mixed with the blacklead a bright and lasting polish will be the result.

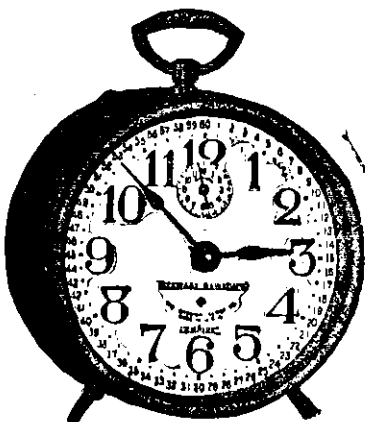
Suet puddings are lighter and more digestible if made of half flour and half breadcrumbs. It is a good way of using up stale bread, and reduces the flour bill.

If when making soup or beef-tea for an invalid it is necessary to cool it at once, pass it through a clean cloth saturated with cold water. Not a particle of fat will be left in the beef-tea.

If the boiler immediately after use, and while still warm, is rubbed all over with any good household soap, it will prevent rust, and will help to make the suds when the boiler is filled for the next washing day.

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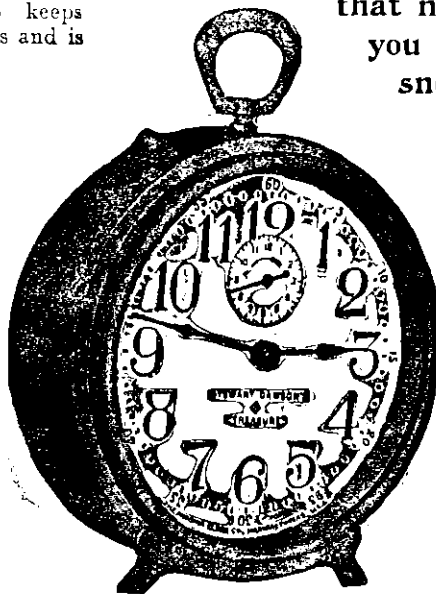


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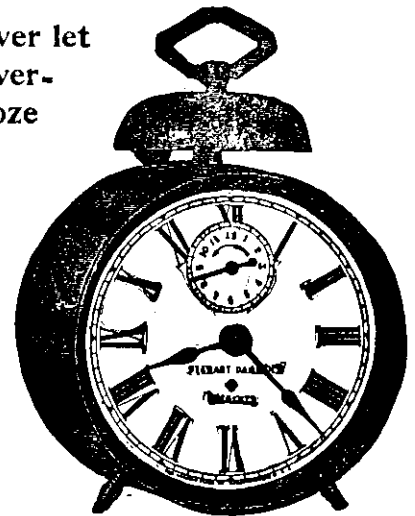
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HANKS

12

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ON THE LAND

At the Addington stock market last week there was a smaller attendance than usual of buyers, farmers, and others. The general entry of stock was not quite so large as has been the case lately, the alterations in the railway service being partly responsible for this. The entry of store sheep was a medium one. Fat sheep were fairly well represented, and, so far as lambs were concerned, they were about 1000 less than previous week. Fat cattle were in good supply, though the sale opened only moderately well. Fat Lambs.—Extra prime quality, 32s 6d; prime quality, 27s 6d to 30s; medium, 24s 6d to 26s; lighter sorts, 20s to 23s 6d. Fat Sheep.—Extra prime wethers, to 42s 9d; prime wethers, 35s to 39s; lighter, 26s 9d to 33s 4d; extra prime ewes, to 40s 3d; prime, 34s 1d to 39s; medium, 27s 10d to 32s; lighter, 21s to 25s 9d. Fat Cattle.—Extra prime steers, £21 2s 6d; prime steers, £13 to £18 17s 6d; ordinary steers, £9 5s to £12 17s 6d; extra prime heifers, to £14 10s; prime heifers, £9 5s to £13 15s; ordinary heifers, £7 10s to £9; extra prime cows, to £14 17s 6d; prime cows, £10 to £14; ordinary cows, £8 to £9 10s. Pigs. Choppers, £3 10s to £6 10s; extra heavy baconers, £5 7s; heavy baconers, £4 to £4 15s; lighter, £3 10s to £3 17s 6d; heavy porkers, £2 6s to £2 12s; lighter, £1 18s to £2 4s; store pigs—medium £1 8s to £1 18s, small £1 to £1 7s; weaners, 8s to 12s 6d.

Burnside market reports last week: Fat Cattle. A medium yarding, 182 head coming forward. The quality, taken as a whole, was good. Although the number was not large, it was quite sufficient for butchers' requirements, and prices were on an average of about 10s below previous week's rates. Extra prime bullocks brought to £21 15s; prime do, £16 10s to £19; medium, £11 10s to £16; light and unfinished, £12 to £14; extra prime cows and heifers, £14 to £16 10s; medium do, £11 to £12 10s; light and inferior, £8 to £10 10s. Sheep. 1865 were penned. There were some very prime sheep forward, although the number of these was not great, the bulk of the yarding consisting of medium ewes and wethers. Competition was keen throughout the sale, and prices were much on a par with previous week's rates. Medium weights were, if anything, slightly firmer, but any unfinished ewes were hard to dispose of, unless at slightly lower figures than those ruling of late. Extra prime wethers brought to 55s 6d; prime do, 40s to 47s 6d; medium, 35s to 38s 9d; light, 25s to 30s 6d; extra prime ewes, to 50s; prime do, 35s to 40s; medium, 28s to 31s 6d; light and unfinished, 17s to 25s. Fat Lambs. A medium yarding, 1053 coming under the hammer. The quality of the yarding was rather better than has been the case of late. Although competition was by no means brisk, the prices realised were much on a par with the previous week's rates. Extra prime lambs brought to 30s 6d; prime do, 25s to 28s; medium, 21s to 23s 6d; light and unfinished, 16s to 20s. Pigs.—A medium yarding of fat pigs, and a small entry of stores came forward. There was a splendid demand for fats, at prices above previous week's values. Stores also met a good sale.

THE DAIRY FARM.

Dairy-farmers (says an exchange) anticipating their cows coming in early in spring should look well ahead to see that there should be plenty of succulent food to keep them in profit until the grass is sufficiently grown to give the cows a full bite. It must be remembered that cows cannot nip short grass so well as sheep or horses, and unless they can get a plentiful supply of food without having to ramble too far for it, they cannot give first-class results, and a liberal supply should be kept up during the whole of their lactation period. Many dairy farmers do not seem to realise the importance of this. It is not unusual to hear it said that though feed is scarce in the first of the season they will come to their full profit of milk production as soon as feed gets more plentiful. This is not sufficient, for as soon as the cows come into profit there should be

an abundance of feed so as to encourage as large a milk yield as possible. If feed is scarce during this period, and the cows, for want of proper food, fall short of their full milking capacity, the farmer is not doing justice to himself, for if not kept up to the highest mark the cow will in time deteriorate, and at the beginning of each milking season she will, instead of improving as a milker, start with a lower yield, and will get worse each season, until in many instances she will lose her reputation as a milker, and will sooner or later have to be turned into beef.

FERTILISERS FROM BANANA STALKS.

One result of the war has been the complete cessation of our supply of potash for fertilising purposes, for the whole of it came from Germany, where, it may be remembered, it constituted a powerful monopoly. Yet this chemical is indispensable for nourishing the soil. Under these circumstances it is incumbent upon us fully to avail ourselves of every source of supply, no matter how unlikely or unimportant it may at first sight appear. One such possible source was described recently by Mr. R. H. Ellis before a Leeds meeting of the Yorkshire section of the Society of Chemical Industry, and the discovery was the direct outcome of a chance observation. He discovered that the banana stalk contained a high percentage of potash, and practically no soda. The investigations showed that a ton of the useless stalks would yield 188 pounds of dried matter, containing 13.7 per cent. of potash, or 54 pounds of ash containing 47.5 per cent. of potash—that is, over 25½ pounds. The yield may not appear to be very great per ton; but, when the huge consumption of bananas is borne in mind, it should represent in the aggregate a considerable amount. For instance, it is computed that in Leeds alone the stalks of at least four thousand bunches of bananas are burned as useless every week. These weigh 16,000 pounds, and contain 1340 pounds of dried matter as rich in potash as kaimit.

ASSISTING NATIONAL PRODUCTION BY TRACTOR PLOUGHING.

A scheme propounded by Mr. J. W. Todd, of Wai-kawa, for the general utilisation of motor ploughs is engaging the earnest attention of the National Efficiency Board (says the *Marlborough Express*).

The suggestion is to form district associations of farmers, with a membership the size of which would be determined by the local considerations as to the most effective plan of operations for the working of the land. The affairs of each association would be controlled by a committee. Say that an association had a membership of 20 farmers, with an aggregate cropping area of 2000 acres. The association would decide how many fully-equipped motor-tractor ploughs would be required to break up that area to allow of sowing for next season. Then it would state its requirements to the Government, which would supply the ploughs with qualified men in charge.

The larger productive power that would be gained by the adoption of such a system of co-operation will be readily realised. One man with a double-furrow plough and four horses would break up about three acres in one day of eight hours. It would take him 33 days to complete 100 acres. One fully-equipped motor-tractor plough of eight furrows, operated by one man, would deal with about 20 acres in one eight-hour day—or 100 acres in five days. One man with a motor plough could accomplish more in five days than could be done by six men with six double-furrow ploughs and 24 horses. The motor-ploughs are equipped with powerful headlights, and, if necessary, could be worked by shifts throughout the 24 hours. One of these implements, operated in turns by three men, would turn over 1000 acres within 17 days, accomplishing what would require the energies of 20 men with 20 double-furrow ploughs and 80 horses, extending over about the same number of eight-hour days.

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SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL ...	£624,100.	TURNOVER (All Operations for	
RESERVE FUND ...	£111,398.	Year ending July 31, 1914) ...	£5,289,436.

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AMBITION.

If you would rise above the throng
And seek the crown of fame,
You must do more than drift along
And merely play the game.
Whatever path your feet may tread,
Whatever be your quest,
The only way to get ahead
Is striving for the best.

'Tis not enough to wish to do
A day's toil fairly well;
If you would rise to glory, you
Must hunger to excel.
The boy who has the proper stuff
Goes into every test
Not seeking to be 'good enough,'
But eager to be 'best.'

Aim high! And though you fail to-day
And may to-morrow fail,
Keep pounding steadily away,
Some day you'll hit the nail.
At no half-way mark ever pause
In snug content to rest.
Who would win honor and applause
Must want to be the best.

The best must be your way in life,
The best in sport or work,
Success in any form of strife
Falls never to the shirk.
The crowns of leadership are few,
The followers move in throngs,
If you would be a leader, you
Must shun the 'drift alongs.'

THE LILIES' EASTER OFFERING.

The lilies slept in the warm brown earth, awaiting the Resurrection. The Star of Bethlehem had heralded the Christ-Child's birth; the snow-drop, emblem of purity, bloomed in fragile beauty for the Presentation; and the rose of Jericho exhaled its fragrant homage under the Saviour's feet, and drooped at the foot of the cross.

The Angel of the flowers looked on them with love, as he flitted by, so softly that the lilies heard him not, till their hearts thrilled with the Easter tidings, 'Awake! the Christ is risen!'

And the lilies awoke, resplendent in paschal beauty. 'He is risen indeed!' exulted the Angel. 'It is meet that the fairest flowers bloom for His altar.'

'Gather me first!' commanded a regal blossom. 'My place is next to the Presence, as befits the imperial lily, the emblem of majesty.'

'Not so,' said the Angel, in gentle reproof. 'Pride of position would be an unseemly offering to One Who was poor and lowly. What place seek you, little lilies of the valley?'

'Let us lie at His feet, dear Angel,' pleaded the tiny flowers, lifting their fragrant chalices. 'He placed us here in the shade where we were sheltered and happy. Let us lie at His feet, an offering of love.'

'It shall throb in His heart,' murmured the Angel. 'The sweetness of thy chalice shall overflow in the tabernacle.'

A stately crimson lily drooped on her stem when the humble flowers were chosen. 'Ah, my sorrow and my disgrace! gather me not!' she cried, as the Angel drew near; 'know you not that I am unworthy?'

'You are fair to see,' he answered gently; 'your petals glow red as the Precious Blood shed for man's redemption.'

'Once they were white,' lamented the lily. 'When He walked in the garden all flowers bowed low, I alone refusing Him reverence. His sorrowful gaze sank into my heart, and the blush of shame forever crimsoned my lustrous blossoms. Pride rebuked has naught to offer.'

'Offer Him repentance,' whispered the Angel. 'A contrite heart makes joy in heaven.'

And the lily grew glad at the Angel's words, and offered her tribute on the altar, where it glowed like a beacon of hope to troubled souls.

'My ways are lowly,' said the orange lily. 'I grow in humble gardens and brighten dreary places; I bend my head to the storm and open my heart to the sunshine, and all the time I am happy. A contented spirit is all I can offer.'

'It will please Him much,' said the Angel, accepting the gift; 'to cheerfully do His will is a noble mission.'

'My only gift is beauty,' said the lustrous cala. 'I have treasured it for Him. Take it, dear Angel. Let it shine on His altar, divinely transfigured.'

'Consecrated beauty, a contented spirit, repentance, humility, and prayer—truly a worthy offering to lay at His feet,' said the Angel.

'Honored are we,' said the Easter lilies.

—*Sacred Heart Review.*

MUNKACSY AND HIS MASTERPIECE.

Some years ago (states *Church Progress*) a wonderful painting made a triumphant journey through the world. It is estimated that more than two millions of people flocked to see it. Christians and pagans, Jews and Gentiles, the highest and the lowest, little children and old people, continually surrounded it,—all moved by the skill which reproduced the scene when our Blessed Lord was arraigned before His human judge. The painting was the famous 'Christ Before Pilate'; the artist, Michael Munkacsy.

He had just completed a secular picture which had won the first prize at the Exhibition Universelle, when a Parisian connoisseur suggested that he undertake a sacred subject. He at first thought of a canvas with Herod for its central figure; but later there came into his mind the scene where Christ was haled before Pilate in the praetorium. As he walked through the streets he saw not the hurrying throngs of people, but the hungry faces of those who would crucify their Lord, and at night he dreamed of them.

He began his painting in 1880, and finished it in a year; more than half the time, however, being spent in preliminary studies. The canvas was twenty feet long and twelve feet in height, and contained more than forty figures. For the local color and architectural background he trusted to his imagination, being, of course, familiar with what may be called the appropriate stage-setting. Then he sketched in the figures—all but one,—working with incredible rapidity. In completing the details he employed living models for these figures, hunting them far and wide, and selecting them with extraordinary judgment.

One space remained empty—the fair white piece of canvas where the figure of Christ was to have place. He hesitated to undertake it, or even to make the slightest sketch of it; he hid himself from the sight of men, and for many days fasted and prayed and meditated.

One day, as he has recorded, after a long vigil and much weariness of mind and body, he knelt alone, when suddenly a luminous shape passed swiftly before his eyes and filled the waiting place in the great picture. Then the painter, trembling with emotion, seized his brushes and fixed his vision upon the canvas. It is not for us to say how much of this fulfilment of his hopes was due to an overwrought state of mind at the time; we know the effect of the picture upon the world, and that is enough for us.

Munkacsy received fame, wealth, and a title in return for his extraordinary labors; but after some

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time his reason became hopelessly clouded, and the grave soon covered all that was mortal of this gifted and erratic man.

UNDER MANY FLAGS.

Six flags have flown over Texas, U.S.A., including the banners of three foreign powers—France, Spain, and Mexico (says *Church Progress*).

First came the French flag, which was carried down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico by the intrepid La Salle; following this was the Spanish emblem, first thrown to the breeze under the direction of the Franciscan priests; then came in succession the Mexican flag and the Lone Star emblem of the Republic of Texas.

The Stars and Stripes followed the Lone Star, but was supplanted for a time by the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy.

In the struggle for ascendancy among these various groups, it is needless to say that much blood has been spilled and countless tragedies have taken their places on the pages of history.

The history of the Republic of Texas is one of the most unique examples of national sovereignty that the world has ever seen.

A province of 30,000 people won independence from a nation of several millions. But these 30,000 were generally men of sturdy Anglo-American stock.

A few years later these same fearless and independent Texans voluntarily gave up their sovereignty to become one of the galaxy of stars under the banner of the United States.

CARRYING OUT ORDERS.

An English nobleman was about to set out for India, and, fearing that in his absence vandals might destroy a picturesque ruin on his estate, he said to his steward:

'I want you to build a wall here'—he drew a tiny furrow with his stick around the ruin—'a stone wall five feet high.'

On his return home the nobleman started for the spot. When he reached it he rubbed his eyes in amazement. There was the new stone wall, but he could see nothing towering up inside of it. He turned excitedly to his steward:

'Look here, where's the ruin, man?'

'The ruin, my lord?' replied the steward. 'Oh, that old thing! Why, I used it to build the wall with.'

TO BE ACCURATE.

A school-teacher received the following note:

'Dear Madam, Please excuse my Tommy to-day. He won't come to skule, because he is acting as time-keeper for his father, and it is your fault. U gave him a ixample if a field is six miles around how long will it take a man malking 3½ miles an hour to walk 2¼ times round it. Tommy ain't a man so we had to send his father. They went early this morning and father will walk round the field and Tommy will time him, but pleas don't give my boy such ixamples agin, because my husban must go to work every day to support his family.'

Small Boy (to sportsman who has missed the rabbit six times in succession): 'Here's my knife, sir. Creep up behind him and stab him.'

Frenchman (who wants a pass-out ticket, to attendant at theatre): 'Pardou monsieur. Are you ze ticket-of-leave man?'

The Mayor of a tough border town in America was about to engage a preacher for the new church. 'Parson, you ain't by any chance a Baptist, are you?'

'Why, no, not necessarily. Why?'

'Well, I was just a-goin' to say, we have to haul our water twelve miles.'

The local bigwig's presence in the chair at an entertainment was desired, and two of the organisers waited upon him with a deferential request. The required promise was duly obtained.

'You may rely upon me,' said the big man, 'Friday, the 25th, in the parish room. It's quite an unsectarian affair, I suppose?'

'Bless your 'eart, sir,' came the reply, 'the place was limewashed only last week. You won't find nothing of the kind on the premises.'

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me,
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be when I am weary
Just a little bit more cheery---
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver.
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be;
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother who is weaker,
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

'Oh, you cruel boy to take those eggs out of the nest! Think of the poor mother bird when she comes ---'

'The mother bird's dead, miss.'

'How do you know that?'

'I see it in your hat!'

After the lecture a timid little man rushed up to the platform and spoke to the lecturer.

'Did you say, sir,' he asked in a trembling voice, and with a pallid face, 'that in nine million years the sun would become cold and we would freeze to death?'

'Oh, no, sir; I said in twenty nine million years.'

'Thank heaven!' gasped the timid man. 'I thought you said nine!'

Irate Business Man: 'You book agents make me so angry with your confounded nerve and impudence that I cannot find words to express my feelings.'

Agent: 'Then I am the very man you want. I am selling dictionaries.'

The newly-elected Mayor of a small town was fond of show, and so he did his best to be inducted into office in weather favorable to gay processions. At his suggestion this notice was put into the local papers three days before his installation:

'On the occasion of the installation of the new Mayor the fire brigade will be reviewed in the afternoon if it rains in the morning, and in the morning if it rains in the afternoon.'

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