

**MISSING PAGE**

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## Friends at Court

### CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- June 3, Sunday.—Trinity Sunday.  
 „ 4, Monday.—St. Francis Carracciolo, Confessor.  
 „ 5, Tuesday.—St. Boniface, Bishop and Martyr.  
 „ 6, Wednesday.—St. Norbert, Bishop and Confessor.  
 „ 7, Thursday.—Corpus Christi.  
 „ 8, Friday.—Of the Octave.  
 „ 9, Saturday.—Of the Octave.

#### Trinity Sunday.

To-day we are not asked to imitate the virtues of one saint, or to contemplate the merciful dealings of God with man. We are taken up, as it were, into the Holy of Holies, and invited to gaze on the radiant perfection of God as the Blessed see Him—one God in Three Divine Persons. Until the fourteenth century this feast was not generally celebrated in the Church, for the reason that all festivals in the Christian religion are truly festivals of the Holy Trinity, since they are only means to honor the Blessed Trinity, and steps to raise us to It as the true and only term of our worship. As Pope Alexander writes in the seventh century: "The Roman Church has no particular festival of the Trinity, because she honors It every day, and every hour of the day, all her offices containing Its praises, and concluding with a tribute of glory to It."

#### Feast of Corpus Christi.

As the Adorable Trinity is the essential and primary object of all religion and of all festivals, so the august Eucharist is the perpetual sacrifice and the holiest worship we can render to the Trinity. In other words, every day is a festival of the Trinity which we adore, and of the Eucharist by which we adore It. The special feast of the Blessed Eucharist, which we celebrate to-day, was instituted in the thirteenth century. "Without doubt," says Urban IV., in the Bull of institution, "Holy Thursday is the true festival of the Holy Sacrament, but on that day the Church is so much occupied in bewailing the death of her Spouse that it was good to take another day, when she might manifest all her joy and supply for what she could not do on Holy Thursday."

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### LOVE'S TABERNACLE.

I never see at Holy Mass.

Or after Benediction's chime,

The Tabernacle's door unclasp'd,

And open for a little time:

But it doth image to my heart

That little room, that sacred spot,

Where Jesus loved to dwell apart,

In Joseph's humble cot.

Blest room, at Nazareth, far away!

By Mary's fingers cleansed and swept—

(Where Jesus wrought or read by day,

And in the night-time prayed and wept;)

It was a type, that chamber poor,

By Christ's sweet presence all endear'd—

Of every tabernacle pure

On Christian altars reared.

And, more than all, it was a type

Of these poor hearts we call our own,

Wherein, if all be pure and bright,

Our Lord delights to dwell alone.

Then, let us beg our Mother kind

To cleanse our hearts in life, in death—

That Jesus, there may ever find

His Love's sweet Nazareth!

—Eleanor C. Donnelly.

## The Storyteller

### THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE

(Continued.)

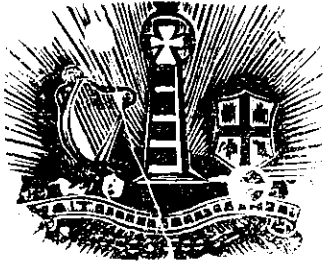
September.

Seeing the Woodman fell a noble Tree, which, as it went to the Ground, did upheave severall small Plants by the Roots, methoughte such woulde be the Fall of dear *Father*, herein more sad than that of the Abbot of *Sion* and the *Charterhouse* Monks, inasmuch as, being celibate, they involve noe others in their Ruin. Brave, holie Martyrs! how cheerfully they went to their Death. I'm glad to have seene how pious Men may turne e'en an ignominious Sentence into a kind of Euthanasie. Dear *Father* bade me note how they bore themselves as Bridegrooms going to their Marriage, and converted what mighte have bene a Shock to my surcharged Spiritts, into a Lesson of deepe and high Comfort.

One Thing hath grieved me sorelie. He mistooke Somewhat I sayd at parting for an Implication of my Wish that he should yield up his Conscience. Oh no, dearest *Father*, that be far from me! It seems to have cut him to the Heart, for he hath writ that "none of the terrible Things that may befall him touch him soe nearlie as that his dearly beloved Child, whose Opinion he soe much values, shoulde desire him to overrule his Conscience." That be far from me, *Father*! I have writ to explain the Matter, but his Reproach, undeserved though it be, hath troubled my Heart.

November.

Parliament will meet to-morrow. 'Tis expected *Father* and the good Bishop of *Rochester* will be attainted for Misprision of Treason by the Slavish Members thereof; and though not given hithertoe unto much Heede of Omens and Bodements while our Hearts were light and our Courage high, yet now the coming Evill seemeth forshadowed unto alle by I know not how many melancholick Presages, sent, for aught we know, in Mercy. Now that the days are dark and short, and the Nights stormy, we shun to linger much after Dusk in lone Chambers and Passages, and what was sayd of the Enemies of *Israel* may be nigh sayd of us, "that a falling Leaf shall chase them." I'm sure "a going in the Tops of the Mulberry Trees" on a blustering Evening, is enow to draw us alle, Men, Mothers, and Maids, together in an Heap. . . . We goe about the House in Twos and Threes, and care not much to leave the Fireside. Last *Sunday* we had closed about the Hearth, and little *Bill* was a reading by the Fire-light how *Herodias'* Daughter danced off the Head of *St. John the Baptist*, when down comes an emptie Swallow's Nest tumbling adown the Chimnie, bringing with it enow of Soot, Smoke, and Rubbish to half smother us alle; but the Dust was nothing to the Dismay thereby occasioned, and I noted one or two of our bravest turn as pale as Death. Then, the Rats have skirmished and galloped behind the Wainscoat more like a Troop of Horse than a Herd of such small Deer, to the infinite Annoyance of *Mother*, who could not be more firmly persuaded they were about to leave a falling House, if, like the scared Priests in the Temple of *Jerusalem*, she had heard a Voyce utter, "Let us depart hence." The round upper Half of the Cob-loaf rolled off the Table this Morning; and *Rupert*, as he picked it up, gave a Kind of Shudder, and muttered somewhat about a Head rolling from the Scaffold. Worse than this was o' *Tuesday* Night. . . . 'Twas Bed-time, and yet none were liking to goe, when, o' suddain, we hearde a Screech that made every Body's Heart thrill, followed by one or two hollow Groans. *Will* snatches up the Lamp and runs forth, I close following, and alle the others at our Heels; and after looking into sundrie deserted Cupboards and Corners, we descend the broad Stone Steps of the Cellars, half way down which *Will*, stumbling over something he sees not, takes a flying



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Leap to clear himself down to the Bottom, luckily without extinguishing the Lamp. We find *Gillian* on the Steps in a Swoon; on bringing her to, she exclaims about a Ghost without a Head, wrapped in a Winding-sheet, that confronted her and then sank to the Ground as she entered the Vaults. We cast a fearful Look about, and descry a tall white Sack of Flour, recently overturned by the Rats, which clears up the Mystery, and procures *Gillian* a little Jeering; but we alle return to the Hall with fluttered Spirits. Another Time I, going up to the Nursery in the Dark, on hearing Baby cry, am passed on the Stairs by I know not what, breathing heavilie. I reache forthe my Arm, but pass cleare through the spirituall Nature, whatever it is, yet distinctlie feel my Cheek and Neck fanned by its Breath. I turn very faint, and get Nurse to goe with me when I return, bearing a Light, yet think it as well to say nought to distress the rest.

But worst of alle was last Night. . . . After I had been in Bed awhile, I minded me that deare *Will* had not returned me *Father's* Letter. I awoke him, and asked if he had broughte it up Stairs; he sleepily replied he had not, soe I hastily arose, threw on a Cloke, took a Light, and entered the Gallery; when, half-way along it, between me and the pale Moon-shine, I was scared to behold a slender Figure alle in white, with naked Feet and Arms extended. I stooode agaze, speechlesse, and to my Terror made out the Features of *Bess*. . . . her Eyes open, but vacant; then saw *John Dancery* softly stealing after her, and signing to me with his Finger on his Lips. She passed without noting me, on to *Father's* door, there knelt as if in Prayer, making a low sort of Wail, while *Dancery*, with Tears running down his Cheeks, whispered, "'Tis the third Time of her thus sleep-walking . . . the Token of how troubled a Mind!"

We disturbed her not, dreading that a suddain Waking might bring on Madness; soe after making Moan awhile, she kisses the senseless Door, rises up, moves towards her own Chamber, followed by *Dancery* and me, wrings her Hands a little, then lies down and graduallie falls into what seems a dreamless Sleep, we watching her in Silence till she's quiet, and then squeezing each other's Hands ere we part.

—*Will* was wide awake when I got back; he sayd, "Why, *Meg*, how long you have been! could you not lighte on the Letter?" . . . . When I tolde him what had hindered me by the Way, he turned his face to the Wall and wept.

#### Midnight.

The wild Wind is abroad, and, methinketh, *nothing else*. Sure, how it rages through our empty Courts! In such a Season, Men, Beasts, and Fowls cower beneath the Shelter of their rocking Walls, yet almost fear to trust them. Lord, I know that thou canst give the Tempest double Force, but do not, I beseech thee! Oh! have Mercy on the frail Dwelling and the Ship at Sea.

Dear little *Bill* hath ta'en a feverish Attack. I watch beside him whilst his Nurse sleeps. Earlie in the Night his Mind wandered, and he told me of a pretty pyebald Poney, noe bigger than a Bee, that had golden Housings and Barley-sugar Eyes; then dozed, but ever and anon kept starting up, crying, "Mammy dear!" and softlie murmured, "Oh!" when he saw I was by. At length I gave him my Fore-finger to hold, which kept him ware of my Presence without speaking; but presentlie he stares hard towards the Foot of the Bed, and says fearfullie, "*Mother*, why hangs yon Hatchet in the Air, with its sharp Edge turned towards us?" I rise, move the Lamp, and say, "Do you see it now?" He sayth, "No, not now," and closes his Eyes. After a good Space, during the which I hoped he slept he says in quite an altered Tone, most like unto soft, sweet Music, "There's a pretty little Cherub there now, alle Head and noe

Body, with two little Wings aneath his Chin; but for alle he's soe pretty, he is just like dear *Gaffer*, and seems to know me . . . . and he'll have a Body agayn too, I believe, by and by . . . . *Mother, Mother*, tell *Hobbinol* there's such a gentle Lamb in Heaven!" And soe slept.

17th.

He's gone, my pretty! . . . . slipt through my Fingers like a Bird! upfled to his own native Skies; and yet, whenas I think on him, I cannot choose but weepe. . . . Such a guilelesse little Lamb! . . . . My Billy-bird! his *Mother's* owne Heart!—They are alle wondrous kind to me. . . .

27th.

How strange that a little child shoulde be permitted to suffer soe much Payn, when of such is the Kingdom of Heaven! But 'tis onlie transient, whereas a *Mother* makes it permanent, by thinking it over and over agayn. One Lesson it taught us betimes, that a naturall Death is not, necessarilie, the most easie. We must all die. . . . As poor *Patteson* was used to say, "The greatest King that ever was made, must bed at last with Shovel and Spade," . . . . and I'd sooner have my *Billy's* Baby Deathbed than King *Harry's* or *Nan Boleyn's* either, however manie Years they may yet carry Matters with a high Hand. Oh, you Ministers of Evill, whoever ye be, visible or invisible, you shall not build a Wall between my God and me. . . . I've Something within me grows stronger and stronger, as Times grow more and more Evill; some woulde call it Resolution, but methinketh 'tis Faith.

Meantime, *Father's* Foes . . . . alack that anie can shew 'emselves such! are aiming, by fayr Seemings of friendlie Conference, to draw from his Admissions they can come at after noe other Fashion. The new *Solicitor Generall* hath gone to the Tower to deprive him of the few Books I have taken him from Time to Time. . . . Ah, Master *Rich*, you must deprive him of his Brains afore you can rob him of their Contents! . . . . and, while having 'em packt up, he falls into easie Dialogue with him, as thus, . . . . "Why now, sure, Mr. *More*, were there an Act of Parliament made that all the Realm shoulde take me for King, you woulde take me for such with the Rest."

"Aye, that would I, Sir," returns *Father*.

"Forsooth, then," pursue *Rich*, "we'll suppose another Act that shoulde make me the Pope. Woulde you not take me for Pope?"

"Or suppose another Case, Mr. *Rich*," returns *Father*, "that another Act shoulde pass, that God shoulde not be God, would you say well and good?"

"No, truly," returns the other hastily, "for no Parliament could make such Act lawfull."

"True, as you say," repeats *Father*, "they coulde not," . . . . soe eluded the Net of the Fowler; but how miserable and unhandsome a device to lay wait for him thus!

. . . . I stole forthe, ere 'twas Lighte, this damp chill Morning, to pray beside the little Grave, but found dear *Daisy* there before me. How Christians love one another!

*Will's* Loss is as heavie as mine, yet he bears with me tenderlie. Yesternighte, he sayth to me half reproachfullie, "Am not I better unto thee than ten Sons?"

March, 1535.

Spring comes, that brings Rejuvenescence to the Land, and Joy to the Heart, but it brings none to us, for where Hope dieth, Joy dieth. But Patience, Soul; God's yet in the Aumry!

May 7.

*Father* arraigned.

July 1.

By Reason of *Will's* minding to be present at the Triall, which, for the Concourse of Spectators, de-

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manded his earlie Attendance, he committed the Care of me, with *Bess*, to *Dancey*, who got us Places to see *Father* on his Way from the *Tower* to *Westminster Hall*. We coulde not come at him for the Crowd, but clambered on a Bench to gaze our very Hearts away after him as he went by, sallow, thin, grey-haired, yet in Mien not a Whit cast down. Wrapt in a coarse woollen Gown, and leaning on a Staff; which unwonted Support when *Bess* markt, she hid her Eyes on my Shoulder and wept sore, but soon lookt up agayn, though her Eyes were soe blinded. I think she coulde not see him. His face was calm, but grave, as he came up, but just as he passed he caught the Eye of some one in the Crowd, and smiled in his old, frank Way; then glanced up towards the Windows with the bright Look he hath soe oft cast to me at my Casement, but saw us not. I coulde not help crying "*Father*," but he heard me not; perchance 'twas soe best. . . . I would not have had his Face cloud at the Sight of poor *Bessy's* Tears.

. . . *Will* tells me the Indictment was the longest ever hearde: on four Counts. First, his Opinion on the King's Marriage. Second, his writing sundrie Letters to the *Bishop of Rochester*, counselling him to hold out. Third, refusing to acknowledge his Grace's Supremacy. Fourth, his positive Deniall of it, and thereby willing to deprive the King of his Dignity and Title.

When the reading of this was over, the *Lord Chancellor* sayth, "Ye see how grievouslie you have offended the King his Grace, but and yet he is soe mercifulle, as that if ye will lay aside your Obstinacie, and change your Opinion, we hope ye may yet obtayn Pardon."

*Father* makes Answer . . . and at Sounde of his deare Voyce alle Men hold their Breaths: . . . "Most noble Lords, I have great Cause to thank your Honours for this your Courtesie . . . but I pray Almighty God I may continue in the Mind I'm in, through his Grace, until Death."

They coulde not make goode their Accusation agaynst him. 'Twas onlie on the Last Count he could be made out a Traitor, and Proof of 't had they none: how coulde they have? He shoulde have beene acquitted out of hand, 'steade of which, his bitter Enemy my *Lord Chancellor* called on him for his Defence. *Will* sayth there was a generall Murmur or Sigh ran through the Court. *Father*, however, answered the Bidding by beginning to expresse his Hope that the Effect of long Imprisonment mighte not have beene such upon his Mind and Body, as to impair his Power of rightlie meeting alle the Charges agaynst him . . . when, turning faint with long standing, he staggered and loosed Hold of his Staff, whereon he was accorded a Seat. 'Twas but a Moment's Weakness of the Body, and he then proceeded frankly to avow his having always opposed the King's Marriage to his Grace himself, which he was soe far from thinking High Treason, that he shoulde rather have deemed it Treachery to have withholden his Opinion from his Sovereign King when solicited by him for his Counsell. His Letters to the good *Bishop* he proved to have been harmlesse. Touching his declining to give his Opinion, when askt, concerning the Supremacy, he alleged there coulde be noe Transgression in holding his Peace thereon, God only being cognizant of our Thoughts.

"Nay," interposeth the *Attorney Generall*, "your Silence was the Token of a malicious Mind."

"I had always understoode," answers *Father*, "that Silence stooode for Consent. *Qui tacet, consentire videtur*"; which made Sundrie smile. On the last Charge, he protested he had never spoken Word against the Law unto anie Man.

The Jury are about to acquit him, when up starts the *Solicitor Generall*, offers himself as Witness for the Crown, is sworn, and gives Evidence of his Dialogue with *Father* in the *Tower*, falsie adding, like a Liar as he is, that on his saying "No Parliament could make a Law that God should not be God." *Father* had rejoyned, "No more coulde they make the King supreme Head of the Church."

I marvell the Ground opened not at his Feet. *Father* brisklie made Answer, "If I were a Man, my Lords, who regarded not an Oath, ye know well I needed not stand now at this Bar. And if the Oath which you, Mr. *Rich*, have just taken, be true, then I pray I may never see God in the Face. In good Truth, Mr. *Rich*, I am more sorry for your Perjurie than my Perill. You and I once dwelt long together in one Parish; your manner of Life and Conversation from your Youth up were familiar to me, and it paineth me to tell ye were ever held very light of your Tongue, a great Dicer and Gamester, and not of anie commendable Fame either there or in the *Temple*, the Inn to which ye have belonged. Is it credible, therefore, to your Lordships, that the Secrets of my Conscience touching the Oath, which I never woulde reveal, after the Statute once made, either to the King's Grace himself, nor to anie of you, my honourable Lords, I should have thus lightly blurted out in private Parley with Mr. *Rich*?"

In short, the Villain made not goode his Poynt: ne'ertheless, the Issue of this black Day was aforehand fixed: my Lord *Audley* was primed with a virulent and venomous Speech: the Jury retired, and presentlie returned with a Verdict of Guilty; for they knew what the King's Grace woulde have 'em doe in that Case.

Up starts my Lord *Audley*: commences pronouncing Judgment, when . . .

"My Lord," says *Father*, "in my Time, the Custom in these Cases was ever to ask the Prisoner before Sentence, whether he coulde give anie Reason why judgment shoulde not proceed agaynst him."

My Lord, in some Confusion, puts the Question.

And then came the frightful Sentence.

Yes, yes, my Soul, I know: there were Saints of old sawn asunder. Men of whom the World was not worthy.

. . . Then he spake unto 'em his Mind; and bade his Judges and Accusers farewell; hoping that like as *St. Paul* was present and consenting unto *St. Stephen's* Death, and yet both were now holy Saints in Heaven, soe he and they might speedlie meet there, joint Heirs of e'erlasting Salvation.

Meantime, poor *Bess* and *Cecilie*, spent with Grief and long waiting, were foret to be carried Home by *Heron*, or ever *Father* returned to his Prison. Was't less Feeling, or more Strength of Body, enabled me to bide at the *Tower Wharf* with *Dancey*? God knoweth. They brought him back by Water; my poor Sisters must have passed him. . . . The first Thing I saw was the Axe, turned with its Edge towards him—my first Note of his Sentence. I forct my Way through the Crowd . . . some one laid a cold Hand on mine Arm: 'twas poor *Patteson*, soe changed I scarce knew him, with a Rosary of Gooseberries he kept running through his Fingers. He sayth, "Bide your Time, *Mistress Meg*: when he come past I'll make a Passage for ye; . . . Oh, Brother, Brother! what ailed thee to refuse the Oath? *I've* taken it!" In another Moment, "Now, *Mistress*, now!" and flinging his Arms right and left, made a Breach through which I darted, fearlesse of Bills and Halberds, and did cast mine Arms about *Father's* Neck. He cries, "My *Meg*!" and hugs me to him as though our very Souls shoulde grow together. He sayth, "Bless thee, bless thee! Enough, enough, my Child; what mean ye, to weep and break mine Heart? Remember, though I die innocent, 'tis not without the Will of God, who coulde have turned mine Enemies' Hearts, if 'twere best; therefore possess your Soul in Patience. Kiss them alle for me, thus and thus . . ." soe gave me back into *Dancey's* Arms, the Guards about him alle weeping; but I coulde not thus lose Sight of him for ever; soe, after a Minute's Pause, did make a second Rush, brake away from *Dancey*, clave to *Father* agayn, and agayn they had Pitie on me, and made Pause while I hung upon his Neck. This Time there were large Drops standing on his dear Brow; and the big Tears were swelling into his Eyes. He whispered, "*Meg*, for *Christ's* sake don't unman me; thou'lt not deny my last Request?" I sayd, "Oh! no;" and at once

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loosened mine Arms. "God's Blessing be with you," he sayth with a last Kiss. I coulde not help crying, "My Father, my Father!" "The Chariot of Israel, and the Horsemen thereof!" he vehementlie whispers, pointing upwards with soe passionate a Regard, that I look up, almost expecting a beatific Vision; and when I turn about agayn, he's gone, and I have noe more Sense nor Life till I find myself agayn in mine owne Chamber, my Sisters chafing my Hands.

(To be concluded.)

## OBSEQUIES OF ARCHBISHOP CARR

### IMPOSING CEREMONIAL.

The demonstration of grief over the death of Archbishop Carr, in which all Melbourne took part on Saturday, May 12, will never be forgotten (states the *Catholic Press*). After nearly a week of mourning, the deceased prelate was laid to his final rest in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Had Archbishop Carr lived until Saturday he would have celebrated the 78th anniversary of his birth. His body had lain in state since Wednesday, and up to Saturday morning the Cathedral was visited by at least 100,000 persons.

The final obsequies consisted of the celebration of Solemn Office and Pontifical Requiem Mass, a procession through the city streets, and burial in the chosen sacred spot. The observances extended over eight hours. Several hours before the Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral commenced, hundreds of persons who had attended early Masses remained, and at 10 a.m. the great building was filled to a point of discomfort. Preceded by altar boys in red soutanes, with black armlets, priests numbering several hundreds entered the sanctuary. The visiting bishops and archbishops followed, while the Apostolic Delegate, his Excellency Archbishop Cerretti, who presided, and Archbishop Mannix were the last to take their seats on their thrones. The visiting prelates were Archbishop Kelly (Sydney), Archbishop Spence (Adelaide), Bishop Gallagher (Goulburn), Bishop Dwyer (Maitland), Bishop Phelan (Sale), Bishop Foley (Ballarat), Monsignor Tracey (Deniliquin), Monsignor O'Haran (Sydney), Monsignor Ormond, and the Bishop-elect of Sandhurst, Monsignor McCarthy.

Adornments had been removed from the altar, and the massive pillars in the sanctuary, the Archbishop's throne and the pulpit were draped in purple and black. The coffin on its draped catafalque was before the High Altar. On it were placed the mitre, stole, and crozier, or pastoral staff, of the deceased prelate. The sun broke through the stained-glass windows near the roof in a thousand shafts, lighting the upturned faces of the vast assemblage, and serving to relieve the sombre light of the great building. The congregation was hushed, and when the priests were not chanting only subdued whispers and an occasional movement of feet on the tiled floor disturbed the stillness. Amongst those present in an official capacity were the State Commandant (Brigadier-General Williams), representing the Governor-General; Mr. P. McM. Glynn, for the Federal Ministry; Major-General J. G. Legge, C.M.G., for the Defence Department; Mr. Victor Hood, for the State Governor; Mr. F. Hagelthorn, Minister of Agriculture, for the State Ministry; Mr. J. M. Davies, President of the Legislative Council; Sir Frank Madden, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly; the Chief Justice, Sir John Madden, and Lady Madden; the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and officers of the State Parliament. Two pastors of the Greek Orthodox Church remained standing near the catafalque.

The choir of priests was under the conductorship of Rev. Father Robinson, Camberwell. The special chanters were Very Rev. Dr. Hayden (President of St. Patrick's College, Manly), Rev. Fathers Robinson, M. J. Hayes, P. O'Brien.

In the Pontifical Mass for the Dead, Archbishop Mannix was the celebrant, Dean Carey assistant priest,

Rev. Father M. I. O'Brien deacon, Rev. Father V. Willis subdeacon, and Rev. Father J. Keenan master of ceremonies.

### THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE'S EULOGIUM.

The Apostolic Delegate then entered the pulpit, and addressed the congregation. He delivered a glowing eulogium on the character of the late Archbishop. His Excellency at times was overcome with emotion, and men and women gave way openly to their feelings, and shed tears like children. He said: I remember my first meeting with him as if it took place only yesterday. When I arrived in Sydney he was there, with the other members of the Australian Episcopate, to welcome me. His amiability and unaffected manner attracted me at once. From that very moment I felt drawn to him, and there sprang up between us a friendship which time only served to make closer and more intimate. Who would then have thought that the last solemn ceremony at which I should be present before leaving the hospitable and friendly shores of Australia would be the sad function which brings us here to-day? Inscrutable are the designs of God, uncertain the ways of men. My sorrow in saying good-bye to this favored land is intensified by the death of the venerated Archbishop of Melbourne, and the grief of my departure is the more acute, because I was on my way from Sydney to bid him farewell when the news of his death reached me. Pressing engagements called me elsewhere, but I decided to cancel every engagement in order to show, by my presence here to-day, my esteem and affection for your great Archbishop.

I do not intend to preach his panegyric. That duty will be discharged at the proper time. My only desire is to pay a tribute to the memory of one whom I revered and loved. I think I can fittingly discharge that duty by calling attention to something that must have impressed us all. While the minds of all Australians were fixed upon matters of national concern, and while the world was saddened by the long-drawn-out and calamitous war in which the Empire is engaged, the death summons came to Archbishop Carr. For a moment the pulse of the nation was stopped; men of every walk of life, men occupying the highest positions in Church and State, men of all shades of religious belief, bowed in reverence at his death, and expressed their sympathy and grief. And similar sentiments were voiced by the press of Australia, irrespective of creed or politics. The chorus of eulogy and sympathy is widespread and unanimous. Over the grave of Archbishop Carr all distinctions are forgotten.

Truly, the man who for thirty years has filled so responsible a position in Australia, who had to reconcile so many conflicting interests, who had to treat with men of every rank, who had to handle so many questions that were difficult and delicate, and who, at the end, has passed away amid a chorus of eulogy, that man was a great man. To do justice to all that he accomplished for the advancement of religion during the past thirty years would be a task of such magnitude that I could not even attempt it. But you are familiar with the work of the Archbishop. Think of the churches, schools, and institutions erected by him; look round at this majestic Cathedral completed by his efforts; in a word, think of the result of his thirty years' zealous and apostolic labors, and you will realise why the figure of Archbishop Carr towers majestically over this portion of the Catholic Church. In the midst of his episcopal labors, his virtues shine forth with splendor; his unaffected piety, his burning zeal, his boundless charity, his profound learning, and, above all, that sweetness of disposition which made him so lovable and approachable.

As a citizen, Archbishop Carr has set a noble example. He never forgot the land of his birth; he was proud of Ireland and of Irishmen. But he loved Australia and the Australians as if he had been born here. He had his own well-matured views on all questions of national interest. But he was broad-minded, and tolerant of the opinions of others. By temperament, he refrained from the most part from



taking a prominent part in public affairs, but all who have watched his career will give him credit for natural gifts of an exceptional order, combined with wonderful tact and courtesy in dealing with public men and public questions.

But to understand the man thoroughly you must study his private life. He was humble, unaffected, all things to all men. He had a singular charm of manner, that won every heart. He had a full, well-rounded, noble character, and he was like all great souls in this, that no one could come away from him without feeling better for having been in his company. A few days before the Archbishop's death, the Holy Father sent him a most gracious message of sympathy, as well as the Apostolic Benediction. His Holiness had no more loyal and affectionate son than the Archbishop of Melbourne. In recent years, especially, his merits and achievements were in the mind of the Holy Father; and if he had been given greater length of days, it is not unlikely that even greater honors would have come to him from the Holy See—honors which, in his humility, he never sought, and never thought of.

Of Caesar Augustus it was said that either he should never have been born, or, having been born, should never have died. And I say that Archbishop Carr should never have died. But, since he has died, as every man must die, his memory, like the memory of the just, will be held in eternal benediction. He leaves a rich inheritance of good works and noble example, which will be a source of inspiration to us all.

Then, addressing the new Archbishop, the Papal Delegate said: To you, in a most especial manner, Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, he has bequeathed this precious inheritance, for on your shoulders falls the mantle of the deceased prelate. You have had the good fortune to spend several years with him, and to assist him with your energy, zeal, and learning. I know full well that the late Archbishop held you in the highest esteem, and placed in you the greatest confidence. With God's help, and the loyal co-operation of the clergy and laity, your administration will, I am certain, be crowned with complete success. And while I pray for the eternal repose of the soul of the deceased, I earnestly entreat Almighty God to bestow upon you, and upon this archdiocese, rich and abundant blessings.

And now, before leaving this pulpit, I wish to thank most heartily all those who, by their presence or words of sympathy, have helped to console the flock of the late Archbishop. In particular, I desire to express my deep sense of gratitude to his Excellency the Governor-General, to his Excellency the State Governor, to the Prime Minister, to the Premier of Victoria, to the Lord Mayor of Melbourne, to the members of Parliament, and to the heads of the various religious denominations, for their generous public testimony to the life and virtues of the illustrious dead. The episcopate, the clergy, and the Catholic people of Australia will not forget the eloquent tributes paid to the late Archbishop by those who differed from him in matters of faith, and I fervently hope that this union of sentiment manifested under these sad circumstances may continue for the welfare of this city, and for the good of Australia.

#### THE PROCESSION—A THRILLING SPECTACLE.

The Absolutions were given by the Archbishops of Sydney and Adelaide, the Bishops of Goulburn and Maitland, and the Apostolic Delegate.

The ceremonies were concluded at a little before 1 p.m. At 3 p.m. the coffin was lifted from the catafalque by a dozen prominent members of the Hibernian Society, and borne to the hearse waiting outside the Cathedral, to the accompaniment of tolling bells and the "Dead March" from "Saul," and Chopin's "Marche Funebre" on the organ.

No public spectacle has for many a day been so magnetic in attracting people of all classes to the main streets of the city as was on Saturday the funeral

procession of the late Archbishop. There were impressive features in it that brought vividly to mind the loss which the community had sustained, while a singular silence which pervaded the watching crowd on the sidewalks, the balconies, and other points of vantage, enabled the tolling of St. Patrick's Cathedral bell, the measured music of the "Dead March," and the muffled beating of the drums to convey thrillingly their solemn message. So vast was the multitude of spectators that all the thoroughfares contiguous to the Cathedral were blocked long before the procession started. The steps and balustrades of Federal Parliament House were thronged. All the windows overlooking the line of route were occupied. Nine out of every ten persons amongst the many thousands who had assembled wore some token of mourning. While the bleakness of the weather tested endurance, the sky was appropriately grey and lowering. As it happened, the funeral was taking place on the late Archbishop's 78th birthday. That added, perhaps, an additional touch of sadness to the function in the minds of those who remembered the fact.

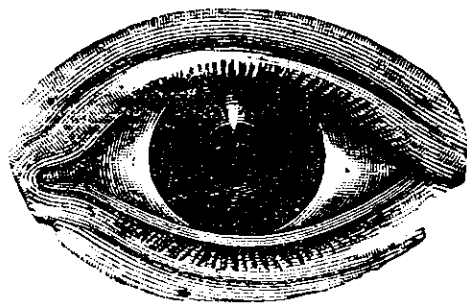
As so many members of Catholic societies and Orders, and so many children of parish schools, desired to do honor to the deceased prelate, the procession was made of extreme length in order to accommodate them. Marching at a very slow pace, set by the band of St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage, it occupied nearly two hours in passing any given point, and the leading sections had got back to the Cathedral, after traversing Albert, Evelyn, Bourke, Elizabeth, and Collins streets, before the hearse containing Dr. Carr's remains had left that edifice. Although display was not a primary object, excepting so far as it might serve to emphasise the dignity of the Archbishop, and no banners were carried, the dress of several masses of participants in the procession made it very pictorial in parts. Where persons were so situated that they could command an extended view, embracing such a vista as the prospect of Bourke street from Parliament House to the General Post Office, the alterations of colors, such as green, white, red, blue, yellow, and purple, were very striking and spectacular.

Like the people who looked on, the procession was notably silent for half-hours at a time. When the band in the forefront had passed, playing its dirge, only a few drum beats accompanied the tramp of feet for a long while. Then the Irish Pipers' Band went by, playing funereal music. After another long interval of quietude came St. Augustine's Orphanage Band from Geelong, to the notes of the "Dead March." The rest of the processionists, numbering thousands of persons, followed noiselessly.

The second place was taken on the march by almost a regiment of khaki-clad soldiers. In their rear was a cross-bearer, wearing scarlet robes and white surplices, having a similarly attired acolyte at each side. Hundreds of ladies, in ranks many deep, displaying the insignia of the Irish National Foresters, came next.

#### The Societies and Sodalties.

They were attended by a great body of men of the same society. Legions more, as it seemed, went by, each man bearing the collar or badge of an organisation, such as the St. Patrick's Society, the Hibernian Australasian Catholic Benefit Society, the Catholic Club, the Australian Catholic Federation, the Catholic Workers' Association, the Confraternity of the Holy Family, and the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart. Then came a most interesting section, the ladies of the Sacred Heart Sodality, clothed in red and wearing transparent white tulle veils over their heads, faces, and shoulders. Behind them were a large number of ladies in mourning attire. Hundreds of ladies and men followed in ordinary dress, but wearing badges. The beautiful sight was at this stage revealed of probably 1000 ladies clad in different shades of blue, veiled similarly to their predecessors, who marched past in ranks five or six deep, for a full ten minutes. They were members of the Children of Mary Sodality. Then came in hundreds representatives of the Catholic Young Men's Society. They were followed by a great



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number of young girls, clothed in white, and wearing black bows and sashes. All were from the Catholic primary and secondary schools. Boys from the same seminaries followed. Then boys and girls from the colleges passed, and succeeding them were members of old collegians' associations.

A body of girl graduates now claimed attention, these being lady scholars at the University, in mortar boards, and black gowns, some also wearing stoles of bright colors, indicating that they had acquired learned degrees. Members of St. Vincent de Paul Society went by. Then appeared male barristers and doctors in University dress, after whom at length came the dignitaries of the Church, and distinguished priests associated with them. Preceded by another cross-bearer, red gowned and white vested, and by many acolytes garbed in like manner, the two Greek Church pastors of Melbourne, clothed in their official robes, marched by, accompanied by Rev. Father Barry, late private secretary to Archbishop Carr. Hundreds of priests, in black, wearing white surplices and birettas, passed. The various religious Orders were represented. After them came a brilliant group of prelates, clad in their episcopal robes, including Archbishop Kelly, of Sydney; Dr. Spence, Archbishop of Adelaide; Dr. Gallagher, Bishop of Goulburn; Dr. Dwyer, Bishop of Maitland; the Bishops of Ballarat and Sandhurst; Bishop Phelan, of Sale; Monsignor Byrne, V.G., representing Archbishop Dubig; Very Rev. Dr. Hayden, President of Manly College, and others. Archbishop Mannix, attended by Dean Carey and Father Beusou, walked immediately in front of the hearse. The hearse containing the late Archbishop then passed, the coffin being visible through glass panels. It was followed by the pall bearers, namely, Dr. A. L. Kenny, Hon. John Meagher, M.L.C. (N.S.W.), Dr. M. U. O'Sullivan, Mr. F. Hagelhorn (Victorian Minister of Agriculture), Count O'Loughlin, Mr. Benjamin Hoare, Mr. J. T. P. O'Meara, Mr. D. Slattery (president of the St. Vincent de Paul Society), Mr. P. A. McLachlan, M.L.A. (Queensland), Mr. F. E. O'Connell (president of Australian Catholic Federation), and Mr. P. Mornane. Finally, an open carriage containing Dr. Clarke (the Anglican Archbishop of Melbourne), Dean Godby, and Archdeacons Hindley and Hayman, officially representing the Church of England in Victoria.

#### The Burial.

It was half-past 5 when the hearse returned to the Cathedral, and the last rites of the obsequies then commenced. The coffin was preceded by hundreds of acolytes, each wearing a black band on the arm. Then followed the choir of priests, the visiting prelates, and Victorian Bishops, Archbishop Mannix, who recited the burial prayers, walked immediately in front of the bier. After the prayers for the dead had been recited, the priests chanted the Antiphon and the "Benedictus," and as the coffin was lowered into the grave in the chapel of the Sacred Heart, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was softly played by the organ and St. Augustine's Band. Even when the ceremonies were concluded many worshippers lingered in the gathering dusk, and night had fallen before the crowded trams and trains had taken back to their homes the spectators at the most memorable funeral ever held in Melbourne.

#### SYMPATHY.

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## READINGS IN IRISH HISTORY

By 'SHANACHIE.'

### THE INVASION OF THE DANES, A.D. 795-1022.

We have seen that Ireland had been for almost three centuries the centre of learning, piety, and Christian zeal in Europe. It was now doomed to be overrun by a pagan race, and to submit for a long period to a barbarous foreign yoke. In the catastrophe, learning and Christianity were to suffer severely, and were not to be restored to something like their former condition until after many desperate conflicts. For some time a change had been coming over the social condition of the Irish. The tribal customs had begun to disappear. The lands which had once been used by the tribes in common were becoming absorbed by warlike chiefs; and the quarrels between the chiefs resulted, here and there, in the conquest of domains which became the property of the victors. These dissensions and rival ambitions of the chiefs had the fatal effect of opening to the Danes an easy descent upon the Irish coast, and facilitated their inroads into the interior and final subjugation of the island to their savage rule. The Danes were a race of hardy, ferocious sea-warriors, who came not only from Denmark, but also from Norway and Friesland. For many centuries they had roved the seas, bent on errands of plunder and conquest. They were very skilful navigators, and were unequalled in their warlike courage. Their kinsmen had defeated the legions of the Roman emperors, and had sacked and burned Rome itself. Everywhere along the coasts of Northern Europe the coming of the Danes was intensely dreaded. No race could cope with their great, strong ships on the ocean: few could withstand their hot valor on the field of battle. Ireland, however, had for centuries escaped the scourge of their attack. Already Britain had long been assailed by the fleets of the Danish Vikings, while the villages and districts along her eastern shore had been wasted by Danish pirates. Two centuries were yet to elapse, however, before a Danish king would sit upon the British throne. The first invasion of Ireland by these ferocious sea-rovers took place towards the close of the eighth century. At first they came with big ships at rare intervals, landing at various points on the eastern coast, building forts, ravaging the country round about, and then departing. In course of time, however, the Danes and their kinsmen, the Norwegians, found out the dissensions which existed among the Irish chiefs, and perceived that Ireland, given over to piety and learning, had neglected the art of war. Then they flocked across the sea in greater numbers, and with greater frequency. They seized upon Dublin and Wexford on the east, Cork in the south, and Down on the north. They then began to make and fortify settlements, from whence they issued to spread rapine and massacre among the peaceful villages and the quiet monasteries of the interior. The Danes were resolved to conquer the island and to extirpate its people, that they themselves might enjoy its fair domain.

The Danes were pagans, like their kinsmen who had conquered Britain. They believed in the gods Odin and Thor, and the goddess Friga. These gods, they imagined, rewarded most of all bravery in war, and hence the Northman entered into battle with a light heart. If he survived, his valor was rewarded with wealth and glory and slaves to minister to his wants, the Skalds sung his praises, and the youth were directed to follow in his footsteps; if he fell, he was taken at once by Odin into Valhalla, where only warriors were worthy to go, and where his time was spent in feasting and drinking with the gods. Thus the faith of the Danes was bloody, warlike, and revengeful. Above all things the Danes detested and despised Christianity, which they looked upon as a religious rival to their own, and one, entirely unlike their own, of peace and brotherhood. When, therefore, they found themselves in Ireland, the first objects of their attack were the sacred places of Irish piety. With fierce and rapacious



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ardor they assailed, sacked, and burned the churches and monasteries. They destroyed the precious books which had been written with long and patient care by the monks. They seized the jewelled plate and golden chalices, of the churches; they pillaged the rich shrines of the Irish saints and scattered their bones and relics to the winds. Without mercy, they murdered the clergy whenever they could find them. They broke up many of the most famous of the monastic schools, and drove both teachers and scholars into exile. They remembered with bitterness all that their religion had suffered at the hands of Charlemagne, how the Saxon followers of Odin had been driven from their homes and murdered, and how all this had been done in the name of Christianity. In dishonoring Christ and His Church, they felt they were honoring their pagan gods, and in the name of Odin they massacred priests and monks, desecrated the churches, and laid many monasteries in ruins. Turgesius had the Primate of Armagh turned out of his See, and in imitation, or perhaps in mockery, became himself chief of the priests of Odin at Armagh; and his wife gave audience seated on the high altar at Clonmacnoise. Truly it seemed that the abomination of desolation had entered the holy places, and that, in Ireland at least, the vision of the prophet had been realised.

The Irish fought desperately against the relentless invaders; but in the earlier years of the invasion the Danes were victorious in almost every part of the island. At last the powerful Danish Viking, Turgesius, brought Ireland under almost complete subjection. He built strong fortifications at Dublin, Waterford, and Limerick, and took up his abode on the borders of Lough Ree, in the heart of Ireland (837 A.D.). From thence he ruled the Irish with an iron hand. Keating gives a detailed account of the miseries suffered by Ireland during the reign of Turgesius. Every district had its Danish ruler, every village its Danish sergeant, in every house a Danish soldier was billeted who acted in that house as absolute master. A yearly tribute of an ounce of gold was paid by each house, and if the head of the family failed to pay, his nose was cut off, whence the tax was called "nosegelt." To this intolerable oppression, resistance was offered by the natives, and sometimes with success. The progress of Turgesius was, however, steady and persistent, and in 845 the northern portion of the country, as well as Meath and Connaught, lay helpless at his feet. A little more and the whole country would be conquered; but in 845 his career of conquest ended, for in that year he was defeated by Malachy, King of Meath, taken prisoner, and put to death. It is said he was drowned at Lough Ennell, near Mullingar. Keating's account of how he was captured is not without interest. Turgesius had built a palace near the residence of King Malachy, and sometimes visited him. He became enamoured of Malachy's daughter, whose appearance and manner were equally attractive. As he was already married he could not demand her in marriage, nor did he desire to pay her that honor, he merely wanted to have her as one of his mistresses. Malachy knew it would be dangerous to refuse, and agreed with apparent readiness and goodwill, but requested that his daughter might be allowed to go to the Danish palace in secret and accompanied by fifteen other beautiful maidens whom he promised to send with her: these also Turgesius might keep. At the appointed time the maiden and her attendants arrived, and were received by Turgesius and his ministers. The attendants sent with the princess were not young women, but young men disguised as females and wearing arms under their female attire. Instead of allowing their young mistress to be outraged by a hated pagan, at a given signal they rushed upon him, slew all his favorites, and carried himself away into captivity.

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## PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

An interesting convert has just been presented to the Pope in Rome, where he was received into the Church. This is Major Orde Lees, a member of Sir Ernest Shackleton's Antarctic expedition. The new convert, who comes of a well-known family, was a member of the Weddell Sea party, and it is said that he began to think of the Church when out in the frozen South and with little hope of returning to civilisation. After his return, he was not long in seeking instruction, and is now happily a Catholic. The Pope was very interested in Major Lee's narrative of his adventures.

By the death of Mr. W. L. Bowditch, M.A., which occurred at the residence of Mrs. A. Roberts, Albert street, East Melbourne, several movements associated with the Church have lost a valued worker (writes the Melbourne correspondent of an exchange). Mr. Bowditch, who was a native of Yorkshire and a graduate of Cambridge University, came to Australia 25 years ago, having for some time previously been rector of a school in South Africa. He was for three years tutor in mathematics at Trinity College, but had since taught privately, many well-known professional men having been under his instruction. Some eighteen years ago he left the Anglican Church and returned to the faith of his fathers, and he had since been an active worker and controversialist on behalf of the faith. He was one of the committee of the Catholic College now in course of erection in the University grounds. To this college Mr. Bowditch donated his library of 7000 volumes, valued at £1500.

Commander Yamamoto, the Naval Attache to the Japanese Embassy at Rome, is a convert to Catholicity. He was one of the first pupils of the Marist Fathers in their college at Tokio, and he had remained warmly attached to his former masters, to whom, under God, he owes the knowledge of the one true faith. General Yamamoto's intellectual distinction does honor to his Alma Mater, and he delights in telling that when he was finishing his studies at Tokio there were only 80 students in the Marist College, but to day that number has been multiplied tenfold. Recently his Eminence Cardinal Vanutelli honored the Marist community at their house in Rome with a visit, and Commandant Yamamoto was present on the occasion.

The very general regret evoked by the recent deaths of Father Power and Father Van der Mergel affords a further proof, if any were needed, of the high respect and esteem with which the Catholic priesthood is regarded in Calcutta (states the *Englishman*). Few cities comprise such varied creeds with so many capable exponents, and it is a pleasure to record that in recent years at least they have all dwelt together in that harmony which is one of the foundations of all genuine religion. The Catholic Church in Bengal occupies a position worthy of its great traditions and its philanthropic and educational institutions have earned well-deserved fame. St. Xavier's College, in particular, has been blessed with a succession of singularly gifted and worthy men. The scientific attainments of Father Lafont, who died some years ago, were recognised far beyond the limits of his college. The late Father Power was not only a fine literary scholar but a man of broad sympathies and many-sided activity. Other members of the priesthood have been noted for their labors in the cause of social reform, while the many nuns and Sisters in our midst have gained lasting gratitude by their self-sacrificing devotion on behalf of the afflicted, the aged, and the young. A foreign priesthood in India, as we have recently learnt to our cost, is open to the temptation of acting against the interests of the State whose protection it enjoys; but if any Catholic has so acted we have not heard of it. On the other hand, the fact that a large proportion of Catholic priests in Calcutta belong by birth to the most devoted and most afflicted of our Allies is an additional guarantee of our mutual sympathy.

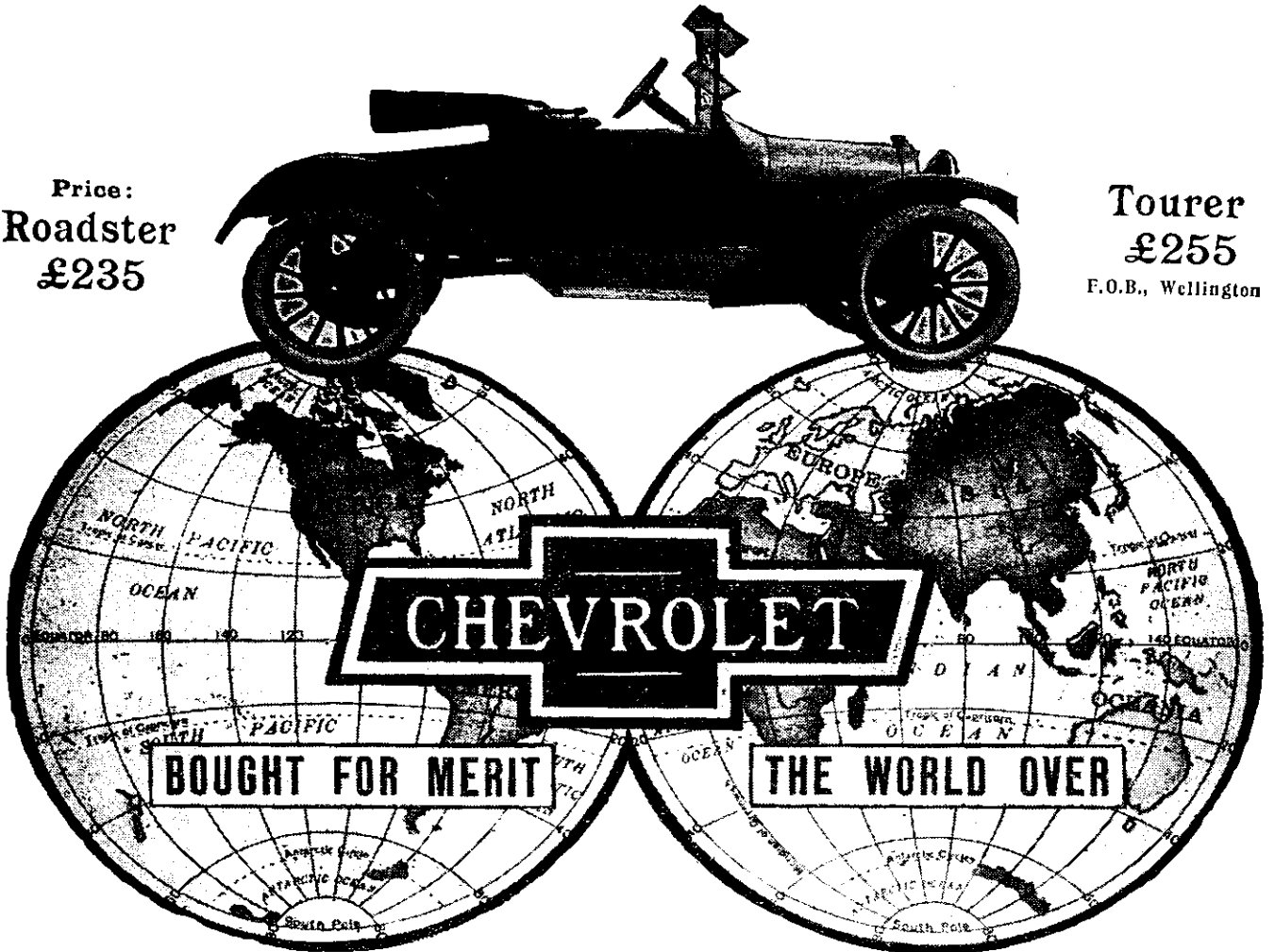
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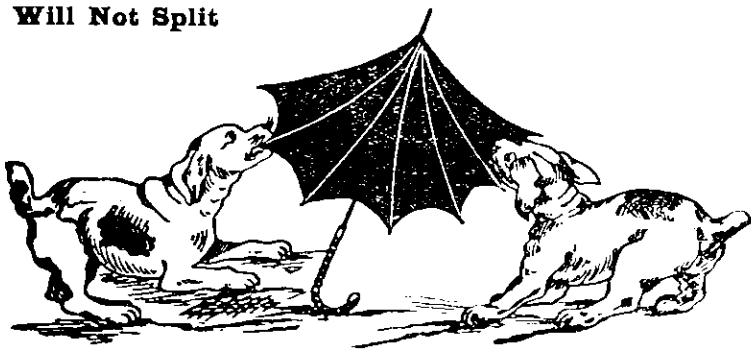
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## Current Topics

### Food in France

M. Herriot, the Food Controller, has issued a decree according to which a person dining in a restaurant may not be served with more than two dishes, only one of which may be meat. Menus are to be subject to Government control. They shall not include more than two soups and nine dishes, which are to be as follows:—One dish of eggs, two varieties of fish, three of meat, and three of vegetables. In order to reduce the consumption of flour, milk, eggs, and sugar, *entremets* are suppressed. From our recollections of the powers of French *chefs* we should say the people are a long way still from following the example of Nebuchadonazzar.

### High Prices

In the old days a man of moderate means could dine for a franc and a-half on a four or five course dinner, *vin compris*. As prices range at present such cheap banquets are hardly to be expected. At the end of January as much as £9 a ton was paid for coal that was largely dust and stones. During the winter, which can be very cold in France, the poorer classes have suffered incredibly from want of fires. Carrots sell at 1s a dozen, cabbages for 10d each, spinach at 6d a pound, potatoes up to 6d a pound. Apples, pears, nuts, bananas, figs, and raisins have gone up in a similar manner. But in spite of all the hardships they are enduring, and of the terrible losses which have stricken France as the Angel of Death struck the Egyptians, the people have never lost their courage, and never looked back since the day they were left to defend the long lines from Alsace to Belgium.

### The Electoral System in Prussia

Electors are divided into three classes, according to the amount of taxes paid. Each class elects an equal number of electors (*Wahlmänner*), and the latter elect the 433 members of the *Abgeordnethaus*, or Lower House. Thus those who pay most taxes elect most members. The *Herrenhaus*, or Upper House, consists of a limited number of hereditary peers and a large number chosen for life by the Kaiser from the land-owners, merchants, men of letters, and professional men of eminence. The *Herrenhaus* is more democratic than the English House of Lords. Both Houses together form the Parliament, which is called the *Landtag*. Ministers are appointed by the Crown. They are not responsible to Parliament for their actions, but cannot pass laws without the consent of both Houses. For the whole of Germany the Prussian system does not obtain. The members of the Reichstag are elected by direct ballot on the system of universal suffrage. A man is not qualified to vote until he has passed his twenty-fifth birthday.

### History Repeats Itself

To-day in the old files of the *Tablet* we came upon some of the compliments which the press of his time used to address to Bishop Moran. That great Bishop and good Irishman hit hard, without respect for persons, when Catholic or Irish interests were at stake, and by pen and tongue mercilessly castigated the venal, blatant papers always ready to support the enemies of the Church and of Ireland. The result was that he was attacked in language almost identical with that of the *Orange Nation* and kindred journals at the present time. Here are some extracts:—The *Otago Daily Times*: "We say, then, to Bishop Moran, as we hope the electors of the Peninsula will say next Monday—Hands off! rash prelate; hands off the ark of our liberties." This to a man whose whole life was a defence of liberty and justice! And listen to this:—The *Clutha Leader*: "Bishop Moran's weekly fulminations from the pulpit and from the press against laws, law-makers

and institutions of the country, ought to disqualify him. No one has set himself more determinedly, systematically and persistently to put class against class and to stir up and maintain the most bitter of animosities since he set foot in the Colony. It is only through the good sense and prudence of the R.C. congregation that serious disturbances have not ensued from the Doctor's intemperate language and behaviour." Intemperate language and behaviour is good: we hope the editor of the *Sun* will make a note of it. It may take a little time; but we shall yet accustom our readers to recognising that the truth is better for them than the vacuities and falsehoods served out from certain quarters. The similarity between the abuse directed against the great Bishop and that to which we have been treated is a reward beyond all our expectations: it is a guarantee that we are doing our duty.

### The Naval Blockade

According to English and French experts the true aim of the German blockade is not to starve England into submission, but to stop the "ferries" across which troops, coal, and guns are being poured into France. The naval forces of Great Britain must be concentrated in order to guard the Channel, to conduct operations on the Belgian coast, and to protect sea-transport to and from the British Army in France. This is done by what has come to be called the Dover patrol. To disperse the patrol by calling the fleet afar for the salvation of merchantmen is the object the Germans have in view. Their own naval experts are not convinced that the submarines could hermetically seal up the British coasts; and they aim at scattering the fleet and attacking it bit by bit. According to the *London Telegraph* the real anxiety for England lies in the fact that Germany comes to grips with the British navy with important tactical advantages on her side. These consist in greater speed of units, in longer range of guns, the peril from mines, the use of aircraft and wireless, and in the low visibility of the German craft as compared with the British. *Current Opinion* says there is much suspicion in both the French and British minds on account of the publicity given by the Germans to their plans of blockade. They have indicated the number of their submarines, their size and type, and the limits within which they will operate. The Allies wonder what is behind all this apparent candor.

### The New German Submarine

For the ordinary submarine the armed merchantman was a match once the little vessel was seen above water. Now it seems that Germany has constructed a new type of U boat which is practically a submersible cruiser, quite capable of carrying a coat of armour thick enough to defy the guns of the merchantman; and the menace assumes yet more formidable proportions. According to the French naval expert, Admiral Degouy, the new submarine is a craft of at least 2000 tons. It is driven by four Diesel motors of 7000 horsepower, and is capable of doing 14 knots submerged. The length is 270 feet; eight torpedo tubes, and fifty automatic mines are carried. The crew consists of fifty men and five officers. Four guns are mounted on a cylindrical armoured shell, and these guns are bigger than those carried by the *Emden*. When we reflect that this means that there are many *Emdens* afloat now, capable of doing all the *Emden* did, and having the advantage which she had not, that they can disappear at any time below the surface we begin to realise the gravity of the danger. We hear of many being sunk. But we must remember that we have been hearing of similar sinkings since the war began, and the danger has increased rather than diminished. Moreover the new type is more difficult to sink than the old one. The problem works down to the question whether we can build ships to replace those destroyed as fast as Germany can build submarines to destroy them. As it is the same trouble and risk to sink a small ship as a large one, and as a

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small ship is a much minor loss when sunk, the logic of the suggestion to have our supplies carried by a number of little vessels is apparent. According to statements of neutrals the German dockyards are now concentrated on turning out the new U boats. If they can do so more quickly than we can sink them the effect on the supplies from overseas without which England and France are seriously hampered will be of consequence. Late cables announcing that the insurance on freights between America and England has dropped 33 per cent. is the best confirmation of assurances that the submarine campaign is being effectively dealt with.

### Officers and Men

We do not want to see the militarism which is the curse of Germany ever rampant in this country, and we do not apprehend that the Colonial spirit of independence will ever tolerate it. From returned soldiers and officers we learn with what disgust our boys view the arrogance and airs of "Piccadilly Johnnies" whom the fortunes of war have clad in the uniform of a man. It happened at a certain camp in England that one of the real Aztec heroes was moving about his business when an officer, with a bevy of ladies under his martial wing came upon him. The veteran said that one lady looked him up and down through a "port hole on the end of a stick"; and the officer shouted in his best parade rasp: "Where are your puttees?" The reply was to that particular officer particularly galling: "In Gallipoli, where you should have been." To another Johnnie, whose language we will omit, an orderly said: "If I forgot I am a gentleman I should be tempted to apply your words to yourself." The Anglo-Saxon bully may learn from our boys that it is the man, not the frills that count. England, as well as Germany, has to be taught the lesson of Christianity that we are all brothers in Him Who died for us; and in His sight the workman is often the better man. Some apprehend that the war will increase the curse of militarism; but it is far more likely that it will be the death-knell of that empty pride of class, and of that heresy that either blue blood or jingling guineas make their possessor a superman. We have not seen published in any paper here certain remarks made by Commander Wedgwood concerning some officers whose money and influence put them in a position to do much to militate against the success of that unfortunate and heroic Gallipoli campaign. Some of the same gentlemen saw the Munsters and the Dublins pour out their life blood in that awful landing that is without a parallel in history, and quite forgot to mention in their dispatches the splendid heroism of these Irish troops. But the brave men who were with them published the glory of the soldiers and the infamy of the officers to the world.

### Scruples

In the April number of the *Eccelesiastical Review*, the distinguished American writer, Dr. James Walsh, K.S.G., discusses from a medical standpoint the problem of scruples. As it is probable that few devout Catholics have not at some time or other had an attack of this spiritual malady, we think it worth while resuming his conclusions here. A nervous specialist will meet, every week, several cases that are just as bothersome as scruples although they have nothing to do with spiritual things at all. People come for advice who suffer from acrophobia, or the fear of heights; skotophobia, or dread of darkness; misophobia, or dread of dirt; aichmophobia, or dread of sharp instruments, and any number of phobias besides. Scrupolosity is a form of obsession, which to medical men means a besetting tendency to do something or leave something undone. Occasionally neurologists and psychiatrists are brought in contact with patients suffering from spiritual obsessions or scruples; but they find these so similar to purely mental cases that they classify them in the same way. These states of doubt are simply dreads, fears to do or not do things, with a certain amount of physical anguish or worry. There

are patients who wash their hands every time they touch something touched by others, and who will avoid as if they were hot irons door knobs, bell-pulls, and side-bars of cars. The whole question of dread of dirt is analogous to the dread of sin which constitutes the usual basis of scrupolosity. Patients will wash their hands over and over until they actually irritate the skin and set up a disease, just as scrupulous persons will make confessions again and again and never be satisfied that they are free from sin. The latter do not suffer from true conscientiousness, but from a definite psychosis. They are often vain, a little spiteful, and not wholly truthful perhaps. They ought to be brought to recognise that they are not saints, but merely mental cranks. Again patients specialise, as if were, on the microbes to be avoided. They read up medical books, and spend their money on new anti-septics until they become a nuisance to their friends. The result is that they end by preparing the system for the entrance of the hated microbe by breaking down the natural barrier against such microbes. In an analogous manner the constant preoccupation regarding certain sins keeps the scrupulous subject in such a state of nervous fear that it may readily react on the physical constitution, and complications may occur which may add to the difficulty of overcoming temptations of sins of the class we refer to. The question of the influence of environment should not be forgotten. Contagion of mental states is not uncommon. Scrupulous persons should not be associated with the scrupulous, and scrupulous confessors will only make scrupulous penitents worse. If the scrupulous person once gets away from the idea that this state is spiritual and comes to understand that it is only a question of an individual weakness of will and intellect, the foundation of the cure is laid. We would add that blind obedience to the spiritual director is the next essential.

### The Poems of Lionel Johnson

The old Greeks used to have a saying that "Whom the gods love die young." And it is notable that all the work of some of the greatest of the world's poets was done in a very short span of days. Keats, Leopardi, Heine, Shelley, Byron, Francis Thompson—to mention only a few of the immortals, were cut off in their prime. Lionel Johnson was hardly more than a boy when death called him, and if he did not leave us as large a heritage as these other young poets, he left us a record of high achievement in the realms of beauty and harmony. The fine frenzy seemed to be his habit; and the loftiest themes were his. He walked among the eternal hills during his brief life, and like the mountains his muse points upwards always. Like Thompson and Crashaw and Plunkett his work was so spiritual that it is not readily understood and unlikely ever to become popular poetry. But it is sublime, vast, sincere, and intensely spiritual. We must limit ourselves to a few quotations, which we are confident will make our readers eager to become closer acquainted with this gifted singer:—

#### TO WEEP IRISH.

Long Irish melancholy of lament!  
Voice of the sorrow that is in the sea:  
Voice of that ancient mourning music sent  
From Rama childless: the world wails in thee.

The sadness of all beauty at the heart,  
The appealing of all souls unto the skies,  
The lenging locked in each man's breast apart,  
Weep in the melody of thine old cries.

Mother of tears! sweet Mother of sad sons!  
All mourners of the world weep Irish, weep  
Ever with thee: while burdened time still runs,  
Sorrows reach God through thee, and ask for sleep.

#### TO IRELAND.

How long? Justice of very God! how long?  
The Isle of sorrows from of old hath trod

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The stony road of unremitting wrong,  
 The purple winepress of the wrath of God:  
 Is then the Isle of Destiny indeed  
 To grief predestinate;  
 Ever fardoomed to agonise and bleed.  
 Beneath the scourging of eternal fate?  
 Yet against hope shall we hope, and still  
 Beseech the Eternal Will:  
 Our lives to this one service dedicate.

## A STRANGER.

Her face was like sad things: was like the lights  
 Of a great city seen from far off fields,  
 Or seen from sea: sad things as are the fires  
 Lit in a land of furnaces by night:  
 Sad things, as are the reaches of a stream  
 Flowing beneath a golden moon alone. . . .  
 Lonely amid the living crowds, as dead,  
 She walked with wonderful and sad regard:  
 With us her passing image: but herself  
 Far over the dark hills and the long sea.

## TE MARTYRUM CANDIDATUS.

Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of  
 Christ!  
 White horsemen who ride on white horses, the  
 Knights of God!  
 They for their Lord and their Lover who sacrificed  
 All, save the sweetness of treading, where he first  
 trod!  
 These through the darkness of death, the dominion of  
 night,  
 Swept, and they woke in white places at morning  
 tide:  
 They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified.  
 Now, withersoever He goeth, with Him they go:  
 White horsemen, who ride on white horses, oh fair to  
 see!  
 They ride where the rivers of Paradise flash and  
 flow,  
 White horsemen, with Christ their Captain: for ever  
 He!

## ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

May 26.

The bazaar organised by the Rev. Father Smyth, S.M., in the interests of the Thorndon parish, which commences on May 29, and to continue for a week promises to be a success. An attractive programme has been arranged for each evening.

The result of the bazaar held in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall by the parishioners of St. Joseph's, proved a great financial success, and the Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., Adm., and his energetic committee deserve congratulations on the results of their efforts.

Captain D. J. Gibbs, of the Wellington Harbor Board staff, and an old boy of the Marist Brothers' School, now on active service, has been promoted to the rank of Major. Prior to his promotion, Major Gibbs was mentioned in despatches by Marshal Sir Douglas Haig.

The Brandon Cremer Dramatic Company is at present in Wellington. Mrs. Cremer and several members of the company are Catholics. During the week the company played "Mary Latimer Nun," a play which attempts to depict the noble and dignified work of the Sisters of Mercy in everyday life.

At the last meeting of the Dominion Executive of the N.Z. Catholic Federation, a motion was passed expressive of sorrow at the death of Archbishop Carr. The Catholic Federation in Australia was organised mainly through the late Archbishop's efforts, it being first established in his archdiocese.

A large and representative meeting of old boys of the Marist Brothers' School was held in the school-room on last Sunday to make preliminary arrangements

for the celebration of the centenary of the Marist Brothers' Order. An inaugural committee was formed to proceed with a programme outlined at the meeting.

The fortnightly meeting of the executive committee of the Marist Brothers Old Boys' Association was held in the schoolroom, Newtown, on May 17, Mr. J. Hayden presiding. The secretary reported that the meeting convened by the association of ex-pupils of the Marist Brothers' School for the purpose of arranging preliminaries in connection with the celebration in August of the centenary of the founding of the Order of Marist Brothers, was held on Sunday, May 13, and that a further meeting was fixed for the following Sunday for the formation of a committee to promote the celebration. Accounts amounting to £3 12s were passed for payment. Mr. W. Brady was elected assistant secretary, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Pope, and Mr. W. Conroy was elected a member of the executive.

The end of the Catholic Federation financial year is June 30, to which date the current year's subscription covers. All membership must therefore be renewed for the ensuing twelve months. Each parish committee, with the consent of the priest in charge of the parish are expected to enter upon an energetic canvass for the renewal of subscriptions and the enrolling of new members. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of organising our Catholic population. We have had some fairly recent examples of what would happen were we to allow ourselves to be ridden over, rough shod. We must be ready for any emergency, and the old saying that to ensure peace we must be armed for war applies just as much to the Catholic body as it does to the armament of a nation. This matter was discussed at the last meeting of the Federation, and every effort is to be exerted to make Federation Sunday a day worthy of every Catholic, as an incentive to either renew membership or to enrol. The hierarchy has approved of the day being set apart for the purpose mentioned, and it remains for the parish committees to do their part.

In addition to their usual activities, the members of the Catholic Knitting Guild are busily engaged at present in preparing for Friday, June 8, the day on which they make provision and take charge of the Red Cross Shop, Lambton quay. Their former effort at the shop resulted in the creditable return of £107. It is earnestly hoped that this amount will be reached, if not exceeded on the above date. The various departments, consisting of (1) meat, poultry, eggs, and butter, (2) home-made cakes, etc., (3) fancy goods, (4) preserves, (5) sweets, (6) vegetables, are delegated to energetic and capable ladies. Many competitions are being held, including an art union, a Singer sewing machine, and many other valuable and useful articles being included in the list of prizes. Country sympathisers are particularly appealed to for produce, which should be addressed to the Guild, Red Cross Shop, 125 Lambton quay, and sent in not later than Thursday, June 7, or following morning. All Catholics resident in or around Wellington should make a point of supporting this effort by either giving, or buying at the shop on this day, and so help this fund on which our boys depend so much in their hour of sickness and suffering. Donations of money are solicited, and should be addressed to the secretary, Miss Wheeler, Wellington College.

The more you speak of yourself, the more likely you are to speak rashly.—Zimmerman.

Every moment you now lose is so much character and advantage lost, as, on the other hand, every moment you now employ usefully is so much time wisely laid out at prodigious interest.—Chesterfield.

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## SACRED HEART COLLEGE OLD BOYS' UNION

## AN ENTHUSIASTIC GATHERING.

A general meeting of the Sacred Heart College Old Boys' Union was held at the college on Wednesday, May 9. The meeting was constituted a smoke concert; about seventy members attended, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. In the absence of the president (Mr. H. Quinn), the Director of the College (Brother Benignus) presided, and read many apologies for absence on account of distance and prior engagements, including those from Mr. H. Quinn (president) and Mr. J. Scott (secretary). The report and balance sheet for the previous year were then read and adopted on the motion of Mr. G. Hanson. The election of officers was the chief business of the evening, and as the ranks have been considerably depleted by members answering the call of the Empire, and by unavoidable changes of residence, there was much discussion, and the services of several new officers were requisitioned. A worthy president in place of Mr. H. Quinn (Whangarei) was found in Mr. J. Donovan. He was unanimously elected, and at once took the chair. In a neat speech he thanked the gathering for the honor conferred on him, and urged upon all the necessity of loyalty to the union, of rounding up negligent members, and of frequent meetings at the college, both for business and pleasure. The Director of the College is a permanent vice-president, but there was some trouble in finding an assistant. Mr. G. Hanson proposed the re-election of Mr. W. Dervan. That member said he would like to accept a renewal of his previous honor but he wished the union to go ahead, and the honors to go round, so he proposed Mr. G. Ricketts, adding that his own withdrawal did not indicate any diminution of interest in the union. Mr. Ricketts objected to his nomination owing to pressure of business and because he was going into camp in a short time. Mr. W. Dervan was consequently declared re-elected. On the motion of the president, the committee was raised from three to six members, including a junior member—i.e., one who has joined within the last three years. Nominations were as follows:—Messrs. Ricketts, Hanson, McVeagh, E. Burns, R. Amodeo, E. Mulgan, and they were duly declared elected. In seconding the nomination of Mr. R. Amodeo, Mr. Dervan welcomed him back from the front, and paid a glowing tribute to the Amodeo family, which have always been firm supporters of the union and of the college. As Mr. J. Scott is now in business in Wellington, a new secretary was required. Mr. Ricketts, after eulogising the energy and devotedness of Mr. Scott, proposed Mr. G. Hanson as an admirable substitute. Mr. Hanson objected, alleging that his increasing responsibilities and the many calls upon his limited time would prevent his giving due attention to the work. Mr. M. Flynn was then elected to the position. Mr. R. Tobin was elected treasurer, with Mr. J. McKenna as auditor.

During the evening the following resolutions were passed unanimously and with much enthusiasm:—(1) "That this general meeting of the S.H.C. Old Boys' Union, which has already sent more than 100 of its members to fight in vindication of the rights of smaller nations, and for the overthrow of militarism, feels itself justified in protesting against the conscription of clergy and religious teachers by the Government of New Zealand. Furthermore, it feels itself impelled to take this course in defence of its own principles—viz., since it is fighting for the suppression of militarism it fears that the common enemy is insinuating itself into our own country while its bravest sons are struggling at a distance from its shores."

Mr. R. McVeagh, jun., ably supported the resolution, declaring that it was repugnant to every Catholic and Christian to have the priests and religious subject to conscription, and urging all Catholics to act in unison, so that their concerted action might make up what they lack in numbers.

(2) "That this general meeting of the S.H.C. Old Boys' Union deprecates and condemns the unnecessary delay of the British Parliament in putting into operation the Bill granting Home Rule to Ireland."

The president (Mr. J. Donovan), in speaking to the resolution, mentioned the help that the Empire was receiving in the present war from Irishmen not only from Ireland but from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, and said that the promptings of gratitude should have secured self-government for Ireland long ago.

(3) "That this general meeting of S.H.C. Old Boys' Union protests against the continued injustice that the Government of New Zealand is imposing on the Catholics of the Dominion in educational matters, on the grounds that after having built and equipped their own schools they are now constantly paying twice over for the upkeep of the schools in as much that, after paying their taxes which the Government appropriates to support the State schools (to which Catholics cannot in conscience send their children), they again pay privately to support their own schools; and that though the Government inspectors have free access to the Catholic schools, and everywhere speak highly of the education and instruction given therein, still the primary scholars are denied the right of participating in the benefits of the scholarship system of the Dominion." Mr. Hanson supported the resolution, saying that Catholic disabilities in education should be kept in the forefront of our agitations till we obtain redress; that Parliament is in an anomalous position in fighting for the rights of small nations and completely ignoring those of minorities in its own country. He also wanted to know how a system, which debarred one-seventh of the population from its rights, could be called "National."

To the incoming committee was entrusted the business of obtaining legal approval of the union, of arranging for the representation of the union on all Catholic public meetings in the city, and of arranging for the annual football match Old Boys v. Present Boys, as early as possible.

Mr. Dervan proposed a vote of sympathy with the parents and relatives of those members who have fallen at the front. It was carried in silence by all standing.

Mr. Ricketts proposed a vote of thanks to all outgoing officers. Mr. Dervan seconded, mentioning especially Messrs. H. Quinn and J. Scott, whom he proposed to elect as vice-patrons of the union as a slight tribute to their devotedness during the past year. It was carried unanimously by acclamation.

Mr. Hanson thanked all who had contributed to the success of the evening; and also all those who had helped to make the various meetings of the past year so enjoyable.

The president urged all to support the union both by regular attendance at all its functions and also financially—subscriptions being 2s 6d for members up to three years from entrance, and 5s for older members.

A very pleasant evening was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save Ireland" and "Auld Lang Syne."

During the evening the following contributed songs and recitations—J. Mackle, C. Tansey, C. McManaway, and W. Dervan.

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**CHRISTCHURCH COMPETITIONS**

**CONVENT PUPILS' SUCCESSES.**

At the musical and elocutionary competitions held recently in Christchurch, the following prizes were won by pupils of the Sacred Heart Girls' College, Lower High street, conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame des Missions:—

Pianoforte Duet (under 13). "Marche Militaire"—First prize, Lena Keane and Muriel Johns; second prize, Elsie Ives and Madge O'Malley; third prize, Teresa Keane and Lulu Ledsham; highly commended, Jessie Rosewarne and Rima Pope.

Pianoforte Solo (under 13). "Vivace in F"—First prize, Lena Keane; third prize, Elsie Ives.

Recitation (under 16). "House by the Side of the Road"—First prize, Doreen King; highly commended, Amy Coates.

Recitation (under 12). "Castle by the Sea"—Second prize, Nellie McKendry; highly commended, Nancy Rose.

Recitation (under 9). "Children Oft are Such a Trouble"—Highly commended, Norine Rooks.

Pianoforte Duet (under 16). "Overture to Figaro"—First prize, Ida Bradford and Gwitha Young.

Pianoforte Solo (under 16). "Butterfly"—Second prize, Ida Bradford; third prize, Gwitha Young.

Song for Girls (under 16). "Fairy Pipers"—First prize, Elsie Ives; third prize, Veronica Berry.

Reading at Sight (under 16). Piano—Second prize, Gwitha Young.

Pianoforte Solo (under 18). "Melodie"—Second prize, Kitty Murphy.

Reading at Sight (Amateurs). Piano—Third prize, Kitty Murphy.

Instrumental Trio (Piano, Violin, and Cello)—Second prize, K. Murphy, M. Bowman, G. Young.

The pupils were not entered for the children's chorus or action chorus songs.

The following pupils from the Convent of Mercy, Colombo street, Christchurch, were successful at the recent Christchurch musical and literary competitions:—

First Prize—Senior chorus, senior action song, violin solo (under 13 years), Miss Joan Carter; duet (under 10), Misses Joan Carter and Colleen Costelloe.

Second Prize—Junior chorus, junior action song, piano duet (amateurs), Misses Muriel Hartnell and Emily Leahy; cello solo, Miss Dolly Carter; duet (under 10), Miss Dorothy O'Brien and Master Kim Keane; action song (under 16), Miss Marie O'Brien; action song (under 9), Miss Gwen O'Malley.

Third Prize—Sight reading (under 16), Miss Vera

Dwyer; piano solo (under 10), Miss Joan Carter; solo (under 13), Highly commended—Misses Doris Middleton and Kate Cassidy; solo (under 10) highly commended—Miss Colleen Costelloe, Miss Lily Lattimore (Darfield).

**Gisborne**

(From our own correspondent.)

May 22.

St. Mary's Schools, which were closed for one week owing to an outbreak of diphtheria becoming epidemic in the district, re-opened on Monday last with a very fair attendance.

Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension could aptly be termed Federation day. At both Masses



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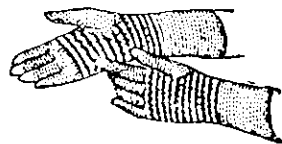
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literature, provided by the Auckland Diocesan Council through the Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan, V.G., and the diocesan organisers, was distributed to all adults. The Rev. Father Lane, who was celebrant, spoke very forcibly on the great need of combination. He exhorted all to join the Federation and thereby strengthen the hands of the leaders, who are doing such notable work in Catholic interests throughout the Dominion. St. Mary's Choir, conducted by Mr. P. Palairat, gave a good rendering of Mozart's "Seventh Mass." Miss M. Neill was organist, and Vita Bros.' Orchestra very effectively assisted. At evening devotions the Rev. Father Lane again made a stirring appeal for membership in the Catholic Federation. Father Lane also announced that on the last Sunday in May the penny collections, and other contributions would be devoted to the Catholic Field Service Fund.

The annual meeting of the Gisborne branch of the Catholic Federation was held in St. Mary's School-room after Benediction. The president (Rev. Father Lane) presided. The treasurer (Mr. W. Dudson) read the report and balance sheet of the past year, which were adopted. Father Lane urged on the large number present to keep their interest alive, and induce others to join, for at no time in the history of the Church in New Zealand was combination more sorely needed. At the present time bigotry and hatred of everything Catholic was rampant, even in the highest places in the land. The election of officers for the ensuing year was proceeding when Father Lane received an urged sick call. Mr. J. J. Martin (vice-president) took the chair, and the following energetic committee, pledged to further the interests of the local branch in every possible way, were duly elected—Mrs. F. Hale, Miss A. McCormack, Messrs. F. Hale, Peter Doyle, E. Williams, H. Halley, T. Dower, W. Dudson, T. Orr, M. Caisen, B. Pollard. These include two members of the three Catholic societies in the parish. Messrs. J. J. Martin and D. J. Parker were elected vice-presidents. The executive is to meet on next Sunday evening.

## THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF MELBOURNE

### A DISTINGUISHED PRELATE.

Archbishop Mannix, who now succeeds the late Archbishop Carr, in the Metropolitan See of Melbourne, has been in Australia a little over four years. Although, as a rule, the office of Coadjutor-Archbishop allows few opportunities for the disclosure of a prelate's policy, the strong personality of the new Archbishop, and the confidence which Dr. Carr placed in him, at once proclaimed him to be a leader of men. Archbishop Mannix was 48 when he arrived in Melbourne, just one year older than his predecessor, but, whereas Archbishop Carr, though a strong man, emphasised the "suaviter in modo," the new-comer laid stress on the "fortiter in re." Much discussion has been aroused by the new policy, but one important feature of Dr. Mannix's attitude is lost sight of. Though his method of dealing with opposition is aggressive, he has never been the aggressor. He was not here six months when one of the Melbourne daily papers chose to select some remarks of his for a text of paternal advice and warning, and the method in which the Archbishop hit back has made him an enemy for life of the quasi-patronising journal. It is now hardly possible for him to deliver the most innocuous address, and he is not much given to soft waddle, without finding his remarks twisted into aggression, with suggestions of disloyalty.

To those who have read of the notorious "Papal Aggression" campaign in England, when Cardinal Wiseman's famous pastoral was published, and who remember the more recent and persistent attacks on

Cardinal Moran, this conduct of the ascendancy press is not surprising. Apparently, from the narrowness of their reading these journalists are ignorant of the term liberty, and are still of opinion that Catholics are persons quite apart from citizenship, and only to be tolerated when they look upon their rights as gifts from their superiors.

But the Australian people are no longer led by these blind leaders of the blind. The Archbishop of Melbourne will inspire his flock with the spirit of the Irish in America. He will appeal to the workers of Australia, with the voice of a Church that is always on the side of the toilers, and the response will be the downfall of class or sectarian ascendancy. The Archbishop comes into office at a time when the personal ambition of a few politicians and the panic of a strenuous hour have returned the ascendancy party to power; but he need have no fear of the sanity of Australian public opinion if those who lead the workers are prepared to sink personal aims for the public good.



MOST REV. DANIEL MANNIX, D.D., LL.D.

The late Archbishop's work for the ecclesiastical edifice has been noble and successful, Archbishop Mannix finds himself at the head of a well-organised and efficient Church and school system, which only needs the infusion of fairplay into public life to enable it to become one of the most valuable assets in national efficiency. With the hearty co-operation of his flock, which we are sure will be fully given to him, the Victorian province will steadily continue the remarkable progress of the last thirty years.

The new Archbishop has a very distinguished record. He was born at Charleville, Ireland, on March 4, 1864, and is therefore in his 54th year. He was educated by the Christian Brothers until he entered St. Colman's College, Fermoy. He passed thence to Maynooth. When he was ordained priest he entered the Dunboycne establishment. In 1891 he was appointed to the chair of philosophy, and three years after was made professor of theology, and remained so until his promotion to the vice-presidency, and a few months later to the presidency of Maynooth in 1903. Dr. Mannix has been the recipient of many ecclesiasti-

cal honors. Pius X. made him a Domestic Prelate of the first rank, with the title of Monsignor. His Bishop in Ireland appointed him canon of the Clonyne Chapter. Upon Maynooth entering into relations with the Royal University he was elected senator, and, with the president of the Queen's University, Belfast, he was made an honorary doctor of laws. Subsequently, on the dissolution of the Royal University, he was nominated by the British Government as senator of the National University College, Dublin. When the late King Edward visited Maynooth in 1903 Dr. Mannix entertained him. In 1904 he received the Papal Delegate, Cardinal Vannutelli, and welcomed their Majesties King George and Queen Mary at the college in 1911. On Easter Sunday, 1913, Dr. Mannix arrived in Melbourne as Coadjutor-Archbishop to the late Dr. Carr, holding the title of Titular Archbishop of Pharsalus, which he received in 1912. His chief constructive work in Australia has been in connection with the Newman College, for which he has raised sufficient to cover the cost of the building, and is now establishing an endowment fund.

## CATHOLIC FEDERATION

### AKAROA BRANCH.

"Federation Day" was observed on last Sunday week by the Akaroa branch in that enthusiastic manner which, as in past years, has earned for it the distinction of being one of the best organised, and most progressive branches in the Dominion. At a general Communion at the 8 o'clock Mass in St. Patrick's Church members of the branch approached the Holy Table. Again at the 10 o'clock Mass the church was crowded. Communion breakfast was laid in the school-room, which was fully taxed to accommodate all who attended. Lady members of the congregation prepared breakfast, and served at the tables. To them much of the success of the gathering is due, their efforts were greatly appreciated, and they well deserve the cordial thanks accorded them. Among the visitors present were the Rev. Father Long (Cathedral, Christchurch), Rev. Brother Denis (Provincial), and Rev. Brother Palladius (Director Marist Brothers' School, Christchurch), Mr. F. J. Doolan (secretary Diocesan Council N.Z.C.F., Christchurch), and Mr. W. F. Hallins (secretary Cathedral branch N.Z.C.F., Christchurch). All arrived in Akaroa by motor car that morning, and returned to the city in the evening. At the conclusion of breakfast, Mr. A. Kotlowski (vice-president of the local branch) welcomed the delegates in an address to the assemblage.

The Rev. Father Bonetto (pastor of the district, and president of the branch), in adding words of welcome, expressed the hope that the gathering would continue to be an annual one. He emphasised the point that they must all work together to be successful. In a small place such as Akaroa they might think it impossible to succeed in forming a branch of the Catholic Federation, but Mr. Martin Daly had been sent among them and now almost every one in the parish belonged to the branch. Mr. Daly's good work was practically responsible for the branch being formed (loud applause). He hoped they would make it an Easter time duty to meet outside delegates so that they would know what was being done outside the branch. The Federation was formed to defend the Church against assaults, while at the same time they could be kind to everybody. If any danger arose the Federation was there to combat it.

Rev. Father Long apologised for the absence of the Rev. Dr. Kennedy (a former pastor of Akaroa), who had unfortunately been unable to attend at the last moment though he had been anxious to be present. He extended the hearty good wishes of his Lordship the Bishop and Dr. Kennedy to those present. The work of the Federation was the work he had at heart. The Akaroa branch was well advanced and they should be proud of the rapid progress made. As long as the

Federation was strong they could defend the faith and morality, but if divided defeat stared them in the face. They were living in non-Catholic surroundings and in an atmosphere of old enmity and they were bound to join hands and protect their interests. He mentioned the defeat of the Bible-in-schools movement as being mainly due to the strength of the Federation. He referred to the operations of the Military Service Act and the position in regard to the Marist Brothers and the priests, which were in our opinion most unfair. In conclusion he said we had a ready and effectual means of protecting and defending ourselves in the Catholic Federation.

Mr. W. F. Hallins congratulated the Akaroa branch on the success attending its annual reunion, and spoke on the absolute necessity of a strong Federation of Catholics to conserve their interests and to insist on even-handed justice being meted out to them especially in matters of education.

Mr. F. J. Doolan spoke at length on the aims and activities of the Catholic Federation. He eulogised the efforts of those who were responsible for the progress of the Akaroa and Little River branches of the Federation. In Mr. Daly they had had the best secretary they could have procured (applause) while the present secretary (Mr. W. Kearney) was certainly giving great promise. They must not overlook the head of the parish, whose heart and soul had been in the establishing of the branch. The organisation of the branch had been equal to any portion of the diocese.

Rev. Brother Denis, Provincial of the Marist Brothers, who had recently arrived from Australia, dealt with the activities of the Federation in the Commonwealth States which had been instrumental in gaining Catholics free education up to the universities and free places in the universities in competition. He had been a teacher in St. Joseph's College, Hunter's Hill, Sydney, and spoke of the successes won by Catholic scholars in competition against other schools. In Australia the Federation by their unity had won many triumphs for the education of Catholics and in other ways.

At the conclusion of the addresses Mr. A. Kotlowski complimented the speakers and thanked them for the help given by their presence, and expression of views to the local branch.

Rev. Father Long responded on behalf of the visitors.

### Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

May 28.

Very Rev. Dean Tubman, S.M., left during the week on a brief visit to Melbourne.

The May devotions in honor of our Blessed Lady have been exceptionally well attended this year. The attendance increasing each evening. The devotions are to be brought to a close on Thursday evening next.

The Feast of Pentecost was celebrated with due solemnity on Sunday last. At the 9 o'clock Mass a number of the boys and girls attending the primary school made their first Holy Communion. Rev. Father Herbert, S.M., who celebrated the Mass, addressed a few appropriate words to the little ones, impressing on them the importance of the great occasion. After Mass the children were entertained to breakfast in the girls' school by the members of the Altar Society.

At the monthly meeting of the Children of Mary, held on the third Sunday of the month, Rev. Father Herbert, S.M. (spiritual director), presided during the annual election of officers. The members elected to office for the ensuing year were:—President, Miss Venning; vice-president, Miss Hartstonge; secretary, Miss Cronin; treasurer, Miss Collins; counsellors—Misses L. Knight, K. Sullivan, and H. Eddington; hospital visitors, Misses O'Sullivan and O'Meehan. It was decided that instead of holding the annual social this year, the money usually expended for this object be given to some collection in aid of the Church.

**"AN IMPEACHED NATION" (A Study of Irish Outrages).—At the request of a large number of our subscribers we have secured fresh supplies of Bishop Cleary's famous book, *An Impeached Nation*, and are prepared to execute orders. The book deals with Ireland and her history, and is one that should be of**

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This book, by a distinguished poet and novelist, is a page from life. He was on the spot during the week of terror in the Irish capital, and most of the book was written from day to day while the fighting was going on. We would ask our readers to remember that James Stephens is not a Catholic; and also that he is a poet. He says:—"The day before the Rising was Easter Sunday, and they were joyfully crying in the churches 'Christ has risen.' On the following day they were saying in the streets 'Ireland has risen' . . . The auguries were good, and, notwithstanding all that has succeeded, I do not believe she must take to the earth again, nor ever again be buried. The pages hereafter were written day by day during the insurrection, and, as a hasty impression of a most singular time, the author allows them to stand without any emendation." Thus begins the foreword, written at the close of the book while the dead were as yet unburied. "I have faith in man," says Mr. Stephens, "I have very little faith in States man. But I believe that the world moves, and I believe that the weight of the rolling planet is going to bring freedom to Ireland. Indeed I name this date (May 8, 1916) as the first day of Irish freedom, and the knowledge forbids me mourn too deeply my friends who are dead. . . . Is it wrong to say that England has not a friend in Europe? I say it. Her Allies of to-day were her enemies of yesterday, and politics alone will decide what they will be to-morrow . . . and yet I am not entirely right, for she has one possible friend unless she should decide that even one friend is excessive and irks her. That one possible friend is Ireland. . . . I believe that what is known as the mastery of the seas will, when the great war is finished, pass irretrievably from the hands of any nation, and that more urgently than ever in her history England will have need of a friend. It is true we might be her enemy and might do her some harm—it is truer we could be of very real assistance to her."

**Pictures of the Fight.**

This book is not a history. It does not aim at giving a detailed account of the Rising. The author went about and saw with his own eyes many strange events, and heard many strange sayings which he has jotted down with the fidelity of a diarist. Redmond Howard's book has already been noticed in these columns, and as a history it is more important than Mr. Stephens', which, however, takes us into the heart of the business and makes us see what he saw and hear the talk of the fighting men and the bystanders as he heard it himself. He was one of the thousands in Dublin who never suspected the danger of any fighting at all until they heard the rattle of rifle-fire and the thunder of big guns, and his vision of it all is the vision of an intelligent and sympathetic outsider. On the Monday, he tells us, nobody had any idea of how many men might be in Stephens Green, and only small parties were seen. "Among these were some who were only infants—one boy seemed about twelve years of age. He was strutting the centre of the road with a revolver in his small fist. A motor car came by him containing three men, and in the shortest of time he had the car lodged in his barricade, and dismissed its stupefied occupants with a wave of his armed hand." On Wednesday the sun was shining down on the streets of the old city. "There were no morose faces to be seen. . . . Every person spoke to every other person, and men and women mixed and talked without restraint." The men were more reticent in their opinions but the women were "actively and viciously hostile to the rising. . . . The view expressed was: 'I hope every man of the will be shot.' . . . Dublin laughed at the noise of its own bombardment in the sunlight. Afterwards—in the rooms, when the night fell, and instead of silence that mechanical barking of the maxims and the whistle and scream of the rifles, the solemn

roar of the guns, and the red glare covering the sky. It is possible that in the night Dublin did not laugh, and that she was gay in the sunlight for no other reason than that the night was past." People say in the streets of the Volunteers: "Of course they will be beaten." And they add, wistfully we imagine, "but they are putting up a decent fight." For as Mr. Stephens says being beaten does not matter in Ireland, but not fighting does. "They went forth to battle and they always fell—the history of the Irish race is in that phrase."

**Kelly's Corner.**

"I was looking on O'Connell Bridge and Sackville street, and the house facing me was Kelly's—this house was being bombarded. I counted the report of six different machine guns which played on it. Rifles innumerable and from every sort of place were potting its windows, and at intervals of about half a minute the shells from a heavy gun lobbed in through its windows or thumped mightily against its walls. For three hours the bombardment continued, and the walls stood in a cloud of red dust and smoke. Rifles and machine guns pattered over every inch of it, and, unfaillingly, the heavy gun pounded its shells through the windows. One's heart melted at the idea that human beings were crouching inside that volcano of death, and I said to myself, 'Not even a fly can be alive in that house.'" Two men in the street, met by chance, spoke to Mr. Stephens. One, a gentleman who had come to the city for a holiday, said: "I am an Irishman, and I hate (pointing to the shells that were bursting through the windows) to see that done to Irishmen." The other, a laborer, spoke of Connolly's Citizen Army, described by the police as the "most deserted-from force in the world." "They were no deserters. Men," he said, "do not desert from a man like Connolly—they would not be afraid of anything."

**Sheehy-Skeffington.**

On Thursday it was rumored that Sheehy-Skeffington was killed. "I hope this is another rumor, for, as far as my knowledge goes, he was not with the Volunteers, and it is said that he was antagonistic to the forcible methods for which the Volunteers stood. . . . He was the most absurdly courageous man I ever met with or heard of. . . . He was a pacifist who was compelled to revolt. . . . I am sure that to the end he railed against oppression, and that he fell marvelling that the world can be truly as it is. . . . So far as I know the only crime of which he had been guilty was that he called a meeting of the citizens to enrol special constables to prevent looting."

**Friday.**

On the fifth day of the battle men are still smiling and women still laughing. "None of these people were prepared for insurrection. The thing had sprung on them so suddenly that they were unable to take sides. . . . It is believed that there are more than sixty thousand soldiers in Dublin alone, and that they are supplied with every offensive contrivance which military art has invented. . . . The Volunteers still hold Jacob's Biscuit Factory. It is rumored that a priest visited them and counselled surrender, and they replied they did not go there to surrender but to be killed. . . . Each night we have got to bed at last murmuring, 'I wonder will it be all over to-morrow.'"

**Sunday.**

"The Insurrection has not ceased. . . . From the window of my kitchen the flag of the Republic can be seen flying afar. . . . At half-past two I met Mr. Commissioner Bailey, who told me that it was all over and that the Volunteers were surrendering everywhere. . . . The raids have begun in private houses. Count Plunkett's house was entered by the military, who remained there a very long time. Passing home about two minutes after Proclamation hour I was pursued for the whole of Fitzwilliam Square by bullets. . . . In the morning on looking from my window I saw four policemen marching into the street. They were the first I had seen for a week. Soon now the military tale

will finish." How little he knew the English Government! But his next words are prophetic: "Perhaps the weeks that follow this one will sow the seed of more hatred than so many centuries will be able to root up again." Observe that not once has he spoken of the Irish as rebels. Only the people who know nothing of history do that. They were not rebels, just as the Belgians were not rebels. As G. B. Shaw pointed out, there may have been madness in the Insurrection, but only ignorance can call it treason.

After.

The finest part of Dublin has been blown to smithereens. Soldiers who have served abroad say that it is worse than anything they have seen in Ypres. A great number of men, women, and children, Volunteers and civilians are dead, and the soldiers retiring. That has happened. "All we know in Dublin is that our city burst into a spontaneous war: that we lived through it during one singular week, and that it faded away almost as swiftly as it had come. The men who knew about it are with two exceptions dead." Mr. Stephens is as severe as he could well be on John Redmond. He lays all the blame at his door. "All this happened," he says, "because the leader of the Irish Party misrepresented his people to the English House of Parliament. On the day of the declaration of war between England and Germany he took the Irish case, brought with eight centuries of history and tradition, and he threw it out of the window. . . . He plotted our country's credit so deeply that he did not leave her even one national rag to cover herself with." The fault lies with England too. It can be put in a few words. "We are a little country and you, a huge country, have persistently beaten us. We are a poor country, and you, the richest country in the world, have persistently robbed us. . . . You have never given Ireland any reason to love you, and you cannot claim her affection without hypocrisy or stupidity. . . . We are a good people; almost we are the only Christian people left in the world, nor has any nation shown such forbearance towards their persecutor as we have always shown towards you. . . . Between our two nations you have kept and protected a screen of politicians and traders who are just as truly your enemies as they are ours. In the end they will do most harm to you." If this is not the whole truth we suspect it is very near it. We have held from the beginning that John Redmond lost the golden opportunity when he trusted to the honor of England, which as far as Ireland was concerned was never more than a filthy rag. And the gang of "traders and politicians" who are so loyal that they are ready to traffic with the Kaiser the moment their own pocket is concerned are at the root of all Ireland's wrongs. Even here to reply to their attempts to destroy us is described by the yellow press as an "unprovoked sectarian attack."

Conclusion.

In this Insurrection there are two singular things. One is that there were no informers. The other was the amazing silence in which they fought. Mr. Stephens believes that the spark was lit by the action of the Government--which had allowed the Carsonites to do as they pleased--in threatening to raid the Volunteers and seize their arms. It is more than likely the Insurrection took place to forestall the Government. He dismisses the report circulated by the English that the Germans had anything to do with the whole business. He thinks it was the most considerable of all the Irish risings. And "from whatever angle the Irish people consider this affair it must appear to them tragic and lamentable beyond expression, but not mean and not unheroic." One thing, if only one thing, it did: it saved the soul of Irish nationality.

J.K.

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## THE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND

### HISTORICAL NOTES.

As will be seen by a reference to the Irish News Column in last week's issue of the *Tablet*, the death is announced in Ireland at the advanced age of 75 years of the Rev. Father J. McCaughey. He will be remembered by those of the old Catholic community of the Lower and Upper Hutt who still survive as being for a time in the late 'seventies or early 'eighties in charge of that Mission. Father McCaughey later did duty at Ross and elsewhere in the Westland portion of what was then the diocese of Wellington, which embraced all the territory subsequently merged into a new diocese with Christchurch as its episcopal centre. A bright, spirited young Irishman, fresh from college and seminary, his apparently frail and delicate constitution did not lead one to predict such a lengthy life as has been enjoyed by the recently deceased priest. In those days, the present writer, then a small boy, was his server at Mass, and on occasions his companion in some thrilling driving experiences. As a gift from Mr. Frank Mountain, an "identity" of the time, and a generous benefactor to the priests, Father McCaughey became the happy possessor of a pair of Shetland ponies of startling activity and a light, four-wheeled buggy. With less skill than fear, some perilous journeys were essayed, and by special providence safely accomplished, regardless, however, of all established rules of the highway, the ponies, meanwhile having matters pretty well their own way. On his return to Ireland he joined the Carmelite community, and was professed at Loughrea Abbey in 1884, and ministered at Loughrea, Dublin, and Donnybrook. In the death of Father McCaughey another interesting link with the good old missionary days in New Zealand is severed, but the memories associated with the Fathers who ministered to the sparse population with such zeal and devotion amid privations and discomforts in by-gone days will endure.

A welcome correspondent writes as follows:--  
"Referring to the late Father John Francis O'Donnell, the writer had the privilege of his acquaintance while he was in charge of the Palmerston South-Hyde parish about 25 years ago. On a certain winter's night at that time, when rain had been falling during the two previous days and nights and all rivers in Central Otago were in high flood, I happened to be staying at a certain hotel at Hyde for the night, when, at about 9 o'clock a tall, wiry man arrived, riding a good horse. He dismounted and ordered the groom to feed his horse at once. The rain water ran out of his clothes. I then knew who the stranger was, and inquired what brought him from Palmerston (35 miles) on such a night? He replied: 'Oh, I am going to Naseby. I got a sick call from there this afternoon. Father Sheehan is absent.' A bystander remarked: 'Oh, Father, you haven't a hope of crossing the Taieri River ford to-night. You would be swept away.' The good priest replied: 'Flood or no flood, I am going to Naseby to-night.' Another person ventured to remark upon the unwisdom of attempting to cross the river that night, but was cut a bit short, and the remainder of us held our peace. The good Father had supper, and then a sterling young miner named Tom Prendergast approached and said: 'Father, if you attempt to cross the Taieri ford to-night you will most certainly be drowned.' Father O'Donnell replied: 'I must see that sick person to-night whatever happens to me.' Mr. Prendergast then said, 'I know a ford eight miles up the river, at Hamiltons, which we might manage to cross. I'll go with you. Wait till I get my horse. Shortly after both men left us and successfully crossed the river at midnight, and the good man did see that dying person that night, after travelling in all 76 miles. I met him next day returning as happy as a schoolboy. He had done his duty. Such was Father O'Donnell, the priest and patriot."

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## COMMERCIAL

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ended Tuesday, May 29, 1917, as follows:—

Rabbitskins. Our next sale will be held on Tuesday, June 5.

Sheepskins.—The Government are holding a valuation this week.

Oats.—There is a strong demand for prime lines of Gartons and Sparrowbills, and values are firm. Quotations: Prime milling, 3s 10d to 3s 11d; good to best feed, 3s 8d to 3s 10d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat. There is very little offering, and millers are keen purchasers at Government rates. Fowl wheat is scarce, and meets with a ready sale at up to 5s 9d per bushel for best quality.

Potatoes.—Consignments are coming to hand freely, and the demand has slackened, and values show a decrease on late rates. The demand is chiefly confined to lines of choice quality. Quotations: Best tables, £5 to £5 5s; medium to good, £4 10s to £5 per ton (sacks in).

Chaff.—There is a good demand for prime heavy oaten sheaf, and any lines of this description are readily sold on arrival. Medium and inferior lines are hard to quit. Quotations: Best oaten sheaf, £5 10s to £5 15s; medium to good, £4 15s to £5 5s per ton (sacks extra).

## DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

May 25.

Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook, D.S., has sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to enable him to make a visit to Marton and Te Aroha for a rest and change. His numerous friends sincerely hope that he will return fully restored to health.

Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk is officiating at Grey Lynn during the absence of Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook.

A collection in aid of the Maori Missions was made at the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby, on last Sunday. A liberal response was made to the appeal of the Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk for that worthy object.

A fortnight's mission, conducted by the Rev. Father Mangan, C.S.S.R., was commenced at Devonport last week. Although inclement weather conditions were experienced, the attendance has been very large, a striking tribute to the indefatigable efforts of the popular and zealous missionary.

The tennis club recently formed in connection with St. Patrick's parish, held a formal opening on Saturday afternoon last. The showery weather prevailing did not appear to interfere with the attendance, a large number of enthusiasts being present. The courts are near the convent, and thus very centrally situated, and well appointed in every particular.

Rev. Father Kelly, Puhio, addressed the men's branch of the Holy Family Confraternity last Tuesday evening in the Cathedral on "The Virtue of Humility." He said that through pride, particularly intellectual pride, many good and well-intentioned Catholics fell. In their every-day life, in their dealings with others, how many troubles have arisen, and if we look for the cause it will invariably be found traceable to pride. In matters of religion it is the same; our feeble intellect is too often ranged in opposition to God. We should ever practice humility, and by that means pride will be overcome.

The annual meeting of the Auckland Diocesan Council of the N.Z.C.F. has been fixed for Thursday, July 12. The appeal made to the parishes in the diocese to augment the Catholic Field Service Fund by means of penny collections once a month is meeting with unqualified success in the city parishes. It is too early yet to estimate how the scheme is operating in country parishes. The diocesan executive has issued a pamphlet explaining the object of the fund, and

distributing them throughout the diocese. Owing to a situation that has arisen on account of the large number of disabled soldiers arriving back in the city from the battlefields of the old world, the diocesan executive is appealing to branches to enter upon the work of visiting hospitals, and generally to take an interest in the social and spiritual welfare of Catholic men. Two delegates from each city and suburban branch will constitute a committee, whose duty it will be to meet monthly to receive reports, and deal generally with matters affecting the interests of returned Catholic soldiers. The Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan, V.G., is deeply interested in this philanthropic work, as indeed he is with many noble works connected with the Church and her organisations, and has promised his support to secure co-operation in the movement.

Addressing the congregation at St. John's Church, Parnell, on Sunday last, the Rev. Father Cahill urged upon the parishioners the necessity of subscribing to their only Catholic paper. For the past 44 years, he said, the *Tablet* had consistently defended our faith from ever-recurring attacks. To-day we look to our Catholic paper for a lead in all matters affecting our religious convictions, and surely it was not found wanting. The *Tablet's* defence of Ireland and her people was a credit alike to its high sense of justice and editorial literary attainments. The power of the Catholic newspaper press could not be over-estimated, and one after another of the Sovereign Pontiffs had blessed and encouraged its extension. Father Cahill eloquently exhorted his hearers to maintain their splendid record as model Catholics and see that no home was without its weekly copy of the *Tablet*.

## "AND THERE STOOD BY THE CROSS OF JESUS HIS MOTHER."

I think the most tragically beautiful thing in all the Bible (said the Rev. L. O. Bricker, Protestant Minister of Atlanta, Ga.), is that one short sentence in the story of the Crucifixion, "There stood by the cross of Jesus His Mother." There is nothing in all the Bible that goes to my heart like that. The multitudes whom He had taught and fed and healed and helped were not there. The treacherous disciple had betrayed Him, the boastful disciple had denied Him, they all had forsaken Him and fled; but "there stood by the cross of Jesus His Mother." What a pitiless storm beat about that poor lone woman! What thoughts crowded in upon her poor tired brain? It seemed but yesterday that she had held Him in her arms and kissed His baby lips; but yesterday that they two had walked hand in hand through the wood and wild flowers, her heart full of mother pride at His quick intelligence and His winsome ways. And now He was dying—dying before her eyes but beyond her reach like a vile and cruel criminal; the rulers of her nation and leaders of her religion, looking out in scornful hatred, and the rabble shouting insults. And she, standing there alone, in all the world the one who still believed in Him. For was He not hers? Had she not borne Him? Had she not loved Him and called Him "Son?" and had He not loved and called her "Mother?" Yet, come what will, He was still hers, and she will be with Him to the end. "And there stood by the cross of Jesus His Mother."

## LANCE-CORPORAL J. J. MAHONEY.

Lance-Corporal J. J. Mahoney, N.Z. Field Engineers, whose death in action in France is reported, was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Mahoney, of Carlton street, Merivale, Christchurch. Lance-Corporal Mahoney was well known in athletic circles, having been successful as an carsman, taking part in many senior races. He also represented Canterbury on the Rugby field. At the time of the Otira tunnel accident some years ago the late soldier showed much pluck in endeavoring to save a man from being rushed to death.

J. M. J.

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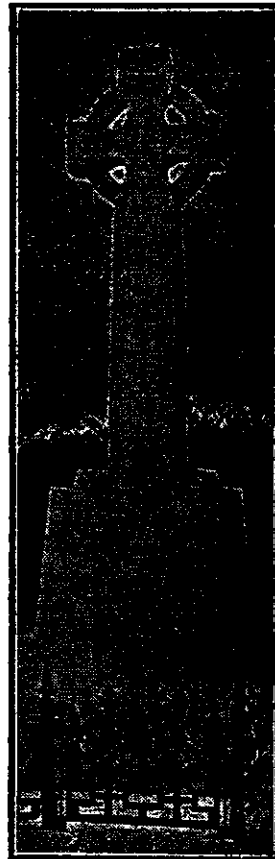
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**NOTICE**

We regret that, owing to having to cut down the size of our paper on account of war conditions, we beg to state that only the photographs of those killed in action are inserted free of charge.

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**DEATHS**

McGINNIS.—On May 26, 1917, at Earnsclough Flat (suddenly), Mary Jane, relict of Michael Joseph McGinnis; aged 73 years; deeply regretted.—R.I.P.

On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

QUAID.—On May 13, 1917, at Mamaku, Charles Quaid; aged 78 years.—R.I.P.

RENTOUL.—On May 14, 1917, at her residence, 130 Stafford street, Dunedin, Mary Ann, relict of Alexander John Rentoul, of Otokia, and beloved mother of Mrs. J. B. Grave, Dunedin, and Mr. Thomas McQuinn, Oamaru; aged 68 years.—R.I.P.

**IN MEMORIAM**

McLAUGHLIN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Rifleman H. J. McLaughlin, 4th Battalion N.Z. Rifle Brigade (beloved brother of Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, 18 Wood street, Ponsonby), killed in action in France, May 27, 1916.—R.I.P.

**ST. PATRICK'S BASILICA, OAMARU**

On SUNDAY, JUNE 3, will take place the Laying of the Foundation Stone of the Extension and Completion of St. Patrick's Basilica, Oamaru.

His Lordship Dr. Verdon intends being present, and his Lordship the Bishop of Christchurch (Dr. Brodie) has kindly consented to preach immediately after the ceremony.

There will be High Mass in the Basilica at 11.15 a.m., and the Very Rev. Father Liston, Rector of Holy Cross College, will preach.

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

*Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et 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 31, 1917.

**THE ENEMY OF THE EMPIRE**



THE writing on the wall is clear. There is an universal feeling that Mother Britain has overdone the coddling of that spoiled child, Ulster. The London *Tablet*, staunch Tory as it is, has expressed its views very strongly on the folly of further tolerating the mischief made in the Empire by the Orangemen. At a banquet given by the Irish Club in London on St. Patrick's Day, Lord Northcliffe made what, coming from him, was a remarkable Home Rule Speech. The London *Times*, following his lead urged on the Government the pressing necessity of settling the Irish question in the face of the reproach it was to England at the present moment. The London *Catholic Times* comments frankly on the shame brought on the Government through permitting the Prussian methods of a little clique of bigots to give the lie to the repeated assurances that England is fighting for the rights of small nations. The *Church Times* (Anglican) has a remarkable leader on the same subject, reproaching the statesmen of Great Britain for keeping open the running sores of Irish grievances to their own shame. Australia, Canada, South Africa, and the United States have all called on the Ministry to set their house in order and do tardy justice to the people so long oppressed. The universal feeling is that the ineptitude, the cowardice, the equivocation of the Government have been too long borne in patience, and that the time has come for them to practice what they preach to others regarding the rights of small nations. The Home Rule Bill is on the Statute Book. The voices of the Empire, supported by the millions of the United States, proclaims that the right of self-government, the birth-

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right of every nation, can no longer be refused to Ireland. And Mr. Devlin's warning that the example of Russia ought to arouse the rulers of England to a proper sense of the danger of too long defying the voice of the democracy was singularly opportune.

\*

The Empire to-day owes its strength to the principle of Home Rule, and whatever of weakness it has is due to the denial of the same principle. When self-government was proposed for Canada the opposition spoke and acted almost exactly as the enemies of Ireland do now. The Duke of Wellington said that local responsible government would be incompatible with the sovereignty of Great Britain. Lord Stanley's words were similar to those we hear from Mr. Bonar Law at the present juncture: "The concession would remove every check to the tyrannical power of the dominant majority—a majority in numbers only, while in wealth, education, and enterprise they are inferior to the minority." In exactly the same words the fiction of Catholic bigotry and of Orange superiority is put forward as an argument for refusing justice to Ireland: it is the whole Orange argument in a nutshell. Between Canada and Ireland there were parallels in boycotting, packed juries, cattle-driving, and a Protestant Ascendancy. But when Canada got Home Rule the prophets of woe were proved false, and instead of turmoil and disorder we have loyalty and prosperity. Let it be remembered too that it was due to the same pig-headed obstinacy we have now in Ulster that the United States threw off the insupportable yoke of British rule. And if we want a further argument we have it in the fact that every one of the self-governing colonies has called on England to desist from her blind policy of oppression and restore the freedom of the Irish nation. Home Rule made the Empire great; and if anything will destroy its greatness it will be persistence in the refusal of Home Rule to Ireland.

\*

In the meantime the Orangemen are fixed in their perversity. They want to rule not only Ulster but all Ireland. They know well that if left to a plebiscite Ulster would accept Home Rule to-morrow. They act and speak as if Ulster were opposed to Home Rule while everybody knows that Ulster is a Nationalist province; and in their selfishness they demand that to please them a two-thirds majority shall be required before the northern counties come in with the rest of Ireland. The folly and unreasonableness of their demands are only equalled by the policy of the Government that tolerates them to the disgust and anger of the whole Empire. Such a proposal as the Orangemen make is tantamount to a blank refusal to consider the question at all. When has England ever before shown such tender regard for the wishes of a petty minority? The paltry excuse put forward by Lloyd George deceives nobody. He has surrendered to Carson, and to please the friend of the Kaiser, the importer of German guns, the arch-rebel, he consents to be told by Mr. Redmond in the House that his statements are false, and to have issued to all the Dominions a manifesto revealing his duplicity. More than four-fifths of the Irish people demand Home Rule, and in spite of this unanimity Lloyd George says they can not agree amongst themselves. He knows as well as Carson himself that all the Orange opposition would cease the moment certain British politicians set themselves to attend to their own affairs instead of stirring up strife in Ireland. The voice of Ireland, even of a majority in Ulster, demands Home Rule. The Catholic Archbishops and Bishops and three Protestant Bishops have signed a protest against dismembering the country, and all the reason is on their side.

\*

In a letter to the Liberals of Bristol North Mr. Birrell says the Irish question must and can be settled. His suggestion is that instead of foolishly asking the Nationalists and the Orangemen to agree the Government ought to draw up a scheme to be submitted to an

Irish Convention as a working basis for discussion. If Lloyd George had had the courage to delegate the Colonial representatives to prepare such a scheme we believe the trouble would have been easily overcome. But he knew that a scheme drawn up by them would be a reasonable one, and consequently displeasing to his master, Sir Edward. A little of the strength wasted by Maxwell behind such a scheme should meet the difficulty. But as that presupposes honesty and fair dealing it is too much for Ireland to expect. However, it is at present very clear that the Empire is weary of the tricks of the Orangemen and their London inspirers. Ulster is on trial before the bar of justice, and the issue is the murder of a nation.

## .. NOTES ..

### Entente Difficulties

Alfonse was a waiter in the *Café Suisse* in Rheims; and of an ambitiousness! But he gave up the attempt to learn English as waste of time. "Why then? one comes and says, 'here is to you'—that is to me myself—and drinks it himself. While I am yet astonished there comes a second. I say, 'How do you, sare?' He say, 'Dam hongry and fed up!' Behold for yourself: it is of an impossibility that language to learn." And even if Tommy is not a linguist he ought to know better than to persist in calling the cab-drivers *cochons* for *couchers*. French drivers have a gift of language, and to call them pigs is an invitation to them to exhibit.

### Poet Saints

Nelsons have increased the indebtedness of lovers of literature by adding to their collection some Spanish classics. In the *Antología de los Mejores Poetas*, 25 pages are devoted to the poems of two Spanish saints, Theresa and John of the Cross. St. Francis de Sales has left at least one book—*La Vie Devote*—which places him among the French classics. And Leo the Great has a high place among the best Latin prose writers. St. Francis of Assisi can hardly be called a classic, but some of his hymns find a place in every anthology of Italian poetry.

### A Striking Ad.

An advertisement of a recent sale ran thus: "The choice collection of bric-a-brac offered for sale is so unusual that it may be said to be such that each piece in it will cause a sensation among people of artistic sense. Immediately on entering the room the visitor's eye will be struck by a carved walking stick of great weight and beauty, followed by a solid bronze statue of an Indian god." We are left wondering what will strike the eye of the auctioneer after that.

### R. B. Sheridan

We are so prone to think of Sheridan as a wit that his merit as a man of letters is often overlooked. Yet Lord Byron once said of him that he had written the best comedy, the brightest farce, and made the greatest speech ever heard in the House of Commons. The speech was the famous indictment of Warren Hastings, delivered if we mistake not in Westminster Hall, the scene of many of the great State trials of English history. We mention by way of illustration of his lightning quickness in debate his reply to Dundas: "The right honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts"; and his rising to a point of order when a long-winded orator stopped to take a glass of water. Everybody wondered what the point could be. "What is it?" said the Speaker. "I think, sir," said Sheridan, "that it is out of order for a windmill to go by water." Once a Member clinched his argument with a long Greek quotation. Sheridan, rising to reply, said that if the passage had been completed it would have applied the other way, then delivering oratorically what he con-

veyed was the rest of the quotation. Fox, who plumed himself on his Greek, afterwards went to Sheridan, saying, "How came you to be so ready with that quotation? It was as you said, but I did not see it before you spoke." The words Sheridan had quoted were as much Maori or Chinese as they were Greek.

#### Puritanism

The life of Matthew Arnold was a flaming protest against the shams of Philistinism in English literature, and indeed the Victorian age of English was *par excellence* the age of artificiality and hypocrisy in letters and art. Chesterton thinks it is tenable that the prudery of the age worked finally for impurity rather than purity. Any policy of making the outside of the cup clean and more or less neglecting the inside will have this result. "In nine cases out of ten the coarse word is the word that condemns evil, and the refined word the word that excuses it. A common evasion for instance substitutes for a word that brands self-sale as the essential sin, a word that weakly suggests that it is no more wicked than walking down the street." A man coming to this country will find instances of words which in England are the common coin of speech and literature being here regarded as absolutely improper. In America the thing is carried to absurd lengths, and a stranger is in danger of shocking prudery by speaking English at all. It is hardly tenable that in spite of our prudery either here or in America are we in any way better or more moral than the people of Great Britain. The Italians and French are practically ignorant of the saving refinements which we owe to the cultured Cromwellians, and the Italians are certainly one of the most moral peoples in Europe. We may say that the same does not apply to the French; but there is much truth in a remark of "Marmaduke's"—"the French are immodest, the English immoral." Old prejudices and stereotyped views make it an impossibility for us to go back to Biblical simplicity of speech, or indeed to Shakespearean. But let us not make the mistake of thinking that our smug primness in that respect is by any means an attribute of godliness.

#### Decadents

For a little while the movement of those who came to be called the Decadents had a vogue in English literature, and, although the sane and healthy common sense of the public always laughed at the posturing of the leaders, not a few followed them. The prophet of this extraordinary phase was Oscar Wilde—not the Wilde who wrote the "Ballad of Reading Jail" when the sword of sorrow had ploughed deep into the bedrock of his being, but the Wilde wearing a green carnation, dressed fantastically, and declaiming his studied paradoxes in a crowded salon. Sham, pretence, and unreality were the notes of the school; and its background was exotic and unmanly sentimentality. Wilde's genius kept the movement alive in his day; but as his successors had not a spark of genius people soon wearied of their ludicrous nonsense. It is strange that Wilde's mother, the writer of some terribly real bits of tragic Irish poetry, used to tell her son, in the days when he was still her son, of the mysterious power of sorrow to chasten and to illumine. And when sorrow and disgrace did come upon him in those days in Reading

Jail, Wilde, with the Greek version of St. John open before him, at last had a real apprehension of the truth of his mother's words, finding sorrow a revelation in the light of which all the shams were for ever dissipated, and the eternal stars became visible at last. It was then he wrote the one poem which is worth remembering. There is a deep note of sincerity and an entire absence of falsetto in all the lines of "The Ballad of Reading Jail."

### DIocese OF DUNEDIN

His Lordship Bishop Verdon returned to Dunedin last week from the north, in much restored health.

The ceremonies of the Mouth's Mind of the late Rev. Father John O'Donnell will be observed in St. Joseph's Cathedral on Tuesday next, June 5, commencing at 9 a.m.

On Friday (first Friday of the month) Masses will be celebrated in St. Joseph's Cathedral at 6.30, 7, and 8 a.m. In the evening there will be Devotions, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Advice has been received that the practical examinations in connection with Trinity College of Music, London, will be conducted throughout the Dominion by Mr. Charles Schilsky, who is expected to arrive in Auckland in about two months' time.

On last Saturday the Christian Brothers' School A. Grade football team easily defeated Technical School by 6 goals to nil. Goal-kickers were F. Dawson (2), G. Donnelly (2), F. Sadler, V. Spain. In the B. Grade the Brothers defeated George Street Public School by 3 goals to 2. For the victors goals were obtained by P. Trail (2) and P. Roughan.

On Sunday next, June 3, the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the extension and completion of St. Patrick's Basilica, Oamaru, will take place. His Lordship Dr. Verdon, Bishop of the diocese, will preside, and the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, has kindly consented to preach immediately after the ceremony. High Mass will commence in the Basilica at 11.15 a.m., at which the Very Rev. Father Listen (Rector of Holy Cross College) will preach.

The St. Joseph's Harriers ran on Saturday last from St. Patrick's School, South Dunedin, as the guests of the South Dunedin Children of Mary. The harriers ran down the Bay as far as Waverley, then branched off through some paddocks until the High road was reached, returning via Anderson's Bay. The club were afterwards entertained by the ladies to tea. Mr. F. P. Mullin, on behalf of the St. Joseph's Harriers, expressed sincerest thanks for the very great kindness extended to the members by the ladies of South Dunedin.

On Sunday last (Feast of Pentecost) there was Solemn Pontifical Mass in St. Joseph's Cathedral, commencing at 11 o'clock. His Lordship the Bishop was celebrant, the Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., assistant priest, the Rev. Father Morkane deacon, and Rev. Dr. Kelly subdeacon. The Very Rev. Father Coffey preached on the subject of the day's festival in the presence of a large congregation. The music was Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," of which a very fine

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rendering was given by the choir, conducted by Signor Squarise, with Mr. A. Vallis as organist. The high altar was most beautifully adorned, as were also the side altar and shrine of our Blessed Lady. At the offertory the "Veni Sancte Spiritus" was sung. Messrs. McGrath, Poppelwell, and Vallis were cantors. In the evening the Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., officiated at Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and Rev. Father Ardagh occupied the pulpit.

On last Monday evening, in celebration of the anniversary of Thomas Moore, an exceedingly appropriate and enjoyable entertainment was given by St. Joseph's Ladies' Club in the clubrooms, St. Joseph's Hall. There was a large attendance of members and friends. All the numbers on a well-selected programme were from Moore's melodies, and were artistically rendered. Songs were contributed by Misses Brady, Carter, Bradshaw, Brown, W. Salmon, Rev. Father Kaveney, Messrs. D. and F. Fogarty, and Ahern. Recitations were given by Mr. A. Dunn, Misses L. Hawke, and Miss Rua Carter were accompanists. In the absence of the president, Mrs. Jackson (who was engaged in public matters), Miss E. Murphy (vice-president) presided. At the conclusion of the musical programme refreshments were served.

The boys of the Christian Brothers' Choir, Dunedin, gave an entertainment in the Town Hall, Alexandra, on Thursday evening, May 15, and were greeted with a large audience (states the *Alexandra Herald*). A varied programme was presented, and the many excellent numbers won hearty and appreciative approval. The programme was excellent, several of the boys delighting the audience with their respective parts. The concert opened with a four-part chorus, "God Save the King" and "Angels that Around us Hover," by 19 boys and three adults. The boys' Indian clubs and wand exercises were splendidly performed. Mr. D. Fogarty sang "Love, You Have Made Me a Garden," and Master W. Stevenson followed with a recitation, "Baby," which created a good deal of amusement. A Highland fling by Master C. Wilson was greatly appreciated. A sacred song, "O Cor Jesu," by eight juveniles was nicely rendered, as also was the solo, "There's a Land," by Mr. T. Hughes. Seventeen juveniles then took part in a two-part chorus, "Bell March," and Messrs. F. Yule and D. Fogarty gave a delightful rendering of the duet, "The Moon Hath Raised Her Lamp Above." In the second part the same performers acquitted themselves equally well. A four-part chorus, "Across the Bar," by 19 boys and four adults, and a trio, "Oft in the Stilly Night," by Messrs. D. and F. Fogarty and T. Hughes, were well received. The next item was a splendid exhibition of dumb bell exercise by 12 boys. A two-part song, entitled "Boatman's Song," by three boys, and a recitation, "A Boy's Troubles," by Master W. Stevenson, were loudly applauded. The programme closed with a comedietta, "Bogus School Inspector," in which the following boys took part: Masters V. Spain, F. Sadler, A. Todd, F. Cotter, and P. Vallis. The acting of the juveniles in this piece was splendid, and those engaged in the arrangement and management of the entertainment are deserving of the highest praise. We do not intend to particularise the various artists, but would specially mention that Master Todd as "Servant," and Masters Spain "Inspector," and Sadler "Teacher," were the parts to perfection. The accompaniments during the evening were tastefully played by Miss Hughes and Master Harkin. The singing of a verse of the National Anthem brought a very enjoyable evening to a close. The door takings amounted to about £27 5s. On Friday evening the performance was repeated, and was well patronised by adults and school children, the latter being admitted free.

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.—Euripides.

## Oamaru

On Monday evening, May 28 (writes an esteemed correspondent), the boys of St. Dominic's Preparatory College, Oamaru, gave a bright and clever entertainment to celebrate the 76th birthday of the Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay, and to show their appreciation of the fatherly interest he has taken in them ever since the founding of their institution. The excellent presentation of a varied programme reflects the highest credit on pupils and teachers alike. The training at St. Dominic's is clearly of a very high standard.

After the concert a congratulatory address to the Right Rev. Monsignor, was read by Master Harry Kempston, who also—on behalf of the collegians—presented the guest of the evening with a beautiful fountain pen.

Monsignor Mackay, in a few happy words, thanked the boys for their entertainment, and paid a tribute to their excellent conduct and to the thoroughness of the training imparted by the good Sisters.

The lads showed their approval of these remarks by giving three ringing cheers for the Right Rev. speaker. Though all the boys performed creditably, Masters Pat. Mangos, B. O'Brien, and Raymond Phillips are worthy of special mention for the more than ordinary ability with which they executed their parts.

The following is the programme:—Chorus, "Men of War"; duet, J. O'Malley and T. Quirk: "Froggies," Junior School: solo, "Rustic Dance," Roy O'Malley; (a) Kyrie, (b) Sanctus, (c) Benedictus: drill, Study Hall: recitation, "An Incident," B. O'Brien: "Birdies' Ball," Junior School: duet, F. McLaughlan and C. McVeigh: French play, "En Waggon": drill, Junior School: solo, "Beethoven's First Waltz," B. O'Brien; "Arry at the Zoo"; "Hymn for Peace."

## FOOTBALL NOTES

(From our Christchurch correspondent.)

In the football contests last Saturday the seniors were again successful by defeating Christchurch on the Polo Ground by 19 points to nil. The game on a whole was very fast and open, and both sides are complimented on the clean way in which the game was played, the referee having no occasion to check players. O'Loughlin at full-back was very safe; of the three-quarter line Greenlees, Benson, and Lilly all played well. The five-eights, McCormick and Peripi, were always in the thick of it. Peripi is a new asset to the team, he having played for Petone seniors in Wellington a few years ago, and it is certain that with a little more training we will hear a lot of him. Fitzgerald at half played his usual solid game. Of a splendid pack of forwards, Frame, Mahon, and Burney deserve special mention for their splendid work in the loose.

The juniors were also successful, they defeating Boys' High School by 9 points to 3. Of the backs, Bagley, Kaine, and Woolfe played well, and of the forwards, Crook and Murphy were always in the front. Enthusiasts in the game would like to see this team make more use of their backs, as several of the players seem to have more than the usual turn of speed.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business: One is that they haven't any mind, the other that they haven't any business.—Harvard Lampoon.

I may not pass along this way again;  
The night is nigh,  
And day's bright gold is slowly dimming in  
The western sky.  
Wherefore must I be kindly as I go,  
Laughing the while,  
That I may be remembered through the years  
But by my smile.



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"Last night when I came back to my billet I found your most welcome and much appreciated parcel of socks and mittens. The boys are thankful to the ladies who work for them and show their enthusiasm in at once discarding the well-worn old socks for the new. The articles sent are so useful and so strong that we who have to move about in mud and rain know their value best of all.

"I have met quite a number of our lads whom I knew quite well in dear old New Zealand. All wish to be back again in the land they sailed away from, but all are just as determined to continue the fight until the 'gentle Hun' has been beaten down to his knees. For the chaplain war is not an unmixed evil, the boys so brave and so good—taken all in all,—that one is proud to have anything to do with them. 'Smile' is their motto. And the New Zealand boys are splendid. They are physically a fine set of men and as courageous as the best. We are not allowed to say much about our life at the front, and nothing at all of our movements and places of abode. It is just as well that such should be the rule, for the news would not always be quite reliable, some boys are as good with their tongues as they are with their rifles.

"By the time this will reach Wellington the war will be at its fiercest I daresay. The people of Belgium and of the invaded French territory will hail with great joy the departure of the brutal Boche. Round

the battlefields all is ruin and the picture of misery. It is quite pathetic to see the old peasant men and women move about tending their farms as well as they can under shell fire. To go would be to give up everything, and they have not the heart to, so until the military authorities compel them in their own interest to abandon the broken-down and shell-ridden building they call home they cling to them.

"Please thank the good ladies who work for the comfort of the boys, in my name and that of the men with me, for their kindness and useful gifts. May God bless them and give to all the reward they deserve."

Miss Kennedy also received a grateful letter from Chaplain-Captain Skinner, who is stationed at Sling Camp, England. The work of the members of the Catholic Knitting Guild is thus shown to be much appreciated, and these letters of encouragement should be very gratifying to those ladies who have so kindly devoted their time to this worthy work and prove an incentive to them to continue those endeavors which has made the lives of our boys at the front a little more comfortable.

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## IRISH NEWS

## GENERAL.

The death occurred at Ashtown, Clontarf, County Dublin, recently, of Rev. Dr. John Gwynn, the Regius Professor of Divinity in Dublin University. Deceased was born in Larne in 1827, and was one of the most distinguished scholars connected with the University in recent years.

Speaking in his Pro-Cathedral at Skibbereen on St. Patrick's Day, the Bishop of Ross said he came home from London lately, and he might tell them that Home Rule was not dead. During the past week he had found the Home Rule idea more alive and more amongst statesmen in London than he found it last September. Statesmen of all classes, especially Unionists, were most anxious to settle the Irish question by giving Home Rule.

General Maude, immediately after the capture of Bagdad (says the *Edinburgh Catholic Herald*), published a proclamation to the Arabs of the country inviting them to appoint representatives to confer with the British officials in order "that the people of Bagdad should participate with us in the management of their civil affairs." Autonomy, in a word. Britain's unflinching instrument to secure Imperial expansion and security—requisitioned everywhere with the best results—everywhere but in Ireland!

St. Patrick's Day was observed as a general holiday in Dublin. The city was unusually quiet in the absence of the customary patriotic processions. There were no military in the streets, which were crowded by visitors from the provinces. Services in the churches were largely attended. On Sunday a church parade of the Irish National Foresters was held. The processionists attended Mass at St. Audoen's Church, where an address on the national saint was given by Father Byrne, P.P.

The death of Mr. John Phillips, Nationalist member of Parliament for South Longford since 1907 occurred recently. Deceased, who was 77 years of age, was a strong supporter of the Irish Party. Mr. Phillips was returned unopposed at the by-election of September 6, 1907, occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Edward Blake. There had been no previous contest since 1892, when Mr. Blake won by a majority of 2197 votes over Mr. J. H. Miller (C.), who only polled 347. Since 1907 Mr. Phillips held the seat unopposed.

There is a stir on the waters again boding new hope for Home Rule. On all hands one may read of "fresh negotiations" towards an Irish settlement. The most significant sign of all, however, is the appeal of the *London Times* to the Ulster Unionists for peace. Lord Northcliffe is an Irishman, but not an Ulsterman. He is a Trinity College product, and takes the Southern Unionist view. When he advocates the making of fresh efforts towards finding a Home Rule settlement, the whole situation has undergone a sea change. Unionists are at last awake to the fact that an unsettled Ireland is an Imperial danger.

Lord French on March 17 presented to the Irish Guards at Warley shamrock sent by Queen Alexandra in accordance with her custom, and war decorations. Addressing the officers and men after the ceremony, Lord French said the long time throughout which they had been enduring great trials had served only to harden and strengthen them and imbue them with more fixed determination than ever before to fight on until complete victory was attained. His lordship referred to the brilliant achievements of the Irish Guards since he last addressed them, and said that they had fully maintained the splendid record earned in the first two years of the war.

A very fitting celebration of St. Patrick's Day took place in many parts of Ireland this year. Throughout the whole dioceses of Meath and Elphin, and in many parishes in the rest of Ireland sermons were preached on and collections taken in aid of the

Maynooth Mission to China. The life, the example, the work of St. Patrick were held up before the people to urge them to give the faith to pagan China as he gave it to Ireland. Wherever a child of Patrick is he cannot remain unmoved at this time. The Maynooth Mission to China requires £100,000 to place it on a secure basis. Surely Irishmen the world over will give that sum. The mission is completely Irish, completely Catholic. It is up to Irish Catholics to see it through, and it cannot be doubted the needed support will be forthcoming.

Lord Northcliffe was the guest of honor at the St. Patrick's Day dinner of the Irish Club in London. Concluding a long speech, in which he advocated the industrial development of Ireland, he said: "I would entreat Ulster friends of mine to seek consultation with those in other parts of Ireland, and I would respectfully point out to the Government that without Irish development and Irish happiness the participation of Ireland in the great struggle for freedom that is now being waged is not possible. I would also urge that if Ireland, almost alone among civilised peoples, does not take her full place in this struggle her position in history will be one of melancholy singularity, and small will be her chances of appealing to the sympathy of a world that has suffered in the great crusade." That Lord Northcliffe, whose activities in the "resistance" of Ulster and whose former whole-souled support of Sir Edward Carson are well known, should make this appeal to his Ulster friends, is a significant sign of the times. The *Sunday Times*, which is a strong supporter of the present Government, finds fault with both Lloyd George and Bonar Law for their utterances in regard to Ireland, and says that even among the strongest Unionists there is a good deal of sympathy with Redmond, who has paid heavily for his loyalty to England.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN ROME.

The celebrations in honor of St. Patrick's Day in the Eternal City this year lost none of the eclat associated with the feast in pre-war days. In the chapel of the Irish College Cardinal Filippo Giustini celebrated Mass for the students at 7.30, and at 10 o'clock Pontifical High Mass was held in St. Agatha's, the Gregorian Chant being rendered by the College Choir. At the annual dinner given in honor of the Apostle of Ireland in the Irish College, Cardinals Vincenzo Vannutelli, Giustini, Ranuzzi dei Bianchi, and Tonti, and many other distinguished men were present. All the guests wore the shamrock. It would not be an exaggeration to say that of all the priests, nuns, and ecclesiastical students in Rome, hailing from Ireland, England, Scotland, Australia, the United States, and Canada, at least 95 per cent. are Irish or of Irish descent. Hence the large congregations at the St. Patrick's Day services. In the Augustinian Church of San Patrizio High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. J. P. Conry, Canon of St. Mark's, the music being rendered by the Augustinian novices, under the baton of Monsignor Rella, Vice-Director of the Sistine Choir. An eloquent sermon was preached at 4.30 by the Right Rev. Bishop McIntyre, Rector of the English College, at the conclusion of which Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was imparted by his Eminence Cardinal Sbarretti. Many guests were entertained to dinner by Dr. O'Gorman, Rector of San Patrizio and Consultor of the Holy Office. At S. Isidoro of the Irish Franciscans a large congregation attended Pontifical High Mass. Dr. O'Gorman preached an eloquent panegyric of the Apostle of Ireland. Benediction was imparted in the evening by Cardinal Giustini. Amongst the guests who dined at St. Isidoro was his Eminence Cardinal Bourne.

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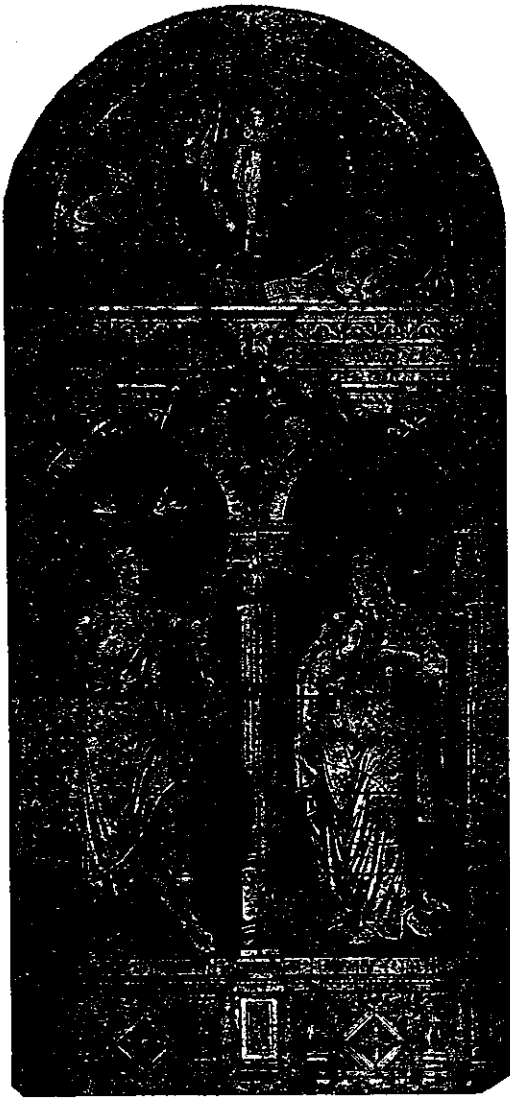
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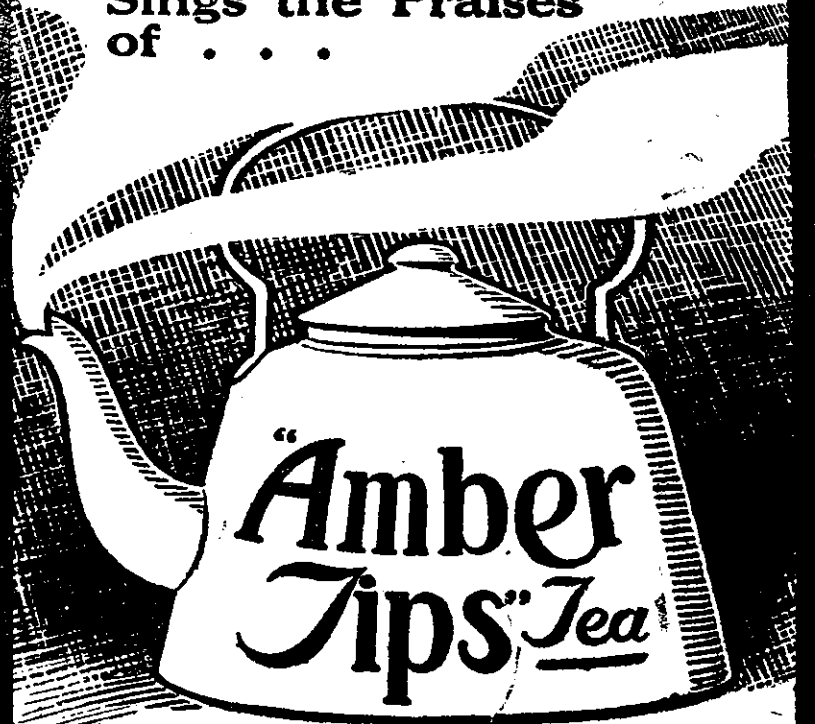
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**IRELAND'S PLIGHT**

**BITTER STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE.**

His Lordship Bishop Cleary, writing from Bagnalstown, County Carlow, Ireland, under date April 4, narrates the appalling conditions under which the people of Ireland (especially Dublin) are existing. Quoting the *Sunday Freeman* :—

A vivid idea of the condition under which the poor of Dublin struggle for existence is afforded by the budgets published by the Leo Guild. The statistics gathered among the poor of the city by members of the guild accentuate the story told by the pictures which we publish this morning.

These statistical cameos, if we may use the expression, point the moral and adorn the tale. They reveal a state of affairs which cries imperatively for immediate consideration. It is a canker in the heart of the capital of Ireland.

Take the case of a woman of 32, a factory worker. She earns the magnificent sum of ten shillings and sixpence weekly, with one shilling and sixpence war bonus. On this she supports herself and her aged mother, who can earn nothing. This is how it is done :—

One Week's Expenditure.	s. d.	s. d.
Bread, 7 loaves, at 5½d	3 0½	
Potatoes, ½ stone, at 1s 4d	0 8	
Beef, "Bits," 1lb at 5½d	0 5½	
Bacon, ½lb	0 7	
Fish, 2 mackerel	0 3	
Milk, 1d per day and 1 tin, 3½d per week	0 10½	
Tea, ¾lb, at 2s	1 6	
Sugar, 2lb, at 5½d	0 11	
Butter, 1lb	2 0	
Cabbage	0 3	
		10 6¾
Rent, 1 room		2 0
Coal—Bag last more than a week		1 8
Oil		0 2
		14 4¾

There is not much variety in the menu. Tea figures largely. Bread, butter, and tea for breakfast. Tea for dinner, dinner being eked out with potatoes, with bacon or cabbage once or twice in the week, and with beef on Sundays.

It will be noticed that this budget, as is often the case, shows an expenditure beyond income—in other words the butter, the potatoes, or the bread must be curtailed the following week!

One of the heaviest expenses this case has to meet is that of boots, 3 or 4 pairs of which at 10s a pair have to be bought during the year. This, with mending, means an expense of nearly 1s a week. When she has bought the new pair she must, of course, take the price out of her food (and her mother's) for the following weeks.

**How a Vanman's Family Live.**

Take the case of a vanman. His wages are £1 7s 6d, on which he supports his wife (earning nothing), three young children, and an invalid brother. Here is his weekly expenditure :—

	s. d.	£ s. d.
Bread, 21 loaves at 5d	8 9	
Potatoes, 1½ stone	2 0	
Bacon	3 0	
Milk, 3d a day	1 9	
Tea, 1¼lb, at 2s	2 6	
Sugar, 6lb, at 5½d	2 9	
Margarine, 2lb, at 7d	1 2	
Vegetables	0 6	
	£1 2 5	
Food		1 2 5
Coal		0 3 0
Light		0 1 0
Money and Society		0 1 0
Rent (2 rooms)		0 3 3
		£1 10 5

The above amount of food would work out roughly at about five-sevenths of a loaf, five-sevenths of a pound of potatoes, the rasher, a little sugar, and an infinitesimal portion of margarine a day for the hard-working wage-earner.

Moreover, in the above account no allowance is made for clothes, for tobacco, and for small sundries. These have to be met with out of some small "chances" which the man gets in his daily work.

**Again, Not Enough Food.**

In a third case a packer is earning £1 7s 6d, which has to provide for himself, his wife, and three children, none of whom earns anything. £1 0s 11½d goes for food alone. His total expenditure in one week was as follows :—

	s. d.	£ s. d.
Bread, 14 loaves, at 5½d	6 1½	
Potatoes, 1½ stone, at 1s 4d	1 8	
Bacon, 2½lb, at 1s 4d	3 4	
Fish	1 0	
Milk, 7 quarts, at 4d	2 4	
Tea, 1lb	2 0	
Sugar, 4lb, at 6d	2 0	
Butter, 2lb, at 1s 1d	2 2	
Vegetables	0 4	
		£1 0 11½
Rent (3 rooms)		0 5 0
Coal, 1 bag		0 2 10
Oil		0 0 8
Society money		0 0 9
		£1 10 2½

Here, too, the expenditure for the week has exceeded the income, so that retrenchment will have to be practised the following week. There is no provision for clothes, boots, tobacco. And yet the food is scanty enough. Counting the children as .4 of a man (one child is 12 years old) and the wife as .8 of a man, the wage-earner can have only one-third of what is going—i.e., two-thirds of a loaf per day, five-sixths of a pound of potatoes, 1 rasher of bacon, and a little sugar and butter. Yet he cannot have even this next week.

**Roxburgh**

At a largely attended meeting of the congregation of St. Mary's Church, Roxburgh, held on Sunday, May 20 (writes a correspondent), it was unanimously decided to hold a bazaar and art union early in 1918 for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of a presbytery. The parish being a new one, is confronted with many needs, the most pressing at the present time being that of a presbytery. Its erection is an undertaking, the necessity and importance of which cannot be overestimated. Since his arrival in Roxburgh, the popular parish priest has been boarding, and his parishioners recognise that it is their bounden duty to provide a suitable home for him as soon as possible. A strong committee has the matter in hand, and every effort will be made to make the bazaar and art union an unqualified success.

**TO SUBSCRIBERS**

When extra copies of paper are wanted please order a week ahead, as we commence printing the first half on Saturdays.

Owing to scarcity of paper, we have decided to strictly curtail our free list of papers and exchanges.

We have sent repeatedly to a number of our readers accounts, without response. After the present issue we are stopping the paper to all those in South Island who owe us more than £2/10/-.

**LADIES!**

A new style of dressing the hair is quite in order, but the purchase of a delicious appetiser, like **MILITARY PICKLE**, is sound judgment. Sold by all Grocers.

## OBITUARY

### MR. CHARLES QUAID, MAMAKU.

I am sorry to have to record (writes the Very Rev. Dean Lighthouse, Rotorua) the death of my oldest parishioner, in the person of Charles Quaid, who died at Mamaku on the 13th of May, after having been fortified with the last Sacraments and consolations of our Holy Mother the Church. Notwithstanding his great age of 78 years, Mr. Quaid had the full possession of his intellectual faculties till the last moment, receiving the Holy Viaticum, Extreme Unction, and the last blessing with extraordinary faith, and answering the prayers until his last breath. He took at all times a keen interest in Church matters, and was greatly devoted to the little parish church at Mamaku to which he belonged for the last twenty years. He was a native of Ireland, born in Limerick, and always loyal to his faithful country. He leaves a family of three sons and three daughters, all of whom are a credit to the grand old faith which they inherited from their devoted and pious parents. —R.I.P.

### MR. JAMES PATRICK SLATTERY, CHRISTCHURCH.

There passed away at Lewisham Hospital, Christchurch, on May 13, an old and respected citizen in the person of James Patrick Slattery. The deceased had been ailing for some time with heart trouble, and was attended by the Rev. Father Galerne, S.M., who administered the last rites of Holy Church. The late Mr. Slattery came to New Zealand about thirty years ago. He was a most ardent Catholic, and a loyal and patriotic Irishman. He had a great love for his dear native land, and the wish of his heart was that he would live to see Ireland enjoying the benefits of Home Rule. Unfortunately he was not granted that pleasure; God having called him away before those cherished wishes were fulfilled. Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral by the Rev. Father Galerne, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., who also officiated at the interment. A wife and two children are left to mourn their loss. Many friends and relations also lament his decease. —R.I.P.

### MR. MICHAEL DWYER, CAPE FOULWIND.

Mr. Michael Dwyer, a native of Charleston, where he lived till recently, when he moved to Cape Foulwind, where his sister, Mrs. Pollock, resides, met with a very sudden death on May 17, whilst working with two other men constructing a road. They were felling a tree, which came down in an unexpected direction and struck Mr. Dwyer on the head, and he expired in twenty minutes. The deceased was about 40 years of age, and was well known and greatly respected throughout the district. He was a very good practical Catholic all his life, and very exemplary in his conduct. A quiet, inoffensive man, he had the goodwill and esteem of all who knew him. He will be sadly missed at Cape Foulwind, where he regularly attended Mass and the Sacraments, and gave much edification by his good, innocent life. On the day before he died (Sunday) he went to confession and Holy Communion, thus preparing for the death which awaited him so soon. No doubt he died the death of the just. —R.I.P.

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## ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

BY WHOSE AUTHORITY.—We understand that in 1916 the Sacred Congregation of Rites—presumably at the instance of the Australian Bishops—drew up a special calendar for the clergy of both Australia and New Zealand. The following special arrangements were made:—

St. Patrick's feast becomes a double of the 1st class; St. Brigid, a double of the 2nd class; St. Columba, a major double. Our Lady, Help of Christians, and St. Francis Xavier—patrons of Australasia for the past 60 or 70 years—are now double of the 1st class with octave. B. Peter Chanel is now a double for Australasia. Furthermore, the titular of the Cathedral in each diocese and the anniversary of the dedication of the Cathedral (if dedicated) are now—in the case of Australasia—brought into line with the other parts of the Church.

In explanation of these changes it will be recalled that when the Reform was made, Pope Pius X. expressed a wish that the Bishops of the world should make application, each for his own diocese or several for their own province or country, for special solemnity to be accorded their own patrons, titulars, etc. This is what the Australian bishops have done not only for Australia, but also (so our reliable information goes) for New Zealand.

There is no reason why S. Ignatius should be assigned to us in New Zealand for February 1. The feast should be that of St. Brigid. We cannot say why St. Anicetus (April 17), a simple, becomes a double in the Ordo. The proper for B. Peter Chanel is universal in Australasia. So far as we know no "Proper" for Australasia has been published of late. Publishers like Pustet, Descelee, Gill, used to embody any proper offices for Australasia in a new Breviary, and booksellers like Gille, of Sydney, used to supply leaflets of these offices.

### Waimate

(From our own correspondent.)

St. Patrick's Club commenced their season by a euchre party and social on Wednesday evening last. There was a large attendance. The prizes, which were donated by Mr. and Mrs. M. Leonard, jun., were won by Mr. Kennedy and Miss Breslin. During the evening Mr. Leonard took the opportunity of presenting Miss Kathleen Harris (who represented St. Patrick's School in the recent carnival, and who was so successfully placed at the head of the pole) with a dainty emerald and pearl brooch, and Miss Cleary, her energetic secretary, who did so much to get the Green flag on top, with a handsome ladies' companion.

Rev. Father Aubry, S.M., suitably replied on behalf of Mrs. Harris, who was unable to be present owing to ill-health. Mr. M. J. Kane, replying for Miss Cleary, said that what she had done was done for the honor and glory of the school. On her behalf he thanked the Sisters of St. Joseph, the members of the committee, and especially mentioned Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, who were really the mainstay of the carnival.

Refreshments were handed round by the ladies. With the Rev. Father Aubry as treasurer, the officers appointed for the year are as follows:—President, Mr. M. Leonard, jun.; vice-president, Mr. M. Lyons; secretary, Miss Sims. The prizes for the next euchre party have been kindly donated by Mr. M. J. Corrigan.

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## DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

May 28.

By request, the Celtic Dramatic Club intend repeating the play, "Pike O'Callaghan," on Wednesday, June 6.

During the month of June there will be Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament each evening at the Cathedral.

His Lordship Dr. Verdon, Bishop of Dunedin, accompanied by his Lordship Bishop Brodie, arrived from the north during the week. The Right Rev. Bishop Verdon later resumed his journey home to Dunedin.

Devotions for the month of May at the Cathedral will be brought to a close on Thursday evening by special devotions and the solemn consecration of the parish to our Blessed Lady.

His Lordship Bishop Brodie intends going to Oamaru at the week-end, and on Sunday next is to preach at the conclusion of the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the extension and completion of St. Patrick's Basilica.

At St. Mary's Church, Manchester street, on Sunday last, Feast of Pentecost, the Rev. Father Roche, S.M., celebrated a "Missa Cantata" at 11 o'clock and addressed the congregation on the subject of the day's festival. In the evening, being the last Sunday evening of the month of May, special devotions in honor of our Blessed Lady were made. A statue of the Blessed Virgin was borne in procession, and the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., gave an impressive discourse, appropriate of the occasion.

The tender of Mr. W. F. Windsor, Spreydon, has been accepted for the extension and renovation of St. Mary's Church, and the work is to be immediately proceeded with. Mr. J. McNamara (Gapes and Co.) will attend to the painting and decorative work.

Solemn Pontifical Mass was celebrated at the Cathedral on Pentecost Sunday by his Lordship the Bishop. The Very Rev. Father Graham, S.M., M.A., was assistant priest, Rev. Father Galerne, S.M., deacon, Rev. Father Long subdeacon. The Rev. Fathers J. Hanrahan (Ahaura) and Burger, S.M. (St. Bede's) were deacons of honor at the throne, and Chaplain-Captain Murphy, B.A. (Expeditionary Forces) was master of ceremonies. His Lordship the Bishop preached an impressive discourse on the subject of the day's festival. The choir, conducted by Mr. A. W. J. Bunz, rendered Plumpton's Mass exceptionally well. Miss Ward was organist. The high altar and sanctuary were most tastefully adorned, the work of the Altar Society.

The Rev. Father A. O'Hare has been seriously indisposed during the past few days. The Catholics of Christchurch, amongst whom he has successfully ministered for many years past, as well as his many friends in Ashburton and Ahaura, other scenes of his devoted labor, will rejoice to know that Father O'Hare on Sunday next, celebrates his jubilee to the priesthood. The prayers of all will be that he may be spared to celebrate his golden jubilee amongst us. The Catholics of the Addington district, with whom he has been pastor for the past 18 months, particularly wish him a happy 25th anniversary of his ordination.

Miss Freeman, of the main depot of the Red Cross Society, gave a very interesting and instructive address to the members of St. Mary's Class of the Catholic Red Cross Unit, in their rooms, Manchester street, on Wednesday evening, May 16. The Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., presided, and welcomed Miss Freeman on behalf of the class, which was in attendance in large numbers. Miss Freeman spoke on the various works and duties undertaken by the British Red Cross Society, and explained its workings in detail. In the course of her address, Miss Freeman congratulated the class on the beautifully made garments always sent in by the members, and also on the organisation of the rooms, which, she said, were one of the best she had ever

visited. At the conclusion, the Very Rev. Dean Regnault returned thanks, and assured Miss Freeman that the class would benefit by, as it had appreciated, her excellent address.

Rev. Brother Palladius presided at the fortnightly executive meeting of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association, and there were present Messrs. W. Rodgers, M. Kennedy, J. McCormack, E. Fitzgerald, and the secretary (P. Greenlees). Correspondence was read from the Canterbury Rugby Union notifying the club that the fee for the training hall was four guineas for the season, reducible to three guineas if paid prior to June 30. It was decided to pay the sum of three guineas immediately. Twelve new members were elected, making an increase for the season of 45 members. With reference to the annual Communion, it was decided, if approved of by the chaplain (Rev. Father Long), to arrange for Sunday, July 1. To disarm criticism, and refute insinuations, which, notwithstanding all that has been proved to the credit of the members of the association in regard to enlistment, are being levelled at them by certain fault-finding busy bodies, and obscure critics, the association desire the fact known that of a membership of 280, 240 have gone to the front. It is worthy of note that in the football team formed by the Canterbury Mounted Rifles in Egypt, and which played against Yorkshire at Ismalia, eight out of the 15 players were members of the Christchurch M.B.O.B. Association.

The Cathedral parish schools re-opened on Monday, May 21, after the term holidays. During the week the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., visited the Marist Brothers' School and read out the results of the first term examination, and distributed the prizes won at the recent swimming carnival. He congratulated the boys on the good report the Brother Principal had given of their conduct, class-work, and attendance. What pleased him greatly was the very large number of boys who had made the full attendance for the first quarter. He was present at their swimming carnival and he assured the boys that he thoroughly enjoyed their performances. He was quite surprised at their fish-like agility in the water, and at the large number of boys who took part in the various events. The following are the results of the term examination:--

Standard VI. - Edmund Campbell 1, Henry Matheson 2, Sarsfield Flood, John Healy, Arthur Stanley (equal) 3.

Standard V. - Gordon Daly 1, Francis Herbert 2, Stan Cotter 3.

Standard IV. - John Mahoney 1, Charles Evans 2, Leo Dempsey and Ken. Tullock 3.

Standard III. - John Crook 1, Norman McAloon 2, Patrick Barnard 3.

Standard II. - John Mannix 1, Emmet Flood 2, Arthur O'Connell, William Steere, and Thomas Grimes 3.

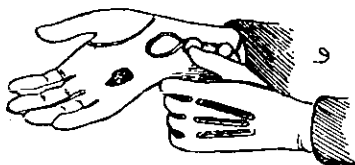
In connection with this season's football, the North Canterbury Public Schools' Amateur Athletic Association's light-weight (5st 7lb), and senior grades opened on Wednesday, May 23, and Friday, May 25, respectively. The light-weight results were:--Linwood v. Marists was won by Marists, with a score of 6 points to nil. The scorers for the winners were Amos and Ashton (a try each). Woolston (5) defeated East Christchurch (nil). Sydenham (3) defeated Riccarton (nil). Normal defaulted to West Christchurch. Addington defaulted to Richmond. In the senior grade Marist defeated Linwood by 15 points to nil. Tries were scored by O'Brien (2), Granger, Madden, and Egan.

The third grade fifteen played a fine game against West Christchurch, and the fact that they were not beaten by the Wests speaks for itself so far as their improvement is concerned. With a little more weight in their ranks it is hoped in the course of a week or two to hear good results from this very young but plucky combination.

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## SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By 'VOLT.'

### Science and the War.

Dr. Saleeby gave an interesting account at the Royal Institution, London, the other day, of what science had done for the soldier, both in the field and in the hospital. The most notable triumph had been in the conquest of typhoid. During the Boer war—a tiny skirmish as compared with our efforts of the past two years—there were 57,000 cases of typhoid and 8000 deaths. Since then the bacillus which was the cause of typhoid had been tracked to his lair, and his previous criminal convictions ferreted out. Subsequent discoveries had indicated ways of meeting the disease which had resulted in its practical extermination. But the remedy against typhoid was of no use against another kind of fever which attacked our men at Gallipoli, so another had to be looked for. It had been found; if it had been found sooner the result of that glorious failure might have been different. In the same way an antitoxin had been discovered for diphtheria and tetanus, and the only thing to be done was to administer the remedy soon enough. If this were done both diseases might be cured almost with absolute certainty.

### Nitrates Derived From the Air.

Addressing the Association of Science Teachers on "Nitrates from the Air," at a recent conference of educational associations in London, Mr. E. Kilburn Scott said that "there was considerable national risk in being dependent on an over-seas supply of raw material, because before the battle of the Falkland Isles the presence of a few enemy cruisers off South America was sufficient to hold up supplies absolutely for seven weeks, and partly so for a much longer period."

"Before the war the Central Powers were the largest purchaser of Chile nitrates. Germany alone took twice as much as the next consumer, the United States of America, and over six times as much as this country. Now Germany did not require any, because she had established immense plants to make nitrates from the air.

"He believed that three scientific developments were amongst the leading factors in deciding Germany that the time was opportune for the war—the manufacture of nitrates from the air, the success of aircraft, especially the Zeppelin, which nullified the insular position of this country, and the success of the gyro compass, which solved the problem of accurate steering of battleships and submarines by making the compass independent of magnetism.

"In view of the great demand for ammonium nitrate for explosives, and also its possibilities as a fertiliser, and seeing the great advantages in favor of this country derivable from possessing the raw materials necessary, he was of opinion that steps should at once be taken to develop the manufacture of ammonium nitrate, which was more profitable, of greater benefit to the country than ammonium sulphate. The whole of the plant and material for the manufacture of nitric acid from the atmosphere by the direct electric method could be obtained in this country, and therefore not a penny need be sent out."

A short time back a member of a great munition firm of Great Britain passed through New Zealand on his way to Australia, to discuss with the Premier of the Commonwealth the establishment of a plant for the manufacture of nitrates from the air, for the purpose of making munitions during the war and the making of ammonium nitrate for agricultural purposes in times of peace. The plant was to have cost £1,000,000. This authority declared that there were many places in New Zealand where such a plant would be an undoubted success. Assuredly the establishment of an industry of such great importance to this country would be a legitimate phase of State enterprise.

## GARDENING NOTES

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

### HEDGES.

Being asked by a valued correspondent for information on the subject of hedges and incidentally on the culture of holly plants from seed, it gives me much pleasure to accede to his request. It is generally conceded that a fine growth of holly has a native beauty all its own, whilst from the point of view of utility, it provides an evergreen and substantial barrier wherever it is planted. There is nothing prettier than a holly fence enclosing or fronting a villa residence if kept properly trimmed. Many beautiful examples of this may be seen in the best residential street frontages of the suburbs of Dunedin. In Christchurch too, it has been largely cultivated but there, many instances may be observed where the hedges have that neglected appearance denoting lack of care in the early stages of growth, thus permitting what should really be shrubbery, growing into scraggy trees. To come to the subject under notice:—The holly berries should be gathered about this time of the year when they are quite ripe. Deposit the berries at once in soil mixed with sand in a part of the garden not likely to be disturbed. Here they should remain until the woody kernel has entirely rotted, this will probably be found to have been effected by the time late spring arrives. It will be then observed that the kernel or woody casing has been dissolved, and little seedling buds are bursting forth. Now prepare a plot by digging in some well rotten manure, seeing that the soil is thoroughly mixed with it. Draw drills with a hoe to a depth of about three inches by six inches wide and therein sow the seed. The seed should be sown fairly thickly on a fine day when the soil is comparatively dry. Here they must remain for twelve months, and be kept clean. It will be thus seen that great patience is required to grow a holly fence. Hawthorn berries require the same treatment. Broom, gorse and wattle require the seeds to be soaked in boiling water and allowed to remain over night in the liquid. I find it will take more than a year to rot the kernel before the bud will get a chance to expand.

### Hokitika

(From our own correspondent.)

May 20.

Mr. J. Pickering, who has been seriously ill in the Westland Hospital, is slowly recovering.

There were two Masses on Ascension Thursday and in the evening Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given.

Devotions held in honor of the Blessed Virgin on the Wednesday and Friday evenings during the month of May have been well attended.

Another very successful euchre tournament was held on Wednesday evening last. Eighty players participated, the prizes being donated by Mr. J. McCabe. A dainty supper was served, and was followed by an hour's social.

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The joys and hopes of yesterday!  
And yet it doth console to know  
Its griefs and pangs have passed also.  
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Filled countless hearts with pain and fright,  
Have passed away—could not endure,  
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## SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

## CARDINAL MERCIER LAUDS NATION'S MORAL GRANDEUR.

A glowing tribute to the courage and devotion of the Belgian people in their fight for liberty is paid by Cardinal Mercier, the Primate of Belgium, in his Lenten Pastoral letter, dispatches from London state. Under the heading, "The Moral Grandeur of the Nation," Cardinal Mercier says:

"My beloved brethren, is it indeed necessary to preach courage to you? And when I say 'you,' I am thinking more immediately of the faithful companions of our misfortunes, but my thoughts go out also beyond our occupied provinces to our refugees, our prisoners, our deported fellow-countrymen and our soldiers. . . .

"In our young days our professors of history rightly held up to our admiration Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, who, instead of seeking safety in easy flight, allowed themselves to be crushed by the Persian army at the Pass of Thermopylae. . . . The teachers of the Belgian generation of to-morrow will have yet other instances of military heroism and patriotism to evoke. And may we not hope that our generation, too, will preserve the memory of the union it now has fashioned, and that in the future there will be among us all a deeper wish for national union, less personal acrimony in the conflict of ideas, less grudging responsibility for civil and religious authority, more general fidelity both before public opinion and in the secret recesses of the soul, to our motto 'Union is strength,' an echo of the words of Christ's that they may be one."

The Pastoral suspends the double precept of fasting and abstinence throughout Lent except on Ash Wednesday and Good Friday. It advises all who can, however, to fast and abstain Wednesdays and Fridays throughout Lent. The eating of fish and meat at the same meal is prohibited except for soldiers.

## GENERAL NIVELLE: HERO OF THE SUPREME MILITARY TRIUMPH OF THE WAR.

Few personalities have been subjected to so keen a scrutiny by the press of Europe as that to which Nivelle, the hero of Verdun, has been subjected. The great war found him an obscure colonel in the artillery, and he is now the most famous of the "great" commanders. In France the features of Nivelle confront everyone in busts, in photographs, in line drawings. The blaze of all this glory reflects, as the *Gaulois* observes, the flame of Verdun, where Nivelle said of the Germans: "They shall not pass!" and made good his word.

Like all the French soldiers who have emerged to renown and high command, Nivelle is nearing his sixtieth year. He is not racially French at all, despite his birth at Tulle in the very Gallic department of Correze. His mother was an English woman, Louisa Theodora Sparrow-Pennington, of Deal, whose father and grandfather fought on land and sea for the British kings. Her father fought under Wellington and her grandfather fell in one of our own colonial wars, having been present at the defeat of Braddock. General Nivelle, according to the *London Post*, has also a link with the literary world, as Elizabeth Carter, the contemporary and friend of Doctor Johnson, was his grand-aunt. On the north side of St. Clement Dane's church in the Strand is a window placed there by the late rector in memory of General Nivelle's mother, and thither the Londoners are now flocking to inspect the baptismal register where the name of the grandmother of the hero of Verdun is inscribed.

Meanwhile the Italians vie with the English in claiming Nivelle for their own. His grandfather was a soldier of the first empire, being made an officer and decorated with Napoleon's own hand. During the Corsican's Italian campaign, the grandfather of Nivelle fell madly in love with an exquisite young girl in Naples. They were married and their first son fell in love with that young lady in Deal.

Thus is explained, notes the *Paris Liberte*, that combination of traits which affords a key to the display of genius at Verdun. His coolness, his reserve, his reluctance to be bound by a cut-and-dried "plan" of campaign, his spirit of adventure, these traits are derived from that young lady of Deal, who brought him up with severity and taught him to speak English. She also saw to it that he avoided the habit of smoking and acquired the practice of bathing in cold water. From her, too, he derives his large gray eyes. The regularity of his features, the fertility of his intellect, in "conceptions" and the swiftness with which he devises expedients, these, the French paper admits, are Italian. He has likewise the Italian facility in conveying intimations and orders with a mere gesture.

All the technical training of Nivelle has been in the artillery and he was educated at the famous "Polytechnique," where, as a young man, according to the character sketches in the French press, he manifested his mathematical mind, his reserve, his incapacity to mingle on terms of ordinary comradeship with the men about him. A certain slowness of perception in regard to the theoretical side of his arm of the service made him the butt of his brethren of the corps, who facetiously ascribed this mental awkwardness to his British blood. "Ah, Nivelle sees!" became a class joke, followed by the chorus: "At last!" The jest followed him to Algeria, where his practical experience as an artillery officer was chiefly gained. Nivelle imbibed at this period a contempt for the theorising of the bookish pedants in his profession which he still reveals. "Theory?" he cried impatiently to the newspaper correspondents after Verdun: "I've got no theory." He felt miserably again, according to the sketch in the *Manchester Guardian*, for he was reminded of the mockery he had to endure back in the days of the Polytechnique. All he knows about military science, according to himself, is to fight.

One of the anecdotes illustrating the Nivelle temperament characteristically has to do with the agony of the retreat to the Marne. The great captain of France was then but a regimental commander, in charge of the pieces of artillery moving painfully away from the advancing Germans. The French rank and file could make nothing of these manoeuvres. The strategical conception underlying the whole movement was a secret at headquarters. The fury of the retreating French as they fled, fled, fled before the invader vented itself upon the commanders in their vicinity, taking the form of hisses, catcalls, whistles. Nivelle had his full share of these. All a September day he marched afoot stolidly, his hand upon a piece of artillery, ignoring a display of this spirit of insubordination. He did not even enter a complaint. When the offensive was renewed the whole regiment under his command roared out his name in wild enthusiasm. The General ignored the applause as completely as he had overlooked the hisses; but the story had preceded him to Verdun and accounted for the devotion of the men there who rushed into living flame when he said simply: "They shall not pass." "Ils ne passeront pas!" became the watchword at Verdun.

Nivelle is credited with a melancholy disposition by the writers who seem closest to him. Whether it be due to domestic sorrows, to a career that allowed him to stagnate in the African deserts and Algerian wilds until his hair turned gray, or to the accidents of his birth and training, Nivelle is said to avoid society in general and to prefer the company of a few army friends. One of his relaxations is a game of piquet or vingt-et-un. He is not witty like the clever Foch, nor is he jovial after the fashion of Joffre, and he has never enjoyed the robust health of Sarrail. His reluctance to unbosom himself, to display his character in human terms, is ascribed to the solitude of his Algerian life. There is an Orientalism of attitude which strikes the French journalists as unusual even in one who has mingled much with Mohammedans. His fatalism may explain the reckless disregard of his own life against which some of his staff are already protesting.

Nivelle, observes the *Illustration*, regards the

army as an exacting mistress. For this reason he gently admonished a young man who came out to him in Africa with literary ambitions which he thought could be realised while pursuing a soldier's career. That, said Nivelles sadly, could not be. The army eats up all one has, he explained. There is no such thing as writing poetry and wearing the uniform—unless one is willing to be a sham soldier, fit only for the ballroom. Never was there a great soldier, according to Nivelles, who was likewise a great poet. They do not march together.

The conspicuous trait in his personality, says the *Echo de Paris*, is the sense of authority. In a lecture to some young officers in the war college he once observed that authority in this world goes to those who assume it. Having assumed authority they must show that they know how to use it or it will be taken from them. The essential nature of authority, according to Nivelles, is moral. The martinet is but a drill-sergeant. The humblest soldier in the ranks must be made to feel that in some indescribable fashion he is under the eye of his commanding officer. Nivelles's expedient, reserved for moments of extreme emergency, is to call by name the soldier to whom he gives an order. How he manages to identify individuals in this way remains a mystery, but he achieves this so completely that not once is he known to have erred. The capacity of a general, the thing that makes him a genius in the field, remains, according to Nivelles, a mystery, seeing that it is the infection of the mind and the heart of the man in the ranks with a fury, an ardor, a readiness to perish for the sake of victory. This indefinable and subtle trait, the French experts seem agreed, is the essence of the soul of Robert Nivelles, the explanation of Verdun.—*Current Opinion*.

CARDINAL MERCIER.

Was it but yesterday he walked in humble, tranquil ways—  
A happy shepherd with his flock, and peace upon his face.

To-day—a stern, defiant, form, linned on a fiery cloud—  
His altars stripped and desolate, his children terror-bowed?

Despair and famine in the land—his brethren maimed and slain;  
(Vicar, behold—thy sinless Lord is crucified again!)

Still do the stricken turn to him in trust and love; and he,  
Who shared their joys, now treads with them their dark Gethsemane.

O holy champion of right, in days of woful wrong!  
His burning heart, 'neath priestly garb, a People's bulwark strong!

Thro' Christendom that dauntless voice of tragic protest rings—  
Above the selfish schemes of State or petty strife of kings;

A frail, black-robed archangel—lo, he guards the ravaged way:  
"Our vengeance is with God alone; beware—He will repay!"

Behind that flaming sword abides God's promise, grim, and sure;  
"His strength shall be the strength of ten whose cause is just and pure."

—LAURA SIMMONS.

THE SUBMARINE.

Lean shadowy shapes that haunt the silent depths,  
Where wanes the light and phantom terrors breed,  
Above those dark impenetrable deeps,  
Where blind sea-adders twine among the weed;  
Nosing amidst the gloom, wet plates a gleam  
With ghostly radiance of the sea-spore's breath,  
Threading the depths with silent swirling screw—  
*The Submarine, grim messenger of Death.*

Lean clammy craft of death that search and prowl,  
Seeking the loom of some titanic keel;  
Seeking in silence, though the skies above  
Tremble with gunfire and the rush of steel.  
Deep in the soundless levels where they glide  
The waters slither by with silent rush;  
Within the long lean hull the motors purr;  
Tense fingers close on valves in breathless hush.

The steadying pause; the smothered snort; the bolt,  
Hurled upward at the looming mass of steel;  
The tearing cauldron and the foam flecked void  
Where green fumes rise and tortured waters reel.  
Downward she sinks, down, down towards the ooze,  
The titan dreadnought—vanquished in a breath;  
*Far from the sinking dead the Submarine  
Glides to the gloom—grim courier of Death.*  
MARSHAL SOUTH, in the *Forum*.

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### REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS. (Continued.)

#### RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN THE SCHOOL.

By REV. W. MURPHY, ADM.

Teaching Prayers.—All are agreed that children ought to be word perfect in the recitation of prayers, but perhaps there is one thing more important and that is *clear enunciation*. If this is not insisted on it will be more than difficult to correct the defects of speech in after life, the young mind being as the poet reminds us "wax to receive and marble to retain"; faults unchecked become habits and careless recitation of prayers the result. Listen, if you will, to the prayers whilst they are being said aloud. You will distinguish here and there words which belong to no language, or if they do pervert the sense and form ridiculous significations. If you are not sure of this ask the class to write the Creed or the Hail Holy Queen, possibly their manuscripts will reveal ignorance and misunderstanding that will make you almost despair. Attention to teaching prayers is never without profit. Listen to a congregation in church saying the Rosary and you may be surprised and shocked to learn that there are grown up men and women who do not know their prayers. In a way perhaps they do know them but they bite off the syllables or change to the verge of nonsense not one but many of the expressions so full of unction and consecrated by the tradition of centuries. In many we would say that these bad habits were contracted in the junior classes of our primary schools. Get little children to repeat the prayers after you, unconsciously they will imitate your correct pronunciation, your intelligent phrasing, your reverent love and devout attitude. A good plan for the primer classes is to sing the prayers, then the words and phrasing will be more correctly learned and faulty enunciation more readily noticed. Some teachers use a large chart with the prayers printed on it, even though the children cannot read they quickly begin to recognise the words. The little children even ought to be taught to discriminate between prayers as a lesson and prayers as an act. Make them understand that in the lesson they are learning *how to speak to God*, but in the act of prayer they are speaking to Him. Make the time of learning prayers *short*, the children may endure them but never enjoy them if long.

It is questionable if the schoolroom is the proper place for prayers, apart from learning them. Certainly morning and evening prayers should not be said in the schoolroom, when said there the children too often look upon them as part of the school routine, to be laid aside when school days are over. Finally let no prayer class conclude without a few minutes' explanation and a story.

Regarding the teaching of prayers there is one *don't* that ought to be writ large on every teacher's desk: "Don't depend on senior boys and girls to teach the primer prayers." Do it yourself.

Catechism.—The religious teacher makes the catechism the most prominent lesson of the day. There is a danger that Bible history, etc., being more attractive subjects, may gain undue prominence over the catechism. Cardinal Vaughan calls the catechism "the *Summa* of the people—the most profound, the most logical, the most valuable book in the English language." Every child must commit it to memory; nothing can supply its place, hence nothing should usurp its place. Pius X., writing to a well-known Roman ecclesiastical, said: "Show your young men how to teach the catechism, above all the catechism. To teach it well is a difficult work and one in which there are consequently all too few experts."

As it is in itself dry, it becomes the teacher's duty to illuminate it with the historical lives of God and man; in other words, showing the events of sacred history as flashlights on the truths expressed in the

catechism. Deal it out in small morsels and its assimilation will be wholesome and fruitful. Make the catechism pleasant. Seek every means to give the same matter in new forms, use illustration, incident, or story so that the catechism class will be the brightest of the day. Before beginning the class see what stories, drawings, or pictures can be used as helps. Keep a note of all that you hear or see that will tend to this end. Some teachers interleave the class catechism and jot down questions, reference comparison, etc. This is a great memory aid. First, and before all, the child must get a memory grasp of the catechism, it does not matter how parrot-like this is. A verbatim knowledge is the beginning of all after knowledge, and without it there is a danger of inaccuracy of statement which is worse than ignorance. A verbatim knowledge is the foundation without which any superstructure, no matter how fair to look at, is almost absolutely impossible. It is better not to know the teaching of the Church than to misstate it. Erroneous representation of the Church's teaching has kept many outside the true fold. Therefore let us have the exact text of the catechism. Have revision frequently, written if possible, if for nothing else but to find out the strange verbal errors children often make, and learn, also, how foreign often to the truth is their mental conception of what they have studied.

Don'ts.—Never assign a Catechism lesson as a punishment. Make children understand that the catechism lesson is a privilege rather than a task.

Bible History.—Let this be your motto for this class: "One thing done is better than many heard of." Use simple black-board sketches; let the children copy them, outlines of Palestine, routes, towns, rivers, etc. With little ones use the sand board, and pictures, otherwise it will be more than difficult to memorise the lesson and connect it with what has gone before. If Bible history is to be of any practical use, it must be taught objectively, and then it will be for the children for their whole life a spiritual treasure. For instance, objective teaching will give the children a general sequence of the life of Christ so that at will they can reproduce the Gospel story in a rich and suggestive setting. Towns and lakes, wilderness and wells, palms and bushes and fields of corn will then recall the most sacred memories. *Correlate with catechism*. For instance, in teaching on sin, lead the children to see when and where and by whom sin was first committed: in heaven and on earth. Apply the Commandments to Cain's sin. Judas and his sin, etc. In this class especially, revise frequently and get children to retell incident and story. Link up epochs, and summarise periods.

Instruction.—Unless the teacher prepares well, by prayer, meditation, and study, his catechetical instruction will be at best merely mediocre, and regarding this important subject, mediocrity is hardly less tolerable than failure. Who can size up the responsibility of that teacher at whose door may be laid the accusation of omission or remissness in this important matter of religious instruction.

Where are the children to receive catechetical instruction if not in our schools. This momentous fact must be faced. "Let me make a country's songs and I care not who makes its laws," is a saying with a semblance of truth; far truer, however, is the saying, "Teach the child his catechism and there will be no dangerous environments for the Church, the family, and the State."

The material with which the teacher has to work, the raw stuff out of which are fashioned the citizens of heaven is prepared for him by nature and grace. Here are baptised souls, yielding and plastic under every influence of their faith and its teachings, ready to accept without hesitation every doctrine and tradition of their Church. Their hearts, their minds, their natures gladly embrace every dogma of faith. That teacher who neglects to prepare himself well, neglects to use every means and method which earnestness and ingenuity can equip him with, is incurring in the sight of heaven the woes and anger of the Redeemer, Who



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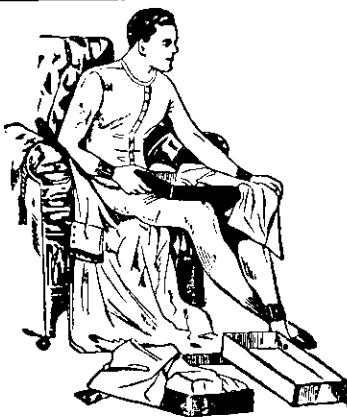


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spoke so strongly His love for little ones, that teacher is a faithless watchman on the towers of Israel.

Instruction should be generally catechetical. There will be no dearth of material, and it is here especially that objective teaching can be most used. In advocating the use of objects it must be kept in mind that everything depends on the individual teacher, what proves a success with one may be an utter failure with another. A little ingenuity and thought will lead the teacher to utilise even the simplest and commonest material intelligently and reverently to great purpose in making catechetical instruction easy. Take, for instance, the enthusiastic nun, that one often meets with in our schools; give her a few handfuls of sea sand, a few trays and blocks, and other odds and ends which she picks up among the children, and listen to her as she tells the story of the first Christmas night. It is not merely a word description; she visualises it, and that so thoroughly that her class of little people have their interest aroused to an extraordinary degree and the lesson will never be lost on them. No doubt some will consider this puerile, but when one sees the tears in the eyes of the children - and indeed of grown people also, - as scenes divine are re-enacted and idealised with the simplest objects, conviction will come that objective teaching is the ideal.

The use of the blackboard as an adjunct in religious instruction can scarcely be exaggerated, for it makes visible the ideas one wishes to convey. The teacher who uses it continually will become an adept in illustrating, classifying, and summarising ready-made methods of teaching. Now, every teacher is not an artist at the blackboard, but this is not at all necessary: success will come from merely the habit of making marks on the blackboard while one talks. Professor Kenyon says "Chalk talk is not exclusively for those who draw well, but for every teacher who has courage enough or ambition enough to make a chalk mark on the blackboard."

It is not necessary to go into details regarding the use which can be made of maps and pictures as teaching aids. Just get the Stations of the Cross and pin one at a time on the blackboard and exegititate a lesson on the Passion. This brings us to the use of stories in teaching religion. Remember that there are no stories like those of the Bible. Apart from these, if you want a varied stock, consult an approved author, say Spirago; but beware of legends and some of the far-fetched tales that one sometimes reads in spiritual works. Possibly these stories may be true, but they will scarcely conduce to strengthening the faith if in after life they will not stand the test of reasonable probability.

Some day let us hope the pruning knife of the censor will cut clean away much of the story rubbish that we now find in works which apparently have the hall-mark of authority. Do not give too many stories to the children or the lesson taught will become confused. Embellish your story well, make it live, and get the little ones to re-tell it and point the moral.

Hymns.—It is not enough, merely to teach a hymn correctly from the musical point of view, to have them mean anything to the children there must be a clear and concise explanation given of the meaning of the verse and the spirit of the hymn. In connection with the teaching of hymns, opportunity might be taken to tell the children something regarding the liturgy of the Church and its beauties.

Practices of Religion.—From time to time there should be short classes in the practices of our religion for the upper standards, how to prepare a person and

place for Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction; meaning of Masses for the dear; Devotion of the Forty Hours; how to approach the Sacraments; the Symbolism of Sacred Vestments and Vessels; the Sacramentals; Seasons of the Church. Teach the younger children how to assist at Mass, to prepare for confession, and how to act in the confessional. This latter is most important, as children very often do and say extraordinary things whilst in the tribunal of Penance. The great need of simplicity, sincerity, and absolute truthfulness must be constantly impressed on the children. Show them how to approach Holy Communion, how to receive, how to return to their place in the church and enlarge on the necessity of making thanksgiving after Holy Communion in a reverent manner and for a reasonable time.

No doubt this will tax human patience more than human tongue can tell or pen can write, but Christ is appealing to our feelings as He appealed to the Disciples of old not to be hard on the children but to be patient and suffer them to come to Him.

#### Criticism and Discussion.

Regarding prayers, all are agreed that morning and evening prayers should not be said in school. Any prayers said there ought to be short. The knowledge of the catechism ought to be word perfect so as to ensure a good foundation for explanation.

The question of having an expert deliver lectures to the teachers on religious knowledge was discussed, and many seemed to favor the idea. The advisability of having the same hymns taught in the schools came under discussion, also the teaching of at least one Mass to the children, so as to make congregational singing more popular.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

NEMO.—Regret we have made a hard and fast rule against publishing unsigned communications of a controversial nature.

O'D., Gisborne.—Sorry we are not publishing unsigned communications. (1) Salonika belongs to Greece. (2) If the Allies adopt the suggestion of building small vessels it seems certain they will be able to turn them out much faster than they can be sunk.

QUESTION.—Is it necessary to go to confession each time that one wishes to gain a plenary indulgence?

ANSWER.—No. One who goes to confession week by week fulfils the condition which states that confession is required to gain a plenary indulgence. A decree of the Holy Office (April 23, 1914) settled this point. According to the terms of this decree Pope Pius X. "graciously deigned to grant that for the gaining of any indulgences whatsoever it is sufficient to make one's sacramental confession on any one of the eight days preceding the day set down for the gaining of the indulgence." This, of course, supposes that one keeps in the state of grace in the meantime.

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COUNTRY ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.



## DOMESTIC

(BY MAUREEN.)

## Eggless Cake.

One cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter, 1 cup sour milk, 2 cups flour, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 teaspoon soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  nutmeg, 1 teaspoon of cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cloves.

## Toffee.

Three cups of sugar,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cupful of water, 1 teaspoonful of vinegar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 1 tablespoonful butter. Boil till a few drops will harden in water.

## Puffaloons.

Four cups of flour, a little salt,  $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix with milk, soft enough to roll. Cut out in rounds and cook in boiling fat. Drain on paper. Some split the puffs open and spread jam between.

## Mock Oysters.

Mince cold meat fine, put it in a pan with one cup of milk, 2oz butter, half a grated nutmeg, small teaspoon of anchovy sauce, and simmer for ten minutes. Have ready some breadcrumbs. Place a layer on bottom of pie-dish, fill with meat, cover with breadcrumbs, put a few bits of butter on top, bake, and serve hot. Add more fluid if liked moist.

## Crumpets.

Sift 1 cupful of flour into a basin, add half a teaspoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half teaspoonful of baking soda, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, and half a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Beat up two eggs, add one cupful of milk, then pour them among the flour, mix well. Drop in spoonfuls on a hot, well-greased griddle. When brown on one side, turn over and brown the other.

## Tomato Jelly.

Quarter six or seven ripe tomatoes and put them on with a small quartered onion, a bouquet of thyme,

parsley, etc., a clove, some salt, and just enough water to cover the fruit, and let it all cook together gently over a clear fire for half an hour, stirring and skimming it well. Now run off the juice, measure it, allow to each pint 6oz to 8oz of sugar, and boil it all till it jellies, then pot as usual. A little finely-pared lemon should be added with the herbs.

## Household Hints.

Two potatoes grated together in a basin of warm water are excellent for washing delicate silk, flannel, or woollen goods.

When making a mustard-plaster mix with it the white of an egg; this will prevent the plaster from causing a blister.

When making pastry a little lemon-juice added to the water will make it lighter and take all the taste of the lard away.

A bowl of vinegar and water placed beside the stove will prevent the smell of cooking from spreading through the house.

Try moistening the rag with methylated spirit before dipping it in the brass paste. The spirit will remove all stains from the brass.

If a piece of bread tied in a piece of muslin is dropped into water in which greens are being boiled it will absorb the unpleasant odor.

When skinning fish it should be remembered that round fish are most easily done if commenced from the head downwards; flat ones, on the contrary, from the tail end.

When boiling milk, most people throw away the skin which forms as the milk cools. This skin is, of course, the cream of the milk, and by throwing it away the richness of the milk is wasted. Instead, when the milk is just boiled, put it into a jug and stand it in a basin not as deep as the jug, and let cold water run into the basin to cool the milk quickly. At the same time stir the milk, and the cream will intermix again. When the milk is cold there will be no skin, and it will therefore be as rich in cream as before being boiled.

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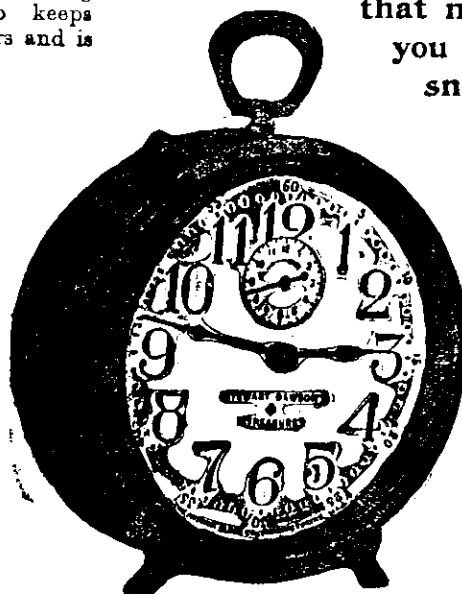


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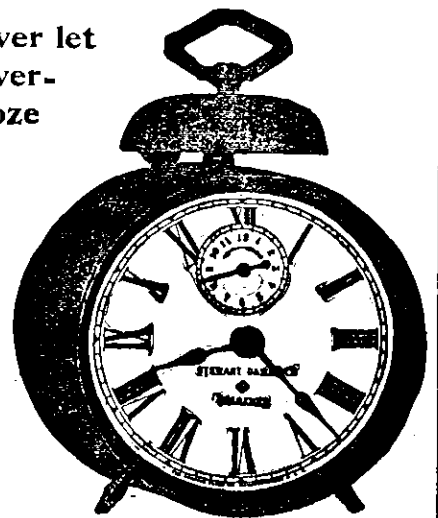
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Supper.

Your table is incomplete without it.

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## ON THE LAND

## GENERAL.

The value of lime applied to the lands of Southland is everywhere being recognised, says the *Wynndham Herald*. In the words of a district farmer, "lime has made Southland." That declaration fairly sums up the situation. No farmer worthy of the name will seek to cultivate his land without the systematic use of lime. The results are most marked in pasturage, and stock prefer grass grown on limed areas. Where limed and unlimed strips of land join stock make a nice discrimination.

The continuous rain is having a bad effect on the harvest of lucerne and clover seed in the Marlborough district. Many crops (the *Marlborough Express* states) cut during the last few weeks are still lying on the ground, it being impossible to put them into stack. They have been turned several times, and at the present time the prospect of saving them is doubtful. Responding to the moistness and mildness of the season, the seed has commenced to sprout.

An exhibit which attracted considerable attention at the recent Patriotic Apple Show was a choice lot of dried prunes from the orchard of Mr. Annan, of Clyde. The opinion of those well qualified to judge was that the exhibit was quite as good as the very best Californian article. Prunes do well and crop heavily in Central Otago.

What will constitute a record price for butter-fat is to be paid to the suppliers to the Te Aroha Glaxo Company's factories at Te Aroha for the next season's supply of butter-fat. The minimum has been fixed at 2s per lb, which is 3d per lb better than the price paid to the suppliers of cheese factories, and 2d per lb better than the price paid to suppliers of butter factories.

Burnside reports last week:—Fat Cattle.—The yarding consisted of 177 head of medium-weight bullocks and cows, with a good proportion of heavy-weight bullocks. Prime bullocks sold at from £16 to £20; extra prime, to £25; medium and light, from £13 10s to £15; prime cows and heifers, £14 to £18; medium, from £11 10s to £13. Fat Sheep.—The yarding consisted of about 3000, made up of prime wethers and ewes, with a fair proportion of extra prime sheep. Show wethers, of which a fair number were yarded, did not command the extreme prices which have ruled in the past for display during the Winter Show, as the butchers, owing to the shortage of labor, find it difficult to run their ordinary business. Prices went back about 2s 6d per head on previous week's market. Prime wethers sold from 38s to 45s; extra prime, to £3 17s; prime ewes sold up to 40s. Fat Lambs.—The yarding consisted of about 1500 lambs of good quality, with a few pens of extra prime. Prime lambs sold at from 25s to 29s; extra prime, to 35s 3d. Pigs.—There was a good yarding of pigs, and prices for fats and stores showed a decline on late rates.

At the Addington stock market last week there were increased entries in almost all departments. There was a heavy yarding of fat cattle, which sold at about late rates, export buyers operating to some extent. Fat lambs sold rather better, as more business was done for export. Store sheep also sold well, and fat sheep were very firm. Fat pigs were in good demand at late rates for baconers, and there was a sharp advance in porkers. Store pigs were in better demand. Store cattle met with fair sale, and good dairy cows were sought after. Fat Lambs.—Extra prime, to 40s; prime, 28s to 32s 6d; medium, 25s to 27s 6d; lighter, 20s to 24s 6d. Fat Sheep.—Extra prime wethers, to 44s 9d; prime wethers, 36s 6d to 42s; lighter, 28s to 36s; merino wethers, 21s 3d to 28s 9d; extra prime ewes, 42s 3d; prime ewes, 35s to 39s 6d; medium ewes, 29s 6d to 34s 6d; lighter, 20s to 29s; merino ewes, 18s to 28s 11d. Fat Cattle.—Extra prime steers, to £22 10s; prime steers, £13 5s to £19; ordinary steers, £10 to £13; extra prime cows, £18 5s; prime cows, £10 10s to £16; ordinary cows, £8 to £16; extra prime

heifers, to £15; prime heifers, £9 15s to £14; ordinary heifers, £7 10s to £9 10s. Pigs.—Choppers, £4 to £7; baconers, £3 10s to £5—equal to 7½d per lb; porkers, 48s to 65s—equal to 8½d to 9d per lb; medium stores, 28s to 34s; smaller, 18s to 26s; weaners, 9s to 16s.

## THE BENEFITS OF LIMING.

Up-to-date and practical farmers all over the province now ungrudgingly admit that for Southland soil there is nothing more efficacious than a solid treatment of lime, and, undoubtedly, the wonderful effect that it has had on the land so treated proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that this contention has solid endorsement. During the week a *Southland Times* representative visited the Glenham district, and at the invitation of Mr. George Crosbie inspected his farm. Glenham, it may be mentioned, was at one time one of the despised portions of Southland, but such no longer is the case, and it is now quite evident that the lime treatment it has received and is receiving has effected a wonderful transformation. Mr. Crosbie's holding consists of 450 acres, and he has on it at the present time 1700 sheep, 40 cattle, and 15 horses, which fact speaks volumes for itself. The rape grown on the farm this year was an astonishingly good crop, and the 70 acres of drilled turnips that were inspected are a revelation, the tops reaching well past an ordinary man's waist. The grass, too, that was seen was wonderfully good considering the lateness of the season. The well-deserved success that has attended Mr. Crosbie's efforts he attributes to the

## Liberal Lime Treatment

to which he has subjected his land, and the use of lime is a topic on which he becomes quite enthusiastic. Mr. Crosbie referred to the unenviable reputation that the Glenham district once had, but said that lime had been the making of it, and he firmly believed that by persistent and consistent application of lime the land thereabouts would be made to equal land in any other part of the country in the matter of production. He said that so imbued was he with that idea that he would not now plough any land without giving it a thorough dose of lime; otherwise he considered that he would be simply wasting his time. Questioned as to which kind of lime he favored, Mr. Crosbie unhesitatingly said "carbonate," and he mentioned that it was only by pure accident he had been induced to use it, as at the time he was unable to obtain burnt lime. Since then he had given the two kinds a thorough test, using about a ton to the acre of each, and he did not want burnt lime again so long as the same quality of carbonate as he had already used was available. His experience has been that in every instance carbonate of lime acts more quickly than does burnt lime. To prove his contention he brought proof to bear by pointing to his rape and turnip crops, and added that for top-dressing carbonate was incomparably better than the burnt article. Last season, Mr. Crosbie stated, he had a crop of oats which was quite equal to what was considered an extraordinary crop ten years ago—a year when records were common—on which occasion he had used no less than

## Two Tons to the Acre

of burnt lime, and that satisfactory result he attributed entirely to carbonate of lime, of which half the quantity was used compared with the burnt lime he had referred to as having used ten years ago. Mr. Crosbie further stated that carbonate of lime was much easier handled; it could be stored, and it did not burn the bags. Burnt lime invariably caused the bags to burst, and it was unpleasant to handle, whereas carbonate of lime was no more disagreeable than ordinary fertiliser. "I believe that when the splendid properties possessed by carbonate of lime are more widely known," said Mr. Crosbie, in conclusion, "a marvellous difference will be made in every part of the country. So convinced am I that this will prove to be an irrefutable fact that I never lose an opportunity of inducing other farmers to follow my example."

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## The Family Circle

### AN OLD WOMAN'S ROSARY.

I bless myself and I kiss the cross,  
And the holy Creed I tell;  
And the Paters and Aves trip off my tongue,  
For it's me that knows them well.

For it's many a day these same old beads  
I told in the same old way—  
I got them my First Communion morn—  
And that's sixty years this May.

'Twas the Joyful Mysteries then I liked,  
(And I said them joyfully),  
When our Lord was only a Child Himself  
At His Blessed Mother's knee.

Ochone! but it's many and many a year,  
I've turned from the joyful deeds;  
And I cry on the Sorrowful Mysteries  
With tears as big as my beads.

For my beautiful boy with the fever went  
And "himself" next morning died.  
Do you wonder I think of the Mysteries  
That end with the Crucified?

For it's then, as I'm telling each blessed bead,  
A'kneeling beside my bed,  
We two women, God's Mother and me,  
Have many a talk of our dead.

And that's why I'm liking the beads that tell  
Her pains and her darling Son's:  
It's plenty of time I'll be having in heaven  
To think of the Glorious ones.

—Father H. F. Blunt.

### ORIGIN OF THE WORD DOLL.

I am almost certain that every girl who reads this has at some time or other played with a doll. Very likely the older ones have outgrown their dolls and only keep the old favorites as souvenirs of childish days and pretty playthings for little friends and guests, but perhaps even they, tall and womanly as they are, would be puzzled to tell why we call it a doll, and not, as the French do, a puppet or poupet; or with the Italians, a bambino or baby. What is the meaning of the word doll?

To explain, I must go back to far away times, when it was the fashion all over the Christian world for mothers to give their little children the name of a patron saint. Some saints were more popular than others and St. Dorothea was on one period perhaps the most popular of all. Dorothea, and its quaint English variation, Dorothy, have, as my little Greek scholars know, a very lovely meaning—"Gift of God." But as few people like to call a toddling wee thing by a long and stately name, the English Dorotheas were shortened in nursery talk to Dolly and Doll, and from giving the babies the nickname it was an easy step to give the same to the little images of which the babies were so fond.—*Wide Awake*.

### A GOOD WAY.

The world would be a grand place, indeed, were all to seek the good fortune they desire in the same manner that the newsboy sought good luck.

"Evening paper, sir?" Such was the familiar question of the little fellow, some eight years of age, as he extended the printed sheet in front of a gentleman.

The man stopped and began searching for the needed coin, when up came another boy, with a larger bundle of papers under his arm, at which the hand

first thrust out was withdrawn, and the little fellow to whom it belonged said, "Please, sir, buy his paper."

"Why, I am dealing with you!"

"Well, sir, he haint sold one, and I have. It always gives me luck to help a feller what ain't had a chance."

And who will deny that the little fellow's philosophy was of the right kind? We only need more of it in everyday life.—*Register*.

### A SACRED DRAMA.

The famous Lenten drama, "Pilate's Daughter," which has been produced over 300 times in St. Alphonsus Hall, Roxbury, U.S.A., during the past fourteen years, began its fifteenth season on February 16, and continued every Monday and Thursday evening during Lent. The final performance was on April 2. This remarkable play was written by the Rev. Francis Kenzel, C.S.S.R., formerly of the Mission Church, Roxbury. This year the play promises to be more impressive and beautiful than ever. The cast, composed of 63 young ladies, was carefully selected by the Rev. James J. Lynch, C.S.S.R. This religious drama has made a deep and lasting impression on all who have seen it. Catholics and non-Catholics alike have been deeply moved. What the Passion Play at Oberammergau is to Europe, "Pilate's Daughter" is to New England.

### CONGREGATION SHOULD SPEAK UP.

The more the people respond in those parts which are allotted to them, the better, says Father Hull, S.J. The dumbness of many of our congregations is certainly not a thing to be applauded. When they have a voice in the prayers, they ought to use it most lustily. The whole church ought to resound with their vociferations. I don't mean that a solitary individual ought to begin shouting when everybody else is practically silent. But if everybody would join audibly both in responses and hymns, our churches would acquire a more lively tone than is usually the case. In purely Catholic countries the whole congregation takes active part in the services, so that they become manifest acts of public worship, instead of being a mere crowd of people assembled for private prayer.

### A CONSCIENCELESS DEBTOR.

A Newcastle man tells of a sea captain who, while ashore, had loaned money to a neighbor. The latter, after the loan was a year or so old, made no effort to pay it.

The captain began to look upon the money as lost. But, on arriving home from a coastwise trip, he heard of a debt collector who was noted for sticking to a delinquent until some result was obtained. The captain called upon this person, told him the circumstances, and said:

"If you will collect that debt, I'll give you half of it."

The captain sailed away on another voyage, and on his return again sought out the collector.

"How about that bill?" he asked.

"Well," said the man, "I ain't collected the whole of it; but I did collect my half, and he ain't paid me a cent since. I keep after him, but it's just as you said when you give me the bill; he don't have no conscience about it."

### HIS PREFERENCE.

A school-inspector, testing a class in fractions, asked a boy whether, given his choice, he would prefer one-sixth or one-seventh of an orange. The boy promptly replied that he would prefer one-seventh.

The inspector more promptly explained that such action would be very foolish, because though the suggested fraction might seem the larger just the reverse was true.

"I know, sir," said the boy; "that's why I chose it. I don't like oranges."

## TONGUE-TWISTERS.

The tongue-twisting lyric craze persists with unabated fury in London. Here is the newest sample for those who have an afternoon off:—

“There’s Phyllis, Phil, and Fanny filling shells and fixing fuses,  
Bales and boxes filled with bombs and bullets by the ton,  
Willie’s skill in drilling shows that Will is always willing;  
He can drill a shell, can Willie, though he never fired a gun.

“Our Phil excels at filling shells, pa plays ‘shell out’ with ease;  
While with pride her bosom swells, poor mother sits and shells the peas.  
So, with Will, Phil, Phyllis, Father, Fan, and Mother, you’ll admit  
That in sending shells to soldiers we’ll have done our little bit.

## KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

“But are you sure that I shall recover?” the patient asked anxiously. “I heard that sometimes you have given a wrong diagnosis, and treated a patient for pneumonia who afterwards died of typhoid fever.”

“You have been scandalously misinformed,” said the doctor indignantly. “If I treat a man for pneumonia he dies of pneumonia.”

## WHAT THERE’S TIME FOR.

Lots of time for lots of things;  
Though ’tis said that Time has wings,  
There is always time to find  
Ways of being sweet and kind;  
There is always time to share  
Smiles and goodness everywhere;  
Time to send the frowns away,  
Time a gentle word to say,  
Time for helpfulness, and time  
To assist the weak to climb;  
Time to give a little flower,  
Time for friendship any hour;  
But there is no time to spare  
For unkindness anywhere.

## A BACHELOR’S DEFENCE.

A well-to-do Scottish lady one day said to her gardener:

“Man, Tammas, I wonder you don’t get married. You’ve a nice house, and all you want to complete it is a wife. You know the first gardener that ever lived had a wife.”

“Quite right, missus, quite right,” said Tammas. “but he didn’t keep his job long after he got the wife.”

## THE USUAL SIGNS.

“Has Reggie come home from school yet, Mary?” asked Reggie’s mother.

“I think so, Madam,” said Mary: “the cat’s a-hidin’ in the coalhouse.”

## SMILE RAISERS.

“Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?”

There was silence till one maiden held up her hand and replied:

“Yer breakfast, yer dinner, and yer supper.”

“I’ve been reading about one of them rich men wot’s got a suit of clothes for every day in the week,” said one tramp to another.

“That’s nothing, so ’ave I. This is it I’ve got on now.”

“What is the leading occupation of this place?” asked the stranger.

“Well,” replied the man with an expression of sincere disapproval, “the people around here spend most of the winter wishin’ for summer an’ most of the summer wishin’ a circus would come along.”

The name of the paper in which the following incident was narrated is a joke in itself—an English joke, deadly serious—the *Giggleswick-in-Craven Church Review*.

During sermon time the other day a baby began to cry, and its mother carried it towards the door.

“Stop,” said the minister, “the baby’s not disturbing me.”

The mother turned toward the pulpit and made the audible remark: “Oh, ’e ain’t, ain’t ’e? But you’re a disturbin’ of ’m!”

“There’s no danger,” said the doctor, “it’s only a carbuncle coming on the back of your neck. But you must keep your eye on it!”

The photographer was drying his plates in the warm sunlight.

“What are you doing there?” asked a friend.

“Oh,” was the reply, “just airing my views.”

Cheerful One (to newcomer, on being asked what the trenches are like): “If yer stand up yer get sniped; if yer keeps down yer get drowned; if yer moves about yer get shelled, and if yer stands still yer gets court-martialled or frost-bite.”

An over-zealous Scotch host was one night trying to thrust just one more cup on his would-be departing guest. “Just anither wee drap afore ye go,” he said.

“Na, na, I’ll tak nae mair. I’m in a new lodgin’, and I’m no vera weel acquainted wi’ the stair.”

“But what if your engine stops in the air—what happens? Can’t you get down?”

“That’s just what ’appens, mum. There’s two Huns up over in France now with their engines stopped. They can’t get down; so they’re starving to death.”

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