

The game was hard and fast, the forwards putting in good work all round. McGuinness made his first appearance this season and was in great fettle particularly in the line out.

The past pupils of Addington Sacred Heart School have formed a Soccer team, bearing the name "Celtic," and against Western won their first match by 5 to nil. This team is a very fine combination and is especially good in the back department.

An "Irish Night" was held at the Catholic Girls' Club on Thursday evening last, during which the Rev. Father Cooney delivered an instructive lecture on Ireland. Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Fathers Long and Fogarty were present. A musical programme greatly contributed to the success of the evening, items being given by Rev. Father Cooney, Mrs. Howard, Misses Ward, Moloney, Foley, Lawlor, Mr. J. Noonan, and Master Kavanagh. Miss K. O'Connor was accompanist. On behalf of the club Dr. Kennedy thanked Father Cooney for the able address he had so kindly given as well as the performers for the fine programme submitted for the entertainment of the club and its friends. He was pleased to see our Catholic girls imbued with the spirit of Homeland. A club social will be held in the Hibernian Hall on Thursday evening, May 23.

A very successful social in aid of the new Papanui church was held in St. Paul's Schoolroom, Papanui, on April 17. The hall was well filled, and among those present were the Very Rev. Dean Regnault and Father Roche. Dean Regnault, who was received with applause, thanked those present for assisting in the good work. Musical items were supplied by the following: Misses Cosgrove, Redmond, and Master Pawson. Dancing was kept up till a late hour. Mr. Highstead was master of ceremonies.

Waimate

(From our own correspondent.)

May 15.

Devotions in honor of the Blessed Virgin are being held in St. Patrick's Church every evening during the month of May.

Corporal Charles Stewart, of Nelson, brother of the Rev. Father Stewart, S.M., of Waimate, was a visitor to the presbytery during the week. Corporal Stewart, who was invalided home, volunteered for active service with the Main Body, and took part in the historic landing at Gallipoli. He also, along with many others, suffered severe hardships in those trying days on the Peninsula, and saw much service in Egypt and on the Western Front. He spoke in glowing terms of the good work that is being done at the front by our Catholic chaplains, who, he said, have been fearless in doing their duty, and many of whom have won high places in the honors lists, while some died heroic deaths in ministering to the wounded and dying. Corporal Stewart also referred to the charity and comradeship which prevails among the chaplains and the men, which, he says, will not suddenly terminate with this war.

THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS REDWOOD

We regret to announce to our readers the death of Mr. Redwood, of Blenheim, the last surviving brother of his Grace the Archbishop of Wellington. Mr. Redwood, who had attained the fine old age of 82, was born at the Lower Hanyard, Texall Estate, Staffordshire, and came out to New Zealand with his parents early in the forties of the last century. Deceased, and his brother, Mr. Henry Redwood, who died some years ago, were splendid types of the old generation of colonists, and they have left an honored name in the provinces of Nelson and Marlborough, where to-day rivers, mountains, and passes are called after them. To his Grace, and to Mr. Redwood's family, we offer our sincere sympathy in their bereavement.

AN ORANGEMAN AND A CHAPLAIN

(By PATRICK MAGILL, author of *The Great Push*.)

The Ulster men and the men of the South of Ireland had made a great fight of it up by the Zonnebeke River and the Pommern Redoubt, and now that a day's hard effort was at an end, the dressing-station to the rear of the line of battle was full of stories of the struggle.

Near the door a bundle of khaki which lay on a stretcher stirred itself and tried to sit up.

"Who are you looking for?" asked a man with his arm in a sling.

"And is it you that's here, Eamon?" asked the man on the stretcher.

"It's me," was the reply. "And ye yerself look to be in a fix, Sam Young. What have you got?"

Sam Young, the man on the stretcher, lay down again.

"I got a splinter full pet across the back," he said. "And I lost my spectacles."

"Knocked off iv ye?" queried Eamon.

"They were taken off from me," said Sam Young. "Twas when I was lyin' wounded."

"Be one of the Jerrys?" asked Eamon.

"The spectacles were taken off me by one o' our own men, be an officer and that officer was the padre, the Catholic priest."

Sam Young, an Orangeman, kept quiet for a minute, as if waiting for the disclosure to sink into the mind of Eamon, a staunch Catholic who happened to belong to the same battalion as Young.

"It's not a thing that I'd believe iv father," said Eamon. "It goes against the grain in me to believe ye, Sam, but maybe it's your mind that is wanderin'. But to think that that would be done by the priest, and him one of the first to get his feet over the bags when the whistle was blown, for, as he said to the colonel, his job was not so much with the men who were carried in as it was with the men who were lyin' out. But to take your spectacles, Sam Young. Oh—no, he wouldn't descend to that."

A third man spoke. He had a hole as big as a fist in his shoulder and the doctor was dressing it. He was lying face down on the rude dressing table and his remarks were punctuated by groans.

"I'm not holdin' to the same belief as father," said the man. "But for all that, I'm not going to hear him run down. Ugh— He found me lyin' alone on the lip iv a shell hole and he helped me in till the shelter and gives me a drink iv water. And the bullets were skelpin' the ground all roun' him, but he didn't seem to care a hilt or hair about them. He is a fine man, one iv the best. But to the church I'd follow him anywhere else."

"So would I," said Sam Young, sitting up again. "But all the same he took my spectacles from me. And this was the way iv it. I got hit and I was lyin' down on the ground lookin' up at the sky and feelin' sorry as anything fer myself. All at once I heard a voice behind my head and who was it but the padre."

"My poor boy, ye've got hit," he says till me.

"I have, father," says I.

"And ye haven't much shelter there," says he.

"That I haven't, father," I says.

"Then he comes up and drags me into the shell-hole. Just at that moment a shell bursts very near and sends the dirt iv the field flyin' all over his face."

"Ye're not hit, father," says I, and as I spoke he rubs his hand over his face and the spectacles he was wearin' comes off in his hand and he looks at them.

"They're broken," says he, 'and without them I can't see me fingers in front iv me.'

"'But ye're bleedin' as well,' says I, fer the blood was runnin' down his face."

"'Ah, that's nothin'," says he. 'But my spectacles,' he goes on. 'I'm as helpless as a blind man now.'

"'Try mine,' says I, and he tried them on."

"'They're all right,' he says, lookin' at me through

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