

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- July 14, Sunday. Eighth Sunday after Pentecost.
- „ 15, Monday.—St. Henry, Confessor.
- „ 16, Tuesday.—Our Lady of Mount Carmel.
- „ 17.—Wednesday.—St. Alexius, Confessor
- „ 18, Thursday.—St. Camillus, Confessor.
- „ 19, Friday.—St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.
- „ 20, Saturday.—St. Jerome Emilian, Confessor.

St. Camillus of Lellis, Confessor.

St. Camillus was a native of the kingdom of Naples. Having embraced the military profession, he soon found himself reduced by his gambling propensities to the direst distress. Poverty became for him, through the Providence of God, the occasion of his conversion. Thenceforward he devoted himself to the care of the sick and dying, and for this purpose established a religious Order, the members of which are known as "Ministers of the Sick." St. Camillus died in Rome in 1611, at the age of 66.

St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.

St. Vincent was born in the south of France. Having been ordained priest, his heart was attracted to the state of spiritual destitution in which lay so many remote country districts of France. The remedy he conceived for him to be a series of parishes, each of which should be such the Eternal Franks might be made known in a vivid manner. For this purpose he organized a congregation of Priests, papally approved, who were to be sent to the most destitute countries as Valenciennes, Sedan, and other places. His great charity, he founded hospitals, orphanages, and orphanages, and established a society for the education of children, the most illustrious benefactor of the destitute. St. Vincent died in 1660, at the age of 87.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

OUR LADY

Who is it hears our prayers at night,
And answers when we pray in pain,
And intercedes with the Father High,
Our Lady, *Our Lady.*

Who is it feeds our hungry ones,
And drives away our fevered ones,
And stands by us through all the year,
Our Lady, *Our Lady.*

Who gave her Holy Son that we
Might by His grace the stranger be,
And His dear face at last might see,
Our Lady, *Our Lady.*

St. John was her adopted son,
And we her children too, each one,
Who greets us when our race is run,
Our Lady, *Our Lady.*

Who is it all our sorrow knows,
And tears the thorn from off the rose,
And leads us where God's Garden grows,
Our Lady, *Our Lady.*

— Caroline Russell Bishop, in *Dev. Maria.*

REFLECTIONS.

The charity of Christ is never diminished, and the greatness of His propitiation is never exhausted.

We think too little of our greatest blessings; we are so accustomed to them we forget to look upon them as blessings; in short, we accept them as our rights.

Our hope for social emancipation and uplifting will reach its fulfilment not through social mechanisms or industrial crises, but through our acting, as Frederic Maurice says, "in the faith that the constraining love of Christ is the mightiest power in the universe."

The Storyteller

FABIOLA;

OR,

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

(BY CARDINAL WISEMAN.)

Part Second—Conflict

CHAPTER XIV. THE DISCOVERY.

At the first dawn of morning Corvinus was up; and notwithstanding the gloominess of the day proceeded straight to the Forum. He found his outposts quite undisturbed, and hastened to the principal object of his care. It would be useless to attempt describing his astonishment, his rage, his fury when he saw the blank board, with only a few shreds of parchment left round the nails, and beside it, standing in unconscious solidity, his Dacian sentinel.

He would have darted at his throat like a tiger if he had not seen in the barbarian's twinkling eye a flash of hysteric spirit, which told him he had better not. But he broke out at once into a passionate exclamation.

"Surre! how has the Eder disappeared? Tell me directly!"

"Softly, softly, Herr Kommandeur," answered the apparently nervous soldier. "There it is as you left it, my charge."

"Where, you fool? Come and look at it!"

The Dacian went to his table, and for the first time looked across the board, and after looking at it for some moments, he turned to his lord. "Well, it is not that the board is broken up, my lord."

"You find no writing on it, but there was writing on it, and you had to guard it."

"Well, my lord, I was not used to writing; you see I was a retainer, never been a scholar; but as the parchment is old, the ink may have been washed out."

"And a piece of parchment, I suppose the parchment is broken up into small pieces of an old?"

"No, my lord, the Kommandeur was quite sure of it."

"You are sure of it, my lord, my lord, my lord. Tell me at once what you saw on it?"

"Why, my lord, it was—"

"What, my lord?"

"Two swords, a golden cup, or worse."

"None of that nonsense for me." The Dacian's eyes flashed drunkenly again. "Well, tell me, Arminius, what sort of people they were, and what they did."

"Why, one of them was but a stripling, a boy, tall and thin, who went round the pillar, and I suppose must have taken away what you miss while I was busy with the other."

"And what of him? What was he like?"

The soldier opened his mouth and eyes and stared at Corvinus for some moments, then said with a sort of stupid despair, "What was he like? Why, if he was not 'Thur himself' he wasn't far from it. I never felt such strength."

"What did he do to show it?"

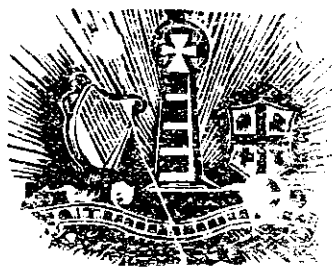
"He came up first and began to chat quite friendly with me if it was not very cold, and that sort of thing. At last I remembered that I had to run through anyone that came near me."

"Exactly," interrupted Corvinus; "and why did you not do it?"

"Only because he wouldn't let me. I told him to be off or I would spear him, and drew back and stretched out my javelin; when in the quietest manner, but I don't know how, he twisted it out of my hand, broke it over his knee as if it had been a mountebank's wooden sword, and dashed the iron-headed piece fast into the ground, where you see it, fifty yards off."

"Then why did you not rush on him with your sword and despatch him at once? But where is your sword? It is not in your scabbard."

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'Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
"This is my own, my native land"?'

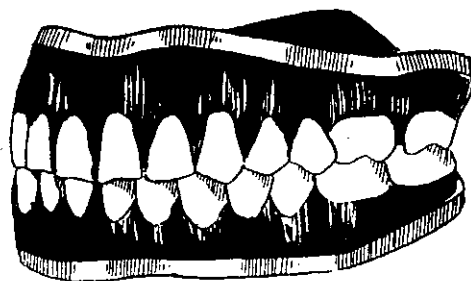
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The Dacian, with a stupid grin, pointed to the roof of the neighboring basilica, and said, "There, don't you see it shining on the tiles in the morning light?" Corvinus looked, and there indeed he saw what appeared like such an object, but he could hardly believe his own eyes.

"How did it get there, you stupid booby?" he asked.

The soldier twisted his moustache in an ominous way, which made Corvinus ask again more civilly, and then he was answered—

"He, or it, whatever it was, without any apparent effort, by a sort of conjuring, whisked it out of my hand and up where you see it as easily as I could cast a quoit a dozen yards."

"And then?"

"And then he and the boy, who came from round the pillar, walked off in the dark."

"What a strange story!" muttered Corvinus to himself; "yet there are proofs of the fellow's tale. It is not everyone who could have performed that feat. But pray, sirrah, why did you not take the alarm and rouse the other guards to pursuit?"

"First, Master Roman, I am no soldier in any country we will fight any living man, but we do not choose to pursue beggars. And, secondly, what was the use? I saw the board that perched on my care all safe and sound."

"Stupid barbarian!" growled Corvinus, but said within his teeth, then address the soldier again, "and hard with you; you know the way to the palace."

"What is it?"

"Why, to let a man come up and peep at you without giving the watchword."

"Gently, captain, who says he will do that? I never said so."

"But did he, though? These Christians are no Christians."

"Oh, yes, he came up and peeped at me, yes, yes."

"What?" roared Corvinus.

"Yes, yes, I peeped at you."

"Yes, yes, I peeped at you, and then I shrieked the enraged Roman."

"Yes, or No, or Yes, or No, or Yes, or No, or Yes, or No. A letter can't make any reference. Yes, or No, or Yes, or No, and I can't myself. He said, and they said the same. How should I know your name or your language?"

Corvinus was enraged at first, but as he said so much better he would have taken his soldier for something sharp, intelligent procedure in a country instead of a fish, savage foreigner. "Well," he said, in the great of honors, "you will have to answer to the emperor for all this, and you know he is not accustomed to pass over offences."

"Look you now, here Krumbachmen," murmured the soldier, with a look of sly audacity, "as to that, we are pretty well in the same boat." Corvinus turned pale, for he knew the man's name. "And you must contrive something to save me, if you wish to save yourself. It was you the emperor made responsible for the what I've said in that house."

"You are right, my friend; I must make it out that a strong body attacked you and killed you at your post. So shut yourself up in quarters for a few days, and you shall have plenty beer till the thing blows over."

The soldier went off and concealed himself. A few days after the dead body of a Dacian, evidently murdered, was washed on the banks of the Tiber. It was supposed he had fallen in some drunken row; and no further trouble was taken about it. The fact was indeed so, but Corvinus could have given the best account of the transaction. Before, however, leaving the ill-omened spot in the Forum he had carefully examined the ground for any trace of the daring act; when he picked up, close under the place of the Edict, a knife, which he was sure he had seen at school, in possession of one of his companions. He treasured it up as an implement of future vengeance, and hastened to provide another copy of the decree.

CHAPTER XV.—EXPLANATIONS.

When morning had fairly broken crowds streamed from every side into the Forum, curious to read the tremendous Edict so long menaced. But when they found only a bare board there was a universal uproar. Some admired the spirit of the Christians, so generally reckoned cowardly; others were indignant at the audacity of such an act; some ridiculed the officials concerned in the proclamation; others were angry that the expected sport of the day might be delayed.

At an early hour the places of public fashionable resort were all occupied with the same theme. In the great Antonian Therme a group of regular frequenters were talking it over. There were Scaurus the lawyer, and Proculus, and Fulvius, and the philosopher Calpurnius, who seemed very busy with some musty volumes, and several others.

"What a strange affair this is about the Edict!" said one.

"Say, rather, what a treacherable outrage against the divine emperor!" answered Fulvius.

"How was it done?" asked a third.

"Have you not heard," said Proculus, "that the Dacian guard stationed at the Puteal was found dead, with twenty-seven painful wounds on him, nineteen of which would have sufficed each by itself to cause death?"

"No, that is quite a false report," interrupted Scaurus; "it was not done by violence, but entirely by sorcery. Two women came up to the soldier, who caught his arm at one, and slipped down through her arm-stitch in the presence of the other side without making any sound in her. He then backed at the other with his sword, but he might as well have struck water. She then threw a pinch of powder upon him, and he fell like the old man, and was found, asleep and unharmed, on the roof of the Æmilian Basilica. A friend of mine who was out early saw the soldier as he had been brought down."

"What sorcery?" asked Proculus. "What extraordinary power these Christians must be!"

"I don't believe a word of it," observed Proculus. "There is no such power in magic, and certainly I don't see why these wretched men should possess it more than the plebeians. Come Calpurnius," he continued, "put up that old book and answer these questions. I learnt some time ago after dinner at one of these Christians from you that I had lived in all my life before. What a wonderful memory you must have to remember so accurately the genealogy and history of that barbarous people! It was Scaurus has first told us possible or not?"

Calpurnius delivered himself with great pompousness as follows:

"There is no reason to suppose such a thing impossible, for the power of magic has no bounds. To prepare a powder that would make a man fly in the air it would be only necessary to find some herbs in which air predominates more than the other three elements. Such, for instance, areulse, or lentils, according to Pythagoras. These, being gathered when the sun is in Libra, the nature of which is to balance even heavy things in the air, at the moment of conjunction with Mercury, a winged power, as you know, and properly energised by certain mysterious words by a skillful magician, then reduced to powder in a mortar made out of an aerolite, or stone that had flown up into the sky and come down again, would no doubt, when rightly used, enable or force a person to fly up into the air. It is well known, indeed, that the Thesalian witches go at pleasure through the clouds from place to place, which must be done by means of some such charm."

"Then as to the Christians, you will remember, excellent Proculus, that in the account to which you have done me the honor to allude, which was at the deified Fabius's table, if I remember right, I mentioned that the sect came originally from Chaldæa, a country always famous for its occult arts. But we have a most important evidence bearing on this matter

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recorded in history. It is quite certain that, here in Rome, a certain Simon, who was sometimes called Simon Peter, and at other times Simon Magus, actually in public flew up high into the air; but his charm having slipped out of his belt he fell and broke both his legs; for which reason he was obliged to be crucified with his head downwards."

"Then are all Christians necessarily sorcerers?" asked Scaurus.

"Necessarily; it is part of their superstition. They believe their priests to have most extraordinary power over nature. Thus, for example, they think they can bathe the bodies of people in water and their souls acquire thereby wonderful gifts and superiority, should they be slaves, over their masters and the divine emperors themselves."

"Dreadful!" all cried out.

"Then again," resumed Calpurnius, "we all know what a frightful crime some of them committed last night in tearing down a supreme Edict of the imperial deities: and even suppose (which the gods avert) that they carried their treasons still further and attempted their sacred lives they believe that they have only to go to one of those priests, own the crime, and ask for pardon: and if he gives it they consider themselves as perfectly guiltless."

"Fearful!" joined in the chorus.

"Such a doctrine," said Scaurus, "is incompatible with the safety of the state. A man who thinks he can be pardoned by another man of every crime is capable of committing any."

"And that, no doubt," observed Fulvius, "is the cause of this new and terrible Edict against them. After what Calpurnius has told us about these desperate men, nothing can be too severe against them."

Fulvius had been keenly eyeing Sebastian, who had entered during the conversation; and now pointedly addressed him.

"And you, no doubt, think so too, Sebastian; do you not?"

"I think," he calmly replied, "that if the Christians be such as Calpurnius describes them, infamous sorcerers, they deserve to be exterminated from the face of the earth. But even so, I would gladly give them one chance of escape."

"And what is that?" sneeringly asked Fulvius.

"That no one should be allowed to join in destroying them who could not prove himself freer from crime than they. I would have no one raise his hand against them who cannot shew that he has never been an adulterer, an extortioner, a deceiver, a drunkard, a bad husband, father, or child, a profligate, or a thief. For with being any of these no one charges the poor Christians."

Fulvius winced under the catalogue of vices, and still more under the indignant but serene glance of Sebastian. But at the word "thief" he fairly leapt. Had the soldier seen him pick up the scarf in Fabius's house? Be it so or not, the dislike he had taken to Sebastian at their first meeting had ripened into hatred at their second; and hatred in that heart was only written in blood. He had only intensity now to add to that feeling.

Sebastian went out; and his thoughts got vent in familiar words of prayer. "How long, O Lord, how long? What hopes can we entertain of the conversion of many to the truth, still less of the conversion of this great empire, so long as we find even honest and learned men believing at once every calumny spoken against us; treasuring up from age to age every fable and fiction about us, and refusing even to inquire into our doctrines because they have made up their minds that they are false and contemptible?"

He spoke aloud, believing himself alone, when a sweet voice answered him at his side: "Good youth, whoever thou art that speakest thus, and methinks I know thy voice, remember that the Son of God gave light to the dark eye of the body, by spreading thereon clay, which in man's hands would have only blinded the seeing. Let us be as dust beneath His feet if we wish to become His means of enlightening the eyes of

men's souls. Let us be trampled on a little longer in patience; perhaps even from our ashes may come out the spark to blaze."

"Thank you, thank you, Cæcilia," said Sebastian, "for your just and kind rebuke. Whither tripping on so gaily on this first day of danger?"

"Do you not know that I have been named guide of the cemetery of Callistus? I am going to take possession. Pray that I may be the first flower of this coming spring."

And she passed on, singing blithely. But Sebastian begged her to stay one moment.

(To be continued.)

THE STATE AND LABOR

(By JOSEPH HUSSEIN, S.J., in *America*.)

Before the advent of the Church the duty of the State towards labor was almost entirely ignored. Even among the Jews the conditions of labor were far from ideal, although the hardships of the bought or hired servant were greatly reduced by the Divinely-given legislation. Religion has ever been the main defence of the working man. Paganism in its most complete material development despised labor under every form. The history of labor in the ancient pagan world is mainly the history of slavery, and slaves were the merest chattel in the eyes of the pagan State. According to the wording of the Roman law they were to be regarded: "*Pro nullis, pro mortuis, pro quadrupedibus*"; "As nothing, as dead things, as four-footed beasts." That, in brief, was their legal status. They could not even contract a marriage which the law would recognize.

The same conditions returned when Christianity was swept away by the barbarian hordes before the new dawn of the Ages of Faith. The slave was the master's property. Even with returning civilisation his testimony could not be received in court except under torture. Such were the rights of labor in the eyes of the State, except where Christianity had been able to bring relief. After the lapse of centuries the Church succeeded in impressing upon the public administration a new concept of the rights and dignity of the laborer, which the State was bound to safeguard under the Christian dispensation. By her doctrine of brotherly love and the example of the God-man she brought about the abolition of slavery and gradually ameliorated the lot of the serf, until the day of his complete emancipation dawned. But long before that period she had been active in inspiring and directing social legislation in favor of the working man.

The laborer, as viewed by the Church, is an integral part of the living organism of society. He has therefore social rights that must be protected and defended by the State. Numerically, he represents by far the greatest element within the commonwealth. Industrially the prosperity of the entire community is inseparably connected with his daily toil. "It may be truly said that it is only by the labor of the working man that States grow rich," wrote Pope Leo XIII. Hence the public administration is under an obligation not merely of charity, but of strict justice to provide for the welfare of its laboring classes, and it is the duty of every government to see that "They who contribute so largely to the advantage of the community may share in the benefits they create." (*The Condition of Labor*.)

But the obligation of the State is based upon even higher considerations. Transcending the purely material order, this duty of safeguarding all the just interests of the working population is founded upon the end of society itself, which, in the words of the Holy Father, is "to make men better." Economic conditions, as we need hardly repeat here, can exercise the most vital and far-reaching influence upon the moral and religious life of the people.

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MILK**

HIGHLANDER MILK

importance to provide those bodily and external commodities the use of which is necessary to virtuous action." It is possible, indeed, for men to save their souls under the most distressing economic conditions, but in general such circumstances will constitute a serious obstacle to morality and religion. Hence their removal is practically "necessary" if virtue is to thrive in any community. So the duty of the State to protect the rights of the working classes and to provide for their material well-being is lifted into the higher sphere of true, noble, and virtuous living.

From this, as an important corollary, follow the right and the duty of the Church to insist that the State shall faithfully discharge its duties towards the laboring man and the poor. Catholics may not be indifferent to the social question, nor may priests and bishops ignore it. The Supreme Pontiffs have here set the noble example which all are to imitate according to their ability. From whatever aspect or angle we may view the social question it will always remain a religious as well as an economic, political, and legislative problem. Such it was in the days of Isaias, when he exhorted the Jews: "Learn to do well: seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge for the fatherless, defend the widow." Such it is to-day. It is through the State, as a last resort, that we seek judgment, bring relief to the oppressed, and secure justice for the fatherless and the widow, as witness the Workmen's Compensation Act and the Mothers' Pension Law.

No defence can be offered for the post-Reformation principle of *laissez faire*, or non-interference on the part of the State. Under this policy collective bargaining was forbidden to the laborer, and only the fulfilment of contracts was safeguarded by the public authorities. It was the theory under which the demoralising form of uncontrolled capitalism came into existence and grew into a menace to civilisation. Yet it was universally upheld by the Protestant economic schools of the day and accepted as a practical working principle of the new Protestant statecraft. The inevitable reaction against it gave birth to anarchism, Socialism, and all the various forms of modern radicalism. The principle of individual bargaining based upon it was the economic source of an endless train of evils, as the principle of the individual interpretation of the Bible had been their religious origin.

The *laissez faire* policy could obviously have no other effect than the destruction of the economically weaker party and his complete oppression, without any hope of redress or assistance from the State. To imagine that the rights of capital and of labor would balance themselves without any superior control was no less palpable a deception than to fancy that man's nature could develop most perfectly by granting full license to all its senses and faculties. Yet this logical transference of the principle of *laissez faire* from the economic to the moral order has actually been made in our modern plays and novels and in the philosophical and educational literature of the day.

When the need of State interference in economic life was finally admitted the fatal superstition still lingered on that the first object to be safeguarded at all hazards by the State was the industrial prosperity of the country, meaning the interests of large fortunes rather than the economic welfare of the masses. Catholic State action in favor of the people is even to-day confused with Socialism, to the great gain of the latter, whose borrowed plumage hides its real nature. Socialism is not identical with a reasonable State protection, but with State tyranny and State absolutism. Whatever popularity Socialism may possess is entirely attributable to its *camouflage* Catholicism.

The principle of State interference can thus be briefly summarised. The State is called upon to act wherever the general welfare of the community or the just interest of any particular class is imperilled. State interference is a last resort, to be invoked when private means are inadequate. Under every form of society such action will at times be necessary to secure the rights of the weaker party. But the principle of turning over all power and initiative to the State is a

fatal delusion upon which Socialism is founded. It finds no authorisation in Catholic teaching. We shall briefly indicate here four aspects under which the welfare of the laborer may be guarded by intelligent legislation. It should be noted that we are concerned here merely with the rights and not with the obligations of labor, which must similarly be enforced by the State where the public welfare requires it.

Religiously it is the first duty of the State to secure for the laborer his Sunday rest. This implies a cessation of work consecrated by religion. The Sunday rest was instituted that it might preserve the human dignity of man made to the image and likeness of God, enable him freely to lift up his thoughts in worship to his Almighty Creator, and afford him the necessary leisure for the outward practices of religion.

Morally it is the duty of the State to alter conditions of labor which threaten to prove detrimental to virtue. Thus the employment of children by night and as messengers sent into questionable surroundings, the temptations to which women are frequently exposed under certain conditions, and the various circumstances that lead to vice among the laborers in factories and elsewhere, are instances which call for prompt and strict legislation wherever due provisions are not made by the employers.

Physically there arise the problems of sanitation, of the prevention of industrial accidents, and of all the many regulations that can secure for the worker such surroundings and conditions of labor as are consonant with his human dignity. "Women," as Pope Leo XIII. warns us, "are not suited for certain occupations; by nature they are fitted for home work." It is the duty of the State to prevent their employment in occupations detrimental either to their physical or their moral wellbeing. The good of society requires this. In the same manner children may not be placed in workshops and factories "until their bodies and minds are sufficiently mature," nor may they be exposed to conditions that "would blight the young promise of a child's faculties and make any real education impossible." So, too, the hours of labor must not be excessive: "As a general principle it may be laid down that a workman ought to have leisure and rest in proportion to the wear and tear of his strength; for the waste of strength must be repaired by the cessation of work." (*The Condition of Labour*.) We are furthermore told that it is the duty of the State to remove the causes from which labor troubles are bred.

Socially the State must remember that normally a family depends upon the wages of the working man. Hence it is not only necessary that his wages be adequate to support a home in Christian decency, but also that provision be made for the possibilities of unemployment, sickness, accidents, and other circumstances, including death itself, which may remove the breadwinner from his daily task while the family at home is deprived of his support. Hence the many insurance provisions, the workmen's compensation laws, the old-age and the mothers' pensions, and similar enactments. Here again the general principle must be laid down that self-help rather than State-help should be aimed at in such legislation. Where it can equitably be done it is better that insurance laws should not be based upon State support. This, however, supposes an adequate wage, a question which calls for special discussion.

As a final argument and as a summary of all that has here been said we quote the words of Pope Leo XIII.:

"If by a strike or other combination of workmen there should be imminent danger of disturbance of the public peace; or if circumstances were such that among the laboring population the ties of family life were relaxed; if religion were found to suffer through the workmen not having time and opportunity to practice it; if in workshops and factories there were danger to morals through the mixing of the sexes or from any occasion of evil; or if the employers laid burdens upon the workmen which were unjust or degraded them with conditions that were repugnant to their dignity as

human beings; gnally, if health were endangered by excessive labor or by work unsuited to sex or age—in these cases there can be no question that, within certain limits, it would be right to call in the help and authority of the law." (*The Condition of Labor.*)

The limits referred to here are defused by the extent of the evil itself or of the danger that is to be removed. So far, and no further, should the State intervene in the conditions of labor.

GUY FAWKES, GUY!

(By G. K. CHESTERTON in the *New Witness*.)

If days like these left leisure for a literary exercise parallel to portrait painting, it would now be possible, by touch after touch of contemporary incident, to make something like a portrait of the type of man who rules us to-day. He is not merely the old parliamentary hack, who is rather his servant: he is the man of the type of the Harmsworths and Hudson Kearnleys, and may be recognised by the fact that all the papers fan him with daily flatteries, exactly like the flatteries offered to princes and patrons in the seventeenth century; florid repetitions adorning him with imaginary victories and imaginary virtues. Dismissing all these, the will power, the organising ability, and the rest of the tags, it is possible to trace something of his true character in his acts. A curious confused attempt to combine the immunity and even anonymity of private life with the fame and applause of public life: a touchy self-importance which screams like a cockatoo when criticised; a sheer mental break-down in the presence of any general principle; an ignorance of history, an ignorance of humanity, a congested combination of the two scapilities, of thinking everybody like oneself and thinking oneself better than everybody; and finally a complete failure of moral courage and an inability to face the music. These are Business Governments and there will be a great many more of them. But of all the examples of such futility the most striking and symbolic has been the last feature of the Harmsworth press. They and other journalists have actually begun to make the solidarity of the Irish bishops in the Irish unity an excuse for the old nonsense of No Popery. They have actually begun to burn poor old Guy Fawkes in effigy; simply because they want some gitz on which to get rid of their irritation, at having made a very bad blunder; the blunder about conscription for Ireland. Every sane person told them beforehand it would be a blunder. The case against it was purely patriotic, purely practical, and almost entirely military. Abstract arguments about whether the Empire might constitutionally do something, according to the schemes of Gladstone or Isaac Butt, do not touch this practical argument at all. Moral arguments about Ireland "bearing her share" are merely a relief to one's own moral feelings; they are based on premises the Irish do not admit. The brute fact is that the Irish on their own premises, will think themselves right to resist, either passively or actively. Their resistance could be crushed; but crushing it would quite certainly demand many more troops than we can spare. And throughout the dreary agony of crushing it, certain to abound in incidents in which we either are wrong or look wrong, we should feel, like the crumbling of a fretted cliff, the failing of our last hope, the sinking of the sympathy of America. Our Harmsworthian rulers do this senseless thing; then they stare in bewilderment at the ruin they have wrought; and then they bring out their Guy.

The main mark of this sort of thing is weakness, both moral and mental; the moral weakness of making a mistake and blaming somebody else for it; and the mental weakness of an ignorant and idiotic choice in the matter of the party to be blamed. Nothing is more certain or more self-evident than that the Irish people were against conscription, before there was even any question of the Irish priests. The common-sense way of stating the case is not to say that the bishops

are leading everybody, or leading anybody, in this matter; it is to say that everybody has moved in the same direction in this matter, even the bishops. It is a plain question of dates and facts; chronology and concrete history. Nobody moved more early or more eagerly in such directions than extreme anti-clericals. The clerical element moved if anything rather late; and its only effect on the movement would be to moderate it. It moved, hardly so much because it was national (though it naturally is) as because it could not be expected to be violently anti-national. If the Roman Catholic bishops in Ireland had really blessed conscription, it would have been exactly as if the whole bench of Anglican bishops in the House of Lords had risen and pronounced a public benediction on Germany, the day after the invasion of Belgium. In other words, it would be a raving impossibility; the sort of thing one would hardly believe if one saw it. The Irish bishops, in our view as in that of many Irish Catholics, have once or twice been unfortunately near to being anti-national; but they could not possibly be so anti-national as to be pro-conscriptionist. This has nothing to do even with whether conscription in Ireland is practical or impractical, still less with whether it is right or wrong. It is simply a question of the psychological facts of modern Ireland; and the tests which the Modern Irishman's moral sense does in fact apply to this problem. The causes of it are a long story and a sad one; and the results of it, we most profoundly agree, are sadder still. But the facts of it are simply that the average Irishman, under the existing circumstances, looks on imperial conscription as a foreign invasion and conquest. And he regards it as a man does regard those things, whether he happens to be a priest or happens to be a pot-boy.

Next comes, as we say, the ineffable silliness of the excuse selected. It is perhaps the dingiest object in the Early Victorian dustbin. It is what the Rev. Charles Spurgeon called the Roman Image. The criticism of it, it is needless to repeat, has nothing to do with any sanctity or even dignity in the religious system or its representatives; such as some of us may recognise and some may not. It would be exactly the same if the individuals were of any other type or trade. The point lies in the weak-minded way in which you apparently deal with the situation, when you are a strong minded organiser in a business government. You mismanage things so that a mob of millions runs like one man against you; and then, rolling your bewildered eyes over the crowd, you notice that it contains some particular sort of persons such as it naturally might contain—say a professional organist or an amateur billiard champion. You then remember that your Nonconformist great-aunt had a prejudice against billiards and church music, and you say between your clenched teeth "The vile billiard-marker and organ-grinder are re-asserting their horrid power."

Nevertheless the diversion thus selected is interesting, because it indicates the type of culture among these men whom our papers flatter and our politicians obey. It is something not only stupid but stale; like an attempt to attach a permanent sanctity to petgot trousers or crinolines. They do not even understand the intellectual fashions of their own day if they expect to frighten the world with a Jesuit for a Jack-in-the-box. That the Catholic theory, or indeed the whole Christian theory, will prove only a mighty myth and pass; that it still held by able and sincere, though in our view mistaken, men. But that Roman Catholicism is only a horrible hole-and-corner heresy of that religion; a dingy conspiracy the State need no longer "tolerate"; a perverse local superstition at which English Christians have a historic right to hold up their hands in horror; that view has neither history nor philosophy nor current and common talk behind it, and is less and less discoverable among educated men. To fight for it now is to fight against the light, and even against the light of scepticism.

And this last aspect of the case happens to add a rather important comment to the current debates about education, and even the last Education Bill.

We have already urged other reasons for resisting that measure; the fact that it is made to fit the framework of the Servile State; the fact that it removes another essential section of human life from the natural affection and authority of the free family; the fact that it is the last of the long list of coercion acts which in practice coerce only the common people. But if anyone would understand fully why Catholics, and many who are not Catholics, reject its plausible plea for State education, let him consider that these vitally uneducated men are now our statesmen, and that this sort of clap-trap would be the culture of their State. It is easy in the abstract to see that everybody would be the better for reading Plato or Shakespeare; and yet not to be reconciled to receiving culture from a ruling class which draws its notions of a national movement from the novels of Mr. Joseph Hocking and the interior of Mr. Kensit's shop. And if it be true, as some say, the religion there reviled is now the only effective barrier to such legislation, then an enlightened enemy of that religion could only say that circumstances have somehow forced it, for the moment, to be the last champion of the liberty of the mind.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

GENERAL.

The Catholics of Bolton, Scotland, are going to erect a school, costing £5000, in memory of the late Dean Averdonk. One-seventh of the school accommodation of Bolton is provided by the Catholics of the town.

Mrs. Mary Gallagher (or de Gallagher), Kingstown, Co. Dublin, with the exception of £2000 each to the children of Dr. William Roanthee, left the whole of her estate, valued at £27,432, to Catholic charities in Ireland.

The oldest republic in the world and one of the smallest is Andora, in the Pyrenees Mountains, between France and Spain. This tiny country pays civil tribute to the Catholic Bishop of the See of Urgel. All laws of the republic must be signed by him and every act of jurisdiction is subject to his approval.

The Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus from London have opened a convent at Pinehouse, Wincanton, Somerset, with the blessing and approval of the Bishop of Clifton. It is within two or three minutes of the Carmelite Church and Priory.

The Pope has appointed Mgr. Ratti, Prefect of the Vatican Library, to be Papal Delegate to Poland, with residence at Warsaw.

Some time ago the Chinese Government established a large hospital at Peking equipped with all modern conveniences. The medical staff will be recruited from young native physicians, graduates of American schools. The administration of the hospital will be confided to the Sisters of Charity. Powerful Protestant interests exerted their influences to have the hospital placed under Protestant control, but without success.

The New York Foundling Hospital, established in 1869 by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, has placed more than 22,000 children in homes. Among these children there is an artist of note, two bank directors, several physicians, numerous lawyers, a concert singer, several musicians. There is hardly any line of endeavor that is not represented by these 22,000 foundlings; and in three or four cases names made famous by the present war are names borne by foundlings.

Erection in Washington by the Ladies' Auxiliary Ancient Order of Hibernians, of a monument to Orders of Sisters who served as nurses in the Civil War, is recommended in a report from the Congressional Committee on the Library. The report says: "The passing of time has depleted the ranks of these faithful Sisters, and only a few of them still survive. The service rendered by them is unique, and it is most appropriate that their sisters of a later generation be permitted to erect this memorial to their fidelity and heroism."

The new Fenwick club and boys' home, the greatest Catholic clubhouse in the United States, was recently dedicated at Cincinnati. The gigantic building contains all the features of any other institution with a Catholic environment. It will provide accommodation for 212 residents, young men between 16 and 25, and its recreational facilities will care for a membership of 1500 or more. Bishop Schrembs of Toledo delivered the address at the dedication.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception at Old Town, San Diego, has been erected as a memorial to the devoted padre, Junipero Serra. At the Mass recently celebrated at its opening were descendants of aborigines who were neophytes of Serra when the old mission, now in ruins only a few miles distant, was first established. There were families there too, whose forbears' allegiance to the United States began when the "Stars and Stripes" were raised for the first time in Southern California, within sight of the entrance of the little church itself in the stirring days of 1849.

New York is to have a State Council of Catholic Charities. Cardinal Farley at its initial meeting in New York City a few weeks ago declared that the purpose of the organisation shall be "to co-ordinate all Catholic philanthropic work; to take measures in the administration of charity, to develop self-respect and increase of self-support, and to protect Catholic dependents and delinquents." The dioceses of New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Rochester, Syracuse, Buffalo, and Ogdensburg were represented at the meeting. Each of the committees on child welfare, industrial problems, finance, law, hospitals, and institutions will be headed by a bishop. Headquarters have been established at Albany, N.Y.

St. Vincent College, Los Angeles, Cal., in charge of the Jesuit Fathers, has been presented with the magnificent library left by Bishop Conaty, who collected books such as few men are fortunate enough to possess. It was the late Bishop's desire that these books should become the property of his successor, and he left this trust in the hands of his nephew, the Rev. Francis Conaty. Shortly after the enthronement of the Right Rev. John J. Cantwell, who succeeded Bishop Conaty, the latter's nephew carried out his trust, and presented the library to the new Bishop. The latter deemed it best that the collection of books be given to St. Vincent College, as a pledge of his own interest in the institution and as a memorial to a Bishop noted as a scholar and a divine.

Eleven colleges are affiliated with the Catholic University, Washington, to which will be added two others, now in course of erection: the House of Studies of the Capuchin Fathers and the Sulpician House of Divinity Studies. A distinct group of buildings though affiliated with the university, is the Catholic Sisters College. Chronologically these colleges were founded as follows: 1895, Holy Cross College; 1898, College of the Holy Land; 1899, Marist College; 1900, Marist Seminary; 1900, Trinity College; 1903, College of the Immaculate Conception; 1904, Apostolic Mission House; 1906, St. John Kantius College; 1914, Catholic Sisters College; 1915, Chaminade Institute; 1916, St. Paul's College; 1916, Oblate Scholasticate; 1917, Capuchin House of Studies; 1917, Sulpician House of Studies.

An eminent Irishman, in the person of Dr. Henry Macnaughton-Jones, has just died at High Barnet, London, aged 72 years. He practised in Cork city for many years. In 1868, he founded the Eye, Ear, and Throat Hospital, and in 1872 the Cork Maternity. He was also prime mover in establishing the Women's and Children's Hospital. In 1883, he left for London, where he established a great practice in Harley Street. He wrote several authoritative works on gynaecology and kindred subjects. He was thrice President of the Irish Medical Graduates' Association, twice President of the British Gynaecological Society, President of the Irish Association, etc. He found time to compose two charming books of verse.

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ROLL OF HONOR

PRIVATE EDWARD FITZGIBBON.

Private Edward Fitzgibbon, who was killed in action on April 5, was the third son of Mr. Martin Fitzgibbon, Rangiora. He was born at North Loburn, and was 39 years of age. He was farming in partner-



ship with two brothers before going on military service with the 28th Reinforcements. Over a year before being drawn for service he enlisted, but was turned down by the medical officer. A brother, Corporal Michael Fitzgibbon, is at the front. Private Fitzgibbon, by his simple and unassuming manner, endeared himself to all, and much regret is felt for his sorrowing parents and family. According to word received from Father O'Flynn (Chaplain), he was killed instantaneously by shell fire, and his grave is marked by a cross, suitably inscribed. R.I.P.

PRIVATE JOSEPH MACKLE.

Private Joseph Mackle, only son of John and the late Mary Mackle, was killed in action on June 1. Educated at the Catholic School, Kaikoura, he was



noted for his quiet, gentle, unassuming disposition. The deceased soldier, who was 27 years of age, after working with his father for some time in Wellington and Christchurch, then took up surveying on the West Coast before joining the Expeditionary Force. His death was a great shock to all his relatives and friends. —R.I.P.

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THE SPIRIT OF REVERENCE TO-DAY

Writing in the *Holy Name Advocate*, of Philadelphia, Maurice Francis Egan, the noted author and statesman, says:—

For nearly eleven years I have been exiled, to a very pleasant country, 'tis true, from my native land, and coming back I notice enormous changes; and one of the most marked is the growing spirit of reverence for higher things. A sign of this, which I am happy to record, is the disappearance of what in older days might have been called the fine art of swearing. There was a time when many Americans ripped out oaths almost unconsciously; but one seldom hears in any society of men, or even in the streets, the blasphemy that used to make a reverent Christian shudder. Among Catholics not of the Latin races (in whose language certain oaths seemed to be imbedded) the practice of swearing by the Sacred Name seems almost to have disappeared. In Europe, among people who really count, one never hears an oath; and as a corollary the risqué story, which formerly occupied much attention among men after a dinner party, is looked on as in bad taste. I have always admired the phrase put up very visibly at the Gridiron Club dinners: "The Ladies are Always With Us." A more useless, a more offensive habit—leaving out the question of morality—than that of swearing by the Holy Name probably never existed. For the non-Christian it means a gratuitous insult to the conviction of nearly every man around him, and even a direct and insulting challenge to his Unknown God. For the Christian, who is conscious of what he says, it is inexplicable. It is worse than the insulting of one's father with a blow. Of him, "Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do," cannot be said. A man capable of voluntarily using the Holy Name in blasphemy shows to the world that he is almost willing to commit the crime of Judas. Bad taste and bad morals have a certain connection. It is bad taste, as we all know, to shock the sympathies or the faith of those about us. When Cardinal Newman said that the first quality of a gentleman, whether Christian or pagan, was not to give pain, he laid down a principle which is thoroughly consistent with the practice of Christianity, when no great principle is involved; but when oaths are spoken and blasphemy uttered, sometimes very lightly, in the presence of little children the human being who does this falls immeasurably below even the pagan standard of Gentleness; and we know what Christ Himself has said to those who give scandal to the little ones. It seems to me, speaking with all due deference to the superior knowledge of those who know present American conditions better than I, that this great change—this remarkable improvement in our reverential attitude, is due to the more frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist. In Denmark, in Copenhagen, where there was scarcely a Catholic left after the Reformation, the aspect of the Church of St. Ansgar, where the diplomats of nearly all nations meet, during these terrible days, to receive Holy Communion frequently—more frequently than before the sword of horror hung over them—one sees how quickly the spirit of reverence is growing. The experience of a long life shows me that the two keys to the problem of this life are reverence for the Holy Name, inwardly and outwardly, and the frequent reception of the Sacrament of the Altar.

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Current Topics

The No-Popery Drive

A cat has nine lives, but a No-Popery lie has a hundred and nine. The old lies that have been nailed come to life regularly year after year in striking evidence of the poverty of imagination on the part of the liars. Now and then a new lie is invented and knocked over to rise again. The American No-Popery brigade recently published a statement to the effect that General Pershing warned the troops to be on their guard against the malignant influence of the Vatican, which was in league with Germany. A cable from the General brought an emphatic denial of the lie. But the people who tell these lies are so thick-skinned that exposure matters little to them. In England bigots of various types and sizes are trying to make out that the Pope must be pro-German because the Irish bishops made a stand against a move illustrative of the most damnable sort of Prussianism. And the most amusing thing about it is the pitiful effort of the London *Tablet* to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. Here in New Zealand there is evidence that the Howard Elliott campaign is meeting with the fate that every movement based on lies must eventually meet. Two P.P.A. meetings in the south recently were absolute failures, and at one of them, in Mornington, the chairman condemned and repudiated the tactics of Howard Elliott. That gentleman's day has set in the South Island. The Catholic Federation and the *Tablet* have been well advertised by the orators of the P.P.A., who know as well as we do that neither the Federation nor the *Tablet* ever attacked anyone who did not interfere with the rights of Catholics. Howard Elliott will soon be silent everywhere for want of support, but he has given us a motive for unity and suggested something definite to fight for. "Equal rights for all" is what he professes to advocate. Let us put that into practice and never rest until we secure that minimum. It would mean our proper representation in Parliament and in every department of the Civil Service, as well as the right to expend our taxes on schools which a conscientious Catholic could support. In Australia the bigotry is even worse than here. The Australian Catholics are, however, able to look after themselves, and we need not worry about them, even if some of the *scintini* tell Dr. Mannix that by his defence of our rights he is giving a handle to persecuting bigots, just as the same intelligent and high-souled people found fault with Cardinal Moran when he scourged Dill Macky and his brethren. In Ireland, of course, the bigots are always to the fore, and the whole Irish question is simply one of religious hatred. A little gang of Orange traitors stand between the Irish people and the right of self-government, while the extraordinary group of men who in some inexplicable way have got hold of the reins of Government in England support in Ireland the very Prussianism and intolerance which they would have the world believe they are fighting against in Europe. While all this goes on the French infidels have been compelled to call on, as their saviour, a gallant Catholic general whom their bigotry kept in an inferior position until danger terrified them. While the Baptists and Methodists and Orangemen rave at home and abroad their friends at the front have to fall in under the leadership of the same Catholic Generalissimo, owing to the mediocrity and incompetence of the best men that so-called Protestant countries could produce. Catholic soldiers are holding four miles of the front for every mile held by Protestants, and our reward for that is a bitter campaign of lies and calumny all over the British Empire. The Empire ought to be proud of itself.

The Catholic Union of Great Britain

While Lord Northcliffe and the Rev. Mr. Campbell were raising the No-Popery flag in England because the Irish bishops have manifested to the world

what they think of the latest example of English misrule in Ireland, that august body, the Catholic Union of Great Britain, have assumed the office of mentors and advisers to the venerable Hierarchy of Ireland. Professor Dickie's display of professorial incompetence was a joke compared to the attitude of that Catholic-Tory clique who take themselves so seriously that they are perfectly unconscious of their egregious cheek and impertinence. Among them are Lord Denbigh, whose brains have not yet been discovered after many years of political somnolence; Sir William Dunn, who is said to be an authority on games of cards, but whose services to the Catholic cause are in inverse ratio to his assurance; a few officers of no particular distinction in the field of battle; a literary crank or two; and some magnificent specimens of Tory stupidity. These gentlemen call themselves the Catholic Union of Great Britain, but they no more represent the Catholics of Great Britain than Howard Elliott or Professor Dickie represents the College of Cardinals. It is quite in keeping with their brains and their Catholicism, as they conceive it, that they should sit down and solemnly censure the Irish bishops in the following words:—

"The Catholic Union has viewed with the deepest regret the action which the Catholic bishops of Ireland have deemed it necessary to take for resisting compulsory service in the present war, action which appears to support the movement for organised disobedience to the law.

"Catholics cannot regard without serious misgiving any interference by an ecclesiastical authority in questions which are purely temporal and political, and in no way concerned with faith or morals."

There now! Imagine how small the Irish bishops must have felt when they read that, and when they were further informed that the indignant English Tories had complained to the Holy See of the wickedness of those turbulent Irish prelates who would not allow that dear old friend of the Pope's, John Bull, to make a doormat of them! It is all the more ridiculous when we remember that when the English Parliament was making a law for the government of Ireland, and when five-sixths of the Irish people were supporting the Government the same Catholic Tories actually stood on the platform with the men who were arming their rebels with German guns, and reviled their fellow-Catholics. The day was when the English Catholics were glad of the aid of Ireland, and at present, if Ireland had not come to their rescue their worthlessness and supineness would have left them as helpless as dirt under the feet of the Protestant bigots with whom they now stand against Irish Catholics. But who ever heard of any sense of gratitude in them or their forbears? Who doubts that they, like so many others of their class, are quite willing to lose the war if only Ireland is still trampled under the feet of Protestant England even as Belgium under the feet of the Kaiser's armies? If the Irish bishops had told their flocks to enlist we would hear no word of blame for interference in "purely temporal and political" concerns. An utter incapacity to mind their own business and an impertinence in meddling with the affairs of others is characteristic of these ultra-loyal Catholics who are at all times far more ready to fight for their King than for their Pope. By doing so they win the approval or the contempt, as the case may be, of their Protestant brethren who make no bones about acknowledging that theirs is a State Church and that the State is first. But they have made themselves ridiculous in the eyes of the Catholic world, and have added yet another notch to the long score of grievances their Irish benefactors have against them. If only they had a saving sense of humor!

Professor Dickie in the Ring Again

During the heavy snowstorms with which the month of July came in two remarkable things happened at the same time: Professor Dickie broke out and the cable service broke down. Thus while we were

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deprived of the silly stories issued to us out here as news by the Harmsworth people we were, by way of compensation, offered a bundle of remarks from Professor Dickie which were certainly not behind the Harmsworth yarns in silliness and mendacity. A deputation waited on the Dunedin Presbytery to protest against Presbyterian schools accepting State aid in any shape or form. This gave the noble professor his text: and he took the floor in his own dear old style. He uttered at least three falsehoods in his remarks. But as he was speaking of Ireland and the Catholic Church, which in his own ignorant way he calls the "Romanist Church," that was not wonderful. Having begun by saying that the Catholic schools were a menace to our national system and to the good feeling that should exist between sects in the Dominion, he went on to utter the enormity that for fifty years there would have been no Irish question but for the fact that there had been the pernicious bigotry of the teaching of those Catholic schools for the last century. If the Romanists, he went on, were sufficiently strong in New Zealand we should have here exactly the same division created in Ireland to-day by Romanist influence. The British Government had offered a system of national schools to Ireland that would in effect have been under the control of the laity, but the Catholic Hierarchy opposed that because they wanted absolute control of the schools to use them for purposes of religious proselytism. He thought it wise to let the Catholics know that here it was not a question whether they would get State aid or not, but whether the State was to tolerate their schools at all! Finally we get from the learned and cultured professor the following remarkable gem: He felt, as he said, that "public money should not be spent in any institution that was not immediately and directly under public control. At the same time, so long as a Church was loyal to the Empire, and was not attempting to subvert national welfare, such a Church had a right to institute schools for its own people." There is no need to point out to anyone who knows anything about the matter at all that it is false to say that the teaching in Irish Catholic schools is the cause of the Irish question, which is due simply to the obstinate bigotry and savagery of Presbyterians and Orangemen of the Dickie type, in whose favor a Protestant Government persecutes a small nation. It is false to say that the Irish Hierarchy ever contemplated proselytising in the Irish schools, but it is quite true that Professor Dickie's friends did try to make the national schools proselytising institutions, in which education was to be offered with a Protestant Bible just as soup was offered to the starving women and children in the years of the great famine. He says that the State should allow freedom to Churches which are loyal to the Empire, and, as he tells us that he would if he had his way abolish Catholic schools, the inference is that in the opinion of the learned professor the Catholic Church is disloyal to the Empire and subversive of public welfare. This again, with all due respect to the professor, is a falsehood. The Catholic Church is the one Church which hearkens to the Divine command to give to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's. It puts God first, and refuses to follow the example of other Churches, which allow secular officials to dictate to them in matters which are purely religious. This, and this only, is the disloyalty of the Catholic Church. We have no doubt that in the eyes of Professor Dickie it is wrong to put the State in the second place, but we have never yet met any man who thinks that the opinion of the learned professor in this matter is worth bothering about. In the few lines in which his utterances were reported in the *Star* we have found more ignorance and more bigotry concerning things Irish and Catholic than one could find anywhere except in the ravings of the Elliott person. The statements are so outrageously absurd and so obviously contrary to truth that one wonders if the professor is not giving us a sample of Scottish humor to console us for the breakdown of the cable service. It is hard to believe that a professor could make such an exhibi-

tion of himself. Poor Professor Dickie! Next week we shall discuss the history of proselytism in Ireland fully.

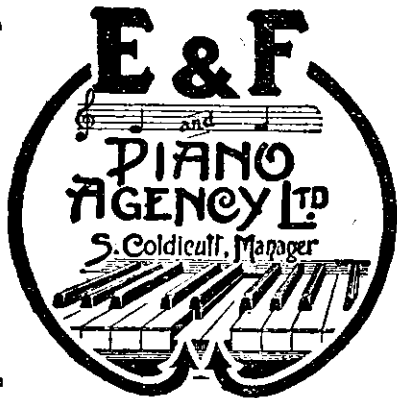
Archbishop Mannix on the Wowsler

The wowsler is not a colonial product, although as a result of the benighted state of people in New Zealand, due to the irreligious and ungodly State schools, the wowsler flourishes in this Dominion and attains proportions of general offensiveness unknown in civilised nations. The Australian climate and Government are also highly conducive to the good estate of the wowsler, and from certain remarks made recently by Dr. Mannix we know that the wowsler beyond the Tasman Sea is as like our own brand as one pea is like another. A bigot in religion and a tyrant in politics was, we believe, the original definition of the wowsler; and it still describes him accurately. He is possible everywhere, but it is only in such countries as ours, where neither education nor principle is required in a candidate for the Cabinet, that he can be what he is amongst us. Rarely does one hear of a Presbyterian or Anglican wowsler, as the members of those Churches are usually men of fixed religious principles, and their ministers are almost always men of education. Lower down, among the fancy religions, the wowsler is rampant. The wowsler is everything opposed to the ideal of Christianity founded on the Love of Christ. And only when men step off trolleys or lay down an axe to take up the work of the Christian ministry can such ignorance of the Gospel as the wowsler parsons display be possible. They do not bother about essentials. Give them a brass band and a catch-cry that will appeal to hysterical females and they are in full swing. As we all know, Prohibition and gambling are their favorite subjects. Jointly and severally they shriek forth the two commandments of the law according to the wowsler: Thou shalt not bet on a racehorse, nor invest sixpence in a bazaar, especially if it be in support of a Papist institution; and, Thou shalt not encourage hotels, nor smile on him who would ask thee to have a "spot." For them indeed the whole law is contained in these two. They shut their eyes to the essential things. They care not a jot that the youth of the country is being demoralised by the irreligious atmosphere of our schools. That the sanctity of the marriage tie is of so little importance to many does not matter to them; that race suicide is scandalously prevalent in our midst leaves them unmoved. They are so busy about making life uncomfortable for their neighbors that they forget that there is such a thing as sin. They make impossible laws for others, and they are indifferent as to how the law of God is observed amongst us. They have never done any good for anyone and they never will. They go to the utmost lengths to attain their ends. They will persecute, and plot, and boycott, and browbeat all who oppose them. They have made New Zealand notorious as their home and breeding place, and they will ruin the Dominion if they only get their way. We commend to our readers the following extract from an address by Dr. Mannix at Cathedral Hall, Melbourne, on June 17, as every word of it applies equally to the wily wowsler in our midst in New Zealand:—

"Among other things, they were crying out for total prohibition of alcoholic drink and of gambling of all kinds. Now, according to his view, it was perfectly lawful to take drink in moderation. (A Voice: Hear, hear.) It was only the excessive use of drink that called for action, and he (his Grace) welcomed such action.—(Applause.) Drink was lawful or unlawful according as it was used or abused.—(Applause.) In the same way, betting and games of chance were lawful in themselves, and only reprehensible in their abuse. But because drink was often abused, and because there was too much gambling, certain extreme persons would have nothing but absolute prohibition of things in themselves quite lawful. But the remarkable thing was that many of those people who were crying out against the most innocent forms of gambling at bazaars, and who wanted total prohibition, were

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quite silent regarding things which could in no circumstances be lawful. They had never a word to say about that awful cancer which was eating out the life of Australia—race suicide. (Applause.) They wanted drastic action—ill-advised action—against evils that mattered less: they seemed to pay no attention to the evils that mattered more.—(Applause.) There was a terrible wastage of Australian manhood in the war. They all wished it ended. But the wastage in the war was only as a drop in the ocean compared with what had been going on in Australia through the agency of a certain section of chemists and doctors and nurses.—(Shame!) When this disastrous war was ended its wastage would end: but the chemists and the doctors and the midwives of Melbourne—that section of them that he had referred to—would go on with their deadly work, and, apparently, those who were horrified at the menace to Australia by sixpenny raffles had not the honesty or the courage to say a word of warning about the murdering of the innocents. What a pity the reformers do not deal, and deal drastically, with the things that matter!"

Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

July 1.

The quarterly Communion of the members of the Hibernian Society will take place next Sunday (7th inst.) at St. Mary's Basilica at the 8 o'clock Mass.

At the 8 o'clock Mass last Sunday a number of young children made their first Holy Communion, prior to which they were addressed in appropriate terms by Father Woods.

It is the intention of the Bluff committee of the Catholic Federation to take up a collection in aid of the Catholic Field Service Fund. This branch is fortunate in having such an earnest secretary as Mr. J. Fletcher.

There was a very good attendance at the quarterly meeting of the Hibernian Society, when the following nominations for the various offices were received:—President, Bro. J. Minogue; vice-president, Bro. Rev. H. Woods; warden, Bro. J. J. Furlong; guardian, Bro. J. Maher; sick visitors, Bros. A. Fitzgerald and W. Pender. It was decided to procure a banner for the branch for use in church processions, etc. After the

ordinary business the Literary Society held a session, and some useful and instructive advice was given by the Very Rev. Dean Burke, V.F., concerning the art of reading, writing, speaking, etc. Members are again reminded that it is to their very great advantage to attend the meetings regularly.

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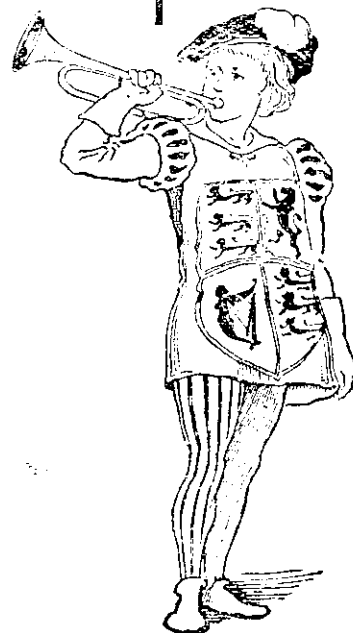
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A PAGE OF SECRET HISTORY

There has always been a good deal of mystery attached to the events which took place in Manila Bay immediately after the Spanish fleet had been destroyed, and before the city surrendered to Admiral Dewey (states *Stead's Review*). Reviewing *A Soldier's Memories*, by Major-General Sir George Younghusband, the reviewer continues: This is finally cleared up by these Memories of the distinguished soldier who was present at the time, and got his information first hand from Admiral Dewey and Sir Edward Chichester, the principal actors in the drama, who are both now dead. General Younghusband must not be confused with his brother, Sir Francis, the famous explorer and British Commissioner to Tibet. He was appointed military attaché by the British Government to watch the Spanish-American war in the Philippines, but in order to see what was really going on, he went unofficially, keeping his papers in reserve to "avoid being hanged or shot by some hasty or impetuous person." He considers that, without firing a shot, Germany was the chief beneficiary of the Spanish-American war. Her statesmen contrived to impress the Spaniards with a feeling of gratitude for their actions during the struggle, and induced them, after the war, to cede the Carolines and other islands to Germany for a considerable consideration, by the way, which the gallant General appears to have forgotten! Arrived in the Philippines, he managed to secure a small coastal steamer, and in it followed the American fleet into Manila Bay.

"The entrance to the bay is quite narrow, and a large island, named Corregidor, divides even that restricted channel. Both on Corregidor and on the nearby land were forts heavily armed. There was a half moon, and as the fleet crept slowly through in single file there must have been many an anxious moment on the leading ship. But not a gun stirred, and the fleet passed through safely. As day broke, though, the Spanish Fleet was to be seen at anchor near to the south-east toward Cavite. Evidently in all. How they went to the bottom, at their anchorage, and with only a feeble show of resistance, is a matter of history."

It was about this time that the various nations began to send questions to Manila to uphold their "vital interests," whatever those might be. Embark, however, was represented, save by the little second-class cruiser, *Bonaventure*, under the command of bluff, burly Sir Edward Chichester. Yet Admiral Dewey told Younghusband "That little cruiser saved a European war in this bay." The most cordial relations existed between the American Admiral and the British Captain. It is said, although Younghusband does not mention the matter, that Dewey had received word from Chichester before he attempted to enter the bay that the channel was not mined. General Younghusband then describes the arrival of the German fleet:

"The first international incident occurred when the German Fleet came sailing in with neither a 'with-your-leave' nor 'by your leave.' This did not seem to Admiral Dewey a very correct procedure in a blockaded port, but, as he said, he was not very well up in the etiquette of the ocean, so he signalled across to his friend, Sir Edward Chichester, for advice. Sir Edward, a stout old sailor of the best old stock, immediately replied that undoubtedly the German Fleet had no right to be there, except by courtesy of the blockading fleet. The Germans had no sea manners, he added.

"What ought I to do?" asked Admiral Dewey.

"Fire across his bows," replied Sir Edward Chichester, with great bluntness.

"In the course of two minutes whiz-z-z-z, bang! went a shot across the German's bows, and in an incredibly short space of time her fleet anchored hastily. Next was seen a steam pinnace, evidently in a great hurry, pushing off from the German Admiral's flag-

ship, and scurrying toward the Olympia. In the pinnace were seated some very angry Germans. They were escorted courteously on board the Olympia, simply bursting with wrath and with their feathers flying anyhow.

"Do you know, sir," exclaimed the infuriated German emissary, "that this action of yours might entail war with the great German Empire?"

"I am perfectly aware of the fact," replied Admiral Dewey with great coolness and courtesy. Then he hospitably invited his guests to assuage their wrath with a cocktail or a mint julep.

But the German was not to be pacified with a cocktail, or even with a mint julep, and flounced himself off to report the matter to Wilhelm II.

"And do you know," said Admiral Dewey to us, "I'd never have risked it if it hadn't been for that little British cruiser representing the British fleet at my back?"

Another critical incident quickly arose, and again Chichester gave bold advice:—

"A few Spaniards remained on a small island, just off the town of Manila; and their surrender being only a matter of time and terms, the Americans did not trouble much about them. One morning, however, it was noticed that a German cruiser, the *Irene*, had shifted her berth, and was now anchored down alongside this island, as a sort of moral support to the Spaniards and menace to the Americans.

"What ought I to do?" asked Admiral Dewey of his friend the English captain.

"Do?" replied Sir Edward. "Why, just clear two of your battleships for action, and bear down on the *Irene* and tell her that if she isn't out of that in five minutes you'll sink her."

"And I acted like that," Admiral Dewey remarked with great relish.

"I cleared the *Boston* and the *Raleigh* for action and bore down on the *Irene*; and would you believe it, she was in such an all-fired hurry to clear away that she slipped her cable! He is a fine fellow, that Captain Chichester of yours."

But it was by his action when Dewey had summoned the City of Manila to surrender that the English captain averted war. The Americans had given the Spaniards notice that if they did not surrender by 11 o'clock on a certain morning the city would be bombarded.

A lot of busy neutrals, led by the Germans, thereupon began fussing and fanning around, trying to formulate language to express his baseness. This makes curious reading nowadays! Finally these neutrals had a meeting, and headed by the German Admiral went to interview Sir Edward Chichester with a view to ascertaining his views on the subject, and further to inquire what the British intended to do. Sir Edward listened to them with great patience and affability, and heard unmoved the blood-curdling story of the atrocities which the Americans were about to commit. With the help of his steward he even soothed them with his national drinks. But when pressed as to his views and intention, he blandly replied:

"Those, sirs, are known only to Admiral Dewey and myself. Good morning, gentlemen; good morning."

The final touch came when the fatal morning had arrived. All foreign fleets were ordered to weigh and clear to the northward, out of the line of fire, before 10 a.m. Each in its turn up-anchored and cleared away, till last of all, and alone, was left H.M.S. *Bonaventure*. Very slowly, and with great deliberation, the *Bonaventure*, every glass in every fleet on her, hauled up her anchor. Dead slow she followed the foreign fleets for a short and calculated distance, then slowly turned, and making a wide, deliberate sweep, came back and anchored alongside the American fleet. Could the highest diplomacy do more? The Americans evidently thought not, for as the little *Bonaventure* passed along one huge cheer went up from every American ship."

General Younghusband saw service in many wars,

and fought in South Africa, where he was severely wounded. Naturally, therefore, his recollections are full of interest; but what he had to say about the Spanish-American conflict is of greater importance than anything else in his book.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

July 5.

The death of Mr. John Duignan, an old resident of Wellington, and one of the oldest of Thorndon's parishioners, occurred on Sunday last. The deceased, who was 82 years of age, having been born in Roscommon, Ireland, in 1836, was the son of the late Mr. John Duignan, contracting engineer, and arrived in New Zealand 50 years ago. Ever since then he has lived in Wellington. In the early part of his career here he was associated with his brother Richard (who predeceased him by 13 years) in various contracts, including reclamation work. He has left a widow, a daughter, and three sons. One son joined the Queensland Light Horse, and is now in France; and another (Mr. David Duignan) is living in Melbourne. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning. Father Dignan officiating at the graveside at Karori. R.I.P.

A large gathering of parishioners and friends assembled at St. Joseph's Orphanage Schoolroom, Upper Hutt, last Tuesday evening to welcome Father Daly back to his old parish, after an absence of 20 months abroad as a chaplain with the Forces, he having left in such capacity with the 19th Reinforcements. The pupils of the orphanage supplied the vocal and instrumental portion of the programme, which also included the presentation of a cheque to Father Guinane. Mr. Richard Quinn, on behalf of the parishioners, thanked Father Guinane for his great devotion to duty as *locum tenens*. Father Guinane left for his parish at Ohakune next day, whilst Father Daly will act as chaplain and parish priest in Trentham Camp and Upper Hutt as formerly.

Father P. J. Minogue, who was recently invalided from France to the Brockenhurst Hospital in England, has now been transferred and attached to the First New Zealand Infantry Brigade.

Mr. George Girling-Butcher, secretary of the Catholic Federation, whose health has not been good of late, has been granted leave of absence to enable him to recuperate. He will spend a period of his vacation in the South Island.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised at the Basilica on Monday, June 10, when Miss Alice Barnett, third daughter of Mr. M. Barnett, Christchurch, and Mr. J. T. Bridgman, eldest son of Mr. John Bridgman, Christchurch, were united in the bonds of holy Matrimony. Miss K. Barnett (sister of the bride) and Miss K. Bridgman (sister of the bridegroom) were bridesmaids. The bride was given away by her father. Subsequently Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Bridgman left for Blenheim. Mr. J. T. Bridgman has since received an appointment on the staff of H.M. Customs, Auckland.

The Eltham County Patriotic Committee has sent his Grace Archbishop O'Shea the substantial amount of £490 as a donation to the Catholic Field Service Fund to be spent on the men at the front.

St. Mary's Church rebuilding fund is gradually being augmented, and it is to be hoped that the bazaar which is now being energetically promoted, will enable Father Mahony to commence building before Christmas. In the meantime, all donations should be sent in quickly, as it is essential that the building of the church should be proceeded with at the earliest possible opportunity; as very great inconvenience is caused

through the Boulcott Street school being used temporarily for Church purposes.

The Dominion treasurer of the Catholic Federation begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following donations to the Catholic Field Service Fund:— Amount previously acknowledged, £3742 9s 3d; through Wellington Diocesan Council—Eltham County Patriotic Committee, £490; through Dunedin Diocesan Council—Dunedin and South Dunedin, £84; through Wellington Diocesan Council—Palmerston North (per Father McManus), £60; Palmerston North (town and country women workers), £10; Mr. F. J. Oakes, Wellington (7th instalment), £1; contributions to Tauherenikau Institute, £11 1s 6d. Total £4428 10s 9d. Less expenditure previously detailed, £2941 9s; Westminster Catholic Federation for Catholic soldiers and officers' club, London, £30—£2971 9s; balance at credit, £1457 1s 9d.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

July 5.

The following changes among the clergy of this diocese are announced:— Father Murphy, who recently relinquished the position of chaplain to the Forces, takes charge of Otahuhu parish, Father Mansfield is appointed to Helensville, Father O'Malley takes charge of the new parish of Northcote and Takapuna, with residence at Takapuna, Father Hunt to Ponsonby, Father Kelly to Remuera, Father O'Connor to Te Aroha as assistant to Father McInnes, and Father Bleakley to the position of chaplain to the Forces.

A Mission, to be conducted by Fathers McCarthy, S.M., and O'Leary, S.M., will be opened at the Sacred Heart parish, Ponsonby, commencing with a children's Mission on Tuesday next. The general Mission is to commence on the following Sunday and continue for a fortnight.

The Catholic Women's Hostel bazaar was brought to a close on Saturday evening last, when there was a large attendance. The final contest in the tug-of-war event was decided, the winners being the City Park workers' team. At the conclusion of the contest Father Cahill, in a short speech, congratulated the winning team, and presented each member with a gold medal. He also announced that the committee had decided to award a gold medal each to the Southdown team, who were runners up. Father Cahill, on behalf of the committee, thanked all those who had worked to make the bazaar the success it proved. As a result the funds of the hostel will be put in a very satisfactory position.

Last evening a social was held by the Children of Mary of the Sacred Heart parish, Ponsonby, the occasion being the opening of the new wing to the parish hall. There was a large attendance, and an enjoyable evening was spent. The addition comprises a new and commodious supper room 50 feet by 18 feet, equipped with the necessary furnishings requisite for all social functions, and will prove useful to the parish hall, which can now cater for all the requirements of the parish.

At the weekly meeting of the Children of Mary of St. Patrick's parish, held in the Convent Schoolroom on Wednesday evening last, a competition in "riddles" on local matters took place, and was conducive of much amusement. The winner secured two handsome prizes.

On Sunday last the members of St. Patrick's Young Men's Club attended 7 o'clock Mass in a body for their quarterly Holy Communion. After Mass the members adjourned to the hall, where breakfast was provided. Appropriate short speeches were given by Father Curley, Messrs. G. Rice, A. Page, and P. Duffin, wherein reference was made to the continued progress of the club and the good it would accomplish in the parish. A vote of thanks to the ladies and the singing of "God Save Ireland" brought the function to a close.



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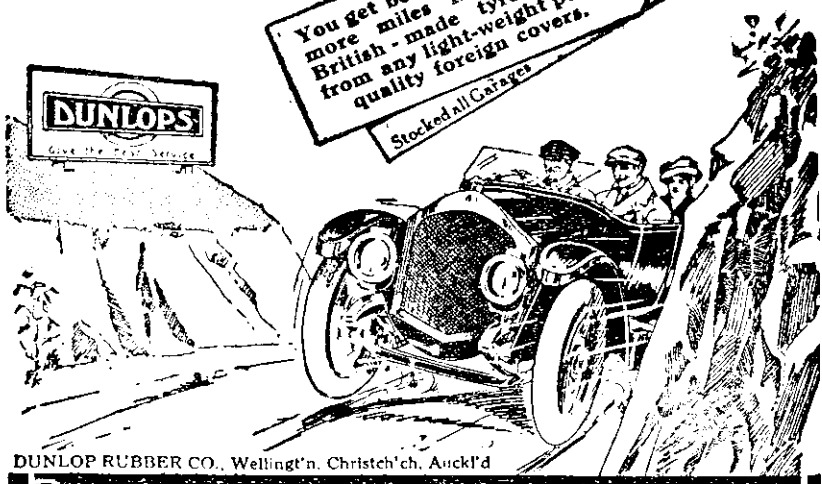
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LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON

The diocesan treasurer of the Catholic Federation (Mr. F. G. J. Temm) has forwarded this week to the Dominion treasurer another handsome donation of £300 19s to the Catholic Field Service Fund from the Auckland diocese.

In a letter received this week from Mr. Pat. Sheehan, the well-known and popular Marist Brothers' footballer, who is at present in Hornchurch Camp, England, he refers to how the New Zealand boys spent Anzac Day in London this year, and *inter alia* to the Field Service Fund he says: "We colonials spent Anzac Day here in great style. The camp was closed for the day, and all the Catholics had a great day out. We journeyed to London and heard Mass at Westminster Cathedral, had a dinner at the Catholic Club, attended a matinee in the afternoon, had tea, and in the evening attended a concert—and all this for nothing. Our friends of other denominations had to pay for their meals in London, and were dismissed before dinner, while the Catholic boys were royally entertained by our people. There was some biting afterwards, I can tell you. Our enjoyment was provided from the Field Service Fund, moneys sent over by the Catholic Federation in N.Z. If you have any spare coppers give them to the Federation for the soldiers. The ceremony at Westminster will live for ever in my memory. The church was crowded with Australian and New Zealand soldiers, and it is a massive place, holding some thousands. When they sang the very building seemed to shake. It was great singing the old hymns we learned at home so far away. Father Richards from N.Z., attended by an Australian and one of our boys in uniform as altar boys, celebrated Mass, and an Australian chaplain preached. Some hundreds of girls from the various societies assisted in the singing, but we didn't really require their assistance. It was very touching at the close. Four Australian trumpeters blew the "Last Post," and as the strains of the mighty organ were dying away many a boy from our party felt a lump in his throat before they had finished. It was very sad, and I only wish, as the preacher said, that when next Anzac Day comes round we will all be in our beautiful homes in the far off southern seas."

The Marist Brothers' Old Boys' senior football team had to abandon their match against Ponsonby last Saturday owing to the heavy rain rendering Eden Park ground unfit for play. The second team met and defeated University, after a close and interesting game, by 6 points to 3. Johnston scored for Marists, and Campbell kicked a goal. Marists' thirds had a hard and fast game against Grammar School Old Boys. The first half ended with no score, and with about five minutes to go the Marist team crossed the line. A try by Roads won the match by 3 points to nil. The Marist team played with 12 men only, and it was a big handicap. Watson (five-eight), Clark (half), and Tubberty (three-quarter) played well for the backs, while Greig, Roads, and Cliff were the pick of the forwards. The fourth grade team met Ponsonby, and were beaten after a fast and interesting game by 11 points to nil.

ST. BENEDICT'S CONVENT: NEW WING CEREMONY.

The laying of the foundation stone of a wing to St. Benedict's Convent by the Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, in memory of the late Sister Raymond, who opened the convent some 20 years ago, took place on Sunday afternoon last. The grounds of the convent were occupied by an enthusiastic throng. Monsignor Gillan, of St. Benedict's, traced the development of the institution—the increase in scholars from 220 at the outset to 420 to-day, and the extra accommodation which had been provided at intervals since the opening.

Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook paid a tribute to the great work that was being done by the nuns, and said that Catholics owed them a great deal for their sacrifice.

After referring to the expenditure of money, organisation, and self-sacrifice in connection with the Catholic school system, Bishop Cleary said: "We are

doing a great national work. Our schools are not, strictly speaking, private schools, inasmuch as they are doing State work—following the State programme of secular instruction under State inspection, with teachers holding State certificates, or State University degrees. We are annually saving the State great sums of money, compared with which the small railway concessions granted to some of our parents (as to those of other denominations similarly circumstanced) are simply negligible. Our schools were long a part of the State-aided system. We did not go out of it. We were driven out of it—not on any educational ground, but practically on what amounted to a religious test. We were driven out of it because we believe in the inseparable union of religion with education, because we cannot in conscience believe in the new sectarian dogmas that underlie the purely secular system. One of these dogmas is that religion has no necessary or rightful or useful place in education. Another dogma is that a political majority has the moral right to banish religion from the place which it has occupied from immemorial ages in the schools." The speaker also described the Catholic school system as one of the most impressive facts in the religious history of our time, and as a monumental assertion of the everlasting principles of true child training.

Dr. Maskell and Mr. E. Casey also spoke, the latter returning thanks to all concerned on behalf of the Sisters.

A collection taken up during an interval realised £252, which, together with promises of further sums, makes an amount of £300.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

July 8.

The quarterly general Communion of the members of St. Matthew's and St. Patrick's branches of the Hibernian Society took place on Sunday morning at the 7 o'clock Mass. Both branches, in regalia, were well represented.

The parishioners of the Cathedral will learn with deep regret that Father Long has been rather seriously indisposed. His medical adviser has ordered complete rest for the next three weeks.

Father Kelly, Gisborne, who is the guest of his Lordship the Bishop, has been most generous in assisting at the Cathedral. Such service is doubly welcome at present owing to the shortage of priests.

The social held in the Art Gallery by St. Mary's Committee in aid of the Papanui church funds was, notwithstanding the very adverse climatic conditions, well attended, and the promoters have every reason to be pleased with the result of their efforts. The evening was most enjoyable, and the event was capably managed. Dean Regnault, S.M., and Fathers Seymour, S.M., Roche, S.M., and Carroll were present. During the evening Father Seymour presented the prizes to the euchre winners, and thanked, on behalf of his committee, all who had assisted to make the gathering the success it was.

On Saturday afternoon, June 15, the past pupils of the Sacred Heart Girls' College, Lower High Street, played a return match of basket ball against the Normal School past pupils on the Normal grounds. The game was keenly contested, and showed very good play on both sides. The match resulted in a win for the College Past Pupils, the score being 6 points to 3. Miss Williams was referee.

We are making habits, good habits, bad habits, all our lives. In our childhood we are taught habits, and as we grow older we make them for ourselves. If our parents have been wise and taught us habits of tidiness, control of temper, and how to be kindly and considerate to others, while we were still children, we shall find ourselves launched out in life with a good capital.

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DE VALERA ON THE IRISH PARTY

Speaking at Mooncoin, Co. Kilkenny, recently, Mr. De Valera said: "The fact was that England had involved herself in the meshes of her own hypocrisy in posing as the champion of small nations, and at the present moment was a source of considerable embarrassment to both America and France owing to her attitude as regards Ireland. It was the Irish Party that was at present helping England out of the difficulties into which she had landed herself, and the object of Sinn Fein was to keep her in that difficulty, and to show to the world that while she professed sentiments on her lips about the freedom of small nations she still harbored black treachery in her heart towards Ireland.

"Did the Irish Party," he asked, "deny that that nation had a legitimate right to independence, and that it was only attainment of that right which would completely satisfy the aspirations of the Irish people? That was," he maintained, "the aim of all true Nationalists, and was the very meaning of the term national.

Not a Domestic Question.

"If they allowed England to make it appear to the world that they were satisfied to remain with the British Empire, and that this was simply a domestic question between Ireland and England, then England could say, 'We are at war for the rights of small nations. This is no international issue. This question of Ireland is a domestic one, and does not come in under this heading.'

"If they were to follow the teachings of the Irish Party the question of Ireland would not be considered at all internationally, for that party stood really for Ireland a province, while inducing their followers in Ireland to vote for them by proclaiming that they stood for Ireland a nation. They in Ireland were, unfortunately, a very gullible people, and John Bull was able, as the late Bishop of Limerick had said, to lead them on and on by the snuff of a carrot to the nose of the Irish donkey. They were now going to get a snuff of another carrot, and he warned the Irish people to learn from past experience and not to be misled by this latest attempt to deceive them.

Irish Party's Helplessness.

"They should not trust England or English negotiations, and they should not forget the thanksgiving processions for Home Rule on the Statute Book.

"The Irish Party claimed that their party was a constructive one. What exactly could they construct? They could only beg for favors in the English House of Commons, where they were outvoted by 5 to 1. That was Sinn Fein's charge against the Irish Party, that it was not constructive; and it proposed replacing that party by a body which would organize the Irish nation for constructive work, when the Irish people were sufficiently organized behind Sinn Fein, and had got rid of distracting political contests."

THE IRISH CROWN PROSECUTORS

Mr. Sergeant McSweeney, one of the 17 Irish K.C.'s who wrote in approval of the bishops' action on conscription, writes to the *Irish Times* (Carson's Dublin organ) a letter in which he says: "You put from the point of view of the Attorney-General a series of questions to Crown Prosecutors as to what their action will be in particular cases. I can speak for nobody but myself; and my answer to your *obviously inspired queries* is that I have always done what I conceived to be my duty, irrespective of politics in every case, civil and criminal, and that I shall continue to do so.

"Having thus dealt with your hypothetical case, allow me to express a little mild surprise that, as you obviously consider matters of this kind of importance, you have restrained until now the ardor of your thirst for information. Four years ago a conspiracy was started in the North of Ireland, in which many Crown Prosecutors took part, the members of which bound

themselves—and they are still bound—to resist by force of arms the Government of the King in Ireland then about to be established.

Four Years Ago.

"Your questions might have been very appropriately put to these gentlemen at the time, and they now may be administered to the residue of them who have not in the meantime been appointed to high office under the Crown. I say this because, as we have all seen, Sir E. Carson is engaged in reorganising his 'Provisional Government.'

"Above all, I should hope that you will ask the learned Attorney-General, the execution of whose office you have so much at heart, whether he is as ready to prosecute Sir E. Carson, his senior colleague in the representation of Trinity College, for making arrangements to resist an Act of Parliament as he is to pursue with legal penalties all other evil-doers in the like case offending.

"It ought to be the first object of every good citizen to see the law obeyed and respected in Ireland; but if this wished-for consummation is to be brought about the law must be equally enforced against all; otherwise it must fall into contempt—that is, indeed, if that point has not been already reached."

CUSTODY OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN

A legal battle as to whether the two infant children of Ambrose William Hargraves, who was killed in France, should be reared in the Protestant Children's Home, Barwood, N.S.W., or in the domestic circle of the Catholic grandmother, Mrs. Cummings, was decided by the Chief Judge in Equity, Mr. Justice Street, in Sydney recently, in favor of the grandmother's application. It appears that the children were placed in a home under the guardianship of Bishop Stone Wigg, the institution's organising secretary, who opposed all efforts of the grandmother to secure their custody. The evidence disclosed that Mrs. Cummings was a woman of considerable means. Having dealt with the circumstances of a previous application, Mr. Justice Street, in giving his decision, referred to the correspondence from the father of the children while he was at the war, with Bishop Stone Wigg, respecting the guardianship of the children and the request in one of the letters to hand them over to Mrs. Cummings in the event of his being killed at the war. "I am satisfied," said Mr. Justice Street, "that it is for the welfare of the children that they should be removed from the institution and handed over to Mrs. Cummings."

HEROIC CATHOLIC FIREMAN'S DEVOTION

He was a fireman and for hours he with his heroic comrades, unmindful of the snowstorm, had been fighting a quarter of a million-dollar blaze which destroyed a five-storey factory building on Laurel Street, Philadelphia, early one Sunday morning during the February cold spell. From helmet to boots he was covered with ice and mud. The smell of smoke followed him as he approached the Church of the Immaculate Conception nearby. Entering the sacristy, he asked one of the priests if he might not receive Holy Communion there. He politely declined the request to go into the church on account of the ice, now melting and running in rivulets on the floor. On Saturday night the fireman had gone to Confession and although called from his cot to the blaze at 4.30 a.m., he had maintained his fast until about eight o'clock, when a superior granted permission for him to receive his Eucharistic Lord. He then went back to the fire.

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MOORE FESTIVAL COMPETITIONS

(From our Wellington correspondent.)

The annual competitions in commemoration of the Thomas Moore anniversary were opened in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall on Saturday, June 29. The anniversary proper occurs on June 28, but owing to unforeseen circumstances the festival, inaugurated last year by the local Hibernian Society, could not be observed on the correct date on this occasion. There were good entries in the various classes. Mr. F. J. Oakes judged the musical items and Mr. J. A. Scott, LL.M., the elocutionary numbers. Mr. E. L. Reade was supervisor, and Mr. P. D. Hoskins secretary. The hall was filled in the morning and afternoon by the relatives and friends of the competitors. The finals were taken in the Town Hall on Monday evening, when a very attractive programme was presented.

The concert held in connection with the festival of the gifted Irish poet, whose beautiful lyrics have helped in a very large measure to establish a fabric of Irish song of which the whole of the Anglo-Saxon race—to say nothing of the Celts—never tire, drew a large audience to the Town Hall. Amongst those present were his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, and Fathers Mahony, S.M., Hurley, S.M., Adm., and Smyth, S.M., Adm. Added interest was lent the concert by half the programme being comprised of the finals in the Tom Moore competitions, which were reduced to reasonable numbers on Saturday last. These competitions were for boys and girls attending the Catholic schools, and the interest taken in them by the children could not be measured in cold words. Almost without exception the children sang remarkably well, and the decisions of the adjudicator in the musical sections (Mr. F. J. Oakes) were received with enthusiastic approval. In giving his decisions, Mr. Oakes thanked those who had been at pains to teach the choirs, and said that the results were wonderful considering that the time given up to music in the schools during the year worked out at only a quarter of an hour per day. He was sure that the results amply repaid the teachers for the patience and diligence they had exercised. He took a very keen interest in the competitions, as he realised that the boys and girls who participated in them were those on whom they had to rely for the church choirs of the future. The results of the musical competitions were as follow:—

Boys' soprano solo, "The Coulin"—Thomas George (79 points out of 100), 1; John Waters (75), 2.

Boys' alto solo, "I Saw From the Beach"—Dan Nolan (62), 1; George Collier (45), 2.

Boys' duet, "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?"—Walters Brothers (78), 1; T. George and C. Simpson (67), 2.

Girls' soprano solo, "Silent, O'Moyle"—Eileen Higgins (68), 1; Agnes Clentworth (49), 2.

Choir contest (for the Bristol Piano Company's challenge shield), "The Last Rose of Summer"—Marist Brothers' School, Thorndon (78), 1; Sacred Heart School, Boulcott Street (76), 2; Island Bay Convent (60), 3.

Choir contest (for Begg's challenge shield), "When Through Life"—Marist Brothers' School, Thorndon (79), 1; Marist Brothers' School, Newtown (75), 2; Sacred Heart School, Boulcott Street (girls), 3.

In addition to the above, the winners of the elocutionary sections, Miss Rita Stewart (girls) and Master Clement Doherty (boys) recited their respective pieces—viz., "How Calm and Beautiful," and "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave," the latter being awarded the Sommerville challenge cup.

The second part of the programme was contributed by adult talents, who also strictly adhered to the lyrics of the famous Irish bard. Miss Agnes Segrief sang very sweetly "Night Closed Round the Conquerors' Way," and Miss Teresa McEnroe's cultured soprano was heard to fine effect in "She is Far From the Land." Miss McKeown was heard to advantage

in "The Meeting of the Waters," and Miss Eileen Driscoll and Mr. T. D. Collins sang the duet "I Saw Thy Form." The strong, vibrant baritone of Mr. A. C. Melvin found good expression in "Let Erin Remember," and Mr. Kevin Dillon recited with dramatic appreciation "The Prince's Days." "The Minstrel Boy" was nicely sung as a male quartet by Messrs. A. J. Fogarty, E. B. L. Reade, E. J. Healy, and A. C. Melvin, and "Oft in the Silly Night" by the same combination was charmingly sung. "The Harp That Once" was sung by Misses Kathleen Jasnen, Eileen Driscoll, Messrs. E. B. L. Reade, and E. J. Healy. The concert was concluded by the combined choirs singing "The Last Rose of Summer" and "When Through Life Unblest," under the baton of Mr. Oakes, with Miss Eileen Dennehy at the grand organ.

The proceeds of the festival go to the Education Fund.

The following were the members of the committee: President, Mr. J. P. McGowan; vice-president, Mr. J. J. Troy; treasurer, Mr. J. J. L. Burke; committee of management—Rev. Brother Egbert, Messrs. J. D. McPhee, H. McKeown, M. Walsh, M. J. McGahey, J. Stratford; musical committee—Messrs. F. J. Oakes (conductor St. Gerard's, chairman), E. J. Healy (conductor St. Mary's Choir), E. B. L. Reade (conductor St. Anne's Choir), Thos. O'Brien, Rev. Brothers Fidelis (Newtown), and Eusebius (Thorndon).

SEND-OFF AT GLENNAVY

A large gathering took place at the Glenavy Schoolroom on the evening of July 1 to say "Good-bye" to Mr. and Mrs. Tansey and family, who are leaving the district. Mr. L. Cuthbertson, J.P., occupied the chair, and spoke of the high esteem in which all classes held the guests of the evening. He particularly referred to their great kindness and charity. The presentation took the form of a solid silver tea service in a Morocco case, a solid silver rose bowl, butter dish, and cut-glass scent bottle. Mr. Tansey was also the recipient of a gold locket containing three sacred relics, whilst Mrs. Tansey received a case of rustless cutlery and a huge ebony elephant. Mr. Hanley made the presentation, and Father Graham, on behalf of the guests, thanked the donors and extended a hearty welcome to them to visit the guests at their new home in Fendalton, Christchurch. During the evening musical items were given by Miss K. Cartwright, L.A.B., Miss H. Cartwright, L.A.B., Mr. Watters, L.A.B. (of Oamaru), and by Messrs. Berry, Hanley, and Tansey, of Glenavy. Miss K. Cartwright played the accompaniments for the singers. The proceedings were terminated by the singing of "For They are Jolly Good Fellows," "God Save the King," and "Auld Lang Syne." The silver service bore the inscription: "Presented to Mr. and Mrs. T. Tansey and family from their Glenavy, Morven, and Oamaru friends."

DE PROFUNDIS.

My soul to-day is like a beaten child,
That cowers with sobbing moan low in the dark,
Catching its breath in memory of the rod,
Yet have I knowledge that no infant hath,
And my despair is sin.
For when the child, with sorrow almost spent,
Hears a faint sound; and, lo! the door swings wide;
Doth he not raise his hunted eyes and run
To press his face against the well-loved hands?
E'en so one day will God, my Father, look
From out the shining casement of High Heaven,
And step down in love to end my strife;
And then they'll lay my flesh that sorrowed so
Beneath the silver linen's cooling fold;
But my swift soul, with sobbing and with laughter,
Will follow His white feet among the stars.

—E. D.

J. M. J.

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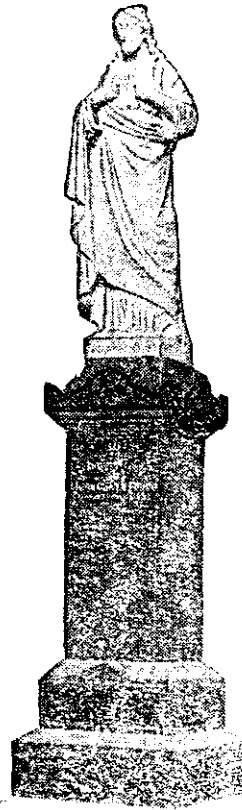
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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

ADVERTISEMENTS of 16 Words under the Heading Situations Vacant, Wanted, For Sale, To Let, Lost and Found, Miscellaneous Wants, &c. 2s per insertion; Death Notices, &c., 2s 6d; verses, 4s per inch extra. Strictly Cash in Advance. No booking for casual Advertisements.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Chaos—p. 25. Notes—Italian Cities; Florence or Rome? Russian Literature; Russian Poetry—p. 26. Current Topics—The No-Popery Drive; The Catholic Union of Great Britain; Professor Dickie Again; Dr. Mannix on the Wowser—p. 14. The State and Labor, p. 7. Guy Fawkes, Guy, p. 10. A Page of Secret History, p. 18. Cardinal Logue on No-Popery, p. 31. Christianity and Letters, p. 33.

MARRIAGE

O'HANLON O'DONOGHUE. - At St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, on June 12, 1918, by Rev. Father Brennan (Nuptial Mass celebrated by Rev. Father Buckley), Cornelius O'Hanlon, of South Dunedin, to Alice Josephine O'Donoghue, of Ross.

DEATHS

DOLAN. - On June 25, 1918, at her residence, Dorie, Rakaia, Georgina Caroline, dearly beloved wife of Philip Francis Dolan, and eldest beloved daughter of Mrs. R. Stewart, Wanganui, late of Woodville, aged 43 years. R.I.P.

HALLEY. - On June 21, 1918, at her residence, 126 Ghuznee Street, Wellington, Margaret Halley, native of Clonmel, Ireland. R.I.P.

McTAVISH. - On June 2, 1918, at her residence, Heddon Bush, Jane, relict of James McTavish (late of Oreti Plains), and beloved sister of Mrs. Hugh Mulholland, St. Kilda, Dunedin. R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

McKEARNEY. - In loving memory of Mary McKearney, beloved wife of Daniel McKearney, who died at Dannevirke, on July 9, 1917. - On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

KEARNS. - Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Katherine Cecilia Kearns, who died at Riverton, on July 7, 1917. - Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.
- Inserted by her loving husband and family.

CLIFFORD. - In loving memory of our dear mother, who departed this life at Winchmore, Ashburton, on June 28, 1917. - Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.
- Inserted by her loving husband and family.

WANTEDS

WANTED, for *Tablet* Office, MALE BOOKKEEPER - able to take a share of local canvassing. Apply - "Chairman of Directors," *Tablet* Office.

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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, JULY 11, 1918.

CHAOS



WHEN a plain, unadorned, noonday devil possessed the Gadarene swine they rushed headlong to destruction, and nothing more was seen of them. The seven super-devils of the Seven Deadly Sins have captured our capitalistic Governments, body and soul; and as there is complete evidence that the possessed are pleased, and that no efforts will be made through prayer or fasting to drive out the demons, many people are watching anxiously for the catastrophe. It seems bound to come. To borrow a metaphor from Chesterton: our Cabinet Ministers are like so many men who, having got to the tops of greasy poles, are now afraid to come down. When they do come down, or when they are shaken down, they will fall, not into the sea to drown like the swine, but into the jaws of the monster, Demos, whom they have driven mad by their militarism, by their blundering, by their heartless profiteering, by their secret plotting and playing with the lives of men, by their breaches of faith and broken pledges. For the present they hide their heads like ostriches and lull themselves to a sense of false security. They have a venal press, which is concerned with suppressing whatever truth they find unpleasant, and publishing whatever lies they find necessary to prolong their existence. But the one thing that cannot be killed is the truth; and the one thing that cannot live is a lie.

The democracy of England has been in the past so short-sighted as to allow the daily press to fall completely into the hands of the capitalists: the few weekly papers that voice the claims of the people are overwhelmed by the raucous tones of the controlled dailies. Nevertheless the union of the poor is becoming a reality. We are told that the establishment of republican societies all over England is well on the way; we are also told that were it not for the menace of the great German thrust which tumbled the Carsonite General Gough off his high horse and shook England to her foundations the democracy would have spoken, and would have been heard before now. An Italian paper, *Il Tempo*, tells us how the Russian revolution was engineered by certain diplomats who fancied that the Czar was not heart and soul with the Allies. But the revolution went further than its patrons expected, and it was found that stopping a high explosive in the middle of its trajectory was child's play compared with stopping a revolution at the most desirable point. Our press tells us from time to time that the democratic movement in Germany is on the point of hamstringing the Kaiser and ending the war; and from the German press, which is at least as well informed

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in such matters, we know that the people there are certainly struggling towards the light; and, moreover, that their power is being recognised more and more as days go by. The Frankfort *Volkstimme* says: "Necessity may overcome the revolutionary will of the Russians; maybe they will accept with rage in their hearts whatever the conqueror's might may enforce on them. But the German people, the laboring and struggling millions, demand of the Reichstag that it shall secure the simple and sincere execution of the ideas which were expressed in the Reichstag resolutions of July 19, 1917, and in the answer to the Pope as being the will of the German people's representatives, and of the German people. It is a great and important task to crush the great pan-German 'Vaterland' will. But it is greater and more important to secure the people's peace against the diplomatists' peace, with its stealthy, veiled annexations. The people are embittered against the pan-German manoeuvres: they are dissatisfied, and will become embittered, against a Reichstag that will not do its duty. After more than three years' restraint the dissatisfaction of the people can no longer be held in by censorship and state of siege. The storm is gathering. . . . If these storm portents are unheeded the storm may break overnight. . . . It is becoming more and more evident that the people will not take all that is given to it, and that the embitterment over the Jingo cries will at last break out in an elemental manner." Whether printed in a German or in a Russian paper such sentiments express the general discontent of the people of every country engaged in the war. There is little in these words of the *Volkstimme* that has not been said in the English Parliament and shouted from the housetops by English labor orators. For the present the autocrats have the upper hand. They have the money and the big guns. But the lesson of history is that ideas beat big guns in the end.

*

How will the end come? For it must end somehow. The oppression of the Russian serfs ended in bloodshed and flame. How will the dragooning of the German workers end? and the inhuman barbarism of the English Government in Ireland, with its total disregard for the will of the people and for pledges and promises? and the secret plotting against the Pope and the shameless lying that tried to bolster up that scandalous episode? The Northelifies and the Reventlows and the Carsous and the Kaisers will yet come to learn that the mob was never made by God to minister to the pleasures and the whims of the rich. If ideas conquer, if the principles of Christian charity and brotherhood overthrow the prepotence of the tyrants all the world over, if there is ever to be a lasting peace and a freedom from Kaiserdom and Carsonism and the oppression of capitalist Governments, it will be a gloomy reckoning day for the men who now hold the reins of government in the various countries of the world. So far it would seem that the writing on the wall is not read in high places. Belshazzar is drunk with power. But the only hope of the world lies in the fact that ideas prevail and that moral force is more than armies in the end. Whatever history may record as to the facts of the war itself, one thing it is sure to record: that the war freed the democracy of the world from the tyranny and feudalism under which it groaned hopelessly for centuries.

Right Rev. Denis J. Dougherty, D.D., Bishop of Buffalo, N.Y., has been appointed Archbishop of Philadelphia, in succession to Most Rev. Edmond F. Prendergast, D.D., who died about two months ago.

The new Prefect of Propaganda is his Eminence Cardinal Van Rossum, a native of Holland. He was born in the village of Zolle, where *The Imitation of Christ* was written by Thomas a' Kempis. He is the eminent successor of a long line of distinguished prelates who tenderly and zealously cared for the interests of Catholic foreign mission work.

NOTES

Italian Cities

From some points of view Venice and Naples might be described as more beautiful than Rome and Florence. The scenic beauty of the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius smoking against the azure sky in the background and the white villas among the vineyards in a long curve until they fade dimly against the heights of Sorrento, is wonderful. Venice is unique in its loveliness as it sleeps among its lagoons, amid which the sea breathes softly, as if loth to awaken the old city from its slumbers. Yet we dare maintain that they who know Italy would unhesitatingly choose either Rome or Florence for a dwelling place if a choice were to be made. Of Milano and Torino there can be no question when a comparison is made with the others. These cities of the north are indeed beautiful, and they have marvellous attractions. Yet they have neither the beauty nor the historical associations of Venice, Naples, Florence, and Rome.

Florence or Rome?

One would be hard put to it to decide between Florence and Rome. Both have claims so manifold that it is impossible to appreciate them rightly at all. What a host of memories the name of Florence summons up! What magnificent figures arise out of the past! Lorenzo, who was called the magnificent; Savonarola; Leo, who was the Maecenas of the Renaissance; Dante, Filippo Neri, Poliziano, Macchiavelli: Every name suggests a volume of history in itself. One recalls the great cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, the graceful dome upon which Michelangelo looked back as he was going to build San Pietro, saying: "*Come te non voglio, meglio non posso*"—"I will not build it like thee, better I cannot." Then comes the campanile of Giotto, unapproachable and matchless in its grace and beauty; and the bronze doors of the Baptistery so marvellously carved by the hand of a dead Florentine artist, Bernini. Going through the streets you will be reminded at every step of the living past—for the past never dies here, and of all old-world cities Florence is least changed by the years. Here was the house where Dante was born; there the church in which Fra Girolamo preached. The names of the buildings are like heads of chapters in history—La Signoria, Or San Michele, Santa Maria degli Angeli, Santa Croce. And through it all winds the Arno, bringing recollections of the green hills from which it came, swollen by the little streams that ran down among the vineyards in Casentino—

*I piccoli ruscelletti che dai i colli verdi
In Casentin scendon giu su in Arno
Mi stanno sempre innanzi, e non indarno!*

What a touch that was in Dante, and how true! The grim old Florentine in the *Inferno* remembered more vividly than anything else the little streams amid the green hills in the Arno valley.

O Roma O Morte

"Rome or death," said Garibaldi when he drew a ring of steel around the city of the Popes. And lovely as Florence is, Rome is, in many ways, first of all cities in the world for us all. An American tourist once saw Rome in three days. We who lived there more than twice three years did not see it or know it thoroughly; and men who have devoted their lives to studying it do not know it yet. Rome is eternal and infinite. All the Romes are there together still. The Rome of Romulus, the Rome of Nero, the Rome of Peter, the Rome of Rienzi, the Rome of Raphael, the Rome of Philip Neri and of Tasso, the Rome of San Callisto, of St. Leo, of Hildebrand, of Julius. It is too much for any man to grasp all that Rome is and all that she has been. It is the work of a lifetime to know any one of the many Romes. One always finds something new there where so much is so old. And

when one tires of the round of the churches and galleries and ruins and catacombs and palaces a few miles will bring one into the heart of the campagna or into the mountains that guard the eternal city from sea to sea. And when one goes out among the hills behind Rome a new life is begun and a new world discovered. For there are Tivoli, Subiaco, Gennazzano, Palestrina, Frascati, Albano, Nemi, with their old villas, their immemorial olive groves, their green vineyards, their sunny roads, their lakes, their cascades, their churches and palaces, their historical associations, so often ignored by those who go to Rome.

Russian Literature

Whenever we come upon a review of a Russian book we feel how true was George Gissing's lament for the books that one has read in the past and for lack of time may never read again. Among them loom largely the masterpieces of Russian literature read years ago in cheap German translations that opened wide the whole province of ancient and modern literature to those who could read German easily. Russian literature is, like Norwegian, a new force. It has no historic past; no golden age, no renaissance; and yet, as Maurice Baring observes, it seems to have behind it a spiritual antiquity which made it a mature thing at once. Its notes of passionate sincerity, of reality, of large sympathy and deep charity are begotten of that. It is new; but, like the oldest literature which gave to Humanity Homer and Virgil and Horace, it has given to the universe of mankind already two or three writers of international importance. Greater than Pushkin, the Mozart of the literature of Russia, or than Turgenieff, its Schumann, Tolstoi and Dostoiewski have definitely taken their place among the immortal company of the greater luminaries of all time, side by side with the poets of Greece and Rome, with Cervantes and Shakespeare, with Dante and Milton, with Goethe and Molière. *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina*, *Crime and Punishment*, *Four Families*, are works that have the elemental grandeur of Euripides and Shakespeare and the penetrating insight of Homer or Virgil; and as we get farther away from the lifetime of their writers their proportions are assuming their real stature.

Russian Poetry

Not only in prose but also in poetry have the Russians achieved greatness. There is Pushkin, whose range and depth are so astonishing, who swept the whole harp of feeling with a master hand, and in whose verse the reader will find grace and beauty, pathos and love, the fire of a patriot and the pity of a sufferer; there is Nekrasov, the Russian Wordsworth, who loved nature as intensely as the great Lake poet, and who had also the realism of Crabbe; and in later days, Maikoff, whose muse loves classical themes, Fet, whose lyrics are as intangible and as lovely as those of Yeats, and Polonsky, who ranges from the folk-lore that charms children to the grand themes of the history of ancient Greece. Here is an elegy by Pushkin, said to be characteristic of his views on life:

As bitter as stale aftermath of wine
Is the remembrance of delirious days;
But as wine waxes with the years, so weighs
The past more sorely as my days decline.
My path is dark. The future lies in wait,
A gathering ocean of anxiety,
But oh! my friends, to suffer, to create,
That is my prayer: to live and not to die.
I know that ecstasy shall still lie there
In sorrow and adversity and care.
Once more I shall be drunk on strains divine,
Be moved to tears by musings that are mine:
And haply when the last sad hour draws nigh
Love with a farewell smile shall light the sky.

And here is a poem by Fet on the dawn of day:

A whisper, a breath, a shiver,
The trills of the nightingale,
A silver light and a quiver
And a sunlit trail.
The glimmer of night and the shadows of night
In an endless race,
Enchanted changes, flight after flight,
On the loved one's face.
The blood of the roses tingling
In the clouds, and a gleam in the grey,
And tears and kisses commingling—
The Dawn, the Dawn, the Day!

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The New Zealand Chaplains' Department intimate that Father P. J. O'Neill (of the Diocese of Dunedin), Chaplain to the Forces, is transferred from the 1st N.Z. Infantry Brigade to No. 1 N.Z. General Hospital.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday from after the 11 o'clock Mass. In the evening his Lordship the Bishop presided at Compline, bore the Sacred Host in the procession, and gave Pontifical Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Rev. C. Ardagh and Rev. Dr. Kelly being deacon and subdeacon respectively, and Very Rev. J. Coffey, Adm., master of ceremonies.

At the ordinary weekly meeting of St. Joseph's Men's Club on last Monday evening Messrs. Martin Reddington and J. P. Dunn were appointed representatives of the club on St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation. Arrangements were made for a *cuchre social* to be held at the Waratah Tea Rooms on Tuesday, July 16. Mr. W. Kennedy was appointed to take charge of the club's musical functions. The programme of the evening was a debate as to whether picture shows tend to the moral good of the community or not. Mr. C. L'Estrange opened in the affirmative, and was followed by Mr. M. Reddington in the negative. An animated discussion of the subject was maintained (with a time limit to each speaker), by Messrs. R. Marlow, P. Cull, A. Tarleton, and J. P. Dunn in the affirmative, and by Messrs. A. Gallien, W. Kennedy, D. Sandys, and J. Kilmartin in the negative. On a vote of the meeting, the negative side were, by a one-vote majority, accorded the victory.

HIERARCHY'S PROTEST

IMPORTANT LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF CORK.

Writing to the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* recently, his Lordship the Bishop of Cork expressed himself as follows:—

Sir,—Allow me space to express my appreciation and thanks to his Eminence Cardinal Logue and the Bishops of our Standing Committee for their timely warning against the application to Ireland of the Military Service Act by conscription.

The attitude of Ireland to-day illustrates the law of experience, that equal services will not be rendered by different sections of citizens to the State when the State governs for a faction, and not in the interests of the citizens generally. The liberal government of Ireland has been always hampered by the spirit and power of the Protestant Anglican Church party in England in favor of the Protestants of Ireland. Let us briefly consider the outstanding periods of Irish history under British Protestant rule.

Let us take the period of the penal laws—If the modern German Empire had existed at the time of the penal laws it could not have treated any part of its dominions more cruelly and savagely than England treated Catholic Ireland. It would be hard to expect the Catholics of Ireland at that period, when all civil

rights were refused to them, to offer their services to England in a struggle against her enemies. The characteristic spirit of the period was hatred of the Holy See and of the Catholic religion. And it is a striking coincidence that in the decrees of Providence the time should come for the honor of Beatification of one of the martyrs of the penal laws, Blessed Oliver Plunkett, when the nation that put him to death is herself suffering a bit of martyrdom—fighting for small nations.

Again let us take the famine period—Economists tell us that the crisis could have been easily surmounted. If at that time England had, by some great cosmic catastrophe, disappeared from the face of the earth native Irish government would have successfully dealt with the crisis. British misgovernment was the cause of all the tragedy. And would it have been reasonable to complain, if an emergency arose, that Catholic Irish youth refused to fight for England, whose mastery over their nation was the cause of all its woes?

Or again let us take the period of the land agitation. The years 1879 and following were disastrous for the farmers of Ireland. What at that period, was the cause of the neglect and delay and opposition to liberal proposals, and inadequate measures in dealing with the problem? Why is it that it was only the commission of crime that roused England to action? It was the influence and power and activity in the House of Lords, of the landlord Church of England party, the heirs or successors of those who got the Church lands at the Reformation, on behalf of the Protestant landlord party in Ireland, sharers too in the plunder of the Reformation. And then these same people in England and Ireland are the first to declaim against the imperialism of Irish Catholics because they do not fight for the nation which refuses them impartial government.

Again let us take the Home Rule period. Here again we see Catholic Ireland discriminated against. If we take the most contentious recent British questions debated in Parliament, say, the Vote of the Lords Act, the principle was that majority rule should prevail. One never heard the principle announced. "The Insurance Act, or Free Trade, or the Vote Act, will not be passed, as long as such or such a section opposes." But Sir Edward Carson took the field against Home Rule, championed it at the Curragh—more successful against Home Rule than on the field of battle followed this. Leading Unionist lawyers followed suit. The campaign was conducted as a campaign against the Catholic Church and the Pope: "that the civil and religious liberties of Protestant Ulster would be jeopardised in a Parliament of Catholics owing allegiance to a foreign potentate in the Vatican." Then a new political principle was announced for the Catholics of Ireland: "That, no matter what majority there would be for Home Rule in Catholic Ireland and in England, Home Rule would not be passed into law as long as Protestant Ulster objected." And the leader of the movement, Sir Edward Carson, was made a Cabinet Minister, and his colleague in the hypothetical rebellion, Mr. Campbell, was made Lord Chief Justice for the Catholics of Ireland. Is it any wonder that the young Catholics of Ireland are not rushing into the British Army to fight for small nations? When misgovernment is a serious obstacle to a nation's development it is vain to hope for the general services which are rendered by a well-governed community.

Mr. Lloyd George says that young Irish soldiers in the trenches must be made to feel that they have at home what they are fighting for on the battlefield—for small nations. But accepting for the moment this sham of fighting for small nations—what is the fighting for? Is it not for absolute independence, for State sovereignty, for Belgium and Serbia and Montenegro? Why then all this haggling, in the case of Ireland, over the exclusion of counties, over this or that authority over taxation? One may be pardoned for being sceptical when Mr. Lloyd George talks of making Irish soldiers in the trenches feel that

they have at home the freedom which it is said they are fighting to win for small nations. Why was not the Home Rule Act put into operation at the beginning of the war? Instead of that we got a Convention which sat for a long time, just until the psychological moment when its report was necessary to dangle the prospect of a new Home Rule Act as a bait for submission to conscription. The youth of Ireland might swallow the bait and find themselves, if they survived the war, very far from the freedom and liberty which is demanded for the small nations. For good or for evil it was Sir Edward Carson and his Ulster Protestant movement that led to the opposition to military service in Ireland.

Again let us consider England's part in the secret treaty to exclude the Pope from peace negotiations. The 15th article of this secret treaty was as follows (I quote from a French source): "France, Great Britain, and Russia bind themselves to support the action of Italy in not permitting to the representatives of the Holy See to engage in diplomatic action with a view to the conclusion of peace or to the solution of questions connected with the war." And England failed to reply to the Peace Note of the Holy Father.

Again, sir, allow me to express how grateful we should all be to his Eminence and the Bishops of the Standing Committee for their solemn statement of warning against conscription. —Yours faithfully,

* DANIEL COHALAN,

Bishop of Cork.

OBITUARY

MR. THOMAS MacLOUGHLIN, DUNEDIN.

The Catholics of St. Joseph's Parish learned with deep regret that after a short illness Mr. MacLoughlin died a little after midnight on last Sunday. He had been out as usual during the week, and attended Mass up to Wednesday. What was at first looked on as a bad cold developed into pneumonia, and on Sunday morning his friends became anxious. The end came quickly, and a little after 12 the same night he passed away peacefully and quietly. Father Ardagh had given him Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction early in the day, and Father Coffey, for whom he asked about 11 o'clock in the night, was beside him till the end came. No death could be happier, and the knowledge that all his life was a preparation for that calm end is no small comfort now to them who mourn for the deceased, who died as he had lived, a saintly Irish gentleman. Mr. MacLoughlin belonged to a respected Roscommon family, and was born at Castlereaugh 58 years ago. About 25 years ago he came to New Zealand, whither his sister, Mother Bertrand, O.S.D., had already come as one of the pioneers of the Dominican Order in the Dominion. He entered the Civil Service about 20 years ago, and for the last few years he managed the Tourist Department in Dunedin. Besides Mother Bertrand, the deceased had two sisters nuns—Sister Mary Paul of the Cross, a Mercy Sister in Castlereaugh, and Sister Phyllis, O.S.D., Eccles Street, Dublin. A surviving brother is a well-known merchant in Castlereaugh. Mrs. MacLoughlin and her three children, to whom we tender our profound sympathy, may be assured that the many friends of Mr. MacLoughlin, as well as the past and present pupils of St. Dominic's, who always remember Mother Bertrand, will not forget him in their prayers. After Requiem Mass in St. Joseph's Cathedral on Tuesday morning the interment took place in the Southern Cemetery. R.I.P.

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HEART OF A HERO

You no doubt are familiar with the horrid scenes that were enacted in France during the Revolution of 1790. The aim of the revolutionists was to tear down at once both altar and throne. The inhabitants of the province of Vendee signalled themselves by their staunch defence of their faith, their churches, and their altars. Among them was one, a man named Ripoche, braver than the rest. He was taken prisoner by the barbarous soldiers of the Republican army and dragged before a crucifix that stood by the wayside, facing his own home.

"You were taken with weapons in your hands," they said to him: "your death sentence is already pronounced. See there the home where you were born and where your old father lives. Your fate is in your own hands; obey and we will spare your father's life and yours."

The prisoner's glance rested sadly a moment on the old homestead; the thought of his poor old father brought a tear to his eye. Then he asked:

"What do you want me to do to save my life?"

"Take this axe," they said, "and chop down that wayside crucifix and you are free."

Without another word, Ripoche

seized the axe; already his friends feared the worst; they turned away their eyes that they might not see the awful deed; they thought Ripoche would prove untrue and desecrate the Cross of our Lord. But see! Raising the axe with his strong arm, he brandishes it over his head, crying:

"Death to him that dares touch the Cross of Christ: I will defend it till my last breath!"

And, with his back to the cross he swung his axe: a sacred fire gleamed in his eyes, supernatural strength seemed to have come upon him. For a long while he kept his enemies at bay. At last, ashamed and infuriated, with a savage howl, the whole company rushed upon him and crushed him by their numbers. He bled from a hundred wounds and still he clung to the cross. At length they tear him away by main force they throw him upon the ground, and placing their bayonets to his heart, they repeat their godless demand:

"Tear down this superstitious sign and we will spare you."

"It is the sign of my redemption," Ripoche replies: "I embrace it." And gathering together all his remaining strength, he folded his arms around the foot of the cross. Immediately a score of bayonets pierced his heroic heart.

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Mr. G. A. M., Sturges St., Hawke-	23 5 19	Miss P., 159 East Belt, Rangiora		Mr. M. O'N., Te Waiapu, South-	29 12 18
Mrs. B. O'Hara, Junction				land	29 12 18
Mr. M. O'Brien, Thrales, Opunake				Mr. T. H. Douglas	30 9 19
Mr. T. C. O'Hara				Mr. E. McR., H. Rowland St., South	30 9 19
Mr. C. C. Marybank, Wanganui	29 1 20			Dunedin	
Mrs. B. Cross Falls, Whangakura				Mrs. T. R. Soper	15 4 18
Private J. McK., C. Camp, 26th	27 1 18			Rev. Father W. Invercargill	29 9 19
Reinforcements, EA, Fort 2, 2nd					
G.P.O., Wellington	29 9 19				

N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

LINCOLN BRANCH.

The annual meeting of the Lincoln branch of the Catholic Federation was held on Sunday, June 30. In the absence of Father Leen, Mr. P. F. Ryan presided. The annual balance sheet, and a report covering the year's work were read, showing there was a membership of 196 out of a possible 210 parishioners. Messrs. P. F. Ryan and J. A. Henley, members of the committee, were also members of the Diocesan Council during the past year, and they testified to the large amount of work done by the Diocesan Council. The

report also showed that during the year a collection was taken up by the branch for the Field Service Fund, the sum of £27 10s being subscribed. Officers for the ensuing year were appointed as follow:—President, Mr. P. F. Ryan; vice-presidents, Messrs. J. McCormack and J. Doyle; secretary, Mr. J. A. Henley; treasurer, Mr. M. F. Ryan; committee—Messrs. M. F. Ryan and J. Cunneen (I.A.C.B. Society), Mesdames M. O'Neill and B. Moran (Altar Society), Mesdames J. Ryan, J. A. Henley, M. F. Ryan, Messrs. P. Riordan, J. Ryall, J. McCleary, T. Cunneen, L. Mannion, J. Smith, P. Kelly (parish representatives). Messrs. P. F. Ryan and J. A. Henley were appointed delegates to Diocesan Council.

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IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

John O'Connor, Knocklong, Co. Limerick, one of the few remaining Irishmen who fought under the Papal banner against Garibaldi, died in April last.

It is pointed out in the Irish papers that Mr. Edward Shortt, K.C., M.P., the new Chief Secretary, on the report stage of the Military Service Bill (taken April 16), supported Mr. Dillon's amendment to exclude Ireland from the scope of the Bill.

There is an extraordinary shortage of silver in many districts in Ireland. The shortage in Cork recently was such that it was detrimental to public business. The Lord Mayor called a meeting of the citizens to consider the question.

The *Carlow Nationalist* mentions receipt of a letter from Mr. Paul T. Kenny, New York, a native of Cappoquin, in which Mr. Kenny states he was the inventor of the gun ("Big Bertha") used by the Germans in shelling Paris. The patent was offered to the American Government and refused. It was accepted by the military authorities in Berlin just before the war.

On March 26, Mr. Ginnell, M.P., at the Dublin Police Court, was bound over to keep the peace, with the alternative of six months' imprisonment. The charge was one of inciting to cattle-driving. Mr. Ginnell refused to recognise the jurisdiction of the court or to give bail. When being removed from court a disturbance arose in which Mrs. Ginnell, who was present, was roughly handled by the police. The Lord Mayor had to interpose for her protection. A son of Major McBride (executed for the Easter Week insurrection) also suffered ill-treatment. Mr. Ginnell, M.P., on being committed to prison as an ordinary criminal in connection with a political offence, went on hunger strike. He is now being treated as a political prisoner and is taking his ordinary food.

The Donegal Flaxgrowers' and Farmers' Association, which is largely composed of Unionists, oppose the application of conscription to Ireland, on the ground that it will diminish the amount of food and flax required by the Government, if available labor is diminished.

The Irish newspapers are full of reports of trials and sentences of young men for illegal assembly, for drilling and for wearing uniforms. The accused in every case refuse to recognise the authority of the courts, which they declare to be illegal. Amongst those recently charged with illegal assembly was George Plunkett, sentenced to death after the Dublin Insurrection.

CONSCRIPTION IN IRELAND: FUND FOR RESISTANCE.

The special meeting of the Irish Hierarchy at Maynooth in connection with the Conscription Bill, requested the clergy to announce a suitable date for collecting funds outside the church gates for supplying means to resist the imposition of compulsory military service. The *Irish Independent* says:—

The parochial collections are being taken up all over Ireland with the greatest enthusiasm, and large sums are in all cases being realised, subscriptions being

given generously and freely, and the totals constituting records in most instances. It is believed that when the collections are complete over £100,000, or probably £150,000, will have been realised, though the subscriptions are in the majority of cases regarded in the light of first instalments.

The *Cork Examiner* says the scenes at the church gates were "unparalleled even in the history of this country." Over £5000 was subscribed in Cork City alone, most subscribers intimating that their donation was a first subscription.

THE OLD WAR-CRIES.

Sir Edward Carson has retired from the War Cabinet, and Sir James Craig from the Government. Sir Edward Carson points out that the Irish question has reached a stage at which the Government may have to take a decision on grave matters of policy:—*Westminster Gazette*. ...The concluding verses of the well-known "Ode to Bluff" by Miss Susan Mitchell, reflecting on Sir Edward and his Ulster satellites fittingly describe the situation:—

Behold the Ulster boy,
His mother's darling joy!
Hear the dear child blaspheme
When Home Rule is the theme.
Between each tender kiss,
Taught at the Pope to hiss,
This child who blusters all he can
Is father to the rampant Ulster man.

With sure good stuff our victory is sure;
With Craig, with Londonderry, and with Moore
And Carson at their head
Redmond and Devlin are as good as dead.
But if in spite of the loud Orange drum
Home Rule should come,
Ulster will be in flight,
And Ulster will be right.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INISFREE.

I will arise and go now, and go to Inisfree,
And a small cabin built there of clay and wattles
made:
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey
bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where
the cricket sings,
There midnights all a-glimmer, and noon a purple
glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.
I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the
shore:
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements
grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

—WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

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CARDINAL LOGUE ON "NO POPERY" CRY

Cardinal Logue has been interviewed by the special correspondent in Ireland of the *Manchester Guardian*, who gives an interesting account of the conversation in a recent issue of that journal. The interviewer says:—

Time was short, and I asked him (the Cardinal) point-blank whether the Irish Catholic Hierarchy was taking the lead against conscription as part of a pro-German plot engineered from the Vatican. It was a very broad leading question, but the Cardinal traversed it in detail.

"I don't suppose you need telling yourself," he said. "But if you think anybody else needs telling, then tell them from me it is nonsense. The Irish bishops have received no instructions and no suggestions from the Vatican about their attitude towards conscription. If they had, it is surely myself who would know, and I do not know anything of the kind. But everybody knows that the Catholic Church has got sons on both sides in this horrible war; and everybody ought to know that, so far as the Vatican is concerned, the Vatican has been neutral throughout. The Vatican could have been no other."

I asked the Cardinal what was the root of the Irish hostility to conscription, and he referred me to the official declaration of the Maynooth Conference. He reinforced it with some considerations of his own, which may be called the human economic argument. It is, perhaps, the gravest indictment of English rule that during the last 60 or 70 years Ireland has lost nearly half her population.

The Cardinal's point was that by their emigration, caused or stimulated by an unpopular form of government, the country had already lost far more of her manhood than she could afford. Emigration had been stopped during the war, but there was a great rush of recruits at the beginning, a rash which might have continued if England had behaved decently, and if the War Office at one time had not set itself against the raising of Irish divisions as such.

I suggested that some of his colleagues on the Episcopal bench had taken a definitely anti-recruiting line, but the Cardinal said he had not heard of it. In any case Ireland—or certainly rural Ireland—was already short of men. Last year she put a million or twelve hundred thousand new acres under tillage, and to-day many—perhaps most—of the farms were being worked by one man and a horse; but I fancy this was intended only as an argument of expediency supplementary to the stronger ground of principle that no nation ought to be conscripted against its will.

The Cardinal talked like any other Irishman talks of the probable and even certain results.

"I am told you mean this business," he said. "You have more soldiers in Ireland now than you can ever get by their aid, and if and when you get the conscripts, what are you going to do with them?"

He made it clear that he is strongly against physical resistance, but short of that, if it can be avoided, the national sentiment will make itself sufficiently troublesome in other ways.

I put several other questions.

Question: "Was this a new departure, or had the Catholic bishops ever before taken an active interest in politics?"

Answer: "Of course they had, and whenever the welfare of their people demanded it."

Question: "Had the bishops now thrown themselves into the arms of the Sinn Feiners?"

Answer: "No, they had not. He himself had always been against Sinn Fein as such, and had frequently said so. It was the British Government themselves who were encouraging Sinn Fein by bringing forward conscription."

Question: "Was the 'No-Popery' cry likely to do harm to the Church itself?"

Answer: "Not a bit of it, but if persisted in it might do harm to the Allies. Leaving out of account the Irish and Continental Catholics fighting on the side of the Allies, he was told that 40 per cent. of the American soldiers were Catholics, either of Irish birth or Irish descent; and it was a stupid thing in England to try to raise a foolish and false issue. The Catholics would see through it, but all the same they would not like it."

FAMOUS IRISH UKRAINIANS

George Raffalovich, an Ukrainian and an authority on the history of his country, tells the readers of the *New York Sun* that the names of O'Brien and O'Rourke are still preserved there. Speaking of the free institutions of the Ukraine before the Czar subjugated the country, he says:

"Many people would leave the surrounding countries and go to settle in Ukraine. Such names preserved in the Ukraine as O'Brien and O'Rourke tend to prove that people came from much farther to settle in the happy land."

The Ukraine is in the south-western portion of Russia. The founder of the O'Rourke family, which Mr. Raffalovich informs us still exists, was Count O'Rourke, born in Leitrim. He became an officer in the English army, but had to give up his commission. He then went to France, where he served under Louis XV. He got an introduction to Stanislaus, King of Poland, and resigned his commission in the French army to serve under Stanislaus. Becoming impatient at the delay, he went to Russia, where he became major in the Czar's regiment of bodyguard. Russia and Prussia soon afterwards went to war, and O'Rourke distinguished himself at the siege of Berlin. At the end of the war Frederick the Great expressed a desire to meet O'Rourke, to whom he presented a diamond-studded sword. He died in Russia about 1782.

The O'Briens have been prominent in Russia since the early part of the eighteenth century.

Another famous Irishman, George Browne, went to Russia in 1720, and was given a commission in the army. He distinguished himself in the campaign against Poland, France, and Prussia, and was created Field Marshal before he was 30 years of age. He died in 1792, and his descendants have held high positions in Russia, one of them being Governor of Livonia a few years ago.

But Peter Lacy was undoubtedly the greatest Irishman in Russia. He was born in Killeedy, Limerick, in 1678. He took to soldiering under Sarsfield at the mature age of 12. He served in the Irish Brigade in France and Italy. After the Peace of Ryswick he entered the Russian service, where he received rapid promotion. In 1720 he led the Russian army in Sweden, and at the end of the campaign he was made Governor of Livonia. In 1723 he commanded the expedition against Poland, and entered Warsaw in triumph. It was Lacy who in 1742 took part of Finland from the Swedes. He died in 1771, laden with honors and leaving a large estate to his children. One of his descendants was in recent years Governor of Riga, while others held big positions in Austria.

In contrast to these Irishmen who rose to distinction as soldiers in Russia, there was another Dublin man, John Field, who made his reputation as a musician. The *Century Dictionary of Names* calls him a "British composer." He was about as "British" as Lacy or O'Rourke. He was a student of Clementi, the Italian pianist and composer, whom he accompanied to Russia in 1802. He lived 20 years in Petrograd and two in Moscow, when he moved to London.

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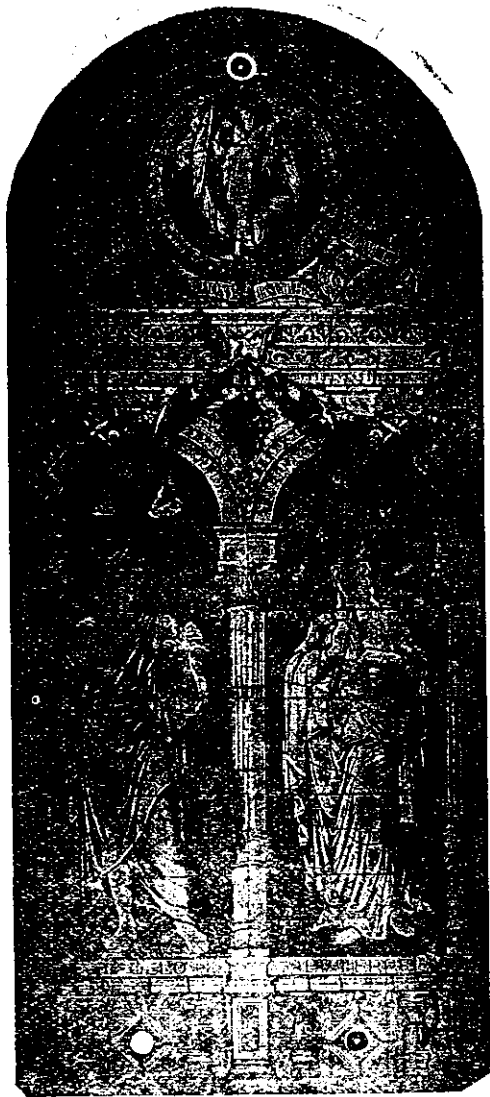
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INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY AND LETTERS

We have from time to time read with deep interest and pleasure the learned discourses of Professor MacNeill on the literature and religion of Ireland, and from among those recently delivered in Dublin a summary of that relating to the introduction of Christianity and Letters is well worth reproducing.

In Professor MacNeill's sixth lecture of February 14 we began to see emerge the Ireland that gave her love to religion and learning (states *New Ireland*). The lecturer conceded the possibility of there having been Christian missions and establishments in the island before that of St. Patrick, but the evidence was shadowy or obscure, and rested chiefly on the words of Palladius, the bishop who sent forth a mission "To the Scots believing in Christ"—a better foundation than the obesity of St. Pellagius, who was described as being "swelled out with the porridge of Ireland." Zimmer has pointed out that as Ireland was the one country that escaped the Germanic invasion, it may have become the centre of a "learned immigration," which would explain the knowledge of Greek and Latin that certainly existed there in very early times. We were reminded of St. Patrick's rebuke to rhetoricians, many of whom had probably come from the school of Aquitaine, where they delighted to speak a Latin only understood among themselves, through the transposing or altering of certain letters. But for the early Irish Christians this juggling with a language had no attractions: St. Columbanus of Bobbio wrote very pure Latin, and has recorded the contempt he and his fellow-monks had for Victorinus of Aquitaine and his Latinists. Caesar had found the people of Gaul using the Greek letters for all purposes; they had probably come to them from the Greek colonists at Massilio (Marseilles), and 600 B.C. had spread in use as far as the Alps, when an elaborate census of that date, written throughout in Greek characters, was found in Helvetia. It would be almost natural to expect their penetration here. But having his theories on our oldest form of inscription, Professor MacNeill showed that the Ogham corresponds in every point save one with the Latin alphabet, while it corresponds in neither consonant nor vowels with the Greek; nay, further, where the Ogham differs from the Greek it is exactly where the Latin differs. St. Patrick, too, gave instructions in Latin and wrote in that language a set of lessons intended for those who were to become priests, while the orthography of old Welsh and Irish has been modified by the pronunciation of Latin by the Britons. It is not difficult to understand why the old grammarians set forth such conundrums as: "Why is it said that Irish is said to be a profane language?" or "Why is it that he who speaks and writes Irish is said to be unruly in the sight of God?" Questions that the lecturer neatly balanced with another old grammarian's, which ran: "Why is Irish a choice language?" It was inevitable that with the old language the poets would preserve for a long while a good deal of the old pagan ceremonial. No definite date was assigned for the beginning of the Annals, which we were warned were to the uninitiated like "a trackless morass," for normal things and institutions are never mentioned in them, but comets, floods, pestilences; a few great names mark epochs, and lists of battles fill the gaps between: a king puts his son to death, or goes to war, no reason being assigned in either case. Sometime the genealogies help to explain some political change, such as an extension of power by the creation of feudatories. The appointment of our over lord did not necessarily mean the deposition of the former lord: he was merely depressed and became "a mesne lord." A notable instance of this in our history was the giving the lordship of Ireland to Henry of Anjou under the so-called Donation of Constantine. Henry passed the lordship on to his youngest son, John, but in neither case was Cormac, then King of Ireland, dispossessed. With Ailill Molt the supremacy of Ireland passed from Connacht to Munster. Never again was a King of Ireland

chosen from Connacht. Henceforth it was the south or the north held sway. When the Kings of Cashel, surrounded by tributary States, were supreme, Leinster was split up under over lords, these feudatory chiefs being more numerous there than in any other part of Ireland, save Oriel.

POLITICIANS AND THE PRESS

(By P. J. O'REGAN, in the *Maoriland Worker*.)

Since the packing of the Legislative Council there have been other happenings tending to confirm the view that the press is being mobilised to support the present political combination, and that the said combination is something more than a Windy War Government—in other words, that it will continue after the war. I allude, of course, to the "invitation" emanating from the British Government to a contingent of press representatives to visit the western war front. Frankly, I am of opinion that the invitation was inspired from this end, but whether that be the fact or not, the object is quite clear: to stifle independent opinion in this country. Each press representative will return with the assurance of the man who knows what he has been talking about, because he has been there. Of course, his eating salt with the Milners and Northcliffes will not influence his opinion in the least! He will be just as candid a friend of the National Government as before, and the fear of being "carpeted" by his directors will not deter the editor from doing his duty to the public, even though he has been granted a holiday trip to Europe!

But the most poignant illustration of the policy of curtailing the press is afforded by the fate of the *Lyttelton Times*. Under the editorial control of Mr. S. Saunders that paper became the most influential journal in New Zealand. Its outstanding feature was the correspondence column, wherein every shade of opinion was permitted facilities for forcible and decorous expression. By this means the paper became a powerful medium for the stimulation of and development of public opinion, and there is no doubt that the strong current of independent opinion in the Cathedral City to-day, took its rise originally from the *Lyttelton Times*. But discussion is the very thing "our friend the enemy" dreads, and after fruitless attempts to induce the editor to "go slow," he was removed, since which time the paper has silently fallen into line, and so it has come to pass that the once stalwart vindicator of Liberal principles joins with the pack in columniating men like Messrs. Webb and Holland. O tempora, O mores!

Mr. Holland was subjected to a cross fire of vituperation because he dared to declare in the name of Labor for a negotiated peace. The hired hacks who abused the member for Grey might do worse than study the speech delivered a few weeks ago at Glasgow by General Smuts, the only military member, by the way, of the Lloyd George War Cabinet. "We used to talk a lot of nonsense," said General Smuts, "about defeating the Boche, but Brother Boche has come and knocked this kind of damnable nonsense out of us." Every intelligent observer knows that peace is coming by negotiation. It is a scandalous fact that a Parliamentary candidate who voiced a view which General Smuts makes imperative should be made the object of studied slander and abuse by facile but addle-pated scribblers.

It is not hard to make our peace with God. Let us then make a resolution to leave nothing undone that is necessary to make that peace, for only then can we prepare to face Him happily and trustfully at the hour of death.

How often we look upon God as our last and feeblest resource. We go to Him because we have nowhere else to go. And then we learn that the storms of life have driven us, not upon the rocks, but into the desired haven.—George Macdonald.

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SIDELIGHTS ON THE WAR

Prefacing the subjoined incident, narrated in one of the English papers in regard to a society devoted to the help of wounded French soldiers, "Monachus Minor," writing in the *Holy Cross Magazine*, remarks: "There are certain kinds of war literature of which one grows utterly weary; but the stories that come, and keep coming, of the goodness of God and the apparently miraculous answers to the prayers of His people make a literature that can not soon be forgotten by those who believe that God's hand is in this conflict"----

A representative of the fund heard of a poor convent hospital near by. She bicycled out, climbed the steep path to the convent, and rang the old clanging bell at the gate. The place seemed deserted; she rang again, and at last the gate was timidly opened, and a pale face looked out. "I come from an English Society which gives help to the French wounded: do you want anything here?" The face blanched even whiter, looked amazed, incredulous. "Come in, come in!" was all the poor Sister said, and led her visitor to the chapel, where several of the sisterhood were gathered, and one knelt in prayer before the altar. "I represent an English fund which gives help to the French wounded," repeated the lady, when to her astonishment all present burst into tears, and clung round her knees. They had come to the end of their resources, but had decided to keep a novena of prayer before arranging to leave the convent and dismiss the wounded: and this was the ninth and last day! They were saved as by a miracle.

"War weary," hardly expresses our ideas of the present state of the world (says the *Brooklyn Tablet*). Disgust and despair over the blind wilfulness of mankind is more to the point. It isn't the failure of Christianity, but rather, as Chesterton says, "the world hasn't given Christianity a chance." Future generations will read the utterance of President Wilson with the same reverence with which we now read those of Abraham Lincoln. The recent proclamation for a "Day of Prayer and Humiliation," to be observed on Decoration Day, is a sound and sanely Catholic utterance.

The King of the Belgians in passing through Paris on his way to join the Queen in the South of France, en route for Italy, took the occasion to personally confer on General Leman (dubiously repatriated) the defender of Liege, the Grand Cordon of the Order of Leopold and the Cross of War, to which President Poincaré has added the Legion of Honor on behalf of France. The King was received at the Belgian Legation, and welcomed the great soldier with emotion, expressing his joy to see him again and tell him of the nation's gratitude for his splendid services. In testimony of this and of his own profound admiration he presented the insignia of the Orders above referred to. The general, deeply touched, thanked his Sovereign and renewed his expression of attachment of which he gave so signal a proof three years ago, when he blew up the fortress of Liege rather than let it fall into German hands, expecting himself to perish with its defenders.

FAITH IN THE CRUCIFIX.

A German submarine attacked and sank two fishing boats off Howth recently. Four men and a boy, who composed the crew of one of them, are missing, and are believed to have been killed by shellfire or drowned when their vessel was sunk. There were 11 persons on board the second boat when shelled, and they had a remarkable escape. Patrick Caulfield, a member of the crew, said to a *Freeman's Journal* reporter: "When the firing commenced I had a crucifix in my possession, and said it would protect us, as I heard Father Colohan, our late parish priest, once say in a sermon that Constantine, even before he became a Christian, when he went to war was told that in the sign of the crucifix he would conquer. I produced the crucifix, and I believed that then we would be safe. I told the men to pray, and that the prayers and the crucifix would

save us. I put the crucifix on the stern of the boat, and though the timber all round it was torn away by the shells the cross was untouched. All of us joined in prayer, and it was through the intervention and by the mercy of the cross our lives were saved."

A FRENCH ANTI-CLERICAL.

A local innkeeper in France, who prides himself on his easy-going religion of a freethinker and anti-clerical, had the surprise of his life when some American troops arrived in his village. He was looking forward to some profit, and to his disappointment found that the Americans were not drinking men. So he looked forward to revenge next day, which was Sunday, when, no doubt, the Americans would show no little contempt for priests and churches, but his further disappointment was greater still.

Near the village church there were gathered some 50 American soldiers chatting and smoking. After a few moments there appeared a black figure walking on the road leading to the church. It was the priest supplying for the cure, who had been called up for military service. There was a sharp word of command, and the men sprang to attention and saluted the mud-covered priest as he passed, and to the surprise of the innkeeper they followed him into the church.

It was too much for the innkeeper, who could not imagine that such enlightened men as the Americans could possibly want to pray. So his curiosity led him to the door of the church, where he looked in to see what they were doing. To his surprise and indignation the American soldiers were kneeling before the altar, their prayer books or rosaries in their hands, and they were singing with all their powers the Credo of the Mass. He is not the only Frenchman who has been surprised in this manner, and the surprise will probably work to their benefit.

CHAPLAINS HONORED.

The Military Cross has just been awarded to the Rev. Peter John Burns, C.F., a Scots priest, for conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. When the evacuation of the wounded was held up owing to heavy shell fire on the roads Father Burns remained continually in the open, giving both spiritual and material assistance to the wounded, and keeping up their courage by his inspiring confidence. On March 31, another Catholic chaplain, Rev. Edward Daly, was taken prisoner, and is now in the hands of the Germans. The Vincentian Fathers have lost one of their members, Father John McDonnell, who fell in action during the discharge of his duties on April 9. Father McDonnell came of a well-known Cork family, and before joining the Vincentian Order received his education at Clongowes and Castleknock Colleges. Other military honors that have been awarded to Catholics for distinguished service are the Military Cross to the Rev. Francis Bickford and the Rev. George Craven, chaplains to the forces, of the Westminster diocese, and the Distinguished Service Order to the Rev. Joseph Whitfield, of the new diocese of Brentwood. Some of the Trappists of the Monastery of our Lady of Compassion, near Kingsbridge in Devon, have been summoned to the firing line, and one of their members, Father Gabriel, has fallen in action during the recent battle. Captain, the Rev. Robert Milroy, Catholic chaplain to the British Forces, has been reported severely wounded, and is now in hospital in France.

AMERICA'S CATHOLIC CHIEF OF STAFF.

Major-General James W. McAndrew, a graduate of St. Francis Xavier's High School, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers in New York City, has been appointed Chief of Staff of the American Expeditionary Forces in France. In a letter to a New York city friend, Major-General McAndrew stated recently that he was proud that he was one of the 500 fighting alumni that St. Francis Xavier's School now has in the service of the United States.

Lieut.-Colonel Hugh A. Drum, one of the Adjutant-Generals on the staff of General Pershing, is also

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a graduate of St. Francis Xavier's School, as is Father Francis Duffy, chaplain of the 165th Infantry, of the Rainbow Division. The school is represented in Europe by more than 100 officers, of whom four are Lieutenant-Colonels, eleven are Majors, sixteen Captains, and the rest Lieutenants of the Army and junior officers of the Navy. Of the remaining 350 alumni in the service two out of every three are non-commissioned officers. Military training has been a compulsory course at the school for more than 30 years.

General McAndrew was born in Pennsylvania in 1862, and entered West Point in 1884. After graduation he was a Second Lieutenant of the Twenty-first Infantry in 1888. In 1895 he was promoted to First Lieutenant and transferred to the Third Infantry, the unit with which he has seen most of his service in the line. He received his Captaincy in 1899, and was promoted to Major in 1911. He was a Lieutenant-Colonel when Congress declared war on Germany.

The newly-appointed Chief of Staff has long been recognised as one of the brilliant infantry officers of the regular Army. He is a West Pointer and an honor graduate of the Army School, as well as of the Army Staff College and the War College. As an officer who knows him well and served with him in the Third Infantry expressed it: "McAndrew has been specially trained for the big job that he now holds."

TRAPPIST MONKS UNDER FIRE.

The Mont des Cats, one of the little hills looking out over Ypres, is the scene of some of the fiercest fighting of the German offensive. And under fire still stands the monastery of the Trappist Monks, who still maintain their life of prayer and labor, undisturbed by the bombardments and machine-gun fire. At the beginning of the war the German armies occupied the monastery, but the Fathers refused to abandon it, and they have lived on there ever since. It is said that a German prince, a relative of the Kaiser, who was wounded in the cavalry fighting when the enemy was driven back beyond Ypres, was taken into the monastery and tended there. He died of his wounds, and there is a report that he lies buried in the garden of the abbey.

The big guns are still booming in Alsace, and the little village of Thann lies just about a mile from the German front. But although Thann is under fire of the guns all day, it still goes on its way with a cheerful resignation. The women wash clothes in the river, and 50 yards away the shells are bursting. It is a village where every one, even the smallest children, lives in his gas mask. The first thing a baby has to do in Thann is not to learn how to walk or even to talk, but to breathe through its gas mask.

But of all this unmoved and imperturbable population the most resigned and unquailing is the venerable nun, who still teaches the village school. Recently she told a correspondent of the old days, when they sang the "Marsellaise" behind bolted windows and locked doors. Under the German occupation French was not allowed to be taught, save to those who were able to pay for it. But now even the poorest peasants are learning to speak the tongue of their motherland. The good nun has the hardest task possible in teaching the children while all around the village shells are bursting daily.

Read by the light of experience. Look on the years that have passed, with their long chain of troubles and anxieties and worries and cares and tribulations. Must you not, way down in your heart of hearts, gratefully acknowledge that your steps have been guided by a special Providence "reaching from end to end mightily and ordering all things sweetly?" On what day, can you remember, were you deprived of your reasonable desires? Or if, perchance, some things were denied you, were you not compensated by blessings of a higher order? And if this Heavenly Father has been so thoughtful of you in the past, why doubt His protecting care in the future?

PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

Father J. W. Carroll, and Father Wall, chaplains to the Forces, left Capetown for Europe recently after a long term of service in East Africa. Father Wall, who is a Mill Hill missionary, has had blackwater fever, and sadly needs a rest (states the *Catholic Magazine for South Africa*).

From the same source we learn that the Rev. I. Saccadas, O.M.I., once in Johannesburg, has been at the European front since the beginning of the war. Recently he was attached to the Manchester Regiment as an interpreter. When last heard from, he was on the Purchase Board. For a long time he was in the actual firing line, and was in the thick of it, during the great offensive around Verdun.

Speaking at Rhodes University College during a recent visit of the Administrator of the Cape Province the Chairman of the Senate, Professor Kidd, referred particularly to the positions gained by Sister Mary Alacoque Brien in the English (Honors department), and by Sister Cecilia in French (also Honors), at the B.A. examination. Sister Alacoque, who is an old pupil of the King Williams Town Convent, has since been awarded the King's Gold Medal for modern languages. Both Sisters are Dominicans.

The city of Shanghai, China, has one of the most eminent citizens of the Orient in the person of Joseph Loh pa hong, a practical Catholic. According to Father Walsh, he is a daily Communicant. His business interests are very large, but he manages to order his daily life on religious lines. He is the founder and supporter of a model modern hospital in Shanghai which is under the control of the Sisters of Charity.

The death of Brother Jerome (Hugh J. Harroway), of the Marist Brothers, occurred at the Colonial Hospital, Suva, on Sunday, June 16. Brother Jerome was 56 years of age, and was born in Ayrshire, Scotland. He entered the Order of the Marist Brothers in Sydney in 1884, and after the usual period of training was sent to New Zealand, where he remained for about 16 years. In 1901 he was transferred to Fiji, and was attached to the teaching staff of Naililili and Cawaai.

The Catholic University Institute, Tokyo, Japan, notifies the recent appointment of the Rev. Mark J. McNeal, S.J., a graduate of Georgetown University, Washington, as Lecturer in English Literature in the Imperial University of Tokyo. He is the first American so honored by the Japanese, and his selection is therefore welcomed with special gratification by the American Association. The students are the "pick" of all Japan. Father McNeal is thus offered an excellent opportunity of constant association with the professors of the University and of close familiarity with its students. He will doubtless be able, incidentally, to remove many false notions regarding Christianity at the very centre of the intellectual life of Japan. His genial character, no less than his literary accomplishments, will win for him many friends among the faculty and the pupils.

Most Rev. Dr. Higgins, Auxiliary-Bishop and Vicar-Apostolic of Tuam archdiocese, died unexpectedly on April 23 at his residence, St. Mary's, Castlebar. The Most Rev. Michael Higgins was born at Ballyheane, Castlebar, about 54 years ago. He studied for the priesthood at St. Jarlath's Diocesan College, Tuam, and Maynooth National College. He was ordained in 1888, and was appointed professor at St. Jarlath's, of which he later became President. In 1905, he was created Canon of the Chapter, and in 1910 was appointed parish priest of Cummier. In 1912 he was transferred to the pastorship of Castlebar, and appointed Vicar-General of the diocese. The same year he was appointed Assistant Bishop of Tuam, with the titular See of Temnus. On the death of Archbishop Healy Dr. Higgins was appointed Administrator of the diocese pending the selection of an Archbishop.

Molly O'Moore

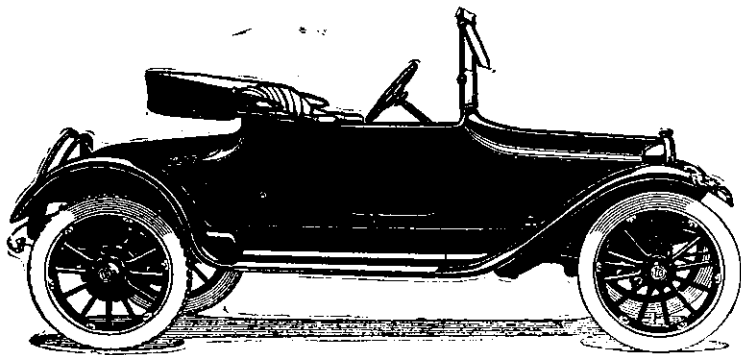
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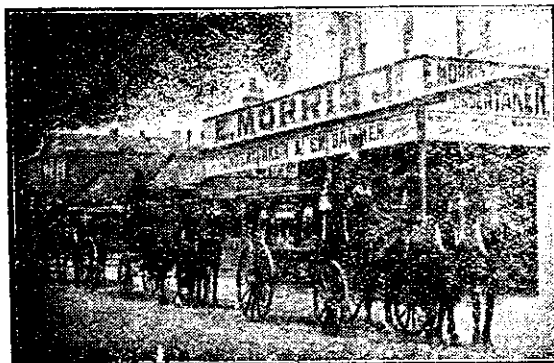
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OBITUARY

MR. JOHN CRANE, TIMARU.

There passed away on Saturday, June 22, at the residence of his daughter (Mrs. Gawne, LeCren's Terrace, Timaru), one of Otago's old pioneers, in the person of Mr. John Crane. He was a man of few words, but great actions. He arrived in Dunedin in 1862, and was well known in Kaitangata, where he resided for many years. He was also well known in and around Dunedin. He came to Timaru about eight years ago. Being an invalid, he led a retired life, and passed away at the age of 85 years. R.I.P.

MR. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, SPREYDON, CHRISTCHURCH.

On Thursday, June 6, there passed away at his residence, Simeon Street, Spreydon, at the age of 51 years, an old and very highly respected resident of the district in the person of Mr. Michael O'Connell. Deceased was the fifth and youngest son of the late John O'Connell, and was born in County Tipperary, Ireland. He came to New Zealand about 35 years ago, and settled in Spreydon, in which district he resided up to the time of his death. The deceased was always an ardent and devoted Catholic, and though of a retiring disposition, he rendered valuable assistance to the Church and to the cause of Catholic education, being for many years a member of the church and school committee, also a member of the Catholic Federation from its inception. During his last illness the deceased was attended with the most zealous care and attention by Father Long, priest in charge of the district; and during his last hours he was also visited by Father Carroll, Father J. Hanrahan, the Sisters of the Mission, and the Sisters of Nazareth. The very high esteem in which the deceased was held was shown by the large attendance at the funeral, which took place on Saturday morning, June 8. Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral by Father Carroll, who also officiated at the interment in Linwood Cemetery. The deceased leaves a wife, three sons, and two daughters to mourn their loss. R.I.P.

MRS. P. F. DOLAN, DORIE.

The death is recorded of Mrs. P. F. Dolan, of Dorie, Rakaia, at the early age of 43 years. The deceased, who had always enjoyed excellent health, about a year ago fell ill, and in spite of medical skill and all that loving care could do passed peacefully away at her residence on June 25. The deceased lady was received into the Catholic Church some 18 years ago, and was an exemplary Catholic and a most energetic worker in all matters connected with the welfare of the Church. The sympathy of the residents of the whole district is extended to the bereaved husband and family of four young boys in this their second bereavement in seven months. During her illness she was attended by Father Price, and was constantly visited by the Sisters of Mercy (Rakaia), and died fortified by the rites of Holy Church. The funeral, which

took place on June 27, was very largely attended. A Requiem Mass was celebrated by Father Price in St. Ita's Church, and as the remains were carried out of the church the Dead March was played by one of the Sisters.—R.I.P.

MRS. MARY ANN McMAHON, CHRISTCHURCH.

The death is announced, at Caversham Street, Christchurch, of Mrs. Mary Ann McMahon, wife of Mr. John McMahon of that city, which occurred on May 23. The deceased lady, who was the second daughter of the late Patrick Murray, of Roselea, County Fermanagh, Ireland, arrived in Christchurch, accompanied by her brother Brian (since deceased), in the ship Blairgowrie in 1875, and resided there continuously up to the time of her demise. Deceased, who was of a very retiring disposition, is survived by a large family of seven daughters and three sons. The family consists of Mrs. Hirsch (of Durban, South Africa), Mrs. C. T. Leydon and Mrs. Grant (of Wellington), Mrs. Jerome, and the Misses L. E. and J. McMahon (of Christchurch), and Messrs. J., J. P., and H. McMahon (also of Christchurch). The two latter sons recently returned from the front, and arrived home in time to see their mother during her last illness. A Requiem Mass was celebrated at the Cathedral, Barbadoes Street, by Father Fogarty, who also officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

CATHOLIC BISHOPS AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

A new vista is opened to Catholics by the majority report on the reform of the House of Lords, just issued, which does away with the hereditary privilege. That portion which concerns us, says the London representative of the Catholic Press Association of the United States, is the recommendation that bishops of the Catholic Church and leaders of the Protestant sects should have the right to be elected to the "upper chamber."

Naturally the Anglican bishops who now sit there do so by benefit of the Catholic "Lords Spiritual" of the past, whose places they have usurped; but hitherto the "upper chamber" has been closed to our own bishops. If Lord Bryce's plan is adopted it becomes evident that we may yet see a Cardinal and some Archbishops sitting in the House of Lords and taking care of Catholic interests there.

The big red lamp of Chemist Keat,
Shone out along the rain-soaked street;
While all within glowed warm and bright,
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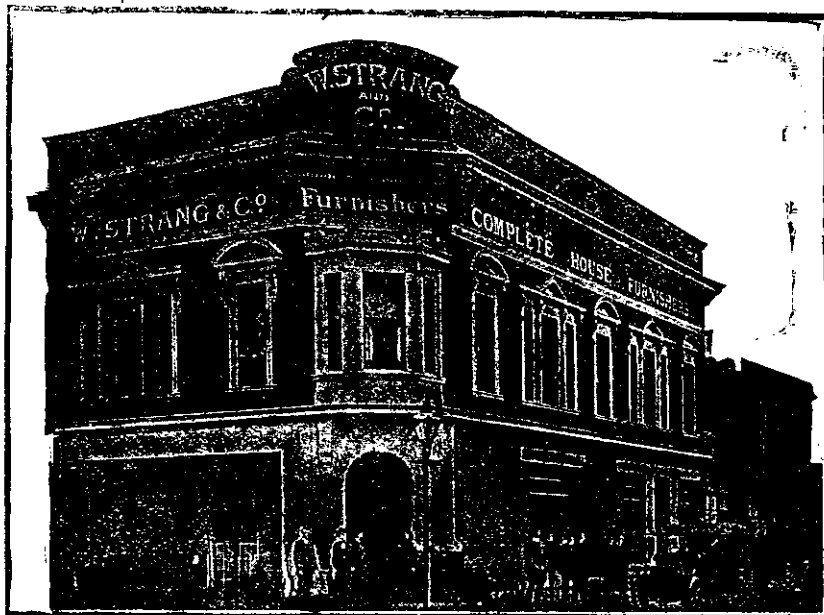
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THE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND

HISTORICAL NOTES.

The writer of *Sketches of New Zealand and Its Inhabitants* relates in the course of an interesting little volume published over thirty years ago, his impressions and the results of his observations regarding the effects of missionary influence on the natives of this country. After a close study of the Maori character at firsthand, living among them and questioning them on subjects that would help him to form a judgment, he was forced to the conclusion that "missionary influence" was a negligible quantity, and had little apparent effect other than to induce the unsophisticated aboriginal to part with his lands in great tracts; and thus was laid the foundation of all the warfare and trouble which beset early colonisation. In conversation with a missionary of the body most identified with land acquisition, the author was given as the reason for this policy having been adopted, that it was done to prevent the peaceful penetration of whalers and other enterprising adventurers into the domain of the Maori by the medium of Jew's harps, beads, and other like trinkets, with perhaps now and again the added luxury of some tobacco or an odd blanket. What was done by these gentry, contended the missionary, could be equally well, or even better, done by the missionary, and the Maori incidentally benefited, his lands being thereby, so to speak, kept in trust for him and his descendants. History has, however, proved how this trust was kept, the descendants of the missionaries, not those of the Maori, being the gainers. Writing of conditions subsequent to the Maori war and later agrarian troubles the author states: "Ministerial visits, whether clerical or lay, are, so far as the Natives are concerned, purely official affairs. . . . The whole concern is, on the part of the Natives, one piece of acting from beginning to end. . . . In misunderstanding the needs of the Maori we cannot but attribute the vast amount of error that the authorities have fallen into to the mischievous influence that has been exercised upon them by that well-meaning but excessively misguided body known in the colonies as the 'missionary party.' [The Catholic missions are excluded in this condemnation.]

"We look with dismay," continues the author, "at the Jesuit missions and the system they adopted, when four or five thousand Indians were baptised; a small crucifix suspended from their necks, they were thereupon termed Christians, and enrolled among the list of proselytes. . . . When Mrs. Grundy read it in the missionary magazine she was shocked; and when an honest grocer at Peckham, with whom she deals, who is a minister at the Chapel of the Little Bethel, next door to Mrs. G.'s, read it in the number she lent him, and forthwith told it from the pulpit, there arose such a groaning among the congregation [They can groan, the Little Bethel folk said that it was dismal to hear, yet the question is, Are the Maoris any better than these Indians?]—Is not civilisation turning out Christianity? An obscure member of the Church (of whom nobody has heard, of course) started at the commencement of the New Zealand mission that civilisation must be the pioneer of Christianity. *Life of Rev. S. Marsden*, p. 56. Have subsequent events proved him right? Are the Maoris, who in anything move in fits and starts, relapsing into their old religion?"

An esteemed correspondent sends us the following interesting extracts from some of the very earliest news publications of New Zealand relating to Catholic doings at almost the beginning of colonisation. The *Nelson Examiner*, of March 15, 1845, quaintly notified that "A meeting of persons interested in the erection of a Roman Catholic chapel and schoolhouse was held on Tuesday last in the house lately occupied by Mr. Beit, in Bridge Street, F. Otterson, Esq., J.P., in the chair. The following resolutions were agreed to:—(1) 'That the building of a Catholic chapel and schoolhouse shall be immediately commenced on the reserve appropriated for the purpose by the Governor,' (2) 'That Messrs. Greaves, Redwood, Otterson, Ward, and Duffey be appointed a Building Committee, and to receive further subscriptions.' The treasurer reported the sum already subscribed amounted to £60. A similar sum has been promised by Colonel Wakefield out of the Religion Fund of the settlement, but the stoppage of the company has thrown difficulties in the way of obtaining it at the present moment."

In the November 11, 1845, issue of the same paper was contained the following:—"The Catholics of Nelson are respectfully informed that the Rev. D. J. J. P. O'Reilly will perform Divine Service on Sunday, the 23rd inst., at eleven o'clock a.m., at the house formerly occupied by Mr. Otterson, Bridge Street."

Readers of the *New Zealand Journal of the Church Missionary Society*, of March 1, 1845, were enlightened regarding that organisation's methods to the effect that "so long as the missionaries of the society exist in New Zealand, so long will the persecution of that society exist. Let the missionaries themselves cease, and the persecution will cease, but not till then. It cannot be too much impressed upon the colonists that to rid themselves of Church Missionary influence they must rid themselves of the missionaries themselves."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

- H. Mc. We have never seen it in *Hansard*, nor do we read that interesting publication very closely.
- J.D. The National Schools of which the learned Professor Dickie speaks with such brazen disregard for the truth were designed to kill two things: Catholicism and Nationality. It was expected that the children of mothers who died during the noxious should learn to sing "I am a happy English child"! The Professor is right in one sense. If the schools had been successful there would have been no Irish Question, because there would have been no Irish.
- P.P. Sinn Féin is *not* a revolutionary society. The Gaelic League was formed with the object of preserving Irish customs, language, ideals. Apparently the Irish bishops are also "dangerous" in the eyes of the British Government and the Denbighs and Howards. But the Government has not yet officially said so. No doubt as to the fact that it would like to.
- J. McM. Yes, we were amused to read the nonsense about union between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family. The U.S. are certainly more Celtic, more German, and more Latin than Anglo-Saxon. And there will never, never be an alliance between the home of the refugees from the evicted farms in Ireland and the people who drove them out until John Bull has done penance in sackcloth and ashes.

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Stewed Steak.

Dumplings made as above directed may be eaten by themselves, with or without gravy, and with a vegetable of one sort or another, or may be served with steak cooked as follows: Peel and slice a large onion and brown it in hot dripping. Cut up 1lb of steak into squares, and brown these also; sprinkle steak and onion with flour, pour in half a pint of stock and boil it up, skimming well. Make a dozen small dumplings from the recipe already given, and when the meat is stewed about two hours put it on to a hot fire and surround it with the dumplings.

Savory Dumplings.

Substantial savory dumplings that help very much to eke out other food can be made as follows: Mix two ounces each of flour, bread crumbs, and potato; rub in three ounces of melted butter and add a half spoonful of salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, in half a teaspoonful of onion powder, and a little mixed sweet herbs, such as parsley, thyme, and sage. Beat up an egg and add it to the mixture, and mix to make a dough that will hold together when rolled. These can be made in any shape, and are very good.

Take 2lb of mutton, cut into three pieces, and for each pound of meat chop a small onion, a few slices of chopped shallots, and a few slices of carrot, and mix up together with a little salt and pepper, and put all night in a cold place. In the morning wash the meat, then put it in a stewing pan with a little water, and cook for four hours.

Apple Dumplings.

Take 1lb of apples, wash and core them, and chop them up, and mix with a little sugar and a little salt, and a little butter, and mix to make a dough that will hold together when rolled. These can be made in any shape, and are very good.

ginger. Method: Peel apples and onions, cut them up and mix with all other ingredients. Place in a dish and put in a slow oven to simmer for four hours.

Steamed Prune Pudding.

Two heaping cups of sifted flour, 1½ cupfuls of chopped stewed prunes, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; milk enough to stir as thick as biscuit dough, pinch of salt. Steam three hours and serve with the following sauce:— Yolks of two eggs well beaten, 1 cupful of sugar beaten in gradually. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth; add yolks and sugar and 2 teaspoonfuls of hot milk. Flavor with vanilla.

Household Hints.

To remove rain spots from light material hold over a basin of hot water and rub with a piece of the material.

Lemon juice and salt will remove rust, ink, and other stains from white goods.

Greasy stains can generally be removed quite well from table linen or handkerchiefs if washed at once in cold and warm water. The sooner stains are removed the better.

All creamed or small amount of fat is to be clarified add a little salt to be treated some boiling water, stir and pour off the water, etc. as usual to cool. The cream will rise on the top, and this can be easily poured off. The bottom of the pail will be found a little thicker than usual.

When washing the stain out of cotton material it is best to wash it on the stain, as it leaves a little of the stain and partly wash it out in cold water.

For removing grass stains, take out grass stains, wash with cold water, and rub with a little salt.

For removing the stain out of cotton material it is best to wash it on the stain, as it leaves a little of the stain and partly wash it out in cold water.

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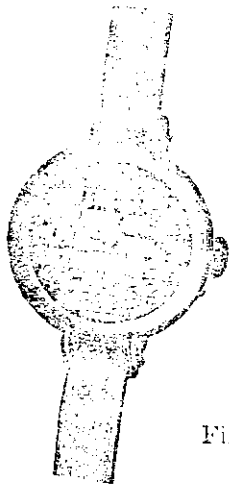
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The following are the main causes for thinning of the hair, premature greyness, and baldness:—

1. Local causes which interfere with the nutrition of the hair, such as inflammation of the skin and oil glands, of which seborrhoea, a form of dandruff, which is responsible for great irritation of the scalp, is most common.

2. General causes which lead to debility of constitution, and so indirectly weaken the nutrition of the hair, convalescence after fever or various other illnesses, and prolonged worry.

3. Purely nervous causes. The special implication of the nerves is evidenced in various ways, such as neuralgic pains of the scalp, from which loss of hair is both local and very often absolute.

The remedy is a special course of treatment (one guinea), including clipping and singeing, massage with scalp food, shampooing, massage with stimulating lotion, and vibro or electrical massage.

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Sussex, England.

A WORD TO THE CLIENTS OF MARY,
QUEEN OF PEACE

I should be most grateful to you for your help in building a church in honor of the Queen of Peace. You must have some one dear to you who has fallen in the cause of peace—an offering for this proposed Church would be a worthy memorial to him. Or you are praying anxiously for an honorable Peace—an offering here would be a very practical prayer for Peace.

An aim given to this object is a very practical prayer for Peace; a worthy memorial to those who have fallen in the cause of peace; an act of devotion to Mary as well as an act of charity where charity is much needed and will be appreciated.

Your will to give depends on your faith and on your devotion to Our Lady; your power to give depends on your means. If you have the faith and the devotion but not the means, remember "the widow's mite." Your sacrifice may be the means of moving the hearts of those who have the means to be generous with God but not the Faith.

Roxburgh, Otago.

REV. D. A. O'NEILL.

READ THIS! DON'T MISS!

There are 140,000 Catholics in New Zealand.

Are there not 90 who will send me £10 each? No! Well, perhaps there are 180 who will send £5? No! Are there, then, 900 who will send £1? No! Then there are surely 1800 who will send 10/-? No! Then I am surprised to find so much poverty in New Zealand. But there are 3600 who can and will send me 5/- to help me to pay the debt of £600 on Church, to build a Presbytery, and enlarge the School.

To the good resolutions you have already made for the New Year add this one—"I will send a donation according to my means, or in proportion to any lucky investment I may make during the year.

Are you patriotic? Certainly. You contribute to all the patriotic funds of your district for the bodily welfare of the brave lads at the front. Do something for their spiritual welfare—all you who have sons, brothers, husbands, relatives, friends amongst them. Mass said every week for intentions of subscribers, for repose of N.Z. soldiers deceased, and for spiritual and temporal welfare of those living.

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ON THE LAND

GENERAL.

In testing cattle for tuberculosis there are fewer reactions among Herefords than any other breed, beef or dairy. This is substantiated by the official records of the cattle offered for export from England to the United States and by the records of numerous Governments and private veterinary surgeons.

Molasses, or treacle, can be recommended as a fat substitute for calf-feeding, and as a medicine as well. This material should be mixed in water to the consistency of thin cream before being fed to calves, and only small quantities should be supplied at one time on account of its medicinal nature. At first about half a cupful of molasses may be allowed to a four-gallon bucket of skim milk; it mixes easily with the milk.

DESTROYING CALIFORNIAN THISTLE.

A particular method of destroying patches of Californian thistle with straw has been practised by certain farmers in South Canterbury for a number of years past, but does not appear to be so generally known as its merit warrants (says the *Journal of Agriculture*). Under this system the patch is well covered in autumn with straw to a depth of about 1ft. In spring the thistle comes through the covering in spindly whitish shoots. The straw is then turned with a fork, this operation breaking off the shoots. An alternative and perhaps rather more thorough plan is to pull the shoots with the hand, gloved. Either method can be repeated as necessary. Patches have often been killed out in one year by this system, but if necessary the treatment can be continued for another season. The straw in due course rots and makes good manure for the ground. As with all other farm operations, careful attention must be given to manipulating the thistle patches under treatment. Damping down the straw and doing little or nothing further is practically waste of time. The principle of the system is not immediate smothering, but inducing a struggling weakly growth which exhausts the plant, the killing process being furthered by the breaking of the shoots. Where straw is not available fern or other material, such as gorse clippings, might be used for the same purpose. The originator of the method described appears to have been Mr. A. Clelland, now resident in Timaru, who completely cleared his farm at Cave of the thistle ten or twelve years ago. It may be added that Mr. Clelland had previously tried to destroy the thistle patches by the application of salt, but with very ill effect on the soil, the land being what is colloquially termed "tarry" limestone country, which sets hard when liberally dosed with salt.

ENSILAGE.

It seems strange to read in *Country Life* details for ensilage making, with description of crops best suited for the purpose, and methods of growing. Thirty years ago ensilage making was regarded as a well-known practice in England, yet here we have it dealt with as a comparatively new art. The fact is that the conservative British farmer was reluctant to alter his method, just as has been the case in America, Australia, and New Zealand. A few advanced farmers have always made ensilage; but the majority only awake to its merits when a dry spell comes along and impaction reduces the tally of stock. Though the information given in the journal mentioned above seems mainly gleaned from American sources it is in accord with Australian and New Zealand experience. A mixed crop highly recommended is $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels tares and 1 bushel oats, with 4cwt to 5cwt of basic slag. The oats are sown with the tares partly to support them and

partly because they are fit to cut at the same time. It might have been mentioned, too, that a great point in favor of a judiciously mixed crop is that it furnishes a balanced ration. Here it is customary to sow a much smaller amount of the legume, though a farmer who successfully used 65lb Cape barley, 25lb rye, and 10lb golden tares considers that less rye and barley and more tares would have given a better balanced crop. Oats and peas make a fine ensilage crop, equal weights of each being a common mixture. To the English mixture a few pounds of beans are added, and this resembles the numerous mixtures used here, of which 1 bushel Algerian oats, $\frac{1}{4}$ bushel skinless barley, $\frac{1}{4}$ bushel golden tares, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel tick beans, $\frac{1}{4}$ bushel dun peas, $\frac{1}{4}$ bushel rye, is one of the most common. The Victorian Department of Agriculture recommends $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel Cape barley, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel rye, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel dun peas, 7lb golden tares. At Nova Scotia Agricultural College the ensilage mixture used is $2\frac{1}{2}$ bushels oats, $\frac{3}{4}$ bushels peas, and $\frac{1}{4}$ bushel tares per acre. These mixed crops can also be used for feeding off green. The time is not too advanced yet for sowing, but there is not much room for delay.

SONNET.

A dull day: the bare elms beside the pool
Stand gloomily waiting, bleak and dull and still.
Spring draws not nigh us yet. The air is cool,
Jaded and grey. Only below the mill
The waters roar subduedly. I am alone.
Silver and black the pool shines; the great boughs
Over it massively hang, and suddenly groan
As though in weariness. A moor-hen ploughs
Her scattering wedge across the surface sheen,
And all is still again. O Spring, loved Spring,
Return! Shine out wild sun! Blithe winds blow keen,
And strike from us the clustered hours that cling
Heavy with solitude, and the loaded sting
Or all th' irremediable Has been!

Robert Nichols.

COUGH MIXTURE RECIPE FOR HOME USE.

(By a Qualified Chemist.)

There is water and sweetening in every family cough mixture.

But you can add the water and sugar just as easily as it can be done in a factory.

All you really need to buy is the starting point — the necessary medicinal ingredients, or the actual "essence" of the mixture.

Did you ever think of that?

You can easily make about 12s worth of cough mixture for 2s by using HEENZO (Hean's Essence). It makes a pint of cough mixture good for all members of the family. It is good for grandparents, grandchildren, and all the ages in between. It brings the cost of an eighteenpenny bottle of cough mixture down to less than fourpence.

The dose is from a few drops to a spoonful, according to age requirements. This simple recipe takes hold of a cough and soothes a sore throat quickly. It has a good tonic effect and is slightly laxative. Being so easy to make, pleasant to take, and costing so little—a whole pint for 2s.—and valuable in its curing properties, there is no wonder the above recipe has become quickly popular in thousands of New Zealand and Australian homes. At chemists and stores, or post free on receipt of price, 2s, from Hean's Pharmacy, Wanganui. Be sure you get H-E-E-N-Z-O (Hean's Essence). No other will do.

For Influenza, take Woods' Great
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Some of other letters from the boys could be the service of the Y.M.C.A.

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SOMEWHERE.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day;
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to Him Who holds within
The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim,
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear,
Poor human words of blessing, will I pray,
O true, brave heart, God bless thee whereso'er
In His great universe thou are to-day.

YOU OWE IT TO YOUR MOTHER:

To lift all the burdens you can from shoulders that
have grown stooped in waiting upon and working for
you.

To seek her comfort and pleasure in all things
before your own.

Never to intimate by word or deed that your world
and hers are different or that you feel in any way
superior to her.

To manifest an interest in whatever interests or
amuses her.

To make her a partner, so far as your different
ages will permit, in all your pleasures and recreations.

To remember that her life is monotonous com-
pared with yours, and to take her to some suitable
place of amusement, or for a trip to the country, or
to the city if your home is in the country, as fre-
quently as possible.

To introduce all your young friends to her and
to enlist her sympathies in youthful projects, hopes
and plans, so that she may carry youth into old age.

To defer to her opinions and treat them with
respect even if they seem antiquated to you in all the
smart up-to-dateness of your college education.

To talk to her about your work, your studies,
your friends, your amusements, the books you read,
the places you visit, for everything that concerns you
is of interest to her.

To treat her with the unvarying courtesy and de-
ference you accord to those who are above you in rank
or position.

To bear patiently with all her peculiarities or in-
firmities of temper or disposition, which may be the
result of a life of care and toil.

Not to shock or pain her by making fun of her
religious prejudices if they happen to be at variance
with yours, or if they seem narrow to your advanced
views.

To study her tastes and habits, her likes and dis-
likes, and cater to them as far as possible in an unob-
trusive way.

To remember that she is still a girl at heart so
far as delicate little attentions are concerned.

To give her flowers during her lifetime and not
to wait to heap them on her casket.

To make her frequent, simple presents, and to
be sure that they are appropriate and tasteful.

To write to her and visit her.

To do your best to keep her youthful in appear-
ance, as well as in spirit, by helping her to take pains
with her dress and the little accessories and details
of her toilet.

If she is no longer able to take her accustomed
part in the household duties, not to let her feel that
she is superannuated or has lost any of her importance
as the central factor in the family.

Not to forget to show your appreciation of all her
years of self-sacrifice.

To give her credit for a large part of your success.

A DOG'S EXAMPLE.

Archbishop Benson, of the Anglican Church, the
father of Monsignor Benson, one of the most distin-
guished converts to the Church in our time, had a dog
named Watch, that always followed his footsteps in
the park and about the house. When service went on
in the chapel, Watch stretched himself on the mat at
the open door. On one occasion when the Archbishop
was quoting our Lord's words, "What I say unto you,
I say unto all - watch!" the dog immediately started
up and walked to his master as if he had been called.
Whenever duty calls us, we should obey as Watch did.

A QUIET COME-BACK.

He was fond of playing *patience* on his wife, and
this time he thought he had a winner.

"My dear," he said, as they sat at supper, "I just
heard such a sad story of a young girl to-day. They
thought she was going blind, and so a surgeon operated
on her and found—"

"Yes," gasped the wife breathlessly.

"That she'd got a young man in her eye!" ended
the husband with a chuckle.

For a moment there was silence. Then the lady
remarked slowly:

"Well, it would all depend on what sort of a man
it was. Some of them she could have seen through
easily enough."

HOW THE BATTLE OCCURRED.

"So your boy Mike has gone to the war?"

"And sure he has that."

"They've had a great battle over there, I'm hear-
ing."

"It's the gospel truth."

"So you heard about it?"

"Sure and I did! Didn't Mike tell it to me on a
postal?"

"What did he say?"

"Sure he said, 'One day the general came out
of his tent and says, says he, 'Is Mike Brady here?'
and Mike says, 'I am,' and he says, says he, 'Let the
battle go on.'"

NO DIFFERENCE.

"I understand you're fox-hunting," said an
English bishop to a vicar. "I don't approve of that."

"But fox hunting is merely a healthy exercise,"
returned the vicar. "Besides, my lord, I hear you were
at a ball the other night."

"In a sense that is so," admitted the bishop; "but,
truly speaking, I was three or four rooms away from
the ballroom."

The vicar smiled. "And I am always three or four
fields behind the fox, so where's the difference?"

ONLY A DETAIL.

The Claytons had recently amassed an immense
fortune, and Mrs. Clayton intended to spare no effort
nor expense to break into society.

"I think," said she to her husband one morning
while she was engaged in arranging a musical pro-
gramme, "that we will have a mezzo-soprano."

"All right, all right," replied Mr. Clayton ner-
vously, "go ahead and see an architect, but don't
bother me about it."

A SURE THING.

Travelling in the mountains, a man stopped at a
cabin and asked for a drink of water. An old woman
brought it to him, and after drinking he had quite a

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talk with her, telling her about some of the wonders he had seen in the outside world.

When he finally stopped to take breath the old woman, after listening attentively, said:

"Stranger, if I knew as much as you do I'd go somewhere an' start a little grocery."

SMILE RAISERS.

"What happened to me?" asked the chronic optimist when he woke up in the hospital.

"The motor that knocked you down cut your leg off, said the nurse.

"Oh, well," he mused, "I had rheumatism in that leg anyhow."

"If your mother bought four bunches of grapes, the shopkeeper's price being ninepence a bunch, how much money would the purchase cost her?" asked a pupil teacher.

"You never can tell," answered the young hopeful. "Ma's great at bargaining."

A horse-owner whose horse had been prescribed for by a veterinary surgeon ran into the latter's office, and with his eyes jumping out of their sockets cried:

"Oh, Doctor, I'm poorly; the powder kill me intirely."

"The powder? Why, man, I didn't tell you to take the powder. I told you to place it in a paper tube and put one end in the horse's mouth and blow hard."

"Yes, sir; I put the powder in the tube, and I put the end of it in the horse's mouth, with the other end in my own; but, doctor, the horse blew first."

The young "pride of the family" had been to school for the first time in his short life.

"What did you learn?" asked his mother, as mother always ask on the afternoon after the morning before.

Little Johnny frowned.

"I didn't learn nothing," he replied, "I was to go back to-morrow."

"When you write a report, what do you do?"

"Draw an ear after it," said Brown, "that's the idea of an interrogation point."

"What if we lose the Johnson case after all, Bill?"

"Well, all I can say is, then, what the hell is quite welcome to keep it."

An old fellow on his death bed, in making his will, murmured to his lawyer: "And to each of my employees who have been with me twenty years or more I bequeath £2000."

"What generosity!" the lawyer exclaimed.

"No, not at all," said the sick man. "You see, none of them have been with me over a year; but it will look good in the papers, won't it?"

Crude were the drugs and clinic ways
In what were called "the good old days,"
For science then was at its birth,
And what it taught was little worth.
They knew no anaesthetics then,
Nor means of storing oxygen;
And what was just as sad, be sure,
They had no Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

Fruit Pits Made into Oil.

Fruit pits, systematically gathered by Germany's school children, are turned over to chemists, who are converting them into rich lubricating oils. Cherry and plum stones are said to be the best for this purpose.

Longest Days.

The longest day of the year at Spitzbergen is three and one-half months. At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22 without intermission. At Tornea, Finland, June 21 is twenty-two hours long, and Christmas has less than three hours of daylight. At Petrograd the longest day is nineteen hours, at Montreal it is sixteen hours, and at Philadelphia about fifteen hours.

Sailors' Finger-prints.

Every officer and man in the United States navy is to have his finger-print on his identification disc. The disc has the man's name, date of birth, and of joining up on one side, and on the other the finger-print impression. The latter is engraved on the metal from the original impression of the index finger of the right hand. The risk in making a wrong identification is estimated at only 1 in 65,000,000.

Growth of New Zealand Trees.

Addressing the members of the Wellington Philo-sophical Society at one of its recent meetings, Mr. E. Phillips Turner, F.R.G.S., referring to the growth of New Zealand native trees said that the age of trees was a matter about which there had been considerable uncertainty. During the last two years a great deal of interest had been shown in the rate of growth of our native trees, aroused mainly because of the statements of Mr. D. E. Hutchins, formerly of the Indian Forest Service, who said that the chief New Zealand timber-yielding trees were as quick in growth as the best timber trees of European forests, and on that account our milling forests should be subjected to re-generative treatment.

In the exploitation of a forest, said Mr. Turner, one of the first duties was to ascertain the annual increment in the volume of the timber. After the permanent forests had been got into order the annual cut should not exceed the annual volume of increment, otherwise it was not possible, except by replanting, to have a continuous timber supply. In 1913, Mr. T. F. Chessman, F.L.S., in the course of a paper on forestry, said that the average increment was one inch in 1.85 years. In nearly every instance the kauri occupied land of very low farming value, so that there was not the same excuse for clearing it as there was for clearing white pine, which, as a rule, occupied more valuable land. The conservation of kauri forests had never been properly tested.

The lecturer then went into great detail regarding the characteristics of the growth of various New Zealand trees, pointing out, as in the case of the kauri, that conservation was becoming more and more necessary.

GREGG SHORTHAND

The Premier System of America. BISHOP CLEARY (who knows four systems), while Editor of the *N.Z. Tablet*, wrote:—

"GREGG SHORTHAND.—Of the systems that I am acquainted with it is the simplest, the most scientific, the quickest to learn, and the easiest to retain."

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