

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- September 22, Sunday.—Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
- „ 23, Monday.—St. Linus, Pope and Martyr.
- „ 24, Tuesday.—Feast of Our Lady of Mercy.
- „ 25, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
- „ 26, Thursday.—SS. Cyprian and Justina, Martyrs.
- „ 27, Friday.—SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.
- „ 28, Saturday.—St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.

SS. Cosmas and Damian, Martyrs.

These two saints were brothers, born in Arabia, and renowned for their skill in medicine. They were remarkable for their charity, and for the zeal with which they endeavored to propagate the Christian religion. They were both beheaded in the persecution of Diocletian, about the year 303.

Our Lady of Mercy.

In the thirteenth century, when the Mediterranean was swept by Moorish pirates, a religious Order was instituted under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary for the purpose of collecting alms for the relief and ransom of Christian captives, of visiting them in their captivity, and restoring them, when possible, to their friends and families. In memory of the institution of this admirable Order and of the tender compassion of the Blessed Virgin, to whom it owed its origin, the feast of Our Lady of Mercy was instituted.

St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.

St. Wenceslaus, Duke of Bohemia, was remarkable for his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. His zeal for the propagation of the true faith led to his death at the hands of his brother, A.D. 982.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

TO MARY, GOD'S MOTHER.

What voice shall hymn the greatness of thy name,
Sweet Virgin Queen, as flawless as a flower
That lifts its head in Summer's golden hour,
When hills and fields are flushed with Morning's flame?
No mortal heart that once has bowed to Shame
Is fit to gauge thy loveliness, thy power:
For thou dost rise in beauty like a tower
Of sunlit diamonds, so bright thy fame.

And yet, within the span of these black years,
O Queen of Pity, look: we raise our hands!
Thy war-wracked children, suffering and in tears,
We cry thy help from all the smoking lands.
Deign but to ask thy Son, the Peer of Peers,
To give us peace: thy words He understands.

—J. Corson Miller.

REFLECTIONS.

The bravest man is one that never swerves from the path of duty, says Calderon.

The design of Providence is a design of love, doubt it not. It is carrying out for some a work of justice: for others a work of mercy: but for all it is, in the Divine intention, a work of love.—Cardinal Mercier.

A courageous heart calls out the best in head and hands. You cannot think keenly and accurately when your heart feels like lead within you. It is impossible to work with the energy which gives the best results if you are downhearted and discouraged. Keep up your heart. When courage fails all is lost.

For whereas a prayer, a sign, a tear would have sufficed for the salvation of humanity, our Saviour strove to conquer our souls by every means that could touch and move us, that could make us love Him, and pass by Him, to the love of His Father.—Cardinal Mercier.

The Storyteller

FABIOLA;

OR,

THE CHURCH OF THE CATACOMBS

(BY CARDINAL WISEMAN.)

Part Second—Conflict

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

The body of the young martyr was deposited in peace on the Aurelian way, in the cemetery which soon bore his name, and gave it, as we have before observed, to the neighboring gate. In times of peace, a basilica was raised over his tomb, and yet stands to perpetuate his honor.

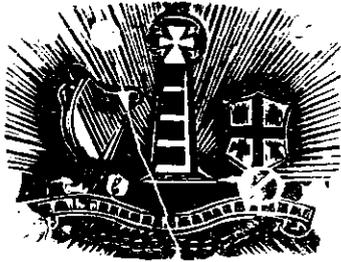
The persecution now increased its fury, and multiplied its daily victims. Many whose names have appeared in our pages, especially the community of Chromatius's villa, rapidly fell. The first was Zoë, whose dumbness Sebastian had cured. She was surprised by a heathen rabble, praying at St. Peter's tomb, and was hurried to trial, and hung with her head over a smoky fire till she died. Her husband, with three others of the same party, was taken, repeatedly tortured, and beheaded. Tranquillinus, the father of Marcus and Marcellianus, jealous of Zoë's crown, prayed openly at St. Paul's tomb; he was taken and summarily stoned to death. His twin sons suffered also a cruel death. The treachery of Torquatus, by his describing his former companions, especially the gallant Tiburtius, who was now beheaded, greatly facilitated this wholesale destruction.

Sebastian moved in the midst of this slaughter, not like a builder who saw his work destroyed by a tempest, nor a shepherd who behold his flock borne off by marauders; he felt as a general on the battlefield, who looked only to the victory: counting every one as glorious who gave his life in its purchase, and as ready to give his own should it prove to be the required price. Every friend that fell before him was a bond less to earth, and a link more to heaven: a care less below, a claim more above. He sometimes sat lonely, or paused silently, on the spots where he had conversed with Pancratius, recalling to mind the buoyant cheerfulness, the graceful thoughts, and the unconscious virtue of the amiable and comely youth. But he never felt as if they were more separated than when he sent him on his expedition to Campania. He had redeemed his pledge to him; and now it was soon to be his own turn. He knew it well; he felt the grace of martyrdom swelling in his breast, and in tranquil certainty he awaited its hour. His preparation was simple: whatever he had of value he distributed to the poor; and he settled his property, by sale, beyond the reach of confiscation.

Fulvius had picked up his fair share of Christian spoils; but on the whole he had been disappointed. He had not been obliged to ask for assistance from the emperor, whose presence he avoided; but he had put nothing by; he was not getting rich. Every evening he had to bear the reproachful and scornful interrogatory of Eurotas on the day's success. Now, however, he told his stern master—for such he had become—that he was going to strike at higher game, the emperor's favorite officer, who must have made a large fortune in the service.

He had not long to wait for his opportunity. On the 9th of January a court was held, attended, of course, by all aspirants for favors, or fearers of imperial wrath. Fulvius was there, and, as usual, met with a cold reception. But after bearing silently the muttered curses of the royal brute, he boldly advanced, dropped on one knee, and thus addressed him—

“Sire, your divinity has often reproached me with having made, by my discoveries, but a poor return for your gracious countenance and liberal subsidies. But now I have found out the foulest of plots, and the



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"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself has said,

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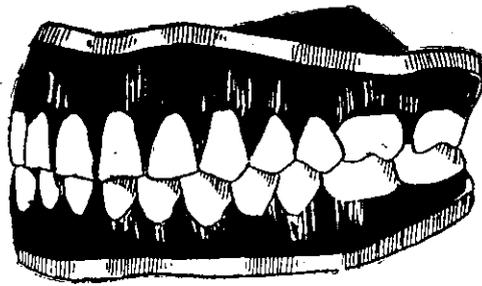
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basest of ingratitude, in immediate contact with your divine person."

"What dost thou mean, booby?" asked impatiently the tyrant. "Speak at once, or I'll have the words pulled out of thy throat by an iron hook."

Fulvius rose, and directing his hand, in accompaniment to his words, said with a bitter blandness of tone, "Sebastian is a Christian."

The emperor started from his throne in fury.

"Thou liest, villain! Thou shalt prove thy words, or thou shalt die such a piecemeal death as no Christian dog ever endured."

"I have sufficient proof recorded here," he replied, producing a parchment and offering it, kneeling.

The emperor was about to make an angry answer when, to his utter amazement, Sebastian, with unruffled looks and noble mien, stood before him, and in the calmest accents said, "My liege, I spare you all trouble of proof. I am a Christian, and I glory in the name."

As Maximian, a rude though clever soldier, without education, could hardly when calm express himself in decent Latin, when he was in a passion his language was composed of broken sentences, mingled with every vulgar and coarse epithet. In this state he was now; and he poured out on Sebastian a torrent of abuse, in which he reproached him with every crime, and called him by every opprobrious name, within his well-stocked repertory of vituperation. The two crimes, however, on which he rung his loudest changes were ingratitude and treachery. He had nursed, he said, a viper in his bosom, a scorpion, an evil demon; and he only wondered he was still alive.

The Christian officer stood the volley as intrepidly as ever he had borne the enemy's assault on the field of battle.

"Listen to me, my royal master," he replied, "perhaps for the last time. I have said I am a Christian; and in this you have had the best pledge of your security."

"How do you mean, ungrateful man?"

"Thus, noble emperor—that if you want a body-guard around you of men who will spill their last drop of life's blood for you, go to the prison and take the Christians from the stocks on the floor, and from the fetter-rings on the walls; send to the courts and bear away the mutilated confessors from the rack and the gridiron; issue orders to the amphitheatres, and snatch the mangled half that lives, from the jaws of tigers; restore them to such shape as yet they are capable of, put weapons into their hands, and place them around you; and in this maimed and ill-favored host there will be found more fidelity, more loyalty, more daring for you, than in all your Dacian and Pannonian legions. You have taken half their blood from them, and they will give you willingly the other half."

"Folly and madness!" returned the sneering savage. "I would sooner surround myself with wolves than with Christians. Your treachery proves enough for me."

"And what would have prevented me at any time from acting the traitor, if I had been one? Have I not had access to your royal person by night as by day; and have I proved a traitor? No, emperor, none has ever been more faithful than I to you. But I have another, and a higher Lord to serve; one who will judge us both; and His laws I must obey rather than yours."

"And why have you, like a coward, concealed your religion? To escape, perhaps, the bitter death you have deserved!"

"No, sire; no more coward than traitor. No one better than yourself knows that I am neither. So long as I could do any good to my brethren I refused not to live amidst their carnage and my afflictions. But hope had at last died within me; and I thank Fulvius with all my heart for having, by his accusation, spared me the embarrassment of choice between seeking death or enduring life."

"I will decide that point for you. Death is your award; and a slow, lingering one it shall be. But," he added, in a lower tone, as if speaking to himself,

"this must not get out. All must be done quietly at home, or treachery will spread. Here, Quadratus, take your Christian tribune under arrest. Do you hear, dolt? Why do you not move?"

"Because I, too, am a Christian!"

Another burst of fury, another storm of vile language, which ended in the stout centurion being ordered at once to execution. But Sebastian was to be differently dealt with.

"Order Hyphax to come hither," roared the tyrant. In a few minutes a tall, half-naked Numidian made his appearance. A bow of immense length, a gaily painted quiver full of arrows, and a short broadsword were at once the ornaments and the weapons of the captain of the African archers. He stood erect before the emperor, like a handsome bronze statue, with bright enamelled eyes.

"Hyphax, I have a job for you to-morrow morning. It must be well done," said the emperor.

"Perfectly, sire," replied the dusky chief, with a grin which showed another set of enamels in his face.

"You see the captain Sebastian?" The negro bowed assent. "He turns out to be a Christian!"

If Hyphax had been on his native soil and had trodden suddenly on a hooped asp or a scorpion's nest he could not have started more. The thought of being so near a Christian—to him who worshipped every abomination, believed every absurdity, practised every lewdness, committed any atrocity!

Maximian proceeded, and Hyphax kept time to every member of his sentences by a nod, and what he meant to be a smile—it was hardly an earthly one.

"You will take Sebastian to your quarters; and early to-morrow morning—not this evening, mind, for I know that by this time of day you are all drunk—but to-morrow morning, when your hands are steady, you will tie him to a tree in the grove of Adonis, and you will slowly shoot him to death. Slowly, mind; none of your fine shots straight through the heart or the brain, but plenty of arrows, till he die exhausted by pain and loss of blood. Do you understand me? Then take him off at once. And mind, silence; or else——"

CHAPTER XXV.—THE RESCUE.

In spite of every attempt at concealment the news was soon spread among all connected with the court that Sebastian had been discovered to be a Christian, and was to be shot to death on the morrow. But on none did the double intelligence make such an impression as on Fabiola.

Sebastian a Christian! she said to herself; the noblest, purest, wisest of Rome's nobility a member of that vile, stupid sect? Impossible! Yet the fact seems certain.

Have I, then, been deceived? Was he not that which he seemed? Was he a mean impostor, who affected virtue but was secretly a libertine? Impossible, too! Yes, this was indeed impossible! She had certain proofs of it. He knew that he might have had her hand and fortune for the asking; and he had acted most generously and most delicately towards her. He was what he seemed, that she was sure—not gilded, but gold.

Then how account for this phenomenon, of a Christian being all that was good, virtuous, amiable?

One solution never occurred to Fabiola's mind—that he was all this because he was a Christian. She only saw the problem in another form—how could he be all that he was in spite of being a Christian?

She turned it variously in her mind in vain. Then it came to her thought thus—perhaps, after all, good old Chromatius was right, and Christianity may not be what I have fancied; and I ought to have inquired more about it. I am sure Sebastian never did the horrible things imputed to Christians. Yet everybody charges them with them.

Might there not be a more refined form of this religion, and a more grovelling one; just as she knew there was in her own sect, Epicureanism?—one coarse, material, wallowing in the very mire of sensualism; the other refined, sceptical, and reflective. Sebastian

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would belong to the higher class, and despise and loathe the superstitions and vices of the commoner Christians. Such an hypothesis might be tenable; but it was hard to reconcile to her intellect how a man like that noble soldier could, any way, have belonged to that hated race. And yet he was ready to die for their faith! As to Zoë and the others she had heard nothing; for she had only returned the day before from a journey made into Campania, to arrange her father's affairs.

What a pity, she thought, that she had not talked more to Sebastian on such subjects! But it was now too late; to-morrow morning he would be no more. This second thought came with the sharp pang of a shaft shot into her heart. She felt as if she personally were about to suffer a loss, as if Sebastian's fate were going to fall on some one closely bound to her by some secret and mysterious tie.

Her thoughts grew darker and sadder as she dwelt on these ideas, amidst the deepening gloom. She was suddenly disturbed by the entrance of a slave with a light. It was Afra, the black servant, who came to prepare her mistress's evening repast, which she wished to take alone. While busy with her arrangements, she said: "Have you heard the news, madam?"

"What news?"

"Only that Sebastian is going to be shot with arrows to-morrow morning. What a pity; he was such a handsome youth!"

"Be silent, Afra; unless you have some information to give me on the subject."

"Oh, of course, my mistress; and my information is indeed very astonishing. Do you know that he turns out to be one of those wretched Christians?"

"Hold your peace, I pray you; and do not prate any more about what you do not understand."

"Certainly not, if you so wish it: I suppose his fate is quite a matter of indifference to you, madam. It certainly is to me. He won't be the first officer that my countrymen have shot. Many they have killed, and some they have saved. But of course that was all chance."

There was a significance in her words and tones which did not escape the quick ear and mind of Fabiola. She looked up for the first time and fixed her eyes searchingly on her maid's swarthy face. There was no emotion in it: she was placing a flagon of wine upon the table, just as if she had not spoken. At length the lady said to her—

"Afra, what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. What can a poor slave know? Still more, what can she do?"

"Come, come; you meant by your words something that I must know."

The slave came round the table, close to the couch on which Fabiola rested, looked behind her and around her, then whispered, "Do you want Sebastian's life preserved?"

Fabiola almost leapt up as she replied, "Certainly."

The servant put her finger to her lip to enforce silence, and said, "It will cost dear."

"Name your price."

"A hundred *sisteria*, and my liberty."

"I accept your terms; but what is my security for them?"

"They shall be binding only if twenty-four hours after the execution he is still alive."

"Agreed; and what is yours?"

"Your word, lady."

"Go, Afra: lose not a moment."

"There is no hurry," quietly replied the slave, as she completed, unfurried, the preparations for supper.

She then proceeded at once to the palace, and to the Mauritanian quarters, and went in directly to the commander.

"What dost thou want, Jubala," he said, "at this hour? There is no festival to-night."

"I know, Hyphax; but I have important business with thee."

"What is it about?"

"About thee, about myself, and about thy prisoner."

"Look at *him* there," said the barbarian, pointing across the court, which his door commanded. "You would not think that *he* is going to be shot to-morrow. See how soundly he sleeps. He could not do so better if he were going to be married instead."

"As thou and I, Hyphax, intend to be the next day."

"Come, not quite so fast; there are certain conditions to be fulfilled first."

"Well, what are they?"

"First, thy manumission. I cannot marry a slave."

"That is secured."

"Secondly, a dowry, a *good* dowry, mind; for I never wanted money more than now."

"That is safe too. How much dost thou expect?"

"Certainly not less than three hundred pounds."

"I bring thee six hundred."

"Excellent! Where didst thou get all this cash?"

Whom hast thou robbed? Whom hast thou poisoned, my admirable priestess? Why wait till *after* to-morrow? Let it be to-morrow; to-night, if it please thee."

"Be quiet now, Hyphax: the money is all lawful gain; but it has its conditions, too. I said I came to speak about the prisoner also."

"Well, what has he to do with our approaching nuptials?"

"A great deal."

"What now?"

"He must not die."

The captain looked at her with a mixture of fury and stupidity. He seemed on the point of laying violent hands on her; but she stood intrepid and unmoved before him, and seemed to command him by the strong fascination of her eye, as one of the serpents of their native land might do a vulture.

"Art mad?" he at last exclaimed: "thou mightest as well at once ask for my head. If thou hadst seen the emperor's face when he issued his orders thou wouldst have known he will have no trifling with him here."

"Pshaw! pshaw! man: of course the prisoner will appear dead, and will be reported as dead."

"And if he finally recover?"

"His fellow-Christians will take care to keep him out of the way."

"Didst thou say twenty-four hours alive? I wish thou hadst made it twelve."

"Well, but I know that thou canst calculate close. Let him die in the twenty-fifth hour, for what I care."

"It is impossible, Jubala: impossible: he is too important a person."

"Very well, then: there is an end to our bargain. The money is given only on this condition. Six hundred pounds thrown away!" And she turned off to go.

"Stay, stay," said Hyphax eagerly, the demon of covetousness coming uppermost. "Let us see. Why, my fellows will consume half the money in bribes and feasting."

"Well, I have two hundred more in reserve for that."

"Sayest thou so, my princess, my sorceress, my charming demon? But that will be too much for my scoundrels. We will give them half, and add the other half—to our marriage settlements, shan't we?"

"As it pleases thee, provided the thing is done according to my proposal."

"It is a bargain, then. He shall live twenty-four hours; and after that we will have a glorious wedding."

Sebastian in the meantime was unconscious of these amiable negotiations for his safety; for, like Peter between two guards, he was slumbering soundly by the wall of the court. Fatigued with his day's work, he had enjoyed the rare advantage of retiring early to rest; and the marble pavement was a good enough soldier's bed. But after a few hours' repose he awoke refreshed; and now that all was hushed he silently rose, and with outstretched arms, gave himself up to prayer.

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bends down his head and mingles his blood with that of the confessor, whom he had come to execute; or the friend of unknown name, who salutes the martyr going to death, is seized and made to bear him willing company, is as prepared for martyrdom as he who has passed months in prison engaged in prayer. It is not a cry, therefore, for the forgiveness of past sin; for there is a consciousness of that perfect love which sendeth out fear, an inward assurance of that highest grace, which is incompatible with sin.

Nor in Sebastian was it a prayer for courage or strength; for the opposite feeling, which could suggest it, was unknown to him. It never entered into his mind to doubt that as he had faced death intrepidly for his earthly sovereign on the battlefield, so he should meet it joyfully for his heavenly Lord in any place.

His prayer, then, till morning was a glad some hymn of glory and honor to the King of Kings, a joining with the seraph's glowing eyes and ever-shaking wings in restless homage.

Then when the stars in the bright heavens caught his eyes he challenged them as wakeful sentinels like himself to exchange the watchword of Divine praises; and as the night wind rustled in the leafless trees of the neighboring court of Adonis he bade its wayward music compose itself, and its rude harping upon the vibrating boughs form softer hymns—the only ones that earth could utter in its winter night-hours.

Now burst upon him the thrilling thought that the morning hour approached, for the cock had crowed; and he would soon hear those branches murmuring over him to the sharp whistle of flying arrows, unerring in their aim. And he offered himself gladly to their sharp tongues, hissing as the serpent's, to drink his blood. He offered himself as an oblation for God's honor, and for the appeasing of His wrath. He offered himself particularly for the afflicted Church, and prayed that his death might mitigate her sufferings.

And then his thoughts rose higher, from the earthly to the celestial Church: soaring like the eagle from the highest pinnacle of the mountain-peak towards the sun. Clouds have rolled away, and the blue embroidered veil of morning is rent in twain, like the sanctuary's, and he sees quite into its revealed depths: far, far inwards, beyond senates of saints and legions of angels, to what Stephen saw of inmost and intensest glory. And now his hymn was silent: harmonies came to him, too sweet and perfect to brook the jarring of a terrestrial voice: they came to him, requiring no return: for they brought heaven into his soul: and what could he give back? It was as a fountain of purest refreshment, more like gushing light than water, flowing from the foot of the Lamb, and poured into his heart, which could only be passive, and receive the gift. Yet in its sparkling bounds, as it rippled along towards him, he could see the countenance now of one, and then of another of the happy friends who had gone before him: as if they were drinking and bathing and disporting and plunging and dissolving themselves in those living waters.

His countenance was glowing as with the very reflection of the vision, and the morning dawn just brightening (oh, what a dawn that is!), caught his face as he stood up, with his arms in a cross, opposite the east: so that when Hyphax opened his door and saw him he could have crept across the court and worshipped him on his face.

Sebastian awoke as from a trance: and the chink of sesterces sounded in the mental ears of Hyphax: so he set scientifically about earning them. He picked out of his troop of a hundred five marksmen, who could split a flying arrow with a fleeter one, called them into his room, told them their reward, concealing his own share, and arranged how the execution was to be managed. As to the body, Christians had already secretly offered a large additional sum for its delivery, and two slaves were to wait outside to receive it. Among his own followers he could fully depend on secrecy.

Sebastian was conducted into the neighboring court of the palace, which separated the quarters of these African archers from his own dwelling. It was planted with rows of trees, and consecrated to Adonis. He

walked cheerfully in the midst of his executioners, followed by the whole band, who were alone allowed to be spectators, as they would have been of an ordinary exhibition of good archery. The officer was stripped and bound to a tree, while the chosen five took their stand opposite, cool and collected. It was at best a desolate sort of death. Not a friend, not a sympathiser near; not one fellow-Christian to bear his farewell to the faithful, or to record for them his last accents and the constancy of his end. To stand in the middle of the crowded amphitheatre, with a hundred thousand witnesses of Christian constancy, to see the encouraging looks of many, and hear the whispered blessings of a few loving acquaintances, had something cheering, and almost inspiring in it; it lent at least the feeble aid of human emotions to the more powerful sustainment of grace. The very shout of an insulting multitude put a strain upon natural courage, as the hunter's cry only nerves the stag at bay. But this dead and silent scene, at dawn of day, shut up in the court of a house; this being, with most unfeeling indifference tied up like a truss of hay, or a stuffed figure, to be coolly aimed at, according to the tyrant's orders; this being alone in the midst of a horde of swarthy savages, whose very language was strange, uncouth, and unintelligible; but who were no doubt uttering their rude jokes, and laughing, as men do before a match or a game, which they are going to enjoy; all this had more the appearance of a piece of cruelty, about to be acted in a gloomy forest by banditti than open and glorious confession of Christ's name: it looked and felt more like assassination than martyrdom.

But Sebastian cared not for all this. Angels looked over the wall upon him: and the rising sun, which dazzled his eyes, but made him a clearer mark for his bowmen, shone not more brightly on him than did the countenance of the only Witness he cared to have of suffering endured for His sake!

The first Moor drew his bowstring to his ear, and an arrow trembled in the flesh of Sebastian. Each chosen marksman followed in turn; and shouts of applause accompanied each hit, so cleverly approaching, yet avoiding, according to the imperial order, every vital part. And so the game went on; everybody laughing, and brawling, and jeering, and enjoying it, without a particle of feeling for the now drooping frame, painted with blood: all in sport, except the martyr, to whom all was sober earnest—each sharp pang, the enduring smart, the exhaustion, the weariness, the knotty bonds, the constrained attitude! Oh! but earnest too was the steadfast heart, the untiring spirit, the unwavering faith, the unruffled patience, the unsated love of suffering for his Lord. Earnest was the prayer, earnest the gaze of the eye on heaven, earnest the listening of the ear for the welcoming strain of the heavenly porters, as they should open the gate.

It was indeed a dreary death: yet this was not the worst. After all, death came not: the golden gates remained barred: the martyr in heart, still reserved for greater glory even upon earth, found himself, not suddenly translated from death to life, but sunk into unconsciousness in the lap of angels. His tormentors saw when they had reached their intended measure; they cut the cords that bound him: and Sebastian fell exhausted, and to all appearance dead, upon the carpet of blood which he had spread for himself on the pavement. Did he lie, like a noble warrior, as he now appears in marble under his altar, in his own dear church? We at least cannot imagine him as more beautiful. And not only that church do we love, but that ancient chapel which stands in the midst of the ruined Palatine, to mark the spot on which he fell.

(To be continued.)

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THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

(Continued.)

IV.—BARDIC TALES OF ANCIENT ERINN. "THE SORROWFUL FATE OF THE CHILDREN OF USNA."

One of the oldest, and perhaps the most famous, of all the great national history-poems or bardic tales of the ancient Irish is called "The Fate of the Children of Usna," the incidents of which belong to the period preceding by half a century the Christian era, or *anno mundi* 3960. Indeed it was always classified by the bards as one of "The Three Sorrowful Tales of Erin." Singularly enough the story contains much less poetic fiction and keeps much closer to the simple facts of history than do several of the poems of Ossian's time, written much later on. From the highly dramatic and tragic nature of the events related one can well conceive that, clad in the beautiful idiom of the Irish tongue and told in the fanciful language of poetry, "The Story of the Children of Usnaeh" was calculated to win a prominent place amongst the bardic recitals of the pagan Irish. A semi-fanciful version of it has been given in English at great length by Dr. Ferguson in the *Hibernian Nights' Entertainment*; but the story is variously related by other narrators. As it may, perhaps, be interesting to my young readers I summarise the various versions here, as the only specimen I mean to give of the semi-imaginative literature of the pagan Irish.

When Conor Mac Nessa was reigning king of Ulidia, and Eochy the Tenth was Ard Ri of Erin, it happened one day that Conor had deigned to be present at a feast which was given at the house of Feleni, son of the laureate of Ulster. While the festivities were going on it came to pass that the wife of the host gave birth to a daughter; and the infant being brought into the presence of the king and the other assembled guests, all saw that a beauty more than natural had been given to the child. In the midst of remark and marvel on all hands at the circumstance, Kavaice, the chief druid of the Ulidians, cried out with a loud voice and prophesied that through the infant before them there would come dark woe and misfortune to Ulster, such as the land had not known for years. When the warriors heard this they all decreed that the child should instantly be put to death. But Conor interposed and forbade the deed. "I," said the king, "will myself take charge of this beautiful child of destiny. I shall have her reared where no evil can befall through her or to her, and in time she may become a wife for me." Then the chief druid, Kavaice, named the child Deirdri, which means alarm or danger. Conor placed the infant under the charge of a nurse or attendant, and subsequently a female tutor, in a residence situated in a district which no foot of man was allowed to tread; so that Deirdri had grown to the age of woman before she saw a human form other than those of her female attendants. And the maiden was beautiful beyond aught that the eye of man had ever beheld.

Meanwhile, at the court of the Ulidian king was a young noble named Naeisi, son of Usna, whose manly beauty, vigor, activity, and bravery were the theme of every tongue. One day, accompanied only by a faithful deerhound, Naeisi had hunted the deer from the rising of the sun, until towards evening he found the chase had led him into a district quite strange to his eye. He paused to think how best he might retrace his way homeward, when suddenly the terrible idea flashed across his mind that he was within the forbidden ground which it was death to enter: the watchfully-guarded retreat of the king's mysterious *protégé*, Deirdri. While pondering on his fatal position, he came suddenly upon Deirdri and her nurse, who were strolling in the sunset by a running stream. Deirdri cried out with joy to her attendant, and asked what sort of a being it was who stood beyond; for she had never seen any such before. The consternation and embarrassment of the aged attendant was extreme, and she in vain sought to baffle Deirdri's queries and to induce her to

hasten homeward. Naeisi, too, riveted by the beauty of Deirdri, even though he knew the awful consequences of his unexpected presence there, stirred not from the scene. He felt that even on the penalty of death he would not lose the enchanting vision. He and Deirdri spoke to each other; and eventually the nurse, perplexed at first, seems to have become a confidant to the attachment which on the spot sprang up between the young people.

It was vain for them, however, to hide from themselves the fate awaiting them on the king's discovery of their affection, and accordingly Naeisi and Deirdri arranged that they would fly into Alba, where they might find a home. Now Naeisi was greatly loved by all the nobles of Ulster; but most of all was he loved by his two brothers, Anli and Ardan, and his affection for them caused him to feel poignantly the idea of leaving them for ever. So he confided to them the dread secret of his love for Deirdri, and of the flight he and she had planned. Then Anli and Ardan said that wherever Naeisi would fly, thither also would they go, and with their good swords guard their brother and the wife for whom he was sacrificing home and heritage. So, privately selecting a trusty band of one hundred and fifty warriors, Naeisi, Anli, and Ardan, taking Deirdri with them, succeeded in making their escape out of Ireland and into Alba, where the king of that country, aware of their noble lineage and high valor, accorded them ample "maintenance and quarterage," as the bard expresses it. There they lived peacefully and happily for a time, until the fame of Deirdri's unequalled beauty made the Albanian king restless and envious, reflecting that he might, as sovereign, himself claim her as wife, which demand at length he made. Naeisi and his brothers were filled with indignation at this; but their difficulty was extreme, for whither now could they fly? Ireland was closed against them for ever; and now they were no longer safe in Alba! The full distress of their position was soon realised: for the king of Alba came with force of arms to take Deirdri. After many desperate encounters and adventures, however, any one of which would supply ample materials for a poem-story, the exiled brothers and their retainers made good their retreat into a small island off the Scottish coast.

When it was heard in Ulidia that the sons of Usna were in such sore strait, great murmurs went round amongst the nobles of Ulster, for Naeisi and his brothers were greatly beloved of them all. So the nobles of the province eventually spoke up to the king, and said it was hard and a sad thing that these three young nobles, the foremost warriors of Ulster, should be lost to their native land and should suffer such difficulty "on account of one woman." Conor saw what discontent and disaffection would prevail throughout the province if the popular favorites were not at once pardoned and recalled. He consented to the entreaties of the nobles, and a royal courier was despatched with the glad tidings to the sons of Usna.

When the news came joy beamed on every face but on that of Deirdri. She felt an unaccountable sense of fear and sorrow, "as if of coming ill." Yet, with all Naeisi's unbounded love for her, she feared to put it to the strain of calling on him to choose between exile with her or a return to Ireland without her. For it was clear that he and Anli and Ardan longed in their hearts for one glimpse of the hills of Erin. However, she could not conceal the terrible dread that oppressed her, and Naeisi, though his soul yearned for home, was so moved by Deirdri's forebodings, that he replied to the royal messenger by expressing doubts of the safety promised to him if he returned.

When this answer reached Ulster, it only inflamed the discontent against the king, and the nobles agreed that it was but right that the most solemn guarantees and ample sureties should be given to the sons of Usna on the part of the king. To this also Conor assented; and he gave Fergus Mac Roi, Dutha del Ulad, and Cormac Colingas as guarantees or hostages that he would himself act towards the sons of Usna in good faith.

(To be continued.)

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A LIVING WAGE

ADDRESS BEFORE THE SOCIAL STUDY CLUB,
WELLINGTON.

(By M. J. REARDON.)

In an introduction to one of the Catholic Truth Society's pamphlets the Bishop of Salford expresses the view that the Catholic Church cannot afford to take up a purely negative attitude in view of the general discontent of the working people. The purpose of this Social Study Club, I take it, is to enable students to get an outline of the views expressed by eminent Catholic writers on these subjects. In treating of the living wage, therefore, I do not propose to give my own views, but to try to put before students some information that may help them in their judgment. The proper course, no doubt, would have been a series of lectures tracing the growth of the wage system from the Guild period, which was dealt with by Father Hurley in a former lecture. But though we are skipping the centuries of work and wages to get down to the present day, it must not be assumed that eminent Churchmen have remained silent until to-day. In 1890 Pope Leo XIII., interviewed by a *New York Herald* reporter, declared war against—(1) Slavery, (2) inhuman conditions of labor, (3) the standing army system of Europe. He was all for arbitration, and as for the amelioration of the condition of the workman, he said he was about to form committees of the social question in every diocese in the world. The bishops were to be called upon to preside over committees of working men and their sympathisers, which were to meet on fast days or holidays, and to call the toilers together for the discussion of matters affecting the interests of Labor.

One of the great sensations of the day was when Cardinal Manning mounted the soap box during the great London dock strike of 1889. That strike stirred the city of London to its foundations, but probably no other incident in the struggle equalled the excitement occasioned by this Prince of the Church when he publicly proclaimed himself on the side of the striking dockers. This in the very teeth of the wealth and aristocracy of England, including leading bishops of the Church of England.

Mr. W. T. Stead, in a character sketch of Cardinal Manning, had this to say: "How well I remember the day on which I first saw Cardinal Manning. I had been three years in London, and during all that time I had never seen the Cardinal. At last the time came when I saw him. I was in the hall of Sutherland House—a place famous for many associations mingled of glory and of shame. . . . The annual meeting of the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants was held, and the Cardinal was present. It was not a scene to be soon forgotten. The representatives of all the philanthropies met at the foot of the staircase of that stately hall to listen to a plea for the little slaveys of London from the lips of the Roman Cardinal and Prince of the Church. I remember no other speaker," continued Mr. Stead. "I only see the marble and the Cardinal. He spoke with feeling and tenderness born of evident sympathy for the hard-worked, over-driven little serving-maids of this great city. There was no passion save compassion: he spoke quietly and tenderly; and beyond the drift and tone of his remarks I remember nothing."

We Labor agitators, therefore, are in good company. I believe it could be shown that the present wages system in its worst form is really a by-product of the Reformation. Certain it is that as soon as the arable lands of England were taken from the control of the monasteries and handed to the camp followers of the King the position of the working people became increasingly difficult. In every analysis of the Labor problem the student must begin at the land. And so, when you remember that the monks garnered the grain for the people, whereas the courtiers collected it for themselves, it will be seen that the workers have nothing to thank the Reformation for. However, the wages

system is here, and we have now to see what use can be made of it.

The famous Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII., "The Condition of the Working Classes," is regarded as the charter of Catholic social reform. Cardinal Manning said this: "Since the Divine words, 'I have compassion on the multitude,' were spoken in the wilderness no voice has been heard throughout the world pleading for the people with such profound and loving sympathy for those that toil and suffer as the voice of Leo XIII."

On this subject of the living wage his Holiness said, "We now approach a subject of great and urgent importance, and one in respect of which, if extremes are to be avoided, right notions are absolutely necessary. Wages, as we are told, are regulated by free consent, and therefore the employer, when he pays what was agreed upon, has done his part and seemingly is not called upon to do anything beyond. The only way, it is said, in which injustice might occur, would be if the master refused to pay the whole of the wages, or if the workman should not complete the whole of the work undertaken: in such cases the State should intervene, to see that each obtains his due,—but not under any other circumstances."

This mode of reasoning is, to a fair-minded man, by no means convincing for there are important considerations which it leaves out altogether. To labor is to exert oneself for the sake of procuring what is necessary for the purposes of life, and chief of all for self-preservation. *In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread.* Hence a man's labor bears two notes or characters. First of all it is *personal*, inasmuch as the exertion of individual strength belongs to the individual who puts it forth, employing such strength to procure that personal advantage on account of which it was bestowed. Secondly, man's labor is *necessary*, for without the result of labor a man cannot live; and self-preservation is a law of nature, which it is wrong to disobey. Now, were we to consider so far as it is *personal* merely, doubtless it would be within the workman's right to accept any rate of wages whatever; for in the same way as he is free to work or not, so he is free to accept a small remuneration or even none at all. But this is a mere abstract supposition; the labor of the working man is not only his personal attribute, but it is *necessary*, and this makes all the difference. The preservation of life is the bounden duty of one and all, and to be wanting therein is a crime. It follows that each one has a right to procure what is required in order to live; and the poor man can procure it in no other way than through work and wages.

Let it then be taken for granted that workman and employer should, as a rule, make free agreements, and in particular should agree freely as to wages; nevertheless, there underlies a dictate of natural justice more imperious and ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely that remuneration ought to be sufficient to support a frugal and well-behaved wage-earner. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will afford him no better, he is made the victim of force and injustice.

A distinguished American priest, Father Ryan, has gone exhaustively into this phase of the social problem. Dr. John Augustine Ryan, has been for the past 17 years Professor of Moral Theology and Economics at St. Paul's Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota. Dr. Ryan was born in Minnesota, received his early education there, studied theology in St. Paul, and continued post graduate studies at the University of Washington. He was ordained priest in 1898 and eight years later was made a Doctor of Divinity. His book, *A Living Wage*, is a standard work in its own department of economics and his writings and lectures have given him national position as a leader of progressive thought in industrial, economic, and social fields.

Dr. Ryan points out that "a living wage is not the same as a subsistence wage, nor a wage adequate for the maintenance of productive efficiency, nor a wage that corresponds to any of the current scales of expenditure. It has some reference to all of these standards but it is identical with none of them."

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Some weeks ago, at Auckland, the manager of the Auckland Tramways, under examination by an official of the Tramways Union, stated that the Tramways Company saw no essential difference between its workmen and its machinery. This was a brutally frank admission which is seldom so boldly expressed. When it is, as a matter of fact, a very honest expression of the wages system. Pressure of competition is such that the employer has to concern himself with what the worker produces rather than with the welfare of his employees. Dr. Ryan protests against a wages system which applies to a human being the same standard of valuation that is employed in the case of a draught-horse or a locomotive. Father Maher, S.J., in a Catholic Social Guild pamphlet, *English Economics and Catholic Ethics*, puts it:—"Human labor was like calico or pig-iron, a 'commodity,' and its price like other commodities, was inexorably determined by the law of demand and supply."

Many of you may wonder at times why it is that the working people pay so many of us to devote our time to the interests of Trades Unionism. It may help you to a right understanding of the point by remembering that Arbitration Court Awards are based largely on what Dr. Ryan calls "a wage adequate to productive efficiency." Compare this "productive efficiency wage" with what is regarded as a "living wage."

Thus Dr. Ryan:—Briefly defined, a living wage is a wage inadequate to a livelihood. It is that amount of remuneration which will provide the laborer with a livelihood becoming to, worthy of, proper for a human being. Hence the ideas of a living wage and a decent livelihood are fundamentally moral rather than physical or economic.

Now comes the question as to whether these Catholic principles can be applied to practice. M. Leon Harmel, a French manufacturer, answered that question many years ago. M. Harmel was, in his day, probably the most conspicuous Catholic layman in Europe. In his woollen factory near Rheims he realised an ideal relationship between employer and employed, while his zeal on behalf of the Catholic Church brought him into close and affectionate friendship with the Pope himself. Writers in English magazines were agreed that this woollen factory offered to the world an object lesson in Christian democracy. M. Harmel himself was described as a veritable nineteenth-century apostle of the working man. He was a Catholic before everything else, and the success of his factory depended upon its Catholicism. On this point a writer in the English *Fortnightly Review*, after paying a visit to the works, had this to say:—

"The whole establishment is as frankly and confessedly Catholic as any monastery, with the one important proviso that there is no compulsion in any form; and it is solely and entirely to their essentially Christian character that Harmel himself attributes the vast measure of social and economic success by which his various schemes have been crowned. No factory, I venture to think, can boast so complete an organisation as Val-des-Bois and nowhere is the altruistic so strongly developed."

The writer who went over from England to make these enquiries and other English critics, seemed to agree that Protestant England would find it difficult to achieve anything like M. Harmel's success, for this reason:—Two ideals, the one religious, the other economic, underlie all the work that is carried on by the Harmel family. The first object is to make of the average workman a good Christian; to train him into an independent, self-supporting, self-respecting citizen. In Harmel's opinion it is absolutely indispensable that the religious motive should precede that which is social. The English critics admitted the very marked superiority of the girls in this factory, some 200 in number. This superiority was regarded as the result quite as much of their moral as of their physical conditions. Up to the age of 17 every girl was compelled to devote one hour a day deducted from her working hours, to self-improvement, her time being mostly spent in the school kitchen attached to the convent, while one hour

a week was given to religious instruction. The methods adopted to protect the girls from the dangers usually associated with factory life were original and highly satisfactory. The girls themselves elected supervisors, three in each department, to watch over the well-being of the whole and make recommendations to the management for improvement. This, of course, was but one of the many methods in vogue in this model Catholic factory for the benefit of the working people.

This does not pretend to be any more than a casual clipping, here and there, from the numberless books and pamphlets bearing on the relation of the Catholic Church to the working classes. Those who wish to dip a little deeper into the problems of the working class movement will find ample material to start with in the penny pamphlets of the Catholic Truth Society of both England and Ireland. And it will be found that these penny pamphlets are the handiest and simplest for the average reader. The subject when treated exhaustively is liable to taste a bit "dry," but when taken in penny doses it is within the range of most readers. The following are a few of the many pamphlets that might be looked into:—*The Church and the Working Class* (Rev. P. Coffey); *Christian Aspects of the Labor Question* (Right Rev. Abbot Snow); *Trade Unionism* (Henry Somerville); *A Catholic Social Catechism*; *The Rights of Man* (George Milligan); *Catholic Principles of Social Reform* (Alex. P. Mooney, M.D.).

AS IF BY A MIRACLE.

Capt. George P. O'Malley, an American army surgeon, of Cleveland, serving in a field ambulance of the British Expeditionary Force, writing to a New York priest friend, Father Casey, notes the singular fact, so often recounted by many observers before him, that, amid all the destruction wrought by the war in France, the wayside shrines and Calvaries, with their great crucifixes, seem to be preserved miraculously. In his letter to Father Casey Capt. O'Malley says:—

A peculiar thing out here, and which is openly commented upon, is the almost miraculous preservation of the little shrines and roadside Calvaries which are found all over this part of France. There is a beautiful big chateau (or what once was a beautiful palace) just a little way up the road from me. To-day, while passing there, I noticed that the roof had been almost completely destroyed, every window and door had been crushed, the whole inside was demolished, and only parts of the outside brick walls left standing. In the front of the house, right where the door would be, but a little above it, stood an alcove with a statue of the Blessed Virgin and a vase of artificial flowers. The whole alcove was closed in by a glass front. Though every window and bit of glass in the house had been broken to bits and shells had gone through the walls on either side and above the statue, the glass door of the alcove, which was about 3½ feet high, was not even cracked, or the statue or vase of flowers in any way disturbed. The whole shrine is intact though the building is in ruins. Capt. O'Malley goes on to record that other officers have had experience like to his of these remarkable preservations:—

One of our officers here—a major—came in to-day after a tour of inspection and told of an extraordinary sight he had seen. A big life-sized Calvary, housed in a big alcove-like protection, stood with the rear facing the German lines. This had been shelled repeatedly and the whole brick affair completely wrecked, but the big cross, several feet high, with the life-sized figure of Christ crucified, stood unscathed. These scenes are constantly occurring, and even the most sceptical are commenting on it. They say it is rare indeed that these shrines are ever hit by shells, although everything about them is laid waste.

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Current Topics

Religious Training

In a letter to the *Dominion* the Rev. Mr. Stent, Vicar of Tailape, puts his finger on the evil in our much-lauded system of State education. In the following words he states the conclusion to which all right-minded men have long come:—

"Two principles are needed to convert our State system into a satisfactory educative factor—the principle of parental control and the principle that the soul of the child needs educating and developing stage by stage with body and mind. Of course those who take up the attitude that the child has no soul, or that there is no such thing as a soul, will not be able to follow me—nor does it matter."

The principle of parental control is founded on the Natural Law, against which our legislators are fighting more strenuously than they fight for the welfare of the Dominion: the principle that the soul must not be neglected is one of the elementary things that every professing Christian ought to stand for. Support of the harmful national system is logical only for those who stand for the Servile State and the tyranny over family and individual rights which it connotes, and for those who are either indifferent or hostile to the importance of the Christian religion. When we have a set of politicians who are for the greater part utterly incapable of understanding what it is to be guided by principles at all it is no wonder that the principles of the Natural Law or the Divine Law matter little to them in comparison of the votes of the wowsers.

The Government and the Gaelic League

The British Government has condemned the Gaelic League and banned its meetings and activities generally. The same benighted body of statesmen did many a stupid thing, but we honestly think they have eclipsed themselves. The Gaelic League was a body formed for the preservation of Irish language and Irish customs. It was non-sectarian and non-political. It numbered many Protestants and Unionists among its members. It owed much of its force and vitality to a few Protestant scholars who lived laborious days in the furtherance of its aims while it was yet unknown to the vast majority of the people. Its literary and historical achievements have been marvellous. To it is due the immense revival of the study of Gaelic and the training of many students who have done no little research work among the old manuscripts. It has made its influence felt even among French and German scholars, and many sympathetic articles have been written about it in foreign Reviews. But now the Lloyd George Government in its superior wisdom has laid down the law that such a body as the Gaelic League is dangerous and seditious! Lord Curzon had better look to his laurels for stupidity and idioecy. Other English statesmen are pressing him hard. Is the move a step towards the revival of the ancient efforts to exterminate the Irish people, root and branch? Shall we have £5 offered one of these days for the head of a priest? It looks as if the Government is already on the road to prohibit education of the only sort that the Irish people will tolerate. One of these days the school-books may again contain Whately's dear old doggerel making the Irish children sing that they are happy English children. Indeed it would surprise nobody who has followed the trend of English legislation in that small nation in the western seas to find that one of these days it had been enacted that it would be regarded as felony to maintain the use of reason for the mere Irish. Such a step would be quite in keeping with the policy of putting insane officers-in control and leaving them until they had committed a certain amount of murders. There is this much to be said for a departure of that sort: It is only when the use of reason has been abandoned completely that the Irish will ever again trust the Lloyd George Government and the pledge-breakers it sends to govern in Dublin Castle.

The Plunder of Ireland

Owing to gross misstatements in the prejudiced press it is well for us to have in a handy form the statistics showing how Ireland is plundered through her Union with England in virtue of the disgraceful bribery and fraud of the Act which destroyed her native Parliament. Let us remember (1) that it was found by the Financial Relations Commission that in comparison of the relative resources of the two countries Ireland could only bear taxation in proportion to that borne by Great Britain in the ratio of 1 to 20. (2) In their report, Mr. Sexton and his colleagues on the Commission showed that up to the date of that Commission (1896) the true proportion was not 1 to 20, but 1 to 37, while in matter of fact Ireland was compelled to pay in the proportion of 1 to 13, or nearly three times as much as was deemed right and just. For this year Ireland's contribution is readily found from the figures given in the Chancellor's statement in his Budget speech. According to the minimum estimate the National Debt at the end of March next will be £798,000,000,000. His principle is that Ireland's share will be one twenty-fifth of the whole, which means that Ireland will have to find the interest on £319,200,000: that is, she will have to find under that heading alone a sum of £17,556,000 annually. To this add what is called the cost of her "civil" administration (£12,686,000), which she pays for the privilege of having innocent men shot by maniacs like Colthurst. Lastly, the little item of £7,000,000 (which will be increased this year) raised by Local Taxation must be added to the foregoing figures. So that we have Ireland paying a round £40,000,000 in reward for the privilege of Coercion Acts, and Martial Laws and the rule of Orangeism. The following table will be useful for reference, and we advise our readers to keep it:—

IRISH TAXATION, years ending March 31
(in Thousands).

Taxes.	1915	1916	1917	1918	1919	Rates of increases, 1918-19
	£	£	£	£	£	
Income	2182	3999	6096	6250	8000	1-5th
Death, etc.	1395	1419	1311	1311	1411	Farms doubled 1d on cheques
Excess profits	—	—	3531	6625	7000	
Sugar, etc.	295	821	1668	1800	3000	5-6th
Tea etc.	889	1446	1572	1900	2000	
Tobacco	1954	2631	2795	4000	5000	1-4th
Alcohol	4113	5815	4716	5000	10000	doubled
New	52	180	478	600	1250	(Luxury tax) est at £500,000
Postal	1509½	1618	1599½	1739	2339	P'tal ½d
Total	12389½	17929	23766½	29225	40000	

BUDGET ALTERATIONS.

1916.—New duties imposed on matches, cycles, clocks, table waters, patent medicines, entertainments, excess profits, and sugar. Increase on income.

1917.—Increases on entertainments, tobacco, and excess profits.

1918.—Increase on income, sugar, tobacco, beer, spirits, and postages. Luxury tax imposed, and 1d extra on cheques.

Prohibition: A Heresy and a Fallacy

The Prohibition movement is based on unsound foundations: it accepts a heresy as its rule of faith; and its sovereign panacea is fallacious. It is a heresy for any man to hold that alcohol, or any other of the creatures of God, is evil in itself; and as we have previously seen the Prohibitionists admit that they hold this Manichæan error. Therefore it is that sincere

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and uncompromising Temperance advocates like Cardinal Manning declared publicly that under no circumstances would they be associated with such fanatics. The fallacy is that the Prohibitionists, so narrow-minded that they lose sight of truth and justice in the pursuit of an aim that is itself questionable, suppose that alcohol will receive its *coup de grace* if they succeed in having the public houses closed. In this connection let us recall the words written by Father Lockington, S.J., on the point:

"To attempt to remedy the evil by attacking the public-house is to attempt to cleanse a running sore by applying remedies at the point of issue and striving to close it. Medical experts, on the contrary, hold that the open discharge must be permitted until a remedy is found that will strike at the root of the disease rather than check it, and cause mortification to the patient. The running sore of drink is present—no one would deny that—but whither must we probe to find the seat of the evil? It is true that the immense number of public-houses is a factor, and a very strong one, in the spread of intemperance. That we freely admit. But the Prohibitionist goes further still, and, maintaining that the public house is the foundation of it, declares that it must be totally destroyed, and promises that from its ruins will spring the virtue of sobriety. This is a fallacy. And I have shown that the abolition of the public-house brings about a multiplicity of subtle and dangerous evils."

As far as the heresy of the Prohibitionist is concerned we need not delay any longer. For Catholics there is no choice here. But let us examine the fallacy and see what the writer whom we have just quoted found out for himself in an investigation of the conditions under which Prohibition works in the Dry States of America. Take the State of Maine, in which Prohibition has had a trial for more than half a century—long enough surely to test its value thoroughly. Since the law was passed in 1816 it has time and again been amended and elaborated in order to make it as effective and as drastic as possible. A highly-organised body of State officials saw that it was carried out, and severe penalties were imposed on offenders. A short time ago a visitor to Maine wrote a letter to an Irish paper telling of the great reform that had taken place there—how instead of public-houses and drunken men there were prosperity and sobriety all through the State. A little later, Father Lockington happened to be in Maine, whither he had gone expressly to examine the conditions of men and things under the law of Prohibition. "I am sorry," he writes, "to be compelled to state that my experiences were not such as would cause me to agree with the opinions of the writer spoken of. True, to the casual observer the streets seemed orderly and the saloon entirely absent. But when I penetrated beneath this external respectability, as I was enabled to do by the credentials I had obtained, I found that things were not what they seemed. Space will not permit of a detailed account of my investigations, else I might tell of the many scenes of wretched misery, of vice and poverty, all reeking with drink. I found drinking rampant in every direction, and drinking accompanied by all the evils of 'sly-grog' selling." He goes on to tell how in those apparently quiet streets were lurking young women and girls, with small bottles of liquor concealed on their person, ready to supply customers. These bottles are known locally as "sand-peepers," because so many of them are to be seen every morning lying empty, half-hidden in the sand of the roadside. Father Lockington concludes as follows:

"What I saw in Portland convinced me that the action of him who would cure the drink evil by Prohibition is like that of a father who, finding his child mottled with the red rash of fever, places the boy under a cold shower bath. The red rash disappears, and the father is jubilant, because, in his ignorance, he thinks that he has cured his child. It does not need a medical expert to tell him that he has but driven the disease inwards, where it will strike at the very vitals of the child, and unless prompt measures be taken, that father will soon be arranging matters with the undertaker."

Welsh Rabbits and Red Herrings

Let us bear in mind the fact that the President of the United States may be coming over to Europe shortly, and let us remember how a certain Convention was devised to gain time when the American soldiers were on the threshold of the war. Mindful of these two matters we may approach any new move on the part of Lloyd George with our eyes open. It is also useful to recall that, when broken-hearted and despondent on account of the treachery of British statesmen, John Redmond—who trusted too much!—told the House of Commons that never again under any circumstances would he enter into any agreement with British Ministers. The bitter words were wrung from his generous heart by the flagrant breach of faith which Lloyd George had committed after the Easter Rising. Lastly, in the *Contemporary Review* a couple of months ago Swift MacNeill, an Ulster Protestant, wrote an article on the betrayal of Ireland, in which he said that no foreign statesman who studied the events of the past few years in Ireland could with safety to himself or his Government trust the men who had betrayed Ireland. When we have weighed these things well let us hear what Lloyd George has now evolved from his fertile imagination for the settlement of all that trouble in Ireland which is mainly due to his own blundering and fickleness. We are told that a scheme of Federal Government all round may be a panacea, and that from all quarters he is assured that the whole round world is disgusted by the manner in which he and his associates are treating a small nation, while at the same time they are asking that small nation to fight with them against people who are acting similarly towards other small nations. This is what the present rhetoric of the Premier amounts to. He feels that the screw is being put on; he feels that if President Wilson goes over the screw will be tightened; and naturally he is looking around for another device to save his face. He wants time. And here is how he is to find it. Federal Government is a big proposition, he says. It would never do at all to introduce such a sweeping change without looking well ahead. In fact, it not would be the right thing to introduce it at all unless supported by a two-to-one majority. And nobody knows better than he that he will have all the time he wants before he finds a majority of that kind. He thinks it might be difficult in England on account of her immense population—though how that affects the question only he knows. And he is of the opinion that in Ireland there would be no difficulty. For once in his life he has guessed rightly; and about Ireland too! No, there will be no difficulty as to a two-to-one, or three-to-one, or even a four-to-one majority in Ireland. But let him make no mistake: that majority will be in favor of rejecting his proposals concerning Federal Government. Ireland has found him out now, and will never be deceived by him again. Ireland will have none of his temporising dodges and none of his devices to gain time. That day has gone for ever. The Irish people have expressed unmistakably their minimum demand: they will have a full measure of Home Rule, they will have autonomy as large as that enjoyed by the colonies, or they will take nothing till they get even more than that. He knows as well as we all do that he has driven Ireland to that stand, and no amount of camouflage will deceive anyone but a person who wants to be deceived. England had a chance four years ago of getting off lightly and foisting a bogus Home Rule Bill on the Irish people. England allowed herself to be led by the nose by the pro-German plotters who have undermined her strength and blackened her good name. During the process the Irish people were awakened and united as they never were before in all their history. And if Lloyd George imagines that he can again get them to take scraps of paper for gold he is poorer in intelligence than even we hold him. The President will come well advised by the millions of Irishmen who have been watching the tactics of the Lloyd George Government for years, who were not deceived by the lies of Harmsworth about their countrymen, whom Galloper Smith and his assistant, T. P. O'Connor, found it unwise to address during their recent gas-attacks in the United States. And

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Sinn Fein will remind him very forcibly of his pledge at Mount Vernou, that the affairs of a people must be settled without consulting the exterior interests of any stronger power. If President Wilson is a man who means what he says, Lloyd George has indeed reason to get busy about new schemes. But the worst of his schemes is that now they will be taken in the light of past events. And the history of the past four years in Ireland, and the collaboration with Herr Carson and his pro-German army, do not furnish the Prime Minister with a certificate of character worth much in the eyes of honest people to-day.

CHRISTCHURCH CATHOLIC CLUB

The eighteenth anniversary of the Christchurch Catholic Club was celebrated on Monday evening, September 2, in the Club Rooms, Wiltshire Buildings, by a social (writes our own correspondent). The president (Mr. J. R. Hayward) conducted the proceedings, and there was a good attendance of members and friends of the club. Among those present were his Lordship Bishop Brodie, Father Carroll (chaplain), and Sir George Clifford, Bart. An enjoyable musical and elocutionary programme was contributed to by Misses Mary Ward, K. Garvin, D. Nottingham, and M. G. O'Connor, Messrs. Mooney and J. Noonan. Miss K. O'Connor and Miss N. Hayward were accompanists. Mr. W. T. Ward led an efficient orchestra, which contributed much to the pleasure of the evening. Mr. J. R. Hayward, in extending a cordial welcome to all present, apologised for the unavoidable absence of Rev. Dr. Kennedy. The club, he said, deemed itself highly favored to be able to entertain so large and representative a gathering on this its eighteenth year of existence. In giving a short history of the club since its formation in 1900, Mr. Hayward paid a high tribute to the support and assistance accorded it by the late Bishop Grimes, and also by our present revered chief pastor, Dr. Brodie. The club was formed, with Sir George Clifford as its first president, with the object of having a meeting place for Catholic young men, wherein the topics of the day or any subjects could be discussed in a Catholic atmosphere, and with their fellow-Catholics. In this respect the club had achieved success, and had been instrumental in promoting a fine standard of debating ability—a feature of the club's work which had brought honor to its representatives when in contest with other bodies. To its spiritual directors, said the president, the club is deeply indebted, for in every case they have been practical and enthusiastic. Kindly appreciation was expressed of the various presidents who had capably filled that office, amongst them Mr. Eric Harper, who had been killed in the field of battle. Mr. Hayward also acknowledged the great work

accomplished in the club's interests by, amongst others, Messrs. George Dobbs, P. McNamara, and M. O'Reilly. In conclusion he thanked all present for their attendance, and hoped, he said, to see in the near future a hostel for Catholic boys as practical proof of what the club was capable. His Lordship Bishop Brodie said that his presence that evening was an expression of good will for the club. He congratulated all concerned on the club's 18 years of past prosperity, and wished it greater success in the future. The young men of the club, said his Lordship, had responded generously when called upon to go and fight for their country and thus added lustre to the name of the club and to the Dominion. The Catholic Club was fulfilling a most useful mission in training members to study the problems of the day, continued the Bishop, and he wished to impress upon them the absolute necessity of the study of social science upon which so much depends for the future of the nation. He would suggest that they invite lecturers to address them at intervals on this far-reaching subject. To find a generation of men animated by Catholic ideals, and studying economics

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and social problems from a Christian standpoint, was not only a source of consolation to him as Bishop, but a cause of great hope to the city and diocese. Sir George Clifford complimented his Lordship the Bishop on the sound advice he had given to the club. He felt proud of being the first president of the Catholic Club, for that was an honor that could not be taken from him, and he was thoroughly convinced that association with the club helped materially to strengthen Catholic faith, and would prove of benefit in the working out of the destinies of life. The prejudices of their Protestant neighbors, said Sir George, would be and had been in the past, broken down by good example rather than by theological arguments; and provided that members show that their lives are above the standard set by those opposed to us—models of the proper fulfilment of duty—our power for good will be simply immense. He wished to thank the performers for the musical treat all had so thoroughly enjoyed, and called for a hearty vote of thanks, which was cordially given. Cheers for his Lordship the Bishop and Sir George Clifford were given, and proceedings closed with the National Anthem.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL WORK IN ENGLAND FOR THE WAR

(Contributed)

In estimating the achievements of Catholic social work in the present war, it must be remembered that Catholics in England are a small body (altogether less than two million), and that their numbers are chiefly drawn from the poorest classes of the population. They have been burdened, moreover, with a large share in two of the most arduous of war works: work in connection with the Belgian exiles, and with enemy prisoners—a large proportion of whom are Catholics. This latter is naturally of a purely religious nature, whilst the former is both social and religious. Both are, however, a considerable burden to clergy who are already too few in number for their ordinary parish work. In the case of the Belgians lay workers have borne the principal share, though here too the demands upon the time and energies of the local parish priest has often been very great. At the outbreak of the war, the Catholic Women's League was invited by the Government to take in hand the housing of Belgian refugees. The committee arranged for over 10,000 to be housed in a few weeks, arrangements (often far from easy, as most of the Belgians knew no English) being made for their journeys, etc. In addition to this the same society organised hostels for Belgian girls in business and a home for Belgian babies. This work was indeed only an "extra," but it was a considerable extra and demanded a large amount of voluntary labor, which was certainly utilised successfully. The principal work has naturally been with our own sailors and soldiers. Here, too, the Catholic Women's League has done its full share of the work. It has conducted ten huts in France (six of them chapel huts and four recreational), and 16 in England near large camps. These have been a most useful addition to the clubs already founded by local priests before the war or by the Catholic Young Men's Society. In France the Y.M.C.A. and Church Army have so thoroughly dotted the British military area with undenominational huts, etc., that it has in most cases been needless to build special Catholic huts. There are, however, a considerable number of these and they, like the others, are all open to the use of soldiers of all religious denominations. In addition to those of the Catholic Women's League, Mr. Stephen Harding has been conducting eight spacious huts in France, with chapel, billiard-room, and often theatre attached. His work, which has now been organised with a committee under Lord Denbigh, is an interesting specimen of what an individual private enterprise can achieve. Catholic social works for soldiers naturally fall into two categories—those predominantly religious and those predominantly

social. The former of these has required an immense amount of labor, especially in England, owing to the fact that priests are few and churches fewer still. Men training at home are naturally sent to camps which are in country districts very often far from a Catholic church; yet owing to the shortage of priests they have to be served by the nearest parish priest. The difficulties of this arrangement have been largely met by the work of the Catholic Soldiers' Association (under Major Galton). This association has formed a special emergency committee with the object of arranging for soldiers to be able to attend the Sacraments and Mass. This committee has devoted its funds to assisting the local priest (1) by providing him with means of conveyance within reasonable time on Sundays to the camps, or (2) by enabling soldiers to get to the nearest church. They have also organised hospital visiting by local Catholics and have enabled many priests to visit hospitals situated far out in country places. Various societies have undertaken the work of providing our men with suitable literature, e.g., the Catholic Truth Society has published various war-books in addition to its usual publications (penny Gospels, etc.). These and other books are distributed free by the Catholic Reading Guild. The Catholic Social Guild (especially Father Plater) and the Catholic Correspondence Guild maintain a steady correspondence by letter with many thousands of Catholic soldiers at the Front. A notable feature of recent Catholic activity has been the circulation of books and the giving of lectures to soldiers on social and reconstructural questions. A stimulus to this work has been given by Cardinal Bourne's Lenten Pastoral for 1918 (which was printed in *The Times* as a "Message to the Nation"). The publications of the Catholic Social Guild include handbooks such as *A Primer of Peace and War* (on the principles of international morality) and *A Primer of Social Science* (2s. each), which have been commended by the *Hibbert Journal* as the best of their kind in English. Also pamphlets such as Martindale's *The Gospel and the Citizen* (3d.), Keating's *Questions of the Day* (3d.), Father Gerrard's *The Church and Eugenics* (6d.), Goldwell's *Guild Socialism* (1s.), etc., etc. The Catholic Social Guild has also started a bureau of information at its office (1, Victoria Street) for discharged soldiers. Information and advice are here obtained on such questions as training, hospitality, settlement on the land, etc. Perhaps the most interesting social work among Catholics is a work at once social and religious, namely the work of "Men's Retreats," still in its early stages so far as soldiers are concerned, though long tried among workmen, etc., with astonishing success. So far only a few hundred soldiers have "made retreats," as it was at first thought impossible under army conditions. Even now most of these are convalescents, etc., who are almost the only soldiers able to spare two or three days at a time for this purpose. The method of a retreat is as follows: From 10 to 30, or even 50, men come to a country house for the space of three (or even only two or one and a-half days). They are well fed and cared for, but follow a life under rule, as in a monastery (though of a less severe character). Most of the time is spent in silence, but at fixed hours they meet in the chapel, where a simple discourse—following a general scheme, e.g. (1) What was I created to do? (2) Do I do it? etc.—is given; and on the last morning they receive the Sacraments and return to their unit or hospital. The really wonderful effects of these retreats and their extraordinary popularity have been noticed even by C.O.'s who are not Catholics. They are said to have an excellent military result, as they increase sense of duty, etc., and have now been adopted by both Anglicans and Nonconformists. Among other social works mention should be made of the Catholic Officers' Club (under the presidency of Lord Denbigh) at 55 Russell Square; of the Duchess of Norfolk's Home for Incurables at Littlehampton; of Lady Anne Kerr's Home for Disabled Soldiers ("St. David's Home"—conducted by the Franciscans) at Ealing; also of course, various Catholic institutions which (like those of other denominations) have offered their buildings as hospitals.

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The work of sending parcels to our prisoners in Germany—and also to Switzerland—has been organised by the Westminster Catholic Federation. The Catholic Women's League has organised hostels for munition workers in three important towns; also five baby welfare centres with schools for mothers and classes in every branch. It also has organisations for women land workers; and has arranged Red Cross working parties which dispatch thousands of "trench comforts," etc. The above facts indicate roughly the main lines along which Catholics have worked in the present war. They do not pretend to be exhaustive, as they deal only with purely denominational organisations and not with the many general social works in which they are working with their fellow-countrymen.

ROLL OF HONOR

CORPORAL FRANCIS HURLEY.

Corporal Francis Hurley, who died on September 1, of wounds, was the seventh son of Mr. and Mrs.



Hurley, of Wanganui (late of Patea). The deceased left New Zealand with the 23rd Reinforcements.—R.I.P.

PRIVATE CON O'GORMAN.

Cabled advice has been received by Mr. and Mrs. T. O'Gorman, of Upton Terrace, Wellington, that their fourth son, Private Con. O'Gorman, died from wounds in France on August 28. He went away with the 33rd Reinforcements, and previous to enlisting was an employee of Ballinger Brothers. This is the third son of the family to lose his life. Two others were killed in action in October, 1917. Two others are still on active service in France. All five boys received their education at the Marist Brothers' School in Wellington.—R.I.P.

LIEUTENANT P. A. ONGLEY.

Mr. F. W. Ongley, of Oamaru, received word the other day that his brother, Lieutenant P. A. Ongley, had been killed in action. Lieutenant Ongley, who was in his twenty-sixth year, left with the 27th Reinforcements. He was the fifth son of Mr. F. Ongley, of Oamaru, and received his primary education at St. Patrick's School. Later on he attended the Otago University, where he obtained his B.A. degree. "Gus" was prominent in football and cricket circles, being a South Island representative in the first-named and one of the North Otago representatives in its cricket team. His fame as a sterling batsman was well established, his well-known century on the old North Road field being still well remembered locally. At the time of enlistment he was on the teaching staff of Wellington College. Two other brothers ("Monty" and "Bob") are also on active service, one at the Front and the other

in the C.I. camp. Very general sorrow will be felt at the untimely cutting off of so promising a life, and much sympathy will be felt for the bereaved relatives.—R.I.P.

RIFLEMAN JOHN MAURICE SHEEHAN.

Mrs. Sheehan, Usk Street, Oamaru, on Friday morning received the sad news of the death of her son, Rifleman John Maurice Sheehan. Born and educated at Fairlie, he learned the blacksmithing trade from the late Mr. Joseph Binney, Fairlie, later taking up business for himself in Georgetown, which he sold before leaving for active service with the 29th Reinforcements. Rifleman Sheehan was of a kind and genial disposition, and had many friends who will be sorry to hear of his death.—R.I.P.

PRIVATE FRANCIS WILLIAM CORRIGAN.

Private Francis William Corrigan, a returned soldier, who died at the Coronation Hospital, Christchurch, on Tuesday, September 10, was accorded a military funeral. Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street, by Father Seymour, S.M. At the conclusion of Mass the cortege proceeded to the Linwood Cemetery. The casket was borne on a gun carriage, and was draped with the Union Jack. The firing party consisted of 12 members of the Permanent Artillery stationed at Ripa Island. Sergeant Burbury was in charge of the firing party, and Sergeant Wetherall, of the Field Artillery, was in charge of the gun-carriage party. The chief mourners were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Corrigan (parents), Major A. A. Corrigan (uncle), and the sisters and brothers of the deceased. Amongst those present were Messrs. A. C. Maxwell and J. F. Collins (representing the C.D.C.), Mr. C. W. Green (secretary of the Returned Soldiers' Association), and Captain Livingstone (representing the Defence Department). Dean Regnault, assisted by Father Carroll, officiated at the graveside. At the conclusion of the service the firing party fired three volleys over the grave, and the "Last Post" was sounded.—R.I.P.

WOUNDED PRISONERS.

The exchange of sanitary soldiers through Swiss territory began in the first months of the war. The Holy Father soon came to propose the exchange of all severely wounded prisoners and the internment of others in Switzerland. The same proposal was made nearly at the same time by the International Comity of the Red Cross (presided over by Mr. Ador, now Federal Councillor), and by the Swiss Government. After lengthy negotiations the exchange of severely wounded prisoners began in March, 1915, and has continued regularly ever since. The Swiss Catholic Mission at Fribourg has also done very useful work by ameliorating the religious and sanitary conditions of the camps, and by giving news of over 10,000 prisoners who were for some reason or other unable to communicate with their families. The Catholic Mission had already sent at the end of 1915 nearly half a million in money and clothes to poor prisoners, and 20,000 religious books to French prisoners in Germany.

The very strength and life of all self-discipline is order, certainty, and decision (says Cardinal Manning). Our true safeguard against temptation is to be the same at all times, in all companies, in all places; not to vary and adapt ourselves to the humor of others, thereby adopting their temptations with their habits, but to be always and everywhere ourselves, and to oppose to the temptations of the world the consistency of a matured and practised habit of self-control.

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Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

September 14.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood left for Sydney yesterday.

The Dominion Executive of the Catholic Federation met last Tuesday evening, Father Hurley presiding. Certain matters discussed were held over for a full meeting of the executive. It was decided to send another £500 to Rev. Chaplain-Major Richards, London, in October, and also £500 in December. These two sums, together with the amount sanctioned for the Tauherenikau Hall, will practically exhaust the Field Service Fund. It was decided to have the roof of the Tauherenikau Hall roofed with iron, at a slightly increased cost on the contract price.

The bazaar in aid of St. Mary of the Angels' Church Rebuilding Fund, for which very extensive arrangements have been made, is to open on Monday, September 23 (Dominion Day), in the Town Hall. Her Excellency Lady Liverpool has kindly consented to perform the opening ceremony, and it is hoped the Catholic people of Wellington will co-operate with the energetic committee to ensure a complete success, and so aid in the worthy work of replacing the historic church as soon as possible.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

September 13.

In promoting what is to be known as the Lourdes Bazaar quite an original idea has been adopted by the parishioners of the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby. The bazaar is to be held during November in aid of the parish funds, and the ladies of Ponsonby are working most indefatigably preparatory to the opening. The spacious grounds attached to the Palace, the residence of his Lordship Bishop Cleary, have been kindly placed at the disposal of the committee, and will be illuminated by electric light. The bazaar is to be under canvas, each stall having a tent to itself. The most attractive feature of the bazaar—in fact, the one from which the bazaar derives its name—is that the chief events of interest in the history of Lourdes will be portrayed in living pictures. Every effort is being made by the energetic ladies' committee to make the bazaar not only a financial success, but also of great educational value by enlightening the people more and more about Lourdes. Another special feature will be the musical side, which is under the control of Mr. Leo Whittaker, A.T.C.L., who will have a specially trained choir to sing appropriate hymns. A stage is being erected, from which scenes of interest will be enacted. A grotto is also to be erected. A special supply of scenery has already arrived from Australia in connection with the bazaar, and every effort is being made to ensure the enterprise being a great success.

Arrangements are in hand to fittingly celebrate the silver jubilee of Father Charles Kreyborg, of St. Joseph's Maori Mission. This well-known and devoted Missionary Father has for many years been working indefatigably among the natives of the north, and has, by the labor of his own hands, erected several schools and churches for the Maoris.

Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk, Superior of St. Joseph's Missionary Society, has practically completed arrangements for the opening of a new Native school and convent at Rawene, Hokianga. A new community of Sisters of St. Joseph is expected soon to arrive from Australia to take charge of this school, which indicates

the progress being made by these devoted missionaries in the far northern portion of this Dominion.

The annual examinations in Christian doctrine of the schools in this diocese will shortly be undertaken by Father Bradley, diocesan examiner.

On last Sunday the members of St. Benedict's Catholic Club held their quarterly Communion at the 7.30 a.m. Mass, after which they assembled to breakfast in St. Benedict's Hall. At the conclusion of breakfast the Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan, V.G., proposed the toast of "His Holiness the Pope," and took the opportunity of congratulating the club on the fine profession of faith manifested that morning by the members approaching in a body the Holy Table, and exhorted them to be faithful to the principles of their holy religion. After other toasts had been honored the function was terminated by all present lustily singing "God Save Ireland."

The interior of St. Benedict's Clubrooms now presents a much improved appearance. The walls have been re-painted, a new floor put down, and cork linoleum laid in the social room. The total cost of these improvements amounts to about £70, but the committee considers the money well spent. At the last meeting of the club it was decided to donate two school prizes a year for St. Benedict's Schools, one for the dux of the school at St. Benedict's and one for the Good Shepherd School. Arrangements have also been made to establish a cricket club during the coming season.

The annual football match between past and present students of Sacred Heart College was played on the college grounds on Saturday afternoon last, when there was a large gathering of onlookers. After a very interesting and at times exciting game the present students won by 16-points to 8.

Sergeant Albert Waldemar Temm, who has just been reported wounded in the recent offensive by the Allies, is the youngest son of Mrs. Mary Temm, of Glasgow Terrace, Auckland. He was attached to the First Battery, First Brigade, of the New Zealand Field Artillery, and sailed with the 34th Reinforcements with the rank of Quartermaster-Sergeant. Prior to enlisting he was on the staff of Messrs. Archibald Clark and Sons, Ltd., Auckland. He was educated at the Convent School, Waihi, and was a prominent member of St. Benedict's Catholic Club.

Paeroa

(From our own correspondent.)

At the examination in book-keeping, typewriting, and shorthand in connection with the National Business College, Sydney, held at St. Joseph's Convent, Paeroa, all the candidates presented were successful. The following are the results:—Intermediate book-keeping: Mawhata Nicholls, 98 per cent.; Dorothy Tierney, 96; Ruby Tierney, 95; Gladys Liddel, 94; Dorothy Rowley, 93; Ivy Dixon, 93; Annie Bourke, 90. Intermediate typewriting: Alice McCormick, 96; Mawhata Nicholls, 93; Ivy Dixon, 93; Lettie Lennon, 90; Annie Bourke, 87. Junior shorthand: Alice McCormick, 98; Ivy Dixon, 96; Mawhata Nicholls, 95.

The following are the results of the practical examination in music, held at St. Joseph's Convent, Paeroa, on August 20, by Mr. Charles Schilsky, examiner for the Trinity College of Music, London:—In the higher local division two candidates were successful, in the senior division one, junior division one (honors), preparatory division two, first steps four.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

September 16.

The usual fortnightly meeting of St. Patrick's branch H.A.C.B. Society was held in the Hibernian

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Hall on Monday evening, September 9. Brother J. M. Coffey, B.P., presided, and there were present a full roll of officers and a good number of members. Accounts for £2 5s and sick allowance for £7 3s 4d were passed for payment. Members are notified that Dr. Whetter replaces Dr. McKinnon as medical attendant, the latter having left for England. Included in the business discussed was the report of the quarterly meeting of the U.F.S. Dispensary Board, which was regarded as very satisfactory. The branch delegates (Bros. Grimes and Dobbs) spoke most favorably of the work being accomplished by the board, and notified the fact that the levy for the hospital bed scheme was to be reduced from 1s to 9d.

Father Long, who has benefited very much in health during his stay on the West Coast, returned to Christchurch on Saturday last.

James (Vic) Flood, mentioned as having been awarded the Military Medal, is an ex-pupil of the Marist Brothers' School, and is a son of Mrs. Flood, Edgeware Road, St. Albans, Christchurch.

A special appeal is being made by circular in aid of the New Schools' Building Fund. His Lordship the Bishop anticipates making a start with the erection of the girls' school in the course of a couple of months.

The Hibernian Hall was crowded on Wednesday evening last, when the M.B.O.B. Association held a concert in aid of No. 17 Company, Catholic Cadets. The programme was bright and varied, and was contributed to by Misses M. G. O'Connor, D. Nottingham, and S. Greenlees, and Messrs. W. Brittenden, J. Cade, and Phil. Jones, the latter's comic items meeting with great favor. Recitations and character sketches were ably given by Messrs. A. Dey, P. McNamara, and W. H. Jones, and a duet by Miss M. G. O'Connor and Mr. W. Brittenden was most pleasingly rendered. The Marist Brothers' School Choir sang two choruses in a manner that reflected credit on their teacher (Brother Emilian), and Mr. Dalton's orchestra was responsible for pretty selections that met with warm approval. Miss K. O'Connor was pianist, and acquitted herself in her usual finished style. Amongst those present were Rev. Dr. Kennedy and Fathers Fogarty and Carroll. At an interval Dr. Kennedy thanked the audience for its generous support and the performers for their splendid items. Mr. W. Brittenden was stage manager.

A meeting of Catholic ladies associated with Red Cross work in this city was held on last Sunday afternoon, his Lordship the Bishop presiding, to consider a request made by the Red Cross Society that the Catholic branch should take over the management of the "Our Day" stall on September 27 and 28. Mrs. J. S. Barrett (president), Mrs. Hoban (secretary), and a large number representative of the Cathedral and St. Mary's parishes were present. After referring to the noble work of the Red Cross organisation in alleviating the sufferings of wounded and dying soldiers on the battle front, in hospitals, and on hospital ships, Bishop Brodie impressed upon his hearers the necessity of continuing their efforts in as generous a manner as possible. He had, he said, the assurance of the members of St. Matthew's (Ladies') branch of the H.A.C.B. Society that they were ready to assist as workers, and he urged upon all in accepting the work as suggested by the executive of the Red Cross Society to enter upon the undertaking with good heart and good will. It was then arranged that the various districts of Hornby, Riccarton, Halswell, New Brighton, Sumner, Woolston, Marshland, Papanui, Addington, and Cashmere, should be organised to work in co-operation with the Christchurch centre. Several handsome donations have already been promised towards the furnishing of the stall and with the assistance of the Catholic people generally, a big return is anticipated.

BOOK NOTICE

Received from Hon. G. W. Russell, *Report of the Proceedings of the Irish Convention.*

OBITUARY

MOTHER MARY ROSE CANTWELL, O.S.D., DUNEDIN.

Early on last Saturday morning, at St. Dominick's Priory, Dunedin, Mother Mary Rose passed away peacefully, fortified by the rites of Holy Church. Her death, which will be deeply regretted by the nuns and by the past pupils of the Dominican Sisters, was not unexpected, as she had been failing for some years past, and during the last few weeks it was realised that her condition was serious. Mother Mary Rose was born at Belfast, Australia, 60 years ago. She came to New Zealand while a child and was one of the first pupils of the Dominican Sisters in this Dominion. The nuns came out in 1871 and almost from the first it was clear to them that the child who became Mother Mary Rose was destined for the cloister. Her youthful piety and virtue marked her even in her early years as one set apart by Christ for His own service. And true to the call which came to her, first of the New Zealand daughters of St. Dominick, she entered the Order forty years ago now. During these years she continued to manifest the piety and virtues which marked her youth; her life in the cloister was full of zeal and fervor for the glory of God, and the spirit of the Order was her inspiration. Mother Mary Rose held many positions of trust, and was for some years Superior of one or other of the numerous branch houses. Up to the time of her death she was Superior at Queenstown, and only a couple of weeks ago she left its quiet retirement to come to St. Dominick's. It was her last journey on earth, and now she has gone Home to reap the reward of her full years of faithful service for the honor and glory of God among His children in New Zealand. To the nuns and to Mother Mary Rose's relations we extend our sincere condolences. A Solemn Requiem Mass, Canon Pontifice, was celebrated for the deceased in St. Joseph's Cathedral on Monday morning. The celebrant was the Rev. B. Kaveney; deacon, Rev. J. Delany; subdeacon, Rev. C. Ardagh; master of ceremonies, Very Rev. J. Coffey, Adm. His Lordship the Bishop of Dunedin presided. Immediately after the Mass the funeral procession started for the Southern Cemetery, where the interment took place.—R.I.P.

MR. DANIEL CAMPBELL, SPREYDON.

With deep regret (writes our Christchurch correspondent) the death is recorded of Mr. Daniel Campbell, which occurred on September 3 at his residence, Spreydon. The deceased was born in Guilford, Co. Down, Ireland, 76 years ago, and since his arrival in New Zealand had always been in the forefront in everything connected with the Church and Catholic schools. The last work in which he was engaged was assisting in the promotion of a school concert. During his short illness he was attended by Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., and Father Fogarty. The remains were brought to the Sacred Heart Church, Addington, where a Requiem Mass was celebrated by Father Fogarty, after which the funeral cortege proceeded to the Sydenham Cemetery. The "Dead March" from "Saul" was played by the organist, Mr. W. Mitchell, as the coffin was borne from the church. A widow, daughter, and son are left to mourn their loss. On the Sunday following the death of Mr. Campbell, his Lordship Bishop Brodie celebrated Mass at Addington for the repose of his soul, and spoke in feeling terms of the good work the deceased had accomplished in the interests of the church and school at Addington, and at the conclusion of Mass the "Dead March" was again played. The late Mr. Campbell was an ardent supporter of the *N.Z. Tablet* for 35 years.—R.I.P.

The very essence of Christianity consists in a willingness to deny self for the benefit of others. Its central fact is redemption by the Cross—a great act of self-sacrificing love on the part of the Son of God for the redemption of man and restoration of the Cross of the Crucified.

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N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

CHRISTCHURCH DIOCESAN COUNCIL.

The monthly meeting of the Christchurch Diocesan Executive of the Catholic Federation was held on Tuesday, September 10, at St. Mary's Presbytery. The president (Dean Regnault, S.M.) presided, and the following members were present:—Messrs. E. O'Rourke, J. E. Doolan, W. Hallins, P. F. Ryan, J. McNamara, and F. J. Doolan (secretary). Mr. S. J. Ryan, delegate to the Dominion Council meeting, was also present. Correspondence was received from the general secretary stating that the scholarship scheme had been approved by the Dominion Council, and that each diocesan council would maintain, control, and allot their own scholarships, and advising that steps should be taken to initiate the scheme. It was decided to appoint a sub-committee consisting of the Very Rev. President, Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., Rev. C. Graham, S.M., M.A. (Rector of St. Bede's College), Rev. Brother Palladius (Director Marist Brothers' School), Messrs. W. Hayward and F. J. Doolan, to draw up proposals in connection therewith and submit them to his Lordship the Bishop for approval and for further consideration at the half-yearly meeting of the diocesan council. The secretary was instructed to make further inquiries re a complaint from St. Andrew's branch in connection with apparent neglect of soldiers on a transport. Mr. J. E. Doolan gave a very interesting report of his visit to the Greymouth parish, where he gave three addresses on Sunday, August 25, including one at Runanga in the afternoon. He eulogised the arrangements made by Fathers Aubry and Quinn, which were all that could be desired, and spoke highly of the enthusiasm of the local officers. It is anticipated that Ahaura and Hokitika parishes will re-organise their branches at an early date. The secretary reported that he had visited Methven and Rakaia on September 1 and 8 respectively, addressed the congregations after Mass, and conferred with the local committees. He expressed himself as much indebted to Father Price for the arrangements made and for the hospitality extended to him while in the parish. It was decided to convey to the pastors of Greymouth and Methven the appreciation of the Executive of their efforts in maintaining interest in the Federation in their parishes.

The delegates to the Dominion Council meeting (Messrs. S. J. Ryan and F. J. Doolan) gave an interesting account of the proceedings. A vote of thanks was accorded the delegates (including the Rev. F. Kerley, S.M.) for their attendance at the meeting, satisfaction being expressed with the successful work accomplished. The secretary was instructed to convey to the late general secretary and organiser (Mr. George Girling-Butcher) a message expressive of appreciation of his splendid work during the past five years in organising the Federation, and regret that he had found it necessary to relinquish office. The chairman announced that bursaries for soldiers' children were being arranged for by the Canterbury Patriotic Society, and that he was unable to find out how the children of Catholic soldiers were to be treated under the scheme. It was decided that the scholarship subcommittee should make further inquiries and report at a future meeting.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"A CORRESPONDENT."—Whatever doubts you may have about your nationality, it is certain that you belong to the "Greater Ireland."

SEAGHAN O TUATHAIL.—Many thanks. List will be useful.

"INQUIRER."—(1) You will find it either in Kettle's *Irish Oratory* (of all leading booksellers) or in the *Speeches From the Dock*. (2) *Hansard* has the best report we have seen.

E. DE M.—The practice of calling priests by their surnames is confined to college boys and a few others. It is not wrong: it is only a sign of bad manners.

TO ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

When sinners with broken wailing
Clutched at thy strong brown hands,
Didst think of thy briar budding, trailing,
And the long, wet clover lands?

Did'st walk, my saint, from the stony city,
Seeking to cleanse its stain,
Thy kin, the muttering winds of pity,
Thy brother, God's fine rain?

These were thy peace—a yellow tree,
And a wild clean air,
A dreamy bird, a small gold bee,
Climbing the lily's stair.

I have no cowl of brown, no word,
Nor robe, nor cord of grace,
Yet have I loved the yellow tree, the bird,
And all the sweet-briar place.

—E. D.

A GREAT MISFORTUNE.

The Paris *Univers* says Rheims exists no longer: it is a heap of ruins. This is, indeed, a misfortune—one of the greatest amongst all the misfortunes which the war has brought to France. The destruction of Rheims tears away from France part of herself, something very dear to her heart. Rheims was the town dearest to the French nation: history tells this fact to us. A Gallic city which eagerly accepted Roman civilisation, Rheims had at an early stage faith in Christ. God destined an important role for this town in the religious and political formation of France. It was there St. Remi baptised Clovis and his companion soldiers. It was in the Cathedral that so many of the kings of France were crowned. During the present tragic war Rheims has been the scene of terrible fighting.

ALLEN DOONE COMPANY.

Mr. Allen Doone and the members of his company are meeting with conspicuous success in the series of pretty Irish plays now being produced in the Grand Opera House, Wellington. The popular drama, "Tom Moore," in which Mr. Doone gave a very capable interpretation of the part of the Irish poet, well supported by Miss Edna Keeley, Mr. Maurice Lynch, and other members of the company, was followed this week by the favorite play, "The Village Priest." Mr. Doone is billed to open in Christchurch on September 23.

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Amount previously acknowledged, £525 0s 9d; Father Harnett, Patea, £10; Father Morris, Kaitiaki, £5; Miss Josephine Dudson, Foxton, £5; Mr. Michael Lenihan, £5; Mrs. Gallagher, Greytown, £1 1s; Miss Maguire, Foxton, £1; Miss E. Gallagher, Greytown, 10s 6d; Miss Gertie O'Neill, Johnsonville, £1;—total to date, £553 12s 3d.

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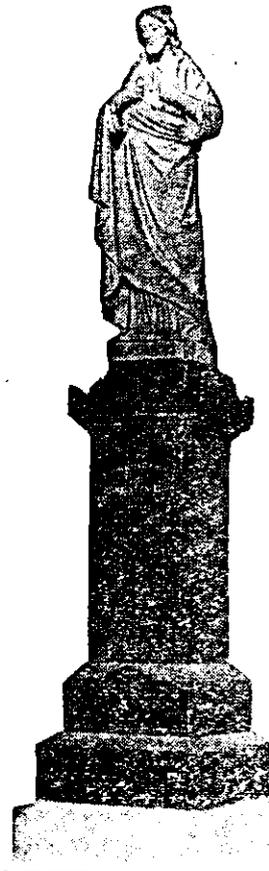
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DEATHS

CAMPBELL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Daniel Campbell, who died at Christchurch on September 3, 1918, fortified by all the rites of Holy Church.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

MILLIGAN.—On August 31, 1918, at Denniston, James William, dearly beloved son of N. and M. Milligan; aged 32 years.—R.I.P.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

HODGSEN.—On August 23, killed in action in France, Robert Emelton, second son of Bridget Critchley, and the late Robert Emelton Hodgsen, and beloved husband of Evalin Hodgsen: aged 35 years.—R.I.P.

HURLEY.—On September 1, 1918, in France from wounds received, Corporal Francis Hurley, of the 23rd Reinforcements, 7th son of Mr. and Mrs. Hurley, 88 Liverpool Street, Wanganni.—R.I.P.

MULDREW.—On August 14, 1918, killed in action, William James Muldrew, 1st Wellington Company, 26th Reinforcements.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

O'LEARY.—On August 21, 1918, killed in action in France, Jeremiah Cornelius, 5th Reinforcements, beloved and eldest son of John and Annie O'Leary, of Norsewood.—R.I.P.

REID.—On August 25, "Somewhere in France," killed in action, Samuel Patrick, dearly beloved third son of Mrs. A. Reid, 21 Russell Street, Dunedin, and the late Alexander Reid, of Oamaru.—R.I.P.

RYAN.—On August 28, 1918, killed in action "Somewhere in France," Rifleman Timothy Ryan, 25th Reinforcements. Dearly beloved eldest son of Catherine and the late John Ryan, of 220 Oxford Street, Sth. Dunedin; also nephew of J. Lynch, of Pukeuri Junction; in his 37th year.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

DILLON.—In loving remembrance of Sergeant Brian Dillon (Main Body), who was killed in action on September 15, 1916.

Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

IN MEMORIAM

DUNNE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick John, dearly beloved husband of Emma Dunne, who departed this life at Ponsonby, September 16, 1917.—Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him.—Inserted by his loving daughter and son, Ella and William (Australian Aviation Corps).

QUINN.—In sad and loving memory of Katie, youngest and beloved daughter of Mrs. A. Quinn, Trenthem, who died at Wanganui Convent, on September 13, 1901.—R.I.P.

NOLAN.—In loving memory of our dear sister, Frances, who passed peacefully away at Gore on September 22, 1917, fortified by the last sacred rites of Holy Church.—R.I.P.

In early morn, when all was still,
God gave His great command;
In silent peace she passed away
Into a better land.

A loving sister, true and kind,
She proved to be in heart and mind;
Her words, her actions are not dead,
But in our minds are daily read.

We'll trust in God to meet again,
—Inserted by her loving brother and sister.

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—The Pope's Appeal, p. 25. Notes—Manners Old and New; Conversation; On Laying Foundation Stones,—p. 26. Current Topics—Religious Training; The Government and the Gaelic League; The Plunder of Ireland; Prohibition; A Heresy and a Fallacy; Welsh Rabbits and Red Herrings,—pp. 14-15. A Living Wage, p. 11. Catholic Social Work in England for the War, p. 18. A New Joan of Arc, p. 31. Ireland's Rank Amongst the Nations, p. 34.

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 3 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 3, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1918.

THE POPE'S PROTEST



IN a letter to the Bishops of Lombardy, the Pope recently uttered a noble and dignified protest against the vile methods of those who not only omitted to mention all that he had done for the prisoners and for the cause of peace during the war, but went further in their campaign of hatred and tried by every means at the disposal of unscrupulous wretches to calumniate him all over the world. As an example of the methods of such persons he noted that among those who were against war it was sedulously suggested that the Pope was the cause of the war, while among those who were bent on carrying on the war to the bitter end the argument was that the Pope was working for peace. His silence was made the occasion of attacks on him, because, forsooth, he did not condemn atrocities; his speech was twisted into an argument to show that he favored Germany. The English bigots said he was pro-German; the Germans that he was in favor of the Entente. Freemasons and Orangemen and political place-hunters who depend on No-Popery for their existence, with that splendid disregard for all that is honest and truthful and honorable, which is their everlasting note, denounced him from every low platform and in every blackguardly paper in Europe. No wonder there is a deep note of sorrow in the lines in which this letter is couched, as who should say the writer was stricken to the heart by the black ingratitude and the vileness of his enemies who bear the outward semblance at any rate of men. *In humanum*

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genus, suo sanguine madidum Nobis illa licet sincere animo sacrorum librorum usurpare verba: "Quid est quod debui ultra facere vineae meae et non feci ei?"— "What more could I have done for my vineyard than I have done for it?"

The man must be dead to all sentiment of pity who cannot feel the vibrating pathos of these words in which he complains of how he was calumniated: *Ipsum silentium Nostrum de singulis facinoribus in malam partem accipitur, velut si in tanta ambiguitate rerum ac passionum aestu liceat singula singulis damnationibus prosequi quae, evicta per commune principium damnatione, jam pridem fuerint omnia aequiore iudicio reprobata.* His general condemnation of everything that was wrong was not enough. They wanted him to condemn everything that they alleged to be wrong without hearing the other side; and they who were always the first to deny his authority now asked why he did not use that authority in their favor. It did not matter to them that the Pope knew how things were exaggerated: it mattered not that stories of atrocities had time and again been proved lies. They did not stop to reflect that in war-time passions are so excited that men are prone to misrepresent facts and that an unprejudiced account is almost impossible. Any pretext was good enough for them to attack the Head of the Church of Christ on earth; and if there were no pretext to hand they were always ready to invent one. What would some of those people who were so eager to have a condemnation for each individual atrocity they brought forward say if the Pope had in the early days of the war condemned the conduct of our Russian Allies in Poland, or if he had condemned the Government which protected the murderer Colthurst in Ireland and cloaked the lawful inquiry into his conduct? It was not the truth, but the pretext of calumny, that mattered to them. We know abundantly how the campaign went on here, and how the Orange rags kept on repeating the charges about the Gerlach case even when the news was published all over the world that the Italian Government had completely exonerated the Vatican from all blame in the matter. We have seen how the Harmsworth press, and the wonderful intelligence department controlled by the traitor Carson, tried to raise a No-Popery hunt because the Irish bishops told their persecuted people that a Government founded on fraud and violence and never recognised by the Irish people had no right to impose Conscription on the men who were straining every effort, even as Belgium was, to escape from oppression. We have had our own evidence of the ways and means of the No-Popery gang in our midst, and we can only grieve, as the Holy Father grieves, that there should be men so entirely lost to all sense of truth and honor as to lend themselves to such a propaganda. From men whom public officers in discharge of their duty stigmatised as cads who deserved horsewhipping what else could one expect? And reflecting on it all, what else can one say but that the opposition and the hatred of such creatures is a high testimony to the Church which they attack? The more we look into it all the more apparent it becomes that this war is a scourge of God on his people who have forgotten him; and the clearer it becomes that we have need of national penance before we may hope for peace. Is there any sign yet of peace? How can we hope for it while the lies and the campaign of hatred and the hypocrisies are worse than ever?

Confronted by this terrible spectacle of bad faith and dishonor what is our duty as Catholics? Are we to bear all the calumnies and all the misrepresentations in silence? Are we to sit down under it all and meekly go on hoping for better days? In the closing words of his letter the Pope points out our duty in terms directly addressed to the Bishops of Lombardy:—

"It is your duty, as it the duty of the other bishops and of all the clergy, and especially of those who have the care of souls, to stand guard over our Christian people against the enemies of the faith; it is your duty to make known to the faithful the truth of these matters, so that they may not be alienated ever from their loving Mother the Church, but that

they may be maintained always in strict unity with her and with her supreme Pastor who by God himself was appointed custodian of the truth, minister of justice and of charity, as well as of hope, the harbor of peace and tranquillity."

*

Therefore it is our duty as Catholics to be strong and to resist all such calumnies. As our Catholic soldiers bear themselves bravely on the battle-field let us imitate them at home by defending our Church and our religion against more insidious enemies than those who are armed with machine-guns or rifles. We have been too remiss in the past. The Pope's exhortation ought to arouse us to a sense of our duty. There have been people among us who deprecated any vigorous defence of ourselves and to such the words of the Pope come now as a reproach. Interested papers and interested politicians have not given us justice; interested Catholics to whom business means more than the honor of God have worked in countless ways against those of their brethren who were conscious of their duty from the beginning, and for such spineless and silk-gloved Catholics the Pope's words cannot mean anything short of a reprimand. The letter to the Bishops of Lombardy is a clarion-call to us all. To those who can write in the press and who have the talents to present the truth strongly and clearly it seems hardly short of a command to be up and doing. Some time ago we spoke of the advisability of having parish libraries in order that our young laymen might be able to lay their hands on suitable works of reference where they could find the antidote to many of the current lies and calumnies. The Pope's letter may justly be interpreted as an exhortation to those concerned to set about providing such libraries at once. And finally it ought to be accepted as a summons to everyone of us to enroll ourselves in the ranks of the Catholic Federation and to become active members. The Federation can be made a tower of strength, and all that is needed to make it that is the awakening of a true zeal for our religion in all our people. In conclusion let us translate here the words of a Catholic journalist who sees his duty clearly and puts ours before us:—

"We who have always looked on it as our glory to defend truth and justice, and who have found in battling for these causes the rationale of our work, derive from the august exhortation of the Pope the greatest comfort and the strongest impulse to redouble our determination to fight on to victory, strenuously and constantly to defend those truths which have their fountain-head by the Chair of Peter and are repeated wherever a Catholic priest is found. We will do this for the sake of our religious ideals, from the triumph of which we know what a light of glory will come, what victories to our country, which we love all the more ardently seeing what a privileged place it holds in the heart of Him whom we rejoice to be able to call Our Father."

NOTES

Manners Old and New

In sublime unconsciousness of the fact that the latest searchers for truth have cast the light of their lantern on the discovery that Evolution was a thoroughly bad guess and that the real explanation of various true and alleged phenomena is that man is degenerating instead of progressing, the children of this age and their teachers continue to imagine that they have arrived at a degree of culture and scholarship that would make Lorenzo the Magnificent green with envy. However there are a few ill-natured persons who refuse to shut their eyes to plain facts and who refuse to preserve silence about the lack of manners as well as morals displayed by the products of the progressive "system." As a hint we produce the following lines from a writer of the Middle Ages. We could do worse than have them hung in all schools:

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Thou shalt not laugh nor speak nothing
While your mouth be full of meat or drink;
Nor sup thou not with great sounding
Neither potage nor any other thing.
At meals cleanse not thy tusks, nor pick
With knife or straw or wand or stick.
While thou holdst meat in mouth beware
To drink; that is an unhoneat chare:
And also physic forbids it quite.
You may displeas the host or else his wife
If on the table-cloth you wipe your knife.

Nor blow not on thy drink or meat,
Neither for sake of cold or eke of heat,
Nor lift thy meat with knife to mouth,
Even a savage would not be so uncouth.
Lean not on thy elbow at thy meat
And on the mantle-piece place not thy feet.
Plunge not thy fingers into glass or cup,
Even tho' drowning flies a row kick up.
Wear not thy necklin like an overall
Donned by a butcher standing in his stall.
Begin the meal with grace and end also.

A great number of people are still looking for the man who would give the following sensible advice some time after the flood.

If you are ill, leaving no work to do,
Visit not any who better are than you;
Be not so wroth with your own affairs,
As to forget that other men have theirs.
To overlook the o' things makes man a bore,
And, truth, at such an one full oft I swore.
When urgent work did occupy my mind,
And little time to others could I find,
Because we all are humans such things be;
But, Lord, a little goes a long way now for me.

The doggerel, or most sensible rhyme, has more reason than poetry itself. Many editors will appreciate its homely wisdom. The lines will henceforth be hung on our door the day before publication.

Conversation

Another quaint medieval rhyme may be quoted for its common-sense philosophy:

If a man demand a question of thee,
In thine answer making be not too hastic;
Weigh well his words, the case understand,
Ere an answer to make thou take in hand;
Else may he judge in thee little wit,
To answer to a thing and not hear it,
Suffer his tale whole out to be told,
Then speak thou mayst and not be controlled.

Of course the trouble nowadays is that however well one might be disposed to follow such an admonition there are too many people whose words come too fast to be weighed and who go on for such a length of time that the listener's funeral is over and the undertaker paid before they have done. Of such the last lines might run:

Suffer his tale out to be told,
By that time, if not dead, you will be old.

An up-to-date version ought recommend a hearer to bolt as soon as possible in such a case. Still there are some who find delight in the modern art of conversation when all those present speak at the same time. If the *rara avis* who still carries on a discussion on the old-fashioned lines that were in vogue before the days of "Progress" should happen to read these pages he will appreciate the following guide for one who would reply in a fitting and proper manner to questions put him:—

In audible voice thy words do thou utter,
Not high nor low, but using a measure.
Thy words see that thou pronounce plaine,
And that they spoken be not in vaine:

In uttering whereon keep thou an order,
Thy matter thereby thou shalt much forder,
Which order if thou do not observe,
From the purpose needs must thou swerve.

Sound advice that! Order is heaven's first law; and it is the one thing that we have abolished nowadays in every department of our activities. We have disorder in speech, disorder in writing, disorder in law, disorder in politics, disorder in thought, disorder in deed. The greatest sign of the universal disorder is that the disorderly editors and orators of the No-Popery push tell us that there was nothing but ignorance in the ages in which the foregoing homely verses were written.

On Laying Foundation Stones

Another sign of disorder is the epidemic of laying foundation stones. In old times, except in rare cases that job was left to a mason, and as a result it was done well. Nowadays in New Zealand the practice is to have as many stones as possible laid by politicians. We have in mind one insignificant little building of which most of the stones in the first course were laid by amateurs in silk hats and claw-tailed coats—anyone passing up or down Dowling Street can read their names in a row still. In principle there may be something to say for the habit: it does give a certain amount of exercise to the denizens of that Zoo in Wellington; it has an outward appearance of making them do something for the money they get from the ratepayers; if they happen to belong to the mystic brotherhood of the square and compass it might even be pretended that their stone-laying was symbolic of something or other. If we were a people gifted with a high sense of humor it might have many possible explanations, but as we are not we may leave that avenue unexplored for the present. There seems to be a sort of ritual attached to the nonsense too. For instance it does not seem to be appropriate to get the Prime Minister to lay a stone for a building that has not a pretence at solidity and grimness; Sir Joseph could hardly be asked to do the laying for anything below a Post Office in ugliness; a wooden school with an iron roof is apparently as low as it would be safe to invite Mr. Hanan to descend; when there is question of a new pub or a picture-theatre, the Mayor may be relied on to lay the stone and spout over it appropriately. Any one of the countless officials who are at present thriving on the taxes may be invited to do the job in the case of other combinations of brick and mortar, ferro-concrete, or wood and iron. We would however suggest that the custom of having the names and ages of the layers cut in stone be abandoned forthwith. Otherwise the antiquarians of some future century will arrive at the conclusion that in the twentieth century a New Zealand statesman was a man who was paid by the community for laying foundation stones all over the country. We are at this stage reminded of the conversation between the vicar's boy and the bishop's. While the elders were engaged in a discussion the boys were entertaining each other. The vicar's boy said he had a canary, and that it had that morning laid an egg. "That's rothin'," retorted the bishop's heir: "Dad lays foundation stones every day."

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The members of St. Patrick's Guild, South Dunedin, as the result of patriotic work, sent to the Early Settlers' Hall during August 20 pairs of socks, 48 handkerchiefs, and 136 service towels. To the Red Cross for July 33 pairs of socks, 24 pillow cases, 48 handkerchiefs, 10 sets pyjamas, 6 day shirts, and 6 flannels. The Guild would be glad to have a few more helpers on Wednesday afternoons.

A euchre social was held on last Monday evening in the Catholic Schoolroom, North-East Valley, and proved most successful and enjoyable. The committee which promoted and conducted the social deserves to be complimented on the excellent arrangements made for the gathering.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE
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ST. JOSEPH'S MEN'S CLUB, DUNEDIN

The concluding gathering of the present session of St. Joseph's Men's Club was held on last Friday evening in St. Joseph's Hall, when the members and a number of friends assembled to a smoke-social as the guests of the president (Father Ardagh). An enjoyable programme was contributed to by Messrs. M. Coughlan, T. Anthony, D. Fogarty, Atwill, and A. Dunne (songs); Mr. H. Wilson (violin solo); Mr. M. Millar (humorous stories); and Mr. M. Reddington (recitations). Messrs. M. Reddington and F. Fogarty were accompanists. At an interval, Father Ardagh, whilst extending a cordial welcome to the members of the club and other guests of the evening, expressed his pleasure at the good response to his invitation. He congratulated the club on the successful session just closing, indicating as it did a most satisfactory revival of the former club, which, owing to the war and other causes, had practically ceased to exist. The satisfactory manner in which an extensive and varied syllabus had, during the past six months, been adhered to without a break showed praiseworthy grit on the part of the members, keen appreciation of the advantages offered by the club, and especially a spirit of comradeship and loyalty which deserved the highest commendation. He hoped, he said, that with the opening of the next session the club would have, not alone the present fine roll of membership, but a very considerable addition to its ranks. In conclusion Father Ardagh said he was very grateful to Brother Bowler (Principal of the Christian Brothers' School) for the keen interest he had manifested in the club; to Mr. Atwill, who, although residing in the South Dunedin parish, had been of great assistance; and to the lady friends of the club whose help on many occasions was much appreciated. Father Ardagh then presented the winner of the billiard tournament (Mr. A. Dunne) with the award, and also a present to Mr. G. Brown (runner-up). Mr. Dunne suitably replied. Father Ardagh incidentally mentioned that the club had provided in Mr. E. Sandys, a secretary to St. Joseph's branch of the Catholic Federation. Mr. J. P. Dunn, speaking on behalf of the club, said the members felt they could not close the year's work without asking Father Ardagh to accept a little memento to signalise the devoted work he had done for them. It was mainly due to the energy and enthusiasm of the president that the club had proved so successful. He then presented Father Ardagh with a useful gift, suitably inscribed. Father Ardagh, in accepting the present, said that what little he had been privileged to do for the club and its members had been a work of love. Had his feelings been consulted he would have refused to accept their gift, but as it was an evidence of the good-fellowship that obtained in the club he would certainly value it very much. Mr. C. L'Estrange (secretary and treasurer) was then made the recipient of a handsome silver-mounted walking-stick, with initials engraved, which, said Father Ardagh in presenting it, was a well-deserved memento of the revived club to a popular and most worthy official, who had done perhaps more than any other member in connection with the numerous social events promoted during the past six months. Brother Bowler paid an eloquent tribute to the president and secretary of the club, to whose untiring efforts were due all that had been achieved during this, the club's first session. The fine record established had been a real delight to the Brothers, who very naturally watched with keen interest the doings of their ex-pupils; and all would look forward to next year's results being even greater than those of the present. Mr. L'Estrange thanked the members of the club for the valued present made him, and for the complimentary remarks, which he could not wholly assume to himself where such splendid work had been done all round. Mr. M. Coughlan spoke of the progress being made by the Glee Club, and intimated that the practices would henceforth be held on the usual club

night (Monday) in place of Tuesday as in the past, which evening had proved unsuitable for a number of the members. He proposed a vote of thanks to the enthusiastic conductor, Mr. Anthony, who was doing most effective work in the club. This was carried by acclamation. After refreshments were served a very pleasant gathering was brought to a conclusion by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save Ireland."

From . . ALLEN DOONE

Greetings to My Friends and Patrons



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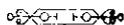
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Invercargill, October 16 to 18.
Timaru, October 21, 22.
Leave Lyttelton for Sydney, October 23.

WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD READ

Reprint of Auckland Sensational and Unaccepted Challenges.—"The War against Women," "Challenges to the Grand Orange Lodge and its Political Association." Ten open letters (with introduction), one attempted reply; notes, appendix, and index. Sixty-four pages. Price, Threepence; mailed, Fourpence.

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ZEALOUS MISSIONARY.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has examined, with the view of the introduction of the Cause of the Servant of God, Jacques Desire Laval, missionary of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, Apostle of the Blacks, in the Island of Saint Maurice. Father Laval was a medical student before he entered St. Sulpice to study for the priesthood. After his ordination he joined the Society of the Holy Ghost. The Venerable Father Liberman sent Father Laval to the Island of St. Maurice, where for 24 years he devoted himself to the spiritual interests of the blacks. At his death in 1864 he had converted more than 23,000 of these poor people, liberated slaves. The life of mortification led by Father Laval is still remembered in St. Maurice. He lived on rice and water, and never touched fruit. He formed a large band of Catechists for the instruction of the blacks. It is interesting to recall the fact (states the *Irish Catholic*) that the present Bishop of St. Maurice is an Irishman, the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, so well known and esteemed in Ireland as the president of the French College, Blackrock.

For Influenza, take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure. Never fails 1/6, 2/6.

CHELSEA PILGRIMAGE.

On the anniversary day of Blessed Thomas More's martyrdom, July 6, the annual pilgrimage took place. The pilgrims first attended Vespers in the Nuns' Church, 28 Beaufort Street, and Father Benedict Caron, D.D., of the Assumptionist Church, Bethnal Green, preached the panegyric of the great English martyr. The procession was marshalled by Father Fletcher and Father Wilmer, and the singing was led by Father Shebbeare (Altenburg Gardens). The procession in which a relic of the martyr was borne by acolytes of the Salesian School, Battersea, with guard of honor of cadets from the same school, went as far as the old Parish Church, Chelsea, where Blessed Thomas More used to serve Mass. Here prayers were said for the living and the dead, and the procession returned to the martyr's garden, where, beneath the old mulberry tree, the relic was venerated by the pilgrims. The pilgrimage closed with Benediction. In the chapel there is Perpetual Exposition and daily Benediction at 4.30 p.m.

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We beg to acknowledge Subscriptions from the following, and recommend Subscribers to cut this out for reference. PERIOD FROM 10th SEPTEMBER to 16th SEPTEMBER, 1918.

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ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY

ST. JOSEPH'S CONFERENCE, DUNEDIN.

The 33rd annual meeting of St. Joseph's Cathedral Conference (Ladies) of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was held on last Thursday evening. The Very Rev. J. Coffey, Adm. (spiritual director), presided, and there was a good attendance of members. The annual report, read by the secretary, Mrs. T. J. Hussey, stated that sewing meetings had been held as usual during the year, the sick and poor had been visited in their own homes, and the necessary assistance granted to deserving cases. The general and other hospitals, the sanatorium, and other institutions had also been regularly visited, and a considerable amount of police court work had been attended to by the president, and the cases involved had received the earnest attention of the society. During the year the society was made the recipient of a box of useful clothing from the pupils of the Dominican Convent at Teschemakers. Sincere thanks are accorded to his Lordship the Bishop, Father Coffey, and Cathedral clergy for much kindly encouragement and assistance; also to the Nuns of the Good Shepherd, Mount Magdala, and to Messrs. Callan and Gallaway, Hanlon, Irwin, and Lemon (solicitors); Jubilee Convalescent Guild; Mrs. Ansell and Mrs. Gordon; Rev. Mr. Cumming, and other friends who have generously helped during the year. The following is a summary of the year's work:—Orders for groceries, 62; orders for coal, 42; clothing, etc., distributed: 24 pairs new boots, 7 pairs slippers, 31 pairs second-hand boots, 7 pairs second-hand slippers, 7 pairs new blankets, 203yds flannel-ette, 16yds flannel, 302 new garments, 325 second-hand garments, 23 parcels various clothing; and two sacks of wearing apparel were sent to Mount Magdala. The society was instrumental in having four children baptised, and the following cases were sent to the destinations named:—One woman and two children to Wellington; one woman and child to Ashburton; one woman from sanatorium to friends in Christchurch; seven girls to Mount Magdala; two girls to their homes in Invercargill; one girl to Wellington; one girl to Sacred Heart Orphanage, Mount Magdala; one boy to Westport; and ten children were placed in suitable Catholic homes. The statement of accounts showed receipts (including balance in hand, 1917), £18 7s; subscriptions, £25 19s 6d; poor box, £19 12s 1d; annual collection at Cathedral, £12 6s 4d; donations, £8 8s 6d; legacy (Mrs. Wren), £13 2s 5d—£127 15s 10d. Expenditure—Groceries, £13 17s 3d; coal, £8 9s 5d; drapery, £27 9s 11d; boots, £13 2s 8d; board, £7 19s; fares by train and steamer, £23 4s 8d; medicine and nourishment for the sick, £1; Mount Magdala, £5 1s; telephone, £5; sundries, £3 15s 7d; total, £111 10s 6d. Balance to credit, £16 5s 4d. In moving the adoption of the report and balance sheet Father Coffey complimented the members of the society on the large amount of work so successfully accomplished during the year. At considerable length Father Coffey reviewed the nature and extent of the duties the society was called upon to do, much of which represented charges on the society's resources, which rightly it should not be called upon to bear. Father Coffey said he would like to devise some means whereby to keep the society adequately supplied with funds, to, not alone meet current requirements but to have a reserve in the event of unlooked-for calls on their charity. Much greater interest should too, he said, be taken in and more encouragement shown towards the society and its good works by the parishioners generally, and at least £150 to £200 should be contributed to the fund yearly by them. If the people fully realised the work the society is doing in this city, said Father Coffey, the support accorded it would be much more generous. The office-bearers for the ensuing year are—President, Mrs. M. A. Jackson; vice-president, Mrs. Mowat; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. T. J. Hussey; wardrobe-keepers, Mrs. Stone and Mrs. J. Hally.

Hamilton

(From our own correspondent.)

September 9.

On Sunday last, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary was observed at St. Mary's Church, Hamilton, with befitting solemnity. Large numbers approached the Holy Table at the seven and nine o'clock Masses. At eleven o'clock there was Solemn High Mass. Father Edge was celebrant, Dean Darby deacon, and Father Byrne subdeacon. At the conclusion there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament until after the evening devotions, and large numbers attended in adoration during the afternoon. After the Holy Rosary in the evening a sermon on the Blessed Sacrament was preached by Father Byrne, and the impressive solemnities of the day were concluded with a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, in which the Sacred Host was borne by Father Edge, attended by Dean Darby and Father Byrne as deacon and subdeacon respectively. The processionists included the altar boys, Children of Mary St. Mary's Convent boarders, and others to the number of about 100.

The devotions each evening at St. Mary's Church consist of the Holy Rosary followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On Saturday evenings the Rosary alone is recited.

The choir of St. Mary's has been reorganised, and with the large number of new members, may now be considered worthy to rank with any in the diocese. Mr. Salter is conductor and Mr. Gittos organist.

At a general meeting of St. Mary's Men's Club, held on last Tuesday evening week, the following were elected to form a new executive committee:—Vice-president, Mr. J. McKnight; secretary, Mr. Walters (re-elected); treasurer, Mr. B. Egan; members of committee, Messrs. A. Danner, P. Ryan, J. Gwynn, T. Roache, A. Vincent.

At Steele Park on last Saturday, a Hamilton representative Rugby football team met and defeated a Marist Brothers' Old Boys' team by 3 points to nil. After the match the victors were entertained at the Broadway Cafe.

The monthly social arranged by the members of St. Mary's Men's Club took place on last Wednesday evening, and proved a very successful and enjoyable gathering.

The usual fortnightly cakewalk promoted by St. Mary's Men's Club was held in the parish hall last week. There was a good attendance and a pleasant evening was passed. The prize winners were Miss Kathleen Lanigan (Thames) and Mr. J. Fox.

A very successful concert in aid of the funds of St. Mary's Tennis Club was given recently in the parish hall. There was a large and appreciative attendance. A well-arranged programme was contributed to by Miss Moore (piano solo); Mrs. Paterson, Misses Walters and Tabbs, Messrs. G. Smith, Cahill, Weston, F. Beach, Fraser-Smith, R. Lafferty, and A. Chitty (songs); Miss Chainey and Mr. Frank Edmonds (musical monologue); Mr. and Mrs. Fraser-Smith (vocal duet). Mrs. Paterson, Misses Cora Moore and Beach were accompanists. Mr. Doherty, on behalf of the Tennis Club, thanked those who had so generously contributed to the enjoyable programme, and all who had assisted to make the concert one of the best that had been given in Hamilton.

There is no aspect of God's love for us which ought to affect our hearts more tenderly than the mere fact of His wishing to be loved by us (says Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.); and there is no manifestation of that tenderness of the Sacred Heart more touching than the yearning to be remembered, expressed at many times and in many ways, but especially in the Eucharistic "Do this in commemoration of Me," which becomes at the altar even more simple and affecting "*In Mea memoria facietis*"—"In memory of Me."

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ADVENT OF A NEW JOAN OF ARC: A PEASANT GIRL'S MISSION TO SAVE FRANCE

(By ANDRE RICHARD, in *Sunday Pictorial*.)

At the beginning of the war there was a miracle in France—the Miracle of the Marne. People of faith in France still call it by that name. And they believe, also, that before the end, in these days of her final proving, France will see another miracle. The belief has been lately reinforced by the strange rumors that have arisen in connection with the recent fervid celebration of the great Catholic Feast of the Sacred Heart. It is said a new Joan of Arc has come to save France. Who is she? Where is she to be found? What are the visible tokens of her mission? Her name is Claire Ferchaud, and she is 22 years old. She is no more than a young peasant, humble, obscure, like her great spiritual prototype. But in provincial Catholic circles her name is already something of a power. Claire Ferchaud is the daughter of well-to-do peasants, whose family have tilled the ancestral homestead for countless generations. Like the Dauphin of Orleans, she was born in a hilly, wooded country, propitious to deep meditation. She has three brothers, two of them fighting for their dear France, and two sisters, one of whom is a nun at Nantes. Mr. Ferchaud's farm belongs to the parish of Loudonville, whose total population is 509 souls. The nearest railway station is Cholet, close to the border of Anjou, Poitou, and Vendée. A brunette of medium height, with a face more womanly than handsome, the girl is a true daughter of that old Vendéan race so justly reputed for its fierce energy, its religious fervor, its tenacious love of traditions. What are the reasons of her fame? She owes it to her prophecies concerning the war, a prophecy which, having proved true, to her religious exaltation, and to her unbridled and into literary works worthy of a St. Francis, to her fervid patriotism, that has made her bold enough to approach statesmen and generals, and show them by what means they could save France. In devout circles it is believed that Christ, under the image of the Sacred Heart, has appeared and spoken to her frequently in the little church of Loudonville. Claire's gifts of prophecy seem to be unquestionable. It is absolutely beyond doubt that at the end of 1915 she announced that members of the Government and other powerful politicians were plotting against France, and that revolutionary acts and military seditions would have to be punished soon. As the recent case of the *Bonnet Rouge* and the Bolo trial have amply proved, a very influential, well-organised gang actually tried during the spring of 1917 to promote a mutiny on a large scale. It is not less authentic that Claire Ferchaud, at the beginning of this year, 1918, warned several generals that the front would soon be pierced, contrary to the theory of the unbreakable line which was then generally held among experts. She added that the Allies would pass almost without any transition from despair to victory, and that the cry, *Tout est perdu*, would immediately transform itself into *Tout est sauvé*, a prophecy the value of which has been overwhelmingly realised. Let me mention another prediction: the prophetess believes she will die at 24, her mission completed. The Catholic clergy have been deeply moved by the young peasant's religious exaltation. The Bishop of Poitiers, incredulous at first, soon became her staunchest protector. He introduced her to the Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux, who cross-examined her in his palace, and could not conceal later on that her replies had filled him with an intense admiration. Then, in February last, the interest of Pope Benedict was aroused. He instructed one of the most learned theologians of the Church, Father Hugon, to open an inquiry into the case of the *visionnaire*. Father Hugon's report has not been published yet, but well-informed persons assure me that it proclaims that none might entertain any suspicion on the sublimity of her inspirations, on the orthodoxy, theological science, and mystical elevation of her writings. It is also beyond doubt that very high personages have either granted her private hearings or called upon her in her

native hamlet. She was introduced to President Poincaré by the Deputy for La Vendée, and one of the French generals who won fame at Verdun made the long journey to Loudonville. I am told that quite recently Claire Ferchaud called on M. Clemenceau. Our busy Premier (who is not a religious man) consented to hear her for five minutes, but yielded to the mystical charm of his young compatriot (for he is a Vendéan himself), and remained talking with her for a full hour. I am even told she urged him to recall into active service *General M——*, brought into disgrace last year owing to the intrigues of certain politicians, assuring him in the name of the Sacred Heart that he would soon lead our troops to victory. A few weeks later *General M——* stopped the Boche onrush in front of the Compiègne, saving Paris, and perhaps France. In her writings, as in her conversations, Claire untiringly repeats that victory will reward France when she becomes again religious, and when the emblem of the Sacred Heart is carried on the Tricolor. Impressed by this declaration, several infantry regiments adopted the emblem, but military rule promptly intervened and forbade its use on regimental flags. On the other hand, no rule could prevent the soldiers from wearing it on their persons, and many thousands of poilus have pinned on their breasts a button adorned with the image. This devout habit has been adopted by civilians everywhere in France. Even in Paris you see the emblem on countless persons. Claire Ferchaud comes to Paris very rarely, and then only to visit the Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre. She travels always *incognito*, accompanied by relatives, who protect her against public inquisitiveness. Then she hastens back to Loudonville, where she has founded a religious Order with girls of her age. The humble hamlet is becoming a place of pilgrimage. It is visited daily by hundreds of believers, who are attracted by the hope of seeing *la sainte*.

WINTER COUGHS AND COLDS.

GOOD HOME-MADE REMEDY.

(By a Qualified Chemist.)

Never neglect a cold. Tackle it right at the start. Colds neglected leave the lungs weak; then serious chest trouble, such as bronchitis, asthma, or dread consumption makes its appearance, and the trouble becomes much more difficult to cure.

Here is a recipe easily prepared at home that gives relief and comfort from the first dose. It cuts phlegm, soothes inflamed throats, and stops a cough or cold in a way that surprises folk. You can feel it doing good all the way down.

Obtain from your chemist or store a bottle of HEENZO (Hean's Essence); take home and mix with water and sugar as per easy directions. This will give you a pint of the finest cough, cold, and sore throat remedy that you can obtain. Even whooping cough is promptly relieved by it. It will also save 10s for your pocket.

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We want men with true ideas of authority and liberty (says Archbishop Moeller); with true ideas about education, with ideas about the Church and her ministers; with hearts that can feel for and hands that are ready to help their less fortunate brethren; men of prudence as well as zeal; men who have enthusiasm, but whose enthusiasm is controlled and disciplined by knowledge; men who are ready to work for the cause in public life without any thought of reward or return. These men bring honor to themselves and their lives attract and draw others, soften prejudice, and smooth the way for the Church's greater progress and increase.

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THE GERMANS AND IRELAND.

A strong proof of the non-existence of the "Irish-German Plot" is the conduct of the commanders of the German submarines towards Irish boats, passengers, and crews. The outrages perpetrated in these cases have been particularly cruel and brutal. A number of Irish fishing boats, involving a loss to the amount of about £7000 and the destruction of the fishermen's means of living, were recently sunk between the Co. Down coast and the Isle of Man. The crews were ordered into small boats and told to make for the Irish coast, and one of the submarine officers shouted—ironically, of course—as they left, "Tell the people how kind we have been to you." Words could not describe the kindness. In Cork there is a standing committee, headed by the Lord Mayor and the Catholic and Protestant bishops, which has established a fund for the widows and orphans of men whose lives have been lost in the sinking of half a dozen of the fine Cork boats—the Bandon, Lismore, Ardmore, Kenmare, Inniscarra, and Innisfallen. The extent to which the Germans have carried their kindness to the fishermen is indicated in a letter addressed to the press by Father McHugh, P.P., Carna, Co. Galway. Of the sinking of the *Pretty Polly*, a fishing smack, he writes: "The cruel butchers sent down with the boat her crew of seven men. Those of the crew who escaped being blown

to pieces by the shell were callously left in the water to drown. No more brutal crime has been committed since the sinking of the *Lusitania*." That is a testimony of German feeling in regard to Ireland.

REVIVAL OF IRISH INDUSTRIES.

A Dublin despatch to the American press tells of the revival of Irish industries which had once flourished in certain sections. Wexford is producing cooking ware equal to the best French makes and drain pipes of as good quality as the English manufacture. The clay deposits are excellent for this industry. Another news item states that Ireland sends more food to Great Britain than she keeps for home use. According to the report of the Irish Department of Agriculture, before the war Ireland exported more food to England than any other country except the United States. It would seem that the little island is far from being a dependent on the charity of the Empire—an impression that some writers have left in the minds of readers. If the Land Act has enabled the people to do so much, what would they not accomplish with Home Rule?

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THE IRISH SITUATION

VIEWS OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE CONVENTION.

AN END TO THE CHAOS.

In an article on Home Rule and Conscription, Sir Horace Plunkett strongly advocates Home Rule on the basis of the Majority Report of the Irish Convention, recommending the immediate resumption of the Government's Irish policy of 1917, with the formation of a middle party to support it. He remarks that the country has already drafted into a *régime* of proclamations, and he asked the British people to consider the moral effect at home and the scandal in the world's eyes of martial law as the outcome of British statesmanship. Conscription, he is convinced, would in the circumstances as they exist, require a kind and degree of force which the British public will not long tolerate, and the military advantage would be nil. Partition as a factor in any Irish settlement was totally unworkable.

Sir Horace, on the steps which he would propose to put an end to the chaos fraught with incalculable evil to Ireland and grave danger to the Allied cause, recommends—(1) The immediate resumption by the Government of its 1917 Irish policy, and (2) the formation of a middle party in Ireland to support it. If English government in Ireland, which is *de jure* dead, is to persist *de facto*, he says, "the alternatives clearly are 'Castle government' and martial law. Two years ago the then Prime Minister definitely stated that Castle government had broken down. However, it was set up again, and is since taking its too familiar course. Alongside sits the Mansion House Conference, a strange and original instrument of government, with no constitutional status and no policy beyond resistance to Conscription, and a transfer of the Irish question from Westminster to Washington. But it possesses effective taxing powers, has a well-filled treasury, and can claim a larger popular sanction than any Irish Government, legitimate or other, has enjoyed. The anomaly should at least suffice to show that Castle government does not stand my war-time test. It cannot remove the bitterness against England, which alone keeps Ireland out of the war.

"We have already drifted into a *régime* of proclamations. These, on the one hand, suggest voluntary recruiting in lieu of the threatened Conscription; on the other they substitute for the Government's policy of political emancipation an elaborate machinery of repression. In the present temper of the people martial law is bound to result. Let the British people consider the moral effect at home and the scandal in the world's eye such an outcome of British statesmanship must produce. The Government will be compelled to justify its policy by getting men, and Conscription in these circumstances will, I am convinced, require a kind and degree of force which the British public will not long tolerate. The military advantage will be nil. That policy of placing the Irish question in Irish hands, as originally conceived, was true statesmanship; and again I say it will not be the fault of the Convention if it fails. A settlement was produced which, for the first time, united Protestants with Roman Catholics, and was endorsed by a majority in the Convention. I believe that majority still commands a latent force of public opinion in Ireland, which will be at the service of the Government the moment it sees its way to go on and go through with its policy of only three months ago. I believe that complete success is still within its grasp.

"Let me recall the sequence of events. On the morning of April 9 I presented the Convention's report to the Prime Minister. In the afternoon he announced in the House of Commons the application of the Military Service Bill to Ireland. Home Rule was now to be accompanied, if not preceded, by Conscription. Immediately the whole Irish situation was transformed. The new spirit of hope—the will to agree—

were as if they had never been. Those who had worked along constructive lines and preached conciliation became the 'fools whom fools despise.' There was a strong sentiment in Ireland in sympathy with the Government's double object of conceding her political demand and ensuring her full participation in the war. Yet, had any man in close touch with Irish life been consulted about this change in the Government's policy he would have predicted—as, indeed, many (myself included) did predict, the moment the rumors of the disastrous change of policy got abroad—precisely what has happened since. How, then, can the Government resume its earlier Irish policy and achieve its double purpose? Let it introduce, and press through Parliament as a war measure, a Bill based upon the Report of the Convention. This, the Prime Minister can tell Parliament, was in strict accord with the terms of his letter to me of February 25, in which he accepted generally the agreement already reached by the majority in the Convention. In other words, he declared himself definitely in favor of one Parliament for the whole of Ireland.

"Having made this concession to the Irish majority, he proposed that the burning question of fiscal powers of this Parliament should be postponed, but postponed without prejudice. If only this policy had been adhered to, we might have seen the end of the Irish question. In times of doubt and stress it is the essence of statesmanship to recognise mistakes and repair them. You must trust the people or coerce them; there is no middle course. Let the Government drop Conscription and show good faith in the civil side of its Irish policy. It will then have the whole world with it in calling upon Ireland to respond by playing her part in the war. His Majesty might invite some Irish leader to form what would virtually be a temporary Cabinet: it might be understood that it should be formed upon coalition lines. Its two chief functions would be getting the Irish Parliament into being and assisting voluntary enlistment. The temporary Cabinet would have to be responsible to some representative body. As the Irish members would presumably have returned to Westminster it could be responsible to the Imperial Parliament, or, if responsibility to a purely Irish body was preferred, why not let the Convention hold meetings as required—say, every alternate week. A makeshift and very temporary arrangement, I admit; but for that very reason criticism should be restricted to make this Irish body fulfil its Irish purpose. A middle party, which has always been one of the chief political needs of Ireland, made its first appearance in the Convention. The change in the Government's policy silenced that party for the moment; but if the Government, by the act of statesmanship I have suggested, will restore the conditions in which moderate men can be listened to that party can be formally constituted, and it will not be long before it will give the Government proof positive that the policy abandoned on April 9 could even yet be brought to fruition."

Sir Horace proceeds to say that 22 of the Nationalists, for reasons expressed with great cogency in their Minority Report, held out for the status of a self-governing dominion. The majority of Nationalists in principle agreed with them, but they were fully persuaded that it was futile to ask the present Parliament to make any such concession to Ireland. To say that no political concession can be made to Ireland which cannot, under devolution, be also made to England, Scotland, and Wales, is to deny that there is any Irish question. Further, as the chairman of the Parliamentary Labor Party told the Prime Minister last week, we may properly resist any attempt to postpone Irish Home Rule in order to make way for Home Rule all round. Once these concessions are made, I hold that the middle party was wise in pressing for self-government in a united Ireland on the best terms that were at present attainable. The real reason why the Nationalists in the Convention, who were agreed with the majority of their own party and with the Southern Unionists on nine-tenths of the scheme of settlement, felt themselves bound to disagree upon the other tenth

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DANNEYRKE

was that they could not be persuaded that the Government would press through Parliament any settlement to which Ulster was opposed. The Ulster difficulty remains; and if the Government were to adopt my suggestion it would have to offer to the Northern Unionists such safeguards as may reasonably be demanded by its spokesmen, who, presumably, will not be as reticent with them as they were with the Convention. Ulster's delegates in the Convention demanded the exclusion of the Northern province. It is known that they not only dislike partition, but their business sense has probably satisfied them that it is administratively unworkable: politically, and commercially undesirable. Partition is as impracticable from all other points of view as Home Rule is from the Ulster point of view. The reason is that if you take the whole province the majority in favor of exclusion from a Home Rule Parliament is to small to outweigh the minority in Ulster, combined with the whole of the rest of Ireland. And when you try to partition Ulster itself, so as to constitute in the excluded area a fairly homogeneous community predominantly Protestant and Unionist, there are two counties (Tyrone and Fermanagh) where the majority of them would vote themselves into an Irish Parliament; but the minority would never allow themselves to be cut off from the Protestant Unionist enclave. The difficulty is insoluble. Partition is now absolutely barred, for the simple reason that it would not satisfy the sentiment which constitutes and dominates the Irish question both in Ireland and abroad. "I say to British statesmen: Settle the Irish question. Do your part and we will do ours. You have never yet called for the best that is in Ireland. The spirit of our heroes who went forth to the war but always fell is not dead. Give us self-government now that you may save your honor and we our self-respect."

IRELAND'S RANK AMONG THE NATIONS

At the great Council of Constance held in the years 1414 to 1418 there arose a violent dispute between the French and English. This quarrel, which led to scenes of violence, threatened to break up the Council. This danger was averted by the diplomacy of the Emperor Sigismund and the good offices of the Germans, who were anxious to retain their English friends on the Council for certain political reasons. The voting was by nations, and the question arose as to how the nations were to be composed. England's claim to vote as a separate nation was challenged by France, on the ground that England should vote in the German nation. It was finally decided by the Council to admit the English as a fifth nation (Lenfant II., p. 53, Eng. Trans.) Thus the Council in its final composition was constituted from five groups of nations—the Italians, French, Germans, Spanish, and English. These facts are taken from the best authorities, and will be found in the English edition of the works of Lenfant (see *History of the Council of Constance*, Vol. I., p. 632; Vol. II., pp. 41-3 and 49-53). The great dispute between the French and English is given in the form of memorials which were put in by the disputing parties. There is an incorrect version given in Morrin's *Calendar of Patent Rolls* (Ireland) of the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth (see Vol. I., Preface, p. 8). We notice that a Mr. W. P. Kelly, The Park, Athlone, writing to the *Westmeath Independent* of July 28, 1917, quotes the latter, and has rendered a public service by recording it; but caution must be observed in dealing with English State records. It is indeed plainly indicated by Lenfant that the memorials were copied by Sir Robert Wingfield, the ambassador of Henry VIII. at the Vatican. But these copies of the "Tryal between the French and the English were all full of errors," and found to be inaccurate by von der Hardt, who went himself and obtained a true copy in Leipzig, and it is this copy which is used by Lenfant. The version of this famous historical dispute as given in the *Calendar of Patent Rolls* in apparently the version put out for the

benefit of Henry VIII., who was at that time contending for precedence over the French king. For this purpose he assumed the style of King of Ireland, as being an older kingdom than that of France. To suit his purpose the proceedings of the Council of Constance are quoted as giving precedence to the Kingdom of England, but such was by no means the fact. It is clear from the authorities we have quoted, as well as from Hefele (*Histoire des Conciles*, VI., p. 430) that there was no question of precedence exactly, though no doubt England did claim precedence. But the question as raised by France was not one merely of precedence. The French denied the right of the English to vote as a separate nation. In this they were supported by the Spanish representatives, who also denied England the right of representation, and who accordingly objected to their claiming precedence. The dispute was composed for the time being by the Germans conceding their place (the third) to England, in order to prevent the Council from breaking up.

The Council, however, refused to give the order in which the nations should give their votes or sign the Acts (Lenfant, Vol. II., p. 632; and Hefele, Vol. VII., p. 430). It is clear that the statement contained in the *Calendar of Patent Rolls* is quite wrong in stating that England obtained rank and precedence over France. Nor is it true that she obtained Ireland's place at the Council. The Churchmen in Ireland (says Wylie in the *Council of Constance*) made their own arrangements, and were represented at the Council by the Bishops of Cork and Ossory. He also states that it was Bishop Ragget (one of the Irish bishops) who gave the fatal "placet" of the English Nation to the condemnation of John Huss. The Irish voted with the English, Welsh, and Scots, and were included in the same assembly. Each nation, or rather group, deliberated together, then assembled in concert with the other nations, and the final agreement was sent forward to be ratified in Council.

That Ireland was not transferred to England, nor regarded as transferred, is proved by the following passage taken from the *History of England* by Rapin de Thoyra (Vol. VIII., p. 183, Dublin Ed., 1729):—"The ambassadors of England arrived in Rome the very day of his election (May 23, 1555), but were not admitted to audience till a month after. This delay was owing to the Queen's assuming the title of Queen of Ireland, which the Pope would not allow of, pretending that the Sovereign Pontiff only had a right to erect new kingdoms. As the ambassadors had no instructions to make any concessions on this Article their audience had been still longer deferred if the Pope had not thought of this expedient. He privately erected Ireland into a kingdom and at the same time sent to the ambassadors to acquaint them that without this previous step he could never have allowed that title to their queen in a public audience. This difficulty being got over, the ambassadors were admitted to an audience, and the Pope (Paul IV.) with great ceremony told them that to give proof of his affection for the King and Queen of England he had erected Ireland into a kingdom, by virtue of his power to create new kingdoms and abrogate old ones."

It is clear, therefore, that Ireland's right as a separate nation has always been recognised by the highest authorities, and that the assumption of English monarchs did not pass unquestioned.

A far more consummate sanctity must be that which can mix freely and easily with the crowd and condescend thoroughly to its ways, and not only remain pure as the sunbeam that pierces the foulest dungeon, but be also a source of life and moral health and renovation to all around it.—Father Coleridge, S.J.

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THE MATRON.

IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

Mrs. De Valera was presented with an illuminated address and a sum of £500 on the anniversary of her husband's election for East Clare.

Father Nolan, Army chaplain, who was missing since May 27, has sent a card to say that he is a prisoner in Germany. He is a son of Mr. John Nolan, Coranewey, Newbliss, and was a curate in Dromore before joining the Forces.

A *Tuam Herald* correspondent states that Miss French, of Monivea Castle, who, when she sold her Galway estates, invested the proceeds in Russian war bonds, has now, through the action of the Bolshevik Government, lost almost every penny, and has also been "deprived of all her vast estates," her horses, and the rich furniture in her houses.

The French delegates who are seeking assistance from Irish migratory laborers to help in saving the French harvest this year, are still in Ireland, and efforts are being made by the National Service Department to provide, as far as possible, for the requirements of the French farmers. Volunteers will be accepted, but it is not yet known how many men can be spared to go to France.

Captain C. C. Craig, M.P., in a letter to Dr. A. Mussen, J.P., Glenavy (intended to be read at the Twelfth of July demonstration) said that Home Rule was more inconceivable than ever, and if the "hateful measure" is ever imposed it will turn "the most loyal part of Great Britain in one day into England's most bitter enemy." Incidentally he mentions that his military career is over.

"We cannot" (says the *Chicago Citizen*), referring to the alleged Irish-German plot, "accept any testimony that is not subjected to the usual scrutinising. . . . We remember very well when English statesmen were sure they had Parnell. . . . The Government of Great Britain is acting up to its worst tradition. . . . and this in the name of liberty and the right of self-determination for all nations."

Lady Meloney, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, and Miss Mary A. Boland, Earl-fort Terrace, Dublin, who are well known in Ireland for their philanthropic works, have received the "Medaille de la Reine Elizabeth" from the King of the Belgians in recognition of the kind help and valuable assistance personally given by them to the Belgian refugees and soldiers during the war. Lady Quinn, ex-Mayorress of Limerick, has received the same honor.

Speaking of the Summer Assizes in Ireland the *Independent* says that for the whole country less than a hundred cases were returned for trial, which would be less than the number returned at any assizes for a large English city. Judge Ross, in Kilkenny, said that ordinary crime had disappeared. He said the same in Tipperary, where he refused white gloves on the ground that although there was no crime the country was in a disturbed state.

Mr. Austin Harrison, the editor of the *English Review*, who was active recently in his endeavors to popularise his plan of an international Magna Charta in Ireland, has, it is stated, decided to enlist as a private.

The Twelfth of July Orange celebrations held in many Ulster centres were on the pre-war scale of elaborateness, and Sir Edward Carson was the principal speaker at the Belfast demonstration. In recent years the celebrations had been generally suspended owing to the war, but despite the proclamations against all public assemblies, it was decided to carry out the programme to the full, and in *Belfast 20,000 Orangemen marched, in defiance of all prohibitions, in military formation, wearing their sashes and other emblems, and no attempt was made to interfere with them.*

Recently, when Head Constable Duffy and Constable Regan searched Jeremiah Murphy's house at Ohermongue, near Cahirciveen, County Kerry, they

found over £120 in silver and some gold hoarded in the house, which they seized, and will be the subject of a prosecution under the Defence of the Realm Regulations.

The arrangements for communicating with interned Irish prisoners in England are causing a good deal of heart-burning in Ireland. Letters and post cards from the deportees take an unusually long time to reach their destination, and in many cases are not delivered at all. This gives rise to the wildest conjectures and to considerable alarm. The Government some time ago promised the censoring of communications would not delay them more than 24 hours, now a fortnight's delay is not uncommon. It is the same with letters written to the prisoners.

A French mail just received (states an Irish exchange of recent date) contains intimation of the death at Beauvais, near Paris, of Madame Dobie, a lady long and honorably connected with Belfast. During the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 her home, on the border of Alsace, with its prosperous linen-bleaching business, was utterly destroyed, and her husband, who had obtained his early training in Belfast, returned thither with his wife and young family to try to revive his fallen fortunes. But his health gave way, and, dying suddenly, his young widow was left to face the hard battle of life for herself and helpless children. The late Father Charles Quin, P.P., of Carrickfergus, came to her rescue, and encouraged her to use her great talents and splendid education in the teaching of her native language. Right bravely the noble lady did her part, and for the space of 40 years she, assisted by her equally talented daughter, Mademoiselle Marie Dobie, trained the generations of the Northern Province in the French tongue. Death, however, claimed the younger members of her family, and she, six years ago, returned to her native land to spend her declining days. Strangely sad was it that her long span of life—for, like her contemporary, the Empress Eugenie, she had passed the nonagenarian stage—in her closing years should have been saddened by the horrors of war; but *Fiat voluntas tua*. An exemplary Catholic, her life of a daily communicant was a most edifying one to the congregation of St. Patrick's, Belfast, of which she was a devoted member; and many prayers will be offered for the eternal repose of the good and gifted French lady, who so gently and resignedly bore more than her woman's share of sorrow.

DEFENDING THE BISHOPS.

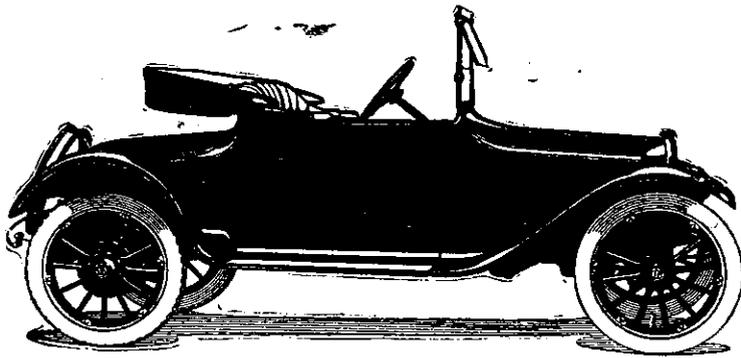
A recent issue of the *Boston Pilot* warns its readers against attempts to make it appear to Americans that the Irish people at home "are exceptionally prosperous, and care for nothing and nobody except themselves." "Now," it observes, "that the Irish bishops have taken a united stand against Conscription there is an attempt in press despatches to show that these bishops are either pro-German or engaged in some plan of their own. The Irish Episcopate is recognised the world over as a wise, prudent, and conservative body of men, which can be trusted to act only when issues of the greatest moment dictate their action. . . . Any sensible man will recognise that if the Irish bishops as a unit have come out against Conscription there is good reason for it, and no foreign correspondent need think misrepresentation of facts will be strong enough to delude thinking Americans on this point."

Very Rev. Prior Wheatley, O.C.C., Moate, who is in his 83rd year, celebrated lately the diamond jubilee of his entry into the Carmelite Order. Five years ago he celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination. He was present at the consecration of the church in which he now ministers, the officiating prelate on the occasion being a Carmelite Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. Whelan, Bishop of Bombay. With a couple of brief intervals Prior Wheatley has spent all the years of his long ministry in Moate, and has been Prior for the past 20 years. To mark the occasion the members of the Sacred Heart Sodality presented him with a set of vestments.

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THE GAEL AT PLAY

The following article from the *Freeman's Journal* (Dublin) (April 27, 1918) gives the athletic career of a boy brought up at Swinford, Mayo, Ireland. *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

No events of greater than local interest are at present transpiring; and, even were it otherwise, few Gaels would begrudge our dedication of the greater part of our limited space this week to a brief and altogether inadequate memoir of the good Gael and great athlete who passed away at the end of last month in New York—Martin J. Sheridan. The tidings of the early death of Sheridan—he was not 38 years of age—will have been received with profound sorrow by athletes all over Europe and America, amongst whom he was known and held in the highest esteem, for victory never marred the genial, kindly, modest, nature of the world's most notable All-Round Athletic Champion. Amongst his kindred at home and in America it is an occasion of poignant grief, for those who met him here in 1908 were deeply impressed with the unspoiled character of the "star" performer, in whom the applause of two continents could not destroy those Irish instincts inherited from genuine Mayo Gaelic forbears. Martin Sheridan in all the glamor of the proud position he attained never forgot the homeland; and, unlike many other champions, refused to allow the universal plaudits he received to transform him into a cosmopolitan. He always remained a Gael, enjoying his exploits best when they redounded most to the fame of his race and the honor of his country. It would be impossible here to trace his rise and prowess in the world's athletic stadium. His three victories in the American All-round (Individual) Championships, his success at the Olympic games in Athens and London, and his eminence and superb grace as a discus-thrower form the outstanding features of his athletic career. As an all-round athlete he has had few equals and no superior—forming, with Davin and Kiely, a trio of princely physical giants that will ever be the glory and boast of athletic Ireland. He raised the aggregate score in the American decalion to almost 6800 marks, which means that he gained 68 per cent. of the specialised record of the day for the ten selected events of this arduous competition, which he won in three distinct years. This is a wonderful record, and one that will render his achievements the basis of many a future analysis of the possibilities of human bodily culture. Here is a description of our champion, written in 1906, at the time of his triumph in the first Olympic revival in Athens. It is from the pen of the athletic expert of the *New York World* (Robert Edgren):—"Physically our star winner is an ideal athlete. He stands within half an inch of six feet, weighs 178lb in his athletic suit, and has a longer reach than Fitzsimmons. He has been in training, more or less, all the time for the past ten years, and has been steadily improving. Two years ago Ralph Rose, the Californian giant, tied with Sheridan in throwing the discus. Since that time no one, not even Rose, has come near his performances. Besides the discus and the stone and the shot, Martin is an expert with the 56lb weight, which he can throw over 30ft. He has cleared 6ft in an exhibition high jump, and can do about 11ft with the vaulting pole. Twenty-one feet has no terrors for him in the running broad jump." In the course of a most graphic description of one of his contests with the great Greek discus champion, Georgan-

tas, at the Athens Olympic, where Sheridan mastered the Greek, or classic, style with the discus, the same writer says: "Sheridan tried it. The Greek beat him 20ft or more. Georgantas smiled. The people in the stadium clapped their hands. But Martin was not to be whipped without a struggle. He threw time and again. The awkward position made it impossible for him to 'scale' the discus—that is, throw it flatly so that it would sail through the air. Time after time it wobbled and fell short. Georgantas smiled more broadly. But suddenly—pop!—out sailed the plate-shaped missile, flying high like a gull on outspread wings, and fell fully 10ft over Georgantas's best. The Greek looked at the throw with an expression of amazement. The crowd clapped its hands. Sheridan tried again, with the same result. And again. After that Georgantas retired gracefully from the field."

When the American team came to the London Olympic in 1908 Sheridan came to Ireland to visit his parents in his native Swinford, and disdaining the lures of the I.A.A.A., associated himself with the Gaelic movement all through his stay. No athlete ever received such a remarkable demonstration of welcome as Sheridan did on his arrival in Dublin during that stay, and on his journey to the capital from Mayo, at almost every station he was presented with addresses and expressions of esteem, not alone for his athletic feats, but for the nobility and fealty to Irish ideals which he always exhibited. In the world welter of death we are now witnessing many specimens of splendid manhood of all races are falling in their prime, with the halo of the soldier to mitigate the gloom of early death. To us the fate of Martin Sheridan, the world's champion, a victim of pneumonia, with all his laurels still fresh upon his brow, is a bitter stroke; for, although his active athletic career was practically finished in 1911, his interest, his guidance, and his example might long have been spared to the Irish arenas in the *New World*, where, alas! so many of our finest youth have been compelled to seek a subsistence or a career denied or restricted so penally at home. Martin's mother died in Mayo during the latter half of last year (as chronicled in this column at the time). May their re-union in the abode of eternal bliss be now perfected to compensate for the separation of exile and the many trials of this world.

MEMORIAL TO FATHER DORE

AN APPEAL.

At a meeting of the parishioners of the late Father Dore, held on Sunday, July 28, it was resolved that a suitable memorial be erected to his memory; and as it was Father Dore's most keen desire, often expressed, to erect a new church at Foxton, that said memorial be a new church.

It was also resolved that a Subscription List be now opened, so that the many friends of Father Dore throughout the Dominion may have an opportunity of showing their appreciation of him who was such a sincere and faithful friend to their boys in their dire hour of need on the stricken field of Gallipoli.

Mr. James Hurley was elected chairman of the Memorial Committee, Father Forrestal and Mr. Denis Purcell joint treasurers and secretaries. Subscriptions will be received by the above, and also by the *Tablet*, in which all will be acknowledged.

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CORRESPONDENCE

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

“VERIFY YOUR QUOTATIONS”: “CIVIS”
TEACHES HOW NECESSARY IT IS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is a certain person who, writing under the pen-name of “Civis,” contributes to the *Otago Daily Times* a Saturday column, which is published under the heading of “Passing Notes.” In this column “Civis” discusses all kinds of subjects, from the classics to current events, but when he essays to treat of things Irish honesty and prudence are thrown to the winds, and he proceeds to publish misrepresentations in language that is at once painful and frequent and free.

Recently in an anti-Irish tirade he said in effect that the intolerable system of misrule which has obtained in Ireland for centuries had no existence except in the imaginations of Irish agitators. I replied to this attack, proving by the testimonies of English statesmen, clergymen, and historians that the martyrdom of Ireland was no myth, but a terrible and a shameful reality. “Civis,” finding his position untenable by reason of the weight of evidence against him, hastened to take up another. He now denied that which he had previously affirmed. “The people of Ireland,” he wrote, “have been as familiar with grievances as the people of Scotland and the people of England; moreover, as regards the degree of humanity in the governing of these three peoples there is not a pin to choose between them.” He then referred to incidents in history where the English had butchered the Scots, and had also butchered, burnt, and hanged one another, which butchering, burning, and hanging he seems to think give them an indisputable right to butcher, burn, and hang whom they will. All this happened, of course, before England set out to free small nations. The Huns are supposed to hold the monopoly of such practices to-day. He then set out to prove that the Irish when they had the power, were just as brutal as history has shown the English who govern them to have been. To bear out his contention he referred to an incident of the '98 rebellion, always forgetting, of course, to take into consideration the fact that during a rebellion, when feelings are high and passions are inflamed, people will act in a manner of which under normal conditions they would not dream. To such an incident does “Civis” appeal. He quoted a portion of the account of the massacre of Wexford Bridge, found in Lecky's *History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*. If “Civis” were a German I could describe his act by quoting from our daily papers the condemnation of German dishonesty and slowness which is always to be found in their columns. In quoting from Lecky he deliberately manipulated the quotation in two places: firstly, by suppressing a portion which alters the significance of the whole; and, secondly, by inserting and attributing to Lecky a statement from Musgrave, an anti-Irish and anti-Catholic bigot. In order to make the position quite clear to everyone I propose to give a portion of the quotation as found in “Passing Notes,” *Otago Daily Times*, July 20, 1918, and then a portion of the account as found in Lecky's *History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*. The words in italics are those which belong to Musgrave, but have been inserted in the quotation by “Civis” and attributed to Lecky.

“Civis” wrote thus: “Let no one suppose that as between English and Irish all the cruelty was on one side. I take a page from Lecky's *History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*. During the rebellion of 1798 the town of Wexford came for a time into the possession of the rebels. Holding rank among them was one Thomas Dixon, whose name doesn't sound Irish; but what of de Valera? What of Countess Marcievitz? At Wexford the gaol, the market house, and one of the barracks were filled with Protestant refugees, held as prisoners for the saving of their

lives. Dixon, who was captain and part owner of a vessel in the bay, incited the mob to murder these prisoners and his wife powerfully seconded him.

“Dixon distributed much whisky among his followers, and at the head of a large crowd took possession of the gaol and market house, and brought out the prisoners to be murdered in batches of ten, fifteen, and twenty. A few were shot in the gaol and in the market place, but the greater number were hurried to the bridge. A black flag, bearing the symbol of the Redemption, and with the letters M.W.S. (*believed to mean ‘murder without sin’*) was carried before them.”

In Lecky's account this is what we find: “It was on that afternoon, when the chief and the bulk of the armed population were absent from the town, that the massacre of Wexford Bridge took place. Dixon, disobeying the orders of his superiors, refused to leave Wexford with the other captains, and he had a great mob who were devoted to him. They were not, it appears, inhabitants of the town, but countrymen from the neighborhood. On the preceding night he had brought into the town seventy men from the northern side of Slanev, and he had himself gone through the district of Shilmalier, which was thronged with fugitives from the country about Gorey, calling them to come to Wexford to defend the deserted town. He distributed much whisky among his followers, and at the head of a large crowd he took possession of the gaol and market house, and brought out the prisoners to be murdered, in batches of ten, fifteen, and twenty. A few were shot in the gaol and in the market place, but by far the greater number were hurried to the bridge. A black flag bearing the symbol of the Redemption, and with the letters M.W.S., was carried before them.”

Footnote to Lecky's account: “Musgrave (p. 485) and Taylor (p. 121) say that these letters were believed to mean ‘Murder without Sin,’ an interpretation which appears to me incredible. If the rebels wished to convey this sentiment they could have done so much more clearly. They would not have used the invidious term ‘murder’; and it is exceedingly improbable that a banner intended to convey such a meaning should have been prepared beforehand. Hay says that this black flag had been carried by one particular corps through the whole rebellion, and a member of that corps told Crofton Crocker that the letters signified only ‘Marksmen, Wexford, Shilmalier.’ Shilmalier was the barony of Wexford, most famous for its marksmen, and also, as we have seen, that from which most of the actors in this tragedy seem to have come.”

Read now Lecky's opinion of Musgrave, the man whose statements “Civis” has attributed to the historian. Lecky (p. 419): “Musgrave must always be read with suspicion when he treats of any question relating to Catholics.” P. 447: “Musgrave has done the utmost in his power to blacken the Catholic priests of Wexford.”

On four occasions “Civis” has been publicly charged with falsifying the above quotation, but he avoids all reference to it as he would the plague. A fortnight since he said the Irish were “skunks,” but anyone who reads the foregoing will know to whom the name is the more applicable. An honest opponent we can at least respect, but we can have nothing but contempt for one who, spurred by an unreasoning and unreasonable prejudice, descends to such miserable and despicable deceptions. Readers would do well to remember that one who is capable of employing such practices to traduce the Irish will also use the same means to bring odium on others to whom he is opposed. All his quotations must be regarded as falsifications until the contrary is proved beyond all reasonable doubt.—I am, etc.,

J. ROBINSON.

South Dunedin, September 14.

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DOMESTIC

By MAUREEN.

Baked Bananas.

Skin, scrape, split the long way, and cut into halves four bananas. Put them into a frying pan with a little steak or bacon dripping; dust with salt and fry until brown. Place on and around the steak, garnishing with the finely-chopped parsley and with sprigs of parsley around the edge.

Griddlecakes.

Two cupfuls of flour, 1 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1½ cupfuls of milk, 1 tablespoonful of melted butter, 1 tablespoonful of molasses, 2 well-beaten eggs. Sift the flour and baking powder into a bowl, then add the rest of the ingredients as listed. Mix well and bake on a hot griddle rubbed with a little oil or fat. The mixture should be thin. Some kinds of flour take a little more milk than others.

Ginger Scones.

Ingredients: Two breakfastcupfuls of flour, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 2oz of dripping, half a teaspoonful of baking soda, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, ½lb of golden syrup. Method: Warm syrup, sugar, and dripping together, and when melted work in the flour, having previously mixed the soda and cream of tartar through it. Shape into scones and bake in a quick oven.

Eggless Sponge Ginger Cake.

Ingredients: Quarter-pound of butter, 2½ breakfastcupfuls of flour, a breakfastcupful of milk, a breakfastcupful of sugar, a heaped teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a teaspoonful of golden syrup or treacle, a dessertspoonful of mixed spice, 2 dessertspoonfuls of ground ginger, 1oz of shredded candied peel, half a breakfastcupful of sultanas. Method: Cream the butter and sugar, dissolve the soda in the milk, and add:

warm the treacle, and mix in; then stir in the flour, having previously mixed the spice and ginger through it. Bake in a meat dish in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour to an hour.

Pie Crust.

One and a-half cupfuls of flour, ½ teaspoonful of salt, 4 tablespoonfuls of shortening. Sift the flour and salt; rub shortening in lightly with fingertips; add just enough cold water to hold pastry together. The less you handle the dough the better the crust will be.

Lemon Butter for Tarts.

One cupful of water, half cupful of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of flour, 1 egg, 3 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, 1 teaspoonful of grated lemon rind. Put the water on to boil; add the flour, which has been mixed with a little cold water until smooth. Boil for ten minutes; then add the egg, which has been beaten with the sugar and salt. Bring to a boil; remove from the fire; add the juice and rind of lemon, and beat for two minutes. When cold fill into tart shells or spread on toasted bread.

Household Hints.

To prevent new shoes from pinching lay a cloth moistened in hot water along the place where the pressure is felt most, changing the cloth as soon as it becomes cool. This will make the leather shape itself to the foot.

To remove fruit stains from tablecloths and serviettes apply powdered starch to the stained parts. Leave for several hours till all the discoloration has been absorbed by the starch.

To keep ham fresh while it is "on cut" spread a layer of fresh lard over the cut surface. This seals the ham up until it is required again, when the lard is scraped off.

In using benzine to remove a stain you should first apply it so as to make a circle round the stain, and then gradually work inwards. This is important, as otherwise there will probably be a mark when the benzine dries.

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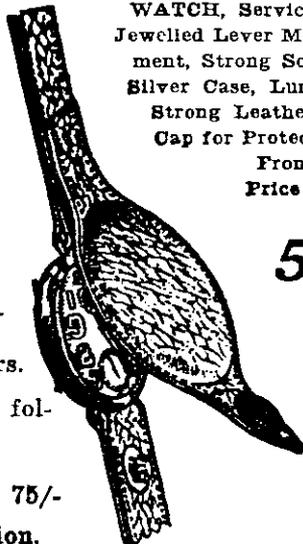
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All correspondence with addresses enclosed replied to privately.

CATHOLIC TRIUMPH IN HOLLAND.

The Catholics have been the principal victors at the Dutch general elections, having secured the representation of thirty seats instead of twenty-five (states the *London Catholic Times*). The progress of the Church in Holland is one of the most encouraging signs of the fruits of Catholic activity on the Continent. At the so-called Reformation she appeared to be utterly crushed in the country. After the abolition of Spanish authority in 1648 the Dutch Catholics suffered under the most cruel persecution. William of Orange published edicts suspending Catholic worship: The Dutch Calvinists were fiercely hostile. Two of William's officers (Sonov and Van der Marek) put to death all the priests and religious on whom they could lay hands. The soldiers imitated the officers. Even in the Dutch Colonies the Catholics were persecuted. The life of the Catholics in Holland was much the same as that of their co-religionists in Great Britain and Ireland during the penal days. But a wonderful change has taken place amongst the Dutch. All denominations are free, and the Catholics in their advance have outstripped the others. For a considerable number of years they have been a power in the State. To a large extent their representatives in the legislature have co-operated with the Protestants for the attainment of Christian ideals in social movements.

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 alms 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.

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ON THE LAND

GENERAL.

An excellent hint to tomato growers was given by Mr. L. Shearman in an address at a meeting of the Canterbury Fruitgrowers' Association. He stated that in the Channel Islands movable glasshouses were used. If growers made use of such glasshouses the structure could be moved about the garden from time to time as the soil became exhausted. This would save the labor of changing soils.

At the meeting of the runholders of the district held on Wednesday, September 11, in the Lake County Council Chambers, for the purpose of taking combined action in dealing with the kea pest, several of those present gave their experiences relative to this destructive bird. These showed that the runs of the district are affected in varying degrees, some being fairly heavy losers by its depredations, and others escaping its attentions almost entirely. All were agreed, however, that some very drastic steps must be taken to combat the evil, which threatened to become a very serious menace. "Either the keas or the runholders must go, is the position in a nutshell," said one of the speakers. A strong indictment of the kea was afforded in a small tin which was handed round by a runholder for inspection at the meeting. This contained some of the fat of a sheep found in the stomach of a kea when it was opened.

An official document from Dublin tells us (says a London paper) that Ireland grows more food for Great Britain than she does for herself, even proportionately to her population. This is her main agricultural business. She is, in an increasing degree, an essential base not only for the British food supply, but for British agriculture itself, whose meat-raising and dairying depend on Ireland's breeding and production. Although having only 10 per cent. of the population, Ireland produces 40 per cent. of the cattle and 30 per cent. of the pigs of the United Kingdom. She consumes only one-fourth of her own cattle. The rest are for Great Britain. Of the beef cattle two out of every five killed in Great Britain were bred in Ireland. These facts are perhaps sufficient to illustrate Ireland's importance as a food base.

A Victorian dairy farmer adopts an admirable idea of removing old stumps. The big trees and stumps are burnt out by "stoving," which means taking out a spit from the surface all round the stem of the trunk and filling it up with chips and other small bits of inflammable material. Then this is covered over with well-packed earth all round, so that when it is set alight the fire smoulders and eats its way not only into the stem of the tree but also follows along the roots and burns them out to their furthest extremities. This process requires that a man is kept continually going from tree to tree keeping up the earthen covering by putting on another spade-ful wherever any flame is seen to be breaking through. The time taken for the stoving process to burn out every vestige of a root even of the biggest timber is shortened, and is in proportion to the attention given to this part of the work, while also the completeness of the burning out is according to the manner in which the fire is kept burning underneath without being allowed to escape to the surface. When this work is done by contract the ordinary price is at the rate of 2s 6d per tree.

STARTING AN APIARY.

The beginner who is desirous of starting an apiary may commence at any time now (writes Mr. E. A. Earp in the *Journal of Agriculture* for August). For the next month or two he will only be able to obtain established colonies, as swarming is still several months ahead. If he decides to commence at once, and thus obtain the full benefit of the season's experience, he should get into communication with a reliable breeder and obtain nothing but absolutely guaranteed stocks. On no account must the tyro be led away by the ap-

parent cheapness of bees offered for sale. If he should contemplate purchasing any other than those of any apiarist who makes the sale of bees his business, he should have his prospective purchase examined by some person of experience, and be quite certain of the cleanliness of the colonies before taking possession. The sale of discarded bees is forbidden by law, but apart from that they are a dear bargain, as they will cost much in money and time to bring them to a healthy condition, and, moreover, yield nothing during the first season. A good hive purchased now, placed in a sheltered position, and carefully watched to see that its stores are sufficient to last it till nectar is abundant, will probably (if the apiarist desires it) yield a good swarm, and both parent hive and swarm should give a surplus when the main honey-flow arrives.

There are a few points which every beekeeper should bear in mind when starting an apiary. The stocks must be clean and in good condition. No beekeeper can hope to succeed with poor bees, and no one but a novice would tolerate anything but strong colonies. The hives should be well made and painted; cracks and knot-holes may be of use for ventilation in the summer, but at any other time of the year they absorb a lot of the bees' time in gathering propolis to stop the draughts; moreover, any holes besides the entrance offer an inducement for robbers to investigate, and necessitate the bees employing extra guards to prevent attack. A careful watch should be kept on the stores in order that the bees do not starve. It is far better to overfeed than underfeed, because it is amazing how quickly a colony will deplete its stores when brood-rearing commences in the spring. More feeding means more brood, but once commenced it must be continued until the hives show actual proof that they are gathering sufficient nectar to keep themselves going. Feed only in the evening, inside the hives, and use a syrup in the proportion of 2 parts water to 1 part sugar; dissolve thoroughly, and feed as soon as it has cooled sufficiently to be harmless to the bees.

Provide permanent shelter. A live hedge is the best if kept trimmed to a height of about 8ft or 10ft. Failing this, some kind of a break-wind is essential. The hives should never be exposed to high winds, as, in addition to the danger of the roofs being removed, cold draughts check brood-rearing to an enormous extent.

Only open the hives on warm still days. Make your observations as quickly as possible, and make a note of them at once. The inside of the cover makes a good rough diary and does not get lost or mislaid. Mark the date of each examination. Endeavor to distinguish the sex of the brood at a glance, and keep a sharp lookout for the queen; she is easily distinguished by the length of her body and the comparative shortness of her wings. Try to make a rough estimate of the weight of each frame as you lift it comparing it in your mind with an empty comb, thereby arriving at some idea of the quantity of stores in each hive. Do not try to run many hives until you have grasped the rudiments of the business, but content yourself with one or two strong colonies until you have passed the learner's stage.

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- Marriage and the Family: Practical Instructions on the Duties of the Catholic Home.—By the Editors of *America*. 1/1.
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The Family Circle

HOME.

I have gone, I cannot always go, you know;
 Best, 'tis so—
 Home across the distant ridges of the years
 With my tears;
 And the old house standing on the same old ground
 There I found,
 In the parlor, in my fancy, I could trace
 Father's face;
 And my mother, with her old accustomed air,
 Sitting there;
 Whilst beside them brothers, sisters, true and good,
 Silent stood.
 Through the stillness swam the song of autumn birds,
 And there stirred
 On the wall the leaf-flecked sunshine, and its glow
 Faded slow.
 But from all the loving lips I watched around,
 Not a sound.
 Then I went upstairs, slow entering 'mid the gloom
 Every room.
 And I trod with softened steps along the floors,
 Opened doors;
 But I never heard a voice nor met a soul
 In the whole.
 Of the breaths that stirred the draperies to and fro
 Long ago.
 Of the eyes that through the casements used to peep
 Out of sleep,
 Of the feet that in these chambers used to run
 Now are none.
 Of the sunshine pouring downward from the sky,
 Blue and high.
 Of the leafage and the ancient garden plot,
 Brown and hot.
 Of the streamlet, and the shingle, and the tide,
 These abide.
 But beyond the azure vaulting overhead
 Are my dead:
 Though their graves are dug apart in many lands,
 Joining hands
 They have gathered, and are waiting till I come.
 THAT IS HOME.

THE POPE'S INTENTION.

The "intention of the Holy Father" is the object or favor that he wishes to obtain from God through the prayers of the faithful. It is not necessary that we know in detail the particular desire that he has. Very often he tells us clearly what he is asking for; as, for instance, that peace may again be established among nations. If we do the works that are commanded for the intention of the Holy Father, even though we may not know distinctly what this intention is, we will fulfil this condition of gaining the promised favor. Indeed, if we have the general desire to share in all the indulgences that are applicable to us the Church will grant them to us even though we are ignorant of the several indulgences attached to the good works that we do from day to day.

NO GOOD TO HIM.

A farmer went to the nearest town and purchased a music stool, taking it home with him in his trap. In a few days, however, he brought it back and demanded the money paid, as the stool was no good at all.

The shopkeeper examined it and said it was in perfect order, and that it should not be thrown on his hands.

"Well," said the farmer, "I took it home careful, and I gave it a turn, and every one of the children gave it a turn, and never a tune could one and all of us screw out of it. It is no more a music stool than the four-legged washing stool the missus puts her tub on."

TEN LITTLE DUTIES.

Ten little duties! Does no good to whine;
 Skip about and do one, then there are nine.
 Nine little duties; it never pays to wait;
 Do one quick, and—presto!—there are only eight.
 Eight little duties; might have been eleven;
 One done in no time; now they're only seven.
 Seven little duties; 'tish't such a fix;
 Do one more, and—bless me!—there are only six.
 Six little duties; sure as I'm alive!
 Never mind, one's over; now there are only five.
 Five little duties knocking at your door;
 Lead one off to Doneland; that leaves only four.
 Four little duties, plain as plain can be;
 Can't be shirked—one's over—leaving only three.
 Three little duties; like a soldier true,
 Meet them and vanquish one, then there'll be but two.
 Two little duties between you and fun;
 In just a minute longer there'll be only one.
 One little duty: now, what will you do?
 Do it! why, surely, now you are through.

KEPT HIS PROMISE.

A certain candidate for a position under a public trading company, and who was noted for his smoking powers, was sent for by the board of directors just after his appointment.

"Mr. Howley," said the chairman, "your papers are excellent, but there is one thing we object to. You are addicted to the evil habit of smoking."

Mr. Howley explained that he saw no evil in it; but, taking a large plug of tobacco from his pocket, said: "In deference to your opinion, gentlemen, I promise you that as soon as I have smoked this plug I hold in my hand I will cease smoking for ever!"

They were satisfied, and he was appointed the next day.

But now as he refills his pipe he chuckles and says: "I've kept my word. I've got that same plug yet!"

HIS ONLY OBJECTION.

The little man who had offered his services before he received his calling-up papers was going through the process of enlistment.

"Now, sir, I'm ready to go anywhere yer wants to send me," he said. "Anywhere. But I ask jes' one thing—don't put me in no cavalry."

"Why do you draw the line at the cavalry?" asked the recruiting sergeant.

"It's like this, sir," said the newly-made soldier; "when I'm told to retreat I don't want to be bothered with no hoss!"

IN THE MIRE.

There belonged to the local company of Volunteers a stout little grocer, who occasioned his comrades many a good laugh. He never amused them more, however, than on the following occasion.

The company was on a route march, and on the return journey they were compelled to traverse some boggy land. This led the commanding officer to alter the formation of four abreast to two abreast.

"B Company, fall in two deep!" he shouted.

To the amusement of the others the voice of the grocer was heard to ejaculate, "Fall in two deep! I'm in too deep now. I'm in nearly up to my neck."

POLITENESS IN THE ARMY.

A musketry officer was engaged with the non-commissioned officers of a company in a local Volunteer regiment. To say that he was "putting them through it" would only feebly indicate the process. After one of his harangues he asked a mild-mannered sergeant to describe the procedure with his own platoon in the execution of some musketry movements.

"Well," said the sergeant, "I should first get them to port arms for inspection. Then I should request them—"

"Request 'em!" shrieked the officer. "Request 'em! Why not offer 'em boxes of chocolates?"

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SMILE RAISERS.

"Muzzer," asked the four-year-old, "did you hear the step-ladder when it tumbled over?"

"No, dear," said the mother; "I hope papa didn't fall."

"Not yet; he's still hanging on to the picture moulding."

Nellie, aged four, was gazing intently at her aunt's bonnet.

"Well, dear," asked the aunt at last, "what do you think of it?"

"Oh," replied the small observer, "I think it's all right. Mother said it was a perfect fright, but it doesn't scare me a bit."

The landlady beamed upon the new boarder. "Now, don't be afraid of the bacon, Mr. Pullman," she said, trying to make him feel thoroughly at home.

"Not at all, madam; not at all," replied Mr. Pullman. "Why, I've seen a piece twice as large and it didn't frighten me a bit."

Old Lady (excitedly): "When is the train due?"

Ticket Collector: "In two hours and forty minutes."

Old Lady (with a sigh of relief): "I am so glad I am not too late."

"I want some powder."

"Mennen's?"

"No, vimmen's."

"Scented?"

"No, I will take it mit me."

"Don't you think that spats make a girl's feet look larger?"

"I don't like to criticise anything the ladies do."

"But don't you think so?"

"Well, I don't believe Cinderella wore 'em. I will say that much."

The tramp touched his hat and walked along beside the horseman.

"You wouldn't think it, sir," he said, "but I once had a happy home."

"Then," said the rider, "why didn't you do something to keep it happy?"

"I did, sir," said the tramp; "I left it."

Mrs. Busybody: "Your husband goes out a good deal, doesn't he?"

Mrs. Keen: "Oh, I don't know; he doesn't go out any oftener than he comes in."

"The man who runs this store has got the right idea, all right."

"How so?"

"He advertises bagpipes and musical instruments."

Among the guests at a reception was a distinguished man of letters. He was grave and somewhat taciturn. One of the ladies present suggested to the hostess that he seemed to be out of place at such a party.

"Yes," replied the hostess, with a bright smile: "you see, he can't talk anything but sense!"

A young lady who taught a class of small boys in the Sunday school desired to impress on them the meaning of returning thanks before a meal. Turning to one of the class, whose father was a deacon in the church, she asked him—

"William, what is the first thing your father says when he sits down to the table?"

"He says, 'Go easy on the butter, kid; it's nearly two shillings a pound,'" replied the youngster.

"I am patriotic through and through," said a patient who is in a camp hospital on account of a broken leg. "I am so patriotic that even my broken bone is knitting."

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

Healthy Occupations.

Breweries and tanneries and printing-ink factories confer an exemption from tuberculosis, and employees in turpentine factories never have rheumatism. Copper mining excludes the possibility of typhoid among the workers. Shepherds enjoy remarkable health. Men and women working in lavender, whether gathering or distilling it, are said never to suffer from neuralgia or nervous headache. Lavender, moreover, is as good as a sea voyage for giving tone to the system. Persons suffering from nervous breakdown frequently give their services gratis to lavender planters in order that they may build up their vitality. Salt miners can wear summer clothes in blizzard weather without fear of catching cold, for colds are unknown among these workers.

What Big Guns Can Do.

We have heard much about the power of big guns, but few people really understand the immense power behind one of these modern engines of destruction. What, for instance, does the reader understand by the "power of a 15in gun?"

Here is an illustration. Take a wall 12in thick and made of the hardest steel. Then jump into a motor car and drive seven miles away from the wall. Arrived at that point, you will find a big gun aimed at the wall you have left seven miles behind and which you cannot see. Go over to the gun and pull the lanyard. The shell that you release will travel through the air the entire distance you have come by car and will go right through the 12in steel wall.

The most powerful land guns are the German howitzers, or 16.5in guns. The most formidable steel and concrete forts are cracked open by the shells from these huge guns as though they were made of paper.

Naval guns cannot be developed to the same size as land guns because it is more difficult to handle these aboard a ship. For that reason the greatest effective range aboard a ship is from eight to ten miles.

The largest naval gun is the 15in gun on the famous British super-Dreadnought Queen Elizabeth; while the German 12-centimetre howitzer, which reduced Antwerp and other fortresses believed impregnable, is the most powerful land gun. The great guns aboard the Queen Elizabeth fire projectiles which weigh a ton. The United States, however, now has guns defending the Panama Canal and New York which hurl through the air a mass of metal weighing almost 400lb more than the British super-Dreadnought's guns.

Since this article was written the existence of the long-range German guns with which the Germans have been bombarding Paris from a distance of 60 to 70 miles has been revealed.

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