

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- May 11, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Easter.
 „ 12, Monday.—SS. Nereus and Achilleus, Martyrs.
 „ 13, Tuesday.—Of the Octave.
 „ 14, Wednesday.—Octave of the Solemnity of St. Joseph.
 „ 15, Thursday.—St. John B. de la Salle, Confessor.
 „ 16, Friday.—St. Ubaldus, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 17, Saturday.—St. Paschal Baylon, Confessor.

SS. Nereus and Achilleus, Martyrs.

These holy martyrs were attached to the service of St. Flavia Domitilla, and were banished with her to the island of Pontia by the Emperor Domitian. They were beheaded at Terracina in the reign of Trajan.

St. John Baptist de la Salle, Confessor.

This saint was born in France in 1651. Even before his ordination he took a keen interest in the education of children, a work for which he was naturally fitted, and to which he afterwards entirely devoted himself. He was the founder of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

St. Ubaldus, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Ubaldus was born near Ancona, in the Papal States. Consecrated Bishop of Gubbio, he adorned that high dignity with all the virtues of a true successor of the Apostles. He died in 1160, after an episcopate of thirty years.

St. Paschal Baylon, Confessor.

This saint was born in the north of Spain of parents who, if they could not endow him with worldly possessions, endeavored, what was of more consequence, to instil into his mind principles of solid piety. On entering a monastery of Franciscan Friars, he showed himself proficient in every virtue, but was especially remarkable for an ardent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. He had attained the fifty-second year of his age when he died in 1592.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

MY MOTHER'S SON.

I hold within my heart, O Mother Queen,
 Thy little Son, thy Child. The right is thine,
 And yet, by wondrous gift this grace is mine!
 'Twas thou who first within thy heart serene
 Thy God received. By mortal eyes unseen
 He dwelt secure, thy loving heart His shrine.
 In first Communion with the Word Divine
 Thou hadst a foretaste of our Gift supreme.
 O thou, sweet Mother, who didst first embrace
 Our God, teach me thy potent way of grace,
 That in these precious moments that are mine
 I may constrain my Guest, thy Son Divine,
 To bide with me, Oh, may He ne'er depart!
 Behold—His living chalice, my unworthy heart!
 Florenz, in *Queen's Work*.

REFLECTIONS.

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.*

Every man has, with God's help, the strength to do his duty if he chooses to put it forth, to be a man and not a dumb driven creature, the mere shape of a man driven like a cloud of dust across the field of life by the wind of destiny.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

(By arrangement with Messrs. Burns and Oates, London.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXI.—ONE SUMMER MORNING.

Lord Wilderspin was making one of his erratic tours abroad, and was expected to return to the Park in a fortnight; and Captain Rupert decided on remaining at the Hall to await his return, rather than pass the intervening time in London. Already the fresh breezes of the country were telling upon his health and spirits. The days passed pleasantly; a long ride through the sheltering woods, and over the sunny downs; a lounge in the library, dipping into old favorite books; and occasional conversations with the signora and Fan, furnished him with sufficient amusement and occupation. Surprise at the simplicity of his own tastes enhanced his enjoyment of the novelty of this un wonted way of life, and he was happier than he had been for many years.

Aware that he was looked on by the signora as a dangerous person, likely to undo some of the difficult work done in Fan by increasing her dislike to public exhibition, and encouraging her to lower her aspirations to the level of those of ordinary commonplace mortals, he was careful to choose wisely his subjects of conversation, and to propitiate the enthusiastic little Italian. But Fanchea's music was her least attractive charm in his eyes; neither was it altogether her beauty that fascinated him, though that was pleasant to look upon as a rose in June. Never had any girl so near womanhood treated him with so much of the cordial simplicity of a child. It was the joyous transparency of her character that delighted him.

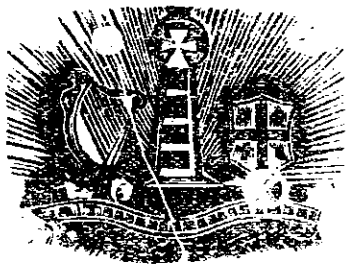
Not a great lover of books, it yet pleased him to read to the ladies under the shelter of the trees, of a morning, while Fan performed the tasks of needlework which the signora considered a necessary part of the education of a gentlewoman. The signora's embroideries were works of art, such as hang on walls in dusky corners of old Italian palaces; and Captain Rupert professed an interest in their daily growth. But Fan's fresh comments on the tale or poem he recited to her were more to his taste than the most wonderful tapestries in the world.

Finding that he did not return to unpleasant subjects of conversation; that he invariably spoke with respect of Lord Wilderspin, and that he was careful never to intrude upon their society beyond the most reasonable limits, the signora forgot the pang of distrust and displeasure she had felt at the close of their first interview, and made Captain Rupert welcome to share their walks and their hours of outdoor recreation. Herr Harfenspieler came and went without even seeing the gentleman, and Fan's industry at her studies was no way decreased.

Fan felt kindly to their new companion from the first, because he had sympathised with her dislike of the career to which she was destined; but she wondered why he held opinions so different from those of her other friends. Her own dread of public exhibition was instinctive; but she could see no reason why a stranger should object to see her fulfilling her vocation in life. One morning the signora, more easily tired than younger people, had sat down to rest, and Fanchea and Captain Wilderspin had wandered a little further into the wood.

"May I ask you about something," said Fan, "something that has been in my mind? Why were you displeased at the idea of my going on the stage?"

Captain Rupert was startled at the directness of the question, and paused a moment before answering,



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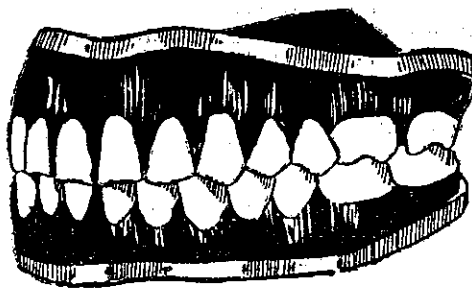
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
'This is my own, my native land'?"

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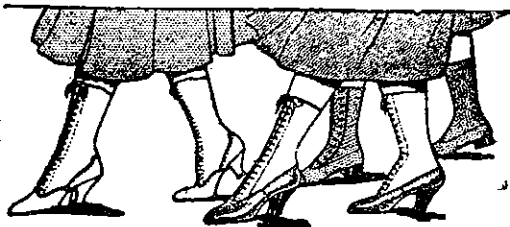
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asking himself whether he had any right to interfere with the future of this young creature; but, looking at her eager face, he felt that the question in her eyes must be met with the truth.

"Because I do not think a public life is a desirable one for a lady."

"But I," said Fan, "am I a lady?"

He glanced at her in surprise. Had she been other than she was, he would have thought the question sounded like asking for a compliment; but he knew that Fan meant what she said. Was she a lady or not? In her spotless white gown, with her delicate blooming face and spiritual eyes, had she really any doubts about her own ladyhood? He had learned to expect nothing but what was unconventional from her, and waited, as he often did, till she would give him the clue to her thought.

Fan's was a long thought, as she stood, fingering with one raised hand the leaves of the sheltering tree above them, and looking with absent eyes away into the depths of the wood. There was no self-consciousness in her face; she was not thinking of her own breeding, appearance, education, when she asked her question; her mind had gone back to one point that seemed unmeasurably far away in time and space, when her feet were upon a sea-washed mountain side, and she was carried up and down rugged braes, and in and out of a fishing boat by Kevin. She was well aware that this elegant person beside her would not call Kevin a gentleman, and therefore, did she want to be a lady? She knew the advantage of all that had befallen her, and yet the fidelity within her looked back, and claimed a right to be of the rank of her early friend.

So long was her thought, that Captain Rupert at last believed she must be waiting for his answer, and said:

"I think you can hardly be in earnest; you must know that you are a lady."

"My father and mother were peasant people."

"Indeed! I did not know it."

"Mamzelle does not talk about it; she hopes I will forget. And I do not speak for fear of vexing her. But I never forget."

"What is it that you never forget?" said Captain Wilderspin, seeing a whole history in her upturned eyes.

"The sea, and the mountains, and someone who is always looking for me."

"You are half Italian, are you not?"

"Oh, no; Irish."

"You surprise me. I thought you belonged to the signora. I fancied you the child of some brother or sister of hers who had married in England."

"I belong to her only through her kindness. I am lost, strayed, and stolen from an Irish mountain."

"I might have known by your eyes that you were a daughter of the emerald isle."

"Why, are my eyes emerald?" said Fan, with a flash of merriment.

"No; blue, like the sea."

"The English sea is blue; I see it out yonder always, a bluish line. But our sea was green like your emerald: green, with clouds of foam."

"Who is it that is always looking for you?"

"Kevin."

She pronounced the name as if the utterance was some part of the weaving of a spell, and looked out to the horizon with lifted face, as if she half expected the sound might be carried afar, and overheard from the deserts, or other distant regions of the earth. Then catching at an overhanging branch, she stood on tip-toe and peered forward into the purple dimness of a hollow opening in the wood. But no figure started up on the narrow brown path: no wanderer appeared with staff and bundle, descending the mossy bank.

Captain Rupert observed her with a curious thrill of interest.

"I half think you are a changeling," he said.

"Is that what you mean to convey? Are you looking to see your fairy kinsmen coming riding on the wind?"

"No," said Fan, sadly; "the fairies have nothing to do with me, or they might have put everything right."

"The postman is the fairy who generally puts everything right in such a case. Have you never written to your home?"

"I have written, but my letters were not answered; and so I know that Kevin is not there. I knew he could not be there. He went out over the world to look for me."

"Is he your brother?"

"Oh, no; but he has the care of me."

"A care which appears to sit lightly upon him. The signora is performing his duties by proxy, I suppose," said Captain Rupert, with a slight accent of contempt; adding mentally, "The old rascal, dozing tipsily in his shanty, while he allows the child to slip through his fingers."

Fan looked at him questioningly, with a dangerous light in her eyes.

"I mean," said Captain Rupert, "that the old man ought not to have allowed you to get lost."

"What old man?" said Fanchea.

"Kevin."

Fan broke into a peal of delicious laughter. Her laugh was almost as musical as her song, and the birds hearing it, began to sing.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Captain Rupert, finding all this gaiety contagious, and contributing a smile to it.

"He is but twelve years older than me."

"Then he was young enough to be more wide awake."

"He was away about some business of his father's, and it was all my fault, for I went where I ought not to have gone. The gipsies are cunning, and they wanted me."

"Then you have been roving with gipsies."

"Oh, yes."

"I should not wonder. That is why you are so unlike tame people."

"I am tame now," said Fan, folding her hands, with a little sigh.

"Then I should like to have seen you when you were wild. How long have you been caged in this Park?"

"Nearly seven years."

"And you suppose that Kevin has been searching for you all this time?"

"Yes."

"Wonderful faith of a child. Happy belief in the fidelity of human nature. And your only proof of this is the fact that he has not written?"

"Don't?" said Fan, as the accent of sarcasm again touched her quick ear. "I will talk to you no more."

"You look on me as a wicked unbeliever?"

"It is a matter not of believing but of knowing. And you do not know. I am not angry, but I have said enough."

"But I would like both to believe and to know. I promise you to do both if you will tell me some more."

"The signora is coming," said Fan. "Perhaps I may tell you more another time. The signora would not listen to me if I were to talk as I want to talk now."

"I have forgotten myself," said the signora, coming towards them with the look of a person who has waked from a long sleep.

"What have you found in Tasso to make you forget the world?" asked Captain Rupert, glancing at the book in her hand.

"Much, much that has spoken to my soul," said the signora, with her silver ringlets trembling. "The poet has stirred me on a subject that is next my heart. I am anxious to take Fan into Italy, Captain Wilderspin."

"Would she like to go?"

"Yes," said Fan, radiantly; and Captain Rupert knew she was thinking of the likelihood of meeting with the imaginary wanderer, her friend.

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"Her musical education is to be completed there," said the signora. Herr Harfenspeiler has done good work in her; but the sun of Italy will be needed to ripen her genius."

"In this there will be a pleasure for you, signora. Is it long since you have seen your native land?"

"Many long years, Captain Wilderspin. These elf locks of mine were pure gold in the Italian sunshine. They have grown grey in your chiller atmosphere. Alas! no glow on earth will ever transmute them into gold again."

As she spoke, the little woman's wistful eyes, gazing from under her deep brows encircled by their silvery aureole, saw, not the grey, gleaming shafts and bowery undulations of the Sussex greenwood, but azure mountains surrounding narrow, deep-colored streets full of heavy shadows and yellow sunshine, in which her own soul had walked, as a girl glorified within and without by illusive dreams.

While they talked, Fan moved on a little apart: her hands were linked behind her back, her feet had fallen into a dancing measure, keeping time to a wild, quaint gipsy song which she was singing low to herself. They were treading that mossy, flower-spangled opening in the wood where she remembered having been found by Lord Wilderspin; and where she had sung for him the gipsies' tarantula. To her, who forgot nothing, all this magic space was haunted by the faces of gipsies, and echoing with their peculiar music which the birds had learned to mock. Her late conversation, having made a slight vent for habitually silent thoughts, had given a more than ordinary vividness to her memories, and therefore she broke out into the gipsy song as she walked, till her walk became a dance, like a ghost of the dance she had first learned delightedly on Killeevy, and afterwards danced many times in gaiety, fear, sorrow, and expectation, while scanning the crowd for a face that never appeared, amidst the hurry and excitement of the gipsies' tent. Captain Rupert watched her while he talked, noticed her singing and dancing like a person doing the same in a dream, where the voice is kept from soaring and the limbs from moving by an unaccountable something that is struggling against the will. Her feet beat the time, though with a fettered movement: her hand was sometimes raised to shake the tambourine, or she snapped her fingers softly, with a whisper of the rattle of castanets. After some time she danced herself gradually away out of sight of her companions, and they heard her fantastic song break out gleefully in the distance, as if in the solitude of Nature the spell had been broken and the wild music set free from her heart.

The signora and Captain Rupert stood still, and looked at one another while their conversation flagged and died on their lips.

"It is piercing sweet," said the signora, "but I do not like it. That song always seems to me the expression of something wild in her nature that is warring against our efforts to train her for her fitting career. Whether it is the wild Irish strain that is in her blood, or whether it is that she is inoculated with gipsy's magic, I do not know."

"There is certainly more of the bird in that soul than of the *cantatrice*," was the answer.

"I cannot bear it," said the signora, with a look of passionate pain on her worn face, and putting her fingers impatiently in her ears. Her anguish sprang from a variety of causes, all converging curiously like little knife-points towards her heart. The notes of the gipsy song always beat upon certain old, unused, and rusty strings within her, like "sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh," making a claim for some truths which she was unwilling to grant. Its round, rolling sweetness, its wayward whims and changes, its purring contentment, and utter freedom from all rules and constraints, seemed to her always to sing of the genius that is rather suggestive than creative or interpretative, and will rather work through love and gladness in dewy byways than come forth with any message of its own to the listening world. That Fan

should live to be a mere cricket chirping on any mortal's hearthstone, was an idea that the signora could not tolerate. There was no creature in the universe noble enough to absorb her music into his life. That such a state of things even ought to be she was unwilling to admit. And yet she knew too well that the rusty chord within her which would vibrate so agonizingly to Fan's bird-like, love-laden minstrelsy, was the mainspring of almost every woman's heart; and that in Fan's it was strung with gold, and throbbing mellowly in tune.

Captain Rupert looked on her emotion with surprise. "Strange," he said, "that music so enchanting should give you nothing but pain. And you who are a musician, signora."

"I have told you the reason partly," replied she. "This wild-wood singing makes me tremble for her perseverance in the utterance and interpretation of more noble strains. My own life, sir, has been given to art, offered as a handful of roses that shrivelled into dust in the giver's hand; and now my failure has been made a pedestal for her success. She shall not turn into a mere thrush in the hedgerows; she who was born for, and has been trained to give expression to, the soul of multitudes!"

Captain Wilderspin listened to her impassioned words disapprovingly. "There," he said to himself, "is the kind of person who would steal the posies from a woman's life in order that the dried leaves of fame may rustle on her brow!" But he did not quite understand the signora. Art was the god of her enthusiasm, and not fame. The latter she looked on as but the accidental accompaniment of the success that is witness to the truth.

In the pause that followed the signora's speech which Captain Wilderspin found so unlovely, Fan's song wound, curled, and dived through the upper air with a wilfulness that seemed resolved to escape out of reach of the thought of both listeners.

"Another reason why I do not like it," said the signora, "is that it is the twin-song of another which is a link between the child and the home which, I trust, she may never see again. A return to that lowly and uncivilised home could only result in the loss of her peace of mind."

"I agree with you there," said Captain Wilderspin. "What is that other song you speak of?"

"A hymn, which is in itself very beautiful, forming a contrast the most complete to the gipsy song. She sings it in her native Irish, and I own that listening to it my heart has been softened towards a people whose peasantry could treasure and enjoy such a gem of religious melody and thought. But when I hear Fan sing the 'Hymn of the Virgin Triumphant,' I feel as if she were stealing away out of my restraining arms into a region where the world can never follow her."

"Have I heard her sing it?"

"No; of late she has given it up, having seen that it gives me pain; and only sings it in a crooning way to herself, generally, when she thinks she is alone. I believe she sings it as a sort of incantation to bring the spirits of her people around her, to call up the scenes of her childhood and the voices of those she has lost. When I hear her crooning so, it makes me weep. So strange a thing is the human heart, Captain Wilderspin: so sad a thing is life."

Captain Rupert reflected that the worn-faced little lady was rather flighty and inconsistent; and he felt angry with her. She would place this creature so cherished on a public stage, under the gaze of all the eyes of a vulgar world. "And she is fit for something higher," he insisted with himself. "Is she fit to be a princess?" thought Captain Rupert.

At this moment Fan, whose song had ceased, appeared at some distance, in a hollow among the trees, flitting across the opening, with a bright look over her shoulder in the direction of her friends. The brilliant face shone, the white dress glimmered, and she was gone again, hidden behind the greenery.

"Is she fit to be a princess?" thought Captain

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Wilderspin, and then made a movement as if shaking himself awake, shocked at coming suddenly upon so strange a thought.

"There is a bewitchment over this place," he said to himself, "which is beginning to tell upon me also. It is time Lord Wilderspin should come home. What? this girl out of a cabin, with her pagan gipsy song, and the Christian superstition of her 'Virgin's Hymn'? What a likely bride for the heir of all the Wilderspains!"

Again Fan was seen still farther away, wandering on the upland, in the blue ether of what seemed another and more delicately and deeply-colored world.

"Fool!" thought Captain Rupert, watching her, "to be so jealous of a dignity which could add nothing to her grace. My coronet would, perhaps, be of as little value to her as was the jewel to the bird in the fable."

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

XXIV. HOW THE IRISH NATION AWOKE FROM ITS TRANCE, AND FLUNG OFF ITS CHAINS. THE CAREER OF KING EDWARD BRUCE.

Early in the second century of the Norman settlement we find the Irish for the first time apparently realising their true position in relation to England. They begin to appreciate the fact that it is England and not the Anglo-Norman colony they have to combat, and that recognition of the English power means loss of liberty, loss of honor, loss of property, alienation of the soil! Had the Irish awakened sooner to these facts, it is just possible they might have exerted themselves and combined in a national struggle against the fate thus presaged. But they awoke to them too late--

The fatal chain was o'er them cast,
And they were men no more!

As if to quicken within them the stings of self-reproach, they saw their Gaelic kinsmen of Caledonia bravely battling in compact national array against this same English power that had for a time conquered them also. When King Edward marched northward to measure swords with the Scottish "rebel" Robert Bruce, he summoned his Norman lieges and all other true and loyal subjects in Ireland to send him aid. The Anglo-Norman lords of Ireland did accordingly equip considerable bodies, and with them joined the king in Scotland. The native Irish, on the other hand, sent aid to Bruce; and on the field of Bannockburn old foes on Irish soil met once more in deadly combat on new ground--the Norman lords and the Irish chieftains. "Twenty-one clans, Highlanders and Islesmen, and many Ulstermen fought on the side of Bruce on the field of Bannockburn. The grant of "Kincardine-O'Neill," made by the victor-king to his Irish followers, remains a striking evidence of their fidelity to his person and their sacrifices in his cause. The result of that glorious day was, by the testimony of all historians, English as well as Scottish, received with enthusiasm on the Irish side of the channel."

Fired by the glorious example of their Scottish kinsmen, the native Irish princes for the first time took up the design of a really national and united effort to expel the English invaders root and branch. Utterly unused to union or combination as they had been for hundreds of years, it is really wonderful how readily and successfully they carried out their design. The northern Irish princes with few exceptions entered into it; and it was agreed that as well to secure the prestige of Bruce's name and the alliance of Scotland, as also to avoid native Irish jealousies in submitting to a national leader or king, Edward Bruce, the brother of King Robert, should be invited to land in Ire-

land with an auxiliary liberating army, and should be recognised as king. The Ulster princes, with Donald O'Neill at their head, sent off a memorial to the Pope (John the Twelfth), a document which is still extant, and is, as may be supposed, of singular interest and importance. In this memorable letter the Irish princes acquaint his Holiness with their national design; and having reference to the bulls or letters of Popes Adrian and Alexander, they proceed to justify their resolution of destroying the hated English power in their country, and point out the fraud and false pretence upon which those documents were obtained by King Henry from the Pontiffs named. The Sovereign Pontiff appears to have been profoundly moved by the recital of facts in this remonstrance or memorial. Not long after he addressed to the English king (Edward the Third) a letter forcibly reproaching the English sovereigns who had obtained those bulls from Popes Adrian and Alexander, with the crimes of deceit and violation of their specific conditions and covenants. To the objects of those bulls, his Holiness says, "neither King Henry nor his successors paid any regard; but, passing the bounds that had been prescribed for them, they had heaped upon the Irish the most unheard-of miseries and persecutions, and had, during a long period, imposed on them a yoke of slavery which could not be borne."

The Irish themselves were now, however, about to make a brave effort to break that unbearable yoke, to terminate those miseries and persecutions, and to establish a national throne once more in the land. On May 25, 1315, Edward Bruce, the invited deliverer, landed near Glenarm in Antrim, with a force of six thousand men. He was instantly joined by Donald O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, and throughout all the northern half of the island the most intense excitement spread. The native Irish flocked to Bruce's standard; the Anglo-Normans, in dismay, hurried from all parts to encounter this truly formidable danger, and succeeded in compelling, or inducing, the Connaughtian prince, O'Connor, to join them.

(To be continued.)

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN 1918

(By VERY REV. JAMES CANON MACCAFFREY, S.T.L.,
D.Ph., in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.)

At last the terrible struggle that has devastated Europe for years, and that at one time threatened to end only with the mutual destruction of the belligerents, has been brought to a close almost as unexpectedly as it began. After a prolonged contest, during which their victorious forces over-ran a great portion of Europe, the Central Powers have been forced to hoist the white flag and to surrender almost at discretion. Last April, it looked as if victory were within their grasp. Russia and Rumania had been counted out; the huge forces on the Eastern frontier were being diverted towards the West; the Allied armies in France were falling back before the new offensive, and it seemed as if Paris and the whole French coast-line, from Havre to Dunkirk, were to pass into the hands of the German.

But, as subsequent events proved, the terrific onslaught of last March was but a last desperate bid for victory that had been so often denied them. The German High Command, realising the exhaustion of their raw materials, the depletion of their man-power, and the imminent danger of famine and revolution, resolved to stake the fortunes of the Empire on one gigantic effort to secure a decision before the army of America could be ready to take the field. It was their final and only hope, in view of the fact that the submarine campaign could not render the American intervention ineffectual; and once that hope failed nothing remained for them but retreat and surrender. Torn by convulsions at home and deserted by her allies in the field, Germany was obliged to accept the humiliating terms

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dictated by the victorious generalissimo of the Allied and American forces.

But the overthrow of the Kaiser does not necessarily mean the restoration of peace to the world. In their anxiety to encourage their friends and embarrass their enemies the statesmen of both belligerent parties have pledged themselves to principles and programmes which, whether realised or disowned by their authors, are likely to mark a new era in the history of mankind. The world outlook of 1919 is not that of 1914; the old order is gone for good, whatever may take its place. To preach for years the overthrow of autocracy, the uplifting of democracy, the right of peoples whether weak or strong to determine their own form of government, the banding together of nations into one great league to enforce disarmament, compulsory arbitration and international peace, and when the opportune moment comes to do nothing to put these high-sounding principles into operation is to court swift and terrible disaster. If the diplomatists of Versailles, closing their eyes to the past and their ears to the present, determine to follow the methods of the Congress of Vienna rather than the peace proposals of President Wilson, then, indeed, may men pray for peace.

The President of the United States, more than any other single individual, is responsible for the overthrow of the Germans. By his skill and diplomacy he kept his country clear of the war until the protection of American interests demanded intervention; and when, at last he felt it necessary to call his compatriots to arms, they responded with an eagerness and unanimity that astonished both friend and foe. By his soul-stirring messages to mankind he converted what seemed to many a sordid contest for economic predominance or territorial expansion into an unselfish crusade for liberty, peace, and justice. As he played the leading part in bringing the war to an end, so too, it is hoped, he will exercise a powerful influence in shaping the terms of peace. He has pledged his own honor and the honor of his country to certain well-defined proposals. If he can succeed in winning over the diplomatists of Versailles to his views, though the practical difficulties in carrying out his plans are well-nigh insuperable, his name will be held in benediction by the Old World as well as by the New: if he fail at the Congress, then it only remains for him to do what he did in his dealings with German autocracy, to appeal from the governments to the governed. If he has the courage to adopt this course, he need have no fears about the verdict of the people.

Now, that the great war has come to an end, one may well inquire how the victories of the Allies and the downfall of Austria and Germany are likely to influence the Church? During the vicissitudes of the contest some people seemed convinced that the triumph of Germany would spell another *Kulturkampf* against the Church, more violent and more widespread than that initiated by Bismarck and Falk; while others were equally confident, from their knowledge of the Governments of France and Italy, that the success of the Allies would be hailed as a victory by the friends of Atheism and Freemasonry. Both parties were probably equally sincere, but both were influenced by their prejudices rather than by facts. Religious considerations played an insignificant part in the councils of the men responsible for the war, and however zealous may have been their professions of sympathy during the struggle, the Church had good reason to be equally cautious in her dealings with the leading belligerents. While there is but little ground for hope that the war would lead to a great religious revival in Italy and France in face of which the Governments of these countries would be forced to modify their attitude of hostility to the Church, there is still less ground for believing that the downfall of the Austrian Empire involves the extinction of Catholicity in the territories of the Habsburgs. If, indeed, the power of Austria had been broken before defeat and revolution had destroyed the autocratic sway of the Czar, then the situation, from the point of view of the Church, would have been undoubtedly serious. With Austria weak and

Russia victorious and united, the way would have been open for the enforcement of Orthodoxy throughout Eastern and South-Eastern Europe.

But, as matters stand at present, there is no need for alarm about the future of religion, even though the principle of self-determination should be applied to the former provinces of the Empire. In Austria proper, where the population generally speaking is German in race and language, no peculiar difficulty will arise; in the Tyrol, whatever may be its ultimate political fate, there is no danger that autonomy or union with Italy will damp the religious fervor of its generous people; in Croatia and Slavonia, where the Jugo-Slavs constitute the predominant element, the union of bishops, clergy, and people in their prolonged struggle for freedom affords sufficient warranty for the belief that the new political situation that has arisen carries with it no danger for religion. So long as the Jugo-Slav movement is led, as it is at present, by men like Monsignor Jeglic, Prince-Bishop of Laibach, Monsignor Bauer, Bishop of Zagreb, and Monsignor Mahonic, Bishop of Veglia, there need be no fear that by ceasing to be Austrian subjects the Jugo-Slavs will cease to be Catholic. And with one slight reservation the same might be said about the Czecho-Slovaks of Bohemia, whose clergy for the most part stand in the very fore-front of the nationalist movement. In proof of this assertion it is sufficient to quote from the solemn declaration issued to the press by a meeting of the clergy of Prague:—

"We, Czech ecclesiastics," they declared, "conscious of springing from the people, and being indissolubly attached to them by the bonds of blood, language, and traditions, are determined to stand side by side with them in the struggle till victory crowns our efforts. We claim to belong to Saints Cyril and Methodius, the apostles of the Slavs; and we declare that the solemn words of our writers and deputies, as well as the nationalist oath, express exactly what we feel and believe. We declare that the establishment of an independent Czecho-Slovak State is an act of justice pleasing to God. And, believing that perfect harmony is indispensable for the achievement of our aims, we declare that the Czech Union is alone competent to act in the name of the nation, and we reject in advance any private or party negotiations concerning the future of our country."

"We will stand or fall with our people" were the striking words used by the clergy of Krems in announcing their adhesion to the cause of Czecho-Slovak independence. The one difficulty that will arise will be the presence of a large German-speaking Catholic minority, and also the fact that a large number of the bishops are of German origin. But these are matters, we may hope, that will adjust themselves in time, once the irritating and dividing influence of foreign intervention is removed. In Galicia, where the most of the inhabitants are Catholic, no complication need be expected if, as may be assumed, the province is incorporated into the new kingdom of Poland. The absorption of Catholic Transylvania by non-Catholic Rumania might possibly lead to a campaign against Rome, but in view of Rumania's insecurity of tenure and of the wisdom of conciliating the newly-won population, it is not likely that any Government would commit such an act of folly.

One serious danger in connection with the reconstitution of South-Eastern Europe, might spring from the establishment of a Greater Serbian Kingdom, though the religious fanaticism of some of the former promoters of such an establishment may have been considerably modified by the events of the last five years.

Whatever may be said of Austria, there can be little doubt that, apart from the spread of Bolshevism and disorder, the dissolution of the Russian Empire could hardly fail to profit the Catholic Church. In the first place, it ensures the independence of the one nation that can compare with our own in its prolonged struggle for religion and liberty—Catholic Poland. A new, united, strong kingdom of Poland, whether it be a monarchy or a republic, if true to the traditions which have characterised its people for centuries, cannot fail

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to exercise a powerful influence on the progress of Catholicism in Eastern Europe. In the old days Poland was the bulwark of Europe and of the Church. May we not hope that the new kingdom will play an equally glorious part against the more insidious enemies that in our times threaten to overthrow society and religion? Still, it is well to remember that in Poland, as elsewhere, there have been great changes during the past one hundred years. The Socialist party is by no means a negligible factor, from the point of view of numbers or of public activity, and it may be that in the new kingdom there will be a prolonged period of strife before victory is assured. For the rest, the collapse of the Holy Synod and the restoration of religious freedom cannot fail to promote the submission to Rome of many among the Ruthenians, Lithuanians, and the other races inhabiting the western provinces of Russia who were held in bondage to the Orthodox Church by tyranny and oppression.

The conclusion of an armistice, even though its terms involved the disruption of the Austro-German forces, does not necessarily imply that Europe is assured of peace. Even though the Congress of Versailles should succeed in adjusting the conflicting territorial demands that will be brought before it, there is no guarantee that it will be able to apply effective remedies against the spread of anarchy and disorder which threaten to overthrow society and civilisation. It is not by bayonet or machine-gun that these can be defeated; it is only by the removal of the causes that have brought about the upheaval. In the work of stemming the advance of Bolshevism, principles must play a more prominent part than force, and conscience rather than fear must be relied upon to secure restraint and moderation. In this field of operations Church and State should unite their forces in the adjustment of economic conditions and in the removal of the glaring usurpations that threaten to drive the masses of the people into the arms of Bolshevik agitators. Bolshevism began in Russia, where the soil was ready for the seed, but where it may end, or how it may develop, unless some drastic remedy be found, it is difficult to foresee.

Various causes have contributed to bring about the present social unrest. Among these may be reckoned the sufferings and anxiety inflicted by the war on the masses, who were allowed no voice in declaring it, the high prices and scarcity of provisions, bordering in some countries on famine, the temporary nationalization of railways, shipping, factories, mines and raw material, the interference of the State in so many matters that were formerly regarded as the domain of the individual, the continual attempts to secure internal peace by the alternate policy of doles and repression, and, added to all these, the protracted tension caused by the war and by the glowing programmes launched on the world by the belligerent statesmen. The social anarchy that threatens to engulf Europe to-day is as dangerous for religion as it is for the State, and it will be necessary for the Church to face the situation with a well-defined and courageous programme if the danger is to be averted. It will be necessary for the clergy to re-study this question, and possibly, in some particulars to modify their views; to arrive at a clear understanding about the rights of the individual as against the rights of the community, about the meaning and limitation and indestructibility of private ownership, and about the true attitude of the Church towards the various programmes of reform, most of which are so often indiscriminately and incorrectly labelled Socialism by their supporters and their opponents.

The position of the Pope, at all times a difficult one, was exceptionally delicate and responsible during the war. Unmindful of the charges of partiality or cowardice levelled at him by newspapers and politicians, Benedict XV. pursued his mission of mercy and peace. Wherever it was possible for him, he intervened to relieve suffering or to prevent injustice, and at all times he bore himself amongst the warring factions as be-

came one who was the representative on earth of the Prince of Peace. Catholics throughout the world, whether they sympathise with Germany or France, are at one in their attitude of loyalty to the Pope. They demand that one who has done so much for the promotion of peace, and who by his very position can do so much for the preservation of the new European régime, should be admitted to the Congress that is to settle the future of so many of his subjects. They are at one, too, in desiring that the grave injustice inflicted on the Papacy and the Church by the spoliation of 1870 should be remedied, in spite of secret treaties or Italian hostility. They do not ask for the restoration of the Roman States; they commit themselves to no particular scheme of redress; they require only that the Pope should be consulted, and that some settlement should be arrived at in keeping with his dignity and with the dignity of the world-wide organisation of which he is the supreme ruler.

Possibly never since the religious convulsions of the sixteenth century was the international position of the Pope more clearly recognised on all sides than it was since the outbreak of the war. Governments that had long refused to accredit representatives to the Roman Court displayed extraordinary eagerness to secure representation, and nations that had but recently broken off diplomatic relations with the Vatican showed considerable anxiety to make amends through unofficial channels. One and all, whether Allies, Germans, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgars, they recognised that the Pope is still a mighty sovereign, and that the views of Rome, even on non-religious matters, are not without their influence in the world. In this connection it is interesting to note that, after a diplomatic rupture lasting eight years, Portugal has once again established friendly relations with the Holy See. Last December a counter-revolution was begun, and after a brief struggle the moderate party found themselves in control. Senhor Sidonio Paes was elected President of the Republic by an overwhelming majority of votes. At once he announced that he and his Government stood for a policy of justice and pacification, and for personal, social, and religious freedom. In pursuance of this policy he proclaimed full religious freedom, restored the churches and the seminaries, invited the bishops and exiled Orders to return, and opened up negotiations with the Nuncio at Madrid for a complete reconciliation with Rome. After a short discussion the outstanding difficulties were adjusted, and Monsignor Locatelli was despatched as Nuncio to Lisbon, while Senhor Feliciano de Costa was received by the Pope as the Minister of Portugal.

It is interesting, too, to recall that during the past year the new Republic of China, anxious to make friends and to keep in touch with modern developments in Europe, requested the Pope to agree to an exchange of representatives. The Pope was most anxious to accept this proposal, but unfortunately the Government of France interfered to prevent its realisation. Once before, in 1886, taking its stand on the rights guaranteed to it by the Treaty of Tien-Tsin (1858), France blocked the way against the appointment of a Papal representative at Peking, and now, a second time, it succeeded in bringing to naught the renewed negotiations. By this Treaty France was guaranteed the protectorate of the Christian missionaries in China, and though this privileged position has been shorn of much of its importance in recent years by the claims of other nations to safeguard directly the interests and lives of their own subjects, still sufficient is left to give the French representative at Peking a unique advantage. It was feared that by the appointment of a Nuncio the protectorate would be completely destroyed, nor were the official declarations and explanations of the Holy See considered sufficient to allay this apprehension. Pressure was brought on the Chinese Government to object to the proposed appointment of Monsignor Petrelli, on the ground that he was pro-Austrian, and after some further exchanges, the negotiations were suspended until a more favorable opportunity should arise.

(To be concluded next week.)

Current Topics

Irish Affairs

From a recent Glasgow exchange we take the following passage, which will give us some idea of how sincere England was when she set forth to free small nations:—

TO KEEP DOWN THE IRISH.

Tanks are being sent to Ireland wholesale. Armored motor cars are there by the hundred. Soldiers are being poured into the country. Aeroplanes, artillery, cavalry, and all kinds of modern warlike equipment are being despatched there. We have not heard as to poison gas, and other such devices—yet.

BUT NO DOUBT THESE WILL ALL COME IN GOOD TIME.

For, forget it not, Liberty and Justice and the rights of small nations, and the self-determination of peoples, are things upon which the Huns of this land have set their hearts.

WHERE THE BRITISH FLAG FLIES, LIBERTY IS ASSURED—TO THOSE WHO FLY THE FLAG!

Is it any wonder that the "Diggers," the "Aussies," and the Americans who went to Ireland were always ready to make common cause with Sinn Fein against the British Government? Is it any wonder that the Russians are asking what does England mean to do in the case of Ireland, and that an Indian told an American audience recently that he could speak for his own countrymen in saying that the cause of Irish freedom was the cause of the freedom of the world? It is clear now that the Peace Congress will be a rank failure and that as soon as it is over England shall have to go to war against a small nation unless English politicians either learn or are taught how to keep their pledges. Whatever be the action of the Congress at Paris with regard to Ireland one thing is certain: Sinn Fein will never again submit to slavery worse than the oppression of the Russians under the Czar. And surely, if the people are driven to rebellion by injustice and cruelty that madden them, the Americans who owe so much to Ireland and whom Irishmen helped in a past day to break their own fetters will not tolerate the extermination of a noble people.

Some Notes on the Recent Polling

A writer in a Christchurch paper, feeling aggrieved that Prohibition did not win, expressed himself freely as to the dirty tactics which marked the recent contest. He was quite right. We hold no brief for the Trade, but we cannot help saying that some of the tricks of the other side which came accidentally under our notice could not be described by any milder word than dirty. We met casually more than one person who was an avowed opponent of Prohibition and whose name was struck off the roll, during a brief absence from home, by some impertinent Prohibitionist. A certain person—we almost said gentleman unthinkingly—visited a certain Catholic institution not a hundred miles from Dunedin. He got from the Superior the names of the inmates, leaving her to believe that his object was to have them put on the roll. Later, an opponent of Prohibition asked if they had been enrolled and was assured in all good faith by the too trustful lady that they had. But the person who took their names took very good care that he kept them in his pocket and not one of them was enrolled as a result of his dirty if clever dodge. Undoubtedly the Christchurch writer was right: the contest was dirty; his friends have good reason to hang their heads for shame, if they are capable of feeling shame. It was brought also under our notice that many persons refused to subscribe on Anzac Day in Christchurch because the soldiers voted against Prohibition. There you have the narrow-minded bigotry of the wowsers clearly illustrated. Nobody must

disagree with them. Even the boys who went away to risk their lives for them must not dare differ from them. And in more than one case offensive expressions concerning the soldiers were used by Prohibitionists who were not fit to wipe the soldiers' boots. The soldiers' voting made one thing clear: the virile and sound manhood of the Dominion is against a narrow-minded and tyrannical interference with the just liberty of the individual; the men who went away because they were led to believe they were fighting for the freedom of small nations made it quite manifest that they were going to have no part with those who would by an act of sheer tyranny impose their will on a minority. Emotional women, wowsers, and a small section of honest people who were unfortunate in being in such company were on one side; on the other were the soldiers, and judging from the soldiers' votes, the manhood of the Dominion generally. The fact that the soldiers' vote came late and was published separately is something to be thankful for. It has, as the Australian press observed, thrown a very clear light on the nature of the voting and given heart to those who through thick and thin stood for freedom. Speaking for ourselves, we opposed Prohibition because we deemed it our duty as Catholics to do so, and further because we hold that it is tyranny to curtail rightful liberty by a count of heads. Once again we say that we hold no brief for the Trade and that as we were ready to fight for Continuance now we shall be ready in the future to fight for every reasonable and lawful reform. In reform, wisely and justly promoted, lies the golden mean which we hope to have an opportunity of advocating before long. The Trade is not guiltless; the profiteers are criminal; the people who culpably—and there are such—help to bring misery on some homes are as dangerous as if they were plague-stricken. It has been said that the laws on our Statute Book at present would if rightly enforced go far towards remedying the evil, and we believe there is much truth in the contention. Surely, by upholding the laws the Government could do much to lessen the harmful results of intemperance; surely there is room for greater vigilance on the part of the guardians of the peace, and for exemplary punishment of malefactors. And if such means are tried and found ineffectual there is still the untried remedy of State Control. As Father Keating says in the March issue of *The Month*, "the common Catholic teaching is that total Prohibition is lawful only when necessary to cure a practically universal abuse of alcoholic liquor, or to conserve national resources in a great emergency." As a War Measure it was tried in America; to say that the evil is universal here is unfair and untrue.

P.P.A. Logic

The orators of the P.P. Ass are great friends of ours. We are not joking. When the people who tour the country attacking Catholics are so devoid of reason, so bereft of shame, so far removed from common sense that they drive sensible Protestants to desperation and make honest men protest that they are utterly ashamed of belonging to the same sect as the spouters, they certainly help our cause in the same proportion as they alienate all fair-minded and honest citizens from their own. Still we are told that the P.P.A. lectures are attended by weak-minded bigots and by curious persons whose self-respect is not strong enough to keep them from even remote association with the horsewhipped traducer of the dead. And surely only the very weak-minded could sit out a lecture which has neither reason nor logic to recommend it, of which the sole motive is to stir up sectarian hate among the citizens. Once upon a time it used to be told to such audiences that Catholic schools were inefficient and that they were far behind the State schools; it used to be urged that no aid should be given them even from the taxes of which Catholics are defrauded by the New Zealand Government. But the time soon came when that lie could serve no longer and when it became very evident to everybody who had the average use of reason that our schools were far more efficient than the State

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schools. Even a Minister of Education like ours could not blind himself to that fact, however much he protests that he is blind. The cry for a time has been that the Government must not give any aid to Catholics, and now the motto is that those poor teachers who work for the love of God and who in their poverty have put the pampered State schools to shame, just as their pupils have beaten the State school pupils out of the field in athletics, are blacklegs and scabs because they work for a small pay! "Don't give them a fair pay. Make them starve. Then call them scabs." Such is the argument of persons who should be very good judges of what scabs and scallywags are in truth! A non-Catholic who attended the latest meeting held in this district said to us next day: "The usual crowd was there—admitted by ticket to a coward's lecture. You people need not worry. There are too many decent people in the Dominion for it to be led by a hired mud-slinger who will hang himself if you only give him the rope." That is the proper attitude for us. Let no Catholic go near the meetings even from curiosity. Let nobody take the slightest notice of the wretched hireling's efforts to earn his dirty gold by outraging the law of Christian charity. Our schools will flourish even more than ever because of the attacks and mud-slinging of such tools. Our Church is too big and too great for anyone of us to concern ourselves about what a professional gutter-rake has to say. And when the last word is said the very fact that no more respectable creature than the defamer of a dead woman is the man selected to speak for the P.P. Ass. is the highest compliment that could be paid to us. The justice and the righteousness of our cause are made manifest by the enemies that rage against us. By the *Otago Daily Times*, May 5, we note that the cultured and gentlemanly P.P. Ass. spokesman met with a slight opposition at Port Chalmers. He delivered the same No-Popery tirade as he had poured forth on Dunedinites a few days previously and called for the extermination of Catholic schools. Then the Rev. Mr. Whyte, of Port Chalmers, moved a resolution directly contrary to the "gentleman's," proposing that every encouragement should be given by the Government to the religious teachers who are trying to save the youth of the country. Mr. Whyte's attitude is a sign that the serious and thinking members of the Protestant Churches recognise the need for schools in which the eternal principles of God's Law are taught. It is also a sign that the few uneducated and irresponsible clergymen who stand side by side with the hired lecturer are in opposition to the spirit of their Churches and people. We wonder how many more parsons will have the courage of their conviction to imitate Mr. Whyte.

Irish Congress in America

American papers just to hand tell us of the greatest hosting of the Gael ever yet known on earth. In all the big American cities the Irish people and their friends assembled in thousands to express their determination that the oppression of Ireland must end for ever. The meeting at Philadelphia was specially notable for the fact that the resolution was put by the venerable Cardinal Gibbons, who came before the immense concourse of free citizens to demand freedom for the land of his fathers, which, after this war, alleged to have been waged on behalf of small nations, still quivers in the grasp of a tyrant. Eminent men of Church and State spoke to the resolution. Remarkable addresses were delivered by Archbishop Dougherty of Philadelphia, Archbishop Mesmer of Milwaukee, Bishop Shahan of the Catholic University, Bishop Gallagher of Detroit, Bishop Carroll of Helena, Bishop McDevitt of Harrisburg, Bishop Allen of Mobile. Jewish Rabbis, Protestant clergymen, distinguished Federal State and city officials also took part in the demonstration. Delegates attended from every State and from Canada, one and all firm in their intention to secure for Ireland the right of freedom for which America's men fought. The following was the resolution read by Cardinal Gibbons:—

"The condition of Ireland, which is the direct result of the deliberate action of the English Government, is an international scandal and a constant menace to the world's peace. So long as England holds Ireland by military force and denies her right to self-government, the Irish people will continue to assert their rights by every means in their power. A state of war exists between England and Ireland, which in the interests of the peace of the world, the Peace Conference cannot ignore, and President Wilson's great task of establishing permanent peace will not be completed until the Irish question is settled on the principle of self-determination, to which he has unequivocally committed himself and the United States in behalf of all small nations of the world."

This resolution is but an echo of others passed, not by Irish meetings, but by the State Parliaments and by Congress, all calling on the Head of the American Government to vindicate before the world the honor of America which pledged herself to make the world secure for all small nations no matter whose selfish interests are crossed. And surely in the face of such a mandate we cannot doubt that Mr. Wilson will bring the British Huns to heel just as he did the Prussian Junkers. England to-day stands for Prussianism in the world. Her plutocrats and her bigots are the last menace to freedom and to the rights of man. America is determined that no special treatment shall be accorded a malefactor and an enemy to the world's peace that had grown hoary in crime before the Hohenzollerns ever darkened the political horizon of Europe. It may be bad for Ireland in the days to come if England leaves the Conference without having the Irish question settled, but it is not hard to see that the consequences for England may be even worse. One thing is certain, there can be no friendship between America and England until Ireland is safe, and there may easily be open enmity. The Huns are stupid, but to risk that is a degree of stupidity that even they might be expected to avoid. In conclusion we quote the powerful words of prayer which Archbishop Dougherty recited at the meeting:

We beseech Thee, Almighty God, to shed light on our minds, that we may see the path of right; and to strengthen our wills that we may follow it.

Gathered together in behalf of a downtrodden nation, we implore Thy blessing upon its children; both upon that remnant of them still dwelling on their native soil: and upon those countless others, scattered over the face of the earth, whose hearts cling to the land of their birth or home of their forefathers.

What people have served Thee as the Irish Race?

In the day of Ireland's prosperity and pre-eminence in learning and holiness, her missionaries carried the light of Thy Gospel over Europe, from the highlands of Scotland to the plains of Lombardy. The pick of her youth peopled Thy holy places in lives of self-effacement.

During the centuries of persecution the flower of her children emptied their veins of their blood as martyrs of Religion. Others were ruthlessly cast forth from their homes and the choice lands of their country were parcelled out to their foes.

The boon of education was forbidden them and then they were mocked by their oppressors as ignorant and uncultured.

Like wolves their priests were hunted down in the fastnesses of the mountains, and a felon's price was set on their heads.

Laws, penalising them with racks and ropes, were enacted to terrorise and crush them.

The bread was taken from the mouths of Irish children and their strong men died of starvation by the roadside.

The roof was pulled down from over the heads of their aged by the myrmidons of absentee landlords.

Combined tyranny and want drove them in myriads to the four corners of the earth.

But wherever they have roamed as outcasts, they have witnessed to Thy Faith; and out of the savings of

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their sweat and toil they have dotted the surface of the globe with temples to Thee.

How long, O Lord, is Ireland to suffer! For centuries she has been nearest to the cross of Thy crucified Son. We pray that having, like Him, been fixed to the wood of the cross, like Him also she may be raised by Thee from the dead. Amen.

RIGHT CONTROL OF INDUSTRY BY DEMOCRACY

(By ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD.)

Any well-informed student of the industrial state of the world may safely affirm that, as long as what is fitly called the *Servile State* prevails, namely, the régime under which the masses of the people possess little else than their labor-power, while a few powerful employers concentrate in their hands the ownership of the instruments of production, no industrial peace is possible. Such a system precludes any democratic peace, no matter how much wages are increased or hours shortened. Nor are democratic forms of Government a satisfactory solution. Because it easily happens that, while the Constitution is becoming more and more democratic—as in England just before the war the legislature, under the guise of "social reform," tends to mark off all wage-earners as a definitely servile class. So we are assured by Cardinal Bourne. But against such conditions a violent reaction existed in England even prior to the great war.

To gain correct ideas, from the Christian standpoint, about desirable democratic control of industry, it is essential to distinguish different kinds of productive property. Many among the Syndicalists and Socialists make a great mistake in overlooking the complexity of modern social problems. One must beware of panaceas warranted to cure all evils—their sole credential is their seductive optimism.

The first kind of productive property in need of democratic control is undoubtedly the public-service utilities. No solid objection can be found, either in sound reason or Christian faith, to putting the public-service utilities under municipal or national ownership, provided it can be proved that such a transference from private ownership makes for the common good, and that proper compensation is offered to private owners. It is a fact of experience that public ownership has, in certain conditions and places, been a great advantage, while, in other conditions, such ownership has been financially disastrous.

So it has also been with natural monopolies. They are open to public or private ownership and management, according as the general welfare may in a given case require. One fails to see what valid ground for complaint any private owner of public-service utilities

or of natural monopolies can have, if, after due compensation to him, his business is absorbed by the city or the State. Evidently the only consideration that ought to weigh with any public authorities, in such transactions, is the reasonable conviction that they are promoters thereby of the common good. With this proviso such action has not a shadow of Socialism.

But such transference of ownership requires great circumspection. One undeniable fact must never be overlooked, namely, that apart from all advantages which may arise from increased centralisation, public management involves generally increased expenditure. Under equal conditions, great advantages result from private owners, at less cost, than is possible under public ownership. Yet, spite of this fact, it may sometimes happen that the elimination of the enormous profits reaped at the public expense by private capitalists, will still leave a substantial gain to the people. Another drawback here is the power given to politicians, who may prove in unscrupulousness more than a match for the most criminal profiteers. The question, accordingly, requires most careful consideration, in each single instance, to see whether a strict and complete government control may not be more advantageous than public ownership. Prudence suggests that, before nationalisation is called in, private ownership shall always have a previous trial. It may also be laid down, as a general and safe rule, that the less an industry partakes of the nature of a public-service utility, the greater is the likelihood that private ownership in it is preferable, as being more conducive to the common good. Similarly where public ownership is not desirable, government control and supervision will be more or less necessary according as the industry is nearer to or farther from the nature of a public-service utility. It seems that industries which have not the character of public-service utilities would sufficiently protect the wage-owners and the consumers from exploitation, if a graduated tax on the profits of large-scale concerns were levied, so that the fullest measure of liberty would be left to those smaller concerns which, to the general benefit of the public, are achieving for themselves a moderate prosperity under the stimulus of private enterprise.

But there is one form of public ownership against which all those who have at heart the welfare of their fellow-men should combine with all their might, although there is a wide agitation in its favor, namely, the universal nationalisation of the land. Than this there could not be a more disastrous social error. If, in the whole range of economic science, there is any one thing certain, it is that the land should, so far as possible, be owned by the men who till it, and not controlled by the Socialistic Co-operative Commonwealth, a State monopoly, or any other form of government absolutism. This is the one instance purposely



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selected by Leo XIII. to urge the widest reasonable distribution of private ownership among the people. What crying injustice and public crime it would be to alienate for public ownership the land cultivated by the hardened hands and moistened with the sweat of the farmer! Let voluntary co-operation produce the utmost results, but not land-nationalisation. Pope Leo XIII. deserves the endless praise of all good men for his noble defence of the toiler. "We are told that it is right for private persons to have the use of the soil and the fruit of the land, but that it is unjust for anyone to possess, as owner, either the land on which he has built or the estate which he has cultivated." The modern argument could not be more fairly stated, and the Pontiff proceeds to expose its fallacy. "Those who assert this do not perceive that they are robbing man of what his own labor has produced. For the soil which is tilled and cultivated with toil and skill merely changes its condition: it was wild before, it is now fruitful; it was barren, and now it brings forth in abundance. That which has thus altered and improved it becomes so truly part of itself as to be in great measure indistinguishable and inseparable from it. Is it just the fruit of a man's sweat and labor should be enjoyed by another? As effects follow their cause, so it is just and right that the results of labor should belong to him who has labored." (*The Condition of Labor.*)

Not content with advocating the nationalisation of the land, Socialism extends its demands still further. It clamors for the public ownership and management of the means of production in every line. But in its impotent and vague attempt to vest this public ownership and management in the entire commonwealth, it fails, more egregiously than Capitalism had done, to answer man's natural desire for private ownership. Socialism lacks the profound understanding of human nature which Christianity possesses, and hence it is opposed to the entire Christian tradition and teaching.

No doubt—and here there is a large promise of agreement between certain moderate Socialists and Christian tradition—public ownership of public utilities or of certain natural monopolies, is, under proper conditions, highly advisable; yet the great bulk of the productive property within a nation ought to be privately owned, for the reasons already adduced. The main problem is to ascertain how private ownership can be most widely distributed among the people.

What would happen under Socialism? The consciousness which, under that system, the laborer would have that his means of livelihood belonged to everybody in common, would not satisfy his instinct for ownership, nor would it stimulate his energy. Hence production would lag and its cost would rise. He would see all avenues to economic betterment closed against him; because strikes would be considered the mutiny of labor. Hence revolution and counter-revolution would make dire and monotonous history, until the last state would be worse than the first. Socialism would introduce not democratic, but bureaucratic control of industry.

A great truth, no doubt, underlies the Socialist contention, namely that wastage, both in production and distribution, can be prevented by centralisation. Of this Christianity takes full account in accepting government ownership and control, whenever it can serve the common good. But it is equally true that you can readily have over-centralisation, which will interfere with private rights and individual liberty, and, what is worse, will lead to confusion, to bureaucratic tyranny and deadly retardation of production even in the most essential necessities of life. Christianity fully perceives and values the elementary truths contained in Socialism—pernicious error though it be as a whole—but those truths are merely its own principles seen through a distorted lens. Whatever is truly best and most progressive in modern social doctrine was put into practice by Christianity more than four centuries ago, and Catholic sociologists are alike amused and irritated to hear these commonplace of Christian tradition palmed off as modern discoveries.

What is good in Socialism is Christian. The rest is pernicious error. However, it would be a mistake to consider public ownership as the chief means—as some wrongly imagine—to attain just democratic control of industry. Co-operation is the man's field for this achievement. There is a wide and almost interminable province of co-operative enterprise lying between public-service utilities or such great monopolies as closely approximate to them, and industrial undertakings which of their very nature call for individual management, as the essential factor of success. But this would require extensive treatment in another article.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"RATIONALIST" (Waitati).—We hold over your queries re Catholic schools in order to make exact inquiry.
B. D. (Wellington).—Please don't write to us as if we were experts. But if you will ask for information concerning the genealogical trees of quadrupeds we suppose your patronage of the *Tablet* entitles you to an answer. The data of the case are as follows:

Punka—Cooltrin—Gallinaria—Gallinule
Desert Gold—All Black—Gallinule.

You can do the rest of the calculation for yourself. The problem is what relation is a great-grand-child to a grand-child when in collateral descent.

E. M. H.—Johnson was certainly one of the greatest figures of his age, but it is hard to assign him a definite place in the Temple of Fame. He owes so much to Boswell and to his friends of White's Coffee House that at this distance to get his true perspective is almost impossible. Burke, who was certainly just before all things, thought that Johnson was greater as a causeur than as a writer, and no doubt as a writer he has acquired a certain amount of false fame which really was due to his conversational powers. There will always be many to admire him, but as time goes on their number will decrease, for the trend of English prose is directly away from Johnson's model. As for us, we believe that without Boswell's *Life* and the admiration of the really brilliant coterie in which he moved his reputation as a writer would stand far lower than it does to-day.

"JUVENNA."—Patrick McGill wrote half a dozen books, as far as we can remember. His first was his best—*The Children of the Dead End*. In the *Rat Pit* he told the same tale from a different point of view. Two war books, *The Red Horizon* and *The Great Push* were successful. They were followed by a book of ballads, which he called *Soldiers' Songs*—nothing very startling in them. Then came another effort to tell his one story in a third way. It was vile and dirty. A poor book called *The Diggers* has since appeared. He ought to have died when he had written his first book.

J. J. F. (Hastings).—Thanks for your letter. Will write soon. I think your friend will score.

"GAEL."—There are hundreds of Gaelic words that clearly suggest the French. For instance the popular term among the Irish peasants for a boy is "gorsoon," which is almost identical with "garçon." Albion—the French name for England (whose proper adjective is also very Irish)—is practically the same as the Irish words for the White Cliffs. Monsignor O'Leary used to pronounce them *Ale bawn*. "Gars" and "gosse" are familiar terms. The latter might be rendered as "brat."

W. W. H.—You can take it as absolutely certain that many Protestants voted Prohibition for the precise reason that they were told it was a blow aimed at the Papists. It was, too. We know of a few decent Protestants who voted against Prohibition exactly because they saw the black, dirty bigotry behind the movement. Although a few sincere

Catholics did support it they did not realise what they were doing. Emphatically Prohibition is against the practice and example of Christ, who not only drank wine but made it for others to drink.

F. W.—We do not deny and never wished to that our paper is predominantly Irish. Did we not say that it could not be otherwise if true to its founder? What we do deny is that it is exclusively Irish. Reflect for a moment in how short a time we should starve if it were not for the Irish supporters. Do you think we are going to forget them? You are mistaken as to our corrections having had no effect in a certain quarter. We could easily convince you that they had a very surprising effect and that it has been remarked by many. Cathal Brugha was recently prosecuted for giving his name in Irish. The Irish papers taunted Lloyd George with the fact, recalling his late statement that the Irish had no language of their own. Cathal Brugha is the Sinn Fein M.P. for West Waterford. Don't you think there is such a think as a duty to truth, even if one's efforts reap no actual reward. To think so is Irish at any rate. I think you would find a pamphlet by Stephen Gwynne (a Protestant Nationalist) useful. It is, I believe, published by the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*. From their office you could obtain many useful leaflets by various members of the old Nationalist Party. Thanks for your letter and its kindly criticism. It is no harm to agree to differ on some things.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

May 2.

On Anzac Day, the Requiem Mass for our deceased soldiers was very largely attended. Father (late Chaplain) A. McDonald, S.M., addressed the congregation, telling the story we have heard so often but of which we never weary and which will never lose its wonder, especially when it comes from one who was with our men for so long in their life in the desert, and who closed the eyes of so many of the dear departed.

The garden party in aid of the new chapel fund was held at the convent grounds, St. John's Hill, on Friday and Saturday of last week, the first day being all sunshine and color and the second dull and watery-looking. The pretty lawn at the back of the convent was used for the maypole and the many fancy drills done by the girls. Also, room was found for a fancy and sweets stall, a cake and cool drinks stall, numerous bran-tubs and dips, and a large afternoon tea marquee. Among those working busily at the stalls and in the tent were Mesdames Morton, Rogers, Collins, O'Meara, Craig, Bond, Sussmilch, Miss Clark, and a number of assistants too busy even to tell their names. Undoubtedly, the fact that the garden party came on Anzac Day made a great difference to the attendance, as many who had intended to go up the hill after the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the Returned Soldiers' Clubhouse, found themselves unable to do so. However, the sum of £170 was taken on the grounds, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the outing.

The annual football match between the Wellington Marist Brothers' Old Boys and our Wanganui ones was held at Easter time. The Wellington team arrived on Good Friday, and were met by Mr. C. Morgan, president of the local Old Boys' Club, and some of the members, and were taken off to their various billets. On Saturday afternoon the match was played at the Rec', Wanganui winning by 10 to 3. The teams consisted of (Wellington) Deeley, Hayden, O'Sullivan, Lennan, McCleary, Corby, Daley, McMurtrie, Hannaford, Watson, Donovan, Harvey, Boyd, Boylan, and

Fouhy; (Wanganui) Quirk (2), Crotty, Corliss, Hogan, Briggs, Tuffin, Tait, Summers, Greener, Mutu, Connop, O'Shannasse, Rang, and Molan. Tries were scored for Wellington by Deeley, and for Wanganui by Summers and Crotty. At night the annual smoke concert was held at the Fire Brigade Hall, all the boys turning up in full strength. Toasts were honored and much merriment indulged in. The Brothers were the guests of the boys. On Easter Sunday there was a picnic up-river, which made a pleasant day's outing. Monday was used up in sight-seeing, and Tuesday found the visitors on their way home to Wellington. These fixtures between Wellington and Wanganui are a source of great pleasure. This was the third, the home team having won all three matches. They are looking forward to the "return" in August, and only wish more fixtures could be arranged with other centres. Wanganui has room in its heart for old boys from many other places, and there is not much difficulty in arranging for billets among our own people. The old boys' dance takes place on May 28, and the enthusiasts are getting busy.

The death occurred recently at Hawera of Mrs. Jeffries, youngest daughter of Mr. D. Ball, of our congregation. The circumstances surrounding the death were extremely sad, as the fatal attack was quite sudden, and there are five little children left with a sorrowing husband.—R.I.P.

Also died about the same time, Mrs. Carroll, Sargent Street, well-known here. Mrs. Carroll's death, although not sudden, came after a very short illness from which nothing serious had been expected. Mr. Carroll is left with a grown-up daughter and son, and a younger girl.—R.I.P.

Waipawa

This part of Hawke's Bay is in the grip of a severe drought, and there is a great scarcity of food for animals. The prospect for the winter is not reassuring for stockowners.

Waipawa has recently lost a splendid type of citizen in the death of Mr. Stephen McGreevy, sen. Mrs. A. V. Collins, of Otane, has also gone to her reward, after a short illness, to the great sorrow of her husband and family. The deceased lady was a sister of the late Mr. J. D. McDonald, of Levin, and was very highly respected.—R.I.P.

OBITUARY

MR. STEPHEN MCGREEVY, WAIPAWA.

Waipawa, and indeed Hawke's Bay, has lost one of its most useful and best known citizens in the person of Mr. Stephen McGreevy, whose death occurred on April 1 after a short illness (writes an esteemed correspondent). The late Mr. McGreevy was a native of Roscommon, Ireland, and he arrived in Napier about 60 years ago. After being engaged in the carrying business for many years he took up a nice farm near Waipawa, which he successfully managed until a couple of years ago, he handed it over to his son, Mr. S. McGreevy, jun. Mr. McGreevy brought out his parents and many relations to Waipawa. In the early days especially, and during his whole life, he was always the generous friend of the priest and the Church. Surrounded by his seven sons, his daughter (Mrs. D. Moroney), and many relatives, his last moments were most edifying. Many fellow-Irishmen and a great concourse of the public attended the funeral, the last rites of which were performed by the Rev. Father T. Cahill.—R.I.P.

He who courageously resists his passions, will be able to make of them instruments of virtue.—St. Gregory the Great.

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to do is to try it for yourself, and you will be convinced that there is nothing better. We

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you to purchase a small bottle, and we know that your verdict will be that it

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instantly relieves all Neuralgic Pains, violent raging Toothache, Cold in the Head, Headache, Earache, Catarrh of the Nose, etc. etc.

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PRAYER FOR IRELAND.

The most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin, Archbishop of Tuam, says in his Lenten Pastoral: We have to congratulate you all on the peace and good order that under provoking circumstances exist in the community. As you know, we have, acting on the Pope's instructions, ordered public prayers for a just and speedy peace. In these and other fervent prayers let the needs of our own dear country not be forgotten. Though we may differ in the details of politics we are all united in the prayer that the wrongs of Ireland will soon be righted. We rejoice that to-day she stands knocking at the gates of liberty, not as a beggar, but as a nation, old in centuries, young in her manhood, strong in the justice of her claims, and calm in the hope that truth must prevail in the end.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Sullivan, Bishop of Kerry, says: Throughout her chequered history there has perhaps been no more critical hour in the public affairs of our country than the present. On every side we hear expressions of anxiety, and of hope, alternating with fear as to what the immediate future will bring. In this momentous crisis, with its tremendous possibilities, it is our duty to raise our voices in humble supplication to God, invoking the protection of His Divine Providence for our country in earnest fervent prayer, always praying through her, who in the darkest hours of trial and persecution was ever the protectress of our forefathers. The Bishop, who addresses the faithful of the diocese for the first time, concludes by requesting prayers for himself.

“Come unto Me all you who labor and are heavily burdened.” These are His own words. His invitation is not to the rich and the care-free, but to all who know what daily, unremitting toil is; who know what worry is; who know what sorrow is; who know what it is to be friendless and forsaken.

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The special Anataform Teeth used with our plate-work are built on Nature's Model.

This ensures “naturalness” — pearly-white, even teeth altogether superior to the obviously artificial teeth, which only too often mar an otherwise handsome face.

But it is not merely in appearance that our Anataform Teeth vie with Nature's. They are sound, strong teeth—strong enough for a lifetime's service, perfect in shape and colour.

The plate is moulded to conform to every line and modulation of the mouth. It will fit precisely and last many years.

Let me supply you with a comfortable, perfect-fitting, well-matched set of teeth. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

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N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

CHRISTCHURCH DIOCESAN COUNCIL.

The Christchurch Diocesan Executive met on April 29 at St. Mary's Presbytery, the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., presiding, and there was a good attendance of members. Fathers Aubry, S.M. (Greymouth) and Bonetto (late of Akaroa) were present, and received a warm welcome, the chairman eulogising their good work and enthusiasm in the cause of Federation, and of the great success that had attended their efforts in their parishes. In replying, Father Aubry stated he was much indebted to the Very Rev. Dean Hyland and Mr. J. E. Doolan for addresses delivered in the parish, and also to the local officers, and he assured the meeting that the membership would be considerably increased in the near future. Father Bonetto also replied, and paid a warm tribute to the memory of the late Private Michael Daly, who as secretary of the parish committee was the mainspring of the Federation for many years. Correspondence was received from the general secretary regarding the business transacted at the Dominion Council and Executive meetings, and the secretary was instructed to get further information on several questions. Satisfaction was expressed that an Educational Policy was in course of preparation, and that arrangements were being made to hold a conference of our secondary school teachers in Wellington about the middle of May to arrange a uniform system of examination in connection with the Federation scholarships. Very satisfactory returns were received from Temuka, Pleasant Point, St. Mary's, Fairlie, Ross, and Greymouth branches, and the secretary was instructed to communicate with the remaining branches, urging on them a more prompt compliance with the rules and the wishes of their executive. Messrs. W. and J. R. Hayward were elected as the Federation representatives on the board of management of the girls' hostel. A lengthy discussion ensued on the best means to adopt in visiting the outlying parishes and placing the scholarship proposals before our people, and it was decided to visit as many as possible about the end of May.

GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION.

The golden jubilee of the Mother Superior of St. Mary's Convent, M.M. Mechtildes Boland, was celebrated on Wednesday, April 23. There was Solemn High Mass in the convent chapel, Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., being celebrant, and Very Rev. J. A. O'Connell, S.M., and Rev. Father J. Long, deacon and subdeacon respectively. His Lordship Bishop Brodie delivered an address appropriate to the occasion. Afterwards the Bishop and clergy were entertained to lunch in the convent. At 3 p.m. there was a reunion of past and present pupils of the Sisters, when the following programme was submitted: Jubilee chorus, pupils; address, Miss M. McManaway; vocal solo, "The Crown," Miss L. Kilbridge; selection, "Au Fait," orchestra; recitation, "The Mill Wheel," Miss D. Shaw; piano solo, "Liebestraum," Miss E. Forman; glee, "Hail, Smiling Morn," senior pupils; vocal solo, Mrs. F. O'Brien; selection, orchestra; vocal solo, Miss S. Murray; selection, "Believe Me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms," orchestra. Mrs. Middleton was accompanist. During the concert, Miss H. Card, lady mayoress of Featherston, presented the jubilarian with a cheque from the old pupils residing in the North Island. Amongst the clergy at one or more of the functions were Very Rev. Dean Hyland, Fathers Morkane (Mosgiel), O'Connell (Wanganui), Price, Graham, Cooney, Hanrahan, Long, Murphy, Seymour, O'Boyle, and Roche.

In the evening Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament brought the day's celebrations to a happy conclusion.

The jubilarian was the recipient of numerous gifts and congratulatory telegrams from her many friends throughout the Dominion.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

May 1.

Universal regret was expressed and much concern felt in the city last week when it became known that his Lordship Bishop Cleary was lying seriously ill at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital. For two days his condition was critical, but it is gratifying to report that at time of writing his Lordship's health was rapidly improving, and it is hoped he will be able to leave hospital within a few days.

Father Forde, erstwhile parish priest at Taumarunui, took up his duties as Administrator of the Cathedral parish from to-day.

Father Brennan, late Administrator, proceeds shortly to assume the charge of the parish of Takapuna.

Father Whelan, C.S.S.R., is at present conducting a retreat for the boys at Takapuna Orphanage. Last week Father Whelan gave a retreat to the students at Sacred Heart College.

On Saturday next, a garden fete will be held in the grounds of St. Joseph's School, Grey Lynn, in aid of the school funds.

The biennial local bodies election created considerable interest in the city on Wednesday last. For the City Council, there were 50 candidates in the field for 21 seats. The majority of the old councillors were returned, and Labor, for the first time, will be officially represented by three members. It is pleasing to report that our esteemed friend, Mr. P. J. Nerheny, still retains the confidence of the citizens, whom he has so worthily represented for many years in various capacities, being returned with handsome majorities to both the City Council and Hospital and Charitable Aid Board.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

May 5.

The fortnightly meeting of the Celtic Club was held on April 29, in the Hibornian Hall. Mr. J. Curry presided, and there was a good attendance of members. Father Fogarty was among those present. With reference to the projected bazaar in aid of the Cathedral schools' building fund, which the club had been asked to support, Misses C. O'Connor, G. Baker, Messrs. A. F. Jarman and J. Curry were appointed to attend the next meeting of the bazaar committee. Mr. Jarman (secretary) reported that £18 10s 4d was the net result of the club's recent dramatic performance. Two new members were elected and two candidates nominated.

The ordinary meeting of St. Mary's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society was held on Monday evening, April 28, at Ozanam Lodge. Bro. A. F. Roche, B.P., presided. The chaplain (Father Roche) was present, and there was a good attendance of members. Two members were initiated and two nominations were received. For the first time in the history of the branch a funeral grant of £20 was passed for payment. A letter from Dr. Ardagh, notifying his homecoming, and tendering good wishes to the branch, was received with pleasure. At the conclusion of the business a programme of impromptu speeches was indulged in and proved interesting and entertaining. Father Roche acted as chairman for this part of the meeting.

A most successful mission has been conducted at Rangiora by Father Kilbride, C.S.S.R. At its conclusion his Lordship the Bishop on last Sunday administered the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Every evening during the month of May there are special devotions in honor of our Lady at the Cathedral, and also at St. Mary's. On last Sunday evening the discourses were on that beautiful devotion, Father Murphy occupying the pulpit at the Cathedral and

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Gold and Silver Wristlet Watches, All Guaranteed.

Father Gondringer, S.M., at St. Mary's, where the statue of the Blessed Virgin was carried in procession round the church.

The Sisters of the Missions, Lower High Street, have received word that one of their teachers who sat for the University examination last November was successful in securing her first section B.A.; the subjects taken being French, history, and education.

For the purpose of raising funds towards the Papanui Catholic Church Building Fund, a garden fair was held in St. Mary's Presbytery grounds, Manchester Street, on a recent Friday and Saturday. Ideal weather was enjoyed and liberal patronage bestowed, with a result that the fair was highly successful. The various attractions found in the several marquees dotted over the grounds were all centres of activity, and on Friday and Saturday nights, when the lighting arrangements lent additional gaiety to the scene, the fair presented an animated appearance everywhere. The stallholders were:—St. Mary's Stall—Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Evans. Sweets Stall—Children of Mary. Art Stall—Mrs. Rooney and Mrs. Sissou. Produce Stall—Mrs. Heapsby, Miss O'Connor, and Mrs. Boloski. Variety Stall—Mrs. Prendergast. The boys of the Marist Brothers' School gave several exhibitions of physical drill and fancy dancing was done by bands of school children trained by Miss Adams. Dr. Thacker was judge of the baby show, which caused considerable interest.

There was a crowded congregation at the Cathedral on the occasion of a Solemn Requiem for the repose of the soul of the late Thomas O'Connell, of the N.Z. Engineers, who died at sea in the hospital ship Maheno on April 15. The celebrant was the Very Rev. John A. O'Connell, S.M., Wanganui, and the deacon and subdeacon were the Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., and Father Murphy respectively. Amongst the clergy present were the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, Fathers Fogarty, Seward, Seymour Long, and Roche. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Hiscocks, sang the music of the Requiem Mass. Mr. H. Hiscocks presided at the organ, and after the Mass played the "Dead March" from "Saul" as a token of respect to the memory of the deceased, who was for many years a member of the Cathedral choir. The deceased was the youngest member of the much respected O'Connell family of this city, and the first lost by death. In a letter of sympathy to deceased's brother (Father J. A. O'Connell) Father Bleakly, chaplain on the hospital ship Maheno, wrote: "He had many friends; to all alike he was ever pleasant and cheerful. Nurses, doctors, and fellow-patients all liked him, but we couldn't save him. A more devout, manly Catholic I've never met in khaki."

Napier

There passed away recently at Mittagong, N.S. Wales, the Rev. Brother Papiuini, who was the founder and first director of the Marist Brothers' School in Napier (writes a correspondent). He will probably be better remembered under the name of Brother John by the boys who attended the school between the years 1878 and 1883. In the latter year, owing to ill health, he was recalled to Sydney, where he labored zealously up to the time of his peaceful and happy death. He was of a most gentle and retiring disposition, and passed his long life doing good quietly and modestly. He died on March 12 at the age of 81 years. R.I.P.

All children ere they hie to play
Upon a raw, cold winter's day,
Should don warm clothes, from hat to hose,
To guard their lungs from bronchial woes;
And when to bed they beat retreat,
To make precaution quite complete,
Last thing each one should have, be sure
A dose of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

CHRISTCHURCH CATHOLIC GIRLS' HOSTEL

(From our own correspondent.)

The fourth annual meeting of the Catholic Girls' Hostel and Club was held on Sunday afternoon, May 4, Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., presiding. Among those present were Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., Mrs. G. Harper (president), Mrs. S. J. Barrett (vice-president), Messrs. T. Cahill, W. Hayward, and J. McNamara. Dean Regnault apologised for the unavoidable absence of his Lordship Dr. Brodie, and Mr. F. J. Doolan, diocesan secretary of the Catholic Federation.

The following report was read by Mr. W. Hayward:—This past year has been a very successful one in every way, the new Hostel, after a full working year, having fully justified its purchase. On April 6, 1918, a garden fete was held in the hostel grounds, and proved to be a great success, the large sum of £270 being realised, enabling the purchase of new furniture which the larger hostel necessitated. In the club room a book afternoon was held on April 10. There were about 70 ladies present, an enjoyable musical programme was given, after which afternoon tea was served; with the result that 122 new books were added to the club's library. Sincere thanks are recorded to the donors. During the year there have been 20 permanent boarders, and 250 visitors have stayed for varying periods. Unfortunately accommodation had to be refused to 30 visitors during the Easter holidays, owing to lack of room, this speaks volumes for the popularity of the hostel. The board of management and ladies' committee have held regular meetings, which have been well attended. Thanks are expressed to many kind friends for various donations, and especially to his Lordship the Bishop for his donation of pictures, and for the kindly interest he has shown throughout the year. The committee again wish to place on record its thanks and appreciation of the generous efforts of the matron in carrying on the work for which the hostel was established. Under her guiding hand, the year has been a very prosperous one, and the balance sheet shows a small credit on the year's work. The committee regret that the number of financial honorary members becomes less each year, only 26 being recorded for the year just closed. This is unfortunate, as it indicates loss of interest in the work, and reduces the hostel's income. An appeal is again made to all well-wishers to become honorary members; which entails a donation of 10s 6d each year. The committee think this report would be incomplete, were it not to record its thanks and appreciation to the retiring secretary and treasurer, Miss Winnie Harrington, for the very excellent work, she has done on behalf of the hostel and club.

The statement of accounts shows an accumulated fund (including £240 10s 1d from last year) of £527 14s 7d. The income from all sources for the year ended March 31, 1919; amounted to £1216 6s 6d; expenditure, etc., £929 2s; balance to accumulated fund, £287 4s 6d.

In moving the adoption of the report and balance sheet, Dean Regnault congratulated the committee on the fine state of the institution. Its success, he said, was assured. Any misgivings they may have had 12 months previously had been totally dispelled, and he was quite in accord with the report as read.

Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, in supporting the motion, was pleased to acknowledge the fine support accorded the hostel from town and country. The balance sheet showed economy and careful management.

Mr. W. Hayward spoke on the various aspects of the financial responsibilities of the institute, and urged the importance of promoting functions that would be a means of reducing the capital debt. It was his wish (he said) to see as soon as possible the building and site free of financial encumbrance.

The election of office-bearers resulted as follows:—President, Mrs. G. Harper; vice-president, Mrs. Walter Clifford; secretary pro tem, Miss W. Harrington; com-

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mittee, Mesdames Barrett, Prendergast, Cotter, W. Hayward, Watson, Kingan, Blackaby, F. J. Doolan, and Miss M. Harrington.

The secretary (Miss W. Harrington), who in the course of a couple of months is giving up office, was made the recipient of a cheque in recognition of her valuable services. Mrs. Harper, on behalf of the management, requested Dean Regnault to make this presentation and in doing so the president eulogised Miss Harrington, and wished her a happy future. The Girls' Club Report and Balance Sheet was then presented, and disclosed very satisfactory positions.

The membership was 129 and through the club's efforts £74 had been raised at the garden fete, they had assisted at for the benefit of Mt. Magdala, and for Nazareth House. The members had also paid for a piano for their own use, and still had a balance to their credit of £6 2s 7d. Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, in referring to the balance sheet thanked the girls for their active interest in parochial works, and congratulated the secretary (Miss Minnie O'Connor) on her devotion and energy.

Mr. J. McNamara, speaking in support of Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy's remarks, emphasised the fact that the club's activity in this regard had far-reaching effects, and enabled the members to come in contact with hundreds of girls in and around the city. He commended the club work in a very special manner to the house committee. Dean Regnault also spoke on the great scope for moral good that lay open to the club portion of the institution.

Miss M. O'Connor was re-elected secretary, and the following ladies a committee: Misses Celia O'Connor, B. Foley, A. Ryan, C. Mullins, Hilda and Vera Harrington, Connie O'Connor, J. Gregan, K. Cronin, and Dransfield.

Mrs. G. Harper moved a vote of thanks to Very Rev. Dean Regnault, and Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, which was carried by acclamation.

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

May 3.

The Rev. Brother Bowler, Superior of the Christian Brothers, Dunedin, was in Wellington this week, and had a conference with the members of the Dominion Executive on matters connected with the Federation scholarship proposals.

In a letter recently to hand from Chaplain-Father Segrief, acknowledging a remittance, through the Field Service Fund, of £40 from the Catholics of Palmerston North, he says: "These grants of money have been of the greatest possible service to the chaplains, who, by means of them have been able to provide many comforts for the lads, and also to relieve many cases of distress."

A most successful bazaar and sale of work was opened last Wednesday by his Grace Archbishop Redwood, in the Sydney Street, Schoolroom. The function was organised by a strong committee under the direction of Father Smyth, S.M., Adm., and the proceeds are to be devoted to the suburban portions of the Thorndon parish. Considerable excitement is occasioned each evening by the tug-of-war competitions, for which 16 entries have been received.

A very successful mission is being conducted by Fathers J. E. Ainsworth and T. J. McCarthy, Marist Missioners, at St. Joseph's Church, Buckle Street. The spacious church is altogether too small to accommodate those who are anxious to attend. Every night, seats in the sanctuary, and in the choir and aisles, have to be provided. The early Masses are also well attended, and the number of communicants is rapidly increasing as the mission proceeds. This, in itself, is the greatest tribute to the work of the missioners. In this church congregational singing is encouraged and the large congregations taking part, aided by the Marist Brothers' Choir, make the services most devotional.

This month, there will be a conference of the Superiors of the N.Z. Catholic boys' secondary schools and colleges at which matters in connection with the Catholic Federation Scholarship proposals will be discussed. The Federation is financing the scheme, but it is for the heads of the schools to come to the necessary arrangements regarding the examinations to be conducted. The Catholic colleges affected will be St. Patrick's College, Wellington; Sacred Heart College, Auckland; Holy Cross College, Mosgiel; St. Bede's College, Christchurch; Christian Brothers' Collegiate, Dunedin.

The Thomas Moore Anniversary Musical Festival Executive met at the Federation Rooms last evening, Mr. F. J. Oakes presiding. The secretary reported that entries had been received from the Marist Brothers' Schools, Newtown, and Thorndon; Sacred Heart Convent, Island Bay; Parish School, Petone, (conducted by the Sisters of the Mission); and the Convent of Mercy Schools, Kilbirnie and Thorndon. The entries received assure a most interesting competition. There will be three choir competitions for which three shields will be awarded. There will be six solo competitions, two duet competitions, and two elocutionary competitions. The winners of the competitions will contribute to the first part of the programme at the annual Moore concert in the large Town Hall on Wednesday, May 28. The competitions will take place at the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall, on Saturday, May 24.

The following letter has been received by the Dominion Executive of the Catholic Federation from Surgeon-General Henderson in appreciation of the work which the Federation was able to accomplish through the Field Service Fund:

Dept. of Defence Headquarters Office,
Wellington, April 24, 1919.

Dear Sir,

On departure from New Zealand it is my earnest wish that there should be conveyed to the executive of your Federation my indebtedness for their valuable assistance given in connection with the well-being of our sick and wounded soldiers undergoing treatment in New Zealand.

The functions of your military institutions, their far reaching and uplifting effect, form a most important function in hospital treatment, and it is a great pleasure for me to realise that your generous self-sacrificing work in this sphere will still be continued and carried on in conjunction with our military hospitals.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) R. S. F. HENDERSON,
Surgeon-General.

Director-General of Medical Services.

The Secretary,
N.Z. Catholic Federation,
Wellington.

Attention to detail is the secret of success in every sphere of life, and little kindnesses, little acts of consideration, little appreciations, little confidences, are all that most of us are called on to perform, but they are all that are needed to keep on a friendship sweet.—Hugh Black.

TO OUR READERS.

Attention is drawn to the advertisement on page 16 of this issue of the *Tablet*. Mr. Geo. Burton, Importer, Stuart Street, Dunedin, is offering through our columns splendid values in Boot Repairing Outfits. No household should be without a set. With their aid the cost in repair bills is saved many times over in the first twelve months. All accessories are likewise stocked, such as Leather, Knives, Lasts, Hammers, Sprigs, Heel Plates, Rubber Heels, Boot Ink, Wax, etc. Remember BURTON'S and order a set to-day.—Advt.

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May Chimes, Wreath of Mary—4/6 each. (Containing Hymns to Our Lady by Sisters N.D.)

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Orbis Catholicus, 1918—8/-

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Mud and Purple (O'Sullivan)—4/6

Poems (Thos. MacDonagh)—6/6

Appreciations and Depreciations (Boyd)—6/6 (Irish Literary Studies)

Ireland: It's Saints and Scholars (Flood)—4/6

Pearl Rosaries—5/-, 10/-, 15/-

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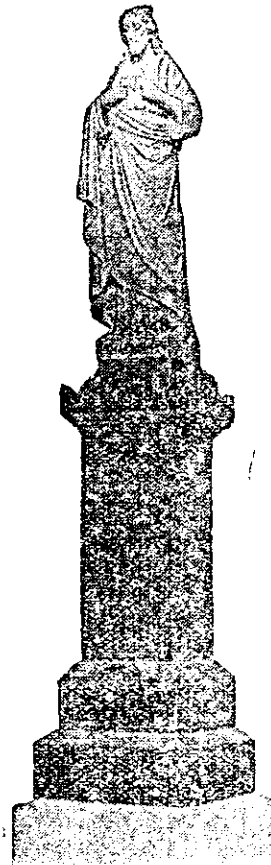
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Students twelve years of age and upwards will be admitted.

Candidates for admission are required to present satisfactory testimonials from the parochial clergy, and from the Superiors of Schools and Colleges where they may have studied.

The Pension is £95 a year, payable half-yearly in advance. It provides for Board and Lodging, Tuition, School Books, Furniture, Bedding, and House Linen.

The Extra Charges are: Washing, £1/10/- a year; and Medicine and Medical Attendance if required.

Students will provide their own wearing apparel, including the Soutane, as well as Surplice for assistance in Choir.

The Seminary is under the patronage and direction of the Archbishops and Bishops of New Zealand, and under the immediate personal supervision of the Right Rev. Bishop of Dunedin.

Donations towards the establishment of Bursaries for the Free Education of Ecclesiastical Students will be thankfully received.

The course of studies is arranged to enable students who enter the College to prepare for Matriculation and the various Examinations for Degrees at the University.

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DEATHS

- BYRNE.—On April 14, 1919, at her residence, 48 Hill Street, Wellington, Mrs. Martha Mary Byrne, in her 84th year (daughter of the late James Devery, King's Co., Ireland).—R.I.P.
- McGREEVY.—On April 1, 1919, at his residence, Waipawa, Hawke's Bay, Stephen McGreevy, in his 86th year.—R.I.P.
- MOLLOY.—On March 31, 1919, at his residence, Marysvale, Waubra, via Ballarat, Victoria, Thomas Vincent, beloved husband of Jane Molloy and brother-in-law of William Dawkins, of Invercargill, and Thomas, of Timaru, in his 39th year.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.
- O'BRIEN.—On March 28, at the Crown Hotel, Otautau, Bridget, beloved wife of Patrick O'Brien; aged 68 years.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.
- SULLIVAN.—On April 25, 1919, at his late residence, No. 9 Roslyn Terrace, Timaru, Eugent Sullivan, in his 69th year.—R.I.P.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

- CROWE.—On November 20, 1918, in Hospital at Giessen, Germany, whilst prisoner of war, Private Joseph Anthony, dearly beloved youngest surviving son of Ellen and the late John Crowe, of South Hillend; aged 32 years. Deeply regretted.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

IN MEMORIAM

- ROGAN.—In loving memory of John Patrick Rogan, 8/704, who was killed in action on Gallipoli on May 2, 1915.—R.I.P.—Inserted by his sorrowing parents.

IN MEMORIAM

- DALY.—In fond and loving memory of Patrick Daly, who departed this life at Balfour (late of Oamaru) on May 2, 1917.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy. Inserted by his loving family.
- TINDLE.—In loving memory of Pearly, the only daughter of George and Amelia Tindle, who died at St. Mary's Convent, Hamilton, on April 23, 1915.—R.I.P.
- We often think of the days gone by,
When we were all together;
A shadow on our life is cast,
Our loved one gone forever.
—Inserted by her loving parents and brothers.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Mr. and Mrs. T. O'CONNELL and FAMILY tender their sincere thanks to their many friends who sent messages of sympathy to them on the loss of Private Thomas O'Connell, of the N.Z. Engineers, who died at sea on the Hospital ship Maheno on April 15. May his soul rest in peace.

WANTEDS

- WANTED—GOOD CATHOLIC HOMES for Orphan Boys. Remuneration, 10/- per week. Apply for particulars to Rev. Mother, St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage, South Dunedin.
- BOOT TRADE.—FOR SALE CUTTING PRESS in thorough going order. Bargain.—CLARK, 37 Stuart Street, Dunedin.

AMBROSE DUNNE, St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, has good selection Rosaries and Prayer Books; Father Burke's Lectures on Faith and Fatherland, 2/-; Aluminium Medals and Prayer-book Pictures of St. Roch, 3d and 4d; Oxydised Silver Medals of "Little Flower" (nice for necklet), 5/6; Beeswax Candles, Incense, and best of all Sanctuary Oil. Essential Catholic Requisites stocked and sent by post on request.

J. BENNETT, Watchmaker and Jeweller
DEVON STREET, NEW PLYMOUTH.

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.—For the Wearing of the Green,—p. 25.
Notes—Autumn Days; Hounds and Horn; Samuel Johnson; St. Monica,—pp. 26-27. Current Topics—Irish Affairs; Notes on the Recent Polling; P.P.A. Logic; Irish Congress in America,—pp. 14-15. Right Control of Industry by Democracy, by Archbishop Redwood, p. 17. The Church in 1918, p. 9. New Zealanders at Lourdes, p. 33. Roman Letter, 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 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

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

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1919.

FOR THE WEARING OF THE GREEN



OUR friends in America tell us to have faith in their President, and it is worth noting that when a short time ago an anti-Irish Senator declared that Mr. Wilson said the Irish question was a domestic problem for England the President's Secretary, Mr. Tumulty, at once denied the statement, characterising it as a deliberate falsehood—a sequel which our honest press took very good care to conceal from us. The American soldiers, who have foregathered with Sinn Fein during a visit to Ireland where they were able to see for themselves how England practises Prussianism, encouraged the people to trust in the President and not to doubt his manful purpose of standing to his pledge that America went into the war, not for England any more than for Germany, but to make such a peace as would remove the foundations of future wars by securing the right of self-determination for all nations, no matter whose selfish interests were crossed. The President has been steadfast since his going to the Peace Congress. He, and he alone, has fought for unselfishness and strict justice; and, to the confusion of the Jingoes who hate the man who saved them from Germany, he has time and again prevailed and whipped them to heel. From Rome we have it on high authority that he will move on behalf of Ireland and that he will base his right to do so on the ground that 20,000,000 of his own people will never more know rest or peace until the fetters of the dear old land are broken and the last vestige of British tyranny destroyed in Ire-

HAS A VARIED ASSORTMENT OF PRESENTS
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

land. Consequently we hold now, as we have held firmly from the first, that Ireland's case will be heard at the Peace Conference and that every nation in Europe will be on her side when the Hunnish British atrocities dating from Henry's day to the present hour are set forth to the eternal shame of the miscreants who protested so falsely that their fight was a fight for the freedom of small nations.

*

But if the President fails us—if he too proves to be a mere political trickster whose word is worth no more than Lloyd George's or Balfour's—if in spite of the summons of the American Congress, backed by monster meetings all over the United States, Mr. Wilson should leave the Congress at Paris a dishonored man whose pledges are but another of the scraps of paper so familiar to all the European politicians, well, what then? Greater pillars of strength than the American President have proved weak before now, and stars have fallen from heaven so often that it is worth while looking at the possibility of his failing us squarely and trying to forecast the possible result in such a case. Frankly, we do not like to contemplate the result. But as we have always honestly tried to put the true facts about Ireland before our readers we will not shirk doing so now in order that it may be borne very forcibly in upon us all how intensely necessary is a right settlement of the Irish question. In one word, if President Wilson fails and leaves England to work her wicked will on Ireland the one clear issue may be a huge rebellion. It will not be a rebellion like that of 1916, when 1700 men and boys fought against 40,000 armed soldiers for a whole week. It will not be a wild rising out of peasants maddened by the sexual filth of the Orangemen, as was the '98 Rising. It will not be an abortive effort like Emmet's, like Tone's, like Mitchel's, like Stephens'. It will be the desperate fight for life of a whole people who will not be conquered though they may be exterminated by the Huns—a fight in which the men will fall only to have their places taken by the women and girls who are prepared to give the English another opportunity of striking a coward's blow at a nation's womb—as General Butler tells us they did in South Africa. Press lies and propaganda have kept the truth about Ireland from us for four years. We have kept silent about many things which we could have told if we deemed it wise. There are many things that we will one day tell. There are things that our readers may learn from the returned men who saw for themselves how England governs a small nation, and as a result of what they saw became more Sinn Fein than the Irish. But we do now warn our readers that failing a settlement Ireland is on the verge of grievous trouble and bloodshed on a larger scale than she has known for years in her sad, desperate history. And therefore all who love Ireland, and no less all who love England ought to pray to God that the dear old land to which under God most of us owe the Faith may be saved in time.

*

We quote here one passage from a letter written to us by one who suffered after Easter Week and who knows exactly how matters stand in Ireland to-day. There is more insight into Irish affairs in the following words than in all the lying cables issued by the Lloyd George calumny-factory for the past four years:—

"Sinn Fein has done wonderfully in a short time. But Dublin Castle would not give a match for it were it not for the military movement which we keep going strong behind it. Young men are sent to gaol every day for drilling, but we have plenty of others to take their places. Though there are several hundreds in gaol we have a magnificent standing army. Of course the work is all done on the quiet, but the authorities know it is going on, and just at present it is giving them cause for worry. Lord French came here as a military dictator—tried to provoke rebellion and ruled with a rod of iron. Now he is afraid of rebellion and is coaxing the Cabinet to release our prisoners, and

in the event of refusal he will not answer for the consequences. The result of this you will know long before this letter reaches you. Every Englishman who ever tried to rule Ireland came to the same conclusion, that coercion is of no avail. Our men refuse to recognise the court when summoned and when sent to gaol they do so much damage that their gaolers do not know what to do with them. *Our men cannot be beaten, for, as de Valera says, you cannot be beaten if you are prepared to make a sacrifice big enough, and our men are prepared for the biggest.* Pearse told his men in 1916 that the power of self-sacrifice was so great that it would break England's hold on Ireland."

We vouch for the fact that the words we have quoted give a true picture of the tense determination of Sinn Fein to fight to death rather than again submit to Prussianism and Orange domination. With full knowledge that we are asserting something contrary to the general impression we also say that Sinn Fein would even now accept a settlement on the basis of Colonial self-government. And, knowing that, we state unhesitatingly that if there is to be bloodshed in Ireland soon it will be exactly because England is so false to her pledges as to reserve for herself the right to practise Prussianism in its worst form in Ireland. That the President of the United States will not permit this we firmly believe. If he does we can only pray that God may save our poor people when, goaded beyond all patience, they take the next step. The possibilities of what a rebellion in Ireland might now mean for England do not seem to alarm the Huns; but it is clear that they have even greater reason to fear for England in such an event than we have to fear for Ireland.

NOTES

Autumn Days

A note in the evening paper says that a heavy crop of holly berries is a sign of a hard winter. By a sign we mean an indication or suggestion of something other than the sign; by an indication we mean something that makes something else known; by suggestion we mean the calling up or the presentation of an idea by mention or association; and only in the later sense can red holly berries in the woods be a sign of severe weather to come. Possibly keen observers have noted that hard winters usually follow heavy crops of berries and made known their observations so widely that the latter may be by association of ideas taken as a sign of the former. But to discover a logical sequence, as between cause and effect, is no easy matter. People who never lose sight of Providence in the world would tell us with beautiful faith that He who made the birds of the air, not one of which falls to earth without His knowledge, provides for them in His wisdom by a rich harvest against the days when frost binds the soil and snows are deep. However that may be, it is undoubtedly a fact that the hedgerows just now remind us of November days in the Old Land when leaves were burned to russet and gold by the cold nights and scarlet haws blazed like fires by the wayside. Have you remarked how splendid are the tints of the few deciduous trees? In the parks around Christchurch, here and there round Dunedin, the leaves are wonderful, ranging from olive green to ruddy gold. And bright days that make the air look blue against the hills, and sunset fires that lie low and warm on the horizon all recall to one writer the rather morbid loveliness of November days gone down for ever.

Hounds and Horn

Another memory of fine winter weather was recalled when we read the other day that the Wexford farmers were not stopping the Hunt in spite of the unpopularity of certain riders to hounds. There are sports and sports, but they that *know* will never admit that any can compare with the old sport of fox-hunting;

and, as all the world knows, for fox-hunting at its best you must go to Ireland. Over there now on certain days in each week the coverts are roused from their habitual quiet: Mullinahone, Slieverue, Slieve Coyltha, Carnagh, Dunmain, Carrig Cloney, Carrigrue, Duneshall, and how many more to which we used to jog off serenely betimes of a hunting m'orning! Shall we ever again know the tense expectation of waiting for the sight of the red coats of the whips, and then of the serried pack, as with their black and white and tan barrels and waving stervs they swung into view? Sometimes the suspense was relieved when a freshly clipped horse felt the sting of the cold morning and set an example of bucking that went like a wave motion through the assembled hunters: sometimes the bucking was no more than a few playful hoists of the strong quarters, other times it was the real thing, with a determined fight on the horse's part to get his head down and his rider on the ground. If a fox was found, in due time you saw a whip lift his cap and if you were keen of vision you might identify amid the bracken and gorse a wee red object fleeting away for dear life. And then the blast of the horn and the first flight for places to jump out of the covert, which was as a rule a very nasty spot to get out of, then hard pulling and big leaping for a field or two until the horse settled down and fell into his stride after working off his exuberant joyousness for the horse rejoices in the game as much as the man and knows his task right well if he has been hunted a season or two. Up steep slopes, when you held the mane to keep from slipping back, down mountain sides too fast for safety, over stony rivers and rotten water-soaked banks, across plough and stubble, taking your chance in the blind spots, soaring over sound banks, intent only on the pack that moved like a shadow over the fields ahead, you sped full of the joy of life, with the sweet air whipping your face and the strong shoulders of the horse rippling between your knees. "Och, Corymeela, an' the blue sky over it!"

Samuel Johnson

A query concerning Johnson's place in literature suggests a fuller note on that great man than our formal reference in "Answers to Correspondents" this week. Johnson was indeed the central figure of that brilliant and picturesque coterie that used to foregather, to discuss every conceivable topic, in the old London Coffee House. It is not unlikely that he then overshadowed and overawed greater men, just as in the perspective at this distance his great form dominates the picture. It is tenable surely that he was not the superior in any sense of Burke, that Reynolds in his own sphere was a greater genius, and that the marvellous versatility of Sheridan made him a luminary of a higher order than the kindly, ponderous philosopher. We, for our part, certainly hold that Goldsmith, the shy, awkward Irishman whom the spiteful Scot who clung to Johnson's coat-tails like a parasite derided, is easily master of them all in the realm of imaginative prose and verse. Johnson's most marked quality was his common sense. It was the controlling key to his philosophy and it gave his opinions that balance and moderation which won the admiration of the majority of cultured readers in his own day and later. He was an indolent man who would "far rather read than write. Much of what he did write was inspired by dire necessity, and although his activity covered a range of half a century his works are by no means voluminous. One would be perplexed to point out what among them was really of first rank. Practically he is forgotten save of students in our time. So sbrewd a judge as Edmund Gosse holds that his *Opus Magnum* was the *Lives of the Poets*. We cannot doubt that his fame and its vitality are in great measure due to the matchless biography of his friend Boswell. *Rasselas* is read by professors and pupils, his poems have lost their vogue, *The Idler* and *The Rambler* are placed on the shelves of most libraries and left there. But the lumbering, gigantic figure of the man himself and the memory of his noble intelligence and kind heart live in our imagination.

St. Monica

The Feast of St. Monica recalled to us this week a little book which during the year has been too much overlooked and forgotten for other, newer, less important books. We took down from its shelf once more the *Libri Confessionum* which we bought on a bygone day in the land Augustine loved and where his mother's bones were laid. We opened the Tenth Chapter of the Ninth Book and read again the beautiful words that speak with undying eloquence and ineffable tenderness of the last days of the mother and son by the sea at Ostia. Ary Scheffer's picture ought to be known as a help to understand the loveliness of the word-painting of the Saint in his sorrow. We see them still, the now happy mother and the regenerated son at her feet, looking out across the little stumbling waves of the Midland Sea as they rolled up the sands of a long dead city of Italy. Augustine tells us that in those last days their conversation was of God and of the future life to which Monica was passing: "Very sweet were the conversations we had all alone. We forgot the past and reaching forth to the things to come, discoursed of present truth, which Thou art, and of the nature of the future life eternal of the saints which eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived." She told him that now that he had come back to God there was not anything on earth to hold her. And finally: "Put my body anywhere. Let not care for it trouble you. This only I ask that at God's altar you will remember me wherever you may be." With that word we will leave them. May we ask that Monica's last request be not forgotten lightly by all our readers who have like Augustine known the dumb grief for a mother's death?

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The ordinary monthly meeting of St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation was held in St. Joseph's Hall, after devotions on last Sunday evening. The Very Rev. J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator, presided, and general business was transacted.

Mrs. M. A. Jackson, president of St. Joseph's Cathedral Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, was returned among the candidates who secured the highest number of votes, as a member of the Otago Hospital and Charitable Aid Board, at the recent elections.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday after the eleven o'clock Mass, and many attended in adoration during the afternoon. After Compline in the evening there was the usual procession, followed by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

In the Soccer competition last Saturday, the Christian Brothers' first grade team after a hard, stubborn game with Green Island, suffered defeat by 3 goals to 1. The "Greens" second and third grade suffered a similar fate to their firsts, being defeated by Old Boys and Northern teams respectively. The fourth grade, playing its first match, scored a popular win over Post and Telegraph by 6 goals to 1. The defeats suffered last Saturday should prove a strong incentive to wearers of the green jersey to practise hard and constantly. They have some sterling material in their ranks, that, with systematic practice, could be galvanized into a formidable combination. On Saturday next the Christian Brothers' first grade team are to play High School Old Boys at Culling Park. A keen but friendly rivalry exists between these two teams, who have gained the reputation in past years of providing a fast, attractive game. No doubt ex-pupils of both schools will turn out in large numbers to witness this much-looked-for encounter.

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

The annual meeting of St. Joseph's Men's Club was held in the club rooms, St. Joseph's Hall, on last

Monday evening. In the absence of the president, Rev. Brother O'Ryan presided. Rev. Brother Higgins was present, and there was a good attendance of members. The annual report, read by Mr. C. L'Estrange (secretary), stated that after having lapsed for some years owing to war conditions, the club was revived in April last year; and the numerical strength, and the past successful season more than justified the experiment of its revival. The club has now a membership of about 50, which it is hoped, with the return of so many of our young men from the Front, and as the objects and work of the club become better known, to greatly increase. The past season's activity is thus summarised: The syllabus comprised five debates, three lectures, and many social and musical evenings—in all 20 ordinary meetings being held, which were well attended. Thanks are recorded to Rev. Father D. Silk and Messrs. J. A. Brown and J. J. Wilson for entertaining and instructive lectures, Father Silk's lecture on Ireland being open to all interested, and was largely attended. The club organised euchre socials in aid of the St. Joseph's Red Cross Guild and the Christian Brothers' Football Club, both being very considerably helped thereby. The club members had the pleasure of entertaining the members of the various choirs, and the Children of Mary Sedalities, to a social evening during the season. In connection with the musical side of the club a Glee Club was formed under the conductorship of Mr. T. J. Anthony, which, it is pleasing to state, has met with a very fair measure of success. Towards the end of the season a social, which the club hopes to make an annual fixture, was held in the Victoria Hall, and a smoke concert brought the club's meetings to an end for the year.

The statement of accounts showed receipts from all sources to have been £20 2s 10d; expenditure, £19 12s 4d; leaving a credit balance of 10s 6d.

The office-bearers for the ensuing year are—President, Rev. C. Ardagh (re-appointed); vice-president, Rev. Brother Bowler (re-appointed); secretary, Mr. C. L'Estrange (re-elected); committee—Messrs. W. Kennedy, J. Newman, J. P. Dunn, M. Millar, A. Tarleton, A. Galien, and V. Sheehy. It was decided that the annual subscription of members remain at 5s, and 2s 6d for those under 18 years of age; also that a roll of honorary members be established. The club will meet each week of the present session at St. Joseph's Hall on Monday evenings, and the business will be promptly commenced at 8 p.m. The committee subsequently met to draw up a syllabus for the ensuing session.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, MOSGIEL.

At an ordination ceremony in the chapel of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, on last Thursday, his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, raised to the diaconate the Revs. L. Buxton, F. Marlow, E. Andersen, and E. Carmine.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

CELEBRATION OF ANZAC DAY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, The recent haphazard celebration of Anzac Day has given some of us "furiously to think." With the civil celebrations, or want of celebrations, I am not here concerned. The absence of any general religious observance amongst Catholics on that day is, however, matter of fair comment. In comparatively few towns in New Zealand was there any celebration of a religious character to mark the day; few were the Requiems for our dead. Many of us who were born in this land and love it dearly are concerned at the aloofness of the Church in the matter. We cannot, of course, attend the "combined services" or whatever else these celebrations by non-Catholics are called; surely then it is all the more desirable that we should

keep the day in our own Catholic way. It will be calamitous if no place can be found in the polity of the Church in this land for the observance of such a national festival. There may be room for differences of opinion as to the wisdom of the landing; none for differences of opinion as to how they quitted themselves, those men who died at Gallipoli.—I am, etc.,

Pahiatua, May 2.

H. McSHERRY.

WEDDING BELLS

DOYLE—STOREY.

A pretty wedding took place in the Catholic church, Geraldine, on Wednesday, April 30, the contracting parties being Miss Kathleen Stella, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Storey, of Orari, and Mr. D. J. Doyle, third eldest son of Mr. D. Doyle, Timaru. The Very Rev. Dean Bowers officiated. The bride wore a frock of china silk, superimposed on silk lace, wreath and veil, and she carried a shower bouquet. The bridesmaids were Miss Kathleen Doyle and Miss D. Storey. The former wore a handsome cream satin dress, trimmed with cream silk tassels and hand-worked forget-me-nots, with silk velvet hat, with pale blue lining. The latter was becomingly gowned with pale pink silk frock, black velvet hat, with touches of pink. Both carried bouquets. The groomsmen were Mr. H. McGuire, of Timaru, and Mr. E. G. Doyle, of Timaru. The "Wedding March" was played on the organ by Miss D. Mason, Timaru. The reception and wedding breakfast was afterwards held at the residence of the bride's parents, Orari, when the customary toasts were duly honored. The bride's travelling dress was a navy blue costume with red fox fur and becoming navy velour hat. The happy couple left by express for the North Island. The wedding presents included many clichés.

CATHEDRAL OF QUEBEC.

One of the most famous Catholic edifices in North America is the Cathedral of Quebec, where Mass was first celebrated 268 years ago on Christmas Eve, 1650. Since then the church has been practically rebuilt, although the foundations and part of the walls are still in existence.

Since that Christmas Eve of 1650 the doors of the Cathedral have never been closed, with the exception of a brief period in 1759 when the building was partly wrecked by bombs and flames.

The work of rearing the celebrated religious edifice was begun in 1645, the wealthy people of Quebec having contributed 1250 beaver skins for that purpose, which were sold. The corner stone was laid by Governor Montgomery and Father Lellepout, the Superior of the Jesuits, and a brother of the famous missionary who was killed by the Indians.

A part of the building was completed in time for the Christmas Eve Mass of 1650, but it was not until nearly seven years later that the edifice was formally opened.

The Cathedral is one of the finest, architecturally, in North America, and can accommodate 4000 people.

Let us serve God with faith, love, and fidelity, and He will refuse nothing to our prayers: has He not promised to help continually those who live for Him alone?—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

If the religious virtues are not seriously practised and founded on faith, our zeal in the Missions will be soon exhausted, and our work will bear no fruit.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

Love, it is said, is as strong as death. But you may confidently reverse the saying. Death is as gentle as love. . . . Death is the mildest form of life; the masterpiece of the Eternal Love. All this life is a fever, now hot, now cold.—Hauptmann.

CATHOLIC CHARITIES IN AMERICA.

The Catholic press of America brings to light, from time to time, munificent bequests made to the Catholic cause. Some of them are not without a touch of romance, but all bespeak the touching generosity of the testators. In a single copy of an American journal there are recorded as many as five bequests to Catholic charities, including one by a non-Catholic. The most interesting gift is that of an Irishman—Thomas Feigh—who came to America, a helpless cripple, at the age of sixteen. He hired a frontiersman to carry him 200 miles on his back to the place where he settled and made his fortune. Of this fortune he has left 100,000 dollars for the construction of a Catholic church. Another donor—David D. Walker, of St. Louis—has left various sums, ranging from two to five thousand dollars, to different Catholic charities, together with a separate bequest for the erection of a church. Mr. Paul Keith, of New York, a magnate in the theatrical world, has

given the residue of an estate, valued at 6,000,000 dollars, to Cardinal O'Connell of Boston for charitable purposes in equal shares with Harvard College. The non-Catholic testator referred to, who was a business man at Toledo, has bequeathed 70,000 dollars to St. Vincent's Hospital, 30,000 dollars to Mercy Hospital, and 20,000 dollars to the Little Sisters of the Poor. Lastly, there is the bequest of the late Cardinal Farley, assessed at 6000 dollars, which goes to the archdiocese. These facts are worth noting, in view of the regrettable dearth of religious and charitable bequests in this country at the present "enlightened" age (comments the *Catholic Herald of India*).

The Hon. Miss Broderick speaking at a meeting in Dublin said that a prominent American with whom she had discussed the Irish situation said: "Tell the Irish people to keep on agitating and make President Wilson feel that Irish-America won't stand any nonsense about Ireland."

"TABLET" SUBSCRIPTIONS

13/- STRICTLY IN ADVANCE PER ANNUM. £1 PER ANNUM BOOKED.

We beg to acknowledge Subscriptions for the following, and recommend Subscribers to cut this out for reference. PERIOD FROM APRIL 29 to MAY 5, 1919.

AUCKLAND AND HAWKE'S BAY.

Miss D., Hotel, Paeroa, 30/3/20; M. H., Helensville, ---; F. D., Tuakau, 30/9/19; Marist Fathers, St. Patrick's, Napier, 30/3/21; J. C., Kuaotunu, 30/3/20; C. N., P.O., Coromandel, 8/7/20; Fr. Le P., Waioa, 30/3/20; N. C., c/o Mrs. E., Marine Parade, Napier, 30/9/19; Mrs. McD., Forth Street, Hamilton East, ---; R. McD., Bank N.S. Wales, Napier, 23/3/20; P. F., Hauroa, Kaipara, N.A., 30/4/20; D. G., Pukekohe, 30/4/20; P. B., Lower Waitoa, 8/10/19; E. H. B., H.M. Customs, Auckland, 30/9/19; M. H., Rangaroa, Taurarunui, ---; B. O'R., jun., Greenmeadows, 23/6/19; T. J. H., Police Station, Tokaanu, 30/3/20; J. P., Middle Rd., Havelock North, 8/10/19; J. P. M., Putaruru, 30/6/19; A. M., Spring Creek, Onehunga, 30/9/19.

WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI.

G. C., Mahony St., Wanganui East, 15/10/19; W. A., Herold St., Wgton. Sth., 30/9/19; M. H., Aro St., Wgton., 30/4/20; Mrs. N., Tasman St., Wgton., 30/6/19; Fr. C., Marton, 30/4/20; P. G., Nelson St., Petone, 23/4/20; H. D. C., Suffolk St., Patea, 8/5/20; J. D., Kaiwairi P.O., Masterton, 30/3/20; J. B., Omata, New Plymouth, 15/9/19; G. S., Patrick St., Petone, 23/7/19; C. E., Albion St., Hawera, 30/9/19; J. D., Clyde St., Island Bay, 30/10/19; J. R., Mill Rd., Otaki, 30/9/19; J. D., Smith St., Waverley, 30/9/20; E. P., Spier St., Aramoho, 30/9/19; Mrs. N., Opua Rd., Opunake, 30/4/20; D. B., Contractor, Petone, 8/10/21; Mrs. K., Railway House, Ohakune, 23/11/19; P. K., c/o Goldfinch & Co., Ohakune, 30/4/20; D. A. B., Hill St., Wgton., 30/9/19; T. W., Kapuni, Hawera, 30/4/20; B. J. K., sen., Nursery Rd., Masterton, 8/9/19; E. Q., Boulcott St., Wgton., 30/3/20; E. J. L., Cuba St., Wgton., 30/3/20; A. T. R., Happy Valley Rd., Brooklyn, Wgton., 30/7/19.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

M. B., Hardy St., Nelson, 15/11/19; Mrs. C., Bookseller, Reefton, 23/7/20; T. O'R., Blacksmith, Methven, 30/10/19; O. McG., Longbeach, 23/5/21; C. O'L., Bennetts Junce., 30/4/20; T. D., West Oxford, 30/9/19; D. F., Morven, 30/10/20; M. S., St. Andrews, 30/3/20; J. H. R., North St., Timaru, 30/9/19; T. B., Tinwald, Ashburton, 30/9/19; J. J., Kileuriff, Nth. Lohurn, 30/4/20; Dr. L., High St., Timaru, 30/4/20; J. O'S., Alma St., Nelson, ---; E. L. W., Forsyth Island, 15/2/20; R. P. O'S., Churchill St., Chevi., 30/9/19.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

Mrs. McL., Duncan St., Dunedin, ---; M. K., Evans Flat, 15/9/20; J. H., Linnchills, ---; R. P., Palmerston Sth., ---; M. F., Freshford, 30/8/21; S. P. Inglis St., Mosgiel, 30/9/19; E. J. H., Freshford, ---; E. A. D., Mona Cres., Andersons Bay, 30/9/19; S. S., Wreys Bush, ---; T. O'D., Alma, 23/10/19; Mrs. McG., King St., Mosgiel, 30/10/19; Mr. D., Ribble St., Oamaru, 15/11/19; F. V., Scotland St., Dunedin, 8/6/19; J. O'N., Nelson St., Gore, 30/4/20; W. L., Roxburgh, 15/11/20; Miss S., Bishop's Rd., Dunedin, 8/5/20; Mr. O'N., Thomas St., W. Gore, 30/10/19; C. D., Ranfurly, 30/3/20; M. D., Gorton St., Gore, ---; C. H., cr. Elgin Rd. and Willis St., Morn., 30/9/19; J. S., c/o A. & T. Inglis, Dunedin, 30/3/19; Mrs. F., Castle St., Dunedin, 30/3/20; Mrs. F., Leith St., Dunedin, 30/3/20; Miss R., Rattray St., Dunedin, 30/9/19; G. W. R., Claremont St., Roslyn, 30/3/19; Mrs. B., Erin, Roslyn, ---; D. M. B., Main Rd., N.E. Valley, ---; Mrs. R., Normanby Rd., Musselburgh, 30/9/19; Mrs. P., Stafford St., Dunedin, 30/8/19; Mrs. B., Pine Hill Terrace, Dunedin, 30/6/19.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

GENERAL.

An ardent advocate of the teaching of Irish history, his Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. Hayden, Bishop of Wilcannia-Forbes, proposes to offer in his diocese prizes of £10, £3, and £2, for the best papers on Irish history. Some people said it was necessary to teach children all about British history. But (said his Lordship), if it was necessary to teach their children all about Bolingbroke and everything of note from then to the Wars of the Roses, should it not be likewise necessary to teach children the history of Ireland from the childhood of St. Patrick to the death of Brian Boru? Not only in the primary schools were the children well fitted for competition in life. They all knew of the good work that was being performed in St. John's College, Sydney. He noticed only in last issue of a Catholic paper that Father O'Reilly was appealing for funds to extend that college, so great was the demand upon it. May he receive all the help he deserves. Young men and women should be encouraged, because the education they received was as reinforced concrete on which to pile up their mansions in later years.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Some months ago, when the scourge threatened this State, the Archbishop of Sydney wrote to the Minister for Health and placed at the disposal of the Government all the resources of the Church in this State—its school buildings, and helpers (says the *Freeman's Journal*). His Grace the Archbishop knew and appreciated the fact that within the Catholic hospitals and convents there were bands of courageous, skilled women—the flower of the Catholic Church—who stood ready and eager to answer the S.O.S. call. As far as the public was concerned, nothing more was heard about the matter. There are no publicity officers to advertise the unexampled work of our Sisters. None are wanted. But the congested areas of Sydney, their unsavory tenements and poverty-stricken flats, are familiar with the inspiring influence of our nuns. As a matter of fact, batches of Sisters from St. Vincent's and the other Catholic hospitals complete a daily routine of work in caring for those who are ill and in distress. The pandemic, however, created an extraordinary condition of affairs. Officialdom and voluntary workers were gradually being beaten to the wall, so numerous were the distressful calls. More and still more skilful helpers were wanted, and so his Grace the Archbishop gave his blessing to an auxiliary band of Sisters who were anxious to go out into the world and help. The Government regulations closing the primary schools released them from teaching the children; and these now swell the ranks of their devoted companions in the field of relief. Of course, it is well to bear in mind that the Sisters who are engaged in nursing do not come from the boarding schools and are not teaching certain higher classes in our schools. Our hospitals, with one exception, have in each district a branch convent, which has its band of Sisters ready to answer any local call for assistance. No call is too far and no task too difficult for the nuns to undertake. Each district has been mapped out, and as the S.O.S. signal comes to headquarters, arrangements are made in order to cope with the immediate wants of the afflicted family. Once in touch with the local hospitals—St. Vincent's, Lewisham, Mater Misericordiae, or St. Joseph's, Auburn—ere the echo has died away two nuns are on their way to tenement house or cottage. Congested streets generally are their destination. It is no new thing for the denizens of these unhappy quarters to see the nuns quietly doing their work where humanity has been beaten and battered to the ground by the hard knocks of the world. Never a word of disrespect has been said to our Sisters. No matter how, on the face of it, the locality seems to have lost its self-respect, the angels of the Church find their

paths guarded and protected by those whose standard of decency might be questioned. Rough men step off the footpath to give the Sisters perfect freedom of the narrow way. The children—poor white-faced mites whose world stretches not beyond the squalid street—pause in their play or quarrel to respectfully guide the Sisters on their errand of mercy to the stricken home. Much, indeed, could be written of the ceaseless labors of the Church's Sisterhood.

VICTORIA.

Dr. A. L. Kenny, L.C., K.S.G., of Melbourne, has suffered a bereavement in the death of his brother, the Rev. Father James Aloysius Kenny, of St. Joseph's staff, South Yarra. He was a son of the late Mr. John Kenny and Mary Anne (Naughton) Kenny. He was born in Franklin Street, West Melbourne, on July 24, 1877, and was educated by the Christian Brothers at St. Francis' School, and afterwards at the Victoria Parade College. He matriculated at the Melbourne University, after which he spent four years at St. Patrick's College, Manly, Sydney (N.S.W.). Then he proceeded to Capranica College, Rome, where he studied in the Gregorian University and took the Licentiate of Canon Law, with silver medal. He was ordained in St. John Lateran's, Rome, at Easter, 1900. Coming back to Melbourne, he labored zealously at St. Francis', Essendon, Geelong, Elsternwick, and South Yarra, where he was appointed assistant in August, 1910. Wherever he went his lovable and genial disposition attracted all hearts. He took much interest in the Catholic Young Men's Society and the other organisations of the Church. Although he never enjoyed robust health, the rev. gentleman spent himself and was spent in the performance of his sacred duties. He attended a dying Catholic on Saturday, April 5, and became ill on the following Tuesday. He died of heart failure. There was a large congregation at the Solemn Requiem, including members of the various Sisterhoods, the Principal (Rev. Brother E. F. Kenny) and staff, and a number of old and present boys of the Parade College. His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne (Most Rev. Dr. Mannix) presided at the throne.

QUEENSLAND.

The blessing and opening of the new science hall at the Christian Brothers' College (St. Joseph's), Gregory Terrace, Brisbane, on a recent Sunday, was attended by a large gathering. The ceremony was performed by his Grace the Archbishop of Brisbane, who delivered an interesting address. His Grace and the other visitors were welcomed by Rev. Brothers McGeo (Principal) and O'Brien. His Grace was assisted in the religious portion of the ceremony by Fathers McGoldrick and Healy. Amongst the others present were: Hon. J. Huxham (Home Secretary), Hon. W. Lennon (Minister for Agriculture), Hon. F. McDonnell, M.L.C., Hon. T. C. Beirne, M.L.C., Messrs. M. J. Kirwan, M.L.A., Ald. J. Gaffney (Mayor of South Brisbane), Ald. J. T. McGuire, Dr. Windsor, Revs. M. Lane (Adm. St. Stephen's Cathedral), R. Walsh, J. F. McCarthy, and McKenna, the veteran, Rev. Brother Barrett, and Rev. Brother Ryan (Principal of Nudgee College). Addressing the gathering on the occasion, his Grace the Archbishop of Brisbane said he need not assure the Christian Brothers or the assemblage there that afternoon how deep was the pleasure it gave to him to perform the ceremony of dedicating the science hall that was to work in conjunction with that venerable old college. What was uppermost in one's mind on an occasion like that was the rapid progress that education had made in our midst during the last 20 or 30 years. He had sought out Brother Barrett in the crowd because that Brother was the father of the Christian Brothers' education system in Queensland. (Applause.) He was one of the pioneer band of Brothers who came to establish the first Christian Brothers' school in Brisbane 44 years ago. He was delighted to find the veteran Brother so hale and hearty at his advanced age. (Applause.) There was no man

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who had been in closer touch with the progress of education than the Brother referred to, so far as Brisbane was concerned. He thought they could say that this Brother was one of the oldest living teachers in Brisbane, and his work had been largely in connection with the Gregory Terrace College. Brother Barrett was there as head of the school when he (the Archbishop) was enrolled as a pupil in 1885, also when he (his Grace) came back to the school in 1890 or 1891, and, thank Heaven, he was, if not at Gregory Terrace College, at least very near to it, for he was at Nudgee still, and working hard.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

GENERAL.

Five Marist Sisters from Tours, France, passed through America recently en route to the leper colonies in the Fiji Islands, as teachers and nurses.

Chaplain O'Hara, writing from the front, recently told of what a wonderfully cosmopolitan army America had sent to France. He said: "It is truly Catholic. On the same day I gave Communion to an Armenian and a Syrian, a Lithuanian, a Pole, an Italian, a Spaniard, and a Frenchman, an Indian from Arizona, a Colombian from South America, and, as it chanced, to a German prisoner from Saxony."

This year during Lent the Irish pulpits in Rome were filled by Irish Americans on St. Patrick's Day. In St. Isidore's, of the Irish Franciscans, the panegyric of the Apostle of Ireland was delivered by Father Charles Macksey, S.J., Boston, Professor of Ethics in the Gregorian University; and that in San Patrizio, of the Irish Augustinians, was preached by Father O'Rourke, S.J., New York, Professor in the Pontifical Biblical Institute.

Though the world is engaged in talking of the Peace Congress, it seems not yet aware that the white habit of St. Dominic shines in the hall of the momentous gathering. The delegates of the various countries are accompanied by commissions of a technical nature, and in that appointed for the branch concerned with labor is Rev. Ceslaus Rutten, O.P., Belgium, whose reputation as a sociologist marked him out as particularly able to serve his country. Father Rutten is also the secretary-general of the Christian Syndicates of Belgium, "a man," as *L'Unita Cattolica* of Florence puts it, "of phenomenal activity," and the author of several works in sociology, which are appreciated highly even beyond the Belgian frontier.

The Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster arrived in Jerusalem on January 18, and on the following day proceeded to Bethlehem. On January 20 he said Mass at the Holy Sepulchre, after which he visited the Holy Places in Jerusalem, accompanied by the Acting Governor of Palestine. At Cairo the Cardinal, who was accompanied by his secretary, Mgr. Jackman, and Colonel Father Nash, D.S.O., assistant principal chaplain to the forces in the East, was accorded a public reception by 1200 Catholic officers and men of the British forces. He delivered an address to the assembled soldiers, and was supported on the platform by the general officer commanding the division, by Brigadier-General Maurice, and by Fathers O'Carroll, O'Neill, and Timms, chaplains to the 10th Division. At the end of his address Cardinal Bourne imparted to the assembled officers and men the Papal Blessing.

Priests from St. Mary's Jesuit Church, the Franciscan Church of St. Leonard, of Port Maurice, and the Borromeo Church of the Sacred Heart, Boston, U.S.A., responded quickly to the call of the injured and dying in the debris of the collapse of the great tank of molasses on Commercial Street recently. The priests hastened to the aid of the dying, wading knee deep in many instances in hot molasses to reach the side of the dying and those in danger of death. At other places it was necessary to crawl over and under the ruins of buildings to reach the suffering. The

daily press has printed columns of descriptive matter concerning one of the most unusual accidents which has ever happened in the State, and all the papers were generous in their praise of the priests who so promptly answered the call of duty at the risk of their own lives and under the most disagreeable conditions.

The flow of water in the miraculous well of St. Winifred at Holywell, which was stopped through boring operations by a mining company, has been restored completely; and, better still, the miraculous cures have recommenced. There is no denying now that there was a deep fear in the minds of some that St. Winifred would not continue her favors, after the injury done to her well. But the first miracle to be recorded since the reopening of the well has been greeted with great joy. The subject is a Liverpool woman, a Miss Kathleen Conyer, who had been pronounced incurable by a sanatorium for consumption, and had been sent home to die. She made the journey to the well, and, after the first bath, felt considerably better, and was able to walk without assistance. After a few more baths all the coughing and other signs ceased, and she placed herself in the hands of two doctors for examination. The medical men pronounced her entirely free from disease; and she has returned to her native place to receive the congratulations of her friends and the interested inquiries of those who knew her desperate state previously.

INDIAN NATIVE NUNS.

Chota Nagpur, one of the Indian Catholic Missions, has the distinction of possessing an Order of native nuns, the Daughters of St. Anne is their religious title. A writer in the *Catholic Herald of India* tells us that at present the Daughters of St. Anne number at least 50, and are divided into two branches; the smallest of these has its Mother-House at Moropai, and is under the direction of the Loreto Sisters; the more numerous branch has its centre in Ranchi and is under the guidance of the Ursulines. As soon as the Order is strong enough to shift for itself, the two branches will unite and sever their connection with the European Sisters, who at present train them. An example of Europe training India to self-government. Father J. de Smet was the founder or originator. He conceived the idea in 1896 or 1897, though at the time it seemed a splendid dream. At the juncture, two girls, who had received some schooling at the Loreto Convent in Ranchi felt a call to the religious life. They refused to marry and took refuge in the convent. This created no small stir among their relatives, but Father de Smet, seeing in this a sign that Providence approved his plan, took the matter in hand. He pleaded his cause so well with Dr. Goethals, that the Archbishop, after very mature consideration, granted him leave to make a start. Soon the example of these two girls was followed by others, and slowly the Order has grown, and is now in a truly flourishing condition, having its ruler and episcopal approbation. Briefly, the Daughters of St. Anne aim at doing their utmost to help the missionaries in the training of children and women: they are above all a teaching Congregation, intended to keep primary schools; these they conduct in all the chief centres, and yearly they open new ones in smaller stations. In Ranchi and elsewhere they are of invaluable assistance to the European nuns in managing the schools. Indeed, throughout the mission, they are the chief means Providence uses to implant the faith deep into the hearts of the women. A very pleasing feature of the institute is that the Sisters follow in all things the Indian customs; their dress, too, is distinctly Indian; in church they squat on the ground like the women of their race. This Indian Sisterhood, more perhaps than the Uraon and Munda clergy in formation, is a superb triumph for the Church of Chota Nagpur. Think of it, barely ten years after the faith had been planted here, to witness this vigorous growth of religious virtue, to see native girls renounce the world and choose Christ as their spouse. Is there anything more glorious even in the annals of the primitive Church?

Church of Our Lady Queen of Peace, Roxburgh

TO THE CATHOLIC PEOPLE OF NEW ZEALAND.

Every Catholic heart these days beats with gratitude to God, the Giver of all good gifts, for His blessing of Peace, which we, in common with the great Catholic soldier, Marshal Foch, believe has come in answer to prayer. Catholic faith and instinct urge us to show our heartfelt gratitude in some act of piety. May I suggest as a most suitable thanksgiving an offering towards the building of the Church of Our Lady Queen of Peace? This church is now being built.

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NEW ZEALANDERS AT LOURDES

(By "PILGRIM.")

It was the very great privilege of a few New Zealand Catholic soldiers employed at Headquarters, London, to make a pilgrimage to Lourdes at New Year. Interest in the idea was stimulated by the publication in the *Universe* of an account of an English soldiers' pilgrimage from France in September last. The granting of nine days' general leave to Headquarters staff at Christmas or New Year was the first step towards realisation—much more remained to be done, but through the good offices of Chaplain-Father Barra, who interviewed Brigadier-General Richardson, G.O.C. N.Z. troops in United Kingdom, the arranging of the tour was made much easier. For this the general and chaplain deserve the best thanks. The party, which originally comprised ten members, one of whom was a non-Catholic, intended to do the pilgrimage at Christmas. Owing, however, to the difficulty of obtaining passports the journey had to be postponed till New Year, which unfortunately reduced the number to four.

The small party, fully conscious of the great privileges before them, left London on the afternoon of December 28. The cross channel run from Southampton to Le Havre proved rather more disturbing than anticipated. Paris was reached at 1 p.m. next day. The proportions of the fine Cathedral at Rouen were visible as the train passed along. The view of the river Seine here, and its valley, was impressive notwithstanding the wintry conditions. On arrival in Paris it was ascertained that a train was leaving for Lourdes the same evening at 8.30 on which the party embarked. The train passed through the cities of Orleans, and Poitiers, but daylight did not emerge until Bordeaux had been reached next morning. Nothing could be seen of the city—the site of a large American infantry camp lay close to the line. From this point to Pau, where the train arrived at 4 p.m., the country looks very marshy, and contains extensive fir forests. The town of Pau, which marks the junction of the railway line, now winds its way through the mountains, skirting for a considerable distance the banks of the river Gave. The landscape here is similar to that of the Alpine region of New Zealand, and it naturally brought back home memories. The arrival of the train at Lourdes, at 5 p.m., was greeted by a tropical downpour, which was refreshing after the fogs and drizzles of London. Found very comfortable quarters at the Hotel Heims, at reasonable rates. The British Soldiers' Club room attached, which is conducted by Chaplain-Father Nevin, ably assisted by the Misses Lynch and Ryan, is a very cosy place. The hospitality and kindness of these ladies will be long remembered. Father Nevin had just gone away on a short furlough, but the party had the privilege of meeting his *locum tenens* (Father F. Woodlock, S.J.), British Army Chaplain, also Fathers Vander Glintes, and Berges of the U.S. Army.

The religious services of the pilgrimage commenced with a visit to the Grotto of Our Lady on the evening of arrival. The next morning Mass was attended, the celebrant being Father Vander Glintes, then followed a visit to the Grotto, which is the usual practice at the close of each Mass or devotion. The panorama of Lourdes now unfolded itself with the Grotto as the great attractive feature. The holy associations of the spot at once gripped the visitor, whose only desire was to be left to meditate and to feast his eyes on the Sacred Shrine. The constant and fervent devotion of the people was most edifying, especially the practice which appeared prevalent of praying at the Grotto with hands extended. For three days the various religious services were carried out,—attendance at Mass, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the Stations of the Cross, and visits to the Grotto. The beautiful triple church erected near the

Grotto is a great manifestation of devotion to our Lady. Standing in the balustrade, one can imagine the wonderful manifestation of faith when Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given in the amphitheatre-shaped enclosure at the entrance to the Church of the Rosary, with the invalids ranged round on stretchers during one of the great summer pilgrimages. Much evidence of the cures effected is seen in the many crutches which have been left at the Grotto. The coldness of the spring water did not deter the pilgrims from an immersion therein. Near by the Grotto is the Hill of Calvary, up which winds a mountain road along the route, at suitable intervals, are erected the Stations, the figures, which number from 6 to 13 according to the station, are of bronze and larger than life size. Each station is the gift of some diocese which has sent a pilgrimage. The approach to the first station is by 20 marble steps, which must be scaled on the knees. Owing to the unpropitious weather, and the locking of the gate entrance, the New Zealand pilgrims, much to their disappointment, were unable to do this Sancta Scala.

New Year's Day was fine. A visit to Bernadette's home in the old town was full of interest. The ascent of the mountain Pic de Jer—by the funicular railway provided a magnificent panorama—the valleys with the mountain streams like silver streaks in the afternoon sun winding away through the snow-clad mountains towards the Spanish frontier. On the summit is erected a cross 30 feet high in steel framework which is electrically lighted at night. It is a fine spectacle—an emblem of the simple faith of the people of the Pyrenees. Visits were made to several of the convents, including the Sisters of Nevers, of which Order Bernadette became a member. The time had arrived for departure, and with much regret. On the return journey a short stay in Paris permitted a visit to the Madeleine and Notre Dame, beautiful specimens of ecclesiastical architecture, also to the Churches of St. Gervaise (shelled by the Germans on Good Friday) and St. Augustine and St. Genevieve. The wretched weather was rather a deterrent to sight seeing. The return to London was made on January 7. The visit to Lourdes will be a lasting memory to the pilgrims. It is to be hoped it will be the pioneer of other pilgrimages before the New Zealand troops have been demobilised.

The woman wore a worried look,
Her brow was creased with care,
The chemist's store by storm she took
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OUR ROMAN LETTER

(By "SCOTTUS.")

Not long ago an archaeological discovery of the highest importance very opportunely came to turn one's thoughts from the turmoil and horror of the present to the memories and memorials of those who in days long past lived and labored and suffered and died in Rome that Christianity might grow and spread and flourish throughout the vast Empire ruled from the City of the Caesars during the first three or four centuries of our era.

By a curious irony of fate these memorials owe not only their existence but even their preservation to the very institutions of that pagan Rome which tried its best to crush the new Christian power that had come to transform by precept and example the crude and cruel social fabric built up and imposed on practically the whole world by half a dozen centuries of political success.

The lust of conquest burned fiercely in the veins of the ancient Romans; but conquest for conquest's sake he neither understood nor practised. Rivals had indeed to be crushed, nationalities small and great to be absorbed, new outlets for commerce won from the Irish Sea to the Black Sea. But if Rome took away much, she was always ready to offer something, if not many things, in return—civilisation, as she understood it, community of interest, fellow-citizenship, a share in the secular glories that time and fortune and the red right hand of the conqueror had so well known how to focus on the banks of the Tiber.

To effect her object, a net-work of roads connecting the city with every corner of the Empire was essential. As the Empire spread out to north and south and east and west, new highways, converging from the centre of the city, led out towards all the points of the compass, each highway linked with a name or names that had been made great by the very fact of having laid it down, and each untiringly improved and embellished as something to be proud of, from generation to generation, until pride in the great highways leading to and from the city grew into a devotion linking the living with the dead and handing down to the yet unborn children of Rome lasting memorials of the rise and growth and gathering greatness of their native city. The chief mode of embellishment was practical if peculiar.

One of the earliest laws providing for the welfare of the city, was that forbidding burials within its boundaries. On the other hand cemeteries, as we understand them, were never very fashionable. In course of events it had grown into a sacred custom with the Romans to lay their dead to rest along the great roads that connected the heart of the Empire with its dependencies in many lands; and thus the first sight the stranger had of the glories of the capital, was that of an almost unbroken series of stately tombs lining each highway for a distance of nearly twenty miles from the city, each monument being regarded by law and custom as something sacred, inviolable, and venerable. The rich man had a sepulchre built for the interment of himself, his household and descendants; and the poorer man carefully subscribed the customary coin from year to year to the burial club which would see that when his bones had to be gathered to rest they would find a fitting place in as

stately a sepulchre as that of the millionaire hard by.

Cremation was the custom. The body being burnt, the ashes were then collected and placed in a small urn which was then laid in the sepulchral monument known as the *columbarium adovece*, so called because containing a number of little niches or nests, like so many pigeon-holes, erected all round the walls within, as the last resting-place of the members of the family or club, one such columbarium being known to have contained the ashes of as many as 6000 human beings.

To the Christian mind there was always something repellent in the idea of cremating a body that should one day rise from the dead to join the soul in the kingdoms of the blessed; and accordingly, it was always a matter of Christian practice that the mortal remains of the dead should be laid to rest with reverence and respect in the breast of mother earth, just as the dead body of the Master had been deposited in the fresh-made grave by the loving hands of the faithful few.

Wealthy Christians were not many, and burial plots were costly. To meet the difficulty, the early Christians freely adopted the system of burial clubs that had been long in vogue in Rome. But with a difference. Cremation was not to be thought of, and separate graves dug on the surface were unattainable by men whose means were scant, and whose standing was often simply that of a slave. Monuments above ground, then, were clearly out of the question, and surface burial was impossible for want of space. Another plan was found. The subsoil round Rome is of peculiar formation, something half and half between rock and sand, sufficiently hard not to crumble away, and sufficiently soft to be worked without much difficulty. The surface of the burial plot was left untouched; but at a depth of some feet an underground gallery three or four feet wide and eight or ten high was cut through the centre of the plot from end to end, and off this a number of cross galleries running at right angles were cut as required, till the whole extent was a network of narrow galleries, dimly lighted from above by a skylight here and there. When the first series of galleries, the first storey or floor, so to say, was used up, a second storey was excavated in a similar way some half a dozen feet below the first, and this was followed as occasion served by a third, fourth, and even fifth series of galleries, the last at a depth of 50 or more feet below the surface, each connected with those above by sets of suitable stairs.

A series of niches or shelves, each the length of the average man, was cut into the side walls of the galleries, to the number of four or five, one above the other, each niche forming a grave. In a shelf thus prepared, the dead body was laid to rest, the niche was then closed with slab and mortar, and the dead troubled the living no more.

* * * * *

Famous beyond all others was the Appian Way, the Queen of Roman roads, "because of the grander scale on which it was constructed, the greater magnificence of the buildings and sepulchres which adorned it, the greater variety of conquered nations which used it, and the number and celebrity of events connected with it. The history of Christian Rome gives to this same road titles of glory incomparably more solid, just, and indisputable." For it soon became the favor-

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ite burial ground of Christian Rome, and in the number of saints, martyrs, and illustrious dead laid to rest, and venerated in the underground galleries and crypts that lie along its route, it presents an obvious claim to the title, which has sometimes been given it, of Queen of Christian Roads.

Time spares few things. Great empires wither and fall. That of Rome was no exception to the common lot. Goth and Vandal swooped down in their day on the city, sparing little in their advance. The Christian cemeteries being all outside the city walls, became unsafe in course of time, and it was considered advisable in the ninth century to remove the bodies of the saints and illustrious dead from their resting-place outside the walls, where they had been long honored by the faithful, to the safer refuge afforded by the churches and shrines within the sheltering city.

For some time the places where the holy bodies of the champions of the faith had reposed continued to be visited and venerated by the devout. But gradually the cemeteries became abandoned. The heavy hand of time choked up the entrances to them and effaced all visible traces of them, until the very memory of them was forgotten and they became as if they had never been, till accident brought them back to memory and loving hearts faced the task of restoring them once more to the veneration they had enjoyed in happier days. It was a proud day for John Baptist De Rossi, and a memorable day in the history of the Catholic Church, when in 1852, after many years of patient persevering toil he was able to open up the cemetery of St. Calistus beside the Appian Way, and lay bare the crypt in which the sacred remains of the Popes of the third century, many of them martyrs, once reposed—St. Zepherinus, St. Pontianus, St. Antheros, St. Fabian, St. Lucius, St. Stephen, St. Sixtus, St. Dionysius, St. Eutychianus, and St. Caius, together with "the Holy Confessors who came from Greece, as well as youths and boys and old men and their chaste offspring," to use the words of an inscription set up on the spot in later years by Pope St. Damasus, the devoutest of all the admirers of the Christian cemeteries of Rome.

The work begun by De Rossi has never been allowed to flag. The greater part of the Christian cemeteries have been cleared of the refuse of centuries and made accessible to the public, so that one may now walk freely through the dark and silent streets of the dead, with feelings similar to those recorded by St. Jerome of himself nearly sixteen hundred years ago: "When I was being educated at Rome it was my custom on Sundays, accompanied by other boys of my own age and tastes, to visit the tombs of the Apostles and Martyrs, and to go down into the crypts excavated for them in the bowels of the earth. The walls on either side as you enter are full of the bodies of the dead, and the whole place is so dark that one almost seems to see verified the words of the prophet, 'Let them go down alive into Hades.' Here and there a little light from overhead affords a momentary relief to the horror of the darkness; but as you go forward, and find yourself again immersed in the utter blackness of the night, the words of the poet spring to your mind: 'The very silence fills the soul with dread.'"

(To be concluded next week.)

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.*

It's most provoking to find, after moving, that your furniture has been scratched or otherwise injured as the result of unskilled work. Get us to remove it, and ensure careful expert handling. We have letters from people in all parts of the Dominion telling us how well we have removed their furniture. The New Zealand Express Co. Ltd.

WEDDING BELLS

MARLOW—COURTNEY.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised on Wednesday, April 23, at the Cathedral, Barbadoes Street, Christchurch, the contracting parties being Miss Eileen Courtney, elder daughter of Mrs. Courtney, Addington, and the late John R. Courtney, and Sergeant-Major James Marlow, second son of Mr. James J. Marlow, Musselburgh, Dunedin. The bride, who was given away by her brother (Mr. Leo Courtney), wore a charming gown of white crepe-de-chine and georgette. An embroidered tulle veil fell from a wreath of silver leaves and clusters of orange blossoms, and a lovely white bouquet was carried. Miss Moya Courtney, sister of the bride (chief), and Miss Brenda Marlow, sister of the bridegroom, were bridesmaids. They were attired alike in vieux rose silk dresses, with touches of black, black hatter's plush hats with touches of rose, and carried bouquets of roses and autumn foliage. Mr. Ronald Marlow was best man and Mr. Fred Murphy groomsman. Father Fogarty, assisted by Father Long, officiated. The ceremony was fully choral, Mr. H. Hiscocks presiding at the organ. After the ceremony, Mrs. Courtney entertained her guests at Broadway's, where a dainty breakfast was served. Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Marlow left by motor on their honeymoon. The bride going-away in a navy blue serge tailored costume, fox furs, and a fawn velour hat. The young couple received many valuable presents.

Palmerston North

(From our own correspondent.)

April 28.

Further meetings have been held to arrange for the bazaar which it has been decided to hold in December in aid of the new church. Among the stallholders will be the St. Vincent de Paul Society, Children of Mary, Mrs. H. N. Watson, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Alf Mahon, Mr. and Mrs. P. Small, Mesdames Broad, Sim, and Trask. Other stalls are being arranged, and a complete list will be given later.

The Children of Mary held a very successful euchre social in the Empire Hall on Wednesday evening with the object of augmenting the new church fund. This is the first of a series of entertainments they are arranging during the winter for that object. The euchre prizes, which were presented by Mr. M. O'Connor and Mr. L. Wischnewsky, were won by Miss Cullinan (Christchurch), Miss Harty, Mr. Venn, and Private Killop. Messrs. C. McGrath and T. McAviney were Ms.C. and Smith's orchestra supplied the music. The door takings alone totalled £16.

Referring to the necessity of decentralising the control of State schools, and giving local committees greater powers, the local morning paper quoted as an example the Palmerston Convent School, which it stated was far superior to any school in the town, in regard to building, design, and equipment.

Father Power has returned from Taihape, where he has been relieving Father J. Minogue, who came to Palmerston on account of his father's death.

There were no local celebrations on Anzac Day, although it was observed as a close holiday by business people. The returned soldiers held their annual reunion in the evening.

No great interest is being taken in the municipal elections, although the mayoralty is being contested, and there are 19 candidates nominated for the council. The personnel of the council is likely to undergo a considerable change as the result of the election.

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BOOK NOTICES

The Life of St. Francis Xavier, by M. T. Kelly. Published by B. Herder, 68 Great Russell Street, London. (6/- net.)

Inspired by Father Henry Browne, S.J., Miss Kelly has given us a life of the great Jesuit apostle which she also makes a memorial of love to her two Jesuit uncles, so well known a few years ago in the English-speaking Catholic world. The authoress could not have selected a more suitable subject for that memorial. No satisfactory popular life of the Saint has been hitherto available in English, and the older works were not immune from errors which recent researches have exposed. Miss Kelly avails herself of the investigations of Brou, Michel, and Father Clos who had the advantage of being able to use the *Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu*, a collection of documents which contain a mine of information. That the book was to some extent at least written under the guidance of the distinguished Professor of Greek in the Irish National University is a further guarantee of its worth. Miss Kelly's book is well written and agreeable reading. She gives us fully the engrossing story of the labors and prayers and sufferings of the devoted missionary whose heroic example has kindled the flame of zeal in so many levites since his death. This book will serve to make the life of the Saint widely known, and we commend it to our readers who desire to have at hand edifying and interesting spiritual lectures. It is tastefully bound in green and gold, and has four full-page illustrations.

Is There Salvation Outside the Church? Bainvel. Herder. (2/6 net.)

The Catholic teaching on the subject of salvation outside the Church has so often been misrepresented that it is not rare to find that even devout Catholics have rather hazy notions about it. Non Catholics have for centuries scoffed at our alleged narrowness and bigotry in this regard, holding up the axiom "Outside the Church there is no Salvation" as a relic of the days of the Inquisition. The subject is interesting and we are glad to be able to recommend in this book a clear and scientific exposition of the Church's doctrine. The subject is thoroughly discussed and the translation from the French original is well done by Father Weidenhan, S.J.

CHURCH DESTROYED BY FIRE

ST. PATRICK'S, RAETIHI.

On 19th of March, 1918, St. Patrick's Church, Raetihi, was burnt to the ground in the terrible bush fire that swept over this district. We are now making an effort to raise money to build another Church so that our people may have a proper place of worship.

Who will help us in this good work?

Who will honor St. Patrick by raising a Church to his name?

We are holding a Bazaar in May. Donations in kind or money will be gratefully received and acknowledged. Address—

FATHER GUINANE, Ohakune.

IN INDIANA

Snow on the hills, and stars in a crystal sky
Around me the golden leagues of the prairie lie
Under the blaze of July.

And my heart turns home to the hills in their wintry
white,
As I saw them last on that last December night
Radiant in cold star-light.

To the hills of my heart that are far over land and sea
And the little snug house on the beacon where I would
be,
That is all in all to me.

So under the blaze of July,
While round me the golden leagues of the prairie lie,
I long for the snow on the hills and the stars in a
crystal sky.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON, in the *New Witness*.

OBITUARY

MR. T. V. MOLLOY, WAUBRA, BALLARAT,
VICTORIA.

The death of Mr. Thomas Vincent Molloy, of Marysvale, which occurred on March 31, has come as a great shock to the community, and caused profound sorrow among a wide circle of friends by whom the deceased was highly esteemed (says the *Ballarat Star*). The deceased had been ailing for some time but the end came with tragic suddenness after a severe illness of a few days. He came to the Waubra District 18 years ago, and in partnership with Mr. J. Flynn, purchased the extensive property known as Marysvale on the Ereildoune estate, on which he had resided ever since. He was a man of most genial and charitable disposition, and one whose opinion was always valued. He was closely associated with the management of the Waubra Farmers' Co-op. Association, and was always to the fore in movements for the good of the district. The late Mr. Molloy was a regular attendant at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Waubra, and was a member of the church committee. He leaves a widow and eight young children, to whom much sympathy has been expressed. Mother Phillips and Sister Gaizeil, Nursing Sisters from St. John's Hospital, Ballarat, were at his bedside to the end. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in the district. The deceased was a brother-in-law of William and Thomas Dawkins, of Invercargill and Timaru. At the conclusion of the 11 o'clock Mass on the following Sunday, Father Hennebry feelingly referred to the lamented death of Mr. Molloy. He remarked that not only would the loss be felt in the district where the deceased had proved such a worthy citizen, but also in other localities. He had through life shown to them such a Christian example by his devotion to the faith and had been a pattern that any true Christian might be proud to imitate. It was with feelings of deepest regret that he joined with the congregation of Catholics of Waubra in expressing their deepest sorrow on the loss of such a true Christian man, a devoted father and loving husband.—R.I.P.



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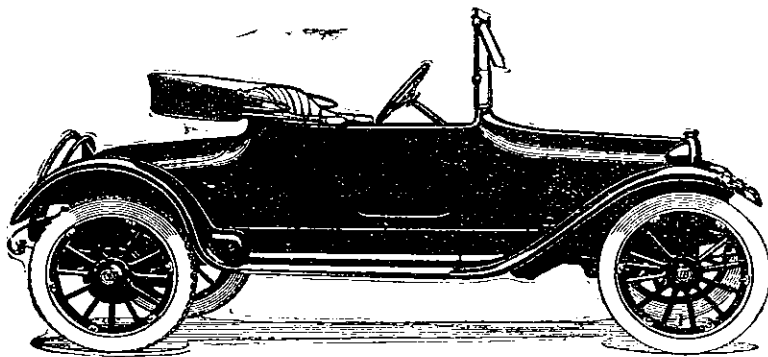
THE WORLD IS SMALL.

The following account of a triple Jewish conversion and the beautiful sequel of it is printed in the *Calendar* of St. Paul's Church, New York. It is signed by the Paulist Superior-General, Father John J. Hughes, C.S.P.:—

Ten years ago, three boys, 15, 13, and nine years of age, were brought to me by their mother, a convert. The boys were Jews—bright young chaps. I put them through a course of instruction in Deharbe's Catechism for three months, and I then baptised them and put them in the advanced course in our Sunday school. They made their first Confession and received First Communion from my hands, and were confirmed by the Cardinal. Years go on so quickly: since then the second boy has seen war service on the Mexican border, the youngest is now in the service, and the oldest, Stephen, went to France. Here he was in the front ranks, was wounded once, cured, and went back. The second time was wounded and again went back: and the third time was struck and had to be carried to the rear on a stretcher. Who was the happy priest there to meet him and give him the last rites of the Church? One of our own dear priests, Father Hoey, of the Paulist Community. Three days before he died Stephen received the decoration of the Cross of War. Wonderful! A Paulist baptised him, heard his first Confession, gave him his First Communion, and had him confirmed: and more wonderful to relate, it was a Paulist, on the battlefield of France, who was with him to give him his last Communion. It is a small world, because the Catholic Church is universal.

HONORS TO CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS.

There will presumably be few more Honors' list published and so it is interesting to have in the latest another group of decorations and special mentions for Catholic chaplains (says the London correspondent of the *Catholic Herald of India*). The O.B.E., which is now to rank higher than the D.S.O. in military circles, is conferred on Father Wolstan Workman, the Chaplain-in-Chief with the Canadian Forces, and also on a Dominican Father Couturier of the Palestine Force, and on Father Purdie, a Cambridge priest, for his work in Salonika with the troops. Father Calderbank, a Franciscan naval chaplain, receives the Legion of Honor for an act of great gallantry, and four chaplains, Fathers Ingram, Leonard, D. Roche, and Dolan, receive the Military Cross. A regular military chaplain, Father O'Farrell, celebrated an interesting event, his silver jubilee, 17 years of his priestly life with the army being spent at Aldershot. During the war his house has become a rendezvous for priests from all parts of the world, secular and regular, whom duty called to serve the troops and who were always welcome to his presbytery, which had become for them a club house. Bishop Keatinge paid tribute to the assistance given by Father O'Farrell to his brother chaplains, and another tribute came in the form of a gold chalice and monstrance subscribed for by the chaplains themselves. In addition to this magnificent presentation the Aldershot parish—for the C.F. combines also duties of parish priest—gave their rector a cheque for his personal use and the schools presented him with a silver tea service in commemoration of the auspicious event.



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IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

A curious incident occurred at Belfast during the recent strike. The strike pickets intimated to Mr. Charles Allen, the managing director of Messrs. Workman and Clark, and to Mr. Saxon Payne, secretary to Messrs. Harland and Wolff, that they would not be allowed to visit their own works.

A committee has for some time been established at Cork for the promotion of Irish traditional music. Already the sum of £500 has been collected, and the committee expects to have £1000 before the end of summer. Belfast is linking up with the movement, Mr. F. J. Biggar, the well-known Gael, offering £50 for every £50 collected for the fund. Mr. Joseph O'Mara, the celebrated Irish tenor, has subscribed £5 and sent his best wishes for success.

In a debate in the Spanish Cortes on Catalonian autonomy, Senor Cambo quoted the Irish Home Rule Bill of 1907, which was withdrawn because it was unacceptable to the Irish Party. Count Romanones replied by reminding him that, after twelve years, Home Rule had not yet been granted to Ireland.

Mr. Devlin, at a meeting in Belfast during the strike, said young girls and little children had to work from 6.30 a.m. to 6 p.m. in overheated rooms and under the most unhealthy conditions, and it was a blot upon modern civilisation. Married women had to work these hours as well as attend their domestic duties. Children of tender years were compelled to work as half-timers on conditions of long hours of sweated labor; and very often under unhealthy conditions. Such things should not be allowed to continue.

Cardinal Logue in ordering a collection in the archdiocese of Armagh to meet the expenses of the beatification of the Irish martyrs, says, the principal evidence taken by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh occupied a large folio volume, and the expenses of witnesses, printing, etc., were very considerable. The case of the Ven. Oliver Plunket occupied 47 sessions of eight hours each, and three days additional were required for closing up the process. He expected the canonisation would take place shortly and that many Irish men and women would journey to Rome on that occasion. The last canonisation for the archdiocese was that of St. Malachy. Since the time of St. Laurence O'Toole no Irishman had been so honored.

The *Irish Independent* says: The Provisional General Committee of the Irish Centre Party have appointed Messrs. T. O'Dowd, J.P., W. P. O'Neill, C.E., and F. P. Griffith, J.P. (treasurers), and Lieutenant F. J. Welan, a central organisation committee; and a propaganda committee is to be under the direction of Mr. J. Dinsmore, jun., and Captain Scholefield, while sub-committees have been chosen to suggest action on electoral reform (Prof. Oldham and Mr. A. Smith, J.P., directors), public health (Drs. Crofton and Rowlett), judicial reform (Sergt. Sullivan and Mr. W. E. Wylie, K.C.), and development and transit (Messrs. W. P. O'Neill and F. P. Griffith).

General Sir H. Gough has written a letter explaining the Curragh incident. In it he says:—"As for the principles on which I acted, they were certainly unselfish ones, and if the attempt to force Home Rule on Ulster had been made by a military force, with bloodshed and civil war, it would have caused an everlasting and never-to-be-forgotten cleavage and hatred in Ireland far worse than anything that still exists. . . . If ever all Irishmen should unite in thanking God for escaping one act of irretrievable folly, it would be when they think of that Curragh incident."

MICHAEL OG O'LONGAN: SCHOLAR, POET, PATRIOT.

To delvers in the manuscript literature of modern Irish-Gaelic, few names are better known than that of Michael Og O'Longan, poet, patriot, and scribe.

He was an indefatigable copyist of old MSS. The Most Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cork, was one of his best patrons, and the books he copied (assisted by his sons) for that prelate are now in Maynooth. For another patron, Mr. James Roche, he copied twenty-eight volumes now in the Stowe Collection of the Royal Irish Academy. But his best MSS. are those in the Betham Collection, also in the Academy. There are twenty O'Longan MSS. in St. Colman's, Fermoy, and many in private hands. Those interested in the work of O'Longan are now collecting a fund to found a permanent memorial to his memory, and Mr. Tadhg O'Donoghue, Professor of Irish in the University College, Cork, is taking a leading part in the good work.

Michael Og O'Longan came of an old Limerick family, and was born near Carrignavar, Co. Cork, on July 31, 1766. From his father, who was a good Irish scholar, he learned much concerning the literature of the language. His early years were spent partly in farming and partly in teaching. He joined the United Irishmen in 1797 in the city of Cork, and by his poems and propagandist labors became of great service to the movement. For some time he acted as letter-carrier to the leaders of the United Irishmen of the south, travelling through Munster in the guise of a poor scholar. It is to these journeys that we owe the preservation of much of our 17th and 18th century poetry. Everywhere he went he copied books and took down poems from the mouths of the old people.

In May, 1798, while Simon O'Donovan was being tried at Cork for high treason, an informer swore that O'Longan was letter-carrier to the United Irishmen, and a warrant was at once issued for his arrest. This he contrived to evade by flying into Limerick County, where he remained till times were quieter. He married in 1800 a widow named Mary Crowley, to whom he had been attached before her first marriage. He spent the remainder of his life in the teaching profession in various places in North Kerry, West Limerick, and at Carrignavar, Co. Cork. In 1822 he obtained a small farm at Cnoc Buidhe from Justin McCarthy (representative of the ancient lords of Muskerry), where his family lived till his death, May 17, 1837. He is buried at Whitechurch, Co. Cork.

Michael Og had four sons, two daughters, and a stepdaughter. Of the sons, Peter and Paul helped their father in his copying work. Paul after his death, worked in the Royal Irish Academy under Sir John Gilbert. A younger brother, Joseph, succeeded him. It is to Joseph we owe the facsimile copies of the *Leabhar Breac*, *Leabhar na hUidhche*, etc. Paul O'Longan taught Irish to Thomas Davis, and died in 1866.

Many of the descendants of Michael Og O'Longan still exist and are distinguished in various careers, scholastic and religious. It is hoped that his poems, many of which are of a religious nature, will soon be published. Professor O'Donoghue has the matter in hand.

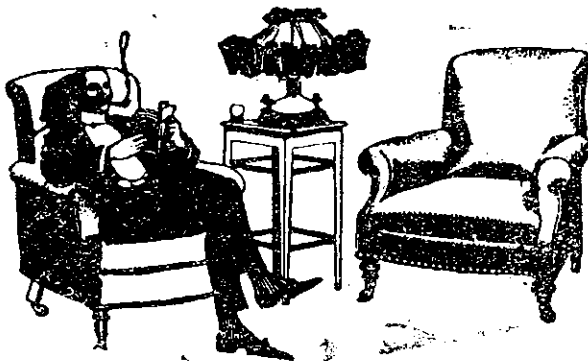
CENTENARY OF A FAMOUS HYMN.

How many who year by year thrill to the sweetness of that tender Christmas carol, "Silent Night! Holy Night!" know that it was written just over 100 years ago? The *Epworth Herald* calls attention to this first centenary in the following paragraph: "This beautiful carol, sung by all Christendom, celebrates the one hundredth anniversary of its birth this year. It is one of the gifts of the Catholic Church to the world, having being-written by the Rev. Joseph Mohr, an Austrian priest of that Communion. At the age of 23, the author was ordained to the priesthood, and three years afterwards, in 1818, he wrote this hymn for the Christmas service in the church which he served as vicar." It is not known who translated Father Mohr's remarkably poetic hymn into English. But will its Germano-Austrian origin bar it this year from the churches of our separated brethren? The *Epworth Herald* answers this question in the negative. "Out of the clangor of the time its Christmas message still rings true."

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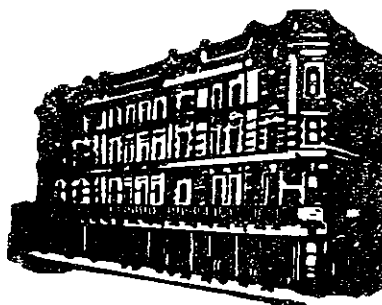
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are using this name and claiming it for their bread, but the only true Automatic Bread is the Famous
"KELLOW" BREAD. Don't delay one day longer; have these Crusty, Golden-Colored, HEALTH-
GIVING LOAVES brought into your house to-day.

Ring up 'PHONE No. 986 and give instructions for the cart to call.

If you once try this Bread you will Never go back to bread made by hands in the old-time, out-of-date
method. "KELLOW" is untouched by hand.—"KELLOW" BREAD IS MADE ONLY BY

The New Zealand Automatic Bakeries : Limited
106-110 Taranaki Street Wellington

COME AND SEE YOUR BREAD MADE.

RING TELEPHONE NUMBER 986.

Napier's
Ironmonger and
Cutler.

A. H. Wilson
Napier

Special Value
in
Table Cutlery

DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

Turnips.

This vegetable is generally spoiled by overcooking. The flat, white summer turnip, when sliced, will cook in 30 minutes. If the cooking is prolonged beyond this time the vegetable begins to deteriorate, growing dark in color and strong in flavor. The winter turnips require from 45 to 60 minutes.

Boiled Turnips.

Have the turnips peeled and sliced. Drop the slices into a stew pan with boiling water enough to cover generously. Cook until tender, then drain well. They are now ready to mash or chop. If they are to be served mashed, put them back in the stew pan; mash with a wooden vegetable masher, as metal is apt to impart an unpleasant taste. Season with salt, butter, or dripping, and a little pepper. Serve at once.

Hashed Turnips.

Chop the drained turnips into rather large pieces. Return to the stew pan, and for a pint and a half of turnips add a teaspoonful salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, a tablespoonful of butter or dripping, and four tablespoonfuls of water. Cook over a very hot fire until the turnips have absorbed all the seasonings. Serve at once. Or the salt, pepper, butter, or dripping and a tablespoon of flour may be added to the turnips. When the turnips have been cooking five minutes in this manner add half a pint of meat stock or of milk and cook ten minutes.

Carrots.

The carrot is valuable as a vegetable and as a flavorer. When partially grown and fresh from the ground they have a delicious flavor, and are so tender that they may be cooked without water. As the

carrot grows old the flavor grows stronger, and in the majority of varieties the heart grows hard and woody. When the carrot reaches this stage only the outer layers are desirable for food.

Danish Pudding.

Ingredients: A lb of flour, a large teaspoonful of baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of finely-chopped suet, a table-spoonful of sugar, a breakfastcupful of milk, and one of treacle, a pinch of salt. Method: Mix the dry ingredients together, then warm the milk, stir it into the treacle, and add it to the pudding. Mix well and boil in a well-buttered basin for three hours.

Steamed Batter Pudding.

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoonful of salt, 2 eggs, a pint of milk. Method: Beat the eggs, add the flour, salt, and milk gradually, beating all the time. Pour into a greased basin, and steam for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Serve at once with lemon sauce.

Household Hints.

If the neck of a blouse is too full in proportion to the bust measure, take up the surplus fullness at the shoulder seam. Never attempt to take it from the front.

To whiten a kitchen table that has become discolored, spread on it overnight a layer of wood ashes that have been previously made into a liquid paste with water. Next morning brush off the ashes and scrub with soap and water without soda added.

In order to economise gas, roast a small joint of meat over a gas-ring, instead of lighting the oven to do it. Well grease a saucepan or casserole, put the meat into it (with plenty of extra dripping, so that there shall be no risk of burning), put it over a gas-jet turned very low, and let it cook. Turn and baste the meat often, and it gets beautifully brown and tender.

If a fire has to be left unwatched for several hours put a handful of salt on the top of the coals. This will prevent the fuel burning away too quickly.



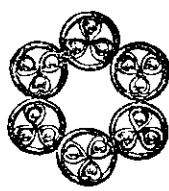
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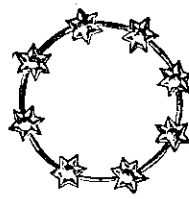


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If a Brooch is favoured for a Gift the Styles illustrated should appeal for their Distinctive and Artistic effect. They are all worthy examples of the expert Jeweller, and set with choice selected Gems.

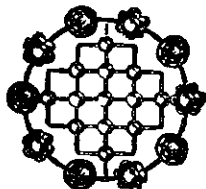
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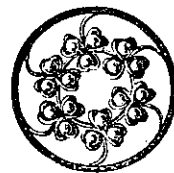
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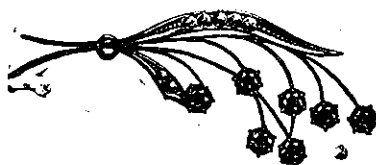
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CAN IRELAND STAND ALONE ?

IS SHE RICH ENOUGH TO SET UP AS AN INDEPENDENT NATION ?

These questions can be best answered by comparing Ireland with the small nations of Europe that prospered in freedom.

See how Ireland holds her own in size:—

Area in Square Miles.

Belgium ...	11,373	██████████
Holland ...	12,582	██████████
Denmark ...	15,042	██████████
Switzerland ...	15,976	██████████
Ireland ...	32,531	██████████

Countries about the same size as Ireland are:— Serbia, 33,891 square miles; Portugal, 35,490; Greece, 41,933; Bulgaria, 43,305.

In population also she is well to the fore, as these figures show:—

Norway ...	2,396,782	██████████
Denmark ...	2,940,990	██████████
Switzerland ...	3,888,500	██████████
Ireland ...	4,390,219	██████████

The following are the figures for countries whose population in each case is about equal to that of Ireland—Serbia, 1,517,000; Bulgaria, 4,751,000; Greece, 4,821,300.

What do these small nations pay each year to run their business; and in most cases they do their business better than the big nations? Here are the annual bills:—

Serbia ...	£5,250,000
Greece ...	5,400,000
Switzerland ...	7,000,000
Bulgaria ...	7,000,000
Norway ...	7,200,000
Denmark ...	9,500,000

Dublin Castle Rule cost Ireland last year £30,000,000, and this year, £35,000,000.

All the small Powers mentioned here keep their own armies, and three of them have fleets as well. It is cheaper, therefore, to be free than in slavery.

Liberty costs only 32s per head in Bulgaria, 35s in Serbia, 37s in Switzerland, 40s in Greece, 51s in Sweden, 55s in Portugal, and 60s in Norway; while in Ireland subjection and corruption cost 75s per head!

In point of trade, Ireland whips all the other small nations hollow. Here are the figures for 1915, in each case taken from *Whitaker's Almanac*, 1917:—

Serbia ...	£ 9,500,000
Greece ...	12,500,000
Bulgaria ...	15,000,000
Portugal ...	23,000,000
Rumania ...	41,000,000
Norway ...	42,000,000
Denmark ...	65,000,000
Sweden ...	75,000,000

while Ireland's trade for 1915 was £172,413,724.

Judged by any standard we may select, Ireland is admirably fitted for freedom. She is large enough,

populous enough and rich enough. For the money paid England last year could be run the government business of Bulgaria, Norway, Switzerland, and Denmark, paying for all their police, soldiers, ships, and guns. Is not Ireland fooled and robbed long enough?

CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN THE NEW HEBRIDES.

A correspondent (A. G. Clarke, Randwick) writes thus in the *Catholic Press* (Sydney) on the above subject:—

In an article advocating the sole British control of the New Hebrides, the *Herald*, under the date of the 4th inst., writes as follows: "The Presbyterian Churches of Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and Scotland have expended large sums of money in the evangelising of the people of the group." And again: "From a mission and moral point of view, the reason we have a right to the New Hebrides is because the natives have been Christianised and civilised, as far as has been done, by men and women of the British race."

The *Herald* thus smugly ignores the real missionary work (as distinguished from the trade activity of the Protestant "missionaries") done by the French priests and nuns in the New Hebrides, and seeks to humbug its readers into thinking that the natives of this group "have been Christianised, as far as has been done," solely by the Protestant ministers and their wives! Perhaps, however, the enlightened editor of the *Herald* does not consider Catholics to be "Christians" at all, and therefore, incapable of "Christianising" anyone!

If this pious gentleman would soil his Protestant hands by touching the *Australian Catholic Directory* for the current year, he would find, on page 204, the following summary, concerning the Vicariate-Apostolic of the New Hebrides Archipelago (established 1901): "The Society of Mary have charge of the New Hebrides missions. Stations, 17; residences and chapels, 23; missionary priests, 25; lay religious, 3; religious Sisters, 18; native catechists, 20. There are schools in every station. Number of neophytes and catechumens, about 2500. Schools, conducted by the Sisters of the Third Order of Mary: 19 Sisters; 60 pupils."

I had the honor of making the acquaintance of the Vicar Apostolic (the Right Rev. Mgr. Doucère), some 11 years ago, at Port Vila, and the impression which his charming personality left on my mind has never since faded away. He and his clergy live among the people, preaching the faith not by word only, but by the eloquent example of their holy and self-denying lives. Unlike the Protestant missionaries, they may not "have expended large sums of money," for they have not got it to expend—still less do they seek to enrich themselves by trading, for that is not the purpose for which they are there. They are there for the one purpose of following in the footsteps of Christ, and of preaching His Gospel.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

Corn must quickly yield to BAXTER'S RUBY CORN CURE. Once this remedy is applied there is no escape for the corn—it must give in. Price, 1/-, post free, from Baxter's Pharmacy, Theatre Buildings, Timaru.

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FUNERALS CONDUCTED TO SUIT ALL REQUIREMENTS AT SHORTEST NOTICE.
PERSONAL SUPERVISION GUARANTEED.

ALL CATHOLIC REQUISITES SUPPLIED, INCLUDING SHROUDS.

Phone 2602.

RING or WIRE  Mortuary Rooms and Offices:
St. Andrew Street, Dunedin.

GARDENING NOTES

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

WORK FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

The Kitchen Garden.—Dig and manure all the spare ground, and leave it as rough as possible so that the winter winds and rain may pulverise and sweeten the soil, preparatory to the spring sowing. Weed growth should be kept down, and thus save trouble later on. Rake up all fallen leaves and decaying vegetable matter, and carefully preserve same for manure purposes as this substance forms the best possible plant stimulant. Cabbage and winter greens may still be planted out; small quantities of white stone or golden ball turnip, and winter spinach may also be sown. On account of the dry season in parts and the failure of the summer cabbage crop owing to the ravages of the fly there may possibly be a scarcity of green vegetables: it would be well, therefore, to cut away and destroy all useless heads and so assist a young growth from the remaining stumps. These will give a supply of appetising greens late in the winter months. As an alternative to the fore-going, if it is decided to allow the existing vegetables to remain, and to apply the spray, a solution of Quassia Chips is the best treatment for eradicating the fly and other insect pests. A handful of chips to a bucket of water is the proper proportion. The mixture should be allowed to remain over-night and applied afterwards with a syringe or spray. If a quantity is needed the chips may be boiled with soft soap—one pound of chips is sufficient for ten gallons of water. Apply plenty of manure water to vegetables, especially at this time of the year, to stimulate growth before the winter sets in.

The Flower Garden.—With the rapid approach of winter, all tender plants should be lifted from the beds, replanted in pots or boxes, and housed. This applies particularly to geraniums and such like varieties. All the old leaves should be stripped off and straggling shoots shortened, and the plants well watered at the time of potting. Continue the planting of all kinds of bulbs—narcissus, tulips, hyacinths, iris, sparixus, crocus, anemones, etc. All gardens would be the better of a good variety of these flowering plants for spring display. Sow in boxes, and also in the borders, a good selection of hardy out-door flowers to bloom early in the season, and before the spring sown ones are ready. Cut away the dead foliage from all plants left in the garden: this should be done both in the interests of the plants and of neatness in the garden. Sweet peas may be sown in sheltered quarters. Apply a sprinkling of slacked lime or soot to their haunts to destroy slugs and woodlice. Mowing and rolling the lawns is still necessary, the roller, especially if used during damp weather will improve both the soil and grass. Sow down new lawns, and top-dress and sow bare patches on existing lawns, where necessary. If lawns are showing poverty in condition give a sprinkling of one or other of the many fertilizers now procurable.

The Fruit Garden.—Pick and store away all ripe fruit. Many kinds of late apples and pears will remain a long while on trees if allowed, but it is better to gather and store the fruit away before the frosts set in. All fruit, in any way damaged, should be at once used up, and on no account mixed with that intended to be stored. Fruit intended for keeping must be picked from the tree and not allowed to drop to the ground. Newly gathered fruit is very liable to sweat, and on that account should be so stored as to admit of a current of air passing through the store room. Begin to prune as opportunity offers, from now on.

CLINCHER CYCLE TYRES make Cycling a pleasure and are guaranteed six, nine, twelve, and fifteen months.—HAYWARD BROS. & CO., LTD., CHRISTCHURCH, Wholesale Distributors for New Zealand.

GLASNEVIN

(Written after a visit to the graves of Ireland's dead, and dedicated to Thomas Ashe.)

Ye who have ears to hear, unbolt thy bars
And welcome honest Truth;
Ye who have eyes to see the furthest stars,
Blink not at their radiance;
Ye who have minds to think, O recognise
On earth a fuller Youth;
Ye who have souls to save, arise, arise,
And meet God's awful glance!

Peace after strife,
In a mound of common clay,
The noble offering back of life
Lest Freedom shall decay.
Rest after battle,
And the wrath of the heart that faints,
Peace after conflict,
And the homage of saints.

O, all ye blind on earth,
Are these but graves—no more?
When shall the attribute of worth
Be rightly given and rightly triumphed o'er?
Not they who win the plaudits of the crowd,
Not they who are acclaimed with voices loud,
But they wrapt round with a dishonored shroud
Deserve of earth the glory which they wore.

Dreamers? Ah, yes, thank God 'twas so!
There lies nobility in dreams,
And he of vision is another Christ:
Above his brow the mystic, saintly glow,
And in his soul the music of the streams,
With God he hath eternal tryst.

Praise be to God for each dishonored poet
Whom Death confined to these unworthy graves,
They dreamt great dreams, and lo! the world shall
know it,
He only dies whom this poor brief life saves.
God, the great Dreamer, saw His dream come true,
And these great souls shall have that glory, too.

Tread softly—it is Freedom sleeping here.
Disturb her not a while,
For in her arms are those she holdeth dear,
Who slumber with a smile;
And one bright morn shall Gabriel's horn
Proclaim in tones prolonged and clear
Freedom hath come into her own at last,
And the great Tyrant's day is past—is past!

—WILLIAM C. POCCOCK.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

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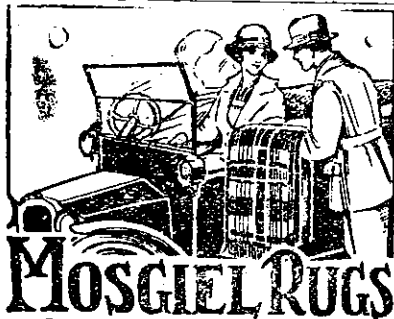
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If they work under handicap—a continuous strain—ultimate blindness may result before you are old.

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We are Specialists.

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WELLINGTON.

“when the boys come home”

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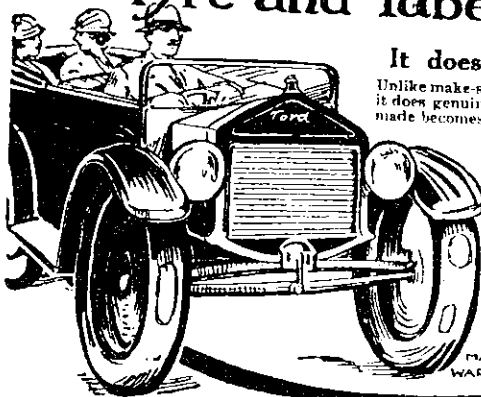
Will be given to all returned soldiers. If you have served with the N.Z. Forces, it is only necessary to apply to the Secretary of the nearest Y.M.C.A., when a free membership card will be issued entitling you to all the privileges of the institution.

Let us still keep together in New Zealand under the sign of the



“Red Triangle.”
Further information from National Secretary, Y.M.C.A. Headquarters, Baker's Bldgs., Wellington.

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MOTOR Tyre and Tube Repairer.



It does all that is Claimed!

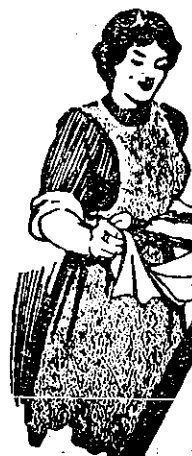
Unlike make-shift patching devices now on the market it does genuine vulcanising work, and every repair made becomes an integral part of the Tube or Tyre.

A NELSON MOTORIST says—“I am well pleased with the repairs I have made both to Tubes and Cover with the Outfit.”

AN ELDERSDALF FARMER says briefly—“I am well pleased with it.”

Complete Outfit in Box
30/-.

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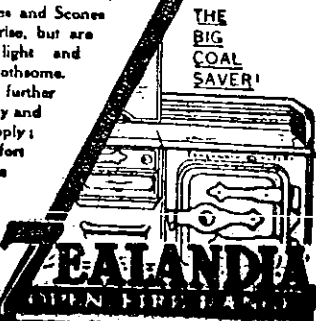


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Is what the Zealandia Oven ensures because the heat is evenly distributed and can be regulated to a nicety. Meats leave it tender and juicy, and Cakes and Scones never fail to rise, but are always light and deliciously toothsome.

There are also the further advantages of Fuel Economy and a Plentiful Hot Water Supply; and last, but not least, the comfort of an Open Fire which the Zealandia alone affords.

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Barningham & Co. Ltd.
DUNEDIN.



THE BIG COAL SAVER!

ZEALANDIA
OPEN FIRE OVEN

The Family Circle

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO-DAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done
To-Day?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give
To-Day?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak
To-Day?

We shall be so kind in the after-while,
But what have we been
To-Day?

We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought
To-Day?

We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth,
But whom have we fed
To-Day?

We shall reap such joys in the by-and-by,
But what have we sown
To-Day?

We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built
To-Day?

'Tis sweet in ideal dreams to bask,
But here and now, are we doing our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask:
What Have We Done To-day?

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is something we are all seeking, yet how few have ever attained it, save as a temporary and fleeting possession. We are given to thinking that whether we are happy or not depends on certain circumstance, events, or environments, over which we have little, if any, control; we put aside thoughts of happiness until we shall have reached a certain point in our career, instead of cultivating them, as we would the choicest flowers in our garden-plot and making every day a happy one. You will hear somebody say, "I shall be perfectly happy when we have a home of our own," or possess a certain income, or get through school, or own an automobile—no two have happiness now, and here—it isn't something to be chased and captured: and the man or woman who discloses to us the way to be truly happy is a world-benefactor.

FATHER AND MOTHER.

Nothing in human life and living can be more appealingly beautiful than a father and mother who regard their children not as burdens but treasures; who do not lose the ideal of home-making. In human life the loss of the ideal of parenthood and home would be degradation and death to the individual and the nation. The self-constituted and so-called reformers, who speak with contempt of this parenthood, as being unworthy and beneath the dignity of men and women of our day, are the enemies of the race and heralds of moral vagabondage. The home made sacred by the institution of marriage, where children are nurtured in an atmosphere of love and good comradeship, and brought to manhood and womanhood, is the fountain from which everything else of value springs.

Have you a daughter or son? They are yours to build into young womanhood and manhood. What a girl or boy becomes physically, mentally, morally through education and training rests largely with you. What you do for them consciously and unconsciously will crystallise into character, habit, and conduct.

Parenthood fixes responsibility. The home is the building place. Let it be a privilege—not a burden. True marriage is the ideal partnership of husband and wife, in which each helps the other to all that is highest and finest and richest in character and life. The husband is not independent of the wife—the wife is not independent of the husband. Neither has usurped the place of the other nor striven for precedence. They work together in creating a sentiment of wholesomeness, sincerity, and faithfulness. True marriage means the founding of a home. The foundation of that home must be true respect, true love, and common sense. Upon these virtues only, and what grows out of them, can the home of lasting, enduring happiness be founded.

RESULT OF MISSING MASS.

Missing Mass on Sundays is the parent sin. It is the cause of causes when there is a question of Catholic defection. Human respect, scandal, mixed marriages, secret societies, bad literature, and evil associations have slain their thousands; Mass missing has slain its tens of thousands.

It has been a blight upon Catholicity, and by breeding general indifference it has encouraged spoliation and plunder on the part of politicians, who rightly believe that they have nothing to fear from people who do not think enough of their religion to turn out to Mass on Sunday.

It has scandalised believer and unbeliever alike, and supplied an additional argument in support of the pernicious doctrine that one religion is as good as another. It has ever been the first step on the downward road that leads to the loss of faith, apostasy, and irreligion; in short, it is the basic weakness, the parent sin, at whose door almost every form of present-day Catholic defection can rightly be laid.

NOT LISTENING.

Talking about his master's affairs, was Tommy's besetting sin, and for it he had been dismissed.

As the lad was leaving, his master thought to give him some useful advice.

"Tommy," he said, kindly, "in future you must never hear anything that is said in the office. Do what you are told to do, but turn a deaf ear to conversation which does not concern you."

While Tommy stood silent, pondering over this wisdom, a happy thought struck the good man. His typist was seated near. He would teach her the same lesson.

"Miss Brown," he remarked, "did you hear what I just said to Tommy?"

"Oh, no, sir!" replied Miss Brown.

GETTING IN FORM.

A party of sportsmen were out all day big-game hunting, and as they rested after their day's labor they spun yarns.

"Last time I was out here on this game," said the quiet man, "I met a magnificent lion almost face to face. With a terrible roar, the beast sprang at me, but missed his aim by jumping two feet too high. Disappointed, it dashed away into the woods. The next day we set out to track the beast down, and at last came upon it in the open space in the jungle—er—practising low jumps."

HE KNEW.

"There's such a thing as being too wise," said Chief of Police Butler the other day. "Indeed, that is how we catch many thieves. They are too clever, and it gives them away. They remind me of the new clerk in the seed store.

"Someone, just for a joke, asked for some sweet potato seeds. The clerk hunted all through the seeds, but could find no sweet potato seeds, and finally appealed to the boss.

"The latter explained that he was being kidded,

and cautioned him about not letting smart Alecks put anything over on him.

A few days later a lady entered the store, and asked for some bird-seed.

"Aw, go on," grinned the clerk, "you can't kid me. Birds is hatched from eggs."

THE BISHOP GOT THE KETTLE.

The late Bishop Selwyn delighted to tell the following racy incident:—While walking one day in the country and observing a group of colliers seated by the roadside in a semicircle, with a brass kettle in front of them, inquired what was going on. "Why, yer honor," replied a grave-looking member, "its a sort of wager. Yon kettle is a prize for the fellow who can tell the biggest lie, and I am the umpire." Amazed and shocked, the Bishop said reprovingly, "Why, my friends, I have never told a lie that I know of since I was born." There was a dead silence, only broken by the voice of the umpire who said in a deliberate tone: "Give the Bishop the kettle."

SMILE RAISERS.

The following story comes from America. Mr. Wilson was walking to the golf course, when a small boy on the road put out his tongue at him. The friend who was with the President affected to be horrified, and suggested correction. "I corrected him all right," said the President. "How was that?" said his friend. "You said nothing." "No," said the President, "but I made a worse face at him."

Squire (to rural lady): Now, my boy, tell me how do you know an old partridge from a young one?"

Boy: "By the teeth, sir."

Squire: "Nonsense, boy. You ought to know better. A partridge hasn't any teeth."

Boy: "No, sir; but I have."

Billy had had a serious misunderstanding with his older cousin, Conrad. That misunderstanding had been very scrupulously concealed from his mother, so when he came into the house after school she said:

"Billy, what would you like to give Conrad for his birthday?"

"I know what I'd like to give him," said Billy vindictively, "but I ain't big enough."

"That fellow was an impudent fraud. How did he manage to wheedle money out of you?"

"Oh, John, he told me such a sad, pitiful tale about his poor wife who was a widow with six little children!"

Ma: "There is one thing about Edith's young man, dear; you don't have to get up every night to send him off."

Pa: "No, thank heaven, one of our girls has picked out a self-starter."

A fellow said to a famous sprinter: "I'll race you and beat you if you'll let me choose the course and give me a yard's start."

"Ten pounds to one that you don't," said the sprinter, confidently. "Name your course."

"Up a ladder," said the challenger.

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

New Wireless Wonder.

The well-known wireless expert, Dr. Lee de Forest, who arrived in England recently to exhibit his latest invention to the British Signal Corps, disclosed some interesting facts concerning the Audion Lamp. By means of this invention long-distance wireless telegraphy and telephony have been made possible. The Audion Lamp magnifies sound waves a million times, but without affecting their tonal qualities.

"All the U.S. airplanes," says Dr. de Forest, "are now fitted with this apparatus, which has made it possible for the pilot to receive a message in the air despite the noise of his engine. Our Signal Corps, too, in the trenches are using the same apparatus, of a more portable kind, and they have an effective range of from four to five miles.

"The Allies' communication at the front between aeroplanes, infantry, and artillery would be impossible in anything like its present state of perfection without the Audion. The French use a thousand a day."

Edison's Camouflaged Ship.

How Edison, the famous American, invented one of the earliest and most successful systems of "camouflaging" merchant vessels, has just been revealed by one who assisted in the experiments. In those days before the convoy system had been so largely developed and when merchant ships had to rely so much for safety upon their own unaided efforts, scientists of all countries were devoting much time to the question of the reduction of visibility at sea. Amongst them was Thomas Alva Edison, the American inventor. To aid him in his work the Cunard Company placed at his disposal, for experimental purposes, the Valeria, a 10,000-ton carrying freight steamer. Edison got quickly to work and, before long, the result was seen in the Mersey, where an incoming vessel—squat, dumpy, barge-like—excited general wonder. It was the "camouflaged" Valeria.

Her funnels had almost disappeared, and her masts were cut right down; portions of her superstructure had been removed or concealed; and finally, immense painted screens of canvas were ranged along the ship and "wrapped" around her top sides. She looked like nothing else on earth—or at sea. She was almost invisible at a short distance and quite unrecognisable.

It was the crew of the Valeria that had the thrill of feeling a shock in the vessel's bottom and the subsequent pleasure of seeing a German submarine emerge with a broken periscope. The distance separating the two vessels was so small that the Valeria's guns had to be depressed to their fullest extent in order to fire. They did not miss.

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