

**MISSING PAGE**

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## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- July 6, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday After Pentecost.  
 „ 7, Monday.—SS. Cyril and Methodius, Bishops and Confessors.  
 „ 8, Tuesday.—St. Elizabeth, Queen and Widow.  
 „ 9, Wednesday.—Of the FERIA.  
 „ 10, Thursday.—The Seven Brothers, Martyrs.  
 „ 11, Friday.—St. Pius I., Pope and Martyr.  
 „ 12, Saturday.—St. John Gualbert, Abbot.

#### The Seven Brothers, Martyrs.

The seven saints whose glorious death is commemorated to-day were sons of St. Felicitas, and suffered at Rome about the middle of the second century. They were exhorted to constancy in suffering by their heroic mother, who herself soon after received the crown of martyrdom.

#### St. John Gualbert, Abbot.

St. John was born at Florence of noble parents in 999. Like many of the class to which he belonged, he grew up imbued with a pride which would neither brook opposition nor allow any injury to pass unavenged. Having, however, on one occasion, in obedience to the promptings of Divine Grace, forgiven a defenceless enemy, this exercise of Christian charity proved the beginning of his complete conversion. He entered a Benedictine monastery, and afterwards founded the famous abbey and Order of Vallombrosa. He died in 1073.

### GRAINS OF GOLD

#### THE HILLS OF GOD.

Dear God, unto Thine everlasting hills  
 I lift mine eyes— eyes haply dim with tears  
 Or wan with waiting through the lonely years.  
 Yet evermore in deathless hope 'mid ills  
 Of earth, to Thee they turn. And swift fulfil  
 Itself Thine olden word; for griefs and fears—  
 Like phantoms of the night when dawn appears—  
 Are folded in a peace that calms and thrills.

O hills of God, that adumbrate His strength,  
 Security, and peace, but most His love  
 The watchful love that slumbers not nor sleeps!  
 Your mystic voice, calm hills, through all the length  
 Of ages, cries: "Be still! From heaven above  
 The Lord of Hosts His Israel surely keeps."

#### REFLECTIONS.

God converses with man in prayer and reveals many things between a Pater and an Ave.—Father Olivaint.  
 The smallest action done with a great love of God is more agreeable to Him and more meritorious for us than a great and more difficult action done with less love, or one in which is found some traces of self-love.—  
*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

The ideal man, the ideal woman, is, first of all, a courageous soul. It calls for courage to decide, in the fair morning of youth, that the straight white way of honor is the way to follow; it requires courage to continue it when the voices of the world and one's own lower nature clamor for its forsaking; it takes courage when one has yielded to swing back into the old high path. Yes, it takes courage to strive after the ideal.

Our life here must decide our eternity, "for the living know that they shall die." Every act here must be declared hereafter, for "all things that are done God will bring into judgment." Doing all things well, life shall not have been lived in vain, for "the blessing of God maketh haste to reward the just."

Man's greatest enemy is himself. If everyone should be as careful of deserving an honest opinion of himself as he is of securing the good opinion of others, there would be a vast difference in the standing of the majority of mankind. Look carefully into yourself and discover your own flaws.

## The Storyteller

### THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Continued.)

#### CHAPTER XXXI.—THE PRIMA DONNA.

"I hear that a new *prima donna* makes her *début* to-night," said Mr. Honeywood, "at the Teatro della Scala. Let us go and hear her sing."

"It will probably be a disappointment," he added. "All kinds of people make their *début* here, who are utter failures, and never heard of again."

Kevin heard these words with a strange mixture of feelings. He remembered the old days when his nightly haunt was the theatre, when he never entered one without a hope of seeing Fanchea, and never left it without despair in his heart. He had long since made up his mind that not in such a place was he to look for the reappearance of the lost one. If Fanchea had been all these years receiving a musical education in Italy, he must have discovered the fact, considering all the inquiries he had made. Now the idea that this *débutante* might prove to be the little singer of Killeevy just presented itself to his mind to be coldly put aside. He had been too often beguiled by such fancies, too often and too bitterly disappointed to be able to tolerate such vagaries of hope any more. Yet he was not unwilling to pay this visit to the theatre. Music had always a powerful fascination for him.

As they took their seats, our friends had no expectation of a brilliant entertainment; the vast house seemed but imperfectly lighted, and was still more imperfectly filled. They had not thought of inquiring what the opera was to be, and found it was "Lohengrin." They had all heard Wagner's great opera in London, and expected but little excitement from the long performance.

Mr. Honeywood grumbled a little, but Kevin declared he was willing to sit it out.

"The scenery, the accessories will all be so bad," said the fastidious Thistleton, "even if the *débutante* be equal to the part of Elsa."

The performance began. The great crowd of chorus singers did their duty well; the scenery was better than might have been expected. Evidently every effort had been made to bring out this young *débutante* with *éclat*. Elsa herself was a slight youthful figure in white, with a mantle of dark hair hanging upon her shoulders.

"A fair Elsa would have been better," said Honeywood.

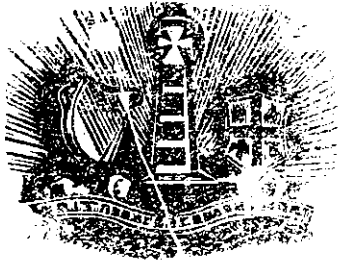
"She is fair enough, except her hair," said Kevin. "Exceedingly fair and pale. Actresses generally put a little color on their cheeks, but she has none."

"Probably we should see it if we had a glass," said Honeywood. So little had they intended visiting theatres during their travels that they had not thought of putting an opera-glass among the baggage. Of so little importance was their present visit that they had forgotten the desirability of procuring one.

"She turns her face too much from the audience," said Honeywood. "I can scarcely see what she is like."

At first sight of the slight, dark-haired figure, Kevin had felt a quiver of agitation for which he was not unprepared. The old thought would occur to him, "Should this be Fanchea?" When they spoke of her hair he had said, "She is an Italian, of course. They will get her a fair wig by-and-by if she proves worthy of it."

Saying this lightly, he tried to smile away the unreasonable fancy that was striving to gain sway over his mind. Nevertheless, he found himself comparing the features, and mien, and gesture of the youthful songstress with the ideal maiden into whom Fanchea had grown.



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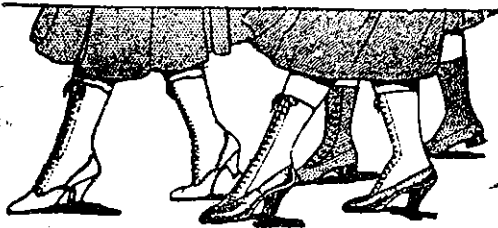
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That would be about the height he had imagined her. The face—ah, how could he be sure of her lineaments now? This face was fair and pure, with large dark eyes. The hair was not curled in little cloudy rings about the temples, the cheeks were not rosy, like those of the little girl he had known. The long waving tresses were swept back from the fair, child-like, and yet intellectual forehead, giving to the pale, oval face a dignified look which he could hardly associate with the winning and fantastic little peasant of Killeevy. And yet, and yet. Nay, what folly was this!

He involuntarily closed his eyes, and held his breath to listen.

It was the moment when the last notes of the silver trumpet's call having died away, and no champion having appeared for the forlorn little maid, Elsa flies and kneels before the king, craving him to command yet another blast to be sounded in her favor, yet another aerial summons to be uttered by those silver throats, to bring the unknown, yet confidently-expected, hero in all his warlike splendor, and with all his chivalrous eagerness, to her side. A few sweet, tremulous, bird-notes quivered on the ear, and Kevin turned pale. The notes reminded him strangely of the "Hymn of the Virgin Triumphant," and the voice, ah, how cruelly like it was to the child-voice that so often sung that song. He covered his face with his hand and listened. Ah, if it were Fanchea! But he had grown too wise by experience to give himself up to the thought that this dream, unlike all others that had gone before it, might prove true. He remembered how unusually occupied his mind had been with her all day, how he had striven to recall her face, her tones, and to bestow them on an ideal maiden whom his imagination had conjured to his side. All this had colored his thoughts, had predisposed him to the peculiar torture which he was suffering now. No, it was not Fan; only some fair and rare Italian, who would yet make a sensation in the great world.

"It is a rich voice," said Honeywood. "Trove-trove to some *impresario*."

The opera proceeded. Kevin sat forward now, gazing intently on the stage, hearing nothing through all the mighty storm of music but one voice, seeing nothing but the features and expressions of one face, the movements and gestures of one form. When the curtain fell upon the first act, a burst of rapturous applause told the satisfaction of the audience, and he lay back in his seat with a sigh of impatience at his own bewitchment. The Signora Francesca! Doubtless any one of the audience could tell him all about her. Well, he was not going to ask.

"She is a charming young creature," said Honeywood, "with a triumphant future, if I do not mistake. It is curious," he added, reflectively, "but I fancy I have both seen the face and heard the voice before."

Kevin started at these words, and turned on him an eager look, which must have attracted notice, only that Mr. Honeywood had turned even as he spoke, and was looking at the faces in the seats above them. His own memory suggested a meaning of this fancy of his friend—the gipsy entertainment at which Honeywood had been present, at which the child Fanchea had danced and sung. Completely carried away by this suggestion, he was about to start up and rush away to the green-room of the theatre to satisfy himself at once, when the curtain flew up once more, and the opera went on.

The music-story proceeded, and gradually unfolded its plot. Elsa saw her brother return, flew to meet him, and trilled her delight at seeing him again. Leading him by the hand, she approached nearer to the front of the stage than she had yet done, and Fanchea, who had been singing with a courage that astonished herself, now expressed Elsa's rapture with the most charming *naïveté*. This opera had been chosen at her own desire for her first appearance. The story of it had fascinated her imagination, and she did not feel herself alone in this vast crowd of singers, was not so nervous as she should have been in coming forth to sing solos, as in any other opera. She had readily thrown herself

into the part of Elsa. Something in the poetic story she had associated with her own in a way unexplained to herself; the loss of the brother, the loneliness of the sister. As she drew the brother forward, and sang her welcome to him, she seemed to look to where Kevin was sitting.

Her glance directed towards himself (as he fancied), her smile, a peculiar note in her voice at the moment smote upon Kevin. Was he going crazy, or was it really Fan, and had she recognised him? He turned deadly pale, and from that instant till the moment when Elsa fell prone on the riverbank while her hero sailed away, he scarcely drew breath nor removed his eyes from her face.

The curtain finally descended amidst the rapturous plaudits of the now well-filled house, and murmurs of delight were on every tongue.

"What is the matter with you?" said Honeywood to Kevin. "You look white. Are you ill?"

"I have got a surprise," said Kevin. "I think I have seen a friend."

"Ah, well. You will follow me at your leisure, I suppose," said Mr. Honeywood, wondering at his altered manner, and thinking he had recognised some acquaintance among the audience.

"What can be wrong?" he thought, seeing Kevin disappear with extraordinary quickness. "Something beyond the chance sight of an acquaintance has affected him."

In the meantime Kevin had rushed out into the street, and made his way behind the scenes of the theatre. He inquired for the *prima donna*, the Signora Francesca, and learned that she had already left the place. A carriage had been in waiting for her, and as soon as the performance was over her friends had taken her away.

He asked for her address, and hurried along the street, passing through crowds of pleasure-takers who made the streets gay with a gaiety scarcely seen in Milan under daylight skies. Bevy of fair maidens met him, flirting their fans, laughing and chattering, while the cool night air stirred their black lace mantillas and drew perfume from the roses that fastened the fluttering drapery to their still blacker hair. Crowds of lively people sat on the pavement at little marble tables, eating ices; the tall houses showed few lights; all the inhabitants were abroad; but the lower part of the streets shone like a ballroom. Above all, overhead the dark, lofty roofs, hung the purple sky, alive with great palpitating stars. Kevin saw nothing around him as he hurried along the streets to the house that had received the Signora Francesca. Every obstacle in his way was maddening to him; yet the easy walk of the saunterers he met was no way disturbed; nobody save himself hurried along, nobody was in a state of excitement although it was possible that Fanchea might be found!

Arrived at the house, he suddenly paused, with a shocked sense of his own rudeness, his own thoughtlessness. Every light was out; the house was apparently shut up for the night. What wild folly had brought him at this unseemly hour to thrust himself, in so excited a condition, perhaps into the presence of a stranger? The wearied *prima donna*, the youthful and lovely girl who had bewitched his fancy and entwined herself with his hopes, was probably already enjoying her hard-earned rest. He turned away, and began pacing up and down, determined to wait till morning should give a rational appearance to his visit. Hour after hour passed, and all the while he was trying to reason out the probabilities of the case, to persuade himself to take the matter quietly, to be prepared for a disappointment.

He would, of course, be denied access to the signora unless he could give a satisfactory reason for his visit. He must not rush in upon her like a wild man, exclaiming, "Is this Fanchea?" and so run the risk of being taken for a maniac by complete strangers. In a few simple words he must tell the story of his hopes and fears; and in fancy he now made his appeal to

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—Fan— or the unknown sister who had assumed her personality in his mind.

When morning appeared, however, and looking round he saw that the pleasure-takers of the night had vanished, and that quite another order of beings filled the streets, he felt suddenly conscious of what a strange appearance he should present in a lady's morning room, in his evening dress, and with his pale and jaded face. He must return to the hotel and make himself presentable, deferring his visit to a proper hour of the day.

Carrying out this intention, he dressed, breakfasted, and tried to rest a little, but could not. The time seemed to lag wonderfully. At last he made up his mind that the moment had come when he might legitimately relieve his suspense. Setting out again, he paused before the house in front of which he had paced throughout the night.

"The Signora Francesca? Does she live here?"

"Yes," said the servant. She had been there, but she was gone.

"Impossible!" cried Kevin, with a sense of some overwhelming fatality.

"Oh, yes, gone. She and her lady friend left very early this morning for the country. The signorina suffered much from fatigue lately, and the departure was planned for the earliest moment after the performance."

"Where have they gone? When will they return?"

"They have not left their address. They wished to be unmolested for a few days to come."

"For a few days?"

"After that they will write here for their letters. The gentleman can call in about a week, when we shall be happy to give him the address."

"One more word. Have you any idea of what part of the country they have gone to?"

"Somewhere between this and Pavia, I believe. More I do not know."

Meantime Fan had passed through her great trial in the most triumphant manner, giving entire satisfaction to her guardians. The success of her *debut* was unquestioned, and already she had received the offer of a first-rate engagement to sing in Paris. But before this matter had been fully discussed, before Lord Wilderspin and Herr Harfenspieler had met on the day after the performance, early in the cool of the morning following that exciting evening, Fan and the signora had stolen away from the city to a little country retreat that had been prepared for them. At Fanchea's earnest request, arrangements had been made for this hasty flight after her public appearance. She had been living in a fever of excitement for some time before the event; as the day approached, she had felt more and more unwillingness to appear on the stage, and her success had been bought by a tremendous effort at self-conquest.

"Let us get away the moment it is over," she had implored the signora; "away into the green country, away from all the crowds of faces, where we shall not know whether I have failed or succeeded."

She had not told the signora that part of her excitement was due to the fact that she expected to see Kevin among the audience. She felt that until the great trial was over, she could not speak on the subject of her meeting with her childhood's friend. She was already devoured by more excitement than she well knew how to master; and felt that to speak, or even to think, much of Kevin would be to give way and break down. Nevertheless she had hoped to see him on the terrible night, and she had not seen him. Her friends, Lord Wilderspin and Herr Harfenspieler, had seen him, recognising him through his companion, whom they knew; and each had thanked Heaven that Fanchea had been left in ignorance of his presence in Milan. They were also pleased that her request had been acceded to, and that she would at once be removed from the likelihood of a meeting with him.

"He is really a distinguished-looking young man," said Lord Wilderspin. "My mind misgives me for keeping them apart."

"You cannot keep them apart longer than Fate wills," said the Harfenspieler, mournfully. "Up to this, I believe, your action has produced nothing but good to both."

"I hope so," said the old lord, who, somehow, of late—ever since he had seen her eyes so red with crying—had begun to think that Fan was not the sort of creature to be happy on a stage, and that home was the best place for a woman, after all. As for his own hobby, had he not ridden it to his heart's content? He had proved his discrimination in discovering a first-rate voice, and forcing all good judges, as well as the public, to acknowledge that it was so. She had the world now at her feet, if only she would choose to live for the world.

But the old musician took a different view of the case. He had labored, not for the gratification of a whim, but that art might be glorified through his means. So far from being content with the result, and willing to turn from this achieved success, because the crowd had approved his work, he saw himself now only on the first step towards attaining his desire. The long, brilliant career which he saw opening before his pupil could alone repay him for the efforts of the last seven years, and that she should pursue it every step of the way, ever improving, ripening, gathering fresh power as she went, and pouring out the riches of her maturity and experience on the altar of art, for the increase and exaltation of its worship, was the burning desire of his soul. He turned away from Lord Wilderspin with an impatient frown, as his lordship's eyes kept flitting restlessly from Elsa on the stage to Kevin sitting wrapped in his corner among the audience.

"By Jove, I think he recognises her!" muttered his lordship; and Herr Harfenspieler could bear it no longer, but went off to mount guard and prevent the possibility of Kevin's sudden appearance behind the scenes, to hurry her away the moment the performance was over.

He had already planned to send her off early the next morning to the country retreat he had chosen for her, and to keep her there till her strength might be restored, and till Kevin should have left Milan. Fan, sadly disappointed that Kevin had not crossed her path again, had almost persuaded herself that it was in a dream she had seen him walk through the cathedral. She felt too tired to oppose Herr Harfenspieler, and dared not claim the sympathy of any of the people around her. As she travelled by the signora's side towards their temporary home near Pavia, she could only pray and hope that Providence would take up her cause, and again bring her friend to her side.

They found their country hiding-place a little house wrapped in vines and roses; and that evening Fan wandered about the garden pondering deeply on the strange chances of life. How noble, how good Kevin had looked: just as her dreams had so often pictured him to her! And then her thoughts went back to their distant island, so distant both as to time and place, to the birds, to his mother's house, to Killeevy Mountain. She remembered Killeevy as she had seen it last, with the moon overhanging the cliffs, the ocean; the lighted gipsy tents, the red shine glowing out of the shadows under the crown of the hill from hearthstones of humble though dearly-loved homes.

Only eight years ago, and yet what a lifetime it seemed to Fan. What a wonderful Fate it was that had withdrawn them both from that lowly peasant life, to educate and place them in a completely different sphere in the world. That they never could be peasants on Killeevy Mountain again she knew too well; but they could visit, and cherish, and love those who had long ago been good to them there.

Her whole past life lay before her as upon one curious page, and musing over it she easily believed herself a child again.

"And is this indeed me—little Irish me—the person who has been singing, not to a gipsy's crowd, but to a world of great people in a theatre in Italy, who has been promised fame, success, wealth, such as few ever attain to? Ah, how will Kevin ever believe it?"

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I wanted to sing for nobody but him; and I am still the same. I would rather keep singing to him in a little quiet spot like this, with the flowers, and the birds, and the stillness all around us, and the heavens over our heads, than make ever so great a sensation among the finest people in the world."

The next morning she looked round for something to do, and said:—"Mamzelle, let us pay a visit to the Certosa! It is not far from here, and I want to see it."

Mamzelle yielded to her desire. And to the Certosa they went.

(To be continued.)

## THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

### CHAPTER XXVIII.—HOW THE VAINGLORIOUS ENGLISH KING TRIED ANOTHER CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE INVINCIBLE IRISH PRINCE, AND WAS UTTERLY DEFEATED, AS BEFORE.

Of this second expedition of King Richard there is extant an account written by a Frenchman who was in his train. In all its main features, expedition No. 2 was a singular repetition of expedition No. 1: vast preparations and levies of men and materials, ships and armaments, as if for the invasion and subjugation of one of the most powerful empires of the world: gorgeous trappings, courtly attendants, and all the necessities for renewed experiments with the Royal "dazzling" policy. Landing at Waterford, Richard, at the head of his panoplied host, marched against McMurrough, who, to a lofty and magniloquent invitation to seek the king's gracious clemency, had rudely replied "that he would neither submit nor obey him in any way; and that he would never cease from war and the defence of his country until his death." To the overawing force of the English King, Art had, as the French narrator informs us, just "three thousand hardy men, who did not appear to be much afraid of the English." McMurrough's tactics were those which had stood him in such good stead on the previous occasion. He removed all the cattle and corn, food and fodder of every kind, as well as the women, children, aged, and helpless of his people, into the interior, while he himself, at the head of his Spartan band, "few, but undismayed," took up a position at Idrone awaiting the invaders. Once more Richard found his huge army entangled in impenetrable forests, hemmed in by bogs, morass, and mountain—McMurrough fighting and retiring with deadly craft to draw him deeper and deeper into difficulty, "harassing him dreadfully, carrying off everything fit for food for man or beast, surprising and slaying his foragers, and filling his camp nightly with alarm and blood." A crumb of consolation greatly regarded by the mortified and humiliated English King was the appearance one day in his camp of Art's uncle giving in submission, supplicating for himself "pardon and favor." This Richard only too joyfully granted; and, allowing the incident to persuade him that Art himself might also be wavering, a Royal message was sent to the Leinster prince assuring him of free pardon, and "castles and lands in abundance elsewhere," if only he would submit. The Frenchman records McMurrough's reply:—"MacMor told the King's people that for all the gold in the world he would not submit himself, but would continue to war and endamage the King in all that he could." This ruined Richard's last hope of anything like a fair pretext for abandoning his enterprise. He now relinquished all idea of assailing McMurrough, and marched as best he could towards Dublin, his army meanwhile suffering fearfully from famine. After some days of dreadful privation they reached the seashore at Arklow, where ships with provisions from Dublin awaited them. The soldiers rushed into the sea to reach at the food, fought for it ravenously, and drank all the wine they could seize. Soon

after this timely relief, a still more welcome gleam of fortune fell upon the English host. A messenger arrived from Art expressing his willingness to meet some accredited ambassador from the King and discuss the matters at issue between them. Whereupon, says the chronicler, there was great joy in the English camp. The Earl of Gloster was at once dispatched to treat with Art. The French knight was among the earl's escort, and witnessed the meeting, of which he has left a quaint description. He describes Art as a "fine large man, wondrously active. To look at him he seemed very stern and savage and a very able man." The horse which Art rode especially transfixed the Frenchman's gaze. He declares that a steed more exquisitely beautiful, more marvellously fleet, he had never beheld. "In coming down it galloped so hard, that, in my opinion, I never saw hare, deer, sheep, or any other animal, I declare to you for a certainty, run with such speed as it did." This horse Art rode "without housing or saddle," yet sat like a king, and guided with utmost ease in the most astounding feats of horsemanship. "He and the earl," the Frenchman tells, "exchanged much discourse, but did not come to agreement. They took short leave and hastily parted. Each took his way apart, and the earl returned to King Richard." The announcement brought by his ambassador was a sore disappointment to the King. Art would only agree to "peace without reserve"; "otherwise he will never come to agreement." "This speech," continues the Frenchman, "was not agreeable to the King. It appeared to me that his face grew pale with anger. He swore in great wrath by St. Bernard that no, never would he depart from Ireland till, alive or dead, he had him in his power."

Rash oath—soon broken. Little thought Richard when he so hotly swore against Art in such impotent anger, that he would have to quit Ireland, leaving Art free, unconquered, and defiant, while he returned to England only to find himself a crownless monarch, deposed and friendless, in a few brief days subsequently to meet a treacherous and cruel death in Pontefract Castle!

All this, however, though near at hand, was as yet in the unforeseen future; and Richard, on reaching Dublin, devoted himself once more to "dazzling" revels there. But while he feasted he forgot not his hatred of the indomitable McMurrough. "A hundred marks in pure gold" were publicly proclaimed by the King to anyone who should bring to him in Dublin, *alive or dead*, the defiant Prince of Leinster; against whom, moreover, the army, divided into three divisions, were dispatched upon a new campaign. Soon the revels and marchings were abruptly interrupted by sinister news from England. A formidable rebellion had broken out there, headed by the banished Lancaster. Richard marched southward with all speed to take shipping at Waterford, collecting on the way the several divisions of his army. He embarked for England, but arrived too late. His campaign against Art McMurrough had cost him his crown, eventually his life; had changed the dynasty in England, and seated the house of Lancaster upon the throne.

(To be continued.)

"When lights burn low" where sweet babe sleeps,  
While grateful mother vigil keeps,  
Watching it breathing calm and free,  
Her pet that yet the morn shall see—  
O, what relief and joy is known  
Where croup is foiled and overthrown;  
What gratitude and blessing pure,  
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## WHAT IS BOLSHEVISM?

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

The great Lloyd George Government, in moral fact, has already fallen. The only question is whether the whole historic pile of European civilisation, and the whole heroic work of the great European war, is to fall with it. Everybody now knows, what we have always asserted, the Nemesis of the plutocratic and truly parliamentary procedure of giving a very great work to a very small man; and then remedying the defect by deafening and incessant declarations that he was really a very great one. A writer in the *Saturday Review* says that this typical piece of democratic diplomacy has been a piece of bungling beyond all the bad diplomacy of the past. We entirely sympathise with the critic when he enjoys the candor of calling it bungling; but we cannot imagine why he should pay it the compliment of calling it democratic. We in England have no kind of control over Mr. George in Paris; any more than we have, for that matter, over Mr. George at Westminster. We cannot direct his actions, if he chooses to surrender the British claim to the cosmopolitan millionaires, any more than we direct his action when he tried to cut down the British Navy in deference to the cocoa millionaires. We can no more prevent his taking the advice of Isaacs and the international Jews about deserting Poland, than we could prevent his taking the advice of Isaacs about dabbling in Marconi shares. But one fact has already bulked too big in the landscape for the democracy to be kept entirely in the dark about it, even by a modern representative Government. That fact is a new form of the barbarian peril; an alliance between the mere tribes of the Teutonic world and the mere tribes of the Slav world against those great remains of the Roman Empire which are now the real nations of Christendom. The word which everyone is repeating everywhere, in however vague a fashion, is the word "Bolshevism." We think it highly desirable that somebody should say something about it a little more intelligent than the bare repetition of that word.

In this, as in most other important things, the fashionable press gives no guidance whatever to the people. Generally, we regret to say, it falls back on the familiar expedient of telling lies about the Bolshevists; a method more consonant to its own motive; for it does not oppose them from the high motives of civilisation, but from the low motives of capitalism. And not having the shadow of a political philosophy for dealing with a coal strike in Wales or a Bill in committee at Westminster, it is not strange that it should have none for wild marches and massacres on the plains of Russia or round the cities of Hungary. In the absence of any intelligible teaching in the matter, the English people have fallen back on an attitude which is certainly very English and normally not unattractive, but unfortunately highly unsuitable to a peril that is practical and near. It is the habit of treating the thing as something distant and fantastic. They take a sort of poetical pleasure in the mere word, because it sounds a mysterious and extravagant word. As we say, this is a very national mood; and in itself, and in its place, the sort of thing that nationalism exists to protect. It is not unconnected with that romance of seamen and traders touching at remote islands, and seeking rather to roam than to rule; so that it would be a truer as well as a more human title if the British Empire could be called the British Adventure. It is not even unconnected with an English love of nonsense, as shown in the English talent for the literature of nonsense. There is something of the same pleasure in saying "Bolshevik" as in saying the word "Jabberwock"; and our journalism merely stimulates the sort of interest felt in the wild landscapes of Edward Lear.

But the real case against Bolshevism is not founded on a view of its fantasticality, or even on a mere view of its falsehood. It is founded on the right of self-defence which belongs to a full philosophy as against an incomplete philosophy. It is of the very nature of

civilisation that it has, or at least attempts to have, a balance of ideas; of art and sacrifice, of enthusiasm and humor, of society and freedom, of equality and glory. And it is of the very nature of barbarism that it is swept from time to time, like a forest by a wind, by the wave of one idea. So the Prussian expansion was simplified to the single insanity of pride. Notions of a worthier if wilder sort may be native to the more Christian atmosphere of Russia; exaggerations of virtues, rather than of vices, may come against us out of the East. But it is not the first time they have come. So the Iconoclasts came out of Greece to destroy the art and sculpture of Italy; so innumerable sects have exaggerated purity into pessimism; and even Attila called himself the Scourge of God, as the Kaiser called himself the Ally of God. And all these examples, of course, are dwarfed by the one great historic example, now dying away in the deserts from which it came, or clinging to Constantinople with the clutch of despair. The chief doctrine that Islam preached was not a falsehood. It was a truth; and the whole case against it is that it was a truth, and not the truth. There may be a right ideal mixed up with the madness of the new movements in the Eastern lands. There always is. "Never was there heretic who spoke all false," said the great Sir Thomas More. Bolshevism may be, as regards its masses, a sincere vision of the equality of man; just as Islam certainly was, as regards its masses, a sincere vision of the unity of God. It is indeed not insignificant that when we look up to the high places where sit the rulers of both movements, we see the faces not of European but of Semitic princes or prophets.

Again, it is quite true that our own civilisation is corrupted with capitalism and poisoned with every cynical secret at the moment when Bolshevism moves against it. It generally is, at the moment when barbarism is able to move against it. When the Moslems were at the height of their military success, the name of the chief Christian outpost against them was one which has since positively passed into a proverb for decadence. When we wish to say that a thing is stiff with social death, we call it Byzantine. But Byzantium was degenerate and right, and Mecca was energetic and wrong. All the things we value, all the things for which we have already, in these last four years, fought the barbarians, the chivalric view of war and of women, the creative power in sculpture and painting, the personal pride of citizenship, the fruitful love of locality, were all saved by the failure of Mecca, and in spite of the failure of Byzantium. And if there be indeed those who hope to swamp us in the simplicity of Slavonic rage, let alone the subtlety of Semitic use of it, we think it well that they should understand, as early as possible, that there are others who can envisage the whole matter sanely, and still give an adverse verdict, without the smallest sympathy with the vulgar panic of the plutocratic press. We are quite willing, if only for the sake of argument, to take Semitic Socialism at its best and not at its worst. And at its best it is still a negative force for all our own very positive culture, and a destructive force for all our own truly creative hopes. It is still the foe of nationality, and rather specially of small nationality, of the little and living state where alone democracy can be truly direct and real; it is still the enemy of tradition, which is the soul of the guild, and property which is the protection of the freeman. There runs through it always that idea of desperate remedies, which is the end of all mellow and magnanimous civilisation. Abstinence is a desperate remedy for the abuse of wine; polygamy is a desperate remedy for the tragedy of sex; and so Collectivism is a desperate remedy for the wrong that has turned property into privilege. The roots and seeds of a saner revival are in our own soil, however they may have been trampled in our time. The good things, when they grow again, will not grow in any deserts, but in the gardens whose ancient names are Italy and Ireland and England and France and Flanders; and the wall of the garden is Poland.

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what we feel about them, and shall often say it again; but here we speak not to them but to those who may count on their weakness for a complete victory. And if anyone supposes that the nations of the West have no deeper resources of resistance than could be guessed from the ludicrous puppet-play of their politics—then as sure as death shone on Chalons and Lepanto he will learn his error.

## LAUDA SION

(For the *N.Z. Tablet*.)

Thy Saviour Sion now adore;  
Thy Shepherd, Leader, and much more;  
In hymns and canticles and praise.

Dare praise with all thy might and main;  
The theme is far beyond the strain  
Of utmost power in all thy lays.

The theme to-day before thee spread—  
The Bread of Life, the Living Bread—  
Proposed is in speciality.

Which on the Sacred Supper's night  
To all the Twelve was giv'n outright  
Without an ambiguity.

Sonorous be thy joyful song  
And decorous, and likewise strong  
The jubilation of thy mind.

For on this solemn day we meet  
That table's memory to greet,  
Tremendous and so wondrous kind.

Encouraged by our sacred laws,  
We venture without making pause,  
The saving Host to consecrate.

What at the supper Jesus did,  
That very thing to do we're bid,  
His own self to commemorate.

For Christians is this dogma ranged  
Into His Flesh the bread is changed,  
Into His precious Blood the wine.

You see not nor can understand,  
But you believe at Faith's command:  
Not Nature's order, but Divine.

Two kinds make test of fealty,  
But signs they are, not reality!  
The reality is hidden thus.

The food is Flesh, the drink is Blood,  
In each it is well understood,  
Christ all Himself remains with us.

Receiving, we nor break nor mar,  
Completion is without a bar,  
We always eat the unbroken whole.

With thousands eating or but one,  
The same share each and all have won,  
Christ living in all sound and sole.

The good approach and eke the bad,  
With varying outcome to be had,  
"Twixt bliss or bale. O difference great!

The good draw life, the wicked death.  
Mark well the contrast that one breath  
Can make in widely varying fate!

If broken be the outward sign,  
Thy soul to Faith no less resign,  
And see in each fragment divine  
The whole great reality adored.

No part of that is cast aside,  
The sign alone is opened wide;  
No stature shrunk, no status tried,  
Not even threat unto the Lord.

This is the very angels' bread,  
The only food where travellers tread,  
And sons of God are nourished:  
To dogs by no means to be thrown.

In figures it has often been;  
In Isaac's sacrifice 'twas seen;  
In Paschal lamb, there shone its sheen;  
And manna to our fathers strown.

Good Shepherd! Thou the Bread of Life,  
Our Jesus, save us in the strife,  
Feed and protect in dangers rife,  
Admit us all, both man and wife,  
To God's Own Land, "Land of the Leal."

Whose care it is to all appraise,  
With food and grace to here upraise,  
There make us all co-heirs in praise,  
Fellow-guests at Thy Table's blaze,  
With Holy citizens in weal.  
Amen. Alleluia!

—R.A.L.

### ST. JOSEPH'S LADIES' CLUB, DUNEDIN.

A lively interest is being taken in the advancement of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club, and the executive committee, elected at a general meeting some few weeks ago, has shown praiseworthy energy in the reconstruction of the club. Already there are 85 active and several honorary members enrolled, a number which is being steadily added to. As funds accumulate, it is intended to refurbish the clubrooms and to effect improvements generally tending to add attractiveness to the club's pursuits, and to the enjoyment of its members. One of the principal objects of the club is to provide a meeting place and entertainment for Catholic girls engaged in the city, and who, of necessity, are living away from their own homes. By becoming associated with St. Joseph's Ladies' Club, and attending the weekly gatherings of the members, an opportunity is afforded those who may be strangers to Dunedin of becoming acquainted with their co-religionists, and profit by their helpful influence. Meetings of the club members are held on Wednesday evening of each week, when varied, but essentially social, programmes are carried out; and on these occasions a cordial welcome is extended to all Catholic girls who care to attend. The club is happily possessed of considerable musical and elocutionary talent, and of which the best advantage is taken. In this particular, alone, there is an excellent opportunity afforded to those so inclined to acquire a useful and pleasing accomplishment.

The balance sheet of last St. Patrick's Night concert at Greymouth shows a record result for the Greymouth Opera House at the prices (two shillings and one shilling), the takings for the Irish national concert being £68 6s 10d. The proceeds handed over to the Hibernian Society, after paying all expenses, amounted to £62 7s 4d.

## APPEAL

### MATATA CONVENT SCHOOL

The present School has been condemned, it being too small, badly ventilated, and on wet days is anything but pleasant, as the rain comes pouring down on the children. Dear reader, all I ask of you is to buy an Art Union Ticket (One Shilling), which you may obtain from *Tablet* Office, or from Secretary, and help us to build a new School. There are close on 100 native children appealing to your charity. Begging St. Joseph to inspire you to help in the good work and obtain for you and yours God's holy blessing.

Yours sincerely,  
DILLON SHAW, Secretary.

## Current Topics

### "Gaiters and Gas"

We take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the Directors, to the Manager, and to the Editor of the *Otago Daily Times* for the high compliment paid to the Catholic Church, to Ireland, and to ourselves, in their columns, by the frequent vituperation of the exposed falsifier of history, "Civis." The following is apparently the red rag which started "Civis" in his latest exhibition of senile John Bullism:—

"Paris, June 16 (delayed).—The Irish-American Commission has notified the American Delegation to the Peace Conference that the United States Senate's resolution requesting a hearing for De Valera, Griffiths, and Count Plunkett has been presented to the Peace Conference. The Irish-American Commission demands a sweeping and disinterested inquiry into its report on English outrages in Ireland."

How it compares with what the New Zealand Pig-gott says of Irish feeling in America!

### Meditation on Peace

The leader of the German Centre Party uttered a truism when he said recently that if Germany was forced to sign the present peace terms, or anything like them, "a war which we cannot prevent, and which the Entente shall have difficulty in coping with, will be the result." Germany's signing under compulsion is a far different thing from laying a foundation of peace and goodwill on the lines of justice and universal brotherhood. France signed in the same way after 1870, and France went into the future with hatred in her heart for her conqueror, a hatred that is bearing fruit now in what is superior for a future war. It is certain that the "statesmen" who are sitting round the table in Paris are absolutely unfit for their position. They have gone on adding mistake to mistake, and disgusting people by the glaring contradictions between their acts and their high promises. It is small wonder that the Labor Executive of Great Britain, at a recent meeting, declared "that the agreed opinion of the executive of the Labor Party is that the Allied Peace Proposals are very defective from the standpoint of world's peace, and bear evidence of compromise influenced by capitalist imperialism, which still dominates the European States." Germany signs now with "a mental reservation"—as the English one day signed another treaty in Limerick.

### Peace in the Empire

At least there is peace in the Empire! As an indication that there is, consider that in the House of Commons, last month, Mr. Bonar Law—a typical peacemaker—said that the Government was considering whether or no it ought to prosecute the *Daily Herald* for publishing the text of a military document instructing the commanding officers to send in reports as to the sentiments of the troops under their commands as to the feeling with regard to industrial disputes. A typical question asked was, "Would the troops assist in strike-breaking?" The War Office admits the responsibility for the document. There is no need for comment on this sign of peace. It is as eloquent of the sort of peace that is coming as all the fireworks that will be squandered in Australasia. We recall a few facts that tell of how peace is felt in Ireland: Armed soldiers and machine-guns in Dublin streets; boys kidnapped by the police; passports issued by the straight-going and consistent Lloyd George in favor of the American Envoys and then repudiated; Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington (whose husband was murdered by the Government-protected lunatic, Colthurst) refused a passport to the Geneva Conference; Lord French reduced to desperation by the way in which his advice is neglected by men of the Walter Long, Carson, and George type; the Americans' significant remark that they will make the necessary comment on what they saw and experienced in Ireland in the proper place—these things all undoubtedly stand for peace. We

want another word than peace. That does not fit in with the facts just yet. *Panem et circenses* was the cry when the old Roman Empire was speeding to ruin under its incompetent autocrats. And who needs to be told that history repeats itself?

### What We Fought For

"The destruction or disruption of the German people has never been a war-aim with us from the first day of the war to this."

"We are not fighting a war of aggression against the German people."

"The sanctity of treaties is to be re-established."

"A territorial settlement to be secured, based on the rights of self-determination or the consent of the governed."—(Lloyd George.)

"Let us, whatever we do, fight for and work towards great and sound principles for the European system. And the first of these principles which we must keep before us is the principle of nationality—that is to say, not the conquest or subjugation of any great community or of any strong race of men, but the setting free of those races which have been subjugated and conquered; and if doubt arises about disputed areas of country we should try to settle their ultimate destination in the reconstruction of Europe which must follow from this war, with a fair regard to the wishes and feelings of the people who live in them."—(Speech by Mr Churchill.)

There we have a brief statement of what we fought for. For the principles thus enunciated men were invited, or forced, to fight. We are told we have won; we are told that we have secured peace; but we were also told that there could be no lasting peace until those principles were secured. What is the conclusion? Has the war bettered the democracy in any way? Have secret treaties been done away with? Has autocracy got its deathblow? Has militarism been destroyed? Has war in the future been made impossible? Before answering, consider that Lloyd George repudiated his pledged war-aims when seeking re-election, and that his programme then was to crush Germany. Consider that the drafting of the League of Nations has been changed into a scheme for the aggrandisement of the five great Powers. Consider that the Peace Conference has proceeded by way of secret diplomacy and secret treaties, just as of old. Consider that the condition of the democracy in all Europe is more unstable than ever it was. Consider that a small minority of alien bigots, protected by the British Government, are allowed to keep Ireland in slavery. Consider that, even while we have talked of peace, we were starving German women and children. Consider that the machinery for securing peace, according to Clemenceau and Lloyd George, is a huge French army and a huge British navy. President Wilson's ideals of justice and clemency as the basis of a lasting peace have been rejected and a policy of conquest, in accordance with the election addresses in which Lloyd George repudiated his pledges to the soldiers, has been adopted instead, with the result that a sullen, defeated foe will go towards the future with determination to retaliate as brutally and as savagely as possible if the occasion ever offers. Consider lastly that what has been done has helped to drive Germany into coalition with Russia, and that we are likely to see one day a union of toiling millions arrayed under the Red Flag in a terrible war against the plutocratic army which has strangled humanity by Red Tape. We are told that this is peace. There are many who cannot close their eyes to the fact that it is ruin. "We only know from particulars gleaned outside the Peace Conference," says the London *Catholic Times*, "that all the old passions have been reasserting themselves. Jealousy, greed for territory, and the ambition of the strongest to make their will the law of right and to suppress whatever was opposed to their interests have been fully in evidence. But of a democratic programme we have heard nothing." Have we then won the war? The plutocrats will say, "Yes." What will the democracy say? Compare the promise with the fulfilment.

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### Manifesto of American Hierarchy

It is worthy of note that while we have had glowing notices in many papers of the Manifesto of the American Hierarchy the text of the pronouncement seems to have been considered by most journals of less importance than the comments. We have had great difficulty in extracting from the press the leading heads of the Manifesto, and until a fuller and more authoritative report is received we must be satisfied with giving our readers a rough summary. Having condemned the evils of woman and child labor, the Bishops say that it is certain that the present industrial system will last for years, and that private ownership of capital will not be supplanted in the near future. They advocate reform and reconstruction, but not by extreme measures which would only end in greater disorder:—

"The present industrial system in its main outlines will last for a long time. Private ownership of capital will not be supplanted in the near future. We are opposed to Socialism, which would mean bureaucracy, political tyranny, the helplessness of the individual as a factor in the ordering of his own life, and in general social inefficiency and decadence."

As to the main lines of reform they say:—

"The present system stands in grievous need of considerable modification and improvement. Its main defects are three: Enormous inefficiency and waste in the production and distribution of commodities; insufficient incomes for the great majority of wage-earners; and unnecessarily large incomes for a small minority of privileged capitalists. The evils in production and in the distribution of goods would be in great measure abolished by the reforms that have been outlined above."

The remedies suggested are: (1) Universal living wages; (2) Adequate industrial education; (3) Harmonious relations between Capital and Labor on the basis of adequate participation by the former in all the industrial aspects of business management; (4) Elimination of wastes of commodity distribution by co-operative mercantile institutions, and co-operative selling and marketing associations. The Bishops insist that the most urgent reform is to make the wage-earners owners, so that the means of production shall be owned by the majority instead of remaining as at the present time in the hands of the few:—

"The full possibilities of increased production will not be realised so long as the majority of the workers remain mere wage-earners. The majority must become owners, or at least, in part, of the means of production. They can be enabled to reach this stage through co-operative productive societies and co-partnership arrangements. The instruments of production should be owned by individuals, not the State. The second great evil, that of insufficient incomes for the majority of the workers, can be removed only by giving larger incomes. This means not only universal living wages, but the opportunity of obtaining something more than that amount for all who are willing to work hard and faithfully. For the third evil, excessive gains by a small minority of privileged capitalists, the main remedies are prevention of monopolistic control of commodities, adequate Government regulation of such public service monopolies as will remain under private operation, and heavy taxation of incomes, excess profits, and inheritances. Human beings cannot be entrusted with immense opportunities for oppression and extortion that go with the possession of monopolistic power. The poor should be relieved of injurious tax burdens, and the small class of specially privileged capitalists should be compelled to return a part of their unearned gains to society."

### Old and New

In the Manifesto of the American Hierarchy which has aroused so much admiration we have old truths put in a new way to suit the exigencies of the times. In a practical and actual manner the Bishops have taken up the evils which are so plain to the whole world to-day, and side by side with them have suggested remedies which were already to be found waiting for

practical application in the Encyclicals of Leo XIII. The chief cause of the social trouble is the growth of capitalism, already described by Leo as "the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself." For four hundred years the growth of this system has gone on unchecked, throwing back into industrial slavery the masses who had just emerged from the tyranny of feudalism. Since the Reformation, Catholic ideals of the dignity of labor and of the worth of manhood have been destroyed in favor of a false individualism on which modern autocracy has been erected. The old guilds were broken up and their revenues appropriated for the private emolument of private persons. The powers of economic legislation passed into the hands of a few people who exploited them for their own advantage. Out of this grew eventually capitalism, and out of the intolerable oppression of the poor grew, by way of a natural reaction, the evils of anarchy and communism. As the first cause and origin of the evils which begot anarchy is capitalism, it is there the reform must begin now. When profiteering is removed we may hope to remove whatever is wrong and harmful in Socialism, but not until then. The war has done exactly nothing to remove the evils. As a matter of fact, it has strengthened the capitalists, who in too many cases made increased riches out of blood-money. The universal discontent in all lands is proof that the lot of the poor has not been improved, and that the politicians have taken no serious steps to improve it. Reform must begin with capitalism, and unfortunately Governments to-day stand for capitalism. When the excesses due to the primary cause of the evils are removed, we may hope to reduce the desperate remedy of communism to sanity and reasonableness. Both extremes are opposed to sound principles. Legitimate rights of property and true liberty for individuals must be safeguarded. All reform must aim at preventing by sound legislation the concentration of wealth in the hands of the few and securing its just distribution, while at the same time maintaining strict principles of distributive justice and charity. Human nature being what it is, it is clear to all Christians that unless the principles of God's eternal laws are at the root of reform there can be no stable improvement, and that the old adage, *Homo homini lupus*—Man is a wolf towards his brotherman—will always be verified. No superficial legislation will help. A drastic reform is needed to save the world, and the suggestions of the American Bishops have given us the broad lines of such a panacea as serious legislators ought to welcome. Three points of the Manifesto seem to be cardinal. First and most fundamental, the prevention of monopolies and the heavy taxation of capitalists aim at breaking down the power of plutocracy. Second, the principle that a constant living wage must be paid to workers aims at removing much of the existing misery. Third, the proposal that gradually the means of production should pass into the ownership of the majority is a helpful idea which ought to ensure the stability of relations between all classes of society. The burden of the reform is thrown on the State, which supposes that the State is a Government for the people and by the people. As long as the Governments remain machines in the interests of the capitalists we shall have to wait for any real progress. It will come in time. It may not come without trouble, but the people are awaking and finding out how they have been hoodwinked. The danger is that the avarice of the rich will blind them until it is too late for peaceful reform.

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## THE CATHOLIC PRESS: ORA ET LABORA

"PRAY AND WORK FOR THE CATHOLIC PRESS."

The following circular from Spain, which was sent to us by his Grace Archbishop Redwood, is eloquent of the enthusiasm with which the Catholic Press is supported by Spanish Catholics, and no less of the interest taken in the *Ora et Labora* organisation by the Pope:—

### CATHOLICS!

On the 29th of June, 1918, Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, the third annual celebration of the Catholic Press took place in each and every city of Spain, with assistance of the Episcopacy and of more than 500 Catholic publishers. The celebration was entitled—

### DAY OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

The *Ora et Labora*, of the Pontifical Seminary of Seville, organised the festival to promote the interests of the Catholic Press.

### BY PRAYER

(Masses, Communions, Sermons)

### PROPAGANDA

(Conferences, Meetings, Watches),

### COLLECTIONS

(in churches, streets, and homes).

The contribution amounted to nearly three hundred thousand (300,000) pesetas. Ten per cent. of this sum was sent to Rome as an offering to Peter's Pence and the remaining 90 per cent. was distributed among the various Catholic publishing houses.

His Holiness Benedict XV. by Apostolic Brief on April 26, 1918, valid for ten years has granted his supreme approbation of this work and a plenary indulgence to all the faithful of Spain who celebrate the Day of Catholic Press on June 29 by prayer and contribution.

### CATHOLICS OF ALL COUNTRIES!

Let us commence at once to prepare a universal Day of the Catholic Press, which with the blessing of his Holiness Benedict XV. may be celebrated in all countries of the world on the 29th day of June, 1919.

### ILDEFONSO MONTERO DIAZ.

Presbyter, Doctor in Sacred Theology, Professor of the Pontifical Seminary in Seville (Spain), and Director of the Institution *Ora et Labora*.

For Children's Hacking Cough,  
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

## BOOK NOTICES

*Compendium Theologiae Moralis*: Sabetti-Barrett. Twenty-seventh edition. (Herder, London and St. Louis, per O'Connor, Christchurch; 20s net.)

The fact that this handbook of Moral Theology has in a short time reached its 27th edition is a priori proof of its high worth and of the appreciation it has met with on the part of students and priests. Owing to the recent changes in Canon Law and Liturgy it is important for the clergy to have an up-to-date manual of Moral Theology in which every new law and direction is found in its proper place and with its due bearing. Many priests depend on some Catholic periodical, such as the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* or the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, to keep themselves au courant with Roman decrees. For a methodical man, or one possessed of a good memory, nothing more is necessary, but for busy people who have not time to be methodical a better way is to get from time to time a manual in which all the important changes may be readily found at need. Sabetti-Barrett has long been a favorite work among the American clergy. Its popularity is a sure guarantee of its value. It is eminently reliable, as well as being specially suited for English-speaking countries. This new edition has been recast entirely, and in great part rewritten. The authors were not content to save themselves trouble by merely bringing out the old edition and adding a supplement giving the changes made by the *Codex Juris Canonici*. The reader will find everything where it ought to be found and will not be perplexed by references to notes and appendices. The work is one to recommend without hesitation to the clergy. It has been received with unstinted praise by the capable critics who review for the *Irish Theological Quarterly*, the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, and the *Month*. It is well printed on good paper, clearly arranged and strongly bound in cloth.

*War Addresses from Catholic Pulpit and Platform*. (Wagner. From Linehan, Melbourne; 10s 6d net.)

In this fine volume we have collected a number of addresses on the war, on patriotism, and on kindred subjects by American Cardinals, Bishops, priests, and statesmen. Cardinal O'Connell speaks on The Catholic Position, Cardinal Farley on America's Duty in the War, Archbishop Hanna on The Catholic Church, Democracy and Peace, Bishop Carroll on The Church and Social Reform After the War, Bishop Shahan on Shaping the World's Ideals, and there are interesting pronouncements on many other subjects by well-known American Catholic scholars and orators. Not only is the book a worthy witness to Catholic America's part in the war but it is also a mine of use-

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ful information concerning sound Catholic views on such important topics as we have mentioned.

*The Dales of Arcady.* By Una Ratcliffe (Erskine MacDonald, Ltd., London; 3s 6d.)

Mrs. Ratcliffe sings from a heart full of love of the moorland and streams of Daeshire, and there is true lyric beauty in her poems. Her little volume will be welcomed by all lovers of nature for its sympathetic interpretation of the charm of the Yorkshire Dales. She has imagination and enthusiasm and delicate fancy, as well as the gift of musical expression.

Publications received: *Mudlarks Again.* By Lieutenant Crosbie Garston. (Angus and Robertson.) From London C.T.S.—*The Conversion of St. Augustine; The Miraculous Birth of Our Lord; Liberal Christianity; The Resurrection; Devotion to Mary; Why Catholics Go to Confession.*

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

W. M. L.—Writing in reply.

"STELLA."—We will make inquiries. Too late this week.

E. S. A.—The parish priest of Napier is Very Rev. J. Tymons.

J. J. S.—We regret that we cannot publish your letter. We cannot take up private grievances.

J. W. O.H.—We have received from several readers a copy of the poem known as "The Irish Guards." It is by Kipling, and we will publish it. On your behalf we thank our readers.

M. G. F.—Books on politeness and good manners must have become scarce in war-time. Try a bromide now and then. It would have the same effect on you as if you kicked the backbone through the rascal's hat. But we expect what you want is the effect on him.

READER.—The Knights of Columbus gave freely to the soldiers. They could not be accused of trying to trade. As for the Y.M.C.A. it would be interesting to know if all the money collected for patriotic purposes was spent on the men. We hope it was all spent, but people are saying they gave little away for nothing.

C. L. (Wairau Valley). See issue of June 19, page 21.

M. A. L. (Hikurangi).—Our correspondent will be pleased if a reader will tell him who wrote the lines quoted by Mr. Holland at Greymouth—

"The hearts we bring for freedom are washed in surge of tears,

And we claim our right by a people's fight out-living a thousand years."

"DEMOCRAT."—No, signore! We leave anonymous letters to some of our neighbors. The paper that would publish an offensive anonymous letter is as vile as the coward who is afraid to write over his name—"Civis," for example. It is only another specimen of what some people understand by British fair play. On subjects that are in no way controversial we have no objection.

"SCRUPULOUS."—We cannot do better than quote Father Hull for you:—"Because it always remains a fact that playing at cards for moderate stakes, or laying a bet on a horse, is something absolutely innocent and harmless in its nature, and therefore cannot be condemned, the moral theologian could not advocate such abolition on the ground of abstract ethical principles. Nor can mankind justly be forbidden the right to indulge in such amusements as if they were radically wrong." The evil comes in when people risk money which they cannot afford, when their dependents suffer, when they get into the clutches of the money-lender. On the whole the really objectionable form of gambling is not racing or cards, but such excitements as "Two up," which leave many a man without his hard-earned wages at the end of

the week's toil. If you want to have a "flutter" on a race the rule ought to be "Cut your coat according to your cloth." And don't back a "stumper"—whatever that is.

### THE LAY APOSTOLATE IN ENGLAND

Writing from London on March 20 to his uncle (his Grace Archbishop Redwood), Mr. Vernon C. Redwood continues his narrative concerning the activities of the Catholic Evidenfee Guild, of which he is a prominent member. I am delighted (he says) to tell you that our work is succeeding splendidly. Since we started our public speaking, and propaganda, generally, the opposition towards us has been intense. Atheists, Rationalists, Orangemen, Kensitites, and extreme Protestant sects of all kinds have urged the police authorities to stop our work. Detectives have been sent Sunday after Sunday to our open-air meetings, and have reported that we gave no cause whatever for interference, although organised attempts were made to prevent us speaking. For over a month now we have not been molested, and have experienced the satisfaction of seeing practically the whole of the objectionable element cleared out of Hyde Park. Our platform is now recognised as the first in interest and importance in the Park. Our speakers, who go on at about 3 p.m. and continue, in succession, till nearly 11 o'clock at night, command the largest crowd. The number of hearers, of course, varies, and depends upon the time and speakers: thus sometimes there are about 400, and at other times probably as many as 2000. It is very evident the people are thirsting for knowledge, and we gain converts every Sunday. We have now commenced a week-day crusade, and on Tuesdays and Fridays deliver addresses from 1 p.m. to 2.15 p.m., on Tower Hill. A large crowd of workers come there for lunch, and, what I consider was an historical event, happened there the other day, when, under the banner of our Guild (the Crucifix), a Dominican Father spoke for an hour, and answered many questions. His address was a great success, and delivered, as it was, on the historic hill bedewed with the blood of martyrs, was certainly most impressive. He was listened to with great attention by upwards of 400 persons, and photographs of the scene were taken for one of our Catholic newspapers. We are promised the assistance of one of the Dominican Fathers each week. I feel certain that with the co-operation of the parochial clergy, with the assistance of the preaching Orders, and continued activity on the part of a body of energetic laymen and women, England will be converted, and the good work will extend to other lands: the present movement being destined to spread. The lay apostles or catechists are now being talked about far and wide. His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, who has been away for some time on a mission for the British Government, is expected back soon, and, I am sure, he will be delighted at our progress and success. It is a tremendous work for Almighty God, who repeatedly shows us by converts on the spot that it is His work. Our sale of Catholic books and pamphlets goes on every Sunday. We hope to open at other places shortly, but our work is terribly handicapped for want of sufficient speakers; we want hundreds, as there is no trouble to get audiences. Now the Dominican Fathers have come out in London, others will follow, but the lay speakers must do the bulk of the work, as the priests, in sufficient numbers, are not available. One outstanding fact has been revealed to us, and that is the absolute necessity of Catholics thoroughly understanding their holy religion, so as to be prepared to properly answer simple questions asked by non-Catholics. Among my hearers the other day was a wealthy gentleman from Warwickshire, where his estates are located, but who lives in London at intervals. At the conclusion of my address he approached me and said: "I have listened to your lectures during six or seven Sundays, and noted how you tried to prove that the Catholic Church is the only Church having Divine authority, and you have firmly convinced

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me of that fact. I believe everything the Church teaches, and I want to become a Catholic, and to bring all my family into the true fold." I spoke, a fortnight ago, from 3 to 4.30 p.m., and, in the absence of another appointed lecturer, who was unable to come, went on again from 7 to 7.40, and was not subjected to even one interjection, and no questions were asked (an exceptional case, of course). How keen the people are for knowledge! Speaking in the open-air to a large crowd is a heavy task; every Sunday, all through the winter (except one of unceasing rain), we have spoken for seven and a-half to eight hours in snow, frost, wind, and showery weather—a tough job. Now we are recognised as a fixture in Hyde Park and elsewhere. The clergy are taking more and more interest in our doings, and, since I commenced to write this letter, we have had a Franciscan priest on our platform on Tower Hill. He was just splendid, and at question time answered in such a lucid, convincing manner, that the people cheered him. Besides the locality of our meetings already indicated, we hold others, in different streets, with success. In other words, we are steadily spreading, and many more men and women may, please God, help in the great work.

## Diocesan News

### ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

June 28.

Steps have been taken by the Hibernian Society to form an Irish War Pipe Band, and arrangements have been made to commence practising at an early date.

Mr. A. J. Fogarty, who for the past two years has been a prominent member of St. Anne's Choir, Wellington South, also filling the office of secretary, has tendered his resignation owing to his removal from the parish.

The quarterly meeting of St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernian Society was held at the Federation Rooms, on last Monday, Bro. J. J. Troy, presiding. Nominations for officers for the ensuing half-year were received, and delegates were appointed to the St. Patrick's Day, Boxing Day, Education, and Catholic Federation Committees. It was decided to hold a social evening on Monday, July 14, when the installation of officers will take place.

I regret to record the death of Mr. G. J. Sellars, a prominent member of the Hibernian Society, and one of its pioneers, which took place at his residence last Saturday evening. The deceased was for many years secretary of the Christchurch branch, and represented that branch at many of the district meetings. A motion of condolence with his family was passed by St. Patrick's branch at its last meeting.—R.I.P.

A meeting of ladies interested in the work of the Catholic Girls' Hostel, was held at the Catholic Federation Rooms on last Monday, when arrangements were made to promote several functions with the object of augmenting the fund to enable the management to acquire, and extend the building at present in use as a hostel.

St. Joseph's parish committee of the Catholic Federation has decided to found two scholarships tenable at St. Patrick's College, and open to boys attending the schools of St. Joseph's parish. This is a very praiseworthy move on the part of St. Joseph's committee, and well worthy of emulation by other parishes, as it enables our boys to complete their education in a Catholic college, and further assists the children of parents who cannot afford to give them a secondary education to occupy a place in the community which their intelligence and natural ability entitles them to. Such actions as these will tend to raise up a type of Catholic layman who will be ready to place the talents, with which he is endowed, at the service of his church in furthering the faith to which he owes so much.

The members of St. Anne's Choir, Wellington South, assembled at St. Anne's Hall after the 10.30 a.m. Mass on Sunday morning, June 22, to make a presentation to Miss K. Henderson, who, on account of health reasons, has relinquished her position as organist to the choir. Miss Henderson has proved herself an organist of very high efficiency, and her loss to St. Anne's Choir will be very sorely felt. The president of the choir (Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M.) in presenting Miss Henderson with a handsome pair of binoculars, said that it gave him very much pleasure to be present at the gathering. He complimented Miss Henderson on the faithful manner in which

she had carried out her duties as organist for a period of 15 years, practically from the inception of the choir. He regretted her resignation, and asked her to accept on behalf of the choir and himself every good wish for a full measure of health, happiness, and prosperity. The conductor (Mr. E. B. L. Reade), and secretary (Mr. A. J. Fogarty), also spoke in complimentary terms of Miss Henderson's good work. Miss Henderson, in reply, thanked the Archdeacon and members of the choir for the very handsome token of appreciation of her services, and said it would often remind her of very many pleasant associations with St. Anne's Choir.

### Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

June 25.

Our well-known townsman, Mr. W. McTubbs, is away in the South Island just now on a business trip.

Father Maillard, Otaki, was in Wanganui for a few days, and also took a run up to Jerusalem. The home journey was effected in the Joan of Arc, an up-to-date and altogether smart little motor canoe, of which the up-river Fathers are justly proud.

A great number of priests passed through here on their way to and from Hawera, for the Requiem and burial of Mrs. O'Shea. Very Rev. Dean Holley, S.M. (Provincial), spent a short time in Wanganui on the return journey to Wellington, also Father Hurley, S.M.

Father Bowden is home again from hospital, but of course not able to be about yet. As it is quite out of the question that we all call in person, and as it is just possible that he may read this, we would like him to know that we are really delighted that he has got on so well.

The ladies of Castlecliff district have decided upon a series of "evenings" to be held during the next few months, and, since my last, the first of these has taken place, the Castlecliff Hall being quite festive for the occasion. The early part of the evening was spent in progressive euchre, the prizes going to Mrs. Jarrett and Mr. Jarrett, jun. (firsts), and Mrs. Tonbridge and Mr. Scott (consolation). The ladies' committee arranged for the supper, prominent among the workers being Mesdames Dempsey, D. Anthony, Connor, Marden, and Mills. The party was well attended, most enjoyable, and the funds are for the school.

The Children of Mary, too, have had an evening, their first for a very long time, and out of the many causes needing assistance, they chose the Castlecliff school, for anything over and above. There was a record attendance, even for the euchre, and quite a number for the subsequent social. A simple but dainty supper was served in the supper room, and everything went off very happily. There are so many good workers among the girls that to mention them all an alphabetical list would be necessary, but in passing, I must say that a whole alphabet to herself would not be too much for our busy president, Miss Kennedy, than whom there is none better. Mrs. Delaney and Mrs. Keerey, like the good souls they are, helped with the coffee-making and unromantic washing-up, which, by the way, is always recognised to be the privilege of the older girls who have had their day, but is withal quite a jolly affair.

On Sunday, June 15, the Feast of the Holy Trinity, his Grace Archbishop O'Shea administered confirmation at St. Mary's Church. The occasion having been looked forward to for a very long time, on account of unavoidable postponements, was marked by the large number of candidates, a total of 315 being confirmed. The number was made up of children from the convent and Brothers' schools, inclusive of a quota from Aramoho, Fordell, Mosstown, and Castlecliff, and there were a large number of adults. The ceremony took place in the afternoon, the church being packed to the doors. His Grace addressed the candidates and the congregation generally, dwelling at length on the effects of the sacrament and their relation to the much needed world-wide peace. Confirmation was followed by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which the congregation was dismissed for the night, later devotions being cancelled for once.

St. Laurence's (ladies') branch of the St. Vincent de Paul Society had its annual meeting on Thursday afternoon, a lot of good business being got through. Mrs. Meehan, who has been president of the society since its establishment some five or six years ago, is now unable to continue in office, and her resignation was accepted with regret, reference being made to the good work done by Mrs. Meehan during her long period of office. Miss McTubbs, another energetic worker, was elected president. Miss K. Cullinane was re-elected secretary and treasurer, she having already done this work for so long and done it so well. The election of vice-presidents was held over for a future meeting. Meantime the members of the society, who have great hopes of increasing their numbers, are getting to work at once at the replenishment of the clothing cupboard, for the cold snap which has set in has

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warmed our hearts. The children of St. Joseph's School are very keen to help with the sewing, which is just as it should be, and everything points to a busy time in the sewing room at the Villa. Everyone seems afraid of a cheerless winter, as there is little prospect of an abundance of coal or other firing, and the effects of the epidemic are still noticeable in many homes.

### Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

June 18.

On Trinity Sunday, at St. Mary's Church, a "Missa Cantata" was celebrated by Father Lane, the choir rendering Turner's "Mass of the Good Shepherd" very efficiently. At the evening devotions Father Lane gave a concise explanation of the *Ne Temere* Decree, a subject that has occasioned a considerable amount of attention locally of late.

Fathers Ainsworth and McCarthy (Marist Missioners) returned to Gisborne after conducting a successful mission in the Ormond parochial district. Father McCarthy leaves for Auckland to-day (Wednesday) and Father Ainsworth will remain here over Sunday.

June 20.

A eucbro social, arranged by the members of St. Mary's choir, in aid of the bazaar funds, was held in the Assembly Rooms on last Wednesday evening, and as a result the object of their efforts will benefit materially. Refreshments were provided by the lady members of the choir.

A social evening, arranged by the members of St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernian Society, in honor of Fathers Ainsworth and McCarthy (Marist Missioners), was held on last Thursday evening, in the Alexandra Rooms. A large number of parishioners attended to meet the Missioners socially, but, as Father Lane explained in some brief introductory remarks, Father Ainsworth, alone, was able to be present, and regretted the unavoidable absence of Father McCarthy, who had not returned in time from his mission up country. An enjoyable varied programme was presented. Father Ainsworth, who gave a greatly appreciated violin solo, and also a vocal solo, being among the contributors. The president of the branch and the secretary (Bro. B. Pollard) admirably supervised the function.

### DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

June 27.

After a wait of some three weeks, Very Rev. Father P. Murphy (Riverton) has at last been enabled to begin the second stage of his journey home to Ireland. He was a passenger by the Niagara, which sailed for Vancouver on Wednesday last.

Father Skinner, who has been absent from New Zealand on active duty as chaplain with the Expeditionary Forces for the past two and a-half years, returned by the Waimana on Monday last, and was met and welcomed by Father Taylor, who has been in charge of the Waiuku parish during Father Skinner's absence. With Father Taylor was a small party of representative parishioners of Waiuku. Fathers Skinner and Taylor, accompanied by the whole reception party, motored back to Waiuku in the evening.

The annual spiritual retreat of the Mothers Superior of the Order of Notre Dame des Missions, which was postponed earlier in the year owing to the influenza outbreak, is to take place at Christchurch shortly. The Reverend Mothers of the various convents of the Order in Auckland have already left for the southern city.

The recent additions to the Ellerslie parish school will be blessed and opened by his Lordship Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, on Sunday, July 6. It is due to the zealous work of the Right Rev. Mgr. Hackett (pastor of the district) that these splendid improvements have at last been carried out, and thereby supplying a long-felt want.

The bazaar in aid of the Parnell parish funds was opened by his Lordship Bishop Brodie on Monday evening last, and promises to be a complete success.

The recent social gathering held in the school grounds, Grey Lynn, realised the substantial sum of £120, and on behalf of the committee Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook presented the above amount to the Sisters of St. Joseph for their convent funds, as a mark of appreciation of the Sisters' heroic work during the recent influenza outbreak.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration was commenced with Solemn High Mass, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Sunday, June 22. Father Forde, Adm., was celebrant, Father O'Byrne deacon, and Father Buckley subdeacon. The procession of the Blessed Sacrament after Mass, which was followed by Exposition, was participated in by the Children of Mary, the Guard of Honor of the Blessed Sacrament, and children of the convent schools. The high

altar was tastefully adorned with flowers and palms, and beautifully illuminated, and reflected much credit on the painstaking efforts of the Sister of Mercy in charge and her assistants. In the evening his Lordship Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, preached an impressive discourse on the Divine Presence in the Blessed Eucharist. There was a crowded congregation. On Monday, Father O'Byrne was celebrant of the Mass, the sermon in the evening being preached by Father Doyle (Remuera). There was Solemn High Mass, commencing at 9 a.m. on Tuesday, Father O'Byrne being celebrant, Father Forde, Adm., deacon, and Father Brady subdeacon. The Quarant' Ore was solemnly closed after Mass. The music on the Sunday was rendered by St. Patrick's choir, Mr. Cyril Towsey conducting, and Miss N. Ormond presiding at the organ; and on Monday and Tuesday by St. Cecilia's Convent choir, Misses A. McKie and E. Skinner being soloists.

### DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

June 30.

Father Bonetto is at present relieving chaplain at Mount Magdala.

On July 12, under the auspices of the Christchurch Celtic Club, an entertainment will be held in the Sacred Heart Schoolroom, Addington, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the debt extinction fund, and patrons are assured of a good varied programme.

At the Cathedral, on Friday evening last, the exercises of the Novena were brought to a close by Father Kilbride, C.S.S.R. His final sermon was on "Perseverance," at the conclusion of which he imparted the Papal Blessing. Father Kilbride has left for Westland to conduct retreats, and Father Langley, C.S.S.R., has returned to Wellington.

For some time past the question of forming a Juvenile Hibernian Society has been occupying the attention of St. Patrick's branch here, and this is now about to become an accomplished fact. The constitution and rules referring thereto were recently received from the district board, and Rev. Brother Phelan promptly and energetically took the work in hand. Already he has 50 prospective members enrolled.

Ex-pupils of the convent schools of the Sisters of the Missions will learn with interest that Rev. Mothers Anthony (Prioress), Basil (Mistress of Novices), and Stephen (Superioress, Ashburton), are leaving New Zealand for England by the Rimutaka to attend the General Chapter of their Order, to be held at an early date in Deal. The Mothers Superior of the various convents in New Zealand are at present in retreat in Christchurch. The retreat is being conducted by Father James Goggin, S.M.

The ordinary meeting of St. Patrick's branch, I.L.A.C.B. Society, was held in the Hibernian Hall on Monday evening, June 16. Bro. J. M. Coffey presided. There was a full roll of officers and a good attendance of members. Sick allowances amounting to £9 18s 5d, and accounts for £59 12s 9d, were passed for payment. As a mark of respect to the memory of the late Bro. Jas. Power, the regalia was draped, and Bro. Coffey made feeling reference to the generous support and untiring zeal manifested by the deceased in all things Hibernian and Catholic. While his kindly nature and genial personality will be missed from amongst us (he said), his good works will ever be remembered. A motion of sympathy was carried, the members standing in respectful silence. Various reports were placed before the meeting, the principal being those having reference to the annual district meeting, and to the quarterly record of the U.F.S. Dispensary. The former was held over until next meeting. The Dispensary report was considered most satisfactory, and received very hearty support from our delegates, Bros. Grimes and Dobbs. Photographs of Past Presidents of the branch are now being framed in groups, and the members acknowledged with thanks generous help in this matter from Bro. W. Britenden and the Hall Committee. One new member was elected.

M.B.O.B. senior grade football team suffered its first reverse on Saturday, June 21, losing to Linwood.

The game was the most strenuous witnessed here for many years, and right up to the call of time Marists were in the lead. A penalty, awarded to Linwood, kicked by Davis, struck the top of the goal post and fell inwards (luckily for Linwood); and time was immediately called. Up to this the scores were 5 points to 3, O'Malley scoring a fine try which McDonald converted. Two penalty goals comprised Linwood's 6 points. The Mullins brothers received injuries on the previous Saturday, and their absence was felt in Marists' back division. In the second grade contest Marists drew with Old Boys, while Kaiapoi defeated the thirds by 24 points to 5. Fourth grade won handsomely from Albion, the scores being 33 points to 3.

The ceremony of Consecration to the Sacred Heart took place on Sunday at the Cathedral, and at all the churches of the Cathedral and St. Mary's parishes. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at both centres, commemorating the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, after which there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. The Pastoral Letter on Devotion to the Sacred Heart, from the Archbishops and Bishops of Australasia, was read in the morning, and the Solemn Consecration and singing of the "Te Deum" took place in the evening. Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., preached the occasional sermon at the Cathedral, and Father O'Leary (Marist Missioner) at St. Mary's Church.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Jas. Curry, president of the Celtic Club, on behalf of the members, presented Messrs. A. F. Jarman (secretary) and P. J. Smyth (instructor) each with a fountain pen and pipe, in recognition of their valuable services to the club in the past. The president and Father Long spoke eulogistically of the ability and zeal of both members, and they in turn made suitable response.

### Ashburton

(From our travelling correspondent.)

June 29.

During the period of the war, and owing to the fact that many of the members of the Ashburton Catholic Young Men's Club were on active service, regular meetings were discontinued. Now, however, as many have returned, and others are returning, it has been thought advisable to reconstruct the club and arrange for periodical gatherings. The first of these took place on Wednesday evening, June 11, Mr. R. Nealon presiding. There was a fair attendance of senior and junior members, the programme consisting of the ever-green and instructive "Question Box," the information sought varying from that on subjects of a humorous nature to leading topics of the day. Judging by the ready and intelligent manner in which the younger members replied to their allotted queries, there is little doubt that, with experience, there will be some good speakers among them as time goes on. The president expressed his pleasure at seeing so many young men present that evening, and said he hoped the attendance would continue as satisfactory. He urged upon each to do his part in increasing the membership, as no better training could be offered anywhere to boys after they left school than in clubs such as theirs. The meetings are held on each Wednesday evening.

On Sunday last the parish of Ashburton was consecrated to the Sacred Heart. Addressing the congregation on the occasion, the Very Rev. Dean O'Donnell said it was most gratifying to see, in response to his appeal of the previous Sunday, the large number who had approached the Holy Table, there being 339 communicants at the 9 o'clock Mass. He warmly congratulated the parishioners on the splendid profession of their faith witnessed that morning, and on the manifestation of their devotion to the Sacred Heart. The Very Rev. Dean also celebrated Holy Mass at Hinds, where no doubt the same remarkable religious fervor would be shown.

Mr. E. O'Malley, who has been connected with the Timaru firm of Guinness and Le Cren, as manager of their Geraldine branch, was entertained recently by

prominent business men and farmers of that district, prior to his departure for Ashburton, where he has been appointed manager of the new business firm of Pyne, Gould, and Guinness. Mr. O'Malley enters upon his new duties in a week or so.

### Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

June 30.

There was a very large attendance at the June quarterly meeting of the local branch of the Hibernian Society, the occasion being especially a farewell gathering tendered to Bro. C. W. Matheson, the popular secretary, who after a residence of over 30 years in Invercargill, has been transferred, on promotion, to a position on the mail room staff at the Dunedin Post Office. Bro. Pound, P.P., who was voted to the chair, in proposing the toast of "Our Guest," referred to Bro. Matheson's successful career as secretary, covering a period of over 12 years. He had been an ideal secretary for such an organisation, and his great success was due to his tactfulness, and a never-failing cheerful disposition. His removal from Invercargill would be a distinct loss to Hibernianism in Invercargill. On behalf of the members, Bro. Pound presented the retiring officer with a suitable memento, and pointed out that the splendid muster of members— notwithstanding cold and boisterous weather was a fitting tribute to Bro. Matheson's popularity. Several other members voiced their regrets at Bro. Matheson's projected departure, and the toast was honored with enthusiasm. During the evening several other toasts were honored, and musical and elocutionary items were rendered. Altogether the function was highly successful.

At both Masses on Sunday and at the evening devotions, Father Bowen, of St. Joseph's Missionary Society, made eloquent appeals on behalf of the Maori missions. The monetary results were very satisfactory.

The members of the St. Mary's Tennis Club intend holding a social evening in Victoria Hall on July 23. As this annual entertainment is always a popular one, a large attendance is anticipated.

From July 2 till July 10 the Grand Theatre, in Dee Street, will be the scene of the Allies' Peace Festival, which carnival is being held in aid of the funds of the Hibernian Band. The war period was a trying one for bands, and similar bodies, as no means were available whereby the finances could be satisfactorily maintained. The Hibernian Band gave their services for all kinds of patriotic appeals, so the public should now show their appreciation by patronising the carnival. Spectacular marches and dances, the very latest music, well stocked stalls, will provide patrons ample entertainment and variety. Several valuable and artistic articles will be raffled. All the arrangements, under an energetic committee, are now completed.

### "CATHOLIC INTOLERANCE."

At a recent meeting of the Newcastle (England) Board of Guardians it was moved that the Rev. Mr. Averell, Anglican chaplain at the workhouse for 45 years, should be given a gratuity of £100 on his retirement, in consideration of the special services rendered by him. There was opposition to the motion on the ground that the board had no right in its dying moments to give any such sum of money away; but the Catholic chairman of the board, Mr. J. C. Doyle, who paid a tribute to Mr. Averell's work for the Protestant inmates, prevailed upon the dissentients to withdraw their objection, and the resolution was unanimously carried.

Branches of the Holy Name Society are now established in every diocese of the United States of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

## COMMONWEALTH NOTES

## NEW SOUTH WALES.

His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney blessed and laid the foundation stone of the first portion of the new church at Lithgow on Sunday afternoon, June 1, in the presence of a large and representative gathering. His Grace was received by a guard of honor, composed of members of the Hibernian Society, Irish National Foresters, St. Vincent de Paul Society, and Children of Mary, who formed a procession from the presbytery to the site of the new church. After the ceremony a public meeting was held, at which his Grace presided. His Grace the Archbishop congratulated the parishioners on the work they had just begun, and said it was significant that the foundation stone of their new church was laid on a glorious day—within the Octave of the Ascension of Christ into heaven. The undertaking was a large one, but, animated by the spirit of piety and love for Holy Church, he had no misgivings for the future. Little by little the burden that they were carrying would disappear; but their fine church would remain. God would have them to do all things aright, and in what way could they find a better example than in the building of a home for Our Lord on earth? Touching on Ireland, in concluding his address, the Archbishop remarked that he felt his Irish spirit rising when speaking of Ireland's wrongs, and stated that the world now recognised that the withholding of Irish nationality had continued too long—that Ireland should have a chance to develop and govern herself with some measure of independence, that her Parliament, which had been wrongfully taken from her, should be restored, and that the record of misgovernment by England should be for ever broken. The world now said, in effect, let Ireland be for the Irish as England is for the English and Australia for the Australian. As a result of tyranny and years of oppression there were only four millions of people in Ireland, whereas they could have had twelve. Ireland could forgive, even though at the present time there were English machine-guns, soldiers, and tanks in the streets of her cities. She had now overcome her one great weakness—divisions. The sons of Ireland had shed their blood for England, and, if needs be, they were prepared to give their lives that Ireland should now be free. The results if Ireland were denied that to which all nations were justly entitled—to govern their own destinies—would be the fault of the ruling classes of England. Let them hope that the dawn of a new Ireland was at hand.

## VICTORIA.

Sister M. Philomena, a kinswoman of his Grace Archbishop Mannix, of Melbourne, and a sister of Sister Mary Kevin, of the Good Shepherd Nuns, Perth, has died from influenza at the Loreto Convent, Fermoy, Ireland.

It will be remembered that in the early stages of the war certain sectaries and their news sheets repeatedly asserted that Catholics were disloyal to the Empire for the reason—as they alleged—that they had not volunteered for service at the Front according to their due quota of the population (says the *Tribune*). When this lie had been nailed down by the publication of the official figures in regard to the enlistments, these people should have realised that, in the face of the military statistics, their statement had been effectively disproved. One would have thought that after such an experience they would have had the good sense not to repeat a statement that, when first put forward, had been blown into thin air. Experience has shown that however thorough the refutation may be, these people never realise their defeat. Consequently, at the close of the last Conscription Referendum, we found them asserting that though Catholics did send their quota to the Front in the early period of the war, they had voted solidly against conscription, and that in the later stages of the struggle they had signally failed in their proportion of man-power. We were

further assured that this fact would be amply demonstrated when Australia's soldiers returned at the conclusion of the war. Well, hostilities are at an end, and the soldiers are returning, and what do we find? That the latter assertion of these sectarian bigots has been as effectively blown out as the former one was. Through the courtesy of the Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the Presbyterian Church, who visits all incoming transports and compiles a record of the names, residences, and religion of the returning men, the Catholic Federation is supplied with copies of such lists. By this means the officials of the Federation are able to communicate with the parish priest and the secretary of the A.C.F. branch councils in which the men reside, so that assistance and advice may be given them in again entering civilian life. We have examined these lists, and find that from May 1, 1918, to April 30, 1919, the arrivals totalled 15,801, of which 2972 were Catholics, equal to 18.8 of the whole. Of course, many more soldiers have yet to return, but these figures are a fair indication of what the final result will be when the last Australian soldier lands on our shores. We have never desired to make any discrimination in regard to the religious beliefs of the brave men who volunteered to do their duty. They are all Australians—either by birth or adoption—and are all equally entitled to the respect of their fellow-men, and if we have seemed to discriminate in regard to Catholics, it has been done to defend them against the foul aspersions of a handful of bigots in the community.

## QUEENSLAND.

His Grace Archbishop Duhig, in the course of his informative address regarding the interesting history of the good Sisters who are blessing Queensland with their presence and missionary work, mentioned a coincidence in connection with "Stuartholme" which made the purchase of that property as the home of the Sacred Heart Nuns most appropriate. It appears that Madame Stuart, the late Superior-General of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, was a step-sister of Mr. Richard Stuart, the original owner of the property. She was the only member of the family who was a Catholic, and had only been on a visit to the houses of the Order in Australia just prior to the war. On her return to Europe, she found her Sisters in a dreadful plight through the invasion of Belgium and portions of France. She went through much suffering during the earlier stages of the war, and finally died at the headquarters of the Order in England. Mother Stuart knew her Sisters were to come to Queensland. She had been in Brisbane herself during her Australian visit, and had she lived she would have been delighted to know that "Stuartholme" was to be the headquarters of her Order in Queensland.

## THE "DEMOCRAT."

We welcome the publication of a new Labor periodical in Dunedin. Sane Labor, sane democracy, truth and justice are its aims. May it prove a champion in such causes! While commending the first number, we must say that we cannot see eye to eye with the writer on the taxation of land—our quarrel is rather with his arguments (in which there is a Marxian note) than with his thesis.

Visiting Rome at present is Mr. Walter George Smith, a leading Catholic of the United States, who is on his way to the East on a mission on behalf of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, who have subscribed generously to support their co-religionists in Palestine and other parts of the East. The object of his mission is to see that Catholics are fairly treated in the distribution of the money and supplies already sent there, and it is a direct reply to a complaint that came months ago from Jerusalem against the partiality shown in the case of the Latins. When Protestant, Jew, and Gentile were satisfied, the Catholics got what remained! was the subject of the complaint.



J. M. J.

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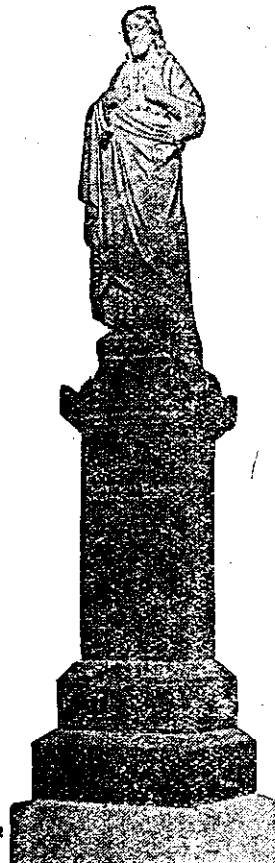
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Deaths, Marriages, Wanted, etc., will be charged as follows:—Up to 20 words, 3/- minimum; up to 30 words, 4/-; up to 40 words, 5/-. *Strictly Cash in Advance.*

In order to insure insertion in the following issue the copy for above advertisements must reach the office by *noon on Tuesdays.*

General advertising rates on application to the office.

### DEATHS

**HYNES.**—On June 17, 1919, at Milton, Philip, beloved husband of Cecelia Hynes; aged 80 years.—R.I.P.

**O'MALLEY.**—On June 13, 1919 (suddenly), at 254 Brougham Street, Sydenham, Elizabeth Jane, widow of the late Sergeant O'Malley, New Zealand Police Force; aged 72 years.—R.I.P.

**O'MEEGHAN.**—On May 15, 1919 (suddenly), at her residence, Sarah Street, Timaru, Sarah Ellen, relict of the late Peter O'Meeghan.—R.I.P.

**ROSS.**—On May 24, 1919 (suddenly), at her residence, 20 Melbourne Street, Invercargill, Mary, widow of the late John Ross; aged 81 years.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

### IN MEMORIAM

**BUCKLEY.**—In loving memory of Mary Buckley, who died at her residence, 166 East Belt, Ashburton, on July 3, 1918.—May the Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on her soul.

**SHEERAN.**—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Kate Elizabeth Sheeran (nee Harney), beloved wife of Walter Sheeran, who died at Fairlie on July 5, 1916.—R.I.P.

**SHORTES.**—In loving memory of Mary Shortes, beloved wife of Michael Shortes, who died at Hill Street, Wellington, on July 2, 1917.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

### WANTEDS

**WANTED.**—A kind Catholic lady to adopt healthy **BABY BOY**, three years old. Apply—*"A.B.C.," Tablet Office.*

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## FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Limerick and Treaties, p. 25. Notes—*"The Glamour of Dublin"*; Mangan; St. Patrick; Wolfe Tone; Pamela, pp. 26-27. Topics—*"Gaiters and Gas"*; Meditation on Peace; Peace in the Empire; What We Fought For; Manifesto of the American Hierarchy, pp. 14-15. What is Bolshevism? p. 11. Book Notices, p. 17. Lay Apostolate in England, p. 18. Psychology and Child Life, p. 33. American Delegates in Dublin, p. 43.

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

*Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.*

*Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.*

LEO XIII., P.M.

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

*April 4, 1900.*

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1919.

## LIMERICK AND TREATIES



FOR hundreds of years Irishmen and women have gone miles to see a block of stone on which the Treaty was signed after the Siege of Limerick. The sight of that rude mass, standing on a pedestal, immovable beside the hurrying waters of the Shannon, has been an inspiration. The stone itself is symbolical of the strength and the fixity of the spirit of Irish nationality, just as it is a reminder of the fact that it is criminal for Irishmen to trust the oath of any English politician. Limerick, famous as the City of the Broken Treaty, Limerick whose name was on the hot lips of the Brigade that smashed the English ranks at Fontenoy, Limerick which to Irishmen all over the world has long been associated with that stanza of Davis's—

*The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ was dry,  
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,  
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown—*

has sprung to the front in Irish Ireland in a new way, and has become interesting to us all on account of the developments that have taken place there in the course of a small nation's fight for freedom against the champion of small nations. The Continental press, the honest papers of England and Scotland, are sympathetic; and no doubt the King who ignored the protest of the Irish officers, as he responded fulsomely to the address of the Orange gang who plotted with the Kaiser, once more prays for the mere Irish, as he did for the Sinn Feiners.

The story of events in Limerick is this. A man named Byrne was sentenced by the champions of small nations (who never took away their arms from the Orange rebels) to 12 months in gaol because a rusty pistol was found in his home. He became ill—as many

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Irish prisoners do in British gaols. He was removed to the hospital. Knowing the effect a cheerful environment has on a patient, the Huns sent a policeman and a warder to sit by his sick bed in the hospital. The Sinn Feiners thought he would have a better chance of recovering in other surroundings. They came to rescue him. A policeman shot the sick man; the policeman was shot himself; the prisoner made a dying statement that it was the policeman that was shot who shot him. Limerick was placed under martial law by MacPherson. The Labor leaders in Limerick took the Government at its word. Britain declared war on them; they practically declared war on Britain, and ignoring British law and British military force, they set about governing themselves. MacPherson did the only sort of things that could occur to a MacPherson. He sent down tanks and armored cars and airplanes to add solemnity to the funeral of the prisoner whom the policeman had shot. Nobody took any notice of his expressions of condolence. "In a week," says the *Glasgow Observer*, "by the mere device of ignoring British law and British proclamation, British power in Limerick had been brought to nought." Commenting on the situation, the *New Witness* says: "The general strike in Limerick as a protest against the proclaiming of the district as a military district and the threat to institute a general strike throughout Ireland must not be treated lightly. For this would not be the strike of a class, but of a nation. The effect would be to deprive England of a necessary part of her food supply. . . . Now, apart from naval protection, there is no doubt that we need Ireland far more than Ireland needs us, and the drastic Sinn Fein action is the strongest stroke yet in the battle for Irish freedom. . . . It is quite logical to say, 'We may deal together as freemen with freemen; you shall not deal with us as master with man.' What is the answer? To flood Ireland with bayonets and present a dead body instead of a free partner to the Peace Conference? The only other answer is to give Ireland her freedom. It is no use trying to bribe her." Instead of being reasonable and recognising that America has made up its mind now that the hypocrisy of Great Britain is the outstanding fact of the war, the Orange and Jewish Government of the Empire goes on with the same old game, and in the Tory press the old arguments of the forgers and the crime-manufacturers are repeated. Here they are, in the words of the *New Witness*: "Since English rule induces disorder in Ireland, let us have more and more English rule. Since the military occupation of Ireland has turned many moderate men into revolutionaries, let us send more troops across the Irish Sea. Since the British placemen have been the ruin of Ireland, let us have the incarnate placeman—Mr. MacPherson—as Chief Secretary. Most comic of all is the expression of fear that the Irish would not be able to govern themselves, when it is plain that we cannot govern them. Most dishonest of all is the argument that the murder of a policeman by X.Y.Z. stamps the whole movement for Irish self-government with the brand of crime. But every student of history knows that this has been the stock argument of all tyrants. It is an argument that will look rather silly at the Peace Conference, and, make no mistake about it, before the Peace Conference is over Ireland will be heard."

The Sinn Feiners were told that they were dreamers. In Limerick they retorted by setting up a provisional Government, just as Carson did when he was earning a seat in the British Cabinet. Limerick has made its practical protest against the exercise of British law, founded on force and usurpation. The first step in passive resistance has been taken. In the course of time we shall hear with what result. In the meantime we must remember that "the British Empire hates tyranny in any shape or form," and that it has fought for "the right of small nations to determine their own form of government." What puzzles us is that the English are amazed that Irish people should be so foolish as to think they meant what they said

when they spoke in that manner. Which all brings us back again to the stone beside the Shannon, which is the lasting warning that it is madness to take a treaty seriously. Ring your bells, discharge your rockets, make your speeches. We have made peace! So, at any rate, say Messrs. Mond, Isaacs, Rothschild, Eckstein, Speyer, Beit, and Wenkher. But does anybody say that we "have made the world safe for democracy," or won for small nations the right of a people to choose their own form of government? And will the German "nonentities," who alone would sign, be any more likely to keep faith than were the people who once signed a treaty on a stone beside the Shannon? For more reasons than one we hear to-day, across the blood-stained years, the cry, "Remember Limerick!"

## NOTES

### "The Glamor of Dublin"

Many moons ago we reviewed a little book which has since been welcomed with delight in many English papers. We believe the *Irish Times* had a harsh word to say of it, because the Sinn Fein note was clear in every page; but harsh words from such as the *Irish Times* are always a real tribute to anything good. Long after we had reviewed it, "Civis" seized on the passage which we quoted about the visit of Queen Victoria and her husband to Trinity College, where at the request of the Dons they wrote their royal names in the *Book of Kells*. Naturally, an Irishman resented the fact that any foreign sovereign should be allowed by the philistines of T.C.D. to perpetrate such an enormity. Well, it came to pass that one day when "Civis"—the New Zealand Piggott—was in a more than usually poisonous No-Popery and anti-Irish mood he dug up an old *Tablet* and waved this extract before the jaundiced eyes of the class of senseless and ignorant bigots for whom he caters. "Civis" did not tell them that it was a quotation. It does not matter whether he did or no. We merely mention the fact lest anybody should suppose that "Civis" could do anything decently or honorably. And the poor old dotard fumed and danced with rage at this further manifestation of the "Tablet man's" reluctance to fall down and adore "the greatest of British sovereigns" who deemed it a sacred duty to build up the power of Prussia—even at the expense of England's honor, as on that day when she prevailed with her Ministers to allow Germany to plunder Denmark. So much for our local Piggott. Let us, however, see more of the little book of which we speak. It is a far more delightful subject.

### Mangan

In his wanderings about dear old Dublin the author is continually reminded of Ireland's immortal dead. Thus, one day, passing by Meath Street Hospital, the memory of Mangan, who died there, comes back poignantly:

"Hither they brought him tenderly from the cellage where the latest fever had sucked him down, little hope now left for this pale amber of a man cast high for eternity. 'Fumble, affectionate, and prayerful,' he mutters thanks and extenuation all the time as though these favors that his nurses delight to do him were tremendous gifts. And this sole thing he brought for worldly possession, a worn copy of the poet Keats is his plaything and solace in the bed; until on the eighth day he turns his parchment face and lucent eyes to the wall and closes as a flower that has surrendered its beauty. And the word passing in the street 'Mangan is dead.' 'Dead,' echo answers, 'but Rosaleen lives still nobler now!'"

### St. Patrick

Here is another fancy:—

"Stand awhile, friend, respectful and contained as this pilgrim goes by. A simple-looking bedesman truly with down-looking eyes that meditate a great

hereafter, quiet-gowned and sandalled in the humble palmer's way, though under his mean apparel somewhere the 'looms of heaven are moving over his heart.' And as he picks his steps over the ford of Baile Ath Cliath there by the Whitworth Bridge of our day see that aged boatman bow and cross himself—thus by some divine premonition enlightened of God, and knowing as the palmer moves up and away through Oxmantown by the Tara road that he indeed is Patrick yet to touch the heart of Kings and so to be forever sung by river folk and mountain men in this Ireland that he will sanctify to all her shores."

### Wolfe Tone's Wake

"Uncover awhile before this No. 6. For upstairs on the second floor now the great Wolfe Tone is holding his last levee, a crown of candle flames about his head and no laurel at all, though Victory somewhere hiding weaves a chaplet and Fame prepares the trumpet for her lips. Poor dead Tone with his sword scabbarded for eternity, and this blue uniform with the sun-gold braid about his neck, a Monarch indeed of the Might-have-been. And ever in and past him the silent lovers and friends spell-bound as they look on their fallen flower. And by him there his father and mother overwhelmed with the horror of it now. For they had great possessions surely who owned such a son, most potent leader though laid out in death. Magic is in this shell and the memory of his soul may work miracles apace, as these good Britishers know who order his funeral straightway. And so to Bodens-town with two mourners only by Government decree, there by the crumbling southern wall to lie dreaming and waiting it must be, dreaming again of the fulfilment of that high hope for which he dared all."

### Pamela

"One night, too, the beautiful Pamela that lured all painters for her face, was near her agony at Moira House. A cool, clear sunset it was in May of 1798 with the gardens full of the coming of spring. And this Lady Fitzgerald of the tender eyes that seemed to fold her audience about her, Pamela, the bride that shall grow lovelier as time mellows her, what visions and forebodings are now in her heart! For every hour that she is out of sight of her husband is perilous separation in the year of all tragedies. And this air, so rich with the breaking of buds, is tenebrous and fearful as she looks from her window and sees strange colors in the stars. 'My lady is a little pale,' says one; and, 'Not ill, I pray,' another; and all are bowing towards her, their affections flowing down to her like an eddy. But the dance and the music rise again, and Pamela is in the midst though dizzied. And lo! there is a strange turmoil in that other house up in Thomas Street, though from the ball-rooms here you cannot see or catch any sound save only by the telepathy of perfect love which she knew. In a swift fight the candles are knocked over and one of them rolls towards the corner until suddenly it strikes into a liquid and is still; and recovering it this Major Swan is smeared with blood, for Captain Ryan is bleeding into pools on the floor and will die, while that wounded fellow still clutches a dagger as they overpower him on the bed. So march, Lord Edward!—thine enemies have caught thee now! Gallant fiery fellow, the mock of nameless redcoats, thy flame shall glow and burn above a million who sold their cause."

### Old Dublin Dreams

Old Dublin dreams they are—those rapid sketches from the pen of a genius. And in Dublin one can dream as it is possible only in a few cities of the world. There are three or four which shall always be dream-land for us. There is Rome, "lone mother" Rome, where the past never dies, and where we learned to dream in the sunlight of days gone down. There is Florence, sleeping now by the storied Arno and still rich in stirring memories of the old Italian saints, scholars, and artists who made her glorious. And Paris too

which for one Irish boy who wandered among its streets always had something to tell, not only of the days of Louis and Blanche and Napoleon, but of other days when brave men came hither to fight for any lost cause provided that the soldiers of the King who broke the Treaty of Limerick were arrayed against them in battle—the Wild Geese from the West, with song on their lips and laughter in their eyes, and the love of Erin and the hate of England deep in their hearts. Dublin, however, as this little book proves, is fullest of dreams for an Irish man or woman. At every corner you meet the noble dead—the saints, the poets, the patriots: Tone, Lord Edward, Mangan, and the beautiful Pamela lovely as Erin and as sad in her desolation, move there yet, with Swift and Stella, Goldsmith, Grattan, the great Brian, Mitchel, and Parnell.

### PEACE

(For the N.Z. Tablet.)

Lord, Thou hast crowned our dead,  
Blessing each dear bright head,  
And that for which they bled—  
The long swords sleep,  
Lord, by their quiet eyes,  
Grant 'neath these eager skies  
No cry of wrong shall rise,  
No children weep.

Lord, as a cup that stands,  
Take these young shining lands,  
Into Thy pierced hands,  
Bidding wars cease,  
As with wine sweet and slow,  
Fill up this chalice low,  
Until it brim and flow  
With Thy great peace.

—EILEEN DUGGAN.

### DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

St. Dominic's College closed on Thursday last for the mid-winter vacation. Studies will be resumed on Monday, July 21.

A successful and enjoyable euchre social, under the joint auspices of St. Joseph's Men's and Ladies' Clubs, was held on Wednesday evening, June 25, in St. Joseph's Hall, in aid of the refurnishing fund of the club rooms. Excellent arrangements were made for the entertainment of the large assemblage of patrons.

The Pastoral Letter of the Archbishops and Bishops of Australasia on re-consecration of the Catholic people to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, was read on Sunday last at St. Joseph's Cathedral, and suburban churches of the parish, and on each occasion the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart was also read. The Catholic school children of the parish were consecrated to the Sacred Heart during the week.

### SACRED HEART CHURCH, NORTH-EAST VALLEY.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration was commenced on last Friday (Feast of the Sacred Heart) at the Church of the Sacred Heart, North-east Valley. There was Solemn High Mass, commencing at 9 a.m., the Rev. C. Collins being celebrant; Rev. W. Monaghan, deacon; Rev. M. Spillane, subdeacon; and Very Rev. Father Coffey, master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of Mass there was a procession, followed by Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. An impressive sermon on the Blessed Eucharist was preached in the evening by Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk. Mass was celebrated by Father Kaveney on Saturday morning, and there were devotions in the evening. On Sunday very large numbers, including members of the Hibernian Society (St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's branches) approached the

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Holy Table at the 8.30 a.m. Mass, celebrated by Father Kaveney; the Hibernians being afterwards entertained to breakfast, prepared and served by the Children of Mary, in the adjoining schoolroom. The Pastoral Letter of the Archbishops and Bishops of Australasia on the re-consecration of the people to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the Act of Consecration were read by Father Kaveney (as he also did at the 11 o'clock Mass). At the evening devotions, after the recitation of the Holy Rosary, a splendid discourse, appropriate of the solemnity then being observed, was delivered by Father Silk, in the presence of a large congregation. The closing ceremonies of the Quarant' Ore then followed, including procession and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; the incidental music being exceedingly well rendered by the Sacred Heart Church Choir. Large numbers attended in Adoration during the Forty Hours, and the ceremonies were very impressive throughout. Much credit is due to Miss Murphy for her tasteful adornment of the altar, the lovely display of flowers and creepers, so artistically arranged, being really a beautiful sight, and, produced in the middle of winter, certainly an unexpected one.

## PEACE

The Dunedin *Evening Star* published on Monday evening a number of pronouncements made by prominent citizens on the signing of the Peace Treaty. One man had the courage to face the facts and to express his views candidly. Father Coffey said:—

"The treaty has been signed by the Germans," so runs the official cable to-night. We cry "Peace, peace," but there is no peace. True, the war, in the sense in which we have learned, in the form of bitter experience what a cruel war means, is ended. We are very glad to have seen the end of this, the cruellest war in history. Has its ending brought peace? We survey the horizon in vain for those signs which alone can indicate true peace. In the terms of the Allies, as far as they have been revealed to us, we see force and might taking the place of true justice. These may be necessary, and I am not disposed to sit in judgment on those on whose shoulders rests the responsibility of laying down the terms, but they are not indicative of permanent peace. No nation can be kept in peace by force. The spirit of avarice is too apparent in the inordinate desire of each nation to extend its boundaries at the expense of its neighbor, on the plea of self-protection. Such extensions will be in the future as they have been in the past, running sores, which will cause inconvenience for the present, and will surely lead to trouble in the no-distant future. There are signs of internal disturbances, which have been encouraged during the war, and now, like the boomerang, have the unhappy knack of recoiling. Russia was encouraged to overthrow its Government, and is left a seething mass of discontent. Italy has overthrown its Government in the hour of its triumph, and no one can predict what the future has in store for that country, whose co-operation was obtained by a bribe, and the downfall of whose Government is apparently now caused because the bribe was not big enough. Indications show that France has not been purified by the war. A mass of discontent in that country is kept under by military law, but this cannot last; like a volcano, the heavier the present pressure the more terrible will be the explosion. England has trouble at home, and trouble at her gate, and what is worse there are no indications of real honest efforts being made to settle these troubles. Mammon sits undisturbed in the driver's seat—result, exploitation, excessive profits, discontent, hatred between class and class, between man and man. We shall never have true lasting peace till nations are satisfied with what they have got, and are content to develop their own resources for the common benefit of all the people, till

Governments are fathers of their people. The people, like children, may have different characters, likes and dislikes. These things the Government, like the father, will have to study; and provide for each class in the spirit of kindness, helpfulness, and fair play—the days of force, coercion, and forcing all subjects into a common mould are ended. The employer must regard the employee as his equal—his brother—not as a machine or chattel to grind money out of. He is "His brother's keeper." All men are sons of the same Father, and brothers of His Son. When nations and Governments and people recognise this truth, not in a hypocritical sense, but in the true sense of self-sacrifice in the interest of one's brother, of mutual help, of bearing one another's burden, then, but not till then, shall we have lasting peace. Treaties and peace terms presented with a threat of starvation and accepted and signed as the less bitter choice, can never be regarded as other than "scraps of paper" to be torn up on the first hopeful opportunity. I am truly grateful to God that the terrible slaughter of the noblest of our young men has ceased, and I hope that the men who are now engaged in settling the problems between nations will make an earnest effort to settle the no less difficult internal problems at present clamant for settlement in their own countries.

## NOVEMBER DUSK.

When to your heart go home my long desires,  
Home to your eyes at last my tireless gaze,—  
Such time as lamps are lit and early fires,  
To keep us from the chill autumnal greys,—  
The world without appears a vasty space  
Where thin and whispering winds cry overmuch:  
But here is nearness, and your quiet face  
And usual words to say, and hands to touch.

A lean, black branch keeps tugging at the pane,  
And past our door the harried hosts blow by:  
The day goes out in gloom; a droning rain  
Sets in upon the roof. . . . And you and I  
By our own hearth—for all the great world grieves—  
Can smile to hear the forest dropping leaves.

DAVID MORTON, in *Current Opinion*.

Everyone who wishes to attain to the rest of contemplation must first diligently lead a life of labor. Remember that holy repose is the product of the exercise of virtues, as fruits are formed from flowers.—St. Bernard.

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**IRISH AMONG THE EARLIEST AMERICAN SETTLERS.**

In the first voyage made by Sir Walter Raleigh to Virginia Irishmen are referred to by Hakluyt, the chronicler of the expedition. The first recorded colony to establish itself at Newport News, Va., came from Cork, Ireland, in the year 1621, or only one year after the landing of the pilgrims of the Mayflower.

The first attempt of Europeans to establish a settlement on the Merrimac River, in Massachusetts, was a mixed Irish and Scotch company, which embarked at Carrickfergus, Ireland, in the year 1636 with "a considerable quantity of equipment and merchandise."

The first settlement in Shenandoah Valley, at Staunton, Va., where President Wilson was born, was made by John Lewis, from Donegal, and the first known schoolmaster in the valley was John Wilson, from Co. Armagh.

With the first English expedition to Maryland, in the Arke and the Dove, in the year 1633, Irishmen came. How many there were has never been determined, but in what remains at Annapolis of the records or "Certificates and Patents to the Earliest Settlers" in Maryland, many Irish names are found.

In the first proclamations regarding "Conditions of Plantation," issued by Lord Baltimore, he limited the settlers to "persons of British or Irish descent."

In the first voyage of William Penn to Pennsylvania in 1682 he brought with him a number of Irishmen, some of whom are referred to as "people of consequence." The first schoolmaster in Pennsylvania was Thomas Dongan, son of an eminent merchant of Dublin and kinsman of Thomas Dongan, from Co. Kildare, who, as Governor of the province of New York, gave their first chapters to the cities of Albany and New York. Dongan established his primitive school in the year 1686, at a place called Lower Dublin in Philadelphia County.

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We beg to acknowledge Subscriptions for the following, and recommend Subscribers to cut this out for reference. PERIOD FROM JUNE 24 TO 28, 1919.

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## M.B.O.B. ASSOCIATION, CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

The annual church parade of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association took place on Sunday morning, June 22 (Solemnity of the Feast of Corpus Christi), at the Cathedral. A splendid muster of 250, including the Senior School Cadets under Lieutenant Amos, and led by the club's president, Sir George Clifford, Bart., approached the Holy Table. The Mass was celebrated by Father Kilbride, C.S.S.R., and Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., assisted at the Communion. In a few appropriate remarks the Very Rev. Administrator said that, with the parishioners, he was most edified at the fine manifestation of faith then being witnessed—a spectacle of which any church in the Dominion might well be proud—and he expressed his gratitude to the Marist Brothers, whose labors were rewarded in such a striking manner. That his Lordship the Bishop was absent on the occasion was regrettable (he said) inasmuch as the sight then presented would have cheered his heart. Breakfast was served in the Hibernian Hall, with the aid of the members of St. Matthew's (ladies') branch of the H.A.C.B. Society. Sir George Clifford presided, and among those present were Father Murphy (chaplain), Dr. P. A. Ardagh (hon. surgeon to the association), Lieutenant Amos, Sergeants-Major Pound and O'Sullivan, Rev. Brothers Justin and Phelan, representatives of the Hibernian Society (St. Mary's and St. Patrick's branches), Catholic Federation, and Catholic Club, and Mr. J. Dickson.

In proposing the toast "The Pope and King," the president said that his task naturally brought before him the great doctrine of obedience to authority as taught by the Catholic Church. The toast was enthusiastically received. Mr. T. P. O'Rourke, in proposing "The Bishop and Clergy," referred to the debt of gratitude owed by the association to his Lordship Bishop Brodie and his devoted priests for the ready assistance given by them to every movement tending to its advancement. Father Murphy (who wore uniform as army chaplain), in replying, read a telegram received from his Lordship the Bishop conveying greetings and congratulations to the assemblage. Father Murphy paid a tribute to the "glorious dead" of the association, who had conducted themselves so nobly on the battlefields of Europe. To see the Cadets in such fine numbers was to him (their chaplain) a great source of pleasure, and he trusted that they, as well as the other sections of M.B.O.B.A., would ever remain loyal to the teaching and influence of the Marist Brothers.

Mr. P. Amodeo, to whom was entrusted the toast "The Marist Brothers," said that owing to his personal acquaintance with many of them he was doubly proud of the privilege given him that morning. Some of the Brothers who had been present at previous gatherings of the kind in Christchurch were now located in various parts of the Dominion, but there was pleasure in remembrance. Their work as educationalists, and the excellent service rendered to the country by them during the epidemic, would live for ever in the minds of a grateful people. Rev. Brother Justin, in reply, thanked the proposer for his kindly words, and assured his hearers that the fine manifestation of faith that morning was the greatest pleasure that could possibly be given the Brothers for their efforts in the schools. He wished to impress upon them two things that had often been placed before the boys when at school—assisting at Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation, and the frequent reception of the Sacraments.

Mr. M. Grimes, speaking to the toast of "The M.B.O.B. Association," reviewed its development under adverse circumstances, and the great services rendered by Rev. Brother Walter (to whom was due the work of formation), Brothers Calixtus, Palladius, and the present director, Brother Justin. Mr. P. Greenlees (secretary), replying on behalf of his associates, gave a fine report of the now flourishing state of the association, and thanked Dr. Ardagh for having so generously placed his services at the disposal of members. To Messrs. T. Cahill, P. O'Connell, and Lieutenant Amos he extended the thanks of members for their assistance in decorating and furnishing the hall for the function, and he wished to express appreciation of Sir George Clifford's presence, and of his general interest in the association. On behalf of the football teams, the popular captain (D. McCormick) thanked all who were so keenly interested in the sporting side of the association.

In proposing "Absent Friends," Mr. J. Mullins said that under this heading were playing and non-playing members, many of whom were away from Christchurch, and many more had crossed the great divide. Recent losses by death were Messrs. F. O'Malley, P. Gregory, and James Power. Those connected with the early history of the association did not forget the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice exerted in its welfare by Mr. Power, whose memory would ever remain respected. Mr. Frank Smyth, in supplementing the remarks of Mr. Mullins, said he had tried, when at the front, to carry out the desire expressed to him at his departure, of continuing to be captain of the Old Boys in France. On many occasions it had been his lot in going to the various companies inquiring for old comrades, to hear they had been killed. Boys of the M.B.O.B. Association were (he said) buried along the whole line of the British front from Ypres to the Somme, amongst them being many of the most promising footballers that had ever been in the ranks of the organisation. Our duty towards those departed comrades was to remember them in our prayers.

Mr. M. Kennedy, in proposing the toast of "The Ladies," spoke of the services rendered by their lady friends to the association since its formation, the success of their social functions being due to this earnest goodwill. Miss D. Smyth, in responding, said their success was sufficient reward for anything the ladies had been able to do in the interests of the association. She congratulated the members on the magnificent display witnessed that morning, and wished them every success.

Lieutenant Amos spoke of the fine spirit existing amongst the Cadets, and paid a tribute to Color-Sergeant Pepper, who, though not a Catholic, had been a tower of strength to him (the speaker) in his work.

Rev. Brother Phelan then presented Color-Sergeant Pepper with a token of esteem from the Brothers and boys amongst whom he had labored so energetically, and wished him every success in the higher grade of defence work upon which he was now entering. The recipient, in a neat speech, thanked the Brothers for their recognition, and said that the M.B.O.B. Cadets were the finest company with whom he had been associated.

Mr. P. J. Smyth referred in eulogistic terms to the military officers present at the breakfast—Sergeants-Major Pound and O'Sullivan—who had shown such a deep interest in the welfare of the boys. The work of the former (a non-Catholic) in connection with Nazareth House was well known, and, on behalf of the association, tendered heartiest thanks to those officers. In replying, Messrs. Pound and O'Sullivan showed the advantage of having a Catholic Cadet Corps, and expressed their intention to do all in their power to prevent our lads being drafted into other units in the future.

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## IRISH NEWS

## GENERAL.

The death has taken place at Limerick of John Cussen, a laborer, at the age of 105 years.

The *Southern Star*, Skibbereen, Co. Cork, has re-appeared after a suspension of over 30 weeks. For anything it has done to help to secure the independence of the country, it says, it is unrepentant.

The French Ministry of Foreign Affairs has decided to present to the Corporation of Limerick a portrait of the great soldier, Marshal MacMahon. The MacMahon family went to France from Limerick Co. about 1750.

Anniversary Masses for the late John Redmond were celebrated in many churches in Ireland. A demonstration was held at Wexford at which Mr. Joseph Devlin was the principal speaker. Mr. Dillon, through illness, was unable to be present.

Seventeen persons were fined at Queenstown for collecting for the Irish Language Fund, without a military permit, on St. Patrick's Day. One of the magistrates described the cases as vexatious and frivolous. Similar fines were imposed in Charleville for the same offence.

The Irish Newspaper Society, which represents every shade of political opinion in Ireland, has adopted the following resolution:—"That it is the opinion of the Irish Newspaper Society that the Press Censorship in Ireland should be terminated concurrently with the abolition of the censorship in England.

As a result of the recent wholesale gaol-breaking by the Sinn Fein prisoners both in England and in Ireland, the Lord Lieutenant has set up a Commission of Inquiry. Mr. Justice Kenny is chairman; Major Briscoe, Commissioner of Prisons in England, and Mr. McGann, a former Governor of Irish prisons, are the other members. The commission will enquire as to the escape of prisoners from H.M. gaols in Cork and Dublin; the aiders and abettors, if any; the precautions necessary to prevent future escapes; provisions as to amelioration of the condition of prisoners, etc.

In an article on the Irish Censorship the *Manchester Guardian* says it will probably be information to most people that a censorship exists on news to and from Ireland. The authorities may pretend there is some justification, but there can be no sufficient justification. Perhaps the idea is that feeling in Ireland would be further inflamed by full uncensored reports, or perhaps it is thought that while England is engaged in settling the affairs of half the world, it would be better to push the Irish skeleton back into its cupboard whenever it peeps out. Whatever the motive, the policy is futile, wrong, and dangerous. The position is too grave, the explosive matter too near ignition point to make suppression tolerable.

## QUEENSTOWN CATHEDRAL.

It was announced by Most Rev. Dr. Browne, in his Lenten Pastoral, that the Cathedral of Queenstown, diocese of Cloyne, now completed, would be consecrated next August, and he re-told its history since the building was first conceived by Most Rev. Dr. Keane, in 1860.

In the first 10 years the Queenstown fund reached £15,000, and when Dr. Keane died in 1874 the expenditure amounted to over £20,486. Most Rev. Dr. Mc-

Carthy then took up the work energetically during his 19 years' episcopacy, and the Cathedral was opened for Divine worship in June, 1879. Up to 1892 the whole outlay exceeded £100,000. Dr. McCarthy got £15,000 from the clergy, £30,000 from the laity of the diocese, £14,000 from Irishmen abroad, £7000 from other Irish dioceses, £8600 from legacies, and £8000 as a result of a further appeal to the diocese.

Dr. Browne then related his share in the work, which involved a further cost from 1895 to 1901 of £36,961, and finally the completion of the tower and spire for £19,660, half of which was contributed by the Bishop and clergy of the diocese, and half by the laity, the outlay since 1895 being over £83,000, which was secured in the same way as before—£7628 from the United States, £12,555 from bequests and donations, £3277 from outside Irish dioceses, and the balance from the diocesan clergy and laity.

## WAR ON CHILDREN.

The British operations in Ireland, having been extended from the men to the women, have now been extended from the women to the children (says *An Saoghal Gaedhealach* of March 1, as passed by censor). A few days ago a boy of 11 was kidnaped from his home in Tipperary by the police, was taken to Dublin under a strong armed escort, and has not since been heard of. His parents have been refused all information, and the *Independent* was informed by "a leading detective" that "it would not be in the public interest to give away the address of the lad." We know that public interest. There were people in this country who were horror-struck at what they called the "kidnapping" of French and Belgian children by the Germans, although for that kidnapping they had no evidence except English inspired reports. Here is a case of kidnapping in Ireland, an authenticated case, a political kidnapping on all fours with the alleged kidnappings in Belgium and in France. Yet we have observed in them no horror at the crime: nor has there been even a paragraph in the *Irish Times*.

One can get accustomed to almost anything. In the four and a-half years since British Government in Ireland began to show itself clearly as the brutality it is, outrage has been piled on outrage, so rapidly that one hardly gets time to keep pace with them. And most of us have got so accustomed to living in the perpetual shadow of the armed escort, the court-martial, and the prison, that these things have entered into the consciousness of all of us as one of the normal things of life. It is difficult now to remember any life in which things were more free, in which British repression in Ireland was carried on within the limits of civil government and was consequently somewhat hampered in its operations. The spirit of materialism, of jobbery, invaded all Irish life, and men began to fear, to fear lest they lost their jobs, to fear lest they went to prison, to fear lest they ceased to be comfortable. As a cynical dramatist put it some eight or nine years ago, "Who the hell cares about liberty?" Not many, then; but out of the travail of the few has come to the many the old passion for liberty. But here is a totally new development. Here is a child of 11 years old, of a nervous disposition, at an age when a child needs everything which in prison he will not get, dragged away from his parents, from his home, "under strongly armed escort," last seen at Limerick Junction Station crying bitterly.

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## PSYCHOLOGY AND CHILD LIFE

[Paper read before the Auckland Teachers' Conference by a Sister of Notre Dame des Missions.]

(Concluded from last week.)

Under the modern obsession of physical hygiene, classrooms, as a rule, have black desks, and grey walls more devoid of ornament than those of a mortuary chamber; and this to the end, not only that "microbes" may be kept in their place, but also that the starved and famishing spirit of the child may not be distracted while the teacher by means of oratorical art and laborious expedients endeavors to obtain from his petrified pupils what only Our Lord Himself seems to have been able to do—namely, entrance their attention for hours at a time. We read that even when on one occasion the fiery St. Paul preached for some length of time, one man at least went to sleep, and consequently fell out of the window and was killed. Now, modern psychology teaches that beauty of surroundings both promotes concentration of thought and offers refreshment to the tired spirit. Indeed, our churches, which are *par excellence* places of meditation and repose for the life of the soul, have called upon the highest inspirations of genius to gather every beauty within their precincts. No ornament distracts a child really absorbed in his task; nay, if we wish to keep in touch with the principles of science we should say that the place best adapted to the full life of man is an artistic environment. Moreover, if we are to do justice to our children we must be prepared to lavish money in obtaining for them books in which the illustrations are all beautiful and attractive, as well as inspiring; and the printing and paper of the best. The day of cheap books, unillustrated and badly printed, has gone indeed; but we do not yet realise how defective we are in our supply of books for supplementing our teaching of such subjects as history and geography, and how much our teaching of these subjects suffers in consequence. I do not mean by this text books of dry facts—they are plentiful enough—but books for illustration and amplification. Such books are one of the most serious wants of the day. As regards religious pictures, the idea carried out in the *Auckland Catholic Magazine* of reproducing our masterpieces and giving a description of them is for this reason excellent. It is said that one picture a child holds in his hand as his own property is worth more to him than a hundred masterpieces hung on the wall. Only the best pictures should adorn the school walls.

But in this matter of environment we have another factor to consider. Furniture for children, their tables and chairs, should be light, not only that they may be easily carried about by childish arms, but because their very fragility is of educational value. The same consideration should lead us to give children china plates and glass drinking vessels, for these objects become the denouncers of rough, disorderly, and undisciplined movements. Thus the child is led to correct himself, and he accordingly trains himself not to knock against, overturn, and break things; softening his movements more and more, he gradually becomes their perfectly free and self-possessed director. He becomes, we say, "well bred." In the same way the child will accustom himself to do his utmost not to soil the beautiful things which enliven his surroundings. Thus he makes progress in his own perfection, or, in other words, it is thus he achieves a perfect co-ordination of his voluntary movements. It is the same process by which, having enjoyed silence and music, he will do all in his power to avoid discordant noises, which will have become unpleasant to his educated ear. On the other hand, when a child comes into collision a hundred times a day with an enormously heavy iron-bound desk which a porter would have difficulty in moving, when he makes thousands of invisible ink-stains on a black bench, when he lets a tin or enamel plate fall to the ground a hundred times without breaking it, he remains immersed in his sea of defects without perceiving them; his environment, meanwhile, is so constructed as to hide and

therefore to encourage his errors, with Mephistophelian hypocrisy.

Coming now to the child himself, we shall take as our first point the *psychical basis of attention*. Just as there is in every child a primitive internal impulse which moves him to endeavor to obtain the satisfaction of his physical needs, so there is in every normal child a hunger and thirst of the soul and mind; in other words, psychical activities which must be satisfied. To quench thirst, it is not sufficient to see or to sip water; the thirsty man must drink his fill—that is to say, must take in the quantity his organism requires; so to satisfy a child's psychical hunger and thirst, it is not sufficient merely to see things cursorily, much less merely "to hear them described"; it is necessary to possess them and to use them to the full, if the needs of the inner life are to be satisfied. In modern psychology this fact stands revealed as the basis of all psychical construction, the sole secret of education. The paramount object in all lessons, in the planning out of all our programmes, is not that knowledge may be acquired, except indeed as a secondary and necessary result, but that the child may have scope for the exercise and development of the powers of his mind and soul. The great proof that much of our former teaching was not fulfilling this essential function was only too plainly manifested by the difficulty we experienced in securing the attention of our pupils, together with the wasted energy they expended on what we termed "wrong" objects.

There is in each individual a special attitude towards external things which responds to the needs of his inner life. Thus the artist sees a preponderance of colors in the world, the musician will be attracted by sounds. That this is so is obvious from the fact that people brought up in the same environment may develop on totally different lines, each taking from his environment as far as possible what suited his intimate individual aptitudes, just as various plants in a garden obtain different nourishment from the same soil. As a result of the recognition of this interior spiritual force working within the child as the basis of all the problems of securing attention, the work of the teacher now consists, not in a vain endeavor to make all his rose bushes dandelions, or *vice versa*; but in bestowing a sufficient variety of exercises to meet the psychical needs of his various pupils, granting them at the same time sufficient liberty to exercise their powers according to the needs of their particular nature. When, however, the child's power of fixing his attention has been developed by suitable exercises, it will be found that he has far greater capacity for attending even to un congenial objects.

The following instance is an illustration of the possibility of transferring the power of attention cultivated by one kind of object to that of another. In a certain school there was a little girl who could not control her attention sufficiently to carry a glass of water, even only half full, without spilling it; so much so that she turned from such a task, knowing that she could not accomplish it. One day she became absorbed in work of another kind; then, rising suddenly from it, as though she felt she had developed a new power, she began carrying glasses of water with the greatest ease; and has found a special pleasure in doing so ever since.

THE WILL.—The unanimous reports of the educationalists from all parts of the world who attended the last pedagogic and psychological international congresses lamented the "lack of character" in the young, as constituting the greatest danger to the race. Now, character is essentially a question of will, and the truth of the great maxim that "to will" is "to do" impresses us more and more as we grow older and gives that decision of character that makes for success in any walk of life. Here again the doctrine of liberty preached by the new psychology offers the great remedy needed; for it is only by *exercise* that the will can be developed and strengthened. It would certainly never occur to anyone that in order to develop right and graceful movements in our children it would be well first of all to keep them absolutely motionless, covering their limbs, so to speak, with cement until the muscles become

atrophied and almost paralysed, not to say broken; and that then it would suffice to read to them wonderful stories of clowns, acrobats, champion boxers and wrestlers, to fire them by such examples with the desire and the power to emulate these feats. And yet we do something of this kind when in order to educate the child's will we first of all attempt to annihilate it, or as we say, "break it," and thus hamper the development of every factor of the will, substituting in all things *our will* for that of the *child's will*. He is kept motionless in his seat not by his own will, but by ours; it is we who make him act, we who choose and decide for him in almost every little detail. And then in order to make his character all it should be we think it sufficient to treat him to a lecture on the necessity of a strong and flexible will; and for his emulation we tell him tales of heroic men—giants of will! And strangest part of all we then marvel at our own lack of success in gaining the desired result.

Perhaps it is in the domain of the will that we are apt to do our children the greatest wrong of all. We can find around us in plenty people of intelligence and of imagination, but alas, how many also do we find wasting their powers of mind or body, wrecking, or at least lessening their own happiness and usefulness, as well as that of others, simply because they have not the power to make right decisions at the right moment.

Like the man in the Gospel who sold all he had to obtain the pearl of great price, we should be prepared to make any sacrifice, to introduce methods into our teaching which will afford the right training and sufficient exercise for the will. We all know instances of persons almost illiterate who are yet more truly educated and more useful members of society than many of their intellectual superiors simply because the force of circumstances or a good home training has developed in them decision of will and a good practical judgment.

**IMAGINATION.**—It is a very common belief that the young child is characterised by vivid imagination, and that therefore a special education should be adopted to cultivate this valuable gift of nature. It should be remarked however, that the tendency of the child to wander into the fascinating worlds of unreality is simply due to the immaturity of his organism, and it is in fact a tendency markedly characteristic to savage and primitive peoples. Far from developing this savage or immature state, or keeping the child therein, the educational training of the imagination consists, above all, in bringing the mind of the child back to the *realities* of the world around him. We are told that Michelangelo would spend entire evenings gazing up into the vault of Heaven, and when asked at what he was gazing, he replied, "I see a dome." It was after this form so marvellously created within his mind that the famous cupola of St. Peter's in Rome was fashioned. But it could never have been born, even in the mind of Michelangelo had the intensity of his imagination, instead of being fixed on the wonderful reality above him, been dissipated in a world of sterile fancies. It has been said that nothing would sooner reform Christendom than to train people to exercise their imagination on the realities of their every-day life. The insane and the delirious talk of fantastic things, but we do not therefore say that they have a great deal of "imagination." The true basis of the imagination is reality, and its perception is related to exactness of observation.

Genius has been described as the capacity to take infinite pains; hence the metaphors of our great writers are profuse and marvellous, simply because every great writer and every lofty orator perpetually links the fruits of the imagination with the observation of fact; and then we say he is a genius and that his thought is clear and vital. Our Lord Himself continually illustrated His teaching by what He saw around Him. We, however, suppose that we are developing the imagination of children by making them accept fantastic nonsense as reality. There are indeed men who really take a tree for a throne and issue royal commands; others

who imagine they are kings or great personages; and quite logically we say they are mad.

The custom prevalent in many countries of representing Christmas as an old man coming down the chimney with toys is supposed to obtain its value from its appeal to the child's imagination. Now, either the child does believe it or he does not. If the latter is the case, his mind instinctively accuses us of untruth; but if the former is the case, it is the child's credulity and not his imagination that is being exercised. It is we who imagine; the child believes. It is we who are amused by the illusions, the ignorance, and the errors of the immature mind. We are like the fine lady who took a superficial interest in a hospital for poor children, but who kept on declaring: "If there were to be no more sick children I do not know what I should do." It is the living among real possessions of his own which really develops the imagination of the child and assuages those desires which consume his precious powers in the vanity of illusions. The child who has nothing is the one who dreams of things the most impossible of attainment; but he who has something attaches himself to that which he possesses to preserve and increase it reasonably. The destitute dream of millions, a person without employment dreams of becoming a prince; but an assistant teacher in a school dreams of becoming a head master, and the prosperous farmer dreams of becoming still more prosperous. The child who has a table or desk of his own, who possesses pottery, soap, dressing tables, and furniture, is happy in the care of all these things. His desires are moderated, and the peace he derives from them opens up a life of expansion to his internal creative activities. How much time and strength man has lost and is losing because he has not been directed to develop the powers of his imagination on truth and reality. Just as vice, which is an exercise of function without purpose, wastes the body until it becomes diseased, so imagination unsustained by truth consumes the intelligence until the mental balance is lost.

The great change in the face of the modern world was brought about, when, under the influence of the positive researches of science, the mind of man turned from the world of mere speculations to the living realities around him. We all know the story of Volta's marvellous discovery of electricity, which is literally as well as figuratively "the gleam of an immense progress." He was hanging up some dead frogs on the iron bars of the window when he noticed that their legs contracted. Laying due weight upon a little fact such as that of a dead being having moved, considering it soberly without any fanciful conditions, and refusing to believe but that the movement was due to some natural cause, in other words was caused by some *reality*—such was the lengthy process by which one of the greatest conquests of civilisation was achieved. Akin to this was the result of Galileo's observation of the oscillations of a hanging lamp in the Pisa Cathedral. How simple, too, is the story of Newton, whose imagination stirred by the sight of an apple falling to the ground, eventually discovered the theory of the gravity of bodies and that of universal gravitation. Similar instances of the wonderful effects of training the imagination to exercise itself on its surroundings could be recounted indefinitely. When in ordinary life someone praises us for qualities we do not possess, or distorts or exaggerates our true attributes, we are repelled and disgusted. But if the compliment is founded upon our real qualities we feel legitimate satisfaction, because what has been said is relevant and we conclude that the person has *observed* us. We accordingly think of such a person as being subtle and intellectual.

I shall relate one more incident relative to the necessity of basing all our teaching on absolute truth and reality. Two girls of noble family had been brought up in great seclusion, and to safeguard them from the seductions and vanities of the life for which they were destined it had been impressed upon them that the world is full of deceit and that when people praise us, if we could but conceal ourselves and listen

to what they say when we have disappeared, we should hear something very different. When they were of an age to be presented in society the two girls made their first appearance at an evening reception to which their mother had invited a great many guests. All lavished praises on the charming young girls. In the drawing-room there was an alcove concealed by a large curtain. Curious to hear what would be said of them in their absence, the two agreed to slip out and hide behind the curtain. Scarcely had the attractive objects of the general admiration vanished than the praise which had been kept within due bounds in their presence was redoubled. The two girls admitted afterwards that they experienced an indescribable revulsion of feeling; they thought that everything they had been made to believe must be false, and they determined to throw themselves headlong into the pleasures of the world. They even renounced religion altogether for the time being; and had afterwards, as they said, to reconstruct their lives afresh, learn for themselves the emptiness of social brilliance, and embrace the truth of religion anew.

It has been frequently said that the education of the imagination on a basis of fancy prepares the soul of the child for religious education; and that an education based on "reality" is too arid and tends to dry up the fountains of spiritual life. Now every truly religious person knows well that faith and fable are "as the poles apart," since fable is in itself a thing without truth, and faith is the very sentiment of truth. Religion is not a product of fantastic imagination, it is the greatest of realities; the great danger of fables and fairy tales is not that they are harmful in themselves but that they spoil the relish the child should have for truth and reality.

#### THE RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT IN CHILDREN.

Very lately a series of experiments into the existence of religious sentiment in the native heart of the child has been made with surprising results. In this as in every other psychical investigation the truth continues to be brought home, that it is never the function of the educator to create; his work is but to develop what God has already implanted, and no teacher can put into a child what is not there already.

One of the most remarkable manifestations of the spontaneous religious sentiment inherent in every child was the case of "Little Nelly of Holy God," who, of her own accord when scarcely five years of age, asked for the Holy Eucharist on her death-bed—a fact which greatly influenced Pius X. to allow Holy Communion to very young children.

Madam Montessori tells of many remarkable instances in her own experience of children whose parents were hostile to religion and endeavored to bring them up "neutral." In every case she found that such children, in spite of every inducement to the contrary, were unhappy and restless, and devoured such scraps of religious instruction as came their way, in the same manner as a famishing man devours food. She tells of a rich child whose parents lavished on her every mark of affection and devotion but were determined to keep her altogether free from religious influences. Wonderful children's parties were arranged for her which were veritable works of art, but they seemed to make her only more restless and cynical, as if she were suffering from some disillusionment. One day, however, she was found with her face aglow, and unable to conceal her agitation. She had been talking to an orphan child who happened to be brought to her home and the child had repeated to her the Lord's Prayer. The girl's heart had at last found what it wanted. Children have repeatedly said "I like this subject or that subject very much, but I like religion best."

The conclusion drawn from all these experiences is that in the heart of every child there is an insatiable longing for God—abyss calleth unto abyss—and without true religious training no human being will reach the full development of his powers of mind and soul. "As the hart panteth after the living waters" so does the soul of man after the living God.

#### "A REIGN OF LAW?"

Thus F. O'D, in *An Saoghal Gaedhealach* :—

The air is clearing. The Peace Conference bubble is burst, and we had better rub our eyes of the transient glitter of it, and take stock of the cold, ugly facts. For the framework of the social system that is being created is ugly and menacing for Ireland, and for the masses of the people everywhere. Our rulers are clever and efficient, terribly, mercilessly efficient; and they are callously planning a cold-blooded scheme of world and wealth domination, labor exploitation, and robbery everywhere of the people's rights and the fruits of their toil. And all this with tears in their eyes for the sorrows of the suffering peoples, and the polished phrases of hypocrisy flowing like poisoned honey from their lips! They have used the great words Right and Justice, and they are proving apt pupils at learning the meaning of them—the Imperial meaning of them. Truly this is a great thing for which millions of men have died—a great thing for the men's masters!

Hitherto the world was governed by groups of wealthy capitalists who exploited the people, and robbed and ruled them by controlling their labor and their brains, playing off one class against another, and maintaining an unrelenting mastery over all. Now all that is to be changed to meet the higher aspirations of a world which has drawn new ideals of right and justice from its recent welter of blood. The isolated groups of robbers are entering into a holy partnership, that they may more effectively exploit the people, and deprive them of the fruits of their labor thereby.

Ireland, for instance, instead of being exploited and robbed by one Empire as in the past, will under the new scheme of things be accorded the privilege of being robbed by a combination of Empires. Injustice and tyranny will permanently assume the mask of law, national and international. "Small nations" will become mere geographical expressions; existing by a special dispensation of Providence in the shape of a League of Nations, to be protected and saved from turning into painted savages by the civilising hand of one of the great ones of the earth. The business of governing in the interests of the governors will become the chiefest art in the new world which is to arise.

Once in the better past the light of Irish civilisation shone steady and constant in the northern ocean, and the brilliance of her culture illumed a darkened world. That destiny which shapes the ends of nations seems likely to place Ireland again in the van of the world, a leader, a prophet, a martyr too, mayhap. For Ireland will not, could not, submit to this indignity with which it is sought to enslave humanity. Ireland has ever resisted, ever defended her birthright against, the armies of a merciless oppressor. Shall she cease to resist now, shall she be silent and passionless in her strength when she was defiant in her weakness? A trial is coming at which the wisest may waver, the best leaders falter; but the Ireland of the O'Neills, the land that nursed Mitchel and Tone and Emmet, that cradled Pearse and Connolly, will know her duty again, and go out to it unflinching.

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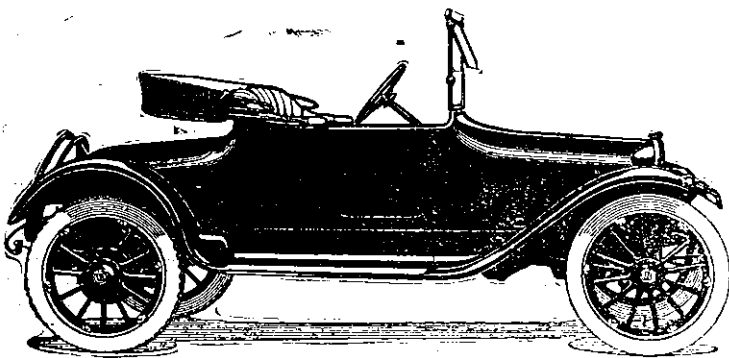
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## ON THE LAND

### ELECTRICITY IN POULTRY-RAISING.

Experiments have lately been carried out on a poultry farm in the South of England, with such remarkable results that intensified chicken-rearing by means of electricity will undoubtedly be tried on a much larger scale in future. Seventy-five chickens were electrified on this particular farm, the current being applied for 10 minutes every hour during the day. Six chickens only, out of a total of 400, died, and the remainder were ready for the market in five weeks, as against three months normally. The electrified chickens grew at double the usual rate, thus doubling the output of the farm and halving the food bill per chicken. Not only, however, in regard to poultry-raising, but also in connection with the growing of crops is electricity proving invaluable, some remarkable results being cited by a writer in a recent publication, wherein he interestingly shows how electricity can be applied to home life as well as to commerce and business.

By an arrangement of wires, making a network about 15 feet above the ground, electricity is discharged into the soil. The result in one case was that in a certain wheat crop there was a gain in the number of bushels per acre from the electrified plot of 40 per cent. as against the unelectrified lot adjoining. Furthermore, it obtained 7½ per cent. better market prices, producing a better baking flour. The cost of the electricity worked out approximately at one penny per day.

Similar electrical treatment to growing crops produced 17 per cent. increase in cucumbers, 36 per cent. in strawberries, 33 per cent. in beet, 50 per cent. in carrots, and 18 per cent. in tomatoes, whilst other vegetables were also ready for market earlier than non-electrified.

### A LESSON ON PRUNING.

A writer in the *Freeman's Journal* (Sydney) gives the following useful directions regarding the pruning of fruit trees:—

Young trees for the first few years require to be cut back rather hard. This not only prevents them from extending their main limbs too rapidly, with the liability of their being broken out by bearing on the ends, but it also ensures sufficient eyes to make strong shoots from which can be chosen, during the following spring and summer, the future leaders. Many varieties are liable to grow too upright, and it is a good policy to cut to a bud above the outside. The growth from the top bud will then cause the outside bud to grow out at a wider angle. When this system is adopted, it is necessary to check the growth from the top bud during the following spring and summer, otherwise there is a likelihood of the top bud getting ahead of and sapping the lower outside bud, which is the one required.

As this spring and summer treatment is necessary with young trees in any case, it is no drawback to the method recommended to have to go round the trees to cut back the growth from the top bud. The piece of wood with the check shoot above the desired leader is removed the following winter. Where numerous leaders have been thrown out during the previous growing period they should be thinned out. In young trees more are retained than in fully-formed trees, as they are required to multiply the main branches. In the older trees the full number of main branches has been attained, and only one leader is mostly required to each main branch. When choosing the leaders to be retained on upright growing trees, every opportunity should be taken to open out the head; but do not fall into the error made by some, of cutting away all growth from the lower parts of the limbs. An open centre means that no main limbs are growing up through the centre, but the object of such a form of tree is to induce and maintain the growth of spurs along the main branches of the tree or of laterals carrying spurs or fruit buds.

When trees on good deep soil have their main framework well established and the limbs are stout, and if they are still making numerous and vigorous leaders it is a good plan to thin the leaders out, but not to top them back for a season or two. This steadies their growth and lessens the work of pruning the following year, and will often throw a tree into bearing. A pruner should observe the results of the previous season's work on all varieties of all classes of trees. He will then learn their particular habits and how they respond to the treatment given them. The European plum does not, as a rule, often bear on the yearling lateral, but chiefly on spurs either direct on the main branches or on the older laterals. These require thinning and renewing as described for the Japanese plum. In some varieties, such as Prune d'Agen, the yearling lateral should be left a good length to induce it to develop spurs. Other varieties may have the laterals shortened very hard and they will still furnish up with spurs. Apricots are not unlike Japanese plums, in that they bear on yearling laterals and on spurs growing direct from the main limbs or from two-year-old laterals, but their spurs are not very lasting, and require renewing or invigorating frequently by shortening back the laterals which carry them. Apples and pears bear chiefly from spurs on two-year-old wood or older. Some varieties require the yearling laterals to be left a good length to induce them to develop spurs. The spurs also in some varieties multiply rapidly and become very weak if not thinned out. Old laterals carrying spurs should be shortened back in order to keep the remaining spurs in vigor.

The bearing habits of the different classes of fruit trees should be borne in mind, and in that connection the following may be useful: Peaches and nectarines bear chiefly on wood produced the previous season, and where there is sufficient of this class of lateral one can cut off the old laterals, thus encouraging growth of a fresh lot during the next growing season, and providing for fruiting in the season following that again. But where these trees have not made sufficient new laterals direct from the main limbs during the previous growing season, some young laterals or temporary spurs that have shot from the two-year-old laterals must be left, to allow for sufficient blossoming. The general rule, however, with these trees is to cut out the two-year-old laterals and leave sufficient of the yearling laterals. In light croppers only cut back the yearling laterals slightly, or do not shorten them at all. With heavy croppers which show their fruit buds close to the base of the laterals, shorten the yearling laterals hard.

Japanese plums will crop on the yearling laterals, but also develop permanent spurs on the older wood. Hence there is not the necessity for annual renewal, as in the peach. However, the spurs along old laterals become spent, and any lateral carrying spurs showing this tendency should be shortened hard back or cut out, so that a new spur will develop or a new lateral appear which will develop a new set of spurs. The Japanese plum responds to this treatment very readily.

Miss M. A. McGrath, who has been the telegraph counter clerk at the chief post office, Oamaru, for the last two years, has been promoted to postmistress at Tokatoka, for which place she will leave on Wednesday next, her place being filled locally by Mr Meehan (writes our Oamaru correspondent, under date June 23). The promotion is, it is understood, a substantial one, and Miss McGrath, who has always proved herself very capable and efficient as regards the general public, and of an unvarying, courteous, and obliging disposition, is accordingly congratulated on her well-earned advancement.

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## FATHER HOWARD'S SILVER JUBILEE

## CELEBRATION AT MILTON.

Father M. Howard, the popular pastor of Milton during the past 11 years, attained last Thursday the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood (says the *Bruce Herald* of June 23). At a social tendered to him in the evening, St. Joseph's Schoolroom proved totally inadequate to accommodate the large crowd, of all shades of religious opinion, who assembled to honor a beloved priest and an estimable citizen. Extra seating accommodation had been provided, but scores had to be turned away, unable to gain admittance. The Mayor presided. Proceedings commenced with a chorus by the church choir.

The Mayor expressed his pleasure at having the opportunity of honoring Father Howard—a man whom they all loved and esteemed and to whom honor was due. This was the first opportunity which had presented itself to the parishioners of the Milton Catholic Church and other citizens of publicly recognising the beloved pastor and extending their appreciation of his labors in their midst. The silver jubilee marked an epoch in Father Howard's priesthood. He was ordained in the city of Paris on June 19, 1894—a city to which public thought wandered daily when reading cable news of the Peace Conference. He was educated in Paris, and studied at the Irish College. Shortly after Father Howard's ordination to the priesthood he came to this Dominion, at the request of the late Dr. Moran, and there was large scope for young and energetic priests at that period. Father Howard had been stationed at Oamaru, Gore, South Dunedin, also assisting at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, as Administrator. Eleven years had elapsed since he came to Milton parish, which extended almost from Mosgiel to the "back o' beyond" in Catlins district. This covered a large area, and it was marvellous how the revered parish priest managed to get over the district on his usual duties or errands of mercy. Father Howard was noted for quick travelling with his motor cycle or car, and the speaker opined that he sometimes exceeded the speed limits. (Laughter.) He was a busy man, but found time to devote to hobbies, the principal of which was a love of horticulture, and the displays from his garden had been universally admired at the local Horticultural Society's shows. Father Howard had a soft spot in his heart for human nature, and the children admired him for his kindly, cheerful spirit and friendly manner toward them. During his ministry in Milton great improvements had been effected to the church property—at a cost of about £1400—and it had been a pleasure to note the harmonious relations which existed between the congregation and their beloved pastor. Although not having taken a prominent part in public affairs, Father Howard maintained a keen interest in matters affecting the welfare of the borough. The parishioners did well to honor their priest, who rejoiced with them in their gladness and prosperity, or expressed a ready sympathy and lent a helping hand in times of sorrow or trouble. Words were too inadequate to fully express their appreciation of Father Howard. On behalf of the parishioners and well-wishers, the Mayor then presented the guest with a bag containing 140 sovereigns as a slight token of their appreciation, and hoped he would be long spared to minister the comforts of the Church to his parishioners in this district.

Mr. W. Kirby, speaking on behalf of the parishioners, congratulated Father Howard on the attainment of his silver jubilee, and extended their kindly feelings and best wishes for his future health, peace, and happiness. They felt they could not allow the auspicious occasion to pass without outward manifestation of the love and loyalty they bore towards their pastor. The Mayor had referred to his qualities from the civilian's view, but it remained for his flock to speak of his work amongst them in teaching and expounding the fundamental principles of Holy Church. The bond of unity between pastor and flock in Milton was as great as in the days when martyrs in Ireland laid down their

lives for the faith. It was difficult to express their true appreciation of his kindly sympathy towards them. Father Howard had performed many kindly actions in secret, and his parishioners did not forget these unostentatious deeds. No personal sacrifice had been too great in ministering to their needs in this large parish—even to those in the most remote corners thereof.

Mr. P. Curran said he had been a member of the parish for 45 years, and during that period had not monopolised 45 minutes of their time in speechmaking. Duty called him to express his sentiments, but it was difficult to find words sufficiently expressive of his kindly feelings towards their loved priest, whom they were all proud to honor. There was no self-sacrifice which Father Howard would not undertake on their behalf.

Complimentary speeches were also made by Mr. M. Cowan (representing the Kaitangata parishioners), Mr. J. J. Marlow (who paid high tribute to the guest's services whilst at South Dunedin), Mr. Alex. Rennie, Mr. John Paul, Mr. W. B. Graham, and Very Rev. Father Coffey (Diocesan Administrator), who spoke of the close bond of brotherhood existing between Father Howard and his brother-priests in the Dunedin diocese.

Father Howard, on rising to respond, was greeted with loud cheering. He expressed his gratitude for the presence of such a large audience, thus proving their encouragement and goodwill towards him. He was grateful for the privilege which had been accorded him of teaching and administering to them the truths of the Church, and for the people's support and prayers in his ministry amongst them. They had treated his shortcomings with the greatest indulgence, and always accorded him respect for his office. They had also given him the most comfortable means of travelling round the large parish, thus dispensing with the long and wearisome journeys of the past. From their earthly treasures they had now contributed to the handsome gift of that evening, for which he expressed deepest gratitude. No man with any human feelings could receive such gifts and devoted service without willingly performing any task which might be requested of him. He was grateful to God for having placed him amongst a people with such generous hearts and such devoted service. (Loud applause.)

A lengthy musical and elocutionary programme was rendered at intervals. Songs were contributed by Misses Hand, Healy, and Curran, Messrs. Dawson and Holmes; violin solo by Miss Vennig; part song by Messrs. Hubble, Littlejohn, Grealish, and Kirby; duet by Miss Martin and Mr. F. Hubble; and recitations by Mr. M. Cowan. The accompaniments were played by Mrs. McMurtrie, Misses Curran and Coleman. Miss Wall also contributed a dance. Supper was provided and served by ladies of the congregation. The duties of secretary and musical director were capably discharged by Messrs. R. Grealish and Wm. Kirby respectively.

Father Howard was also entertained in the afternoon by the pupils of St. Joseph's School, and presented with a framed handsomely-designed illuminated address and a brief bag. The text of the address, which was printed at the *Tablet* office, was as follows:—

Very Rev. and Dear Father:—It is with feelings of pleasure and pride that we greet you on this memorable day—the silver jubilee of your ordination to the priesthood, the twenty-fifth anniversary of that great day when it was your privilege to be made *Sacerdos in Aeternum*. During many of those years the sphere of your labors has been this parish, where young and old, sick and well, bear high testimony to your zeal, earnestness, and loving care. We hope you will accept our little gift as a small token of our grateful love towards you, our father and friend. May God grant you length of days, and may you still be laboring in our midst when the glad bells ring out your golden jubilee.—With respectful love, we are, Rev. and dear Father, your grateful children of St. Joseph's School.

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**DOMESTIC**

(By MAUREEN.)

**Oyster Soup.**

Knead 1oz of butter into 1oz of flour, put it on to melt in a stewpan, add one pint of sweet milk, stir, and let it come to the boil, then add one pint of fish stock and the strained liquor of one dozen oysters. Season with a little white pepper, grated nutmeg, and salt if necessary. Let it simmer for about 10 minutes, then add the oysters, after which do not let it boil. If liked, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley may be added just before serving.

**Julienne Soup.**

Cut into small pipes one inch long 4oz of the red part of carrots, the same quantity of turnips, the white of one small head of celery, 2oz of onions, and 4oz of the white part of leeks. Cook each of these vegetables separately in boiling water with a little salt and sugar in it, drain and put them in the tureen. Cut into shreds one inch long some cabbage lettuce, boil gently for a few minutes with a very little carbonate of soda in the water, drain, add to the other vegetables, and pour over them three quarts of boiling clear soup.

**Queen of Puddings.**

Put half a pint of milk in a saucepan and let it come to the boil. Put in a bowl a breakfastful of breadcrumbs, one ounce of butter, and one ounce of sugar, and pour the boiling milk over them. Mix well, and add half a teaspoonful of vanilla and two well-beaten yolks of eggs. Put this mixture into a pie-dish, and bake it in a moderate oven for half an hour. Let it cool a little, and then spread a layer of jam or marmalade on the top. Beat two whites of eggs to a very stiff froth: stir into them a tablespoonful of castor sugar and beat them again for a few minutes. Spread this roughly over the jam, and put the pudding back in a cool part of the oven for five minutes, taking care that the white of egg does not brown too much.

**Scotch Pancakes.**

Beat up four eggs, yolks and whites, with two tablespoonfuls of sugar; have six tablespoonfuls of flour and one pint of sweet-milk or cream; mix a little of the milk with the flour till it is very smooth; put in the flour and all the milk amongst the eggs, add a little salt, and mix them well together. Have a clean frying-pan, put a bit of butter in it, and make it hot, stir the batter from the bottom, and fill a teacup with it, pour it into the frying-pan, hold it over a slow clear fire, until it fastens; shake the pan; if the cake slip from the edge of the pan, turn it over and sprinkle a little sugar with a knife. Roll it up, and put it on a hot dish before the fire; put a bit of butter in the frying-pan, stir the batter, and fill the teacup, and go on till you have made all the pancakes. Dish them neatly the long way upon the dish, sift white sugar over them, and serve hot.

**A Washing Hint.**

Collect all the clothes that are usually boiled together, shake them out, and lay them in a large bath, putting the very soiled ones into a tub by themselves. Cover the clothes with tepid rain water, if possible, and, if not, add a little softener to the water. Completely cover the clothes, and leave them for a night. In the morning douse them up and down in the water, then wring them, and proceed to wash in the usual way. When the clothes are ready for the boiler put them carefully into a tub or bath; then pour over them a quantity of boiling, soapy water, made from a collection of all the bits of soap boiled in the water; cover the tub closely with a thick cloth, and leave it for two hours or so. Then rub the clothes through; the dirt will slip out like magic; rinse them in clean water, and finally in blue-water. Clothes so washed will be found to be a beautiful color, and where there are little children the plan is most convenient.

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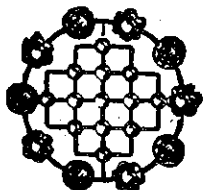
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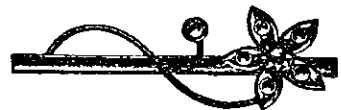
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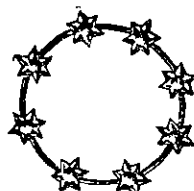
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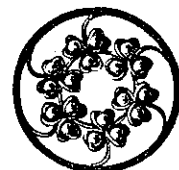
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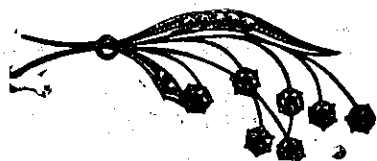
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## AMERICAN DELEGATES IN DUBLIN

### SPEECHES AT A FULL SESSION OF DAIL EIREANN.

A special public sitting of Dail Eireann, the Sinn Fein Assembly, was held on May 9, in honor of the American delegates to Ireland. The visitors were accorded an enthusiastic reception (says the *Irish Weekly*).

The session was as only on two previous occasions—the last being almost a month previously—open to the public, and though the Dail was announced to assemble at 11 o'clock a long queue of people anxious to be present on the interesting occasion had lined up long before the hour along the footpath in Dawson Street. The audience comprised many ladies, and clergymen were also very conspicuous. Prominent amongst the thousands present were many khaki-clad figures, Americans, Australians, and New Zealanders being seated here and there through the Assembly.

Particular attention was riveted on the presence of two British officers, who, with Councillor John Ryan, occupied seats immediately behind the part reserved for the members of the Dail.

It was exactly at noon when the American delegates entered the Round Room. The Lord Mayor and Mr. Dunne headed the party, Mr. W. T. Cosgrave and Mr. Walsh being next, and Mr. Joseph McGuinness and Mr. Ryan following. The Commissioners' Secretary, Mr. Lee, was also present. The members of the delegation were accommodated with seats behind the members of the Dail, and they received a most enthusiastic greeting. Almost immediately afterwards the members of the Dail entered the room. The entire audience at once rose to their feet, and indulged in a great outburst of cheering, as the members walked up the aisle and took their seats. Mr. De Valera followed in a carefully-prepared speech, in which he, as "chief representative of the Irish nation," gave expression to the welcome accorded the American Commissioners.

Mr. Arthur Griffith made a statement dealing with the effect of British occupation on the population. Many figures were quoted, a number of members supporting those with statistics relating to the reductions in population and homesteads in various centres.

Mr. M. Collins and Professor John MacNeill made statements respectively on financial relations and law in Ireland. Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, on taking the chair, first spoke in Irish, and then, in English, asked the Clerk to call the roll. There was a good response, some 45 or 46 members answering their names, the calling and replies being conducted in Irish. There were several letters of apology received. His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, Most Rev. Dr. Harty, wrote:—"I am sorry that I cannot be in time for to-morrow's meeting of Dail Eireann, but I shall be at the Lord Mayor's reception."

Mr. Mulcahy moved, and Mr. Joseph McGuinness seconded, a motion for the suspension of the Standing Orders in order to admit the members of the American Commission to the House. Both gentlemen spoke in Irish. The Deputy-Speaker said he thought the motion before the House, that they admit their friends to the floor of the House, would hardly need to be put formally to the Dail, and that it would be received by everybody there and carried with acclamation.

Mr. De Valera's Welcome.

In the course of his address, Mr. De Valera said: "We greet them and salute them as a sign that America will not regard the official assurances of its responsible head merely as scraps of paper—(cheers)—but that the principles of right and justice are about to be started by the massed strength of the greatest nation on the earth to-day—(cheers)—that nation which the whole world recognises as its only head, that nation on which it will depend whether the principles of right and justice are to prevail or whether, as formerly, might and might only is to be right. (Cheers.) The honor we pay here to-day to our visitors will, naturally, be associated with the honor paid formerly to Franklin in this coun-

try, and the honor paid to Parnell and to other distinguished Irishmen, as one speaker has pointed out, in America, and that it will be a notable link in the chain of friendly relations that binds this nation to the great nation beyond the Atlantic." He regretted that the stay of the visitors in Ireland would not be longer, in order that they may meet persons whose political opinions were not those of the vast majority of the people, and it would also be an instruction to come into contact with a certain other section whose views, if they did not weigh with the people of Ireland, carried conviction elsewhere. They would find that the whole political situation was one of astonishing simplicity, and the experience would bring into relief the relative importance of things in Ireland. A longer stay would convince the delegates that if it depended on the will of the people the Irish National form of government would be accepted by all except a few Unionists. They would be convinced also that such as are heard to advocate Colonial Home Rule, etc., do so not because they consider it the best, not because they hanker after the English connection, but because they think that the militarist power which has kept Ireland within its grasp for centuries can never be persuaded to let her go, that the moral appeals of justice and right, despite the professions of English statesmen during the war, will have as little influence on English selfishness now as in the past, and that, just as Cabinets and Chancellors remained deaf to the appeals of the subject suffering nations of Europe until their own selfish advantage prompted them to listen, so will they remain deaf now to our appeals, and suffer England to work her will upon us. The Home Rule movement was an attempt by Irish political leaders to bring about an arrangement by which they hoped the two peoples might live side by side less in direct antagonism, less in the relations of master and slave. These leaders had hoped that the result of the removal of England's irritating interference in the immediate domestic concerns of Ireland, by which the statesmen of England made these concerns subservient to England's interests, would be that a better understanding might be reached which would enable the two countries to live side by side in peace as equal constituents in something like a Commonwealth Federation. They were willing to accept the British Empire on the terms of autonomy within it; but their efforts were met almost uniformly by England with insult and treachery. The hand of Irishmen held out in good faith was spurned and spat upon. The purely conditional acceptance of the British connection was exploited to place us in a false position, to misrepresent our national claims, and to create division in our national forces. (Cheers.) In the name of "loyalty"—as if the Federation were already in existence—England made demands for which a basis could only have been found had Ireland's side of the proposed bargain been conceded, but which were unjust and intolerable when the position was that England wanted to gain the benefit which by the proposed bargain would accrue to her, whilst denying to Ireland the freedom for which the benefits were the proposed price. (Hear, hear.)

Delegates' Speeches.

Mr. Frank Walsh said the generous and hearty welcome given to the delegation by the people of Ireland had of course evoked a very deep sense of appreciation upon the part of the delegation. Impressive as it had been up to that moment the honor conferred upon them by that legislative body with the information obtained in an official way was even more profoundly so, because after all the mandate that they bore, while political in a sense, was in a higher sense a business mandate which had to do with a definite charge, made not alone, they hoped, by the twenty millions of people of Irish blood represented in the Philadelphia Convention, but, as their President had so well said, by the great heart of America. (Cheers.)

"As we moved," said Mr. Walsh, "through your fair land and through the city of Dublin, I know that my colleagues as well as myself must have caught the spirit of the great soul of you all. And as we pass

the historic building in which sat the historic Irish Parliament in the days of Ireland's glory, and the material upbuilding for a short time of Dublin and its surroundings, I saw again the figure of that great constructive statesman of revolutionary days, our own Benjamin Franklin, coming as the ambassador of a struggling people seeking light, as you are to-day seeking assistance in spirit at least of the Irish people, through their regularly elected Parliament, and not seeking in vain—(cheers)—bringing back to his country the word that the first country appealed to—the Irish nation—had responded to the cry of freedom of the American colonies, through its regularly constituted Parliament; and I think again of those days when Washington and his compatriots like others of this day were struggling with the intellectual problems involved in the establishment of a nation spoken of to-day, but then a struggling one, as the strongest and most powerful one upon the face of the earth.

"And so at this point," said Mr. Walsh, "I might answer the suggestion made by the unthinking that the question of the recognition of the suggested form of Irish government is a domestic question with which no person has to do except the Government of Great Britain and the people upon this island. No great wrong inflicted upon one nation by another is a domestic question. Unless I say that I must turn my back upon my own country's course in the history of the world, I must write the condemnation of one of the most important acts ever performed by my Government when they went into the island of Cuba and swept from the Western Hemisphere for ever the hand of Monarchy. (Cheers.) I say to you as an American to-day in my humble opinion what drove us into the war was the thought that the heel of the invader might press upon our sacred soil. (Cheers.) America entered the war in terms so clear and unequivocal that all could understand, and denied for ever the claim that the question of Ireland is not an international question in which the whole world is interested to-day, and on the proper solution of which depends the ultimate and permanent peace of the world." (Loud cheers.) He referred to Wilson's more recent declaration at the tomb of Washington, and said that the difference between the cause that then claimed the sacrifices of the American nation was that it was then a fight for the 13 American States, while to-day they had fought for the freedom of the nations of the earth, large and small. (Cheers.)

Mr. Dunne said they had been recognised and given unique distinctions and honors by a different nation. It was not because of the personality of the men, but because of the mission in which they were engaged. The invitation which had been extended to them came from the President of a nation duly elected according to the forms of a foreign law. As the result of that election nearly three-fourths of the majority of the people of Ireland determined that they needed and would have self-government, and they who met that day were elected as representatives of the National idea.

Mr. Ryan said that he had always stood behind those who represented the majority of the people of Ireland, but after the horrible tragedy of Easter Week he was behind Sinn Fein, because he saw it was the best for the motherland. Never before had the Irish people in America been so united.

Messrs. Walsh, Dunne, and Ryan, the American Commissioners, visited University College, Dublin, after the conclusion of the Dail Eireann proceedings on May 9. They were warmly received, and an address of welcome was presented. Dr. Coffey, president of the college, conducted the visitors through the building. Mr. Walsh, who replied, said they would give them their assistance in the struggle in the world of the new conceptions, and he felt assured that their great devotion to the cause of their country would not go for nothing.

#### Mansion House Seized: Military's Men's Extraordinary Manœuvre.

The Castle authorities were the authors of a most sensational performance in Dublin on the evening of

May 9. At about 5.30 p.m. the Mansion House was taken possession of by forces of military and police. Three motor lorries filled with soldiers arrived in Dawson-Street, and the men alighted outside the Mansion House. Immediately afterwards a large body of police came on the scene. A crowd collected, and the street was cleared, the police dispersing the people towards Stephen's Green. A guard of soldiers with machine-guns and rifles was placed outside the building, and also a guard of police, who were unarmed. It was known that a reception to the American Commissioners would be given in the Mansion House that evening by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress. Some 1500 invitations had been issued, and amongst those who had accepted was the Archbishop of Cashel. The soldiers carried rifles with fixed bayonets. They had also machine-guns. Shortly afterwards several additional motors with soldiers were hurried to Dawson Street, and another addition to the display was an armored car. The soldiers were so placed that entrance by persons to Dawson Street in the neighborhood of the Mansion House was stopped, cordons being drawn across the thoroughfare at Stephen's Green, South Anne Street, Molesworth Street, and adjacent to the Hibernian Hotel. There was no stoppage, however, of the trams. Colonel Johnstone, Chief Commissioner, was in charge of the police, and the Lord Mayor, who had just entered his official residence shortly before the troops and police arrived, had a conversation with him in the street. The military held their positions for a considerable time, and wildest rumors about the meaning of the performance were current throughout the city. It was stated in some quarters that the Castle authorities meant to place Messrs. Walsh, Dunne, and Ryan under arrest (and, indeed, inquiries by telephone from Derry City and several other northern centres were responsible for the story that "exciting scenes" were happening in Dublin being spread far and wide with remarkable rapidity), but before 8 o'clock the word was given to the military to withdraw, and they returned to barracks. The reception to the Irish-American delegates was successfully held in the Mansion House in due course. So far as can be gathered, the extraordinary and provocative display of force had no other practical object than an attempt to arrest some of the Sinn Fein prisoners who recently escaped from Mountjoy Gaol. The idea was that the escaped men had concealed themselves in the Mansion House.

A later message states:—While the search was in progress two of the American visitors arrived, accompanied by Mr. De Valera, on their way to dinner in the Mansion House. They were held up by the cordon at Stephen's Green, and Mr. Frank Walsh, one of the delegates, interviewed Colonel Johnstone, who said the Americans might pass, but De Valera could not. When the second car containing one of the Americans and a number of well-known Sinn Feiners drove up, it was also stopped. The crowd around then became excited, and cheered and booed. At this point it is stated a volley of shots rang out, the soldiers firing over the heads of the people. The crowd scattered in different directions. The Americans declined to pass through the cordon without Mr. De Valera, and the party remained there until the cordon was withdrawn.

How inspiring and beautiful is the Hail Mary! How full of love to the down-hearted! How full of joy to all men of goodwill! Let us recite it with enthusiasm, and in sentiments of love and gratitude and wonder at what it tells us.—Rev. George Deshon, C.S.P.

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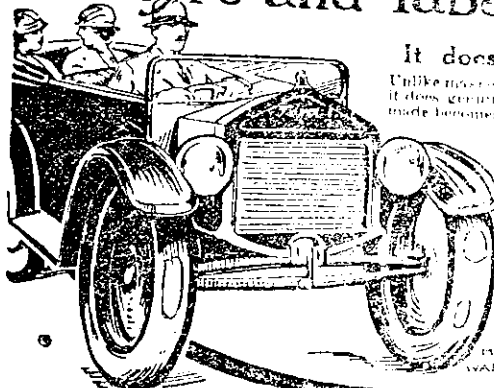
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## The Family Circle

### M O T H E R.

"God is good," she used to say  
 In her calm and gentle tone,  
 Dear old mother, worn and grey,  
 Sweetest face that I have known.  
 Childish grief that brought the tears  
 Passed when mother came and stood  
 Close beside to soothe my fears,  
 Whispering ever, "God is good."

Then, as time let down the bars,  
 And the world before me spread,  
 Shade and shine and gloom and stars  
 Alternating o'erhead,  
 Hope from out her smiling eyes  
 Flashed across each heavy road,  
 Like an angel in disguise  
 Softly whispering, "God is good."

Like an angel, did I say  
 Surely of the angels, she,  
 Ever faithful day by day,  
 Guardian angel unto me;  
 With the angels now she dwells,  
 And I fancy in the sky  
 This unto our Lord she tells:  
 "Bless my boy, don't let him cry."  
 —W. R. DINEEN.

### FACTS CONCERNING YOURSELF.

Each ear has four bones.  
 The body has about 500 muscles.  
 The human skull contains 30 bones.  
 The lower limbs contain 30 bones each.  
 Every hair has two oil glands at its base.  
 The globe of the eye is moved by six muscles.  
 The wrist contains eight bones, the palms five, the fingers 14.  
 The roots of the hair penetrate the skin about one-twelfth of an inch.  
 Hair is very strong. A single hair will bear a weight of about 1150 grains.  
 The enamel of the teeth contains over 95 per cent. calcareous matter.  
 Straight hairs are nearly cylindrical; curly hairs are elliptical or flat.  
 The weight of the average man is 140lb; of a woman, 115lb.  
 The brain is supposed to contain over 200,000,000 cells.

### A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SOLDIER SON.

My Dear Son,—To say I was surprised at the contents of your letter would not be the truth. I fully expected it. I quite understand the situation. I am also an advocate of early marriages, if there is nothing in the way to stop the young couple being united; but unfortunately there nearly always is, and the principal one is position and money, so that the parties should not be a further burden on their parents. There are many other considerations: Are the parties suited to one another? Are they both healthy? Do they realise what an important event it is in their lives? Are they perfectly certain their love is the real true love that will stand each other's faults all through the years ahead? And many more things that the young couple never think of. The duty of the parents is to point this out to their children, because they (the parents) have had experience (good or bad) in their own married life. So therefore, G—, I—as a Catholic, and one who is trying very hard to act as such, not only in name, but in spirit—tell you, for the last time, a parent's duty. I have already, years ago, pointed out to you many things, and I am delighted to see you act upon what I have said, and upon the things I endeavored to point out, showing the great

dangers of a young man's life—one silly moment of carelessness, once only, often ruins him for life. I say this for the last time, because in a few months you will have reached your majority, and should be (and will be, I am sure) able to look after yourself. But do not think your trouble is over in this respect; on the contrary, the temptations, if anything, will be greater, and, if possible, more horrible if you should fall, because you will then be married. Personally (I may be wrong in some people's ideas) I do not think it is possible in this world for a young man to keep what I call straight without being religious; now, thank God, you and B— are both of the same faith—that is a great blessing. I also thank God I was able to give you that faith, and also that I could send you to such a splendid school as Stonhurst; all this should, and I feel confident will, fortify you against ever sowing your "wild oats" before or after marriage. What I want to impress on you both is (as far as I am concerned) you must never get loose in your religious duties; directly that creeps in a family, all happiness will fly out of the window. Stick to your religion, and, above all, practise it. I am afraid (I hope I am wrong) I have noticed since you have been in the army you have been careless in this respect. My dear G—, try and turn over a new leaf, and set a good example, not only to your bride to be, but also to everyone that knows you. An indifferent Catholic does more harm to God's Holy Church than all the no-Popery cries in the press.

Now I must come to the vital question: Are you quite sure your position in life will support a wife? Whether your prospects are good enough for the future, to stand the trial and expense of the usual and necessary events of married life? I am sorry to pull you up—it sounds nasty, but it is the duty of a parent, and often causes delay in early marriage.

To conclude, I just want to remind you of what marriage means in the "Catholic Faith." It is one of the seven Sacraments; it is holy, and should always be so. You and B— will not only be wedded on this earth with all its so-called pleasures and misery, but you will also be united for ever in God's register in Heaven. This both of you must never for a moment in your lives forget. My consent I give; your happiness, my son, is a part of my own. I pray to God you may never go through the temptations I have had to meet, and that your married life will be a garden of roses, without the thorns that I, your father, even now have to put up with. God bless you both.

### A REQUEST.

Grant these gifts, O powers that be:  
 Lips that smile, and eyes that see;  
 Heart too brave and soul too wise  
 To choose wrong in pleasure's guise;  
 Hands and feet that patient strive  
 To keep right and joy alive;  
 Sense to share a brother's grief,  
 Wit to bring him swift relief;  
 Love that never faints nor fears,  
 Courage to bring joy or tears;  
 Spirit of eternal youth,  
 Pure devotion to all truth;  
 Gentleness that sweetens sorrow,  
 Faith to face the dim to-morrow;  
 Strength to let the small self die,  
 Unregretted, joyously;  
 And, for crowning grace to lend,  
 Let me never fail a friend!

ETHEL COLSON.

### CAPITAL!

Louisa, the maid-of-all work, had received a letter from a friend whom she greatly admired for her intellectual attainments. With glowing pride she placed the epistle in the hands of her young mistress, and, as the latter indulgently perused the ungrammatical but copper-plate effusion, Louisa kept up a running comment on the remarkable qualities of her correspondent.

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WALL PAPERS

"She's a marvel!" exclaimed the little maid, with conviction, fiercely blacking the kitchen stove. "I dun' no that I know a better eddicated young lady—except you, miss. Now don't you think it's a good letter, miss?"

"A remarkably well written letter, Louisa. But, tell me, why does your friend always put a small 'i' for the personal pronoun 'I'?"

For a moment the little maid hesitated.

"I'll tell you, miss," she cried. "Winnie is very hard worked. She must have been in a 'urry. When she 'as plenty o' time she puts a capital letter to every word!"

#### CLEVER LITTLE CHAP.

With an uncomfortable feeling in their heads, the juvenile class awaited the advent of the school inspector. They had had it well drummed into them that this was to be a new departure in examinations. Bland and expansive, the inspector sauntered into the school-room and, walking past the school teacher, addressed the class.

"Observation of little things," he commented, "has made some of our greatest men of to-day." With his coat thrown back and his thumbs in his trouser-pockets, Mr. Inspector displayed, stretched across his ample dimensions, a heavy gold watch-chain and a gold-topped fountain-pen peeping from his watch-pocket.

"Now," he went on, "I will test your powers, and will re-enter the room, and you shall tell me what I have forgotten."

Leaving the room, he abstracted his fountain-pen from his pocket, and returned, standing before the class in the same attitude.

"Now, what have I forgotten?" he beamed.

All the kiddies sat dumb; they didn't quite understand this rigmarole. Suddenly a little chap in the front piped:—

"Please, sir, you forgot to say 'Excuse me' when you walked in front of teacher!"

#### THE LAST STRAW.

"Yes," said the man from New York, who stood on the deck of a Cunarder leaving Liverpool, "England is the most awful corner for tips I ever struck. I've been rooked at every turn for the last month, but," he added savagely, "the last try-on was a bit more than I could stand."

"What was that?" inquired the man to whom the remark was addressed.

"Well," said the tourist, "I had tipped every man from the Captain of the House of Lords down to the man that gummed the wrong labels on my luggage, and I went into the waiting-room on the landing-stage to wash my hands of everything English, and what do you thing stared me in the face when I was finished but 'Please Tip the Basin.' I'm hanged if I did!"

#### SMILE RAISERS.

Young Lady: "You say you were on a raft for six weeks after you were torpedoed, and had nothing to eat but mutton. Where did you get the mutton from?"

Bored Sailor: "Well, you see, miss, the sea was very choppy."

An amateur authoress who had submitted a story to a magazine, after waiting several weeks without hearing from the editor concerning it, finally sent him a note requesting an early decision, as she stated "she had other irons in the fire."

Shortly after came the editor's reply: "Dear madam,—I have read your story, and I should advise you to put it with the other irons."

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## SCIENCE SIFTINGS

(By "VOLT.")

### World's Fastest Submarine.

The fastest submarine vessels in the world were designed and constructed for the British Navy during the war. They were evolved in response to the demand for submersible craft which could keep station with the fleet when cruising, and also undertake long voyages without the aid of "mother craft." Many new features were embodied in this class, which has proved itself a conspicuous triumph of British engineering. Unlike other submarines, they are fitted with steam turbines, which are used during operations at a high speed on the surface. Secondary propelling power is obtained from a heavy-oil engine of 800 brake horse-power, which drives a dynamo supplying electricity either to electric motors geared to the propeller shafts (for surface cruising at moderate speeds), or to electric batteries which store energy for propulsion under water. When submerged, these vessels have a displacement of 2570 tons. They are nearly 340ft long, and have a double hull except at the ends. An exceptionally powerful wireless telegraph installation is fitted for long-distance work; the aeriels are carried on long telescopic masts operated by a telemotor system. Electricity is also used for driving the air compressors and bilge pumps, while the steering gear and the hydroplane driving gears are controlled by a special hydro-electric system.

### Examining Metals by X-Rays.

The rapid development of electric welding in Great Britain, fostered by the Admiralty for ship construction and other purposes, has led to some highly important improvements in this useful means of forming a close union between plates and other sections of iron or steel. The British experts who carried out successful work of a novel kind have made excellent use of "flux-covered" metal electrodes. In this system the metal electrodes between which the arc for melting purposes is struck are covered with certain materials which flow under the heat of the arc and protect the metal from oxidation during the process. In welding steels alloyed with special substances, a flux can be used containing the alloys, thus supplying them to the weld as it is being made. By this means the weld is made uniform in composition with the remainder of the metal. Special attention is also being given by British engineers to the testing of welds by "radio-metallurgy." The weld is examined under the X-rays much as a portion of the human body might be, and internal imperfections are thereby revealed, although they may be covered by a solid close-grained surface. Many British men of science are devoting themselves to research in this direction, which is calculated to be of great practical value to all users of metals. It may be recalled that Great Britain led the way in the microscopic study of the structure of metals—a study which laid the foundations of modern scientific metallurgy.

## A SHORTHAND REVOLUTION.

Mr. Wm. Wheatcroft, one of the foremost authorities on PITMAN'S Shorthand, Editor and Author of the new editions of the "Teacher," the "Primers," etc., after a close study of

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and writing 80 words a minute after less than 6 WEEKS' study, writes:—

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