

MISSING PAGE

MISSING PAGE

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- July 20, Sunday.—Sixth Sunday After Pentecost.
 „ 21, Monday.—St. Prassede, Virgin.
 „ 22, Tuesday.—St. Mary Magdalene, Penitent.
 „ 23, Wednesday.—St. Appolinaris, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 24, Thursday.—Vigil of St. James, Apostle.
 „ 25, Friday.—St. James, Apostle.
 „ 26, Saturday.—St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. James, Apostle.

St. James was a brother of St. John the Evangelist, and a near relative of the Blessed Virgin. After Pentecost he preached to the Jews, who, having left Judea, had found homes in the neighboring countries. According to a very ancient tradition, he voyaged to Spain, which honors him as its patron. Going to Jerusalem in 43, he was apprehended and beheaded by order of King Agrippa for teaching the doctrines of Christ.

St. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Anne is proposed to the faithful as a perfect model of a wife and mother, and as the special patron of those who have entered the married state, or are entrusted with the care of children.

GRAINS OF GOLD

MARY THE MAGDALENE.

When all had gone and left Him to rest,
 The woman crept back softly through the gloom
 That veiled the night-hushed hill, and, weeping, pressed
 Her cheek against the stone that sealed the tomb.

Of all who loved Him, she loved most of all,
 And she a daughter of Jerusalem,
 With ruddy locks that rippled in their fall
 Of veiling beauty to her garment's hem.

And in her arms, still faintly sweet with myrrh,
 She carried three tall lilies, fragrant white,
 And these she left beside the sepulchre,
 Pale tapers in the purple dusk of night.

Then forth again went Mary Magdalene,
 And woeful was the heart her bosom bore,
 And morning lay upon the mountains when
 She sought that lonely garden place once more.

The dew empearled the grasses. Faint and far
 The sounds of day came upward from the main,
 Against the dawn was but a single star
 When Mary, wan with watching, came again.

Her feet were shod with sorrow, and in woe
 Upon her breast was bent her heavy head,
 And thus she reached the sepulchre, and so
 She knelt a moment weeping for her dead.

REFLECTIONS.

The longer I live the more convinced I become that the only two things that really count in national existence are a succession of writers of genius and the proud memories of great, noble, and honorable deeds.—Right Hon. A. Birrell.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.—Ruskin.

Work without ceasing to establish deeply in your heart the reign of the theological virtues, which are the source, support, and perfection of all other virtues.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

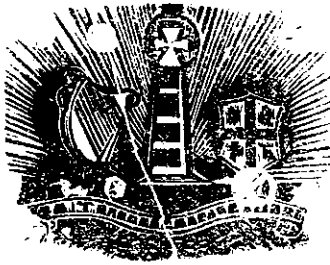
THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE

Paper presented to the Historical Society of St. Kieran's College, March, 1875, by RIGHT REV. PATRICK F. MORAN, Bishop of Ossory.

[Before publishing our next serial story we wish to give all our readers an opportunity of studying for themselves Cardinal Moran's masterly paper on the *Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day*. This tragic occurrence of a purely political nature is still described as a Catholic outrage by No-Popery writers and ranters of the uneducated type. Scholarly Protestants have long recognised that it is a mark of ignorance to attribute to the Catholic Church any complicity in the massacre. However, as it still serves bigots of the "Civis" class and newspapers like the *Spectator*, whether through their lack of ordinary historical knowledge or through their dishonesty, it is well that this exhaustive presentation of the subject by one who was peculiarly qualified to write on it, be set before our readers. If the younger generation should find it difficult and heavy, let them remember that they have only to possess their souls in patience for a few weeks, after which they can revel in that good old Irish novel, *Willie Reilly and His Colleen Bawn*.]

The 24th of August, 1572, marks a rubric festival in the annals of France, for it recalls a terrible deed of vengeance executed by the Court and by an outraged nation against the Huguenots. It is also a rubric feast in the calendar of those who assail the Catholic Church in this kingdom, whilst it affords a popular theme for declaiming against her persecuting spirit, for all the crimes and horrors of that bloody day are laid at the door of the Sovereign Pontiff, and of the Catholics of France. That no link might be wanting in the terrible accusation, the French infidels of the last century supplied an abundance of imaginary details, all of which were accepted without hesitation by the agents and abettors of the Protestant tradition of England. The words of Chenier were repeated in English pulpits—that the Cardinal de Lorraine had blessed the poignards of the assassins at the Louvre, and had given the signal for the massacre: it mattered but little that that illusory Cardinal was, at the time, far away from France, not having as yet returned from Rome, whither he had gone to take part in the Conclave for the election of Pope Gregory the Thirteenth. The words of Voltaire were also accepted as historic truth—that the clergy were the active agents of this butchery, and that the assassins immolated their unhappy victims, wielding a dagger in one hand and holding a crucifix in the other; and yet it was well known that this wicked picture rested solely on the fancy of that prince of infidels, and proceeded from his diabolical hatred against the Catholic priesthood, and against the cross, the symbol of redemption.

Three years ago the second centenary of this massacre was not forgotten amongst us, and then these stories were once more eagerly repeated in the pulpit and in the press, with all the earnestness that Protestant fanaticism could inspire, and with such variety as each one's imagination could supply. The Westminster Abbey celebration merits to be specially referred to, though many would, perhaps, expect that at least the Dean of Westminster would be raised high above such prejudices: nevertheless, he availed himself of his sermon on that occasion to inform the British public that the massacre was perpetrated "with the express approbation" of the Sovereign Pontiff. A few years earlier, Froude, in his *History of England* (vol. x.), had pictured in minute detail all the particulars that could be imagined connected with that St. Bartholomew's feast, repeating the most childish tales regarding it. Since then the very same tales have once more found a place in his pages, whilst he accused the Catholics of Ireland of a premeditated massacre of their Protestant neighbors in the memorable year 1641. By such imaginative writers, the Catholics of France, accused of every crime, are painted in the darkest colors,



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and at the same time the harmless Huguenots are set before us in the light of peaceable citizens, only desirous of permission to practise the religion which they professed—innocent victims involved in sudden ruin by the fell, persecuting spirit and treacherous intolerance of Rome. And yet why should we complain of Voltaire, or Froude, or Dean Stanley, or the many other apostles of the Protestant tradition of England, when we find Lord Acton, and writers of his school, who, though professing the Catholic faith, yet seek to give the stamp of history to such calumnies, and to fan the flame of popular fanaticism against the Holy See, by accusing it of guilty complicity in this dreadful massacre?

You will not expect, however, that in this short paper I would analyse, much less refute in detail, all the calumnies that have been uttered, and the misstatements that have been made on the subject of this St. Bartholomew's bloody festival. The task which I assume is a much simpler one—to present a brief but truthful narrative of the leading facts connected with that terrible day, and in doing so I will endeavor to arrange my remarks under the three following heads:—

First—The principal events connected with the massacre.

Second—The causes of that widespread discontent which prompted so many persons throughout France to deeds of violence against the Huguenots.

Third—In fine, a few of the chief questions which have arisen regarding this festival of St. Bartholomew.

I.

During the first months of the year 1572 the policy of the French King and Court was wholly favorable to the Huguenots. The leaders of the party were summoned to the capital: many of the highest offices of State were entrusted to them, and every civil or religious privilege that they contended for was readily accorded them. In a most special manner dignities and honors were conferred on the Admiral Coligny, who was their ablest champion as well in council as in the field; and, to crown all, the King, Charles IX., offered his sister in marriage to the young Prince Henry of Navarre, on whom the Huguenots had now centred all their hopes of securing for themselves one day the great prize of the diadem of France. This marriage, being contrary to the disciplinary laws of the Catholic Church, met with a stern and uncompromising opposition from the Holy See. Charles, however, persisted in his design, and in defiance of the most solemn repeated prohibitions, the marriage was celebrated in Paris with extraordinary pomp on August 18, 1572.*

Walsingham was at this time English Ambassador at the French Court. In his dispatches he gives free expression to the feelings of delight with which he witnessed this happy course of events, so favorable to the Huguenots, who were the open friends and secret allies of England. He does not, however, merely record the favors and privileges accorded to his friends: he further attests that the King, being solely intent on enjoying the silly amusements of the Court, was wholly guided by the counsels of Coligny: and he even ventures to express a hope that ere long they would witness "the King's revolt from Papistry."†

Catherine de Medici, the Queen Mother, was not one who would acquiesce without a struggle in the paramount influence thus acquired by the Huguenot leaders. She had long been their friend and patron, but now that they would seek to undermine her power, and set aside her authority, she became at once their most determined and most unscrupulous enemy.‡ Charles

* White, *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, page 358.

† See extracts from these dispatches in Sir James Mackintosh's *History of England*, iii., 220.

‡ The policy pursued by Catherine whilst Queen Regent of France, during the minority of Charles, is thus faithfully described by Hume:—"She had formed a plan of administration more subtle than judicious, and balancing the Catholics with the Huguenots, the Duke of Guise with the Prince of Conde, she endeavored to render herself necessary to both, and to establish her own dominion on their constrained obedience."—*History of England*, chapter xxxviii.

IX., her son, being only in his tenth year on his accession to the throne of France, in 1560, Catherine, with the approval of the Council of State, assumed the authority, though without the title, of Regent; and even after the King had attained his majority, she continued with supreme and undisputed power to rule the kingdom. The Guises were at first her only rivals, and as they were the recognised leaders of the Catholic Party, it became to her a matter of supreme political interest to foster the restless followers of the reformed tenets; and though she publicly avowed her resolve to administer justice with even balance to all the contending parties, she never failed, when an opportunity presented itself, to throw her protecting mantle over the Huguenots, and to sustain them by all the influence which she could command. Catherine, from her childhood, had imbibed the notorious principles of Macchiavellian policy, which then held sway in the Court of Florence, and these were her only guide in the government of France. It will, therefore, not surprise us to learn that for a time the project was seriously entertained by her of adopting the reformed tenets as the national religion,* for thus it was hoped that the Catholic Party would be inexorably crushed, and that Protestant alliances would be secured for France against the growing power and encroachments of Spain.† Catherine, moreover, allowed sermons to be preached by the Huguenot ministers in the halls of the palace, and she took care that the young King would sometimes assist at these instructions.‡ Her daughter, Margaret of Valois, does not hesitate to write in her *Memoirs* that the whole Court was "infected with heresy," and that her brother, the Duke of Anjou, "had not escaped the unhappy influence, for he often used to throw her prayer-book into the fire, and give her Huguenot hymns instead."§ Many French writers are of opinion that Catherine herself "was affected with the venom of Calvinism,"** but Mr. White, after a profound investigation as to her character and government, concludes that she had but little of any religion, and that she believed "more in witchcraft and astrology than in God."†† The Spanish Ambassador, writing to his Court, in 1570, says that in Catherine's Royal Council of State "five out of the eight members were atheists or Huguenots."‡‡ The King himself was weak and vacillating, and wholly intent on the pursuits of pleasure. He was, moreover, impulsive in his anger; and a writer whom none will accuse of partiality to the Catholic cause does not hesitate to style him "a furious madman."§§

Now, however, that the growing influence of Coligny awakened suspicions and alarm in the mind of Catherine, and made her fear lest she would lose her hold of the royal power, she vowed the destruction of

* Capefigue, *Histoire de France*, tom. iii., chapters 38 and 41.

† Charles IX. hated Spain. In his confidential correspondence with Noailles, May 11, 1572, we read: "All my thoughts are bent on opposing the grandeur of Spain, and seeing how I can most dexterously do it."

‡ Letter of the Nunzio Santa-Croce, November 15, 1561, inserted in *Actes Eccles. civiles et Synodales*, tom. i. The famous Calvinist, Duplessis-Mornay, says of some of his brother ministers that *se fesoient faire la presche en la chambre de la royne mere du roy pendant son disner, estant aydes à ce faire par ces femmes de chambre, qui estoient secretement de la religion.*—Cantù, *Storia Universale*, vol. viii., page 412. "Elle leur donne à entendre qu'elle veut faire instruire le roi son fils en leur religion."—*Discours Mervéilleux*, page xxi.

§ *Memoires de Marguerite de Valois*, page 27, seq.

** *Laboureur*, vol. i., page 167.

†† White, *Massacre*, page 167. Ranke writes that Catherine "adopted the policy of the Huguenots because she had hopes that by their aid her youngest son, the Duke of Alençon, would mount the throne of England."—*Hist. de la Papauté*, iii., 83.

‡‡ *Simanca's Archives*.—*Bouille*, ii., page 454.

§§ *History of the United Netherlands*, by John Lothrop Motley (London, 1867), vol. i., page 43.

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the Huguenot leaders. It was rumored in Court circles that the administration of the Government would soon pass into more vigorous hands, and that Coligny would rule supreme as President of the Council and Captain-General of all the forces of the kingdom. "What do you learn in your long conversations with the Admiral Coligny?" said Catherine one day to the King. "I learn," he hastily replied, "that I have no greater enemy than my mother."* These words sealed the doom of Coligny.

Most of the leading Huguenots had hastened to Paris to be present at the marriage festivities of the Prince of Navarre, and they availed themselves of this opportunity to complete their political organisation, and to make an imposing display of their numbers and strength in the French capital. The public festivities had not as yet concluded when Coligny, passing through the streets, received two gunshot wounds at the hands of an assassin, on the evening of August 22. The wounds, though dangerous, were not judged mortal. The public voice instinctively traced the attempt to the Queen Mother, and authentic history has fully justified that verdict.† In arranging the details of the attempted assassination, Catherine had for her only assistants her son, the Duke of Anjou, and the Duchess of Nemours, whose first husband had been murdered by the Huguenots.

Had Coligny been slain on August 22, it is probable that no further massacre would have taken place, and Catherine, without opposition, would have at once resumed her place at the helm of the State. Now, however, that Coligny still lived, and that their party was strengthened by the universal sympathy which the attempted assassination had awakened, the Huguenots vowed immediate vengeance against the assassins. They brandished their swords marching past the Hotel des Guise,‡ menacing words were even uttered against the King, and it became their common boast that the broken arm of Coligny would cost their enemies 40,000 heads.§ Above all, angry words were freely used in regard to Catherine. This artful woman, having failed in this attempt to rid herself of her defiant rival, saw that not a moment was to be lost to save herself from utter ruin. On the morning of the 23rd she hastened to the King, and unfolded to him the details of a conspiracy** which the Huguenots had planned against the State, as well as against himself and the members of the Royal Family: one course alone was open to him to anticipate the traitorous designs of the conspirators, and to turn on themselves the ruin they meditated against France. "The Huguenots won over the King (thus writes the acute historian Ranke), and appeared to supplant Queen Catherine's influence over him. This personal danger put an end to all delay. With that resistless and magical power which she possessed over her children, she reawakened all the slumbering fanaticism of her son. It cost her but one word to rouse the populace to arms, and that word she spoke. Every individual Huguenot of note was delivered over to the vengeance of his personal enemy."††

* White, page 374.

† A number of contemporary authorities will be found in two valuable articles of the *Revue des Questions Historiques*, published by Victor Palmé, Paris, 1866, livr. 1., page 11, and livr. 2., page 322: also in White, page 400, seqq.

‡ Lavalée, *Histoire des Français*, i., page 594; Dargaud, *Histoire de la liberté religieuse*, iii., page 255.

§ Dispatch of the Ambassador, Giovanni Michieli, in *La Diplomatie Vénétienne*, page 548.

** Froude thus describes the discourse of Catherine to the King: "She told him that at the moment that she was speaking the Huguenots were arming. Sixteen thousand of them intended to assemble in the morning, seize the palace, destroy herself, the Duke of Anjou, and the Catholic noblemen, and carry off Charles. The conspiracy, she said, extended through France. The chiefs of the congregations were waiting for a signal from Coligny to rise in every province and town."—*History of England*, x., 401.

†† Ranke, *Histoire de la Papauté pendant le 16me siècle*, iii., 83.

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXIX.—HOW THE CIVIL WARS IN ENGLAND LEFT THE ANGLO-IRISH COLONY TO RUIN. HOW THE IRISH DID NOT GRASP THE OPPORTUNITY OF EASY LIBERATION.

Within the hundred years next succeeding the events we have just traced—the period embraced between 1420 and 1520—England was convulsed by the great civil war of the White and Red Roses, the houses of York and Lancaster, Irish history during the same period being chiefly a record of the contest for mastery between the two principal families of the Pale—the Butlers and the Geraldines. During this protracted civil struggle, which bathed England in blood, the colony in Ireland had, of course, to be left very much to its own resources; and, as a natural consequence, its dimensions gradually contracted, or rather it ceased to have any defined boundary at all, and the merest exertion on the part of the Irish must have sufficed to sweep it away completely. Here was, in fine, the opportunity of opportunities for the native population, had they but been in a position to avail of it, or had they been capable of profiting by any opportunity, to accomplish with scarcely an effort the complete deliverance of their country. England was powerless for aggression, torn, distracted, wasted, paralysed, by a protracted civil war. The Lords of the Pale were equally disunited and comparatively helpless. One-hundredth part of the exertion put forth so bravely, yet so vainly, by the native princes in the time of Donald O'Neil and Robert Bruce would have more than sufficed them now to sweep from the land every vestige of foreign rule. The chain hung so loosely that they had but to arise and shake it from their limbs. They literally needed but to will it, and they were free!

Yet not an effort, not a movement, not a motion, during all this time—while this supreme opportunity was passing away for ever—was made by the native Irish to grasp the prize thus almost thrust into their hand—the prize of national freedom! They had boldly and bravely striven for it *before*, when no such opportunity invited them: they were subsequently to strive for it yet again with valor and daring as great, when every advantage would be arrayed against them. But now, at the moment when they had but to reach out their hand and grasp the object of all their endeavors, they seemed dead to all conceptions of duty or policy. The individual chiefs, north, south, east, and west, lived on in the usual way. They fought each other or the neighboring Anglo-Norman lord just as usual, or else they enjoyed a pleasant diversification a spell of tranquility, peace, and friendship. In the relations between the Pale and the Irish ground there was, for the time, no regular Government "policy" of any kind on either hand. Each Anglo-Norman lord, and each Irish chieftain, did very much as he himself pleased; made peace or war with his neighbors, or took any side he listed in the current conflicts of the period. Some of the Irish princes do certainly appear to have turned this time of respite to a good account, if not for national interests, for other not less sacred interests. Many of them employed their lives during this century in rehabilitating religion and learning in all their pristine power and grandeur. Science and literature once more began to flourish; and the shrines of Rome and Compostello were thronged with pilgrim chiefs and princes, paying their vows of faith, from the Western Isle. Within this period lived Margaret of Offaly, the beautiful and accomplished Queen of O'Carroll, King of Ely. She and her husband were munificent patrons of literature, art, and science. On Queen Margaret's special invitation, the literati of Ireland and Scotland, to the number of nearly 3000, held a "session" for the furtherance of literary and scientific interests, at her palace, near Killeagh, in Offaly, the entire assemblage being the guests of the King and Queen during their stay.

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

LET GOVERNMENTS BEWARE!

(By AUSTIN HARRISON, in the *English Review*.)

Whatever kind of a peace the "Big Four," or, more correctly stated, the "Secret Three," arrive at, or think they have arrived at, this truth will remain: that until some working equation is found for the accommodation of revolutionary Russia the League of Nations will be a mere mechanism and the League itself will be a futility. Russia constitutes the major part of Europe. Russia is, in fact, the key to the New Order, and on the solution of the Russian problem will depend stability in Europe and all hope of progress.

Great lies have been systematically fostered about the whole Bolshevik movement, and so to-day we have this utterly shameful paradox, that the democracies of Europe are blockading and starving not only the nation which militarily saved them in 1914-1915, but using the soldiers of liberty and free government to reinstate in power the forces which would restore the old Tsarist, bureaucratic order, and who, if ever they came back into power, would victimise their peoples in pogroms and holocausts of blood. Now, I know something of Russia, having lived there for a year during the revolution of 1905. I propose to state a few leading facts which sooner or later we shall have to learn.

Now the revolution of 1905 was a bourgeois movement, as was the Cromwellian revolution. In no wise can it be called a people's rising, for the peasantry remained for the greater part listless, and it was led entirely by the so-called intellectuals. It was suppressed. I wonder how many of us realise how? Listen. It was crushed under just when, through the constitutional action of the Duma, it was about to win through by the financial aid we and the French gave to the Tsar. Allied money stifled the freedom of Russia in 1906. We paid the Tsar to smash the liberating movement, and so the Duma became a puppet show and thousands of Russians went to their death in Siberia, were shot or removed, and thousands fled the country.

When we talk of the terrible crimes of Bolshevism, we do not consider the terrible crimes committed for two hundred years by the Tsars. We do not pause to remember that only our money saved the Tsar and his police rule in 1906. We do not understand that Bolshevism in its Russian or physical form is a quite natural reaction, the back-play of a people exasperated and driven mad by years of the most brutal tyranny, corruption, extortion, and oppression, and that the real wonder is not that Bolshevism is so terrible, but rather that it has not been infinitely more terrible. The French in 1789 were far more drastic. Indeed, so far as bloodshed is concerned, I seriously doubt whether more lives have been taken by the Bolsheviks than were taken in any two years under the late Tsar's

régime, for we must not include battles in an estimate of bloodshed. We must not forget that the Bolsheviks are being attacked North, South, East, and West by other Russians supported, financed, and armed by the Allies, and that this loss of life cannot be reckoned on the Bolshevik account.

I was present at Petrograd in 1905, at the first public meeting of the University in the name of liberty. A more orderly meeting could not be imagined. Every day on my walks I saw gangs of prisoners marching through the streets—handcuffed and roped together like animals—on their way to the prisons. I have seen the Cossacks lashing the people with their whips. Every night men were seized and transported to the mines without trial. Anything more pitiful than the enforced enslavement of these long-suffering Russians in those awful years I cannot picture. Daily men were cut to ribbons in the police yards—flogging was a recognised thing. The Tsar triumphed, thanks to our financial aid, and yet they fought for us in 1914 with an enthusiasm that surprised all parties in Russia. The people thought it was a war for liberty. All Russia joined in the crusade, and we will only understand the significance of this when we realise that the army was hated in Russia, that the soldiers were despised as the instruments of persecution, that war is temperamentally alien to the Russian psychology.

And these Russians saved Europe.

Badly armed, corruptly led, suffering fearful privations, they died by the million and unquestionably prevented the Germans in the two critical years of the war from using their major strength in the West. The battle of the Marne in 1914 was won because the Germans had to send such large forces against the Russians to save East Prussia.

Our great blunder was made over Kerensky. Instead of understanding that Russia was on the verge of collapse and that only a full, regenerated, democratic Russia could re-enter the war effectively, we made them fight, thereby causing the inevitable *débâcle*, leading automatically to Bolshevism. Bolshevism originally meant the land for the people—communism. We answered it by negative war and the blockade. To-day, five months after the Armistice, we are still fighting the Russians and blockading them. And we wonder that they are starving! We wonder why Lenin's power is growing! We wonder why the Russians regard our protestations of democracy with suspicion! We wonder that brutalities are perpetrated under the goad of famine!

Does any man know why we have left a forlorn band of men freezing in the perpetual darkness of the Murmansk regions? Can any man explain why we are keeping soldiers, who joined up in 1914 to fight the Germans, at Baku? Will any man be able to give a coherent account of the Japanese-Allied Army in Siberia? Why it is there at all, in support of Royalist Russian forces? Yet I suppose some policy motives this condition of semi-war. What is it? And how can we make peace or talk about a League of Nations while this war is on—this shameless war of capitalism?

For that is its reason, no other. We who entered the war for freedom are fighting our former Ally in the interests of money, in the interests of the old Russian expropriators of the soil and the people; we are fighting the peasants because the land has been given to them. And the root cause of it is *fear*—the fear of capitalism.

Governed now ourselves by secret propaganda and secret conclaves, we swallow the lies about the Bolsheviks and their women as we swallowed the Kadaver lie. The public do not know. They are deliberately led to regard the Russians as outlaws and fiends, and almost every day some propagandist falsehood appears in our press, which in reality only discredits us. We cannot continue this game. Either we make up our minds to conquer Bolshevism—that is, to fight the Russians back into bondage and serfdom—or we develop a policy of reason. Now the military way would lead to ruin—absolute bankruptcy—for America would not support us. The other way demands statesman-

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ship: applied sincerity. That is the position. And the longer a solution is delayed the greater will unrest grow throughout Europe, and the nearer we shall approach the collapse of credit, upon which our civilisation rests. You cannot fight Bolshevism in Russia with force. It is an idea. It must be met and corrected by a better idea. In plain words, the secret caucus at Paris will find its Treaty and Covenant worthless unless it faces the Russian problem honestly and solves it on the basis of self-determination with principles of political sincerity and economic opportunity.

That this can be done promptly and justly admits of no dispute among all cognisant of the Russian situation. The first thing is to raise the blockade, which will stand to our lasting discredit. The second step is to remove all the armies fighting against the Russians. The third step is to have a policy which, if the League of Nations is to possess any meaning at all, it should be quite easy to formulate so long as that policy is based on *principle* and not political or, still worse, Parliamentary opportunism (as is the case to-day), and that principle harmonises with the application of League of Nations law, supported by public sanction.

Russia cannot revert to Tsarism. She must work out her own destiny. So far, the Russian revolution has been the greatest event of Armageddon, the one certainly that will leave the most active impressions upon civilisation, and no force of man can to-day subvert it. In reality, Russia has freed Europe. She has given Europeans, that is, a new sense, which will make it henceforth impossible for kings and dynasties to organise Europe in units of militarism as a game of regal ambition. Without the Russian revolution, Europe would not have progressed, and, though Bolshevism may be an anarchic theory and self-destructive, it must be viewed historically; we must regard it as a physical reaction, as a temporary expedient, as a social purging and puking of the foundations which have for centuries held Russia in the thralldom of servitude and stagnation.

To take the opportunist or journalistic view of Russia is to misunderstand: is to prolong the war-condition of Europe; is to make anything in the nature of a constructive peace impossible. The truth is, we simply dare not embark on a great war of destruction against the Russians, for, if we do, we shall have lost the great war, whatever Pyrrhic victories we may snatch, however deeply we penetrate into the interior of Russia. Russia will be the supreme moral test of Armageddon. Only a fool or a pigny politician could hope to conquer Russia and hold her down, and the attempt would in a high degree of likelihood precipitate general revolution. That, of course, may be our European fate. Yet I can hardly think so. Our business is not that of European policemen. Attempt it, and we shall sign away the justification of our civilisation, thereby heralding our own doom. The treatment of Bolshevism is reason—food, justice, sympathy; dare I write the word in this mad hour—spirituality? Only so can we regain the mind of Russia, who in twenty years' time will probably be the dominant force on the Continent, the leader of thought, of art, of ideas—the pulse of the new Europe that will slowly evolve from the wreckage of the war.

One day while waiting by the "phone"
To send a message of my own,
I heard across the lines a call,
In urgent, anxious accents fall—
"Is that you, Central? Hurry, do!
Please put me on to 2-0-2.
It's closing time, I'm late, I'm sure;
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MAYNOOTH MISSION TO CHINA

The following letter to his Grace Archbishop Redwood from Father Blowick will be read with interest by all Catholics. May it inspire them to help in the great apostolic work at least by their prayers:—

St. Columban's College,
Dalgan Park, Galway,

May 21, 1919.

My Lord Archbishop,

I have just received your Grace's extremely kind and fatherly letter enclosing draft of £20 for the Irish Mission League. I cannot express to your Grace the emotions of veneration which filled me as I read that short, pregnant letter. All I can do is to promise you that I shall remember you in my daily Mass and in my poor prayers; that is all the recompense that I have to offer, but the goodness of God has placed this wonderful means of gratitude in the hands of the lowliest of His priests.

I have applied to Propaganda and the Sacred Penitentiary for privileges for priest members of the League, and I have just had an extremely nice letter from the private secretary of his Eminence, Cardinal van Rossum. His Eminence is anxious to erect in Ireland the *Pia Unio Cleri pro Missionibus*, in which he takes a very deep personal interest, and I think that such a step will do much for Ireland.

I have done my best to explain to his Eminence the wonderful possibilities of our little country for the Missions. The war, so far from having injured the spirituality of our people, has increased it. We are really living in a new age here; the ideals of the youth and maidenhood of the country have been wonderfully elevated, and the chief desire of young men now is hard work for God, especially in the poor, forgotten mission fields. There is a superabundance of vocations to the priesthood, and the cream of them are applying to us for admission.

We have begun in Ireland what we call the Students' Mission Crusade, the object of which is to familiarise all Catholic students—ecclesiastical and lay, boys and girls—with the needs of the pagan missions and with the nature of the vocation to labor among the pagans. Next month we are having a congress of the representatives (staffs and students) of all our Catholic colleges and seminaries here and we are inviting the presence of the Holy Ghost Fathers and the Fathers of the African Missions so that we may all put before the coming generation of Irish boys the great question of the missions. I have a sort of vision of Ireland becoming again a missionary country—a vision of large missionary colleges in the country—and I think the dream will come true, not, perhaps, in our time, but maybe after we are gone.

To give your Grace an idea of the manner in which the country is taking up our ideas I have only to mention that we receive through the post £12,000 a year, and that we have now applications from 256 students for admission to our college. Of this number, of course many are quite unsuitable, but the vast majority are excellent boys and come of grand old Catholic families. May God direct the minds of our best into this great field. There are more than enough for all the missions combined, and with God's help, we mean to assist the other missionary bodies as much as ever we can. May I ask your Grace for an occasional prayer for us and for our country that she may step into the line and give her best blood for God in the abandoned corners of His vineyard.

I have the honor to remain,

Your Grace's devoted servant in Christ,
JAMES BLOWICK.

Let us bless God in the midst of our crosses, provided that His Holy Name be glorified and His Holy Will accomplished, be it in life or in death.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

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THE ARCHBISHOP AND HOME RULE

A LIE'S PROGRESS.

His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney has received the following letter:—

"Sir,—I wish to draw your attention to enclosed marking in *Irish Times*, and would like you to refute it, as such a libel appearing in such a public paper has given a painful shock to a large number of staunch Catholics like myself.—Yours, etc.—A. J. DUFF.

Goresbridge, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland, 4/4/19."

The paragraph referred to is as follows:—

"The Sydney correspondent of *The Times*, under date of March 23, states that the Roman Catholic Archbishop, Dr. Kelly, speaking at St. Patrick's Sports, in the Sydney Show Grounds, demanded Home Rule for Ireland. He said: 'I do not mind blood, I do not mind slaughter, I do not mind revolution, as long as we get what we wish to accomplish in the cause of right.'"

The *Times* message, no doubt, originated in a misleading report in the *Sun* of his Grace's speech. The following correction by his Grace appeared in the *Sun* of March 24:—

"Archbishop Kelly writes from St. Mary's Cathedral: On reading your excerpts from our St. Patrick's Sports address, in yesterday's issue, we felt aggrieved as by an injurious misrepresentation, and especially upon two points.

"To your initial paragraph in heavier type:—

"Don't mind blood, don't mind slaughter, don't mind revolution, as long as we get what we wish to accomplish in the cause of right.—Archbishop Kelly:—you should have added this, or some similar clause:—

"Expressing the mind of ardent patriots who were not Catholics, which he deprecated at length as contrary to the discipline of Christianity, citing as an example the declarations of John Mitchel in his *Tail Journal*."

"In a subsequent paragraph, 'Don't Mind,' these very words, deprecated as extreme by us, are run into our commendation of patient and hopeful endurance, which concludes, 'It is said that the Church is against patriotism, but it is not as long as patriotism does not conflict with God-made laws.' So in your Sunlight we are set in contradiction to ourselves. You seem to have confounded a proposition set for refutation with its refutation. Why omit sentences of context without an asterisk or a hint?"

"The phrase 'England must wash her hands before Ireland would shake hands with her,' had a reference which you conceal from your readers quite unfairly at least.

"The reference, contained in our reply to a vote of thanks, was to faults proven and reiterated during our address, viz.:

"(a) Misgovernment of Ireland.

"(b) Commercial impoverishment of Ireland.

"(c) Upholding alien class ascendancy in Ireland.

"(d) Subsidising universal press misrepresentation of Irish events.

"Finally, we beg to send you, for publication if you desire it, our notes preparatory for the address, and our resume of points made after the address.

"THE ARCHBISHOP'S NOTES.

"Paragraphs 7, 8, and 9 in Archbishop Kelly's notes of his address read:—

"7. Non-Catholic patriots blame the Catholic clergy as hostile to Ireland's deliverance from misrule. The former feel no conscientious restraint upon passionate resentment, and would dare anything in resistance to extermination. Such was Mitchel.

"8. We trust by unity of action within the law of God to achieve the triumph of Ireland's national cause, as we have already vindicated the triumph of her faith.

"9. England will yet renounce her greed of commerce, her upholding alien ascendancy, and her propaganda of misrepresentation."

"To which should be added Note 3 of the reply to the vote of thanks:—

"3. When England will have washed her hands of the faults above-named—commercial greed, partisan ascendancy, and press misrepresentation—we will shake hands in national amity."

His Grace received the following letter from the editor of the *Sun*:—

"32 Castlereagh Street, Sydney,

"March 24, 1919.

"His Grace the Archbishop, St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney.

"Your Grace,—I have received and have published your letter referring to a report in the *Sun* of Sunday last. The omission of the last paragraph of your letter is due to the fact that one word defeated my attempts to decipher it, and without it, I could not be sure of giving the full sense of the passage.

"We regret deeply the misconstruction of your speech. The reporter who was assigned to the St. Patrick's Day engagement on Saturday has been released from further engagements with us.

"I return the notes which your Grace was kind enough to forward.—Yours faithfully,

"ADAM McCAY, Editor."

IRELAND'S HISTORIC CLAIMS FOR FREEDOM.

In these days when mighty questions are coming before the notice of the public every fair-minded man should lend an ear to the logic and reasonableness of Ireland's historic claims for freedom (says the *Boston Pilot*). It is not necessary, or, indeed, expedient that there should be given heated views on this great matter. If the public would read the case of Ireland dispassionately it would unanimously vote independence for that distressed country. It is because it has not learned the facts that it appears to be apathetic, at times. There is much wisdom in the course that has been taken by many of our public speakers, who without passion or hatred but in calm deliberation present Ireland's woes, her wrongs at the hands of England, and paint a true picture of the terrible cruelties that the Irish have been obliged to bear for centuries. Even an understatement of the case, if listened to by impartial judges, would arouse the greatest sympathy for Ireland, and so mould public opinion that it would demand justice for her at the Peace Conference. Never was there an injustice that cried more loudly to heaven for rectification. It is because the world does not know of the heart-rending oppression that the Irish people have been called upon to suffer that it permits England to continue her merciless tactics. The movement now on foot to illumine our citizens on the Irish question has met with abundant success. Not only Catholic but non-Catholic audiences are being addressed constantly, and the effect produced by a lucid presentation of facts is startling. There are men well equipped with historical data and present-day facts who are glad to enlighten societies that wish to become acquainted with this most important question.

As men and women pass their prime
The all-eroding will of time
Break down each life-sustaining force,
And they to "aids" must have recourse.
But cough and colds through every stage
Assail from infancy to age;
And in each case relief is sure
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Current Topics

Home Rule

Of course we are taking it for granted that you all know that Ireland has Home Rule now. Surely the evidence is convincing. Did not the British Parliament pass at the beginning of the late lamented war a Bill in which it was provided that Home Rule should be deferred for 12 months, "or if at the expiration of those 12 months the present war has not ended, until such later date (*not being later than the end of the present war*) as may be fixed by his Majesty by Order-in-Council"? There now! What more do you want? If we were dealing with Huns who tear up scraps of paper, of course that Bill would mean nothing. It would not do to take it seriously. But as we are dealing with British gentlemen, have we not ample reason as Irishmen to take their word of honor? If you want further proof of that you will find it in the next paragraph.

The Word of British Government

Two young boys were kidnapped by the British Army in Ireland. They were taken away secretly; their parents did not know if they were drowned; they had committed no crime. After long delay—after vain appeals to the police and even to Lord French—by some means the Habeas Corpus Act was put in motion. The Irish Lord Chief Justice gave the police such a castigation as is rarely given them in the land where they can do no wrong. While he was scourging them, the Government let the boys out at the back door—just as a publican would bustle out thirsty customers on a Sunday when the "peelers" are signalled, as the *Dublin Leader* has it. When asked to explain this bit of Prussianism, MacPherson had the effrontery to stand up in the House and say that "the boys were taken into the care of the police in order to protect them from the Sinn Feiners." Needless to say, he had not the courage to tell that deliberate falsehood to the Lord Chief Justice. Again, when the recent siege of Limerick aroused strong comment in England, Mac calmly told the House that Limerick was made a military area on account of the strike, when as a matter of fact everybody in the House knew that the strike did take place as the result of Mac's proclamation. If you want further evidence of how British statesmen keep their word, recall half a dozen of the little episodes in the political life of Lloyd George which exemplify what we are saying. There have been asses put in Dublin Castle before now; there have been lunatics sent over to rule Ireland; there have been out-and-out liars time and again. But surely MacPherson takes the cake! Why then doubt that the Home Rule Act is a reality? There remains just one reason. Some weeks ago, at a demonstration in favor of Irish freedom in America, a banner with a strange device was carried through the streets. That device was "CONCESSIONS BE DAMNED." For the reason that stands for we still doubt. Ireland will have no more fooling, no more half-loaves. What she wants is not any sort of good government from England. It is self-government and nothing else. Knowing that does not prevent us from watching with amusement how the "statesmen" will wriggle out of the position their Tom-Fool Bill has put them in. It is instructive to remember that the first session of the League of Nations will sit at Washington—especially when you also recall that the American envoys to Ireland are going home with a full account of what they saw themselves and with details so far suppressed concerning the barbarous treatment of Irish women in British gaols. The American papers will be worth watching in a short time.

Good P.P.A. Advice

There is good in everything. As we once said (and were nearly exterminated for the joke), even bagpipes do not smell. A wise man welcomes the good at all

times, and rejoices when he can draw good from evil. There is not much that is good or middling in the P.P.A., as everybody knows. It is quite certain that if the ignoramus Earnshaw and his *confrères* did not protect themselves by only addressing select hearers in their alleged public meetings the ghouls and coprophagi would have been hosed off the face of the earth long since. Strange as it may seem, we are at one with them as regards two things. We believe, like them, but for unlike reasons, that no Catholics should be in the Civil Service; and we heartily subscribe to their protest against marriages between Catholics and Protestants. Not, as we said, for their reasons, do we agree so far. In the Civil Service of the Empire, with its network of that Masonry which corrupted the French army and, hardly less, the British army, during the war, Catholics stand little chance of rising to decent positions. What jobs they get, generally speaking, are not worth having, and there is little or no hope of their getting out of the ruck. Look at the higher positions and you will see what moonshine the ranters talk when they say that Catholics hold more than their just proportion of Civil Service billets. Catholics are allowed to sweep up the crumbs that fall from the Masonic banquet tables, to wear a few policemen's boots out on the asphalt, to sort letters or to add up figures at a desk at a starving wage. The judgeships, the well-paid defence jobs (*jobs* is the word, mind), the inspectorships of schools, the positions that count are reserved for the chosen few under the flag of freedom. It is as sound advice as can be given to tell Catholics to shun the Civil Service as they would shun the plague. Parents ought to instill into their children from early years a horror of policemen and a detestation of the Post Office strong enough to save them from being later caught in the coils of the octopus that is the N.Z. Civil Service. Back to the land, to commercial callings, to the professions, to the trades and arts and crafts, ye Catholics. Leave to the P.P.A. the Civil Service, and be free men and women, not afraid that the practice of your religion will cause you to lose your starving wages. And as for mixed marriages, even such a problem in humanity as the Nosworthy person or the foul-mouthed glory of New Zealand's Upper House cannot be so stupid as not to know that the *Ne Temere* Decree, regarding which they make untrue statements, is aimed directly at preventing mixed marriages. Therefore, as they tell Protestants not to marry Catholics at any cost, if they were wise (which they certainly are not), if they were gifted with common sense (which nobody has ever yet alleged), they would welcome the *Ne Temere* Decree as a trump card. Apart, however, from the mental vagaries of P.P.A. spouters, our advice to Catholics in this matter falls in line with theirs: avoid mixed marriages, boys and girls, for your own sake, for the sake of the Church, for the sake of your soul. Possibly one per cent. of mixed marriages may turn out well; but we doubt it. It is certain that 99 per cent. turn out badly, and that when the glamor of passion which blinded reason has gone the eyes of the Catholic party are opened to the fact that a mistake has been made that even death cannot set right—for after death there will be the children who, in their weak faith, their defective training, their carelessness for religion, will inherit the curse and pass it on to their own children in turn. Yes, even as Balaam's ass, the P.P.A. Ass. has spoken well once.

On the Views of a Forger

There is no need to tell anybody who reads the following extract that it was taken from the *Passing Notes* of "Civis," the New Zealand Piggott:—

"In the *Spectator* of April 12 is an excellent retort to the 'ancient litany' of wrongs which, there as here, Irish malcontents are perpetually chanting. If the British of to-day are to be answerable for the misdeeds of the British of Cromwell's time, why is not the same rule applied to the Roman Church? 'If Protestant Englishmen must make amends for injustices or crimes said to have been committed generations ago, by what

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right do Roman Catholics demand to be free from the same obligation? On these terms the Roman Catholics owe reparation for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, for the two Irish massacres of the 17th century, and for the terrible Irish rebellion of '98. Why should the poor English race be the only one to which is applied the law that "the sins of the fathers must be visited on the children"? The argument, of course, does not bear looking into. Shakespeare as usual told the truth: "Crimes like land are not inherited." You may inherit the lands of your ancestors, but you do not inherit their crimes,—"Crimes like lands are not inherited." Otherwise St. Joseph's in Dunedin would inherit the infamy of the Spanish Inquisition, and Father Coffey—with reverence be it spoken—would be answerable for the enormities of Torquemada."

It may or may not be that this quotation was found by "Civis" in the *Spectator*. When a man has once been detected in forgery of testimonies there is an end to his credibility. The *Spectator* is, as we all know, a bigoted Tory Protestant paper, restricted to a circle of readers of the opinions and political morality of Piggott "Civis." It does not matter for our purpose whether "Civis" forged this passage or not. It is just the sort of thing one would look for in the paper mentioned—the sort of thing usually served up to ignorant bigots by No-Popery rags and by ranters who are more desirous to calumniate Catholics than to tell the truth. It is a fair specimen of the stock-in-trade of these coprophagous creatures, and in a country where ignorance of history goes hand in hand with bigotry such stuff is always sure of a market. Before commenting on the extract, let us notice a quotation which is undoubtedly approved by "Piggott" himself: "Crimes like lands are not inherited." While remembering that there is no little authority for saying that the sins of parents are to some extent inherited by their children and grandchildren, we let that pass to reflect on the allusion to lands. Are lands inherited? Probably under civilised Governments they are. Our experience is, however, not derived from civilised Governments. In the country in which we were born it was the custom of the Protestant rulers to rob the Catholics of their lands, to give them to British spies, informers, assassins, and what not, and to wield the power of the law, not for right and justice, but to secure the robbers in their ill-gotten goods. To the present day the descendants of robbers hold our lands, and churches and cathedrals built by Catholics for Catholics have been allotted to—according to Swift—Protestant highwaymen and brigands. At the present day, in order to support the sons and daughters of the plunderers, the British Government makes a rebel a Cabinet Minister, while it protects lunatics who murder Catholics: it sends airplanes to pour down fire on women and children: it kidnaps children in defiance of the Habeas Corpus Act—which is apparently not for "Romanists": it makes pledges and breaks them at will: it arrests men and women because they take Mr. George at his word and ask for self-government. No, "Piggott," lands are not always inherited—under the Union Jack, at any rate.

St. Bartholomew's Day

"On these terms the Roman Catholics owe reparation for the massacre of St. Bartholomew." (The *Spectator*, as quoted by the Dunedin "Piggott.") Until learning became fairly common in England ranters used to use the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day as a weapon of attack against the Catholic Church. Nowadays, owing to the advance of historical research and the growth of decency among English Protestants, reference to this massacre is made only by ignorant bigots of the Kensit, McCabe, or *Spectator* type—and by dishonest persons who know well the truth of the case but still use it to pander to their No-Popery readers. Some time ago "Piggott Civis," when taken to task about his false figures, said he did not know anything about statistics; later when his historical excursions were ridiculed he said he did not know anything about history. We have also seen that he does not know how to quote Lecky without introducing into the text, as genuine,

a passage from another historian whom Lecky condemns as unreliable. The one thing left for "Piggott Civis" to do is to vent his No-Popery and anti-Irish rage in the Saturday columns of the *Otago Daily Times*, which he thus places on a level with the Auckland *Sentinel*, the American *Menace*, the *Orange Nation*, and other similar unsavory rags. Modern criticism has abundantly shown that three facts are clear concerning the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. First, that the massacre was inspired by political motives, not by religious motives; secondly, that the slaughter was not a matter of long premeditation; and thirdly, that the Church was in no way responsible for the execrable deed. We will proceed to explain these three propositions, and make it clear that while anti-Catholic bigotry and hatred were responsible for the murders committed by the hirelings of Elizabeth and Cromwell, nothing but the eternal dishonesty of low Protestants of the "Civis" type can accuse the Church of complicity in the atrocity of St. Bartholomew's Day. The guilt of that crime belongs to Charles IX. and his mother, with their advisers. That they happened to be Catholics is the only connection the Church has with it—a connection as slight as that which the Protestant Church to-day has with the origin of the war and with atrocities committed by the Lutheran German Kaiser. For bigots of the "Civis" type that connection is enough. And with as much logic Catholics, taking a leaf from their book, would be justified in saying that the Protestant Church is responsible for the rape of women, for the burning of churches, for the murder of civilians, whether committed by the Protestant British Government in Ireland or by the Protestant German Government in Belgium. So far from religion being at the root of the massacre of the Huguenots, it was religion that prevented it from being more terrible than it was. Charles IX. was a poor figure of a king, stunted in mind and vicious. He was completely in his mother's hands. She was a Catholic in name alone, a freethinker who was ready to use Huguenots and Catholics alike for her own ends. She was prepared to destroy Catholicism in France if she could thereby serve herself. The one thing certainly absent from her character was zeal for religion of any kind. Sweeping allegations are made by bigots to the effect that the clergy were actual assassins, but it is remarkable that when we do encounter the name of a bishop or priest in the records of the atrocity we find them active on the side of mercy. Historians agree that the French clergy, with few if any exceptions, were not only innocent of the crime, but that they in many cases successfully opposed it, even at the risk of their lives. Protestants are fond of drawing a picture of the Cardinal of Lorraine, blessing daggers for the bloody work, when in fact he was all this time absent in Rome at the Conclave for the election of Gregory XIII. Fleury, who is not by any means too partial to the clergy, says of them: "The clergy, in spite of all the ill-usage they had received from the heretics, saved as many of them as they could in various places."

At Liseux, as is well known, the bishop, Jean Henmeyer, saved a large number of Protestants from the mob. At Toulouse the monasteries took a glorious Catholic revenge for the past outrages of the heretics by sheltering them. At Nantes and Montpellier the clergy hid them in their homes. To show how little religion had to do with the massacre it is sufficient to consider who the Huguenots were. No man with the slightest knowledge of history could say they were inoffensive citizens. For years they had endeavored by secret plotting with the enemies of France and by open rebellion to overthrow the lawfully constituted government. They started three civil wars, and although treated with clemency after each defeat, they still conspired against the King. They betrayed two cities to England; they destroyed fifty cathedrals, hundreds of churches, profaned sacred shrines, murdered priests and tortured innocent people as the British soldiers tortured the Irish for the love of God in Ninety-Eight. For all this they were well treated until their crimes became so unbearable that they awakened passions as bad as their own. The Court of France declared by

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Parliament, August 26, that in carrying out this severe measure it had merely anticipated a plot of Coligny and his Huguenots against the life of the King and of the princes of the royal family. The massacre was instigated by the Queen, who urged it on her weak-minded son as a necessary political coup. It was political in itself and in all its bearings, and religion had nothing to do with it outside the diseased minds of people like "Civis" and the editor of the only paper he seems to read—the *Spectator*.

As to the second point, that the massacre was pre-meditated, it is not necessary to dwell long upon it. Non-Catholic writers who accused the Pope of being the cause of it needed some such theory to support them. The discovery of manuscripts from the diplomatic correspondence of the sixteenth century has set the matter at rest in the minds of all historians who have any pretence to scholarship. While Ranke, Soldan, Lingard, Martin, Alzog, and others discredit such a theory it still seems good enough for the bigots who will never know or never learn anything except what is given them by Piggotts and "Civises."

The third point to be settled is the alleged complicity of the Holy See in the matter. The *London Times* (which paid the first Piggott) says in the issue of September 5, 1892: "What judgment are we to form about the Pope who gave his approval to the St. Bartholomew Massacre, and who is now ranked among the canonised saints of the Church?" The plain answer is that, in the eyes of people who know what canonisation means, the charge against Pope Pius V. is as absurd as anything ever yet invented by Protestant liars and forgers, from Luther to "Civis." Another answer is that Pius was dead four months before the massacre took place. One Canon Jenkins tries to meet this by saying that "the urgent letters of this sanguinary Pope to the King and Queen of France led on to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew." According to this Protestant luminary it was the letters of Pius V. that did the trick! When the letters are examined it is found that beyond exhorting that the murderers be punished, *justis poenis, justisque suppliciiis quae legibus statuta sunt* (by just penalties and punishments according to the law), and threatening the negligent King with the judgments of God for neglect of duty, there is no evidence. As for Gregory XIII., the facts of the case were concealed from him and he believed that a plot to kill the King had been discovered and the conspirators punished, and not unnaturally expressed his satisfaction by a *Te Deum*. We recommend our readers to study how the points here touched are treated by Cardinal Moran.

We are not to be wise and prudent, according to the flesh, but simple, humble, and pure.—St. Francis of Assisi.

CANONISATION OF JOAN OF ARC

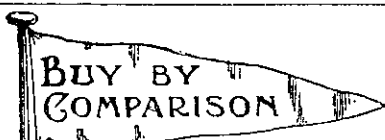
(By ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD.)

Amid the woes and trials of the Catholic Church in France to-day, a great and deep consolation has been granted by Divine Providence to all Catholic hearts. A grand event marks the year 1919. The news that Pope Benedict XV. has canonised Joan of Arc thrills the whole Catholic world, and raises a vast acclamation of joy and gratitude to the memory of the Warrior Maid of Orleans and the Martyr of Rouen. This Providential event—like so many others that history records in behalf of France—clearly shows once more that, at all times, France has been (in the words of Pope Alexander III.) the cherished and blessed nation of God, and that, in her most awful crises, God has vouchsafed to help her by means alike wonderful and unexpected.

In the 15th century Heaven sent Joan of Arc to deliver France from foreign oppression. Let us recall, in this connection, some preliminary truths too apt to be forgotten or gainsaid. There are in the life of nations, as in the life of individuals, critical hours, when, under the influence of manifold causes, the belief of eternal truth undergoes an eclipse. From this lessening of the supernatural sense, and the weakening of religious influence, there results a disorder in the social organism which recoils in general and particular events.

In proportion as nations and individuals lose sight of God, darkness shrouds their minds and immorality corrupts their hearts. History records again and again, by startling and awful examples, how nations have fallen from the height of grandeur and prosperity into the depths of misery and shame, because they forsook the ways of the Lord. It is the Divine oracle: "Justice exalts a nation; but sin maketh nations miserable." (Prov. xiv., 34.) Sin, which brought evil into the world, always stands against the merciful designs of Providence, and calls down condign punishments. Nevertheless, before sorely smiting ungrateful and rebellious peoples, God lavishly bestows timely warnings and kindly intimations of His readiness to forgive His repentant children. Such has been His action in France. After granting her, in the course of ages, the unmistakable tokens of His predilection, God, instead of immediately striking her obstinacy and blindness, never failed to multiply His benefits upon her, and open for her the treasury of His miracles. To her are applicable the Psalmist's words: "He hath not done in like manner to every nation." (Ps. cxlvii.)

Yes, history marks out France as a privileged nation. Her past presents a long series of extraordinary providential interventions, in the darkest and saddest hours of her history, so that it is no exaggeration to say that many of its pages bear the signature of God Himself. Were we to examine her glorious annals we



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should find them teeming with supernatural favors. To-day we shall contemplate them only in the life and deeds of the Maid of Orleans. On the threshold of our subject we are met by an objection constantly repeated by false science and unbelief—Is a miracle possible? So silly is the objection that it exasperated one of the most famous infidels, Jean Jacques Rousseau. "This question," says he, "seriously treated were impious, if not absurd; the man who would solve it negatively would be too honored by punishment: he ought to be put in a madhouse—it *faudrait l'enfermer.*"

Let us examine it, however. Those who deny the possibility of a miracle start from the principle that the laws which regulate the harmonious course of Nature obey a uniform force necessarily invariable. Any modification of these laws would subvert the general order. But these pretended scientific arguments are dashed to atoms against the simple consideration of God's omnipotence. God created these laws, God is master of these laws, and He can, by an effort of the same will which established them, suspend their course or modify their manifestations. Can He Who alone and freely determined these laws be Himself their prisoner? Surely not. Such an assertion is the rankest absurdity. Both in the physical order and in the moral order, a miracle is possible, since it is the effect of an infinite power, which commands and governs with sovereign and unlimited authority. Not only is a miracle possible, but it essentially befits Divine government, for it stamps with a solemn and indisputable character its providential action in sublunary events.

No doubt, God's power is splendidly exhibited in the wondrous work of creation: yet men grow accustomed to the grand spectacle of the universe and cease to be affected thereby. But, let an extraordinary fact happen outside the laws of Nature, instantly they are stricken with wonder, and are compelled to acknowledge the hand of the Most High. Still (mark it well), these extraordinary strokes of Providence disturb not the general order, but concur in it most admirably: for the immutable designs of God are fulfilled in the exception as well as in the law. When God intervenes in the government of the world, or in the life of the Church, it belongs to His wisdom to so stamp His action as to reveal its origin. Thus Our Lord Jesus Christ proved His Divine mission by His holiness and by the splendor of His miracles. And when He uses certain chosen creatures here below as the intermediaries of His power, and the executors of His designs, He gifts them with a supernatural force: He marks them with Divine tokens which clearly exhibit them as the envoys and the instruments of His providence.

So it was with Joan of Arc. At what time was Divine intervention more opportune, nay, more necessary, than at the moment our heavenly messenger made her appearance? Recall to mind the sad plight of France: "*la grande pitié qui était au royaume de France*"—at the time when Joan of Arc, prior to becoming the heroic warrior of many battlefields, was the lowly and gentle village-girl assiduous in prayer, at the spinning-wheel, or minding her flock. What dark days then fell on France! After the civil discord, which had reddened her soil with her blood, after the Great Schism of the West which for a while threatened the break-up of the unity of the Church, a dreadful plague devastated the land. The English, already masters of a part of French territory, extended their conquests and their victories far and wide. In vain did French traditional valor oppose the conquerors: it gradually yielded every inch of the sacred soil of fatherland, after strewn with its myriad corpses the battlefields of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt.

To the invasion was added the fratricidal struggle between the Armagnacs and the Burgundians, the King's insanity, degrading treaties, and the proclamation of Henry V. of England as Regent of France.

When Charles VII. succeeded his unhappy father, his whole kingdom was reduced to a few provinces south of the Loire, to the remnants of an army, to discouraged counsellors, and ruined populations; and he himself, disheartened by misfortune, had begun to despair.

Was it, then, the end of France, the end of "*la douce et noble France*," the end of the fairest realm barring that of Heaven? Human wisdom might have so thought. But God decreed its salvation: the most Christian nation could not perish. Joan was destined by God, not only to free France from the stranger's yoke, but to save the faith of the French people. But for Joan and her victories, and her triumphant but tragic martyrdom, Henry VIII. of England about one hundred years later (in virtue of the iniquitous Treaty of Troyes, 1420, which betrayed the rights of the legitimate Kings of France and sold them to England), would have been master and King of France. With him schism, and with his successors heresy, would have ascended the throne of Charlemagne and St. Louis. Had they driven Catholic France, the Eldest Daughter of the Church, into apostasy, as England was driven, one of the strongest bulwarks of Rome and Catholicism against the rising tide of the Reformation would have been swept away, and Western Europe would surely have been covered with the flood. The splendid Catholic life of France during the 16th and 17th centuries would have been impossible. Joan of Arc saved France from the grasp of the foe: she kept France as a distinct nation upon the map of Europe. That solemn fact France can never forget. Undoubtedly the Maid of Domremy was the saviour of French nationality. But Joan did more. She preserved France for the fold of Peter. She kept it for the Catholic Church.

But consider the qualities of this instrument of the national resurrection. No great general—no diplomatist of genius. No, but a young girl almost a child, a lowly peasant, simple, upright, pure, obedient to her parents, gentle with her companions, charitable to the poor, the pride and edification of her parish—Joan of Arc, now so known in history. Observe her well—she was called to bring into vivid light the rôle of France, her vocation to be ever the good seldier of Jesus Christ, "*la bon sergent de Jésus Christ*," as St. Louis used to say, thus in one word indicating the true glory of his country. In the eyes of Joan of Arc, Jesus Christ was the true King of France: Charles VII. only His lieutenant. If she was called to remake the national unity by the expulsion of the foreigner, and by constituting the provinces under the sceptre of Charles VII., her final aim was to insure the authority of Jesus Christ, and she constantly repeated that such was her mission. At Vaucouleurs she said to the Sire de Baudricourt: "The Kingdom belongs, not to the Dauphin: it belongs to my Lord. But my Lord wills that the Dauphin be a King and hold his Kingdom in commission—*en commandé.*" At Chinon she said to the King himself: "Gentil Dauphin, I am called Joan the Maid—*Jeanne la Pucelle*—and the King of Kings requires through me that you be anointed at Rheims, and you shall be the lieutenant of the King of Heaven, Who is the King of France." Joan was at the service of Christ before she was at the service of Charles VII. She wrote to the inhabitants of Troyes: "Joan the Maid informs and appries you by the King of Heaven, her rightful and sovereign Lord, in whose royal service she daily lives." To live in union with Jesus Christ, to serve Him daily, to insure His royalty over France, to proclaim and set in honor for all times and countries this vital principle: that true authority comes from God, and that it alone avails in regard to human conscience by the stability of that origin—such was the main object (too often forgotten by historians) of Joan's mission.

How did she fulfil that mission? What first strikes us in the achievement of her great work is the weakness and the nothingness of the instrument chosen by God: "God chose the weak things of this world to confound the strong." (I. Cor. 27.) Joan, a poor daughter of the people, without education, without support, without credit, forsaken of all, contradicted by her kindred, hampered in her first steps by everyone in authority over her. At her first appearance she was jeered at by the unbelief of her day as an *over-excited girl, hallucinated, hypnotised.* Absurd imputations! Joan an *over-excited girl!* She whose innocent life delighted

in the simple joys and affections of home! Look at her: she loves the meadows, the fields, the woods, the birds singing with her the praises of God; she fulfils simply, joyously her every-day duties. You will vainly seek in the uniform and hardworking life of the Lorraine peasant girl the slightest trace of an imagination given to dreaming and foolish fancies. She received from God a sound and upright judgment. Her robust good sense will one day confound the learning and perfidy of her accusers. Her virtues, sweet and lovely as her person, were attested by all the witnesses of her childhood and youth, and protest against the disloyal suspicions of her detractors. Besides, the Church took care to shut the mouths of her detractors by her severe and solemn inquiries. Joan was subjected at Poitiers to the strictest theological examinations, ingenious to put subtle questions to a girl of 17 and ignorant of her A.B.C. And the court charged with judging her mission passed this sentence: "There is nothing in Joan the Maid but goodness, humility, virginity, devotion, and probity." The judges declared her to be "a fervent Catholic, and that they found in her nothing contrary to Christian faith and morality; that she answered wisely the most difficult questions, that they deemed her inspired of God, and that, considering the desperate condition of the realm, they thought that God could or should fearlessly employ her against her enemies." God stamped with miracles His approval of the work achieved by Joan of Arc. Miracles! Surely miracles shone out in all her life. A lowly peasant girl, happy in her condition, Joan never dreamt of warlike adventures. She loved her family, her cottage, her church. But lo! One day she is surrounded with a mysterious brightness. An angel, accompanied by saints, relates to her the sad plight of the fair realm of France. The voices, which every week for five years she constantly heard, became at last more pressing, more imperative, and said to her: "Child of God, go, go, go!" "I have heard them," she said, "and I cannot stay here. Let us start away, let us start. To-day rather than to-morrow; rather to-morrow than afterwards. Even had I a hundred fathers and a hundred mothers, I must start, even were I to wear out my legs to my knees." The transparent fact of the supernatural overcame the timidity and fear of her age and sex; overcame the raillery of Sire de Baudricourt, who first thought her mad; overcame the contempt of military leaders towards this peasant girl transformed into a general; overcame the jealousy and intrigue of the Court, as well as the indecision and anguish of the heir of the French throne: The supernatural! It blazes out in the illumination of her intelligence, which penetrated the future. "Gentil Dauphin, the King of Kings through me informs you that you shall be anointed at Rheims to be His lieutenant in the Realm of France." She foretold the raising of the siege of Orleans, and the expulsion of the English from France.

But why recall all this? The young warrior maid's exploits still more proclaim the evidence of miracles. Her knowledge of battles amazed the most famous generals. Victory faithfully followed her footsteps. Her succession of triumphs at Orleans, Jargeau, Baugency, Patay, Auxerre, Troyes, Chalons, the coronation of the king at Rheims, were events so stupendous and extraordinary that they astounded all Christendom. "Omnia Christianorum regna stupebant," as John Néder, professor at the Vienna University, fitly said. Was it the end of the prodigies? No, then captivity, long days of suffering and torment, the odious tribunal, the iniquitous sentence, the burning at the stake. Never did Joan appear greater, more superhuman, more sublime. Trials endured with martyr-like constancy encircled her brow with a more brilliant aureole than her most renowned victories. She was indeed a daughter of God, and in this cry which sums up her mission: "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," she consummated her sacrifice.

No, her celestial voices did not deceive her. The child of Domremy overcame the Dauphin's hesitation by revealing to him a secret known to him alone. Her solemn canonisation proclaimed by the Vicar of Christ, Pope Benedict XV., sets the final seal of Divine appro-

bation on her work—the re-establishment of Christ's reign over France and the world.

We hasten to conclude. What lessons are we taught by this heavenly messenger? Joan appeared on earth as a heavenly vision, a messenger of hope and salvation. What she did here below she will continue in the bosom of God. She intercedes for the world and extends her protection over mankind. Her example in the present trials of France and in the hour of her victory over scientific barbarism, forbids despair and inspires the liveliest hopes. All seemed lost, after a hundred years' war, when Joan of Arc was given to France, and all was saved. Everything to-day is assailed, everything shaken—a thousand woes menace the Church, the fatherland, liberty, family, society. The Maid of Domremy's mission is not yet ended. No longer with the sword of battle, but with the irresistible influence which comes from the depths of her pure heart, she must rescue her beloved France from the cruel hands of those unnatural children, aliens in ideals and aspirations, who have sold it into the power of falsehood, license, atheism, and infidelity. She must gather again around her noble standard the brave, the pure, and the true. Her silver armor must once more flash like a meteor in the fray, and her war-cry, "Jésu, Jésus," find an echo in every heart. If so, under her standard the hosts of evil will melt away and again the Warrior-Saint will deliver France.

THE MAN WHO LEAPED FROM BEANN EDAIR.

I watched from Beann Edair's dizzy height,
Where Fionn once strode in his haughty might,
The blue-white waves kissed by sunset's glow
Laughed as they broke on the strand below.
In the Sun's pavilion a giant youth trod,
'Twas Lugh Lamh Fadha, the great Sun God;
And the white and blue in the waves astir
Was the mantle of Manannan, son of Lir.

The hand of Lugh waved along the sea
And I knew at the moment it waved to me.
Then he closed eyes of flame and sank to rest
Behind a blue curtain out in the West.
O the laughing waves I won't forget
Or the gleam of Manannan's chariot;
For he called my name and showed his face
And I leaped to the waters for his embrace.

Soon a corpse was washed up by the sea
And they waked a body they said was me;
But I—I sought not the shore to boast
That the thing was not me, but just my ghost.
For now I'm at Manannan's right hand,
And with Niamh by moonlight I often stand.
Now you won't deny me a fine, sly rogue,
I who dine with splendor in Tir-na-n-og.

—R.M., in *New Ireland*.

In the constant remembrance of the holy presence of God we find counsel, strength, and courage to face submissively the trials which come to us by Divine permission.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart*.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

E.J.B.—Thanks for cutting. We have dropped the ghoul.

"W." (Wyndham).—We have the balance sheet and we can read. There is some amusing writing off in it. We have also evidence of the soldiers—Protestant and Catholic.

W. M. H.—Doctors differ on the question of "Twilight Sleep." There are dangers, but many medical men hold that they may be obviated by skill and care, and that there are good results to make up for the risks. As to Christian Science, it is a different thing altogether. It is based on a system which denies a personal God, the Divinity of Christ and the Trinity.

"READER."—The final schism between Greece and Rome took place in the eleventh century. The orthodox Greeks deny the primacy and infallibility of the Pope, the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, and the Immaculate Conception. In matters of discipline the chief differences are that the Greeks use leavened bread for the Holy Sacrifice and do not insist on clerical celibacy. Of course they have valid Orders and Sacraments.

"EITHNE."—Yes indeed! Snobs and other weak-minded persons think it is respectable to wonder why those Irish should ask John Bull to keep his word. For out-and-out Jingoism this would be logical. They put the Empire first and frankly admit that everything is justified that helps to build up "our power." But when people who have the Catholic faith, and know that they owe it to Ireland, air similar views we can only say that either their faith is very weak or else their mind is not robust enough to qualify them to go about unattended. Snobs, God help us, yes! and some of them are not only respectable but (in their own estimation) religious. If you cannot laugh at them, as we judge from the tone of your letter, try praying for them. What they want most is conversion to Catholicism—for they *have* lost Catholic principles.

"DEMOCRAT."—Saying that a thing is so does not affect facts, and the facts that are in possession are supported by common sense. In the old Roman Law, which is the basis of all that is sound in modern law, Occupation, Accretion, Delivery, and Specification were sound titles to property. Thus, although in the natural state all belonged to all in the abstract, the first comer acquired a right to land which he took up or occupied, and justice forbade another disturb him. The Marxian theory of value will not stand examination. It is contrary to common sense. If the people—as the people—acquired a right of occupation the land was theirs. But a common waiting to be occupied was not the people's until they actually occupied it.

R. O'H.—No, there was never anything like it anywhere. No pagan country, no barbarians, no Huns ever got together such a gang as the men who rule Ireland. Take a few of them: Mr. George publicly notorious as a pledge-breaker, as a traitor to his friends, as a clever jobber who will give billets to men who trade with British enemies in wartime, for—of course—reasons best known to himself: Carson on whose head is the blood-guilt of 1916, who trafficked with the Kaiser, who was instrumental in bringing on the war, who was made a British (not a Hunnish, mind you!) Cabinet Minister: MacPherson who made those beastly remarks about sexual problems and who lies like a lord in the House of Commons; French who failed at his own job and whose name was mentioned not too favorably in that Mrs. Cornwallis-West business; Maxwell the fool-general who murdered Connolly and many others and who added new lustre to the Empire's annals by leading 45,000 men to victory over 1700 men, women, and boys; Colthurst, the lunatic, who might be described as an official Jack-the-Ripper, etc., etc.

CATHOLICITY IN AUSTRALIA

ADDRESS BY ARCHBISHOP MANNIX.

Speaking at a Communion breakfast at North Brunswick, Melbourne, recently, his Grace Archbishop Mannix expressed the hope that the seeds of Catholicity and religion transplanted over the seas would always germinate and fructify in Australia, that Ireland would never have reason to be ashamed to be the mother of Australian Catholicity, and that the Australian people would always look to their mother with love and veneration. The Catholic Church was, he said, the Church of Christ, and those who had cut themselves off from Christ and from the Church which He established on earth could not expect to have the same fruits, and, as a matter of fact, did not have them. Catholics made sacrifices for religion especially in regard to education, which no other body had the least notion of making, even if called upon. Anglicans, Presbyterians, and others were beginning to see that Catholics had taken the right course. They did not claim any credit for it. The Catholic Church had a commission to teach, and was not afraid to do what Christ told it to do. It made laws in regard to marriage, and insisted upon their observance by its children. Some people made a stir because the Pope had decreed that the Church would not recognise the marriage of a Protestant and Catholic outside the Catholic Church. What was the attitude of the head of the Protestant Church towards mixed marriages and other marriages in Ireland not so many years ago? A marriage between a Protestant and Catholic celebrated by a Catholic priest was deemed to be absolutely invalid. This also applied to the marriage of two Protestants if the ceremony was performed by a Catholic priest. In the *Ne Temere* Decree the Pope was legislating for his own people. In what he referred to as having taken place in Ireland, it suited certain people to trample on the rights of the Catholic people. Catholics knew their position, and had not to look to Parliament to define their beliefs. Doubtless they had all read the excellent article that had recently appeared in the *Age* on titles. Canada opposed the conferring of titles by the British Government, and he thought they might follow that example. One good thing could, at least, be said about the Australian Prime Minister, and that was that he had no title. He quite believed Mr. Hughes could have had one for the asking. The Australian people generally should endorse the policy of objecting to titles. One man who had done something for the betterment of the human race might receive a title, but what distinction was it to him when another man who might have been whitewashed in the Bankruptcy Court also received a title? In the *Age* it was shown forcibly that no honor attached to titles, for which there should be no room in Australia. They turned the minds of people away from Australia and towards London. When people in Ireland looked for titles it was not for any service they rendered to Ireland, but because they were renegades to that country. Archbishop Mannix also touched on the war, the Peace Conference, industrial unrest, and the tariff question. He announced himself in favor of the tariff if it would benefit the people and not put more money into the pockets of manufacturers and capitalists.

ST. MARY'S RED CROSS CLASS, CHRISTCHURCH

The final meeting of St. Mary's Class (Catholic branch) of the Red Cross Society, was held in Ozanam Lodge on Wednesday evening, July 5. There was a large attendance, and among those present were Very Rev. Dean Regnault, Fathers Morris, Graham, Seymour, and Roche, Dr. Ardagh, and Nurses Buckley, Fitzgibbon, and Hilda Flynn, recently returned from the Front. Mr. P. Delany presided, and an apology for unavoidable absence was received from Mrs. Ardagh. The assembly room was tastefully and appropriately decorated for the occasion. As a prelude to a choice musical programme, the "Marsellaise" was played in honor of Dean Regnault (chaplain of the class) by Miss O'Brien, Mesdames Cronin, F. O'Brien, and McCullough, Misses O'Brien and D. Shaw, and Mr. J. Kingan also contributed items. Miss Erin Riordan read an address to the Dean, expressive of the appreciation of the class members of the practical interest he had manifested in their activities. This appreciation was shown in a more tangible manner by the presentation to the Dean of a parcel containing articles of comfort, and an initialled suede-bound blotter. The Very Rev. Dean, in expressing his grateful appreciation of the useful gifts, and of the thoughtful kindness on the part of the givers, outlined the work of the class, in the interests of the Red Cross organisation, since its inception; which showed results worthy of the highest commendation,

several hundred garments and 1133 pairs of socks, alone, being produced as an outcome of the industry of members. The Dean recommended the class to remain organised so as to be prepared for any emergency, or for any charitable work that may require assistance. In welcoming back the nurses, who were guests of honor that evening, Dean Regnault eulogised their self-sacrificing work on the field of action, and extended to them the gratitude of all for the loving care bestowed by them on our boys, and thus had been the means of saving many lives. He made sympathetic reference to the late Nurses O'Gorman and Fox, personal friends of his, who lost their lives in the torpedoed Marquette. Father Seymour added his meed of praise of both the Red Cross class and of the nurses. Dr. Ardagh, in replying for the nurses, gave a very interesting account of the conditions under which they were obliged to work, especially in the Passchendaele area. These were easily, said Dr. Ardagh, the worst experienced by our nurses, medical officers, and men during the war. He related incidents which showed that privation, suffering, and hardship had not altogether dulled their sense of humor, and the funny side of things could still appeal to them. During the supper interval advantage was taken of the occasion to present Mrs Kingan with a beautiful framed picture of the Sacred Heart, in recognition of her arduous duties, so well performed, in connection with the class. The presentation was made by Dean Regnault, and Mr. Kingan, in suitable terms, acknowledged the gift.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

July 12.

There were record enrolments in the Catholic Federation in this city on Federation Sunday, and there is every indication that the membership this year will be considerably augmented.

The work of rebuilding St. Mary of the Angels' Church, which was making good progress, has been stopped owing to the curtailment of the railway services. The shingle used is procured from the Hutt River, and consequently is dependent upon railway transport, which cannot be obtained.

Another of a series of euchre parties, held in aid of St. Mary's Church Rebuilding Fund, took place at the Marble Bar, Willis Street, last week, when, in spite of the bad weather, a large number attended. The first prizes were won by Mrs. Frew and Mr. McHugh, whilst the consolation went to Mrs. Britland and Mr. Drew.

A Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Joseph's Church, Buckle Street, on Tuesday morning for the repose of the souls of all soldiers killed in action. Archbishop O'Shea was celebrant, Father Mahony deacon, and Father Dignan subdeacon. Archbishop Redwood and all the city clergy were also present in the sanctuary. The music of the Mass was sung by the boys of St. Patrick's College Choir. The Rev. B. Gendringer, S.M., M.A., of the professorial staff of the college, preached an eloquent sermon on the sacrifices of the heroes who gave their lives for the Empire, with special reference to the many ex-students of Catholic scholastic institutions in the Dominion.

Corporal R. M. Girling-Butcher, son of Mr. George Girling-Butcher, is with the troops who are returning by the Port Pirie, now at Auckland. Corporal Girling-Butcher left Wellington with the 25th Artillery Reinforcement in April, 1917. Mr. Girling-Butcher, who is well-known throughout the Dominion as inspector of explosives, spent some time on the Western Front before being recalled by the War Office for special duty in connection with the manufacture of high explosives. After the signing of the Armistice he undertook, on behalf of the New Zealand Government, an investigation into the explosives industry in Great Britain and America, returning via Sydney, where he has been held up for some weeks by the shipping trouble.

Another old settler, Mr. John Power, died at his residence, Nairn Street, Wellington, last Friday. The deceased, who was born in Co. Tipperary, Ireland, came to the Dominion 45 years ago, shortly after his marriage, and settled in Timaru, where he was engaged in the boot trade for many years. In 1890 he removed to Wellington, commencing business in Thorndon Quay, where he carried on until his death. The late Mr. Power leaves a widow and grown-up family of two sons—Private J. W. Power, now serving with the N.Z. Expeditionary Force, and a member of the Wellington postal staff, and Mr. T. J. Power, of the State Fire Insurance Department, Wellington; and three daughters, Mesdames P. J. Kelleher and P. D. Hoskins and Miss Kate Power—to whom is extended the deepest sympathy of a large circle of friends. The interment took place on Saturday at Karori, Father Mahony, S.M., who attended the deceased in his last illness, officiating.—R.I.P.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

July 10.

The Convent and Brothers' Schools are closed for the winter holidays.

Father Bowden is no longer an invalid, but is, I am pleased to say, out and about again.

Very Rev. Father J. A. O'Connell spent the week in Wellington on Federation and other business.

Father McManus, Palmerston North, was here through the week. That wonderful little town of the beautiful squares is talking "bazaar" again.

Sisters Paul and Delphine, of the Sisters of Compassion, are here just now collecting for their home and its many needs. The Sisters are getting a good reception, and when they are not on the warpath are the guests of our own Sisters at the Convent on St. John's Hill. They went up to Jerusalem for the week-end.

On Sunday last, Federation Sunday, special reference was made to the advent of peace, the Masses on that day being thanksgiving ones. On Monday, the Mass, which was largely attended, was in commemoration of our deceased soldiers. There was to have been a big procession on the Sunday of bands, returned soldiers, Territorials, Cadets, and the general public, and an open-air service in front of the Drill Hall, but, owing to the day being stormy, the whole thing was reduced to services in the Drill Hall and His Majesty's Theatre.

Wanganui seems so far from everywhere that we are feeling the peculiarities of the railway time-table rather keenly. As regards actual travelling, things are not so bad, for enterprising motor people have run themselves into the breach, and are able to take us through to Wellington in a few hours, but these good folk are not taking "goods" very seriously, and are unable to carry them. Owing to the difficulty—almost impossibility—of getting timber and other raw materials, some of our local industries have had to pay off many of their men, which is anything but cheerful for those concerned. The disorganisation is only temporary, of course, and will right itself soon, but meantime we shall be "Tabletless" at the week-ends.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

July 10.

The parents of Captain T. B. Riordan (Mr. and Mrs. T. Riordan, of this city) have been notified by him, by cable, that he is returning to New Zealand by the Ulmaroa. Prior to enlisting with the Dental Corps, Captain Riordan conducted a successful dental business in Christchurch. He was a member of the Hibernian Society, and also of the Christchurch Symphony and Orchestral Societies.

There was a large attendance at the meeting, on last Tuesday evening, of the Christchurch Celtic Club, on the occasion of an interesting lecture, delivered by Father Fogarty on "Charles Kickham." At a later date, Father Fogarty intends to make an extended reference to the same subject, when he will treat of the works of Kickham. On the motion of the president of the club (Mr. J. Curry), a vote of thanks was accorded the lecturer. A short musical programme was rendered during the evening.

An enjoyable entertainment, organised by the Christchurch Celtic Club, was given in the Hibernian Hall on Wednesday evening, July 2, in the interests of the Hibernian Stall in connection with the Victory Fair. There was a good attendance, and an excellent programme of varied items was presented, the following contributing:—Misses M. and K. Crowe and Mr. A. Gillies (songs), Miss B. Whelan (recitation), Mr. J. Reeves (clog dance), Messrs. Marsden, Lammess, and Skinner (musical trio, banjo and mandolin), and Mr. F. Healey (humorous song). A ventriloquial act by Mr. C. Parsons proved very entertaining. Miss K. O'Connor efficiently filled the duties of accompanist, and also contributed a piano solo. The Irish comedy, "Nabochlish," was staged in the second part, the characters being excellently filled by Miss Cronin, Messrs. J. Curry, T. P. O'Rourke, P. Greenlees, D. McCormick, E. Fitzgerald, and J. Flannelly.

The members of St. Mary's Sodality of Children of Mary met in the schoolroom after the evening devotions on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul to offer felicitations to the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., it being also his feast day. An address appreciative of the interest the Dean has taken in the sodality, was read by the president (Miss K. Cosgrove). On behalf of the members, Miss K. Molloy asked the Dean's acceptance of a small gift as an earnest of their sincere regard, and accompanied by every good wish for many happy returns of his feast day. The Very Rev. Dean replied in appropriate terms.

On a recent afternoon the ladies of St. Mary's Altar Society held a very enjoyable "At Home" in Ozanam Lodge for the purpose of welcoming back two of their members, Mrs. P. A. Ardagh, who has been on duty at the Front for the past two years, and Mrs. Walter Clifford, recently returned from England, where she assisted in many war charities. The lodge was tastefully furnished in reception room style. The Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., and Father Roche, S.M., were present. An artistic musical recital was given by Mrs. Reginald Hill, assisted by Miss Mina Ward, at the conclusion of which Dean Regnault delivered a happy welcome-home address. Afternoon tea was served, after which three hearty cheers were given for the guests of honor.

Bro. J. M. Coffey, B.P., presided at the quarterly meeting of St. Patrick's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, held on Monday evening, June 30. Fathers Long and Fogarty were present, as were all the officers and a good percentage of members. Sick allowances totalling £3 14s 2d, and accounts amounting to £107 6s 6d, were passed for payment. The principal items included in the latter were: Medical attendants' fees £48 10s 9d, maternity allowances £8, dispensary dues £22 3s, funeral allowance (late Bro. Sellars) £20, hospital bed scheme £6 8s 6d. The president referred to the loss sustained by the society in New Zealand by the death of Bro. G. J. Sellars, who was so intimately and formerly so energetically connected with Hibernianism in Christchurch. He was (said Bro. Coffey) perhaps the best authority in New Zealand on matters connected with Friendly Societies generally. The regalia was draped out of respect to the memory of Bro. Sellars, who was exceedingly popular with members, and whose genial personality and gentlemanly attitude in the conduct of meetings is remembered with pleasure. A motion of condolence with the bereaved family was carried. Three new members were initiated, and two nominations received. Bro. Coffey, on behalf of the members, extended a cordial welcome to Bro. Ford King-

don, recently returned from active service, eulogising his activity in the branch prior to his departure from New Zealand. Bro. Kingdon thanked the brothers for the warmth of the welcome extended, and expressed his pleasure at being amongst his kith and kin once more in the Hibernian Hall.

The half-yearly meeting of St. Matthew's (ladies) branch of the Hibernian Society was held in the Hibernian Hall on Monday evening, July 7, Sister E. Jacques presiding over a full roll of officers and a good attendance of members. Sick allowance £2 was passed for payment, and two nominations for membership were received. The names of three candidates nominated for the position of District Deputy, rendered vacant through the resignation of Bro. R. P. O'Shaughnessy, were submitted, and a ballot was taken, which will be dealt with at a future meeting of St. Patrick's branch, when all the branches concerned will have forwarded their sealed papers. The following officers were elected for the ensuing half-year:—President, Sister E. Jacques; vice-president, Sister S. Greenlees; secretary, Sister B. M. Sloan; treasurer, Sister M. Smyth; warden, Sister M. Kirwan; guardian, Sister C. Tasker; sick visitors, Sisters Blackaby, Duggan, and Gleeson; assistant secretary, Sister K. Bridgman; auditors, Bros. Wall and Garty; U.F.S. Dispensary delegate, Sister E. Rodgers; Catholic Federation delegates, Sisters Morgan and Ryan. Bro. J. Jacques was elected to the office of trustee in place of the late Bro. Jas. Power. Sister E. Brophy, P.P., officiated at the installation ceremony, assisted by Father Long and Bro. M. Grimes. Father Long addressed the sisters on the duties of their respective offices, and congratulated the branch on the fine spirit existing amongst members, and also on the great progress made. His remarks were endorsed and supplemented by Bro. Grimes. Supper was afterwards served.

FOCH AND CLEMENCEAU.

The *Lutheran*, which cannot be accused of Catholic bias, says:—"No two men could stand further apart than Foch the marshal and Clemenceau the statesman. The one is a devout Catholic; the other a freethinker, if not a downright unbeliever. Politically the one belongs to the Clerical Party—and the other to the Anti-Clerical Party—the two parties were like fire and water, they would not mix. Everybody knows of the bitter feuds between these two parties, and of how the freethinking Government of France harassed and humiliated the Catholic Church and unseated it as a power in political affairs. But the war has wrought a great change. It was this same Clemenceau who despised the Church that called Foch to the head of the army. When Foch said to him, 'I propose to consecrate my armies to the Sacred Heart of Jesus,' Clemenceau gave the characteristic answer: 'Consecrate them to whatsoever you will so long as you win.' When the political barriers had broken down and the people fought and suffered as one, and when it was discovered that the soldiers who had a religion and a conscience were man for man the best in the army, 'Old Tiger' lost his claws and teeth and changed his whole attitude towards the Church (which France is of course predominantly Catholic). On the day the Armistice was signed, he spoke of General Foch in the Chamber of Deputies as 'the soldier of God.' While we as Protestants could wish that the evangelical Christianity were more in evidence in France than it is, we may well rejoice that the attitude of the Government towards the Church has undergone a radical change. Carlyle was wont to say that so long as there was a soul of good left in any religion or institution, it would not die, and Protestants will wish the Catholic Church well in that country; for as between unbelief and a Protestant liberalism which knows not what it believes, on the one hand, and Catholicism on the other, it would not be hard to choose."

J. M. J.

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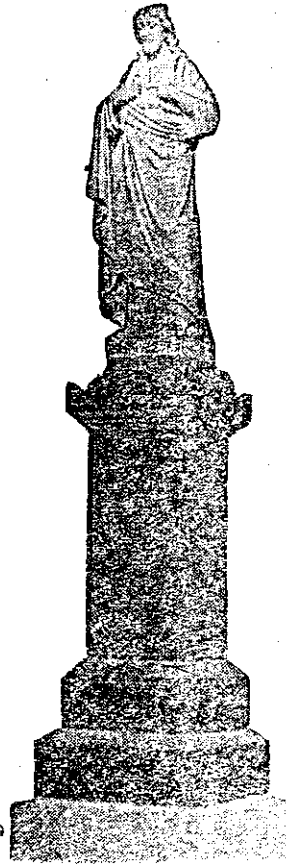
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BIRTH

HUSSEY.—On July 10, 1919, to Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hussey, Belgrave Crescent, Roslyn—a daughter.

MARRIAGES

HAILES—HAILES.—On June 4, 1919, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Takaka, by the Rev. Father Fay, Edward Cornelius, oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hailes, Kaikoura, to Florence, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Hailes, Takaka.

McDONALD—SMALL.—On June 17, 1919, at St. Thomas's Church, Winton, by the Rev. Father O'Neill, Archibald Gordon, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, Kelso, to Johanna, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Small, Winton.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

HYLAND—COURTNEY.—On July 17, 1869, at the Church of St. Mary, Glasgow, Scotland, by the Rev. Father P. Forbes, Maurice, second son of the late Mr. Maurice Hyland and Mrs. Hyland, of Co. Westmeath, Ireland, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Mr. John Courtney and Mrs. Courtney, of Bridgetown, Scotland. Present address: 38 Hassal Street, Timaru, New Zealand.

DEATHS

GILLIGAN.—On July 11, 1919, at Oamaru, Peter Gilligan.—R.I.P.

HALL.—On July 10, 1919, at her residence, "Craigton," Belleknowes, Dunedin, Mary Agnes, relict of William Joseph Hall.—Rest in Peace.

MORGAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Gilbert Morgan, who died at Wanganui on May 31, 1919, in his 39th year.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE**IN MEMORIAM**

WALKER.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Trooper Ralph Louis (19th Reinforcements), seventh son of the late J. J. Walker, of Akaroa, who died at No. 27 Military Hospital, Cairo, on July 23, 1918; aged 20 years.

Adorable Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul, Immaculate Heart of Mary, your prayers for him extol.

IN MEMORIAM

FOGARTY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Annie J. Cahill, wife of Francis Fogarty, who died at Invercargill on July 16, 1915.

MURPHY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Edmund Murphy, who died at 45 Oliphant Street, Ponsonby, on July 19, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving father and mother, brothers and sisters.

SCALES.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Edward Scales, who died at Kairanga on July 20, 1918.—May the Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving wife and family.

WANTEDS

WANTED.—A HOUSEKEEPER. Apply—Christian Brothers, Dunedin.

WANTED.—WAITRESS. Apply Matron, St. Patrick's College, Wellington.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—The Union of Churches, p. 25. Notes—St. Joan of Arc, pp. 26-27. Current Topics—Home Rule; The Word of British Government; Good P.P.A. Advice; On the Views of a Forger; St. Bartholomew's Day, pp. 14-15. Canonisation of Joan of Arc, by Archbishop Redwood, p. 17. The Catholic Origin of Democracy, by Archbishop Redwood, p. 37. Let Governments Beware! p. 9. Maynooth Mission to China, p. 11. Irish News, p. 31. Book Notices, p. 35. The Religion of Marshal Foch, p. 39.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

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.*

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

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

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

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

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, JULY 17, 1919.

THE UNION OF CHURCHES

FEW months ago our cables announced that a number of American Protestant bishops had set out for Rome with the purpose of consulting with the Pope for a union of all the Churches. A cable to the Brooklyn Tablet, dated from Rome, May 22, informs us that Pope Benedict granted a special audience to the delegates of the American Commission for the Pan-Christian Congress. Archbishop Cerretti acting as interpreter, the Holy Father addressed the delegates in the following words:

"The Pope thanks you for your visit. As successor to St. Peter and the Vicar of Christ, he has no greater desire than that there should be one fold and one shepherd. The Pope adds that the teaching and practise of the Roman Catholic Church regarding unity of the visible Church of Christ is well known, and, therefore, it would not be possible for the Catholic Church to participate in such a Congress as is proposed. However,

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he by no means wishes to disapprove of the Congress in question for those who are not in union with the Chair of St. Peter; on the contrary, he earnestly desires and prays that those who partake therein may, by the Grace of God, see the light and become reunited to the Visible Head of the Church, who will receive them with open arms."

After the audience the visitors were received by Cardinal Gasparri, who discussed the project in a friendly manner, while dwelling on the attitude of the Catholic Church.

*

We understand that the visitors were disappointed at the result of their mission, while at the same time they were sensible of the courtesy of their reception. What we fail to understand is that they should ever have imagined it possible that the attitude of Rome could be otherwise. The average Catholic, from a knowledge of his catechism, could have told the American bishops that the Church, which is the divinely-appointed custodian of the deposit of Truth, could under no circumstances compromise in matters of doctrine, and that union was possible only on the understanding that a common acceptance of the entire deposit of the Faith must be the first step. The mind of the Catholic Church on this cardinal question is unequivocal. As Christ, the Founder of the Church, is One, so the Church He founded is one; as unity is His attribute, so is it Truth's; and as Truth is from above, it is independent of man and cannot be changed by human intelligence or by the vagaries and vicissitudes of created imaginations. Truth is God Himself, and man must bow down before its revelation: in a word, this is the essential position of Catholics. All members of the Catholic Church must accept all the revelation of Christ, as contained in the Bible and Tradition; and all those who coming from outside the Fold seek union with the Catholic Church must fully accept the mind of Christ as revealed in the Church's doctrine. Truth is indivisible, and with the Church, which is the pillar and the ground of Truth, Christ remains all days to safeguard it from error. Moreover, the Church is united with Christ as His spouse, His bride, His mystical body; He lives and acts in and through the Church to-day and always, and every member of the Church is a member of Christ. It is certain beyond shadow of doubt that we can only become members of Christ on His conditions. We cannot co-opt ourselves or arrange for ourselves on what terms we will accept membership. That is above and beyond us; the conditions were made by Him, and no conferences or congresses will in any way affect them. The other Churches have compromised at times; they allow a large variety of contradictory doctrines to be held by their members; in their outward and visible action they show forth clearly that they are in doubt as to the mind of Christ and as to His teaching. There is no need to labor this point: it is sufficient to recall that when one Anglican bishop published a manual of what he held to be Christian doctrine a divine who is now another Anglican bishop protested that the manual was misleading. In the Catholic Church no such dissension as regards doctrine is possible, because as He is One in His Divine Person so also Christ is One in His teaching, revealed to be held by all members of His Church. On this principle alone can any union ever be conceivable: to make any compromise where the divine deposit of doctrine is concerned would be an impossibility for the Pope as Visible Head of the Catholic Church. In the words of Leo XIII., "Not the foundation of the Church alone, but its whole constitution, belongs to the class of things effected by Christ's free choice. For this reason the entire case must be judged by what was actually done. We must consequently investigate not how the Church may possibly be one, but how He who founded it willed it should be one."

*

Laudable as was the object of the American Mission to Rome, we could see from the first that it was doomed to failure. "There is one God, and one Christ,"

says St. Cyprian, "and His Church is one and the faith is one; and one the people joined together in the solid unity of the body in the bond of concord. This unity cannot be broken, nor the one body divided by the separation of its constituent parts." To all Catholics it is clear that only when other Churches become one with us, in unity of faith and in organic unity under one head in the mystical body of Christ can the dream be realised. We are the Church founded on the rock; the Roman Pontiff is the successor of Peter for whom Christ prayed that his faith should never fail and that he should confirm his brethren. To all men we preach the Gospel of Christ; but we preach it as He willed not as they would have us preach it. For, as we said before, it is from above and no man may mould it or change it according to human ideas. The Pope and the humblest Catholic are members of the Church on the same conditions: they must receive without doubt the deposit of the Faith and believe and profess all the Church teaches. And on like conditions, and on no others, all mankind are welcome to the Fold, which will never receive them otherwise.

NOTES

St. Joan of Arc

The spring of this year was surely a healing time in France. On scarred fields, on burnt hills, on blasted trees nature's magic hand had work to do, hiding ugliness and bringing back beauty to the landscape once more. The winter had fled and the rain of tears had passed away when the south winds began to blow in April over the arid plains. Spring, with its soft breezes and its kindly showers, brought back new life and new hope this year; and it brought something even more than these: it brought to the Catholic hearts of the men and women of France the joyous tidings that their own Jeanne's canonisation was accomplished and the Maid of Orleans placed as a saint on the altars of the Church. After the passion they had gone through, after their treading of the wine-press, after their weeping and their watching the news of Jeanne's glory came upon them like a benison: and who shall say that French Catholic hearts could ask for a sweeter and prouder reward at the end of the long night just gone down? To us the canonisation of Jeanne d'Arc means something as beautiful and as ineffable as the consolation of a great grace, and brings with it something of the wonderful, unique delight that a child hides in his soul on the day of First Communion. What, then, must it import for France when the Maid of Domremy in whom all the romance of the old world is embodied and spiritualised is crowned with a halo whose rays shine into every home from the Rhine to La Manche?

Joan's Apologists

On a dark day in the past England stained her soul with the blood of Joan. It is worth remembering now that after the years that have gone there have been modern Frenchmen ready to throw mud at the pure heroine who ought to evoke chivalrous admiration even from savages. Yet, so deep did materialism and atheism plunge some Frenchmen in degradation that they, or haply the devils that possessed them, tried to belittle her whom God made so great. And here is where an opportunity was found by English writers to make what atonement they could for the crime of their country. Andrew Lang's book on Joan of Arc is a splendid tribute; de Quincey's panegyric is as lovely and as fragrant as a wreath of roses laid on her tomb. Strange to say, too, one of the most interesting books to which Mark Twain set his name is a Life of the Maid of Orleans. Anyhow, in this hour of joy it is something to feel glad about; it is as it should be that the descendants of those at whose hands she suffered should be among the first to bear witness to her

heroism, her purity, her honor. May we say, also, that we welcome in this light all the more Archbishop Redwood's splendid article published in this issue of the *Tablet*. His Grace grew to manhood in Joan's France, where he became saturated with the intense Catholic feeling which is the undying possession of the real France, and no hand is more worthy than his to be the first in this new country to lay a magnificent tribute at the feet of the new-crowned saint.

Suffering Short, Joy Endless

In Schiller's great tragedy of which Joan is the heroine we find a line worth remembering now :

Kurz ist der Schmerz, und ewig ist die Freude,

which may be translated, "Suffering is brief, and joy is eternal." Joan's sufferings are long over. The torturing examinations, the endless inquisitions, the snares set for the little peasant girl by clever jurists who sought to trap her, the dreary, dark days and the lonely vigils of waking nights, the breaking of her young heart in the dungeon from which she could see her green trees and hear the song of her birds—all these are over and gone. In the pages of history live on the records of the final horror of her execution: in the imagination of all who love her remains for ever the vision of the fire and smoke wrapping her young limbs like a shroud and hiding her from the view of the wicked, brutal soldiery who watched her passing. The pains she felt were not brief if measured by our time: her agony was long-drawn and awful, and she was spared nothing of it. It is short in the light of eternity: and into that light she has entered now, a radiant, queenly Joan, who is given to us all in the Communion of Saints, and ours for ever. To her we may all say now, *St. Joan, pray for us!*

De Quincey

With a word from de Quincey we close this thought of St. Joan of Arc:—

"Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, king of France, but she will not hear thee! Cite her by thy apparitors to come and receive a robe of honor, but she will be found *en contumace*. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor peasant girl that gave up all for her country, thy ear, young shepherd girl, will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life: that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidst is short; and the sleep which is in the grave is long. Let me use that life so transitory for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long. This pure creature—pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious,—never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was travelling to meet her. . . . The poor forsaken girl . . . drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang together with the songs that rose in her native Domremy, as echoes of the departing steps of the invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances at Vaucouleurs which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent; no! for her feet were dust. Pure, innocent, noble girl, whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was among the strongest pledges of thy truth, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee! Oh, no! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those who share thy blood."

Fine as de Quincey is he missed two important things. Joan was not going to darkness. She was going to death; she never doubted that; her voices called and she followed, knowing that *they* were leading, it might be through the dark portal of death, but

leading at any rate into light and rest eternal. Again, no earthly honors reached her in life, nor did she seek any. No king of France, but the King of Kings called her; and to His calling her ears were not deaf. Honors are hers now, and not only all of her blood, but all of her faith share in them. We share in the honors, but we share in her too. So let us get accustomed to call upon her help. *St. Joan, pray for us!*

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The annual meeting of the Dunedin Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation will be held to-morrow evening (Friday, July 18).

Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the souls of the soldiers who lost their lives in the war will be celebrated in St. Joseph's Cathedral on Monday next, commencing at 9 a.m.

The members of St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's branches of the Hibernian Society are notified to assemble at 12.30 on Saturday next at St. Patrick's Schoolroom, South Dunedin, to take part in the procession in celebration of the signing of the Peace Terms.

A brilliant rendering of Gounod's "Ave Maria," with violin obbligato by Miss Ava Symons, was given by Miss Carrie Lanceley in St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday evening. These talented artistes are at present filling a professional engagement in this city.

A successful and enjoyable social, under the auspices of St. Joseph's Men's Club, was held on last Monday evening in the Victoria Hall. The excellent musical and other arrangements were much appreciated by the large assembly, and greatly enhanced the pleasure of the occasion.

Father Langley, C.S.S.R., who conducted a three-days' retreat for the Dominican Nuns at St. Dominic's Priory, commencing on last Friday, is now conducting a retreat (which commenced on Wednesday evening) for the Dominican Nuns at Oamaru. Father Langley preached on last Sunday evening at Vespers in St. Joseph's Cathedral.

The Christian Brothers' School football teams were again successful on last Saturday. In the A grade the "Greens" defeated Technical School, after a good game, by 4 goals to nil. The manner in which the forwards charged the opposing goal-keeper gave the latter very little chance of defending his goal. The F team, which is also in the A grade, put up a really good fight against High School A, suffering a defeat by 2 to 1, and were very unlucky in not making it a drawn game. M. Wakelin, by a fine piece of play, scored for the "Greens." The B grade match was also well contested, but the Brothers' boys proved too good for Caversham, winning by 3 goals to nil. L. Roughan, A. Smith, and I. McKenzie each scored 1 goal. In the C grade the D team defeated High School D by 5 goals to 1. J. Cullen (3), B. Burrell and G. Clarke (a penalty) were the successful goal kickers. The E team easily defeated High Street D by 5 goals to nil. The goals were scored by G. Brittenden (3), T. McCarten, and J. Rodgeron.

Mrs. Stone, president of St. Joseph's Red Cross and Patriotic Guild, has received the following letter of appreciation regarding the guild's activities:—

Dear Mrs. Stone,—Will you please convey the warmest thanks of the executive of the Red Cross Society to the Catholics of Dunedin who so generously donated £50 to the Montecillo Convalescent Home Fund per the St. Joseph's Ladies' Guild. My committee desires me to say how grateful they are for your handsome donation, and to express deep appreciation of the splendid manner in which the members of the St. Joseph's Ladies' Guild have helped with the work for the wounded soldiers during the period of the war.

With kind regard and renewed thanks,

Yours faithfully,

ISABEL B. McLEAN,
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IN ITALY AND AUSTRIA: WAR'S AFTERMATH

A NEW ZEALAND SOLDIER'S IMPRESSIONS.

Writing to the *Tablet* from Rome, under date May 9, 1919, Mr. Frank Levin (N.Z.F.A.), of Tinakori Road, Wellington, gives an interesting account of life in Italy, of the people's joy and satisfaction at the termination of the war, and of the whole-hearted hospitality extended by them to the British and colonial soldiers.

Sergeant Levin was with the New Zealand Field Artillery, and prior to returning to England for demobilisation received furlough in France. He made an extended tour of the chief French centres, including Lourdes, also the principal towns of Austria and Italy, including Milan, Genoa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Bologna, and Venice. While at Rome he had the very special privilege of being received in audience by his Holiness the Pope, and was afterwards shown over the Vatican and the adjoining interesting and historical buildings. His intention was then to return to Paris along the Riviera, a stay being made *en route* at Nice and Lourdes. The Austro-Italian battlefields, Asiago, Piave, and Carso, were also visited. From Paris, Sergeant Levin was to go to England, preparatory to leaving for the United States, and then later intended to resume his journey to New Zealand. Writing of the plight of ruined Austria, the brutal force of the German hand was (he said) everywhere apparent. In his concluding remarks the visitor narrates:—Having at last penetrated well into central Austria, after the most cheerless and slow train journey that could be possibly attempted, I offered my temporary assistance to one of the many excellent Allied Red Cross Commissions—American I think it was—and then our relief train started off, its merciful purpose being to assist the distracted and hungry populace. As our train struggled on laboriously, across the great length of Austrian territory, stopping occasionally for a few hours in some of the more important towns, we realised the people's plight more fully than ever by the pictures of poverty seen in succession, each an eloquent reminder of what these people have had to endure during the earlier periods of the war. Everything had fallen into the most horrifying disrepair, even the trains in which we travelled were entirely without windows or lighting of any kind: poverty and hunger confronted one at every turn. Worst of all, the people seemed to have surrendered all hope, all ambition, and, lost in a miasma of inactivity and despair, appeared merely to be awaiting their destiny, whatever it might be. Comparatively speaking, the ruin of these towns was as complete as that of Northern France. The streets of each town that we visited were dirty, almost filthy, and rows of shops were shuttered and closed, whilst apathetic crowds stood idly about, and virtually no business seemed afoot. At every railway station and in the railway yards was a great quantity of rolling-stock, engines being very noticeable, but these, together with the freight and passenger cars, were, as all things else, idle, and simply left to rot. There were a number of fair-sized towns before we finally reached the destination where we were to hand out supplies to the people, and at each place along the route we made halts sufficiently long to find sure evidence that with little, if any, variation, the same apathy and despair were unfortunately only too faithfully repeated. And all the more amazed, if not saddened, must even the most casual observer feel, when he meditates on such a spectacle. He realises, though slightly, what the war has meant to such people, and pondering over the grim aftermath of totally expended energies, sorrows, and anxieties, and, over all, the blight of the German military machine, their complete disillusionment regarding the whole fiendish business can be readily understood.

The work of our lives may be summed up thus: To leave ourselves and all things, to take the Cross for our standard, arms, and recompense, and to attach ourselves for ever to Jesus Christ.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(By telegraph, from our own correspondent.)

July 15.

The financial results of the social held on July 3 in the interests of the Catholic Women's Hostel were satisfactory. The prizes in the euchre tournament were presented by Very Rev. Dean Cahill.

At a social held on last Thursday evening in the Sacred Heart Hall, Ponsonby, Father Hunt was presented with a gold wristlet watch, as a mark of the esteem in which he is held by the parishioners.

The death occurred on Wednesday, July 2, at Coromandel, of Mr. B. Rockliff, J.P., after an illness of some weeks' duration. The deceased was a retired schoolmaster, and Father O'Byrne, who attended him in his last illness and afterwards officiated at the obsequies, relates the interesting fact that one of the names on the late Mr. Rockliff's school register is that of Matthew J. Brodie, now Bishop of Christchurch. The funeral was attended by practically the whole adult population of Coromandel. By the passing away of Mr. Rockliff, the Church has lost a faithful adherent and generous supporter.—R.I.P.

His Lordship Bishop Cleary presided at a large and enthusiastic gathering in St. Benedict's Hall, Newton, on Sunday, June 29, when matters connected with the formation of a Catholic Men's Club were considered. Among those present were the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, and a number of the local clergy. The meeting unanimously adopted proposals to establish the club, and a management committee of 18 members was appointed. Several donations (one amounting to £100) were promised, and it is intended to rent central premises until the club is completely organised.

A welcome home was tendered last week in the local public hall by the people of Waiuku to Father Skinner, C.F., on his return from active duty at the Front. During the social Father Skinner was presented by the townspeople with a solid silver tea service. Father Taylor officiated as chairman of the gathering, among those present being Rev. J. C. Fussell, Father Doherty, Major Aldred, and Lieutenant Rowe.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated on last Sunday at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in thanksgiving for the signing of the Peace Terms. Father Forde was celebrant, Father J. J. O'Byrne deacon, Father J. Buckley sub-deacon, and Father Bradley master of ceremonies. The choir, under Mr. Cyril Towsey, sang Mercadante's Mass. Father Doyle preached the occasional sermon, and at Vespers in the evening the pulpit was occupied by the Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook.

On Sunday, July 6, his Lordship Bishop Brodie imparted the Sacrament of Confirmation to nearly 100 candidates, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Ellerslie. The Right Rev. Mgr. Hackett and Very Rev. Dean Cahill assisted at the ceremony, others of the clergy present including Fathers T. McCarthy (Marist Missioner), Forde, and Bradley. Bishop Brodie afterwards blessed and formally opened the recent extensions to the parochial school buildings. The proceedings were participated in by a large gathering. Songs of welcome to the Bishop were sung by the children, and speeches were made, eulogistic of the splendid work accomplished by Mgr. Hackett, the outcome of his zealous efforts in the interests of Catholic education.

We have been requested to state that the drawing of the Christian Brothers' Art Union in Australia is now definitely arranged for September 30. Owing to the general disorganisation caused by the influenza outbreak, the original date appointed for the drawing could not be adhered to.

Life, in the spiritual sense, is not meant to be up and down. It is meant to be up and up; and beyond the steep ascent lie the tablelands of God. The heights we climb we should keep.

Paeoro

(From our own correspondent.)

July 7.

Sunday last was observed as a day of special devotion at St. Mary's Church, in thanksgiving for the signing of the Peace Terms. At the conclusion of the Mass of Thanksgiving, there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, many attending in Adoration during the afternoon. Prayers of intercession for lasting peace were offered at the

evening devotions, and, from the text "Peace be unto you," a discourse appropriate of the occasion was delivered by Father Dunphy. In his concluding remarks the preacher said that by a somewhat remarkable coincidence the following day was the Feast of SS. Cyril and Methodius, patrons of the Jugo-Slavs, and he exhorted his hearers to have recourse to those saints, that, through their intercession, the blessings of peace would also be given to these unfortunate people who were now fighting among themselves.

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Mrs. O'B., Queen's Drive, Musselburgh, Dunedin, 30/12/19; E. S., Kilmeen Farm, Waimatua, 8/7/20; V. R., Wharf St., Oamaru, 15/7/20; E. J. O'D., Till St., Oamaru, 15/1/20; F. P., Till St., Oamaru, 15/7/20; M. De C., Till St., Oamaru, 15/7/20; A. S., Thames St., Oamaru, 15/7/20; Captain R., Tees St., Oamaru, 15/7/20; Mrs. H., North St., Oamaru, 15/7/20; H. S., North St., Oamaru, 15/7/20; D. K., Newborough, Oamaru, 15/7/20; E. K., Usk St., Oamaru, 15/7/20; T. H. C., Kurow, 15/1/20; A. F., Kurow, 15/7/20; M. B., Kurow, 15/7/20; A. H. McK., Marama, 15/7/20; R. R., Hakataramea, 15/7/20; N. T., Hakataramea, 15/7/20; C. L. A., Hakataramea, 15/7/20; Miss K., St. Kilda, 30/12/19; Miss H., European Hotel, Dunedin, 8/1/20; Mrs. K., Cumberland St., Dunedin, 15/7/19; Mrs. C., Cargill Rd., S. Dunedin, 30/9/19; J. W., Lorne P.O., Invercargill, 30/6/20; M. D., Wyndham, 15/7/20; M. O'N., c/o P. K. Hyde, 30/12/19; Father H., Alexandra, 30/8/20; C. O'H., Dick St., S. Dunedin, 8/7/20; M. M., Mossburn, Southland, 15/2/22; T. F., Mosgiel, 15/1/20.

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N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

GORE BRANCH.

The annual meeting of the Gore branch of the Catholic Federation was held in the local town hall on Wednesday, July 1, in the form of a social gathering. Prior to the particular business of the meeting, a euchre tournament was held, the prize-winners being Mrs. E. J. Columb and Mr. M. Fitzgerald. The Very Rev. P. O'Donnell (president), in moving the adoption of the annual report and statement of accounts, expressed his appreciation of the continued support accorded to the Catholic Federation by the parishioners, and trusted the ensuing year's returns would be as satisfactory, if not more so, than the one then under review. Mr. D. L. Poppelwell, vice-president of the branch, and president of the Dominion Council, seconded the adoption of the report and balance sheet, and spoke at length on the aims, objects, and achievements of the Catholic Federation. After emphasising the immense amount of good accomplished during the year by means of the Field Service Fund; Mr. Poppelwell urged a continuance of the special annual collection, formerly made in aid of this fund and amounting to upwards of £50. Not being now required for its original purpose (explained the speaker), the proceeds could be applied to the purposes of a scholarship fund in the interests of the children attending the Catholic schools of the parish. Concluding an interesting and informing address, Mr. Poppelwell referred to the signing of peace, which, it was hoped, meant peace in the true sense. Entirely new conditions had, however, been brought about through the war, and in meeting these, and in the work of reconstruction, generally, all our Catholic resources were needed, and at no time in the whole history of the Catholic Federation was united action more necessary. This being so, our organisation required to be strengthened to its utmost limits, and, while conserving Catholic interests, and striving for simple justice, we will be ever found in the forefront of any movement having for its object the social well-being of the whole community. Office-bearers for the ensuing year were appointed as follows:—President, Very Rev. P. O'Donnell; vice-president, Mr. D. L. Poppelwell; secretary, Mr. M. J. Francis; committee, Mrs. D. L. Poppelwell, Messrs. O. Kelly, J. Foster, J. Columb, E. J. Columb, J. Kerr, M. Fitzgerald, and J. Quirk. Representatives of the different societies of the parish on the committee will include those from the Hibernian Society, Hibernian Football Club, Altar Society, and Sodality of the Children of Mary. At the first meeting of the branch held since the signing of peace the following resolution was passed:—"That the Gore branch of the New Zealand Catholic Federation at this, its first meeting after the signing of the Peace Treaty, places on record: (1) Its gratification at the termination of the war; (2) its profound gratitude to Almighty God for the victory of the Allies; (3) its appreciation of the great work done and sacrifices made by our brave soldiers; (4) offers its sincere condolences to those whose loved ones have lost their lives or been wounded during the war."

WANGANUI BRANCH.

The annual meeting of the Wanganui branch of the Catholic Federation was held in St. Joseph's school-room on Sunday, June 29. Very Rev. Father O'Connell presided over a fair attendance. Mr. J. F. Stratford (secretary) read the balance sheet, which showed a credit, and a very interesting report dealing with the year's workings, both of which were adopted. The membership for the past year was 1086, an increase of one member over the previous year. The following officers and committee were elected:—President, Very Rev. J. A. O'Connell; vice-presidents, Messrs. W. M. Luxford and T. Lloyd; secretary and treasurer, Mr. F. J. Stratford. Committee—representing St. Mary's Church, Misses O'Sullivan and Aramburu, Messrs. Redwood, Koorey, Warwick, and Barry; representing St. Joseph's (Aramoho), Mesdames Keegan and Coxon, Messrs. Luxford, Dowling, Collins, and Taunton; representing

Hibernians, Messrs. Stratford and Morgan; representing St. Vincent de Paul Society (ladies, Aramoho), Mesdames Luxford and Richardson; representing St. Vincent de Paul Society (Men's Conference, Aramoho), Messrs. Hartley and Provost; and the Wanganui Conference, Messrs. Lloyd and Hart. Reference was made to the good work done by the late secretary, Mr. Collins, who was obliged to relinquish the office owing to pressure of other duties.

NORTH-EAST VALLEY.

The annual meeting of members of the Sacred Heart Church congregation, North-East Valley, was held on Sunday evening, in the schoolroom, after devotions, to elect a committee for the ensuing year in connection with the Catholic Federation. The Very Rev. Father Coffey presided, and there was a good attendance. The nominations for membership of the committee exceeding the number required, a ballot was taken and resulted in the return of the following:—Misses Murphy and Skinner, Messrs H. L. Gallien, J. Matheson, J. Dunne, and Mellick. Mr Matheson was elected secretary and treasurer, and Messrs. Gallien and Dunne representatives on St. Joseph's Cathedral Parish Committee. The committee undertook to keep the church and school property in order, a further work, suggested by Father Coffey, being the compiling of a complete census of the Catholics residing in the North-East Valley portion of St. Joseph's Cathedral parish. It was decided to at once commence the enrolment of members for the present year.

WEDDING BELLS

McDONALD—SMALL.

On Tuesday, June 17, a quiet but pretty wedding was solemnised at St. Thomas' Church, Winton, when Second-Lieutenant Archibald Gordon McDonald, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs McDonald, Kelso, was united in the bonds of holy matrimony to Miss Johanna Small, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Small, East Winton. Father P. O'Neill officiated, and celebrated a Nuptial Mass. The altar was tastefully adorned with white flowers; and it may here be appropriately mentioned that the care and decoration of the altar has been a labor of love on the part of the bride for a number of years. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a pretty gown of cream satin and ninon, with satin train, veil and blossoms. She was attended by her sister Molly as bridesmaid, who wore champagne colored crepe-de-chine and black crepe-de-chine hat. Private William Duggan, of Wrey's Bush, a "digger" chum of the bridegroom, was best man. Mrs. H. O'Reilly played the wedding march. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a gold bangle, and to the bridesmaid an opal and diamond ring. The bride's gift to the bridegroom was a gold and topaz watch pendant. After the ceremony the guests motored to the residence of the bride's parents, where the wedding breakfast was partaken of and the usual toasts duly honored. Many congratulatory telegrams were received, and presents both numerous and costly. The happy couple left by the express *en route* for the North Island. The bride's travelling dress was a navy blue costume and hat to match, and a pretty set of squirrel furs. Both the bridegroom and the best man returned last month from the Front, the former having left with the Sixth Reinforcement, the latter being a Main Body man. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald will take up their residence in Invercargill on their return.

Look at the dead yesterdays only to see their final meaning as they lie still in the pitiless white light of the irrevocable. But then turn to to-day; and make every sin and every agony an education, take the past up into the spirit, and offer the one atonement—consecrated living now.—Edward Howard Grigge.

IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

The Mayor of Limerick (Alderman O'Mara) recently applied for a passport to America on business connected with his firm (O'Mara Bros., bacon curers), but was refused by the Foreign Office.

The *Yorkshire Post* says Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, M.P., will shortly go to Ireland as Chief Secretary. The present occupant of the position, Mr. MacPherson, is generally acknowledged to be a failure.

The death is officially announced of Captain Forbes, Royal Irish Regiment. Captain Forbes was son of the late Earl of Granard, and brother of the present earl. The Granards are a Catholic Irish family which has suffered many losses during the war.

It is proposed to make the Cork University College an independent university, and a Bill for this purpose has been drafted. The Sinn Fein M.P.'s for Munster are making a vigorous protest against the proceedings of the promoters, on national grounds.

President Wilson has sent a special letter to Father Robert O'Loughran, thanking him for his book, "Redmond's Vindication." H.M. the King of the Belgians has, through his secretary, sent a letter of thanks to Father O'Loughran for all he has done for the Allies, and especially for "my suffering country."

The Provincial, Dublin, has been notified by the War Office that Captain Rev. Rupert J. Roche, C.F., O.P., Liverpool Regiment, is not missing, as formerly stated. Father Roche is a native of Cork, and, before going on active service, was Professor of Philosophy at Tallaght House. On February 6, a letter was received from Father Roche from North Russia, stating his life was in danger, and that he had little hope of getting through safely.

Writing about the middle of April, the *Daily News* correspondent says:—"Limerick is like a besieged city to-day, all intercourse with the outside world being stopped through a general strike, the result of the city being proclaimed a 'military area.' The strike involves all workers from street sweepers to clerks, and every branch of trade and industry: 15,000 organised workers are idle." The bishops and leading clergy state, in a public letter, that the military action is unwarranted.

THE NEW WITNESS ON IRELAND.

The English Government in Ireland should write a handy guide on how to stimulate revolt, and to persuade foreign countries that the revolt is a revolution. A judicious tyrant would have had his house in order, if only for the occasion of Irish-American delegates' visit. We may admire the honesty which chose just this one day for a spectacular piece of tyranny; we can but weep for the intelligence. The incident has gained little notice in the English press: and but for Mr. Louis J. Walsh, it might have escaped our attention. Briefly, it was this: Shortly before the hour when the American delegates were due at the Dublin Mansion House to meet the members of the Dail, a number of military motor lorries, filled with troops in full service kit and trench helmets arrived in Dawson Street—armored cars with machine guns patrolling in the rear. Cordons of soldiers with fixed bayonets were established round the Mansion House. One volley was fired over the heads of the crowd, and many persons were thrown down and trampled upon in the consequent stampede. When the American delegates arrived, escorted by de Valera and Griffith, the two Irish leaders were stopped by the military, and the delegates therefore remained with their hosts until the cordon was withdrawn. The object of this very considerable military demonstration was said to be the search of the Mansion House for prescribed persons. The search was actually made, but there were no captures. Had Messrs. de Valera and Griffith staged the scene as an example of how Prussianism in Ireland works, it could not have been better done. If the rumor that this shockingly foolish move was the work

of some subordinate officers should prove correct, it will point to lack of discipline in the garrison. If it be a fact that the Viceroy as soon as he heard of it promptly stopped the folly, he will not be absolved; unless he punishes the delinquents as promptly.

There is a very pretty quarrel on in East Antrim. Mr. G. R. Hanna declares that he has been offered £4000 and the promise of a job if he will stand down. Major Moore challenges any man in the country to prove it. Mr. Hanna responds that any man who says he did not get that offer is a liar. The offer was made "by one of Major Moore's sub-agents." What astonishes us and delights us is that in Ireland the incident should have aroused such indignation. In England such things are a commonplace; though, of course, £4000 and a job would be a very good price for so simple a service. As far as we can recollect, it was only £10,000 that was named by the Party Caucus, according to Mr. Stoll, as the price of a title. But probably corruption has not yet made such headway in Ireland, even in Carsonite circles, as it has over here, and the prices at present rule high. For we take it for granted that somebody offered Mr. Hanna that money, though Major Moore may have known nothing about it. And that person must have behind him others not without wealth and influence. There's a job thrown in, you know!

Sir Francis Vane sends in the following notes:—

"If the crowded and enthusiastic meetings which I attended at the Essex and Chandos Halls are to be taken as samples of present Irish opinion, I confess that it will be necessary to readjust our outlook. It will be remembered that in the many articles which I have had the privilege to contribute to the *New Witness*, it has always been held that while the demand has been for complete separation, yet this was only another way of stating the just claim of Ireland for autonomy. In fact, the righteous cry: Ireland a Nation, did not mean necessarily disconnecting herself completely from the Commonwealth of Nations, which we rather absurdly call the Empire. The audiences last night and the speakers—clerical and lay—allowed of no hope for any such development as a State under Colonial Home Rule, but rather that of a free and independent Republic. In truth and deed the wind has turned East. Far from deprecating the claim of Ireland for self-determination, on the contrary, I have always enforced the fact that this was the only possible claim in logic which she could make, but I believed that this right, when granted, would not be exercised to its full extent. I do not think so now. No doubt the stupid blundering involved in military rule in Ireland, has forced the pace, for some of the stories recounted by Mr. Sean MacEntee, M.I.P., of what is really taking place, if accurate, beggar expression in denunciation. A child of 12 arrested on his way from school and hidden in a police barracks for three months without his parents being informed, a sick man shot by a constable without adequate provocation, military bayonet charges on unarmed crowds, etc., would seem to be incredible in any country west of Suez. There seems to be no doubt of the fact that the continuance of martial law in Ireland is there, as everywhere, creating for the Empire a situation as cruel as it is undignified. Just as Sir John Maxwell, three years ago, by his ruthless revenge, made Sinn Fein the only party, and Colonial Home Rule the only policy, so the continuance of martial law is making, or has made, Republicanism the only ideal. Unfortunately, Mr. Ginnell, M.I.P., was not present, being apparently engaged in trying to prevent the soldiers in Athlone from bayonet-charging crowds of men and women, but there was no doubt about the enthusiasm of the meetings—or of the opinions of the men and women present—opinions which, if universal in Ireland, will no doubt give Mr. George some sleepless nights and many bad quarters of an hour in the daytime with President Wilson."

Without respect for law there is no liberty.—
Gasparin.

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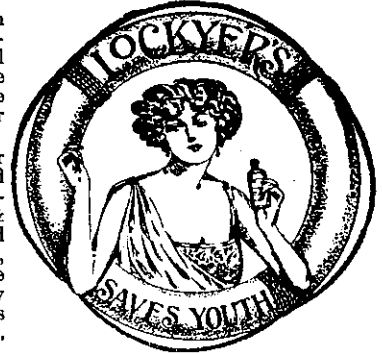
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Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

July 4.

Widespread regret was felt at the death of Miss Annie Winifred Hogan, youngest daughter of Mrs. M. Hogan, of Munroe Street, which occurred on Saturday last. The deceased young lady, who was 24 years of age, had by her gentle and loving ways endeared herself to a wide circle of friends in the Napier and Taradale districts. She had been ill for some time, and had borne her suffering with the utmost fortitude and patience. Deepest sympathy is extended to her sorrowing mother and sister.—R.I.P.

Mr. Paul Verschaffelt, of the Public Trust Department, formerly secretary to the Public Service Commissioners, and who recently succeeded in obtaining his L.L.B. degree, is an old Napier boy, and was educated at the Napier Marist Brothers' School. It is pleasing to note that several Marist old boys have recently distinguished themselves.

Father Ainsworth (Marist Missioner) spent last week end in Napier.

Rev. Brother Egbert is now teaching at the Marist Brothers' School here.

On Wednesday evening (25th) the Napier Fire Brigade received a call to the Napier Convent at 9.20 p.m., where a shed near the gardener's cottage had taken fire. No serious damage was done.

A very successful Catholic social, in aid of the bazaar to be held shortly in connection with the rebuilding of the Napier Convent, was held in the Napier Drill Hall, on Wednesday evening, June 25, when, despite the very stormy weather prevailing, some 60 couples assembled and a very enjoyable time was spent. The hall was beautifully decorated with ferns and burning, kindly left from the Kaiwaka hall, and the hall was in excellent condition. Miss Cox's band of five instrumentalists supplied the music, and music for extras was played by Misses Kathleen O'Donoghue and Cox. Mr. J. Walsh acted as M.C. The energetic secretary (Mr. R. A. Keenan) and his assistants, also the ladies' committee in charge of the supper arrangements, carried out their duties to the entire satisfaction of all. The number of tickets sold was considerable, and the nett result will undoubtedly be very gratifying.

The annual public observance of the Feast of Corpus Christi was held at St. Patrick's Church on Sunday week last, midst very favorable weather. The congregation numbered nearly 1000, and the clergy present were Rev. Dr. Martin (Meeanee), Fathers W. Tymons and Dowling (Napier), and Hickson (Meeanee). The Rosary was recited at 2.30 p.m., subsequent to which an appropriate discourse was delivered by Father Dowling. This was followed by the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, the route being via Clive Square, Munroe Street, and Clive Square. The order of the procession was—Cross-bearer and acolytes, Convent children, Sacred Heart children, Children of Mary, Marist Brothers' pupils, women of the parish, men of the parish, Hibernian Society, choir, and canopy covering the Blessed Sacrament. Hymns were rendered by the school and church choirs during the procession, subsequent to which services were brought to a conclusion with Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. At the Sacred Heart Church, Hastings, similar celebrations were held, an impressive sermon being preached by Father Geaney.

The impressive ceremony, the consecration of the parish to the Sacred Heart, took place at St. Patrick's Church last Sunday night.

New Plymouth

(From our own correspondent.)

July 7.

The annual meeting of the New Plymouth branch of the Catholic Federation was held at the Rolland Hall after Vespers on Sunday, July 7, Father Kelly presiding over a fairly large attendance. The balance sheet for the year was read and adopted, and, on the motion of Father Kelly, the outgoing committee, who had rendered good service for the cause of the Federation in New Plymouth, were re-elected for the ensuing year. Father Kelly stated that although the Federation was working well in New Plymouth, a much larger membership of this all-important organisation was easily possible and most desirable. At the conclusion of the meeting Father Kelly, on behalf of the members of the Federation, bade farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Green, who are shortly leaving New Plymouth for Dunedin. He spoke in very eulogistic terms of the work of the two departing members, and wished them every success in their new home. Mr. Green suitably responded to the good wishes of Father Kelly, and stated that what he had done for the Federation was only that expected of him as a Catholic.

The members of the recently formed Avoca Catholic Girls' Hockey Club are making splendid headway with regard to the game, and have been successful in some of their matches. Apart from their hockey matches, they have banded themselves together to arrange for welcome homes to the Catholic boys who are now returning from the Front.

The parish and Convent high schools are at present on their winter vacation.

It is rumored that an endeavor is being made to organise a bazaar on an extensive scale to clear the debt of the church.

TO ERIN'S MARTYRS.

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

God girt them with the armor of His grace
And fortitude to carry Erin's cross—
And from high Heaven, their intrepid souls,
Relucant with the crown of martyrdom,
Shine down upon the altars of our race—
A sacred holocaust to liberty:
Not marble tomb—nor purple panoply
Shroud their proud dust—but pall of Erin's tears
Sheds glory o'er their immortality—
By sacrifice their deeds are sanctified—
Their names are shrined in every Irish heart;
They are not dead! who breathe into our cause
The deathless spirit of fidelity:
From out the icy silence of the grave
Their voices speak as tongues of living fire,
Burning into our hearts that holy vow
For which they died: and by their blood we cleave
Unto their heritage of sufferings.
Just God! Thou art not mocked by tyranny—
And they who bore this cross unto Thy feet
Across the weary centuries of woe,
Look now upon the dawn their labors wrought.

Christchurch.

—CYLAS.



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THE DUNRAVEN FAMILY.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In a recent issue you allude to the perversion of the representatives of the chief old Gaelic families in Ireland, from the Catholic faith, by the action of the Court of Wards, in the time of Elizabeth and James I. Among the families you mention are those of Dunraven and Donoghmore. The Earl of Dunraven does not claim to represent the O'Quinns, who by the way were never a very important clan in Thomond. He derives from a certain Thady Quinn (temp. Elizabeth), who held lands in Limerick and Clare. This gentleman was a Catholic. His successors in the property fought on the Irish side during the sieges of Limerick (Ireton's and William's). The family lands were saved under the Civil Articles of Limerick (1691). It was the pressure of the Penal Laws that caused the Quinns to become Protestant, so they have not the excuse of the Court of Wards working on an infant mind. The family was ennobled at the passing of the Act of Union, but not for disgraceful reasons. The title was Viscount Adare, from the well-known family seat, purchased about 1740 from the Leinster family (the Earl of Kildare). The Earldom of Dunraven is a more recent title from a Welsh property, Dunraven Castle. The present earl's father died a Catholic, being influenced by the Oxford Movement. The O'Healys of Donoghmore-O'Healy were even less important than the Quinns. They were an unfree clan (*daor clann*) under McCarthy of Muskerry. I cannot find any of their chiefs ever enjoyed the advantages of the protection of the Court of Wards. The case of the ancestor of the Earl of Donoghmore (Hely-Hutchison) was, in all probability, one of perversion pure and simple. A very interesting case connected with the Penal Times occurred in the O'Conor Don family. A younger son became a pervert and succeeded to the estates to the exclusion of his elder brother. The impoverished chief lived on a little farm at some distance from Clonalis, the family seat. He and his descendants (one of whom was the well-known writer, Dr. Charles O'Conor, of Belangare), were fervent Catholics. The Protestant branch, as the old people say "never had any luck" and died out just when the Penal Laws were relaxed and the Catholic chief came to his own again.

Mise le meas mor.

C. UA LAOGHAIRE.

Motueka

(From our own correspondent.)

July 7.

The annual meeting of the Motueka branch of the Catholic Federation took place on Sunday last. Officers were elected as follows:—Local president, Mr. John McCarthy; secretary and treasurer, Miss Hagen; committee—Mesdames Bate and Kirwin, Miss G. McCarthy, Messrs. Buist, McGlen, and Rogers.

The Catholic social, held in the Institute Hall on Friday evening last, proved one of the most successful functions held in the district. Father McGrath welcomed the public, of whom there was a large number, and expressed pleasure at the representative nature of the gathering. He thanked the Mayor (Mr. Wallace) for his attendance, and congratulated him on the recent honor conferred upon him by the King. In his lead could largely be attributed the excellent spirit existing in the community. Mr. Wallace suitably returned thanks. The music, supplied by Mr. H. Williams, of Takaka, materially assisted in making the social a pronounced success. Messrs. Buist and McCarthy acted as joint secretaries, and Mr. Vosper ably carried out the duties of M.C. The social netted the highly satisfactory sum of £21.

The Sisters of Compassion are visiting this district with the kindly encouragement of the Mayor (Mr. J. A. Wallace).

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

July 14.

Owing to the energy of the *Tablet* representative (Mr Beard) in his recent canvass, nearly 80 new subscribers to the *Tablet* have been secured. This excellent weekly paper is now read in over 200 Catholic homes throughout the Oamaru parish—a fine record indeed, and one that compares favorably with that of any parish in New Zealand.

Readers will kindly note that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be celebrated at Windsor Park and Kurow on July 20, and at Duntroon and Georgetown on July 27.

St. Thomas' Academy is rapidly becoming a popular centre of training for Catholic boys. Fifty boarders have been enrolled for the new term, which begins on Tuesday, July 22. To provide increased accommodation it is the intention of the Dominican Nuns to build a new community chapel, leaving the present chapel free for use as a classroom. With this object in view, a

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successful sale of work was held last week in the college, by the Sisters and their past pupils, when a return of over £100 rewarded the efforts of this energetic band of workers. The principal prize was a firescreen, the lucky number (110) being held by Miss Dormer, Oamaru. The nuns wish to thank the local clergy, friends, and ex-pupils for contributing to the success of the fête.

BOOK NOTICES

The Yarns of a Country Attorney, by Louis J. Walsh. (Gill and Son, Dublin.)

Some months ago we introduced to our readers a fine Irish novel by Mr. Louis Walsh, and we hope it has found its way into their hands by this. We have just read *The Yarns of a Country Attorney* and we can recommend this book as heartily as we did the last. In the stories in this volume the author has given us a rare treat. The book is a real picture of rural and village life in the black North of Ireland. The hard, grasping spirit of the Ulster Presbyterians, the insane hatred of Catholics, the grim bargaining, the fierce love of litigation are all portrayed in sketches and stories of intense vividness. Mr. Walsh's characters are alive. An Irishman feels that they are people whom he has always known. And for those who do not know Ireland the book will bring an illumination on the nature and ideals of the sour-faced Ulsterites. Mr. Walsh sees the humorous side of their lives and makes the reader see it. The circumvention of Andy McKay who "nivor lost a case I should have won, barrin' the time I was dismissed at Newton over the clargy's cow, and when Gilmore decreed me about the praeties," is well told. The auctioneer's efforts to sell a bad farm by hinting that the Catholic bidder wanted it for a convent, or maybe for the Pope is a revelation of the fun that can be got out of even a thing so sordid as Orange bigotry. There are 11 sketches in the volume and all are good.

Crofton's Daughter, by J. Leckie Herbertson. (Methuen and Co., London.)

Crofton's Daughter is the story of the trials of a young girl who was brought up under the influence of a Bohemian father, until after his death a maternal uncle takes her to live with him among people of orthodox views and conventional habits. The character of the orphan girl is well drawn and the psychological interest of the story is maintained at a high level. The book reveals literary powers of no mean order and makes an entertaining novel.

State Purchase of the Liquor Trade, by J. Rowntree and A. Sherwell. (Allen and Unwin, London; 1s net.)

We thank the secretary of the Temperance Legislation League for his courtesy in sending us this useful pamphlet. Its object is expressed in the following words: "Granted it be impossible literally to make men sober by Act of Parliament, it is not impossible to throw the force of law and social arrangements upon the side of sobriety, and by a proper control of the traffic to restrict the inducements to insobriety without unduly or improperly interfering with the legitimate liberty of the individual." The pamphlet is a sound argument shewing that this can be done.

Missionary Hymns. Words by Evelyn L. Thomas; music by Annie D. Scott. (London C.T.S.; 1s 3d net.)

We cannot find any improvement on the old hymns in this collection.

The Miraculous Birth, by Herbert E. Hall, M.A. (London C.T.S.; 3d.)

Ephpheta. The annual publication of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Waratah, is always interesting to those who appreciate the great work of charity done by the Dominican Sisters in New South Wales. May it remind all who receive it to help accord-

ing to their means in making life happier for the afflicted children who will never hear the birds singing and never see a sunset or sunrise.

PUHOI HONORS DEPARTING PRIEST

When it became known (writes a correspondent) that Father M. J. O'Doherty was severing his connection with the parish, the parishioners asked him to visit them in the near future, and all were pleased on learning that the 23rd ultimo was the date chosen. On the appointed day, Father O'Doherty was met at the railway station by representatives of the committee formed from among members of the congregation, and conveyed by motor to Puhoi. The town hall, nicely decorated for the occasion, was well filled in the evening, when the people assembled to wish farewell to their departing priest. The guest of the evening and members of the committee were grouped on the stage. Mr. John Schollum, who presided, after some appropriate remarks asked Father O'Doherty's acceptance of a bulky, well-filled purse. Mr. B. Remiger, after reading an address expressive of the people's sentiments towards their pastor, paid an eloquent tribute to his good work in their spiritual interests. After the secretary (Mr. W. J. Schollum) and Mr. Martin Gleeson had spoken in appreciation of their late parish priest, Father Lynch congratulated Father O'Doherty on having won the esteem and good wishes of all his parishioners during the two years of his pastorate, and added that success in the past was a guarantee of greater success in the new fields of the Lord's vineyard, to which he carries the best wishes of all the people of Puhoi. In reply, Father O'Doherty sincerely thanked all the members of his late flock for past favors to him, for their co-operation in every undertaking in the parish, for their address and complimentary speeches, and for their substantial monetary gift. He promised in return to ever remember the generous people of Puhoi in his prayers, and would always entertain best wishes for their success. Refreshments, supplied by the ladies of the congregation, were then partaken of, and card games and other socialities completed a successful function.

THE EXILE.

How honey-sweet the words upon his tongue,
My Country!

More sweet than music made or ditties sung,
Her soft winds and her leaping seas are his,
And the love-songs of many coppices;
Her dusk and dews and all her hurrying streams,
Her greenness he has known in lonely dreams;
His are her mountains and her valleys full
Of rain and silver and the shadows cool
Of clouds upon her grasses. Oh, he is wild
But to come homé, to be again her child!

How poignant and how sweet but to say o'er
My People!

And he wanders and may come no more.
Oh, he and they at the same breast were nurst,
On the same face their eyes were opened first,
The same delicious world of rain and sun
Ripened their years: he is not all alone.
They keep like memories of her grief and pride,
Of her heroic sons who lived and died;
They will remember to their latest breath,
And she who gave them life nurse them in death.

*In quiet woods on quiet eves he'll hear
Her heart beat and her living pulses stir,
And on the hills where wander the wild deer.*

KATHARINE TYNAN, in *Studies*.

Verily we do not like our crosses if they are not of gold, enamelled, and adorned with precious stones.—St. Francis de Sales.



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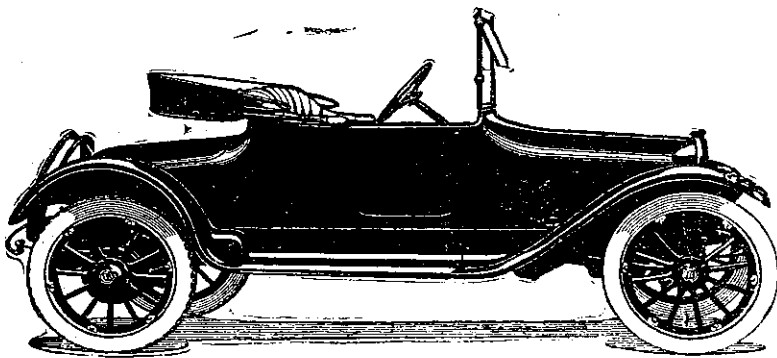
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THE CATHOLIC ORIGIN OF DEMOCRACY

(By ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD.)

It is a favorable theme and a vain boast with many, in spite of history, which is dead against it, that "Modern Democracy is the child of the Reformation." The fact is that, even in Protestant England, as well as in America, the true historical source of democracy lies in the institution and doctrine of the Catholic Church. To prove this would only require us to consider representative political thinkers from Hooker, Buchanan, and Milton to Locke and Ageron Sydney, and to show how dependent they are on Catholic canonists, legists, and schoolmen. But it is even more interesting to note that widespread ideals such as were embodied in the Scottish Covenanters, the English Levelers, and the American Puritans were directly derived from pre-Reformation democracy. In the 17th century there came a reaction against the Protestant theory and practice of despotism by divine right, *jure divino*, and there was a return—unfortunately only partially successful—to the medieval ideas of natural rights, popular sovereignty, liberties of municipal and corporate bodies. And we are witnessing in the 20th century a further readaptation of those political ideas which the Reformation discarded. The only important factor in pre-Reformation political adjustment which the modern world has definitely refused to reintroduce, namely, papal international arbitration and guidance, nations are now attempting to recreate by a rather dubious League of Nations.

The assertion that democracy is the child of Catholicism sounds to prejudiced ears far-fetched and paradoxical. But just clear away the gathered clouds of prejudice created by anti-Catholic historians, and you will see at once that it is profoundly true. In the Middle Ages what corporate entity, any way like a modern State, was there but the Catholic Church? Even the holy Roman Empire was a shadowy ideal. What representative assembly was there? Only the ecclesiastical courts and chapters. What really political thinking was done? Only the discussions concerning Church government. Where do we find the forerunners and models of our democratic assemblies? In those mixed councils and conventions of ecclesiastics and laymen which determined religious discipline and social policy. They were a matter of course in Spain from the middle of the seventh century, and assumed a special importance in France towards the close of the eleventh century. The most famous of such assemblies was the Council of Clermont (1095), attended by archbishops, bishops, abbots, religious, and laymen of different countries. What councils established Pacts of Peace and enacted the Truce of God? Those great popular assizes which laymen and even women attended. Adequate acknowledgment has never been given to the Church for the social and political influence of such corporate action. These great diocesan meetings accustomed the people to joint action by mutual pact and deliberate agreement in defence of liberty and justice; but even the small resulting parish organisations, kept up by voluntary tribute, evolved into the system of local liberties which upheld the King against feudal chieftains, and thus founded what we know as the modern State. Before it came to designate a municipality, the word "commune" meant the diocesan or even parochial associations of peace; nay, in the 12th century, *pax* was often synonymous with *communia*. It is to the Church that we owe the commune, and consequently the House of Commons.

In another important way, too, the Church organisation served the cause of democracy—it introduced the idea of representation. As early as the 6th century we find disputes of chapters appearing in councils, and it was in Spain that the Church stood out most conspicuously as the pioneer of representative democracy.

What was the origin of the Cortes? Why the Councils of Toledo containing both nobles and clergy. And every student of history knows how powerful the Cortes was during the last century and a quarter of the Visigothic rule, and how it survived even the shock of Moorish invasion. In the Christian Kingdoms of the north the purely ecclesiastical functions gradually passed to special clerical assemblies. And thus in 11th century Leon, Castile, and Aragon, emerged the first representative parliaments (based on the principle of States and orders) to replace the primary assemblies of antiquity. Nay, more, already in the 12th century, we find town-representatives in the assemblies of Spain, Sicily, and Gascony—whereas the English boroughs were first represented in the Parliament of 1265. So democracy is by no means a peculiar product of the Anglo-Saxon mind, except, perhaps, the idea of parliamentary absolutism. The *procuradores* of a Spanish city received credentials and letters of instructions (*poderes*), and for subjects outside these they were bound to refer again to their constituents; that is, they were merely delegates.

Democratic government, therefore, owes its inception to the Catholic Church; but it owes much of its perfection to the Friars. The Friars (this will be news to the average Protestant) exercised enormous influence on the public opinion of Europe, and threw their weight on the side of liberty. They were strong supports of Simon de Montfort. But they also carried the representative system to a development not attained even yet in the secular State. Ever since the 13th century the Dominican Order possessed an elaborate system of representative government which has left its mark on English constitutional history. (See Barker, *The Dominican Order and Constitution*, 1913.) It is in the Dominican Constitution of 1228 that we discover the first explicit assertion and enactment of constitutional principles, some of which waited six centuries before being adopted (or imitated) by secular States. Here are a few of them: (1) All authority is ultimately invested in representatives elected by local communities. (2) There is practically complete self-determination—the Convent elects its prior, the Province its provincial, the Order its general. (3) There is a clear distinction between constitutional and legislative enactments; any new constitutional measure must for validity be re-enacted by three successive chapters or else be passed in a special constituent assembly (*capitulum generalissimum* only held twice, in 1228 and 1236). (4) Federalism is combined with autonomy; the general, provincial, and conventual chapters and priors form a gradation of international, national, and local legislatives, and executives. There is nothing incongruous in translating a religious rule in terms savoring of Westminster or Paris, when we are dealing with a century when the friars were the great intellectual and moral force in Europe, and politics were not yet secularised and isolated. Thus William of Ockham, an Englishman, a political writer and a friar, juxtaposes Order and State: "The King is superior to the whole kingdom, and yet in certain cases he is inferior to it, for in the case of necessity the kingdom can depose and imprison him. This follows from natural law, just as force may be met with force. So also in many religious Orders the head is superior to all the brethren, and yet in certain cases the general chapter is superior to the head and can dismiss him." (*Octo Questiones*, ii., 7; Goldhart, *Monarchia*, ii., 341.)

To give a striking instance of the priority of Catholic democracy to modern, take Nicholas of Cusa, three and a-half centuries before America declared that Governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed." He says: "Every constitution is rooted in national law and cannot be valid if it contradicts it. . . . Since all are free by nature, all government, whether by written law or a prince, is based solely on the agreement and consent of the sub-

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ject. For, if by nature men are equally powerful and free, true and ordered power in the hands of one can be established only by the election and consent of the others, just as law also is established by consent. It is clear, therefore, that the binding validity of all constitutions is based on tacit or express agreement and consent." (*Dialogus*, Goldhart, ii., 603). And this democratic teaching had the almost unanimous adhesion of the best canonists and theologians from 1515 to 1623.

Such, then, are the seed-thoughts and the embryo-outlines of democracy which we owe to Catholic civilisation and culture. The great Catholic Church, for over eight centuries, slowly trained Europe in the theory and practice of self-government, finally eventuating in commune, Cortes, Parliament, and States. The discussion concerning the structure of the Church formed, for nearly three centuries, the great polemic of the West, and thus inaugurated and habituated in men's minds those categories of political thought whose inheritors we are to-day. And all the while there flowed that stream of deep, patient thinkers who from Thomas Aquinas, Nicholas d'Oresme, Antony of Florence, down to Almain, Major, Bellarmine, and Suarez, upheld the ideal of popular rights and government by consent. From the annals of the Catholic past, from her most renowned canonists, legists, and schoolmen, were drawn these principles which shattered for ever the Reformation tenet of Divine right, crossed the wide Atlantic, founded the American Republic, and have powers and consequences not yet exhausted.

THE RELIGION OF MARSHAL FOCH

The following letter, over the signature of B.T.G., appeared in the correspondence columns of the *Dominion* of July 3:—

Sir.—Even the most expert "camoufageurs" of France would turn green with envy if they learned of Mr. Howard Elliott's attempt to transform Marshal Foch into a Presbyterian elder! Of all the jokes perpetrated by this egregious humorist, surely this is the greatest. I learn on good authority that, in hundreds of Scots' homes last night, the health of the great generalissimo was drunk with renewed enthusiasm, when the truth became known at last!

Surely Mr. Howard Elliott is the supreme dazzle-painter of his generation. By one stroke of that magic pen he robs the Catholic Church of one of her greatest sons, and, unblushingly, makes a present of him to the Kirk of Scotland.

It seems to me, however, that there are one or two flaws in the disguise, and, as many people are interested in this latest exhibition of this diverting wizard, I trust that you will find space for these lines.

(1) For several years past I have been reading such French papers as *La Croix* and *L'Echo de Paris*, which never tired of telling their readers that Foch is an exemplary Catholic: "*Catholique tres pratique*."

(2) All through the war, but especially since 1918, English and American Catholic papers vied with one another in claiming the great Allied leader as a son of the Catholic Church. A story, told by the chaplain of Marshal Foch, went the round of those papers to the effect that, on July 17, 1918, when all the plans for the great attack were finished, Foch retired to his private oratory and spent a long time there in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, in preparation for the momentous event of the next day.

(3) The *Times History of the War* (vol. 17, p. 207) informs us that when Clemenceau offered Foch the directorship of the Ecole de Guerre in 1907, the latter's sole difficulties were his religion and the fact that his brother was a Jesuit.

(4) Rene Puaux, in his biography of Foch, tells us that in 1867, when the father of Marshal Foch was removed to St. Etienne, he sent his son to the Jesuit College in that city; that, three years later, he sent him to the famous Jesuit College in Metz; that, upon the conclusion of the Franco-German war, the future marshal at once returned to his Jesuit masters, though Metz was then a German town. This statement is confirmed in the *Times* volume quoted above.

(5) Puaux, on page 41, makes this statement: "Foch is a Catholic," and he proceeds to inform us that Foch, rather than give up his religious convictions, preferred to leave the Staff College in 1900, when General Bounal, a man of anti-clerical views, was appointed its head.

(6) Puaux again mentions that at the height of the second German offensive in April last year, he saw Foch repair to the Catholic church in Cussel to seek light and guidance in prayer.

(7) In a recent article reproduced in the *Dominion* (June 25) from the *Daily Mail*, Mr. J. Ward Price said: "Foch is a devoted Catholic, and about his personality one has the intuition of a hidden, but burning, ardor, such as has marked many great men belonging to that faith."

Had it ever occurred to me that such a dazzle-painter would ever arise in our midst, I would have presented other testimonies, proving my case more fully than I have been able to do. It seems wise to make such provision for the future, to collect, for instance, all the evidence that goes to show that Mr. Lloyd George is a Welshman, or Sir Harry Lauder a Scotsman, for such simple facts, taken for granted by ordinary mortals, may yet be challenged by the irrepressible Mr. Elliott.

After camouflaging Marshal Foch as a Presbyterian elder, Mr. Elliott, with his characteristic logic, concludes thus: "So that, after all, it is a P.P.A. marshal who has been so signally successful at the Front." I have noticed that, of late, the meetings of the P.P.A. have often been held in Presbyterian halls. Are we to conclude, then, in our turn, that, not satisfied with his success in throwing the kilts over the uniform of a marshal of France, he is now essaying the further task of hiding beneath their variegated colors the crude yellow of his "Orange" association?

FENCES.

I have torn down all my fences:
The challenging air blows free;
I can look across the spaces
Where new life is hailing me;
My horizon is unrolling
Like the vistas of the sea.

I have torn down all my fences—
But I never can recall
The seclusion of my garden
With the world beyond the wall;
My old way of looking upward
Where the sky was all in all.

LOUISE AYER GARNETT, in *Current Opinion*.

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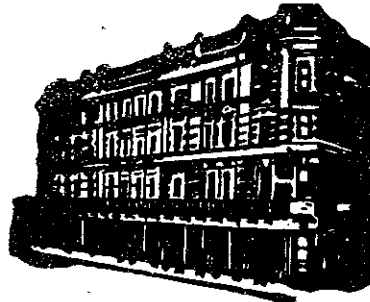
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NOTES ON HEALTH

The question of Health is one Nobody can afford to neglect, yet many people will risk their Health by buying inferior food when they can get the very best at the same price. More particularly does this apply to Bread.

- Kellow Bread -

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

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

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

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DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

Oyster Fritters.

One cupful cornflour, one cupful wheat flour, one teaspoonful salt, three-quarters cupful milk, one teaspoonful baking powder, two eggs, one dozen medium oysters. Mix together thoroughly the cornflour, salt, and baking powder. Add the eggs well beaten and the milk. Fold the oysters into the batter. Drop by tablespoonfuls into hot, deep fat. Have one oyster in each fritter. Cook on both sides until well done. Drain on paper and serve at once.

Cream Cake.

Beat together a cupful of sweet butter and one of sugar; add first the beaten yolks and then the whites of three eggs, and finally sufficient flour to make a stiff batter. The flour should be half ordinary and half self-raising. Bake in shallow tins as for sandwich cake, and spread when cold with fruit jelly, placing one layer above the other. This mixture is an admirable foundation for all kinds of simple fruit and jelly cakes.

Egged Potatoes.

Put a fair-sized piece of butter into a frying-pan, and when it boils brown put in it a small onion finely chopped. Cut some cold boiled potatoes into slices, put them into the pan, pour over them the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, add salt to taste. Fry a golden brown on both sides. Place on a hot dish, and put into the oven for a few minutes to absorb the fat. Serve very hot.

Baked Potatoes in Slices.

Plentifully butter a round baking tin with fresh butter. Pack closely in this a quantity of slices of raw potatoes of equal thickness, seasoning each layer with salt. Put a few pieces of butter on top, cover the pan, and put it into a brisk oven. When the potatoes are done, turn them out into a dish. Serve at once. They

should come out like a cake, crisp on the outside and soft within.

A Use for Waste Cardboard.

Small pieces of pastebord saved from breakfast-food boxes or squares cut for the purpose will get out absolutely every bit of the cake batter, thickenings, and anything mixed in a bowl, thus saving every particle. It will be many spoonfuls daily. The squares are equally efficient for removing grease from any vessel, either round or square. They are also much better than a knife for removing the waste from dishes before washing, thus saving wear on the dishwasher's nerves.

Household Hints.

Do not throw away boiled starch when finished with, but pour it into the water to wash oilcloth or linoleum. Besides making it look bright and clean it will double the wear.

If a new broom is immersed in boiling water until it is quite cold, and then thoroughly dried in the air, it will be far more pleasant to use and will last much longer. Frequent moistening of the broom is conducive to its usefulness.

To clean brown shoes, first rub them with a soft cloth dipped in methylated spirits; this will remove all stains and keep them in good color. Then put the brown boot cream on and leave it for a day or so without polishing. Finally, brush the shoes with a soft brush and they will be much improved.

Saucepans should be scrubbed on the outside occasionally to remove any soot which may adhere to them. The contents of the pans will cook more quickly, and a saving in firing will be effected.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

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



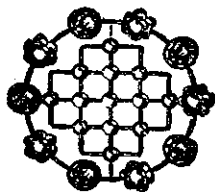
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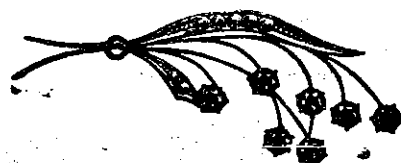
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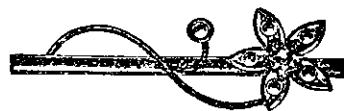
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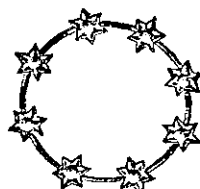
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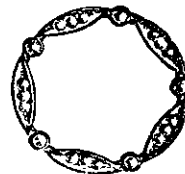
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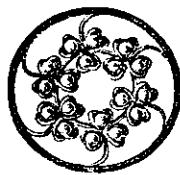
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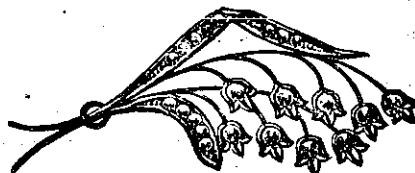
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PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

New York has just lost one of its leading philanthropists through the death of Countess Leary, a Catholic lady who spent her fortune in founding a home for Irish emigrants, and who in later life did valuable work in preventing the leakage of Italian immigrants from the old faith.

Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker, the celebrated American aviator, who destroyed 28 enemy machines, is a Catholic, and hails from Columbus, Ohio. When he visited the House of Representatives at Washington recently his presence became known, and every member rose and cheered for a full minute.

The Hon. J. D. Ryan, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who has just been made a Knight Commander of St. Gregory by the Pope in recognition of his services to Catholic education, is an Irishman who has found fame and fortune in Newfoundland and who is a life member of the Government there.

Mr. Alfred Percival Graves, who has just resigned the presidency of the Irish Literary Society in London, is an Irish *litterateur* whose authorship of *Father O'Flynn* has given him world-wide celebrity. Mr. Graves is not a Catholic, but nevertheless his song shows his intimate sympathy with the spirit of his race.

Father Edward Myers, M.A., recently appointed President of St. Edmund's College, Old Hall, Ware, has been made an honorary Canon of Westminster Cathedral. The new canon is 44 years of age, and was born at York. Educated at St. Edmund's, Ware, he was ordained 17 years ago. He is the translator of Pere Lagrange's historical criticism of the Old Testament, and has written some books.

The Hon. J. A. Lyons, leader of the Tasmanian Labor Party, is a Catholic. He was born at Stanley (Tasmania) 40 years ago, where he commenced his career as a State school teacher. He resigned from the Education Department in 1909, in order to contest in the interests of Labor for the Wilmot seat, this electorate being mostly a farmers' district. He was successful, and his popularity in the constituency has been such that he has always topped the poll since.

The Irish-American delegates, three in number, who were entrusted with the statement of Irish rights, as interpreted by Irishmen in America, are men of marked distinction. Mr. Frank Walsh was formerly chairman of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, and a member of the National War Labor Board. Mr. Edward Dunne has been judge of the Circuit Court of Chicago, Mayor of Chicago, and Governor of Illinois. Mr. Ryan was formerly city solicitor of Philadelphia.

General Pau, who passed through British Columbia recently, in the course of conversation with members of the Catholic clergy, one of the latter said: "General Pau in a few 'patriotic' sermons during the war, I mentioned your name and the names of Marshal Foch, General Petain, General de Castelnau, as staunch Catholics." Said the veteran: "If you were under my command I would simply give you eight days in barracks. Why did you not put forward the names of Generals Faville, Cary, Franchet d'Esperey, d'Amade, Mangin, Gouraud, and scores of others?"

Rev. Francis Delaney, formerly of St. Mary's, The Mount, Walsall, Staffordshire, who died lately, was evidently, as an odd Catholic priest here and there may be, a man of private means. In the return of his estate, £6675, it is noted that he bequeathed his pictures and other household effects "to keep the poor school children of his parish in food during the winter." He asked that his funeral should be simple, and said that he desired "the prayers and not the praises of the people. Loyalty to my successor will be the best proof of their Catholic training."

Wood's Great Peppermint Cure,
For Coughs and Colds, never fails.

A METHODIST MINISTER'S TRIBUTE.

The Rev. A. E. Albiston (president of the Methodist Conference), at a reception tendered to him recently at Shepparton, Victoria, said, in the course of his reply to appreciative remarks addressed to him by representatives of other denominations present, that for many years he had cared nothing for other denominations: indeed, there was a time when he thought it would be wicked for him to go into another church. He did not know where he got that—it was certainly not from his father, who had never taught him anything of that sort. But he had got over all that, and not long ago he had gone to hear Dr. Mannix preach. (Applause.) He saw a priest, with whom he was acquainted, in the vestments of the Church, and though he of course, could not speak to that priest just then, the sight of him made him feel more at home. Dr. Mannix had preached a very powerful sermon on the evil that was rampant in the world, and on the reasons why it was apparently gaining a temporary victory. Though he could not say that he quite agreed with all Dr. Mannix had advanced, he could still assure them that he highly appreciated the sermon, and from that they could see he was no bigot. (Applause.) The Christian religion owed much to Catholics, for some of the finest things in their hymn-books were written by men such as Cardinal Newman. But at the present time he was sorry to say that he could see no immediate hope of union between the Catholic and Protestant Churches, but he was glad to say that he could look forward to the time when even that might be possible.

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

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If the hair is neglected it is sure to lose its beauty and luxuriance. All who wish to give proper attention to the hair should consult Mrs. Rolleston, who is a Hair Physician with European and American qualifications. Her advice is sought by ladies all over New Zealand.

The success of Mrs. Rolleston's method of treating falling hair after Influenza has attracted widespread attention. However, Mrs. Rolleston is able to overcome all other hair disorders with the assurance of good results.

Mrs. Rolleston can prescribe excellent treatments for dandruff, for grey and thin hair, or any other scalp ailment from which you may be suffering.

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POULTRY NOTES

(By MR. G. H. AMBLER, Christchurch.)

SELECTION AND MATING.

As most poultrykeepers will be busily engaged selecting and mating up their breeding stock for the coming season, a short article on this subject will not be out of place, as, unless birds are carefully selected and mated, the poultrykeeper, to use a horsey phrase, will be "off his horse." It is now quite generally conceded that one's success in incubating, brooding, and growing stock depends very largely upon the vitality of the breeders, especially if disease does not enter in as an important factor. This being the case, constitutional vigor should be the basis for selecting and mating our breeding stock. But how is constitutional vigor to be measured? is the vital question. To my mind there is only one absolute method, and that is to test our stock during the pullet and cockerel year; then the second year we would be breeding from tested specimens. What we term a tested hen is one that has been either trap-nested or single-pen tested to determine the number of eggs laid, her eggs tested for fertility and hatchability, and her chicks tested for liveliness, rapid and continuous growth. By a tested male I mean one which has been tested for the same points as the hen, except egg-production, and in addition to these points the performance of his daughters, which is the supreme test for the male. Of course, we want to apply this test to the hen also, but if she is a good layer herself we naturally expect her daughters to be good layers, if the sire is of the right composition. To test a flock in this way, I realise, is beyond the ordinary poultrykeeper, and as a rule belongs only to experimental station work. But poultrymen who trap-nest or single-pen their birds can easily test each hen for fertility and hatchability, but to keep a record of the liveliness and growth of the chicks would necessitate keeping a record of each individual chick from the time it was hatched, to maturity, which would be out of the question. Inasmuch as the average poultryman cannot resort to such scientific methods, there are other ways by which he can determine fairly accurately the vitality and worth of his breeders, and one of the most important of these is general appearance and vitality. By shape I do not mean those characteristics that separate our birds into breeds and varieties. Select breeders that conform as closely as possible to the following description, and as a rule they will be strong vigorous specimens. This description applies to both male and female:—

The Kind to Select.

Size—Those nearest standard weight should be selected for breeders, as there are many reasons why those that are either oversized or undersized should not be chosen. The former are more or less inclined to be inactive and also clumsy. This applies both to male and female, and may become a much more serious objection in the male than the female, as he may not be able to perform his duties as a breeder. Undersized birds should also be rejected, as the tendency in most of the breeds and varieties is downward rather than upward as far as size is concerned. Poor breeding and rearing have no doubt something to do with this, but it is not often that we raise a flock of large birds from small parents. If one has a male that is undersized, but exceptionally good in other respects, he should be mated to large females, but better results follow when both male and female are more uniform in size. **Head**—From many points of view the head of a specimen is not considered very important, but from other viewpoints it is extremely so. The head is not only a fine index to the general health of the specimen, but shows his alertness, vigor and snap. If the head is too small and refined, it indicates lack of vitality. The best specimens should have a medium-sized head, with short, stubby beak (which denotes strength) fairly well curved, a short face, or short from the eye to the end of the

beak, broad between the eyes with comb set well upon the head and fairly thick, especially at the base, and standing up well. The eye should be bold, of good size, bright, clear, and snappy. The face should have a good healthy color. **Neck**—This portion of the bird should not be too long, but fairly short, as such a neck indicates strength. **Back**—The back should be broad and straight, not only broad across the shoulders just back of the neck, but the breadth should be carried back to the tail. One of the great weaknesses of birds is the narrowing of the back from neck to tail. Avoid the double pitch-roof type of back. This section is an extremely important part of the specimen, as it forms the framework of the body. Again, the reproductive organs lie just below the back, and we want these organs to have plenty of room. This portion of the specimen should be long as well as broad, but we do not want the length to be out of proportion to the breadth and give it a narrow appearance. **Breast**—From a utility point of view, the breast is a most important part of the specimen, as it contains more meat proportionally than any other part. It should be deep, round, full, and broad. Avoid those birds that have narrow, sharp, or flat breasts, that are cut up too much just in front of the legs. A specimen having a full crop must not be mistaken for one with a full breast. We naturally think that a fowl with a good strong breast has a great deal of vitality. **Body**—Body, used in this sense, includes those portions of the real body of the specimen exclusive of the back and breast; in other words, the sides, underline, and the back part below the tail, or what is termed the fluff. In the body, then, we must look for depth and length, as the back governs the breadth or thickness. To measure the depth, place the end of the thumb on the middle of the back just back of and underneath the wing, and allow the fingers to pass down the side to the keel. We should look for great depth at this point. A side view of the bird should show the body extending well back of a vertical line passing through the knee joint. This gives us a large frame upon which to put meat. The underline should be fairly straight, and specimens whose abdomen sags or appears baggy should be avoided, as this shows a tendency to break down.

The Kind to Reject.

No one should select for a breeder a specimen that has the following characteristics:—Long, slim back, crow or snake head, sleepy eyes, long neck, narrow chest, wedge-shaped back, pinched tail, long legs and toes, extremely shallow abdomen, or a bird which is deformed in any way. Specimens of this description either have hereditary taint or have grown under conditions that are far from ideal, or it may be they are overloaded with disease germs or worms. Those which have had any serious sickness should also be rejected. A great many people claim their hens are better breeders than pullets. One reason for this is because the hens during their pullet year have been culled and culled. Those that were weak were eliminated, and we therefore have less sickness during the second year among our flock than during the first year, but it is on account of the weaker ones having been weeded out. **Note**—Select your breeders and place them in a pen by themselves a month or six weeks before you wish to use the eggs. In this way they can be kept under close observation, and actually studied.

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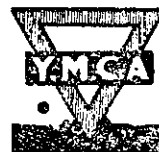
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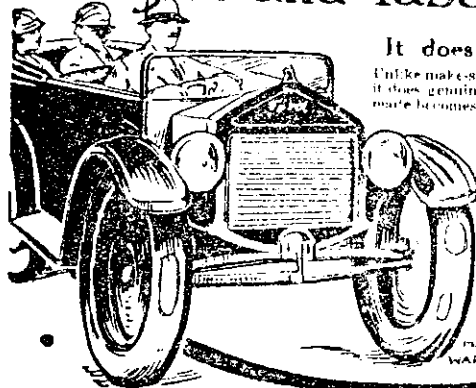
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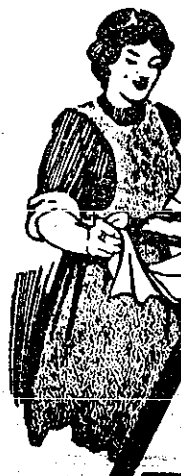
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HAPPINESS.

Where have you searched for happiness, son,
 Where have you searched for joy?
 Where have you looked and longed to find
 The lasting things, my boy?
 Have you followed the gilded pathways
 That flourish the whole world through,
 To find but a bit of sadness
 At the end of the journey for you?
 Have you heeded the voices that mention
 Just vanities and ease,
 And speak of only great selfishness
 Living their own days to please,
 Or have you listened to conscience,
 And listening learned the part
 That the world is waiting truly
 For the best in each man's heart?
 Have you kept clean and honest,
 Have all your steps gone straight?
 Unhampered by acts that hinder
 And drag you down with their weight?
 Have you, my boy, say, have you,
 Looked high enough to see
 That the great beyond will better be
 If you have filled life's decree?

—JOHN G. WINTER.

THE CROSS.

The message and the meaning of the Cross can not be too often told. We live and mingle with men who, even though they are affiliated with Christian sects, have no conception of sacrifice for the good of the soul. The "reformers" in whose footsteps they follow, who gave birth to the religion of protest and negation, began their work by removing the symbols of sacrifice from their temples of worship. When they took away the Cross, they took away the Christ. The two had never been separated before: they would not be separated then or now.

It is so even in life: the Christ and the Cross must go together; if we would have the one, we must accept the other. It may be hard to carry the Cross through life, but it is the price of victory. The fact that we find it difficult, however, should not discourage us, since the ideals of Christ and His Church, while high, are not unattainable. God does not ask the impossible, although He often demands the heroic, and is ever willing to give us strength for heroic acts. No man who keeps God for his daily companion can fail. The soul, like the child learning to walk, fails when it attempts to stand alone. The soul and the child alike need a Father's hand, and that hand is ever held down from Heaven to those who would reach for it, through fast and sacrifice, through prayer and sacraments.

All we need is the will. The Church, under God, points the way.

SOLDIERS' FAITH IN THE ROSARY.

"It has taken a war to bring out the faith in the Rosary among non-Catholics," said a Knights of Columbus secretary in discussing the spiritual side of life in the battles on the French front. "It has been a revelation, not only to me, but to others who have been close to the men during the trying hours.

"One morning in the Verdun sector, when the troops were preparing to go 'over the top,' six young men came to me and asked for the blessed beads. I talked with the boys; asked them their names, and gave them a cheering message. Two of the young men had Hebrew names, and I was astonished when they asked for the Rosary.

"The two young men of the Jewish faith stood apart from the others, and reluctantly asked me for the blessed beads. 'Our buddies here have been through many a battle with us, and if you don't mind we'd like to go into the battle on the same plane with our

Catholic friends, who have been real buddies to us,' said one of the Hebrew soldiers.

"I gave them the beads, and wished them all the best of luck in the battle to come. Two days later the Jewish boys returned with the beads, and I shall not soon forget the manner in which they thanked me. They had carried the Rosary through two hard days of fighting, and to them it meant a token of safety."

PIANIST AND PRESIDENT.

In spite of the fact that his earnings were something like £500 an hour, Paderewski gave up all for the sake of helping his country. He was the greatest "draw" at a concert that has ever been, this shock-headed wonder. His fee in America was £1000 for a couple of hours. His piano-playing raised the audience to frenzy; the famous Pole was hurried from the back door after the show, lest the ladies tear the clothes off his back for souvenirs!

But Paderewski left all for Poland's sake. He went to America, and raised an army out of the 4,000,000 Poles that are there. He secured loans from President Wilson. He wasted his strength—a frail and delicate artist—at stormy public meetings. He wrote fiery propaganda, showing the glorious history of Poland for 1000 years. And how the Poland of peace would be a land nearly as big as Germany, with 30,000,000 people redeemed from Austria, Russia, and Prussia. Paderewski has since become the first President of this new Poland—just as another "big-brow," Thomas Masaryk, has been elected for Czecho Slovakia, or Bohemia. Paderewski's is the only case where a public performer has left the stage to rule a great romantic land.

LIMITATIONS.

She sighed. "I saw the loveliest lace curtains today!" she murmured. "I did want them so badly!" She sighed again. "But I knew you wished to economise, dear," she concluded, "so I didn't get them."

Then he spoke. "That's too bad, my dear!" he said, generously. "Anything which adds to your happiness, and brings gladness to your eyes; anything which brightens your domestic cares and gilds the lowering clouds; anything which borders with sweet flowers the thorny paths of duty, and appeals to your æsthetic nature, you are welcome to, my angel—if it doesn't cost more than a shilling."

HIS ONLY BLACK SUIT.

He was not a good card-player, and it was only on pressure being brought to bear that he took a "hand." But that was no reason why his partner should be so disagreeable whenever he made mistakes.

After a particularly glaring error, his partner turned upon the novice in real anger.

"Why didn't you follow my lead?" he asked.

"If I followed anybody's lead, sir," exclaimed the novice, hotly, "it certainly wouldn't be yours."

His partner snorted and subsided. But in the next "hand" he threw down his cards in desperation.

"Look here," he cried. "Didn't you see me call for a spade or club? Have you no black suit?"

"Yes, I have," retorted the novice with warmth; "but I'm keeping it for your funeral."

HER FIND.

Breathless with excitement, the old lady appeared at the window of the Lost Property Office. "I've found something in the train," she said. "It's a box with handles at each end. It may be a bomb, an infernal machine. Fetch a policeman!"

"Let me see it, ma'am."

"Certainly not. It may be a jewel-case. It's made of metal, and it's very heavy. Send for the stationmaster."

"Won't you let me see it?"

"No, I will not. Trying to cheat a poor woman out of her reward. Send for the stationmaster and a policeman!"

These two worthies having arrived, the old lady showed her find to the expectant crowd.

"Now," she said, "what is it?"

"That!" roared the stationmaster. "That thing! Why, you—you—it's a footwarmer!"

THE LAST STRAW.

The young cyclist was fighting hard against a strong head wind, and wondering what unhappy thought had prompted him to venture so far away from the school. It was getting darker every minute, and, to crown his misery, rain began to fall.

Soon the rain came down in its best style, and the poor fellow got wet to the skin. Then a piece of glass laid his tyre open. With a moan he flung himself from the saddle and commenced to repair the damage.

Presently there approached from the opposite direction a benevolent old gentleman. Gazing at the up-turned bicycle, the perspiring youth, and the repairing outfit, which he had dropped in the mud, he inquired:

"Had a puncture, my friend?"

The boy looked up, and swallowed his feelings with a huge gulp.

"No, sir," he replied, with a magnificent effort at sarcasm. "I'm just changing the air in the tyres. The other lot's worn out, you know!"

SMILE RAISERS.

The teacher had been telling her class about the rhinoceros family. "Now name some things," she said, "that are very dangerous to get near to, and that have horns."

"Motor cars!" promptly answered Johnny.

New Vicar: "The next question is, dear friends, the carol singing. From what I learn, a couple of tenors would brighten the singing, and—er—I think I can find them for you."

Giles: "On be'alf of the singers I thank 'ee, sir; I'm sartin sure it'll make us sing more 'earty. You see, sir, last parson was 'ere twenty year, and he never gave us a penny."

The fisherman dashed into the country hotel and excitedly grasped the manager by the arm.

"What do you mean by luring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing?" he said. "There isn't a bit of fishing about here. Every brook has a sign warning people off."

"I didn't say anything about fine fishing," said the manager, calmly. "If you will kindly read my advertisement carefully you will see what I said was, 'Fishing unapproachable.'"

"Where's your watch?" asked the observant man.

"Why, here it is," replied the man whose prosperity had slipped a cog recently.

"But that's a silver one. The one you used to have had a handsome gold case."

"Well—er—circumstances alter cases."

Examiner: "Now, William, if a man can do one-fourth of a piece of work in two days, how long will he take to finish it?"

William: "Is it a contrac' job or is he workin' by the day?"

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

Over Four Hundred Perfumes.

It is interesting to note that 4200 species of plants are gathered and used for commercial purposes in Europe. Of these, 420 have a perfume that is pleasing, and enter largely into the manufacture of scents, soaps, and sachets. There are more species of white flowers gathered than of any other color—1,124. Of these, 187 have an agreeable scent. Next in order come yellow blossoms, with 951, 77 of them being perfumed. Red flowers number 823, of which 84 are scented. The blue flowers are of 594 varieties, 34 of which are perfumed; and the violet blossoms number 308, 13 of which are pleasantly odoriferous.

World's Greatest Cantilever.

The story of the Quebec bridge, carrying the trans-continental line of the Canadian Government railways over the St. Lawrence River, is a record of a great engineering triumph. The bridge is notable as having the longest and by far the heaviest single span yet built, and for the novel method adopted to place the centre span in position. The story of the bridge is briefly told in the *Engineering News Record*, which says:—"In the engineering world the name of Quebec has for half a generation been associated with a great prospective engineering triumph. Twice the hopes of success have been dashed, but never in the heart of the true engineer was there doubt that the enterprise would be brought to a successful completion. "Now the great hopes are realised, and the greatest of cantilevers stands closed across the St. Lawrence. Just 10 years ago the south half of the first bridge crumpled under its own weight, dragging 100 men to their death. The investigations and discussions that followed destroyed that first project to its very roots. But new leaders were found, new ideas developed. On the wreckage of the old there arose the finest creation of bridge-building that any generation has seen. What courage was required to attack the work anew can be realised only when one recalls the extent of the defects revealed in the old design. True, these discoveries were warnings for the succeeding designers, but impressed with the terrible nature of the first experience, their work could not but be haunted by visions of what had happened in that dark August of 1907. Despite the most careful study and precautions, a second accident marred the record of the structure, when the suspended span, while being hoisted into position, fell into the river. The wires had not finished sending the story of this accident to the world when the announcement was made that it would be rebuilt and erected by the same method. This promise was fulfilled, and this greatest of bridges has been erected on the failure of 1907 and the loss of 1916. The Quebec Bridge, it may be pointed out, with its span of 1800ft., exceeds the span of the famous Forth Bridge by 100ft., and that these two are in a class by themselves—the next longest, the Blackwell's Island bridge (New York) being less than two-thirds the span of the Quebec Bridge.

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

GREGG SHORTHAND

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

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