

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

October 19, Sunday.—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 20, Monday.—St. John Cantius, Confessor.
 „ 21, Tuesday.—St. Hilarion, Abbot.
 „ 22, Wednesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 23, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 24, Friday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 25, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. John Cantius, Confessor.

St. John was born at Kenti, in Poland. Ordained priest, he exhibited the most ardent zeal for souls, and a boundless charity—in a word, all the virtues of a good pastor. Severe to himself, he was ever indulgent to others, who were sure to find in him a generous friend in all their necessities. He died in 1473, being then 70 years of age.

St. Hilarion, Abbot.

St. Hilarion, founder of the monastic life in Palestine, was born at Tabathe, near Gaza. He became a Christian at Alexandria, and visited St. Anthony in the Thebaid. Returning into his own country in 307, he divided all his goods among the poor and retired into the frightful solitude of Majuma, where numerous disciples placed themselves under his direction. He founded numerous monasteries in Palestine and in Syria, and left his solitude and retired to the island of Cyprus, in order to escape celebrity.

GRAINS OF GOLD

PARTICIPATION.

[A seminarian's appreciation of the toil of a sister who has made possible the realisation of his priestly ambition.]

In silence at the Master's feet I sit and weave.

One glance of love, then weave again.

For he has promised that my tangled mesh shall be

A net whose precious catch is men.

And in the distance where Toil's shadow deeper falls.

Love urges on a sister's hand

To spin the never-ending thread I weave, to press

Her prayerful lips to every strand.

Dear heart, when this frail net is done and holy oils

Anoint my feeble hands, thine too

Will share the holy unction and their seams be smoothed,—

Dear hands that never respite knew.

And when my lips first meet the Precious Blood, thy lips

Shall purple with eternal hue.

—E.J.M., in the *Missionary*.

COMFORT AND PRAYER FOR HUMAN HEARTS.

The Sacred Heart of Jesus speaks to thee,
 Hearing thy tearful prayers, His throne-room is,
 O child of God, thy heart eternally.

Mother of Mercy! Queen of the Courts of Bliss,

Pray for us sinners, who in thee confide!

Sancta Maria! Heart of the Mystic Rose!

Open the gateways of our souls full wide,

Now to the Throne of Grace whence pardon flows!

—GEORGE JOSEPH EVATT (Psalm I, verse 19).

Ora Pro Me.

REFLECTIONS.

Humility is the A B C of a spiritual life.—St. Vincent de Paul.

The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity.—Cervantes.

Happiness is increased, not by the enlargement of the possession, but of the heart.—Ruskin.

A man lives by believing something, not by debating and arguing about many things.—Carlyle.

Be careful not to grieve over the wickedness of others; watch yourself, "lest you grow a few sprigs of ungodliness."

Pray for a sound mind in a sound body, for a bold spirit free from all dread of death, that can endure labor, that knows not anger, that covets nothing.—Juvenal.

Self-control in diet means health and strength; in expenditure, it means honesty and peace of mind; in sickness, it is sometimes so important a factor that it is reckoned by one's friends as adding much to the chances of recovery.

Martyrs are spiritual heroes. Every man has some hour of martyrdom in his existence. The Saviour of all was the great martyr of the human family, and through such a prototype all martyrdom has become unspeakably blessed and sacred.

The Storyteller

WILLY REILLY

AND HIS DEAR COLEEN BAWN.

(A Tale Founded upon Fact)

BY WILLIAM CARLETON.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

On the evening of the same day, probably about the same hour, the old squire, having recruited himself by sleep, and feeling refreshed and invigorated, sent for his daughter to sit with him, as was her wont; for indeed, as the reader may now fully understand, his happiness altogether depended upon her society, and those tender attentions to him which constituted the chief solace of his life.

"Well, my girl," said he, when she entered the dining room, for he seldom left it unless when they had company, "well, darling, what do you think of this Mr. Mahon—pooh!—no—Reilly—he who saved my life, and, probably, was the means of rescuing you from worse than death? Isn't he a fine—a noble young fellow?"

"Indeed, I think so, papa; he appears to be a perfect gentleman."

"Hang perfect gentlemen, Helen! they are, some of them, the most contemptible whelps upon earth. Hang me, but any fellow with a long-bodied coat, tight-kneed breeches, or stockings and pantaloons, with a watch in each fob, and a frizzled wig, is considered a perfect gentleman—a perfect puppy, Helen, an accomplished trifle. Reilly, however, is none of these, for he is not only a perfect gentleman, but a brave man, that would not hesitate to risk his life in order to save that of a fellow-creature, even although he is a Papist and that fellow-creature a Protestant."

"Well, then, papa, I grant you," she replied, with a smile, which our readers will understand—"I grant you that he is a—ahem—all you say."

"What a pity, Helen, that he is a Papist!"

"Why so, papa?"

"Because, if he was a staunch Protestant, by the great Deliverer that saved us from brass money, wooden shoes, and so forth, I'd marry you and him together. I'll tell you what, Helen, by the memory of Schonberg, I have a project, and it is you that must work it out."

"Well, papa," asked his daughter, putting the question with a smile and a blush, "pray what is this speculation?"

"Why, the fact is, I'll put him into your hands to convert him—make him a staunch Protestant, and take him for your pains. Accomplish this, and let long-legged, knock-kneed Whitecraft, and his thirty thousand a year, go and bite some other fool as he bit me in 'Hop-and-go-constant.'"

"What are thirty thousand a year, papa, when you know that they could not secure me happiness with such a wretch? Such a union, sir, could not be, cannot be, must not be, and I will add, whilst I am in the possession of will and reason, shall not be."

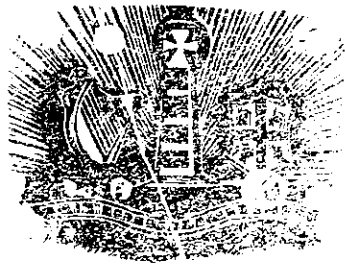
"Well, Helen," said her father, "if you are obstinate, so am I; but I trust we shall never have to fight for it. We must have Reilly here, and you must endeavor to convert him from Popery. If you succeed, I'll give long-shanks his *nunc dimittis*, and send him home on a trot."

"Papa," she replied, "this will be useless—it will be ruin—I know Reilly."

"The devil you do! When, may I ask, did you become acquainted?"

"I mean," she replied, blushing, "that I have seen enough of him, during his stay here, to feel satisfied that no earthly persuasion, no argument, could induce him, at this moment especially, to change his religion. And, sir, I will add myself—yes, I will say for myself, dear papa, and for Reilly, too—that if from any unbecoming motive, if for the sake of love itself, I felt satisfied that he could give up and abandon his religion, I would despise him. I should feel at once that his heart was hollow, and that he was unworthy either of my love or my respect."

"Well, by the great Boyne, Helen, you have knocked my intellects up. I hope in God you have no Papist predilections, girl. However, it's only fair to give Reilly a trial—long-legs is to dine with us the day after to-morrow—now I will ask Reilly to meet him here—perhaps if I get an opportunity, I will sound him on the subject myself—or perhaps you will. Will you promise to make the attempt? I'll take care that you and he shall have an opportunity."



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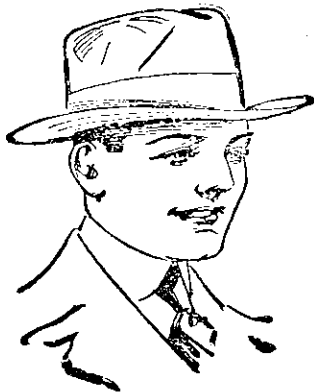
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CHILDREN LIKE IT

"Indeed, papa, I shall certainly mention the subject to him."

"By the soul of Schomberg, Helen, if you do you'll convert him."

Helen was about to make some good-natured reply, when the noise of carriage wheels was heard at the hall door, and her father, going to the window, asked:—

"What noise is that? A carriage! Who can it be? Whitecraft, by the Boyne! Well, it can't be helped."

"I will leave you, papa," she said. "I do not wish to see this unfeeling and repulsive man, unless when it is unavoidable and in your presence."

She then withdrew.

Before we introduce Sir Robert Whitecraft, we must beg our readers to accompany us to the residence of that worthy gentleman, which was not more than three miles from that of Reilly. Sir Robert had large estates and a sumptuous residence in Ireland, as well as in England, and had made the former principally his place of abode since he became enamored of the celebrated *Calena Bawn*. On the occasion in question, he was walking about through his grounds, when a female approached him, whom we beg the reader to recognise as Mary Mahon. This mischievous woman, implacable, and without principle, had, with the utmost secrecy, served Sir Robert and many others in a capacity discreditable alike to virtue and her sex, by luring the weak or the innocent within their toils.

"Well, Mary," said he, "what news in the country? You, who are always on the move, should know."

"No very good news for you, Sir Robert," she replied.

"How is that, Mary?"

"Why, sir, Willy Reilly, the famous Willy Reilly, has got a footing in the house of old Squire Folliard."

"And how can that be had news to me, Mary?"

"Well, I don't know," said she, with a cunning leer; "but this I know, that they had a love scene together this very morning, and that he kissed her very sweetly near the chimney-piece."

Sir Robert Whitecraft did not get into a rage; he neither cursed nor swore, nor even looked angry; but he gave a peculiar smile, which should be seen in order to be understood. "Where is your nephew now?" he asked; and as he did so he began to whistle.

"Have you another job for him?" she inquired, in her turn, with a peculiar meaning. "Whenever the aunt fails by fair play, her nephew tries it with foul."

"Well, and have not I often saved his neck, as well by my influence as by allowing him to take shelter under my roof whenever he was hard pressed?"

"I know that, your honor; and hasn't he and I often sarved you, on the other hand?"

"I grant it, Molly; but that is a matter known only to ourselves. You know I have the reputation of being very correct and virtuous."

"I know you have," said Molly, "with most people, but not with all. You do everything snug and close, and on the cheapest terms."

"Well, Molly, you know, as far as we are concerned, one good turn deserves another. Where is your nephew now, I ask again."

"Why, then, to tell you the truth, it's more than I know, at the present speaking."

"Follow me, then," replied the wily baronet; "I wish you to see him; he is now concealed in my house; but, first, mark me, I don't believe a word of what you have just repeated."

"It's as true as Gospel for all that," she replied; "and if you wish to hear how I found it out I'll tell you."

"Well," said the baronet, calmly, "let us hear it."

"You must know," she proceeded, "that I have a cousin, one Betty Beatty, who is a housemaid in the squire's. Now, this same Betty Beatty was in the back parlor—for the squire always dines in the front—and from a kind of natural curiosity she's afflicted with, she puts her ear to the keyhole, and afterwards her eye. I happened to be at the squire's, at the time, and, as blood is thicker than wather, and as she knew I was a friend of yours, she told me what she had both heard and seen, what they said, and how he kissed her."

Sir Robert seemed very calm, and merely said, "Follow me into the house"; which she accordingly did, and remained in consultation with him and the Red Rapparee for nearly an hour, after which Sir Robert ordered his carriage and went to pay a visit, as we have seen, at Corbo Castle.

Sir Robert Whitecraft, on entering the parlor, shook hands as a matter of course with the squire. At this particular crisis, the vehement, but whimsical old man, whose mind was now full of another project with reference to his daughter, experienced no great gratification from this visit, and as the baronet shook hands with him he exclaimed somewhat testily:—

"D—n it, Sir Robert, why don't you shake hands like a man? You put that long yellow paw of yours, all

skin and bones, into a man's hand, and there you let it lie. But, no matter, everyone to his nature. Be seated, and tell me what news. Are the Papists quiet?"

"There is little news stirring, sir; at least, if there be it does not come my way, with the exception of this report about yourself, which I hope is not true; that there was an attempt made on your life yesterday evening?"

"What signifies that, my dear fellow, when your wig is out of balance? It's a little to the one side, like the ear of an empty jug, as they say."

"Why, sir," replied the baronet, "the fact is, that I felt—hum!—hum! so much—so much—a—anxiety—hum!—to see you and—a—a—to know all about it—that—a—I didn't take time to—a—look to my dress. And, besides, as I—hum!—expect to have—a—the pleasure of an interview with Miss Folliard—a—hum!—now that I am here—I feel anxious to appear to the best advantage—a—hum!"

Whilst speaking, he proceeded with the readjustment of his toilet at the large mirror, an operation which appeared to constitute the great object on which his mind was engaged, the affair of the squire's life or death coming in only parenthetically, or as a consideration of minor importance.

In height, Sir Robert Whitecraft was fully six feet two; but being extremely thin and lank, and to all appearance utterly devoid of substance, and of everything like proportion, he appeared much taller than even Nature had made him. His forehead was low, and its whole character felonious; his eyes were small, deep-set, and cunning; his nose was hooked; his mouth was wide, but his lips thin to a miracle, and such as always are to be found under the nose of a miser; as for chin, we could not conscientiously allow him any; his under-lip sloped off until it met the throat with a curve not larger than that of an oyster, which, when open to the tide, his mouth very much resembled. As for his neck, it was so long that no portion of dress, at that time discovered, was capable of covering more than one-third of it; so that there were always two parts out of three left stark naked and helplessly exposed to the elements. Whenever he smiled he looked as about to weep. As the squire said, he was dreadfully round-shouldered, had dangling arms that kept flapping about him as if they were moved by some machinery that had gone out of order, was close-kneed, had the true telescopic leg, and feet that brought a very large portion of him into the closest possible contact with the earth.

"Are you succeeding, Sir Robert?" inquired the old man, sarcastically, "because if you are, I swear you're achieving wonders, considering the slight materials you have to work upon."

"Ah! sir," replied the baronet, "I perceive you are in one of your biting humors to-day."

"Biting!" exclaimed the other, "egad, it's very well for most of your acquaintances that you're free from hydrophobia; if you were not, I'd have died pleasantly between two feather beds, leaving my child an orphan long before this."

"O ay, you allude to the affair of 'Hop-and-go-constant' and 'Pat the Spanker'; but you know, my dear sir, I gave you heavy boot"; and as he spoke, he pulled up the lapels of his coat, and glanced complacently at the profile of his face and person in the glass.

"Pray, is Miss Folliard at home, sir?"

"Again I'm forgotten," thought the squire. "Ah! what an affectionate son-in-law he'd make! What a tender husband for Helen! Why, hang the fellow, he has a heart for nobody but himself—She is at home, Sir Robert, but the truth is, I don't think it would become me, as a father anxious for the happiness of his child, and that child an only one, to sacrifice her happiness—the happiness of her whole life—to wealth or ambition. You know she herself entertains a strong prejudice—no, that is not the word—"

"I beg your pardon, sir; that is the word; her distaste to me is a prejudice, and nothing else."

"No, Sir Robert; it is *not* the word. Antipathy is the word. No, I tell you once for all, that I will not force my child."

"This change, Mr. Folliard," observed the baronet, "is somewhat of the suddenest. Has anything occurred on my part to occasion it?"

"Perhaps I may have other views for her, Sir Robert."

"That may be, but is such conduct either fair or honorable towards me, Mr. Folliard? Have I got a rival, and if so, who is he?"

"O Lord! I wouldn't tell you that for the world."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because," replied the squire, "if you found out who he was, you'd be hanged for cannibalism."

"I really don't understand you, Mr. Folliard. Excuse me, but it would seem to me that something has put you into no very agreeable humor to-day."

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"You don't understand me! Why, Sir Robert," replied the other, "I know you so well that if you heard the name of your rival, you would first kill him, then powder him, and, lastly, eat him. You are such a terrible fellow that you care about no man's life, not even about mine."

Now it was to this very point that the calculating baronet wished to bring him. The old man, he knew, was whimsical, capricious, and in the habit of taking all his strongest and most enduring resolutions from sudden contrasts produced by some mistake of his own, or from some discovery made to him on the part of others.

"As to your life, Mr. Folliard, let me assure you," replied Sir Robert, "that there is no man living prizes it, and, let me add, your character too, more highly than I do; but, my dear sir, your life was never in danger."

"Never in danger! What do you mean, Sir Robert? I tell you, sir, that the murdering miscreant, the Red Rapparee, had a loaded gun levelled at me last evening after dark."

"I know it," replied the other, "I am well aware of it, and you were rescued just in the nick of time."

"True enough," said the squire, "just in the nick of time: by that glorious young fellow—a—a—yes—Reilly, Willy Reilly."

"This Willy Reilly, sir, is a very accomplished person. I think."

"A gentleman, Sir Robert, every inch of him, and as handsome and fine-looking a young fellow as ever I laid my eyes upon."

"He was educated on the Continent by the Jesuits."

"No!" replied the squire, dreadfully alarmed at this piece of information, "he was not: by the great Boyne, he wasn't."

This mighty asseveration, however, was exceedingly feeble in moral strength and energy, for, in point of fact, it came out of the squire's lips more in the shape of a question than an oath.

"It is unquestionably true, sir," said the baronet; "ask himself, and he will admit it."

"Well, and granting that he was," replied the squire, "what else could he do, when the laws would not permit of his being educated here? I speak not against the laws, God forbid, but of his individual case."

"We are travelling from the point, sir," returned the baronet. "I was observing that Reilly is an accomplished person, as, indeed, every Jesuit is. Be that as it may, I again beg to assure you that your life stood in no risk!"

"I don't understand you, Sir Robert. You're a perfect oracle: by the great Deliverer from Pope and Popery, wooden shoes, and so forth, only that Reilly made his appearance at that moment I was a dead man."

"Not the slightest danger, Mr. Folliard. I am aware of that, and of the whole Jesuitical plot from the beginning: base, ingenious, but diabolical as it was."

The squire rose up and looked at him for a minute without speaking, then sat down again, and a second time was partially up, but resumed his seat.

"A plot," he exclaimed, "a plot, Sir Robert! What plot?"

"A plot, Mr. Folliard, for the purpose of creating an opportunity to make your acquaintance, and of ingratiating himself into the good graces and affections of your lovely daughter: a plot for the purpose of marrying her."

The squire seemed, for a moment, thunderstruck; but, in a little time, he recovered. "Marrying her!" he exclaimed: "that, you know, could not be done, unless he turned Protestant."

It was now time for the baronet to feel thunderstricken. "He turned Protestant! I don't understand you, Mr. Folliard. Could any change on Reilly's part involve such a probability as a marriage between him and your daughter?"

"I can't believe it was a plot, Sir Robert," said the squire, shifting the question, "nor I won't believe it. There was too much truth and sincerity in his conduct. And, what is more, my house would have been attacked last night; I, myself, robbed and murdered, and my daughter, my child, carried off, only for him. Nay, indeed, it was partially attacked, but when the villains found us prepared they decamped; but, as for marriage, he could not marry my daughter, I say again, so long as he remains a Papist."

"Unless he might prevail on her to turn Papist."

"By the life of my body, Sir Robert, I won't stand this. Did you come here, sir, to insult me and to drive me into madness? What devil could have put it into your head that my daughter, sir, or anyone with a drop of my blood in their veins to the tenth generation, could ever, for a single moment, think of turning Papist? Sir, I hoped that you would have respected the name both of my daughter and myself, and have forborne to add this double insult both to her and me. The insolence even to dream of imputing such an act to her I cannot overlook.

You yourself, if you could gain a point or feather your nest by it, are a thousand times more likely to turn Papist than either of us. Apologise, instantly, sir, or leave my house."

"I can certainly apologise, Mr. Folliard," replied the baronet, "and with a good conscience, inasmuch as I had not the most remote intention of offending you, much less Miss Folliard—I accordingly do so promptly and at once; but as for my allegations against Reilly, I am in a position to establish their truth in the clearest manner, and to prove to you that there wasn't a single robber nor Rapparee either at or about your house last night, with the exception of Reilly and his gang. If there were, why were they neither heard nor seen?"

"One of them was—the Red Rapparee himself."

"Do not be deceived, Mr. Folliard; did you yourself or any of your family or household see him?"

"Why, no, certainly—we did not—I admit that."

"Yes, and you will admit more soon. I shall prove the whole conspiracy."

"Well, why don't you, then?"

"Simply because the matter must be brought about with great caution. You must allow me a few days, say three or four, and the proofs shall be given."

"Very well, Sir Robert, but in the meantime I shall not throw Reilly overboard."

"Could I not be permitted to pay my respects to Miss Folliard before I go, sir?" asked Sir Robert.

"Don't insist upon it," replied her father: "you know perfectly well that she—that you are no favorite with her."

"Nothing on earth, sir, grieves me so much," said the baronet, affecting a melancholy expression of countenance which was ludicrous to look at.

"Well, well," said the old man, "as you can't see her now, come and meet Reilly here at dinner the day after to-morrow, and you shall have the pleasure."

"It will be with pain, sir, that I shall force myself into that person's society; however, to oblige you, I shall do it."

"Consider, pray consider, Sir Robert," replied the old squire, all his pride of family glowing strong within him, "just consider that my table, sir, and my countenance, sir, and my sense of gratitude, sir, are a sufficient guarantee to the worth and respectability of anyone whom I may ask to my house. And, Sir Robert, in addition to that, just reflect that I ask him to meet my daughter, and, if I don't mistake, I think I love, honor, and respect her nearly as much as I do you. Will you come, then, or will you not?"

"Unquestionably, sir, I will do myself the honor."

"Very well," replied the old squire, clearing up at once—undergoing, in fact, one of those rapid and unaccountable changes which constituted so prominent a portion of his character—"very well, Bobby; good-bye, my boy. I am not angry with you; shake hands, and d—n Popery."

(To be continued.)

THE HUCKSTER.

He unctiously lays down the law,
He tells you what is right and wrong;
He knows the Gospels, line and verse,
And has the Psalter like a song.

"Now don't do this, and do do that;
For this is wrong, and that is right!"
He'll talk the hind leg off a pot—
As long as talk involves no fight.

When Wrong is warring down the Right,
And Truth by slimy lies is drowned,
He'll talk no more of wrong or right,
Lest he offend or lose a pound.

Give me the man who stands for Right,
And never halts to count the cost;
Who, scornful to live a supple slave,
Would die and know his life not lost.

—J.K.

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THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued.)

Meanwhile, in Ireland, the air was thick with rumors, vague and furtive, that James was "on the sea," and soon to land with a liberating expedition. The Government was, of course, on the alert, fastening its gaze with lynx-eyed vigilance on all men likely to join the "foreign emissaries," as the returning Irish and their friends were styled; and around the south-western coast of Ireland was instantly drawn a line of British cruisers. The Government vain would have seized upon the Earl of Desmond and his brothers, but it was not certain whether this would aid or retard the apprehended revolt; for, so far, these Geraldines protested their opposition to it, and to them—to the Earl in particular—the population of the south looked for leadership. Yet, in sooth, the English might have believed the Earl, who, hoping nothing of the revolt, yet sympathising secretly with his kinsman, was in a sad plight what to do, anxious to be "neutral," and trying to convince the Lord President that he was well affected. The Government party, on the other hand, trusting him nought, seemed anxious to goad him into some "overt act" that would put him utterly in their power. While all was excitement about the expected expedition, lo! three suspicious strangers were landed at Dingle from a Spanish ship! They were seized as "foreign emissaries," and were brought first before the Earl of Desmond. Glad of an opportunity for showing the Government his zeal, he forthwith sent them prisoners to the Lord President at Kilmallock. In vain they protested that they were not conspirators or invaders. And indeed they were not, though they were what was just as bad in the eyes of the law—namely, Catholic ecclesiastics, one of them being Dr. O'Haly, Bishop of Mayo, and another Father Cornelius O'Rorke. To reveal what they really were would serve them little; inasmuch as hanging and beheading as "rebels" was in no way different from hanging and beheading as "Popish ecclesiastics." Yet would the authorities insist that they were vile foreign emissaries. They spoke with a Spanish accent: they wore their beard in the Spanish fashion, and their boots were of Spanish cut. So to force a confession of what was not truth out of them, no effort was spared. They were "put to every conceivable torture," says the historian, "in order to extract intelligence of Fitzmaurice's movements." After their thighs had been broken with hammers they were hanged on a tree, and their bodies used as targets by the soldiery.

By this time James, all unconscious of Stukely's defection, had embarked from Spain for Ireland, with a few score Spanish soldiers in three small ships. He brought with him Dr. Saunders, Papal Legate, the Bishop of Killaloe, and Dr. Allen. The little fleet, after surviving shipwreck on the coast of Galicia, sailed into Dingle Harbor on July 17, 1579. Here James first tasted disheartening disillusion. His great kinsman the Earl, so far from marching to welcome him and summoning the country to rise, "sent him neither sign of friendship nor promise of co-operation." This was discouragement indeed; yet Fitzmaurice was not without hope that when in a few days the main expedition under Stukely would arrive, the Earl might think more hopefully of the enterprise, and rally to it that power which he alone could assemble in Munster. So, weighing anchor, James steered for a spot which no doubt he had long previously noted and marked as pre-eminently suited by Nature for such a purpose as this of his just now—Illan-an-Oir, or Golden Island, in Smerwick Harbor, on the north-west Kerry coast, destined to be famed in story as Fort del Ore. This was a singular rock, a diminutive Gibraltar, jutting into the harbor or bay of Smerwick. Even previously its natural strength as a site for a fort had been noticed, and a rude fortification of some sort crowned the rock. Here James landed his small force, throw up an earthwork across the narrow neck of land connecting the "Isle of Gold" with the mainland, and waited for news of Stukely.

But Stukely never came! There did come, however, unfortunately for James, an English man-of-war, which had little difficulty in capturing his transports within sight of the helpless fort. All hope of the expected expedition soon fled, or mayhap its fate became known, and matters grew desperate on Illan-an-Oir. Still the Earl made no sign. His brothers, John and James, however, less timid or more true to kinship, had chivalrously hastened to join Fitzmaurice. But it was clear the enterprise was lost. The Government forces were mustering throughout Munster, and nowhere was help being organised. In this strait it was decided to quit the fort and endeavor

to reach the old fastnesses amidst the Galtees. The little band in their eastward march were actually pursued by the Earl of Desmond, not very much in earnest indeed—in downright sham, the English said, yet in truth severely enough to compel them to divide into three fugitive groups, the Papal Legate and the other dignitaries remaining with Fitzmaurice. Making a desperate push to reach the Shannon, his horses utterly exhausted, the brave Geraldine was obliged to impress into his service some horses belonging to Sir William Burke, through whose lands he was then passing. Burke, indeed, was a relative of his, and Fitzmaurice thought that revealing his name would silence all objection. On the contrary, however, this miserable Burke assembled a force, pursued the fugitives, and fell upon them, as "few and faint," jaded and outworn, they had halted at the little river Mulkern in Limerick Co. Fitzmaurice was wounded mortally early in the fray, yet his ancient prowess flashed out with all its native brilliancy at the last. Dashing into the midst of his dastard foes, at one blow he clove to earth Theobald Burke, and in another instant laid the brother of Theobald mortally wounded at his feet. The assailants, though 10 to one, at once turned and fled. But alas! vain was the victory—James Geraldine had received his death wound! Calmly receiving the last rites of the Church at the hands of Dr. Allen, and having with his last breath dictated a message to his kinsmen enjoining them to take up the banner fallen in his hand, and to fight to the last in the holy war—naming his cousin John of Desmond as leader to succeed him—the chivalrous Fitzmaurice breathed his last sigh. "Such," says the historian, "was the fate of the glorious hopes of Sir James Fitzmaurice! So ended in a squabble with churls about cattle, on the banks of an insignificant stream, a career which had drawn the attention of Europe, and had inspired with apprehension the lion-hearted English Queen!"

(To be continued.)

THE MOUNTAIN LAD.

He dreamt of a gray hillside homo
Soft-colored like the crumbled loam
In tilted fields he used to plough;
And memories sweet as honeycomb
Came back at curious moments, then:
The Indian-pipes in Mary's glen
When mountain-June returns again;
Moccasin-flowers, rose and sun,
That down the clove at sunrise ran;
Arbutus-coral on the ledge,
The harebell at the cliff's clean edge,
And mosses marching through the wood
Dusk-footed like a partridge-brood,
All the still things he used to know,
The silence of midsummer trees,
The noiseless footsteps of first snow,
He liked to think of these.

The guns roared on, but he was back
In the blueberry pasture: black
With sun and sweetness and not blue
The fruit he gathers! Though he lacked
The words to say as much to you.
The lad was fighting for a dream
With high hills in it, and a stream
Reflecting silver poplar-trees
And willows: but far more than these
He wanted earth hushed a little while
Till mothers learned again to smile
And fathers found new tales to tell
At twilight as when all was well!
Lovers no duty kept apart,
And laughter from a people's heart,
Untroubled bells along the wind,
And highways safe and the sea kind,
These are the thoughts that helped him fight,
These, for his own and every land!
And he was ready day or night
For these to make his stand.

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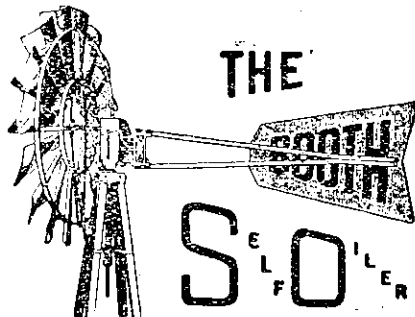
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PRIORITY FOR IRELAND

(From *Foreign Affairs*, August, 1919.)

(By *ERSKINE CHILDERS*.)

Would that Irish affairs were foreign affairs!

What I wish to suggest in this journal is that until the mind and conscience of the British people can admit the conception of an independent Ireland, Great Britain cannot be a force for good in international matters. If it be objected that she now is, relatively, a force for good, I venture to contest the point. Let us put aside her undisputed primacy in the conquest and exploitation of the inferior races—the root cause of all wars—and in the tortuous statecraft which pursues this aim under cover of an unselfish solicitude for human freedom. Ireland is another matter. It is a white nation, and the fate of the colored nations depends upon that of the white. Humanity is stumbling forward: out of the chaos and misery of the war there emerges one good result—accidental and precarious, but good—the emancipation of the white subject nations, with one conspicuous exception, Ireland. In maintaining that exception, with a greater display of brute force than ever, Great Britain deliberately throws her vast strength and influence into the scale of reaction, at a time too when the temptation to do wrong has disappeared, when her power to do right is absolute, and the effect of doing right would be incalculable. She prefers to set an example corrupting alike the new nations and old empires. She is, I submit, pre-eminently a force for evil.

It is useless to challenge Imperialists in this matter. They are for the time being too strong, and, now that they have dropped the cant of high war-motives, too honestly militarist. My challenge is to the idealists, to the men who have labored against heavy odds and at heavy sacrifice to stem the torrent of cant and hatred, purify war-aims, and revolutionise international relations. It is surely only in the sardonic jargon of the militarists that Ireland is "a domestic question." In such domestic questions all wars originate or end. Ireland is a nation. Her repression by military force is a war, and I suggest that those who seek in all sincerity to replace war by international guarantees should endeavor to make the right of self-determination for Ireland the first international questions.

Why do they shrink from doing so? Why does even the Labor Party, after pronouncing for Irish self-determination at Amsterdam, disclaim even the rudiments of an Irish policy at home? Why will earnest men go to the stake for a Polish Poland, a German Germany, a Czecho-Slovakian Czecho-Slovakia, and not lift a finger for an Irish Ireland? Let us analyse quietly. In the first place, no doubt, the old formula "Home Rule" has still a strong effect on the English mind—as it had on the Austrian mind. But can it be revitalised? Is it not deservedly obsolete? It seems impossible to deny that the independence movement in Ireland is not merely the legitimate but the inevitable result of fifty years of sullenly thwarted constitutional effort, culminating in the series of blunders, insults, and betrayals perpetrated by the British Government from 1914 onwards. Even if it were not so, the idea of Home Rule, or limited autonomy, for a white subject nation is discredited everywhere. No example of it, in fact, exists. Morally it has rested on distrust and suspicion. Constitutionally, it has owed what vitality it possessed to a false analogy with the status of the self-governing colonies. A federation arises centripetally from the voluntary union of hitherto sovereign States, or of States at any rate completely independent of one another, and approximately equal to one another in size and resources. No such conditions exist in the case of Ireland and Great Britain, and attempts to base schemes on the fiction that they do exist are doomed in the future, as in the past, to sterility. The Dominion status, on the other hand, derives centrifugally from the complete separation of Parliaments and the absence of all colonial representation at Westminster, proceeding inevitably from the basic arrangement to complete or disguised independence. Even the loosest application of the democratic theory demands some organic electoral link between controller and controlled. Where there is none, control lapses.

How hard a false analogy can die, nevertheless, is shown by the few proposals for "Dominion Home Rule" for Ireland. This is a hybrid scheme, departing from the Dominion model in a vital particular, the "strategic unity" of the United Kingdom, in plain language the continued military control of Ireland by Great Britain, whereas the strategic independence of the Dominions—their unfettered control of their own forces and therefore, in the last resort, of their own policy—is secured not merely by unwritten convention but by the written agreements

of 1911, recognising the right of Canada and Australia to determine whether or not to place their naval forces at the disposal of the Empire in time of war. These agreements were in effect treaties with foreign Powers, and the virtual, if not the titular independence of the Dominions dates from their signature.

Sincerely and generously meant, "Dominion Home Rule" is based on a confusion of thought due to the ineradicable reluctance to give Ireland the substance as well as the appearance of freedom. The time is passed, I fear, for these evasive compromises. They are not even practical politics, because, though Ireland might acquiesce without abandoning her larger aim, they become indefensible under British criticism, as long as their advocates refuse to appeal to a first principle of right like self-determination, but must expand their energy in endeavoring to prove that it is "safe" to do what is partly right. They leave Ireland cold and England unmoved.

I pass to the next obstacle—North-East Ulster—with a curious sense of grappling with an elusive pretext, behind which lurks another and a far more formidable enemy. The feeling comes, I suppose, from seeing so many earnest Englishmen altruistically absorbed in the racial complexities of Eastern Europe and willing there to give recognition to new nations of composite construction, with arbitrary land frontiers and diversities of race, language, and national tradition, and yet indifferent to the fact that in Ireland, which is their own urgent responsibility, they have under their eyes the simplest of national problems; an island, with a frontier beyond controversy, and an uninterrupted historical identity; a nation which, with a 75 per cent. nationalist majority, comes nearer unanimity than any of those of Eastern Europe, as near unanimity indeed as any conquered and colonised country can expect to come; a nation which surely has the right, if any nation ever had it, to claim that the descendants of colonists "planted" on it by external military force should accept, after liberation, as before it, the citizenship, laws, and government of their adopted country.

Again, I am not challenging Imperialists, but only those who, while professing to believe in the principle of self-determination, say that they hesitate on Ulster's account to apply it to Ireland as a whole. To these I propose two tests. Supposing first that the argument for a united Ireland fails to convince them, will they concede self-determination to each of two Irelands and respect the decision of the greater, should it be even for independence? I think not. Faced with a grotesque practical outcome of their policy, they would revert to a very limited form of Home Rule, with Ulster excluded, justifying the limitations by arguments which a moment before they had rejected in favor of the view that Ireland is a nation. This is the line Mr. Asquith took when he surrendered to the partitionists in 1914. The "reserved services," he blandly remarked, under the original unitary Bill would greatly simplify partition. Of course they would.

Supposing, on the other hand, that the case for a united Ireland is proved, would that really turn the scale with those whom I am addressing? Would they then declare unreservedly for self-determination for the Irish people? A few, perhaps. But observation seems to show that when we get down to the bedrock of the controversy, even in this era of revolution when new republics are legion, and a League to protect them, and to protect the racial minorities within them, is actually in existence, the English idealists themselves join hands with the old school of the immutable principle that Great Britain cannot tolerate a republic on her flank. The old school candidly and publicly says why; the idealists are uncomfortably silent. But the reason is the same. Great Britain's "safety," in other words, her military necessities, require a subject Ireland. Germany's argument with Belgium; Austria's with Serbia. Ordinary nations must submit to the indignity and peril of having independent neighbors; but the chosen people—no; for them not even an island neighbor, however weak and isolated. Although obvious dictates of prudence have prevented Great Britain, herself an island Power, relying for expansion mainly on naval strength, from extending this doctrine of proximity to the patient and systematic conquest of Europe, its slow but inexorable application to the continents of Asia and Africa, and to the ocean routes and strategic points which connect them with Europe, is manifest from a glance at the post-war map. Observe what the "safety" of India has come to involve in the slow acquisition by war of physically contiguous countries, buttressed by vast outlying suzerainties and "spheres," between Siam on the east and the Tripoli border on the west, with the great branch chains radiating from Egypt to the Cape and Nigeria.

Ireland takes her natural place in this scheme of illimitable and insatiable egotism. She is regarded as, by divine right, the strategic outwork of Great Britain and her tragic history is the outcome of that inhuman view.

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The "Kash"
(Next Evening Post)

Wellington

But since the only noble purpose discoverable behind the war just over was to extirpate this barbarous and ruinous conception of human relations, at any rate among the white races, and since at least this much progress has been made, that by the vicissitudes of war all the white races but one have wrenched themselves free from alien control, and since that one is Ireland, and since Ireland belongs to England and upon England rests the responsibility of giving or denying the breath of life to a new doctrine that may save mankind—should not English idealists—to repeat my initial challenge—concentrate their energies first and foremost upon the liberation of Ireland?

THE SPIRIT OF DOLLY'S BRAE

In Christmas Week, 1795, Lord Gosford, Governor of Co. Armagh, called a meeting of the leading magistrates and gentry of the county to "devise a plan to check the calamities which have already brought down upon this county." . . . "It is no secret," he said in the course of an address which is not sufficiently known, "that a persecution accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty which in all ages have distinguished that dreadful calamity is now raging in this county. Neither ago nor sex nor even acknowledged innocence as to the late disturbances is sufficient to excite mercy, much less to afford protection. The only crime which the wretched objects of this merciless persecution are charged with is a crime of easy proof: it is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this species of delinquency, and the sentence they pronounce is equally concise and terrible; it is nothing less than a confiscation of all property and immediate banishment. It would be extremely painful and surely unnecessary to detail all the horrors that attended the execution of so wide and tremendous a proscription which certainly exceeds, in the comparative number of those it consigns to ruin and misery, every example that ancient and modern history can afford. For where have we heard, and in what history of human cruelties have we read of more than half the inhabitants of a populous county being deprived at one blow of the means, as well as the fruits, of their industry and driven in the midst of an inclement winter to seek a shelter for themselves and their helpless families where chance may guide them? This is no exaggerated picture of the horrid scenes now acting in this county. Yet surely it is sufficient to awaken sentiments of indignation and compassion in the coldest bosoms. These horrors are now acting, and acting with impunity. The spirit of impartial justice without which law is no better than tyranny has for a time disappeared in this county, and the supineness of the magistracy is a topic of conversation in every corner of this kingdom." The Orange Society was then three months in existence, and a large percentage of the magistrates to whom the Governor spoke were enrolled brethren who with tongue in cheek agreed to this resolution: "That the Roman Catholic residents of this county were grievously oppressed by lawless persons unknown who attack and plunder their houses by night, unless they immediately abandon their lands and habitations."

Lord Gosford might have spared himself the trouble of speechmaking. The apostles of civil and religious liberty pursued their beneficent mission of extending the territory of "Ulster." Ten months later in the Irish Parliament he offered to produce sworn evidence that 1400 Catholic families had been expelled from their homes or murdered or burned in their houses or perished of famine in the fields or on the roadsides. The French Reign of Terror seemed to have been the model on which the brethren acted. It is matter of historical fact that from Co. Armagh alone 7000 Catholics were banished, murdered, or died. Grattan told the Parliament in the opening of 1796 that "the object of the Orangemen was the extermination of all the Catholics of the county . . . a banditti of murderers committing massacre in the name of God, and exercising despotic power in the name of liberty."

This is the society which ever since has ruled Ireland, which placed Galloper Smith on the Woolsack in England and set James Campbell at the head of the "Law" in Ireland. I was in the crowd of tens of thousands who filled the square in front of the City Hall, Belfast, on that Covenant Day in September the year before the war, when Carson and his henchmen marched in to sign. There was but one hymn raised by the crowd, Dolly's Brae. "And the tune we played was kick the Pope right over Dolly's Brae." The sound of that fiendish chorus is in my ears yet. What Was Dolly's Brae? It was an Orange

outburst which took place on the Twelfth of July, 1849, on the road between Ballyward and Castlewellan. There were two roads by which the Orangemen might have marched, but they had made up their minds to go by the hilly, uneven route, for no other reason than that it led through a Catholic district and the Catholic village of Dolly's Brae. Owing to the efforts of the local priests no resistance was offered to the passage of the processionists, who had come armed with guns and bayonets. This so disappointed their leaders that the procession was halted beyond the village, the 500 armed men were reformed and the whole body marched back again, the big drums beating, as the hymn commemorates, "Kick the Pope." In the result two villages were wrecked, and a number of Catholics murdered. Let the official Report speak: "While this [the burning of Magheramoyls] was going on above, I lament to say that the work of retaliation, both on life and property, by the Orange Party was proceeding lower down the hill and along the side of the road, in a most brutal and wanton manner, reflecting the deepest disgrace on all by whom it was perpetrated or encouraged. One little boy 10 years old was deliberately shot while running across a field. The stipendiary magistrate stopped a man in the act of firing at a girl rushing from her father's house. An old woman of 70 was murdered and the skull of an idiot beaten in with the butts of their muskets. Another old woman was severely beaten in her house, while another, who was subsequently saved by the police, was much injured and left in her house, which had been set on fire. An inoffensive man was taken out of his house, dragged to his garden, and stabled to death by three men with bayonets in the sight of some of his family. The Catholic chapel, the house of the Catholic curate, and the National schoolhouse were fired into and the windows broken; and a number of the surrounding houses of the R.C. inhabitants were set on fire and burnt, every article of furniture having been first wantonly destroyed therein." Or the police report: "No language can describe the scene of horror that has been enacted in the neighborhood."

That was "Dolly's Brae," the work of the fathers and grandfathers of the men who to-day are asking through their leaders for "guarantees." No wonder they are nervous. Conscience doth make cowards. But they are not ashamed. Dolly's Brae is their battle song to this day. They are proud of it. They might have selected any other popish killing anniversary from the Diamond Fight in 1795, but evidently something specially artistic about this performance has secured its commemoration.—"Ultaich," in the *Dublin Leader*.

MODERN HISTORY

- Who were
 - "Jack Johnson"?
 - "Dora"?
 - "Bolo"?
 - "Black Maria"?
 and what connection had they with the Great War?
- Distinguish between
 - A "Peace without victory" and
 - A "Peace of violence,"
 and state in which category the Peace of Versailles should be placed.
- Who was assassinated at Sarajevo in June, 1914, and by whom? What effect had this crime on the history of Europe?
- How many Chief Secretaries were appointed for Ireland between 1916 and 1919? Give names and dates (so far as you can remember), and state if possible the leading features of the policies of each.
- Distinguish between the terms
 - "Partition" and "County Option."
 - "Colonial Home Rule" and "Dominion Home Rule."
 - "Martial Law" and "Coercion."
 - "Archbishop" and "Provost."
- What parts did Sir Edward Carson play during the Great War?
- What do you understand by "Plunketteering"?
- "A hitch in time makes nine." Illustrate by examples from the Statute Book.
- Compare
 - Lord French and Julius Caesar.
 - Mr. Asquith and Pitt.
 - Mr. Lloyd George and Owen Glendower.
 - President Wilson and Ananias.
- Who won the battle of Jutland?

—The Leader.

Current Topics

European Items

According to *La Croix*, 3276 French ecclesiastics were killed in the war. Nearly 1000 received the decoration of the Legion of Honor, 383 got the Military Medal, and 7848 the Croix de Guerre. The Jesuits who had been expelled came back at the call to arms from all over the world, and it is estimated that 900 of them served with the colors. Of these, 62 got the Legion, 39 the Military Medal, 310 the Croix, and 595 received citations in the Orders of the Day. Catholic France won the war, and now that the Jews and Masons are safe once more they have shown no sign of undoing the wrongs done to the Church. They are all honorable men!

The Italian people have by now learned to love Mr. Wilson. The Peninsula press asserts frankly that Italy never wanted war and that it was only through the bribery of the Allies the Government was induced to break faith with Germany and Austria. The Government sold Italy for a price; and at the end of the war the Entente again sold both Government and people. Wilson is regarded in Italy as the chief traitor and in every *caffé* and *osteria* from Chiasso to Tarento many very rough things are said over the wine about the Yankee word-spinner who proved such a windbag when a man was sought under his skin.

In the process of crushing Germany it was decided that Mr. George's genius must succeed where Napoleon failed. Germany must be deprived of her army and never given a hope of mustering even enough armed men to bury a general respectably. As a sign of the success of our Mr. George, consider that three military organisations already flourish in the new Germany. The numerous civil police may be transformed into a military force almost at a moment's notice; Herr Noske has raised a large body of home guards to cope with the Spartacists; and there are, over and above, the 200,000 allowed by Mr. George. A nice little army all told!

England's playboys have arranged for another farce. By way of showing the world how sincere they were when they asserted that the war was fought for self-determination, these higher criminals known as Cabinet Ministers have now arranged that the Irish system of government shall be drawn up by French, Muckpherson, Shortt, and Long. A Labor man named Barnes was also thrown in. There is no mention of a single Irishman on the boards. Yet one of these days when the Irish people have once more told the clowns to take their British and Orange sham to perdition we will be told that these Irish are hard to please. If there is anything in all history to surpass British hypocrisy and dishonesty we have never heard of it. Do you observe there is very little said now about our Mr. George's election cry, "We must hang the Kaiser"? And do you know why? Facts which are leading many people to doubt if all we were told about the war is true are emerging. If the Kaiser were tried they would not emerge, they would march.

It is a lovely world to live in, and we are a patient people. But sure we won the war and made all safe for Democracy and put despotism in its place and killed secret intrigues and liberated all oppressed and persecuted people, like Ireland, India, Egypt, Korea, and so forth. And what more does anybody want? It is not the Kaiser alone who ought to be tried.

A Problem for Anglicans

Among Christians, theoretically, there can be no hesitation in admitting that Christ founded one Church and only one, and that He committed to that Church one Divine Faith and only one. In practice Catholics are the only Christians who are consistent with that principle. For them truth is one and indivisible; there can be no room in the Fold for those who deny what the Church teaches; the man who believes in

the Divinity of Our Lord cannot be put on the same plane as the man who denies it. In the majority of Protestant sects no such consistency can be found, and the result of the right of private judgment is a chaos of beliefs. Anglicans profess to be a branch of the Catholic Church and to hold the Faith in its purity; yet while making such a profession they are constantly manifesting to the world that it does not matter to them how much or how little a man believes. They say it does matter; but their practice proves that it does not. Not only among the laity but also among the bishops a fine freedom and irresponsibility is allowed, impossible to reconcile with their theory. Early in the past year an incident occurred which must have brought home to many sincere Anglicans the absurdity of their whole position, and its utter untenability. To go back a little further, the Bishop of Oxford published about two years ago a *Manual of Christian Doctrine*, purporting to set forth the teaching of the Church of England. This book was attacked by Canon Henson, then Dean of Durham, who proclaimed that the doctrines in the *Manual* were not by any means the teaching of the Anglican Church. That fact in itself might be insignificant if the Dean, who denied the exposition of the faith of Anglicans, as understood by the most scholarly and orthodox of the bishops, was speaking for himself alone and not for the Church. He might be dismissed as a crank or a modernist—which comes to the same thing—and there would be no more to say about the matter. But he was not. On the other hand he was so cordially approved that he was presented to the vacant See of Hereford by the Baptist Premier who is the real visible Head of the Church of England, and thus the seal of orthodoxy was set on the man who had practically told Dr. Gore that he was a heretic. Now both certainly cannot be in the right, even from the Anglican point of view. If Dr. Gore is not a heretic Dr. Henson must be one; and if Dr. Henson is orthodox Dr. Gore cannot be orthodox. What is the logical position? In matter of fact it is this: the Church of England recognises as equally fit to teach the faithful two men, one of whom believes in the Divinity of Christ and the other does not; in other words one a Christian and the other a Freethinker. And the consequence is that in the sight of the Anglican Church it cannot matter whether a man is a Christian or not. As a sample of the creed of the new Bishop of Hereford take the following words from a sermon he delivered in October, 1914: "Jesus in the belief of Christians is the human medium of God's supreme Self-Revelation. In Him the unseen Creator Himself became incarnate. What is this but to say that there is that in human nature which makes man competent to fulfil so august a ministry. What is this but to maintain that human nature is so kindred to Divine nature as to be capable of revealing God?" There can be no doubt that Dr. Gore would unhesitatingly say with ourselves that such assertions are at the same time heresy and sheer nonsense, and that only a heretic could hold such opinions. But considering that out of 38 bishops 33 congratulated Dr. Henson on his appointment to the See of Hereford, it is plain that they do not think it necessary for an Anglican bishop to be a Christian, and that, whatever they may preach, in practice they have denied that the Church of England has any further concern about maintaining intact the teachings of Christ. Dr. Henson is certainly heretical. The Church of England not only tolerates, but approves, him. What is the consequence but that the Church of England is heretical? And if Dr. Henson is not even a Christian, where is the Church of England which receives him, from Lloyd George, with open arms?

Irish Government

The recent blood-and-thunder tactics of Jock Muckpherson having failed just as egregiously as the awkwardly-staged German plots of Mr. George and Rex Carson, it seems that the foreign Government which holds Ireland by force has found it necessary to make another effort to persuade the world that there

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is such a thing as political honor among the high-class criminals who specialise in tearing up treaties and violating the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland. The new scheme is Dominion Home Rule. There is the old side to it—the tomfoolery about safeguarding Ulster. Ulster, mind you, as if everyone did not know that the majority of Ulster is for an Irish Republic. As a sample of the sort of nonsense usually talked and written about the business, we quote from the *Otago Daily Times*, October 9: "The old division between Ulster and the rest of Ireland remains a dominant, abiding fact. Ulster desires to be left as she is." If Ulster desires to be left as she is, why has the Government refused to allow all Ulster to take a vote on the issue? If Ulster desires to be left as she is, how explain the fact that a majority of the Ulster Counties are for a Republic? Ulster does not desire to be left as she is. Ulster desires independence, and neither ignorance nor dishonesty can obscure that plain fact. It is likely that once more the dishonest twaddle will be allowed to wreck all hopes of a settlement. Ulster will not be left out: that is certain. Nor will the rest of Ireland consent to leave out a part of Ulster, which would involve leaving at the mercy of Orange savages a large minority of Catholics who would have no security for life or property. One scheme might work. It is possible that the Nationalist Party—by which we mean the self-determinationists—would agree to county option, which would, we believe, mean that all Ulster would in a very short time come in. We have little hesitation in saying that Ireland—Sinn Fein included—would accept a full measure of Dominion Home Rule. But nothing less will serve now. If left to county option only three counties—namely, Down, Armagh, and Antrim—would be at all likely to remain out at first. And in each of these three there is a large number of Catholics who would have just as much right—and more—to consideration as the Protestant minority in Ulster would have in reference to the rest of Ireland. There is this vast difference, however: the Catholics are Irish people; the anti-nationalists are not Irish, and they represent a foreign garrison, and on no grounds have they any right to stand in the way when Ireland demands self-determination. When we remember how other small nations were set up without much consideration for much larger minorities, we realise the true hollowness and hypocrisy of the Government's platitudes about Ulster. The appended statistics will help our readers to see for themselves the true state of affairs between Ulster and the other provinces of Ireland:—

The following are the figures from the Census Report, 1911:—

Ulster.		
Catholics	...	699,202
Presbyterians	...	421,410
Episcopalians	...	366,773
Methodists	...	48,816
All others	...	53,881

The following is the present representation of the counties:—

	Union-ist.	Sinn Fein.	Home Rule.	Independ-ent.
Antrim	3	—	—	1
Armagh	2	—	—	—
Cavan	—	2	—	—
Derry	2	1	—	—
Donegal	—	3	1	—
Down	4	—	1	—
Fermanagh	1	1	—	—
Monaghan	—	2	—	—
Tyrone	1	1	1	—
	13	10	4	1

The City of Belfast elected seven Unionists and one Home Ruler. The elections throughout Ulster showed the strength of the various parties to be as follows:—

Unionist	...	254,023
Sinn Fein	...	153,146
Home Rule	...	82,078
Labour	...	10,087
Independent Unionist	...	17,552

Owing to the electoral areas imposed by the British Government the Unionists secured one representative to every 11,000 supporters, while the Sinn Feiners only secured one representative to every 15,000 supporters.

A majority of the Ulster counties—five out of nine—voted anti-Unionist at the last election. They were:—

	Anti-Unionist.	Unionist.
Cavan	43,418	—
Fermanagh	13,041	11,292
Donegal	34,439	4,797
Monaghan	21,488	4,497
Tyrone	30,142	24,993

In two of the remaining four counties—Antrim and Down—the Unionists had very large majorities. In Derry there was a strong anti-Unionist minority, while in Armagh one division containing 16,000 voters was not challenged by the Unionists, and in the other two divisions there was only a majority of 10,000 for the Unionists.

Secret Diplomacy Again

We recently read in English and Scottish papers that Prince Henry had published in the German press an open letter to his cousin, King George, challenging the latter to a full inquiry into the origin of the war. He was probably inspired to do this by the publication of some confidential reports and memoranda from the Russian archives by the Bolshevik Government. In the light of these documents, which were edited by Professor Pokrovsky, Commissary of Finance, it is easy to understand why our press has thrown so much lime-light on Bolshevik atrocities while preserving a wonderful silence concerning atrocities committed by our Allies, the anti-Bolsheviks. We give for what they are worth some extracts from the archives:—

On September 12, 1912, Tsvolsky (Russian Ambassador at Paris) reported to his Government that he had conversed with Poincaré on the subject of Balkan complications:—"If a conflict with Austria were to result in armed intervention on the part of Germany, then France will immediately recognise this as a case affecting her alliance, and will not delay one minute in fulfilling her obligations towards Russia."

In the same month Sazonoff (Russian Foreign Minister) visited England. He wrote to the Czar:—"After having confidentially initiated Grey into the contents of our naval agreement with France, and having pointed out that the French Fleet, in accordance with the treaty, would be active in the southern scene of operations and defend our interests by preventing the Austrian Fleet from breaking through to the Black Sea, I asked the Secretary of State if England would not for her part do us the same service in the north by diverting the German squadron from our coasts in the Baltic. Grey declared without hesitation that if the circumstances in question were to arise, England would do her utmost to aim the most effective blow at the might of Germany."

Grey also informed Sazonoff (who had already heard of from Poincaré) that there was a Franco-British agreement, according to which England had pledged herself to help France not only on sea, but also by landing troops on the Continent. Sazonoff then had an interview with the King at Balmoral. He wrote to the Czar:—"The King expressed himself with much greater definiteness than his Minister. With visible emotion his Majesty referred to Germany's attempts to vie with England as a sea-power. He said that a conflict would not only have consequences disastrous to Germany's Fleet, but also to Germany's overseas commerce: 'We shall sink every German merchant ship we shall get hold of.' These last words apparently express not only the personal feelings of his Majesty, but also the attitude towards Germany that prevails in

England." (The words in italics are in English in the original document.)

In April, 1914, King George and Sir Edward Grey were in Paris, and Isvolsky reports:—"Sir Edward Grey is of opinion that no Continental convention, but only a naval agreement, could be concluded between us and England, for England's land forces have already been assigned to certain regions and cannot operate in conjunction with Russian forces."

These agreements were, of course, kept secret. Even the British Parliament was ignorant of them. Nevertheless, there were a few outsiders who suspected what was going on behind the scenes. On March 10, 1913, Lord Hugh Cecil asked in Parliament if it was true that England was under an obligation, arising owing to an assurance given by the Ministry in the course of diplomatic negotiations, to send an army out of the country to operate in Europe. Mr. Asquith replied: "I ought to say that it is not true." Of course, "he ought to say" that it was not true. No doubt the "ought" satisfied his conscience! There can, however, be no doubt that it was true, for there is other evidence besides these Russian revelations.

One of Lord French's articles (dated April 29, 1919) in the *Daily Telegraph*—they have now appeared in volume form—contains the following passage with reference to military preparedness at the outbreak of war:—"The British and French General Staffs had for some years been in close secret consultation with one another on this subject. The area of concentration for the British forces had been fixed on the left flank of the French, and the actual detrainment stations of the various units were all laid down in terrain lying between Maubeuge and Le Cateau. The headquarters of the army were fixed at the latter place."

In July, 1914, the Russian mobilisation produced extreme tension. On the 30th of that month Isvolski telegraphed from Paris:—"Margerit told me that the French Government in no way wishes to interfere in our (Russia's) military preparations, but considers it desirable, in view of the protracted negotiations for the preservation of peace, that these preparations should have as secret and unprovocative a character as possible. The Minister of War enlarged on the same idea, and said we could declare, in the highest interests of peace, that we were prepared temporarily to slacken our measures of mobilisation. That, however, would not hinder us from continuing our military preparations or even from intensifying them, as long as we refrain, as far as possible, from moving large bodies of troops."

Finally, on August 2, 1914, Isvolsky telegraphed to Sazonoff:—"To-day the news arrived that German troops are on Luxemburgian territory and have violated the neutrality of the Duchy. . . . This circumstance is considered very advantageous for France, for

it will unavoidably call forth . . . [word illegible in the original] on the part of England and give that country cause for more energetic action. It is also reported that German troops are moving in the direction of Arloing, which would indicate their intention of violating Belgian neutrality also. That would be a still more tangible circumstance for England."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. McD.—Shallow-brained persons are prone to mistake insolence for cleverness. Our advice is: *Faites lire votre tête.*

W. M. P.—Mr. Birrell was a gentleman. Muckpherson is a Scotch savage, without definite moral principles and incapable of telling the truth. He is now removing the magistrates appointed by Mr. Birrell with a view to selecting creatures of his own. It is quite useless for Shortt and Long and George and Muck to frame Bills for Ireland. Ireland will stand or fall by self-determination. That was what we fought for, was it not?

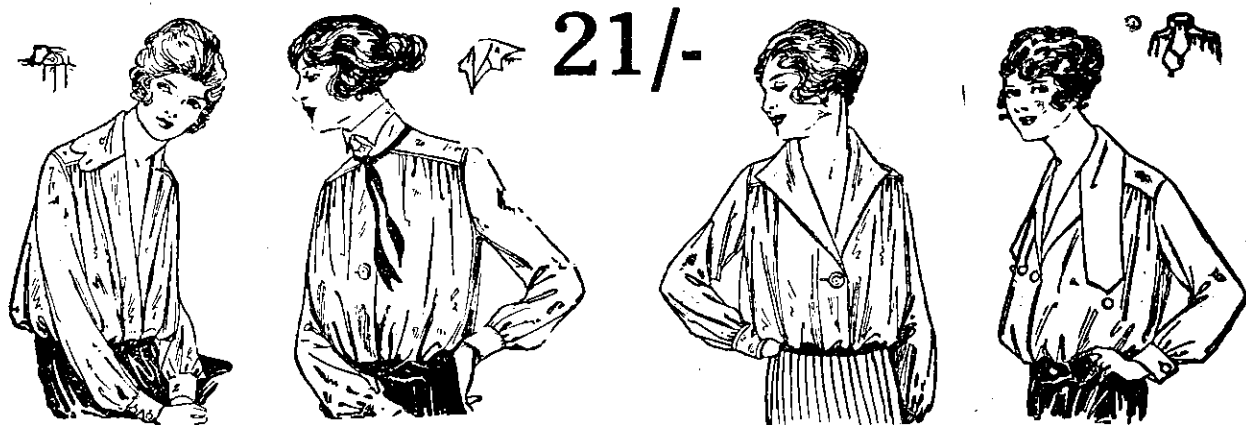
SUBSCRIBER.—The Branch theory is an Anglican invention according to which the Church of Christ is made up of the Latin, Greek, and Anglican Churches, as branches of one tree. The value of the theory is easily seen when we remember that the Latin and Greek Churches both agree in holding that the Anglicans have no grounds whatever for considering that their Church is a part of the true fold of Christ. The Continuity theory is another Anglican invention whereby some Anglicans hold that they are in continuity with the Church from which they cut themselves off! They held the cathedrals and the endowments of which they plundered Catholics, but they rejected the doctrines which were the things that were essential for continuity.

READER.—It was Mr. Birrell who wrote the oft-quoted sentence: "It is the Mass that matters." It occurs in one of his essays. You have as much time to run it down as we have.

BARNEY.—So you are coming at us again. Didn't we tell you not to ask us another question about horses for six months? A good many will not agree with him, but our expert holds that the best horse seen here in recent years was an animal called Kilboy. To us who know nothing of such matters he points out that it was a great performance for a three-year-old to carry 8.10 and win the C.J.C. Autumn in the fastest time for the race yet recorded. You did not make up your mind about the Cup yet. Well, hurry up.

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CORRESPONDENCE

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

PENALISING CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—At every meeting of Teachers' Institutes, Education Boards' Conferences, School Committees, etc., we hear the same old shibboleth, "our (alleged) free, secular, and compulsory system must be maintained." It has been prattled so often that the majority of non-Catholics believe it is free, and that secular means neutral. It cannot, of course, be free to any Catholic who knows his duty to God and his children, nor can it be acceptable even if it were neutral, which of course it cannot be, for as *America* says, "objective neutrality in all that concerns religious instruction is as impossible as a square circle." Would it not be advantageous for every branch of the Catholic Federation throughout the Dominion to pass a resolution similar to the following, have it published in the local papers, and forwarded also to the Government and every member of Parliament?

"That, while recognising the right of the Government to see that every child is being properly educated, we, the members of the — branch of the Catholic Federation, enter an emphatic protest against the action of the N.Z. Educational Institute and certain Education Boards in asking the Government first to compel religious and other private schools to pay a special registration fee not paid by secular schools, and second to deprive the children in these schools of the right to gain the Government school certificates. We regard such resolutions of these bodies as acts of tyranny, and as attempts, by the imposition of further penalties and persecution, to wrest from parents their inalienable and God-given right to have their children educated according to their religion and the dictates of their conscience. We also pledge ourselves to use all lawful means to have the present sectarian system in which only one section, or denomination—viz., the secularists—is catered for at the expense of all, replaced by a truly national system of education such as obtains in the British Isles, Canada, and other parts of the Empire: a system in which each section of the community, whether Catholic, Protestant, or secular, has spent on its own schools the money that each section contributes through taxation for the purpose, in proportion to the number of children being educated, provided that these schools are fully abreast of all State requirements."—I am, etc.,

T. P. ROBINSON.

Napier, October 10, 1919.

As a footnote, I would like you to publish the following from the report of the monthly meeting of the Hawke's Bay Education Board, the members of which are evidently all primo bigots:—"Department advised that legislation would be necessary before the board's suggestion re registered schools could be adopted.—Resolved to urge the department to bring down the necessary legislation." The original resolution was:—"The Government be urged to impose a special tax or registration fee on all private schools." Although these survivors from 16th century bigotry are poor sports, they evidently believe that attack is the best form of defence. What are we going to do? When shall we realise that we must attack to defend, but, unlike our opponents, we shall play the ball, not the man, attack the system, not the people? These people want for their sectarian system not only their money, but ours also. We want only our own. Why can't we get it? "Know ye slaves who would be free yourselves first must strike the blow." T.P.R.

One half of a successful life is action—the getting of things done in the right way at the right time. But the other half is no less useful—endurance, patience, the bearing of things that are hard, the steadfast holding to a difficult position. In other words, half of success is getting out of seeming failure.

N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

CHRISTCHURCH DIOCESAN COUNCIL.

The monthly meeting of the Diocesan Executive of the Christchurch Diocesan Council was held on October 7, the Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., presiding. The following members were present: Very Rev. Deans Regnault and Hyland, Very Rev. C. Graham, Messrs. P. Considine, W. and J. R. Hayward, and F. J. Doolan (secretary). Apologies were received from Messrs. Holley, Ryan, and J. E. Doolan.

The quarterly reports received from parish committees were all of a satisfactory nature. St. Mary's Committee, Christchurch North, returned for the quarter 1208 members, the largest number ever yet returned in one quarter, and the announcement was received with applause. The receipts amounted to £97 7s 5d for the month. The first donation in response to a diocesan appeal on behalf of the Catholic Girls' Hostel debt extinction fund was received from the Temuka Committee, and it is hoped it will prove the forerunner of many other parish donations.

An invitation from his Grace Dr. Mannix, Archbishop of Melbourne, to send a representative to the Australasian Irish Race Convention, to be held at Melbourne on November 3, was accepted, and Mr. T. Cahill, a member of the executive who is at present in Australia, was appointed to represent the council. The best wishes of the council were extended to the promoters for the success of this historic gathering for the advancement of Ireland's efforts towards self-determination.

Satisfaction was expressed with the grants made from the Field Service Fund to the chaplains attending the invalid soldiers at Hammer, Cashmere Hills Sanatorium, and Timaru Hospital. The Scholarship Committee reported that five scholarships will be awarded on the result of the December examinations, and that the regulations and forms had been printed and distributed to all the parish priests and committees and to the heads of our schools throughout the diocese. The examination papers had been received from the examiner, and would be printed at an early date, and the other necessary arrangements were fast approaching completion. The report was adopted, and it was decided that candidates must secure 50 per cent. of the marks allotted to Christian Doctrine, otherwise a scholarship will not be awarded. The annual report and balance sheet of the Dominion Council were read and discussed. Arrangements were made for the annual visit to the Temuka parish on October 26.

WEDDING BELLS

RYAN—GILMORE.

A very pretty wedding was solemnised at St. Mary's Church, Christchurch North, on Wednesday, September 3, when Miss Sara Ryan, fourth daughter of the late Stephen and Mrs. Ryan, of Ashburton, and John Gilmore, youngest son of Mrs. Gilmore, Woolston, Christchurch, were united in the bonds of holy Matrimony. The Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., officiated, assisted by Father Fogarty. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. Daniel Ryan, was attired in a frock of white charmeuse and georgette, daintily trimmed with pearls and silver. She wore her veil in mob-cap style, and carried a prayer-book. The bride was attended by her sisters, Misses Maggie and Annie Ryan, as bridesmaids. Each wore dainty frocks of heliotrope and lemon crepe de Chine, and picture hats of black and gold trimmed with rose and lemon, and carried sheaves of arum lilies. The bridegroom was attended by his nephew, Mr. H. Bennett, and by his brother, Mr. William Ryan, as best man and groomsmen respectively. The bridegroom's gifts to the bride and bridesmaids were gold bangles, and the bride's gift to the bridegroom was a silver shaving outfit. During the ceremony appropriate music was played by Mrs. W. Cronin (organist), and Miss Cushla Ryan, cousin of the bride, sang the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria" and Bortolotti's "O Salutaris." After the ceremony a large number of relations were entertained at the residence of the bride's sister, where the customary toasts were duly honored, that of the bride and bridegroom being proposed by the

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Very Rev. Dean Regnault. The newly-wedded couple left subsequently on their honeymoon, the bride wearing a smart navy tailored costume, with navy and gold hat trimmed with navy ospreys.

Onehunga

A very enjoyable musical evening was held in St. Mary's Parish Hall, Onehunga, on Tuesday, September 30, for the purpose of presenting an address of welcome to Rev. J. J. Byrne, who has been appointed as assistant priest to Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney (writes a correspondent). The following contributed to the programme, the various numbers being received with much appreciation:—Overture, Miss Owens; songs, Miss Ruby Leahy, Messrs. Higgins and Houston; duet, Miss Ruby Leahy and Mr. McDermott. During the evening the following address of welcome was read by Mr. Shaldrick, and presented to Father O'Byrne, who suitably replied:—

Dear Rev. Father,—We, the Catholics of Onehunga, have much pleasure in extending to you a most hearty welcome to your new sphere of duties. Although this is the first time we have had the pleasure of meeting you personally, you are well known to us as a man of culture and literary attainments, and not afraid, when occasion arises, of publicly using your talents in defence of Faith and Fatherland, always maintaining that Ireland has the same right to self-determination according to her own ideals, as the other small nations of Europe. You have the reputation of being a preacher and lecturer of no mean ability, and we know that we shall often have the pleasure of hearing you from the pulpit, but would esteem it a favor if you would give us an occasional lecture on the history of Ireland or some of her patriotic men of the past,—subjects we know you are capable of doing ample justice to. We are indeed grateful to his Lordship the Bishop for the happy choice he has made in asking you to take up the duties of assisting our esteemed and highly-respected pastor, the Right Rev. Mgr. Mahoney, whose task of doing full justice to the parish has been for some years a heavy one. Onehunga is one of the oldest parishes in the diocese of Auckland, being established 69 years ago, and it stands unique in having only its third parish priest in the person of our worthy Monsignor. The parish is well equipped with parochial buildings, having a handsome and substantial church and presbytery, together with convent, schools, and two halls, all of which, we are pleased to say, are free from debt. The undersigned representatives of the various societies connected with the parish have every confidence that you will give them the benefit of your valuable experience, and that by your counsel and assistance the membership of the respective societies will increase. In conclusion, we pray God that He will grant you health and strength to assist in carrying on the good work, and we on our part promise our hearty co-operation in all your activities for the welfare of the parish. Signed on behalf of the parishioners—JAMES SHALDRICK, chairman Parish Committee, Onehunga; B. McLAUGHLIN, President Catholic Federation, Onehunga; D. McCARTEN, President H.A.C.B. Society, Onehunga Branch.

In concluding the programme Monsignor Mahoney expressed his pleasure in the choice of his Lordship the Bishop in appointing Father O'Byrne as his assistant.

FAREWELL PRESENTATION TO FATHER O'BOYLE

Prior to his departure from Rangiora en route to the Homeland, the Rev. M. O'Boyle, who for the past five years has labored in that parochial district as assistant priest to the Very Rev. Dean Hyland, was met by a representative gathering in the local Catholic Schoolroom, after the 11 o'clock Mass on a recent Sunday, and made the recipient of a cheque for a very considerable amount, in appreciation of his deeply-valued services. The presentation was made by Mr. S. Ryan on behalf of the congregations of Rangiora, Kaiapoi, Oxford, and Loburn. Those associated with the movement to do honor to Father O'Boyle included as collectors Messrs. John Fitzgibbon and Joseph Catherwood (Rangiora), Mr. Leonard Fitzgibbon (Loburn), Messrs. D. McMullan and H. Johnston (Kaiapoi), and Messrs. James McCormack, James Cook, and Thomas Doody (Oxford). In reply to these various deputations, Father O'Boyle very sincerely thanked the assemblage for the kindly reception accorded him, and for the substantial amount of the presentation, and accompanying good wishes on the eve of his departure. Continuing, he said:—"I have just returned from a trip to the West Coast, where I renewed old acquaintances and

viewed once more the scenic beauties of that historic and patriotic district, but during the four and a-half years I have labored in your midst, the kindness, hospitality, and cordial co-operation in the discharge of duty shown me have equalled even the proverbial kindness and hospitality of the West Coast. I am sorry that owing to illness Dean Hyland is unable to be present here this afternoon, but his kind and paternal attitude towards me, as well as that of his Lordship the Bishop, and your devotion and gratitude, will ever remain a proud memory of the happy days I spent in Maoriland. As the one thing that makes life sweet is the possession of friends, so the one thing also that makes life sad is the separation from friends. Death is the lasting separation, and owing to the great war many of you had to face this sacrifice. To the friends and relatives of the fallen I offer my sincere sympathy, and promise to remember all at the altar in the Holy Sacrifice. I, like others, had to obey the mandate of the Divine Master: "He who loves father or mother, sister or brother, more than me, the same is not worthy to be my disciple." But in the order of Providence I hope soon to see my parents and friends, and the land of my birth and love. I might say many more things, but you cannot hear them now—that is, in regard to Ireland. Asking your prayers for a pleasant voyage, I bid you once more farewell."

HISTORIC BELL OF NOTRE DAME.

Few persons suspect that in the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame, Paris, is a bell contemporaneous with Joan of Arc—"the blessed bell" which sounded the tocsin when the maid of Lorraine appeared in August, 1429, and Paris was besieged by the English. This historic bell, referred to by Victor Hugo in his *Notre Dame de Paris*, was given to the Cathedral in 1400 by Jean de Montaign. It was refounded in 1686, and then rebaptised under the name of Emmanuel Louise Theresa of Austria. In view of later events, it seems rather more than a coincidence that when all the other bells of Notre Dame were destroyed by the revolutionists, Joan's bell should have been spared.

THE FRUIT WORLD

Reilly's Central Produce Mart report:—Supplies of spring vegetables are coming to hand freely, and a keen demand is being experienced for spring onions, lettuce, and rhubarb. New potatoes are eagerly inquired for. Good Island tomatoes realised as high as 29/6 per case. We have a special line of 200 White Leghorn pullets for sale on Wednesday, and anticipate prices to range at about 10s each. There is a keen demand for meat meal and calf foods, particularly meat meal. Eggs are firm to-day at 1s 9d per dozen. Bluestone for wheat and oat pickling purposes has a good demand. Some very fine consignments of Nelson apples came forward and realised 21s per case. Flowers are still selling at good prices. Suva bananas arrived this morning, and will be sold on Wednesday. Californian lemons in beautiful condition and realising 60s per case. American oranges are getting into small compass. Rabbitskins are still realising high prices. Fat commands a ready sale. We secure 11d per lb for choice bacon pigs. Poultry is eagerly inquired for. We received and sold:—Flowers: Narcissi (locals), 2s 6d to 4s 6d. Apples: Nelson Sturmers, 21s 9d; Central Sturmers, 6d to 7½d; Statesman, 6d; Rokewoods, 4d to 5d per lb; Doughertys, 18s 9d; Hoovers, 13s 6d. Lemons, Californians, 60s. Oranges, "American Sunkist," 47s 6d. Bananas, green, 22s 6d to 25s. Rhubarb, 2½d to 3d per lb. Asparagus, 8s 6d to 20s per dozen bunches. Cucumbers, 16s 6d, 18s, 19s, 21s 6d. Tomatoes, Islands, 1s 6d to 2s per lb. Cauliflowers, choice, 12s, 14s 6d; small, 2s 6d, 7s 6d per dozen. Cabbage (scarce), to 6s. Lettuce, choice, 3s 6d per dozen. Potatoes: Prime locals (repicked), 12s; Northern, 10s to 11s; Southland seed (choice), 12s 6d per cwt. Japanese onions, 30s per case. Swede turnips, 4s per cwt. Carrots (scarce), choice tables, 12s. Parsnips (wanted), 14s per cwt. Bacon (wanted): Rolls, 1s 4d; hams, 1s 4½d. Pigs: Baconers, 130-160's, 11d; heavy-weights, 10d; porkers, 10d; choppers, 6d per lb. Eggs, guaranteed, 1s 9d per dozen. Honey: Bulk, 7½d to 8d; 10lb tins, 7s 6d. Linsced calf meal, 15s. Ceremilk calf foods, 30s per 100lb. Meat meal, 20s. Rabbitskins realised as high as 16s 4d per lb. Tallow, 42s to 54s 6d. Horschair, 1s 4d to 1s 9d per lb. Poultry: Cockerels, 10s 6d, 10s 4d, 10s 2d, 9s, 8s, 6s 6d per pair; pullets, 8s 6d per pair; turkey gobblers, 1s 2d per lb.

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Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

October 4.

The Rev. Fathers Griffen (Kerry) and Broughton (Limerick), both students from Thurles Ecclesiastical Seminary, arrived this week to take up duties in the archdiocese.

The Rev. Father Connolly, who has been chaplain on the hospital ship for the past few years, has arrived back and will shortly resume duty.

The Rev. Father McCarthy, S.M., Marist Missioner, has been conducting a retreat for the Children of Mary of St. Mary's parish.

October 11.

The passengers from Sydney by the Maheno last week included the Very Rev. P. M. Lynch, who is on a visit to his native country before going to the East to take up a position at Malate, Manila, Philippine Islands, as Superior of the Redemptorist Fathers. Since 1898 Father Lynch has been at work in most of the big centres in the British Isles, Commonwealth, Dominion, and lands adjacent to the China Seas. Before entering the Redemptorist Order Father Lynch was a priest of the diocese of Dunedin, and was for years Administrator of St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin. For some time after the death of Bishop Moran he was editor of the *N.Z. Tablet*. Father Lynch was the guest of the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Gerard's, Oriental Bay, while in this city.

The last of a series of progressive euchre socials in aid of St. Mary's Rebuilding Fund was held at the Marble Bar, Willis Street, and proved a great success. The first prizes were won by Mrs. Cole and Mr. J. McMahon, whilst the consolations went to Mrs. Paton and Mr. V. O'Brien. The aggregate prize for the season was secured by Mrs. Rainey. During the evening, Mr. J. A. Scott, on behalf of the committee, presented Mrs. Lindsay, the manageress, with a small token as a mark of appreciation for the capable and courteous manner in which she carried out the supper arrangements. As a result of these parties the handsome sum of £170 has been raised.

Mr. M. J. Reardon, at present bound to San Francisco, has written to friends in Wellington as follows:—"Sharing the stern of the Tofua with a flock of Corriedale sheep are three families. Three couples, all working people, all apparently in the early thirties, with nine healthy, happy, chubby-faced children, forced to leave New Zealand by the living conditions. There must be something wrong with the management of this little new country of ours when parents are forced to pull up their tents and seek American soil for themselves and their children. Questioned as to the wisdom of the step, they 'couldn't see how it could be worse.' Wages had gone up, but nothing like the cost of living. The house problem in Wellington was the last straw. And so New Zealand loses six useful citizens and nine healthy, happy children, ages ranging from 18 months to nine years! And the Minister for Lands would have you believe that he is solving something by helping the returned soldiers to buy homes!"

The funeral of the late Mr. Maurice O'Connor, jun., whose sudden death was recently chronicled, was largely attended, there being representatives from all parts of the archdiocese to pay their last respects to the deceased and to sympathise with his worthy father and relatives. Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Anne's Church by Father Kimbell, S.M., who also officiated at the graveside. Among those present were the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., and Father H. McDonnell, S.M., of St. Patrick's College.—R.I.P.

Invitations have been received by the various Catholic societies from his Grace Archbishop Mannix to attend the great Irish Racco Convention in Melbourne on November 3. If possible the various branches of the Hibernian Society in this city will unite and send at least one member to represent them at this historic meeting.

The United Bazaar, organised by the Thorndon and Buckle Street parishes, will open in the Town Hall on Wednesday, October 22. A feature of the bazaar will be the big tug-of-war contest, for which prize money exceeding £100 will be given.

HIBERNIAN SOCIETY: 45th ANNIVERSARY.

On October 6, 45 years ago, the Irishmen of Wellington met and decided to form a branch of the Hibernian Society in this city. The gathering took place in St. Joseph's

Schoolroom, Boulcott Street, where the Catholic presbytery now stands, and used as a Catholic boys' school, which was conducted by Mr. J. Hurley, prior to the advent of the Marist Brothers. Bro. Michael Bohan, who is still living, and who was an officer of the Addisons Flat branch, established a few years previously, was deputed by the executive of the society, the headquarters of which were located in Melbourne, to formally open the Wellington branch.

The anniversary celebrations commenced last Sunday, when the members attended St. Joseph's Church, Buckle Street, for the general half-yearly Communion. The church was taxed to its utmost to accommodate the large congregation. Father Hurley, S.M., Adm., celebrated the Mass. He commended the good work of the society, which stood for Faith and Fatherland. He exhorted those who were not members to join the ranks. A number of children from the Dufferin-Street High School, conducted by Sisters of Mercy, made their First Holy Communion also, and Father Hurley addressed them on that event and the important part which it would mark in their lives if they were faithful to the regular and worthy reception of that great sacrament instituted by the Divine Redeemer Himself.

The celebrations were brought to a conclusion last Monday night by a very successful social, which was held at St. Peter's Schoolroom. Despite the inclemency of the weather, there was a large attendance. The hall was prettily decorated for the occasion. Flags and greenery, with colored shades, gave a fine scenic effect. The supper table was nicely ornamented, the catering being attended to by the committee. A feature of the evening was the "Twilight Dance," the mechanism for the same being operated by Bro. Kraus. Miss Lily O'Leary's pupils cleverly danced the Irish jig and Highland fling to the bagpipe accompaniment of the Campbell Brothers. Mr. Kevin Dillon's rendering of "Fontenoy" and "Emmet's Epitaph" was much appreciated. Bro. J. P. McGowan, president of the society, in a brief speech, referred to the progress and advancement of the Hibernian Society since its establishment that day 45 years ago. It had accomplished many works through the energy of its members, and it had many more to undertake for the future. He thanked one and all for their attendance, which showed their deep interest in the welfare of the society. The committee responsible for the anniversary celebrations were Bros. J. P. McGowan, M. J. Cleary, J. J. L. Burke, J. Clarke, O. Krohn, F. Whitaker, M. Maloney, P. Guilfoyle, P. Sherlock, J. Brennan, P. J. O'Neill, J. Taylor, J. Troy, and J. D. McPhee, the two latter acting as M.C.'s. The music was supplied by Mr. Berthold.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

October 13.

Father J. Hanrahan (Darfield), who has been for several weeks a patient at Lewisham Hospital, is making rapid progress towards recovery.

The Very Rev. P. Whelan, C.S.S.R., commenced a mission to the children on last Sunday afternoon, when the attendance was very numerous. The mission for adults, which is to extend over a fortnight, will be opened on Sunday next, at the 11 o'clock Mass.

The Executive Committee, stall-holders, and assistants in connection with the recent Victory Fair were entertained on last Wednesday evening at the Art Gallery by his Lordship the Bishop, the Very Rev. Administrator, and clergy of the Cathedral parish at a conversation. There was a very numerous attendance. Among the guests on the occasion were Very Rev. P. M. Lynch, C.S.S.R., Very Rev. C. Graham (St Bede's College), and Father Seymour (St. Mary's, Manchester Street). A choice musical programme, arranged by Mr. R. A. Horne (manager, Bristol Piano Company), was contributed to by Miss Kitty Murphy (piano solo), Misses Agnes Richardson, Rose Wagner, Bessie Olds, and Captain T. Charters (songs), Miss Gladys Vincent (violin solo), and Mr. Frank McDonald (recitations). Father Murphy had charge of the stage arrangements. At the request of the chairman of the Executive Committee of the recent fair (Mr. J. R. Hayward), the statement of accounts in connection with that event, including the art union and queen coronation ceremony, was read by Mr. P. A. O'Connell (secretary), and showed a net credit balance of £6013 2s 6d. Commenting on the magnificent results disclosed, Mr. Hayward said that the fair was, without doubt, the most successful function of its kind ever held in the Dominion. After referring in appreciative terms to the efforts of the workers generally, he handed a cheque for the above amount to the Very Rev. Administrator. In

sincerely thanking all who worked to bring about so magnificent a result, the outcome of goodwill, self-sacrifice, and voluntary effort, the Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy said the fact was realised that the same generous spirit that built the Cathedral still moved the people to erect schools in keeping with it. Very Rev. Father Lynch, in addressing the assemblage, said that the story of the £6000-odd had much impressed him, and he would not fail to relate it. It spelt victory in big letters, and was splendid testimony of the harmony and unity existing among the people of Christchurch. His Lordship the Bishop, who was greeted with great applause, thanked most heartily all kind friends who had taken part in what was a glorious triumph. The cause of Catholic education was very dear to his heart (he said), and the fine assistance realised through the Victory Fair would be an inspiration and an impetus to others in various parts of New Zealand in the same great cause. In promoting Catholic education we were doing good to all and injury to none. The late war had shown the influence of false principles as contrasted with the ideals of true Christian education, which alone could make Democracy safe. In referring to the steps that are being taken in New Zealand by other denominations who are protesting against godless education, Bishop Brodie congratulated them, and said the Government should not look upon these movements as being hostile, but for the good of society. With deep feeling he returned thanks to the workers and to the host of kind friends who so generously aided and who now gloried in the success and result of the Victory Fair. Mr. P. A. O'Connell was then presented by the Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy with a handsome silver tea and coffee service, as a mark of appreciation from the committee, and in doing so referred to the constant service rendered by the recipient to the Cathedral parish. Mr. O'Connell, who was taken quite unawares, said that though he felt undeserving of so high a compliment as that being paid him, he accepted the beautiful gift in the spirit in which it was given. He thanked all who had worked with him, and complimented the management on the splendid spirit of unity that characterised the fair. Supper was provided, and subsequently, to the excellent music of Williams's Band of five instruments, whose services were given gratuitously, dancing was indulged in by a large party, Mr. E. Daly being M.C.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

October 11.

October 5, the Feast of the Holy Rosary, being the anniversary of the opening of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Solemn High Mass was celebrated. Very Rev. Dean Tubman, S.M., was celebrant, and Fathers Bartley and Foley deacon and subdeacon respectively. The choir, under the direction of Mrs. N. D. Mangos, gave a very fine rendering of Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," the solos being ably sustained by Modamos P. W. Rule and Lynch (sopranos), Mr. G. H. Andrews (tenor), and Father Moloney (bass). During the Offertory, Mrs. P. W. Rule sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" with fine devotional effect, the violin obbligato being supplied by Miss Zita Venning.

On Sunday afternoon the annual outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place, passing from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, through the beautiful grounds of the convent and priory, to the church. Twice *en route* Benediction was given, temporary altars having been erected for the purpose. Preceding the final Benediction in the church, the occasional sermon was preached by Father Foley, of Oamaru. The congregation was an exceptionally large one, and seating accommodation, even in the spacious Basilica, was severely taxed. Special music was again contributed by the choir, and a solo was sung by Miss Garvin (Christchurch). A special collection was made to liquidate the comparatively small debt remaining on the church, and it was with intense gratification that the Very Rev. Dean Tubman was able to announce that the requisite amount had been subscribed, thus completely freeing of debt all property in the Catholic parish of Timaru. This happy condition is all the more gratifying when it is remembered that the cost of building the Church of the Sacred Heart alone approximated £26,000, and to this must be added the properties at St. Andrews, Washdyke, and Highfield.

Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

October 13.

Many Invercargillites regret that they will be unable to be present at the jubilee celebrations of the Rev. Mother M. Bertrand. All join in a chorus of congratulations and best wishes for the jubilarian.

There was a very large muster of Hibernians at the quarterly Communion last Sunday.

Next Sunday (the 19th inst.) the members of the Catholic Federation committee will be present at both Masses and at the evening devotions for the purpose of enrolling members in the Federation. In announcing this fact on Sunday, the Very Rev. Dean Burke, V.P., referred to the good work the Federation had accomplished, and exhorted every parishioner to enrol.

Constable Pender, a very popular official, who has been stationed at North Invercargill for the past three years, has received notice of his promotion to Cheviot. He took a keen interest in the Hibernian Society, and at the present time is vice-president of the local branch. Invercargill is sorry to lose him, but offers congratulations on his promotion.

Rev. M. Griffen, who recently arrived from Ireland for the archdiocese, spent this last week in Invercargill, and celebrated the eight o'clock Mass on Sunday. Father Griffen was born in Invercargill, and left these parts with his people some 17 years ago for the old country. His many friends "down south" were delighted to meet him, and hear from him the present position and prospects of dear old Ireland.

The penny collection scheme which was started here by the local Hibernian Society some two years ago, continues to be a decided success. At the present time the average is over £6 a Sunday, which must be considered remarkably good.

CORRESPONDENCE

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

THE AUSTRALASIAN IRISH RACE CONVENTION. TO THE EDITOR.

Sir, I see in the latest issue of the *Tablet* there is going to be a great Irish Convention in Melbourne, representing the whole of Australia and New Zealand, and they are selecting delegates to represent the different societies. I respectfully ask for a little space to make a suggestion, that, outside the societies, we have one or more to represent the Irish and sympathisers with the Irish in New Zealand. We want one like Archbishop Mannix, who represents the true spirit of the Irish in New Zealand, who is loved by the people of New Zealand, and can speak on their behalf. That gentleman is the Rev. Dr. Kelly. He is known to all readers of the *Tablet*, and honored by those who love justice and fair play, and who wish to hear the truth. Now on behalf of the readers of the *Tablet* and the Irish, and our friends in New Zealand, I respectfully request the Rev. Dr. Kelly to represent us. I know it is very hard to spare the time, but I am sure because of his love for dear old Ireland and those who are suffering and in prison because they love poor Ireland, he will consent to go.

The least we could do is to see our delegate has all his expenses paid, and I am sure that all lovers of Ireland will be only too glad to do a little to show their sympathy.—I am, etc.,

October 11, 1919.

D. ANGLAND.

[We thank Mr. Angland for the compliment he pays us, and we assure him that we are determined to be at the Convention in Melbourne if possible. Mr. Angland is the only one who invited us to go as a delegate, and we may say that we go to represent no society and not even as representative of the *New Zealand Tablet*, but in our private capacity as an Irishman and at our own expense. We therefore return, with full appreciation of Mr. Angland's kindness, the cheque enclosed with his letter.—Ed. *N.Z. Tablet*.]

Give not thyself too much to anyone. He who gives himself too freely is generally the least acceptable.—Blessed Henry Suso.

Whatever we really are, that let us be in all fearlessness. Whatever we are not, that let us cease striving to seem to be. If we can rid ourselves of all untruth of word, manner, mode of life and thinking, we shall rid our lives of much rubbish, restlessness, and fear. Let us hide nothing, and we shall not be afraid of being found out. Let us put on nothing, and we shall never cringe. Let us assume nothing, and we shall not be mortified. Let us do and say nothing untrue, and we shall not fear to have the deepest springs of our lives sought out, nor our most secret motives analysed. Nothing gives such upright dignity of mien as the consciousness, "I am what I pretend to be—no make-believe."—Robertson.

SACRED HEART COLLEGE, AUCKLAND

ANNUAL BOXING TOURNAMENT.

The annual boxing tournament in connection with the Sacred Heart College gymnastic competition was commenced at the college yesterday (says the *N.Z. Herald* of October 2). There was a very large attendance of friends of the pupils. Mr. F. Burns was referee, and Mr. Mick Foley timekeeper. The contests were cleanly fought, and some very even bouts were witnessed. Leyden, in the fly-weight competition, gave an exceptionally fine exhibition, the referee remarking that the lad was the finest boxer for his weight he had seen. Hickey, also a junior, showed great promise, but was outclassed by O'Brien, who is his senior in years. Molloy and Moroney gave skilful displays. The results are:—Fly-weight, 6st and under: Brunt beat Beugaser, McCabe beat Quirk, Leyden beat Keenan. Mid-gut, 7st and under: Walsh beat Vangeoni, Hooper drew with B. White, D. O'Sullivan beat J. McCarthy, Howell beat S. O'Brien, Fogarty beat Kennedy, Gilman beat Slesinger, Barrell drew with J. Piper, McLeod beat Russell. Bantam, 8st 4lb and under: R. O'Connor beat D. Neil, T. Molloy beat J. Fox, Donovan beat Hailes, F. O'Brien beat Hickey. Feather-weight, 9st and under: B. White beat Greener, P. Lawson beat L. Cotter, Goldfinch beat Nightingale. Light-weight: Moroney beat Clarke.

The contests were continued on the following evening, at the college gymnasium. Some excellent matches resulted. The bout between Len Rae and R. Stewart, in the welter-weight class, was especially good, the contest being the best of the evening. Moroney and Quinn were splendidly matched, the referee declaring the fight a draw. Altogether there were 22 contests. The results were:—

First Round (continued). Bantam-weight: W. Butler beat E. Badeley, T. Butler beat F. Cotter, Roache drew with Montgomery, A. Scanlon beat Golding, R. P. Fleming beat M. Smythe. Feather-weight: H. Martin drew with T. Lanigan. Light-weight: M. O'Connor beat J. Quirke, C. O'Regan beat O'Farrell, L. Brooks beat T. Lawson, Quinn beat Collins, L. Cotter beat Herring. Welter-weight: F. Reid drew with J. Reynolds, L. Rae beat R. Stewart. Middle-weight: W. Fleming beat G. Flood.

Second Round.—Midgut: E. White beat D. Duffy, J. Hooper beat D. O'Sullivan, T. Walsh beat Powell, McLeod drew with Barrell, Gilman beat Piper. Bantam-weight: T. Molloy beat Roache, F. O'Brien beat Donovan, T. Butler beat Scanlon, B. Jones drew with R. P. Fleming. Feather-weight: L. Cotter beat H. Martin, G. Goldfinch beat T. Lanigan. Light-weight: L. Brooks beat C. O'Regan, J. Moroney drew with Quinn. Welter-weight: Brooks drew with Reynolds.

Third Round.—Midgut: Fogarty beat E. White, T. Walsh beat J. Hooper. Bantam-weight: T. Molloy beat Jones, R. O'Connor beat R. P. Fleming, T. Butler drew with F. O'Brien.

The semi-finals and finals were decided on Friday evening, October 3. There was a large attendance, and some excellent contests resulted. The best bout of the evening was between V. O'Shea and V. Cooke, for the heavy-weight championship. The competitors had to box an extra round before the referee could decide the winner. In the middle-weights W. Fleming and D. Hart gave a good exhibition, and in the fly-weights Leyden and McCabe were splendidly matched. Details are:—

Semi-finals.—Fly-weight: Leyden beat Brunt. Welter-weight: L. Rae beat E. Reid. Light-weight: Quinn beat Brooks, and Cotter beat Moroney. Midgut: Gilman beat Barrell. Bantam: F. O'Brien beat T. Molloy, and T. Butler beat R. O'Connor.

Finals.—Fly-weight: McCabe beat Leyden. Midgut: Fogarty beat Gilman. Bantam-weight: O'Brien beat Butler. Feather-weight: Cotter beat Goldfinch. Light-weight: Cotter beat Quinn. Welter-weight: Rae beat Reynolds. Middle-weight: Hart beat Fleming. Heavy-weight: Cooke beat O'Shea.

There were in all 71 bouts.

If I could only see that I was not created alone, but as a unit in a gigantic family, how much more charity would I carry in my heart! Here, though, is the crux. To get away from self is as difficult as to get away from a shadow while remaining in the broad sunshine.

Some critics are vicious; some are gentle. All have their uses. They all make us stop and think. If there were no critics in the world there would be little, if any, progress; and very much sin.—Mgr. Francis C. Kelley.

We love very much that somebody thinks of us. Very well, our Lord does not cease to do so, and He expects from us only a look, a desire. Let us not frustrate His wishes!—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

THE IRISH REPUBLIC

AN ELOQUENT PLEA BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF SAN FRANCISCO.

[Archbishop Edward J. Hanna made an eloquent plea for the freedom and independence of Ireland in his address to the great crowd which gathered in St. Mary's Church, prior to the first session of the National Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. He recited, too, the debt America owes to Ireland, and assured the great crowd that the people of the United States are, in the great majority, in sympathy with the aspirations of the Irish Republicans.]

"To-day there can be no gathering of the children of the Gael that is not fraught with interest. To-day there can be no gathering of the children of the Gael which does not touch every man who believes in the spirit of the new era, who admires an ordered freedom, who has confidence in power. That Ireland has suffered injuries the world knows to-day as it never knew before, and the story of Britain's rule in Ireland is written daily, in letters of fire, on the pages of the great journals of every land. It is a story of persecution for conscience sake, a story of heartless cruelty, a story of violence and plunder, a story of avarice and greed, a story of blundering stupidity and misgovernment, a story of an alliance kept up by force of arms, a story of union without constitutional right or law, a story of a struggle for autonomy which, when finally obtained, was rendered null by craven fear of a petty minority; in a word, a story of an attempt to annihilate an immortal spirit of liberty and nationality which belongs, as a rightful inheritance, to a noble, high-minded people. Sympathy for such a cause will always come from the American people, who will ever recognise, as God-given, the right of sovereignty in such a nation.

"But America owes unto those of Irish lineage a debt she can never repay, and America will not be unmindful of her obligation. In every struggle which has been ours, for independence, for freedom, for union, for the inalienable rights of men, the children of Ireland have held aloft America's starry banner, and their blood has bedewed every battlefield, from Concord and Lexington to the shambles of the Argonne. Verily, with us have they maintained the proud title of the fighting race. But, they have brought to our democracy from old Erin qualities of mind and of heart that have given a new life, a new meaning to our civilisation; for the true democrat believes in man's sovereign dignity; the true democrat believes that every man is his brother; the true democrat hopes, as no other man can hope, because he trusts not simply in man's power for the righteous fulfilment of his destiny, but recognising God above, believes that He will give the needed strength, and the needed light; the true democrat is ever willing to sacrifice his petty, private interests for the weal of the larger group. From Ireland, Patrick's children brought faith in man's dignity, a brotherhood that has made them at home in every land 'neath the sun, a hope in the future of man's accomplishment never daunted, a trust in God and in prayer, and a spirit of sacrifice for principle that stands out across the Irish ages as only short of miraculous. Who can tell what these elements mean in a civilisation dedicated to democracy? But there has been a higher contribution from Erin's sons to our nation's life—the contribution that has come directly from their religious belief. The history of national life, since the advent of Christianity, bears witness to the fact that permanent greatness demands a belief in an all-wise, all-powerful God, whose kindly providence cares for the least things of earth; demands a belief in submission to God's behest."

OLDEST MUSIC.

The oldest music of the world is the chant of the church—the chant which she uplifts week after week, year after year, century after century, in every clime and nation, amid white men, black men, red men, bronze men, yellow men, under arctic darkness and under the equatorial blaze, in metropolis and in hamlet, in narrow shrine and in vast basilica. It is in the self-same strain that the eager young priest in French Canada, the bearded missionary in Tibet, and the silver-haired Pontiff in Rome must all aliko chant "Sursum Corda" and "Vere Dignum" and "Pater Noster." . . . Yet, while the chant is the oldest of surviving music it is also the youngest. It is old not in the sense that Gothic armor and Roman coins and Egyptian urns are old. It is old, like the sea and the mountains and the stars and the sun and the moon. It is old without being old-fashioned. It is old in nothing but years, for its heart is a fountain of beautiful and eternal youth.

J. M. J.

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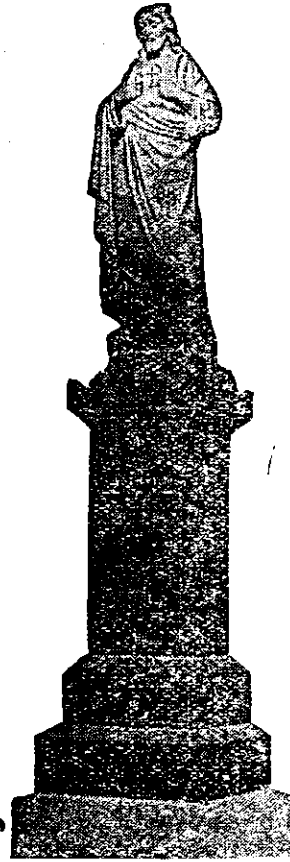
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In order to insure insertion in the following issue, the copy for above advertisements must reach the office by noon on Tuesdays.

General advertising rates on application to the office.

MARRIAGE

LAVIN—MORGAN.—On September 2, 1919, at St. Francis' Church, Island Bay, Wellington, by the Rev. Father Kimbell, S.M., James B., fifth son of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Lavin, to Lavinia Alice (Vina), elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alec. Morgan.

DEATHS

DOYLE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Bridget, relict of J. Doyle, who died at Taradale, Hawke's Bay, on September 25, 1919, in her 90th year.—R.I.P.

DRURY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Patrick Drury (late of Police Force), beloved husband of Mary Drury, who died at his residence, 116 Carroll Street, Dunedin, on October 3, 1919; aged 68 years.—R.I.P.

GRESHAM.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Janet Toomer Gresham, relict of James Gresham, who died at her son's residence, Geraldine, on September 13, 1919, in her 71st year.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

LEDDY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Daniel Leddy, dearly loved husband of Margaret Leddy, who died at his residence, "Ashgrove," Wakanui, Ashburton, on October 5, 1919, in his 81st year.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

MURPHY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Johanna, beloved wife of Thomas Murphy, and beloved mother of Mrs. G. Connor (Waitati), J. F. Murphy (Putaruru), Thomas Murphy (Pine Hill), and E. J. Murphy (Alexandra), who died at her residence, Pine Hill, on September 3, 1919; aged 76 years.—R.I.P.

MURRAY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret, dearly loved wife of Patrick Murray (late of Lyttelton), who died at her residence, 72 Bealey Street, St. Albans, Christchurch, on October 1, 1919; aged 70 years.—R.I.P.

PERNISKIE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Frank Perniskie, who died at Duntrou on August 13, 1919; aged 59 years.—Sweet Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

IN MEMORIAM

DEEHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Edward Deehan (37th Specialists), who died in Cairo on October 15, 1918.—R.I.P.—Inserted by his loving parents and brother.

HISTEN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas Joseph Histen, who was killed in action at Passchendaele on October 12, 1917.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his sorrowing parents, brothers, and sisters.

McMANUS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Private John Bernard McManus, only beloved son of Mrs. Mary McManus, Leeston, who was killed in action in France on October 12, 1917; aged 21 years.—O Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

MOYNIHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Michael Alexander Moynihan (second dearly beloved son of William Moynihan, Ngapuna, Strath Taieri), who was killed in action at Passchendaele on October 17, 1917.—May the Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving father and brothers.

MOLLOY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Captain Cyril H. Molloy (late of Oamaru), who was killed in action at Passchendaele on October 12, 1917.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

TRAILL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Traill, who was killed in action at Passchendaele on October 12, 1917.—R.I.P.—Inserted by his loving uncle and aunt (J. and N. McLedowney, Bannockburn).

WILKINSON.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of our dear son and brother, Carroll (13th Reinforcements), who was killed in action "Somewhere in France," on October 12, 1918; aged 21 years.—May the Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his parents, brothers, and sisters.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—The Foundations of Unbelief, p. 25. Notes—Goldsmith; Burke; Sheridan, p. 26. Current Topics—European Items; A Problem for Anglicans; Irish Government; Secret Diplomacy, pp. 14-15. Priority for Ireland, p. 11. The Spirit of Dolly's Brae, p. 13. Irish Through Song, p. 37.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religiosis et Justitia 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, OCTOBER 16, 1919.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF UNBELIEF



NE day while the editor of the *Tablet* was looking over the new volumes in a book store, a youth came in and with a loud voice asked for some of Joseph McCabe's books, adding also for the edification of the editor that Joseph McCabe was a "good man." The youth in question is a type of too many of the younger generation; and it is worth while examining briefly some of the causes to which such mentality and manners are due.

In the July number of the *Dublin Review*, with reference to a new theory of life expounded by F. H. Osborn, we find the following from the pen of the famous biologist, Sir Bertram Windle: "We know, for example," says Professor Osborn, "that there has existed a more or less complete chain of beings from monad to man, that the one-toed horse had a four-toed ancestor, that man has descended from an unknown ape-like form somewhere in the Tertiary." Commenting on this passage, Sir Bertram says: "We know—that is exactly the opposite of the truth. We know a thing when it is susceptible of proof according to the rigid rules of formal logic; when to doubt it would be to give rise to a suspicion of our sanity; then we know a thing, but not until then. Now, as to the sentence quoted, we may allow the first part to pass unchallenged with some possible demur at the use of the word 'chain.' The second so-called piece of knowledge was doubted by no less an authority than the late Adam Sedgwick. The third assertion plainly and distinctly is not the case; for Science knows nothing about the origin of man's body." The words of F. H. Osborn would be received as undeniable truth by people of the type of our young man in the book store; and we see with what scant respect they are accepted by

a first-rate scientist, who is capable of judging and of pronouncing on them with authority. And in this we have a fair specimen of the manner in which that pseudo-science on which attacks against unbelief are based is spread among the ignorant. Recall how Huxley admitted that he actually stated as facts in his lectures what he knew to be but theories not capable of proof. Recall the exposure of the forgeries of Haeckel, whose works are widespread among the uneducated by the Rationalist Press Association. Recall that these works are translated and defended by Joseph McCabe, that "good man," who according to a reviewer in *Nature*, was hampered in translating Haeckel by his ignorance of Science, and who, in spite of his lack of education and his glaring misstatements, imposes on a silly mob of people who imagine that to be atheistical is to be progressive. While we are speaking of the R.P.A. prints, let us here quote from the *Pall Mall Gazette* a paragraph on one of the publications which will convey to our readers a general idea of the value of all of them: "We have received from the Rationalist Press Association a sixpenny edition of Mr. Grant Allen's *Evolution of the Idea of God*. We think it very regrettable that a work of this nature should be circulated broadcast in cheap editions. The late Mr. Grant Allen was, it is true, only a superficial student of the origins of religions; and scholars can read his book with the care and criticism it deserves. It is full of baseless and shallow theories unsupported, as a rule, by a tittle of evidence; but it is written in a dogmatic manner that may, we are afraid, impose upon and encourage the cheap secularism that is still abroad." In addition to the harm done by dishonest writers and publishers, hardly less is done by incompetent professors who abuse their position to pervert the young people by falsely representing to them that such theories as the material origin of life and material evolution are received without question by true Science, and that scientists must regard as superstition religion and revelation. We know of such a professor in one of our New Zealand schools, and the pity of it is that his pupils do not know him for the superficial charlatan he really is. However, such charlatans have it in their power to corrupt the young, and as a matter of fact succeed in many cases.

A true man of Science will frankly admit that Science knows nothing of the origin of life, and that Evolution is only an unproved theory. If he knows anything about religion he will go further and tell you that the opinions of first-rate scientists have nothing to do with religion, and that there is nothing known to workers in the laboratory to discourage any Christian from believing every single doctrine taught by Revelation. And even our charlatans, if they were honest men, would tell you that a majority of the greatest men of Science the world has known were firm believers in religion, and in very many cases devout Catholics. As a matter of fact, the number of names for or against a thing has nothing to do with its truth; and it is too often forgotten that a good laboratory man may be a very poor philosopher and *vice versa*. However, when you are told that Science rejects religion it may be well to bear in mind that such men as Pasteur, Bernhard, Virchow, Lamarck, Dwight, Wasmann, and Windle found in their scientific studies nothing to weaken and much to strengthen their faith. We come back again to Bacon, who told us that a little learning leads us away from God, but that a great deal leads us to Him. The trouble is that the men of little learning are so proud of knowing something that they go about the world beating a big drum which attracts innocent and ignorant persons to fall in behind them. When you hear such drumming remember two things: that it is a dishonest thing to propound theories as if they were facts, and that the big men in Science are the first to admit how little they know and how little true Science knows. Wherefore, your Know-All who dethrones God and builds men and women in the mud is after all but an Ignoramus.

NOTES

Goldsmith

To Boswell, whom Macaulay regarded as a simpleton, we owe the tradition that Oliver Goldsmith was in everyday life a rather stupid person whom even his friends found indifferent company. In contradiction to that idea of him, based on the report of Johnson's shadow, is the fact that the good-natured Irish genius was beloved by everyone of that brilliant coterie which frequented White's in those days. The great Johnson, Edmund Burke, with all his high seriousness, Reynolds, Beauclerk—every man of them—admired Oliver Goldsmith, of whom Johnson wrote, for that memorial slab which we often read in the Poets' Corner of the Abbey, that he touched nothing that he did not adorn: *nihil tetigit quod non adornavit*. His writings bear the stamp of his personality, and the treasury of English letters has nothing more graceful and more elegant than the work of the Irish scholar who was undefiled and pure in every word he wrote. His distinctive mark is purity of sentiment and delicacy of expression, and whether we take his prose or his verse we cannot read far if we have any discernment in literary matters without realising that we are handling a classic. And he is almost forgotten now! Who ever asks for his works in a book store? Who ever reads them for pleasure? The dust is on *The Vicar of Wakefield*, while *Did She Fall or Was She Pushed?* is soiled by the eager fingers of those that climb the stairs of our free libraries. It is eloquent of the spirit of a people who tolerate a press that specialises in telling us that there is no other people on earth like us—which is true in a sense.

His Immortal Works

Three at least of Goldsmith's works will never die while lovers of real literature remain in a blatant Empire that resounds with the roar of Kipling. Goethe, who was a good judge of such things, put *The Vicar of Wakefield* on a very high pedestal as a novel, and its lucid, tender prose never loses its attraction. When a race of people whose souls will rise above vaudeville and pictures comes again, when *The Second Mrs. Tangueray* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession* will be banned by an educated public, we may hope to see *She Stoops to Conquer* once more on the boards. Its freshness and beauty can never be lost. Its inimitable humor and its vivid interest are always modern enough for those that appreciate genius more than Tabasco-flavored innuendo. And even in our own time a jaded public must laugh heartily whenever it is produced. The effusions of later poets, aided by the execrable taste of directors of education who ought to be writing letters at six-and-eightpence each, have suppressed the appeal of *The Deserted Village* in our time; but those who can be persuaded to turn back to Goldsmith's lovely poem will find there a spirit of an order far above that of Newbolt and Masefield, and a beauty in the lines descriptive of the people of Sweet Auburn and the scenes amid which they dwelt, in comparison of which the models of to-day are poor indeed. *The Deserted Village* has the charm of an old painting by one of the great masters; it is tender, elevated, pensive, delicate, and saturated with the sweetness and light inseparable from the web and woof of a great classic. His prose was hardly less admirable, and his now neglected essays are examples of what a powerful, flexible medium of expression English can be in the hands of a master. The best advice we can give to our readers is to get Goldsmith's works and read them.

Burke

Side by side with the statue of Goldsmith stands that of Edmund Burke, looking down on the streets of Dublin, now devastated by the guns of the misrulers of the country. And side by side they walked the streets of London, arm in arm, in bygone years, two sons of that oppressed country that gave England her best soldiers and sailors, as well as her greatest orators.

The two friends were entirely different in temperament. Goldsmith was a happy, generous, irrepressible school-boy, while Burke was a philosopher to whom the problems of humanity were ever a burning reality. To immense learning he added the true Celtic *vis animae vivida*—the vivid fire of the soul which flamed out so magnificently when his enthusiasm was aroused. His pity and his tenderness made him cruel; his hate of wrong and oppression made him relentless; his love of justice made him unjust. And oratory, old or new, has little to excel the sublime philippics in which his impassioned voice rang amid the rafters of old Irish oak in the roof of Westminster Hall when he impeached Warren Hastings of his crimes in India. Not only was he an orator of the first rank, but as a political philosopher he was pre-eminent among the greatest of English statesmen. To appreciate rightly Burke's political wisdom one would be helped by reading carefully John Morley's excellent monograph on the Irish statesman whom he so much admired. Some time ago we mentioned that when seeking an English prose writer to compare with Mæsuët, Matthew Arnold turned to Burke as to the highest and noblest we have; and although his writings and speeches deal with matters that have lost their actual interest now, one cannot read them without being moved deeply by the power and the passion of his eloquence. We commended Goldsmith to our readers. Let Burke be not forgotten. One cannot read him without being improved.

Sheridan

One more Irish genius of the past calls for mention in the same causerie as Goldsmith and Burke. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was more irresponsible than Goldsmith and little inferior as an orator to Burke, whom he even surpassed in one notable speech which Byron estimated as the best ever made in the English Parliament. He was so witty and so good-natured that he became the spoiled child of the brilliant society in which he moved, and his extravagance and lack of worldly prudence surpassed even Goldsmith's. Besides the best speech, he has also to his credit the two best comedies, the best opera, and the best farce—*The Rivals*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Duenna*, and *The Critic*. His wit was remarkable among men whose minds were as keen as rapiers. Hundreds of good stories are still told of his lightning repartee and his playful fancy; and in the history of literature his figure stands out much in the same kindly light as that in which contemporaries regarded this gifted Irishman. We deplore that so few read Goldsmith nowadays. But fewer still read Sheridan. Yet for a couple of shillings one can buy even in war-time a complete collection of his plays, which are perfect in their kind and sure to amuse and attract even the casual reader. In moments of lucidity a manager now and then puts *The School for Scandal* on the stage still, and the audiences testify that it never grows old or stale. Masterpieces do not stale with repetition, and Sheridan's play is certainly one of the masterpieces of all time. It sparkles and ripples from end to end, and the characters are as real and as human as those of Shakespeare himself. Sir Peter and Sir Fretful Plagiary live and move to-day as yesterday, and as long as people will appreciate good plays. Brilliance is Sheridan's note. It has been well said that his humor is like a continuous blaze of intellectual fireworks. His great opera is hardly ever acted now, but from time to time one catches a bar of one of his songs. Even in New Zealand we once heard someone hum the words of "Had I a heart for falsehood framed." Do not say of these writers "Let the dead past bury its dead." It is unworthy of us and unjust to them that they should be forgotten. And even if we are so imbued with English philosophy as to ask what shall we gain by reading them, the answer is that we shall gain a knowledge of the language that will never come to us otherwise. Sir James Carroll probably read the great speech of Sheridan on Warren Hastings. What evidence have we that any other of our orators ever read it or anything else above the market reports

and the newspaper headlines. Imagine the member for Ashburton breaking out in this strain: "No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage, no merciless enemy—no affliction, which while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters; no!—all this had been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation." Surely the memory of bitter wrongs in his own land inspired the orator in that impassioned denunciation of British misrule in India.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

A euhre social in aid of the funds of the Christian Brothers' Cricket Club will be held in St. Joseph's Hall on next Monday evening. The committee hope that all well-wishers and supporters of the club will be present.

At the eleven o'clock Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday the choir had again the valued assistance of Miss Jackson and Mr. Pollard (professional artists), who took part in the rendition of the music of the Mass—selected from Masses of Mozart and Gounod. At the Offertory Miss Jackson gave a magnificent rendering of the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater."

A successful euhre social was held in St. Joseph's Hall on last Wednesday week in aid of the Kaikorai church debt extinction fund. There was a large attendance, and an enjoyable evening was passed. At the conclusion of the card games Miss Freda Kennedy gave a song and Miss N. Dunn recitations, the items being well received. The handing round of refreshments concluded the function.

Addressing the congregation of St. Joseph's Cathedral at Vespers on last Sunday evening, the Very Rev. P. M. Lynch, C.S.S.R., in paying an eloquent tribute to the *N.Z. Tablet*, said that from his personal knowledge it enjoyed well-merited recognition, and was one of the most widely-read Catholic papers in all Australasia. The people of this Dominion (he said) should be proud of their Catholic paper, and certainly he (the speaker) was very proud of it.

In the course of his address to the congregation at St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday evening, the Very Rev. P. M. Lynch, C.S.S.R., complimented the Cathedral choir on maintaining, during all the years since he (the speaker) was associated with St. Joseph's, the high standard of efficiency which placed it in the very forefront of church choirs. This was confirmed that morning (he continued), when it had afforded him the greatest pleasure to listen to the glorious music of the Church interpreted so devotionally and artistically.

Speaking on Sunday at St. Joseph's Cathedral on the subject of the proposed new residence for the Christian Brothers, the Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., said that it had been decided to make a direct appeal to the parishioners as a first measure in the raising of funds. Subscriptions would therefore be received at the Cathedral and at the other churches of the parish next Sunday and following Sundays. The sum thus contributed would enable the work to be commenced, he hoped, immediately. A bazaar for the same deserving object is being promoted, and in this the ladies of the parish generally are showing commendable zeal. St. Joseph's Ladies' Club has elected Miss Mary Coughlan, and the Children of Mary (Cathedral Sodality) Miss Louisa Harris, as queen candidates.

The Very Rev. P. M. Lynch, C.S.S.R., who is at present paying a farewell visit to Dunedin prior to leaving for the Philippines, having been appointed Superior of the Redemptorists at Malate, Manila, a community of his congregation which he established during a previous residence in the Orient, gave an exceedingly interesting and impressive discourse, in the presence of a large congregation, at St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday evening, on the "Universality of the Catholic Church." The address of the eloquent missionary was illustrated by numerous graphic word pictures of many countries and peoples, and showed how the great central act of Catholic worship, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, united those of every race and language.

After devotions at the Sacred Heart Church, North-East Valley, on last Sunday evening, ladies of the congregation met for the purpose of organising a stall at the projected bazaar in aid of the building fund of the Christian Brothers' residence. The Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., presided. A committee, with Miss Bunbury as president and Mrs. McCleary vice-president, and comprising

Mesdames Smith, Rice, Banks, Crichton, and Miss Skinner, was appointed. As it is proposed to have a queen competition in connection with the bazaar, Miss Bunbury was elected the candidate representing the North-East Valley, and already considerable enthusiasm is being manifested in her candidature. Mr. J. Matheson, secretary of the movement in the North-East Valley district, is at present arranging for a concert in aid of the fund.

ROSARY SUNDAY IN DUNEDIN.

On Rosary Sunday, in accordance with a time-honored Dominican custom, the usual procession of the Rosary took place at St. Dominic's Priory. The day was fine, and a large number gathered in St. Joseph's School to take part in honoring Our Blessed Lady on her great feast. The procession was organized by the Christian Brothers, and was presided over by the Very Rev. Father Coffey, assisted by Father Kaveney. The order of march was as follows: Acolytes (headed by cross-bearer and torch-bearers), Christian Brothers' Schools, the boys wearing the badges of their confraternities; next came the girls of the Dominican Convent Schools, also wearing their various badges, followed by the Children of Mary in their regalia. The nuns walked after the Children of Mary, then the ladies of the congregation who took part in the procession. It was a glorious sight and a striking external act of faith in our Catholic devotions. The different banners of the confraternities, with those representing the Mysteries of the Rosary, appealed to the hearts of the youngest children. On arriving at the Cathedral, where the Quarant' Ore was being observed, the Very Rev. Father Coffey concluded this pious function in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, with the customary prayers and appropriate hymns in which all present joined most fervently. Immediately after all who wished to be enrolled in the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary assembled in St. Joseph's School, where their names were placed in the register. Being a member entitles each person to a share in the indulgences of the Rosary, which are many.

THE LATE BISHOP OF BATHURST

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." The beautiful ceremonies in connection with the funeral of the late Bishop Dunne is a proof of this (writes "M.J." in an exchange). The "Builder Bishop" should also be called the "Apostle of Humility." Humility is the greatest of all virtues, because, like the most precious jewels, it is the rarest. If one can be truly humble, then they are truly great. Our late Bishop was the truest follower of the lowly Nazarene that I have ever known. He never troubled himself with religious controversies. He left the stirring of strife to less great souls, and went about "doing good." Among his greatest works was for the humble Order of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Perthville, and today the prayers of hundreds of grateful hearts in this Order are ascending like incense to the Throne of God for their "guide, philosopher, and friend" who is no more.

In giving missions in the country centres where, from environment and other causes, the people become careless in the practice of their religion, he was the true priest, and the most hardened sinner was not afraid to approach him in the confessional. When residing in Bathurst some years ago, I used to accompany my small nieces to the children's Mass at 9 o'clock. Father Dunne, as he then was, used to celebrate this Mass and preach to the children. They are men and women now, and I am sure none of them has forgotten his gentle teaching, as three of those nieces are now devoted nuns in the Order of the Sisters of Mercy.

An eminent missionary was giving exercise in Bathurst some years ago, and he told us that when leaving Ireland some years before a gentle old lady sent loving messages to a dear son working in the Lord's vineyard in Australia; "and," said the missionary, "that saintly lady was your Bishop's mother." And while tender hands reverently played the "Dead March" in sorrow for our great loss, let us picture the pure soul in Heaven, rejoicing in the company of heavenly hosts, and foremost among them the shining face of the Bishop's mother.

Let everything serve to glorify God, to attach us entirely to Him, with a great spirit of faith and a true religious life.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

The mercy of God may save us from serious sin and crime, but if we are not active and watchful, the dust of the world will settle on our souls, and in the end will destroy their lustre.

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J. FORRESTAL.

PERSONAL

MCCORMACK (MICHAEL), blacksmith, left home at Carnlough, Co. Antrim, Ireland, about 1880, for New Zealand. Wrote home from Christchurch, New Zealand, in 1881; not heard of since. Any information eagerly received by his brother, Alexander McCormack, Carnlough, Co. Antrim, Ireland.

MEDITATIONS

At Making the Stations of the Cross for the Holy Souls in Purgatory.

For the Month of November.

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3 A 522677	10 A 69566	17 A 560490	24 C 86460
4 B 157247	11 A 6595	18 A 894175	25 A 309336
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OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

Mrs. H., Hanover St., Dun., 30/9/20; Mr. McG., Garston, 30/9/20; Miss M., Macandrew Rd., S. Dun., 30/9/20; Mrs. B., Barr St., Mornington, Dun., 30/9/20; Mrs. C., Waitabi (for Mrs. S. Dun.), 30/9/20; M. McM., Saddler, Roxburgh, 30/9/20; J. A., Bathgate St., S. Dun., 30/3/20; J. B., No. 1 Rural Delivery, Mataura, 30/9/20; Convent, Teschemakers (2 copies), 30/9/20; Convent, Oamaru (3 copies), 30/9/20; B. K., Bourke St., N. Ingill, 30/9/20; T. E. S., Upper Kew, Cav., Dun., 30/9/20; Con. F., Milton, 30/9/20; G. T. M., Princes St., Enwood, Ingill, 30/3/20; P. McC., Carroll St., Dun., 30/9/20; W. B., Sawyers Bay, 30/3/20; M. F., Lorno St., S. Dun., 30/9/20; P. McI., Lawrence, 30/9/20; J. McG., Dowling St., Dun., 30/9/20; Mrs. K., Regent St., S. Dunedin, 30/3/20; R. F., Gore, 30/9/20; P. M., P.O., Longbush, 30/4/20; J. B. G., York Place, Dun., 30/9/20; C. O'S., Etrick St., Ingill, 8/3/20; W. H., Moonlight, 30/9/20; P. McN., Dipton, 30/9/20; Mrs. H., King St., Dun., 30/3/20; Mr. Q., Mosgiel, 30/9/20; Mrs. D., Plunkett St., St. Kilda, 30/12/19; Mrs. M., Dun., 30/9/20; Mr. D., Carroll St., Dun., 30/3/20; T. S., Richmond Grove, Ingill, 30/9/20; H. V., Ann St., Roslyn, 30/3/20; D. O'S., Ellis Rd., Dun., 30/3/20; T. McK., Harvey's Flat, via Outram, 30/9/20; J. M., Reed St., Oamaru, 30/9/20; P. B., Wan-

galoa, Kaitangata, 30/3/21; J. M., Reed St., Oamaru, 30/9/20; P. J. M., jun., Balfour, 30/9/20; P. M., sen., Balfour, 30/9/20; J. M., Eden St., Oamaru, 30/9/20; W. M., c/o Hesson's Store, Alexandra, 30/9/20; D. C., Htl., Waikaka, 30/9/20; P. L. H., P.O., Gore, 30/9/20; M.F., Arrowtown, 23/9/21; E. McM., McQuarrie St., S. Ingill, 30/9/20; D. J. M., Mgr. Dr. T.K.'s Farm, Takakopa, 30/9/20; T. O'C., P.O., Tisbury, Ingill, 30/3/20; Fr. McM., Ranfurly, 30/9/20; Mrs. M., Park St., Dun., 30/9/20; Mrs. Van P., Eichardt's Htl., Queens-town, 30/3/21; J. D., E. Gore, 30/9/20; Mrs. T., Ravens-bourne, 15/4/20; P. McL., P.O., Stirling, 30/9/20; Mr. D., Schoolmaster, Windsor, 30/9/20; Mrs. O.K., Gore, 30/9/20; Mrs. F., Mechanic St., N.E.V., 30/9/20; Miss T., Dun., 23/3/20; J. O'C., Dipton, 23/9/20; Convent, Milton, 30/9/20; J. McD., Bald Hill Flat, 30/9/20; J. W., Wyndham, 30/9/20; J. G., Heddon Bush, 30/9/20; H. H., Lawrence, 30/9/20; Mrs. M., Main Rd., N.E.V., 30/3/20; M. R. Mandeville, Gore, 30/9/20; A. P., Mac-raes Flat, 30/9/20; M. N., P.O., Moonlight, 30/3/20; Mr. C., Hillgrove, 30/9/20; M. B., Bourke St., N. Ingill, 30/3/20; T. McG., Limehills, 30/9/20; M. C., Provincial Htl., Dun., 30/9/20; E. A. W., Enfield, via Oamaru, 15/4/21; J. B., Heddon Bush, 30/9/20; J. M., Waianiwa, Ingill, 30/9/20; M. F., Enfield, Oamaru, 30/9/20; J. H., Millers Flat, 30/9/20; Mr. McC., Eye St., Ingill, 30/9/20; B. F., Ophir, 30/9/20; J. McA., Moa Creek, 30/8/21.

COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The Irish National Executive of New South Wales, with the Archbishop of Sydney in the chair, met on Monday, September 29, at St. Mary's Presbytery, to make the necessary arrangements for representation at the Australasian Irish Race Convention, to be held in Melbourne on November 3. The object of the convention is to support Ireland's claim to self-determination as expressed at the recent elections in the Old Land. Messages of support have been received by the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix (who called the convention), from all parts of the Commonwealth and from New Zealand. Mr. T. J. Ryan (Premier of Queensland) will preside. The convention will be remarkable in both the number of delegates attending and in the interest with which its deliberations will be watched. Preparations are in hand for the accommodation of the visiting delegates, a special committee having been appointed by the Irish-Ireland League to supervise all arrangements. The distinguished Archbishop of Melbourne and his committee intend to stage the convention on a scale worthy of the great occasion.

The London *Times*, in its issue of September 23, published an apology to the Archbishop of Sydney for its Sydney correspondent's statement that his Grace had said: "I do not mind blood, slaughter, and revolution, so long as we get what we wish to accomplish." The *Times* adds: "The report has been a source of pain to the Archbishop, and has been reproduced in a mischievous circular sent to a number of leading personages." The report from the Sydney correspondent of the *Times* was dated March 23, and stated: "The Roman Catholic Archbishop, Dr. Kelly, speaking at the St. Patrick's Day sports in the Sydney Show Ground, 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.'" A similar telegram was sent to and published in many Australian daily papers. The Sydney paper, the *Sun*, whose reporter made the mistake, apologised for and corrected the error. The words used by his Grace the Archbishop on that occasion were: "You need not be a Catholic to be an Irish patriot, but to understand God and country you must have a Catholic heart. If you do not know man's destiny you have no ideal of God." His Grace went on to say that in that respect they had Mitchel, who in his *Gaol Journal* records that he could not see why the English landlordism tyranny should not be stopped by open resistance. That was the way, however, the Nationalists and the Catholic Nationalists differentiate. It was written by Mitchel, continued his Grace: "Do not mind blood, don't mind slaughter, don't mind revolution, don't mind anything at all to stop the oppression of might." "To the Catholic, however," added his Grace, "there is a God, and nothing happens He does not see and for which accounts will be made up in the next world."

Writing editorially, the *Freeman's Journal*, in its issue of October 2, says:—A cable message states that the London *Times* has apologised to his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney for misreporting his St. Patrick's Day speech. It is only fair that when a newspaper makes a mistake it should acknowledge it, but our Archbishop, who has

been a frequent sufferer through the carelessness of reporters and the maliciousness of sub-editors, has not had much occasion to thank our local newspapers for consideration and courtesy. On the contrary, they have always shown a disposition to ignore the Archbishop's protests and rebukes, and seem to take pleasure in adding to their original offences. The late Cardinal, too, had often to complain that his speeches were garbled and misreported. The experiences of our Catholic prelates are most remarkable in view of the fact that the heads of the other Churches have had no reason to complain. Ample space and commendable accuracy are at their command. Yet our dailies sometimes endeavor to persuade their readers that they have no religious prejudices and are prepared to give all sections of the people a fair deal. There is no doubt that a new daily is badly wanted in Sydney, and not by Catholics only, but by Democrats in general. At the present time the only people who can read the news at breakfast or tea in this city without finding some cause for resentment are hide-bound Conservatives, narrow-minded wossers, and Protestants of the genuine Nonconformist brand. The views of the typical broad-minded Australian citizen are only voiced by the few weekly journals that did not contract the Jingo-Imperialistic epidemic which raged during the war, and which had such a debilitating effect on the brain of its victims.

VICTORIA.

Tuesday, October 6, will be the seventh anniversary of the elevation of his Grace the Most Rev. Daniel Mannix, D.D., LL.D., to the purple (says the *Freeman's Journal* of October 2). His Grace was consecrated Coadjutor-Archbishop of Melbourne, with the right of succession, at Maynooth by his Eminence Cardinal Logue, Primate of All Ireland. He succeeded to Melbourne on May 6, 1917. The Hierarchy, priests, and people not only of the Province of Melbourne, but of Australasia and beyond that line, will pray that his years may be lengthy, and that, after his triumphal reception in the Old and the New Worlds in the second quarter of the coming year of grace, 1920, he will return to democratic Australia renewed in health, strength, and vigor.

At a meeting held in St. Patrick's Hall, Melbourne, on the 22nd ult., an Irish-Ireland League was successfully formed. The provisional president (Mr. J. W. Ryan) presided over a large attendance of delegates from St. Patrick's Society, H.A.C.B.S., I.N.F., Young Ireland Society, Irish National Association, Shamrock Club, C.Y.M.S., Australian Catholic Federation, and Catholic Workers. There were representatives from the country, including Rev. Brother Sebastian and Mr. J. T. Keane (Bendigo), Rev. Brother Paulinus (Kilmore), and Mr. Lawler (Ballarat). The objects of the league are: (1) To assist the people of Ireland in their claims for independence; (2) to create and foster among the Irish race in Victoria a spirit of loyalty to the aspirations of the Irish people; (3) to be the medium through which the Irish people of this State shall speak on all matters of Irish policy; (4) to promote the knowledge of Irish history, to foster the language, music, literature, sports and pastimes of ancient Ireland; (5) to demand for Irishmen and their descendants the rights and privileges enjoyed by other citizens in Victoria; (6) to secure funds to assist the people of Ireland.

QUEENSLAND.

The Hon. T. J. Ryan has told his State Labor Party that he is willing to enter Federal politics (says an exchange). Up to the time of writing, the Tory daily papers have been editorially silent regarding this important political development. But an apparently inspired article from the Sydney *Daily Telegraph's* Melbourne representative shows very clearly that the advent of Mr. Ryan will be most unwelcome in certain circles. Indeed, the *Telegraph* correspondent would discourage and dissuade the Queensland Premier from his purpose. It seems, according to this new-found friend of the Labor Party, that Mr. Ryan's entry would bring about discord in Federal Labor ranks, and in order to preserve harmony it is suggested that nothing should be done to upset the hopes and expectations of prominent members who have their eyes focussed on certain Ministerial jobs. It is granted, then, by the *Telegraph* writer that there are certain prospects of a Labor Ministry. With Mr. Ryan available, a Labor Ministry without him would be unthinkable. In the meantime, Mr. Ryan has declared himself determined to do all possible to oust the present Federal Government. There is no man in Australia more fitted to undertake the task. His entry into Federal politics will be Queensland's loss, but Queensland is in the happy position of being able to afford that loss far better than the Commonwealth can afford to shut its doors to a statesman of Mr. Ryan's qualifications.

IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

A venerable and esteemed East Cork centenarian has passed away (says the *Cork Examiner*) in the person of Mr. John O'Keefe, farmer, of Loughnaderra, Middleton.

Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, better known by his pen-name "Sceilg," was unanimously elected president of the Gaelic League at the Ard-Fheis held in Cork. Mr. O'Kelly is M.P. for Louth and editor of the *Catholic Bulletin*. He is a Kerryman.

The American steamer *Ashburne* on her way to the Passage Docks (Cork Harbor), flew the Sinn Fein flag on her foremast, the stars and stripes flying on her mainmast and stern. According to the Irish papers this is not an isolated incident, as the Sinn Fein colors were frequently flown by U.S. destroyers when returning to America.

In an article sent to the *New York Sun* before his departure for England (says the *London Daily Mail*), Mr. Shane Leslie declares that if the Irish question remains unsettled it will inevitably form a plank in the programme of at least one candidate for the Presidency next year. Britain, therefore, has a year's grace before facing a diplomatic situation which will make an Irish settlement a necessity.

CANNOT CONTINUE.

The *Times* publishes an article by Lord Morris, formerly Premier of Newfoundland, approving of the Northcliffe scheme for an Irish settlement. Lord Morris is a native of the colony he has ruled, but his father and mother were born in Ireland. The *Times* says: "His opinion comes with the authority of a man who has served under nine Administrations in Newfoundland as a member of the Cabinet for over 25 years, during which period he held the office of Attorney-General and Minister of Justice, and for the ten years preceding his elevation to the peerage was Prime Minister of Newfoundland."

The Irish-Colonial Peer writes: In view of the position which the Irish question has now reached, it seems to me that no one interested in the future of the British Empire should hesitate to assist in the creation of some form of Irish government which will permanently allay the unfortunate condition which now exists in that country. There can be no doubt about it: we have reached the portals of a change. Present conditions cannot continue.

CARSON'S EXAMPLE.

"Contingent" crime will soon become quite the thing if the public follow Sir Edward Carson's fashionable lead (says the *Irish Weekly*). In any case, his attitude is already being cited in the courts as a sort of "common law" justifying all sorts of threats. In the South-western Police Court, London, the solicitor defending a man charged with threatening his wife argued that his client only stated that "if she did something wrong he would shoot her," and, he pleaded, the threat was conditional. "Sir Edward Carson's threat?" queried the magistrate. "Yes, sir," responded the defending lawyer; "that matter was mentioned in the House." The defence was only partly successful, but the man was not sent to gaol or fined; he was bound over "in his own bail" to be of good behaviour. We regard the decision as harsh and oppressive. On the Carson precedent, the defendant should have been given a donation out of the poor-box and appointed an inspector of any society there may be for the Prevention of Cruelty to Wives. The incident is illuminating.

A BIG IRISH INDUSTRY.

Irish workers and all concerned with industrial enterprises will be interested to know that the firm of Messrs. Henry Ford and Son, who have acquired from the Cork Corporation the Marina site for the purpose of building agricultural tractors, are now in a position to develop that enterprise (says the *Irish Weekly*).

On July 4 they are confident the first tractor will be completed at their works, and in the same week at least ten others will be assembled ready for despatching. Naturally, because of the delays occasioned by the various restrictions imposed by the war, their first ideas of working have had to be recast. This, however, will probably be merely temporary, and well within twelve months all the conditions which the Corporation required from them on purchasing the site will have been complied with. As is notorious, the difficulties under which business at present is carried on are tremendous. Delays that could not be anticipated have taken place in the transit of all kinds of imports. The difficulties of communication are by no means even now lessening. Still they have a fair prospect

of being able to surmount all these, and are hopeful that very rapidly they will get into their stride.

It is interesting to learn that from the beginning the entire administrative and commercial headquarters of the Ford and Son tractor will be located in Cork. Because of this, it is necessary that their office accommodation will be very widely extended there, and in all probability the heads of what promises to be a very gigantic institution will take up their residences in our midst. Sir Percival Perry, who has been so closely identified with the Ford Co., is taking a very energetic part in the new works, and all connected with the enterprise anticipate very rapid developments on the Marina site before many months will have elapsed.

The following notice concerning hours and pay is posted up on the establishment:—"Notice.—Alteration of works hours: As from Monday, June 30, 1919, the works hours will be as follows: Monday to Friday (inclusive), 8 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., with a half-hour (12.30 to 1) for lunch; Saturday, 8 a.m. to 12. The total working hours, therefore, will be 44 per week. Wages.—The minimum rate per hour paid in these works on and from Monday, June 30, will be as follows—Men over 18: Wages rate per hour, 1s 5d; share of profits per hour, 3d; total rate per hour, 1s 8d. Boys under 18: Wages rate per hour, 6d; share of profits per hour, nil; total rate per hour, 6d. Profit sharing will be paid to all employees who are over 18 years of age, and who have been in the company's employ for a period of at least six months, and subject to conditions which will be announced from time to time. Wages will be paid for work done. Profit sharing is a gratuity, and is conditional upon good conduct, and may be withdrawn at any time at our discretion."

DE VALERA'S TRIUMPHS: THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Across an ocean and a continent, Eamonn de Valera, President of the only country that elected its executive on the sole plank of national freedom, has travelled in order to add greater fullness to that freedom by securing at least the moral pressure of the public opinion of the world against the English military occupation of Ireland (says *The Monitor*, New Jersey, U.S.A.). From Dublin to New York, from New York to San Francisco, he has so far travelled, and everywhere he finds the people avid for Ireland's independence. Americans, born into freedom, and of late realising their danger of losing it, are finely sensitive of its value to themselves and to others, but we warrant, should President de Valera elect to further his trip around the world, he will find its peoples everywhere giving as open and direct endorsement to Ireland's open, straightforward fight for freedom as have we, the sovereign people of the United States. Who can doubt, should he cross the Pacific, what the sentiments of Chinese Republicans would be? And further west, how Russia would stand—she who has already officially spoken? And so across and throughout the world, not only in the near-free Australia, Canada, and New Zealand, but in England itself—the England that is surely—and Frank Walsh says not slowly—coming into the possession of the British people? Everywhere the Irish question, which is the pure question of liberty, is proving that it is a world question, and is getting the world's answering endorsement. How long will English profiteers, wherever they live, hold on against the voice of the world's peoples? Only long enough, we believe, to have the heaven of freedom rise to England's own salvation. Should Ireland's right undermine Britain's might, then, indeed, will the world be freed, the world war well waged and won, and Ireland, through the centuries' missioner of the faith and freedom, show herself again the preserver of both in the world's new era.

CHURCH OF ST. ROCH, HANMER SPRINGS

The sum of £100 only is now required to clear the remaining debt on St. Roch's. I will be grateful for the smallest donation. The list of the "Clients of St. Roch" is about to be closed: only a few more weeks shall roll. I beg to acknowledge the following donations:—

£2 each, Mr. W. Bowen (McKenzie), Mr. J. Chapman, Mr. T. Mannion (Waiau); £1 each, Mr. J. Collins (Port Robinson), Mr. D. Daly (Donnett); 10s each, Mr. and Mrs. P. Purcell (Matamui, Westland), Mr. Clinton (Culverden); 7s, Mrs. T. Mannion; 5s each, Matilda Lawson (32 Aberdeen St., Christchurch). Grateful Client (Wellington), Mr. Terence Shannon (Culverden).

I promise to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass each time I stand at God's altar in the Church of St. Roch during 1919 and 1920, for you, for your deceased friends who died as a result of the war and the epidemic, and for all your intentions. May God bless you and may St. Roch protect you.—Gratefully yours,

J. P. O'CONNOR,
Hawarden, North Canterbury.

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GOOD-BYE, NEW ZEALAND!

(Lines written by the late Father Taylor, S.M., on leaving New Zealand as a boy.)

I.

My island home, dear land of peace and joy,
My childhood's nurse, my youth's wild passionate love,
Thy scenes which gladdened, soothed me as a boy
Are not to cheer my manhood—doomed to rove.

Too well I loved thee, something like a mother—
Death early tore her from my lonely heart,
It searched in vain the wide world for another
Its filial love to thee it did impart.

I well remember, even as a child,
How close I clung, and even loved to be
In some lone spot of beauty green and wild,
Or else in rapture by the queenly sea.

There's not a leaf, a tree, a flower that blows
Upon thy bosom, natural garden fair,
But round my heart has wound a tender close
To rend—to sever—which I cannot bear.

II.

Fond isle, the stout ship bears me far away,
Thy blue line fades before me like a cloud;
Can'st thou, departing child of Maui, stay
Tears and sighs for home or wailings loud?

My tongue be loosed, my thoughts, heart, soul be thrilled,
Spirit of home of tender life awake,
Breathe through these strings and let the air be filled,
Love's departing grief a dying dirge doth wake.

My sense grows dim, I sink as in a trance,
Accept, oh, Ocean's pride in sight a while
The tears of Scotland's Queen for lovely France,
Childe Harold's fond good-night to Albion's isle.

I will not weep, I dare not even sigh,
Such outward grief is loud, but early fled;
Love's keenest sorrows wrapt in silence lie
Around the heart: it throbs as though it bled.

III.

The patriot's love at times to frenzy burns,
The poet's lyre re-echoes from the sea,
No heart for island home too fondly yearns,
The siren's song is music sweet to me.

Each clime with charms is full in Protean hue,
Rare beauty blooms where man has never trod,
But all Earth's glories, in condensed review,
Reflect thine image—noble work of God.

Oh, bitter doom! we ne'er shall meet again,
Perhaps souls haunt the scenes beloved of yore;
In dreams, in thought, in death I'll cross the main,
My spirit freed shall hover round thy shore.

Farewell! a long farewell; for I cannot
Say *au revoir*, such hope doth fear to bloom;
If I forget thee let me be forgot,
Inscribe one word, "ungrateful," on my tomb.
J. T. (Aroha.)

(“North Island.”)

To make a proper use of time, both for the requirements of this world and the world to come, is the sublimest knowledge, for it exalts man by bringing him nearer to the perfection of the Infinite.

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WALTER BAXTER :: CHEMIST, TIMARU.

Carterton

The juvenile plain and fancy dress ball, which had been looked forward to for some time with keen interest, was held at the King's Theatre recently, and was very successful (writes a correspondent). There was a large attendance, representing all parts of the district, and the children were attired in many quaint and pretty costumes. The Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. W. Howard Booth, critically judged the costumes, and first prize was awarded to little Miss Jean Miller (Butterfly), the prize for which (10s 6d) was kindly donated by Mr. Geo. Morris. In the boys' section, Master Anthony Downes (Chinese Emperor) was the first prize-winner. As there were so many other dresses of such equal merit, the judges donated two special prizes, and these were awarded to Maggie Stratford (Roller Flour Mills) and Jackie Lenihan (Wee Irishman). During the evening Miss Jessie Bond danced a spring dance, and was heartily applauded. Master Teddy Quill, of Masterton, who is the possessor of a beautiful voice, sang twice, and was enthusiastically encored, Miss Dudson playing the accompaniment. The music for the dancing was played by Mr. V. Fraser, while extras were contributed by Misses Berrill, Bouzaid, Redmond, and Dudson, while Miss D. Dudson assisted with her violin. Messrs. G. Morris and J. Slutkowski made capable M.C.'s. The supper arrangements, which were on an elaborate scale, were in charge of an enthusiastic committee of ladies, and the decorations of the hall and the supper room were also of special merit. The hon. secretaries for the event were Misses C. Berrill and K. Redmond, who had all arrangements well in hand, and this contributed to the success of the function.

Nelson

(From our own correspondent.)

October 6.

Within the past fortnight St. Mary's Choir has met on two occasions for the purpose of saying farewell to valued members: Misses Rita Armstrong and Eileen Joyce. Miss Armstrong has left for Greymouth, while Miss Joyce (organist) takes up a position in Begg's music warehouse at Wellington. At both gatherings Father McGrath spoke words of appreciation on behalf of the choir and congregation, and voiced the general regret that such valuable and willing helpers were leaving the parish.

The St. Mary's Tennis Club held its opening on Saturday last under most favorable conditions. Father Fay, patron of the club, declared the season open, and afternoon tea was then served to the members and their friends, of whom many were from other church clubs.

Parishioners in Takaka, a remote corner of this extensive parish, are working hard for a bazaar to be held there next month.

ST. JOSEPH'S LADIES' CLUB, DUNEDIN.

This year's session of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club was brought to a close last week, when, on the ordinary meeting night, an enjoyable social was held in the clubroom, St. Joseph's Hall, there being an excellent attendance of members. The first part of the programme consisted of progressive euchre, the prizes being won by Misses M. Lemon and E. Schoen. Songs were contributed by Miss Freda Kennedy, and a vocal duet by Misses A. McCready and N. McKenzie. At an interval Father Kaveney (chaplain to the club), in addressing the assemblage, sincerely thanked the president (Miss N. Knott) for the able manner in which she had managed the affairs of the club, and also Miss A. McCready, who had proved herself a very capable secretary. As the activities of the club, so far as weekly meetings were concerned, would be suspended till next year, Father Kaveney said he hoped the present membership would remain intact and that many new members would be induced to join next year when the club reopened.



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Greymouth

(From our own correspondent.)

During an interval on Demonstration Night, marking the close of the recent festival under the auspices of the Greymouth Competitions Society, the Mayor (Mr. J. D. Lynch) presented the principal trophies that had been won. He expressed satisfaction that the Competitions had been resumed under such favorable conditions. The standard of excellence attained by the Competitions was very high and the number of entries—over 500—very satisfactory. The senior cup had been won by the St. Columba Club, whose team scored a total of 3769½ points against a score of 3756 gained by the Trinity Club's team. The margin was narrow, as it had always been, but the vanquished were none the less pleased to congratulate their opponents on having won this coveted honor this year. On the other hand, the junior cup had been won by Trinity Young Men's Institute, who scored 1635 points against 1425 scored by the juniors of St. Columba Club. The elocutionary medal had been won by Mr. F. Hargreaves, of St. Columba Club, with a score of 17 points, and the runner-up was Mr. W. McGrath (St. Columba) with 15 points. The speaker, who mentioned that Mr. Hargreaves would probably be soon leaving for Australia, where he would take up a professional appointment, paid a tribute to his ability and to the good work done by him in advancing the art of elocution in this district. His Worship then presented the trophies—the senior cup to Mr. M. Daly (president of St. Columba Club), the junior cup to Mr. J. F. Wilson (president of Trinity Institute), the oratory cup to Mr. J. F. Wilson, and the elocutionary medal to Mr. F. Hargreaves. In the essay competition (men), 16 years and under 21, subject "The Coal Mining Industry," there were 16 competitors. P. Deere, with 158 marks, was the winner; J. E. Laing (135) and P. Doogan (120) being second and third respectively. The essay for boys and girls (13 years and under 16), subject "Greymouth 25 Years Hence," was won by D. McDonald with 160 marks; F. G. Aitken (148) and J. Kiely (145) securing second and third places respectively from among 11 competitors. At the conclusion of the announcement

of the awards Mr. M. Keating moved a hearty vote of thanks to the judges, which, on being put by the Mayor, was carried with acclamation.

IN SPRING

I do not know which is worse when you are away:
Long gray days with the lispng sound of the rain
And then when the lilac dusk is beginning to fall!
The thought that perhaps you may never come back again;

Or days when the world is a shimmer of blue and gold,
Sparkling newly all in the dear spring weather,
When with a heart that is torn apart by pain
I walk alone in ways that we went together.

—AINE KILMER.

Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

October 7.

Preparations for the bazaar, to be held during Show Week, are nearly complete. During the winter months entertainments have been held to assist in furnishing the various stalls, and this method of procuring funds has enabled the promoters to hold the bazaar at a much earlier date than was anticipated.

The appointment of Father Brady as assistant priest to Rev. Father Lane has proved of great convenience to the country residents of the Gisborne parish, who have to come long distances to hear Mass on Sundays. Mass is now celebrated every Sunday either at Mangapapa or Makaraka. This has had the beneficial effect of reducing the overcrowding of St. Mary's Church at each Mass.

A Solemn Requiem Mass will be celebrated on Wednesday morning for the repose of the soul of the late Mrs. Manyard, who died of pneumonia last week. The deceased lady was one of the early Catholic pioneers of this district, and a highly-esteemed member of the community.—R.I.P.

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

(From our own correspondent.)

A complimentary social was tendered in the Art Gallery on the evening of Wednesday week to the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' senior football team, winners of the Canterbury Rugby Union Senior Championship and the D.C.L. Shield. The greater part of the evening was devoted to dancing and euchre, the music being provided by Miss McDonald's orchestra. During an interval occasion was taken to present the various trophies won, and medals to the members of the senior team. Sir George Clifford presided, and there were also present his Lordship Bishop Brodie, the Mayor (Dr. Thacker, M.P.), Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., Very Rev. C. Graham, S.M., M.A. (St. Bede's College), the clergy of the Cathedral and St. Mary's parishes, the Marist Brothers, and several of the M.B.O.B.A. vice-presidents, members of the Canterbury Rugby Union, and representatives of other football clubs.

The chairman stated that while he felt greatly honored at being asked to preside, he thought a footballer with expert knowledge would have been more suitable. He knew very little of modern football, though he recognised it was one of our greatest sports. He congratulated not only the winning team, but the losing team, for the great fight they had put up in the final game of the competition.

His Lordship Bishop Brodie said the object of the gathering that night was to give them an opportunity of congratulating the members of the winning team. And they must not be selfish. Many of the members of the team had taken part in the greater game, and the winning team could congratulate itself that in its ranks there were 11 returned soldiers. Some people condemned the playing of these manly games, but he differed from them. He took the opportunity of thanking the members of the Canterbury Rugby Union for the compliment they had paid in attending the gathering. He was an enthusiastic Rugbyite; he liked all sports, but he preferred Rugby. He was delighted likewise to see the Referees' Association represented. Finally, he congratulated the winning team itself. In its early days the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Club had encountered defeat after defeat, but victory had at length crowned their efforts. A nice compliment had been paid them by the attendance of members of the other competing teams that evening. Whilst they rejoiced in victory, he would not like to see the Marists' team win every year, because that would not be good for football. He wished every success to the grand old game of Rugby.

Mr. S. F. Wilson, on behalf of the Canterbury Rugby Union, said he wished to thank the Marists' Club for their kindness in inviting the visitors that night. The best friendships were made on the football field and cemented at social gatherings of that sort. He congratulated the club upon its great record this season of winning the first, fourth, fifth, and sixth grade competitions. It would be a record hard to beat. He thought beyond a shadow of doubt that the Marists' team were the best in the senior competition; they undoubtedly played the best football. On behalf of the Canterbury Rugby Union he presented the D.C.L. Shield to Mr. D. McCormick, captain of the senior team; the fourth grade banner to Mr. J. Ellis, the captain of the fourth grade team; and the fifth grade banner to Mr. L. Riordan, captain of the fifth grade team. Mr. Wilson said a shield was being prepared for presentation to the sixth grade team.

The Mayor added his congratulations to the club, which, he said, had been knocking at the door of the senior championship for some time. It was the good Brothers, who had taught them how to play fairly and cleanly, who deserved the credit of the team's success.

Mr. D. McCormick, on behalf of the senior team, suitably acknowledged the congratulations showered upon them. They had had a hard fight, and felt very proud upon having at last captured the shield.

Upon the call of the Mayor, the company cheered the team, followed with "For They are Jolly Good Fellows."

The chairman then presented a gold medal to each of the following members of the senior team:—D. McCormick, E. Fitzgerald, M. O'Malley, B. Frame, J. Ellis, B. Flood, P. J. Amodeo, B. Mahan, C. Meachem, J. McGuinness, E. Meachem, C. Taylor, P. O'Loughlin, J. McCormick, A. Bell, E. Brosnahan, H. Khouri, J. Smith, H. F. Mullins, L. Peterson, J. C. Mullins, F. Smythe, and E. B. McDonald.

Supper was served by the ladies, and the arrangements of the function, generally, reflected most creditably on the energetic secretary (Mr. A. F. Jarman) and his committee.

Remember that the time of labor and suffering is short, and that, on the contrary, the reward which awaits us is eternal.—St. Clare.

GORE CONVENT SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

The concerts given by the pupils of the Gore Convent School (says the *Mataura Ensign*) have earned local fame, and the one given recently would enhance this reputation. The whole programme was carried through by the children, no adult appearing on the stage in any of the performances, and the result must be regarded as a distinct tribute to the thorough tuition and painstaking care of those responsible for training the youthful performers. That the public expected a treat was shown by the large audience, the Princess Theatre being packed, and that patrons were more than satisfied was demonstrated by the very hearty applause which greeted every item. The promoters of the entertainment had wisely determined that there would be no recalls, so some very insistent encores were disregarded.

During the interval Very Rev. P. O'Donnell (pastor of the district) thanked the audience for its attendance. The hearts of the Sisters of Mercy, he said, would be gladdened at such marked public appreciation of their efforts. He was sure most of the parents were agreeably surprised at the manner in which the children had acquitted themselves in their allotted tasks, but it was merely an evidence of the painstaking methods of the nuns, and a guarantee that the teaching of the children in the more important work of the school and of religion would be equally as efficient. The object of the concert was to raise funds to add another room to the school, as the 170 children going to it had overtaxed the existing accommodation. The Catholic people were called on to pay taxation for the public schools, and then had to put their hands in their pockets and pay for their own schools. If justice was justice, this matter should not be decided by a count of heads, but by a fair consideration of the rights of the minority. The majority had made the present law, and it might be legal, but it was not just. The Catholic people were bearing this injustice with fortitude, and making sacrifices to maintain their own schools. He hoped the proposed addition to the school would shortly be a reality; the attendance that evening was an indication that it would soon be possible to undertake the work.

A word of praise is due to all the youthful performers for the clearness of their enunciation, the words of all the songs and dialogues being distinctly heard. Miss T. Waring provided the accompaniments for the items rendered by the girls, and Master J. Burnby for those by the boys.

NEWMAN SOCIETY, AUCKLAND

PRESENTATION TO RETIRING PRESIDENT.

An interesting and bright little ceremony took place on the broad front verandah of the Sacred Heart College, Ponsonby, Auckland, on Sunday, September 28, when the members of the Newman Society, who had been present at the unveiling of the college roll of honor, invited their late president, Rev. Brother Fergus, to meet them in order to express to him their gratitude and appreciation of his most practical help and consistent interest in the welfare of their society during his term of four years as president.

Mr. P. J. Kalaugher and Mr. J. P. Wright each spoke in eulogistic terms, on behalf of the society, of all Brother Fergus had accomplished for it. Mr. J. P. Wright, for the members, then presented Brother Fergus with a neat case of razors and accessories, and after voicing the deep regret of the members that, owing to a new appointment in his college, Brother Fergus could no longer spare time to act as president, asked him to accept of their little gift as a souvenir of their many successful meetings under his guidance, and as a small testimony of their regard.

Rev Bro Fergus, in his characteristic bright style, suitably responded. He thanked the members, and expressed regret that he could no longer continue with the society, but he promised to still do what he could to further its interests, and allowed his name to be placed on the syllabus for a paper during the coming year. He then congratulated Miss Terry, M.Sc., on her election as vice-president of the society, and complimented the members on their appointment of a lady of her attainments and intellectual gifts.

It is a fatal error to mistake mere historical belief for saving faith. A man may firmly believe his religion historically, and yet have no part nor portion therein practically and savingly. He must not only believe his faith, he must believe in his faith.—Sir Thomas More.

The more intense the suffering is and the less it appears before men, the more it is to thy honor and glory.

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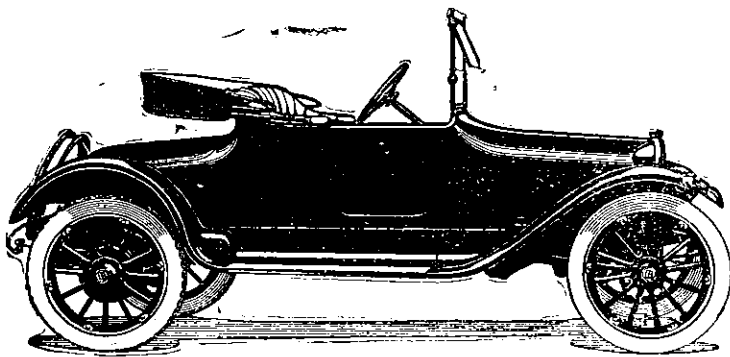
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IRISH THROUGH SONG: MAIDEAN LUAIN
CINGEISE.

(A Ninety-Eight Song.)

I.

Maidean Luain Cingeise
Do lawair an siohva in sa ghleann:
Do vailieadar na caga
Chun a wacht do yeanav ann;
Do chruinniyeamair n a dtimpeal,
A's do lasamair na soillse,
A's do hogamair ceo draoiyeachta
Go h-aovium os geionn.

Roughly:—On Whit Monday morning the Fairy-Man (the Secret Chief) spoke in the Glenn: the Daws (the Heather-Boys) assembled to perform a desperate feat there: we gathered round them and lit the lights and we raised a druid mist exulting over their heads.

II.

Is iom'o baile margaig
Agus cahair aoivinn cheoil
Agus cuirt aiges na Sasanaig
Chun seasav ann n-ar gcoir:
Beir sgeala cruinn a vailo uain,
Do downaig go dti an t-afreann
Gur chun sleive do cuireag (cuireav) eun reaha sinn
Chun seasav ann faoi vrou.

Roughly:—Many a market town, many a pleasant city full of music, many a stately mansion, have the Sasanaig in which to hold out against us: (so they broke us) bring the full story home from me; let the people know on Sunday at Mass that we have been driven in flight to the mountains—there to wait in grief.

III.

Da vfeifea-sa an buachail
A's an vailin ceann-buiye cas
Do vioch ag imheacht suas
Air huarisg na vfeair.
Beir sgeala cruinn doiv uaimse
Go vfuil Captaen Lambert fuar-lag
A'ir haov a' t(s)leive go h-naigheach
Can tuamba air na leach.

Roughly:—If you see the lad and the girl with the yellow curly hair that used to keep coming up to get news of our men; tell them from me that Captain Lambert lies cold and dead, on the mountain-side, drearily, without tomb or stone to cover him.

IV.

Ca vfuilid na Muinwig No an fior go mairid hep
Na cruinniyeid siad n-ar dtimpeall Agus cawru linn san
ngleo?
Mar is deacair puirt do striocha' No clanna Buir do yibirt
O n-ar mbailti duhchais dilis Vi ag ar sinnsear riav
rowainn.

Roughly:—Where are the men of Munster? Can they be alive at all, that they didn't gather round us and help us in the fight? for it is no easy thing to capture ports and drive the Boors from our own dear soil, from the towns our ancestors held so long ago before us (riav—from time immemorial).

V.

Do hainig anios o Chonnacht chugainn Cead a's mile laoch,
An oiread o Ulai chugainn I vfuirm cheart a's i vfaowar:
Suaiwneas lae nior tugag doiv, Chun gur vuailamair
buala' a's fice orha:
—So mo lean mar sileag fuil aas cuirp Ar vfeair i ndeire
an lae.

Roughly:—From Connacht eleven hundred stalwarts came to join us and as many from Ula', all fully equipped and in fine fighting spirit: we did not give the enemy a day's rest till we had attacked them over and over again—My sorrow, the blood that poured from the bodies of our lads by the end of the fight!

VI.

Beir sgeala suas chun Muwan uaim, A ruin yil a's a stoir,
Agus innis ann, faoi chuwa, ghoiv Go vfuil an sguirse n-ar
gcoir;
Mar is mo leanv fireann fionn geal Agus ainneir vilis vuinto
Agus oig-fhfeair cliste luhvar san uir uainn a' feo'.

Roughly:—Take the news up to Munster from me, treasure of my heart, and there tell the people sorrowfully that blank misery and oppression are in store for us; for many is the bright lovable little lad, many the gentle fair-spoken girl, many the handy active youth, fallen from amongst us and withering under the sod.

VII.

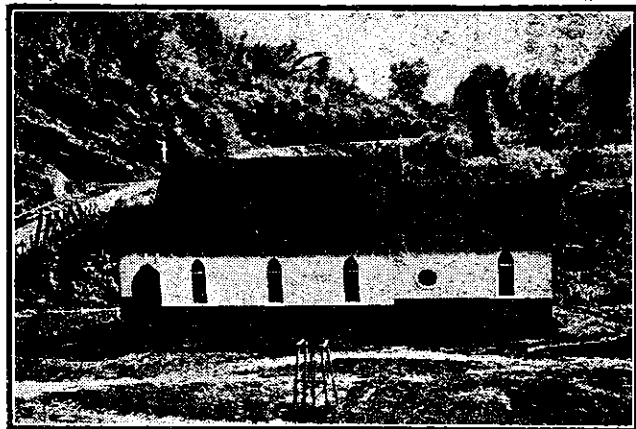
Mo leun air an Vuwain nar eirig Nuair d'aynamair an gleo,
Faoi airm ghreanta greinavar l vfaoyairt acu n-ar gcoir;
Do fhagadar go tinn sinn Agus neart ar nawad n-ar
dtimpeal!
Ach gra' mo chroive na Laiynig! Siad d'ayain an teine
leo!

Roughly:—My sorrow for Munster that they failed to rise when we kindled the conflict, (n) and to come to us with their shapely weapons gleaming and sharp in their hands: they left us in evil plight with the might of our enemies ringed round us! But the Love of my heart the Munster men! 'tis they that lit the battle-fire!

(n) lit. under shapely gleaming arms, sharp, with them.

THE VOICE FROM THE WILDERNESS

The cold chain of silence has hung o'er me long. Now the winter has passed and I am coming with the spring-time to greet my friends of the *Tablet* once more. Thanks to your generosity we have erected our church in Whangamomona. One big push and it will be free. The opening ceremony will be held on Sunday, November 9, at



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OBITUARY

MR. F. J. O'BRIEN, CHRISTCHURCH.

Mr. Frank O'Brien, of 35 Eversleigh Road, St. Albans, Christchurch, died rather suddenly on September 25, after a short illness, at the age of 45. He was a son of the late Mr. Michael O'Brien, of the Premier Boot Factory, and was at the time of his death managing director of the firm. The late Mr. F. O'Brien was well known in sporting circles, and had resided in Christchurch for about 36 years. He was a member of the Linwood Football Club, and of the Lancaster Park and Midland Cricket Clubs. Born in Greymouth, he was educated at St. Patrick's College, Wellington, and then took up a position in his father's firm, of which ultimately he became managing director. He married Miss Lucy Ryan, and leaves a widow and four children—three boys and one girl—to mourn their loss. His eldest son is at present at St. Patrick's College.—R.I.P.

MRS. JOHANNA MURPHY, DUNEDIN.

The death of Mrs. Johanna Murphy, wife of Mr. Thomas Murphy, of Pine Hill, Dunedin, who passed away at her residence on September 3, at the age of 76 years, is mourned by a large circle of friends. The late Mrs. Murphy was born at Ballybunion, Co. Kerry, Ireland, and arrived at Port Chalmers by the ship Daniel Rankin in 1863. Four years afterwards she was married in old St. Joseph's Church, Dunedin, by Father Moreau, S.M. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy then settled at Pine Hill, where they had since remained, in the occupation of dairy farming. Always a fervent Catholic, she was attended by Fathers Kaveney and Spillane during her last illness, and died fortified by all the sacred rites of Holy Church. The funeral, which was largely attended, left for the Southern Cemetery after Requiem Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Father Spillane officiating at the interment. Her husband, one daughter (Mrs. G. Connor, Waitati), and three sons (Mr. J. J. Murphy, constable in charge of Putara, Mr. Thomas Murphy, Pine Hill, and Mr. E. Murphy, Police Station, Alexandra) are left to mourn their loss. Two other members of the family predeceased her. R.I.P.

MR. DANIEL LEDDY, WAKANUI.

There passed away on Sunday, October 5, at his residence, "Ashgrove," Wakanui, one of the oldest residents of the Ashburton County, in the person of Mr. Daniel Leddy. The deceased was born in Co. Cavan, Ireland, and, accompanied by his wife, came to the Dominion some 54 years ago, when he acquired land which he successfully farmed. He was always a staunch Catholic, having a lifelong devotion to Our Blessed Lady and her Rosary. Fortified by the last rites of Holy Church, and surrounded by his family, he passed peacefully away. The funeral was largely attended by friends from all parts of the county, and he was laid to rest beside his three daughters, who predeceased him some years ago. The deceased leaves a sorrowing wife and grown-up family of two sons and three daughters to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

MR. PATRICK DRURY, DUNEDIN.

With very widespread regret, the death is recorded of Mr. Patrick Drury, who passed away on October 3, at his residence, Carroll Street, Dunedin, after a brief illness. The late Mr. Drury, who was 68 years of age, was born at Bunreagh, Co. Roscommon, Ireland, and came to New Zealand about 40 years ago. For 35 years he was a member of the Dominion Police Force, being stationed successively at Christchurch, Ashburton, Waitati, Ravensbourne, and St. Clair. He retired from the Force about three years ago, on superannuation. The deceased was a staunch and fervent Catholic, and a prominent parishioner of St. Joseph's Cathedral. He ever entertained a deep love for his native land, and was for years a valued member of the Hibernian Society. The late Mr. Drury was for many years a subscriber to the *N.Z. Tablet*, a journal for which he always entertained the highest admiration. He was widely known and greatly esteemed, and many friends and acquaintances will sincerely regret his demise. He was attended in his last illness by Father Kaveney, and died fortified by all the sacred rites of Holy Church. The deceased leaves a widow, two sons (Mr. O. Drury, Post Office, Invercargill, and Mr. H. Drury, Dunedin), and three daughters (Mrs. A. J. Miscall, Wellington, and Misses K. and S. Drury, Dunedin), to mourn their loss. Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated at

St. Joseph's Cathedral on Monday, October 6, by Father Kaveney, who also officiated at the interment in Anderson's Bay Cemetery.—R.I.P.

MR. MICHAEL McATEER, WAITOHI.

There passed away on September 14, after a long and trying illness, borne with Christian patience and resignation, a pioneer settler of the Waitohi district, in the person of Mr. Michael McAteer. The deceased, who was a native of Donegal, Ireland, arrived in New Zealand by the ship Invercargill, landing at Port Chalmers in 1872. Brought up to farming in his native land, he followed the same occupation after his arrival in the Dominion, being first of all engaged by the late Mr. Donald McLean. He afterwards carried out contracting work at the Levels Station, and later on acquired several hundred acres of land in the Pleasant Point-Temuka district, which he farmed for four years. He then, for a few years, took over the lease of the Royal Hotel, Temuka, and finally (in 1894) settled on a farm at Waitohi, where the remainder of his life was spent. He took a prominent part in local affairs, and was for many years a member of the district school committee. The late Mr. McAteer was married in 1887 to Miss Maggie Power, and leaves a widow, six sons, and two daughters to mourn their loss. One daughter predeceased him four years ago. The deceased was always a staunch and fervent Catholic. The funeral, which was largely attended, took place at Temuka, Requiem Mass being celebrated at St. Joseph's Church by Father O'Sullivan, S.M., the burial service being conducted by Father Kerley, S.M. Much sympathy is extended to the bereaved widow and family by a wide circle of friends.—R.I.P.

MRS. BRIDGET DOYLE, TARADALE.

There passed away at Taradale, Hawke's Bay, on September 25, in the 90th year of her age, a highly-respected, much-loved, and very old resident in the person of Mrs. Bridget Doyle. The deceased was born at Feikle, Co. Clare, Ireland, on August 22, 1830. She married Mr. J. Doyle in 1855, and in 1860 was left a widow with four children (one son and three daughters). The late Mrs. Doyle came to New Zealand by the Mataura, landing in Wellington in 1876. She then settled in the Hawke's Bay district, devoting herself to the care of her children and all who needed her help. For more than forty years she lived with her daughter, Mrs. G. Reid, spending the evening of her life performing both spiritual and corporal works of mercy. Her advanced age had little effect on her cheerfulness, her charity, or her Christian activities. Even within a week of her death she was occupied with matters affecting the good of the parish. During her long life she often suffered prolonged and painful illnesses, but she ever welcomed these as signs of the Divine affection, and so transformed them into veritable stores of merit. So many had experienced her thoughtful kindness that her death is lamented by all classes and creeds. During her last illness she suffered untold pain, but to all who were privileged to visit her then she had a word of advice and cheer. Her mind was remarkably active until the very end. The funeral obsequies commenced at 9 o'clock on Saturday morning, September 27, when a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Father Hickson, S.M. The choir was composed of a number of students from Mount St. Mary's Seminary. In the sanctuary there were present the Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, S.M., Very Rev. Dean Binsfeld, S.M., and Very Rev. Father Tymons, S.M. The last absolution was given by Father Hickson, S.M. Students from the seminary performed the minor offices of the sanctuary. At the end of Mass the choir sang the beautiful hymn "Waiting Souls." The body then remained in the church, where it had so often been before, until 2 p.m., when the funeral procession formed. The popularity and love in which the deceased was held were shown by the length of the cortege. Among those present at the last rites, conducted by Father Hickson, were: The Very Revs. Dean Binsfeld, S.M., Dr. Kennedy, S.M., Revs. Dr. Geaney, S.M., Dr. Casey, S.M., and Father O'Ferrall, S.M., and a band of students from the scholasticate. The mortal remains of Mrs. Bridget Doyle lie in the Puketapu Cemetery, in sight of the last resting-place of many priests, and laymen whose eyes she closed in death. She leaves a son (Mr. J. Doyle) and a daughter (Mrs. G. Reid), besides nine grandchildren, 14 great-grandchildren, and a host of friends to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

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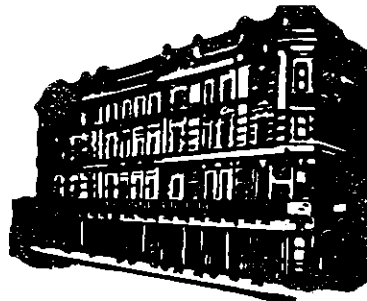
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DOMESTIC

(By M. GREEN.)

Date Blanc Mange.

Make a quart of well-sweetened cornflour blanc mange, to which a piece of butter the size of a large walnut has been added. When the cornflour is cooked, stir in 1/2 lb of chopped and stoned dates, and flavor with essence of almonds. Pour into a mould previously rinsed out with cold water, and leave in a cool place to set. Turn out and decorate with stoned and halved dates.

Curried Eggs.

Boil 1/2 lb of rice, drain it well, season with salt to taste, and place in a hot dish. Fry a small sliced onion in butter, add a tablespoonful of good curry powder, fry for a minute. Pour in half a pint of gravy, and simmer for a quarter of an hour. If any cream is available add it now. Cut four hard-boiled eggs in halves, strain the sauce, replace it in the saucepan, put in the eggs, and reheat. Arrange them on the dish of rice, and serve as hot as possible.

Pickle for Beef.

Pickle to keep beef, tongues, and pork.—To each gallon of water add 1 1/2 lb of salt, 1 lb of sugar, 1/2 oz of saltpetre, and 1/2 oz of potash. Boil this mixture till the dirt rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then put in a tub to cool, and when cold pour over the meat. This must remain in the pickle for four or five weeks. The meat must be kept well down in the pickle. This recipe will be found handy in country districts when away from townships.

Sponge Cake Mould.

Cut three or four sponge cakes into thin slices, and line the sides and bottom of a plain pudding mould with them. Mix a tablespoonful each of flour and arrowroot with enough cold milk to form a batter. Bring three-quarters of a pint of milk (sweetened with an ounce of sugar) to the boil. Pour into the blended flour. Simmer over a gentle heat for 10 minutes. Add the yolk of an egg. Simmer for a little while longer, but do not allow to boil. Add an ounce of currants, stir, and leave to cool; pour into a prepared mould. Turn out on to a dish when thoroughly set.

The Health-giving Apple.

The apple may have been the fruit of all troubles, but it is also the source of good health and long life, for it is rich in-nourishment to the brain and nerves. One noted physician declares that to eat three apples a day will add years to a man's life; while one of the United States Senators attributes his vigorous constitution—unusual for one of his age—to the free use of apple juice. The reason undoubtedly is that the malic acid of the apple breaks up the excess of uric acid, which is the cause of so many painful diseases. The juice of the apple stimulates the appetite and improves the digestion, and in cider-making districts gout and rheumatism are practically unknown.

In Case of Hemorrhage.

The arrest of hemorrhage is one of those urgent matters with which everyone should be able to deal in a moment of crisis. In the case of wounds of the scalp or of the limbs, or other readily accessible parts, it should always be remembered that bleeding can generally be stopped by firm pressure of the thumb on an artery against a bone or other resisting structure, and so long as this pressure is maintained danger can as a rule be averted.

Household Hints.

To scale fish, plunge the fish into very hot (but not boiling) water for a few seconds, and the scales will rub off easily.

A greasy oven may be easily cleaned by dusting thickly with powdered lime (sides as well as shelves), then heat the oven thoroughly, and allow it to get cool, then remove the lime, and all traces of grease stains will have disappeared.

To clean a greasy coat collar, rub with a piece of clean flannel which has been dipped into a solution made from grated raw potato and a little cold water. The cloth will be cleaned up and brightened at once.

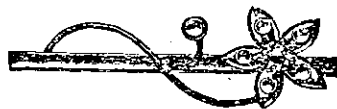
Borax is an invaluable cleanser. A solution in hot water, if allowed to cool, is excellent for washing floors. It destroys all vermin, and is useful for washing any kind of glass or china, imparting a lustre and brightness to them that they never exhibit when washed in the ordinary way.

When baking potatoes, put a small pan of water in the oven and they will cook much more quickly.

China pastry rollers, which can be purchased at most large stores, are better than wooden ones for making light pastry.



No. 1038 - 15a. Gold Brooch, new design, set with 3 Aquamarines, 42/-.



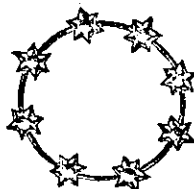
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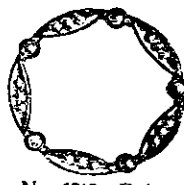
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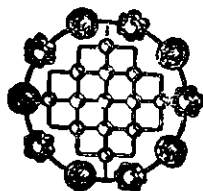


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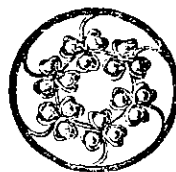
No. 1059 - Choice 15a. Gold Brooch, set with fine Pearls and Peridots or Garnets, 80/-.



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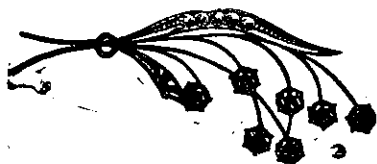
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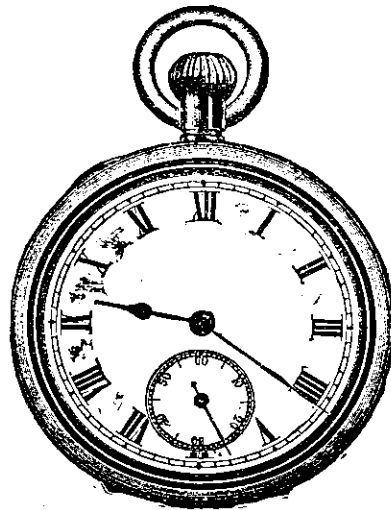
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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week only 97 head of fat cattle were offered. The number of prime bullocks was greater than has been the case for a considerable time, and the quality, taken as a whole, better than has been seen at Burnside yards for some weeks. The yarding was insufficient for requirements, and the previous week's exceptionally high prices were maintained. The demand from start to finish was exceptionally keen. Extra prime bullocks £40 to £52, prime bullocks £30 to £36, medium £24 to £28 10s, light and unfinished £17 to £21, prime cows and heifers £19 2s 6d to £24 10s, medium £16 to £19, old and inferior £10 to £15. Fat sheep: 1065 came forward. This was a small yarding, consequently buyers were keen to fulfil their requirements, and prices opened at rates fully equalling the high prices ruling the previous week. Towards the end of the sale, however, the market was, if anything, inclined to weaken to the extent of about 1s per head. The quality was only medium. The proportion of extra prime sheep was small, the biggest part of the yarding being composed of medium to light-weight ewes and wethers. Prime wethers 60s to 73s 3d, medium 51s 6d to 58s, light 40s to 50s, a few extra prime ewes to 84s 3d, prime 50s to 56s, medium 42s to 47s 6d, light and aged 30s to 39s 9d. Spring lambs: Only five spring lambs were offered, and under excellent competition they were sold at the following prices: 3 at 34s, 2 at 36s. Pigs: There was a small entry of both fat and store pigs, consequently competition was specially keen, prices for fats showing an advance on previous week's values of 7s 6d to 10s per head.

At Addington last week there were larger entries in most sections. The main feature was a decided drop in fat sheep, but fat cattle were still firm. Fat lambs: 80 were penned. Prices fell 5s, and ranged from 15s to 20s. Fat sheep: The yarding was quite double that of the previous week. The sale opened fairly well, but a sharp decline in prices then occurred, the decrease being estimated at 10s to 15s per head. Extra prime wethers to 69s, prime 47s to 59s 6d, medium 40s to 45s, lighter 36s to 39s 3d, extra prime ewes 57s, prime 42s to 48s 6d, medium 37s to 40s, lighter 27s 6d to 35s 6d, hoggets 30s to 47s 6d. Fat cattle: 320 head were yarded. The sale was very uneven, opening easier, but firming to late rates. Extra prime steers £35 to £50, prime £22 to £26, ordinary £10 to £18, extra prime heifers to £39 10s, prime £16 to £21, ordinary £10 7s 6d to £15, extra prime cows to £24 10s, prime £13 10s to £19, ordinary £7 9s 6d to £13. Vealers: The inquiry was keen, and values firm. Runners £5 5s to £8 12s 6d, good vealers £3 to £4 10s, fair vealers 40s to 55s, small and inferior 5s to 37s. Pigs: There was a small entry of fat pigs and a good demand. Extra heavy baconers £9 4s to £9 19s 6d, heavy £7 10s to £8 10s, others £6 to £7 (equal to 11½d per lb), heavy porkers £4 10s to £5 4s, others £3 12s to £4 5s (equal to 1s to 1s 0½d per lb), choppers £7 13s.

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co., Ltd., report:—The fortnightly sales of rabbitskins were held on Monday, October 6, with the following quotations:—Runners and suckers from 14d to 23d, light racks from 32d to 42d, summers from 20d to 26d, autumns from 72d to 95d, early winters from 110d to 130d, winter broken from 60d to 63d, autumn blacks from 54d to 66½d, prime blacks from 146d to 180d, first fawn from 93d to 104d, super does from 200d to 211d, second does from 180d to 200d, super bucks 124d to 138d, spotty bucks from 96d to 107d, milky does from 24d to 56d, spotty does from 53d to 106d, springs from 48d to 60d, hareskins from 33d to 40d, horsehair from 17d to 19½d. A small parcel of extra choice super does brought up to 224d. Bidding was erratic. Good winters sold a shade better than at the last sale.

LINSEED IN CALF-FEEDING.

In the feeding of calves it is found that linseed (the seed of flax) meal or crushed linseed added to skim or separated milk is one of the safest and most economical substitutes for the abstracted milk fat. Linseed approaches more nearly in composition to the solids of milk than any other food, and the oil which it contains, to the extent of 34 to 38 per cent., is easily digestible. There is, however, a risk in buying any grain or seed in the form of a meal, as it is difficult to detect impurities when the material is sold in this condition, consequently those who grow their own linseed are best off. Whole milk should be fed for at least one week. During the next week the change from whole milk to skim-milk should be gradual. Substitute each day a regular proportion of skim-milk for the same amount of whole milk withdrawn. The skim-milk should be fed warm, from 90deg to 100deg Fahr. To replace the fat removed from the skim-milk, as well as to furnish

additional protein, is now the duty of the linseed, mixed with the milk in the form of a jelly. This jelly should be added in small quantities at first, and slowly increased. Begin with a dessertspoonful in each portion, and gradually increase until about a cupful is being fed night and morning to the three-month-old calf. To prepare the jelly, boil or steep 1lb of linseed in water almost boiling until a thick paste results. Another method of preparation is to take a half-cupful of crushed linseed in a quart of water, and allow it to simmer just below the boiling point until a thick jelly is formed. It should be kept cool and sweet until fed.

MAKING CONCRETE POSTS ON THE FARM.

Concrete posts are one of the concrete products that can be successfully made on the farm. Some of the farmer's spare time during the winter months can be put to good advantage in this work. There is nothing which detracts more from the appearance of a farm than a poor fence, and there is nothing which adds more to the appearance, efficiency, and life of a fence than good, durable posts. To make concrete posts during the winter months precaution must be taken to see that the materials do not freeze before setting. A place for this work where there is no danger of freezing can be found on every farm. There are certain requirements to obtain good results in making concrete posts that every user of concrete should have well in mind:—Use new cement that is free from lumps. Use clean, coarse sand. Use gravel or broken stone that is well graded, free from soft material such as clay, organic matter, etc. Use enough cement. A rich mixture of 1 part cement, 1½ of sand, and 3 of broken stone not larger than ¾-inch, is best for posts. Mix cement and sand thoroughly while dry. Add broken stone and water and continue mixing. Concrete mixed for a period of five minutes is much better than when mixed for one minute only. Proper amount and proper placing of reinforcing is essential. Four ¾-inch iron rods are necessary. Place these near each corner of the posts.

A VALUABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR NITROGEN.

Soot is a very valuable nitrogenous fertiliser and insecticide. It is a useful substitute for nitrogenous manure, and helps to disorganise and render soluble such vegetable matter as it may come in contact with either in the soil or the compost heap. As a plant stimulant, it is best strewn between the lines of growing crops from October onwards, preferably in showery weather, and hoed in. Should the leafage of the vegetable be young or tender, it may be wise to keep the soot exposed to air, but under shelter, for two or three weeks before use. Onions and leeks, all the cabbage tribe (including turnips), beet, and carrots respond very readily to soot dressings, and it is highly efficacious as a prevention or remedy for the many pests which attack these crops. It is equally good for cereals and grass applied in spring, and few things are better for checking the ravages of the turnip flea. Dug into the soil, or strewn along the drills when planting potatoes, beans, or peas, it is helpful as a plant food, and is disliked by wire-worm. It destroys much insect vermin when mixed into accumulations of vegetable matter, and enriches this so that it makes a valuable supplementary fertiliser. Lime, or artificials containing lime, should not be used with soot, for the former liberates its most precious ingredient—the ammonia—which then escapes in the form of gas. But I have noted some remarkable effects upon plant growth from using a mixture of one part air-slaked lime to three parts of fresh soot, this being hoed in between the rows or sown broadcast immediately before or during rain. This mixture is also dreaded by caterpillars of most kinds, and will not, as a rule, injure matured foliage.

A good liquid manure may be made by immersing a peck of soot in a weighted bag in 50 gallons of water. After soaking for a week, an occasional stirring being advantageous, it will be ready for use, and can be given to all vegetables which need stimulating. But in using this liquid fertiliser, or any other for that matter, one must not apply it while the roots are dry. After watering or heavy rain is the best time.

Soot should always be bought by measure, and not by weight, for the heaviest samples are the poorest, since they contain much brick and mortar. Really good soot should be very light and "fluffy," and the blacker it is the better the quality. Soot from factory chimneys is seldom as good as that from dwelling-houses.

—A.T.J., in the N.Z. Dairyman.

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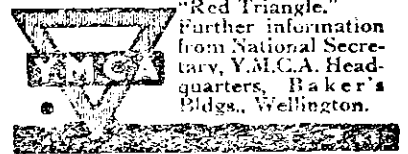
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IF YOU ARE WISE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life:
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember, it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter.
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As the water shapes into a vessel.
—ELLA WHEELER WILSON.

A MIDDY'S EXAMPLE.

Have you ever heard tell of Captain Byng's midshipman? asks a writer in the *Cornhill*. I forget his name, but he started his first night aboard ship by kneeling down and saying his prayers, as his mother had taught him; the crowd of his fellow-midshipmen found it against the custom of the service, and gave him the strap for it. This, however, raised him up a champion in one of the taller lads, who protested that their conduct was tyrannous; "and," said he, very generously, "to-morrow night I too propose to say my prayers. If anyone objects, he may fight me." Thus, being a handy lad with his fists, he established the right of religious liberty on board. By-and-by one or two of the better-disposed midshipmen followed his example; by degrees the custom spread along the lower deck, where the dispute had happened in full view of the whole ship's company, seamen and marines; and by the time she reached her port of Halifax she hadn't a man on board—outside the wardroom—who did not say his prayers regularly. At Halifax Captain Byng took aboard out of hospital another small midshipman, who on his first night no sooner climbed into his hammock than the entire mess bundled him out of it. "We would have you to know, young man," said they, "that private devotion is the rule on board our ship. Down on your knees this minute, or you'll get the strap."

SONG IN IRISH: MAIRIN DE BARRA.

A Vairin de Barra, do vairv tu m' iuntinn!
D'fhag tu duwach dealy me i gan fhios dom vuintir!
Air mo luiye ghom air mo leabaig is ort a vim a' euiwneav
A's air m' c'irye ghom air maidin: mar do chealg tu an
croiye ionam.

Roughly:—Mairin de Barra! you have wrecked my mind: you have left me sad and destitute though none of my own folk guess it: as I lie on my bed, you alone fill my thought, and so when I rise in the morning—for you have put your spell on the heart within me.

II.

Hugas agus hugas a's hugas om chroiye greann duit
Air maidin lae le Muire na geoinneal san teampall;
Do huilin ba ghlaise na uisge na ngeawarha,
Is do veilin ba vinne na an druid nuair a lawraun.

Roughly:—I gave you, from my heart I gave you, my love, on that Candlemas morning in the chapel: I fell in love with your dear eye brighter than the dew on the wheat of the spring, and your dear mouth sweeter sounding than the thrush in his talk. (Usually the stalling. Here as in Scots Gaelic.)

III.

Do hil me tu vealla' le briarha a's le poga;
Do hil me tu vealla' le leawarha a's le moide:
Do hil me tu vealla' air vreaca' na h-cornan—
Ach d'fhag tu duwach dealy me air beacht don mbliayain
nuu' me.

Roughly:—I thought to beguile you with my talk and kisses: I thought to win you with oaths on the Book: when the barley was yellowing (speckling) I thought to wile you, but the New Year has come and still you have left me gloomy and broken.

IV.

Do hiuwloyainn a's do hiuwloyainn a's do hiuwloyainn an
saoyal leat

Do rayainn har saile gan gha fi(n)ginn spre leat:
Do hug mo chroiye-gra' ghuit go brah, brah, na treigfhiy,
Is do leiycafsa on mbas me ach a rha' gur leat fein me.

Roughly:—I would walk the world with you: without a penny of a fortune from you I would cross the seas with you: my heart has given you a love that to the day of doom will not fail, and you'd snatch me (heal me) from death if only you'd call me your own.

—STEPHEN MACKENNA, in *New Ireland*.

LONG MASSES AND SHORT.

There is a rather good story told of an 18th-century Bishop. A lady having complained to him one day about the excessive length of the Sunday Mass, he replied: "Madam, 'tis not the Mass that is too long, but your devotion that is too short."

Still better is the narrative of the saintly Princess Wolkowska's explanation of very lengthy and very brief offerings of the Holy Sacrifice. It was a rule of the Princess's life never to say a word contrary to charity about any person or thing whatever. A witty young duchess of her acquaintance set out one day to make her violate this rule, and this is the way she went about her task:

"My dear Princess," said she, "I know that you habitually hear daily Mass at the Church of St. Andrew delle Fratte. Well, now, does not one of the priests there try your patience almost beyond endurance? He drones along so slowly that his Mass takes up regularly well-nigh an hour of one's time."

"Why, my dear," replied the Princess, "do you find that disagreeable? I am sorry to differ from you, but I must, decidedly. What happiness it is to be able to recollect one's self at each phase of the Holy Sacrifice, to meditate at one's leisure upon the great mystery, to commend without precipitation one's parents and friends! I confess, that for my part, I attend through preference the Mass of that very priest."

"Very well," said the duchess; "but in that case, you can't like the Mass of Father X., who acquits himself of the sacred function so expeditiously that he hardly keeps the congregation longer than 25 minutes."

"But, my dear friend," gently rejoined her companion, "you are reasoning somewhat lightly. Just think of the busy people—the clerks, the poor servants whose time is so limited! It is all well enough for us great ladies to take our time and accomplish at our leisure even our exercises of piety; but, then, everyone has not the same latitude. If these persons remained too long in church, they would be reprimanded by their clients or their employers. Would you, therefore, deprive them of the benefit of being present at the Holy Sacrifice? Father X's is just the Mass that suits them. Providence, my dear duchess, arranges everything well: the first priest for us, the second for them."—*Are Maria*.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS.

Have you sorrows? You must bear them
Without murmur, without moan;
Think not you may shirk or share them;
Keep them for yourself alone.
But if you have joys—oh, show them,
Broadcast to the winds go throw them,
Seed-like through the world go sow them,
And be glad when they are sown!

Have you trials? You must face them
Without grumble, without groan;
Burdens? Then be sure to place them
On no shoulders but your own.
But if you have aught that's cheerful,
Give it forth to calm the fearful,
Give it forth to soothe the tearful,
Sing it, ring it, make it known!

Thus it is the noble-hearted
Live until their day is flown;
Thus they lift and thus they lighten,
As a bugle-blast is blown;
Thus it is they help and heighten,
Thus they lift and they lighten
Souls less steadfast than their own!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

SIMPLE HONESTY.

In a beautiful valley of the "Haut Valais" tourists often love to stroll from the great hotel to the quaint little villages around. One day an English lady lost a valuable gold brooch, and after searching for it in vain

all through the village where she had walked about, the thought occurred to her to ask the priest's help. She told him to let his people know that whoever would find the trinket and restore it should have a reward. The good pastor replied: "No, madam, no reward is needed: they would be surprised at it and it would spoil their native honesty. In these mountains the people are still simple and unspoiled. I shall ask them to look for it, and doubtless they will succeed, but, please, no reward! It would be an evil!"

Two days after the brooch was found by a little shepherd boy and brought to the priest, who returned it to the lady.

This latter contented herself by dropping an offering into St. Anthony's box, which was in the little village church, but how in her heart of hearts she admired the simple honesty of those plain, rough mountaineers as she compared them with the city throngs and their struggle for more, always more!—Alas! if only the world could return somewhat to its primitive simplicity.

NOT ELIGIBLE.

"Of course, madam, I would not be expected to light the fire?"

"Certainly not," replied the mistress.

"Nor to sweep the floors?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor to attend to the door?"

"Of course not."

"Nor to wait at table?"

"No. I want none of these things," said madam, with her sweetest smile. "The only thing I require a servant for is to look at her, and for this you are far too plain."

MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

A squad of men was engaged at rifle practice at a certain coast town in Scotland.

A farmer and his man were at the same time carting sand from the beach at the back of and underneath the target at which the riflemen were firing.

The bullets were supposed to be quite safe, but a stray bullet caught the man in the leg.

He dropped to the ground, exclaiming: "I'm shot!"

The farmer hurriedly scrambled up the bank, and, frantically waving his hands to the party, shouted: "Hey, lads, stop that shootin', will ye? Ye've shot the man, and it might have been the horse."

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

He stood amid the blaze and splendor of his magnificent mansion, and in his hand he held the portrait of a beautiful woman. His face was pale and haggard, and his lips moved convulsively.

What was this mystery? Was this the picture of his departed wife?

No.

Was it the portrait of his dead but dearly remembered daughter?

No.

What, then, was the cause of his haggard face?

Was it not the same portrait that two minutes ago had fallen from its nail, and raised a lump as big as a hen's egg on his head?

It was.

SMILE RAISERS.

"You must confine yourself to a light diet," said the doctor, gravely.

"No fear," said John junior. "I knew a man who died through putting himself too much on a light diet."

"Really?" said the doctor.

"Yes, he ate the phosphorous ends off matches."

"You love my daughter?" said the father.

"Love her," he exclaimed, passionately. "Why, I would die for her. For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish—a bruised mass upon the rocks two hundred feet below."

The old man shook his head. "I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."

"Yes, it's a splendid house," said the possible purchaser, "but I'm told it's haunted."

"Haunted!" ejaculated the pushful house agent, rubbing his hands and grinning in oily fashion. "Why, so it is; but you need have no fear, sir. I attend to that personally, and this particular ghost is really well trained. It never appears unless the tenant refuses to pay his rent."

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

(By "VOLT.")

Why Waste Wind?

"There is," says *La Science et la Vie*, "in the bosom of the atmosphere an enormous force capable of being captured, transformed into motor force, and utilised for the needs of industry. This power is the wind. At a time when all combustibles habitually employed are so rare and costly, the utilisation of the wind appears doubly interesting by reason of the prodigious force which it represents, and the absolute freedom of this force. It is true that the wind is irregular. It does not blow every day at the same speed. Sometimes this speed does not exceed more than one or two metres to the second, sometimes it attains 20 or 25 metres. For this reason its use would necessarily be confined. Nevertheless, it would be sufficiently great to interest a good number of organisations, industrial or agricultural, which until now have depended on coal (now so precious), and which can perfectly accommodate themselves to the intermittent motor force produced by the wind. The smaller industries and farming would derive from the utilisation of the wind important advantages for grinding, air compression, electricity, charging of accumulators, elevation of water in reservoirs, etc. . . . briefly, everything which does not require an absolutely constant motor force. The variability in intensity which constitutes the only inconvenience of the wind is otherwise largely compensated by the material advantages which one obtains in using it." Some idea as to the practical working of dynamos driven by wind-power is contained in the following description from the *Scientific American*, which says that, according to H. C. Vogt, certain "mills had sails 100ft in diameter and an area of 3930 square feet. With a mean wind velocity of 24ft a second, 20 h.p. was obtained. Power is transmitted from the main shaft by a series of cog wheels with the spokes in tension; rope and chain gearing were found not to answer. By means of gearing, the speed of the main shaft, 12½ revolutions a minute, is increased to 1500 revolutions a minute for the dynamo."

Air Camouflage.

The bold, impetuous nature of the airman has asserted itself in the startling colors with which most fighting "scouts" are painted. At first, aeroplanes were painted with a view to camouflaging them. The top sides of the planes were decorated with an irregular pattern of brown and green, which mingled easily with the dull mosaic of the fields below, and so hid, to a certain extent, the machine from the eyes of hostile airmen flying higher, while the lower planes were painted pale blue or silver in order that machines or anti-aircraft gunners below might not readily see them. This is still done to a certain extent, but bolder spirits have realised the psychological law that there may be greater safety in making yourself awfully conspicuous and conspicuously awful than in trying to escape attention with a quiet, drab appearance. The result has been that many machines now have a more brilliant appearance than any revue poster or Futurist landscape. Bright blue and gold, scarlet and emerald, black and lemon, mustard and mauve, they flaunt themselves before a startled enemy. Some squadrons, such as Richt-hofen's famous "circus," are decked with one particular hue, and all who draw near realise with what they have to deal. Most individually-famous airmen have had their machines painted in a particular way in order to terrify enemy machines, and also that their reports may be checked by other airmen, for in the mad excitement of an air fight it is not easy to distinguish one machine from another. Observers on the ground also can distinguish the colors of different machines in a fight and can make a report on the success of a machine with a particular color design. Another cause of the coloring is that it gives the pilot a chance to assert his individuality and to get away from uniform ideas. Dragons, death's-heads, clutching hands, lightning streaks, nicknames, emblems, mascots, and the faces of music-hall stars are also painted on machines. Some are quite works of art, and have been painted by professional artists who happen to be attached as officers or mechanics to the squadron. The psychological value is very great. A squadron of vivid scarlet machines must receive great encouragement from their similarity of decoration, while the color assists them greatly in distinguishing friends from enemies. The fact that the name of his sweetheart is painted on the nose of his machine may give new strength to a flagging pilot who has perhaps been wounded. Pride in his machine is a very creditable quality in an airman, and if he decorates it himself it has for him far more personality than if it had merely a number.—Paul Bewsher, in the *Daily Mail*.

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