

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- June 5, Sunday.—Third Sunday after Pentecost. St. Boniface, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 6, Monday.—St. Norbert, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 7, Tuesday.—St. Augustine, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 8, Wednesday.—St. Angela Mericia, Virgin.
 „ 9, Thursday.—St. Columba, Abbot.
 „ 10, Friday.—St. Margaret, Queen.
 „ 11, Saturday.—St. Barnabas, Apostle.

St. Augustine, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Augustine was sent at the head of a band of monks by St. Gregory the Great, to announce the great truths of Christianity to the Saxon conquerors of Britain. The first fruits of his mission were the conversion of Ethelbert, the powerful monarch of Kent, and of the majority of his subjects. In a few years the light of the Gospel had penetrated to nearly every portion of the Saxon Heptarchy. St. Augustine was consecrated Bishop of Canterbury and appointed Legate of the Holy See in England. He died in 604.

St. Angela Mericia, Virgin.

St. Angela was born near Brescia, in the north of Italy. Living a very austere life, she devoted herself to the work of instructing the ignorant, relieving the needy, and visiting the sick and imprisoned. She is recognised as the foundress of the well known Order of Ursuline nuns, though the Order did not receive Papal approval until four years after her death, which occurred in 1540.

St. Columba, Abbot.

This great monk and missionary was born in the north of Ireland in 521. Having been trained in piety and knowledge by St. Finian, he was advanced to the priesthood. After laboring for some years in his native country, St. Columba proceeded to Scotland, where he converted to the Faith the northern Picts. He built, in the island of Iona, a great monastery, which was for many years the centre of learning in Scotland. St. Columba died in 597, after having founded and given a rule of life to upwards of a hundred monasteries in Ireland and Scotland.

GRAINS OF GOLD

A PERPETUAL FEAST.

God's righteous law makes true one with joy;
 For happiness belongs to those whose feet
 Tread duty's path, even if there they meet
 With rocky heights that weary and annoy.

The feast of conscience pure doth never cloy;
 The innocent are nourished with the wheat,
 That makes hearts glad as loving souls that greet,
 And all the heavenly powers lend them convoy.

Self-torturing men! Why can we never learn
 That blessedness is near as our own heart,
 Since all right life must ever true bliss earn,
 While joy and sin lie aye whole worlds apart;
 Alas, that we this truth may not discern,
 But sail a treacherous sea without a chart.

—Archbishop Spalding.

It seems that immortal renown is achieved not so much by the solitary deed of greatness as by humble fidelity to life's details, and that modest Christian living that regards small deeds and minor matters.

This world without faith is a horrible place, where men suffer and hate one another, grabbing at what others have saved up—a few coins, some little bit of property that is coveted. Self-seeking is always wretched, and always discontented. But, with the hope of God's Heaven, the whole face of the world is changed.

It is impossible for one who never goes wrong, nor makes a mistake, nor commits a blunder, to know just how to be sorry for an erring one. We must stumble ourselves before we can really judge of the hardships of a rough road and the frailty of weary feet. True character is first tender, then hopeful, and afterwards reformatory.

'After all, the kind of world one carries about in one's self is the important thing, and the world outside takes all its grace, color, and value from that,' wrote James Russell Lowell. The furnishing of the mind is made up of memories. Happy is the man or woman who carries in memory no picture that needs to be turned with its face to the wall.

The first mariner who ever went forth to sea became the guide and adviser of the next one, and so on. How idiotic would a sailor be to-day who turned wilfully away from all the maps and charts and soundings which experienced predecessors have provided for him! Is the young man much better who turns away defiantly from the advice of elders who have sailed the sea of life? That way shipwreck lies.

The Storyteller

AN OLD WASTREL

Old Dan Connors was sitting in the workhouse yard. There was a starved thorn-tree over his head, and it had just come out in new leaf. Perhaps that was what made him think of Old Bawn. There wasn't another green thing visible in the great stony yard of the workhouse, except it might be a hardy grass-blade that pushed its head up between the stones, imagining that it was growing into a field, only to be crushed flat by the shuffling feet of the workhouse inmates.

They all shuffled more or less. They were a disgraceful lot, to old Dan's thinking, those able-bodied men and women, who shuffled about on their unwilling employment. They were mostly fat with the fatness of idleness and an ignoble content. As a woman came in his view, her hands resting on her enormous hips, her tow-colored hair pulled back from her red, flabby face, her whole person hideous in the workhouse garb of coarse blue woollen stuff, old Dan groaned aloud, making the woman pause to ask a ribald question.

It was not such women old Dan was accustomed to; and in spite of all the ups and downs of his life he had kept a curiously fastidious and innocent mind about women. He had never married, but his experiences had been fortunate ones. He groaned again, this time taking care to look about him first that no one was in sight, as he recalled the old days in Ireland, his mother and Kitty and Nora and Brideen, and Eily Driscoll, who was dead long ago, who might have been his wife and kept him straight if only she'd stayed in it and not been so quick to get to heaven. He had a wandering drop somewhere in him, and Eily's death had unsettled him, cut him adrift from his moorings. The old place had become dull and strange with Eily's death. The restlessness had come upon him and he had gone off in the following spring to America, where there was a chance for a man, and a crowd to be forgetting in, not the death-in-life of Old Bawn.

So he had said thirty years ago. Now, sitting in the workhouse yard, he recalled, as he had done many a time before, Old Bawn, looking at it through the dim eyes of his spirit as though he looked into Paradise. There was the low white house under its thatch, with its background of orchard—one gable opening on a green old garden, the other on the stackyard and cattle-sheds, full of golden corn, of red and white cattle. He could see as plainly as though he had left it only yesterday the placid, white-washed kitchen, with its red-ochred tiles, the settle against the wall under the little lattice window that opened into the orchard, the dresser full of crockery, the chairs of twisted straw by the fireside in which the father and mother had sat, the fitch of bacon and the drying herbs above the fireplace, the chimney shelf with its row of brass candlesticks all shining bright, the wag-by-the-wall clock.

The kitchen opened on to a green space, bound on one side by the wall of the barns and outbuildings, on the other by the neat privet hedge that outlawned the lawn which lay in front of the hall door. A row of sycamores and chestnuts went down by the hedge.

Sitting there in the workhouse yard, his old knotted hands clasped on his stick, he fancied himself sitting on the stone bench outside the kitchen door. He could see the very lights and shadows cast by the trees on the grass. A flock of yellow ducklings came waddling to the kitchen door to be fed. Pincher, the Irish terrier, came out in a leisurely indignation and drove them away. He could hear the swish-swish of the churn handle in the dairy close by.

Something struck him lightly and he came back to the horrible workhouse yard that was like a prison. He had dropped asleep perhaps. One of the able-bodied ones, with humorous intention, had flung a potato at him as he passed and wakened him out of his happy dream.

It was too bad that he should have gone and left them—he, the eldest one, too. It was a bad example for the younger ones. There had been a long line of younger ones when he left—down to a baby in the cradle three months old. Herself had been a fine strong woman, but himself had never been very strong. He supposed both of them were gone long ago. Thirty years brought such changes.

Thirty years! Of such a life as his had been! It had been a record of dismal failure. He had gone out with a foolish certainty of success. He had even put his going on a high, unselfish plane. There were too many of them dragging out of himself and Old Bawn. It was right that one of them should go out and seek his fortune and be able and willing to share it with the others. There were eleven children in the family when he had taken his departure. He wondered what had become of them all. He had a sudden fond memory of Dick, a little lad of four, who had been a special pet of his. Dick would be thirty-four now if he was alive. Why, he wasn't much more than fifty himself, now he came to think of it, only he had had such hardships and seen so much trouble that he was an old man before his time—liker seventy than fifty-four.

He had gone under from the time he had left them at Old Bawn—gone under, not by any choice of his own,

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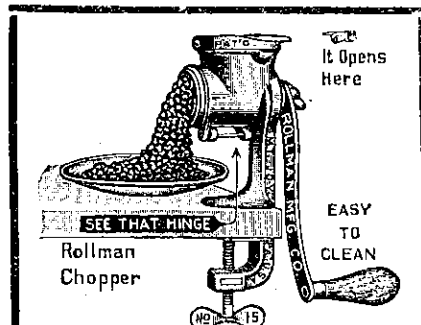
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but because things were against him. Once or twice he had been on the up-grade. Once a partner had absconded, leaving him only debts and angry creditors. Another time his savings had been stolen—eight hundred pounds, which he had toiled hard to earn. He had worked incredibly hard. The hardship had aged him as much as anything. But he was an innocent prodigal after all—scarcely a worse sin to his account than a few drinking bouts in which he had quarrelled and assaulted the police. There were no shameful memories to come between him and his faith in good women. A poor old wastrel, that was how he thought of himself. But he need not be afraid of his mother's eyes, nor of Eily Driscoll's when they should meet in heaven.

Ah, there were good women in the world, if there were shameful hussies. There was poor Honor Daly, with whom he had lodged these ten years back, whose death had sent him to the workhouse. Honor had been fond of him. When he could work he had brought her his wages. When he was too crippled with the rheumatism to work, she kept him all the same—an heroic soul, with her three children and her helpless lodger to support by standing over the wash-tub all day. She was gone now, and the children were scattered in various institutions. How Dan missed the children, to be sure! He had been worth his keep for amusing the children, Honor Daly had often declared in the days of his rheumatic attacks, or when the pain in his back was too bad to permit his working as a quay laborer.

Some one passing by with a brisk step, very unlike the able-bodied-inmates, pulled up in front of Dan Connors and spoke. It was the workhouse doctor, a man with a ruddy, wholesome, out-door face and very blue eyes—a countryman of Dan's, too, and a man with a quick compassion for the flotsam and jetsam of humanity that came his way: 'Heartbroke,' Dan would have said, 'with trying to mend the workhouse ways.'

'Dreaming, Connors?' he said.

Dan looked up at him with eyes in which the dreams were plainly visible.

'Aye, sir,' he said. 'I believe I was back in Ireland. The color of your moustache, now—I thought for a minute it was old Pincher's coat; 'twas the little bit of a dog we had at home when I was a boy.'

The doctor smiled.

'I can see you've come of decent stock, Connors,' he said. 'Isn't there some one would take you out of this? It isn't a place for the like of you.'

Dan looked down at his corduroyed knees.

'I was just wonderin',' he said, 'if there was any of them left in Old Bawn at all. There was little Dick. He was no more than four when I went out of it, and a terrible fond child of me. I don't know that I'd like them to know where I was. 'Twould be a terrible disgrace for them. The Connors were always decent people.'

The doctor protruded his lips rapidly and drew them in again in a characteristic gesture which Dan did not see.

'How old are you, Connors?' he asked.

'Fifty-four come Michaelmas, sir.'

'You're sure of that?'

The doctor looked startled, as well he might. He looked down at Dan Connors, huddled up on the wooden bench under the hawthorn, and believed him. The age of the man was merely superficial. And there was nothing wrong with him but the overwork and the rheumatism that had resulted from exposure to all kinds of weather.

'I'm surprised,' he said kindly. 'Why, there's only ten years of difference between us. Plenty of men have done a lot of work after fifty-four. You'd be some use yet, Connors, under happier conditions.'

'I might,' said Dan humbly, his eyes looking with admiration at the doctor's stalwart, gray-clad figure. 'Sure, you look like my grandson,' he added. 'Tis the feeding you've had, sir, and the care. Forty's too old for a quay laborer.'

'Let me see—you come from the County Tipperary?'

'Near the foot of the Keeper Mountains. 'Twas a lovely little place we had there. Coolmore was the name of the village. You've maybe heard of it. There's great fishing there in the Coolbeg.'

'I was there once. A very different place from this, Connors.'

'You're right, doctor. Well, sure, God help us—'tis often easy enough to be steppin' out of a place an' not so easy to be steppin' back. What would I be but a disgraceful old ghost goin' back among them. 'Twas different ideas I had once, when I thought of bringin' them home a bag of gold. Ah, thank you kindly, doctor. 'Tis very good of you.'

The doctor had held an open tobacco pouch under Dan's nose. Dan took a fill with trembling fingers and locked up at the doctor, sudden tears in his eyes. It wasn't often you met with any humanity in such a desolate old place.

The doctor passed on to bring a breath of the open air and a touch of human kindness to the old people in the hedridden ward, while Dan sat on under the tree, once again lost in his dreams.

The next day the doctor, passing him by, dropped an open paper across his knees. Dan fumbled for his spectacles, and having found them, spread out the sheet and began to read.

It was a little sheet, not very well printed, but it might have fallen straight from heaven so far as Dan was concerned. Why, every bit of it was set, as though with a clear, shining gem, with a well-beloved name. Coolmore, Coolbeg, Drumriskey, Emly, Shanagolden, Derrybawn. They leaped out of that wonderful lost past as though they had been so many shining flowers. It was kind of the doctor, so it was—God bless him! The time wouldn't pass slowly for Dan having the *Tipperary People* to read. Why, it was like as though somebody had opened a door into a wonderful lost Paradise and bidden Dan walk in.

For a time he hovered uncertainly over the paper, sipping at the sweets, so to speak. At length he settled himself down for a steady read through it. He wasn't going to get tired of it easily. When he had gone straight through it he could begin it all over again. Perhaps the wardmaster would let him keep it by his bed. It would be great company in the lonesome night, with the o'd people sighing and groaning wearily all about him, to have the *Tipperary People* tucked away under his mattress. And—who knew?—God was good—maybe Dr. Devine might bring him another paper some day.

He read on, and names of people long remembered or long forgotten sprang up out of the printed line and confronted him. Dear, dear! To think old John Cunningham was yet alive and doing well! for there was a record of the sheep he had bought at an auction. Elsie Doyle had taken a high place at the Intermediate Examinations. He wondered would she be Peter Doyle's daughter at all? Peter and he had been at school together. The girsha couldn't be Peter's granddaughter. Surely not! Why, Peter would be a personable man still. He'd be about fifty-three. What was fifty-three to them that had had a chance of minding themselves?

He hovered over the paper like a bee over a flower bed, picking out a name here and there. Suddenly he swooped like the bee and rested. He sat staring at a name:

'Among those present was Mr. Richard Connors, J.P., D.C., P.L.G.'

Dick!—could it be Dick? Was it possible it was little Dick, who had followed his big brother about with a dog-like devotion in those days long gone? A J.P., too! A Justice of the Peace! And a Poor Law Guardian! Dan wasn't sure what a D.C. meant. That was a new happening since his days. Little Dick! Ah, well, sure it was a great thing there were some to keep up the old name and make it honored and respected when there were thers that dragged it in the dust.

He was so elated by Dick's success in the world that he sat in the stray gleam of sun that had found its way over the top of the high buildings, transported out of himself for the time being. It kept him happy for all that day. But the inevitable reaction followed. A chill sense came to him that Dick's advancement had closed in his face the door which had let through the faintest chink of light. He imagined Dick's glories. In his day to be a Justice of the Peace was to be a person of social importance, to keep a carriage, to follow the hounds, to be a gentleman, in short. Great man Dick! Dan remembered what a cute little codger Dick had been, even at four years old. What would he be doing, a poor old shabby workhouse ghost, if he could return into the midst of such splendors, but frightening the life out of them all by his return?

He supposed it would be the workhouse to the end—the workhouse and the association with people whose ways and whose words repelled his curious natural innocence. He was more aloof from them than ever after his wonderful discovery about Dick, and they hustled and trod on him worse than need be as they went in to meals and on the way up to bed. One of the pauper nurses reported him to an official for insubordination—there never was a more groundless charge—and he was threatened with punishment unless he mended his manners.

His manners!—in that mannerless, moralless abode! Dan had never lost his excellent, old-fashioned manners. They made him a softy to the rough lot about him and furnished a reason for his toes being trodden on and his ribs punched, till he began to see red and came near earning the threatened punishment.

The pauper attendant, coming into the ward where the old men were beginning to brandish their sticks, cooled the hot blood by throwing cold water over some of them. Whether by accident or design Dan got more than his share of the water. His anger died down as though it had been actual fire. Sure, what right had he to be angry, God help him? Hadn't he deserved any ill-treatment he got, he who had flung himself like a fool away out of Old Bawn into a world which had no place for him?

A dreary sense of the futility and hopelessness of it all descended upon Dan. Sure, what were they fighting about?—a lot of poor old wastrels that the grave might swallow to-morrow and welcome! Weren't they all only cumbering the earth? What was the use of their vexing and annoying each other when they were only a vexation and annoyance to them that were doing the world's work and living decently in honor and esteem?

The next day he was racked with the rheumatism and could hardly crawl out of bed. But he was better out of bed than in bed, for the day was the day for washing out the ward, which was done with a great swishing of water, to the grievous discomfort of the rheumatic patients who must stay in bed. He crept out through the ophthalmic

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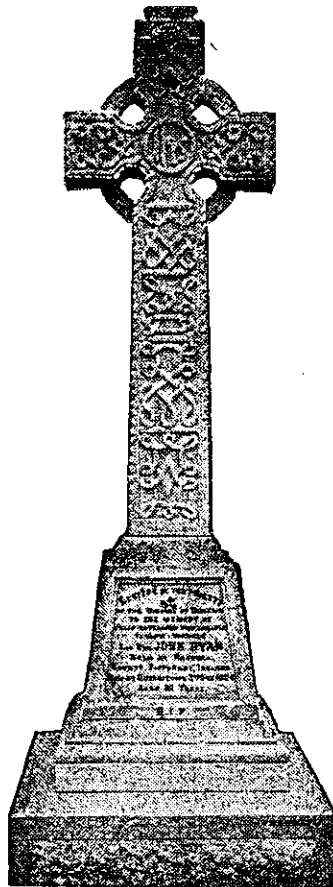
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ward, where the patients were groaning in misery because the walls had been newly white-washed, and into the yard, where he crawled like a sick old fly in the sun.

He was let alone, being plainly too twisted and crippled with the rheumatism to do anything. He sat for hours under the thorn-tree, where the master's dog, who happened to be an Irish terrier, came and rubbed himself by Dan's knees, giving him a sense of companionship. After a time he noticed, and was moved to a simple wonderment at the knowledgeableness of the dog, who was reputed proud in his ways, and well able to distinguish between an official and an inmate. He must have known that Dan was a countryman of his own, and made an exception in his favor. Dan, with his hand on the dog's little hard head, got some comfort from the companionship. It made him think of Pincher long ago at Old Bawn. Pincher would be dead this many a year. Dan began to wonder if any of Pincher's blood were left in it. They had been a notable breed of Irish terriers and a cause of great pride to the Connorses of Old Bawn.

The days slid over Dan's head in a waking dream. Sometimes he was very ill at ease with rheumatism. He had bad nights. It had been nobody's business to dry his bed where the water had been flung on it. The bad nights made him sleepy in the day. He dozed away a great part of the sunny days, sitting on the seat under the thorn-tree, which was now becoming quite green, his old knotted hands clasped over the stick and his chin leaning on them.

Once or twice Dr. Devine caught sight of him as he passed briskly to and fro, and spared to wake him. It was unusually warm weather for May, and the warm sun on Dan's rheumatic old bones was the best possible treatment for him. The doctor understood why it was that Dan wasn't to be found with the other old men, where they shuffled about in their recreation yard. He said to himself that he must remember to ask the master, who was a good fellow, to let old Dan have the run of his garden, and after a time, when the rheumatism troubled him less, to let him do odd jobs about the garden.

'If I had my will,' said Dr. Devine to himself energetically, 'the like of him would never be in the workhouse, any more than the children. It's no place for the decent old and the children.'

That was after he had become aware that some one had burnt Dan's lips with a match as he slept—a brutal jest which might have had serious consequences in a man of Dan's age. The perpetrator remained undiscovered. If Dan knew he would not speak. Dr. Devine rather suspected that he did know.

'It keeps me from feeling the rheumatics so bad,' was Dan's remark to Dr. Devine, who was too well used to the ways of his countrymen to wonder at this good wrong out of evil.

But, awake or asleep, Dan's soul was in Old Bawn. The Tipperary People had made it all real and living as of old. He seemed to have forgotten the great stretch of failure and hardship that lay between him and Old Bawn. The sunshine that dazzled his eyes through the closed lids resolved itself into the garden of Old Bawn, with the summer house in the middle of it, overhung by a tree which bore the most luscious yellow apples known this side of Paradise. There was the tree-peony and the box borders and the gravel path, and the stone seat in the privet hedge, and the white walls of the garden. Or he was in the fields, and the mountains were over him, and the little streams singing. Or he was coming home at evening, healthily tired with the work he had despised, to supper in the parlor and a delicious sleep in his room under the thatch. What a fool he had been ever to leave it! What a fool! A fool! And his mother, so fair and comfortable and kind. She had always been there to stand between him and his father's severity. Well, he had repaid her ill. He had been her favorite. He wondered how she had taken his disappearance—how long she had waited and hoped for a letter from him or for his return. In the last letter he had ever had from her she had bid him remember that his place waited for him still.

Footsteps on the gravel-path disturbed the quiet of the noonday heat. He opened tired old eyes. There was the doctor standing looking at him with a peculiar kindness. There was some one else besides the doctor, some one young and strong enough to have been Dan's son. Some fragrance from the far-off fields seemed to have come with this new arrival. He was a big, burly, broad-shouldered young man in a suit of grey, with a simple, kindly, capable face. His eyes were very blue. Dan's own had once been as blue before they had faded and grown blurred with fatigue and regrets. Dan's mother had had just such eyes.

'A friend to see you, Mr. Connors,' said the doctor, with a new respectfulness of address.

Dan blinked and stared at the handsome young man. There was some memory of the past troubling his tired old heart. Was it?—no, it couldn't be!

'You're kindly welcome, sir,' said Dan with old-fashioned politeness. 'Who might it be? I disremember somehow. I'm not as young as I was.'

'Why, Dan, don't you guess who I am? Little Dick.' The speaker's voice shook. 'Of course I couldn't remember you. I was only four when you went away. Nor you me. But the mother has talked to me of you so often. "Keep a place for Dan," she said, "whenever he comes home." Glory be to God—she's with us still. She wanted to come, but I thought it better not. I've come to take you home, Dan.'

After all, the Dan who arrived at Old Bawn a week or two later, although he was glad of his younger brother's strong arm to lean upon, was a very different person from the broken old pauper who had sat nodding on the seat under the thorn-tree, quite unaware of the wonderful good fortune that was on its way to him. Dan, in a well-made new suit of clothes, furbished up, well-cared-for, even to the flower in his coat, to say nothing of the effect of hope and happiness, had gone back almost to the proper looks for a man of his age. After all, one on the threshold of heaven, new 'scaped from the bitter slough of the world—why, to be sure he is new-made. The workhouse was a page closed forever in Dan's life. No one except Dick and the mother knew where Dan had been delivered from. That shadow was never likely to fall on Old Bawn and the honorable position Dick had won for himself—to say nothing of the comely wife and children, and Dan's brothers and sisters who were married and settled all about the country and were coming for a family reunion as soon as Dan's meeting with the mother was got over.

Why, if he had made his fortune, as he had meant to do, they couldn't have given him a greater welcome. Was that Pincher, or was it Pincher's great-grandson, whose eyes met Dan's with a grave friendliness as he emerged from the little pink-cheeked mother's embrace? It might have been old Pincher and Dan young and hopeful again.

For the matter of that, Dan felt fresh energy stirring in his veins. He wasn't going to be the old man in the chimney-corner—not just yet. He'd throw off the rheumatism, please God, with the great comfort and the great happiness. He'd be some use to them yet. They were not ashamed of him. There was only love in their eyes for him.

'Tis a great day,' said the mother, 'when I've my Dan come home to me. I knew in the heart of me he wasn't dead.'

'Wasn't it by great good luck entirely we found him?' said Dick, smiling happily, as though the discovery of an old wastrel were a matter for the greatest congratulation.

'Tis dreamin' I am that I'm in heaven,' said Dan to himself. 'Maybe I'd be wakin' up and findin' I was back there.'

But the sights and scents and sweet sounds of Old Bawn were about him. There was the white house and the mountains and the cattle grazing peacefully in the May pastures. Never had a prodigal such a happy home-coming.—*Catholic World.*

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Current Topics

An Irish 'Outrage'

'We have long been on the lookout,' says our bright contemporary, the *Ave Maria*, 'for an Irish "crime" or "outrage" worthy to be linked with the heinous offence which we found recorded among "Irish crimes" a number of years ago—a ten-year-old child's walking on the grass of a public park. And at last we have succeeded. The horrible deed is thus chronicled in a recent issue of the *San Francisco Leader*:—"On November 30, in a little town in County Roscommon, Ireland, known as Killumed, a merchant, by name Matthew Carty, was fined a nominal sum for a crime unknown in the annals of any other country. Mr. Carty was found to be using a measure which was 'a quarter of a gill too large.'" Yet there are writers of both sexes in the English newspapers and reviews who often descant on "the extremes of Irish depravity"!

Father Damien's Successor

It is announced that Father Conrardy, one of the two young priests who, on the death of Father Damien, at once proceeded to take up his work among the lepers, has at last fallen a victim to the fell disease, and is now calmly awaiting his impending death. 'Greater love than this no man hath!' The self-sacrifice and charity and every-day heroism involved in assuaging this most repulsive of the miseries of humanity has justly won for our leper-priests the admiration of the world.

Reference to Father Damien recalls the fact that to-day there are many Molokais, and many Father Damiens among our foreign missionaries whom the world never hears of. As showing how ready our devoted priests are to step into the breach when deeds of heroic self-sacrifice are called for, we quote an interesting incident recorded in the English Roman weekly, *Rome*, for March 19. In the course of a lengthy account of the religious condition of the Philippines our contemporary says: 'In the island of Culion there is a large settlement of lepers numbering some 3000 souls. The Delegate (Mgr. Agius, O.S.B., deservedly esteemed by the American authorities themselves for his absolute devotedness) had some difficulty in supplying them with a priest; but the difficulty was that of the *embarras de choix*. Fourteen Spanish Jesuits—including Father Alguä, renowned in the Orient as an astronomer—and five American Jesuits advanced convincing reasons why each of them was just the man for the work. One of the Spaniards was chosen, and two of the Americans have since been sent to join him. At the request of Mr. Dean C. Worcester, the American Governor, Mgr. Agius sent four nurses to the leper colony, choosing them from the Mission Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres. They set out joyfully, and finding that they had not only to nurse the lepers, but to wash the cloths and bandages—which would usually be done with native help—they took all in the best possible spirit. We are told that the Governor, upon visiting the colony later, was so impressed with the cheerful devotedness of the Sisters that, to signify his esteem, he invited them all to dine on his yacht.' At the close of the visit the Governor, desiring to give the nuns some permanent token of his high esteem for their work, asked the Rev. Mother to make a request. 'The Superior,' says *Rome*, 'accepting the kindly offer, begged for a day to think the matter over. This was a trifle alarming. Visions of a 60 h.p. motor-car, or of a yacht, or of some other highly expensive gift, haunted the appreciative Governor.' On returning next day, however, the Rev. Mother, with much diffidence and hesitancy, informed the Governor that 'the Sisters would be very grateful if his Excellency would kindly provide them with an *alarm clock*. This was all the return they asked for the kind of life, and possibly the death, to which they had so readily given themselves.'

An Anglican Plea for State Aid

Catholics have been so long accustomed to ploughing their furrow alone in regard to the education question that it is pleasant and refreshing to find a voice raised amongst our non-Catholic friends in support of Catholic principles even though that voice be a solitary one and a distant. In the course of a sermon the other day at Kelso, near Bathurst (N.S.W.), Archdeacon Oakes (Anglican) referred to the question of denominational education, and spoke plainly and unequivocally in favor of State aid to all denominational schools. Taking as his subject the 'Rule of Democracy,' the preacher said: 'The greatest gift for people is the stimulus of freedom to work out the salvation of body, mind, and spirit. This is true education. We

all need it to become a great nation. Spend money in this direction in an ungrudging, broad spirit. A nation that can afford to spend £4,000,000 sterling yearly in drink can afford to be lavish in educating its people. There is the public school system, with its ever-increasing efficiency for those who prefer it. Why, in common justice, should we not subsidise schools of any religious denomination which cannot conscientiously avail itself of a more secular system? This is the Church's great opportunity to unite in a broad spirit of Christian democracy controlling and regulating the aims and aspirations of the people. Democracy needs Christianity in all its fullness to purify and elevate its efforts. Let Anglicans, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Methodists, Salvationists, and other sections of the Christian Church unite their forces, each according to their own methods, to educate people to fight the evils which threaten to undermine national stability—or send men to Parliament who will legislate in accordance with Christian principles and the highest instincts of exalted humanity.'

Naturally the utterance aroused some comment, and for some days afterwards Archdeacon Oakes was pursued by anonymous letter-writers in the local press. Interviewed on the subject, he said he did not answer anonymous letters, but at the same time he would be glad to hear the reasons that could be advanced against the suggestions made by him. So far there had been only two:—(1) That it would militate against our present excellent system of education, and (2) that it would perpetuate sectarian differences. It appeared to him to be a new theory that healthy rivalry should prove a hindrance rather than a stimulus, and the second objection seemed to overlook the fact that the schools already existed, and that it was only a question of whether they should, as a matter of common justice, receive State aid, and be under State supervision. He would further point out that, in order to arrive at a just conclusion, religious prejudice which was so strong an element in every community must be entirely eliminated from the discussion.

To ask that Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, Salvationists, etc., should unite with Catholics on a platform of State aid to denominational schools is—in the present state of men's minds—a little like crying for the moon. For the root of opposition to Catholic claims is as much sectarian as it is political. But there is no reason why one or two of the larger and more broad-minded religious bodies should not so unite. There is no earthly reason, for example, why Archdeacon Oakes's co-religionists—our Anglican fellow-colonists—should not set the example, and, adopting the Catholic objective, bring their forces into line with Catholic action in the struggle for Christian education. If they, or even a considerable section of them, did that in real earnest—or if, like their poorer Catholic neighbors, they set about building, equipping, and maintaining their own schools, the Education Question in New Zealand would soon settle itself.

The Christ of the Andes

A few weeks ago the 'quadrennial convention' of the body called 'The Student Volunteer Movement' was held at Rochester, N.Y., under the direction of John R. Mott, chairman of the executive committee of the 'Movement,' who has, if we remember rightly, made more than one visit to New Zealand. The speeches at the gathering were disfigured by the usual diatribes about South America, one infamous assertion in regard to the clergy being bolstered up by an alleged quotation from an alleged 'pastoral letter of the Bishop of Caracas in Venezuela.' It happens that the last Bishop of Caracas—the Carmelite, Juan Antonio de la Virgen Maria—was elected in 1792; so that a pastoral letter from him would obviously be valuable testimony to the condition of the clergy in 1910. If a man—or even a missionary—must lie, at least he might do it a little artistically. In the meantime we may set off against this reverend slanderer's calumny the verdict of Dr. Cleary, who has made careful investigations at first hand, who has personally met representative members of the South American clergy, and who is assuredly a competent and capable judge. According to an American contemporary—the *Morning Star*—Dr. Cleary 'solemnly declared that he has seen for himself and proclaims to the world that the hierarchy and clergy of the Latin-American countries are as grand and noble a set of men as are to be found anywhere, while the condition of the Church is vigorous and progressive, and her work truly holy and apostolic. She is admirably fulfilling the sacred mission confided to her by her Divine Founder.'

The gentleman who was, as *America* puts it, 'the star-performer in regard to Latin-America' at this convention was Robert E. Speer, one of the secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and in the course of

his oration he delivered himself of the following wail:— 'I visited myself eighty Catholic churches in different parts of South America. In not one was there a picture or a symbol of the resurrection or the ascension. In every case Christ was either dead upon the cross or ghastly dead in the grave. Where is the living Christ, one cries out again and again, and no voice may give him reply.' In view of the fact that in every Catholic church at every Mass and Benediction service 'the living Christ' is present and is adored, the absurdity of this burst of rhetoric is apparent. And our contemporary *America* makes a further effective reply. 'He is talking,' says that paper, 'of the country, and the people, where the Catholic Bishop Benevente, of San Juan de Cuyo, and the Catholic women of the Argentine raised, to the amazement and admiration of the whole civilised world, 14,000 feet high, on the summit of the Andes, the most remarkable and famous monument of modern times to the triumphant risen Christ—*El Cristo de los Andes*, the colossal statue of Christ blessing the world—that the opening of the present century saw erected, with the imperishable granite of the Andes as its base, to seal the compact of peace between Argentine and Chile.'

The huge statue, on the farthest heights of the Andes, stands near by the tunnel which now pierces the mountains, and through which, only some six or seven weeks ago, the first railway train ran. Mrs. F. E. Coates—a more clear-visioned and spiritually-minded witness than the partisan missionary—has been moved to write the following beautiful lines regarding it:—

'Far, far the mountain peak from me
Where lone He stands, with look caressing;
Yet from the valley, wistfully
I lift my dreaming eyes, and see
His hand stretched forth in blessing.

Never bird sings nor blossom blows
Upon that summit chill and breathless,
Where throed He waits amid the snows;
But from His presence wide outflows
Love that is warm and deathless.

O symbol of the great release
From war and strifes—unfailing fountain
To which we turn for joy's increase;
Fain would we climb to heights of Peace—
Thy peace upon the mountain!

Crossing the Bar

Great men nowadays die upon the stage, with the world looking on. Every word, gesture, pang of suffering is noted, and the minutest details are given to an interested and expectant public. There is no privacy for the man whose fortune it is to die either great or notorious. But the stories of such death-beds only emphasise the fact that a man's death is of the same complexion as his life. What, for example, could be more characteristic than the dying words of the late King, uttered just before he became comatose: 'No! I shall not give in; I shall go on. I shall work to the end.' Rabelais' last words were: 'Let down the curtain. The farce is over.' Moody, the actor, died with a quotation from Shakespeare on his lips. Napoleon III. lisped feebly about Sedan. Thomas Paine, the atheist, on his dying bed, declared stubbornly: 'I have no wish to believe upon that subject.' About half-past 1 on the day of Stonewall Jackson's death he was told that he had about two hours to live, and he answered feebly but firmly: 'Very good; it is all right.' Shortly before he died he cried out in his delirium: 'Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Major Hawks—' Then he stopped, leaving the order unfinished. Immediately a smile played over his face, and then he quietly said with an expression of relief: 'Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.' Then his spirit passed gently away. The polite Lord Chesterfield's last words were addressed to his valet, who had introduced a visitor into the death chamber. 'Give Desrolles a chair,' said the urbane nobleman.

Columbus, Tasso, and most of the saints passed away with the sweet words: 'Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.' Mr. Gladstone died reciting the Lord's Prayer—a fitting close to a life which was permeated through and through with deep religious feeling. A noteworthy incident in connection with his closing hours was related by the London correspondent of the Irish ultra-Protestant organ, the *Dublin Daily Express*. The correspondent stated that the last piece read to the dying statesman was Father Matthew Russell's touching little poem, 'My Last Rondeau.' One of Mr. Gladstone's favorite pieces, as we have previously mentioned in these columns, was Cardinal Newman's 'Dream of Gerontius.' The

devout lines of the Irish Jesuit could scarcely have failed to smooth the dying statesman's parting hours with some of the sweet resignation to the Divine Will which breathes through the every line of Cardinal Newman's famous poem. Father Russell's poem runs as follows:

MY LAST RONDEAU.

My dying hour, how near art thou?
Or near or far my head I bow,
Before God's ordinance supreme;
But, ah! how priceless then will seem
Each moment rashly squandered now!

Teach me, for Thou canst teach me, how
These fleeting instants to endow
With worth that may the past redeem,
My dying hour!

My barque that late with buoyant prow
The sunny waves did gaily plough,
Now, through the sunset's fading gleam,
Drifts dimly shoreward in a dream.
I feel the land breeze on my brow,
My dying hour!

THE IRISH IN AMERICA

PRESIDENT TAFT'S TRIBUTE

The thoughts of the world-scattered Irish race, gathered in thousands of communities in a score of countries, on all continents, were focussed on the city of Chicago on the National Festival, where the President of the United States, William H. Taft, was celebrating the day as the guest of the Chicago Irish Fellowship Club, at the La Salle Hotel. Before thirteen hundred men and women, leaders in business and professional life, high officials of the city, State, and Nation, the chief executive paid his tribute to the Irish race and St. Patrick.

After dealing with the life of St. Patrick and his mission in Ireland, the President went on to say:—

St. Patrick laid the foundation of the culture and the spread of education which put Ireland in the forefront of civilisation for a thousand years. Her history thereafter is a sad one, a tale of sorrow, of injustice, outrage, poverty, and suffering that fill the pages of Irish history from soon after the Norman conquest of England to the early days of the last century. Had the Romans conquered her as they did Britain; had the Saxons followed, and then the Normans, so as to make a homogeneous people covering the three islands with the same history and the same interests, the same race, we should not have had the tale of sorrow, of injustice, of outrage, of poverty, suffering, and neglect that fill the pages of Irish history from soon after the Norman Conquest of England to the early days of the last century. Certainly not until the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have governmental measures been adopted in Ireland with any view to bettering the conditions of the Irish people. During the centuries preceding the nineteenth, and clear back to the times of the Tudors, they have been subjects to legislation the whole purpose of which was the selfish exploitation of the Irish people by the dominant country. The result has been that Irishmen have gone to other countries.

From 1820 until 1907, 18,000,000 foreigners settled in the United States, and of these 8,800,000 were from Ireland. When the immigration from Ireland was at its height and for years thereafter many of the Irish immigrants were the brawlers of wood and the drawers of water. These immigrants, many of them ignorant and uneducated, but sturdy laborers, gave to their children the benefits of public education and the equality of opportunity which has been so characteristic of life in the United States since the beginning of its history, and to-day it is not too much to say that the Irish citizens of this country and their immediate descendants occupy a distinctly higher place in society and in the community than they did a generation ago.

The Irish in American Life.

The proportion of their number that have been successful and are well to do has greatly increased in the last two generations. The amalgamation between the Irishmen and Americans has gone on, and the Irish are rapidly being absorbed and are rapidly contributing their share to the new and distinct type of American. The Irishman has contributed in this common type to its chivalry, its courage, its courtesy, its resiliency, its capacity for enjoyment of life, its imagination, and last but not of least importance, its sense and its enjoyment of humor. In all our wars the Irishmen have been to the front—in the Revolution, in the war of 1812, in the Mexican War, and in the Civil War. They are naturally a warlike people, and their patriotic love for their adopted country made them soldiers in the army of the Union than whom there were none more daring, none more effective.

The fondness with which they cherish the memories of the beautiful island of their origin does not in the slightest

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lessen their loyalty to the country in which they have made themselves so prominent and successful a part. Loving personal and religious liberty, insisting upon broad tolerance and equality before the law, they are a most valuable element in our body politic. Relieved from the sadness of the surroundings in their island home, they do not, like some of the rest of us, take their pleasures sadly. Broad, open-hearted, full of that spirit of good fellowship and love of human kind, they create an atmosphere by their presence in the community that it is healthful and delightful to breathe.

The Beauty and Fascinating Wit

of the daughters of Ireland have ever been wreathed in story and poem. No greater proof of the irresistible glances of the Irish lassies can be found than the bloody Statute which an English king felt it necessary to pass, providing that English settlers in Ireland marrying Irish women should be condemned to death and hanged after having been previously disembowelled. It would seem as if the death penalty might have been enough, but it was necessary to add horrors to the preliminaries of death to overcome the temptations of Irish beauty.

I well remember visiting the Emerald Isle now a quarter of a century ago. We landed on her shores early in the morning of a July day, and it seemed to me that nothing was ever greener, nothing was ever sweeter, nothing was ever more attractive than Queenstown Harbor at that hour. What struck me most in our progress through Ireland was the lightning flash of repartee from every son and daughter of the soil whom we addressed. Whether it was the waiter or maid at the hotel, the news-boy upon the street, the driver of the jaunting car, the old woman at the door of her cabin, the farmer boy trudging on the road, or the boatman on the Lakes of Killarney, one never engaged him or her in a conversation that it did not end with a flash of friendly wit at the expense of the interrogator. There is something about the landscape of the island that reminds one of

Irish Character and History;

it is soft and sad with the overhanging clouds, and then dark with the sudden storm, and then bright again with the brilliant flashes of the sun. As we toiled through the Gap of Dunlow and met those pretty barefooted Irish lasses that tempted us with milk, it seemed a fair land and one that should have prospered. It was a land full of suggestions of poetry and song, and giving out on every side the reason for the sweet but sad attachment that the sons of Erin bear to the old sod.

As I have said, the history of Ireland is such that until recent years her great sons were cut off either as the martyrs of a rebellion, like Robert Emmet or Wolfe Tone, or were driven to manifest their brilliant intellectual powers and great traits of character in other lands than that of their birth.

English history and English literature are full of the achievements of native sons of Ireland. The greatest of English political philosophers, statesmen, and orators, Edmund Burke, was born in Dublin of parents who came from Cork, and a family long settled in the South of Ireland. So, too, an earlier, and only less noted political writer and literary genius, Dean Swift, was born in Dublin. The literary men of England—Sheridan, Goldsmith, and Sterne—were Irishmen. Of British military geniuses many were Irishmen. So, too, at the bar. The greatest equity lawyer that England has ever known, Hugh Cairns, made Lord Chancellor and Earl of the English peerage, was born in County Down, Ireland, and the same county produced the first Catholic Chief Justice of England, Lord Russell Killowen. Nor should we omit mention of the Parliamentary orators, Flood and Grattan, and the greatest of all, O'Connell.

In other countries, in France, in Spain, in Austria, are many Irishmen and families of prominence and position won by able, loyal, and courageous service under a foreign flag. The MacMahons of France, the O'Donnells of Spain, the Taaffes of Austria, are but a few of the illustrious names. In this country it is worthy of note that Andrew Jackson and his great political opponent, John C. Calhoun, both boasted of their Irish stock. Richard Montgomery, who fell at Quebec, the Sullivans of New Hampshire, and Knox, Washington's devoted assistant during the Revolutionary War and the first Secretary of War, were Irishmen. And then as we come to the Civil War, in all the long list of Irish stock we find the greatest purely military genius of the war—Philip H. Sheridan.

Never in the history of the world has there been for the making of a new citizenship such a commingling and mixture of races as we have had in this country to make a typical American.

But in all this commingling of the races, in all this babel of tongues that are gradually changing into English, in all the different ways of looking at life that such a variety in races must present, it would be a distinct loss if we were to lose in any degree whatever the fine social quality of the Irishman, his wit and humor, and his love of his human kind. For this club you could have no more suitable name than the Irish Fellowship Club, for if you called it the Irish Club it would be necessarily a Fellowship club. If you called it a Fellowship club it would be a reasonable presumption that it must be an Irish club. I am glad to be here. I am glad to feel the inspiration of

the love of one's kind that permeates this entire company, and I shall long carry in grateful remembrance your cordial greeting.

PARNELLISM AND CRIME

THE ANDERSON EPISODE

As we learned by cable at the time, the admissions made by Sir Robert Anderson in *Blackwood's Magazine* that he was the author of some of the articles on 'Parnellism and Crime' which appeared in the *Times* whilst he held an official position under the Government, created no small sensation in the United Kingdom at the time.

In the House of Commons on April 11, Mr. MacVeagh asked the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether his attention had been called to the statement of Sir Robert Anderson that he was the author of the *Times* newspaper articles under the title 'Parnellism and Crime'; what official position he occupied at the time; whether he subsequently was promoted to the post of political adviser to the Home Office and Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard; whether he was aware that there was not any precedent for such conduct on the part of an official of a Government Department, and whether, under the circumstances, he would consent to lay upon the table of the House all Home Office documents bearing on the Parnell Commission or the *Times* articles.

Mr. John Redmond had a similar question on the paper, but addressed to the Prime Minister, namely—whether his attention had been called to the statement made by Sir Robert Anderson that while he was a servant of the Government, as adviser to the Home Office in 1887, he wrote the articles entitled 'Parnellism and Crime,' which appeared in the *Times* newspaper; whether shortly after the articles appeared Sir Robert Anderson was promoted to be head of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, and during the years 1888 and 1889 placed the resources of the Department at the disposal of the *Times* to support the articles he had himself written; was there any record to show whether the Government of the day were a party to this action; whether such conduct had any precedent; whether it was possible under existing conditions to-day, and whether he would cause inquiry to be made into the matter.

Mr. Asquith—I will answer this question, and at the same time the question of the hon. and learned member for Waterford. In 1887, when the articles on 'Parnellism and Crime' appeared in the *Times*, Sir Robert Anderson was Secretary to the Prison Commissioners and was also employed by Mr. Monro on secret service work. He was promoted to be head of the Criminal Investigation Department in August, 1888, but he never held that which could be described as political adviser to the Home Office in 1889. During the sitting of the Commission he placed certain documents which he had obtained when employed in the secret service at the disposal of the witness Le Caron for use in the evidence which he gave before the Statutory Commission, but in doing so he acted without the previous consent or knowledge of the then Home Secretary, and I can say with some confidence that the Home Secretary had no knowledge of his being or claiming to be author or part author of the *Times* articles. If Sir Robert Anderson wrote the *Times* articles—if he did—or any part of them—his action was contrary to the rules and traditions of the Civil Service, and so far as I know entirely without precedent. I cannot conceive that such a thing could happen under existing conditions. After a lapse of more than twenty years I do not think the suggested inquiry would serve any useful purpose, and I am informed that the papers in the Home Office bearing upon the Parnell Commission are few and unimportant, and that there are none which could properly be laid on the table of the House.

Mr. Redmond—May I ask the right hon. gentleman, in view of the extreme gravity of the question, whether he really thinks that the lapse of time is a sufficient reason for refusing an inquiry? It is impossible for me to enlarge upon it now, but the gravity of the question must be apparent to the House. I submit to the right hon. gentleman, is it not apparent, on his own statement, that an officer of the Government in the employment of the Home Office was secretly engaged in supplying confidential documents belonging to the Government to the *Times* in a private prosecution against Mr. Parnell and his colleagues, and I would ask him, in view of the natural suspicions which must arise as to the way in which these attacks on Ireland are made, whether he does not think it would be wise to institute an inquiry into the whole circumstances?

Mr. Asquith—I am sure I shall not be suspected of any desire to shield Sir Robert Anderson or any of the parties in this matter. The lot which fell to me in connection with that case is sufficiently well known, and I cannot use language sufficiently strong to express my condemnation of the admitted breach of official duty of which Sir Robert Anderson was guilty. The only question the hon. gentleman puts to me is whether now at this distance of time any useful purpose will be served by an inquiry. I confess at the moment I do not see how it could. We must prevent—I do not see that it is necessary to do so, but every step

that can be taken will be taken to prevent—the recurrence of any such gross breach of official confidence. Unless the hon. gentleman suggests that some useful purpose can now be served, I do not myself propose at this moment to take the responsibility of embarking upon it.

Mr. Redmond—I should like to ask the right hon. gentleman is it not a fact that Sir Robert Anderson is at present in receipt of a pension of four hundred a year paid under the Police Vote? I wish to ask the right hon. gentleman also if Sir Robert Anderson is in receipt of any pension in connection with the Home Office; and, finally, whether the right hon. gentleman will give facilities to us in the next Vote on Account or on the first opportunity that arises for discussing the whole matter and pressing the desirability of ending his pension or having a full inquiry?

Mr. Asquith—I should like notice about the pension. I am not sufficiently informed on that. On the Vote on Account I should think there would be an opportunity to discuss the whole matter.

Mr. Redmond—There won't be such an opportunity except by the assistance of the Government and arrangements being made. As the right hon. gentleman is aware, a discussion on the Vote on Account would not necessarily include all the points I desire to discuss. I should like to ask whether he will do his best to afford us every facility on that occasion?

Mr. Asquith—Certainly. I think this is a very grave matter.

Interviewed by a *Morning Leader* representative on Sir R. Anderson's confession, Sir George Lewis, the famous solicitor, who acted for Mr. Parnell and the other Irish members at the time of the Parnell Commission, said:— 'The only statement I can make about these revelations concerns the assumption or suggestion that Sir Charles Russell knew that Sir Robert Anderson was the author of the articles in the *Times*. I was on the most intimate personal terms with Sir Charles Russell, quite irrespective of my professional relations with him. During the twenty months that this case lasted I was in daily communication with him. The subject of a forged letter was a matter of grave consideration, in which he took the liveliest interest, particularly when the discovery had been made that Pigott was the actual forger. I was perfectly convinced—and I say without the least hesitation, from my intimate professional relations with Sir Charles Russell during the whole of the Parnell Commission—in which I represented the Irish members—that Sir Charles Russell never had the faintest notion or suspicion that the articles in the *Times* had been written by Sir Robert Anderson or any other official in the employment of the Government. I am further convinced that if Sir Charles Russell had had the least reason to imagine such a state of things, he would have challenged the Government, challenged the then Attorney-General (now the Lord Chief Justice), and would never have been content till he had unmasked the part played by Sir Robert Anderson, and commented in the severest manner on an official still in the service of the Government being permitted to attack members of Parliament, whether Irish, English, Scottish, or Welsh. If the truth as to the authorship of the *Times* articles had been known it would have created the greatest indignation in Ireland, as it has to-day, and might have cost Sir Robert Anderson his position.'

'You may have noticed,' remarked the *Leader* representative, 'that Sir Robert still believes that the Pigott letter was not a forgery.'

'I had the most conclusive proof,' replied Sir George Lewis, 'that the letter was a forgery before the trial actually commenced and that Pigott was the forger. The only persons to whom I communicated the facts and proofs of the forgery were Mr. Parnell's counsel (Sir Charles Russell) and the present Prime Minister, who was also counsel for Mr. Parnell. That evidence never was published, but it was quite conclusive. As a matter of fact, Pigott confessed to me that he was the author of the forged letter at a Strand hotel, where he was stopping. He would not speak to me in the coffee room, but took me into his bedroom, where he was in possession of the loaded pistol with which he later on shot himself in Spain. My position in his bedroom was possibly one of personal risk. All this, I may say, was long before he gave evidence.'

'I should like to say one thing of Mr. Parnell in reference to Pigott,' continued Sir George, 'and that is that Mr. Parnell never wavered in denouncing the letter as a forgery. He was convinced before the trial commenced that Pigott was the actual forger. Sir Robert Anderson may hold any opinion he chooses, but the best proof that the *Times*, which had published the libel, knew that the letter was a forgery was that it consented to a verdict for damages in an action in which the sole question was whether or not the letter was a forgery.'

Messrs. Chas. Begg and Co., Ltd., Dunedin, are sole agents in New Zealand for the patent Brian Boru Bagpipes, manufactured by Henry Starck, London. These bagpipes are modelled somewhat in form from an ancient Irish instrument, and both professionals and amateurs are enthusiastic about their capabilities. Dr. Grattan Flood, M.R.I.A., one of the foremost authorities on Irish music, warmly advocates their adoption. These pipes are used by the band of Irish pipers in connection with the London Irish Rifles....

BAPTISM

(By the Rev. J. Golden.)

(Continued from last issue.)

Necessity of Baptism.

Why should Baptism be administered? Why the necessity of this rite? Original sin is the answer. The command of Christ in consequence thereof is another answer. This sin was actual for Adam, the head of the human race. It was certainly mortal, as is abundantly evident from its calamitous results to mankind. His sin of disobedience, under which was latent pride, lost to Adam and his consort the supernatural robe of sanctifying grace, wherewith their souls were endowed. The permanence of this glorious endowment depended on their fidelity to God's commandment. With the violation of the divine prohibition fled original innocence from the earthly paradise. And there issued original sin, forfeiture of God's friendship and of all right to the kingdom of heaven. Immortality was also lost, and the dread sentence of death was pronounced against our first parents. 'Thou shalt die the death,' was the decree, and Adam and Eve suffered the penalty in a two-fold sense. The death of the soul by the loss of grace supervened forthwith, and the death of the body ensued in due course. Moreover, their knowledge was greatly impaired by the fall, and all their natural endowments underwent grievous injury.

Now, what Adam, the fountain-head, had lost by his guilt he certainly could not transmit to his posterity. In consequence of his deprivation all men come into existence in a state of disinheritance, lacking grace in this life and the right to eternal glory hereafter. Their want of original justice and of sanctifying grace leaves them utterly helpless to gain any merits in the sight of their Maker. Besides, there is ignorance in the intellect and concupiscence in the will, a twofold state which makes the human race very prone to evil. The dreadful penalty of death incurred by Adam continues to be enforced against his descendants. The great Council of Trent enlightens us respecting the sad havoc of sin upon the person of Adam, and, by inference, upon his posterity. 'The whole person of Adam was changed,' it declares, 'and degraded in body and soul, by the effect of his disobedience.'

The Virgin Mother of God, by a singular privilege of grace, bestowed on her in virtue of the future merits of her Divine Son, was exempted from the stain of original sin, and she was endowed with a plenitude of heavenly gifts to fit her for her exalted office. This is an article of faith; so is that other, namely, that sin with all its dire consequences is propagated from Adam as from its seed and cause. St. Paul clearly and forcibly affirms this doctrine in the following passage: 'As by one man sin entered into the world, and by sin death; so death passed upon all men in whom all have sinned' (Rom. v., 12).

Moreover, the holy Council of Trent smites with anathema anyone who asserts: 'that the sin of Adam hurt himself alone and not his offspring, and that the holiness and justice which he had received from God were lost to himself alone, and not also to us; or that he, being defiled by the sin of disobedience, has only transfused death and pains of the body into the human race, but not sin also, which is the death of the soul.'

How precise, searching, and comprehensive this lucid decree! No room for doubt as to the transmission to Adam's offspring of original sin with its untold resultant calamities. Great assuredly was the fall, as is abundantly evident from the condition of mankind from generation to generation. The remedy for such a fall and for a reconciliation with heaven must also be great, far surpassing the power of man. But the Divine wisdom provided such a remedy. Adam and Eve were not left hopeless. A Redeemer was graciously promised them and their posterity. In due time God sent His Eternal Son, in the Person of Jesus Christ, Who was born Man of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, who is, therefore, the mother of the Man-God.

To fulfil the ancient prophecies, the Incarnate Redeemer offered Himself a Bleeding Victim for the fallen race of men. He established a Church or congregation of His followers. Therein He vested sacred rites called Sacraments, making this Church their custodian and its ministers their dispensers. 'We are the dispensers of the mysteries of God,' cries out St. Paul. Through these mysteries He willed that all the wealth of graces purchased on the tree of Calvary should flow upon the souls of sinful men. He made the Sacraments so many channels to draw grace from His own overflowing treasury. The first of these sacred rites, Baptism, He made a condition for membership of His Church on earth, and of the kingdom of heaven hereafter. The solemn declaration he makes on this head is too positive and precise for the faintest misconception—'Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.' (John iii., 5.)

The wretched condition of mankind after the disastrous fall required a super-human physician. The lost race was utterly powerless to rescue itself and resume its original felicitous condition. Herein is beheld the absolute necessity for the means devised and instituted by the wisdom

of our heavenly Physician. He who refuses the divine remedy places himself outside the pale of salvation. He nullifies in himself the fruits of redemption, which must be applied to each individual soul, in the manner appointed by Christ and according to His imperative will. He who laid down His life to purchase redemption has the absolute right to bestow its benefits on His own terms. Now, Baptism is the initial step towards their salvation for infants. But in the case of adults, instruction in the doctrines of the Church with acceptance of such doctrines is a condition which the Gospel of Christ makes indispensable. 'He that believeth, and is baptised, shall be saved.' (St. Mark xvi., 16).

The fundamental doctrine we are pursuing lies at the very foundation of Christianity. Original sin cannot be denied or put out of court without making all revealed religion a mere fable. But the great fall is a very stubborn fact, apart from which the miseries and sufferings of our race have no other explanation. The teaching of an infallible Church throws a wonderful search-light over the whole situation, making it luminous to the believer. The good and merciful God created mankind in a higher and happier sphere, 'a little less than the angels' according to the inspired Psalmist. The sin of Adam and its transmission once admitted, it becomes clear and evident why God 'hath spared not even his own Son, but delivered Him up for us all' (Rom. viii., 32). So great was the primeval transgression, so dire and rueful the consequences of the crime against the Creator, that it required a divine Mediator to atone by His very death on the Cross for the sins of a fallen race. The avenging justice of an offended Deity fell with terrible weight on 'His own Son,' whose death rendered infinite glory to His Father.

The Author of Baptism.

We have discussed the divine origin of Baptism. We have seen that it is an efficacious remedy for original sin. Let us now see what some of the great doctors of the Catholic Church have to propound on the whole question. 'Who is the author of the Sacraments, if not Christ?' exclaims St. Ambrose. Yes, Christ is always the soul and the centre of those sacred gifts, the very first of which is Baptism, and without which there could be no valid reception of any other. He is their Sovereign Master, the sacramental action of the priest or agent being the action of Christ Himself. The human minister acts as the deputy of the divine Head of the Church. The function he performs derives all its efficacy from Christ Jesus, in Whose name and by Whose authority he acts. Every priest of the Church recognises this and knows that the child is the ordained minister of our Lord to dispense the mysteries of God.

St. Thomas instructs the world on two important points touching Baptism. He holds that Christ blessed water as the matter of this Sacrament, on the occasion of His Own Baptism by St. John, in the river Jordan, and that He gave at the same time to Christian Baptism the power of conferring grace. The necessity of this Sacrament, however, He did not intimate to men until after the Resurrection. The commission to teach and baptise the nations was imparted between the Resurrection and the Ascension. This charge to the Apostles annulled the Jewish rite and covenant given to Abraham of old. Henceforward, Baptism was rendered a necessary condition of salvation. And we find that the Apostles acted forthwith on this injunction of their Master. St. Peter had his converts of Pentecost regenerated in the waters of Christian Baptism. The very birthday of the Church was celebrated by the conferring of this sacred rite.

Natural Water.

By divine appointment natural water, so generally common, is the matter employed in the administration of Baptism. How worthy and gracious of our Saviour to ordain that an element so easily procured should be used in conferring so necessary a Sacrament! Even common water may be used and is quite sufficient in an emergency. Bishops and priests are the proper ministers of the Sacrament in question, and to these alone belongs the conferring of solemn Baptism with holy oils and various significant ceremonies. However, it is the will of Christ that, in cases of necessity, the laity may and should come to the rescue by giving private Baptism. In Catholic schools boys and girls receive careful instruction to this effect. Even a non-Christian is empowered to baptise, and his Baptism would be quite valid provided he had the proper intention, and applied the water and used the words of institution in due form. The formula is easy enough: 'I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,' pouring the water and pronouncing these words simultaneously. The Church requires her ministers to employ water solemnly blessed at Easter and Pentecost cases of emergency, of course, excepted.

Besides the facility of procuring water, this element very aptly expresses the salutary effects of Baptism. As it washes, cools, and refreshes the body, so it foreshows the influence of the sacramental action upon the soul, which is purified by the 'laver of regeneration,' cooled also in a measure, and refreshed. It is true that concupiscence, though greatly weakened and modified by Baptism, remains for our trial and for an occasion of merit. This 'fomes peccati,' or predisposition to sin, which is left in us, is not sin itself. St. Augustine holds that it 'remains for pro-

bation.' In another passage he writes: 'In Baptism the guilt of concupiscence is pardoned, but the infirmity remains.' This 'infirmity' differs widely from sin, when the will does not yield its consent. But the predisposition or infirmity in question means danger and necessitates a spiritual warfare from the dawn of reason to the close of human life. Hence does the Apostle of Christ admonish us to 'mortify our members,' to resist 'evil concupiscences,' to 'walk in the spirit,' as opposed to the 'law' which he found in his 'members,' and which was fighting against the superior 'law of his mind.' How significant and illuminating these expressions. They strike at the root, expose the latent danger from the 'law in the members,' and teach the necessity of brave and persevering spiritual combat. But the conflict is of brief duration. Human life is momentary. It is made up of sunshine and shadow, sometimes great gloom. But strong faith penetrates the densest darkness and discovers a watchful Providence, Whose ear is open to prayer and Who will grant certain victory. Therefore put on the armor of faith and prayer. Make your members serve the Living God, Whom you accepted in Baptism as your Sovereign Lord and Leader. For you vowed to renounce the triple enemy of your salvation—the world, the flesh, and the devil. Against this triple foe you must needs 'fight the good fight,' and thus save the soul from spiritual slavery. For they who give up the 'good fight' under the standard of Christ, become the greatest and most abject slaves under the sun. The reward of valiant service under His flag is eternal.

(To be continued.)

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

May 28.

A social in aid of the church fund will be held in O'Donnell's Hall, Kilbirnie, on June 8.

The Wellington Catholic Club will hold a euchre party on Wednesday evening, June 8, in the club rooms.

The St. Anne's Defence Cadet Corps will parade in uniform at St. Anne's Church on the first Sunday in June.

A social evening will be held next Wednesday evening in the Sydney Street Schoolroom, Thorndon, the proceeds of which will be given to the school funds.

The last meeting of the ladies' branch of the H.A.C.B. Society (St. Mary's) was held on the 18th inst., Sister K. Robinson, B.P., presiding. One member was initiated.

Next Tuesday the debating branch of the St. Aloysius' Boys' Club will debate against a team from the Wellington Boys' Institute on the subject, 'Is there too much sport in Wellington?'

For the first time in Wellington a retreat for laymen will take place at the end of next month. It will commence on a Friday evening, and end on Sunday, and will be held in St. Patrick's College.

At a complimentary social evening in the Town Hall, Lower Hutt, last Monday Mr. J. Rodgers, late treasurer of the local H.A.C.B. Society, was presented with a case of pipes by members of the Hutt Football Club.

A Triduum was commenced in St. Anne's, Newtown, on Friday, and a special sermon on the Blessed Eucharist was preached by the Rev. Father C. J. Venning, S.M. The Rev. Father Herbert, S.M., of the Sacred Heart Basilica, is to preach on Sunday evening.

The annual concert and presentation of prizes of the Wellington Boys' Cricket League was held on Friday evening in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, the president (Dr. A. W. Izard) being the chair. A programme of vocal and instrumental items was gone through. The junior cup and medal were presented to the winners, the St. Aloysius' (Newtown) team.

Prior to his sermon on last Sunday evening, the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., reminded his parishioners of the presence of the *Tablet's* representative (Mr. Moriarty) in Newtown. He exhorted the people to give the paper every support and encouragement. Concluding his remarks, he urged every Catholic family that could afford it to subscribe to the only Catholic paper in New Zealand.

The dramatic branch of the Wellington Catholic Club have their final arrangements now well in hand for the staging of the three-act comedy, 'Mendle's Marriage.' The Town Hall has been engaged for two nights, the 27th and 28th June. The tickets are already in circulation, and the members are looking forward to good results. The stage manager (Mr. Kelly) is losing no time in preparing the scenery, while the company is now rehearsing two nights weekly.

The annual Catholic concert at Levin was held in the Town Hall on Monday evening, when an enjoyable programme was presented before a large and appreciative audience. Pleasing items were rendered by Mrs. Sutchiffe (recitations), Mrs. Woodward (songs), and Master Barnes Gardiner, who delighted the audience with his fine whistling. Mr. Kersley's string band rendered several

musical items. The proceeds of the function will go towards the convent and church funds.

The debating branch of the Wellington Catholic Club held their usual meeting on Monday, 23rd inst., when there was a large attendance of members. Mr. A. H. Casey presided, in the absence of Rev. Father Quinn, S.M., who was unable to be present on account of urgent duties. The chairman informed the meeting of several alterations of the rules of the Union Parliament, which governs the debating competitors. The debate for the evening was 'Monarchy versus Republicanism.' Mr. M. O'Kane opened in the affirmative, and Mr. J. McGowan in the negative. The subject was keenly debated for two hours, and was won by the negative side by two votes.

The usual meeting of the Hibernian Society was held on Monday evening, Bro. J. W. Callaghan, B.P., presiding over a fair attendance of members; the chaplain (Rev. Father Venning) being also present. Three members were duly initiated, and three candidates proposed. A committee was set up to organise a euchre party about the end of June. The adjourned debate on the £100 death levy is to take place on June 6. A letter was received from Sir Joseph Ward thanking the members for their letter expressing their sympathy and condolence with the members of the Royal Family on the death of his Majesty King Edward VII., and intimating that it had been conveyed to his Excellency the Governor for transmission to the proper authorities.

There was a large attendance, consisting chiefly of young people, in the Sydney Street Schoolroom last Friday night, on the occasion of the presentation of the medals, prizes, and certificates awarded to the successful candidates in the annual examinations held by the Trinity College of Music, London (Wellington Centre). Mr. J. G. W. Aitken, who presided, said entries at the last examination were the most numerous ever received in Wellington, and a high standard of excellence was attained by the candidates. The average percentage of marks received in the practical senior section was 73, while that for the intermediate and junior was 71, and in the preparatory stage 76. The college had made a new departure in the classification of its examinations, and instead of four divisions there would now be seven in the practical and five in the theoretical.

The usual weekly meeting of the St. Vincent's Guild was held on Friday evening in St. Patrick's Hall, when there were about 40 boys present. Three new members gave in their names for enrolment. The application to the Defence Department for the formation of a senior cadet corps has been approved of by the Officer Commanding, who was very pleased to see the boys taking such an interest in military affairs. As soon as the application has been confirmed by the Minister of Defence the boys will commence drilling. The St. Vincent Defence Cadet Corps will be the title of the organisation. A 'Boys' tournament was held during the evening, Master Horace Hunt being the winner. The following boys have been made prefects of the guild:—Masters Jos. Coleman, Hector Carruthers, Horace Hunt, and Arthur Sievers. Mr. O'Kane, of the Wellington Catholic Club, has kindly consented to instruct the boys who intend to take up debating.

Dannevirke

(From an occasional correspondent.)

The Rev. Father Johnston leaves Waipawa early in June for Kaikoura.

The Rev. Father Cahill has returned to Dannevirke and his parishioners are pleased to know that he is feeling much better after his short sojourn in Rotorua.

Much comment was made in reference to the splendid tone of the Catholic church bell which was tolled in connection with the funeral of our late beloved King Edward VII. Its magnificent peal added due solemnity to the occasion. Mr. St. Lawrence Toner, of Napier, presided at the organ, and played the Dead March from 'Saul.'

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

May 30.

The Rev. Father O'Riordan, of Goulburn, and late Inspector of Catholic Schools in that diocese, was a visitor at the Cathedral presbytery last week, and on Sunday was at Darfield, where relatives reside.

His Lordship the Bishop is at present in the Abaura parish, where he is to remain some time longer. Later on he goes to Kumara, where his episcopal visitation of Westland terminates.

In the fifth class football contest on last Saturday, after a fast and interesting game, the Marist Brothers' School boys defeated Addington by 33 points to nil. For the winners tries were scored by Elliott (3), Khouri (3), L. Donohue (2), A. Macdonald (1). B. Khouri converted two tries and W. Pope one.

The executive committee of the Christchurch Catholic Club met on last Friday evening. There were present—Messrs. M. O'Reilly, J. McNamara, P. McNamara, T.

O'Connell, F. Quinn, and G. Dobbs (secretary). It was decided to instal a shooting gallery in the club rooms. The following additional syllabus was drawn up for the weekly meetings:—June 7, Lecture on Astronomy, by Mr. Hitchings; June 14, social gathering and progressive euchre tournament; June 21, debate, 'Should the totalisator be abolished?' June 28, original speeches; July 5, entertainment by the Glee Club; July 12, debate, 'Freehold v. Leasehold'; July 19, social gathering and progressive euchre tournament; July 26, competitive recitations; August 2, essays; September 13, debate, 'Is poverty rather than drink the greater cause of crime?'; September 28, annual meeting.

A concert is being promoted by the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association to be given in the Choral Hall on Thursday evening, June 16, to assist in liquidating the recent expenditure on the school building. A good deal of energy and enthusiasm is being exhibited, and as the object appeals directly to the parents of the boys attending the school, whose comfort and convenience has been so well studied by the Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., a successful event should certainly be the outcome.

A general meeting of the newly-formed Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association was held recently in the schoolroom to consider the best means to help in liquidating the debt incurred in renovation of the boys' school. Mr. J. Power was chairman, and Mr. H. Fitzgerald was appointed secretary. It was decided that an Irish national concert be given on June 16 in the Choral Hall. A programme was drawn up, among the items being a Gaelic song by a gold medalist from Waterford, an eight-hand Irish reel, and double Irish jig. The enthusiasm with which the members are entering into the work and the large number of tickets sold point to the event being most successful.

The feast of Corpus Christi was observed at Mount Magdala with an imposing out-door procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the afternoon, in which, besides the inmates, a number of visitors participated. The Very Rev. Dean Ginaty, S.M., V.G., presided at the ceremonies, and preached on the subject of the day's festival. The Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., was master of ceremonies, and others of the clergy present were the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Rev. Fathers Daul, S.M.A., Drohan, M.S.H. (Lincoln), McDonnell, Bell, S.M., Hoare, S.M., and Dignan, S.M. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given at an altar arranged on the grounds, and again on return of procession to the convent chapel. After the ceremonies the visiting clergy were entertained by the community of the Good Shepherd.

At the ordinary weekly meeting of the Christchurch Catholic Club, held last Tuesday evening, the chair was occupied by Mr. M. O'Reilly, vice-president. Three new members were elected. The Literary and Debating Society reported that the following officers had been appointed:—President, Mr. E. L. McKeon; secretary, Mr. D. Edmonds; leaders of teams, Messrs. D. Edmonds, C. Lafferty, D. F. Dennehy, and M. O'Reilly. Recitations formed the subject of the evening's programme, the following members contributing:—Messrs. C. Fottrell, A. Harbison, F. G. Healy, G. McNamara, J. McNamara, M. Finlay, and M. O'Reilly. The Rev. Dr. Kennedy criticised the recitations and gave some good advice to the reciters. The chairman announced that on the following Tuesday evening there would be a debate on the question—'Would national prohibition be conducive to the welfare of New Zealand?'

The transferred solemnities of Corpus Christi, patronal feast of the Cathedral, were observed on Sunday. There was Solemn High Mass at 11 o'clock, the Rev. Father McDonnell being celebrant, Rev. Father Daul, S.M.A., deacon, Rev. Dr. Kennedy subdeacon, and Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., master of ceremonies. The Very Rev. Administrator preached on the 'Institution of the Blessed Sacrament,' which formed also the subject of discourse at the earlier Masses. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon there were Solemn Vespers, at which the Very Rev. Father Price officiated, the Rev. Fathers Daul, S.M.A., and McDonnell being deacon and subdeacon respectively. The Very Rev. Dean Ginaty, S.M., V.G., the Rev. Fathers Hoare, S.M., and Dignan being also present in the sanctuary. There was an exceedingly large congregation. The occasional preacher was the Rev. Father Cooney, of Lyttelton, who delivered an impressive discourse on a text selected from the day's Gospel. An imposing procession within the Cathedral followed, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament being afterwards given.

In the Choral Hall on last Monday and Tuesday evenings the members of the Hibernian Dramatic and Comedy Club made their first public appearance, and gave a very successful performance of the three-act military comedy, 'My Soldier Boy' in aid of the hall fund of the local H.A.C.B. Society. In the part of 'Montague Mendle' Mr. H. Glubb gave a distinctly clever performance. Miss B. Fanning as Lydia Mendle (his wife) was also very successful in a somewhat difficult part. As Jonas Toddenhant Mr. Frank McDonald acted remarkably well, as did also Mr. A. Popplewell as Cap. Callendar. The performance of Mr. J. Foley as Colonel Roscoe was especially good. As Mrs. Morrison, Miss M. Horan looked and acted the part well, whilst as Geraldine Morrison Miss A. Foley filled her part effectively. The lighter comedy was capably enacted

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by Miss K. Redmond (Mendlo's housemaid), and Mr. S. Allwright (a private), and together created much amusement. Mr. A. Gill filled the part of Archie Allison and Mr. W. Clark that of a bugler. The performance on the whole was thoroughly enjoyable and greatly amused the audience from start to finish. Mr. H. Glubb was stage manager, and under his direction the comedy was well presented. An efficient orchestra under Miss N. Dunn, rendered appropriate music. As secretary Mr. N. Colgan managed the business portion most successfully.

The Wellington correspondent of the *Lyttelton Times* states that a substantial demonstration of the power of the still small voice of conscience has come to light this week in the receipt by the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company's Wellington office of an unexpected cheque for £350 from the Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., the missionary, on behalf of a member of the Catholic Church. The sum is presumably sent to the company by way of restitution. The identity of the original remitter, and the circumstances which prompted the return of the money are not, of course, disclosed. However, large as the sum which the Phoenix Company has received from Father O'Connell is, it is not entirely without precedent in New Zealand. For example, in 1890 a New Zealand fire insurance office in Wellington had returned to it £500, this time from a lady. It was understood she found the burden pressing too heavily upon her conscience. Then in May, 1907, Mr. Poppelwell, a solicitor, of Gore, paid £100 to the New Zealand Insurance Company as conscience money which had been forwarded to him through the agency of a Catholic priest ministering in quite another part of the South Island. The sender, who had a fire some years before, struggled for years, it was stated, to save the £100. The same company received also in 1907 another £100 conscience money, paid into its Invercargill office, and in 1895 it received one hundred dollars at its San Francisco office from a former insurer whose mind was troubled about the money. A reference to receipts of conscience money by fire insurance offices shows that the Catholic priest, with his sacred regard for the confidences of the confessional, has been the frequent medium through whom justice has been done to fire insurance companies. A large London office, within the space of ten years of its business acknowledged the receipt of no less than £5000 conscience money on account of fires on which it had paid.

The periodical inspection of St. Mary's Catholic School, Manchester street, was recently made. In his report to the North Canterbury Board of Education Mr. Thos. Ritchie, the inspector, writes:—'At the inspection visit this school was found in satisfactory working order. The time tables indicate a suitable sequence of lessons, schemes of work are sufficiently comprehensive, and commendable diligence is observable on the part of teachers and pupils. In the upper divisions good order and discipline are maintained, and in the lowest division (S. One and P.) the same features obtain. The general condition of grounds and premises is good.' The school is in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, and the roll number represents 168 pupils. The devoted teachers, whose time and talents are so cheerfully given to the work of the school and with such consistently successful results, certainly deserve the best that can be said of them, as well as the gratitude and sympathy of the parishioners generally. Writing of his inspection visit to St. Joseph's Catholic School, Papanui, which is also in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, Colombo street, Mr. Ritchie states:—Teaching is carried on with diligence, and the progress observable generally does credit to all concerned. Order and general behaviour are satisfactory, suitable text-books are used, the attendance is fairly regular, and the grounds, etc., are in very fair order. There are 42 pupils on the school roll.'

Hokitika

(From our own correspondent.)

The club held another of their popular euchre tournaments on Wednesday, 13th inst. The prize winners were Mr. J. Dwan and Mrs. A. Owens.

The services at St. Mary's Church were largely attended on Sunday, the 15th inst. His Lordship Bishop Grimes celebrated Mass at 8 o'clock, when a very large number approached the Holy Table, included in which were the whole of the members of St. Mary's Club. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock his Lordship administered Confirmation to 40 candidates. In the evening the church was crowded, when his Lordship preached an impressive sermon.

A billiard tournament took place at St. Mary's Club rooms on Wednesday, 11th inst., between a Kamieri team and St. Mary's Club. The following represented the club: Messrs. G. Dee, C. Ward, G. Newson, A. O'Donnell, T. Green, sen., W. Bade, H. Malavey, and N. Darragh. The result was in favor of St. Mary's, who scored 790 points to the visitors' 536, thus winning by the substantial margin of 234 points. At the conclusion an adjournment was made to the social hall, where a pleasant hour was spent.

At St. Mary's Club rooms on Monday, 16th inst., Rev. Father Hyland delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on 'A trip to the South Sea Islands.' The president (Mr. F. Sellers) occupied the chair, and there was a good attendance. Father Hyland spoke for an hour, and held the close attention of the audience during the time. At the conclusion, on the motion of Mr. H. Burger, seconded

by Mr. J. Kavenagh, a hearty vote of thanks to Father Hyland was carried with acclamation. After the address light refreshments were dispensed by the committee.

The annual meeting of St. Mary's Club was held on May 9. There was a good attendance of members. Rev. Father Ainsworth presided, and congratulated the club on the success achieved during the past year. The annual report and balance sheet were read and adopted, the latter disclosing a debit balance of £90, which was considered as being satisfactory, in view of the large expenditure of £267 during the year (this includes the cost of erection of club rooms). The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Mr. Fred Sellers; vice-president, Mr. N. Warren; secretary, Mr. B. Cox (re-elected); treasurer, Mr. T. G. Green; committee, Messrs. G. Dee, L. Dwan, H. Moloney, W. Darragh, E. Toohy, G. Downey, J. Toohy, and J. Cahill. On the motion of Mr. G. Dolph, seconded by Mr. M. Daly, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to the outgoing officers, and a similar vote to the chairman concluded a highly successful meeting.

Temuka

(From our own correspondent.)

May 29.

The Temuka Catholic Club has added yet another attraction to their club rooms in the form of a miniature rifle range. On Tuesday evening last about 45 members fired in the first of a series of matches for a trophy presented by the president. Owing to the large number of entries, the shooting was limited to five shots, with an optional sighter. The following are the highest scores:—R. Gillespie 22, R. Wareing 22, M. Brosnan 22, V. Wareing 21, Rev. Father Le Floch 21, N. O'Brien 20, Jos. Tangney 19, Jos. Breen 19, A. Gillespie 19, J. Farrel 19, E. Fitzgerald 19, L. Twoomey 18, T. Rooney 18, D. Kirby 18, T. Kennedy 17, J. Tangney 16, B. Connell 16, J. Haar 16, W. Spillane 15, S. Coughlan 15, M. J. Fitzgerald 15, E. B. Gillespie 14, M. Tangney 14, J. Connell 14, Jos. Gaffney 14, M. Nolan 14.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(By Telegraph from our own correspondent.)

May 30.

I regret to state that Rev. Brother Clement, Superior of the Sacred Heart College, is at present laid up at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital.

Public opinion is much exercised on the prospect of the closing of the local Governor's residence, and is further incensed at the suggestion of handing it over for a University building, and giving the adjoining grounds to the Grammar School for recreation purposes.

Rev. Father Gilmartin, C.S.S.R., gave an interesting instruction on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at the last meeting of the confraternity of the Holy Family at the Cathedral.

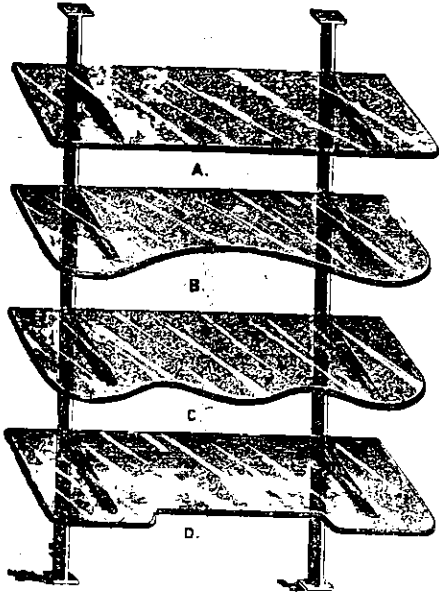
The local branch of the H.A.C.B. Society held a social last Friday evening in the Hibernian Hall, which was a great success.

A mission was opened yesterday morning at the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby, by Very Rev. Father Murray, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Father Gilmartin, C.S.S.R. The first two weeks' mission will be devoted to the women of the parish, and the last week to the men. Very Rev. Father Murray gave a retreat last week to the children of the Star of the Sea Orphanage. Rev. Father Whelan, C.S.S.R., is at present conducting a retreat at Huntly.

The members of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Club and St. Benedict's Boys' Club, to the number of 100, approached the Holy Table at St. Benedict's yesterday morning. Breakfast was afterwards served in the schoolroom, Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan, and Rev. Fathers Brennan, Carran, Holbrook, and Brother Phelan being present. Interesting addresses were given by the clergy and officers of the club. The Children of Mary attached to St. Benedict's also received Holy Communion in a body at the same Mass.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration commenced at the Cathedral after the last Mass yesterday. Throughout the day large numbers of the faithful visited the Cathedral. Rev. Father Wright delivered a brief explanation of the origin of the devotion. In the evening the church was crowded, when Rev. Father Holbrook preached a fine sermon on the Blessed Sacrament. The choir, under Mr. Hiscocks, rendered special music. The altar was very tastefully decorated by the Sisters of Mercy. This morning Solemn High Mass was celebrated, the music being by the children from St. Mary's Orphanage, and the highest encomiums were passed on the excellence of their singing. To-night there will be devotions, sermon, and Benediction, and to-morrow night the devotion closes, when a procession of the Blessed Sacrament takes place, in which 200 members of the Holy Family are expected to take part.

The D.I.C., Dunedin, will during the current month make a costume to order at the very modest price of £3 10s. This is an offer which should not be lost sight of by our lady readers....



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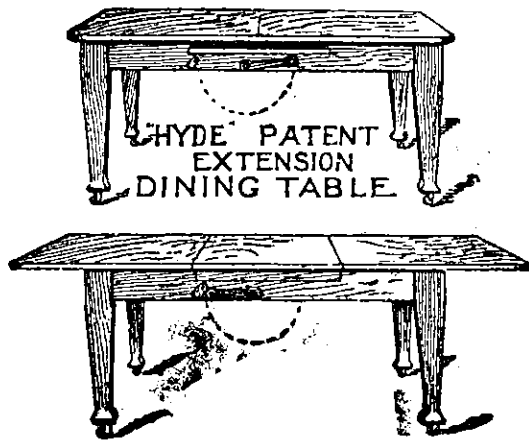
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TELEGRAMS.....'SLIGO, DUNEDIN.'

RAVEN TEA

Commercial

PRODUCE

Messrs. Dalgety and Co., Ltd., report as follows:—

Oats.—The oat market during the last week has been in a state of dullness owing to their being no shipping demand, and consequently little business has been passing. Shippers do not care to stock up at present prices in the absence of new business, and only buy for orders on hand. Prime milling, 1s 11d to 2s; good to best feed, 1s 9½d to 1s 10½d; inferior to medium, 1s 7½d to 1s 9d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—The market is in a state of stagnation, and as no business is passing quotations are nominal. Prime milling, 3s 8d to 3s 9d; medium milling, 3s 5d to 3s 7d; best whole fowl wheat, 3s to 3s 3d; medium fowl wheat, 2s 7d to 2s 9d; broken and damaged, 2s to 2s 6d per bushel (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—Consignments coming forward meet with a strong demand, and are readily taken at quotations, provided the quality is right. Prime Up-to-dates, £5 10s to £6; medium to good, £4 15s to £5; inferior, £3 to £4 5s per bushel (sacks included).

Chaff.—Chaff has been coming in more freely during the last week, and as fair stocks are held, prices show a decline on last quotations. Prime oaten sheaf, £3 10s to £3 12s 6d; choice, to £3 15s; medium to good, £3 to £3 5s; inferior, £2 to £2 10s per ton (bags extra).

Straw.—Oaten, 30s to 32s 6d; wheaten, 22s 6d pressed (ex truck).

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co. report:—

Oats.—The bulk of the oats coming forward on farmers' account are being held in the expectation of better values ruling later on in the year. Nearly all offering for immediate sale are readily quitted on arrival. Towards the close of last week values slackened slightly at other centres, and good to prime lines suffered to the extent of ½d per bushel. Quotations: Prime milling, 1s 11d to 2s; good to best feed, 1s 9d to 1s 10½d; inferior to medium, 1s 8d to 1s 8½d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—There is no change to report. The stagnation in the market reported last week still prevails, and as buyers decline to operate even at reduced rates, no business is passing. In the absence of any sales of milling wheat, we refrain from giving quotations. Fowl wheat is offering freely. Best whole fowl wheat sells at 3s 1d to 3s 3d; medium to good, 2s 9d to 3s; broken and damaged, 2s to 2s 6d per bushel (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—The supply is not equal to the demand either for local consumption or for shipment. At our sale to-day we submitted several choice lines, which realised £6 per ton. Medium lots have ready sale at from £5 to £5 10s per ton (sacks included).

Chaff.—Consignments are heavy, and as most merchants hold large stocks sales are difficult to effect. Prime quality, which is in most demand, is saleable only at a reduction of 2s 6d per ton on last week's rates. Medium lots and straw chaff show a greater decline, and even at reduced prices are extremely difficult to place. Quotations: Prime oaten sheaf, £3 10s to £3 12s 6d; choice, to £3 15s; medium to good, £3 to £3 7s 6d; inferior straw chaff, £2 to £2 5s per ton (sacks extra).

Straw.—Wheaten, 21s to 22s; oaten, 35s per ton (pressed).

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ending May 31 as follows:—

Oats.—There is very little shipping demand, and the market is stagnant. Prices rule much the same as at last quotations, although there is very little doing. Prime milling, 1s 11d to 2s; feed, 1s 9½d to 1s 10½d; inferior to medium, 1s 7½d to 1s 9d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—There is no business passing in wheat, and prices quoted are merely nominal. Prime milling, 3s 8d to 3s 9d; medium milling, 3s 5d to 3s 7d; best whole fowl wheat, 3s to 3s 3d; medium fowl wheat, 2s 7d to 2s 9d; broken and damaged, 2s to 2s 6d per bushel (sacks extra).

Chaff.—During the past week consignments have been coming forward readily, and as there is a lot of chaff in store values have declined slightly. Prime oaten sheaf, £3 10s to £3 12s 6d; choice, to £3 15s; medium to good, £3 to £3 5s; inferior, £2 to £2 10s per ton (bags extra).

Potatoes.—There are not many coming forward, and all prime Up-to-Dates are readily sold on arrival, at from £5 10s to £6; medium to good, £4 15s to £5; inferior, £3 to £4 5s per ton (sacks in).

WOOL

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co. report as follows:—

Rabbitskins.—We offered a large catalogue yesterday at our weekly sale, when there was a good attendance of buyers, and competition was very keen. All skins met with very ready sale, prime winter does bringing from 40d to 46½d; second winters, 30d to 36d; prime winter bucks, 24d to 26d; good, 20d to 24d; autumns, 17½d to 20½d; rucks,

14½d to 15½d; light rucks, 12d to 13½d; spring bucks, 17d to 19d; spring does, 13d to 14d; milky does, 10d to 11½d; small, 7d to 9d; hawk torn, 10d to 16d; autumn blacks, 19d to 26d; winter blacks, 32d; horse hair, 18½d; cat skins, 3d to 4d each.

Sheepskins.—At our sale to-day competition was slightly keener than at last sale, but prices were much on a par. Best halfbred, 8½d to 9d; medium, 7½d to 8d; best fine crossbred, 7d to 7½d; coarse crossbred, 6d to 7d; best pelts, 5d to 5½d; medium, 3d to 4½d; inferior, 1d to 2d; best merino, 7d to 7½d; medium to good, 5½d to 6d; best lambskins, 5½d to 7½d.

Hides.—We held our fortnightly sale on Thursday, 26th inst., when we offered a small catalogue. Competition was very dull, and prices showed a drop of from ½d to ¾d per lb except for medium weight cow hides, which were on a par with last sale. We passed in most of our heavy hides owing to lack of competition. Quotations: Prime stout heavy ox hides, 7½d to 8d; good stout do., 7d to 7½d; medium weight, 6½d to 6¾d; light weight, 6½d to 6¾d; inferior, 3d to 4½d; best heavy cow hides, 6½d to 6¾d; medium weight, 6½d to 6¾d; inferior, 4d to 5½d; yearlings, 7d to 7½d; calf-skins, 3½d to 9d.

Tallow and Fat.—Competition is still good, and prices are much the same.

LIVE STOCK

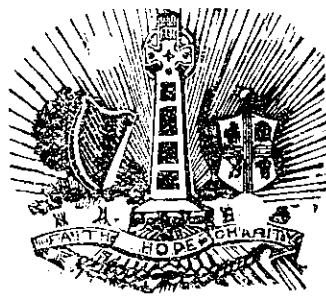
DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

Messrs. Wright, Stephenson, and Co. report:—

For Saturday's sale the entry was a rather poor one. This was to be accounted for by the fact that our nineteenth annual horse fair takes place on Wednesday and Thursday, 1st and 2nd June. There is, however, a good demand for all classes of young active horses, but more especially for heavy young reliable draught mares and geldings, and the prospects are bright for our winter sale during show week. We quote:—

Superior young draught geldings, at from £40 to £45; extra good ditto (prize-winners), at from £45 to £50; superior young draught mares, at from £50 to £60; medium draught mares and geldings, at from £30 to £40; aged, at from £10 to £15; strong spring-van horses, at from £25 to £30; strong spring-carters, at from £18 to £25; milk-cart and butchers' order-cart horses, at from £15 to £25; light hacks, at from £8 to £13; extra good hacks and harness horses, at from £13 to £25; weedy and aged, at from £5 to £7.

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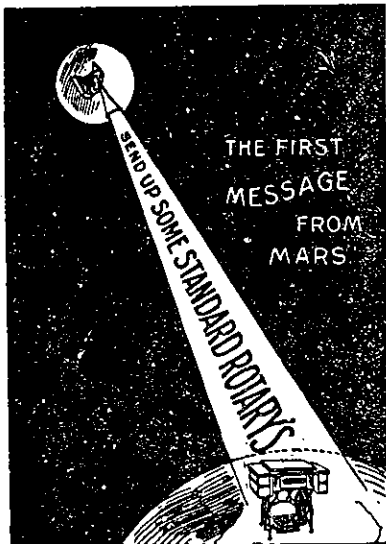
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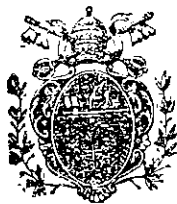
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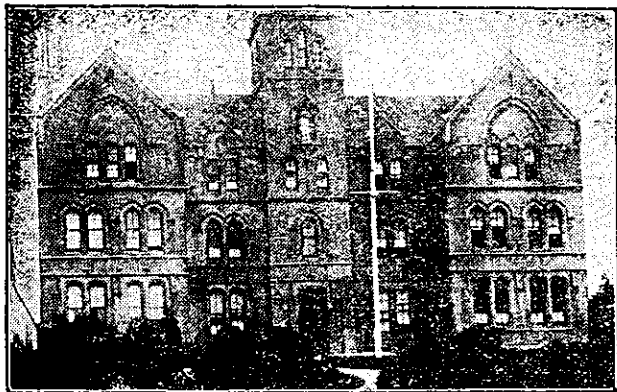
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Donations towards the establishment of Bursaries for the Free Education of Ecclesiastical Students will be thankfully received.

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The College reopens on Tuesday, February 15.

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This Book is identical with the Australian Catholic Prayer Book, published at the request of the Third Australian Plenary Council, which is so highly recommended.

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DEATH

LEWIS.—On May 18, 1910, at the residence of her daughter (Mrs. C. Kerr, St. Clair), Johanna Lewis; aged 79 years. R.I.P. Interred at Waipori May 20.

IN MEMORIAM

FITZSIMONS.—In fond and loving memory of my dear husband, Terence, who departed this life at Wairio on May 31, 1900. R.I.P.

Ten years to-day, dear Terence, since you left me;
Lovingly dear husband, your memory I'll keep;
For you are deserving of my fond recollections,
Dear to my heart is the place where you sleep.

I think of you in silence,
When no eyes can see me weep,
And many a silent tear I shed
When others are asleep.

We miss thee from our home, dear father;
Ten long years to-day,
A shadow o'er our lives is cast
For many and many a day.

Oh, Gentle Heart of Mary,
Thy prayers for him extol;
Most Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Have mercy on his soul.

—Inserted by his loving wife and family.

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For the present these Safes will only be issued from, and the deposits received at, the Dunedin, Caversham, Dunedin North, South Dunedin, and Moray Place Savings Bank Offices, where full information relative to the conditions under which the Safes will be issued and redeemed can be obtained.

D. ROBERTSON,
Secretary.

General Post Office,
Wellington, May 18, 1910.

'THE PUBLIC TRUST OFFICE ACT, 1908.'
(Section 50.)

In the Estate of **JAMES GRIFFEN**, or **JAMES O'HARA GRIFFEN**, of Mornington, Company Secretary, deceased.

All Creditors and others having **CLAIMS** against this Estate are hereby required to send them, with particulars, on the forms provided, to the District Manager of the Public Trustee at Dunedin on or before the 27th day of **JULY, 1910.**

Accounts not rendered by the date named may be rejected.

All moneys payable to the above Estate may be lodged to the credit of the Public Trustee's Account at any postal money-order office, or paid to **F. H. Morice**, District Manager of the Public Trustee.

FRED. FITCHETT, Public Trustee.

May 26, 1910.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ 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, JUNE 2, 1910.

THE MIGHTY MICROBE



It is impossible to dip into modern medical literature, in even an amateur, cursory fashion, without being made to realise how completely microbe is lord of this nether world just now. It has taken many years and a big microscope to draw him out of his obscurity. But he is here now, and science has placed him on a throne and crowned him king. The germ theory of disease is in complete possession; and if we are to have any confidence at all in medical testimony its main statements must be accepted no longer as theory, but as absolute and undoubted fact. 'Amongst the commonest and deadliest enemies of man,' said Dr. Barnett in his interesting address to the Society for the Health of Women and Children last week, 'are the disease-producing bacteria or microbes, such as we know produce diseases like influenza, measles, scarlet fever, smallpox, plague, typhoid fever, pneumonia, boils, diarrhoea in babies, abscesses, and so forth. Indeed, barring accidents, almost all the ills that flesh is heir to are the result of bacterial infection of the human body.'

What are these microbes or bacteria, and how do they act? In the course of a dissertation on Christian Science, Mr. Dooley gives his notion of them in characteristically vivid fashion. Referring to the doctor of his boyish days, he says: 'Ivrybody thought he was a gr-reat man, but they wudden't lave him threat a spavin in these days. He was catch-as-catch-can, an' he'd tackle annythin' fr'm pnoomony iv the lungs to premachure baldness. He'd niver heerd iv microbes an' nayther did I till a few years ago, whin I was tol' they was a kind iv animals or bugs that crawled around in ye like spiders. I see pitchers iv thim in th' pa-papers with eyes like poached eggs till I dhreamed wan night I was a hayloft full iv bats. Thin the dock down th' sthreet set me right. He says th' microbes is a vigitable, an' ivry man is like a conservatory full iv millyons iv these potted plants. Some ar-re good f'r ye, an' some ar-re bad. Whin th' chube roses an' geranyums is flourishin' an' liftin' their dainty petals to th' sun, ye're healthy, but whin' th' other flower gets th' best iv these nose-gays, 'tis time to call in a doctor. Th' doctor is a kind iv gardner f'r ye. 'Tis his business f'r to encourage th' good mickrobes, makin' two pansies grow where wan grew before, an' to hoe out th' Canajeen thistle an' th' milkweed.' Making a little allowance for humorous exaggeration and playful extravagance of statement, Mr. Dooley's version of the matter is sufficiently near the mark for popular purposes. The microbes or bacteria are minute vegetable organisms, and the number of kinds which have been separated and studied and their particular kind of destructive work ascertained, runs into many hundreds. How disease works, how it fights for the mastery, and how it sometimes gets defeated have been thus explained: 'The blood contains an enormous number of corpuscles or cells

of two different kinds, both invisible to the naked eye, but larger than bacteria. These are the red, to which blood owes its color, and which are mainly oxygen carriers to the tissues, and the white, somewhat larger, a chief function of which has only lately been determined. These white corpuscles resemble the low forms of animal life known as amœbæ, single cells which, when they come into contact with a morsel of nutritive matter, mould themselves around it, and cause it to pass through their external envelope into their interior, where it is consumed. Metchnikoff, by whom this action of the white corpuscles was discovered, called them phagocytes or eating cells, on account of it; and it is now known, not only that invading bacteria of a noxious character are frequently thus consumed, but also that an invasion, in normal conditions of the system, induces a rush of phagocytes (eating cells) to the invaded region, so that, if the force thus furnished be sufficient for the purpose, the invaders may be destroyed before they have had time to produce the specific effects which would arise from their continued presence and their multiplication. A period, known as that of incubation, is commonly interposed between the invasion of infective bacteria and the appearance of the disease which they set up. During this period the invading bacteria are multiplying and struggling for mastery with the invaded organism. If the first attempts at defence on the part of the body are futile, and the bacteria are able to multiply, then the disease breaks out, and severe symptoms show that the struggle between host and parasite has become intense.

*

What are doctors doing to combat the invasion of the disease-bearing or disease-creating bacilli? Sir Boyle Roche, of 'Irish bull' fame, with his inimitable capacity for hitting off a real truth under the guise of an apparent absurdity, once said: 'The best way to avoid a difficulty is to meet it plump.' That is what experimental pathologists and medical men are doing with the disease difficulty. They are meeting plump, upon their own ground, the germs that give rise to disease. They cultivate them, question them, get from them information as to their likes and dislikes. Then, while aiming always at the cultivation of increased vital energy on the part of the person affected by disease, they endeavor to beat off the poison germs by introducing into the system bacterial vaccines—i.e., chemical substances derived from bacteria—practically what Mr. Dooley calls the 'good microbes'—and other agents, which, when established in the human organism, cause there an elaboration and building up of protective material. That is a broad, general statement of the modern method. But there are two particular applications of it, so simple, so widely effective, and, above all, so full of promise for the future, in humanity's battle with disease, that they are entitled to special mention. The first is what may be roughly described as the 'buttermilk' or 'sour milk' cure. There is a large class of microbes which produce in the incompletely digested food in the stomach and large intestine a poisonous condition which, in the case of children, old people, and otherwise enfeebled adults, causes ill-health, and which may in special cases (such as intestinal disorders) lead to the gravest consequences. It has been found that these poison-producing bacteria will not flourish in the presence of acid, and Metchnikoff made the valuable discovery that by the daily use of sour milk, in a suitable form, acid could be produced in the intestine regularly and constantly, the effect being to kill out or overcome the acid-fearing putrefactive microbes. Melancholia, pernicious anæmia, and infectious disorders of the nose, throat, and other body cavities which can be reached by a spray or wash of the lactic acid (sour milk) cultures, have all been treated with success; but, as might have been expected, the most brilliant results have been obtained in gastrointestinal affections. Tablets of dried 'sour milk' are now to be had at many chemists' shops in the Dominion. According to the *Medical Annual* for 1910, however, the tablets now on the market are not quite all that could be desired; and until a really first-class preparation has been evolved by the manufacturers the full measure of success of which the 'sour milk' treatment is capable is not likely to be achieved.

Still more remarkable are the results obtained by another of the latest discoveries in the medical world—the treatment of disease by injections of sea-water. Near the Gare

Montparnesse, in Paris, is a dispensary, in which M. Quinton, the originator of this method of treatment, surrounded by half a dozen members of the faculty, carries out a course of treatment on all sorts of patients with this one specific—sea water. Sometimes the subject is an infant suffering from eczema. After injections of sea water during eight days the child has hardly any trace of the unsightly disease. Another baby, a martyr to diarrhœa for six months, is given injections of 'sea-water plasma' during three days, and immediately begins to get better. So great is the rush of people desirous of trying the new treatment that, in M. Quinton's dispensary alone, four doctors and fifteen nurses are kept busy. Sciatica yields almost instantly to the sea-water treatment. A young woman who had lost the power of her hand through tuberculosis regained its use after a single injection. A male patient, whose arm showed several large ulcers, was advised to have the member amputated. Instead he went to M. Quinton, and after three injections of sea water the arm became normal in size and color.

*

Even more striking results, if possible, have been obtained by Dr. Robert-Simon, M.D.—at his 'Sea-water Dispensaries for Poor People' in Paris—as recorded in full in the *Medical Annual* for the current year. The photographs there reproduced furnish eloquent and conclusive evidence of the sovereign efficacy of the new treatment. For skin diseases (ulcers, eczema, etc.) and enteric troubles it is practically a specific. Success is also recorded in cases of anæmia, infantile palsy, St. Vitus's dance, exophthalmic goitre, and pulmonary tuberculosis. The sea water, too, appears to be a magnificent tonic. 'From the outset,' says Dr. Robert-Simon, 'it proves itself an extremely powerful tonic, so certain that one never need hesitate to commit oneself regarding its efficacy. The benefit is indeed immediate and quite obvious, even to the eye of the layman; the increase of weight, the return of appetite and sleep, the relief of pain are facts constantly observed. The effect on nutrition is particularly remarkable: digestion improves, the bowels become regular, and the whole general condition picks up in consequence. This alone shows the use to which this method can be put in the treatment of neurasthenia, atonic dyspepsia, and all those victims of overwork and depression so characteristic of our present age.' Summing up, Dr. Robert-Simon claims that, as the result of his experiments extending over a period of five years, 'the superiority of the sea-water treatment over treatment by drugs, all of a more or less toxic (poisonous) nature, is clearly demonstrated, so that the injection of sea-water plasma may fairly claim and receive first place among means for detoxicating (eliminating the poison from) the living body.' It may be added that the sea water used for treatment must be collected not less than 20 miles from the shore.

*

The methods here outlined are at present practically in their infancy, but the success so far achieved seems to suggest that medical science is making unmistakable progress towards achieving Virchow's ideal of enabling people to avoid disease by immunisation. So far as the sea-water method is concerned, the results thus far made public come almost exclusively from French investigation. But British scientists are doubtless quietly at work on the subject, and their conclusions will be given to the world in due time. In the meantime what is New Zealand doing? We have a whole ocean of sea water within easy reach; the apparatus for collecting and injecting is neither elaborate nor expensive; and the successes of M. Quinton and Dr. Robert-Simon having placed the value of the new treatment beyond all question, the method should surely be inaugurated in our hospitals without delay.

Messrs. A. W. Robertson and Son, Queen street and Karangahape road, Auckland, call attention to their select stock of pianos, organs, phonograph records, and latest selections of popular music. Our readers are invited to send for catalogue, which will be posted free....

I get no 'peas,' the gardener said;
 'Bean' coughing all the night;
 With running nose of fiery red,
 A 'scarlet runner' quite!
 'Hoe!' John, you're 'seedy,' cried his wife,
 And getting like a 'rake,'
 So here's the stuff to save your life,
 Woods' Peppermint Cure to take!

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Notes

King Edward Reminiscences

In a finely written article on 'Catholics and Loyalty,' which we find in the columns of the *Melbourne Tribune*, Mr. Benjamin Hoare recalls some incidents showing the late King's kindly feeling towards Catholics which may be new to many of our readers. 'Contrast again,' he says, in the course of the article, 'another action of the late King with that of Queen Victoria. During her reign the hierarchy was restored to England, and Cardinal Wiseman was appointed first Archbishop of Westminster since the Reformation. When he came to take possession of his See, in 1850, all the fury of Protestant England was up in rebellion. Press and Parliament poured out their vials of wrath on the unfortunate Catholics, who were only asking to receive the ministrations of their religion. In the united protest from the bishops to the Queen this passage occurs: "We make our humble petition to your Majesty to discountenance, by all constitutional means, the claims and usurpations of the Church of Rome." Twelve months last October the great Eucharist Congress was held in London, and, as in 1850, a band of professional bigots and strife-mongers endeavored to prevent the celebration. A petition was prepared for the King, but the King found some excuse for a cruise on the Mediterranean, escaped the petition, and gave the fullest liberty to the Congress. Hence, for the first time since the Reformation, a Papal Legate set foot on English soil, and for the first time for over three hundred years our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist was honored in the centre of Protestant England. To the kindly feeling of the late King towards Catholic worship we owe the success of the Eucharistic Congress.'

Mr. Hoare sees more than appears on the surface in the incident of the late King's visit to Lourdes. 'There is another fact,' he says, 'even later than the Congress which adds to our debt of gratitude to Edward VII. You will remember within the past three weeks how we were informed by cable of the King's visit to the great shrine of our Blessed Lady at Lourdes, and his attitude there. He was staying at Biarritz, in the south of France, evidently fighting at its incipient stages the disease which conquered him. And while there visited Lourdes, and remained uncovered during a procession which he witnessed. I have had the good fortune of travelling over that very ground from Lourdes to Biarritz, and am in a position to speak with some authority on the subject. It does not look like a mere accident that the King went to Lourdes while a great pilgrimage was there. Nor does it seem a chance that his visit was timed to give him an opportunity of seeing the marvellous display of faith and devotion on such occasions. I may tell you that, on the occasion of a pilgrimage, there are two processions every day—one at three in the afternoon, and another at night. The procession in the afternoon, which the late King witnessed, is a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. None but men take part in this, and I saw eight thousand men walk in that procession. The action of the King in remaining uncovered during that procession was an act of reverence to God, which amounted to an act of faith. After drawing a parallel between the action of the late King and that of the centurion in the Gospel, Mr. Hoare remarks: 'And who can tell but that act of reverence, which I would be inclined to call an act of faith, won for the late King that approval which Christ bestowed on the centurion.'

'Just another incident,' Mr. Hoare continues, 'which is so human, and shows us that Edward VII. not only respected our faith, but was kind to those who represent that faith. Some three years ago, when the religious were being driven out of France, their dowries confiscated, their homes plundered, many fled from "Catholic" France to Protestant England for protection. One afternoon the late King was passing a country railway station, and noticed a group of ladies in religious habit. He asked the station-master who were those ladies, and where was their destination? Being told they were exiles from France, and that the last train for the day had gone before they

arrived, the King said: "Wire at once to the centre for a special train, take these fugitives to their homes, and send the account to my financial secretary." Had any of us a sister among those strangers in a strange land would we ever forget that generous and humane act?"

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration commences in the Sacred Heart Church, North-East Valley, on Friday morning and ends on Sunday.

On Sunday his Lordship the Bishop presided at Solemn High Mass at eleven o'clock at St. Joseph's Cathedral. Rev. Father Corcoran was celebrant, Rev. J. Hanrahan deacon, Rev. J. Tobin subdeacon, and Rev. Father Coffey master of ceremonies. In the evening the Triduum in honor of the Blessed Sacrament was brought to a close, when the 'Te Deum' was sung.

St. Joseph's and Civil Service Harriers held a combined run on Saturday from the Mornington School. L. Coughlan (St. Joseph's) and J. Johnston (Civil Service) went out with the bags and laid a good trail along past the school and down Hawthorn road, whence it struck across country, up Mount Grand (whence a good view of Lake Waiholo and its surroundings was obtained), coming out on top of the southern reservoir. The home run was made by way of Brockville and Kaikorai Valley.

The following is the result of the practical examination in connection with the London College of Music, which was held at the Convent of Mercy, Port Chalmers, on Wednesday, May 25, 1910; Mr. Paget Gale examiner:—Intermediate—Mona Healy 81, Eileen Mackie 72, Annie Simpson 69, Maria Birkner 69, James Gorman 75. Elementary—May O'Halloran, honors, Hazel Simpson, honors. Primary—Alma Woltersdrof 93, Tui Bastings 82, Christina Gorman 78.

On Saturday the Christian Brothers (2nd grade) defeated Maori Hill by 5 goals (scored by Higgins, Clinch, Laffey, Tarleton, and Wakelin) to 2. Wakelin, of the Brothers, played the best back game on the ground, his placing and tackling being of a very high order. The match, Christian Brothers (3rd grade) v. Maori Hill, resulted in a win for the former by 4 goals to 2. Goals for the Greens were scored by Byrne, Thompson, McCormack, and Spiers. Christian Brothers (4th grade) scored 5 goals against Northern D. L. Delargey (3) and Salmon scored for the winners.

On Sunday afternoon, on the grounds of the Convent of Mercy, South Dunedin, a procession of the Blessed Sacrament was held, followed by Benediction and reception of candidates into the Society of Mary. The members of the Society, in regalia, the school children, and acolytes took part in the procession from the Sisters' chapel, around the grounds to a beautifully decorated altar erected in front of the convent. At the altar the reception took place, his Lordship officiating, assisted by Rev. Fathers Coffey, O'Malley, and O'Neill. Twelve young girls were received and twenty-four were admitted as aspirants into the society. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed. During the ceremony the 'Magnificat,' and 'Ave Maris Stella' were sung. For this beautiful closing of the month of May devotions the weather was all that could be desired.

Writing on April 22, the London correspondent of the *Otago Daily Times* says:—'The Rev. Dr. Cleary reached London last week, after his long trek through South America and the United States, and has now gone across to Ireland to see his relatives. One of the objects of the tour undertaken by Dr. Cleary was the establishment in the different countries of bureaux to take cognisance of and refute the statements which may appear in the press and elsewhere to the detriment of the Catholic Church. The work was undertaken not on behalf of the *Tablet*, but for the Australian Catholic Truth Society, which has affiliated with the International Catholic Truth Society of America. Agencies have been established throughout the United States, and Dr. Cleary has now fulfilled his task of establishing new ones in the Argentine, Chili, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Central America.'

There was a large attendance at the usual weekly meeting of St. Joseph's Men's Club, held on Monday evening, when a concert was given by the Glee Club. The programme consisted of four glees, 'The dear little shamrock,' 'Men of Harlech,' 'Let Erin remember,' and 'True till death,' by the Glee Club; a quartet by Messrs. McEvoy, Hogue, Wilkie, and Jos. Swanson; duets by Messrs. W. McEvoy and L. Coughlan, and Messrs. Jos. Swanson and P. Anderson; and solos by Messrs. A. Graham, P. Anderson, Jos. Swanson, E. Wilkie, and P. Kelly. At the conclusion of the programme, on the motion of Mr. Hussey, seconded by Rev. Father Corcoran, a hearty vote of thanks was accorded the Glee Club for the enjoyable evening's entertainment they had provided. Rev. Father Coffey, who presided, also expressed his pleasure at being present, and complimented Mr. Deehan (conductor) and Mr. Heley (musical director) on the result of their work in connection with the club.

On May 17 there was heard at Dunedin by Mr. H. Y. Widdowson, S.M., a case in which the Bay Town Board sued the Little Sisters of the Poor on a claim of £39 8s 4d

for rates on the Home at Anderson's Bay. Mr. John MacGregor appeared for plaintiffs and Mr. J. B. Callan, jun., for defendants. The defence was that the home was exempted as being a charitable institution, but not an institution under the Hospital and Charitable Institutions Act, and not receiving any subsidy from public funds, but being carried on exclusively out of private benevolence for the free maintenance or relief of orphans or of the aged, infirm, sick, or needy. It was for the Town Board contended that as a portion of the funds of the institution consisted of old-age pensions money the clause on which Mr. Callan relied did not apply. After evidence was given by the Rev. Father Coffey on Monday judgment was given, the Magistrate saying that while he appreciated the excellent work the institution was doing he had, of course, to construe the words of the statute, and he considered on the facts before him it could not be said that the institution was carried on exclusively out of private benevolence for the free maintenance or relief of the inmates, and therefore that it was not exempt from rates. He would give judgment for the plaintiff for the amount claimed £39 8s 4d, together with court costs £1 19s and solicitor's fee £2 12s; but he would like to see the point settled by the Supreme Court.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

A few Oamaru friends and well-wishers of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ardagh, of Glenavy, hearing that they proposed taking an extended holiday shortly, journeyed to Mr. Ardagh's residence this week and presented Mr. and Mrs. Ardagh with two nice travelling rugs and other articles. Mr. P. Kelly, who made the presentation, referred to the sterling qualities of both Mr. and Mrs. Ardagh and wished them a pleasant trip and safe return. Mr. Ardagh feelingly responded and tendered his thanks for the useful articles. Amongst the speakers were the Rev. Father Woods, Mrs. Grant, and Mr. James B. Grave. A very pleasant evening was spent, and broke up with cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Ardagh and family.

Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

May 30.

The Athletic Football Club, which has this season been promoted to senior rank, succeeded last Wednesday in defeating last year's winners of the shield by 3 points to nil.

The bazaar in aid of the Bluff Convent (says the *Southland Times*) was concluded on Monday evening. The drawing of the art union attracted quite a number of people, and an enjoyable programme was gone through. The proceeds from the fair are a record, over £200 having been netted, and the committee in charge is to be congratulated on the result.

A very enjoyable social, the result of which will considerably augment the funds for the forthcoming bazaar in aid of the convent, was held in Ashley's Hall on Wednesday evening, the 25th inst. The first part of the evening was devoted to progressive euchre, and keen interest was taken in the games. Miss Katie McGrath was successful in winning the lady's prize. The gentleman's prize went to Mr. F. Goriuski.

The Marist Brothers' School football team has made a splendid start this season, and already has a strong lead in championship points. The boys have played and won three matches, scoring 51 points, with 5 points against them, and counting 6 points for the championship. Three of the other school teams have 2 points each for the championship, so it will be apparent that the Marist boys are in a fair way to win the competition.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

May 30.

The detailed balance sheet for the Fairyland Fancy Fair shows the total receipts at £1764 11s 8d, the expenses at £164 4s 9d, and the net result as £1600 6s 11d. This amount, as before stated, is claimed to be a Dominion record for such a fete.

For many years the feast of Corpus Christi has been solemnised at the convent by a procession on the following Sunday. By reason of the strenuous efforts on the part of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart these events have, often in the face of adverse weather conditions, been uniformly successful. Last Sunday the weather was all that could be desired and the beautiful convent grounds looked their best. The route of the procession was marked by banners, etc, and temporary altars were erected on the convent porch and before the girls' school. The procession took place at half-past 2 o'clock, and in addition to the community and boarders, the children from the parochial schools and representatives of all the Catholic societies took part. Seen as the procession circled round the drive the effect was most striking, the bright colors of the children contrasting with the emblems and regalia of the societies. The ceremony was a practical manifestation of faith, that made a deep impression on all who had the privilege of being present.

Palmerston North

(From our own correspondent.)

May 29.

The Catholic Young Men's Club hold another of those enjoyable euchre parties on Monday next.

The usual devotions to the Sacred Heart will be held throughout the month of June with a course of short sermons each evening at 7.30, and on Friday, the feast of the Sacred Heart, there will be High Mass at 9 a.m. and Benediction in the evening.

The Triduum just finished was very largely attended by devout congregations, and made a fitting termination to the May devotions. His Grace Archbishop Redwood on the feast of Corpus Christi preached a beautiful sermon in the evening on the Most Blessed Sacrament.

OBITUARY

MRS. MALONEY, HELENSVILLE.

(From our travelling correspondent.)

Another of the rapidly disappearing band of early colonists passed away at Helensville on the Feast of the Ascension, in the person of Mrs. Maloney, who died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Bradley, of that town, at the age of 84 years. The deceased lady was born in County Clare, and arrived in New Zealand in the year 1866, settling in Waipipi, in the Pukekohe district, Auckland. Mrs. Maloney, who was an exemplary Catholic, endeared herself by her kindness and gentility to all those with whom she came in contact. She leaves two daughters—Mrs. J. Bradley (Helensville) and Mrs. P. Shivan (Wellington). The funeral, which was a very large one, took place at Waipipi, mourners from the whole countryside being present. The Rev. Father Williams officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

MR. ALEXANDER McDONALD, WANGANUI.

A Wanganui message states that the death occurred there on Wednesday of Mr. Alexander McDonald, at the age of 73. Mr. McDonald was well known throughout New Zealand, having been connected with the Police Force for thirty-three years, and holding responsible positions. He had charges in Canterbury and Westland. He leaves a widow, four sons, and two daughters. His sons are the Rev. Father McDonald (Wellington South), Mr. L. R. McDonald (National Bank, Kurov), Mr. E. H. McDonald (Bank of New Zealand, Auckland), Mr. E. B. McDonald (Bank of New South Wales, Dunedin), Mr. R. J. McDonald (Bank of New South Wales, Wanganui). The elder daughter is Sister Mary Bernard, of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Hokitika.—R.I.P.

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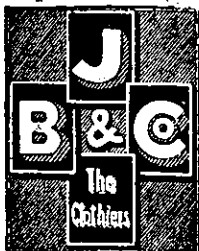
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Irish News

ARMAGH—Total Abstinence Progress

Throughout the North of Ireland the cause of temperance has in recent years made remarkable progress (says the *Irish News*), and the fact is one on which the promoters have good reason to feel pleased with themselves. Since Father Mathew inaugurated his historic movement, well over half a century ago, flourishing temperance societies have been formed in various parts of the province, all of them meeting with quite a large amount of success from their initiation. One of the first parishes to throw itself whole-heartedly into the work was the parish of Lurgan; and from the establishment of the Total Abstinence Society there, now a good while back, it has grown to be one of the foremost in Ireland in this regard. Every year finds the movement gaining additional strength and the membership roll becoming more numerous. The advent of the Very Rev. Father McConville, P.P., V.F., was a most happy circumstance as regards the movement, for he immediately set himself to build it up and make it a substantial and enduring institution in the town. His efforts were rewarded with ample and complete success; the growth of the membership testified to his zeal and to the effects which his labors produced upon the Catholic population. Thus as year after year came and went the movement tightened its grasp on the people's affections, and now the local branch of the Total Abstinence Society may well be pointed to as a concrete example of what excellent results will accrue from persistent efforts zealously and enthusiastically directed. On Easter Monday a big juvenile temperance demonstration was held, when the temperance pledge was administered to 1200 children.

CARLOW—A Popular Appointment

Mr. Robert Donovan, B.A., an able and distinguished journalist, has been appointed Professor of English Literature in University College, Dublin, at a salary of £500 a year. His many friends on the press, with whom he is exceedingly popular, heard of Mr. Donovan's good fortune with unfeigned pleasure. He is a native of Leighlinbridge, County Carlow, an historical district which has given many learned men to the services of faith and education, including his Eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney. Mr. Donovan passed with honor through the now defunct Royal University at an early age. He adopted journalism as his profession, and joined the staff of the old *Nation*, of which Mr. T. D. Sullivan was proprietor, and to it he contributed much brilliant matter. Later he was offered and accepted a position as leader-writer on the *Freeman's Journal*, a post which he filled for many years.

CLARE—Expressions of Condolence

The Ennis Board of Guardians on March 23 adjourned as a mark of respect to the memory of Rev. Mother Bernard, of the Ennis Convent of Mercy, who died while staying with her sister, Sister Mary Benedict, the head nurse of the Ennis Workhouse. On the motion of Mr. Meade, a resolution of sympathy and condolence was adopted.

CORK—Slandering the People

Rev. M. B. Kennedy, addressing a United Irish League meeting at Fermoy, severely criticised some of Mr. William O'Brien's recent utterances. Mr. O'Brien, he said, told England that unless the Nationalists gave guarantees to the Protestant minority they need hardly ever see Home Rule. Could a Protestant in the district point to a single instance where his Catholic fellow-citizens ever annoyed him because of his religion? Mr. O'Brien's statement was an insult and an unpardonable outrage. They as Irishmen were prepared to hold out the hand of friendship to every one who was willing to do a man's part in the cause of Ireland. Mr. O'Brien, who uttered these words, chose one of the Protestant members of the Irish Party as a victim for his sledge-hammer. He (Father Kennedy) trusted that at the next General Election the constituencies of County Cork would rescue themselves from the inglorious position they occupied at present.

DUBLIN—A Distinguished Catholic

At Rathgar on April 9 Mr. W. R. J. Molloy, J.P., M.R.I.A., died after a short illness, to the great regret of everyone who knew him. For many years he occupied the position of National School Inspector, and undoubtedly did much for the advancement of primary education. Subsequently he filled the post of Secretary of the Board of National Education, and when he retired on pension he was appointed a Commissioner of that body. All his spare time was devoted to charitable undertakings. He was one of the governors of the Royal Hospital for Incurables, of the Ear and Eye Infirmary, and the hospitals in Meath street and Jervis street, and he was a member of the Catholic Cemeteries Committee; and of the Committee of the Catholic Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Cabra. None of these positions were for Mr. Molloy merely honorary. He bestowed upon them without stint his time, his labor, and his money. He was constant in his attendance as President of the Catholic Prisoners' Aid Society and Vice-President

of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. In these and in other ways he devoted all his so-called leisure to the good of others, enhancing his services by the bright and pleasant manner with which he gave them. He was an ardent, practical Catholic, and his death was made happy by all the sacred consolations of religion and by the humble consciousness of a well-spent life.

Death of a well-known Journalist

The death is announced of Mr. W. J. McDowell, formerly editor of the *Belfast Morning News*, and afterwards of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*. Mr. McDowell, who was a native of Belfast, was connected with Irish journalism from his early years. When the late Mr. Gallagher retired from the editorship of the *Freeman*, Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray, the proprietor of both the *Freeman* and the *Morning News*, invited Mr. McDowell to leave his native city and undertake the editorship of the *Dublin paper*. This position he held for some years until the amalgamation of the *Freeman* and the *National Press* in 1891, when he retired, and devoted himself to commercial life in the capital. During his career as a journalist he made a host of friends amongst Irish pressmen, and his memory survives amongst the older generation as that of a kindly, courteous, and accomplished journalist who held sincere and strong views on public questions, and never gave personal offence in promulgating them.

The Passion Play

The trip which is being organised by the Central Council of the Catholic Young Men's Society to witness the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau next August promises to be most successful. Already places have been booked by prominent Catholics from all parts of Ireland, and the Council are leaving nothing undone for the comforts of the party. Excellent accommodation has been secured at London, Cologne, Munich, and Oberammergau, and special through carriages will be reserved.

GALWAY—Cost of Extra Police

At a meeting of the Roeveagh (County Galway) branch of the U.I.L., held on May 10, Rev. Michael Tully, P.P., presiding, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—'The Tyrone estate dispute being now amicably settled through the kind offices of our revered Bishop, we emphatically protest against the continuance of a large force of police in the district, at an enormous cost to a county already burdened with an impost of about £30,000 for police alone. We are solemnly of opinion that the interests of social order and domestic peace will be best served by restoring the police force of the district to its normal strength.'

An Archaeological Discovery

An interesting archaeological discovery has been made at Ballinahalla, near Moycullen, County Galway. Some workmen in the employ of Mr. James Lardner came upon a complete skeleton, measuring 8ft 5½in, and subsequently unearthed an old sword bearing the following inscription in Gaelic: 'Donach Okeefe. A.D. 1231.'

KILDARE—Fifteen Years over the Century

In connection with the claim put forward recently, on the death of Peggy McGuirk, of Carrickmore, County Tyrone, that 'she was the oldest woman in the United Kingdom,' it is interesting to note (says the *Freeman's Journal*) that the death has just occurred of Mary Tuite, whose age was given on her coffin at 115. Mrs. Tuite, who had lived at Kilmantick, Rathnagan, County Kildare, was buried on April 8. Her reminiscences of well known epochs in local history, the dates of which are easily verified, go to prove that she must have been near this age. She was in full possession of all her faculties to the last, and until the recent illness which resulted in death was remarkably healthy and strong for her years. It may be of interest also to mention that within a few miles of Rathnagan lives a Mrs. Cranley, who is said to have attained the extraordinary age of 124 years.

MAYO—Proposed Sale to Tenants

Captain R. W. Martin, Dunmore House, County Galway, writing to Mr. Joseph Conroy, Parke, in acknowledgment of a petition asking him to sell his property at Chancery, near Castlebar, states that, as the Land Act of last year has facilitated matters, he will have no hesitation in informing the Congested Districts Board that he is a consenting party to a sale of his estate to the tenants.

MEATH—A Fatal Accident

A fatal accident occurred at Slane Castle, County Meath, on April 7, during a cricket match held by the Marquis of Conyngham and a number of guests at the castle. To obtain a good view of the game one of the spectators climbed the castle, from which he fell and was killed instantaneously.

GENERAL

The Linen Trade

At the Dublin Convention of the Irish Linen Manufacturers' Association official reports show that linens figure largely in the remarkable increase in Ireland's export trade with the United States. The figures for the year ending

June 31, 1908, reveal that this trade amounted to £3,517,000, compared with £1,800,000 ten years ago. A greater portion of the trade was in linens, this item alone accounting for £2,000,000. Judging by the latest available returns, the year 1909 probably exceeded the best previous record of Irish exports to America.

A Successful Company

The Irish Catholic Church Property Insurance Company has just issued its annual report. The general revenue for 1909 amounted to £4766 12s. After fire losses and other expenses had been paid, there remains a surplus of £3443 13s 5d. As a result of this satisfactory working, the company is enabled to hand over a sum of £1000 to the Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, to be used by them in accordance with Art. 90 of the company.

Colleges for Women

A memorial to the Senate of the National University of Ireland asking for the recognition of colleges for women in connection with the University is being widely circulated through the country for signatures by the Irish Women Education Association. The circular states that a memorial has been presented to the Senate from the Women Graduates' Association, protesting against the recognition by the University of any college for women, and urging the desirability of imposing on all women graduates the system of co-education as a condition of their being permitted to proceed to the degrees of the University. The memorialists consider that the imposition of such an exclusive system would be undesirable in itself, would shut out from the National University hundreds of students whose exclusion was never contemplated by Parliament, and would inflict a grave injustice on those colleges for women which had hitherto worked zealously and with success in the cause of the higher education of women.

Astounding Revelations

The astounding revelations made by Sir Robert Anderson regarding his share in the authorship of the articles entitled 'Parnellism and Crime' shows more clearly than ever (writes a Dublin correspondent) the character of the campaign conducted at the time for the destruction of the Irish Party. Here was a man whose position in the Criminal Investigation Department brought him into contact with spies and informers drawn from the very lowest strata of humanity, dressing up statements for publication in the *Times* with the object of defaming the character of Irish Nationalists before the world. To say that he sincerely hated the Irish Nationalists is not to offer an excuse that palliates his conduct. The risk, the characters, liberties, and lives of Irish Nationalists were subjected to in those troublesome times, when representatives of so many social elements were in league against them, will scarcely ever be fully known. Time, however, has completely vindicated them, and if it had not already done so, this unexpected confession of Sir Robert Anderson and his public avowal of the part he took in the campaign would do so. Sir Robert Anderson's belief in the innocence of Pigott, the forger, shows how blind hatred of Ireland has got the better of his reason. There is probably no other being in existence who knows the history of the Parnell Commission that has a shadow of doubt on the point. The unfortunate forger himself admitted it. He escaped to the Continent to avoid arrest, and when caught blew out his brains to avoid the consequences of his terrible crime.

The Nationalist Party

Bishops, priests, and people continue (says a Dublin correspondent) to give evidence of their entire confidence in the Irish Party under the leadership of Mr. John Redmond, M.P., and of their unswerving fidelity to the National cause. The Most Rev. Dr. McHugh, Bishop of Derry, following the example set by other prelates, has doubled his usual subscription to the Parliamentary Fund. Writing to Mr. Redmond, he says the conduct of the Irish Party in the present session of Parliament has met with universal approval. Now that the crisis is at hand, the best way in which people can show that they mean what they say is to supply the party with the necessary funds to carry to a successful issue what is really their own fight. This the people are certainly doing, as shown by the fact that already between three and four thousand pounds have been subscribed in a comparatively short space of time, the amount being nearly double that contributed during the corresponding period of last year. Mr. John Roche, M.P., in the course of a letter enclosing £30 from the priests and people of Portumna, which is in the heart of the Clanricarde estate, says the subscription is the largest ever made in the parish for the support of the Irish Party, and coming as it does from a body of Irishmen who have suffered more and gained less than any in Ireland from the land legislation of the past generation, it affords most eloquent and convincing evidence of the intensity of the devotion of the men of the West to the cause of national unity and of their unchanged and unchanging loyalty to the Irish Party. What Mr. Roche so forcibly says of the people of Portumna may be said of Irishmen generally.

WANTED KNOWN—That Bill-heads, Circulars, Cards, Programmes, and General Printing of every description are executed at the *Tablet* Office. Moderate rates.

People We Hear About

Madame Melba entered on her forty-sixth year on May 19.

Major-General Barry's appointment as head of the United States Military Academy at West Point has been reported in the daily press. General Barry is a Catholic, whose work in Cuba has been highly praised. At the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the New York diocese he was chief marshal of the parade.

Mrs. Meynell, the poet and essayist, who is always so charming in whatever she does, is said to be one of the few literary workers who can write in the midst of interruptions and disturbances. Even the immediate presence of children, of whom she has several, does not interfere with her mental serenity. Mrs. Meynell is a lady of charming and unassuming manners and a most devout Catholic.

Mr. Thomas F. Walsh, the business partner of the late King Leopold, died at Washington, U.S.A., on April 9. Mr. Walsh's career has been phenomenal. He was born at Clonmel in 1851, and went to America as a steerage passenger in 1870. Beginning as a day laborer in the streets of Boston, he became a millwright and carpenter, and went to Colorado, where he followed the occupation of a contractor. He built several hotels, and finally managed one at Leadville, where he soon became known for his liberality. He would not press for payment of bills from unfortunate prospectors, telling them to pay when luck came their way. As a result he was given an interest in many mining claims. Seventeen years after arriving in America he announced his intention to retire and live on the fortune he had accumulated. An unfortunate investment rendered him poor, and he started again. Having studied mining scientifically, he became impressed with the possibilities of the Camp Bird Mine, 12,000 feet above sea level. Experts who examined its prospects unanimously agreed that the mine was worthless. Mr. Walsh contended that the best ore bodies are found on high altitudes. In three years he produced gold worth £600,000. An English syndicate is reported to have offered £7,000,000 for the mine, which Mr. Walsh refused. He sold part of his interest for nearly £3,000,000. At the Paris Exposition in 1900, Mr. Walsh met King Leopold, who wanted him to manage his Congo properties. Mr. Walsh refused, but the two became associated in gold mines.

With Mr. Dillon and Mr. Swift MacNeill both away ill, the Nationalist Party (says the *Manchester Guardian*) loses for the time much of its power over the eye and ear of the House. The two have sat together for many years on the bench below Mr. Redmond, and Mr. Dillon, in addition to his own work, has officiated usefully as a kind of moderator to the learned friend at his right or left elbow. Mr. Swift MacNeill, a most sincere and learned publicist, takes his politics very much to heart, and it is a common thing to see Mr. Dillon lay a hand on his arm when he wishes to accompany an unsympathetic speech with a more liberal measure of comment and ejaculation than the rules of Parliament allow. In all these matters of Parliamentary usage Mr. Dillon moves with a certain instinct which comes of aptitude perfected by the training of years. Dillon is the brain of the Nationalist Party. He has taught many Liberals all that they know about foreign politics, and he will often intervene with authority when the leaders are discussing among themselves some intricate point in the working of the Parliamentary machine. To see him read his daily paper, underline and annotate it with a pencil from his pocket, is a lesson in the art of mastering public affairs as they change from day to day. The men who learned public affairs under Mr. Parnell, and still play a part, are growing very few, and events have taken them far apart from one another, but they still have some characteristics in common. They all protest as Home Rulers against being kept at Westminster, and most of them have on occasion been suspended for a time for breaking the rules, but in the minor matters of Parliamentary law they are all marked by a propriety as of the Scribes and Pharisees. Mr. Dillon, for example, in his black morning coat and sober tie dresses exactly as Parliamentarians are supposed but not always found in dress. He wears his silk hat in the House, following the custom which was once more commonly observed than it is to-day, and nobody ever sees Mr. Swift MacNeill or Mr. Tim Healy or Mr. T. P. O'Connor in anything but clothes of a most formal cut. Mr. William O'Brien is more unconventional in tweed clothes and a soft hat. Mr. Redmond and his brother come down to the House from their homes at Earl's Court in overcoats and bowler hats, Mr. W. Redmond smoking a pipe as he travels on the Underground, but they always leave their hats outside the House itself, and Mr. John Redmond likes a frock coat for an important speech. In the early morning Mr. John Redmond may be seen riding in Rotten Row, looking a much less dangerous and revolutionary person than many of his critics take him to be.

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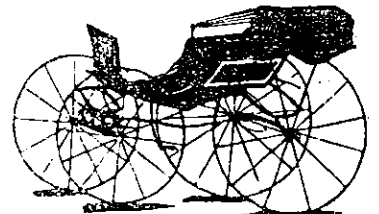
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The Catholic World

ENGLAND—Ushaw College

The Rev. W. H. Brown, Vice-President of St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, has been appointed President in succession to the late Monsignor Corbishley.

Catholic Truth Society

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, presided at the annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of England held in London. The report showed a striking record of progress.

The Liverpool Riots

Orangeism in Liverpool (says the *Universe*) asked for an official inquiry as to the alleged partisan conduct of the police in dealing with religious disturbances in that city. The inquiry was duly held, and Mr. Ashton, K.C., who conducted it, has just issued his report, a report which makes unpleasant reading for the bigots. During the course of the inquiry, Mr. Wise, for the Protestant party, withdrew his charges against the Chief Constable, after having made a number of significant admissions in the box. In the report just issued, Mr. Ashton not only completely exonerates the Liverpool police—whose conduct, he finds, was characterised by humanity and restraint—but he also administers a pretty severe drubbing to Mr. Wise. The Commissioner finds that this person's offensive utterances at open-air meetings aroused enmity of the deepest kind towards himself on the part of the Catholics, who were entitled to hold Mr. Wise responsible. The report, in substance, amounts to a declaration that Wiseite conduct was the cause of the Liverpool disturbances. Mr. Ashton recommends legislative action that will give power to the police to deal with processions and other demonstrations, in which event we may hope for the prevention, by police action, of some of the violent and disgraceful attacks upon harmless religious gatherings that have been part of the sport of Orangeism in Liverpool for some time past. Catholics may regard Mr. Ashton's findings in this respect as distinctly satisfactory.

GERMANY The Kaiser and his Catholic Subjects

The recent attempt (says the *Catholic Times*) to revive the penal clauses of the Emancipation Act are a rather painful reminder of the ignorance and the intolerant sentiments still prevailing amongst some classes of the British people. The part taken by members of the German Imperial Family in the Catholic function at Jerusalem on Sunday, April 10, is a proof that the British have much to learn from the Germans. The ceremony was the consecration of a new Catholic church on Mount Zion. The site was presented free to the German Catholics by the Kaiser. As they raised the walls of the church he watched the undertaking with sympathy, and the service on Sunday was attended not only by a great number of Catholic pilgrims—over a thousand Germans, Austrians, and Swiss—and by the Princes George and Conrad of Bavaria, but also by Prince and Princess Eitel Friederich. Prince Eitel was present, with the others, at the Mass which was celebrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Müller, Assistant-Bishop of Cologne, representing Cardinal Fischer, and afterwards his Royal Highness at a reception given to the Knights of Malta, handed to the Benedictines in charge of the church and the adjoining monastery a portrait presented by the Kaiser.

ITALY—Superior General of the Salesians

The death of Don Rua, Superior-General of the Salesians, has elicited from the Holy Father a letter conveying his cordial sympathy to that Congregation.

Resigns His See

The formal resignation of the archiepiscopal See of Lucca by his Eminence Cardinal Lorenzelli into the hands of the Pope is an action which the Cardinal had contemplated for a long time prior to his recent visit to Rome. Before accepting the resignation the Holy Father tried to induce Cardinal Lorenzelli to continue in a See which had prospered under his care, both spiritually and temporarily; but no argument of the Pope could dissuade him from a course which his state of health imperatively required, and Pius X. at length gave a reluctant consent. The See of Lucca is therefore vacant, and its late Archbishop remains in Rome as one of the Cardinals of the Curia, to serve on the Congregations of the Index, of Studies, and of the Propaganda. From Rome Cardinal Lorenzelli has addressed to the clergy and faithful of Lucca a letter of farewell, in which he eulogises both for their faith and religious lives. His Eminence expresses deep regret at having to abandon the diocese, but points out that the course is inevitable, seeing that for seven years he has been able to make his pastoral visitation only twice. He returns thanks publicly to the Bishop of Pieve, who fulfilled this duty for him.

ROME—The Holy Father and the Earthquake Fund

I have already informed your readers (writes the Rome correspondent of the *Catholic Times*) that the Holy Father has allowed to be published a balance sheet of the subscriptions he received for the relief of those who suffered by

the Calabria earthquake of last Christmas twelvemonths. But that was in Italian. But now an English translation is available. It has been done by a well-known scholar and writer, is published by Pustet at Rome and New York, and can be obtained from any bookseller for the small price of 1s 6d. This is not a balance sheet only. It is a very readable account of the great disaster, given in elegant and descriptive language; and it will stand always as a genuine historical record both of the earthquake which cast ruin over the whole face of a lovely land in a few minutes, and of the beneficence which rushed spontaneously to repair the damage. The volume contains about 80 pages in quarto, delightfully printed, and illustrated by more than 50 photographs. But the great tale which it reveals is that the Pope received £273,999 18s 9½d from the benevolent of all nations, and that he spent over and above that sum, £10,473 6s 9½d, out of his own purse, helped by the Society of the 'Gioventù Cattolica.' We learn also that he has arranged for the support of 511 orphans for ten years, during which they will be educated and taught trades, and enabled to earn their own living. These are but a few items. In all, the Pope distributed aid between nine different works for the relief of the suffering, and for the reconstruction of schools, churches, orphanages, etc. That is one side of the picture which this publication presents. Let us see the reverse. It is a blank—the absence of any balance sheet, or of any definite account whatever on the part of Italian Government officials to whose charge were committed enormous sums of money from England, America, Australia, and from all countries. We may be also certain that no definite account will ever be forthcoming from those same gentlemen to whose providential care the administration of Italian finances are committed. The only account we have so far had of what has been done with the subscriptions which they got for the relief of the disaster has been the eloquent, suggestive, if rather indefinite, one that has come to us from the wrangling and accusations launched by members across the Chamber of Deputies at one another. These charges let the public into the secret at any rate, that something is wrong, and that the subscriptions sent by the benevolent sympathy of the world have not reached their destiny. To me personally, and to many besides me, the few pages of figures at the end of the book, taken from the Holy Father's Account Book, is the most interesting part of the publication; and the part which will be least welcome to the Italian Government. It must also be an unpleasant reminder to those who had their subscriptions transmitted to the 'patriots' who guide the destinies of Italy at present. Many American non-Catholics were wide-awake in time; sniffed the rumors early set afloat by newspaper correspondents, and sent their subscriptions to the Pope. They were wise in their generation.

The Pope and the Catholic Press

The *Civiltà Cattolica*, the well-known Catholic periodical conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, has just entered on the sixtieth year of its existence. The Holy Father has addressed a cordial and most encouraging letter to the writers, his 'beloved sons,' and bestowed on them the Apostolic Blessing. They have, he says, faithfully and firmly devoted themselves to the defence and promotion of Catholic doctrine, and he recognises that their zeal for the Divine glory needs no stimulus.

RUSSIA—The Result of Toleration

In Russia before the edict of toleration (says *Rome*) even Austrian subjects of the Greek Uniate rite were compelled by the Government to receive the sacraments from the ministers of the Russian schismatic Church. But a great change has taken place since the Duma promulgated the law on freedom of religious worship. The Russian Synod, and the Russian governors in many provinces of the immense Empire have hitherto succeeded in frustrating this law to a great extent, and the provisions of it are still a dead letter for many millions of Russian subjects, but the truth is becoming known gradually and the law is producing its fruit. According to the most recent statistics, the number of persons who have abandoned Orthodoxy for other religions, or for no religion at all, since the promulgation of religious liberty amounts to the large figure of 301,450. Of these the great majority, 233,800, have become Catholics. Lutheranism, although widely diffused in the Western Provinces, has gained only 14,500 adherents. On the other hand, 50,000 Orthodox Russians have passed to Mahomedanism, 3400 to Buddhism, 400 to the Jewish religion, and 150 to idolatry. The gains to the Catholic Church consist mainly of Poles, Lithuanians, and Ukrainians, whom the pressure of the Russian laws had forced into the Orthodox Russian Church.

SCOTLAND—Charitable Bequests

The will of Miss Catherine James Brownlee, of Glasgow, contains many bequests to Glasgow charities. These include £300 each to the Franciscan Convent and St. Joseph's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul Society; £600 each to the Good Shepherd Convent, Dalbeth, and the Convent of the Little Sisters of the Poor; £500 to the Catholic Prisoners' Aid Society, to Nazareth House, and to St. Mary of Egypt's Home; £400 to the Sister of Charity; and £200 to the poor of Carlisle.

UNITED STATES—A Case of Revenge

In revenge for the activities of the pastor, Rev. Anthony Cerruti, in the prosecution of the Black Hand, mem-

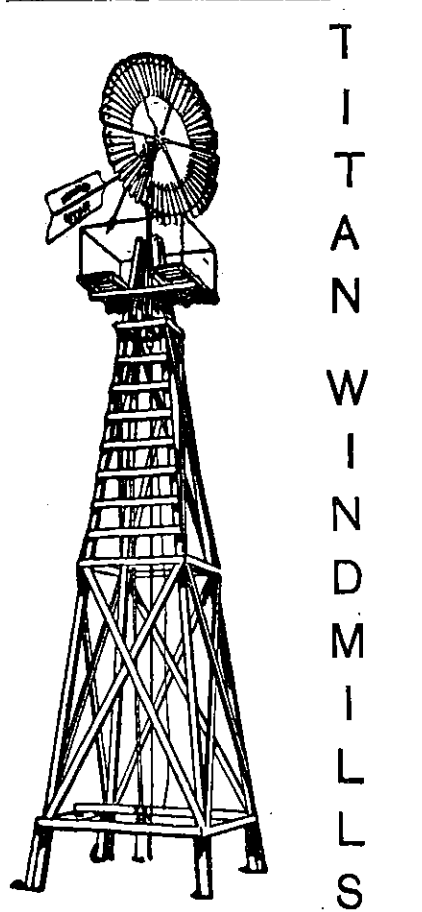
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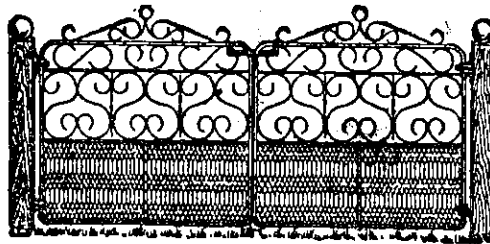


FIG. 19.

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| 11 ft. " | - | - | 75/- |
| 12 ft. " | - | - | 80/- |

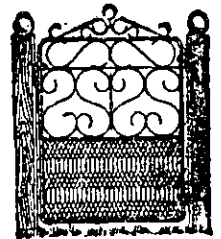


FIG. 18.

SINGLE WALK GATE.

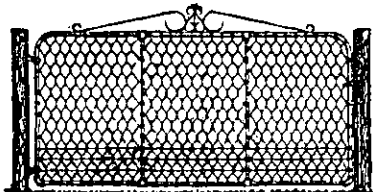
Opening—

| | | |
|--------------------|---|------|
| 3 ft., with Scroll | - | 24/6 |
| 3 1/2 ft. " | - | 26/- |
| 4 ft. " | - | 27/6 |
| 5 ft. " | - | 35/- |

Any size made. Always give distance between posts. For more elaborate designs see Catalogue No. 8, sent free on application.

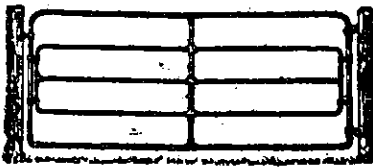
METAL GATES, 4ft. High.

Woven Gates.



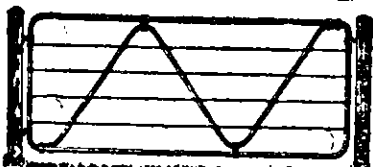
8ft., 30/- 10 ft., 33/6 11 ft., 37/- 12 ft., 40/-
SCROLL EXTRA—8ft. to 10ft. 5/-; 11ft to 12ft., 7/6

Bar Gates.



10ft., 37/8 11ft., 41/- 12ft., 45/-
SCROLLS EXTRA, as above.

"N" Gates, with 5 Wires.



10ft., 25/- 11ft., 27/8 12ft., 30/-
Extra Wires, 1/- each. We recommend 6 Wires for Sheep.

BAR and "N" Gates can be made Rabbit-proof by adding wire netting. Illustrations and Prices in No. 8 Catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

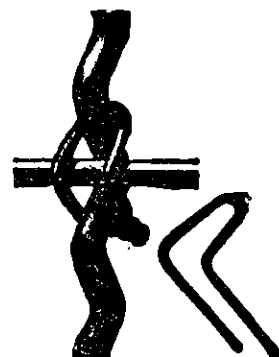
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The most Effective and Cheapest form of Dropper on the Market. Quickly and effectively secured.

A PERFECT STAY AND POST SAVER.

They will add years of life to an old fence, and save posts or standards in erecting new fences.

Samples Free on application.



FENCE DROPPER WITH LOOP.
(Any Length Made)

| | |
|-----------------------|-------|
| No. 6 Gauge per 1000. | |
| 28 in. | 56/- |
| 30 " | 60/- |
| 36 " | 72/- |
| 40 " | 80/- |
| 44 " | 88/- |
| 48 " | 96/- |
| 54 " | 108/- |
| No. 4 Gauge per 1000. | |
| 28 in. | 84/- |
| 30 " | 90/- |
| 36 " | 108/- |
| 40 " | 120/- |
| 44 " | 132/- |
| 48 " | 144/- |
| 54 " | 162/- |

Loops, 8d. per lb; 42/- cwt.

1,000 Loops weigh 5 lb.

PINCERS—FOR TWISTING ON—1/8 PAIR

Cyclone Fence and Gate Co., 24 MONTREAL STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.

WHEN WRITING, ADDRESS DEPARTMENT T.

bers of the society set fire to the Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Carbondale, Pa. The church was destroyed, and the loss is estimated at 50,000 dollars.

Arrival of Catholic Immigrants

A number of Catholics from Holland arrived in New York recently on their way to Minnesota, where they will establish a Catholic colony under the direction of Bishop McGoldrick. The colonists were accompanied by three priests of their own nationality.

A Tercentenary

The tercentennial anniversary of the first baptism of a Micmac Indian—that of Chief Membertou in 1610, whose conversion to Christianity at the age of 100 was followed soon by the Baptism of all his tribe—will be held at Restigouche, N.B., on June 24, and will be one of the most elaborate religious ceremonies in the history of the district.

THE CHURCH IN VICTORIA

Preaching in St. Patrick's Cathedral on the feast of Pentecost his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne said that on Pentecost Sunday, May 19, 1839, that is seventy-one years ago, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time in Melbourne. It was offered by the only priest in the Port Phillip settlement, as the district was then called. It was offered in an unroofed store at the corner of Elizabeth and Little Collins street, where the Colonial Bank now stands. The priest who offered the first Mass, and planted the first grain of spiritual mustard seed was the Rev. Patrick Bonaventure Geoghegan, who built and ministered in St. Francis' Church till his consecration as Bishop of Adelaide in 1859. Melbourne was then, and for nine years afterwards, a part of the ecclesiastical Province of Sydney. It had but one priest, no nuns, no teaching Brothers, no church, no schools, no convent, no presbytery, no religious, educational, or charitable institution of any kind.

In order to estimate the significance of this seventy-first centenary celebration, we have only briefly to compare the present state of things with that which existed on Pentecost Sunday, 1839. For the purposes of comparison we may arrange the terms under four heads:—1, churches and presbyteries; 2, priests, nuns, and Brothers; 3, schools and pupils; 4, charitable institutions. First, under the head of churches, instead of that rented and unroofed store, we have in this diocese 168 churches, in the diocese of Ballarat 140, in Sandhurst 105, in the diocese of Sale 48; total, 461. These churches are all, or nearly all, well placed, well built, and well equipped. Those who went before us showed remarkable foresight and artistic taste in the selection of sites. I need only refer to this Cathedral and to the churches which can be easily seen from its tower—St. Francis' (the mother church), St. Ignatius', Richmond; St. John the Baptist's, Clifton Hill; St. George's, Carlton; St. Michael's, North Melbourne, St. Mary's, West Melbourne. What is true of Melbourne is characteristic of almost all the churches and presbyteries throughout Victoria. Then, consider the cost—£230,000 for this Cathedral alone, and for the other cathedrals and churches sums not easily computed.

Under the head of priests, nuns, and Brothers, instead of that one priest in 1839 we have now in this diocese 150 priests, in Ballarat 73, in Sandhurst 40, and in Sale 19; total, 282. We have in this diocese 851 nuns, in Ballarat 221, in Sandhurst 200, and in Sale 65; total, 1337. Of Brothers we have 54, in Ballarat there are 17, in Sandhurst 6; total, 77. In this diocese we have 143 schools, in Ballarat there are 81, in Sandhurst 51, in Sale 11; total, 286. In these schools between 35,000 and 40,000 children are educated. Finally, in Melbourne we have 14 charitable institutions of various kinds, in Ballarat there are 2, in Sandhurst 1; total, 17. These afford shelter and succor to most kinds of human want and misery. Instead of the Catholic population of 2073 seventy years ago we have now a total population of 264,189.

Is not this a wonderful record of progress and development more eloquent than words can express? What adds to the wonder is that it has been accomplished by the poorest section of the community, by those who in large numbers had to leave Ireland while the pressure of bad laws and the shadow of a great famine were still on the land. For thirty-five years, too, that section of the community has had to bear the expense of building and maintaining their own schools, while contributing their full share towards the support of the State schools.

SAFEST FOR CHILDREN.

An exceedingly successful remedy for coughs and colds. TUSSICURA, the world-wide remedy for coughs, colds, and chronic chest and lung troubles.

TUSSICURA cures the worst cough.

Quick relief.

Sure relief.

Cheap relief.

For this relief—many thanks.

Contains no narcotic or harmful ingredient.

To the thousands of sickly, run-down, nervous, full-of-pain and suffering men and women, we recommend with all honesty and confidence this true friend, 'Dr. Ensor's TAMER JUICE.'

Domestic

By MAUREEN

Home-made Lavender Water.

This refreshing scent is easily manufactured at home at a very small cost. Take half a pint of rectified spirit, two drachms of essential oil of lavender, and five drops of otto of roses. Shake well together until properly mixed, and keep in a well-corked bottle.

Flower Vases.

These are often knocked over because they are top-heavy. To prevent accidents, put a few pebbles or some sand at the bottom of vases when putting flowers into them. The weight will prevent the vase tipping over easily, and the pebbles often are a help in arranging flowers, as they hold the stems in position.

Good Fires.

Every one likes to see a blazing fire in cold weather, but this generally means heavy coal bills. It always pays in the end to buy good coal, for not only does it make a clearer fire, but it leaves fewer ashes. A handful of common salt thrown into the fire occasionally makes a cheerful blaze and lessens the consumption of coal.

To Fill Cracks in Floors.

Make a paste composed of one tablespoonful of alum and 1lb of flour. Into this pour two quarts of boiling water, and stir over the fire until it boils. Then tear newspaper into small pieces, and mix into the paste until it is as thick as putty. Press warm into the cracks. When it hardens it is like paper-mache.

How to Clean a White Straw Hat.

Mix lemon juice with powdered sulphur in a saucer, and apply it to the hat with a small brush, then rinse in clean cold water and wipe with a dry cloth. This treatment will not only clean, but will also whiten sunburnt straw. Dry in the shade. If a sailor hat, lay it on a table or board to keep the brim flat.

To Soften the Hands.

Melt half a pound of mutton suet, loz camphor, loz glycerine, then strain and stir till cool. Rub the hands with this at night; it will make them white and soft. To free the hands from disagreeable odors, such as that of onions, cod-liver oil, etc., mix a little ground dry mustard with warm water, and wash the hands well with it. The saucers of scales or vessels used in cooking can be freed from odors in the same way.

Concerning Rice.

Rice swells very much in cooking, hence it should always be boiled in a large saucepan and with plenty of water. Rice from Carolina swells more than Patna rice, and so requires more water. If rice is boiled too slowly, or for too long a time, the result will be a sticky mass, very inappetising in appearance. To give rice room enough to boil and swell properly, not more than 1½oz should be cooked in a quart saucepan. If more rice is required, choose a larger pan. The pan should be three parts full of water. A few drops of lemon juice should be added to rice for boiling to preserve the whiteness. A few grains of rice will generally stick to the pan however carefully it is cooked; to remove these, put a small part of butter in the pan, and as it melts the grains will fall away.

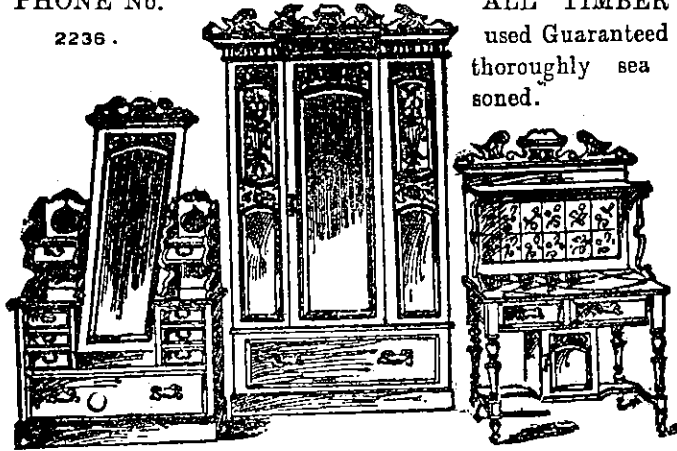
Fighting the Dust.

Science has proved that in a single speck of dust that floats through the air and is visible to the naked eye, nearly a million germs of disease make their home. If all housewives knew this would they not fight the dust-demon the harder? This brings before them the most serious problem of how to keep the house rid of a vehicle which tends to carry tuberculosis, typhoid, diphtheria, pneumonia, and other diseases into our bodies. It is true that during the winter, when the streets are either snow-covered or dampened most of the time, there is not much dust in the air. Whenever dry and sunshine-spreading days follow those of snow or rain that much more malignant dust is to be fought. The abatement that snow or rain might bring serves only to allow the virulent germs to multiply many times over and makes the question of getting rid of the dust all the more serious and troublesome. There is very little dust produced within the house itself. Most of it comes through cracks and crevices which the housewife little suspects. The idea of getting rid of this pestilence, as it well might be called, is not to be accomplished by keeping the furniture well dusted and the carpets well swept, having the ceiling and the walls brushed down.

Maureen

For Chronic Chest Complaints,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure, 1/6, 2/6.

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OREPUKI.

KIERAN D'ARCY.....Proprietor.

Mr. D'Arcy wishes to inform his friends and the public that
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a thorough renovating from floor to ceiling, and now offers
unrivalled accommodation to tourists, visitors, and travellers.
The bedrooms are well and comfortably furnished, and the fittings
are all that could be desired.

Travellers called in time for early trains.
The Wines and Spirits are of the Best Procurable Brands.
Good Stabling. Horses and Buggies for Hire.
Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

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WEAR STRAW HATS,

with band and bow of ribbon velvet. Colors—Burnt
brown, green, violet. Price, 4/11; well worth 8/6
Ladies' Smart Trimmed Felt Hats, 5/11; these are
well worth double.

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Stockinette Bloomers, 1/9

Special Quality Long Tweed Coats, 10/6; worth 21/
Black Cashmerette Hose, winter weight, 2 pairs for 1/2
Colored Moreen Underskirts, 1/11½

Ladies' Black Cloth Dress Skirts, 4/6; well cut and
well made; worth 6/11.

We are at all times anxious to please you in every
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Science Siftings

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Art of Papermaking.

In the matter of making and using paper we are not in line with the Chinese and other Asiatics, who not only make the finest paper in the world, but apply it to all sorts of uses, making window panes, fans, umbrellas, sandals, and even cloaks and other garments of it. The art of making paper from mulberry bast is said to have been invented in China in the second century B.C. Afterward bamboo shoots, straw, grass, and other materials were also used. The manufacture spread to the adjacent countries. The Arabs learned it in Samerkand, and their learned men carefully kept secret the process by which they made paper for their own use. The crusades made Europe acquainted with the art, and the first paper mill in Germany dates from the twelfth century.

The Art of Making a Billiard Ball.

Few persons who wield a billiard cue are aware of the time, trouble, and expense of making the ivory spheres. The billiard ball in its natural state is the principal means of defence for an elephant. In time the elephant falls a victim to the venturesome hunter and he parts with his tusks, which are the most valuable of all his possessions to commerce. Most of the tusks find their way to London, which is the greatest sales market for ivory.

In the window of one of the large manufactories of billiard balls in that city lies a tusk about two feet long. It was purchased some years ago, and while being sawn in two the saw came in contact with an obstruction. It proved to be a rifle bullet, which had penetrated the elephant's tusk when quite young, for the whole inside had a decayed appearance.

There are different kinds of ivory, and only the finer kinds are suitable for making billiard balls. The best comes from the small tusks, which are from four to six inches in diameter at the thickest end. They are sawn into blocks, each section being large enough to allow of the turning of a single ball.

The factories devoted to the billiard ball industry in England usually receive the ivory in this shape, the sections being marked so that the turners know from what part of the tusk each piece comes, and in this way can calculate as to its grain and quality. It takes a long time to produce a perfect billiard ball, and only skilled labor is employed.

The exact centre of the ball is first discovered by means of measurement. The block is then placed in a socket, and one-half of the ball is turned by an instrument made of the finest and sharpest edged steel. The half-turned ball is then hung up in a net for a while; then the second half is turned and the ball hung up as before in a room, the temperature of which is kept from sixty to seventy degrees.

The roughly-turned ball is kept in this position about a year. Then comes the polishing, whitening, etc. A good deal of hard rubbing is also necessary, as the ball, before being used, should be as near a certain weight as possible and measure two and three-eighths inches in diameter. It has been found impossible to get two balls exactly the same weight. Very often they will be heavier on one side than on the other, and frequently they split right through the centre. This is due to decay.

The price of ivory for making billiard balls has greatly increased within the last few years, and the demand exceeds the supply.

Not until after it has been placed on the table is the real life of the billiard ball shown. The pores of the ivory may close, and then, if the ball is kept in a hot room, it is likely to crack, or it may crack by reason of concussion with other balls. This is one of the great difficulties to contend against. To overcome this the balls should be kept in as even a temperature as possible.

When a billiard ball is first used it occupies the first rank. A crack may soon be exposed, and then it is returned to the factory. The nick is shaved off and it comes back slightly smaller in size. It may then find its way into some second-rate billiard room. After some more hard usage it is again returned to the factory, and comes forth again much reduced in size, and probably becomes a cue ball in pool.

After it is found to be practically useless for the purposes for which it was originally made it is bought by dealers in bone and ivory and the ball is then turned into buttons or burned and used in the making of ivory black.

I've had a 'close shave,' the barber exclaimed,

To the policeman while fixing his strops,

I've had influenza, and I feel quite ashamed

To say that they fed me on 'slops.'

'Twas a "hair-breadth escape," the bobby replied;

'Your life was nearly "cut short."

Without Woods' Peppermint Cure I might have "dyed"

Was the barber's final retort.

Intercolonial

In Victoria at the recent Federal contest 66.53 per cent. of the voters went to the poll, as against 56.73 in the election of 1906.

The balance sheet of the St. Patrick's Day celebration in Melbourne was published the other day. The receipts were £834, and the expenditure £592.

The Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Geraldton, has left for his *ad limina* visit to Rome. During his absence the diocese will be in charge of Dean Draync.

The Rev. J. A. Carr, Adm., and the Rev. J. W. O'Meehan, B.D., of the diocese of Galway, are at present in Victoria appealing for funds for the erection of a new Cathedral in Galway.

The costly alterations which are shortly to be carried out at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Ballarat, at the expense of Mr. T. Loughlin, K.S.G., will include a new organ gallery, the erection of a porch at the main entrance to the edifice, the completion of the sanctuary, the retiling of the floor, and reseating the Cathedral.

The death of Mrs. Mary Quinlan, widow of Mr. Francis Quinlan, who was for some years a County Court Judge in Victoria, is announced. Mrs. Quinlan was the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Michael Lynch, of Hawthorn, Victoria. Mr. Quinlan died in February last of heart failure at Clevedon, Somerset.

The news of the death of the Very Rev. Father Conmee, S.J., whose genial presence was welcomed in many circles in Australia about two years ago, was cabled to St. Ignatius' College, Riverview (says the *Freeman's Journal*). The Very Rev. Father Conmee was born on December 25, 1847, and entered the Society of Jesus on October 8, 1867. He was professed on February 2, 1886. He was Provincial of the Irish Province for four years, and at the time of his death was Rector of Milltown Park Jesuit College, Dublin. Deceased was for many years promoter of the cause of the Irish Martyrs.

Captain W. H. T. Brown, of Hobart, who is wearing a black and purple rosette on account of the death of King Edward (remarks the *Advocate*), says that he wore a similar rosette on the death of the late King's father, Prince Albert. Captain Brown brought the first news of the death of Prince Albert, in 1861, to Australia. He was then commanding his father's barque, the *Thomas Brown*, and was with her at Mauritius when a steamer from England brought news of the Prince Consort's death. Captain Brown left at once, and, having a fast ship and a fair wind, beat the mail steamer to Melbourne. At Port Melbourne he gave the news of the death and burial of the Prince to a reporter of the *Argus*, who hoarded the ship, and soon special editions of that paper were on the streets. The news created a great sensation in Melbourne. Captain Brown was for many years a member of the Tasmanian Legislature. Two years ago he was received into the Catholic Church.

Mother Columba Boylan, of the Dominican Convent, Cabra, Clarence Park, Adelaide, whose death was announced last week, had been closely identified with every step in the progress of her Order in South Australia. Thirty-five years ago (says the *Catholic Press*) she arrived in that State with the first band of Dominican religious, numbering in all five. In the aggregate she occupied the position of Prioress for 27 years, being sub-Prioress during the intervening eight years. The South Australian foundation, which to-day numbers 50 nuns in five communities, was founded from the mother-house at Cabra, Dublin, where the late Mother Columba became a student at the age of thirteen, and entered the Order when her education was finished. Archbishop O'Reilly and a number of priests assisted at the solemn obsequies in the convent chapel, and his Grace officiated at the grave in the private cemetery of the nuns. Among the telegrams of condolence received by the nuns was one from his Eminence the Cardinal.

His Grace the Archbishop of Hobart, speaking at the re-opening of St. Monica's Church, Essendon, Victoria, showed how hollow is the cry that opposition to purely secular education comes only from the clergy. He gave this striking proof to the contrary:—When the Education Act came into force, the then Father Hoyne told the people of Essendon that he would come to the church twice a week to impart religious instruction to the Catholic children. He attended for the purpose, but not a Catholic child was there to receive instruction; and on the following Sunday he told the congregation at Essendon that there was no use in going there if the children were not present. After Mass the whole congregation waited for him outside the church, and one of them said that no Catholic children would ever attend the State school—that the parents were prepared to provide the salary for a Catholic teacher. Dean Hoyne thereupon re-opened the Catholic school at Essendon, and it had never been closed since.

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house furnishing may be
obtained at lowest prices

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Wellington

The Family Circle

BEING A BOY

Sometimes to be a boy's no fun,
For, if you notice, every one
Expects a boy can get along
And won't take nothin', ever wrong!
The other folks—now, ain't this true?—
Of course, must be attended to
And give their choice and asked polite,
But boys—'they get along all right!'

When we go visitin' some place where
They ain't got beds enough to spare,
They fix the sofa up for me!
'Twill do him nicely,' ma says—gee!
Or when we've company, likes as not
I'm tucked off on a wobbly cot
Jes' anywhere that's out of sight!
But boys—'they get along all right!'

Or when we drive I'm crowded in
Till I'm all squeeze out good and thin—
'You don't need much room, do you, Roy?'
And I say, no, 'cause I'm a boy!
And at the table (jes' like bed),
When things don't even up, plain bread
And butter does my appetite,
For boys—'they get along all right!'

The boy, he draws the hardest seat,
Or hops round dodgin' people's feet,
You can't hurt him with lumpy springs
Or old cots or other things!
He's built to fit in anywhere,
And what he eats, why, he don't care
Jes' so it's fodder—not a mite!
For boys—'they get along all right!'

THE YOUNG BUGLER

It was a summer day nearly seventy years ago. Two forces faced each other on a battlefield of Northern Africa; one, a detachment of the French army, that had already driven the Turks and Arabs from Algiers and subdued a large part of the country; the other the Arabs under the famous Arab chief and leader, Abd-el-Kader. Among the French was a young soldier, hardly more than a boy, a bugler in the Chasseurs d'Orleans.

The battle was one of the most desperate in French history, for the Arabs, smarting under numerous defeats, were impelled both by the fanaticism of their religion, their hatred for the French, and their desire for independence. The battle was at its height when, like a cyclone, the fiery Arabs charged the young bugler's regiment, and like leaves of corn they went down before the terrific onset, leaving only eighty standing. There was a second charge and but fifteen remained. A third, and young Rolland with his bugle stood alone, a prisoner.

Hastily he was brought before Abd-el-Kader; though the battle had so sorely gone against them, there yet remained French soldiers on the field, and, as Abd-el-Kader well knew, these would fight him till the bitter end. Leaning from his beautiful white charger, fierce-eyed and grim, he questioned the lad: 'Is there no tune you blow which makes your countrymen give up the battle?'

'Yes,' admitted Rolland, 'there is.'

'Then blow it,' came the sharp command, 'or your life is forfeit.'

The blood rushed to Rolland's cheek. Sound the retreat, never! He was on the point of throwing down his bugle and telling them to take his life, when a sudden thought came to him. A light shone in his eyes, a smile touched his face. If he died his last breath should be for France, and stepping out, he lifted the bugle to his lips, and loud and clear sounded—not the call to retreat, but to charge! Over the battlefield it rang. The French soldiers, dispirited, shattered, beaten back, heard the call. Surely then all was not lost. With fresh heart and courage they rallied at the command, the tide of battle turned, the bugle call had saved the day!

Rolland's life did not pay the forfeit, whether the Arabs failed to understand, or Abd-el-Kader, in the stress of the renewed conflict, forgot the obscure young bugler. But later in the day, when he was hurried away with his captors in their flight, he had the happiness of hearing from them that the French had, after all, won the day. Eight long months as a prisoner followed, and when at last released and returned to his own country, Rolland, to his surprise, found himself hailed as a hero, and a decoration awaiting him—the greatest prize a French soldier can possess, the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

That was sixty-six years ago. Rolland still lives, an old man of eighty-eight, a large part of whose life has been spent in the peaceful round of postman in his native village. But France has never forgotten, and only lately another reward has come. He has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor, in remembrance of the splendid deed of his young manhood, when he counted duty more than life.

THE RARE GIFT OF COURTESY

Courtesy includes not merely social kindness, graces of speech, absence of rudeness, but honorable treatment of all business associates, and of all the fellow-citizens with whom a man of affairs may have business to transact. It is not courtesy to keep one citizen waiting all day at the door because he is poor, and to grant another citizen an interview because it is believed he is rich. Wisdom is not confined in a purse, and frequently much wisdom may be learned from a poor man.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE

'The mind is a marvellous thing,' said Professor Zachariah Terwilliger to his psychology class. His lecture and its sequel are printed in the *New York Sun*. 'Let us consider,' went on the worthy sage, 'the process expressed in the good old homely phrase, "making up one's mind." I am on the threshold of an important decision. What I determine to do may have a grave bearing on my future. First I ponder over the matter carefully. I look at it in every aspect, examining it searchingly in all lights, from all angles. By the indefinable processes of reasoning I arrive at a certain conclusion. But that is not all.

'As a man of discretion it behooves me to secure counsel. I listen carefully to judgments, noting zealously each person's individual bias. Then I assort and catalogue these outside opinions.

'I next step aside psychically and view the array. Having, as I modestly beg to claim, a plastic though notably individual mind, I am able thus to project myself into the personalities of others and view my own impressions and my own status as they might view them. This, young gentlemen, is an especially valuable exercise. I urge you to cultivate the faculty.

'Finally, I give one last, sweeping survey to the whole subject. Then I decide; my mind is made up irrevocably. No stress, no threats could alter that decision; no cajolery, no urging could modify it. For, next to moderation and open-mindedness, there is nothing so valuable as firmness.

'This illustration has been taken from actuality. I have come to an unalterable decision.'

The students departed much impressed. The professor, in a glow of self-satisfaction, sought his home. Mrs. Terwilliger met him at the door.

'Zachariah,' she said, 'have you made up your mind on that matter?'

'Yes, my dear, I have thought it over and decided to say no.'

'Really!' There was a touch of irony in the good lady's tone. 'Well, I've thought it over, too, and I've decided you must accept. It would be nonsense to—' Mrs. Terwilliger's aspect was ominous.

'Very well, my dear,' interjected the professor, quickly and meekly. 'All right; do not let us have any words. Of course I shall accept; of course.'

ANTIPATHY TO CATS

An American exchange says that the report from Gladstone, Mich., of a tramp cat discovered sucking the breath of a farmer's infant child points to the survival of a superstition which has endured as persistently as the belief that the moon's rays cause lunacy. Not unlikely the cat, seeking refuge on the child's breast, interfered by its weight with the infant's breathing. The superstition is no doubt a form of the temperamental antipathy of cats which exists with hysterical manifestations in many persons. Dr. Weir Mitchell, in his investigation of cat fear, found whole families subject to it. In its more serious attacks cat fear causes nausea, lockjaw, and nervous collapse. It is accompanied by a super-sensitiveness which makes the presence of a cat known to the sufferer when unseen and unheard. In contrast with the affection of many celebrated persons for cats—Dr. Johnson, Victor Hugo, Ruskin, Theophile Gautier—Napoleon disliked them, as Lord Roberts is said to do. Henry III. of France could not stay in a room with a cat. What the pathological causes of cat antipathy are science confesses its inability to say. Whatever first gave pussy her reputation for treachery, it has never been outgrown. Certainly few maternal minds are free from a firm belief in the malevolent designs of cats on sleeping babies.

AN ACUTE SENSE OF TASTE

William and Lawrence were in the habit of saving a part of their dessert from the evening dinner for consumption the next morning, and in accordance with this custom two small cakes had been placed in the cracker-jar for them. William, being the first up on the following morning and being hungry, went to the jar. He found only one cake, and a large piece had been bitten out of that. Full of wrath, he went upstairs and roused his brother.

'Say!' he demanded, 'I want to know who took that big bite out of my cake?'

'I did,' sleepily answered Lawrence.

'What'd you do it for?'

'Well, when I tasted it I found it was your cake, and so I eat the other one.'

A PAIR OF THEM

A young man who was bicycling was pushing his wheel up a steep hill, when he overtook a peasant with his donkey cart, who was rapidly becoming stalled, though the little donkey was doing his best.

The benevolent wheelman, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his wheel with the other, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load up to the top successfully. The summit reached, the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor.

'It was very good of you, Mister,' he said. 'I should never have got up the hill with only one donkey.'

ASSERTED HERSELF

The young woman was being interviewed by her prospective employer. The man bit off his words and hurled them at her in a way to frighten an ordinary girl out of her wits.

'Chew gum?' he asked.

'No, sir.'

'Talk slang?'

'No, sir.'

'Know how to spell correctly?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Use the telephone every other minute?'

'No, sir.'

'Usually tell the office force how much the firm owes and all the rest of the private business you learn?'

'No, sir.'

He was thinking of something else to ask her when she took a hand in the matter and put a few questions.

'Smoke cigars when you're dictating?'

'Why—er—no!' he gasped in astonishment.

NEW TO HIM

Lieutenant-Colonel Hackett, of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, tells this story:—A squad of raw recruits were being drilled by an irritable drill sergeant. The command 'Double' was given, and all the men obeyed, with the exception of one, who remained standing and gazing vacantly around.

'Why, man, haven't you learnt anything about Dublin yet?' roared the irate sergeant.

A gleam of intelligence passed over the face of the recruit as he replied, 'No, sir; I'm a Cork man.'

FAMILY FUN

Alphabet Games.—Instead of buying the boxes of alphabets, one may make his own sets by cutting from the advertisements in the magazines good-sized letters and pasting them on small squares of pasteboard. This is in itself a good amusement for a rainy day. One of the games to play is for each player to draw one letter from the pile. The leader announces his letter, and calls for the name of an author beginning with that letter. The one who first names one is given the letter and in turn announces his letter and calls for the name of a city. The one who first names a city beginning with that letter takes the letter and announces his letter, and calls for something different, like a flower, a vegetable, a fruit, a river, a mountain, each one naming some different subject. When all the letters have been assigned the players then set to work to see who shall first spell out the name given him from the letters on the table. The one who first gets out his word is given a mark, and the game goes on till there are as many rounds played as there are players. The one who has the largest score wins.

Captured words is another way of playing with alphabets. Each player is given ten letters at random and from these letters he spells a word of three letters and places it on the table before him. The next player looks at his word and if he has a letter to add to it to make another word he moves it over to his place on the table. The next player then looks at the words of his neighbor and at the captured word, and if any of his letters added to either will take the word, he takes it from the one who won it and places it in his place. So it goes on around the table, each player in turn trying to take the word of those who have played before him. Suppose one puts down the word ink, the next player adds 'r,' and makes it rink, and takes the word. The next player adds 'd' and makes drink, and in turn takes the word. Letters may be put at either end of the word or inserted between other letters, only it must make a new word. There are no games quite so good to sharpen the wits as games played with numbers or with the alphabet.

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

All Sorts

South America has the greatest unbroken extent of level surface of any country in the world.

Mother: 'Since our Willie has got into long trousers he is beginning to think he knows more than we do.'

Father: 'Well, if he remembers the answers to all the questions he has asked he knows at least as much as we do.'

'The land,' screamed the Socialist orator. 'The land from which is produced the food of the people should belong to the people. There is no food used by the people that does not depend upon the land, and therefore—'

'Fish,' called out the Voice. And there was silence for a space.

'Marie, what's the use of your telling the girl to be sure and wake you at six o'clock? She does it every morning, and you never get up.'

'John, I don't want you to interfere with my way of running the house. I know just what I am doing. When that girl calls me at six o'clock I know she's up.'

'Yes,' said the employment agent, 'I think I have a job that will suit you. A down-town merchant wants a young man to be partly out of doors and partly behind the counter.'

'I don't know about that,' rejoined the applicant. 'What will be the result, in case the door slams?'

Chambers: 'I think a man should never miss an opportunity of improving his mind. I don't wish to boast, but I can truthfully say that I began to improve my mind as a young man, and have gone on doing so ever since.'

Chubbs (reflectively): 'Great Scott! What a state your mind must have been in when you started on it!'

The longevity of olive trees is extraordinary. In Syria recently have been found some remarkably ancient olive trees, whose ages are established beyond question. A trust deed exists which relates to an orchard covering 490 trees near Tripoli, Syria, the trust deed having been issued 499 years ago. Though the trees look aged, they still bear fruit of fine quality in abundance.

A story is told of a general servant who lived in a house where the mistress kept the larder under lock and key. She left for another situation, and asked her mistress for a 'character.' Having examined the testimonial just as she was leaving, and seen that it was good, she observed, 'Good-bye, mem; an' I ought to tell you that the key of the kitchen door fits the larder.'

The late Judge Silas Bryan, the father of William J. Bryan, once had several hams stolen from his smokehouse. He missed them at once, but said nothing about it to anyone. A few days later a neighbor came to him.

'Say, Judge,' he said, 'I heard yew had some hams stolen t'other night.'

'Yes,' replied the Judge, very confidentially, 'but don't tell anyone. You and I are the only ones who know it.'

Muslin is named from Mosul, in Asia. Serge comes from Xerga, the Spanish for a certain sort of blanket. Bandana is derived from an Indian word signifying to bind or tie. Calico is named from Calicut, a town in India, where it was first printed. Alpaca is the name of a species of llama, from whose wool the genuine fabric is woven. The name damask is from Damascus, where it was first made. Velvet is the Italian vellute, a hide or pelt. Shawl is from Sanskrit sala, which means floor, shawls having first been used as carpet tapestry. Cambric comes from Cambria, gauze from Gaza, baize from Bajac, dunnity from Damietta, and jeans from Jean. Blanket bears the name of Thomas Blanket, a famous English clothier, who aided the introduction of woollens into England in the fourteenth century.

The 'Colleen Bawn.'—Mrs. John Billington, the veteran actress, who created the part of Mrs. Crogan in the 'Colleen Bawn,' at the Adelphi, recalls, in *Lloyd's News*, the interesting story as told to the members of the company by Boucicault how the play came into existence. It was first produced at Laura Deane's Theatre in New York. Business then was very bad, and she told Boucicault unless he could bring forward some novelty she must close. On his way from the theatre he stopped at an old book depot in Broadway, and descended in an aimless sort of way into a kind of cellar of decayed literature, where he came upon a copy of *The Collegians* by Gerald Griffin. Dipping into it for a few moments he felt he had found his play, and did not rest night or day till the drama was ready. It was produced within a fortnight with enormous success.

Here's a hint of value to you: If you have to shift be sure you get the NEW ZEALAND EXPRESS COMPANY, LTD., to move your things. Their men are expert at the work, and take as much care of things as if they were their own. Careless carriers can do pounds' worth of damage to your furniture. It's wise, therefore, to get the N.Z. EXPRESS CO., on whom you can thoroughly rely....

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