

Town and Country News

NAPIER

(From our own Correspondent.)

November 24.

Mrs. Welsington Dawes. Yes; I wanted to get that location for our booth, but that designing Mrs. Chandler pulled wires until she got it for herself. The most dishonorable trickery! And what do you think! She still pretends to be my friend! This morning when I met her on the street she smiled a forced smile and said: "Good morning, good morning, Mrs. Welsington Dawes." I gave her an icy glance and passed without a word. I'll warrant that fixed her, the hypocrite!

Miss Gwendolin Shivers. Such are the thanks we get for trying to help these people. We might have expected this before ever we offered our services. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. These people are jealous of us; that's what's the matter with them!

Mrs. Welsington Dawes. Jealous, that's it! You would think there would be a little charity among people who pretend to be working for the church. They don't even know the meaning of the word, charity. Little they care for the church! They simply take advantage of this opportunity to forward their own ambitions!

Miss Gwendolin Shivers. I am sorry we ever offered to work. If this were not the last night of the bazaar I should go right straight to Father Casey and say: I resign. Appoint somebody else to take my place in the Fancy Booth. I came here expecting peace and harmony, and I simply cannot work with such disagreeable people.

Mrs. Welsington Dawes. 'Twould serve him right! He doesn't appreciate what we are doing for him. Last night he asked me how much was the net profit from the Fancy Booth. Downright sarcasm! He knows very well that these crude people have no artistic sense and that they will not patronise us. I shouldn't wonder but that's the reason he shouldered the Fancy Booth on us.

Miss Gwendolin Shivers. Do you know, I question whether he has any appreciation of art himself. He spends more time at that disreputable looking Country Store than he does here. Upon my word, if he isn't coming here now! Is my hat on straight?

Father Casey. Good evening, ladies. How is the Fancy Booth to-night?

Miss Gwendolin Shivers. Just lovely, Father Casey. Much better than we had anticipated. The good people are so appreciative!

Father Casey. I am glad you are pleased. I feared you might find it trying, for, in spite of the best of good will, little annoyances and misunderstandings will unavoidably occur during a church bazaar.

Mrs. Welsington Dawes. I am happy to say we did not notice anything of that kind everybody has been so sweet. And even if there had been difficulties we should feel that they would only increase our merit. Our sole motive in doing this work is the glory of God.

Both given the knock-out by "NO-RUB-BING" Laundry Help—hard work and disease bacteria concealed in soiled clothing. It's hygienic.

In the Railway Social Hall, recently, there took place a very pleasant little function, the occasion being a presentation to Mr. M. McGrath on his retirement from the service, with which he has been connected for the past forty-one years. Mr. McGrath is an old Dunedinite, having joined the service in that town in 1882. In 1883 he was transferred to Greymouth where he stayed nine years. He was next transferred to the North Island, his destination being Wanganui, and in 1893 he was shifted to this town where he has stayed ever since. He is known in many parts of New Zealand and was always thought highly of and was greatly esteemed by all his working fellows. During the evening Mr. McGrath was made the recipient of a valuable Morris chair, the presentation being made by Mr. J. J. Fahey, of Port Ahuriri, in the absence of Mr. G. G. Bryce, the local foreman. A Doulton rose bowl was also presented for Mrs. McGrath. Mr. J. Clarke marked the occasion with a short speech in which he referred to the many pleasant associations of his and many others, with the guest of the evening. Mr. E. Bolt (ganger) also had a few words to say on Mr. McGrath's sterling qualities. The remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent in song and story, the contributors of these being Messrs. J. Clarke, C. Dunn, J. Foster. The pianist was Mr. P. Scott.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration commenced here last Friday morning and came to a close on Sunday afternoon. During the course of the Forty Hours' sermons were preached by Rev. Father Seymour, of Greenmeadows Seminary.

Recently the Hibernians of Hastings were the guests to a social evening in St. Patrick's Hall given by the Napier branch of that society. The evening was opened with a card tournament in which Napier was victorious, winning 18 games to 16. Songs were given by Bros. W. P. Harris, M. Daly, J. Barry, and R. Jeffers, of Napier, while Bro. T. Liddell, of Napier, delighted his listeners with numerous witty anecdotes. Many of the Hastings brothers gave items, including some stirring Irish songs by Bro. Doyle. A toast list was honored, and altogether it was a very happy and enjoyable evening for all concerned.

We here notice while following the doings of the All-Blacks over-seas, that our friends Jimmy Mill and Morry Brownlie are always in the picture. There's no getting away from the fact that these "Tykes" are hard men to keep down, especially Morry, who, as he can show a six foot frame and packs close on 14st 7, makes an unassuming little opponent feel as cheerful as an iceberg. But it is really hard to follow the boys and their deeds, if all we have to go by are the meagre reports in the papers.

The moving picture of the Devon match is at present showing in Napier, and is really worth while going to see on its own.

The "boys" commence with the "haka," and it is hard to see the reasons for objecting to this custom as already shown by some of our high-browed English critics. Then comes the time when Svenson scores the first try of the tour, it was a real "slasher" and spectacular wasn't the word.

PALMERSTON NORTH

(From our own Correspondent.)

November 28.

Before departing on his journey across the ocean, Father Bowe came along and spent a few days in his old parish.

A boy told me on Sunday morning that he heard a lady telling her husband that a neighbor was supposed to have said that it is alleged that Father Mac said that it is quite possible that we may have another bazaar at Easter time next year. That's what you call 'breaking it gently.'

THE ASCENT OF THE CHURCH SPIRE (PART II.)

It's high time we made our second ascent of the spire. Ready and willing? righto! Mr. Hickey will be our "guide" again; and we'll go up on the inside this time. We enter by the door at the right hand side of the front entrance to the church, as before. The steps to the choir-gallery are familiar to us now. At the left side of the gallery is the engine-room, which means that in the dim and distant future we hope to possess a pipe organ, and the engine by which it will be worked will be placed therein. In a corner of the engine-room is the entrance to the spiral it is made of concrete and a pole runs from bottom to top and we grasp it firmly with our left hands as we climb. Uncanny business eh? turn, turn, will it ever end? It makes one feel like a first cousin to Tennyson's "Brook": "For steps may come and steps may go; but I go on for ever." The steps end alright and we find ourselves in a room in the centre of the tower directly over the choir. The remainder of our ascent consists in climbing ladders; they are standing quite straight and are built away from the wall. Off you go: the top of this ladder takes us through a square hole in the ceiling into the room above. We climb another ladder in here, and so on into each landing until we reach the top of the spire. Each room is smaller than the preceding one; the first has groups of windows (beneath the niche on the exterior); the others, with the exception of the last one, have louvers. We're becoming educated in the builders' "vocabulary"; thanks to Mr. Hickey! Whatever you do don't tell him that the louvers remind you of the ventilation arrangement in the back of the bathroom or dairy, or he'll get a "glint" in his eye. We can't go any further now except to mount the last ladder and look out the little openings (not louvers this time) at the base of the "spirettes"; and compared with the view from the summit of the centre cross is poor indeed. There's nothing exciting in this climb,

H. Graham



MAKER OF SMART SUITS



MAIN STREET

Gore