

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

March 12.

The Dominion Executive of the N.Z. Catholic Federation will meet on next Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

The Very Rev. Dean Hyland, of Rangiora, passed through Wellington on Friday *en route* to the Old Country.

His Grace Archbishop O'Shea, who has been absent from Wellington on episcopal visitations, returned during the week.

The Rev. Dr. Kelly, Editor of the *Tablet*, was in Wellington last week, and his many friends were delighted to see him.

Bro. Kelly, district president of the Hibernian Society, passed through Wellington for the south. He had a conference with some of the local officers while in Wellington.

The Hibernian Pipe Band Committee is endeavoring to reform the band, and with the object of financing it, a series of weekly socials has been arranged, which take place at St. Anne's Hall every Tuesday evening.

The death occurred on Thursday afternoon of Mrs. J. Hurley at her residence, 151 Brougham Street. The deceased lady was a well-known resident of Manakau, and came to reside in Wellington eighteen months ago. She was the only surviving daughter of the late Captain Henry Lynch, one of the early pioneers of the Hutt district. Being of a kindly and charitable disposition the deceased lady's demise will come as a great shock to her many friends in the Wellington and Manawatu district. She is survived by her husband, five daughters, and one son (Rev. Father Hurley, S.M., of Timaru, until recently parish priest at St. Joseph's), and to them is extended the deepest sympathy of a large number of friends in their bereavement.—R.I.P.

A garden party in aid of the St. Mary's re-building fund was held in Mrs. Martin Kennedy's grounds on last Saturday afternoon. The weather was perfect for such an occasion and there were a great many visitors present, and all enjoyed the outing in such beautiful surroundings. The committee in charge of the arrangements consisted of Rev. Father Mahony (president), Mr. McPhee and Mr. Carroll (hon. secretary), Mrs. Scott, Miss Burke, and Miss Whelan. The two latter were in charge of the tea kiosk, afternoon tea being served on the lawn, and assisting with it were Mrs. Guise, Mrs. Lawton, Mrs. Walton, Misses Guise (2), and Bowen. In addition there were a number of competitions which brought much money to the fund, and stalls for cakes, flowers, produce, and needlework. Assisting in different ways were the Misses Kennedy, Miss Minogue, Mrs. Orwell, Mrs. Healy, Mrs. O'Driscoll, Mrs. Hicks, and Mrs. Pearce. An entertainment of dancing on the lawn by a number of children was a source of great attraction, and altogether the entertainment exceeded expectations in a monetary way, and was most enjoyable.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

March 9.

Will tell you a little about Jerusalem this time, I mean, of course, Jerusalem-on-Wanganui.

Died recently there, Katera Poni, one of the earliest Catholics on the River, and a very well-known Maori. Hailing originally from Taupo one of the Ngati-tuwharetoa tribe, Katera was by residence one of the Ngatihau (Jerusalem) people, and was recognised by his many friends (not to mention his enemies) as one of the strictest and most upright men on the River. An old war veteran with an honorable history—most of the old Maoris are like that—Katera had been for many years a member of the Native Police, being generally acting policeman at Jerusalem. It certainly was no fault of his that strong drink ever found its way to the settlement, for not only did he never touch it himself but he would have dumped it all into the river quite cheerfully, he was so antagonistic to any form of law-breaking. It is told of him that not long ago some stonemasons were busy at a grave up there, and being near the end of the work, just went straight on with the finishing touches, although it hap-

pened to be Sunday. Katera told them that they must not continue, but they, of course, went right on. Boiling with indignation, Katera went to his house, donned his policeman's coat and hat and most official air, and in the name of the law ordered the men off the work. Needless to say, they went, more speedily perhaps than gracefully, and fled to the presbytery for protection. Such were the principles of Katera in health, and Katera dying was an example to us all. A Tohunga wished to attend him during his illness and minister to him according to ancient rites and customs, but, resisting him to the last, Katera gave the same reply to every suggestion, "Father Paul is the doctor of my soul, and I know no one else." And so he passed away, fortified for his last long journey by the Holy Viaticum and his beautiful faith. A Christian gentleman, Katera Poni was one of the best, and of that fine type fast disappearing, even among the Maoris.

A Sunday or two ago, numbers of the Ngatihau tribe, Jerusalem, assembled at the pah to farewell their revered pastor, Father Ginisty, who has had charge of the Maori Missions on the river for the last seven years. Eloquent speeches were made by the chiefs and different members of the tribe, particularly by one of the few surviving warriors of the Maori war—Rotuhiko Pauro—who at the close of his oration sang an ancient Maori song of farewell. A great many members of other tribes were also present, some coming from a considerable distance by canoe to testify their respect to Father Ginisty, who, as the chief quaintly put it, had been their shepherd, but was now going to take charge of other sheep. Father Ginisty, who is thoroughly conversant with the Maori language, responded suitably in Maori, bidding them farewell. He thanked his hearers for their many kindnesses in the past, and spoke of his pleasure at still being able to work amongst them, though in a different sphere.

Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Cullinane and family are leaving us to go up to their Main Trunk home, and we are all very sorry they are going, for they seem part of the place. On Tuesday afternoon some of Mrs. Cullinane's old friends, about 30 in all, entertained her at Paul's tea rooms, Father O'Connell, too, being bidden to the feast. The room had been made extra pretty, the afternoon tea specially delicious, and when everyone was very cheery, Father O'Connell, in a touching little speech, asked Mrs. Cullinane to accept the accompanying souvenir from some of her many friends. The Cullinane family—indeed, I should say, families—have always been associated with every bit of Church work, Mrs. Dave Cullinane being ready at all times and everyhow to do her big share, and doing it all most quietly. After Mrs. Cullinane had replied, there was more chatter, until finally we dispersed. Mr. Cullinane and some of the boys are up at Murumutu for some time, and the rest of the family will go probably next week. When the party was half-over, we were told that, in all probability, the Dave Cullinanes will come right back here before very long.

Rev. Father O'Connor, our new assistant priest, has been with us for a week or so, and is busy trying to get acquaint' with his new flock.

Mr. T. Minogue, for many years living in America, is revisiting his country and kinsfolk. Mr. Minogue is spending a short holiday here, the guest of Mr. W. Kennedy.

I seem to have spent my life watching idealists fight and go under. The ideals remain; their defenders either perish or lose heart, make compromises, and despise themselves.—John Oliver Hobbes.

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