

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

September 30.

Very Rev. Father O'Connell has been away in Wellington on Federation business for some days, and is home again to get ready for a jaunt to Auckland.

Rev. Father T. McCarthy called in here on his way south last week-end, and Rev. Father Mark Devoy spent some days with us.

Miss Bourke, late of the D.I.C., Wellington, is spending a short holiday here before going to her new berth in Blenheim.

Miss E. Morgan, of our local telephone staff, has just returned from a wonderful trip to Ruapehu. A party from Wanganui made the ascent and generally amused themselves skiing down.

Miss Roche, supervisor at Taumarunui exchange, is home in Wanganui spending part of her annual leave here.

Social at Aramoho School during the week, proceeds towards school improvements. Unfortunately it was a wretched night, but all the same about 200 people assembled at the hall and spent a pleasant evening in eucbre, dance, sing-song, and supper. Miss Florrie Meachem and Miss Mona Grogan lent a little variety to the musical items by singing a song each in French. They got a splendid reception, as also did Miss Henderson, who had to sing an encore. Supper was as usual delicious, Mesdames Coxon, Ahern, and Richardson being in charge here.

The annual Rugby football match between the Wellington and the Wanganui Marist Old Boys' Football Clubs was played here on last Monday, Dominion Day, and resulted in a win for Wanganui by 10 points to 7. A try was scored for Wellington by Williams, and Holland dropped a goal. Tries were scored for Wanganui by Dillon (2), Phil Corliss converting both tries with two splendid kicks from very difficult angles. The visitors were entertained at His Majesty's Theatre on Saturday evening, and went for a picnic up-river on Sunday, going by launch as far as Hipango Park, where an enjoyable day was spent. Great praise is due to Mr. Chas. Morgan for the efficient way in which the visitors were entertained, in fact for the way he looked after the welfare of the boys of both clubs.

We are having the dreariest weather imaginable, and there is likelihood of floods if the heavens don't stop weeping. The air is full of rumors, and everyone talks of the trouble that is brewing, so we hardly know what the next week is going to see. What a mess this good old world seems to be in, and how desperately tangled everything is. However, we in Wanganui have really nothing to complain of, for there is still a little bit of coal to make gas and cook the dinner. The cars are running again—by fits and starts, and a shipment of brown sugar arrived yesterday. The races last week were a great success, showing an increase of something like £20,000 over last year's, so, perhaps after all, many of our troubles are only superficial and will blow away.

"Don't waste sympathy on yourself. If you are a gem someone will find you." Bret Harte wrote this—and even you will not deny that Bret was good and near the plain truth.

"AN IMPEACHED NATION"

A Study of Irish Outrages.

By the RIGHT REV. H. W. CLEARY, D.D.

A work of exceptional value at the present time.

Secure a copy without delay.

A well-bound volume of 417 pages.

MAILED 4/- NET, CASH WITH ORDER.

TABLET OFFICE,

Octagon, Dunedin.

THE THREE CHILDREN.

[Translated from the Old French by ALBERT EDMUND TROMBLY.]

Once there were three small children
Who went into the fields to glean.

They came at night to a butcher's house:
"Butcher, have you beds for us?"
"Come, little children, come in, come in;
Assuredly there's room within."

Hardly had they passed the wall
Than the butcher killed them all.
He cut them up and put each bit
Like pork into the salting-pit.

Seven years later Saint Nicholas,
He happened in that place to pass,
Betook himself to the butchery:
"Butcher, have you a bed for me?"

"Come in, come in, Saint Nicholas;
There's room, there is no lack of space."
Hardly had he entered there
Than he asked for his supper.

"Is it a piece of ham you would?"
"I don't want any, it isn't good."
"Would you like a piece of veal?"
"I don't want any, it doesn't look well."

"I'd like to have some little meat
That's seven years in the salting-pit."
When the butcher heard this said
He bolted from his door and fled.

"Butcher, butcher, don't run away—
God will forgive you if you pray."
Saint Nicholas did three fingers rub
On the edge of the salting-tub.

The first child said, "I slept very well!"
"And so did I!" the second tells.
The third child spoke up in this wise,
"I thought I was in Paradise!"

NOVENA FOR FREEDOM.

The Most Rev. Dr. Cohalan, Bishop of Cork, in a Pastoral Letter, invites the faithful of his diocese to join with the rest of the country in a novena for the freedom of Ireland, on the occasion of the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady. They are, he says, passing through a period of trial and of great suffering and were threatened with harsher measures. But such measures were nothing new in Ireland. They could not be harsher than the penal laws. "We shall surely win our freedom," his Lordship says, "but we shall win it only on the condition of national unity. There may be a period of severe suffering under hard military law. And I make an appeal to all for great patience, if necessary, for passive endurance of violence, not resisting and not hitting back when resistance would only mean more violence. With the help and blessing of God we shall win.

As if to put the Bishop to the test he was held up by British soldiers for a considerable time on Monday (says the London *Catholic Times* of August 14). Several instances are reported in which soldiers on patrol fired on civilians. One man was killed and another wounded in Dublin. They were at a bonfire in honor of Archbishop Mannix and refused to go away when ordered by the soldiers, who fired at them deliberately. The republicans will probably find some means of putting a stop to this shooting by soldiers, amounting to murder.

Try Catholic Supplies Ltd. For all kinds of Religious Articles—Rosaries, Prayer Books, Statues, Pictures, etc. Latest and Up-to-date Catholic Literature. IRISH LITERATURE A SPECIALTY. Agents for N.Z. *Tablet*, etc., etc. 87 MANNERS STREET WELLINGTON