

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

December 26, Sunday.—St. Stephen, First Martyr.
 " 27, Monday.—St. John, Apostle and Evangelist.
 " 28, Tuesday.—Feast of the Holy Innocents, Martyrs.
 " 29, Wednesday.—St. Thomas, Bishop and Martyr.
 " 30, Thursday.—Office of Sunday within the Octave of Christmas.
 " 31, Friday.—St. Sylvester, Pope and Confessor.
 January 1, Saturday.—The Circumcision of Our Lord, Holy Day of Obligation.

St. Stephen, First Martyr.

St. Stephen was one of the seven who were chosen to assist the Apostles in the daily distribution of alms, and who, by the imposition of the Apostles' hands, were raised to the Order of Deacons, and qualified to discharge some of the inferior duties of the sacerdotal office. By his zealous efforts for the propagation of the Gospel he stirred up the hatred of some of the Jews, who stoned him to death. He thus had the honor of being the first among Christ's disciples to seal his faith with his blood.

St. Sylvester L. Pope and Confessor.

St. Sylvester, a native of Rome, was called to rule the Church during the 21 years which followed the accession of Constantine. One of his principal cares was to provide churches for the faithful, who were now, for the first time, allowed perfect liberty in the exercise of their religion. The most important event in the pontificate of St. Sylvester was the celebration of the First General Council, which was presided over by the Papal Legates, and in which the errors of Arius were condemned. St. Sylvester died in 335.

Feast of the Circumcision of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

Circumcision was a rite which in the Old Law admitted the male descendants of Adam to share in the promises made by God to Abraham, and cleansed them, if necessary, from original sin. The law of circumcision could not regard the sinless Saviour Who, being by nature Son of God, did not require adoption into the number of His children. He submitted to this painful rite, however, in order to begin from His very cradle those sufferings by which our redemption was accomplished. The Feast of the Circumcision dates from very early times. From mention made of it in the Council of Tours, A.D. 567, it appears to have been even then of considerable antiquity.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

Peace on earth, the Angels sing,
 With joy on Christmas morn;
 Awake and hear the news we bring,
 That Christ the Lord is born.
 Shepherds leave your flocks to roam
 Be not afraid, Arise!
 Christ the infant King has come
 And in a manger lies.
 Wise men seeking for the child
 By a star were led,
 Found Him with His mother mild,
 In a manger bed,
 And in every simple way
 That our love for Christ we show,
 We can keep the Christmas day,
 As they kept it long ago.
 Giving aid to those who need,
 Bringing joy wherever we can,
 Christmas day is kept indeed,
 In the love of man for man.

— MARGARET L. GALVIN.

You must ask your heart, your tongue, and your work, whether you truly love God,—your heart, because it thinks often on what it loves; and if you do not think often of God, you will know that you do not truly love Him; and if you think more of the world than you do of God, you love the world more than you do God. Ask your tongue if you love God, for it gladly speaks of what the heart loves; therefore he whose conversation is chiefly of the world is thereby proved to love it more than God. Ask your work whether you love God; for if fire be placed amidst straw it will burn, and if the fire of divine love be in the heart it will show itself in action.—St. Bernard.

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The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"Oh! Ken, Ken, what is it?" cried Katie, bursting into his room an hour later, with a frightened face, her hair streaming about her shoulders.

Ken started as if he had been stung. He had been smoking at the open window in the moonlight—thinking as boys will think—not of the tender hearts he had set aching, but of a gay gold-braided green uniform upon a flashing field. "How low are they bearing it?" he faltered.

"Mother is better—she is offering up a novena at the Virgin's altar; but father looks so pale and solemn. I never saw him look like that before. Ken, what have you done? You won't be afraid to tell me?"

"I can't be a priest, Katie, and I can't go back to St. Fergal's and I have told them everything!"

"And is that all? Why, Ken, I knew it all along."

"Knew it, sis?"

"Well, you see," said Katie, somewhat nonplussed, "those hideous clerical coats never did become you, and—and you know, you have a moustache now. Aren't there enough to be priests without you?"

"It must be a cruel blow," muttered Ken, as in soliloquy.

"All will be for the best, Ken. I know it will. I don't think you could ever be in the wrong in anything."

"Nonsense, Katie, I am worse than in the wrong; I have been horribly selfish," said Ken, brushing past her, and knocking softly at his father's bedroom door. His mother was prostrate before the statue of the Blessed Virgin sobbing or praying, or both. This little altar was her sanctuary from all the world's slings and arrows. The statue was draped with gold-spangled gauze; a vase of flowers, rich or poor, according to the season, was never missing; and there was a little lamp of red glass, in which the flame was lighted in emergencies requiring special intercession. The little red lamp was now burning. Myles Rohan was striding up and down the room, with his shirt-collar thrown open at the throat. Before he was conscious that the door had opened, his son was at his feet in a passion of fears. "Father," he stammered, "don't think too hard of me; I am so, so sorry for you both!"

The miller hesitated an instant; then took his son with rough kindness by the shoulder and lifted him to his feet. "That is right, boy," he said simply. "Let there be no more about it. It is the first time you ever cut me to the heart."

"Thanks be to the Blessed Mother, my prayer, is heard!" cried Mrs. Rohan, passionately holding her son in her arms.

"Humph!" said the miller, with something that sounded like a heavy sigh in spite of his effort to muffle it. "Ken, it is time to get to bed, boy."

CHAPTER XIV.—FATHER PHIL BOW WOW, AND CO.

Mrs. Rohan and Mrs. Harold found much comfort in one another's tea and in the common perversity of their respective boys. Mrs. Harold was a thin, sharp, rheumatic little woman, whose life was one long martyrdom, tempered in a tolerable degree by strong tea and a vigorous tongue. "Faith, it's quite true, Maria, said her Brother, Father Phil O'Sullivan, in almost the only daring moment of his life, "you're not only a martyr yourself, but you'd, make an army of martyrs." Father Phil did ample penance for that profane jest in the course of the martyr's despotic reign as his housekeeper. Father Phil himself was only one item in the catalogue of her crosses in life, which she was accustomed to intone from time to time in Mrs. Rohan's sympathetic ear with the gentle resignation proper to the recitation of the Litany for a Soul Departing. "That poor foolish husband of mine—the Lord forgive him!"—"My unfortunate *omadharra* of a brother—God pardon me for speaking ill of His clergy!" That poor misguided child of mine!"—were the ordinary terms in which she recalled the chief personages in her forlorn family annals. "But, sure, Kate, it's a world of troubles," she would always conclude, applying her lips to the meek "dandy" of punch, which wound up their modest revels, as if that, too, were one of the troubles which had to be resignedly "tuffered up."

In very truth, the good old curate was a trying man to a matron who had ciphered out, even to the farthings, how far an income will go, which even in "a good Shrove" (as a prosperous marrying season was called) scarcely exceeded ninety pounds a year, besides a variable tribute of turf, turkeys, and the like. Her wars with the beggar

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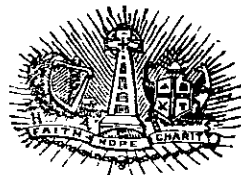
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"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
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tribe who swarmed around Father Phil, by some such instinct as flies do round a sugar-barrel, though it be empty—are they not written in the annals of every Drumshauglin fireside? "I do assure you, Katie, they poison the poor man's victuals with their eyes through the window," she used to declare. "This house is really the poorhouse without the poor-rates—" "Well, and sure that's what it ought to be, Maria, after all," Father Phil used to plead mildly. "That's what it will be soon," used to flash back the answer, with scorn in every scintillation, from behind the spectacles perched on the tip of Mrs. Harold's meagre nose, "if it's any consolation to you to think of your own flesh and blood ending their days in the infirm ward; but what are we, to be sure," and the little nose and spectacles went high in the air, "that we should grudge the bit out of our mouths to the mob of blackguards that have their noses pisted against that window since early dawn to-day?" "Well, Maria, it is not much that the creatures have got for their waiting," murmured incorrigible Father Phil. "Much that they have got!" was the fierce response. "They'll get a jug of scalding water from me if they don't clear out of that while the kettle is boiling," and a sudden activity of movement among the wistful group outside the window gave token that Mrs. Harold's rush towards the door was a not unfamiliar strategic move in their ragamuffin Thirty Years' Wars.

"Why, then, what do you want now?" she demanded from the door-step, as though the appearance of the ragged, shoeless, wan-looking, vagabond mob, who were as indispensable a part of Father Phil's daily life as his snuff-box, were a phenomenon so unusual that Mrs. Harold expected some first citizen to favor her with some brief observations for self and fellows, setting forth their wishes in a preamble and resolutions. "Why don't ye go over to Monsignor McGrudder's?" she went on, pointing to the handsome new cut-stone glebe-house at the other side of the chapel. This was a home thrust. There was not a beggar in Drumshauglin who did not wince under the Monsignor's haughty white eyebrows and thick gold-headed-stick. "Ye are all brave enough to rob Father Phil, I declare. I believe ye would have the conscience to eat the flesh off his bones, only ye have not left enough flesh on his bones to tempt ye."—"Wisha, thin, ma—a—a—am, not making you a short answer, there won't be many wanting to make a male off o' you," retorted one stout, barelegged virago, with two infants strapped to her back.—Mrs. Harold loftily ignored this Boeotian thrust. "Why, then, Bow-wow, I'm surprised at you," she said, turning to a grizzled old cripple without any arms or legs to speak of, who was borne in a rude box on wheels drawn by the smallest and shaggiest of donkeys. Bow-wow was a nickname which he had accepted so long that he had probably even himself forgotten whatever more ceremonious baptismal description he had ever received, if any. Bow-wow had halted his equipage right across the little wicket outside Father Phil's house, barring all access thereto, and was utilising the interval until Father Phil should appear by imploring alms of the passers-by in the street, as though his donkey-cart formed part of the establishment, and he himself was simply the working partner in the firm of Father Phil, Bow-wow, and Co., General Mendicants. "I am amazed at you, Bow-wow," said Mrs. Harold, severely. "You know very well Father Phil would want to go round for alms in a donkey-cart himself worse than you do, and he'll have to do it before very long, if there'll be anyone left in the parish that won't be beggars themselves." Bow-wow meekly urged on his hirsute little steed, which always moved away with the melancholy gait of an animal that was cursing the day nature had ever provided it with more servicable legs than its master; but Bow-wow abandoned the field with the triumphant confidence that, in some clandestine manner too sly for all Mrs. Harold's vigilance, many hours would not pass without Father Phil presenting his guilty visage and furtive fourpenny-bit at the hut on the extreme confines of the town, where the cripple maintained a family of blooming urchins for the State. I am not at all defending Father Phil's system of alms-giving, or rather his defiance of all the known laws of Poor Relief. His evidence before a Royal Commission on the Poor Laws would have been absolutely valueless. He would rather have satisfied one little hungry stomach, or dissolved one haggard face into smiles, than have been the author of a whole Blue-book. Monsignor McGrudder, who was a scholar and a stern political economist, used to say that Father Phil had created half the pauperism in the parish. To which the old curate would good-humoredly reply: "There's a good deal of truth in that, my dear; but sure it must be a poor country enough where Bow-wow's is the best trade going."

Nor was his abuse of fourpenny-bits the only danger from which Father Phil's foolish steps had to be saved by the Angel Guardianship of Mrs. Harold's sharp spectacles and dauntless tongue. His truckling to the beggars was nothing to his softness for sinners. His confessional was

even more thronged than his door-step. The average able-bodied sinner would as soon think of confessing his sins at the police-barrack as at Monsignor McGrudder's dread tribunal. The result was that Monsignor McGrudder was usually able to stalk grimly away to his Breviary or his *Freeman* hours before Father Phil had made much headway with the long line of penitents who sat outside his confession-box like a string of anxious authors correcting the proof-sheets of their autobiographies for his sympathetic ear. Upon this hushed and solemn scene, broken only by the occasional murmurs of absolution, or the emergence of some pardoned sinner with a flushed but happy face, there would sometimes burst in the active little housekeeper, and by main force bear him off from the confessional with her shrill: "Why, then, are you ever going to come to your chop?" and then, in an allocution addressed to the discomfited penitents in general: "Ye'll never stop till ye'll put that poor man in his grave, and add his murder to the rest of your story." Then there was the legend of the Dead Mass, which you would hear at any chimney-corner in the glens of a winter's night. Whoever spends a night alone in the chapel, you may, perhaps, be aware already, sees a dead priest come up to the altar at the stroke of midnight, in black vestments, and celebrate Mass for a ghostly congregation from the neighboring churchyard to the tinkle of an unearthly bell. The story went that Mrs. Harold had once surprised Father Phil at one of these spectral midnight celebrations, and had ranted the whole sepulchral company bag and baggage—bell, book, and candle-light—at the sound of her indignant eloquence. The facts were more prosaic. One summer's evening after Vespers Father Phil did not return to tea. Hours passed and no Father Phil. The cuckoo over the mantelpiece whispered twelve through the silent house. Mrs. Harold got really alarmed. She bethought herself of the keys which the chapel woman had duly deposited with her hours before for the night. She unlocked the chapel door, which communicated through the sacristy with the priest's cottage. All was dark save where the glimmering lamp before the tabernacle shed an eerie glow that might easily enough have formed part of the supernatural apparatus of the Dead Mass, and there, prostrate before the altar, the light falling with the strangest radiance upon his bright, silvery head, lay the old curate, sleeping as placidly as a child. He had lingered in prayer as usual long after the footfalls of the last worshipper in the darkened chapel had departed, and the prayers or the fatigues of the day proving too much for him, he had glided into his peaceful slumber and been forgotten. "What are you to do with a man like that?" indignantly asked Mrs. Harold, confiding the facts at the time to Mrs. Rohan. "Would you believe it, the only remark he made was, 'upon my word, Maria, it was very disrespectful to the Blessed Sacrament, and—I really don't believe I've finished my Office.'"

It to some extent lightened the blow of her son Jack's expulsion from St. Fergal's that this new misfortune completed her title to be regarded as the most miserable woman in Europe. "His father got up that French Revolution for no other reason in life that I could ever see except to scald his unfortunate wife's heart," she declared to Mrs. Rohan in the course of a good cry, "and now nothing will do his son but to bring another Revolution down upon my head in the end of my days." The worthy soul spoke of European cataclysms as of a plague of bloodier Bow-wows coming to her door to demand lives in place of fourpenny-bits. For Jack himself she had nothing but maudlin tears and all sorts of culinary comforts and surprises. By a chain of logic which Father Phil found it easier to distrust than answer, she fixed the whole responsibility for Jack's mishap upon the bewildered head of his uncle. "You kept the child idling there for years in that college—you know you did, Philip—you and your designing friend, Dr. O'Harte—because my poor Jack was an ornament and an advertisement for your establishment—*your* establishment," she said with severe emphasis, as if St. Fergal's were a bogus silver-mine, with whose stock Father Phil was "bearing" the market. "when he might have been earning his bread and on the road to be a Lord Chancellor, if not a bishop—don't be rude, please, Philip—with all his talents, I don't see why not!—but you and your crafty friend must keep my poor boy there wasting his genius in concealing from innocent fathers and mothers the inferior character of the education and mutton supplied at St. Fergal's; and now, when he has answered your turn, you cast him adrift on the waves of the world on some idiotic excuse or another to please some preposterous Sergeant Sweeney. What are you going to do with the boy, I want to know?" she demanded almost fiercely: "what are you going to do with the boy?"

This was an aspect of the case which had not at all occurred to Father Phil, and he felt sorely puzzled how to evade the criminality thus unexpectedly brought home to him. He did not see how matters were to be mended by explaining that he had no more to do with the worldly in-

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terests of St. Fergal's than with the treasures in the gold-room of the Bank of England; and what precisely he was expected to do with a fashionable young gentleman with a full-grown appetite and moustache, he could not really undertake, at a moment's notice, even to speculate.

"Well, well, Maria," he said humbly, "Jack is a clever fellow, and there are a thousand things that turn up, and in the meantime there is the spare bedroom and Jack will take pot-luck with ourselves. God is good!"—which was Father Phil's amulet against all human perplexities and tempests.

And so Jack Harold, who had come home with certain uneasy presentiments of reproachful looks from his uncle, and scenes of eloquence certainly, and possibly hysterics, with his mother, found himself leagued in a comfortable conspiracy with his mother, on the one hand, to fondle himself into the belief that Father Phil was the author of his ruin, and with Father Phil, on the other hand, to abstract as much small silver as possible from the power and custody of Mrs. Harold. He came as a Prodigal. He remained as a Sultan. Whenever his mother's rueful looks and deep-drawn sighs presented themselves at all uncomfortably to his thoughts, the philosopher dismissed them gaily with the reflection, "Psha! mother is never happy without her groan. It is her way of enjoying herself. She prefers her share of the milk of human kindness in the form of curds and whey."

Cynics may smile to learn that Mrs. Rohan was largely consoled for her own son's revolutionary behaviour by the knowledge that so pretty a young gentleman as Jack Harold was rowing in the same boat with him. Somehow Myles Rohan did not relish the prettiness which won his wife's heart to the young Frenchman.

"I don't like them dancing-master ways of his," the blunt miller used to say in his positive way. But mamma, like mamma in general, if she treasured "a good boy" in her own family, preferred "a nice boy" in her neighbor's, and Jack was, by universal female suffrage, the very mould of form for the ambitious youth of Drumshaghlin, wore gloves that were never deformed by a crease, was never long without something new in the cut of his collar or the shade of his necktie, and, in Mrs. Rohan's admiring language, "if he only wore a glass bead could make it look like a diamond." Mrs. Rohan's politics, if it must be owned, were largely tinged by the fact that Dawley, the noisy little family tailor, was generally reputed to be a leading personage in the revolutionary organisation. The notion of her darling marching to death or ruin under the command of Dawley was insupportable; but it was quite another thing if youths like Jack Harold were going to ennoble the line of battle with their gay plumes and romantic faces. In her own bright, beautiful girlhood, she had heard the music of battle for Ireland from Thomas Francis Meagher's impassioned lips and read its poetry in the depths of John Blake Dillon's soft dark eyes. Time and worldly interests had caused Myles and herself long ago to put up the warrior politics of their courtship days with their faded love-letters; but it is to just such secret fragrant drawers in the memory that women of the people have recourse to *sol volatile*. She felt as only a tender mother's heart can feel the laceration inflicted by Ken's determination to disappoint her cherished dreams. She felt how deeply Myles Rohan's stout flesh had been cut into nearest his very heart of hearts. How much she felt it I am afraid to tell. In a land bright enough to be a showery Heaven, Irish life is a woeful circle of Malbolge, each with its tale of sorrows grayed in fire. How is the stranger ever to be tempted through the *cittu dolente* by anybody less potent than a Dante if the gracious shades of the Francescas cannot be got to attend us more and the bodies of Ugolino's little people to haunt us less? Mrs. Rohan knew as well as if she had heard the cry of the Banshee that Ken had brought trouble about the Mill; but it was some comfort that, if there was to be suffering, it was to be in the cause which had made her own heart throb in happy days of youth and love; and it was an immeasurable comfort that her boy's fate, whatever it might be, was to be associated with Jack Harold's dashing figure, rather than with Dawley's ridiculous lapboard and pugnacious red nose. Nor let us rail at poor human nature, if Mrs. Rohan felt it a luxury to listen to Mrs. Harold's prolonged family lamentations by the hour, and think that there was one heart as anxious and bruised as her own; for by an ingenious dispensation of Providence, Mrs. Rohan's comfort in inspecting her friend's endless diorama of miseries was surpassed by Mrs. Harold's comfort in painting them.

(To be continued.)

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THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER LXV.—THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

Tuesday, July 1, 1690, dawned cloudlessly on those embattle hosts, and as the early sunlight streamed out from over the eastern hills, the stillness of that summer morning was broken by the Williamite drums and bugles sounded the *generale*. In accordance with the plan of battle arranged the previous night, the first move on William's side was the march of 10,000 men (the Scotch foot-guards under Lieutenant-General Douglas, and the Danish horse under Meinhart Schomberg), with five pieces of artillery, for the bridge of Slane, where, and at the fords between it and Ross-na-ree (two miles nearer to Oldbridge), they were to cross the river, and turn the left flank of James's army. The infantry portion of this force crossing at Slane, while the horse were getting over at Ross-na-ree, came upon Sir Néal O'Neill and his 500 dragoons on the extreme left of the Jacobite position. For fully an hour did the gallant O'Neill hold this force in check, he himself falling mortally wounded in the thick of the fight. But soon, the Danish horse crossing at Ross-na-ree, the full force of 10,000 men united and advanced upon the Jacobite flank, endeavoring to get between the royalist army and Duleek. Just at this moment, however, there arrived a force of French and Swiss infantry, and some Irish horse and foot, with six pieces of cannon under Lauzun, sent up hurriedly from Oldbridge by James, who now began to think all the fight would be on his left. Lauzun so skilfully posted his checking force on the slope of a hill with a marsh in front, that Douglas and Schomberg, notwithstanding their enormous numerical superiority, halted and did not venture on an attack until they had sent for and obtained an additional supply of troops. Then only did their infantry advance, while the cavalry, amounting to 24 squadrons, proceeded round the bog and extended on towards Duleek, completely overlapping or flanking the Jacobite left wing.

Meanwhile, about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, Schomberg the elder (in charge of the Williamite centre), finding that his son and Douglas had made good their way across on the extreme right, and had the Jacobites well engaged there, gave the word for the passage of Oldbridge fords. Tyrconnel's regiment of foot guards, with other Irish foot (only a few of them being armed with muskets), occupied the ruined breastwork fences and farm buildings on the opposite side; having some cavalry drawn up behind the low hills close by to support them. But the Williamites had a way for emptying these breastworks and clearing the bank for their fording parties. Fifty pieces of cannon that had during the morning almost completely battered down the temporary defences on the southern bank, now opened simultaneously, shaking the hills with their thunders, and sweeping the whole of the Irish position with their iron storm; while the bombs from William's mortar batteries searched every part of the field. Under cover of this tremendous fire, to which the Irish had not even a single field-piece to reply, the van of the splendidly-appointed Williamite infantry issued from King William's Glen, and plunged into the stream. "Count Solme's Dutch Blue Guards, 2000 strong, reputed the best infantry regiment in the world, led the way at the principal ford opposite Oldbridge, followed by the Brandenburghers. Close on their left were the Londonderricks and Enniskillen foot; below whom entered a long column of French Huguenots, under the veteran Calimotte. A little below the Huguenots were the main body of the English, under Sir John Hammer and Count Nassau; and still lower down, the Dames, under Colonel Cutts. In all about 10,000 of the flower of the infantry of Europe, struggling through a quarter of a mile of the river, and almost hidden beneath flashing arms and green boughs." As they neared the southern bank, the roar of cannon ceased—a breathless pause of suspense ensued. Then a wild cheer rang from the Irish lines; and such of the troops as had guns opened fire. An utterly ineffective volley it was; so ill-directed, that the Williamite accounts say it did not kill a man; and then the veterans of a hundred continental battle-fields knew they had only raw Irish peasant levies on the bank before them. There being no artillery (as already frequently noted) to play on the fording parties while crossing, and there being so little water in the river, the passage of the fords was easily effected.

The Dutch guards were the first to the bank, where they instantly formed. Here they were charged by the Irish foot; but before the withering fire of the cool and skilful foreign veterans, these raw levies were cut up instantly, and driven flying behind the fences. The truth became plain after two or three endeavors to bring them to the charge, that they were not fit for such work. Now, however, was the time for Hamilton, at the head of the only

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well-disciplined Irish force on the field—the horse—to show what his men could do. The hedges, which had not been levelled for the purpose, did not prevent their charge. The ground literally trembled beneath the onset of this splendid force. Irresistible as an avalanche, they struck the third battalion of Dutch Blues while yet in the stream, and hurled them back. The Brandenburgers turned and fled. The Huguenots, who were not so quick in escape, were broken through, and their commander Calimotte cut down.

Schomberg had remained on the northern bank with a chosen body of foot as a reserve. He saw with excitement the sudden crash of the Irish horse, and its effects; and was prepared to push forward the reserve, when word reached him that his old friend Calimotte had fallen! Without waiting for helmet or cuirass he dashed forward, his white hair floating in the wind. In the river he met and strove to rally the flying Huguenots. "Come on, come on, messieurs; behold your persecutors," cried the old warrior, alluding to the French infantry on the other side. They were the last words he ever spoke. Tyrconnel's Irish horse-guards, returning from one of their charges, again broke clear through and through the Huguenots, cleaving Schomberg's head with two fearful sabre wounds and lodging a bullet in his neck. When the wave of battle had passed, the lifeless body of the old general lay amongst the human debris that marked its track. He had quickly followed, not only across the Bayne but to another world his brave companion in arms whose fall he had sought to avenge.

(To be continued).

TERENCE MACSWEENEY.

(Air: "Wearing of the Green").

(For the *N.Z. Tablet*).

Rouse up, all Erin's faithful sons,
The sea-divided Gael,
Who feel the pang of sorrow
That divides poor Innisfail.
Cork's great Lord Mayor, a patriot true,
A hero's death has died;
That Ireland may what'er befall,
Her own affairs decide.

All stout of heart and strong of limb,
He strove by word and deed,
To free his loved dear Erin's isle
From alien's sordid greed.
From vampires who for tyrants' lust,
Of filthy lucre's gore,
A noble nation would enslave
Within their hellish claw.

But wherefore grieve—awake, rejoice:
MacSweeney fought the fight,
To prove to those whose hearts are true
That might no more is right.
And round the world from end to end
Where'er do free men stand,
A psalm of praise wells up for him
Who died for Fatherland.

Fitzgerald, Tone, Pearse, Emmet, Croke,
O'Connell—men of might—
Exult to know that still no Gael
Lacks stomach to the fight!
The millions of her martyred dead
Acclaim with jubilee
The victor who foul bandits fought
That Ireland should be free.

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HIBERNIAN SOCIETY, LOWER HUTT.

The quarterly meeting of SS. Peter and Paul's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, Lower Hutt, was held on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst. Bro. W. Gleeson, jun., P.P., presided, and the other office-bearers were present. One new member was admitted to the society and duly installed by the president (Bro. Treahy). A considerable amount of routine business was transacted, and accounts amounting to over £6 were passed for payment. Nominations to fill the various official positions for the ensuing term were received. At the conclusion of business the evening was devoted to social entertainment, a very enjoyable time being spent.

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THE ROCK OF CASHEL

The children are climbing, sure-footed as goats, on the crags below the Rock of Cashel, and we go up a steep ascent towards a height crowned with grey ruins. Within an encircling wall we shall find, in small space up there, one of the mysterious Round Towers, complete and smooth as if the masons had just placed the stones; the chapel of Cormac whole and entire; a great, roofless cathedral; and a fragment of an ancient palace.

There is a wild and windy height in Tipperary, where the distant horizon is girdled with mountains, and a vast panorama of hills spreads below on every side. There is a mythical story, most likely dating from the darkness of paganism; and it says the gap in yonder mountain range is the Devil's Bit, and when the evil spirit flew some miles with it he let it fall—and that is the Rock of Cashel. Imagination took gigantic forms in those old times, and malign spirits were credited with infinite power. Or else the myth may have been some poet's invention almost "before the beginning of years."

An Irish Round Tower is generally 80 or 90 feet high, with a pointed roof, and a small doorway high above the ground. We ask our grey-bearded guide how it is that the tower on Scattery Island has its entrance level with the ground, and every other Round Tower in Ireland has it about twelve feet up the wall—like this one at Cashel. He smiles. "Scattery was the first they built,—so they say. And they made a mistake in the first one." The "Round Towers of other days," so long a mystery, are now supposed to have been a place of safety for the sacred vessels and other Church property, in such times of trouble as the Danish raids; and no doubt the tower held the bell, like the Italian campanile, which was always built detached from the church. The position of the door high up was an extra safeguard.

All the ancient buildings up here are grown together and joined, just as barnacles formed on a rock of the sea-depths are not so much a group as one shell. The cathedral was wedged fast in between Cormac's Chapel and the base of the Round Tower; and the palace joined on to the cathedral by passages through the upper walls. As we walk round, we have to pick our steps among innumerable grassy mounds. Every holy place in Ireland is claimed for consecrated graves; and over one resting-place a Celtic cross, with its circle linking the four parts, stands high against the sky, and is a feature of the Rock of Cashel even in a distant view.

Cormac MacCarthy, King of Desmond, built up here a gem of a chapel early in the twelfth century. It is all perfect,—its round Romanesque arches, its carved arcaded walls, and sculptures beautiful or grotesque, its "dogtooth ornament," and its wonderful roof high pitched,—all wrought of stone. Traces of mural painting are everywhere. Every bit of the walls and the ceiling was once glowing with color and with gold. The whole space is less than 30 feet by 18; and then there is the little chancel, hardly 14 feet more. But it must have been, long ago, from end to end one jewel of glorious coloring. The form and the details of its plan are still the delight of architect and antiquary.

One peculiarity of the little chapel is that the small chancel arch is placed slightly to the right, and not opposite the middle of the building. At Rheims, and in other cathedrals on the Continent of Europe, and even in some of the old English churches dating from Catholic times, one sees a similar idea planned by the builder: there is a curve in the long line of the nave, which those versed in Medieval architecture explain as a memorial of the position of the sacred body of the Redeemer upon the Cross. At Rheims, seen from the roof, it is most distinct, and could not possibly have been anything but the carrying out of deliberate design. Now, it is wonderful that at Cashel there is a tradition that Cormac's chancel arch was not placed in a straight line with the body of the chapel, because it was designed in remembrance of the divine head leaning to the side in death upon the cross.

The cathedral was built cruciform, one choir and transept joining to the corners of Cormac's Chapel, and the other side fast against the Round Tower. The archbishop's palace was a sort of castle, shortening the nave, and having passages round the building in the thickness of the upper wall. The whole place—castle and cathedral— at one period had parapets and battlements above the roof, and the Rock had a loopholed wall of defence. Perhaps no cathedral was so many times built, destroyed, and rebuilt as that of Cashel. The last we hear of its history is that, the Established Church (Protestant), having erected another Cathedral, the old one on the Rock was unroofed in 1749; and roofless it remains.

And now we come to the spot that excels in interest all else at Cashel. A few feet away from the great group

J. M. J.

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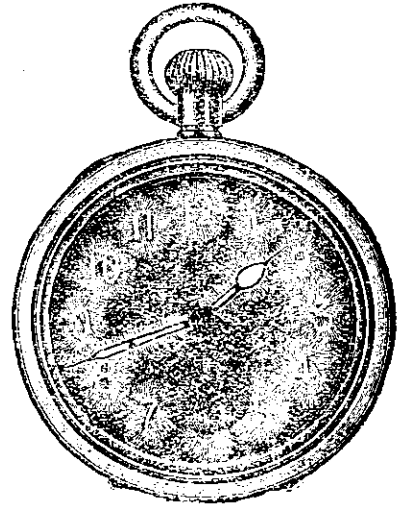
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of buildings, there is a green mound, flat on top, and of perfectly circular shape. On this is a great stone, about four feet square by three feet high. It is an old Druidic sacrificial stone, round which the sun-worshippers must have assembled many a time when no Christian building interrupted the eastern view,—perhaps when Christ Himself had not yet come, and when this vast panorama spreading to the sunrise was pagan Ireland.

Before the coming of St. Patrick, the Rock of Cashel was a fort and a stronghold of idolatry. Tradition says the idols at Cashel fell the night before the Apostle came; but the meaning of the word may be that idolatry was overthrown at his coming. It was here, by this Druidic stone, that St. Patrick baptised King Ængus. Everyone has heard how the saint's pointed crozier—"the Staff of Jesus"—was accidentally planted so as to pierce the King's foot; and how Ængus stood silent, and willingly suffered, mistaking the shedding of his blood for a part of the baptismal rite.

The saint had come to teach a people athirst for truth and for a holier life. Undoubtedly he must have preached from this spot, and we can well imagine him using to the sun-worshippers some such words as those that occur in his famous "Confession": "Verily in Him we are to reign; for that sun which we look upon rises daily at His command for our sakes; but it will never reign, neither will its splendor last. . . But we believe and adore the true Sun, Jesus Christ, who will never fail; neither shall he who does His will, but forever he shall stand as Christ stands forever,—who with God the Father and the Holy Ghost reigns before all time, and now and forever. Amen."

From this ancient Druidic altar, firmly wedged into it as into a pedestal, stands the main shaft and left arm of one of the oldest stone crucifixes in the world. One can trace the carving upon it, almost worn off by the rain and storm of nearly a thousand years. There is, faint as a shadow, the clothed Figure, that was often seen on the crucifix of remote antiquity. The arm is traceable on the one remaining cross-piece. At the other side, the reverse shows other carving. Here are robes to the feet, a point of an over-garment like a chasuble, a right hand raised in blessing, a staff at the left side. It is an early representation of the Apostle of Ireland, exactly in the attitude that we are familiar with in every statue of St. Patrick in our churches.

To come face to face with these things is like suddenly stepping back into the Heroic Age of the first planting of the Faith. St. Patrick preached in Ireland at the end of the fourth century, and during the first half of the fifth—truly a long time ago, and very near the days of His Master's visible presence on earth. And here we come back in the twentieth century to the spot where he stood, and rejoice to find the Faith of Ireland still as bright as that first Easter fire that he lit in sight of Tara at the beginning of his preaching.

There is something marvellous in the conversion of this country from paganism. It was a triumphal progress. The people flocked to receive baptism. They listened to the Gospel for whole days and nights. Their Apostle had longed for 30 years for that nation of the West, and literally had fallen in love with them in the early days of his bondage; and tens of thousands of those who heard him seem absolutely to have fallen in love with Christ and forgotten all things else. The old chronicler, Jocelyn, tells us: "Before long there was no spot or hiding-place in the island, however remote, which was not peopled with perfect monks or nuns; so that throughout the world Ireland was justly distinguished by the extraordinary title of the Island of Saints; for they lived according to the rule imposed upon them by St. Patrick, in contempt of the world and desire of heaven." In numberless cases the souls of the newly baptised seem to have gone straight to the heights of mysticism. Never was there a field whiter for the harvest. And it is a remarkable characteristic of Ireland that, from that day to this, vocations have always been numerous to the priesthood and to the religious life.

One cannot travel here in summer without meeting priests from the United States and from Canada, from Australia and New Zealand and South Africa,—apostles of Ireland, who have come back "to see the old country." As for Ireland's daughters, they have made their way to the convents of every city of the English-speaking world; they are found wherever the outposts of the Faith are planted,—in China and Japan, the leper settlements, or "Darkest Africa." In the contemplative cloister or in the hard ways of active service, they elect to follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth; and in multitudes beyond numbering they carry on the spirit of those first virgins who heard from St. Patrick of the Divine Lover of souls, and "followed Him to Paradise."

O Love, how red is Thy heart!
And Thy hands are full of roses.

The number of vocations is the continuous proof of the deeply religious character of the Irish home. The bulk of the nation has always been faithful to a family life,—pure, simple, and illumined by a vivid faith. The fervent spiritual life of the people is the rich soil from which these numberless vocations have sprung.

Now, if the planting of Christianity in Ireland was something supernatural and wonderful, it must be counted as a second marvel of grace that Ireland kept the Faith with this exuberant vitality, when every other good thing she had was, as nearly as possible, stamped out,—her very language, her learning, her arts and industries, one might almost say her civilisation. There were times when, as in the Cromwellian settlement, the "mere Irish" were driven westward almost into the sea; but they absorbed the invaders, and sprang up like the shamrock, and it was still almost synonymous to be Irish and to be Catholic. It is impossible to destroy a nation, and in this case it was beyond human power to destroy a nation's Faith.

In the "Confession" written by St. Patrick when he felt the end of his life drawing near, the saint commended his soul to God, "for whom in my lowliness I am ambassador"; he thanked his Divine Master, desiring to drink of His chalice, "as He has lovingly granted to others who have loved him"; and then he solemnly wrote down his dying prayer "Wherefore may my Lord avert that it should ever come to pass that I should lose His people whom He has gained at the ends of the earth." Fourteen hundred years have shown the world the answer to St. Patrick's prayer.

So we go down into the humble little country town that clusters about the base of the Rock; and we note the new crucifix erected in the principal street at the silver jubilee of the Archbishop in our own time. Up there on the Rock we traced the same Figure carved a thousand years ago.

May the great Apostle count us not unworthy of the nation for whom he prayed! May he recognise us always, wherever in the world we may be scattered, as his own people, whom His Lord is to keep forever!

—*Are Maria.*

THE LOST KEY.

When all the ragged-robin ways of youth were ours to roam,
We lost the key to elin-land among the hills of home.
We could not break the wizard-locks that gripped the gate
We knew.

The delicate green and golden gate of gossamers and dew,
We hunted for the glimmering key, we thought we saw it gleam.

A green and crimson dragon-fly, by many a chuckling stream.

Till now, O far and far away, to one that listens long,
The laughter of our summer day has deepened into song;

O you may search among the ferns, and I will search the fern;

And if we find our talisman, there'll be no more to learn;
For you will call aloud to me, or I will call to you:
And the elin gate will open on our world of dawn and dew.

It's likelier to be at our feet than hiding very far,
It's brighter than a flower, I think, but darker than a star.

—ALFRED NOYES, in *Current Opinion*.

IRISH REGIMENT RAISES VOICE FOR IRELAND.

The protest of the Connaught Rangers stationed in India against the treatment of Ireland is not the only one raised by Irish soldiers.

"It is probably not generally known that a great deal of disaffection has prevailed among Irish soldiers, both here and in Khartoum, for a considerable time," says a Cairo dispatch to the New York *Herald* (Paris edition). "This has been entirely due to political reasons, but the restrictions of the movements of the Archbishop of Melbourne acted as a climax."

"A battalion of the Munster Fusiliers is stationed at the Citadel, and as a result of the unrest a number of the men asked to be sent somewhere else. They were ordered to Khartoum to join the King's Liverpool Regiment, which is largely composed of Irishmen. Disturbances of a serious character broke out there, and some of the officers and non-commissioned officers had a very bad time of it."

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A WEEK IN IRELAND

A distinguished writer and landlord sends us the following, in the form of a week's diary of local events. It is from a quiet part of Ireland, not dominated by the Extremists (says the *Nation*, London, for October 16):—

September 28.—Yesterday, Monday, evening I came home, driving from the sea. I had been told that a house in K— had been burned in the night, the Sunday night, and we passed by its ruined walls. But that is a common sight in towns now, and there seems to be some doubt who burned this.

A little farther, at the cross roads, there was another ruin, M—'s, the smith's. His house had also been burned down in the night, "by military and police"; he and his family had found shelter in the cartshed. It seemed so silent; we had always heard the hammer of the smithy as we passed, and seen the glow of the fire. And he was such a good smith, I remember how our best hunters used to be sent to him. "One of his sons was said to be secretary to a Sinn Fein Committee." To-day M.L. came to ask for sand for the building up of B—'s house at B—, burned also on the Sunday night by military and police. They had come to look for one of the sons and he was not there. Then they told B— to take what money he had out of the house, and had set fire to it. There were children in the house; M— has taken two of them to his. They say G— would have been burned on Saturday by drunken soldiers arriving from E—, but three of the old police restrained them.

September 30.—I was quite ill, could not eat or sleep, after that homecoming, the desolation of that burned forge and all one hears. E.M.'s beautiful little village hall burned down.

G— coming to work at the yimery, from G—, says that on Monday night two lorries of military came into the town firing and shooting, and the people brought out their furniture from their houses, expecting the burnings to begin. "Black and Tans, and police and military burned B—'s house, an officer with them, but was there ever a gentleman among them?"

October 1.—B. No post to-day.

Old Patrick F— working for me says: "There did two car loads of the Black and Tans come into G— yesterday evening. They were a holy fright shooting and firing. They broke into houses and searched them, and they searched the people in the street, women and girls that were coming out from the chapel, and that came running down our street in dread of their life. Then they went into S's to drink, and got drunk there— it is terrible to let them do that. Look at L—'s, they burned all the bedding in the house and every bit of money he had, and nine acres of wheat and oats. They would have burned the hay, but they didn't see it. At B—'s they kept the boys running up and down the road for nearly an hour and a half, and they all but naked while they were chasing them up and down, and girls nearly the same way. It is a holy crime; it is worse than Belgium. What call have they coming to G—, that is such a quiet little town? One of your own workmen that went into G— in the evening with a message from his wife that is sick was stopped near the town and made put up his hands and was searched."

M. has just brought me back a book, *Cher Swann*, that I had sent to go back to Mudie's. "There was a regiment of soldiers with their bayonets standing at the post office door, and no one could go in, and the shuts up as on Sundays. They were said to be searching the letters inside."

Old T— is trembling "there is no one is safe!"

October 2.—No letters yet. J— says the military opened all the letters that came in yesterday, that time they were at the post office. The Black and Tans left last night. "They searched a good many houses and found nothing, but any pictures they saw that had anything to do with Sinn Fein they tore and broke them. Young H— was trying to slip away from them, but they fired and hit him in the thigh. They went singing about the streets, 'Irishmen come into the parlor,' and 'Who fears to speak of Easter-Week?' There were not three people in G— went to bed here last night, but sitting up through the night-time keeping the lights quenched. V—, that was a policeman's son from the neighborhood, was the officer over the Black and Tans, a tall young fellow. He was wearing a white cloth over his face, and holes cut in it for the eyes. The house was searched twice, where X— lives, that killed V—'s father last year with a blow of a hurl, but that was acquitted, but for manslaughter. They are thinking he wants his revenge. But S— says it would have been worse but for V— being in it—he has friends he would not wish to harm in the town."

"The reason for B—'s house being burned was that he had driven cattle on Lord —'s property at D—, and the police say they heard shots there one night. There are others living near that say there were no shots fired. It was one o'clock in the night-time they burned the house and the wheat and the oats—a slated house and as well furnished as any house you could see. The boy they were looking for was in it, and they covered him with their revolvers, eight of them, holding them to his head and his body, but the officer said 'We can do enough harm without killing him,' and they began the burning."

J. M— says the Black and Tans fired thirty shots at H—, but only one hit, in the shoulder; and that they broke all the pictures and furniture in B—'s shop.

Old P— says: "They stole a piece of tweed from J—'s shop, and a gold necklace and watch from a house on Church Street. V—, their officer, made them put back the tweed, but the watch and the necklace they brought away. They drank in every bar, and went about drunk in the evening, shouting and singing. Savaged they were—a holy terror."

5th.—Our censored letters have come, one torn across, one marked, words obliterated with blue pencil.

TOLERANCE IN SOUTH IRELAND.

The toleration of Irish Catholics towards their compatriots of other denominations is confirmed every day in the most convincing manner. Protestants who have grown up in communities where the mass of the people are Catholic, have grown tired and indignant at the unvaried tales of British propagandists who state that there is no toleration in Ireland. From all over Leinster, Munster and Connaught Protestant ministers and Protestant public men are coming forward and exposing the falsehoods of the paid propagandists whose business it is to besmirch the Irish people. Some of these dispatches have recently been printed in the *Tablet*.

In the September 11 issue of the *Dublin Irish Independent* the following letter, signed by a number of Protestant clergymen and Protestant laymen, bears testimony to Irish toleration:—

To the Editor, *Irish Independent*:—

Sir,—We, the undersigned Protestant members of a southern Irish community, desire to make public protest and a declaration. We profoundly deprecate the spirit of religious and sectarian bigotry, which we believe is a disgrace to our common Christian heritage, and we hereby call on all who are in a position to do so to use their influence in bringing to an end the penalising of any man on account of his religious or political convictions.

We would also publicly record our keen appreciation of the invaluable good feeling which has always existed, and which at present exists, between ourselves and our Roman Catholic neighbors.

From what is a life-long experience on the part of most of us, we can testify wholeheartedly to the existence of unfeeling kindness and toleration amongst all, and we would wish to express our vivid hope that whatever may be the outcome of the present troubles, this essentially Christian spirit may continue to grow in our midst.—J. B. Willis, Canon of Aiden's, Ferns, Rector of Preban, and Moyne; John Smyth, Rector, Tinahely; Thomas J. McCord, Methodist Minister, Tinahely; R. W. Coates, Tankusley, Ballinglen; Joseph Boyd, Drummin; E. C. Boyd, Ballinglen; A. Hopkins, Ballinglen; Roland T. Taylor, Tinahely; J. J. Bourne, Forttown; R. R. Haines, Tinahely; W. W. Hadden, Johnstown; Samuel Weir, Tinahely; W. T. Strahan, Ballymanus; George Pasley, Tinahely; Thomas R. Kinch, Sandyford, Ballinglen; George L. Kerr, Mullins; John Farrar, Ashakeigh, Ballinglen; Peter Laurence, Carrigro, Ballinglen; W. F. Barker, Farnus, Tinahely, William Kidd, Ballinglen.

HUMAN SACRIFICE.

Lo, ye who tread for Beauty's sake
Her starry ways and high,
For any loveliness ye make
A living thing must die.

Yield up your tribute of the slain,
Then know the doom fulfilled:
Music that heals the spirit's pain
From blood has been distilled.

Some soul accepts the victim's part
Ere soul is breathed in stone;
And every poet breaks a heart,
Another's—or his own.

To feed the vision's sacred fire
Some dream in ashes lies;
The gods for all their gifts require
A human sacrifice.

—BENVENUTA SOLOMON, in the *English Review*.

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Current Topics

Quis Custodiet?

Lord Welby tells us that England is governed by a gang of crooks; we all know that Ireland is misgoverned by Huns; New Zealand is run by the followers of a horsewhipped calumniator of the dead—for as such we must recognise Mr. Massey, Sir Francis Bell, and the rest of them; South Africa is supposed to be directed by a Parliament in which no two parties combined can out-vote the remaining three; Canada has its running sore of Orange savagery and of British hatred of the French Catholics; and Australia has Billy Hughes. It needs no great intelligence to forecast that an Empire resting on such pillars has as much chance of enduring ten years as the proverbial celluloid cat chased by an asbestos dog through hell would have of lasting ten minutes.

Bankruptcy

America has displaced London as the great financial clearing station. Through our foolishness in holding on to London, when even Hughes had brains enough to take the sensible course, the exchange rate against us is making America richer and ourselves poorer. The banks have made huge profits during the war, at the expense of the public. And now bankers are locking up their safes and closing their purses for some reason or other. It is easier to get snow at the equator than to get gold in a New Zealand bank; it is becoming almost as hard to get even silver. If you want to send a few pounds out of the country you will find that you are not master even of your own money, and that the Government has assumed rights over your purse. Whither has the gold gone? What has become of the silver? Will the coppers go also? The reign of scraps of paper seems at hand. One of these days you will be buying a box of matches with a bank note, and writing a cheque to pay for an ounce of tobacco. But why worry? Mr. Massey's financial genius is at our disposal; and even if he is sending our money, without our consent, to buttress up the Empire that British stupidity and crime have left doddering are we not a loyal Jingo people, and is there not paper enough to make more notes? Eat and drink, for tomorrow you die, is the motto for Mr. Massey's godless schools. If the people only realised how they have been fooled!

Another British Victory

Since war was declared on Ireland the British army has won one decisive victory. Soldiers shot Canon Magner of Dunmanway, Cork, while he was administering the Last Sacraments to a young unarmed man whom they had already shot. Two priests have now been shot, others have been maltreated and flogged. Convents have been raided. Churches have been plundered. The war on the Catholic Church is in full swing. One of these days we shall expect to hear that Messrs. Massey, Bell, and Elliott have sung a *Te Deum* over these great British victories. We note that the person responsible for what England calls law and order had the audacity to express sympathy with the Bishop of Cork. The Bishop sternly replied that he would accept no such expression from the head of the forces that had killed his priest and burned his city. Of course Freemason Greenwood says the Sinn Feiners burned Cork. The Cork people themselves, the Bishop, and the British Labor delegates all say that Cork was burned by Greenwood's thugs. Considering that it seems necessary for a British Minister to be an expert liar in our day, few people will pay much attention to Greenwood's denials of the crimes of England against a small nation. If the League of Nations were not a farce or a scheme for the protection of tyranny it would long ago have demanded the execution of Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Edward Carson, Hamar Greenwood, and other organisers of murder. Readers will have remarked that the official excuse for murdering the

Canon was that it was done by a lunatic. Here we have the case of Colthurst again. Colthurst was mad. Crowhurst was drunk. Are Lloyd George and Greenwood also mad and drunk? There is hardly one of us Irish Catholics in Australasia whose friends have not suffered from the British in Ireland. We get letters from Home month after month telling of what our friends endure. This terrible reign of frightfulness has been brought upon the world by Edward Carson, the Ulster traitor, whom Lord Limavaddy describes as a great patriot. The same "statesman" has gone as far as he could well go towards introducing into New Zealand the Orange bigotry that has made Ireland a hell; and as far as we can judge he is prepared to go as far as his bear-leader, the horsewhipped cad, orders him. May the Orange plots in this country unite us and encourage us as persecution at Home has given heroic and miraculous strength to the Irish people.

Christmas

To all our readers we wish every blessing and happiness that the season can bring them. To all who are of good will towards ourselves and our aims we wish in measure full and flowing over the joy and the grace of Christmas: to any who may not include us in their good will we wish them none the less. And, for us all, may the New Year bring to us from the Prince of Peace that treasure of peace with Him and with ourselves which Christ alone can give us. For all men of good will peace is ensured at all times; nothing can disturb it; nothing can rob them of its consolation and sweetness. Whosoever keeps his heart for God has within him a power above this earth and a source of strength that puts his enemies at his feet. For such the angelic message that delighted the ears of the shepherds on the first Christmas morning is repeated year in and year out:

Gloria in excelsis Deo! Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis.

So long as we place the glory of God above every aim and ambition of our own, so long as we are true to our religion which teaches us how to serve God and to make each day, and each action of each day, a stepping stone towards God, the blessed gift of peace will be ours. It will be given to each individual, to each family, to each nation that realises practically the relations of creatures to their Creator: for in that realisation lies the root of true religion. And during the year to come we ought to remember always that there is no surer way of bringing peace to all than by making religion better known and better loved of all. The better Christians we are, the more we can do for the spread of true peace on earth among men of good will. Whether we be priests, or religious, or laics, let us remember that we can do nothing better or higher for our fellows than to bring them into closer relationship with God. If there is unrest and turmoil all over the globe at the present time it is because men have neglected religion. Because men have set themselves to worship false gods the true God is forgotten. Wherever ambition, avarice, and lust reign God will not come with hands laden with blessings, as He will come wherever He is remembered, honored, and loved. When men set self before Him: when they set selfish interests before His interests; when they devote their lives to the pursuit of things of the earth and forget God in Heaven there will be no peace. Individuals who have crushed Him out of their hearts; families in which He is not honored and loved; nations that break His laws and anger Him by their blasphemies will have no peace: His peace was pledged to all men of good will, and the lesson of history teaches us that to none other shall it be given. Hence it is that an irreligious world has emerged from a welter of slaughter and crime still irreligious and therefore still farther from peace now than it was six years ago: hence the powerful Hand of God is heavy on men and nations; hence countries are given over to the schemes and machinations of unprincipled Governments while the people are exploited like pawns in a game for the selfish ends of the tyrants

Mrs. J. Aramburu

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in power. We need not go far afield for an example. Men devoid of honor and truth are elected on the strength of pledges given to persons consumed with hatred. So-called laws are passed in defiance of right and justice. The rich are protected; the poor are oppressed; bankruptcy threatens the masses while the few amass greater wealth. Unrest grows, crime increases, men become reckless and defiant, asking themselves why should they obey laws made by people who break the law of God and the law of nature. Society is corrupt; divorce destroys the family, which is the unit of the State; children are taught to be indifferent to religion and to live for pleasure and for the things of this earth. God is forgotten, but He does not forget. And until men and nations return to Him again His peace will be only for those who continue to glorify Him and to do His will on earth. In a world of turmoil, let us do what we can to bring men to Christ once more.

War on Ireland

By royal proclamation the British army in Ireland has been declared on active service: England has declared war against Ireland. For four years, under the whip of Carson and his Orange hordes, the Government of England tried by every means in its power to goad the Irish people to rebellion. Having failed to make Ireland declare the war they wanted, the Britons are now driven to declare it themselves and thus to increase their ignominy in the sight of God and man. Ireland is so calumniated and misrepresented by an ignorant and dishonest colonial press that it is well for us to recall the events of the past six years once more. Just before the war a harmless, worthless Home Rule Bill was passed. Sir Edward Carson, Bonar Law, Galloper Smith and others organised a rebellion against the Crown in order to deprive the Irish people of even that modicum of justice, and through the trickery of politicians and the co-operation of King George the Home Rule Bill was held up and the rebels were promoted to Cabinet rank. Ireland, instead of Home Rule, was given a government by her bitterest enemies: England instead of hanging them made rebels her rulers. This bore bitter fruit in the Dublin Rising of 1916. Then came the butcher, Maxwell, and the protected assassin, Colthurst, and the convincing proof that there was one law for Orange rebels and another for Irish patriots. In disgust with British treachery and lying, the Irish people became Sinn Fein and by an overwhelming majority elected representatives pledged to stand for and by an Irish Republic. It was a British war aim that small nations must be delivered from despots: Lloyd George declared that he felt he was fulfilling his ideals when he seized by the throat a bully holding down a weak people, and British Ministers protested again and again that the war was waged to secure for all people the right of being governed in conformity with their will. Ireland took these pledges at their face value: Ireland declared a Republic, and that declaration was backed by the votes of 82 per cent of the people. There is no right government without the consent of the governed, and every people has a right to choose its own form of government: these are principles of the Natural Law, and they have been publicly acknowledged even by England during the war. Hence the Irish Republic was from the first moment, as it is now, the rightful Government of Ireland. Known throughout Christendom as perfidious England, that country once more proved that expediency and self-interest alone appealed to it. When the war (that was waged in reality because we were bound by secret treaties to the most corrupt military power in the world) was going against England, then England wept crocodile tears over small nations and with frothy rhetoric and hysterics called on men to die for the extermination of tyranny and for the restoration of justice. When, however, Ireland proceeded to do exactly what England said she was fighting to enable small nations to do, the English Government broke its own laws and did to the Irish people exactly what English pressmen and politicians said that Prussia was doing to Belgium. For the crime of asking England to keep the pledges so often reiterated,

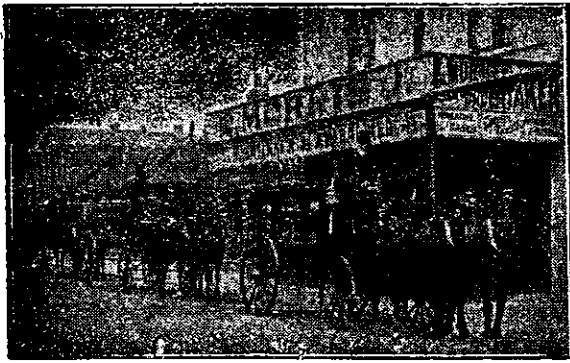
for demanding what England was fighting for, Irishmen and Irish women were thrown into gaol and left there without trial; lies were spread about Ireland all over the world; bogus plots were staged by hirelings of the Government; spies, informers, perjurers were let loose among the people; homes were raided and children kidnapped; fire-bombs were thrown from aeroplanes on gatherings of women and children, all in order to prevent the Irish people from doing what England said was the right of every nation--choosing their own form of government. When, maddened and furious with persecution and injustice, Irishmen began to hit back, England let loose murderers and robbers among the people. Girls were dragged from their beds at night; old men and children were shot dead; priests and people were stripped and flogged; Cork was burned, Newry was burned, Macroom was burned; armed Orangemen were let slaughter Catholics and British soldiers stood by and watched the massacre. This was excused and defended by brazen lies from British Cabinet Ministers. The oppression that drove the Irish people to violence was represented as an attempt to check violence; murders done by police were cabled across the world as Sinn Fein outrages; robbery, arson, assassination became the ordinary every day business occupation of English soldiers, and an English officer became a drunken scoundrel whose mission in life was to prove what a disgusting and horrible thing an Englishman can become. The England that armed Red Indians against the white people of the United States, the England that was responsible for the unmentionable crimes by which India was subdued, the England that killed the Boer women in the Kitchener Concentration Camps, the England that mowed down men, women, and children, at Amritsar, has for four years now tried every form of devilry it is master of on the Irish people and vainly hoped to drive them to rebellion in order to mow them down as British forces used to mow down poor savages with machine guns, or as Orange and Hessian troops mowed down the Wexford people when driven to revolt by British sexual filth in '98. But the Irish people, organised and led by able men, would not be driven to rebellion. Instead, they kept appealing to the civilised world, and they told far and wide the whole story of English outrage and calumny in Ireland. The press of France, Italy, even of England, is to-day full of denunciations of the criminal course pursued by Lloyd George and his friends: the voice of humanity is raised in angry denunciation of the arch-hypocrites who deceived the world by their shameful lies during the war. And, in baffled fury, when unable to drive Ireland to rebellion England now declares war on the Irish people. That is what the recent proclamation means. On the whole it is just as well for Ireland. The campaign of organised murder of men, women, and children, the burning of homes and the destruction of property, the robbery and the lies and the excuses, were worse than anything ever alleged against the Prussians in Belgium, and declaring that the army which was on active robbery and active murder is now on active service makes no difference in fact. Sinn Fein will never disarm. What sane man would give up his only means of protection while a drunken assassin remained in his house? Was it not an English statesman who said: "If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign force remained in my country I would never lay down my arms: never, never, NEVER?" Sinn Fein governs Ireland in accordance with the will of the people, and in accordance with right and justice; and Sinn Fein will stand fast by the Irish Republic to the end. We are with Sinn Fein, because Sinn Fein represents the people. The whole Irish race is with Sinn Fein, and shame upon us if we turn our backs on Ireland now. England refused to give Ireland a modest Home Rule Bill: England gave Ireland nothing but lies and injustice: there is no course for Irishmen other than nailing to the mast the flag of freedom from foreign domination. An Irish Government for the Irish people, the end of foreign exploitation, the end of Orange rule, the end of plunder and oppression: we must stand fast by that, and we must not weaken.

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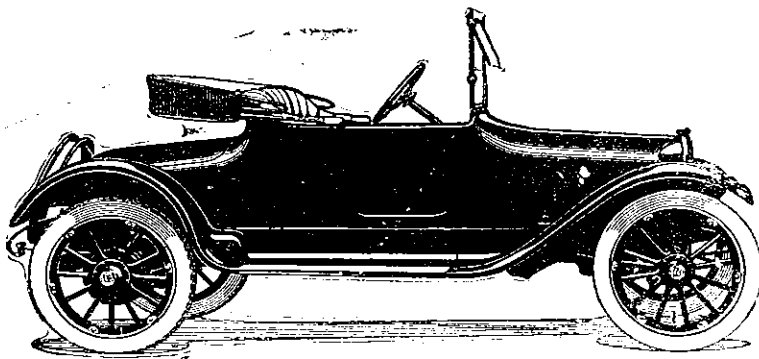
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There are dark days ahead for Ireland. The few remaining resources of British cruelty will be exhausted. The horrors of '98 will be revived. But the Irish people will not lose heart, and the tyrants cannot break their spirit. In one year from now Ireland will have won. Lloyd George cannot conquer Ireland but he can ruin the Empire. Let us in weal and woe stand by Ireland; let us remember for what our own friends fought and died; they did not fight for despotism; they fought for small nations—Poland, Belgium, and Ireland, too. And no Irishman is worthy of his race if he will not stand fast to the end and refuse to whittle down by one iota Ireland's rightful claims to direct her own destinies.

Still on the cause must go, amid joy or weal or woe,
Until we make our isle a nation free and grand.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

- T. R.—Your letter received and attended to.
- P. C.—Whether in London or elsewhere we cannot say definitely, but we do know that letters going to Ireland are opened and read. Moreover, money is taken out of them. The army of occupation seems to be largely composed of thieves and murderers.
- READER.—Macalpine is Lloyd George's father-in-law. He got the contract for the enormous buildings for the fraudulent "Dope" company out of which many people connected with the "Government of crooks" made thousands of pounds. Is Lloyd George burning down Irish towns with a view to giving the old man another little job?
- E. DE. M.—Historians are not agreed as to the exact date of Our Saviour's Birth. The best opinions are those according to which He was born 747 or 749 years after the foundation of Rome. (The letters A.U.C. in Roman dates mean *Ab Urbe Condita*—from the foundation of the city). The year 29 Anno Domini is probably the date of His death. It was erroneously supposed that He was born in the year 751 A.U.C., from which year the Christian Era dates. According to the more probable dates Christ lived on earth 2945, or 2947 years. We have heard a very learned professor hold that He lived even 38 years amongst men. The years 747 and 749, A.U.C. for the Nativity, and 782 and 781 for the Crucifixion, are all supported by strong arguments.
- TITUS.—Creel in his book on Ireland says that King George was responsible for holding up the Home Rule Bill. Colonel Repington says that the King also saved the pro-German Ulster rebels. He has done as much as any of his race ever did for Ireland—and that is exactly nothing. To be accurate, Queen Victoria asked the Anglican Bishops to proclaim a fast day by way of helping the starving women and children in the years of the famine. Don't worry; God keeps watch above His own. We answered that question concerning the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein three years ago and were almost exterminated by jarring Jingoism for telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Do you recall that sentence of Bacon's? "What is truth, said jesting Pilate." Bill Massey and his master, the horse-whipped one, answer boldly: *Truth is sedition.*

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

C.T.S., London.—*Prayers for Confession and Holy Communion; On Spiritual Communion; Benediction; Devotions to St. Peter; How Shall They Preach Unless They Are Sent? Why? Protestants Should Approve of Confession; Universal Brotherhood.* (2d each).

AN EXAMPLE OF PATRIOTISM.

The friends of an oppressed small nation in Matamata have subscribed the magnificent sum of £130 to the Irish Fund. The newly-formed parish of Matamata is a credit to its pastor, as it is an example to many large and more pretentious towns which have done little or nothing to help our persecuted friends in Ireland in their efforts to make England keep her pledges.

Marriageable Girls, now listen. We advise you all to learn the violin so that later on you too may experience the great delight of playing "Home Sweet Home" while "NO RUBBING" Laundry Help does the weekly washing. New Zealand Grocers.— (1)

RETURN OF MOST REV. DR. KELLY, ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY.

His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney, accompanied by the Right Rev. Monsignor Coonan, P.P., V.G., returned to Sydney on Tuesday the 7th inst., after his visit to Rome and Ireland. A great concourse of clergy and laity met his Grace at the Central Railway Station, and cheered lustily as the Melbourne express drew in. His Grace, looking well after his trip, found some difficulty in proceeding through the crush of people, who desired to kiss his ring, as he proceeded to the handsome limousine which was presented to him by the laity. As the car drew out of the station, hearty cheers were given for the Archbishop and Monsignor Coonan.

Having arrived at St. Mary's Cathedral, a solemn "Te Deum" was sung by the students of St. Patrick's College, Manly, after which addresses were presented by the clergy and laity.

In the course of his reply, coming to the question of Ireland, his Grace stated that the Bishops were not concerned with Republicanism, or Nationalism, or any otherism. In these things, keep the law of God, and, privately, keep your own opinion. We recognised that the Government of England had spoilt opportunity after opportunity of giving to Ireland those political privileges rightly claimed by other nations. Moreover, that members of the Cabinet had taken part in preparing rebellion against Acts of Parliament, in case the majority of the Irish people secured what they had a perfect right to get. Now, the Irish people had assumed a different attitude, and established their own views in practice. Sixty thousand soldiers, and they have been increased, were sent to Ireland. Raids have been made everywhere, and wholesale arrests have been made without trial. The Bishops were unanimous in saying that all these things were to be regretted, and the blame is to be laid at the door of the present British Cabinet, on account of their deliberate actions during the past four or five years. But they must pray against anger, hatred and ill-will, for they were Christians. God knows what is best.

The Pope's View.

The Vicar of Christ has said that it was quite right for any nation to seek to be delivered from the despotism of any other nation, and have their own Government to promote peace and prosperity by lawful means under God's law. Ireland was suffering for justice' sake. If they gave the people of Ireland their just rights, then there would be peace. Concerning the attitude of the small minority of the people of Ireland, what would be said if the Catholics of Australia, totalling one-fourth, insisted upon imposing their wills upon the rest of the people? That was taking place in Ireland.

His Visit to Ireland.

His Grace then dealt with his visit to Ireland, and explained that he stood at the graves of his father and mother, and of many of his old companions. For three months he had met old friends in Wexford, Ennisceorthy, and Kilkenny. He saw the old roads, the old streams, the old trees and green fields, and people asked him "What he thought about Ireland?" And some said, "I am glad you are here to see what an alien Government is doing." Continuing, his Grace explained that he had an interview with the Prime Minister. They were formerly acquainted, and he was glad to have another opportunity of meeting the Premier. It did him good to hear my views. The provocation in Ireland was terrible, but the country was well organised. The papers make too much with their headlines of these outrages in Ireland. There were outrages in Ennisceorthy and Tullow, where his Grace visited the people. The outbreaks came like a clap of thunder upon the people. The Volunteers were organised, and had their own courts, which the people preferred. They had their own police doing duty, and the Volunteers seemed to secure wonderful knowledge regarding certain events. His Grace then related the execution of a man who impersonated a priest and sought information from prisoners through the confessional. Also the case of another man, who was shot as a spy. In general, the Archbishop said, that secret organisations were against the law of God. We are Christians, and as children of God, are ready to make sacrifices for the country. The present generation in Ireland think nothing of their lives if they were to give them for their native land.

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MISS ERINA O'CONNOR (representing St. Patrick's Cathedral parish), who was elected Queen in connection with the recent carnival at Auckland, when the record sum of over £15,000 was realised: Miss O'Connor received 502,467 votes.



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PRIVATE SCHOOLS: ATTITUDE OF GOVERNMENT

The attitude of the New Zealand educational authorities toward private schools was criticised by several of the speakers at the King's College prize-giving in the Town Hall concert chamber last evening (says the New Zealand Herald of December 15). The chairman, Mr. W. J. Larnier, referred to the recent withdrawal of the condition allowing State scholarships to be held at private schools. This action, denying the privilege of State education to pupils of private schools, was described by Mr. Larnier as unjust and impolitic. "Such schools as Christ's College, Wanganui College, and King's College surely serve a useful purpose, and in the circumstances one would have thought the Government would have looked with favor on these institutions," said the speaker. He knew that many of the large private schools were disliked because of their religious foundations, but he was convinced that a system of education that found no place for religion in its curriculum would find no place in the requirements of the community.

Professor H. S. Dettmann, who also commented upon the withdrawal of the privilege, said that it appeared that a concerted attack was being made on the private school. "To some people," said Professor Dettmann, "the existence of these schools is, in itself, an attack on the State schools. These people desire to see education conformed to one idea, a system of standardisation, which can only be typified as Prussian." The criticism levelled against the private school, he said, was typical of the world's unrest in an unlovely form. It was an expression of the undemocratic idea of "taking away from those who have."

All the big schools of England were built up on a religious foundation (said Dr. Averil, speaking of his recent visit to England, and the pleasure it gave him to return in time to be present at the prize-giving). He was very glad to see that private schools in the Dominion were following this principle, for there could be no true education which was not based upon religious principle. Speaking of the effort which was necessary to restore the world from the atmosphere created by the war, he enjoined the boys to cultivate a spirit of unselfishness and true ideal to carry on the good work of the men who had given their lives.

LAW AND ORDER WHERE SINN FEIN RULES.

Summarising an interview with Mr. J. J. Boak, a well-known Auckland warehouseman, who lately visited England and Ireland, the New Zealand Observer of December 4, says: "Mr. Boak is a non-Catholic and a North of Ireland man, and is probably as popular a citizen as Auckland can name, and is one of the founders and pillars of the local Savage Club. He says distinctly that where Sinn Fein rules there is law and order; that 50 years will not redress the most recent wrong done to Ireland; that she had a right to and deserved a large measure of fair and liberal treatment, and that Carson is the cause of the wrong done. He believes that Ireland is just now prosperous, and declares that for the most part the traveller goes far and wide beyond Ulster and is left unconscious of disturbance and the danger to life which is currently reported." An opinion like Mr. Boak's is, like the man himself, trustworthy.

MEMBERS OF NOTABLE FAMILIES IN RELIGIOUS LIFE.

The report that the former Grand Duchess of Luxembourg has arrived at Modena, where she will try her vocation with the Carmelite Nuns, recalls the fact that several Royal and high born women are professed nuns in convents in England.

At Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, there is a house of French Benedictine Nuns, who settled in the island when the French Government passed the laws against the religious Orders. In this convent there are many nuns of noble birth, and among them two ex-queens, one of whom has been a confirmed invalid for years, and is wheeled into the choir of the Abbey church in an invalid's chair.

Two sisters of the late Duke of Norfolk are nuns: the Lady Minna Howard is a member of the Carmelite Order, and the Lady Etheldreda Howard a Sister of Charity. The Lady Agnes Feilding, daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, is a professed nun; so also is the Lady Christina Bandini, a sister of the Earl of Newburgh. Lord Albermarle, Protestant Peer, has a sister, the Lady Leopoldina Keppel, who is a religious of the Sacred Heart. Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, Lord Arundell, and Lord Dormer have sisters who are professed nuns in English convents.

Two sisters of Lord French are nuns, and the three aunts of Lord Petre are nuns. Lord Trimlestown, an Irish Peer, also has three sisters who are nuns.

From pre-Reformation times, there has been an unbroken tradition, both in the noble families of Ireland and of England, of the women of noble houses entering religion. For centuries the call to religious life meant a voluntary exile, since the convents of the English and Irish religious Orders were found in the different cities of Continental Europe, because the penal laws forbade their establishment in the British Isles. Many of the religious Orders for women trace their spiritual ancestry back to pre-Reformation days, and in the case of the Bridgettines of Syon Abbey, in the diocese of Plymouth, they have an unbroken tradition of community life that goes back 500 years.

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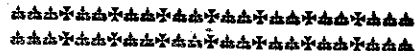
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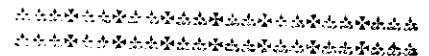
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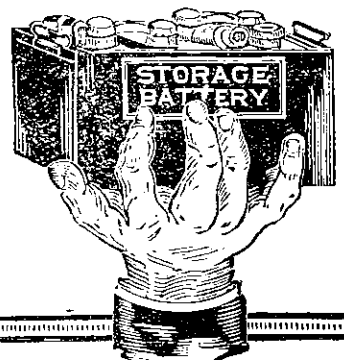
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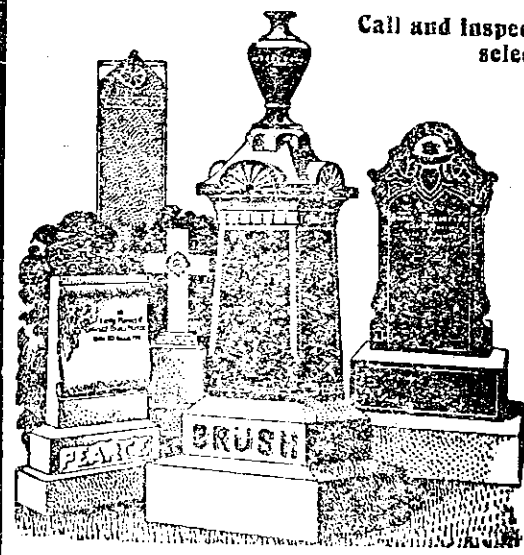
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ENTERTAINMENTS AND RECEPTIONS.

On Tuesday, December 14, Dr. Whyte, the visiting prelate, and a large number of priests, were entertained at luncheon by the Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin. His Lordship received a hearty Irish welcome from the good Sisters and their pupils. Song and music contributed to the enjoyment of the function, while the costumes of the children and the flags that decorated the buildings were clear proof that Faith and the Fatherland from which it came are not separated in South Dunedin. The schools, the orphanage, and St. Patrick's Basilica were visited by the Bishop, who was very pleased with this material evidence of the progress of Catholicity in this part of the city. In the afternoon all went on to Anderson's Bay, where the Little Sisters of the Poor have within a short span of years built up the spacious homes for the aged and the beautiful chapel crowning the height over the harbor. The old people who are travelling down the western slope of life in that sheltered and restful spot were delighted to receive the bishops and the clergy, and the feelings of one and all were admirably expressed in the address read to his Lordship by Mr. Marr. From the Home the visitors went on to St. Joseph's Orphanage, Waverley, where they were welcomed by the Sisters and by young boys who have already filled the fine two-storey building which St. Joseph himself recently annexed for the nuns. The Papal flag and the Irish tricolor flying over the balcony marked eloquently the latest position won for the cause of religion and charity by those devoted workers and spiritual daughters of St. Patrick.

On Tuesday evening all who had foregathered for the consecrations were invited to a concert in honor of Dr. Whyte, given by the pupils of the Dominican Nuns. There were about a dozen items on the programme, and there was not one of them below the highest class. Where all were bordering on perfection only that individual taste that knows no law could distinguish. Among the musical items the playing of the "Hexentanz" pleased us particularly. Miss Vera Inder's singing of "The Lament for Owen Roe" appealed to us for its sentiment as well as for its artistic merits. Miss Lynch sang that difficult piece "Caro Nome" beautifully. Miss Cunningham's artistic interpretation of the "Jewel Song" won praise from all. In the dramatic "Scene from the Life of St. Catharine of Alexandria," the acting and elocution were excellent. After a clever skit in French on Spiritism, an address to Dr. Whyte was recited delightfully by Miss Josephine O'Neill. Dr. Whyte's reply and a speech from the Chrysoptom of our Hierarchy, the venerable Metropolitan, brought to a conclusion a most pleasant entertainment. We do not think we exaggerate in saying that a more admirable concert has never been produced in the Dominion, and to all concerned we offer our hearty congratulations.

On Wednesday morning the visitors began to depart. Archbishop O'Shea and several priests went by the early express, and Archbishop Redwood, Bishops Carroll, Cleary, Brodie, and many priests went north by the 11.30 train. Those who remained behind joined the Bishop and the diocesan priests in an excursion down the harbor. Favored with bright sunshine, and supported by a good luncheon a few pleasant hours were spent by the seaside before returning to town late in the afternoon. In the evening all were invited to a concert given by the pupils of the Sisters of Mercy, and, as on the preceding evening, entertainment of a high order was provided. The perfection of the young artistes—some of them of very tender years—reflected great credit on their teachers and delighted the audience. The Irish note was clear enough throughout the evening to make the harmony of the whole sweeter. We would recommend all teachers who want to prepare for a concert in the future to visit South Dunedin and learn how children may be taught to dance the beautiful Four-Hand-Reel (the Wexford Reel) so gracefully. If nuns ever allowed themselves to be proud the good Sisters of Mercy have reason to be proud of the success of their pupils on Wednesday evening.

On Thursday morning, the Sacred Heart School-rooms, North-East Valley, were crowded by the pupils and their parents and friends, who extended a very cordial welcome to his Lordship Bishop Whyte. A charming little entertainment was tendered, and an address of welcome presented to the Bishop, who, in his reply complimented the children and their teachers (the Dominican Nuns) on the manner they had carried out the well-arranged programme, and expressed appreciation of the sentiments conveyed in their address. His Lordship also distributed the prizes, practically every child receiving a Christmas gift.

The Christian Brothers' pupils' concert was given in His Majesty's Theatre on Thursday evening (a report of which is given in another column).

On Friday, Dr. Whyte visited the Kaikorai and Morningside schools, where he complimented the teachers on their good work during the year, and cheered the children by his kind words of encouragement. The full week of functions and entertainments was brought to a close in the evening by a concert in honor of the Bishop given by the pupils of St. Joseph's Schools. The young children taught by the Dominican Nuns gave a good account of themselves and the singing, dancing, and elocution were evidence of the careful training by the Sisters. The entertainment ended with an address to his Lordship, spoken by three little girls, and not the least striking part of the programme was the expression, from their innocent lips, of hearty greetings and blessings in the tongue of the Gael. The Bishop, in a few well chosen words, thanked the teachers and pupils for their excellent entertainment and for their prayers and good wishes.

THE LATE HON. J. A. TOLE

The funeral of the late Hon. J. A. Tole took place on Tuesday afternoon, December 14. The respect and regard in which he was held was shown by the very representative gathering (says an Auckland report).

The obsequies began at half-past nine at St. Patrick's Cathedral, the celebrant of the Mass being Father Doyle, of Remuera, to which parish Mr. Tole belonged. Other members of the clergy present were Right Rev. Mgr. Gillan, V.G., Fathers Colgan (St. Benedict's), Brennan (Thames), Hunt (Ponsonby), Moyuahan, C.M., Buckley, and O'Malley (St. Patrick's Cathedral). The "Dead March" was played by Miss Nellie Ormond.

The coffin remained in the Cathedral during the day, and the burial service was resumed at half-past two, when there was a large congregation. Father Doyle officiated at the Cathedral and also at the graveside at the Waikaraka Cemetery, Onchunga, where the burial took place. The chief mourners were Mr. J. Tole and deceased's sons-in-law, and among those present were Messrs. John Alexander, J. W. Stewart, S. Hesketh, and R. McVeagh, representing the Law Society; Professor A. P. W. Thomas and Mrs. Baume, of the Grammar School Board of Governors; the Hon. E. W. Alison, and Messrs. Winston and Raynes, of the Taupiri Coal Mines, Ltd.; the Hon. George Fowlds (chairman of the Auckland University College); Inspector J. Johnston, Chief Detective McMahon, and Senior-Sergeant Sales, of the Auckland Police Force; the Hon. G. J. Garland, Messrs. S. Mays, M. J. Sheahan, R. Binney, J. Stanton, W. W. Kidd, E. Mahony, N. McIntosh, Pavitt, Judge Dunbar Johnston, and many others.

Members of the legal profession attended the Supreme Court, Mr. Justice Cooper and Mr. Justice Hosking presiding, when Mr. H. P. Richmond, president of the Auckland Law Society, on behalf of members, paid a tribute to the late Hon. J. A. Tole.

Mr. Richmond said Mr. Tole might well be said to be a landmark in the legal profession in Auckland. For over 30 years he had been closely identified with the Courts in the office of Crown Prosecutor, and had shown a high sense of responsibility from first to last, and a keenness to fulfil his duties to the Crown. He was one of the old school, and had interested himself not only in law but also in politics and education.

Mr. Justice Cooper, on behalf of himself and Mr. Justice Hosking, agreed with Mr. Richmond's estimate of Mr. Tole's character and his ability as politician, lawyer, and educationist. Their Honors felt his loss personally. Both were in practice before Mr. Tole was admitted to his practice in Auckland, some 42 years ago. Mr. Justice Cooper added that he had had close friendship with Mr. Tole all that time, and he felt, with the Chief Justice, that the Dominion had lost a gentleman well versed in political affairs, a scholar, and an upright citizen. It might be some comfort to his widow and relatives to know that Mr. Tole was respected as a man, as a citizen, and as a lawyer right to the end.—R.I.P.

OUR COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

Owing to the extreme pressure on our space we find it impossible to find room in our ordinary pages for all the vacation reports and prize-lists which have come to hand. We have decided to print the whole of these, early in January, in a special supplement to the *Tablet*.

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Diocesan News

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

December 17.

A concert in aid of the funds of St. Joseph's Orphanage, Takapuna, was held in the Town Hall concert chamber, on Thursday, December 16. There was a large attendance. An excellent programme was submitted, many of the items being rendered by the boys of the Vermont Street School, and the children from the orphanages. Action songs, choruses, and shield drill by the girls, and a physical drill demonstration by the boys, were much appreciated. Items were also rendered by Misses V. Higgins, B. Sanford, E. Petrie and Le Silva; also Messrs. M. Gilman, A. Wilkie, and L. Tait. An overture was rendered by Miss Lillis's orchestra, and Mr. Harry Hiscocks acted as accompanist.

The Marist Brothers' School, Vermont Street, broke up on Wednesday, December 15. Rev. Brother Calixtus gave a report on the year's work. Twenty-eight boys had secured proficiency certificates; P. Soljak was first in the North Island for the scholarship at the Sacred Heart College; and Francis Bennett secured the day scholarship at the college. The Allan Doone Cup, awarded to the boy in the school securing the best pass in Standard VI., went to Frank Bennett. The school had a phenomenal run at Rugby, winning the "A" grade championship for the fourth successive year, and also winning in the lightweight grade. The "A" grade cricket banner was also won by the school this year. In addition, the swimming "tit-bit" of the Auckland schools—the Nicholson shield—also found a resting place in the Vermont Street School. Rev. Father Hunt congratulated the Brothers and boys on their very successful year. He urged them to be faithful to the lessons taught them at school by the Brothers. Rev. Brother Denis, B.A. (Provincial), said it was a great pleasure to him to be present at the break-up. The boys had done well all round. The inspectors had reported well on their year's work. Standard VI. had done very well; the school had won several scholarships, and in addition had all the most coveted sports trophies in its possession. He urged the boys to do their utmost to live up to the lessons taught them in the school, and concluded by wishing them the pleasantest of pleasant holidays.

The Vermont Street School "A" played Mt. Albert in the cricket final last Tuesday. Batting first Vermont Street made 120 (Lack 40, J. O'Neill 26). Mt. Albert were all out for 29. They followed on and made 23 in the second innings. Vermont Street won by an innings and 68 runs. A feature of the game was the splendid catching and general fielding of the Brothers' boys. E. Bradley (Vermont Street), won both the schoolboy events at the Waitemata swimming carnival last week. Roy Callaghan also had a first, while O'Connell came first in the neat heeler.

The S.H.C., the school chronicle of the Sacred Heart College, will be issued shortly. Old boys and others desirous of securing copies may obtain them by forwarding 2/9 to the editor at the college, or by applying to Cullen's Catholic Depot, in Darby Street, Auckland.

Taumarunui

(From our own correspondent.)

December 16.

Rev. Father Clune, C.P., Sydney, spent a few days in Taumarunui recently. Rev. Father Forde, Adm., St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, also spent a day here en route to Dunedin.

Much sympathy is felt with Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe, whose little daughter, Noreen, was drowned while bathing in the Ongarue river last Sunday week. This sad occurrence caused much sorrow in the parish, the little girl being loved by all who knew her. Her piety and devotion to the Church were remarkable, and a source of edification to all. Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul was celebrated on the Tuesday morning, the music being rendered by the children of the Convent School. The funeral was largely attended, the school children, carrying floral tributes, following immediately behind the hearse. Up till the day before her death she had taken a very active part in the preparations for the carnival, having organised several little entertainments amongst the school children in order to assist the Town and Public Service Committee.—R.I.P.

The queen carnival, the biggest effort yet attempted in Taumarunui in connection with the Church, was opened by the Mayor (Mr. G. S. Steadman) on Saturday, 11th

inst. The Theatre Royal was packed to the doors each evening, and the carnival has been in every way a great success. On the opening night the Town and Public Service queen was leading, the Sports queen second, and the Country queen third. On Tuesday, the closing night, the positions of the queens were: Country first, Town and Public Service second, and Sports third. This is, however, not final, as the voting is not closing until Saturday next. The committees are still working in various ways to secure more votes for their respective queens.

Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

December 17.

The Convent School's annual entertainment and presentation of prizes was held in His Majesty's Theatre on Saturday night, and a most enjoyable programme was presented. The bright musical numbers were very enjoyable, and the clever dancing of some of the pupils was applauded by the large audience. The entertainment concluded with a musical play, "Red Cap in Fairyland," by the pupils. Mrs. Phil Barry, who had the arduous task of training the children, was warmly complimented on her successful efforts. The fine staging arrangements were much admired. Mr. Clarke was stage manager, and Miss Phyllis Dower accompanist. The members of the school committee had charge of the business arrangements. During the interval the presentation of prizes was made by the Mayor (Mr. G. Wildish), who congratulated the children on their successful year's work. Addressing the audience, he also congratulated the teachers on the successful examinations recently held. Mr. Frank Sexton presided in the absence of Rev. Father Lane, who was attending the consecration ceremonies in Dunedin.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

December 20.

The Hugh Cahill memorial cup and medal, presented by Mr. and Mrs. T. Cahill to the Marist Brothers for the best athlete in the school, was won by Master Jack O'Loughlin, son of Mr. T. O'Loughlin, Barbadoes Street, Sydenham. The handsome cup remains in his possession for 12 months, and the medal becomes his own property. The Brothers in gratefully acknowledging this handsome gift from Mr. and Mrs. Cahill, desire also to thank St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernian Society, and Mr. G. V. Bean for valuable prize donations.

At the conclusion of the fortnightly meeting of St. Patrick's branch of the Hibernian Society, held in the Hibernian hall on Monday evening last, and presided over by Bro. L. J. Courtney, B.P., occasion was taken to bid farewell to a valued and esteemed past president of the branch—Bro. J. Griffin, who is opening up a business in Wanganui. In presenting Bro. Griffin with a gold chain and pendant, Rev. Father Long (chaplain) spoke feelingly of his work for the society during many years, but notably his term as president during the first year of the war. At that time many knotty problems came before friendly societies generally, and Bro. Griffin handled them with credit to himself and to the well-being of his branch. Father Long also referred to Bro. Griffin's work for the Celtic Club, and the generous assistance and support given by him to every Catholic work in and around Christchurch. These remarks were supplemented by Bros. M. Grimes, H. A. Sloan, W. Nidd, T. P. O'Rourke, J. M. Coffey, and W. Rodgers. Bro. Griffin, who was received with applause, thanked the members for their kindly expression of friendship, and appreciation of their valuable gift, which he would be ever proud to wear. In going to Wanganui he would take with him many pleasant memories of good-fellowship and harmonious workings with the officers and members of the society, and that night's recognition amply repaid him for any success that attended his efforts for the furtherance of Hibernianism. During the evening toasts were honored, and entertaining items given by Bros. W. B. Kavanagh, A. Rae, A. H. Turner, J. M. Stanley, W. Nidd, M. Piggott, M. Walls, and J. Flannelly.

Members of the M.B.O.B. Association and their supporters met in the Hibernian Hall the other evening for the purpose of offering their congratulations to Mr. Brian McCleary, who had just returned from a visit to Australia, and who had brought with him the title of amateur heavyweight boxing champion of Australasia. Mr. P. Smythe, who presided, neatly expressed the club's delight at Mr. McCleary's success. Mr. Geo. Payne, after reviewing the splendid sporting record held by the guest of the evening, presented him with a well filled purse. Mr. E. J. Pegg and Mr. Reg.

Visitors to Queenstown (N.Z.)—YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO SUPPORT A RETURNED SOLDIER!
POST OFFICE HOTEL — EVERY HOME COMFORT — **W. C. HUGHES**
 REASONABLE TARIFF. 31 31 **LETTERS AND TELEGRAMS PROMPT PERSONAL ATTENTION**

McAleer also spoke. Mr. McCleary, in reply, expressed appreciation of what had been said of him and of the kindly action of his club mates generally. Although he did not intend to remain in Christchurch, good fellowship existing amongst members of the M.B.O.B.A. was so very hard to break that he had made up his mind to remain another season, during which he would feel honored, if required, to do his bit towards carrying their colors to victory on the football field.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

December 20.

Amongst recent visitors have been his Grace Archbishop O'Shea and Ven. Archdeacon Devoy (Wellington) and Bishop Carroll and Father Dunne (N.S.W.). Father Berger (Christchurch) also spent a few days here, and on last Sunday week preached at the Sacred Heart Church on the Immaculate Conception.

Father Goudringer (Wellington), who is at present spending a holiday in Timaru, preached on Sunday evening on the life and work of Father Damien, of Molokai.

On Thursday, 16th inst., the annual Catholic picnic was held at Temuka, whither large numbers were conveyed by special train. The weather conditions were splendid, and a most enjoyable day was spent. The picnic is arranged primarily as an outing for the children of the local Catholic schools, and the thanks of all are due to the energetic committee, who, with Father Hurley as chairman and Mr. J. G. Venning as secretary, spared no pains in making this picnic one of the most successful ever held in the parish. The children's sports occupied the greater portion of the afternoon. During the day the Children of Mary had charge of soft drinks and sweets stalls, and also of a wheel of fortune and a bran-dip. Any margin of profit resulting from these will be devoted to a fund for the erection of a soldiers' memorial window, a work which the sodality hopes soon to accomplish.

OBITUARY

MR. JOSEPH FITZWILLIAM MILLS, DUNEDIN.

It is with sincere regret we announce the death of Mr. Joseph Mills, which occurred at his residence, the Wharf Hotel, Rattray Street, Dunedin, on Thursday last. Deceased was born in Dunedin, where his father was well known as one of the first Fire Brigade Superintendents. The latter was in charge of the brigade at the big fire in 1864, at Stafford Street, after which his efforts were publicly recognised by the citizens. Deceased was one of the first pupils at the opening of the Christian Brothers' School in Rattray Street, and sat under the revered Brother Bodkin. On leaving school he joined the hardware firm of Messrs. Wilkinson and Keddle, and later that of Messrs. Briscoe and Co., Ltd. The late Mr. Mills was a strong supporter of athletic sports, and formerly was a member of the Otago Rowing Club. He had not been in good health for the past two years, and the management of the business mainly devolved on his wife (nee Miss Maggie Dwyer). The remains were removed to St. Joseph's Cathedral, where Requiem Mass was offered on Saturday morning by Very Rev. Father Coffey, A.M., who also officiated at the graveside. The deceased possessed one of those kindly natures which endeared him to all and made strong friends of all who knew him.—R.I.P.

THE LATE FATHER LE PETIT, S.M.

The late Rev. Augustine Le Petit, S.M., whose death was recorded last week (writes our Christchurch correspondent), was born in the archdiocese of Nantes, France, in September, 1860, and was ordained priest in the Society of Mary on September 21, 1884. For five or six years he labored in Suva, Fiji Islands, but as the climate seemed to be undermining his constitution his superiors sent him to New Zealand, Blenheim, Temuka, Hokitika, and Timaru were the scenes of his activities in his sacred calling, and some 18 years ago he was sent to Fairlie, founding that parish, and where he has left behind him a striking record of ardent zeal and strenuous work. The churches at Albury and Cave are lasting monuments to his memory, as is also the fine presbytery at Fairlie. Father Le Petit made it a special duty to visit the public schools in his district in order that the Catholic children might receive instruction in the principles of Faith. Even when his health was impaired he made long and frequent journeys to carry out this work. Some 18 months ago he was compelled to relinquish duty, and, acting on the advice of his medical at-

tendant, he came to Lewisham Hospital, where he died on Saturday night, December 11.

Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated on Tuesday, 14th inst., at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street, by Very Rev. Dean Holley, S.M., Provincial, assisted by Rev. Father Peoples, S.M., as deacon, and Rev. Father Hoare, S.M., subdeacon, Rev. Father Roche, S.M., being master of ceremonies. Rev. Father Aubry, S.M., preached the occasional sermon. The music of the Mass was sung by a choir of priests. The burial took place at Linwood Cemetery. Besides a large congregation there were present Very Rev. Dean O'Donnell, V.G. (Ashburton), Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., Rev. Fathers O'Connell, S.M. (Wanganui), Bowden, Galerne, Fogarty, Leon, Seymour, Stewart, O'Connor, Long, and Gallagher (Cathedral), and Finerty. Mr. D. Angland, of Albury, a fast friend of the deceased, was also present. Very Rev. Dean Regnault and the Marist Fathers in general express their gratitude to the Sisters at Lewisham Hospital for their devotedness and untiring efforts in tending the deceased priest. Personally (said the Dean) he could not give expression to his feelings for the kindly treatment given their late confrere.—R.I.P.

NEW ZEALAND RAILWAYS

New Year Holidays, 1921.

The following alterations and additions to ordinary train service will be made:—

FRIDAY, 31st DECEMBER.

Train leaves Dunedin for Seacliff at 4.4 p.m., and for Palmerston at 11.0 p.m.

Train for Balclutha leaves Dunedin at 6.30 p.m., connects with Lawrence and Catlins River Branch trains.

Train leaves Balclutha for Otago at 9.0 p.m.; return train leaves Otago 10.15 p.m.

SATURDAY, 1st JANUARY.

The morning train for Oamaru leaves Palmerston at 7.55 a.m.; and afternoon train for Palmerston leaves Oamaru at 6.10 p.m.

RACES AT WAIKOUAITI.

Train leaves Oamaru at 8.50 a.m., arriving Waikouaiti 11.20 a.m. Return train leaves Waikouaiti at 6.15 p.m., arriving Oamaru 8.45 p.m.

The 4.45 a.m., 1.40 p.m., and 5.27 p.m. trains Dunedin to Palmerston will NOT run.

Trains leave Dunedin for Palmerston at 8.30 a.m., 9.5 a.m., 9.25 a.m., 10 a.m., and 4.50 p.m. Return trains leave Palmerston 4.0 p.m., 5.16 p.m., and 5.50 p.m. Non-stopping train leaves Waikouaiti for Dunedin at 5.30 p.m.

The 6.5 a.m. Mosgiel-Balclutha train will NOT run.

RACES AT WYNDHAM.

Train leaves Dunedin 6.0 a.m., arriving Wyndham 11.0 a.m. Return train leaves Wyndham 5.30 p.m., arriving Dunedin 10.25 p.m.

MONDAY, 3rd JANUARY.

SPORTS AT MIDDLEMARCH.

Trains for Dunedin leave Middlemarch 2.24 p.m. and 5.5 p.m.

Train leaves Otago 8.30 a.m., arriving Middlemarch 12.35 p.m.

Train leaves Middlemarch for Otago at 5.20 p.m., Ranfurly 7.45 p.m.

The morning train for Oamaru leaves Palmerston at 7.55 a.m.

The 4.45 a.m., 5.0 a.m., and 5.27 Dunedin-Palmerston trains will NOT run.

Trains leave Dunedin for Palmerston at 8.30 a.m., 9.20 a.m., 9.35 a.m., and 6.15 p.m.; return trains leave Palmerston 4.0 p.m., 5.16 p.m., and 5.50 p.m.

Train usually leaving Dunedin for Port Chalmers at 6.15 p.m. leaves at 5.55 p.m.

The 6.5 a.m. Mosgiel-Balclutha train will NOT run.

TUESDAY, 4th JANUARY.

The 5.0 a.m. Palmerston-Dunedin seaside train will run. Train leaves Seacliff for Dunedin at 5.40 p.m.

For further particulars re trains during New Year Holidays see poster and booklets.

Goods and Live Stock Traffic will be suspended on 25th and 27th December and 1st and 3rd January.

BY ORDER.

The Modern Tailors

Scurr's Bldgs., Dunedin (opp. Herbert, Haynes).

Tailored Suits from £6 15s. Your own material made up. Price, £5 5s hand-stitched.

G. W. REILLY Outter and Manager.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART TIMARU**A SPIRITUAL RETREAT FOR LADIES**

Will begin on the evening of Monday, January 3, and end on the morning of Saturday, January 8.

The Retreat will be preached by Rev. Father Walsh, S.J. By applying in time to the Rev. Mother Superior, ladies wishing to make the Retreat can board at the Convent during the week.

AMBROSE DUNNE

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL, DUNEDIN.

Has just received select assortment new Prayer Books, beautiful gold-linked Rosaries in imitation of precious stones—Emerald, Amethyst, Garnet, Blue and Black. 10/6 per set. All kinds Religious Articles stocked.

[A CARD.]

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Mass (65 per cent. Beeswax) 4/6 lb; Benediction (25 per cent.) 3/6 lb.

Votive Candles, 16, 28, and 32 to the lb., 2/- lb.

High Altar Candles, 24in. diameter, 1in. and 1½in. 3/- lb.

Triple Candles, 6/6; Paschal Candle by weight.

Incense No. 1, 7/6 lb.; No. 2, 6/- lb. Charcoal, 2/6 box.

Tin Wicks, 1/- box. Tapers, 4/6 lb.

Catholic Home Annual, 1921, 2/-.

Australian Catholic Directory, 1921, 3/6, interleaved 4/6.

Illustrated Envelopes for Christmas Offerings, 2/6 per hundred.

Agents for: *N.Z. Tablet*, *Catholic Press*, *A. Ecclesiastical Review*, *Ave Maria*, *America*, *Messenger*, *Annals*, etc., etc.

Superior French Prayer Book Pictures, including Christmas and New Year Subjects, 4/- doz.

[A CARD.]

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Late Sgt.-Major Instructor in Chiropody for Expeditionary Forces, Featherston.

The man who looked after the soldiers' feet in their long marches across the Rimutaka Ranges may now be consulted daily from 9 a.m. till 6 p.m. on all matters pertaining to Foot Troubles.

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(Late with the N.Z. Expeditionary Force, where he handled over 10,000 cases) offers the most skilful treatment of every description of FOOT AILMENTS. Trouble-some corns removed, ingrowing nails adjusted, Flat foot, weak ankles, and bunions skilfully treated.

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[A CARD]

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

Deaths, Marriages, Wanted, etc., will be charged as follows:—Up to 20 words, 3/- minimum; up to 30 words, 4/-; up to 40 words, 5/-. *Strictly Cash in Advance.*

Wedding reports will not be inserted unless accompanied by a marriage notice, cash paid.

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

General advertising rates on application to the office.

MARRIAGES

CONNELL—SWEENEY.—On November 17, 1920, at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, by the Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., assisted by the Rev. Father Morkane, Richard Patrick, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Connell, Hildershorpe, to Ruth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sweeney, Dunedin.

RYAN—BRADY.—On October 27, 1920, at St. Joseph's Church, Te Aroha, by the Very Rev. Dean McGuinness, Jack, eldest son of Mrs. Ryan, Remuera, Auckland, to Kathleen, second daughter of Mrs. Brady, Shaftsbury, Te Aroha.

DEATHS

BROUGH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Mary Brough, who died at her residence, "Clare Villa," Plymouth Street, Wanganui, on December 1, 1920; aged 75 years. Native of Ivagh, Co. Clare, Ireland.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

CONNELL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Edmond Connell, beloved husband of Honora Connell, who died at his residence, Factory Lane, Oamaru, on December 6, 1920; aged 80 years.—Jesus, Mary, Joseph, pray for him.

HOUHLIHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas, dearly beloved husband of Anne Houlihan, who died at the residence of his son, P. Houlihan, 10 Woodford Road, Mt. Eden, Auckland, on December 8, 1920; aged 88 years.—May his soul rest in peace.—Inserted by his daughter, Mrs. Scanton, Westport.

McGRATH.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Julia McGrath, who died at Waimato on December 25, 1920.—R.I.P.—Inserted by her loving daughter, Julia.

MILLS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Joseph Fitzwilliam, beloved husband of Margaret Mills, who died at his residence, Wharf Hotel, Dunedin, on December 16, 1920.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

IN MEMORIAM

MINIHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Patrick Minihan, who died in England from wound, on December 22, 1917.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving sister, E.C.

WANTED

WANTED.—DOMESTIC HELP, good plain cook, small family, in city on car line; wages 30/- to suitable applicant. Apply immediately—

A.B.C., Tablet Office.

WANTED TWO STRONG GIRLS immediately, to help in kitchen. Apply with references to

"The Seminary,"

Greenmeadows, Hawke's Bay.

WANTED DOMESTIC HELP, on a small farm. Good wages to suitable person. Apply

MRS. HOWARD,
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Young Lady desires Position as GOVERNESS. Address

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c/o Tablet, Dunedin.

FOR SALE.—An imitation "Strad" Solo VIOLIN (full size), Bow, and Case; also a large Brass Concert 'Phone HORN.

Apply "J. C." c/o Tablet, Dunedin.

FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—The Gospel According to Conan Doyle, p. 25.
Notes—War Books; Barbusse; "Poems", pp. 26-27. Topics—Bankruptcy; Another British Victory; Christmas; War in Ireland, pp. 14-15. The Rock of Cashel, p. 9. A Week in Ireland, p. 13. The Lloyd George Government of Ireland, p. 33. The Age of Adjectives, p. 37.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae 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.



DUNEDIN, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1920.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO CONAN DOYLE



WE have amongst us a latter-day prophet, more dogmatic than all the prophets, more inconsistent than all the jesters. A one-time Stoneyhurst boy, nephew of the famous "Dicky" Doyle of *Punch*, the successful author of Sherlock Holmes stories, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has in his sear and yellow leaf turned to spooks, whether for comfort, for contrariness, or for limelight we cannot tell. Years and years ago he gave up being a Catholic when it was the fashion for young medical men without much common sense to become materialists. Now he has given up Materialism and gone to such an extreme of Spiritism that he wants to found a religion of his own and must travel the earth to tell all about his discovery. Poor Sir Arthur! Even his discovery is as old as the hills, and everybody but himself seems to have discovered that fact. Sir Arthur has become rather a joke, and most people refuse, much to his annoyance, to take him seriously. In vain he protests that he is Sir Arthur and that people must listen to him. "Oh, yes. We want to know all

Napier

has a splendid climate, you also have the best **Hairdresser and Tobacconist** in NAPIER Haven't you tried him yet? **TOM LIDDLE**, 2 doors from Working Men's Club. 3 Chairs, no waiting

about Sherlock Holmes," the people reply. "But I don't want to talk about the fellow," shrieks Sir Arthur. "He's dead, he's down and out, forget him and listen to me when I tell you about my new revelation." So at last, for the sake of peace, people listen to him, and find it is a sorry and pitiful person the creator of the great detective has become in the autumn of his days.

*
"Christianity must change or perish. I, Sir Arthur, says so, and there's no more about it. Proofs? To be sure there are proofs. The matter has gone beyond proof. From mediums who are seldom reliable, who often contradict one another, who frequently are deceitful and fraudulent, I have gathered a mass of details on the strength of which I announce my revelation and abolish Christianity. We have disqualified Hell: we have opened Heaven to all comers; we have new ideas concerning Christ and his doctrines. Don't ask me too much about my proofs. I told you the matter was settled, and isn't it enough that I say so. My reading and my experiences have convinced me, and you ought to be convinced also. What do you want of details? I do not want them, and that ought to satisfy you. Leave the Church and follow me, for I am Sir Arthur." Stripped of all its padding, there is his whole case for his new revelation. He had "an experience" which he admits may have been a practical joke for all he knew. He had a dream and awoke with the word *Piave* in his mind about the time that there was much talk about Italian manoeuvres round that river. He saw some very amazing results in dim light through the agency of a medium afterwards detected in trickery. He had very little spiritist experiences of any sort, and what he had were such as Sir Oliver Lodge describes as "of a very non-evidential kind, and possibly absurd." On these Sir Arthur builds his new revelation and asks us to take him seriously! But stay! He refers to his vast reading on the subject. Even those whom he invokes are against him. Sir Oliver Lodge—now believed by many to be the dupe of professional and greedy mediums—says of such spiritist information as Sir Arthur builds upon: "It is difficult to know what value to put upon it, or how far it is really trustworthy." Of books purporting to give information concerning the life of the spirits, Sir Oliver says: "It will be regrettable if these books are taken as authoritative by people unable to judge as to the scientific errors which are conspicuous in their normal portions"—words which aptly apply to the books written by Sir Arthur himself. Next, Sir Arthur's friend, Sir William Barrett, asks why the spirits have nothing to say except to a narrow circle of sitters, and why we have from the greatest and saintliest men no messages that will stand critical inquiry. Another friend of Sir Arthur's, Judge Edmonds, warns people to have nothing to do with Spiritism, as it leads to fanaticism. Other authorities testify that it leads even to worse, and that mental perversion, moral obliquity, loss of character, and even insanity are too often the results of the dabbling with such manifestations as Sir Arthur with almost criminal daring recommends even to women. One quotation will suffice for many on this point:

"I feel it necessary," writes Dr. G. M. Robertson, Superintendent of the Royal Asylum of Morningdale, Edingboro', "at this time, as the result of several cases that have come under my care, to utter a note of warning to those who are seeking consolation in their sorrows by practical experiments in the domain of Spiritism. . . . I would remind inquirers into the subject that if they would meet those who are hearing messages from spirits every hour of the day, who are seeing forms, angelic and human, surrounding them, that are invisible to ordinary persons, and who are receiving other manifestations of an equally occult nature, they only require to go to a mental hospital to find them."

*
Sir Arthur comes as the herald of a new revelation, offering to dupes a new religion founded on contradictory messages that come either from fraudulent mediums, or from invisible and irresponsible beings, who,

judging them by the fruits of their teaching, cannot be other than malignant spirits; he comes and, for such trash, asks sensible men and women to exchange their faith in Christ, their faith in that ancient Church which has given the world so many saints and martyrs, which was founded by Our Risen Lord for all men, which alone upon earth is the refuge of sinners and the hope of the hopeless. For the blessed doctrine of the Communion of Saints he offers us a system worthy of Bedlam; for the unshaken assurance of Christian Revelation he would give us the insane dreams of his new revelation; for Christ the Son of God he would give us a sort of higher type of these pitiful mediums whom really scientific men, far better qualified to speak than Sir Arthur, pronounce to be unreliable and often deceitful. The Church that Sir Arthur left years ago, which was founded before the language he speaks was heard of, which shall flourish when the Empire he belongs to is dust, tell us that it is not permissible for Catholics to assist at spiritistic communications or manifestations, even though they bear the appearance of being honest and pious, through a medium as he is called or without him, whether hypnotism is used or not, either by interrogating souls or spirits, or hearing their answers, or by simply looking on, although tacitly or expressly protesting against having anything to do with evil spirits. And like the sane people we are we will hear the Church rather than the inventor of Sherlock Holmes. Dicky Doyle made many a brilliant hit by his cartoons in *Punch*. He missed his best chance by not being alive now to draw his nephew as the prophet of the revelation of nonsense.

THE FAMINE IN CHINA

On December 16 the Archbishop of Wellington received the following cable:

"Bishops of the Famine Districts (in China) beseech New Zealand Catholics during the Christmas season to aid three hundred thousand starving Chinese Catholics."

We are sure we have only to make known to our generous readers the terrible plight of our fellow Catholics in China in order to excite compassion on their behalf. While our Irish priests are laboring to save the souls of the Chinese will we not co-operate in a practical manner now? Do not harden your hearts, but give freely as becomes true followers of Him who would have His disciples known to all men by their Christian charity, in whom we are all brothers, who will not forget even a cup of cold water given in His Holy Name.

NOTES

"Poems"

We introduce to our readers a booklet in which are collected nearly all the poems published by Miss Eileen Duggan in the *Tablet* up to date. As many correspondents expressed a wish to have these poems in a permanent form we trust the announcement of publication will please them. To readers of the *Tablet*, who already know and admire Miss Duggan's work, we need not recommend them. We believe that no person of good taste can help enjoying them, and that for lovers of true poetry this slender volume will be a real treasure. If your bookseller has not a stock in hand write directly to the *Tablet* office.

Irish and Catholic

Re-reading the poems since publication, we endorse again every word in the preface:—"The poems in this little volume bear on them the stamp of good taste and high culture. There is not a commonplace thought in them. It seems to me that they are the products of a heart and mind inspired by two forces—Catholicism and love for Ireland—rare in a girl who never saw the land from which her parents came many years ago. In

HOPE and KINASTON

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a home and beside a hearth that were an Irish hearth and home transplanted to New Zealand she drank in avidly the traditions of the race and the faith of her father and mother. Her studies in our University did not make her forget the lore of her childhood, and when song came to her it was, to us who heard her, as if some sweet voice from the Irish hills was singing to us across the ocean.

"Personally, I think this little book is a wonderful thing to come from a young New Zealand girl's first flight of fancy. In it I see vast promise for the future, which, I venture to hope, will give us many more such poems from Eileen Duggan. To Irish readers, I would like to say that this book is a pledge to them that our Greater Ireland beyond the seas has preserved the traditions of the old land and that young hearts beat here, as warmly as at home, for the cause that is dearer than life to us all."

War Books

Of the books about the war it may be said with truth that their name is legion. Ninety-nine per cent. of them were ephemeral and are even now forgotten. A very few will live in libraries; still fewer will be read for their truth, or for their literary merits. Of the books that ought to be read for historical value in our opinion the war volumes of Sir Philip Gibbs come first. *The Soul of the War*, *Battles of the Somme*, and especially *Realities of War*, are easily the best and the truest books on the subject we have had so far in English. The last of the three we have named ought to be read by everyone—especially by those simple people who imagined that the press told us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With the works of Gibbs, Lord Loreburn's frank study of the origin of the war ought to rank. No man who has read it will ever again attempt to tell the lie that England fought for small nations. England fought because, as Lord Loreburn says, she was bound by secret treaties to the most corrupt military Power in Europe. As literature rather than history, our favorites are John Ayscough's *French Windows* and Henri Barbusse's *Under Fire*. Some of our readers do not like *French Windows*, but we suspect it is for the reason that the author's snobism gets between them and the literary merits of the book. *Under Fire* is hardly a novel. It is a mixture of fact and fiction—*Wahrheit und Dichtung*, as our German cousins would say. But it is the truest and most terrible picture of war we have: as artistic and as grim as a Doré engraving of *L'Inferno*.

Barbusse

Before the war Henri Barbusse was unknown. Today he is the most widely read of all French writers. And—except for *Under Fire*—more's the pity. His three novels were written during the war. *Under Fire* has gone through more than 250,000 copies, *L'Enfer* (*Hell*) more than 200,000, and his latest work, *Clarté*, published in the beginning of 1919 has gone through 50,000 already. He has the awful realism of Zola, his sordidness, his sexual stain, his power of impressing a picture on the reader's brain. Zola, we think, never wrote as bad a book as *L'Enfer*—we doubt if so disgusting a book was ever written in any language. But *Under Fire* (*Le Feu* in French) is a masterpiece. It brings you among the soldiers in the trenches and makes you see them in all their simple greatness and bravery, and in all their meanness and pettiness. There are pages in it that once read cannot be forgotten. In spite of its slang, its grim realism, its naked horrors of war, its brutal truth, it makes you feel that you are reading the sincerest book written about the fighting men. But if you cannot bear realism and coarseness you had better pass it by. And no matter how much you can bear them, pass by *L'Enfer*, or, better still, throw it in the fire if you come by it by any chance. *Clarté* has not the coarseness of the earlier books, and not their power. It develops the ideas of M. Barbusse at length, and displays qualities of tenderness that one would not suspect him capable of from reading the preceding volumes.

His ideals are abolition of inheritance, universal disarmament, universal equality, and they are set forth in *Clarté* without the power and the genius that stamped *L'Enfer* and *Le Feu*. Any comparison between the third and the other two books would suggest that this disciple of Zola had exhausted himself. Genius though he be, we can not be sorry if he has. The world is sad and bad and mad enough without making it worse by books like these.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The next meeting of the Irish Literary and Social Society will be held on the fourth Thursday (January 27), and not on January 4, as previously announced.

On the afternoon of the Boxing Day holiday (Monday next) a Christmas tree, for which preparations have been made by the members of St. Joseph's Cathedral Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and who have been largely assisted in its furnishing by the pupils of St. Dominic's College, will be erected at St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage, South Dunedin, for the benefit and enjoyment of the numerous little orphaned inmates.

The following are the Dominican Convent School, Dunedin, results of the school examination held by Senior-Inspector Wallie, on December 8:—Standard VI. Competency Myra Delaney and Gretta Looney. Proficiency—Grace Bassman, Gwen Bremner, Mavora Cavanagh, Muriel Collins, Molly Crowe, Amy Flynn, Ivy Gerrard, Marjorie Holmes, Rose Loughnan Edith McGrath, Kitty Norton, Bridget O'Connor, Doris Pritchard, Annie Scully, Mary Scully, Winnie Stanton, Lalla Vonderstoot.

At St. Joseph's Cathedral on Christmas Day, Masses will be celebrated continuously from 6 till 9 a.m. Solemn Pontifical Mass will begin at 11 o'clock. In the evening after the Holy Rosary commencing at 7 o'clock, a recital of sacred music will be given by the combined choirs of St. Joseph's Cathedral and St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin. Masses will be celebrated on Christmas morning at the Sacred Heart Church, North-East Valley, at 7, 8, and 9 a.m.; Kaikora, at 8.30 a.m.; and Mornington, at 10 o'clock.

With the object of supplementing the offering to be made to the Dominican Nuns on the occasion of their Golden Jubilee celebrations, to be held early next year, the committee of ex-pupils are promoting a popular function for Monday evening, February 7. Tickets for this event, for which elaborate preparations are being made, are now available, and the ladies of the committee hope their efforts to ensure an outstanding success will be generously seconded by the very large number who owe so much to the Dominican Nuns for the magnificent work they have accomplished during the past half-century in Dunedin and throughout the diocese.

On Saturday last over 60 children from St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage took part in the picnic given by the Commercial Travellers' Association in the grounds kindly lent by the Caledonian Society for the occasion. Nothing was left undone that could make the day a memorable one; the afternoon was happily passed in races and games; a plentiful supply of sweets, confectionery, etc. was provided for all, whilst each child received the gift of a beautiful toy. The Sisters of Mercy desire to express their hearty appreciation of the kindness of the Commercial Travellers' Association in providing such a pleasant afternoon's entertainment for the little ones.

ST. JOSEPH'S CATHEDRAL.

Members of St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's (South Dunedin) branches of the H.A.C.B. Society, in record numbers, assembled in regalia, at St. Joseph's Cathedral for the 9 o'clock Mass, celebrated by Rev. Father Silk, on last Sunday, and approached the Holy Table in a body. Reference to the splendid gathering was made by the Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., who occupied the pulpit. He made a stirring appeal to all Catholic young men to join the ranks of the Hibernians. He had seen that morning many (to whom he particularly desired to address his remarks) who were not wearers of the green sash, a fact which grieved him as he saw them take their places apart from the fine assemblage of those to whom "Faith and Fatherland" had a real significance. He hoped his words would have the effect of inducing every Catholic youth and young man to join the Hibernian Society; a benefit society membership was essential to every one of them, and, while they had their own purely Catholic organisation, which offered all the pecuniary benefits of other societies, with spiritual advantages added, the one they should support was obviously their own Catholic society.

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After Mass all assembled in St. Joseph's Hall for the annual Communion breakfast, which was served in excellent style. Although naturally fatigued after the strenuous week he had just passed through, his Lordship the Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, graciously honored the gathering with his presence, accompanied by the Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm. (chaplain), and Rev. Father Silk.

In extending a cordial welcome to his Lordship the Bishop, Bro. J. J. Marlow, district deputy, said it was a "red-letter day" for the society in being privileged to receive a visit from their new Bishop so soon after the great consecration ceremony. His Lordship could rest assured of warm-hearted welcomes being extended to him in all parts of the diocese, but for warmth of affection and willingness to assist him in all his undertakings, the members of the Hibernian Society would be found second to none. On behalf of the members he (the speaker) wished his Lordship long life and fruitful work in this Dominion. Very Rev. Father Coffey said that, in common with other societies of a similar nature, theirs had passed through a period of anxiety owing to the large number who had gone to the war, and the consequent impossibility of increasing the membership. Now, however, since things had settled down, every effort should be made to induce our Catholic young men to join the Hibernian Society, which, besides offering every benefit to be obtained in such societies, had the inestimable advantage of providing a Catholic atmosphere, and no man could attend a function like the one they were present at without strengthening his faith. A membership propaganda must be immediately started and continued until no eligible Catholic man was outside the ranks of the society. He extended (as chaplain) a hearty greeting to his Lordship the Bishop on behalf of the Cathedral branch.

Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, who was received with prolonged applause, said he had listened with great pleasure to the assurance given in the remarks of Mr. Marlow that the members of the Hibernian Society were prepared to endorse what had been conveyed to him (the Bishop) in the numerous addresses of welcome that he had received since coming to Dunedin. Although only a week in their midst, he felt quite at home, and his intercourse mainly with the priests and the children made him feel like having been here for ten years. He was very pleased to be among the members of the Hibernian Society in such creditable numbers, and had pleasant recollections of seeing numerous representatives of their society gathered together on many great occasions. The society stood for active Catholicity, for Church advancement in every sphere; therefore, he would be very pleased to see their numbers doubled. He would like to see every member an apostle for the society, and to see the meetings made attractive and a real brotherly feeling exerted to bring about increased membership. The Church kept before us during the past few weeks, the mission of St. John the Baptist. He was a man in the strictest sense. St. John was commended by Our Divine Lord for many things; his was a virile manhood. Those who practice their religion will find that it brings out all that is best and most virile. We are told that Catholic countries are decadent; but Catholic Belgium disproved that oft-repeated statement when, in her emergency, she produced that heroic Catholic Churchman—Cardinal Mercier. When the Allies were in trouble Foch, Petain, Pau, Castelnau and many other French Catholic generals came forward and saved the situation. We hear nothing about all this now the war is ended. A wave of hostility against the Church comes as an aftermath, and those who have set it going have forgotten what Catholicity did in the time of world-wide crisis. The Church needs men of constancy, of virility, faithful men who will not allow their most cherished beliefs to be trampled upon, and who will not permit outside influences to affect them or tempt them to put people into positions they are not fit to occupy. To have men in the highest sense of the term—virile, determined, firm in principles, and good Catholics—their aim should be to acquire an ever-increasing knowledge of their religion. He would like to see our men read and improve themselves. His Lordship concluded a very interesting and instructive address by again saying how pleased he was to be present at such a splendid gathering of our Catholic men.

Bro. W. Carr (president of St. Joseph's branch) on instructive address by again saying how pleased he was to be present at such a splendid gathering of our Catholic men. Bro. W. Carr (president of St. Joseph's branch) on behalf of those present thanked his Lordship the Bishop for his much appreciated presence amongst them. Hearty cheers were then given for the Bishop, a like compliment being extended to Father Coffey.

At the Cathedral in the afternoon, in the presence of a crowded congregation, his Lordship made his first episcopal visitation and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 253 candidates—103 girls and women, and 149 boys and men; the adults, numbering 18, being mainly recent

converts. The Bishop addressed the candidates both before and after administering Confirmation, explaining the significance of the Sacrament and imparting some helpful advice to the newly-confirmed to assist them in leading lives of perfection as a means to attaining eternal salvation. His Lordship exhorted them to become associated with one or other of the sodalities or societies of the Church; they would thus be strengthened in the Faith and with constancy practice their holy religion. The Bishop's brief discourse made a deep impression, not alone on those to whom they were immediately directed, but upon the whole congregation. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, given by his Lordship, brought the devotions of the day to a close.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOL CONCERT.

The annual concert of the pupils of the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin, was given, in the presence of a crowded audience at His Majesty's Theatre, on Thursday evening last. Among those present were his Lordship Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin, his Lordship Dr. Liston, Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland, Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., and a number of the clergy. An excellent programme of varied items was presented and thoroughly enjoyed. Each part was opened with splendidly played selections by the Kaikorai Band under Mr. H. P. Davie (conductor). All the vocal numbers given by the pupils were typically Irish and patriotic. Recitations were given by Masters B. Lynskey, and P. Foster, and songs by Master H. Bates. An Irish jig was danced by Masters J. McCarten, P. Ryan, and J. Merchant. Action songs by the juniors were well staged and cleverly performed, while the more vigorous element was provided in a splendid exhibition of Indian clubs and vaulting by the gymnastic class. A scene from Shakespeare's "King John" was very creditably performed by four of the juniors, the part of "Arthur" being exceedingly well taken. A performance of outstanding merit was a scene from the "Merchant of Venice," and the manner in which the young fellows portrayed the various characters—a task to test the proficiency of professionals—was really excellent; the part of "Shylock" being especially well performed. Misses M. Sandys, and McGrath were accompanists, and the physical exercises were given under the direction of Mr. J. Drumm.

At an interval his Lordship Dr. Whyte appeared on the stage and thanked the Christian Brothers and their pupils for their artistic, instructive, and enjoyable entertainment. Dunedin (he said) ought to be very proud of the Christian Brothers, and (after quoting the results of the recent examinations) the parents of the boys should not alone be proud of the Brothers, but exceedingly grateful to them for the splendid work they were doing in this city. His Lordship referred to the compliment paid to the Irish Christian Brothers by our Holy Father the Pope in inviting them to Rome to counteract the activity of American Protestant organisations who scattered money with both hands in an attempt to turn the people, especially the children, from their Faith. There was no need (said his Lordship) to go to Rome for examples of the Christian Brothers' work, for their school here in Dunedin was such as New Zealand should be very proud of. The skill and industry they displayed in teaching those talented boys of whose capabilities they had that evening been witnesses, should induce our Government to do all in its power to give their pupils every opportunity to pursue their studies in our high schools and colleges, and even in the University, instead of, as is now being done, adopting a policy of opposition towards our schools and penalising their best and brightest pupils by denying them scholarships they have won on sheer merit against all contestants.

Very Rev. Father Coffey spoke at length on the unjust treatment being meted out in the recent withdrawal of the undoubted right of our children to pursue in the schools in which they won them, the scholarships annually awarded. Despite this unreasoning attitude adopted by the present Government—the evident result of bigotry—we are determined that our children shall not be allowed to suffer, and provision will be made to enable these scholarships being taken out in our own schools. Father Coffey in conclusion, made a stirring appeal to his hearers to stand firmly in vindication of their rights, and to aid in every possible manner the great and necessary work of Catholic education, and to maintain the glorious record already established.

AN EXPLANATION.

Owing to lack of space no less than seven addresses and replies had to be merely mentioned instead of being published fully last week. Foreseeing that this would be necessary we decided beforehand to publish in full only two: the address from the clergy, and the address from the laity. Consequently only unreasonable persons could imagine that they have a grievance if their address did not appear.

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The ladies of the Committee will be grateful for parcels of goods and subscriptions from all old parishioners throughout the Dominion. They beg to acknowledge the following subscriptions:—Per Rev. H. McDonnell (St. Patrick's College, Wellington), £1; Rev. Father Holierhoek, Te Puna, 10/-; Rev. Owen Gallagher, Christchurch, £1; Rev. D. Halvey, Rangiora, 10/-; Rev. Geo. Mahony, 10/-;

Rev. J. J. Fraher, Hastings, 10/-; Rev. D. Leen, Lincoln, 10/-; Mrs. M. Smith, Palmerston North, silver tea set; Rev. Mother, Mt. Magdala, fancy goods; Rev. Mother, Sacred Heart Convent, Timaru, fancy goods.

Winning number of Priests' Competition will be published in *Tablet*. Drawing, last week in January.

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We beg to acknowledge subscriptions from the following, and recommend subscribers to cut this out for reference.

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THE CATHOLIC WORLD

GENERAL

The Vatican possesses one of the finest printing establishments in the world. It was founded in 1826 and only one year afterward already possessed the characters of 23 different languages.

The chalice used by Blessed Oliver Plunket, now in the keeping of the president of Clonliffe College, Dublin, formerly belonged to the late Cardinal Moran, of Sydney. Every young priest at Clonliffe uses the chalice in the celebration of his first Mass.

For the first time in the history of Catholicism in South Africa the Blessed Sacrament was carried in public procession at Rondebosch recently, the occasion being the inauguration of the federation of the Catholics of the Western Province with their brethren in the other portions of the Union.

There has recently been placed on sale in England a place which recalls some interesting history. It is the ancient Friary of Lichfield, which belonged to the Grey Friars. It was founded about 1229 by Alexander Staveusby, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield. It is believed that there was a religious foundation on this spot as early as the year 896. The Friary was destroyed by fire in 1291, and the present structure was erected in 1545.

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy was in June conferred by the Catholic University upon Paschal Sherman, full-blooded Indian, of Okanogan, Wash. This talented Indian youth won his B.A. degree at St. Martin's College, Lacey, Wash., in 1916, and has the unique distinction of being the only aboriginal American to enter the Catholic University of America through the scholarship donated by the Knights of Columbus.

The Catholic University of Paris, one of the five great Catholic universities in France, closed its academic sessions with 899 students, including 27 in theology, 10 in canon law, 106 in philosophy, 294 in law, 61 in commercial science, 300 in letters and 101 in science. During the war 94 former students of the university won the Legion of Honor, 400 were decorated with the Croix de Guerre and 900 obtained citations.

South America is at present claiming the attention of many German missions, the members of which are excluded from laboring for Christ in many fertile missionary fields, due to the regulations of powers allied in the late war. Already three great Franciscan missionary expeditions have set out for Brazil to work in the vineyards of Christ. The first expeditionary group left under the direction of the Rev. Denis Mebus and was followed by another under the Rev. Louis Wand, having the Vicariate of Santarem as its objective. The third expedition, including a large number of priests, clerics and candidates, left last month for Bahia.

To celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Straits of Magellan by Ferdinand Magellan, Portuguese navigator in the service of Spain, and the first circumnavigator of the globe, thousands were expected to gather in Punta Arenas, Chile, the southernmost city of the world, between November 23 and December 10. A monument to the discoverer was to be unveiled. Magellan's sailing was the cause of general prayers offered by the faithful in Spain for a successful voyage. An invitation has (says an American exchange) been extended to the King of Spain, who some time ago announced a proposed visit to South America, to be present.

Catholic women in Panama are looking forward with great interest to the opening of the new community house of the National Catholic Welfare Council, which is rapidly being rushed to completion (says the *Missionary*, Washington, U.S.A.). The house will be under the direction of Miss Delia Birmingham, of Chicago, who will have the assistance of women of the towns of Balboa, Ancon, Corozal, Pedro Miguel, Fort Amador, Balboa Heights, Colon, and even Cristobal. Domestic science, sewing, household economics and first aid are included in the special classes that will be formed. A new club for Catholic girls is now being formed there by the pastor of St. Anna Church. The club is exclusively for natives of Panama; and American women of surrounding towns have volunteered to teach sewing and domestic science as well as to give lectures.

Under the direction of its chairman, Archbishop Dowling, the Department of Education, of America, is preparing a directory of Catholic schools. This publication will meet an urgent need. It will supply just the information that is so frequently called for by teachers, clergy and parents. By bringing together in a handy volume the facts concerning Catholic schools and colleges it will present a fairer idea of the Catholic educational system than is now obtainable from any other source. It is designed, in particular, to make known more generally the facilities offered by

Catholic schools, so that Catholics in any part of the country may be able to select for their children the institution that is most suitable as regards location and courses of study. It will then provide a ready answer to the numerous inquiries that are made regarding the best place to send a boy or girl for the best possible education.

CHURCH UNITY FROM CATHOLIC VIEWPOINT.

Answering a correspondent on the subject of Church unity, an American exchange writes thus:—Why not turn reverently and obediently to Holy Writ on this subject of Church unity? The great Apostle St. Paul records the divine manner of Christian organisation: "Careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. One body and one Spirit; as you are called in one hope of your calling. One Lord, one faith, one baptism. One God and Father of all." (Ephesians, iv. 3-6). Emphasis on religious unity could hardly be more forcible than that of the Apostle. The word one is used seven times in a brief space; eight times if we count the word unity. United in "spirit," in "body," in "faith" and "doctrine," in "hope," in "vocation," in "peace," and in "baptism"; closing with God's ineffable fatherhood of unity: "One God and Father of All." Tell me, could St. Paul have appealed to Christians for a more solid unity? Could he have meant anything like the present "get together" attempt at union among Protestants, whose whole history from Luther down has been a record of disunion with mutual contradictions?

Furthermore, consult the same Apostle about disunion: "Mark them that cause divisions, and avoid them" (Rom. xvi. 17); "There must be heresies," he laments, that is to say, opinions of men setting up their own doctrines and forming separate societies apart from the "one faith." "There must be heresies, that they who are approved among you may be manifest" (I Cor. xi 19). And of these—disunionists—instead of being joined with them the sound adherents of the one only Christian body and the Church of Christ, quickened with the one Spirit of God—instead of fusing with separatists he insists on the opposite treatment: "A man that is a heretic, after the first and second admonition, reject" (Titus, iii. 10). Our Saviour's rule of unity of doctrine, organism and discipline was, of course, identically the same: "There shall be one fold and one shepherd" (John, x. 16); and again: "If a man will not hear the Church, let him be to you as a heathen and a publican" (Matt. xviii. 17). And he uses the following terms of comparison to show the unity of His followers: They are a kingdom, a vine, a house founded on a rock, a net. All this and more than I have space to quote, shows that our Redeemer founded a solidly united Church, one and only one, endowed with perfect authority to teach and to guide and to sanctify all mankind.

TERENCE Mac SWEENEY.

He is not dead. Such men can never die. Their souls go to God, their bodies into the earth, but the memory of them lives forever. Freed at last, he cries out with a voice that the whole world hears. "Be brave, be true! Serve your country, love your God, commit your ways to Him, and in the evil day He will not forget you."

At his name

We sorrow not with shame,
But proudly: for his soul is as the snow.

The sod of his own dear Ireland lies light to-day upon MacSweeney. Nay, not even the soft bosom of the Little Dark Rose is his grave. For him there is no grave beneath the earth, but over all the world a shrine. For wherever beats an Irish heart, or a heart that hates oppression, there is a heart that enshrines forever with love and veneration this man who to the end loved nobly the things that are just and true. He loved us, he fought for us, he gave his life for us, for us who believe, in the presence of the most high God, that liberty is too precious a gift to be given over into the hands of tyrants.

Therefore with tears and gratitude will all good men make intercession for him with God the Father of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, that even as Terence James MacSweeney hath not denied the Faith but hath ever believed in God and hoped in Him, so cleansed by the saving Blood of Calvary, and freed from all stain of human frailty, he may be counted worthy to enter forthwith into happiness without end.

Now may Michael and Patrick and Columcille and Bride, with the Angels that guard the four seas of holy Ireland, bear him into Paradise. May Mary, his sweet Mother, greet him, a child come home, with a mother's kiss. May Jesus Christ, with whose Sacred Body he was daily nourished, receive him into the place of light and refreshment and quiet, everlasting. *Pie Jesus, Domine, dona ei requiem. Gentle Jesus, Lord, give him peace.*

—America.

IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

The Cork Diocesan collection for the expelled Catholic workers of Belfast and their families amounted to £3,040. Protestants freely contributed.

Dean Gearty, P.P., V.G., speaking in Stokestown Church, said he had been visited by a military officer who informed him the town would be burned if any attack was made on the police or military.

A large sum of money was awarded by the Clare Co. Sessions as compensation for malicious injuries, principally by the military. His Honor said the people of Clare were not responsible for these outrages, but have to pay for them.

It will be remembered that damage amounting to £250,000 was done to the town of Mallow by the "Black and Tans" in reprisal for the capture of the military barracks. We have it now, on the authority of Lord Haig, that the civilian raiders came from Macroom, which is 20 miles distant.

Clonmel and district has subscribed £1,000 to the Munition Strike Fund, £500 to the Belfast Workers' Fund. Further instalments will follow. Mr. William Toppin, a Protestant auctioneer, sending £2 to the Belfast Fund, says he is a judge of victimisation, not from Catholics from whom he gets nine-tenths of his business, but from clerical and lay friends in his own Church.

Charged at Weymouth Police Court (writes the correspondent of the London *Daily Herald*) with stealing sherry, whisky, and old French brandy from an hotel, Thomas Landers, an A.B., asked the magistrates to let him off with a fine as he wanted to join the Royal Irish Constabulary. He was fined a sovereign. This incident throws a flood of light on the character of the men who form the notorious "Black and Tans," and who are mainly responsible for the murders, burnings and pillagings in Ireland.

ARSON BY GOVERNMENT ORDER.

"One could give scores of similar instances of arson by Government order from the newspapers of the last few weeks. One case must be described in some detail, as the account I have received makes very serious reflections as to the authority behind the soldiers' action" (writes the special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* of October 15). "On Saturday, September 25, according to my information, a party of military, in charge of an officer, visited Mrs. McCarthy's house at Balloughtra, Tulla, Co. Clare. The officer informed her that he had come to burn the house, and produced a document which, he stated, he had received from headquarters that morning ordering him to burn her house. He gave three-quarters of an hour for the furniture to be cleared out and detailed eight men to help in removing it. The soldiers worked very hard to get it out in time. The house was burned to the ground, and also a hay barn full of hay.

"The same procedure was gone through at Moloney's house, the headquarters document referred to being again produced by the officer in charge before the house was burned to the ground. The soldiers also went out into Moloney's fields and burned 15 cocks of hay. These burnings were carried out in broad daylight.

"One part of the story seems almost incredible. Moloney, who was under arrest, is said to have been taken out in a military lorry from Tulla to see his house and property in flames. Two nights later, on September 27, the house of a Mr. Hayes, near Tulla was visited by uniformed men with blackened faces. They inquired for his son John, but failed to find him. A party of soldiers was stationed on the road but did not come into the house. Mr. Hayes's family were then put into an outhouse, their home set on fire, and also a barn of hay. The uniformed raiders ran away. Mr. Hayes and his family succeeded in saving the house, but the hay was destroyed.

"The following day a military officer from Tulla visited the place and told Mr. Hayes that he knew nothing about the burning, which was not done by the military, but he added that he had received instruction to burn the houses of Mrs. McCarthy and Michael Moloney.

"Another form of terrorism which is increasing is the intimidation of Sinn Feiners or their families with the idea of wringing from them incriminating statements. Two such cases occurred near Dublin a few days ago, in one of which a university student was put up against a wall and asked to tell who were his friends."

THE SUCCESS OF SINN FEIN.

The success of Sinn Fein in Ireland has amazed the British public (says the *Madras Catholic Watchman*). Chagrined by the unconquerable progress of the Sinn Feiners, the Government is carrying on a campaign of re-

prisals, unparalleled in the history of the civilised world. The guardians of law and order have been guilty of the most atrocious acts of lawlessness and crime. The military and the Government police have been overrunning the country and committing deeds of murder, incendiarism, destruction and loot. In spite of protests from the press and the platform, the Government is carrying on in cold blood its lamentable and cruel policy of reprisals. Very recently a young Sinn Fein lieutenant in Galway was brutally murdered. The police dragged him out of bed from his lodgings, tore down his rosary from him, drove him bare-footed along the docks, and placing him against a lamp post fired ten bullets into his body. Every such act of reprisal, in the name of British *kultur* only deepens the determination of the Irish people to win freedom and independence, and forms a fresh source of strength and inspiration in their struggle for liberty. Ireland will no longer yield to the galling yoke of a stranger, whose policy of repression will doubtless produce the only result possible, that of permanent estrangement and separation. The British may for the time being succeed in crushing Ireland by their tyrannical regime of militarism and brute force, but the Irish cause will live and will eventually triumph. The population of Ireland, which was 8,175,124 in 1841, has dwindled down to 4,360,000 in 1914, under the frightful system of a rule which is universally condemned at the present day. And with all his policy of repression, the Cromwell of today, Mr. Lloyd George, is unable to maintain order and govern the Irish people with a huge and well equipped army of 100,000 soldiers.

At the offices of the Cork newspapers there were on Tuesday, October 11, received documents signed by the assistant-secretary intimating that the All-Ireland Anti-Sinn Fein Society had decided that in future if any member of his Majesty's forces be murdered two members of the Sinn Fein Party in Co. Cork will be killed; should a Sinn Feiner not be available three sympathisers will be killed. This, it is added, will apply equally to laity and clergy of all denominations. Should a member of his Majesty's forces be wounded, or an attempt made to wound him, one member of the Sinn Fein Party will be killed, or, if not available, two sympathisers.

Notices signed "Black Hand" were found posted on the houses of Donegal Sinn Feiners including that of Mr. P. J. Ward, T.D., during the week-end. They read: "If any member of his Majesty's forces in this district is interfered with, swift and bloody reprisals will follow."

AMERICANS TO INVESTIGATE OUTRAGES.

During the war the Americans performed a useful service to international equity by appointing Commissions of Inquiry into outrages alleged against some of the belligerent Powers (says the *Irish Independent*). They took evidence at first hand from the victims of Prussian violence in Belgium and gave the results to the indignant world. The *New York Nation* proposes, now that the European war is over, to continue this beneficent course of investigation in the matter of the terror in Ireland. The Commission seeks to ascertain the truth about outrage here on whatever side, to do so dispassionately, and to refrain from giving any judgment on the political relations between Great Britain and Ireland. Its first sessions will be held in Washington, but it declares its intention of seeking permission to come to Ireland if it cannot otherwise obtain the necessary information. We are glad that Mr. George Russell, who was invited to go to Washington as a witness, has informed the Commissioners that only on Irish soil can they obtain the first-hand evidence they require. A. E. no doubt is as sceptical as we are ourselves that the Government will allow the Commissioners to come, but his attitude is the correct one. If the Government does not permit the visit the world will conclude that it cannot face an impartial inquiry. If it does allow the Commissioners into Ireland it will, no doubt, exert all its powers of terrorism to make difficult the task of getting evidence. The Irish people, in every district in which so-called reprisals have taken place, should have their evidence ready, and an organisation should be perfected to enable the Commission to prosecute its researches with thoroughness as well as with dispatch. Thousands of witnesses can be produced to show that the spirit which laid Belgium waste is not confined to one Teutonic country alone.

IN MEMORIAM CARDS

The *Tablet* makes a specialty of In Memoriam Cards, including pictures of "Mater Dolorosa" "Ecce Homo," etc. (with space for name of deceased, date of death, indulgenced prayers, etc.). These are thin cards, very suitable for prayer books. Samples and prices will be forwarded on application to the Manager.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

A cable report, published on Tuesday (says the *Catholic Press* for December 9), stated that the Holy Father was pleased to confer the following honors on Sydney priests and laymen: To be Protonotaries Apostolic, with the title of Monsignor: The Very Rev. Father Peter Byrne, P.P., Strathfield; the Very Rev. Dr. T. Hayden, President of St. Patrick's College, Manly; the Rev. Father John O'Gorman, P.P., Parramatta; the Very Rev. Dr. H. McDermott, P.P., Leichardt.

A Protonotary Apostolic is a member of the highest college of prelates in the Roman Curia, and also of the honorary prelates on whom the Pope has conferred the title and its special privileges. In the Middle Ages the protonotaries were high officials, and the office was a direct step to the Cardinalate. Protonotaries in Rome exercise their office in connection with consistories and canonisations, and sign the Papal Bulls. Honorary protonotaries are appointed outside of Rome as a very distinguished honor. Hitherto, the Right Rev. Monsignor O'Haran, who was appointed in 1902, was the only Protonotary Apostolic in N.S.W., and he shares, since 1911, with Dr. Phelan, now Bishop of Sale, the distinction of being the only holders of the office in Australia. The protonotaries may, with the consent of their bishops, wear certain pontificals, such as pectoral cross, ring, mitre, etc., in the celebration of Mass.

To be Knights Commander of St. Gregory the Great: The Hon. John Lane Mullins, M.L.C., Papal Chamberlain; Captain A. W. M. d'Apice, A.D.C. to the State Governor. To be Knights of St. Sylvester: Mr. P. S. Cleary, Cross of Leo XIII., Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice; Mr. P. J. Minahan, M.L.A.; Mr. George E. Bryant, Mr. John Woods, Mr. J. E. Hennessy.

The Papal orders of Knighthood, ranking according to their dignity, are: (1) The Noble Order of Christ; (2) Order of Pius IX.; (3) Order of St. Gregory the Great; (4) Order of St. Sylvester; (5) Order of the Golden Militia; (6) Order of the Holy Sepulchre. The orders generally given to the laity are the third, fourth, and sixth.

The Order of St. Gregory the Great was founded by Pope Gregory XVI. in 1831, to reward the civil and military virtues of Catholics. It has two divisions, civil and military. The decoration is an eight-pointed red enamelled gold cross, in the centre of which is a blue medallion, on which is impressed the image of its patron, St. Gregory. The ribbon of the Order is red, with orange borders.

The Order of St. Sylvester, formerly the Militia of the Golden Spur, is the oldest, and, at one time, was one of the most prized of the Papal orders. But in the 16th century it was so lavishly awarded that its prestige diminished. Pope Gregory XVI. strove to restore it to its former splendor, by placing it under the patronage of St. Sylvester, and limiting the number of Knights. Pius X. further reorganised it. The decoration is an eight-pointed gold cross, with white enamelled centre, bearing the image of St. Sylvester. A golden spur hangs between the forked sides at the foot of the cross, to show its connection with the ancient order of chivalry. The ribbon is black silk, bordered with red.

When the new Knights are arrayed in their picturesque uniforms, they will add an interesting feature to public ceremonials. The Knights of St. Gregory wear a dress coat of dark green, coat open in front, covered on breast and back with gilt-embroidered oak leaves. White trousers with silver stripes, a cocked hat, and dress sword complete the costume.

The uniform of the Knights of St. Sylvester consists of black coat (formerly it was red), with one row of gilt buttons; cuffs and collar of black velvet, embroidered in gold; black trousers with gold stripes; a cocked hat of silk, with Papal colored cockade; sword, with hilt of mother-of-pearl, ornamented with gold, and worn with a gilt belt.

VICTORIA.

The consecration of the Bishop of Bathurst (the Right Rev. Dr. Michael O'Farrell, C.M.) took place in SS. Michael and John's Cathedral, Bathurst, on Tuesday, November 30, at 10 a.m., in the presence of a great gathering of prelates, priests, and people from all parts of New South Wales. The consecrating prelate was his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate (the Most Rev. Archbishop Cattaneo), who was attended by the Right Rev. Mgr. Ormond, D.D. (private secretary). The assistant prelates were Right Rev. Dr. Dwyer (Bishop of Maitland) and Right Rev. Dr. Carroll (Bishop of Lismore). The occasional sermon was delivered by the Very Rev. M. J. O'Reilly, C.M. (Rector of St. John's College within the University of Sydney). Among the prelates present were Right Rev. Dr. Whyte, Bishop of Dunedin.

The annual meeting of the Australian Catholic Truth Society, held on Monday night, 29th ult., in the Cathedral Hall, Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, was well attended, and the reading of the annual report was punctuated with applause (says *The Advocate*, Melbourne). The year ended October 31 has been one of marked progress for the society, which is well deserving of generous support in the magnificent work in which it is engaged. During the year the Catholic Federation was instrumental in substantially increasing the membership, but there is room for considerable expansion, and the speakers at the annual meeting warmly appealed for helpers. His Lordship the Bishop of Sale, the Right Rev. Dr. Phelan, presided at the annual meeting, and with him on the platform were the Very Rev. J. Barry, Adm., Very Rev. Albert Power, S.J. (Rector of Newman College), Rev. John Norris, P.P. (clerical hon. secretary), Rev. J. A. Kindelan, O.C.C., Rev. P. O'Brien, Messrs. J. S. Meagher, B.A., LL.B., W. F. O'Carroll, J. P. Martin, Joseph Fitzgerald, and J. H. Kennedy (general secretary of the Catholic Federation). The Very Rev. W. Quilter and other clergy were also present.

In opening the meeting, Dr. Phelan said that the society, which carried its influence outside Australasia, was founded 16 years ago last month by the late Cardinal Moran, and the late Archbishop of Melbourne was the first president. During its existence the progress of the society, in the circumstances, had been very remarkable, and it was gratifying to know that the year just closed was the most successful, financially and otherwise, in the history of the society.

Speaking at the close of the annual meeting of the Australian Catholic Truth Society, in the Cathedral Hall on Monday night, his Lordship the Bishop of Sale, the Right Rev. Dr. Phelan, said that in the absence of his Grace the Archbishop and the Bishops of Ballarat and Sandhurst, the duty devolved upon him of outlining the programme that Catholics should follow at the recent State elections. He acquainted the Administrator of the archdiocese, and also the Administrator of the diocese of Sandhurst, with what he considered would be a wise policy for Catholics to pursue, and both the Very Rev. J. Barry, and the Very Rev. Dean Rooney threw themselves heart and soul into the project. The three of them were of one opinion with regard to the elections. He owed deep thanks to the priests and clergy of Victoria, and he also wished to thank the Catholic Federation for the assistance he received from that body. Without the assistance received the great victory could never have been achieved. The programme was simple, and priests and people gave it their unanimous support. Since the election he had received congratulatory letters from different parts of the Commonwealth. The Catholic Federation was a non-political body, and it touched politics only when politics touched the Church. The victory achieved at the elections was largely due to the fact that they refused to link themselves to any political body. Dr. Phelan said that the backstairs methods followed by intriguers, who wished to have a referendum of parents of State school children taken on Bible instruction, were not likely to succeed, as the Premier could not afford to overlook the fate of his followers. He would like to say that the Catholic Federation was deserving of the support of every Catholic in Victoria. (Applause.)

During a heavy rainstorm a fireball struck one of the high chimneys at the convent at Healesville, practically demolishing it. The room from which the chimney led was filled with smoke and fumes, causing consternation among the inmates. One of the Sisters was close to the fireplace in an upstairs room, when the masonry and plaster fell beside her. The force of the disturbance displaced many articles on the walls and shelves. The shock was also felt by other residents in the neighborhood. Nearly three inches of rain fell.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

By the Nestor, which arrived recently at the Outer Harbor of Adelaide, there arrived six young Irish priests for various Australian dioceses. Father O'Sullivan, who is for the diocese of Wilcannia-Forbes, remained in Adelaide for a few days before going on to Broken Hill. Rev. Brother M. B. Hanrahan, M.A., and Rev. Brother Bodkin were also passengers by the Nestor. Brother Hanrahan is returning from the General Chapter of the Christian Brothers, which was recently held in Dublin; and Brother Bodkin is returning to Western Australia. He was one of the pioneers of the Brothers in Australia, and after 50 years' absence has paid a visit to his native land.

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THE LLOYD GEORGE "GOVERNMENT" OF IRELAND

The Irish correspondent of the *New Witness* writes in its issue for October 15:—

The best reply to the hymns of hate which Mr. Lloyd George declaimed against the Irish people at Carnarvon is a brief *résumé* of the true history of the Government's dealings with that people. Such an account may even be of wider use, for even enlightened Englishmen appear to find the shooting of policemen in Ireland a stumbling block. They think of a policeman in terms of their own constables directing the traffic in the streets of London. Now a policeman in Ireland is not, in the first place, even remotely related to a policeman in England. In the next place, probably no revolution in history has passed with less bloodshed than the Irish revolution. The Egyptians massacred English officials wholesale compared with the Irish; the Egyptians were rewarded with independence, the Irish with Black and Tans. Finally, before they took to shooting policemen the Irish people endured for two years an incessant provocation with what a certain distinguished foreign visitor to Ireland has described as "an almost criminal patience." For the twelve months of 1917 there were no police killed in Ireland. In that year the political suppression of the Irish people was carried out in every part of Ireland by English military and police. Three hundred and forty-nine Irish men and women were arrested for political offences. Twenty-four leaders of opinion were deported without trial. Public meetings and national newspapers were suppressed. Two innocent civilians were murdered by military and police; five died of maltreatment in prison; upwards of one hundred men wounded in bayonet and baton charges. In the twelve months of 1918 no police were killed in Ireland. But in that year military rule was continued on the same lines with increasing rigor, and with the addition of the suppression of fairs and markets and other economic distress the forerunner of the present-day destruction of Irish factories, mills and creameries.

In the General Election of December, 1918, the patient expenditure of the energies of the Irish people on the building of an organisation through which their national demand might be expressed constitutionally reached its consummation. This constitutional expression of the popular will was replied to with more intense aggression than ever. Then, after two years of suppression, raiding, arresting, deportation, armed assaults and murder, the Irish people at last began to prepare for the more intense measures they foresaw. They were not permitted to import arms or munitions for their defence. So they decided to take them from their oppressors. During the twelve months of 1919 sixteen policemen were killed in Ireland. The majority of these were killed in conflicts between armed bodies of men and police infinitely better armed. In these conflicts, which had as their sole object the securing of arms, the police casualties were advertised as "cowardly murders." There were, in fact, as many civilian casualties as police casualties. Action with the object of taking arms from the English forces has been carried out in two principal ways: (1) by attacking the strongly fortified blockhouses which the police occupied in every part of Ireland; (2) by attacking military and police patrols. I have before me an analysis made by the *Irish Bulletin* of the first of these activities up to September 30. The police suffered in these attacks: killed, eight; wounded, thirty-three; the attackers suffered: killed, seven; wounded, forty-seven. Fifty-eight blockhouses were attacked. Twelve were captured, two were destroyed during the conflict, and forty-five resisted the efforts to take them. In the twelve barracks captured eighty-one police were taken prisoners. These were disarmed and released without injury. By contrast, seven men captured during the attacks were tried by court-martial and sentenced to long terms of penal servitude.

An analysis of the attacks on patrols would show similar results, of course with much higher casualties on both sides. The true sequence of events is that only when it became clear that the British Government was determined to break by force of arms the Irish demand for independence did Irishmen, seeking to arm themselves, begin to attack policemen who were not policemen in any ordinary sense, but a part of the armed forces of the Crown. The pretence that Irish towns and villages are now sacked by hot-blooded reprisals by police angered beyond endurance by cowardly outrages is false in every particular. The wholesale sacking of Irish towns in 1920 is a logical sequel to the increasingly terroristic régime of the preceding years. It has become more ruthless in proportion as the national movement defies suppression. Mr. Lloyd George has much to tell the world of the hundred odd policemen killed since the beginning of 1919 in the encounters above described. He has nothing to say about the number of Irishmen killed on

the other side in these encounters. Still less has he anything to say about the Irish civilians not killed in fair fight but foully murdered by police and soldiers, as over forty have been in the last fourteen weeks.

WEDDING BELLS

RYAN—BRADY.

On October 27, a Nuptial Mass and wedding were celebrated by the Very Rev. Dean McGuinness, assisted by the Rev. Father O'Hara, at St. Joseph's Church, Te Aroha, the contracting parties being Miss Kathleen Brady, second daughter of Mrs. Brady, of Shaftesbury, and Mr. Jack Ryan, of Mata Mata, eldest son of Mrs. Ryan, of Remuera. The bride, who was given away by her brother (Mr. Frank Brady), wore a creme serge costume, heavily embroidered, with hat to match. She carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses and maiden-hair fern, with satin streamers. Her sister (Miss Nora Brady), who was bridesmaid, was attired in vieux rose coat frock and creme hat. She also carried a bouquet of pink roses and maiden-hair fern, with pink streamers. Mr. Tom Ryan (brother of the bridegroom) was best man. Miss Moroney played the "Wedding March." The church was nicely decorated, a large wedding bell hanging over the bridal couple being a special feature. During the Offertory an "Ave Maria" was beautifully rendered by Miss Skinner. After the ceremony wedding breakfast was partaken of at the Grand Hotel, where several toasts were enthusiastically honored. Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Ryan left by car for Frankton, *en route* for the South Island, where the honeymoon was spent. The bride's going away attire was a fawn costume, with shoes to match, and a small navy hat.

FITZGIBBON—WALSH.

The wedding was solemnised on October 27 at St. Joseph's Church, New Plymouth, of Detective Thomas Fitzgibbon, of Auckland, and Miss Nora Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Walsh, New Plymouth. The Very Rev. Dean McKenna officiated and celebrated Nuptial Mass. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a dove grey costume, with stylish hat to match. The bridesmaid (Miss Eileen O'Sullivan, niece of the bride) wore a very pretty frock of jade crepe-de-Chine, relieved with cream, and a black tulle picture hat. Mr. F. Honan was best man. After the wedding breakfast at the pretty residence of the bride's parents, the happy couple left for Wangamui *en route* for Rotorua, and thence to their future home in Auckland.

SLIGO BAY.

Father and mother pace the shore;
The children, racing on before,
Hold a red kerchief to the breeze
That sweeps in from the seas.

The breeze creeps to one heart and cries
A tale of starry destinies,
And the red flares of heaven burn,
Bidding one strayed return.

Shall the great words the west wind said
Be prisoned in a kerchief red,
And all the sunset's proud desire
Burn in a cabin fire?

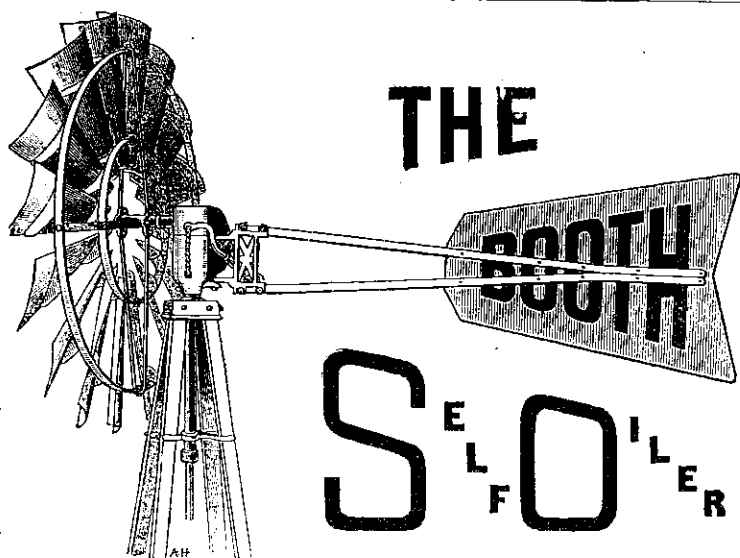
Bird of my thought, fly, fly away
Ere twilight closes in the bay,
The ebbing waters bid you come;
Not here but there is home.

—SUSAN L. MITCHELL, in *Studies*.

SOLUTION OF PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS.

When Our Lord, in reply to the lawyer, gave that perfect picture of real charity in the parable of the good Samaritan, He addressed Himself not merely to answering the question, evasively asked, "Who is my neighbor?" He had in mind the first and wider question of "What shall I do to possess eternal life?" Thus did He relate the humblest duties of our daily life to the deepest needs of the human heart.

Turning over the pages of the more recent works on Social work (comments an exchange), one is saddened to find how largely it is taken for granted that only by legislation and the generous expenditure of money can social problems be solved. More and more evident is it, becoming to the practical Catholic that the solution of the problems of present day society must depend on religion more than it depends on any other one thing.



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ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

December 16.

At the ordinary meeting of the Sacred Heart Society, of St. Joseph's parish, held recently, a debate on the subject, "Should Bachelors be Taxed?" formed the evening's programme. The speakers—for and against—were Messrs. J. Hyland, M. O'Kane, F. Dwan, and B. McDougall. A vote of those present decided the question in the affirmative by 35 to 5. The remainder of the evening was devoted to musical items, those contributing being Messrs. W. Gamble, L. Jansen, W. Gamble, jun., F. Dwan, and R. Dwyer (secretary), Rev. Father Doherty presided.

The quarterly Communion of members of the Hibernian Society, took place at the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, last Sunday, there being a large attendance representative of all the city branches. Rev. Father Schaeffer, S.M., of St. Patrick's College, celebrated Mass, and commended the Hibernian Society to the Catholic laity. He congratulated the members on their splendid attendance and adherence to their motto of Faith, Hope, and Charity. He particularly stressed the need for unity, and the Hibernian Society afforded this opportunity. He reminded them of the prophecy of Our Lord Who said: "As they persecute Me so will they persecute you." Persecution was one of the true signs that the Faith, which we had the blessing to possess, was divinely founded. He exhorted the members to study and learn all they could of our Holy Faith so that they could intelligently answer questions concerning their religion amongst those whom they were forced to come in contact with during their daily lives. After Mass, the members adjourned to the Guildford Terrace Schoolroom for breakfast, which was provided by the Sacred Heart branch of the Society, assisted by the Children of Mary. Bro. N. W. O'Brien (president of the Thorndon branch) presided, and the Rev. Father Schaeffer and Rev. Brother Donatus were amongst those present. The president tendered a cordial welcome, and exhorted those present to recruit the ranks of the different branches. He congratulated the members of St. Patrick's branch in instituting quarterly general Communions. Mr. J. P. McGowan eloquently proposed the toast of "Ireland a Nation," which was responded to by Mr. M. J. Reardon, who gave a stirring address on the misrule and atrocities committed by the Lloyd George Cabinet in Ireland. Mr. Reardon who has studied the conditions pertaining in Ireland, quoted proofs to show the depths to which the present English Government have gone to persecute the people of Ireland. Yet, in spite of all, they could never kill the national spirit and aspirations of the Irish people. Mr. J. J. L. Burke proposed the toast of "Kindred Societies," which was responded to by Mr. W. F. Johnson. The proceedings terminated with the singing of "Faith of Our Fathers."

The promoters of the concert given at the Grand Opera House last Wednesday evening in aid of the schoolgrounds fund of the Marist Brothers' School at Newtown were rewarded with a very large audience. The programme submitted was well worthy of the liberal patronage accorded. Had the children's part been the only attraction the return was there. The lads of the school provided a sweet-voiced choir, which, under the expressive hands of Rev. Brother Adrian, sang in harmony such numbers as "Whispering Wind" (Labbett), "Voice of the Western Wind" (Barnby), "Awake, Ye Flowers" and "God Defend New Zealand." In addition a team of 32 boys executed a swinging figure march, and gave a display in modern physical "jerks" that impressed all. Master Eric Murphy sang "A May Morning," and was recalled. Others who assisted were the dancing pupils of Miss Gladys Campbell, and the pupils of Miss Doris Guise; Master Leo Ewart gave a vocal solo and also contributed a flute solo, and Master Donald Scott a dance. The adult artists included Signor Cesaroni, Misses Annie Sullivan, Kathleen Corby, Teresa McEnroe (songs); Messrs. Kevin Dillon and Stanley Warwick (recitations). Miss Imelda Fama gave piano solos, and Mr. A. McDonald a flute solo. Misses Fama and Evelyn Harris played the accompaniments. At the conclusion of the concert Mr. J. J. L. Burke returned the customary thanks, and on behalf of the boys and their parents expressed gratitude to the Rev. Brother Louis and his conferees for the great work they were doing for the Catholic youth of the city.

Rev. Father Cahill, who has been on a visit to Ireland, returned during the week, fit and well. He gave an interesting account of his travels last Sunday at St. Joseph's. He is at present staying at the Archbishop's House, Paterson Street.

The place where we can least afford to let down our highest endeavor is in the midst of those closest and dearest to us. Our home deserves our best. Our home life ought to be our highest life.

Greymouth

(From our own correspondent.)

December 15.

The result was announced yesterday of the competitions for the Bevilacqua medals at the Greymouth Catholic Schools. This trophy is the bequest of the late Vincent Bevilacqua, who invested £300 to provide annually gold medals worth £5 each for the boy and girl obtaining the highest number of marks in the proficiency examination in Standard VI. in the Marist Brothers' and Convent Schools respectively. This year's winner of the boy's medal proves to be Master Allan Kennedy, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kennedy, of Greymouth. The winner of the girl's medal for the Convent pupils is Miss Aileen Ryan, daughter of Mrs. Ryan, of the Greymouth Fire Station. The two winners are grandchildren of Mrs. Sullivan, of Cowper Street.

A pleasing little function took place at the Central Fire Station last night, when members of the Fire Brigade met to say farewell to Mrs. Ryan, who has resigned from the position of caretaker of the station. Several members of the Board were also present. Superintendent T. Clarke handed Mrs. Ryan a well-filled purse and wished her long life, health and happiness. Other members of the brigade and the chairman of the board joined in expressing regret at Mrs. Ryan's resignation, and extended good wishes.

The breaking-up ceremony took place at the Runanga Convent yesterday afternoon, when there was a large attendance of the children, their parents and friends. A very pleasing programme of instrumental and vocal items was presented by the pupils, concluding with a cleverly staged little comedy entitled "At the Surgery." At the conclusion of the concert, Rev. Father McGrath thanked the little performers for their meritorious effort and wished them and their fellow pupils the pleasant holiday, which on the year's work they had thoroughly earned. The school had just concluded the most successful year of its existence, and teachers, parents and children were justly proud of the work accomplished. The Sixth Standard pupils had, all of them, to the number of 14, secured passes, 11 obtaining proficiency. The school was realising their highest hopes and all were keenly alive to the persistent and painstaking interest of the teachers. The prizes were awarded to stimulate work, and he hoped that next year there would be more of them, so that the less gifted pupils might also have their work recognised by progress prizes.

Last evening the St. Columba Club concluded its year's activities with the usual banquet, Rev. Father McGrath presiding over a numerous gathering of members and Mr. H. McKeown (president) being in the vice-chair.

OBITUARY

MR. W. O'KANE, GREYMOUTH.

Deep and widespread regret will be felt at the news of the death of that sterling old colonist, Mr W. O'Kane, who passed peacefully away on Monday last (writes our Greymouth correspondent under date December 15). The deceased had resided on the Coast for the past 50 years, having been in business on the diggings at No Town. For many years he owned the bakery in Guinness Street, which he disposed of some time ago. Recently he established a bakery business in Taimui Street, which he had just disposed of. His only son, Gerald, died recently in Wellington, and from this severe blow he never recovered. For years Mr. O'Kane was a prominent borough councillor. He was also a director of the Dispatch Foundry Co., and chairman of the Grey Permanent Building Society. He was also a thorough sportsman and had held interests in many of the best racehorses owned on the Coast. He took a keen interest in gold dredging and was a prominent figure in the management of the Nelson Creek dredge, the returns from which caused quite a boom in dredging on the Coast. Deceased was known for his uprightness of character, and his strict integrity, his word at all times being his bond. He was ever a loyal and dutiful son of the Church and a generous and practical benefactor of its institutions. The deepest sympathy will be extended to his widow, in this, her severest trial of all, and she has had many. The funeral took place on Wednesday after Requiem Mass, Rev. Father La Croix officiating. The cortege was a large and representative one.—R.I.P.

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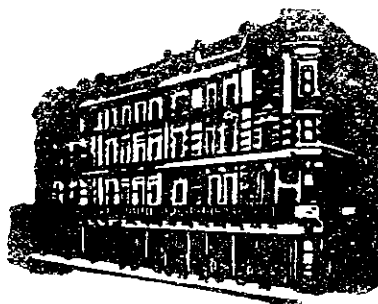
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THE AGE OF ADJECTIVES

(By VINCENT McNABB, in the *New Witness*.)

On the word of geologists, we are assured that there have been an Ice Age, a Flood Age, and the rest. On the word of the anthropologists (i.e., of men who study men), we are assured that there have been a Bronze Age, and Iron Age, and the rest. These various ages we take so whole-heartedly on trust that we are not quite sure that we have set them down right; or even in their right order. The success of these brilliant discoveries of the New Age (or is it an Old Age?) has emboldened us to discover, even under our very eyes and in our morning papers, what we have called an Age of Adjectives.

In inventing this name for the thing we have discovered we confess that our invention is not level with our discovery. Thus we may not be understood, and that for two reasons. First of all, the word "adjective," like the other seven parts of speech which we learned as children, are no longer learned by children. The grammatical categories after having taught the childhood of Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Boethius, Porphyry, Plotina, Augustine, Aquinas, Dante, Shakespere, are now thought to be quite out-of-date and useless for the children of "our working population." To be sure, they were the last remnant of a liberal education. But for that reason, while they were of use to a civilisation resting on the Agora or the Cathedral, they are quite harmful to a civilisation resting on the factory and the Stock Exchange. The same soulless thing that has brought the typewriter to life has put the eight parts of speech to death. Therefore, when we speak of the Age of Adjectives we are but showing ourselves as belated survival of the Eight-Parts-of-Speech Age!

Secondly, we may be taken to mean that this Adjectival Age is only of adjectives. Yet it might even be called an Age of Adverbs. For us, in our ignorance of the psychometry of grammar, it is a moot point whether adjectives and adverbs are but two lexicographical sexes of the one abstraction, or the inside and outside of the one idea, or Robert sober and Bob drunk. The undeniable phenomenon is that to be addicted to adjectives is a sure preliminary to the delirium tremens of adverbs.

A friend of ours who has thought deeply on the Age of Adjectives has come to the conclusion that except in the hands of a true worker in words, adjectives are the frippery, not the finery, of truth. With many a metaphor which even the *New Witness* might not print he clenched his conclusion. But one of the many metaphors may be given as he spoke it: "This frippery of adjectives is the paper-lace my cook puts round my Sunday joint when I eat the cold ruins of it on Wednesday!" He also compared adjectives to scent with the characteristic hint, "An age of scent is an age of stink."

I did not fully see the truth of this thunderbolt until I read a passage in the *Times* of October 2. The passage was part of the evidence given before the National Birth-rate Commission at Rhonda House, Gower Street. The Bishop of Birmingham was in the chair. The report in the *Times* says quietly and genteelly, "Miss Nora March was the first witness called. She said that whether chastity was the best preparation for parenthood seemed to be a point on which medical and psychological thought was not yet agreed. Personally, holding the view that love should be the basis of marriage, she also held, etc. . . . recognising . . . responsible choice." Here, the interesting adjectives are "psychological" and "medical." But my Jupiter tonans spat out an anathema at the adverb "personally." And he usually knows the right scent.

Miss Nora March went on speaking (and the Bishop of Birmingham went on sitting, as a fellow-countryman said, "sitting as hard as he could sit!"): "Our social code was obviously undergoing a change. It was possible that the future might see some forms of extra-marital sex relationship and parenthood finding a recognised place in our social code. . . . The wider education of girls" (what about the parts of speech?), "their entry into the world of labor, in short, their general emancipation (sic!) all tended towards a liberation of natural impulses and a desire for freedom of choice."

My friend, the thunderer, here ejaculated, "Can't you see that adjectives kill thinking; for thinking is thinking? It is substantive, not adjective. To think is to know the thing and not the look, or shape, or glow, or shadow of the thing."

It struck me that Miss Nora March's witness might be translated into plain English, to the astonishment of her contemporaries, if not to her own shame. Let me try my hand at a translation:—

"Things are going to rot. To-morrow there might be no wives, but only harlots. This would be good. Some girls are trying to learn how to be boys and forgetting how to be girls. Others, wearing trousers, are in cleaningsheds. Others are in factories earning money, and from a

master who calls them *hands*. Some of these women call this factory work *freedom*. But factory work is so hard that, in time to come, women will sell their body for a little change to the humdrum of factory life. Then harlots will be as good as wives. Q.E.D."

There are not many adjectives in this translation. But people who cannot understand what Miss Nora March said can understand (and detest) it when translated. Yet some of the wickedness has evaporated in translating.

Now, all the best things in life and literature are poor in adjectives. There is hardly one adjective in the "Chanson de Roland"—or the Ten Commandments—or the Apostles' Creed. Plato used to dare the poets to turn their poetry into prose, that they might uncover its nothingness. He really meant them to take out all the adjectives and adverbs out of their poetry. A peacock without the peacock's feathers is rather a goose of a bird.

I am learning to test truth by the presence of adjectives and adverbs. Tested in this way, Miss Nora March's scent camouflages stink. But the Ten Commandments make good literature. How good is "Thou shalt not commit adultery." None of your "psychological . . . medical . . . personally . . . natural impulses . . . free choice" . . . rot.

When I set up as editor I will print on my last page, "No adjectives need apply." And I will ration the relative pronoun "which."

CHARACTER IN HAND-SHAKING.

By the way in which you shake hands with a man he is able to judge correctly of your character, trustworthiness, and aptitudes. And it will be useless for you to unlearn your method and adopt another; for keen observation of other ways of yours will enable him to uncover your deception. This is one of the points given to salesmen by Dr. Charles F. Boger, director of personnel of the Electric Vacuum Cleaner Company, Cleveland, to enable them to judge their "prospects." We quote so much of his article on "Sizing up Your Man," contributed to *Electrical Merchandise* (New York), as pertains to the various types of hand-shake and their respective significances as understood by Dr. Boger (says the *Literary Digest*). He writes:—

"The first natural step is to shake hands. . . . To the observant eye it will be seen that personal mannerisms in this regard may be divided into five classes, all others being a modification or a combination of any one of the five. We find the friendly, viselike grip; the listless or indifferent shake of the hand; the half-imposed shake, shaking hands with the finger-tips, and the closed fist when the owner is engaged in conversation. They may be briefly set down in this order with the accompanying rules:—

The Friendly Hand-shake.—The man who when hand-shaking gives a full hand and presses his thumb against the back of your hand is social, liberal, and a congenial companion.

The Economical Hand-shake.—The man who does not press his thumb against the back of your hand when shaking hands is thrifty and economical to a fault; he is nigardly, almost miserly, and hence a poor associate in revelry and amusement. Notice, also, that the higher he holds his thumb the stingier he is.

The Secretive Hand-shake.—The man who offers the tips of his fingers is sly, secretive, and cunning. He may abound in polish and smoothness, but not in truthfulness. You would do well not to trust him.

The Indifferent Handshake.—A person who gives you his hand as though he was laying a piece of wood or brick in it is noted for his lack of force and indifference to society in general. Such a character lacks refinement, and while he may be honest in intent, he may be easily led and imposed upon by others.

The Closed Fist.—This may oftentimes be witnessed on the stump and in public lectures. Upon investigation you will invariably find that the man who talks with his hands closed in the form of a fist is insincere and given to exaggeration.

"Modification of these types, in a less or greater degree, will bear relative proportion in these propensities which they signify. You may ask, granting what you say is true, would it not be an easy matter to cultivate a straight-from-the-shoulder hand-shake thereby frustrating your rule? That may be true, but the nature of the individual, despite all that culture and education can do, will not prevent the skillful observer detecting the sham practised.

"Then, again, although a man may alter his hand-shake and effect an honest, social grasp of a hand, it is beyond his power to transform his features, i.e., eyes, nose, lips, and the general outline of his face and head. Therefore, since there exists a perfect harmony between the different parts of man, it would be useless for one to conceal his characteristic beneath the cloak of an assumed hand-shake, because they would only be detected through the remaining mediums."

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PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Rouen, has been nominated Archbishop of Paris. The appointment of his Eminence to this important See, on the eve of the resumption of diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican, has a special significance. It was Cardinal Dubois who recently toured the Middle East on a diplomatic mission and acquitted himself of his difficult task with such tact and success, that he gave equal satisfaction to the Vatican and to France. Cardinal Dubois is 64 years old and has had the extraordinary experience of being at the head of several dioceses. He was Vicar-General of his own diocese of Le Mans, when appointed Bishop of Verdun in 1901. He was made Archbishop of Bourges in 1909, and transferred to Rouen in 1916.

The Church benefits largely under the will of the late Mrs. Mary Fitzgerald, of Rome, who leaves estate of the value of £106,551 (writes the London correspondent of the *Catholic Herald of India*). Practically the whole of this sum is left to Catholic charities. The testatrix, after declaring her devotion to the Holy See and her belief in the doctrines of the Catholic Church, leaves legacies of £5000 each to Father Banns' Homes for destitute Catholic children; £3000 to the Convent of Mercy in East London; £200 to a convent of the same Order at Athy, Co. Kildare; £1000 for the decoration of Westminster Cathedral, and the remainder of her estate to the Archbishop of Westminster to be used as he thinks fit for Catholic education, the establishment of new Catholic missions, and for the poor.

Among the remarkable conversions to the Catholic Faith wrought by God's grace among New England's purest lineage was Eleanor Emerson Gardner, recently deceased (says *The Missionary*, Washington, U.S.A.). She was born near Boston. She was of Mayflower stock, and a lineal descendant of John Hancock, presiding officer of the colonial convention which declared the independence of America, and who was the foremost signer of the immortal Declaration. Her parents were married by Ralph Waldo Emerson, at the time pastor of the Congregational Unitarian Church of Concord, Mass., generally accredited as the best spokesman in the English tongue of modern philosophical liberalism the Secer of Concord. No pains or expense were spared in her education, which touched the limit of even Boston culture. She grew up a highly cultivated woman. She was well read in whatsoever is worth knowing of literature, and made a full course of mathematics, including the higher branches. Her training in the ancient classics was quite exceptional even for the circle in which she moved; she wrote excellent verses in purest Latin idiom. She also contributed magazine articles to American and English periodicals after her conversion. And, withal, she was an accomplished musician. God's providence guided her to her conversion during a visit she made to a relative living in Philadelphia, no less a person than the late Eliza Allen Starr, well-known as a leading Catholic writer. Both she and her brother, Dr. George Allen, Professor of Greek in the University of Pennsylvania, were at that time—in the early sixties—converts of some years' standing. It was, as we have said, during one of her visits to her cousins, in Philadelphia, that Miss Gardner was instructed and received into the Church, not without a persevering examination into its claims, and a very anxious period of prayer for the divine help. It was, only after some years that her vocation to the religious life ripened into steadfast conviction. She joined Blessed Mother Barat's Society of the Sacred Heart, so well known in America and elsewhere for its educational merits. She had been forty years a nun of that Order when God called her to her eternal reward, in the 93rd year of her life, at the Sacred Heart Convent, Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio. She was a delightful personality, of simplest and most attractive manners, and devoted wholly to the duties of her state.

The death of Father Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the London Oratory, occurred recently, at the age of 84. Had he lived a fortnight longer he would have reached the golden jubilee of his priesthood. Father Bowden had been in failing health for many months, and to the great grief of those accustomed to his ministrations, had been for some time past compelled to relinquish all active work. He was a convert to the Faith in Father Faber's own day, though it was not until some five years after the death of the latter that he himself became an Oratorian. Henry George Bowden—to give him his name in the world—was born in 1836, the son of Captain Henry Bowden, of the Scots Guards. He went to Eton in 1848, and became a Catholic in 1852, shortly after the conversion of his father. He was one of the first students at Cardinal (then Dr.) Newman's newly-founded Catholic University in Dublin, and later served for 12 years as an officer in the Scots

Fusilier Guards. His ordination took place in 1870, and from that time onwards there was no feature of the life of the London Oratory which did not benefit by his influence. In 1871 he became Prefect of the Brothers of the Little Oratory, the famous confraternity established by St. Philip in Rome in the sixteenth century. His work in connection with the Oratory Middle School for boys was another of his great successes, as were also his conferences for ladies, held in St. Wilfrid's Hall. As a confessor and spiritual director Father Bowden was widely known and sought after; his influence with those seeking admission into the Church is scarcely to be estimated. Amongst his literary work his prefaces to two volumes, *Hettinger's Natural Religion and Revealed Religion*, the translations of which he edited, occupy a high place, also his essay *The Witness of the Saints*; whilst his *Miniature Lives of the Saints* have been a household word for over 40 years. He also published in 1910 a similar work, *Mementoes of the English Martyrs and Confessors*, and in 1915 published an edition of Blessed Thomas More's *Crumbs of Comfort*. For several years he did important work as censor for the diocese of Westminster, and also held the position of Superior of the Congregation of the Oratory for various terms.

THE FORGIVING HEART.

Forgiveness of enemies was a virtue dear to the Heart of Christ. It is one of those virtues like humility and virginity, which are so sublime and so opposed to the natural impulses of human nature that their revelation and teaching by Christ seems to many to prove His divinity. If, then, He may be said to love one virtue more than another it would be one which was His own, because He was the first to teach it to the world.

His revelation of this virtue was as perfect as it was new, and in that we may see another reason why the forgiveness of enemies was dear to His Heart. No one can conceive a single perfection which may be added to this virtue as taught by Jesus Christ. The forgiveness is to be perfect in extent, including all; perfect in its promptness, letting not the sun to go down upon its anger; perfect in its practice, not calling another a fool, not exacting an eye for an eye, not harboring evil thoughts or judging him. So thought, word and deed were to be filled with forgiveness. The virtue was no less perfect in its continual performance, the forgiveness of trespassers was to be as regular as the petition for daily bread. There was to be no limit to the number of times it was to be exercised. Forgiveness was to be the perfect badge of Christ's followers. "By this all men shall know you." It was to be perfect in its sincerity, forgiving from the heart; perfect in its sanction, because in what measure we meet to others, it shall be meted to us; perfect finally in its model and standard, because we are to forgive as Christ forgave, and we are to be merciful as our heavenly Father is merciful. The teacher's heart is in his favorite lesson and perfect lesson, — then forgiveness of enemies was especially dear to the Heart of Christ.

Forgiveness is difficult because self enters so fully into the wrong and because the wrongs have been so exaggerated by the imagination. The Heart of Christ, by meeting and overcoming these two difficulties, is the model of the forgiving heart and the healing of all unforgiving hearts. If the unforgiving heart is selfish, the Heart of Christ is entirely unselfish. If the unforgiving heart exaggerates the faults done it, the Heart of Christ has endured wrongs and sees in them a malice which because it is infinite, cannot be exaggerated.

Open the doors, open the windows of your soul; let the sun in, and the wind. Do not forget that any experience in life, so long as it is not sensual, gives richness and breadth to any power that you possess. Live then; live to your utmost and your best. Do not be afraid of anything; neither the bitterest sorrow that the world holds, nor its most poignant joy can bring you anything but good, so long as you embrace it wittingly, passionately. But shun a sorrow or a joy, and you are clipped, maimed, blinded.—E. F. Benson.

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(By MAUREEN.)

Roly-Poly Pudding without Fat.

Four ounces of flour, 4oz. of raw potato (grated), pinch of salt. Put the flour, grated potato, and salt into a basin, and mix to a stiffish dough with cold water; turn on to a floured board and roll out into a long strip about quarter-inch thick. Warm some jam and spread over, roll up, seal the ends well together, and tie in a scalded, floured cloth; plunge into a saucepan of boiling water and boil two hours. Place a saucer at the bottom of the saucepan to prevent the pudding sticking. If liked, this can be put into a well-greased jam jar, cover with a buttered paper, and steam three hours.

Salad Dressing without Oil.

Beat three eggs very lightly and whip into them a cup of vinegar, a tablespoonful of sugar, two saltspoonfuls of salt, a dash of pepper, and a small teaspoonful of mustard. Beat hard, turn into a saucepan, stir steadily until the boil begins; then add a teaspoonful of butter. Heat until this melts; then take from the fire and beat for five minutes. When cool set in the coolest place. This may also be used on cold meats and fish.

Date and Rhubarb Jam.

To 1lb. of prepared rhubarb, take 1lb. of dates, 1/2oz. orange or lemon rind or root or essence of ginger, a little cochineal or carmine to color. Slice the rhubarb thinly, stone and shred the dates and the peel. Soak the shredded lemon or orange peel in 1 gill water for 24 hours, then boil until tender. Put the dates and rhubarb in a china or earthenware vessel in layers, and allow to stand for 24 hours. Next day put all together into a preserving pan, bring to boiling point, stirring frequently. Boil quickly for 30 to 35 minutes, stirring carefully to prevent burning, pour into jars, allow to cool, then seal and keep in a cool, dry place. This jar should keep for three or four months.

Cooling Drinks for Invalids.

Apple Water. Take two large apples, the rind and juice of half a lemon, a little sugar to taste, and one pint boiling water. Select juicy apples, wash them well, but do not peel them. Cut them down in thin slices, and put them into a jug. Add to them the sugar and the thinly peeled rind and juice of half a lemon. Have the water freshly boiling and pour it over them. Cover and let stand till cold. Then strain and it is ready for serving.

Clear Barley Water. Ingredients: 2oz. pearl barley, 1 pint boiling water, rind of half a lemon, sugar to taste. Method: Wash the barley well, and put it into a jug with the thinly peeled lemon rind, and a little sugar. Have the water freshly boiling, and pour it on the barley. Cover the jug and let stand till cold.

To Remove Mildew

Mildew is a stain caused by linen being put away damp, either from the body or after washing. It is a true

mould, and, like all plants, requires warmth and moisture for its growth. When this necessary moisture is furnished by any cloth in a warm place, the mildew grows upon the fibres. It is a most difficult stain to remove, and requires great patience. Stretch the stained part over a hard, firm surface, and rub off as much as will come with a piece of soft, dry rag. Rub in a little salt, and try if the juice of a lemon will take it out. The best way is to wet the stains thoroughly, rub them over with plenty of soap, and scrape chalk on the place; put the article in the sun, and keep it sprinkled with warm water, renew the soap and the chalk and the wetting from time to time, and the stain will come out; rinse well in clean, cold water. The sunlight kills the plant and bleaches the fibres. Bleaching powder or Javelle water may be tried in cases of advanced growth but success cannot be assured. Handkerchiefs are especially liable to mildew. Soaking them in a weak solution of chloride of lime for several hours, and rinsing them in plenty of water, will take the mildew from them. To remove mildew from gloves, rub the spots or stains with a bit of cloth dipped in buttermilk, and remove all trace of the mildew. Then soak the gloves in benzoline, and wash them in it.

Household Hints.

If you are troubled with persistent sleeplessness drink half a glass of hot milk to which a little nutmeg has been added before going to bed. Another excellent remedy for sleeplessness is a cold orange taken just before retiring. It has a certain quality which makes it very efficacious, but a perfectly harmless sleep producer. A box of crackers is also a good thing to keep beside the bed of an invalid.

To prevent mustard from drying and caking in the mustard-pot add a little salt when making it.

When making icing for cakes add a teaspoonful of vinegar to prevent it from becoming too sugary.

Apple-juice is first-rate for whitening the teeth. Moisten some cotton wool with the apple, and rub the teeth with it. Eating an apple first thing in the morning and the last thing at night also whitens the teeth.

A good recipe for softening and whitening the skin: Squeeze three lemons, removing pips, add the same quantity of glycerine and rose-water. Shake well before using.

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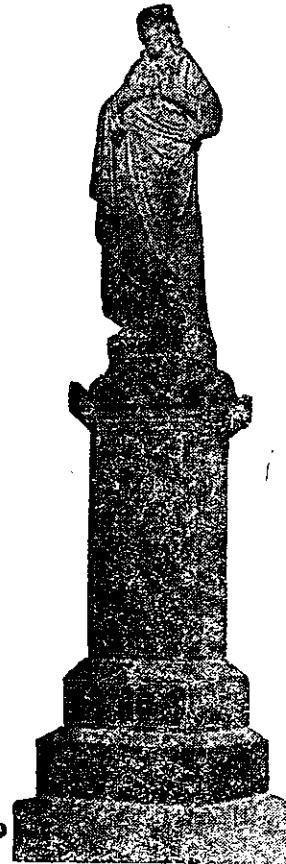
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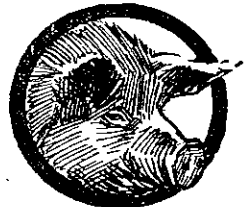
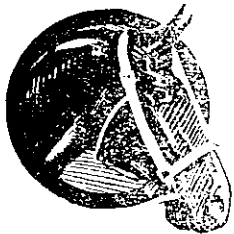
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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week there were 205 head of fat cattle yarded. The quality was only fair, and sold about £1 in advance of the previous week's sale. Prime bullocks sold at from £25 to £29, good from £18 to £23, lighter from £15, prime cows and heifers from £14 to £16, medium from £9 to £12. Fat Sheep.—2018 were penned, principally shorn sheep of fair quality. The sale opened at about 3s dearer than the preceding week, but fell away towards the end of the sale. Prime and shorn wethers from 40s to 48s, medium 32s to 38s, prime ewes in the wool rose as high as 59s, shorn ewes from 28s to 44s, light and unfinished from £1 to 25s. Fat Lambs.—There was a medium yarding of 386, and prices were from 28s to 40s. Fat Pigs.—There was a full yarding, and prices were on a par with the previous week's rates. Suckers sold from 35s to 45s, slips from £3 to £3 15s, porkers to £7, light baconers £8, heavy baconers £9.

At the Addington market last week there were big yardings of all classes of stock, and a general easing in values in most sections. Lambs were the one exception, this class selling well in view of the Christmas season. Fat Lambs.—1150 penned. There was a keen demand. Extra prime lambs brought from 35s to 40s, prime lambs 32s to 34s 9d, medium lambs 28s to 31s 6d, light and inferior 21s to 27s. Fat Sheep.—A big yarding. The market was weaker than in the preceding week, particularly for ewe and second-class mutton, and a fair proportion was passed. Quotations: Prime wethers (shorn) 33s 6d to 38s, medium 29s 6d to 33s, light and unfinished wethers 26s to 28s 9d, prime ewes 28s to 35s 10d, medium ewes 23s 3d to 27s 6d, light and unfinished ewes 19s to 23s. Fat Cattle.—A big yarding of 370 head. The market was irregular, but kept fairly up to the previous week's rates, vendors preferring to pass their stock to accepting much lower values. Quotations: Extra prime steers to £26 5s, prime steers £20 10s to £24 10s, medium steers £15 15s to £20, light and unfinished steers £8 12s 6d to £15, prime cows £14 to £16 15s, ordinary cows £10 15s to £13 15s, light and unfinished cows £8 5s to £10, prime heifers £12 to £14 7s 6d, medium heifers £10 10s to £11 17s 6d, light and unfinished heifers £6 17s 6d to £9 15s. Fat Pigs.—There was a further slight easing in values. Choppers £6 to £10, light baconers £5 to £5 15s, heavy baconers £6 to £6 15s, extra heavy baconers £7 to £7 10s (average price per lb 9½d); light porkers £3 15s to £4 5s, heavy porkers £4 10s to £4 15s (average price per lb 10½d).

HOW TO STERILISE MILK APPARATUS.

"Some of our practices in cleaning and sterilising cans and other containers have been at fault," says Prof. H. W. Barre, Director of the South Carolina Experimental Station, in reporting progress on some studies on the bacterial content of milk conducted by the bacteriologist of the station, of which some particulars are given below:—

During the summer of 1918 experiments were begun of the bacterial content of milk, with a view of determining the behaviour and development of bacteria during the different periods of handling milk from the time it is milked until it reaches the consumer. It seemed that no very thorough studies had been made along this line in the South, and the project was undertaken with the view of determining practices and methods of handling milk which would keep down the bacterial content. No definite conclusions have been reached as yet, but the work has gone far enough to show that some of the practices of cleaning and sterilising cans and other containers have been at fault. The work indicates that milk churns and containers are important sources of bacteria commonly found in milk. Milk drawn directly into sterile flasks and kept at room temperature during the summer has kept sweet for 48 hours, while milk placed in buckets and cans which had been well washed, and appeared to be thoroughly cleansed, but had not been sterilised, remained sweet for only some 15 hours. It was found that cans and buckets can be thoroughly sterilised by inverting them over a jet of live steam for one minute, but that such pieces as the lids and separator parts can be sterilised thoroughly only when they are placed in a closed vat, and exposed to live steam for from 10 to 15 minutes. The milk cooler is one of the hardest pieces to sterilise.

HARVESTING MANGOLDS.

As the result of an enquiry into the poor keeping qualities displayed by some crops of mangolds last season, the Cambridge School of Agriculture have drawn up the following conclusions:—

(1) Globe mangolds, and especially the free-growing watery varieties, are less likely to keep well than the closely-textured Tankards and Long Reds, which contain a higher percentage of dry matter in the root.

(2) The primary cause of decay was early lifting and carting, when the ground and the mangolds were abnormally dry; the leaves were apparently ripe, but this was probably misleading and occasioned by the droughty weather.

(3) In one case Globe mangolds were lifted early, but not carted until wet weather set in. These kept well. It would seem, therefore, that under dry harvesting conditions mangolds may be pulled and lumped, provided that they are not carted until wetter conditions prevail.

Among the replies received from growers many sound precautions in the harvesting and clamping of mangolds were emphasised, of which the following may be mentioned:

Mangolds should not be lifted until ripe. Unless the roots are fully mature, they should be left a few days in lumps in the fields before carting and covered with their own leaves. Care should be taken not to injure the skin of the roots, either with the knife in topping, or in carting. Forks should not be used in loading. If exposed to frost in the field, ample time should be allowed for the frost to escape and for the mangolds to recover before they are touched. The clamp should be covered with dry, clean straw, if possible; frost penetrates wet grass brushings more easily. Covering with earth should not take place until active heating has stopped. Ventilation should always be provided at the top of the heap.

GARDENING NOTES

(By Mr. J. Joyce, Landscape Gardener, Christchurch.)

WORK FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY.

The Kitchen Garden.—If, as usual, dry weather should from now on be experienced, growing crops will require watering and applications of liquid manure; a plentiful supply of moisture and a periodical stirring up of the soil will, in results, well repay the labor spent. Sow peas, French beans, lettuce, turnips, spinach, and a little cabbage and cauliflower-seed for late planting; also keep placing out cauliflower, broccoli, and kale plants to provide a supply during the winter and spring months. Always choose, if possible, dull and showery weather for planting-out operations; under other circumstances see that the plants are watered at time of replanting. Keep the Dutch hoe constantly employed among the growing crops to keep the weeds in check. If broccoli and cauliflower are sown in lines and thinned out as they grow, leaving plants in their proper spaces apart, they will make better progress.

The Flower Garden.—Keep the lawn mowed at least once a week, and use the sprinkler during dry weather; roll often, especially after rain. It is necessary to use the roller frequently this month to cope with the grass grubs. Beetles, from which they originate, are now very numerous and active fitting about during the evening devouring the leaves of plum and other trees, and if the lawns are soft and porous they soon find their way into the soil and deposit the eggs, which mature in the grass grub that is so destructive to grass plots. Rolling now is the best remedy. If necessary dig up the bulbs of hyacinths, tulips, ixias, and Narcissus and such like bulbs, and store away in boxes in a dry place until the next planting-out time arrives. Finish planting out all bedding specimens, and sow seeds of hardy herbaceous plants such as columbine, delphinium, wall flowers, pansies, Brompton and intermediate stocks; they can be sown in patches throughout the border. Hoe frequently to keep down weeds; the hoe is a far better implement for this purpose than the rake.

The Fruit Garden.—The usual routine of spraying, thinning out of fruit, and summer pruning will provide work for this month. Young trees which were planted late would benefit from a supply of mulching material at the roots, while an occasional watering would also help them on.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART,
ISLAND BAY, WELLINGTON.

The annual Spiritual Retreat for Ladies will begin at 6 p.m. on Saturday, January 8, and end on the morning of Thursday, January 13. It will be conducted by the Very Reverend A. Power, S.J., Rector of the Newman College, Melbourne University.

By applying in time to the Rev. Mother Superior, ladies wishing to make the Retreat can remain at the Convent, where they will find every accommodation. A special invitation is not necessary.

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The Family Circle

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

O come into the child world! The Christmas time is here,—
The snow-time, the star-time, the song-time of the year!
The merry bells a-jingle
With children's voices mingle;
Thero's music everywhere.
With whisper and with rustle,
With jostle and with bustle,
Each wild to do his share.
The world's alive with Christmas,—'tis the child-time of
the year.

O come into the child world! The giving time is here.
Come, greet the merry spirit of hearty Christmas cheer.
While winter winds are blowing,
The holly still is glowing,
And fires burn bright;
The steady stars are gleaming
While children lie a-dreaming
On this blest night,
Of wonders in the dawning of the gift-time of the year

O come into the child world! For now the Christ is here.
The white earth is smiling, the morning sparkles clear.
The carol and the prayer
Float out on hallowed air
From hearts aflame.
We find again the glory
Of the starlight story,
And bless His name
Who gave to us the child-time, the Christ-time of the year.
—R. L. McN., in *Arc Maria*.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

An old gentleman, who, though reputed a man of few words, always followed St. Teresa's counsel of speaking to everyone with "quiet cheerfulness," used to say that if he were to make only one New Year resolution, it would be to guard his tongue. He acted upon some such saw as—

If you form resolutions many,
You'll finish by not keeping any.
Here's a good one—best take it,
Though often you break it,—
All through the New Year till December,
I'll bridle the unruly member.

The pagan philosophers recognised the virtue of silence, and not a few of them took pride in practising it. It is related that the ambassadors of a certain prince once invited Zeno to a feast, and were surprised, as they had heard much of his powers of conversation, that he had so little to say. When they asked what report they should make of him, the philosopher said: "Tell your prince that you have been in company with a man who could hold his tongue."

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A CATHOLIC.

There are many Catholics who do not realise how very generous God has been to them. They do not appreciate the fact that in giving us the gift of faith He has given us the greatest gift He can give us in this life. Having this faith, we are members of the true Church established by Our Lord Jesus Christ. This Church is the Holy Catholic Church—"yesterday, to-day, and the same forever." Christ abides with this Church. Through this Church He teaches us the truths revealed by God, and which we are required by Him to accept and believe. The substance of these truths is found in the Apostles' Creed. Through the Church He explains to us what are our duties toward God, our neighbor, and ourselves. These duties are contained in the Commandments of God and the Church. However, He has made His Church the dispenser of spiritual strength to help us serve God as He would have us serve Him. This strength comes to us principally through prayer and participation in the Sacraments. As Catholics, therefore, we know what is right in the matter of faith and morals. Besides this, we have the means of persevering in the friendship of God, or of regaining it, if, unfortunately, we have lost it through the commission of sin.

Do you ever think what a wonderful privilege it is to be a Catholic? Do you realise that there are thousands of men and women outside the true Church, men and women who in many ways are better than you and I, who are ignorant of revealed truth, who are unsupported by the Sacraments? Thank God that He has made you a member of the true Church. Strive earnestly to live up to her teachings. Sometimes we hear it said that such and such

a one was a Catholic, but that he has lost the faith. My friend, no man ever loses the faith; but God, seeing that some to whom it has been given are unworthy of it, takes it from them and gives it to others.

CHILD'S CHRISTMAS SONG.

Lord I'm just a little boy,
Born one day like You,
And I've got a mother dear
And a birthday, too.
But my birthday comes in spring,
When the days are long,
And the robin in the tree
Wakes me with a song.
Since the birds are all away,
Lord, when You are born,
Let Your angels waken me
On Your birthday morn.

Lord, I'm just a little boy
Hidden in the night,
Let Your angels spy me out
Long before it's light.
I would be the first to waken
And the first to raise
In this quiet house of ours
Songs of love and praise.
You shall hear me first, dear Lord,
Blow my Christmas horn:
Let Your angels waken me
On Your birthday morn.

DANIEL O'CONNELL THE EMANCIPATOR.

The story of Catholic emancipation in Ireland is the story of the genius and perseverance of Daniel O'Connell. O'Connell was the first Irishman to recognise the political power that lay dormant in the neglected masses of the Irish people. Facing the traditional ascendancy of the British and the rooted bigotry of 300 years he broke down barriers that seemed impossible to surmount.

Daniel O'Connell was born at Carhan, near Cahirciveen, in 1775, and was admitted to the bar in 1798. At that time the era of penal legislation had ceased and already a serious breach had been made in the penal code. By a series of remedial measures, including the Catholic Relief Act, of 1793, Catholics were, in many respects, placed on a level with other denominations, but they were still excluded from Parliament, from the inner bench, and from the higher civil and military offices. Against these inhibitions O'Connell protested. Catholics, he insisted, should demand concessions, not as favors, but as their right.

Denounces the Union.

In his first appearance on the public platform, in 1800, he denounced the contemplated Union, which he declared destroyed Ireland's separate nationality, and said that Catholics wanted no such Union;—that as an alternative they would prefer the re-enactment of the penal laws. By 1810, through his ability and persistent activity, especially that displayed at meetings of the Catholic Committee, he had become the most powerful of the Catholic leaders. Then it was he sent out a circular inviting the people to form local committees in correspondence with the Central Committee. The Government proclaimed the meetings of these committees, but the magistrates in many cases refused to carry out the proclamations, and when some of the members of the Dublin committee met and were arrested, O'Connell successfully defended them.

In 1812, O'Connell first locked horns with Sir Robert Peel, then the new Chief Secretary of Ireland, and from that time until O'Connell's final victory the struggle for Catholic rights was largely a duel between these two able and determined men: the one the champion of privilege and ascendancy and the other of religious freedom.

Catholic Association.

In 1823, with the avowed object of winning Emancipation by legal and constitutional means O'Connell founded the Catholic Association. In order to evade the Convention Act, the Association assumed no delegated or representative character. In 1825 it had spread so widely that the Government, fearing its power, passed a bill suppressing it. But O'Connell, skilled in defeating just such measures, changed the name to the New Catholic Association, and the work went on.

In 1826 the Association was strong enough to put up a candidate in Waterford, who was elected. Victories followed in Monaghan, Westmeath and Louth. Then, in 1828, came the Clare election, in which O'Connell himself was nominated. As a Catholic, he could not take the Parliamentary oath, but he had gauged well the effect of driving him, a representative of 6,000,000 people, from the doors of Parliament. He refused the oath. The Catholic millions, organised and defiant, demanded Emancipation. The

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Orangemen would have no concession, and Ireland was on the brink of civil war when Peel and Wellington gave way, and in 1829 the Catholic Relief Act was passed.

The O'Connell Tribute.

To recompense him and to secure his services for Parliament, the people induced him to abandon his profession and to accept the O'Connell Tribute, a voluntary subscription of 1,600 pounds, that he might represent them. His great work then was in behalf of repeal, and he established the Repeal Association, which, though slow in progress at first, made decided strides in 1842 and 1843, when a series of meetings addressed by O'Connell attracted hundreds of thousands. The last of these meetings, held at Clontarf in October was proclaimed by Sir Robert Peel, and O'Connell was convicted and imprisoned. The House of Lords reversed the decision of the Irish Court and he was freed, but his health was broken, and the doctors ordering him to a warmer climate, he set out for Rome, where he had expressed the desire to die. He got no further than Genoa, where shortly before he expired he declared: "I will my body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, and my soul to God."

O'Connell was not only eminent as an astute politician, a masterly orator, and a resourceful attorney, but he achieved no little reputation as a Catholic apologist. He published a tract on the Holy Eucharist.

CONSOLATION.

He was given a tip for the races by a friend, but he was one who did not usually interest himself in horses. Anyhow, he was much impressed with the information, and declared his firm belief in the capacity of the animal, and also his intention of backing it.

The horse ran tenth in a field of ten, yet even this circumstance did not loosen his faith in its abilities.

"It is a good horse," he said: "it took nine of them to beat him."

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"I say, Harry," said a miner to his mate, "what's a Cosmopolitan?"

Harry thought for a moment before he replied:—

"Suppose there were a Russian Jew living in England with an Italian wife, smoking Egyptian cigarettes near a French window in a room with a Turkey carpet on the floor. If this man drunk American cream sodas while listening to a German band playing 'Come Back to Erin,' after a supper of Dutch cheese made up as a Welsh rarebit, then you might be quite safe in saying that he were a Cosmopolitan."

NEARLY RIGHT.

The schoolmistress was giving a practical lesson on fractions.

"Children," she said, "here is a piece of meat. If I cut it in two what should I have?"

"Halves," said the class in chorus.

"And if I cut it again?"

"Quarters," came the reply at once.

"And if I cut it again?"

"Eighths," said half the class, the other half maintaining a dignified silence.

"Good! And if I cut the pieces again?"

Dead silence in the class, but one hand was raised in solitary state at the back of the room.

"Well, Jack, what is the answer?"

"Please, ma'am, mince-meat."

SMILE RAISERS.

"By the way, sir," asked the waiter, "how would you like to have your steak?"

"Very much, indeed," replied the mild man, who had been patiently waiting for 20 minutes.

Tourist: "Are the fish thick here?"

Old Inhabitant: "Well, not too thick, sir. We have to use the river partly for navigation."

"Yes, sir, it's pretty hard collecting money just now; I know it."

"Have you tried and failed?"

"Oh, no!"

"How then do you know that money is hard to collect?"

"Because several people have tried to collect some from me."

Talkative Barber: "I hear that some wireless experts believe someone from another planet is trying to communicate with us."

Suffering Client: "Some barber, I expect."

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

(By "VOLT.")

The World's Greatest Oven.

Imagine a giant oven, over 85 feet high and large enough inside to bake all the bread required to feed a town like Cardiff (says *Tit-Bits*, London).

You will then have some idea of the wonderful new furnace which has just started work at the Ebbw Vale Steel Works in South Wales.

This furnace, the largest in the world, took over three years to build, and cost a million pounds. When working at full blast it will produce 3000 tons of steel a week, or enough to build an Atlantic liner every month.

The first fires were started on July 4, and now they will never be allowed to go out. When the second giant furnace is completed the twin engineering wonders of South Wales will produce 300,000 tons of steel every year.

The numerous engineering devices attached to the furnace include a gas cleaning plant as large as the furnace itself. In keeping the mighty "oven" clean, it has to perform the work of 500 men.

To keep alight the furnace fires thousands of tons of coal will be used every year, and for this reason the steel works are situated in the middle of the South Wales coal-field. If the fires went out it might mean weeks of delay and cost thousands of pounds to get them going again.

Even when the oven was built the most difficult part of the great task still remained—to light the first fire. Few people realise the importance of this task, for the slightest hitch may cause an explosion and destroy the result of months of toil.

War Chemistry.

The last number of the *Revue des Questions Scientifiques*, now happily resuscitated at Louvain, contains an interesting article on "War Chemistry, 1914-1918," by M. Georges Lemoine, de l'Institut. The eminent Professor of Chemistry at the Ecole Polytechnique writes mainly from the point of view of his own French countrymen, but he embraces in his survey nearly all aspects of the subject. Apart from technical details, which will appeal only to experts, there is much information given about the gas warfare on both sides which will not be easily found in so compendious a form elsewhere. The first gas attack was made near Ypres in April, 1915, and the Germans claimed that on this occasion 6,000 British taken by surprise, were put *hors de combat*.

In those early days simple chlorine appears to have been used, which was the more easy from the fact that the Germans had long manufactured for commercial purposes liquid chlorine, which was stored in cylinders and was thus available for immediate use. More deadly gases succeeded, at first only suffocating or tear-producing, but before the end of the war absolutely toxic. The preparation which M. Lemoine calls "Yperite," was peculiarly dangerous because it had no smell, and for a few hours produced no painful effects, was introduced by the Germans in July, 1917. Although discovered by the English scientist, Guthrie, in 1860, hardly any chemist before the war had seen or handled it. This was the powder which was left after an air raid in many of the London streets where bombs had exploded, contact with which, it will be remembered, blistered the skin of all who inadvertently brushed it away.

To counteract these unscrupulous tactics the chemists of the Allies busied themselves to concert measures both of defence and of retaliation. Innumerable types of gas masks were devised, some employing as many as 13 layers of gauze. In the form finally adopted 5,270,000 masks were turned out of the French workshops between November, 1917, and November, 1918. As for the gas and the projectiles manufactured by the Allies, one cannot read without a shock, even while one fully recognises the necessity of paying the enemy back in their coin, that in the closing days of the war *three-quarters* of the shells employed were charged with deleterious ingredients, principally Yperite. Although this substance had been used for little more than a year the apparatus set up in France alone at the end of the war was capable of producing 80 tons a day. One chemical device which might have proved of great value came too late to be of practical service. This was the production in large quantities, though at great cost, of the gas belinum, which is not inflammable. Though four times heavier than hydrogen it could still be used for balloons, and it was intended to inflate airships with this gas and to use them in raids upon such distant German cities as Berlin.

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