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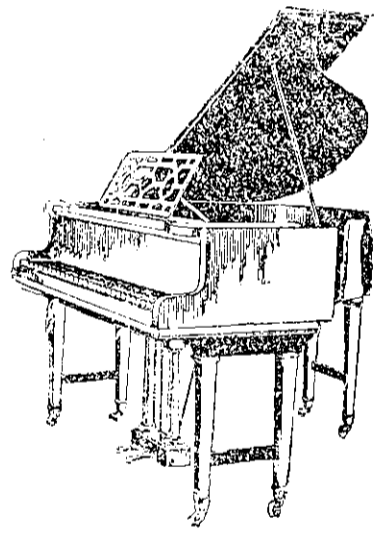
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GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- December 18, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday of Advent.
 „ 19, Monday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 20, Tuesday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 21, Wednesday.—St. Thomas, Apostle.
 „ 22, Thursday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 23, Friday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 24, Saturday.—Vigil of the Nativity. Fast Day
 —No Abstinence.

ST. THOMAS, APOSTLE.

St. Thomas, also called Didymus, was one of the 12 Apostles. He is rarely mentioned in the New Testament. According to Origen and Sophronius, he preached in Parthia, Media, Persia, Carmania, Hyrcania, and Bactria, extending his missionary labors as far as India. The Persian Magi, who adored Christ Our Lord in Bethlehem, are also numbered among those who were baptised by this Apostle. The Roman martyrology represents him as suffering martyrdom by a lance at Calamina, near Madras, India.

GRAINS OF GOLD

THE VIGIL OF THE NATIVITY.

Night on Judea's plains—calm, holy night,
 In silence deep the royal city lies;
 The shepherd band their nightly vigil keep,
 Out on the hills beneath the star-strewn skies.

Many a longing heart thy walls enclose,
 City of David, as the night descends:
 Come and delay not, O Expected One!
 Up to the door of Heaven the cry ascends.

A manger-cave outside the city's gates—
 Upon the hills the light of Christmas morn;
 A holy Mother with her Babe Divine,
 And glad hearts telling: "Christ the Lord is born!"

Ages have fled since, casting off His glory,
 Our friend and Brother came that holy night;
 Still may we hasten where His star is shining—
 The ever-gleaming sanctuary light.

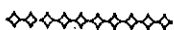
Like shepherds, we too kneel, our God adoring,
 (Within our hearts His joy it is to dwell);
 To-day as long ago, in Bethlehem's manger,
 The King is here—our Lord Emmanuel.



OUR DAILY DUTIES: A MEANS OF SANCTIFICATION

Our Divine Lord said that we must take up our cross and follow Him; and every person has a cross to carry. This cross is the performance of our daily duties in the spirit of penance, and for love of God; and when our souls are in the state of grace, every good work done for love of God will bear an everlasting reward. Our duty is to supernaturalise all our daily actions, and perform them for love of God. The mother and father of a family may have to struggle hard, and work and toil from early morning till late at night for the benefit of their children. These same children may have many faults, which parents must correct, and this correction of faults is sometimes very trying on a fond parent, who loves his children so dearly.

Yet if parents would only offer their works to please God, and if they would frequently make fervent aspirations or ejaculatory prayers during the day, their actions and these same works would soon make them saints. Some do very many good actions, and work very hard, and yet lose all the fruit of their labors, because they will not do them with a good intention, and for God's glory.



REFLECTIONS.

Love to be unknown and to be made of no account.—Thomas a Kempis.

The Day of Judgment is a day of decision, and displayeth unto all the seal of truth.—St. Uriel.



The Storyteller



WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

(CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

"Well, well, Harman—I will think it over—I will think it over," he said at last, giving Harman his hand with a stately courtesy, as if he were extending it to a vassal to kiss; and when the door closed upon the agent, as if he felt the need of flying from the darkest spot in his mind to the brightest, he rang the bell, and flinging himself wearily in his easy chair, asked: "Where is Miss Westropp?"

"Here, papa, and so is your lunch," said a voice of music in his ear; and, a moment afterwards, as his lips touched his daughter's golden-crowned forehead, and he felt her soft arm steal round his neck, Ralph Westropp thought to himself here was a treasure worth all the woods and cornfields of Drumshaughlin—worth all the bosky acres that were ever put up and knocked down in the Landed Estates Court.

"I almost wish," pondered the agent, as he drove down the avenue, "we could patch things up again—Dargan is furious, of course, but it would be easy to square him—Psha! you're in a maudlin mood this morning, Hans Harman—it's poor Rebecca! No, no, we haven't gone thus far prosperously to founder in harbor and in dead calm. Drumshaughlin is too weak or too lazy to slave-drive his tenants himself. He expects that I shall keep his bath of golden waters filled, and then soothes his conscience by abusing me himself as well as inviting the public to fire at me. There has been quite enough of this sort of cheap virtue—if I've taken the administration and risk, it's about time I reaped some more substantial reward than a stingy commission. At all events the situation is now mine, to be managed to my own liking, as circumstances may determine. Hallo, you there—Dawley—I want you at Stone Hall, the sooner the better—do you hear?"

The insolent tone of the request was not lost upon Dawley, who looked after the trap with a curious blending of pugnacity and quailing in his little eyes which, as well as his nose, were unusually fiery from recent potatoes. Nevertheless he found himself shuffling along in the direction of Stone Hall, and in due time he found himself slouching about still more uncomfortably in front of Mr. Hans Harman, who was affording his hands the benefit of the fire by playing bo-peep with them under his coat-tails while he faced his visitor.

"Now," said the agent, coolly, "I have not a policeman concealed behind that screen—I always deal above-board with a man—so we can speak freely. I dare say you scarcely require me to tell you that I know who killed Quish."

A momentary nervous tremor shot through Dawley's limbs; then he screwed his lips tightly together.

"I see you're wondering that I have not a policeman concealed on the premises," proceeded Harman, his handsome smiling eyes watching every twitch of a muscle in the other's face like a superb cat, with a small mouse between its paws. "You know you're sold, eh?"

Blotches of dirty white overspread Dawley's face, to the lips—almost to the tip of the nose. By a desperate effort he crushed on his lips the cry: "Has he split?" but not before Harman could almost see his bloodless lips form the words. Dawley's face suddenly collapsed into a more whining aspect; and he said, with as much simplicity as he could put in the words: "Me? yerra, what had I to do wid it, in de honor o' God?"

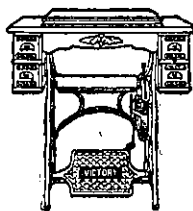
"You're a precious rascal!" cried Harman, his smiling eyes filling with threatening light. "Perhaps, you want me to ring the bell and send for a policeman to explain it to him? Dawley," he said, suddenly and fiercely, "you deserve to be hanged, and I'll have you hanged by the neck until you're dead the moment it suits me."

A look of desperation flamed up red into the other's face and eyes. "Damn you!" he cried, fumbling in his breast pocket. "You're a—Devil!"

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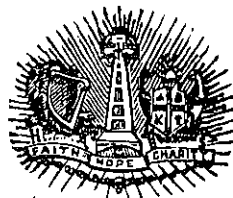
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"No, I'm not a devil, but I'm a devilish good shot," said the agent, swiftly covering his visitor with a revolver, and advancing a pace nearer to him to be surer of his aim. "Put down whatever you've in your breast there—put it out on that table—one—two!"

The trembling wretch was fascinated as by the eye of a snake-charmer; he dropped a pinfire revolver on the table, so precipitately that a shot went off, and the bullet passed through a skirt of the agent's coat.

"I never would depend upon those pinfire things if I were you," said the agent. "You see? Here is the bullet-hole, there is your empty revolver—I have only to ring, and you're convicted of an attempt to murder me in my own house, after murdering my bailiff." He saw Dawley stagger up against a book-case to find support against the drab topsy-turvy mist that was dancing before his eyes and the cold sweats that were sapping his limbs. "Now, Dawley," resumed Mr. Hans Harman, putting up his revolver, and speaking in an almost genial tone, "I've always warned you that I am an enemy; but I've told you also that you might find me no worse at a pinch than some of the so-called friends who are duping you into putting your neck where they will never put their own:—now, I don't mean to ring for the policeman. I don't mean to hand you over to the hangman"—he noticed the startled, half-doubting expression of relief that crossed the wretched face—"not if you enable me to let you off with an easy conscience. I cannot be a party to condoning a horrible murder; but I can and will secure you immunity if you will aid me and justice to bring home guilt to those who are behind you—to those who have egged you on to murder and to more important crimes of treason. For instance"—his keen meaningful eyes penetrating him through and through—"if that young Rohan was in any way responsible—I'm not saying that he was, mind!"

"Do you know what Quish was shot for?" said the other, with a snort like a caged beast. "Shoot me at once and be done wid it—hell to you!"

"I will not shoot you at once, because I can hang you at leisure," said the agent, coldly—"that is, if you're so ungrateful and so idiotic as to drive me to it. I should think it is not curses I have earned by not only saving you from the gallows, but opening your way to a handsome reward—for you have only to aid me to hunt down treason and murder to be a richer fellow than a century in Blackamoor Lane would make you; and you must know as well as I do that it's only a question whether your accomplices will hang you, or whether you'll be too quick for them. I don't know that I have anything else to say, and you look as if you thought this interview had lasted sufficiently long. Think it over, and make up your mind. I don't want to take any unfair advantage of you. But beware of attempting to obtain any unfair advantage over me. Though my revolver won't follow you, my eye will; and, if you try it, you're a rat in a trap, and—I'll let in the bulldogs. Turn the handle of the door the other way—that's it. Yes, you may go," Hans Harman nodded, as the wretched creature paused humbly for the signal. "I think," he said, looking at himself in the somewhat dark steely mirror, "this hasn't been a bad afternoon's work."

In the meantime all was getting ready for the sheriff at the Mill at Greendale. There was a cargo of Californian wheat on its way, in which Myles Rohan held a third with some Cork merchants, and on which he had relied to satisfy the writ, and, at all events, stave off the evil hour; but his partners, Messrs. Waffles and Greany, were unwilling to sell at the depressed prices that ruled the market, and he quietly bowed his head before the gathering storm, and said it might as well come soon as late. In Ireland neighbors aid one another against the Sheriff, as while settlers in the western backwoods used to draw together on the first signal of the scalpers. Myles Rohan had only to pass the word to have assembled a trusty garrison with their pitchforks at the Millhouse; but, Myles being a stern law-and-order man, they did the next best offices of good neighborhood by helping to remove the furniture and proffering their own houses as an asylum either for the household effects or for their owners. Men who had not spoken to the sturdy miller for years arrived silently with their carts and bore away chairs, tables, and bedsteads with the solemn tenderness of Sisters of Charity binding up a cruel wound. Mrs. Harold, who was one of the most awful of human beings at bewailing her own imagin-

ary woes, was the most helpful and devoted in assuaging the real ones of others. Father Phil used to say with a smile that the happiest moments of his life were when some killed or wounded neighbor needed the sleepless energies of Maria. At this moment she was director-general of operations at the Mill, her wailful voice sounding crisp and clear as a bell, and the bitter eyes behind the spectacles quiet and decisive as those of a general in the thick of a battle. "Of course, Kate," she remarked to Mrs. Rohan, "Myles and the children will not think of going anywhere but to us. You know Jack is away, and there's plenty of room—Ken will have to stow himself away upon the sofa in Father Phil's room—but it does a youngster good to have to rough it." The only time Maria lost her temper was when Mrs. Rohan timidly broke to her the intelligence that this was impossible—that quiet lodgings had been already secured which they were furnishing from the Mill and striving to make as like the mill-parlor as possible in Myles' eyes. Mrs. Rohan herself bore the blow with a cheerful heroism which never deserted her, unless when her eyes fell upon the miller. Then indeed these eyes filled with tears which she dared not let fall, and the first desolate pang the eviction brought her was to find that the little Oratory of the Blessed Virgin, at which she had so often found her tears turn to golden treasure, had been dismantled of its statue and tapers in the process of removal, and that she had no longer whereto to bring her lacerated soul for balm. Still her great terror for Myles caused her to aid busily and even smilingly, while the massive old mahogany tables and sideboards—the pride of the family for generations—were borne out like so many coffins with ancient friends inside; and while the old silver, and the old cut-glass, and all the old sacred vessels of her housekeeping were being ransacked, and pawed and scattered.

The young people (as is young people's way) found a certain assuagement of the sorrow of quitting their old home in the mere movement, variety, and change of the removal operations—in the flitting to and fro of so many friendly faces, in the unusually hearty grip of friendly hands, in the bustle of carts coming and going, and heavy furniture bumping funnily downstairs. Katie, without at all knowing she was making the effort, was shining over the desolate house with softer lustre than ever—as the sun lights the bare mountain side with tenderer colors than ever he expends upon the best pastures. It was only one or two very slight circumstances that unnerved her—as, for instance, when she found a carter lighting his pipe in her now vacant little room amidst the white and blue forget-me-nots; and when Georgey O'Meagher and she, making a last visit to see that there was nothing forgotten in the garret (a region which, in their youthful play-hours, had been the dark home of all sorts of mysterious bogies, and which it had been one of Ken's earliest triumphs of manhood to have explored alone in the dark), and saw its timber ribs and mysterious corners now exposed and naked in the rude light which rushed in where a wooden shutter had been torn from the skylight—as if all the romance and wonder of their young lives were being carted away with the furniture.

Ken was escaping most of the worries of the removal by having the more instant terrors of Mat Murrin's printer's devil at his heels; for, although Mat confidentially posed as the principal thunderer in the secret sheet, it was in reality written from opening poem to closing paragraph by his young catechumen. Ken had become absorbed to his heart's core in his work. The mere feeling that every sentence was written with a sword hanging by a hair over his head brought out the best that was in him, and imparted a strange charm to those hot secret hours in which he seemed to be giving out the best blood chambered in his bosom in thoughts that shone and burned. He wrote with his feet in the polar circle and his brain in the tropics. The strange thing was that he so little knew why or where in the mysterious recesses of his being these springs suddenly bubbled forth. He felt only that their bright waters were a-flowing, and that forth they must gush amidst all sorts of enchanted scenery—red battle-fields, or whispering woodland nooks, or the sunlit corn-fielde future. Another source of endless wonder to him was to find that his thoughts affected others as they affected himself—to feel that they made young pulses throb and young veins run fire, and to thrill with the sense of

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a certain ecstatic sacramental union between him and them. He had become known and strangely beloved by the young men; and the greatest marvel of all to him was to discover that the electricity which supplied his verses seemed to have flowed into the veins and muscles of his hand, so that he shook hands with a strange trembling sense of giving and receiving joy. One wrapt in such a Mahomet-vision, and with the patient face of Noble Nolan plantively awaiting at his elbow the leaves of his Koran as they were struck off, had not much attention to spare for the packing of chairs and bedsteads at the Mill—especially within a few days of the Revolution which was to right all by upsetting all—though once captured by his mother and chained to the work, nobody was so expert as Ken in picking wooden bedsteads to pieces, and whisking the old mahogany legs with the brass castors from under Katie's coffin-like pianoforte, and coaxing the unwieldy musical coffin itself past sharp edges of the stairs and through impossible doors.

(To be continued.)

The Story of Ireland

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

LXXXVII.—How Some Irishmen Took to "The Politics of Despair." How England's Revolutionary Teachings "Came Home to Roost." How General John O'Neill Gave Colonel Booker a Touch of Fontenoy at Ridgeway.

All may deplore, but none can wonder, that under circumstances such as those, a considerable section of the Irish people should have lent a ready ear to "the politics of despair."

In vain the hero's heart had bled,
The sage's voice had warned in vain.

In the face of all the lessons of history they would conspire anew, and dream once more of grappling England on the battlefield!

They were in the mood to hearken to any proposal, no matter how wild; to dare any risk, no matter how great; to follow any man, no matter whom he might be, promising to lead them to vengeance. Such a proposal presented itself in the shape of a conspiracy, an oath-bound secret society, designated the "Fenian Brotherhood," which made its appearance about this time. The project was strenuously reprehended by every one of the "Forty-eight" leaders with scarcely an exception, and by the Catholic clergy universally; in other words, by every patriotic influence in Ireland not reft of reason by despair. The first leaders of the conspiracy were not men well recommended to Irish confidence, and in the venomous manner in which they assailed all who endeavored to dissuade the people from their plot, they showed that they had not only copied the forms, but imbibed the spirit of the continental secret societies. But the maddened people were ready to follow and worship any leader whose project gave a voice to the terrible passions surging in their breasts. They were ready to believe in him in the face of all warning, and at his bidding to distrust and denounce friends and guides whom, ordinarily, they would have followed to the death.

In simple truth the fatuous conduct of England had so prepared the soil and sown the seed, that the conspirator had but to step in and reap the crop. In 1843 she had answered to the people that their case would not be listened to. To the peaceful and amicable desire of Ireland to reason the questions at issue, England answered in the well-remembered words of the *Times*: "Repeal must not be argued with"—"If the Union were gall it must be maintained." In other words, England, unable to rely on the weight of any other argument, flung the sword into the scale, and cried out: "Vae Victis!"

In the same year she showed the Irish people that loyalty to the throne, respect for the laws, and reliance exclusively on moral force, did not avail to save them from violence. When O'Connell was dragged to gaol as a conspirator—a man notoriously the most loyal, peaceable, and law-respecting in the land—the people unhappily seemed to conclude that they might as well be real conspirators, for any distinction England would draw between Irishmen pleading the just cause of their country.

But there was yet a further reach of infatuation, and apparently England was resolved to leave no incitement unused in driving the Irish upon the policy of violence—

At the very time when the agents of the secret society of hate and hostility implacable.

were preaching to the Irish people the doctrines of revolution, the English press resounded with like teachings. The sovereign and her Ministers proclaimed them; parliament re-echoed them; England with unanimous voice shouted them aloud. The right, nay, the duty of a people considering themselves, or fancying themselves, oppressed, to conspire and revolt against their rulers—even native and legitimate rulers—was day by day thundered forth by the English journals. Yet more than this. The most blistering taunts were flung against peoples who, fancying themselves oppressed, hoped to be righted by any means save by conspiracy, revolt, war, bloodshed, eternal resistance and hostility. "Let all such peoples know," wrote the *Times*, "that liberty is a thing to be fought out with knives and swords and hatchets."

To be sure these general propositions were formulated for the express use of the Italians at the time. So utterly had England's anxiety to overthrow the Papacy blinded her, that she never once recollected that those incitements were being hearkened to by a hot-blooded and passionate people like the Irish. At the worst, however, she judged the Irish to be too completely cowed to dream of applying them to their own case. At the very moment when William Smith O'Brien was freely sacrificing or perilling his popularity in the endeavor to keep his countrymen from the revolutionary secret society, the *Times*—blind, stone-blind, to the state of the facts—blinded by intense national prejudice—assailed him truculently, as an antiquated traitor who could not get one man—not even one man—in all Ireland to share his "crazy dream" of national autonomy.

Alas! So much for England's ability to understand the Irish people! So much for her ignorance of a country which she insists on ruling!

Up to 1864 the Fenian enterprise—the absurd idea of challenging England (or rather accepting her challenge) to a war-duel—strenuously resisted by the Catholic clergy and other patriotic influences, made comparatively little headway in Ireland. In America, almost from the outset it secured large support. For England had filled the western continent with an Irish population burning for vengeance upon the power that had hunted them from their own land. On the termination of the great civil war of 1861-1864, a vast army of Irish soldiers, trained, disciplined, an d experienced—of valor proven on many a well-fought field, and each man willing to cross the globe a hundred times for "a blow at England"—were disengaged from service.

Suddenly the Irish revolutionary enterprise assumed in America a magnitude that startled and overwhelmed its originators. It was no longer the desperate following of an autocratic chief-conspirator, blindly bowing to his nod. It grew into the dimensions of a great national confederation with an army and a treasury at its disposal. The expansion in America was not without a corresponding effect in Ireland; but it was after all nothing proportionate. There was up to the last a fatuous amount of delusion maintained by the "Head Centre" on this side of the Atlantic, James Stephens, a man of marvellous subtlety and wondrous powers of plausible imposition; crafty, cunning, and quite unscrupulous as to the employment of means to an end. However, the army ready to hand in America, if not utilised at once, would soon be melted away and gone, like the snows of past winters. So in the middle of 1865 it was resolved to take the field in the approaching autumn.

It is hard to contemplate this decision or declaration, without deeming it either insincere or wicked on the part of the leader or leaders, who at the moment knew the real condition of affairs in Ireland. That the enrolled members, howsoever few, would respond when called upon, was certain at any time; for the Irish are not cowards; the men who joined this desperate enterprise were sure to prove themselves courageous, if not either prudent or wise. But the pretence of the revolutionary chief, that there was a force able to afford the merest chance of success, was too utterly false not to be plainly criminal.

(To be continued.)

E. S. Robson

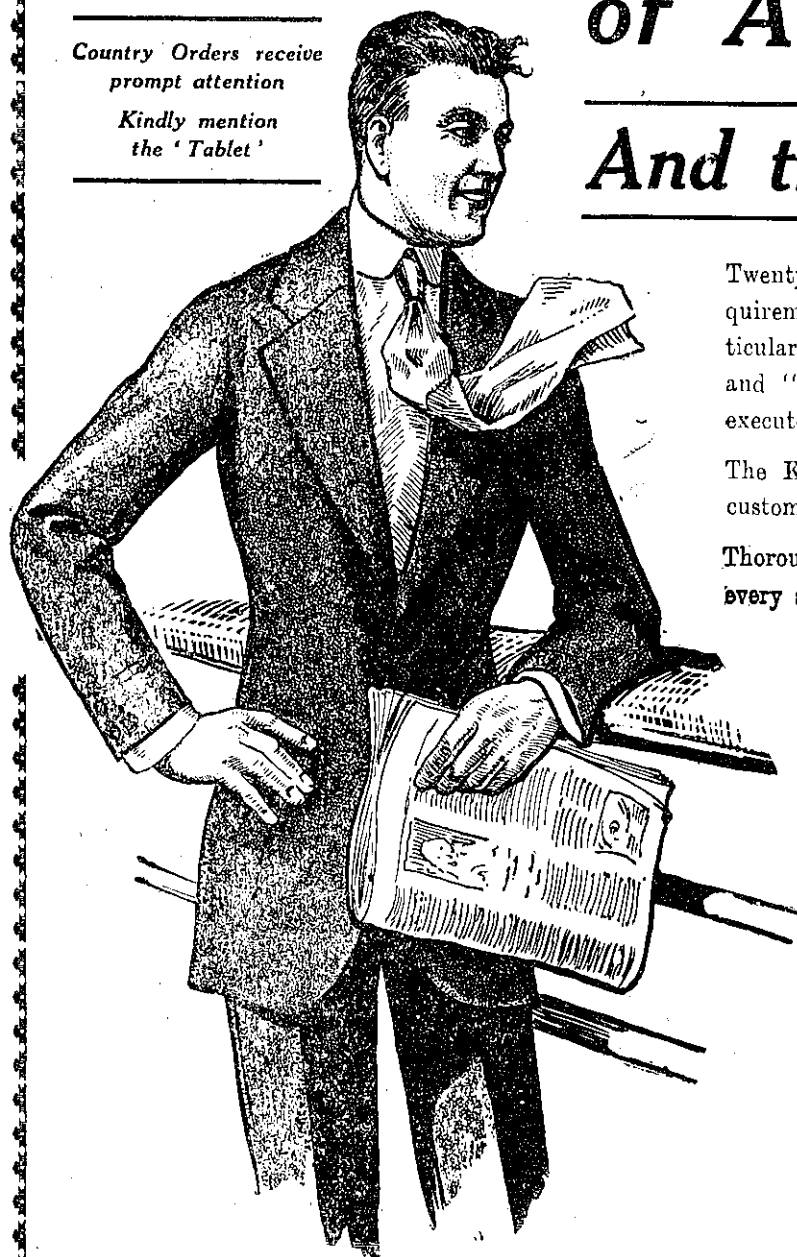
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Irish Independence

(By DARRELL FIGGIS.)

The history of Ireland exhibits an ancient and wise polity, attentive to individual freedom and careful for the creation of beauty, rebuilding the culture of Europe after the darkness of the barbarian migrations, invaded finally by a military organisation that thrived on the spoils of conquest, and whose only art that posterity can discover was the building of fortified abodes. It exhibits, therefore, the issue between a higher and a lower Civilisation, in which the lower held the advantage because the contest had necessarily to be fought on its own plane. For, after the invasion, Ireland became the scene of constant warfare—a warfare that intended only to uproot and to destroy. At the moment of the invasion Ireland had been distracted by dynastic dispute, but when her people appreciated the peril that threatened the State, they united in a series of wars to expel the invader that had established himself at the ports and along the waterways of the country. Publicly, and by an international document, they repudiated the sovereignty the King of England had assumed in the country, and finally they threw back the invading forces to a diminishing area of land round about the City of Dublin. At that moment England herself was rent by dynastic war, and, profiting by England's distraction, a great era of prosperity opened for Ireland. Before the State, however, could include the new elements that had been cast into it, could renew the damage that had been done to its polity, and could thus complete itself, England had adjusted her dynastic feuds and re-opened war on the nation. The new wars were marked, not only by military excesses reprobated even by contemporary Englishmen, but specially by a statecraft that, taking advantage of the earlier unsettlement that had been caused, sought by bribes and allurements to create disunion in the nation. *Divide et Impera* was the watchword. The art, literature, culture, customs, language, and civil polity of the nation were, in these wars, the marks of special enmity. English enactments pronounced against them, English governors endeavored to obliterate them, and English armies destroyed all that they could seize. The attempt was made to destroy every sign and token that such a thing as a separate Irish nation, with its own distinctive culture and polity, existed, or had ever existed. The Irish language was to be supplanted by the English language, Irish titles by English titles, Irish customs by English customs, Irish law by English law, and the Irish Polity by an English Polity. Fighting for their very existence the people rallied under the heir, by Irish law, of the old monarchic line, through whom treaties were made with the Papal See and the Crown of Spain to expel the invader and re-establish the international sovereignty of Ireland. In 1602 this alliance was defeated, and the invader took advantage of his victory to extort the utmost of his will. He had sought to obliterate all signs of a separate Irish nation; but he had found it impossible to do so, because the nation was included within its own distinctive polity. He had sought to break the polity; but he had found it impossible to do so because the polity was built upon the land in the possession of a nation of freemen. Therefore, he determined to tear out the nation by its roots by sweeping the people from the land. Area after area was marked for plantation. The people were swept to mountain and to waste to starve as they might, while Englishmen were brought over to take their place. Some of the nation became servitors where they had been freemen, and tilled their own land for the stranger. For the most part they took to the hills in bands and looked down into the plains where the smoke curled from strange hearths. Then they swept down and drove the stranger headlong, and the war was re-opened. Another of the old monarchic line was found to lead them; but he was harassed by new difficulties, and when again the war was lost, the uprooting of the nation took a new and terrible form. The nation was now swept out of three of its four provinces, and confined to the fourth. Yet the task had hardly been accomplished than the people began steadily to drift back across the country to the places where their fathers had been freemen, so that at the end of the seventeenth century their names are again to be found where their names had been familiar at the beginning of the century. Once again the war was opened, and once

again was lost, and once again a new despotism was devised. In the name of religious persecution the nation was outlawed. In the eyes of English law, now established on military might, no such person as an Irish Catholic was presumed to exist. The squalor and misery endured by the nation in its bondage during the eighteenth century is a page of blackest horror. When its jailors arose and demanded, and won, legislative independence out of the same needs that it had known centuries before, it gave little heed. But when those jailors were struck down by England, when their legislative and economic independence was taken from them, then the nation, seeing the watchers at the gate weakened and vanishing, arose and marched into the nineteenth century to win back the rights that had been robbed from them. They won back civil and religious freedom; they won back an independent and distinctive culture, with its roots in an honorable past; and, now that the landlords had returned to England, where their rents were sent to them, they rose and won back the land on which their fathers had built the National State. In the meantime they rose in a continual series of armed revolts, the failure of each rising being the begetter of another, to win back the sovereign independence of the nation. Finally, this also was proclaimed.

Easter Week Proclamation

POBLACHT NA H'EIREANN.

THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT
OF THE
IRISH REPUBLIC

TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

IRISHMEN AND IRISHWOMEN: In the name of God and of the dead generations from which she receives her old tradition of nationhood, Ireland, through us, summons her children to her flag and strikes for her freedom.

Having organised and trained her manhood through her secret revolutionary organisation, the Irish Republican Brotherhood, and through her open military organisations, the Irish Volunteers and the Irish Citizen Army, having patiently perfected her discipline, having resolutely waited for the right moment to reveal itself, she now seizes that moment, and, supported by her exiled children in America and by gallant allies in Europe, but relying in the first on her own strength, she strikes in full confidence of victory.

We declare the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland, and to the unfettered control of Irish destinies, to be sovereign and indefeasible. The long usurpation of that right by a foreign people and government has not extinguished the right, nor can it ever be extinguished except by the destruction of the Irish people. In every generation the Irish people have asserted their right to national freedom and sovereignty; six times during the past three hundred years they have asserted it in arms. Standing on that fundamental right and again asserting it in arms in the face of the world, we hereby proclaim the Irish Republic as a Sovereign Independent State, and we pledge our lives and the lives of our comrades-in-arms to the cause of its freedom, of its welfare, and of its exaltation among the nations.

The Irish Republic is entitled to, and hereby claims, the allegiance of every Irishman and Irishwoman. The Republic guarantees religious and civil liberty, equal rights and equal opportunities to all its citizens, and declares its resolve to pursue the happiness and prosperity of the whole nation and of all its parts, cherishing all the children of the nation equally, and oblivious of the differences carefully fostered by an alien government, which have divided a minority from the majority in the past.

Until our arms have brought the opportune moment for the establishment of a permanent National Government, representative of the whole people of Ireland and elected by the suffrages of all her men and women, the Provisional Government, hereby constituted, will administer the civil

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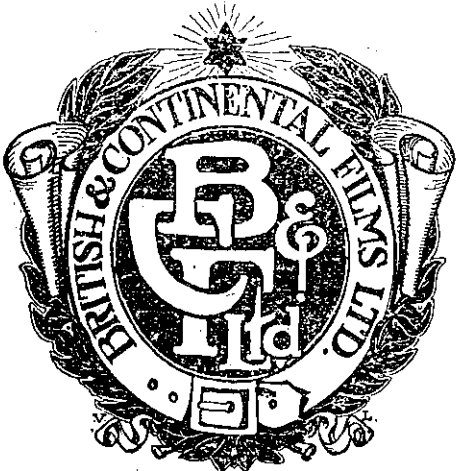
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and military affairs of the Republic in trust for the people.

We place the cause of the Irish Republic under the protection of the Most High God, Whose blessing we invoke upon our arms, and we pray that no one who serves that cause will dishonor it by cowardice, inhumanity, or rapine. In this supreme hour the Irish nation must, by its valor and discipline and by the readiness of its children to sacrifice themselves for the common good, prove itself worthy of the august destiny to which it is called.

Signed on behalf of the Provisional Government,

Thomas J. Clarke, Sean MacDiarmada, Thomas MacDonagh, P. H. Pearse, Eamonn Ceannt, James Connolly, Joseph Plunkett.

The Song to which they marched to Victory

SOLDIERS OF ERIN.

I'll sing you a song, a soldier's song,
With cheery rousing chorus,
As round our blazing fires we throng
The starry heavens o'er us,
Impatient for the coming fight
While we await the morning's light,
Here in the silence of the night
We'll chant a soldier's song.

CHORUS.

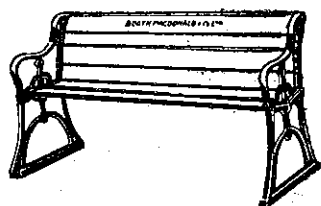
Soldiers are we whose lives are pledged to Ireland.
Some have come from a land beyond the wave,
Sworn to be free, no more our ancient Sireland
Shall shelter the despot or the slave.
To-night we man the barnabweel
In Erin's cause, come woe or weal,
'Mid cannon's roar and rifles peal,
We'll chant a soldier's song.

In valleys green, on towering crag,
Our fathers fought before us.
They conquered 'neath the same old flag
That now is floating o'er us.
We're children of a fighting race
That never yet has known disgrace
Then forward, march, the foe to face
And chant a soldier's song.

Sons of the Gael! Men of the Pale!
The long watched day is breaking,
The serried ranks of Innisfail
Have set our tyrants quaking.
Our camp fires now are burning low,
See in the east a crimson glow,
Out yonder lies our Saxon foe,
Then chant a soldier's song.

"The people, thank God, amidst their present sufferings, are good and fervent Catholics," said Cardinal Logue a short time ago at Omeath, "but when peace comes," he went on, "I trust that the old days of the Irish Church will come back again, that the country will be studded with religious houses of men and women, and that as it won the title at the beginning it will preserve it to the end—the glorious title of the Island of Saints."

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Answers to Correspondents

INQUIRER.—Regret delay in answering but it could not be helped. Marconi's mother was a Miss O'Brien, an Irish Protestant. Moral: don't bet until you are sure. That's not sporting but it is sound.

P.O. (Mitcham).—Same regrets as above and same excuse. The priest you ask about was for a time in the place you mention in Ireland but is now in the United States.

E.C. MCKENZIE writes to us in support of trial by jury, by twelve good men and true, rather than by a Government official. In the abstract he is quite right, but, alas! in the concrete it is hard to find the twelve good men and true, so hard that a Catholic would rather risk facing the judge than a packed jury of bigots. If even ten just men could not be found in Sodom and Gomorrah what hope is there of finding twelve in Massey's Murderland?

C.T.—We will have the *Tablet* sent to your Auckland address until the strenuous business engagements that demand your attention about Boxing Day are over. Without desiring unduly to occupy your time, we beg you to accept our best wishes for a prosperous Christmas. As we know you are a busy man on a holiday we will trespass no further than to hope that the leaden chain of your cares of the year shall end in a silver link. When you come south again don't say that we meant to say things that we did not mean to say.

INQUIRER (Taihape).—Your letter reached us too late to send information by the date you indicated. In any case it is not our custom to reply by letter to correspondents' queries. When we are allowed a private secretary we may be able to induce him to do so in his spare moments. The Black-and-Tans were so called because they wore black belts and caps over the tan of the khaki uniform. They were under control of the British Commander-in-Chief in Ireland. There is no doubt that many of them were criminals.

BOOK NOTICES

The Catholic Diary, 1922, Edited by a priest. Burns, Oates, Washbourne, London. Cloth 2/- net, leather 4/- net.

The Catholic Diary has made so many friends during the fourteen years of its life that a recommendation is almost superfluous. It gives us a wealth of information in a handy form, besides a diary for the whole year that begins on each page with a mention of the liturgical feast of the day, and ends with a devotional thought in prose or verse. Taking a page at random we get:

"January 16, Monday. S. Marcellus, P.M., 308; sd., red.

Ireland, St. Fursey, Ab., 650.

O.P. ; B. Stephana, v.d.

"All things are best fulfilled in their own time—and time there is for all things."

The Ideal of Reparation, by Raoul Plus, S.J., Translated by Madame Cecilia. Burns, Oates, Washbourne, London; 4/6 net.

"The world will be saved when we have a sufficient number of souls devoted to Reparation, and not before." These words give us the note of this devotional work, translated from the French by Madame Cecilia. The author explains clearly and eloquently why Reparation should be made, who should make it, and how it ought to be made. Catholics who have a true devotion to the Sacred Heart will appreciate this book.

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Henry Grattan Against the Union

May 26, 1800.

I ask whether the attempt to pack the Irish Parliament, as was notoriously practised in '89 and '90 by the then Minister of the Crown in Ireland, might not have sunk the credit of British government? I ask whether the profligate avowal of that profligate practice by a profligate Minister of the Crown might not have sunk the credit of British government? I ask not whether the introduction of the question of Parliamentary Reform could have sunk the credit of British government; but I do ask whether the introduction of the apostasy from that question might not have helped to sink the credit of British government? I ask whether the introduction of the Catholic question in Great Britain in '92; whether the opposition given to the Catholic franchise by the Irish Government in '92; whether the assent given to the petition for that franchise by the English Ministry in '93; whether the abuse and Billingsgate accompanying that assent, and uttered by the Irish Ministry at that time; whether the adoption of the pretensions of the Catholics by the English Ministry at the close of '94; whether the rejection of these pretensions and the recall of a Lord Lieutenant, because, with the Ministry's knowledge and acquiescence he honored those pretensions; whether the selection of persons for distinguished trust, who had distinguished themselves by a perpetual abuse of the Irish, and who were notoriously hostile, and who since have acknowledged their hostility by a conspiracy against the Parliamentary constitution of their country; I ask, I say, whether such conduct, so incoherent, so irritating, so violent, so temporising, so corrupt, might not have very much aided the efforts of France in sinking the character of British government? I ask those questions, and I do say, if ever the causes of the late rebellion shall be dispassionately discussed, the great, originating, and fundamental cause will be found in the aversion of his Majesty's Ministry to the independency of the Irish Parliament, and their efforts to subvert the same.

We follow the Minister. In defence of his plan of Union he tells us the number of Irish representatives in the British Parliament is of little consequence. This doctrine is new, namely, that between two nations the comparative influence is of no moment. According to this it would be of no moment what should be the number of the British Parliament. No, says the Minister; the alteration is to be limited to the Irish Parliament; the number and fabric of the British is to remain entire, unaltered, and unalterable. What now becomes of the argument of mutual and reciprocal change? Or what does the new argument avow, but what we maintained and the court denied, that the Union was, with respect to Ireland, a merger of her Parliament in the legislature of the other, without creating any material alteration therein, save as far as it advanced the influence of the Crown, direct or indirect.

This union of Parliaments, this proscription of people, he follows by a declaration, wherein he misrepresents their sentiments as he had before traduced their reputation. After a calm and mature consideration the people have pronounced their judgment in favor of a Union; of which assertion not a single syllable has any existence in fact, or in the appearance of fact, and I appeal to the petitions of twenty-one counties, publicly convened, and to the other petitions of the other counties, numerous signed, and to those of the great towns and cities. To affirm that the judgment of a nation is erroneous may mortify, but to affirm that her judgment *against* is *for*; to assert that she has said *ay* when she has pronounced *no*; to affect to refer a great question to the people; finding the sense of the people like that of the Parliament, against the question, to force the question; to affirm that the question is persisted in because the sense of the people is for it; to make the falsification of her sentiments the foundation of her ruin and the ground for the Union; to affirm that her Parliament, constitution, liberty, honor, property, are taken away by her own authority; there is, in such artifice, an effrontery, a hardihood, an insensibility, that can best be answered by sensations of astonishment and disgust, excited on this occasion by the British Minister, whether he speaks in gross and total ignorance of the truth, or in shameless and supreme contempt for it.

The Constitution may be for a time so lost; the character of the country cannot be lost. The Ministers of the Crown will, or may perhaps at length find that it is not so easy to put down for ever an ancient and respectable nation, by abilities, however great, and by power and by corruption, however irresistible; liberty may repair her golden beams, and with redoubled heat animate the country; the cry of loyalty will not long continue against the principles of liberty; loyalty is a noble, a judicious, and a capacious principle; but in these countries loyalty, distinct from liberty, is corruption, not loyalty.

The cry of the connection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty. Connection is a wise and a profound policy; but connection without an Irish Parliament is connection without its own principle, without analogy of condition, without the pride of honor that should attend it; is innovation, is peril, is subjugation—not connection.

The cry of disaffection will not, in the end, avail against the principles of liberty.

Identification is a solid and imperial maxim, necessary for the preservation of freedom, necessary for that of empire; but, without union of hearts—with a separate government, and without a separate Parliament, identification is extinction, is dishonor, is conquest—not identification.

Yet I do not give up the country: I see her in a swoon; but she is not dead: though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, still there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty.

"Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

While a plank of the vessel sticks together, I will not leave her. Let the courtier present his flimsy sail, and carry the light barque of his faith with every new breath of wind: I will remain anchored here with fidelity to the fortunes of my country, faithful to her freedom, faithful to her fall.

Ceann Duv Dilis

O Dear Dark Head, bowed low in death black sorrow,
Let not thy heart be trammelled in despair;
Lift, lift thine eyes unto the radiant morrow,
And wait the light that surely shall break there.
What, though the grave hath closed above thy dearest,
All are not gone that love thee, nor all fled;
And though thine own sweet tongue thou seldom hearest,
Yet shall it ring again, O Dear Dark Head.

—WILLIAM ROONEY.

Lord Edward leaves his resting place,
And Sarsfield's face is glad and fierce;
See Emmet leap from troubled sleep
To grasp the hand of Padraic Pearse.

There is no rope can strangle song,
And not for long Death takes its toll;
No prison bars can dim the stars,
Nor quicklime eat the living soul.

Romantic Ireland is not old,
For years untold her youth will shine;
Her heart is fed on Heavenly bread,
The blood of martyrs is her wine.

—JOYCE KILMER.

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Current Topics

A Notable Victory

In another column we publish the text of the agreement signed by the English and Irish delegates who pledged themselves to recommend it for acceptance to their respective parliaments. The terms as cabled to us were welcomed with much satisfaction by practically all sections of the community. They represent a remarkable advance on anything hitherto offered by England, and if they failed to satisfy all Sinn Fein's demands they were at any rate a notable gain, and were hailed as an Irish victory. People were misled by early reports, and many took it that the signatures affixed to the document were to all intents and purposes a real ratification. To make clear the real force of what was signed we here quote from *Old Ireland*, October 18, what is an authoritative view of the position of the delegates: "The conference is not a conference to make a settlement, but to explore the possibility of a settlement, and, as we pointed out last week, in the event of such a possibility becoming an actuality, neither party could carry it through without reference to their respective countries. If, and when, the agreement is come to, then there will be ample opportunity for discussion and criticism." From this it is clear that what the delegates signed had no binding force on their respective parliaments, and none on the respective peoples until ratified by the parliaments.

The Free State

To some people the name chosen came as a surprise. But those amongst us who have followed the Sinn Fein papers welcomed it with delight as a further sign of victory. It was pointed out during the past few years that the name *Saor Stadt* (Free State) was more in keeping with the ancient Irish regime than *Poblacht* (Republic). We have also heard that at the recent reunion of the new Dail Eireann the oath administered was one of fealty to the *Saor Stadt Eireann*. Consequently there is no need for even the most ardent spirit to feel disappointed because the title of *Poblacht*, or Republic, has been dropped. The new title expresses identity with the ancient Irish State, and is in accord with the aims of Sinn Fein. Its adoption rather than that of "Dominion" is one more sign of victory. Note too that it was assumed as the result of a Treaty between Ireland and Great Britain. Some people are trying to minimise the value of such things, but we can leave them in peace.

The Oath of Allegiance

Another matter that calls for comment is the form of the oath. Sinn Fein would never yield as long as there was question of taking an oath to be faithful to the King of England. Ireland as a Nation never did owe any allegiance to England, and it was a matter of vital principle that there should be firmness on this particular point. Remember how our papers used to tell us some time ago that de Valera was a moderate man who was controlled by extremists like Michael Collins. Well, the acceptable form of oath was proposed by Michael Collins in the end. It affirmed primarily and directly the allegiance of Irishmen to Ireland, and secondarily and *contingently* faithfulness to the King as head of the Empire into which Ireland would come by virtue of the Treaty. Once more, certain critics try to minimise the value of this distinction, but the fact that it has its constitutional weight is best manifested by the dissatisfaction of Orange Ulster at its wording. Any reader can see for himself that the text bears out our interpretation:

I do solemnly swear my true faith and allegiance to the constitution of the Irish Free State as by law established, and that I will be faithful to George V., his heirs and successors, in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland

with Great Britain and her adherence to the membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of Nations.

The Substance

Another disappointed critic has had the temerity to assert that Sinn Fein might as well have accepted the terms offered five months ago, as they were practically the same as those now accepted. Readers will recall that we pointed out how the former terms did not give Ireland anything even approaching control of her own affairs. And our criticism has since been supported by such important papers as *Stead's*, the *London Nation*, the *Irish Bulletin*, etc., etc. The former proposals were, like the original Act of Union, intended to secure the economic domination of England and to strangle Irish industries. As Mitchel pointed out long ago, when dealing with the Union, to withhold the right of protection from Ireland was to render her unable to compete with the established and wealthy firms of England. The terms offered and rightly rejected five months ago had exactly the same purpose as those of the Act of Union, namely, to prevent Ireland from controlling her own affairs. The present agreement shows that Sinn Fein has won a magnificent victory on nearly all the essential points, and that the Free State represents far and away more than Parnell or Grattan ever dreamed of attaining. Ireland is now to be independent and free, in deed as well as in name. She is to control her own finance, to regulate her tariffs, and to collect and impose her own taxes. England has for the first time been forced to give way on these fundamental and essential rights of a free nation. Had such rights not been won we should at once write the agreement as a failure; the fact that they have been won is in itself the substance of freedom. Control of her own army and navy has also been won by Ireland, and this again is a victory which no previous party ever came within measurable reach of.

Shortcomings

Our readers will recall that de Valera always insisted that the basis of any settlement he would accept for the Irish people must be the principle of Self-Determination, i.e., the right of the people to determine their own form of government without any outside interference. Now the document we are considering goes a long way, but does it grant Self-Determination? First there is the question of saddling Ireland with a share of a debt incurred in a war that in no way concerned her. Perhaps that is a minor point and not worth dwelling on. But there is a more serious matter. England's arbitrary establishment of an artificial region called "Ulster" is still maintained. England will not break down what she unjustly set up; having deliberately fomented the hatred of the Orangemen and organised a hostile minority within Ireland she still persists in holding that that little minority—the result of *outside interference*—is justified in breaking up the unity of Ireland. Is this granting Ireland the right of Self-Determination without any outside interference? Again, the document does not provide for a satisfactory and final solution of the "Ulster" problem; it leaves a running sore unhealed. Is it impossible that at some future date mischievous English capitalists might once more organise trouble between "Ulster" and the rest of Ireland, and that England should once more use press and platform to persuade the world that Irish conditions were such that she was justified in making a scrap of paper of the constitution of the Irish Free State? Do not say that such a possibility is not worth thinking about. Where the life of a Nation is at stake every possibility is worth considering. And, unfortunately for England, her past record in the matter of keeping agreements and treaties with Ireland is not good enough to guarantee her future fidelity. It seems to us that although the document is as it stands a substantial measure of independence, yet we can hardly say that it gives to the Irish people the right of Self-Determination. And we know that on this right de Valera, the most consistent

and honorable of men, has taken his stand from the beginning. Further, we know that Dail Eireann was elected by an overwhelming majority of the Irish people on the same principle. Had we known de Valera better, had we pondered more deeply over the clauses of the agreement, we should not have been astonished when the news came that the President declared that he was unable to recommend its acceptance. To do so would have been, to say the least, inconsistent for him.

Ireland and the Agreement

The position therefore is that Arthur Griffith, Michael Collins, R. C. Barton, and George Gavan Duffy signed the agreement, and undertook to present it to the Dail Eireann for approval. The English signatories made a similar undertaking on their part. After a long session of the Dail Eireann Cabinet, de Valera announced that the terms of the agreement were in such conflict with the will of the people, as expressed at three general elections, that he could not see his way to recommend the Dail and the people to accept them. He also added that in this he had the support of Cathal Brugha, Minister of Defence, and of Austin Stack, Minister for Home Affairs; and it was supposed that the four remaining members of the Cabinet, Messrs. Griffith, Collins, Cosgrove, and Barton, were in favor of recommending its acceptance. Later, it was announced that Arthur Griffith had issued a manifesto declaring that he considered the agreement a sound basis on which to build Ireland's future, and that what he had signed he would stand by. We may take it that Collins, Barton, and Gavan Duffy (of whom the latter is not a member of the Cabinet) agreed with Griffith. De Valera appealed to the people to keep calm, and assured them that the Cabinet was going to carry on. He summoned a meeting of the entire Dail to discuss the matter on Wednesday, December 14. Until news of the decision of the Dail reaches us we must only possess our souls in patience and await the issue. Remember that the agreement is not a peace treaty, but rather an instrument concerning which substantial agreement has been reached as a preliminary for the parliamentary discussions that are to follow. Nobody supposes that the English Parliament will be unanimous on the matter; and it ought not to be astonishing that there are differences of opinion in the Dail Eireann Cabinet. Sir James Craig's Parliament has also to discuss it, and we certainly do not look for unanimity in that quarter. Moreover, he has already begun to ask for more concessions, and surely de Valera is as much entitled to do so as Sir James. From all we know of Griffith and de Valera we do not think their differences of opinion will cause a split in the ranks; and, no matter what happens, so long as the leaders and the people are united we can face the future with equanimity. Possibly the result of the Dail's discussion may be that the terms shall be submitted to the Irish people for approval or rejection; and, in such an event, it is probable that many would say, as did the released prisoners, that what is good enough for Collins is good enough for them. We feel confident that de Valera will do nothing to cause internal dissension. No man knows better that such a catastrophe would mean the undoing of all the splendid work he has done in the past. It would seem that he was bound by his principles to take the momentous step he has taken; and whatever happens in the future no man can say that he was inconsistent or that he did not keep to the letter his unwritten compact with the people of Ireland. He has walked straight forward, never swerving from the path of honor and duty, since the day in Easter Week when he went out with Padraig Pearse. Throughout his career as President he has won the admiration of all by his wonderful tact and judgment. Before self and all that makes life dear to him he has always put the cause of Ireland. And, therefore, even if we do not see clearly now, out here, far away from the scene of action, common sense and prudence must compel us to trust in him and to be assured that he will take no step that in the light of his great mind does not seem for the final and real good of Ireland. Trust, therefore, and also pray that God may bless and guide

the councils of the Irish leaders. De Valera has brought Ireland where she stands at present. Do not forget that but few of us—very few of us—could see how wise he was during the years that have passed since 1916; and be humble enough to refrain from matching our own poor wisdom against his just for a few weeks more. All will come out right in the end. The bitter attacks made on him now by papers that are no friends of Ireland is perhaps a good omen.

Various Comments

There is no doubt that the premature news that the Irish Question was settled aroused throughout the world great delight and satisfaction. At once cables were despatched to Lloyd George and de Valera from all quarters of the globe, including one from Lauder, sent by Mr. Steve Boreham. According to the reports published in our press, France and Italy were pleased, while India almost regarded it as a victory for herself. The Pope, French statesmen, committees of Self-Determination Leagues, public men, Prime Ministers, all joined in the congratulations. And, once more, in the cause of Ireland the Italian members of parliament stood up and cheered enthusiastically when the news was announced. There is no possibility of doubting that the Irish Question had become the greatest international problem of the day, and tidings of a satisfactory settlement brought widespread relief and joy. The announcement that de Valera could not see his way to recommend Dail Eireann and the people of Ireland to accept came as a shock to many optimistic persons. It certainly damped the universal enthusiasm somewhat, and although we are confident that a settlement is in sight, it would be in vain to pretend that the situation is not tense at the present time. As might be expected the N.Z. Press indulged in the usual sort of silly abuse of de Valera who is far too big and too great a man for our penny-a-liners to understand him. These people always behave as if they suffered from shell-shock when they are confronted with a man who respects principles and consistency. One scribe talked vacuously about leaders with their heads in the air. A few days previously the scribe in question was guilty of saying that the settlement now offered was not substantially better than that rejected five months ago, thus giving most people the idea that there was at least one man in Dunedin who had no head to put in the air or elsewhere. Another editor was equally amusing and equally at sea; but long experience has taught the public that it is vain to expect any manifestation of common sense from these persons when they approach the Irish question. Our old enemy of "Gas and Gaiters" fame performed one of his characteristic "stunts" and informed us that de Valera had given in, which was rather premature, considering all things. However, we have so often exposed the total unreliability of our daily editorials and headlines, where Irish affairs are concerned, that it is almost superfluous to warn our readers to pay no attention to what they find in such sources. The following extract from *America* will give people a luminous idea of how British news is made, and of what it is worth:

Sinn Fein issued this statement on October 21:

"Since the beginning of the negotiations the British Government has continued to make sinister misrepresentations of Ireland's case. Those who drafted the King's reply to the Pope knew the phrase 'trouble in Ireland' was a dishonest description of the British war upon Irish liberties. It suggested that the troubles are among the Irish people and of their own seeking, which is false.

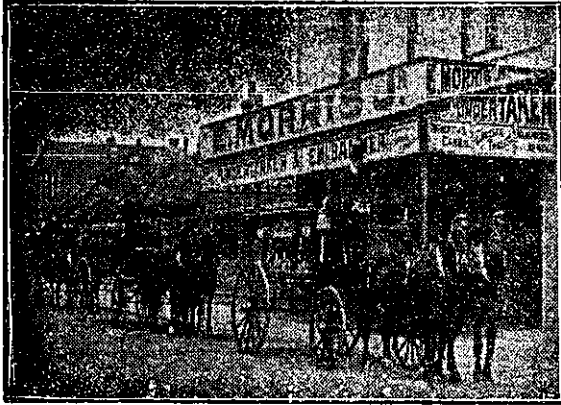
"The North-east Unionists, forming 20 per cent. of the whole people, favor the British connection because for the last hundred years British Governments have given the minority rights and privileges of a majority, coercing the mass of the Irish people and maintaining the ascendancy of the minority.

"Similarly those inserting the ambiguous reference to 'my people' in the King's telegram were aware the words prejudged the whole question of Ireland's declared independence. Peace and friendship are impossible if every expression of good will of other

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countries is made a pretext for the British Government's misrepresentation of the issues between Ireland and Britain."

The British papers led by the London *Times* raised a great cry against de Valera. This was taken up by many New York papers, the note being held with great accuracy. The explanation of this last fact is probably found in this interesting item quoted by the *Ave Maria* of October 22 from an article on Lloyd George contributed to *La Revue Française* by a person who signs himself René Johannet:

"It is not only at home that he disposes of a domesticated or tractable press: he owns, in every sense of the word, both journals and journalists in France and in the United States. Sometimes, even his skill in handling them becomes too great. Thus, the other day, in order to convince the House of Commons most thoroughly of the incomparable benignity, the marvellous generosity of spirit, with which the Ministers of the Crown have been conducting the Irish negotiations, he cited extracts from French and American newspapers relative to the latest British proposals: all commending the charity, the conciliatory spirit, and the sovereign political mastery of David Lloyd George. The Irish, who have their own reasons for frowning upon these matters, verified the references. They were most accurate. The papers cited did express themselves in the terminology he attributed to them, but—at the moment when the Premier brandished these dispatches from New York and Paris, which brought him such laudatory and impartial views from editorial rooms, none of the journals involved had as yet appeared! How shall any one do battle with a man so rarely gifted with prescience and second sight?"

Easter 1916

Behold then round the sacrificial urn!
Redemption's flame is leaping in their eyes,
And visions of the future 'fore them burn—
A Nation free and grand: no more the cries
Of orphaned babes upon the night arise,—
The keen upon the melancholy wind,—
Nor strong arms striking for the hallowed prize.
They seize the shining trust to them assigned—
Noblest and purest-hearted of all human-kind.

What of the days that followed! who shall speak
The splendor and the valor that adorn
The holocaust of deathless Easter Week,
Encrimsoned by the blood of Irish-born?
Who shall appraise the glory that was torn
From out the heavens by the pale white hands
Of those who hailed the resurrection morn
Of Liberty, and to her mute demands
Exulting caught the sunshine on their battle-brands?

Naught but the solemn tolling of a bell
Startles the dawn: the clouds go shudd'ring by.
How vain to think that Savagery can dispel
The Cause that lend the martyrs out to die!—
Fierce is the Nation's anguish, moist her eye,
Magnificent th' awak'ning of the Gael—
No more the sacred dead appealing cry
Unto the living to let Strength prevail,
For Freedom's rays are blazing high o'er Innisfail

With reverence oh! let their names be told
Who knelt before the throne of Rosaleen:
Her sweetness and her loveliness extolled,
Whilst one and all they vowed the Sassanach
Should ne'er defile the beauty of their Queen
Again. Upon their fearless brows are set
Shafts of predestined glory. Ne'er was seen
Nobility so great; then burn the debt
We owe to them into our souls LEST WE FORGET.
7/12/21.

—O'NUALLAIN, for the *N.Z. Tablet*.

Rose Fete

(IN AID OF CONVENT SCHOOL, QUEENSTOWN)

29th, 30th, and 31st DECEMBER, 1921.

As the Nuns are now in Retreat all blocks and remittances should be returned to—

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The Sinn Fein Cabinet

Mr. de Valera, on a recent official occasion, said: "It is my privilege and great pleasure, indeed, in nominating once more the colleagues who worked so well with me in the past." He then nominated the following Ministers, who constitute the Cabinet, and who, in each case, were proposed and seconded and unanimously elected:

Foreign Affairs—Mr. Arthur Griffith.
Home Affairs—Mr. Austin Stack.
Defence—Mr. Cathal Brugha.
Finance—Mr. Michael Collins.
Local Government—Ald. W. T. Cosgrave.
Economic Affairs—Mr. R. O. Barton.
The Secretaries of the other Departments are:
Fine Arts—Count Plunkett.
Local Government—Mr. Kevin O'Higgins (Assistant Secretary).
Propaganda—Mr. Desmond Fitzgerald.
Education—Mr. J. J. Kelly.
Labor—Madame Markievicz.
Trade and Commerce—Mr. E. Blythe.
Agriculture—Mr. Art O'Connor.
Fishing—Mr. Sean Etchingham.

CORRESPONDENCE

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.]

TO THE EDITOR.

THE IRISH HISTORY EXAMINATIONS.

Sir,—When you asked me to adjudicate on the Irish History papers, I had no idea of the magnitude of the task to which I committed myself. Father O'Donnell, of Gore, kindly agreed to divide the labor with me, and for this help I am most grateful. When we opened out the various bundles and found that some 70 papers were forwarded from various parts of the Dominion we realised the intense earnestness of many of the teachers in our Catholic schools, to encourage young New Zealanders to cultivate a knowledge of Ireland's sad, but instructive story. The bulk of these papers ran from a dozen to twenty closely written pages of foolscap. The neatness displayed in the get-up of most of them suggested much care and attention to detail. It could not be called an examination in the ordinary sense of a school-history examination. It was rather a competition in composition, with full liberty to the candidates to make what use they could of books treating on the subjects given with a view to publication. This does not apply to all the papers for a number of them bore manifest evidence of having been written in the presence of a supervisor, and were a genuine test of the knowledge acquired by the pupil, and written from memory. A trained inspector would be able to distinguish between the genuine and the merely plagiarised, but even without any special practice in the art a slight knowledge of the more frequently used class books, could enable one to at once trace whole sentences bodily taken over. Hence it can be seen how impossible it was to estimate the relative merits of the treatises submitted, and consequently no other course could be adopted, but that of recognising the good-will of the competitors and their desire to produce the best possible essay on the subjects given. To this end the prizes, forty books of a combined value of over ten guineas (towards which I have to acknowledge the receipt of five guineas from a few clerical friends), have been distributed amongst the competitors. The places from which I have received papers are as follows (commencing with those nearest): The Marist Brothers' School, Invercargill; Dominican Convent, Bluff; Convent of Mercy, Riverton; Convent of Mercy, Alexandra; St. Dominic's College, Dunedin; St. Philomena's College; South Dunedin parish school; St. Patrick's Dominican College, Teschemakers; Dominican Convent, Oamaru; Convent, Waimate; Convent of Mercy, Morningside; St. Mary's School, Greymouth; Convent, Peltone; Marist Brothers, Wanganui; Christian Brothers', Dunedin. Each of these schools has received one or more of the books, duly impressed with the award mark, and name of recipient, which will be a reminder to the writers of the essays in Irish History, 1921, the year that is destined to be memorable as the year of Ireland's emancipation from age long thralldom, and the establishment of the Irish Free State.

I am etc.,

JAMES O'NEILL.

Waikivi, December 12.

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Constitution of the Irish Free State

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT

In the agreement, which is entitled "The Treaty between Great Britain and Ireland," signed on December 6, the first article states: Ireland shall have the same constitutional status in the comity of nations known as the British Empire, as Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, with a Parliament having powers to make laws for the peace, order, and good government of Ireland, and an executive responsible to that Parliament, and shall be styled the Irish Free State.

The second article states: Subject to the provisions hereinafter stated, the position of the Irish Free State in relation to the Imperial Parliament shall be that of Canada.

Article three states: The representative of the Crown in Ireland shall be appointed in like manner to the Governor-General of Canada.

The fourth article gives the text of the oath as follows:—

I do solemnly swear my true faith and allegiance to the constitution of the Irish Free State as by law established, and that I will be faithful to George V., his heirs and successors, in virtue of the common citizenship of Ireland with Great Britain and her adherence to the membership of the group of nations forming the British Commonwealth of nations.

The fifth article states: The Irish Free State shall assume its liability in the public debt to the United Kingdom to the present date, and the payment of war pensions in such proportion as may be fair and equitable, the amount being determined in default of an agreement by arbitration by independent citizens of the Empire.

Article six: Until an arrangement is made between the British and Irish Governments, by which the Free State undertakes its own coastal defence, the sea defence of Great Britain and Ireland shall be undertaken by his Majesty's Imperial forces. This does not prevent Ireland from maintaining vessels which are necessary for the protection of its revenue and fisheries. This article to be reviewed five years hence with a view to Ireland undertaking a share in her own coastal defence.

Article seven: The Irish Government shall afford his Majesty's Imperial forces in time of peace harbor and other facilities, and in time of war or strained relations with a foreign Power such harbor and other facilities as Great Britain may require for purposes of defence.

Article eight: With a view to securing the observance of the principle of the international limitation of armaments, if the Irish Government establishes a military defence force, the establishments thereof shall not exceed such proportion of the British establishments as that which the population of Ireland bears to the population of Great Britain.

Article nine: The ports of Britain and the Irish Free State shall be freely open to the ships of other countries on payment of the customary port dues.

Article 10: The Irish Government agrees to pay fair compensation, not less favorable than the Act of 1920, to judges, officials, police, and other public servants who are discharged or are retiring in consequence of the change of Government. This agreement does not apply to members of the auxiliary police force or persons recruited in Great Britain for the Irish Constabulary during the last two years. The British Government assumes the responsibility for such compensation.

Article 11: Until the expiration of a month from the passing of the Act and Parliament ratifying the treaty, the powers of the Irish Free State shall not be exercisable in respect to northern Ireland, and the provisions of the 1920 Act relating to Northern Ireland shall remain in full force. No election shall be held for the return of members to serve in the Parliament of the Free State for

the constituencies of Northern Ireland unless both Houses in Northern Ireland pass a resolution in favor of holding such elections before the end of the said month.

Article 12: If before the expiration of the said month both Houses of the Northern Parliament present an address to his Majesty, the powers of Parliament and the government of the Free State shall no longer extend to Northern Ireland, and the provisions of the Act of 1920, including those relating to the Council of Ireland, shall, so far as they relate to Northern Ireland, continue in full force, provided, if such address is presented, a commission of three people, one appointed by the Free State, another by Northern Ireland, and the third (the chairman) appointed by the British Government, shall determine in accordance with the wishes of the inhabitants, so far as they may be compatible with the economic and geographical conditions, the boundaries between Northern and the rest of Ireland, such boundary to apply for the purposes of the 1920 Act, as well as this instrument.

Article 13: For the purposes of the foregoing article, the powers of the Parliament of Southern Ireland, under the Act of 1920, to elect the members of the Council of Ireland, shall be exercised by the Parliament of the Free State.

Article 14: If no address is presented in a month, the Parliament and the Government of Northern Ireland shall continue to exercise the powers conferred by the 1920 Act, but the Parliament and the Government of the Free State shall, in Northern Ireland, have, in relation to matters in respect whereof the Parliament of Northern Ireland has not power to make laws, the same powers as in the rest of Ireland, including matters which, under the 1920 Act, are within the jurisdiction of the Council of Ireland.

Article 15: Any time hereinafter the Government of Northern Ireland and the Provincial Government of Southern Ireland, hereinafter constituted, may meet for the purposes of discussing the provisions, including the following: (a) Safeguards regarding patronage in Northern Ireland; (b) safeguards regarding revenue of Northern Ireland; (c) safeguards regarding the import and export duties affecting trade and industry in Northern Ireland; (d) safeguards for the minorities in Northern Ireland; (e) the settlement of financial relations between Northern Ireland and the Free State; (f) the establishment of the powers of a local militia in Northern Ireland and the relation of the defence forces of the Free State and of northern Ireland respectively. If at any such meeting the provisions are agreed on they shall have effect as if they were included among the provisions set out in Article 14.

Article 16: Neither the Parliament of the Free State nor of Northern Ireland shall make any law, directly or indirectly, endorsing any religion or prohibition, restricting the free exercise thereof, or give any preference or impose any disability on account of religious belief or religious status, or affect prejudicially the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending religious instruction at the school. The Parliaments shall not make any discrimination respecting State aid between schools under the management of the different religious denominations, or divert from any religious denomination or educational institution any of its property, except for public utility purposes, and after the payment of compensation.

Article 17: As provisional arrangement for the administration of Southern Ireland during the interval between the present time and the constitution of the Parliament and Government of the Free State, steps shall be taken forthwith to summon a meeting of members of the Parliament elected for the constituencies of Southern Ireland since the 1920 Act, and constituting a Provisional

Government. The British Government shall take the steps necessary to transfer to such Provisional Government the powers and machinery requisite to discharge its duties, provided every member of the Provisional Government shall signify in writing his or her acceptance of this instrument. This arrangement shall not continue in force longer than one year.

Article 18: This instrument shall be submitted forthwith for approval by the British Parliament and by the Irish signatories to a meeting of the members elected to sit in the House of Commons in Southern Ireland and if approved it shall be ratified by the necessary legislation.

The treaty was signed by Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Birkenhead, Mr. Churchill, Sir L. Worthington Evans, Sir Hamar Greenwood, Sir Gordon Hewagt, Mr. Arthur Griffith, Mr. Michael Collins, Mr. R. C. Barton, and Mr. Gavan Duffy.

Iosagan

(Translated from the Irish of P. H. Pearse, by Rev. A. T. Fitzgerald, O.F.M.)

Old Mathias was sitting by his door. Anybody going the road would think that it was an image of stone or marble that was in it—that of a corpse—for he wouldn't believe that a living man could stay so motionless, so quiet. He had his head bent and he was listening. It's many a musical sound was to be heard by anyone who would heed it. Old Mathias heard the moaning of the waves on the rocks and the murmuring of the brook over the stones. He heard the cry of the heron from the beach and the lowing of the cows from the booley and the merry laughter of the children from the green. Yet to none of these was he listening so intently—sweet though they all were to him—but to the clear liquid voice of the Mass-bell coming to him with the wind in the stillness of the morning.

The people had all gone to Mass. Old Mathias had seen them go by him, one by one or in groups. The little lads were running and jumping. The girls were engaged in lively chatter. The women conversing in subdued tones. The men were silent. Like that they went the road every Sunday. Like that old Mathias would sit in his chair looking at them till they went out of sight.

They went by him this particular morning as usual. The old man kept looking at them till the last batch had cleared the churchyard-rose, till there was nothing to be seen but a long straight road stretching out white, till there was not a soul left in the village but an odd old bed-ridden person, the children playing on the green, and himself sitting at his door.

Old Mathias used not to go to the chapel. He had not heard the "sweet Mass" for three score years and more. He was a young stripling, swift and strong, the last time he blessed himself in the presence of the people, and now he was a withered, wasted old man, his hair grey, wrinkles on his forehead, and his shoulders stooped. He had never bent a knee before God during all those three score years; never offered up a prayer to his Creator; never given thanks to his Saviour. A man apart was old Mathias.

Nobody knew why he did not go to Mass. People said he did not believe there was a God at all. Others said he had done some awful sin in the beginning of his life, and when the priest wouldn't give him absolution in confession a fit of anger came on him and he swore that while he lived he would never have anything to do with priest or chapel again. Some others said—but this only in a whisper at the fireside, when the old people would be conversing among themselves, after the children had gone to bed—that he had sold his soul to a certain Big Man whom he had met one day on the top of Knockadhav, and that this One wouldn't suffer him to attend Mass.

I don't know whether these reports were true or false, but what I do know is that in the memory of the oldest person in the village old Mathias had never been seen at the Mass of God. Cuman O'Nee, an old man who had

* "Iosagan," pronounced "Eesagaun," is a title of endearment and means little Jesus. It is the diminutive of Iosa (Eesa), as the German Jesulein and the Italian Gesulino.

died a couple of years before that at the age of ninety, said that he himself saw him there when he was a lad.

Let it not be thought that old Mathias was a bad man. He was as decent and guileless and good-hearted a man as you'd meet in a day's walk. You'd never hear anything but the good word from his mouth. He wasn't given to drink, nor was he fond of company or gold or gear. He was poor, but it's often he shared with those who were poorer than himself. He had sympathy for the sickly, and mercy for the unfortunate. Other men had both regard and esteem for him. Women and children and even animals loved him, and he them, and everything that was lovable and clean-hearted.

Old Mathias would rather be conversing with women than with men. But he'd rather be conversing with little boys and girls than with either a man or a woman. He used to say that women have more understanding than men and children more understanding than either. It's in the company of little folk he'd pass the most of his spare time. He'd sit down with them in a corner of the house telling them stories or getting stories out of them. It's wonderful the stories he had. He had the adventures of the Grey Garron the nicest in the world. He was the only old person in the village that had the story of the Kite and the Wren right. Isn't it himself would put fear into the children when he'd imitate the fu fa feasog of the two-headed giant, and 'tis he would knock peals of laughter out of them telling them the Adventure of the Piper in the Snail's Castle. And the songs he had! He could lull a sick child to sleep with his

Shoncen sho and sleep, my pet.

The fairy host is walking the glen.

Or he could put the full of the house of children in stitches of laughter with his

Hy diddle dum, the cat and his mother O

That went off to Galway astride on a drake O!

And isn't it himself had the funny old rhymes, and the hard puzzles, and the lovely riddles. And as for games—where was the person, man, woman, or child, that could keep up Lurabog, Larabog, or the Buidhean Balbh with him?

In the fine weather it's on the hillside or walking the bog you'd see old Mathias and his little comrades—he explaining to them how the ants and the wise woodlice lived, or making up stories about the hedgehog and the red squirrel. Another time it's boating they'd be, the old man with one oar and some little boy with another, and maybe a little girl steering. It's often the people who would be at work near the shore would hear the joyous shouts of the children wafted to them from the mouth of the bay, or perhaps the voice of old Mathias, and he singing an air—

Oro my curragheen, O!

And oro my boateen—

or something else like that.

Some of the mothers began to fear now and then, and they'd say to each other that it wasn't right for them to be letting the children pass so much time with old Mathias, "a man that cared nothing for priest or Mass." On one occasion a woman of them confided these thoughts to Father John. And it's what the priest said—

"Don't mind the poor children," says he. "They couldn't be in better company."

"But I'm told that he doesn't believe in God, Father."

"It's many the saint is in heaven to-day that didn't believe in God at one time of his life. And whisper. If old Mathias has no love for God—a thing that you or I don't know—it's wonderful the love he has for the purest and most beautiful thing created by God—the bright, shining soul of a child. Our Saviour Himself had the same love for them, and so had the highest saints in Heaven. How do we know that it won't be children who will draw old Mathias to the knee of Our Saviour yet?"

And 'twas left at that.

On this Sunday the old man stayed listening until the bell for Mass stopped ringing. When it had finished he gave a sigh like a person who would be tired and lonely, and he faced up to a group of children who were playing for themselves on the patch of grass—the green, old Math-

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for themselves on the patch of grass—the green, old Mathias would call it—at the cross-roads. Old Mathias knew every curly-headed, barefooted one of them. He wouldn't ask for finer pastime than to be sitting there looking on at them and listening to them. He was counting them, seeing what friends of his were there and what ones of them had gone to Mass with the grown-up people, when he noticed a child in their midst whom he had never seen before. A little brown-haired fellow with a white dress on him like was on every other child of them, and he without boot or hat, as is customary with the children of the West. The face of the child was as bright as the sun, and it seemed to old Mathias as if there were rays of light coming from his head—the sun shining on his hair, maybe.

On seeing this child old Mathias wondered, for he hadn't heard that any strangers were after coming to the village. He was just going over to ask one of the little lads about him when he heard the buzz and clatter of the people coming home from Mass. He hadn't felt the time slipping by, he was so taken up with the children's sport. Some of the people bid him good-day as they went by, and he bid good-day to them. When he turned his eyes on the group of children again the little strange child wasn't with them.

The Sunday after that old Mathias was sitting at the door as usual. The people had gone over to Mass. The little folk were running and leaping on the green. And the little strange child was running and leaping with them. Old Mathias sat looking at him for a long time, for he gave the love of his heart to him on account of the beauty of his person and the brightness of his countenance. At last he called down to one of the little boys:

"Who's that child I see with you for the last fortnight, Coleen?" said he, "that one with the brown head of hair—but maybe it's white-red it is—I don't know whether it's dark or fair with the way the sun is shining on it. Do you see him now—he that is running up to us?"

"That's Iosagan," says the little fellow.

"Iosagan?"

"That's the name he calls himself."

"Who do ye think he is?"

"I don't know, but he says that his father is a king."

"Where does he live?"

"He didn't ever tell us that, but he says that his house isn't far from us."

"Does he be along with ye often?"

"He does, when we do be at pastimes like this. But he goes away from us when any grown-up people come among us. Look, he's gone already."

The old man looked, but there was no one there but the children he knew. The child whom the little boy called Iosagan was missing. The same moment the hum and bustle of the people coming from Mass were heard.

The next Sunday everything happened as on the Sunday before. The people had gathered as usual, and the old man and the children were left to themselves in the village. Old Mathias's heart gave a jump in his breast when he saw the holy child in their midst again. He arose. He went over and stood near him. After standing there a little while he stretched out his hands towards him and said in a low voice:

"Iosagan."

The child heard him and came running over to him.

"Come here and sit on my knee a little while, Iosagan."

The child put his hand in the thin, knotty hand of the old man, and they went side by side across the road. Old Mathias sat in his chair and drew Iosagan to his breast.

"Where do you live, Iosagan?" said he, still speaking in a low voice.

"My house isn't far from here. Why don't you come to visit me?"

"I'd be afraid in a king's house. I'm told your father is a king."

"He is the High-King of the world. But there's no need for you to be afraid of him. He is full of mercy and love."

"I'm afraid that I haven't kept His law."

"Ask pardon from Him. Myself and my Mother will make intercession for you."

"I'm sorry I haven't seen you before this, Iosagan. Where were you from me?"

"I was here always. I go the roads, and walk the hills, and glide over the waves. I am among the people when

they are gathered together in my House. I am among the children they leave behind playing on the road."

"I was too timid—or maybe too proud—to go into your House, Iosagan; but I found you among the children."

"There's no time, nor place where the children are playing for themselves, that I don't be with them. Sometimes they see me and other times they do not."

"I didn't see you till lately."

"Grown-up people are blind."

"And for all that I was let see you, Iosagan?"

"My Father has given me leave to reveal myself to you, because you love little children."

The voices of the people returning from Mass were heard.

"I must be going from you now."

"Let me kiss the hem of your robe, Iosagan."

"Do."

"Will I see you again?"

"You will."

"When?"

"To-night."

At that word he was gone.

"I will see him to-night," said old Mathias, and he going into his house.

The night came on wet and stormy. The big breakers were heard booming on the shore. The trees around the chapel were waving and bending with the violence of the wind. (The chapel is on a height which slopes down to the sea.) Father John was about to shut his book to say his rosary when he heard a sound as if some one were knocking at the door. He listened for a while. He heard the sound again. He got up from the fire, he went to the door and opened it. There was a little boy standing on the threshold of the door—a little boy the priest never remembered to have seen before. There was a little white dress on him, and he without boots or hat. It seemed to the priest as if there were rays of light coming from his face and playing around his brow—the moon shining on his comely brown head, maybe.

"Whom have I here?" said the priest.

"Get ready as quickly as you can, Father, and hurry down to old Mathias's house. He is at death's door."

The priest did not wait for the second word.

"Sit in here till I'm ready, said he. But when he came back the little messenger was gone.

Father John faced down the road, and he wasn't long putting it past him, although the wind was against him, and it raining heavily. There was light in old Mathias's house before him. He lifted the latch of the door and went in.

"Who is that coming to me?" said the voice from the old man's bed.

"The priest."

"I would like to speak to you, father. Sit here, near me."

The voice was weak and the words came slowly.

The priest sat down and heard the old man's story from first to last. Whatever secret was in the old man's heart was told to God's servant there in the middle of the night. When the confession was over, old Mathias received the Body of Christ, and he was anointed.

"Who told you that I wanted you, father?" said he in a low, weak voice, when everything was done. "I was praying to God that you'd come, but I had no messenger to send for you."

"But you did send a messenger to me, didn't you?" said the priest, and great wonder on him.

"I did not."

"You did not? But a little boy came and knocked at my door and said that you wanted my help?"

The old man stretched forward in his bed. There was a brightness in his eyes.

"What sort of a little boy was he, father?"

"A gentle little lad with a white dress on him."

"Did you notice as if there was a circle of light round his head?"

"I did, and it put great wonder on me."

Old Mathias looked up, a smile came to his lips, and he put out his two hands—

"Iosagan," said he.

With that word he fell back in the bed. The priest stretched gently towards him and closed his eyes.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

December 9.

Rev. Father Gondringer, S.M., M.A., left to-day for Sydney, where he will join the Omar for Europe.

Very Rev. Deans Holly and Regnault will arrive here about Christmas, from the General Chapter of the Marist Order, which they attended as delegates from New Zealand.

The coronation ceremony of the successful queen competition held in connection with St. Mary's bazaar took place at the Town Hall last Tuesday evening, and was a most brilliant and successful affair. Miss Mary McEvedy, daughter of Dr. P. F. McEvedy, was the successful queen candidate, and she was duly crowned with dignity and ceremony befitting such an auspicious event.

His Grace Archbishop-Redwood administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large number of candidates at St. Francis's Church, Island Bay, last Sunday evening. The church was crowded, and the congregation was much impressed with the beautiful discourse delivered by his Grace on the Sacrament of Confirmation, and his exhortations and advice to the youthful recipients.

Mr. J. J. McGrath, who left to-day for the purpose of attending the Irish Congress at Paris was tendered a farewell last Saturday evening by a number of friends. Sir James Carroll presided, and in a valedictory speech eulogised the services of Mr. McGrath as a citizen, and one well up in the legal profession, and expressed the esteem in which he is held. As a mark of appreciation he asked Mr. McGrath to accept several valuable and appropriate gifts. Mr. McGrath suitably replied.

The efforts of the committee which organised the special fund for presentation to Rev. Mother Aubert, resulted most successfully. The street collection last Friday realised over £800. This amount, with the proceeds of the other functions, totalled over £2000. The committee, of which Mr. J. J. McGrath was chairman, and Mrs. M. Gleeson hon. secretary, is deserving of every praise for the results of their charitable efforts, which is deeply appreciated by the Rev. Mother Aubert and the Sisters of Compassion.

The welcome news of a settlement of the Irish question was received with great joy here. From the accounts which have filtered through the cable it would appear that Sinn Fein has won all along the line. The flags of Ireland were to be seen proudly waving on the high towers of the new St. Mary's, St. Patrick's College, and Archdeacon Devoy's flagstaff, Island Bay, to mark the event. "Te Deum" will be sung in all of the Wellington churches next Sunday, by order of his Grace Archbishop Redwood.

The London *Daily Mail* to hand to-day contains an interesting photograph of an assembly of Sinn Feiners outside Downing Street (London), where the Irish question was being discussed, answering the rosary recited by a priest under the Sinn Fein flag. Many New Zealanders will be interested to learn that the priest in question was none other than the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., a Frenchman by birth, but an Irishman and Sinn Feiner at heart.

On Saturday evening last, at the clubrooms, Vivian Street, the members of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association entertained the Catholic officers and men of H.M.S. Chatham, which is now in port. Among those present was Lieutenant-Commander Ager, V.C., D.S.O. Altogether a very enjoyable evening was passed, vocal and musical items being rendered by both the members of the ship and of the association.

At the Basilica of the Sacred Heart on last Sunday, in the presence of a crowded congregation, and a large attendance of clergy and members of the religious Orders, his Grace Archbishop Redwood raised the dignity of the priesthood three young students, two from Greenmeadows (Rev. J. Seymour and C. Knight), and one from Mosgiel (Rev. J. Butler), all of the Wellington archdiocese. After the ceremony the newly-ordained priests imparted their blessing to each of the congregation at the Altar rails. In the evening Father Seymour was present at St. Francis's Church, Island Bay. Rev. Father Knight, at St. Mary's, and Rev. Father Butler at St. Joseph's, where they imparted their blessing to the large congregations. Rev. Father Seymour celebrated his first Mass at St. Francis's Church, Island Bay, on Monday morning, being assisted by his brother, Rev. Father H. Seymour, of St. Mary's, Christchurch: the servers being his two brothers—Mr. Fred Seymour, a student at Greenmeadows, and Mr. Douglas Seymour, a student of St. Patrick's College. The newly-ordained priest's father and mother, and his two sisters—Sisters Mary Raymond and Elizabeth, of the Sisters of Mercy—were present, and there was a large congregation. Rev. Fathers Knight and Butler celebrated their first Masses at St. Mary's and St. Joseph's Churches respectively.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, HILL STREET, WELLINGTON.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood distributed the prizes at St. Mary's College, Hill Street, Wellington, last week. During the course of his remarks to the pupils his Grace said:—

The school year, just ending, has been in every way a most satisfactory one. The conduct all through has been excellent, and the Redemptorist Father who conducted the retreat some days ago, was very much impressed by the gentle manners and the grave reverential demeanor of the girls attending St. Mary's College. The scholastic year has been a very successful one. First of all, my dear children, the senior christian doctrine class has acquitted itself excellently. The paper set by Father Moloney was a splendid test of your knowledge of that all-important subject. Father Moloney is extremely pleased with the papers sent in to him, since they showed how attentively his instructions had been listened to, and how intelligently they had had been understood. I congratulate you, dear children, on having been able to give so much satisfaction to the priest who so kindly devoted his time to your spiritual welfare. Your secular studies have been equally successful. Five candidates passed matriculation, five, public service entrance; and a number of the pupils of the sixth standard gained proficiency certificates. The results of the music, singing, and theory examinations were particularly brilliant this year. Reading over the long list of passes which appeared in the columns of the daily papers, one could not help noticing that nearly all the successful candidates were from St. Mary's College. All this, no doubt, is very gratifying. But what pleases me still more is the fact that the girls of this school are being taught the very useful art of dressmaking. I hear you can, many of you, make your own dresses, do your own knitting and cook your own dinners. As the happiness and prosperity of the human race is largely in the hands of women, I congratulate you, the coming women of New Zealand, on the part you are preparing to play in the future home-life of this beautiful country. One has only to look at your faces to see what a healthy lot of girls you are. This no doubt is largely due to the great care the Sisters have taken to see that your physical development kept pace with your moral and intellectual culture. In games, I hear that the pupils of St. Mary's College can more than hold their own. The sweetness of your singing pleased me very much and I congratulate your teacher, Sister Mary Placidus, on the refined results of her teaching. She is as you know a musician of great ability, and you are privileged to have your voices trained by her. And now, during the holidays, remember to be a credit to the College that you are leaving for a while, be true to the teachings of your holy religion, keep the resolutions you made in the retreat, be helpful and kind in your homes, and come back on February 1, renewed in mind and body to begin a still more profitable year.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate (Archbishop Cattaneo), accompanied by Bishop Liston, Mgr. Ormond, Dean Van Dyk, Father Brennan, and Rev. Dr. Farrelly (Secretary to the Delegation), left Auckland on Tuesday, November 29, by the southbound express. The party arrived at Waimarino at 3.45 a.m. At that early hour they set out in high glee to enjoy the marvellous scenery which the early morn, assisted by the glory of the rising sun, had prepared for the distinguished tourists. They passed the snow-clad Tongariro and Ruapehu, and the massive peaks of smoking Ngauruhoe. They arrived at Waihi (Lake Taupo) safe and well at 7.10 a.m., when the Delegate, Bishop, and clergy celebrated Holy Mass. After Mass the party ascended the "Parnassus," as the hill may be called on which the convent and school are situated, and breakfasted. The Maori children entertained the visitors with a delightful programme of native songs and dances, which reflected great credit on the native talent of the children and the careful teaching of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The Delegate briefly thanked the children in a few words of well-deserved praise. At the pah the party was received with the usual Maori powhiri (mode of welcoming), and conducted to the portal of the great and ancient meeting-house, where the celebrated chief of the Tuwharetoe tribe held court in generations gone by. The specimens of oratory delivered with much vim and action by the various speakers deeply impressed the Delegate, who responded in a most animated manner, and gratefully accepted the Maori feather-mats which were presented to him. The party then inspected the newly-erected dairy factory, the first Maori venture of the kind in the Dominion. The zealous pastor (Rev. Father Langerwerf), acted as the capable and enthusiastic guide. Dinner of shark, macaroni, wild pork, and puha, was then partaken of. At 2 p.m., after a touching farewell, the party left Waihi, boarded the launch on Lake Taupo, and reached the northern shore. They stayed overnight at the Spa. Next morning (Thursday) they motored to Wairakei and enjoyed the sights en route to Rotorua, where they were enthusiastically received at 3.30 p.m. by the Very Rev. Dean Lighthouse,

Jack Metcalfe

Nice assortment of Xmas presents—Pipes, Pouches, Cigar & Cigarette Holders, Cigarette Cases.—STUART ST., DUNEDIN.

Hairdresser & Tobacconist

and the school children. In the evening a great Maori welcome in the historic meeting-house at Ohinemutu was extended, with the usual accompaniment of Maori songs and pretty poi dances. The Delegate thanked the faithful Maori people for their cordial reception and imparted the blessing of our Holy Father. On Friday the party returned to the city. In the grounds of the Sacred Heart College, Ponsonby, on Saturday, a massed display by the College and Vermont Street boys was witnessed. The Archbishop, accompanied by his private secretary (Dr. Farrelly) left for Sydney by the Niagara on Saturday.

DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

December 12.

At the Cathedral on last Sunday, December 12, his Lordship Bishop Brodie, at the 9 o'clock Mass, conferred the Order of priesthood on Rev. J. Spillane and Rev. J. Higgins. Very Rev. Father Graham, S.M., officiated as archdeacon; Rev. Fathers Cullen, S.M. and McLoughlin, deacon and subdeacon respectively, and Rev. Father McCarthy, S.M. (St. Bede's College), master of ceremonies.

Rev. Father McLoughlin, of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, preached at the Cathedral on last Sunday evening. At St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street, after the evening devotions on last Sunday evening, the newly-ordained priests, Rev. Fathers Higgins and Spillane, imparted their blessing to the congregation.

In connection with the Lewisham General Hospital Fair, now being promoted to provide funds for the erection of an annexe to Lewisham Hospital for the use of the general public, a tug-of-war on a large scale is to be one of the attractions. This feature is to be divided into two contests of over 14½ stone, and those of 12½ stone. Cash prizes (£15 in the second class), are to be offered. The committee controlling the contest consists of Messrs. D. Edmonds, J. Coffey, J. Tulloch, B. McKenna, J. O'Connell, F. Hennessy, W. Maher, and M. Grimes. A licence, permission to hold which is being sought, is in charge of Mrs. Farrow. Ladies who have so far consented to conduct stalls include Nurse Maude, Mesdames J. S. Neville, J. S. Morton, P. Selig, J. S. Barrett, T. Clarkson, W. Dobbs, A. C. Nottingham, and J. Graham.

CATHOLIC STUDENTS' CLUB

INAUGURAL MEETING IN DUNEDIN.

A meeting of Catholic students attending the Otago University was held on last Friday evening (December 9) for the purpose of forming a club. Very Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., and Rev. C. Morkane (Rector Holy Cross College, Mosgiel) were present, and there was an attendance of 14 male and three lady students. Rev. Father Morkane presided, and briefly explained the object of the meeting. A motion to the effect that an association on the lines indicated be formed, was adopted, all present handing in their names for membership. The club is to include University, Training College, and graduates of the Catholic faith. Mr. P. P. Lynch (medical student) was elected chairman, and Mr. J. A. McKenzie (law faculty) honorary secretary. The following were elected to represent their respective faculties: Law, Mr. F. J. Hanrahan; medical, Mr. W. Craighead; commerce, Mr. J. McKeefry; arts, Mr. C. D. Francis; dental, Mr. C. Fahey; science and mining representatives to be appointed; also the three ladies present, viz., Misses E. Collins, D. Sweeney, and K. Todd. After Very Rev. Father Coffey had, by request, outlined what could be deemed the aims and objects upon which the club should be constituted and conducted, a sub-committee consisting of Miss Collins, Messrs. P. P. Lynch, J. McKeefry, and J. A. Mackenzie was appointed to draw up a constitution and set of rules to be subsequently submitted to a meeting of the club members. It was further decided that this sub-committee should hold office as the club's executive, also that the Administrator of the Cathedral parish be a member *ex officio* thereof, and to request his appointment as chaplain. The provisional constitution and rules, as framed, are as follows:—

1. The club to be called the Catholic Students' Club.
2. The officers will be elected annually and will be—(a) patron, (b) chaplain (the Adm. of the Cathedral parish), (c) student president, (d) student secretary and treasurer.
3. The committee will consist of the president, secretary, and representatives from the faculties of arts, law, commerce, science and mining, dental, medicine, ladies, and Training College. The above committee to elect an executive consisting of the president, secretary, and two or three others.
4. Members must be past or present students at the University or Training College, members of the teaching profession, or graduates of the University.
5. The objects of the club to be—(a) To meet and discuss questions of Catholic interest. (b) To ensure that Catholic students on entering the University meet their fellow students. The fostering generally of a Catholic spirit and the promotion of the social life among the members to be the main objects of the club.
6. The club shall meet on the 1st and 3rd Mondays of every month.

7. The subscription shall be 2s 6d.
8. The committee above-mentioned shall have power to appoint a sub-committee to deal with any subject that may arise.
9. A programme as complete as is possible to be drawn up at the beginning of each year—a copy to be forwarded to each member.

The undermentioned members of the club are prepared to make every endeavor to secure suitable homes for students coming to the University in Dunedin, and respectfully suggest that parish priests of districts from which students are coming and the authorities of the various colleges, communicate with them:—Miss E. Collins, 20 Albany Street, Dunedin; Mr. J. McKeefry, c/o Messrs. Mackerras and Hazlett, Dunedin; Mr. P. P. Lynch, Church Street, Timaru; and Mr. J. A. MacKenzie, 26 Tennyson Street, Dunedin.

St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage, South Dunedin
HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP ENTERTAINED.

On Monday, an entertainment to commemorate the first anniversary of his consecration was tendered to Right Rev. Dr. Whyte by the children of the above institution. At the upper end of the tastefully decorated study hall the girls were arranged in such a manner as to give the greatest effect to the various items on their programme. On entering, his Lordship, who was accompanied by Rev. Fathers Delany, Graham, and Rooney, was heartily welcomed. The performance opened with a pretty chorus of greeting, after which one of the children, in a brief speech, offered the Bishop the congratulations and hearty good wishes of all. Two tiny tots then stepped forward and presented their spiritual bouquet and gift of Agnus Deis, prettily mounted on a harp-shaped stand. The children gave a creditable rendering of the bright, pleasing operetta, "Princess Madeleine's Roses," a composition which contains many tuneful concerted numbers, and each of these was well balanced and sweetly sung. In the solo work the "Queen of the Roses," "Prince Rowland," and "Madeleine" gave evidence of painstaking rehearsal. "The Roses," a bevy of flower-like, smiling maidens who danced and sang with charming naturalness, delighted their listeners, their dainty lullaby with hummed chorus being particularly taking. A recitation, "The Clansman's Address to Shane O'Neill," an Irish jig, and song, "Angel of Light Give Ireland Her Right," were other items which made up a pleasingly varied programme. The Bishop, who manifests a special love for the little ones of his flock, addressed the children in his own kind, fatherly fashion, assuring them of the great joy it had afforded him to be present amongst them on the first anniversary of his consecration, and expressing in feeling terms his thanks for their spiritual bouquet, the gift they had made for him, and for their delightful entertainment. Everyone values the prayers of orphans, and he felt sure their prayers on his behalf would be heard before the throne of God. The perfection they had attained as evidenced by their rendering of the beautiful cantata, their dances and recitation proved conclusively that they had worked hard. They had acquitted themselves magnificently, and his Lordship hoped that on some other occasion they would have an opportunity of repeating this performance, so as to give the public a chance of witnessing what the children of St. Vincent's School were capable of doing. In conclusion, his Lordship graciously granted the children a full holiday and "talk in the dormitory," the hearty outburst of applause showing how greatly this favor was appreciated.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART,
TIMARU

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT FOR LADIES will begin on the evening of MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1922, and end on the morning of SATURDAY, JANUARY 7.
The Retreat will be preached by Very Rev. Albert Power, S.J.
For further particulars intending retreatants should apply promptly to Rev. Mother Superior.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART
ISLAND BAY, WELLINGTON.

The ANNUAL SPIRITUAL RETREAT FOR LADIES (given by a Jesuit Father) will begin at 6 p.m. on FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, and end on the morning of WEDNESDAY, 18th.
By applying in time to the Reverend Mother Superior, ladies wishing to make the Retreat can obtain accommodation at the Convent. A special invitation is not necessary.

A SPIRITUAL RETREAT FOR LADIES

will begin at St. Patrick's Dominican Convent, Teschemakers, on December 27.
The Director of the Retreat will be Rev. Father Vincent, S.M.
Ladies desirous of attending should apply promptly to the Mother Superior.

Selected Poetry

Easter Week

Grief for the noble dead
Of one who did not share their strife,
And mourned that any blood was shed,
Yet felt the broken glory of their state,
Their strange heroic questioning of Fate
Ribbon with gold the rags of this our life.
—EVA GORE-BOOTH.

Heroic Death, 1916

No man shall deck their resting place with flowers;
Behind a prison wall they stood to die,
Yet in those flowerless tragic graves of ours
Buried, the broken dreams of Ireland lie.

No cairn-heaped mound on a high windy hill
With Irish earth the hero's heart enfolds,
But a burning grave at Pentonville,
The broken heart of Ireland holds.

Ah! ye who slay the body, how man's soul
Rises above your hatred and your scorns—
All flowers fade as the years onward roll,
Theirs is the deathless wreath—a crown of thorns.
—EVA GORE-BOOTH.

I Have Not Garnered Gold

I have not garnered gold;
The fame I found hath perished;
In love I got but grief
That withered my life.

Of riches or of store
I shall not leave behind me
(Yet I deem it, O God, sufficient)
But my name in the heart of a child.
—P. H. PEARSE.

I am Ireland

I am Ireland:
I am older than the Old Woman of Beare.

Great my glory:
I that bore Cuchulainn the valiant.

Great my shame:
My own children that sold their mother.

I am Ireland:
I am lonelier than the Old Woman of Beare.
—P. H. PEARSE.

The Mother

I do not grudge them: Lord, I do not grudge
My two strong sons that I have seen go out
To break their strength and die, they and a few,
In bloody protest for a glorious thing,
They shall be spoken of among their people,
The generations shall remember them,
And call them blessed;
But I will speak their names to my own heart
In the long nights;
The little names that were familiar once
Round my dead heart.

Lord, thou art hard on mothers:
We suffer in their coming and their going;
And tho' I grudge them not, I weary, weary
Of the long sorrow—And yet I have my joy;
My sons were faithful, and they fought.
—P. H. PEARSE.

Christ's Coming

I have made heart clean to-night
As a woman might clean her house
Ere her lover come to visit her:
O Lover, pass not by!

I have opened the door of my heart
Like a man that would make a feast
For his son's coming home from afar:
Lovely Thy coming, O Son!
—P. H. PEARSE.

The Wayfarer

The beauty of the world hath made me sad,
This beauty that will pass;
Sometimes my heart hath shaken with great joy
To see a leaping squirrel in a tree,
Or a red lady-bird upon a stalk,
Or little rabbits in a field at evening,
Lit by a slanting sun,
Or some green hill where shadows drifted by
Some quiet hill where mountainy man hath sown
And soon would reap; near to the gate of Heaven;
Or children with bare feet upon the sands
Of some ebb'd sea, or playing on the streets
Of little towns in Connacht,
Things young and happy.
And then my heart hath told me:
These will pass,
Will pass and change, will die and be no more,
Things bright and green, things young and happy;
And I have gone upon my way
Sorrowful.

—P. H. PEARSE.

Renunciation

Naked I saw thee,
O beauty of beauty,
And I blinded my eyes
For fear I should fail.

I heard thy music,
O melody of melody,
And I closed my ears
For fear I should falter.

I tasted thy mouth,
O sweetness of sweetness,
And I hardened my heart
For fear of my slaying.

I blinded my eyes,
And I closed my ears,
I hardened my heart
And I smothered my desire.

I turned my back
On the vision I had shaped,
And to this road before me
I turned my face.

I have turned my face
To this road before me,
To the deed that I see
And the death I shall die.

—P. H. PEARSE.



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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—The Irish Situation, p. 25. Notes—Acknowledgment; A Word About the *Tablet*, p. 26. Topics—A Notable Victory; The Free State; The Oath; Shortcomings, pp. 14-15. Irish Independence, p. 9. Grattan Against the Union, p. 13. Constitution of the Irish Free State, p. 18. Iosagan, by Padraic Pearse, p. 19. Our National Language, by Thomas Davis, 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.



THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1921.

THE IRISH SITUATION



WING to the fact that the news of the meeting of Dail Eireann will not reach us before the *Tablet* is on its way to its readers this week, comment on the Irish situation is too much like a leap in the dark for us to venture to make any prophecies. We can leave that task to our gentle contemporaries whom no previous blunders prevent from plunging again and again. What

we have to say at present is rather by way of comment on the comments that have been issued so widely during the past four days. From the first intimation that de Valera had objected to the terms of the agreement we felt that it was only common sense for us to wait for further information, as we had good reason to know that such news and opinions as were cabled to New Zealand could be improved by much salt in their consumption.

Readers will surely not have forgotten that a short time ago our press used to tell us that de Valera was a moderate man who was in the hands of extremists like Michael Collins, the head of the "murder gang"! Since then we have had a complete turnover, leaving de Valera the extremist and Michael Collins the moderate man. But this was not all: last week we were told that Michael Collins was the dominating personality at the Conference, and now we are told from the same source that Michael Collins is dominated by Arthur Griffith! Taking these contradictory reports and dwelling on their absurdity, one ought to be extremely slow to give credence to any assertions that come to us from the same sources. Take, for instance, the report that American opinion is against de Valera. Even the most obtuse reader will have remarked that the American papers quoted for this were the papers that were always quoted against Ireland and in favor of England. That is enough to make their news very doubtful, even if we had nothing else to go upon. But we have something else: we are also told that millions of dollars are being voted by the Friends of Irish Freedom to back de Valera in his attitude; and knowing something of the power of the Irish race in America we suspect that reports from papers like the *New York Times* give us what such papers would like to be true rather than the truth. Remember also that when

de Valera rejected the previous offer the same papers told us the same story, only to be exposed very speedily when it was learned that de Valera's action on that occasion actually cemented all the divisions among the Irish in the States and once more united them behind him. On the whole it is worthy of note that those papers, in New Zealand and elsewhere, which never gave a helping hand to Ireland during her inhuman sufferings under British rule for the past few years, now oppose de Valera as they did then. Is that a sign that de Valera is wrong, we wonder? It is evident that England is very anxious that Ireland shall accept her terms at present; and knowing that the settlement was a victory as far as it went, and that it was inspired by English interests and not by love for Ireland, it seems elementary prudence for any Irishman to wait and see at the present moment.

*

However much we may be in the dark concerning future events, there can be no room for doubt about the past. We said that we look on the settlement as a victory. No man can deny that de Valera has won for Ireland terms which only a year ago Bonar Law declared it impossible for England to give at any time. Mark that: Dominion status was declared impossible for Ireland and now Ireland is pressed to accept it. Again, the many who accused Padraig Pearse and James Connolly of folly ought surely set about doing condign penance at present. For it is certain that what has been won is directly due to the self-sacrifice and the heroism of the men of Easter Week. Very many people denounced them as fools and declared that they had no moral justification for what they did. We recall now how the late Bishop of Limerick then asked if a battle was lost because the first skirmish was not successful. Pearse and Connolly did not hope to win. They went out to arouse the soul of the Nation and to give it the spirit that would enable it to fight on until the cause was won. They failed where they foresaw failure and they won where they hoped to win. On this point we may quote "A.E." who thus puts their case: "The insurrection of Easter Week was based on intuition and not on human reason. The men who made it believed, however surfaces contradicted, that the soul of Ireland was for Irish independence and not with the Empire: that as at a crisis in a man's being when right and wrong are illumined by the torch of truth he will choose the right; or, as on the last day, the prophets speak of, the hosts of good and evil must marshal themselves under the banner of light or the banner of darkness, so the soul of Ireland when roused would know itself truly, and decide by the nature of its being. Pearse and his companions sounded the last trumpet for the Gael, and the dead were raised from the graves of fear, unbelief or despair, and out of a deep sense of identity of being or destiny they reeled after the shepherds who called." To Pearse and his men, therefore, be the fairest laurels now. To the gallant men who took up the torch and carried it on since 1916 no words that human pen could write can pay sufficient tribute. In the great heart of the Gael the names of de Valera, Griffith, Collins, and MacNeill will live for ever. We cannot end on this note without paying our own humble tribute to two great churchmen who, in their own spheres, have also helped to secure the victory. The Archbishop of Melbourne kept the flag flying in Australia, where his appreciation among true men was as great as was the blind fury of the Jingo press that snarled at his heels. In New Zealand, Irishmen, and men of the Irish race, were heartened and cheered by the word and example of our own revered Metropolitan, Archbishop Redwood, who during all the fight has been a fearless and consistent champion of Ireland's rights. No man knows better how much he has done for us than the editor of the *Tablet*; and no man has more obligation now to express his heartfelt admiration and gratitude for the magnificent support his Grace has at all times given, not only to Ireland, but also to ourselves in our uphill efforts to keep the flag flying here.

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NOTES

Acknowledgement

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a large number of telegrams and letters sent us during the past week to express the appreciation of readers of the *Tablet* for the part it has played during the past five years in explaining the position and defending the aims and the reputation of the leaders of the Irish people. The congratulations were sent us in the belief that the final victory is now secure. Many of them deeply moved us by their warm approval and appreciation of what we have done, and all we can say is that our work was at all times a labor of love and that when worries and vexations came we found consolation not only in the reflection that we were doing our simple duty but also in the knowledge that we had the support of every man and woman of Irish blood who understood. Let us say here too that from Englishmen, and from New Zealanders, who were disgusted by the Prussian frightfulness practised on a small nation and by the shameful lie with which our daily press supported murder and sacrilege, we have had constant and loyal help. We trust the end of the long fight is now in view, and we offer our cordial thanks to all those friends who stood by us when we were in the wars ourselves.

A Word About the "Tablet"

At times, during the fight, we were tempted to publish some of the letters of abuse we received from rabid anti-Irishmen—some of them born of Irish fathers and mothers. Once or twice we found it necessary to remind critics that payment of a year's subscription did not by any means entitle them to consider themselves not only editor, sub-editor, and manager of the paper, but the body of directors as well. On the whole, such little skirmishes were few, and they only helped to make things less monotonous. There are always readers who want everything their own way and who are incapable of seeing any point of view but their own. Of course it is not a reconstructed *Tablet*, but a doctor people of that kind require most. Now a paper like the *Tablet* must of its nature be a compromise. It is not what any given individual would like best, nor does it try to please this or that individual. It has to aim at pleasing the majority of its readers, and the editor has never for a moment imagined that he could perform the miracle of pleasing everybody. We have to fulfil the aims of a Catholic family paper, and, speaking from a personal point of view, we had to do this at a time when the race and the land from which our faith came to us were attacked by a widespread and unscrupulous conspiracy against the truth. There are among our readers a few who, in their opposition to Ireland, made our defence of the cause which every daily paper in the Dominion belied an occasion for overt or underhand attacks upon us. There are a few others to whom Ireland means nothing, and they would have us tell them about China and Japan rather than about how Canon Wagner was murdered and how Berkley Road Church was violated. The answer to all such critics is that the very great majority of our supporters, the very great majority of those who built the schools and the churches of New Zealand, want Irish news and say the paper is dull if they do not get it in every issue. It is as a rule the destructive critics who do little or nothing for any cause under the sun. While trying to do the best we can for them, naturally our first aim is to please most those who help us most, even if it does happen that we like to give them exactly what they seem to like, that is the truth about Ireland.

A Qualified Critic

We could easily fill a page with flattering testimonies from a score of archbishops and bishops in Australasia and in Ireland, in proof that in the view of men of learning, untrammelled by personal or national prejudice, the *Tablet* has been doing its work

satisfactorily during these years of storm and stress that have elapsed since we took charge of it. No doubt if we did that our anti-Irish critics would at once console themselves by saying that if some croziers were raised in our defence there might have been others that threatened to hamstring us. So, in place of quoting the prelates, we will quote a layman who is eminently qualified to pronounce an opinion. His remarks were contained in a letter to a friend of ours who sent him a copy of the *Tablet* now and then. We may also add that we have never met the writer and that he is not a Sinn Feiner. Here is the extract in which he refers to the *Tablet*:

"I wish you would send me a copy of that New Zealand paper occasionally if you think of it. In a leisure hour I have been studying the copies you gave me, and I can tell you your friend is a first-rate editor. He has the gift of *interesting*. He writes crisply and vividly, from the outlook of a man of culture and a man of the world (sane and broad) as well as of an Irish Catholic with the root of the matter in him. A too, too rare combination this—appallingly rare! But it is not merely his writing I think well of, but his whole putting together of the paper, his selection of matter, the thing in which the judgment of the editor, who is also the critic, shows. I can speak as an expert on this ground, for I have been a bit of an editor myself—of daily papers, weekly reviews, monthly magazines (even Catholic ones, e.g. the *Catholic World* of N.Y., of which I was editor what time I was also associate-editor of the *N.A. Review*, and literary editor of the *N.Y. Star*, etc., etc.). And I still keep an eye (from the watch-tower) on the Catholic press. Taking it all round I really think this *N.Z. Tablet* is about the best edited Catholic family paper I know. I consider it a great thing for the Church in New Zealand that its organ is in the hands of your friend. Tell him this. A word of honest appreciation helps a man. And he has got the artistic temperament too and cares more for the judgment of the *equites* than of the groundlings!"

Now the editor is not so foolish as to take all this credit to himself. It belongs to the staff as well as to the editor; and to the directors as well as to the staff. We do not quote it for any vainglorious motive, but only in the hope that it may help unreasonable people to become more reasonable, and with the object of letting those who do not understand our difficulties see exactly what a man who does understand—and that better than anyone in New Zealand—thinks of our efforts to make the *New Zealand Tablet* worthy of the memory of the great and fearless Irishman who founded it. Nay, the tribute paid us by the critic we cited is not for us alone, and gladly we lay it on Dr. Moran's grave.

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

As customary, St. Joseph's Cathedral Choir will give a sacred musical recital on Christmas evening at the Cathedral.

A general Communion of both the Dunedin branches of the H.A.C.B. Society took place at the 9 o'clock Mass, celebrated by his Lordship the Bishop at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday last, when 80 members, in regalia, approached the Holy Table. The Bishop, in the course of an appropriate address, expressed his pleasure at seeing so many wearing the green sash on the occasion. He was (he said) accustomed to see similar manifestations of faith in Australia, and no sight was more pleasing to him. He assured those present that he had a great regard for the Hibernian Society, and would gladly do whatever he was able to encourage a constant addition to its ranks.

An effort is being made to arrange a picnic for the inmates of St. Vincent's Orphanage and children of the Catholic schools of the city and suburbs for Boxing Day.

On last Monday morning his Lordship the Bishop officiated at a ceremony of reception in the convent chapel, South Dunedin. His Lordship was assisted by Rev. Father Graham. The young ladies who received the holy habit of the Order of Mercy were Miss Cahill (in religion Sister M. Loyola) and Miss Phelan (in religion Sister M. Xav-

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erius. The incidental music was devotionally sung by the Sisters' choir.

Rev. Father W. Buckley, S.M., of St. Patrick's College, Wellington, was a visitor to Dunedin last week. He preached at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday evening at Vespers.

Rev. John Hyland, of Rockdale, archdiocese of Sydney, after a holiday visit to the Homeland, was a passenger to New Zealand by the Ionic, via the Panama Canal. He spent last week in Dunedin as a guest of the Right Rev. Dr. Whyte.

The members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society are holding a euchre party and social on next Wednesday evening, at St. Patrick's Schoolroom, South Dunedin, as a commencement of their activities in the interests of St. Vincent's Orphanage extension building fund. In addition to the ordinary euchre prizes, a special prize is being offered in the winning of which every patron will have a free chance. It is proposed to continue these social gatherings for some time, and very generous patronage is hoped for.

The annual concert in connection with the Christian Brothers' School will be given this (Thursday) evening at His Majesty's Theatre. A particularly fine programme will be presented. The excellence of the entertainments provided by the pupils of the Christian Brothers has so impressed patrons in the past that a full house is always the reward of their painstaking efforts. It is ardently hoped this year's concert will be similarly favored.

The garden fete held in the grounds of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, on Saturday last, in aid of the Taieri parish funds, was most successful, the expectations of the promoters being more than realised. A number of stalls were well laden with articles both useful and ornamental, and these were disposed of readily to the numerous patrons of the fete. A diversity of side-shows provided much amusement, and the proceeds from these helped materially to swell the takings. Rev. Father Collins and his band of willing workers are to be congratulated on the success of the function.

Departure of Father Silk

FAREWELLED AT VARIOUS FUNCTIONS.

Rev. Father D. V. Silk, who is returning to the diocese of Auckland after spending several years on professional duties at Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, received last week well-deserved recognition, while present at various gatherings. At an entertainment given on Wednesday by the students of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, prior to their dispersal for the Christmas vacation, his Lordship Bishop Whyte, who, together with Very Rev. Father Coffey and other of the clergy and the college professors, was present, eulogised the excellent services rendered by Father Silk to the college. His Lordship also referred in laudatory terms to the masterly manner in which Father Silk had handled the Irish question in the columns of the Dunedin daily newspaper press. This self-imposed task had proved a strenuous one, but the results had certainly been an education to the general readers, and many erroneous views hitherto held regarding Irish affairs had, as an outcome of Father Silk's letters, been definitely swept away.

Rev. Father Morkane spoke gratefully of the fine work Father Silk had accomplished at the college, and expressed pleasure at the high esteem in which he is held by professors and students alike. The departing priest was then made the recipient of a handsome travelling rug, accompanied by the expression of sincere good wishes for his future. Father Silk very feelingly acknowledged the kind sentiments expressed towards him and for the gift, which he would highly value.

At St. Mary's Schoolroom in the evening Father Silk was the guest of the parishioners of Mosgiel, who assembled in large numbers to wish farewell to him. Rev. Father Collins (pastor of the parish), who presided, expressed the congregation's gratitude to Father Silk for his ministrations in their behalf while at Mosgiel. Messrs. A. F. Queleh and J. P. Walls testified in appropriate terms to the esteem in which the guest of the evening is held, the former handing Father Silk a gift as a token of the regard held towards him by the residents of the town. The recipient returned thanks for the gift and kindly references to himself.

At the conclusion of the general business at the meeting of the Otago District Council of the Self-Determination for Ireland League on last Friday night, eulogistic reference to the magnificent work accomplished by Father Silk in the interests of Ireland's freedom, and to the greatly-valued assistance he had been in the activities of the League throughout the districts of Otago and Southland were made by Messrs. C. A. Shiel and R. McStay (vice-presidents) and Mr. J. Robinson. (The president was

unavoidably absent.) Father Silk in acknowledging the sentiments expressed by the various speakers, said he was proud of the part he had been able to take in the work of the League for Ireland. Their loved country was now coming into her rights, a consummation of their hopes and aspirations of which he never doubted. Knowing Eamon de Valera personally, his (the speaker's) opinion was that the Irish leader would never deviate from the policy he first promulgated.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

December 11.

Quite a number of Oamaruvians journeyed out to Teschemakers on Saturday last to take part in the garden fete at St. Patrick's, in aid of the Convent building fund. The day was a glorious one and the grounds looked particularly inviting with their gaily decorated stalls. After an attractive programme by the convent pupils, his Lordship the Bishop declared the fete open, and the stallholders and their assistants had a busy time disposing of the various goods. During the afternoon the senior girls gave excellent exhibitions of club swinging and skipping steps to the music of the Oamaru Citizens' Band, which also enlivened the proceedings with selections.

Everybody is busy putting on the final touches for the bijou bazaar, which is to open on Thursday, the 15th inst., in St. Joseph's School. Although the time of preparation has been short, the stallholders have worked hard, and, with the usual generosity of our friends, success is assured.

School "break-ups" are at present the order of the day, and St. Thomas's and St. Joseph's both closed on the 12th inst., for the usual Christmas vacation.

Rev. Father Martin, who was recently ordained in Dunedin, is at present home on holidays.

During the month Mass will be celebrated at the following country stations:—On the 18th at Kurow, Duntroon, and Richmonds; on the 25th at Teschemakers (8.30 a.m.), Windsor Park (9. a.m.), and Ngapara (11 a.m.).

The Late Hon. P. J. Nerheny, Auckland

The funeral of the late Hon. P. J. Nerheny, M.L.C., took place on Sunday afternoon, the 4th inst. The cortege was a long one, those present including the Mayor, Mr. J. H. Gunson, members of the City Council, and representatives of various public bodies. Six office-bearers of the Hibernian Society acted as pall-bearers. On arrival at St. Patrick's Cathedral the coffin was received by Right Rev. Dr. Liston, Coadjutor-Bishop of Auckland, Mgr. Ormond, Very Rev. Father Brennan, Adm., Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook, and Very Rev. Fathers Forde and McEvoy. Members of the Auckland and St. Benedict's branches of the Hibernian Society, attending in regalia, led the funeral procession from the residence to the Cathedral. As the coffin was borne inside, the "Dead March" was played on the Cathedral organ by Miss Nellie Ormond.

Bishop Liston, who conducted the service, spoke in eulogistic terms of the late Mr. Nerheny's character and work among Church and civic institutions. He had been a loyal man—loyal to his God, to his religion, and to the land of his adoption. His charity was unbounded, and the poor and those in need would sorely miss him.

The interment took place at the Waikaraka Cemetery, Onehunga, where the procession was met by the Onehunga Hibernians. Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook officiated at the interment.

A TRIBUTE FROM THE HOUSE.

A motion expressing regret at the death of the late Hon. P. J. Nerheny, M.L.C., and conveying the sympathy of members to the widow and family of the deceased, was moved in the House of Representatives by the Prime Minister. Mr. Massey said that the late Mr. Nerheny had always been a hard worker in the interests of his city (Auckland). He was a native of Ireland. The speaker knew him for one who was a loyal subject of the King. In Parliament he had gained the respect of all who knew him. The Leader of the Opposition (Mr. T. M. Wilford) said that the deceased was a man with a big heart, generous to a fault, and never deaf to those who asked his assistance. "I believe the Auckland City Council never had a more conscientious member than the late Mr. Nerheny," said the Minister of Education (Hon. C. J. Parr). Mr. Nerheny had a genuine sympathy with the working people, and many stories were told of his quiet, unostentatious benevolence. He was an eminently practical man, and his opinions were respected even by those who were opposed to them, for they always had the merit of sound common sense. The motion was carried after several other members had spoken to it. The House then adjourned till the evening, in token of respect to the late councillor.

Catholic Schools' Vacation Reports and Prize-giving

Owing to the limited space at our disposal we are only able to give brief reports in current issues of the *Tablet* of "break-up" functions as they come to hand. Prize lists and lengthy reports will be held over and inserted in one issue during the month of January.

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MARRIAGES

CARMODY—BURNS.—On October 19, 1921, at St. Joseph's Church, Temuka (with Nuptial Mass), by Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Jeremiah, youngest son of Bridget and the late Michael Carmody, Kelferny, Co. Limerick, Ireland, to Ellen, eldest daughter of Johanna and the late Denis Burns, Newcourt, Skibbereen, Co. Cork, Ireland.

McMAHON—HAMILTON.—On November 24, 1921, at St. Mary's Church, Invercargill, by Rev. Father Ardagh, Annie fourth daughter of Mrs. E. McMahon, South Invercargill, to Daniel, son of Mrs. R. H. Hamilton, Cannon Street, Invercargill (late of Carlisle, Southland).

CULLINANE—DOWLING.—On October 19, 1921, at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Gore, by the Very Rev. Father O'Donnell, Timothy John, eldest son of Mary, and the late J. Cullinane, of Oringi, Dannevirke, to Francis, fourth daughter of Catherine, and the late T. Dowling, of Seaward Downs.

FLANNIGAN—BONE.—On November 30, 1921, at St. Patrick's Church, Greymouth, by the Rev. Father McDonald (Reefton), Thomas Francis Flannigan, of Reefton, to Hannah Bone, of Reefton.

JONES—HAAR.—On Wednesday, November 9, 1921, at St. Joseph's Church, Temuka, by the Rev. Father Kimbell, Benjamin, sixth son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Jones, Ashwick Flat, to Lillian, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Haar, late of Winchester.

McGLOIN—MORRISON.—On September 1, 1921, at All Angels' Church, Darfield, by the Rev. Father J. J. Haurahan, assisted by Rev. Father Seymour, S.M., Gilbert John, eldest son of Mr. Hugh McGloin, Spreydon, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. Patrick Morrison, "The Oaks," Darfield.

DEATHS

DEMPSEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James, dearly beloved husband of Mary Dempsey, who died at his residence, Mosstown, on December 11, 1921; aged 82 years.—R.I.P.

FAHEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Julia, beloved wife of Michael Fahey, Evans Flat, and youngest daughter of Catherine and the late John Cowan, of Waitahuna, who died at Lawrence, on October 31, 1921; aged 33 years.—R.I.P.

HENLEY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Thomas, the beloved husband of Abbey Henley, who died at his residence Arthur Street, Pahiatua, on November 21, 1921; aged 58 years.—R.I.P.

PRENDERGAST.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Edmund Predergast (late of Bayswater, Otautau), who died at Christchurch, on November 14, 1921.—R.I.P.

ROBINSON.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Catherine Robinson, relict of John Robinson, who died at her residence, Otaki, on October 11, 1921; aged 82 years.—R.I.P.

SPILLANE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Ellen Spillane, beloved wife of Maurice Spillane, who died at her residence, Beaumont Road, Lawrence, on December 3, 1921; aged 81 years.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

IN MEMORIAM

GRIFFIN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of George Griffin, who died at Tuatapere, on December 14, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his parents, sisters, and brothers.

FITZPATRICK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Elizabeth Fitzpatrick, 16 Macandrew Road, who died at South Dunedin on December 17, 1920.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

MURPHY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Denis, dearly beloved husband of Margaret Murphy, who died at Fairlie on December 13, 1920.—R.I.P.

O'DOWD.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of our dear sister, Bridget, who died at Dunedin on December 4, 1920.—Lord have mercy on her soul.—Inserted by her brothers and sister.

PERWICK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Catherine Perwick, who died at Dunedin on November 28, 1918.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

PERWICK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Perwick, who died at Invercargill on December 14, 1914.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

SPIERS.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Spiers, beloved son of J. J. and M. Spiers, Kurow, who was killed in action in France on December 10, 1916.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving parents, brother, and sister.

TOBIN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Mary Ann Tobin, who died at her daughter's residence (Duncan Street, Dunedin) on December 18, 1918.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

WANTEDS

WANTED.—A HOUSEKEEPER for Catholic presbytery, North Island; only one priest; light work. Apply for address to "Easy," Tablet Office.

WANTED.—Young lady, well educated, requires position as GOVERNESS; experienced (musical and work of art). Apply "Urgent," Tablet Office.

WANTED.—Strong capable COOK-GENERAL for country station; no objection widow with child; good wages; suitable person. Apply Box 129, Fairlie.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE LITTLE FLOWER.

A Lover of the Little Flower of Jesus desires to thank her for a special favor received through her intercession.

THE SISTERS OF NAZARETH, CHRISTCHURCH, return SINCERE THANKS to Miss Nellie Hayward, to the Mayoress, and the other members of the Committee, to the Artists who so kindly gave their services, and likewise to all who have helped to bring about the very successful issue of the recent Concert, which brought in a cheque for £200 3s.

METHVEN ART UNION

(In aid of Catholic Church)

The GOLD NUGGET (Value £50) was won by Ticket No. 2077, and held by Sady-Clarkson, Fendalton.

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"TABLET" SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscription: 20/- per annum; 10/- per half-year (paid in advance, no booking.)

We beg to acknowledge subscriptions from the following, and recommend subscribers to put this out for reference. PERIOD FROM DECEMBER 1 TO DECEMBER 8, 1921.

OTAGO AND SOUTHLAND.

M.E. C., Ferry Hotel, Lr. Shotover, 8/11/22; R. T., Devon St., Inghill, 30/9/22; J. H. R., Oamaru, 15/4/22; Mrs. H., London St., Dunedin, 30/5/22; T. L., Gore, 30/9/22; P. J. C., Heriot, 23/5/22; M. McC., Yarrow St., Inghill, 30/9/22; Mrs. H., Arden St., Opoho, 30/5/22; R. W. P., Melbourne St., Sth. Dun., 30/5/22; J. McK., Gummies Bush, 30/10/22; J. L., Riverton, 30/5/22; A.H., Irvine St., Lawrence, 30/11/22; Mrs. D., Port Chalmers, 8/5/22; C. J. G., Omakau, 30/3/22; J. J. W., Bowmont St., Inghill, 8/4/22; Mrs. B., Grange St., Dun., 8/4/22; G. W. O'R., Maori Hill, 30/3/22; Mrs. S., Box 13, Riversdale, 30/12/22; J. S., Glenavy Stn., Waikata, 15/11/22; Mr. E., sen., Cardrona, 15/10/22.

CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

F. G. W., P.O., Weheka, 23/11/22; J. F., Hilton, 23/10/22; J. C., Kerrytown, 30/5/22; Mrs. C., Harper St., Up. Riccarton, 15/11/22; M. McD., Box 88, Greymouth, 30/9/25; C. D. L., c/o Mr. B., Clifton, Waikari, 30/11/22; J. G., Arno, 15/10/22; A. K., Takamatua, 30/3/22; A. P., sen., Picton, 8/11/22; H. M., Maryvale, Kaikoura, 8/9/22; Mrs. R., Warwick House, Westport, 30/10/22; D. O'S., Maytown, Waimate, 30/6/22; J. T., Goldsbrough, 8/6/22; J. B., Gebbies Valley, Motukarara, 30/5/22; J. C., Middle St., Timaru, 8/5/22; C. F., Box 2, Rakaia, 30/9/22; W. O'S., Ellesmere, 8/10/22; Mrs. T., Waimate, 15/11/22; P. A. Y., P.M., Waimate, 15/12/22; J. H. & Co., Brewers, Timaru, 30/9/22; T. K., Rangiora, 23/5/23; Mrs. M., c/o Riwaka P.O., Nelson, 30/11/22; W. S., Box 27, Fairlie, 30/11/22; T. P., East Oxford, 8/12/22; K. W., c/o Mrs. R., Hook, Makikihi, 23/1/22; M. O., Main St., Blenheim, 8/11/22; G. H. R., Quail Downs P. Bag, Waiau, 30/3/22; Fr. R., Ross, 8/4/23; W. K., Rimu, Ross, 8/6/23; J. McC., Edward St., Waimate, 30/10/22; A. K., Clarence Rd., Lr. Riccarton, 23/12/21; M. T., Timaru Rd., Waimate, 30/4/22; J. R., Harper St., Timaru, 8/1/23; A. K., Sewell St., Hokitika, 8/10/22.

WELLINGTON AND TARANAKI.

E. F., Wades Landing, Wanganui River, 30/11/22; E.M., Morrissey St., Hawera, 30/10/22; K. McK., Karori Rd., Wgton., 23/5/22; T. S., Manaia Rd., Manaia, 30/11/22; T. M., Lowgarth, 30/11/22; J. D., Central Hotel, Eltham, 30/11/22; T. W. P., Eltham, 30/11/22; McD., Bros., Nash Rd., Stratford, 30/9/22; A. C., Box 78, Stratford, 30/11/22; D. S., Stratford, 30/11/22; Miss K., Stratford, 30/10/22; W. D., Broadway North, Stratford, 30/5/22; A. J. F., Pembroke Rd., Stratford, 30/5/22; A. R., Stratford, 30/11/22; V. & Co., Stratford, 30/5/22;

Mrs. B., Hotel, Stratford, 30/11/22; F. W., Hotel, Stratford, 30/11/22; T. J., Cordelia St., Stratford, 30/11/22; A. G. B., Whangamomona, 30/5/22; T. McD., Monmouth Rd., Stratford, 30/11/22; J. K., Beaconsfield Rd., Midhurst, 30/11/22; D. A. B., Featherston Terrace, Thorndon, Wgton., 30/5/22; J. D., Reef St., Island Bay, 30/12/22; M. C., Taikorea, Palmerston North, 23/11/22; H. L. R., Ngaio, 23/5/22; E. R., Edgeware Rd., Palmerston North, 30/4/22; K. O'L., Fordell, 30/9/22; A. T., Molesworth St., Wgton., 8/4/22; E. W. K., Parliament House, Wgton., 15/6/22; J. L. D., Goring St., Wgton., 30/4/22; J. McC., Ohangai, Hawera, 30/9/22; Mr. O., Box 503, Wgton., 30/12/22; W. A., Harold St., Wgton Sth., 30/3/22; W.O., Arthur St., Wgton., 15/6/22; M. M., Portland Cres., Wgton., 30/12/22; J. G., Glasgow St., Feilding, 30/11/22; P. B., Warea, 30/10/22; A.S., Pier Hotel, Wgton., 30/9/22; R. C., Willis St., Wgton., 8/4/22; E. M., Gladstone St., Hawera, 15/4/22; S. T. H., Adelaide Rd., Wgton., 8/6/22; M. McL., c/o Mrs. P., Antico St., Melrose, 8/3/22; T. D. W., Victoria St., Hawera, 23/4/22; W. L., Aramoho, 30/11/22; J. L., Plunkett Av., Petone, 8/6/22; C. A. S., Clyde St., Island Bay, 15/6/22; T. J. McG., Devon St., Masterton, 15/12/21; C. C., Juliet St., Stratford, 23/4/23; W. S., Juliet St., Stratford, 8/6/22; E. M., Box 51 Stratford, 8/3/22; G. H., Miranda St., Stratford, 8/3/22; Fr. L., Inglewood, 8/11/22; Rev. M., Inglewood, 30/9/23; M. D., Te Tawa, 8/6/22; W. C., Inglewood, 8/6/22; P.J., Devon St. W., New Plymouth, 8/12/22; F. F., Fulford St., New Plymouth, 8/12/22; M. O'G., cr. Silver & Powderham Sts., New Plymouth, 8/12/22; A. T., c/o Mr. C., Store, Moturoa, 8/12/22; Mrs. S., c/o Mrs. G., Lepperton Junc., 8/12/22; W. M., Powderham St., New Plymouth, 8/12/22; P. J. O'B., Silver St., New Plymouth, 8/12/22; Rev. M., Convent, New Plymouth, 15/2/23.

AUCKLAND, HAWKES BAY AND FOREIGN.

J. P. K., Waterview Rd., Devonport, 30/9/22; Miss W., P.O. Symonds St., Auck., 8/2/22; Mr. K., Jailer, Gisborne, 30/3/22; J. K., O'Neill St., Ponsonby, 15/12/22; Rev. M., St. Benedict's Convent, Newton, 30/12/22; Mrs. O'S., Wellesley St., W., Auck., 23/4/22; J. E. A. McK., Matiere, 15/12/22; P. O'S., Somerset Place, Newton, 30/9/22; Rev. M., Convent, Pukekohe, 30/4/22; M. J. McK., Box 15, Waipawa, 15/5/22; C. N., Union St., Auck., 23/11/22; T. Q., Ormond, Gisborne, 30/12/22; T. C., Brookville, Tongio, W., Gipsland, 23/5/22; Fr. A. Lewisham, Sydney, 30/8/22; E. McV., P.O. Pokuru, 23/11/22; H. H. W., Northcote Hotel, Northcote, 30/1/23; A. M., Police Station, Wellsford, 8/12/22; L. H., Motukaraka, Hokianga, 15/6/22; J. McH., Store, Petane, 8/12/22. E. F., Wades Landing, Wanganui East,

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Obituary

MOTHER MARY OF THE HOLY APOSTLES.

(Sister of the Institute of Notre Dame des Missions.)

The Sisters of the Institute of Notre Dame des Missions suffered the loss of another member of their Order in the death of Mother Mary of the Holy Apostles, who died at Opotiki, on Sunday, the 7th ult. The deceased Sister had been in failing health for many years, but was of an energetic and cheerful disposition, and in her last illness edified all by her piety, and courage and the fortitude with which she bore her terrible sufferings. Mother Mary of the Holy Apostles had been for many years in Christchurch, Ashburton, and Napier, and was one of the band of pioneer Sisters who established the convent at Leeston. She was attended in her illness by Rev. Father Smiers and Very Rev. Father Whelan, C.S.S.R. The funeral cortege was one of the largest ever seen in the district.—R.I.P.

MRS JULIA FAHEY, EVAN'S FLAT.

With very sincere regret the death is recorded of Mrs. Julia Fahey, wife of Mr. Michael Fahey, of Evan's Flat, Central Otago, which occurred unexpectedly on the vigil of All Saints' Day (October 31). The deceased, who had only attained the age of 38 years, was loved and highly respected by all who knew her. She was a fervent, practical Catholic, and an exemplary wife and mother. The funeral was very largely attended, every section of the community over a wide district being represented, thus showing the esteem in which the deceased was held, and the sympathy felt for the bereaved husband and family of six children, the oldest boy being but 12 years of age.—R.I.P.

MRS. CATHERINE ROBINSON, OTAKI.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Catherine Robinson, who passed away recently at Otaki, was largely attended. The deceased had been connected with the oldest established business in Otaki, and was widely known. Her only surviving son is Mr. John W. Robinson, her second son (Edward M. Robinson) died during the influenza epidemic in 1918. Prior to the interment Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of the soul of deceased by Rev. Father Melu, S.M.—R.I.P.

MR. THOMAS HENLEY, PAHIATUA.

With sincere regret the death is recorded of Mr. Thomas Henley, who passed away at his residence, Arthur Street, Pahiatua. The deceased was born in Headford, Co. Galway, Ireland. He came to New Zealand 42 years ago with his parents, and lived at Leeston, Palmerston North, and for the last 18 years at Pahiatua. The late Mr. Henley was a staunch Irishman and an exemplary Catholic, and his assistance was always forthcoming in any good cause. Deceased leaves a wife, but no children, also two brothers and one sister (Sister Mary Colomba, of the Sisters of Mercy, Blenheim), who have the sympathy of many friends in their bereavement. The interment took place at Palmerston North. Rev. Father Saunderson, of Pahiatua, officiating at the graveside.—R.I.P.

MRS. MAURICE SPILLANE, TUAPEKA FLAT.

By the death of Mrs. Maurice Spillane, which occurred at her residence, Tupeka Flat, on the 3rd inst., after a long illness, there passed away a very old and highly esteemed resident of the Tuapeka district, where she had lived for nearly 58 years. The deceased, who had reached the ripe age of 81 years, was a native of Thomas Town, Kilkenny, Ireland, and as a young woman emigrated to Melbourne, where she stayed for a short time. Coming to Dunedin, where she was shortly afterwards married, she remained for a few months and then removed with her husband to Lawrence, where she settled and remained till her death. She was an ideal type of the pioneer's wife, cheerfully bearing her share of the vicissitudes incidental to the life of the early settlers, and by her kindly and happy disposition endeared herself not only to her neighbors but to all who had the pleasure of coming into contact with her. Of her large family of nine children only three survived her—Mr. William Spillane (Konomi), Mrs. Stewart (Dunedin), and Miss Maria Spillane (Lawrence)—and to these and her aged husband the sincere sympathy of the residents of the district was unmistakably shown by the exceptionally large cortege which followed her

remains to their last resting place on Sunday afternoon, the 4th inst.—R.I.P.

MR. EDMOND PRENDERGAST, CHRISTCHURCH.

With deep regret (writes our Invercargill correspondent) the many friends in Southland of Mr. Edmond Prendergast heard of his unexpected death, which occurred on the 14th ult., at Christchurch. The deceased was a sterling Irishman and fervent Catholic. For many years the late Mr. Prendergast carried on farming operations at Bayswater, in the Otautau district, and he was one of the most respected settlers in those parts. He retired from farming some four years ago. Sincere sympathy is extended to his two sons and three daughters who are left to mourn their loss. A large number paid their last respects to the deceased by attending the funeral which took place at Invercargill. Very Rev. Dean Burke, V.F., officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

MR. JAMES DEMPSEY, WANGANUI.

There passed way recently in the person of Mr. James Dempsey, one who, throughout a long life "bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman" (says the *Wanganui Chronicle*), and we are quite sure the news of his death will be received with very sincere regret by people in every part of the country. The late Mr. Dempsey, who was in his 83rd year, was born in Queen's Co., Ireland, and came to New Zealand 62 years ago. He began farming in the Hawke's Bay district, where the new conditions proved very baffling for a while. However, Mr. Dempsey had a stout heart, and to him difficulties were made only to be overcome. After 15 years he came to the Wanganui district, and, with the assistance of his good wife, literally carved a home out of the bush. Mr. Dempsey's reminiscences of those early days made a most interesting story. From his home on the No. 3 Line, Mr. Dempsey came into Wanganui, settling on the well-known property, now closely settled, between the town and Castlecliff. When the estate was cut up, Mr. Dempsey took up his residence in Mosstown, and there, despite the loss of his sight during the past eight years, he extended a cheery welcome to visitors. Apart from his personal charm, and an over-whelming desire to help everybody with whom he came in contact, the late Mr. Dempsey earned high esteem by his interest in public affairs. He was a Justice of the Peace, and for many years was associated with the Waitotara County Council and the Hospital Board. He was a life member of the Caledonian Society and Agricultural Association. He was also a member of the Old Veterans' Association, having played his part in the defence of the country during the Maori war. The deceased was a prominent member of St. Mary's Catholic Church, his devotion being of a very practical kind. The late Mr. Dempsey, who celebrated his golden wedding two years ago, is survived by Mrs. Dempsey, one son, William, and two daughters, Mrs. C. D. Parker, of Gisborne, and Mrs. E. O'Meara, of Wanganui. The late Mrs. J. J. O'Shea, of New Plymouth, was another daughter. To the bereaved ones sincere sympathy is extended.—R.I.P.

Patea

The Convent schools at Waverley and Patea were honored with visits from his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, while he was passing through to New Plymouth (writes an esteemed correspondent), and was presented at each, by the children, with an address of welcome. Rev. Father Cahill assured his Excellency that the children, the Sisters, and the parishioners, were second to none in the love of their faith, and in loyalty to the Holy Father. The Apostolic Delegate said he was delighted with the reception they had prepared for him as the representative of the Holy Father, and he asked a holiday for the children. The elder members of the congregation were also presented to Archbishop Gattaneo, and he imparted to them and to all the parishioners the Apostolic Benediction.

His Grace Archbishop O'Shea made a visitation of the Patea parish on the 4th inst. After the 11 o'clock Mass at Waverley he preached to a large congregation on the Graces of the Sacrament of Confirmation, which he administered to 45 candidates. At Patea, at 2.30 in the afternoon, there was another large congregation, and his Grace administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 61 children. Subsequently the Archbishop presided at a meeting of the church committee, when various subjects of parochial business was fully discussed.

Irish Race Convention: Miss Jessie Mackay's Departure

(Contributed.)

Miss Jessie Mackay, of Christchurch, who was selected as one of the New Zealand delegates to the Irish Race Convention at Dublin or Paris, commencing on January 21, 1922, arrived in Wellington by the ferry steamer on the morning of Sunday, 13th ult. She was met on behalf of the executive of the Self-Determination League by Mr. P. J. O'Regan (President) and Mrs. T. J. Bourke and Miss Eileen Duggan, and during her stay in Wellington Miss Mackay was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Duggan, of Wellington South.

Miss Mackay was formally presented with her credentials at the Hibernian Rooms, Willis Street, on the evening of Monday, 14th. Members of the National Executive, the Wellington Provincial Executive, the Hutt branch, and the ladies' committee of the League being present. Mr. O'Regan in the course of a short speech said that though they all felt New Zealand would be worthily represented at the convention by the three delegates selected, yet the appointment of Miss Mackay was peculiarly appropriate. A New Zealander by birth, of Scottish (Highland) extraction, Miss Mackay had endeared herself to the friends of Ireland in New Zealand by her splendid advocacy of Ireland's cause in the columns of a press that was by no means friendly. There were many ties between Scotland and Ireland, and it was a historic fact that a gallant Scotchman, Sir Ralph Abercromby, had refused to impose the brutalities of martial law upon the people of Ireland in 1798. Miss Mackay's advocacy of the cause of self-determination for Ireland was not something of yesterday, but those who were familiar with her writings in the press knew that for years past she had maintained the right of the Irish people to govern themselves according to their national traditions and sentiments, and she had evinced not only close acquaintance with the history of Ireland, but with the principles underlying the Irish demand. Accordingly, it was peculiarly appropriate that she should have been selected spontaneously and with enthusiasm as one of New Zealand's delegates to the pending convention. As for the deliberations of that convention they all felt that it was not for the people of this or any other country to dictate to the people of Ireland in the matter of their own government, and whether they insisted on complete independence or would accept a compromise falling short of that ideal was a matter entirely for themselves and not for us. He had much pleasure in presenting Miss Mackay with her credentials showing that she was one of the duly accredited representatives to attend the convention on behalf of the friends of Ireland in New Zealand. (Applause).

Miss Mackay, in the course of a brief speech, expressed her thanks for the honor conferred upon her, an honor she had never thought of when time after time she took up her pen on behalf of Ireland. She had first become interested in Ireland by reading her ballads and later her history. Years ago she had named her "The Woman of Nations," and so she styled her still. She felt confident, however, that a better day was dawning, that prejudices and misunderstandings would pass away, and that Ireland would come into her own as one of the nations of the earth. They could rely that according to her ability she would do her best to prove worthy of the honor conferred upon her as one of New Zealand's representatives at the coming Convention. (Applause.)

Miss Mackay took her departure from New Zealand in the Remuera, which sailed from Wellington for England via Panama on the 15th ult. A number of friends and sympathisers attended at the wharf and bade her farewell.

MISS MACKAY'S EXPENSES.

In connection with the representation of New Zealand at the coming Irish Race Convention, Mr. P. J. O'Regan, president of the Self-Determination for Ireland League of New Zealand, authorises us to state that at the national convention held at Wellington in October last, it was determined to raise the sum of £600, the estimated amount to defray Miss Jessie Mackay's expenses, each Provincial Council contributing not less than £100. At the date of

Miss Mackay's departure from New Zealand, not more than half the required sum had come in, but six members of the Wellington executive immediately provided £50 each in anticipation of the fund being fully subscribed in due course, and accordingly Miss Mackay was presented with the full amount prior to her sailing on the 15th ult. The following payments are acknowledged:—

Wellington Provincial Council (out of moneys in hand), £100; North Canterbury Provincial Council, £100; Otago Provincial Council, £100; New Plymouth branch, £25; Raetihi branch, £22 17s; Blenheim branch (on account), £16; Ohakune branch, £10; Petone branch, £9; total, £382 17s.

Since writing the foregoing statement, Mr. O'Regan advises us of the receipt of the Westland Council's quota of £100.

The Irish Settlement

Directly the news arrived of the Irish settlement, steps were taken to convene a meeting of the National Executive of the Self-Determination League of New Zealand. Accordingly the executive met on Thursday evening, and subsequently the president, Mr. P. J. O'Regan, made the following statement:—

We rejoice most heartily at the great reconciliation between the two nations. On the terms of the Treaty we have no comment to offer. It is enough for us that they have been accepted by the chosen representatives of the people of Ireland, inasmuch as we have complete confidence in the courage and capacity of the men in whom the nation has repeatedly and emphatically declared its trust.

The result is a complete answer to Ireland's defamers and a lasting vindication of her persistence in maintaining through eight centuries a continuous and wearied struggle. Britain has now given her unreserved approval of the cause which has inspired Ireland's martyred dead, in defence of which her sons, even in our day, have willingly laid down their lives.

We would point out that the Treaty now arrived at goes much further than the measure of self-government which a few years since was met with threats of armed resistance. Assuredly it must be regarded as a matter for deep regret that the bloodshed and ill-will incurred since that time might easily have been averted.

Now that, responding to the deep-seated desire of the people of Britain, the British Government has met the national aspirations of the people of Ireland, we feel assured that the two nations will henceforth give the world a continuous and conspicuous example of brotherhood and goodwill. Accordingly, we join with the rest of our fellow citizens in rejoicing at the conclusion of the historic struggle.

We propose at an early date to afford an opportunity to the friends of Ireland in this country suitably to commemorate the great event.

Sacred Heart Girls' College

The following pupils of the Sacred Heart Girls' College (Sisters of the Missions), Ferry Road, Christchurch, were successful in passing their examinations in Pitman's shorthand:—Pitman's speed examinations (eighty words per minute): Irene Ashton, Mercy Cook, Lena Keane; fifty words per minute: Doris Blyth, Rita Corbett, Eileen Gartly, Ena Gillespie, Vera Kiely, Kathleen Leahym, Kathleen Mahoney, Sara McCartin, Madge O'Malley, Rima Pope, Olive Price, Melba Tulloch; pitman's theoretical examination: Maureen Cuneen (first), Edith Clarke (second), Ena Jackson (third), Agnes Clarke, Margaret Fahey, Madeline Kennedy, Vera Kiely, Grace Smith; Pitman's elementary examination: Dorothy Overtqn. At the recent standard VI. examination held at the Sacred Heart College, the Sisters of the Missions' Christchurch schools presented 36 candidates, of whom 34 secured proficiency certificates and one competency.

The tongue of the slanderer is what St. James terms it, a raging fire which scorches all within its reach, turns its fury against the good and the bad, leaving behind it ruin and desolation. It feeds with delight on what is most sacred and secret, destroys what is most solid, and blackens what it cannot consume.

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WEDDING BELLS

ROWELL—RYAN.

The wedding was solemnised, recently, at the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Hill Street, Wellington, of Albert Henry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Rowell, of Lyall Bay, and Dora Ann, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Ryan, of Hawkestone Street, Wellington. Rev. Father Smyth, S.M., officiated and celebrated Nuptial Mass. After the ceremony the guests were entertained by the bride's parents at a reception in Scott's tearooms, where the customary toasts were honored. The newly-wedded couple left subsequently *en route* for Palmerston and the Northern tourist resorts, on their honeymoon. In the evening the bridegroom's parents gave an enjoyable "social evening" at St. James' Hall, Newtown, to nearly two hundred guests.

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MCGLOIN—MORRISON.

The wedding was recently solemnised at the Church of the Holy Angels, Darfield, of Gilbert John, eldest son of Mr. Hugh McGloin, of Spreydon, Christchurch, and Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. Patrick Morrison, "The Oaks," Darfield. Rev. Father J. J. Hanrahan officiated and celebrated a Nuptial Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Seymour, S.M. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a gown of white satin. She also wore a handsome hand-embroidered veil with wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white flowers with narrow ribbon streamers. The bridesmaid (Miss Gertrude Morrison) wore a frock of electric blue charmeuse, with a small hat of grey tulle and blue ribbon. She carried a bouquet of white and pale pink flowers with streamers. Mr. P. McGloin was best man. Miss Birdie Morrison (organist) played the "Wedding March" and other appropriate music during the ceremony. The church was effectively decorated by friends of the bride. After the ceremony the bride's parents entertained the guests at a wedding breakfast at their residence, when the customary toasts were honored. Rev. Father Hanrahan presided, Rev. Father Seymour being also in attendance. The newly-wedded couple left later in the day on their honeymoon, the bride wearing a navy gaberdine costume.

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BROAD—FAHEY.

The wedding was solemnised at St. Columba's Church, Riverton, on the 23rd ult., by Rev. Father Buckley, assisted by Very Rev. Father O'Neill (Waikiwi), of Harold Francis, third son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Broad, of Invercargill, and Annie Evelyn, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Fahey, of Riverton. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a dress of ivory crepe-de-Chine, and wore a beautiful hand-embroidered veil arranged in mob-cap style, and the customary orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of creme roses and brides' blossom. Miss Mollie Fahey (sister of the bride) and Miss Mary McKay attended as bridesmaids. The former wore creme silk and black lace hat with streamers and carried a bouquet, and the latter was attired in pink silk with black hat and carried a pink and white bouquet. Mr. E. Broad was best man, and Mr. J. Broad groomsmen. The bridegroom's present to the bride was a set of silver-backed brushes, and the bride's present to the bridegroom a set of military brushes. The church was prettily decorated with flowers and silver bells, a floral bell being suspended over the bridal party, the whole being the work of members of the sodality of the Children of Mary. After the ceremony about 60 guests were entertained at a wedding breakfast laid in the local hall when the usual toasts were honored. The newly-wedded couple left during the afternoon by motor for the North on their honeymoon, the bride wearing a travelling costume of navy blue with hat to match. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Fahey entertained a large gathering at a musical and social evening.

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JONES—HAAR.

The wedding was recently solemnised at St. Joseph's Church, Temuka, of Benjamin, sixth son of Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Jones, Willowbank, Ashwick Flat, and Lillian, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Haar, late of Winchester. Rev. Father Kimbell, S.M., officiated, and celebrated a Nuptial Mass. The bride, who was given away by her brother (Mr. J. D. Haar), wore a beautiful bridal frock of white China silk embroidered with pale pink and blue beads. Her veil, the gift of the bridegroom's sisters, was artistically embroidered, and held in position with a wreath

of orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of pale pink and white hothouse flowers. The bride was attended by Miss Agnes Kennedy, who wore a frock of shell-pink crepe-de-Chine daintily embroidered with touches of pale blue, and a black tulle hat trimmed with shaded pink posies and pink streamers. She also carried a shower bouquet of choice pink roses and rhododendrons. Gifts of the bridegroom worn respectively by the bride and bridesmaid were a pearl brooch and a gold pendant set with amethysts and pearls. The bride's present to the bridegroom was a set of military brushes. Mr. W. Coll was best man. After the ceremony the guests were entertained at the wedding breakfast laid in the Catholic Hall, when the customary toasts were honored. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents, including several cheques. The newly-wedded couple left later in the day by the south express, the bride wearing a smart coat-frock embroidered in violet, and a black hat relieved with touches of violet.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

December 8.

The Castlecliff fair is looming up big, and great preparations are being made for the opening, next week. It has been decided to hold the carnival in town instead of at Castlecliff, and St. Joseph's School is to be the scene of activities. To-night, there is to be a euchre party, the last effort probably, of a series of happenings to swell the funds.

The air is full of buzz and begging. All the schools, State and otherwise are preparing for their end-of-year performances. In many of the schools every child gets a gift, and any spare infants in some families, are brought along to the prize-giving to get their dole. Not exactly on scriptural lines is it, where "many start in the race, but only one gets the prize"? Nowadays, the non-starters, and the also-starters, make the real winners look silly. All this by the way, but we do live in queer times don't we?

Wanganui competitions, for us an altogether new feature, are a great success, having resulted in well over 800 entries. The sittings, tests or whatever category they fall into, are a continued interest to many, the Opera House being packed every night. Quite a number of our folk are taking part, and many are coming out well to the good.

We are being taught, more or less gently, to "keep to the left" on our artistic but bumpy footpaths. Chalk divisions adorn the side-walks, and I am afraid some of us will have to brand our left hand, as a permanent guide. Did you know that Wanganui traffic—every sort—is the most disorderly in New Zealand? The men declare the women are the worst offenders; the women, as a rule don't say much, but keep right on the way they want to go, and between the lot—prams included—progress is sometimes difficult and uncomfortable.

Mr. F. Hart, who has been clerk of the Court here for something over nine years, is transferred to Dunedin. On Friday morning Mr. Hart was farewelled by members of the legal profession, a large number of whom foregathered at Foster's Hotel. Mr. N. G. Armstrong, president of the Law Society spoke, also Messrs. G. M. Marshall, G. Currie, and Mr. T. A. Bailey, S.M. During his years here, Mr. Hart was associated in a practical manner with the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and was also a member of the parish Federation committee.

Died on Friday last, after a serious illness, Mr. W. Kennedy, Keith Street. The late Mr. Kennedy, was very well known here, he having been in business for many years, and on the West Coast, his first home in New Zealand. For a long time now, Mr. Kennedy was unable to do much on account of bad health, and some weeks ago had a very bad fall, dislocating his shoulder. Owing to the weak state of his heart, the shock was serious, and from the first there seemed but little hope of his ever rallying much. However, he lingered on for a couple of months, and finally, passed away peacefully last week. Mrs. Kennedy predeceased him a few years ago, also one son, Jim, who fell in action and is buried in France. To the remaining members of the family—Mr. W. Kennedy, Miss Kennedy, and Mrs. T. P. Souther—sympathy is extended.—R.I.P.

During the last few hours, the glad news has come through of the settlement of the Irish troubles. Thank God, and again thank God. Many will have a gladder Christmas, and the whole world rejoices.

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Our National Language

(By THOMAS DAVIS.)

Men are ever valued most for peculiar and original qualities. A man who can only talk common-place, and act according to routine, has little weight. To speak, look, and do what your own soul from its depths orders you, are credentials of greatness which all men understand and acknowledge. Such a man's dictum has more influence than the reasoning of an imitative or common-place man. He fills his circle with confidence. He is self-possessed, firm, accurate, and daring. Such men are the pioneers of civilisation, and the rulers of the human heart.

Why should not nations be judged thus? Is not a full indulgence of its natural tendencies essential to a people's greatness? Force the manners, dress, language, and constitution of Russia, or Italy, or Norway, or America, and you instantly stunt and distort the whole mind of either people.

The language, which grows up with a people, is conformed to their organs, descriptive of their climate, constitution, and manners, mingled inseparably with their history and their soil, fitted beyond any other language to express their prevalent thoughts in the most natural and efficient way.

To impose another language on such a people is to send their history adrift among the accidents of translation—'tis to tear their identity from all places—'tis to substitute arbitrary signs for picturesque and suggestive names—'tis to cut off the entail of feeling, and separate the people from their forefathers by a deep gulf—'tis to corrupt their very organs, and abridge their power of expression.

The language of a nation's youth is the only easy and full speech for its manhood and for its age. And when the language of its cradle goes, itself craves a tomb.

What business has a Russian for the rippling language of Italy or India? How could a Greek distort his organs and his soul to speak Dutch upon the sides of the Hymettus, or the beach of Salamis, or on the waste where once was Sparta? And is it befitting the fiery, delicately-organel Celt to abandon his beautiful tongue, docile and spirited as an Arab, "sweet as music, strong as the wave"—is it befitting in him to abandon this wild liquid speech for the mongrel of a hundred breeds called English, which, powerful though it be, creaks and bangs about the Celt who tries to use it?

We lately met a glorious thought in the "Triads of Mochmed," printed in one of the Welsh codes by the Record Commission. "There are three things without which there is no country—common language, common judicature, and co-tillage land—for without these a country cannot support itself in peace and social union."

A people without a language of its own is only half a nation. A nation should guard its language more than its territories—'tis a surer barrier, and more important frontier, than fortress or river.

And in good times it has ever been thought so. Who had dared to propose the adoption of Persian or Egyptian in Greece—how had Pericles thundered at the barbarian? How had Cato scourged from the forum him who would have given the Attic or Gallic speech to men of Rome? How proudly and how nobly Germany stopped "the incipient creeping" progress of French! And no sooner has she succeeded than her genius, which had tossed in a hot trance, sprung up fresh and triumphant.

Had Pyrrhus quelled Italy, or Xerxes subdued Greece for a time long enough to impose new languages, where had been the literature which gives a pedigree to human genius? Even liberty recovered had been sickly and insecure without the language with which it had hunted in the woods, worshipped at the fruit-strewn altar, debated on the council-hill, and shouted in the battle-charge.

There is a fine song of the Fusians, which describes—

"Language linked to liberty."

To lose your native tongue, and learn that of an alien, is the worst badge of conquest—it is the chain on the soul. To have lost entirely the national language is death; the fetter has worn through. So long as the Saxon held to his German speech, he could hope to resume his land from the Norman; now, if he is to be free and locally governed,

he must build himself a new home. There is hope for Scotland—strong hope for Wales—sure hope for Hungary. The speech of the alien is not universal in the one; is gallantly held at bay in the other; is nearly expelled from the third.

How unnatural—how corrupting 'tis for us, three-fourths of whom are of Celtic blood, to speak a medley of Teutonic dialects. If we add the Celtic Scots, who came back here from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, and the Celtic Welsh, who colonised many parts of Wexford and other Leinster counties, to the Celts who never left Ireland, probably five-sixths, or more, of us are Celts. What business have we with the Norman-Sassenagh?

Nor let any doubt these proportions because of the number of English names in Ireland. With a politic cruelty, the English of the Pale passed an Act (3 Ed. IV., chap. 3), compelling every Irishman within English jurisdiction, "to go like to one Englishman in apparel, and shaving off his beard above the mouth," "and shall take to him an English surname of one town, as Sutton, Chester, Trym, Skyrne, Corke, Kinsale; or color, as White, Blacke, Browne; or art or science, as Smith, or Carpenter; or office, as Cook, Butler; and that he and his issue shall use this name, under pain of forfeiting his goods yearly."

And just as this parliament before the Reformation, so did another after the Reformation. By the 28th Henry VIII., c. 15, the dress and language of the Irish were insolently described as barbarous by the minions of that ruffian king, and were utterly forbidden and abolished under many penalties and incapacities. These laws are still in force; but whether the Archaeological Society, including Peel and O'Connell, will be prosecuted, seems doubtful.

There was also, 'tis to be feared, an adoption of English names, during some periods, from fashion, fear, or meanness. Some of our best Irish names, too, have been so mangled as to require some scholarship to identify them. For these and many more reasons, the members of the Celtic race here are immensely greater than at first appears.

But this is not all; for even the Saxon and Norman colonists, notwithstanding these laws, melted down into the Irish, and adopted all their ways and language. For centuries upon centuries Irish was spoken by men of all bloods in Ireland, and English was unknown, save to a few citizens and nobles of the Pale. 'Tis only within a very late period that the majority of the people learned English.

But, it will be asked, how can the language be restored now?

We shall answer this partly by saying that, through the labors of the Archaeological and many lesser societies, it is being revived rapidly.

We shall consider this question of the possibility of reviving it more at length some other day.

Nothing can make us believe that it is natural or honorable for the Irish to speak the speech of the alien, the invader, the Sassenagh tyrant, and to abandon the language of our kings and heroes. What! give up the tongue of Ollamh Fodhla and Brian Boru, the tongue of McCarty, and the O'Nials, the tongue of Sarsfield's, Curran's Mathew's, and O'Connell's boyhood, for that of Strafford and Poynings, Sussex, Kirk, and Cromwell!

No, oh! no! the "brighter days shall surely come," and the green flag shall wave on our towers, and the sweet old language be heard once more in college, mart, and senate.

But, even should the effort to save it as the national language fail, by the attempt we will rescue its old literature, and hand down to our descendants proofs that we had a language as fit for love, and war, and business, and pleasure, as the world ever knew, and that we had not the spirit and nationality to preserve it!

Had Swift known Irish, he would have sowed its seed by the side of that nationality which he planted, and the close of the last century would have seen the one as flourishing as the other. Had Ireland used Irish in 1782, would it not have impeded England's re-conquest of us? But 'tis not yet too late.

For you, if the mixed speech called English was laid with sweetmeats on your child's tongue, English is the best speech of manhood. And yet, rather, in that case you are unfortunate. The hills, and lakes, and rivers, the forts and castles, the churches, and parishes, the baronies and counties around you, have all Irish names—names which

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describe the nature of the scenery or ground, the name of founder, or chief, or priest, or the leading fact in the history of the place. To you these are names hard to pronounce, and without meaning.

And yet it were well for you to know them. That knowledge would be a topography, and a history, and romance, walking by your side, and helping your discourse. Meath tells its flatness, Clonmel the abundant riches of its valley, Fermanagh is the land of the Lakes, Tyrone the country of Owen, Kilkenny the Church of St. Canice, Dunmore the great fort, Athenry the Ford of the Kings, Dunleary the Fort of O'Leary; and the Phoenix Park, instead of taking its name from a fable, recognises as christener the "sweet water" which yet springs near the east gate.

All the names of our airs and songs are Irish, and we every day are as puzzled and ingeniously wrong about them as the man who, when asked for the air, "I am asleep, and don't waken me," called it "Tommy McCullagh made boots for me."

The bulk of our history and poetry are written in Irish, and shall we, who learn Italian, and Latin, and Greek, to read Dante, Livy, and Homer in the original—shall we be content with ignorance or a translation of Irish?

The want of modern scientific words in Irish is undeniable, and doubtless we should adopt the existing names into our language. The Germans have done the same thing, and no one calls German mongrel on that account. Most of these names are clumsy and extravagant; and are almost all derived from Greek or Latin, and cut as foreign a figure in French and English as they would in Irish. Once Irish was recognised as a language to be learned as much as French or Italian, our dictionaries would fill up, and our vocabularies ramify, to suit all the wants of life and conversation.

These objections are ingenious refinements, however, rarely thought of till after the other and great objection has been answered.

The usual objection to attempting the revival of Irish is, that it could not succeed.

If an attempt were made to introduce Irish, either through the national schools or the courts of law, into the eastern side of the island, it would certainly fail, and the reaction might extinguish it altogether. But no one contemplates this save as a dream of what may happen a hundred years hence. It is quite another thing to say, as we do, that the Irish language should be cherished, taught, and esteemed, and that it can be preserved and gradually extended.

What we seek is, that the people of the upper classes should have their children taught the language which explains our names of persons or places, our older history, and our music, and which is spoken in the majority of our counties, rather than Italian, German, or French. It would be more useful in life, more servicable to the taste and genius of young people, and a more flexible accomplishment for an Irish man or woman to speak, sing, and write Irish than French.

At present the middle classes think it a sign of vulgarity to speak Irish—the children are everywhere taught English and English alone in schools—and, what is worse, they are urged by rewards and punishments to speak it at home, for English is the language of their masters. Now, we think the example and exertions of the upper classes would be sufficient to set the opposite and better fashion of preferring Irish; and, even as a matter of taste, we think them bound to do so. And we ask it of the pride, the patriotism, and the hearts of our farmers and shopkeepers, will they try to drive out of their children's minds the native language of almost every great man we had, from Brian Boru to O'Connell—will they meanly sacrifice the language which names their hills, and towns, and music, to the tongue of the stranger?

About half the people west of a line drawn from Derry to Waterford speak Irish habitually, and in some of the mountain tracts east of that line it is still common. Simply requiring the teachers of the National Schools in these Irish-speaking districts to know Irish, and supplying them with Irish translations of the school books, would guard the language where it now exists, and prevent it from being swept away by the English tongue, as the red Americans have been by the English race from New York to New Orleans.

The example of the upper classes would extend and develop a modern Irish literature, and the hearty support

they have given to the Archaeological Society makes us hope that they will have sense and spirit to do so.

But the establishment of a newspaper partly or wholly Irish would be the most rapid and sure way of serving the language. The Irish-speaking man would find, in his native tongue, the political news and general information he has now to seek in English; and the English-speaking man, having Irish frequently before him in so attractive a form, would be tempted to learn its characters, and by-and-by its meaning.

These newspapers in many languages are now to be found everywhere but here. In South America many of these papers are Spanish and English, or French; in North America, French and English; in Northern Italy, German and Italian; in Denmark and Holland, German is used in addition to the native tongue; in Alsace and Switzerland, French and German; in Poland, German, French, and Slavonic; in Turkey, French and Turkish; in Hungary, Magyar, Slavonic, and German; and the little Canton of Grison uses three languages in its press. With the exception of Hungary, the secondary language is, in all cases, spoken by fewer persons than the Irish-speaking people of Ireland, and while they everywhere tolerate and use one language as a medium of commerce, they cherish the other as the vehicle of history, the wings of song, the soil of their genius, and a mark and guard of nationality.

Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

December 7,

Rev. Father Tymons, S.M., has returned from Sydney after attending the Centenary celebrations in connection with St. Mary's Cathedral, and the triennial congress of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul Society, at which 400 delegates from over a wide area were present.

At the proficiency examinations recently held in Napier all the pupils presented by the Marist Brothers were successful in gaining their certificates. The results achieved by the pupils of St. Joseph's Convent schools were: High School, proficiency 17; St. Joseph's parish school, proficiency 4; Māori Girls' College, proficiency 5, competency 1.

The many friends of Mr. W. C. Sproule will regret to learn that he is seriously ill, and is at present a patient in the Mater Misericordiae Hospital at Auckland. Mr. Sproule has always been most generous in his benefactions to the Church, and one of the first to assist in every good work in the parish. The parishioners of Napier are asked to remember him in their prayers.

For the Greater Honor and Glory of God!

CATHOLIC CHURCH, HOKITIKA.

Not only for the adornment, but also for the preservation of the new Church at Hokitika, it is necessary to undertake at once the work of plastering the building. In a damp climate the fine new church would in time be ruined if not protected. Therefore the parishioners have decided to co-operate with their pastor in undertaking the necessary work at the beginning of the new year.

A Grand Bazaar

for the purpose of raising the needed funds will open at Hokitika on DECEMBER 22, and will continue during Christmas week.

The parishioners return heartfelt thanks to the Sisters of various communities, within the diocese and beyond it, who have already sent them valuable gifts in aid of the bazaar. They appeal to their friends throughout New Zealand, and especially to old residents of Hokitika, to help on the good work. The faith of many a family throughout the Dominion has its roots in Hokitika, which was indeed among the nurseries of Catholicism in the South Island. Bonds of hallowed memories and of old friendships unite the children of the West Coast, no matter where they roam. The centre of all these memories and friendships is the Faith of Our Fathers that spread forth from the tabernacle of the church at Hokitika. To make the church beautiful and enduring is, therefore, a labor of love, in which all whose affection for the Coast is a reality, will esteem it a privilege to join in.

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By Maureen

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Boil together for about 10 minutes one pound of sugar and a quarter of a pint of milk or thin cream; then remove the pan from the fire and stir in a teaspoonful of essence of peppermint; beat the mixture until it is cool enough to drop a teaspoonful at a time, without it running, on to buttered paper. Do this as quickly as possible, as it soon sets in the pan; should this happen, warm it again for a moment.

FRENCH SALAD.

Take a large, firm cabbage-lettuce; one large is infinitely better than two small ones because the heart in the latter is not so close and more outside leaves have to be thrown away. Separate the leaves of the heart; they are so close that this is quite a difficult matter, but do not use a knife except to just cut off the stalk. Break the larger leaves across. Well rub the salad bowl with a cut head of garlic, press the head with a fork to extract all the juice, then throw the shreds of the head away. Place in the prepared lettuce leaves; put into a tablespoon a little salt and plenty of pepper, fill with salad oil, mix with a fork and pour over lettuce; repeat this three times; place in the same spoon a little made-mustard and a teaspoonful of sugar, fill with vinegar, mix and pour over lettuce, half fill with vinegar again and add, then with two spoons toss and turn the salad over and over for quite two minutes. All the dressing will become absorbed—there should be none in the bowl. Serve with this one hard-boiled egg to each person.

SPANISH SALAD.

Make a salad exactly as in the previous recipe, but before mixing add some finely-sliced cheese, then add the dressing and toss and mix all together. The cheese and oil make this extremely nourishing. If mixed as described the oil will not taste in the least; it only gives a delicious richness to the greenstuff, as butter does to bread.

BATTER AND FRUIT PUDDING.

Ingredients: 3oz flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2 eggs, a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar, fresh fruit. Mix the flour and salt, make a well in the centre and break in the eggs unbeaten, mix in the flour from the sides and gradually add half the milk, then while thick, beat the batter until the surface is covered with bubbles. Stir in the rest of the milk, cover and stand at least one hour. Prepare some fruit for cooking; if stone fruit is used, it must be ripe and the stones removed, if large plums cut each in half. Grease a basin and put in the fruit sprinkled with

sugar. Fill up with the batter, cover loosely with greased paper and steam $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Turn out and serve with sugar. This pudding may also be baked in a pie-dish.

A FRUIT CAKE WHICH WILL KEEP.

Weight one pound of flour, and mix with it three pounds of raisins and currants, combined in the proportion of one pound and one-half of each. Put into the flour sifter a cup or two at a time, and sift until the flour and the floured fruit are separated. Add to the flour three teaspoonfuls each of ground cloves and mace, also one large nutmeg grated, and sift once more. Cream one pound of butter until light and white; add gradually one pound of sugar, the juice and grated rind of one lemon, one-half a cup of treacle, and the beaten yolks of five eggs, added alternately with the flour sifted with spices, and the stiff-beaten whites of the five eggs. Lastly, add sufficient thick, tinned unsweetened milk, to mix all well. Line a round pan with well-greased paper, and pour in enough of the cake batter to cover the bottom. Have ready one-half a pound of citron, cut into thin strips, and arrange some of these in the batter in the pan. Pour in another layer of batter, stick strips of citron into this, and so proceed until all the batter is used up. Cover with greased paper, and bake for three hours in a moderate oven with gradually increasing heat, removing the paper at the end to brown the top. Or the cake may be steamed for the first two hours, and baked for the third hour. Various methods are employed to keep the cake for a long time. It may have the paper removed and be iced all over at once. It may retain the paper and be iced on top. It may be stored in a tin box with an open bowl of water, the box closely covered. It may be placed in a layer of sugar an inch deep in a cake box, and then have sugar added to fill in around the sides and cover the top to the depth of an inch. A glass of brandy added is a great improvement, and keeps the cake good for a year.

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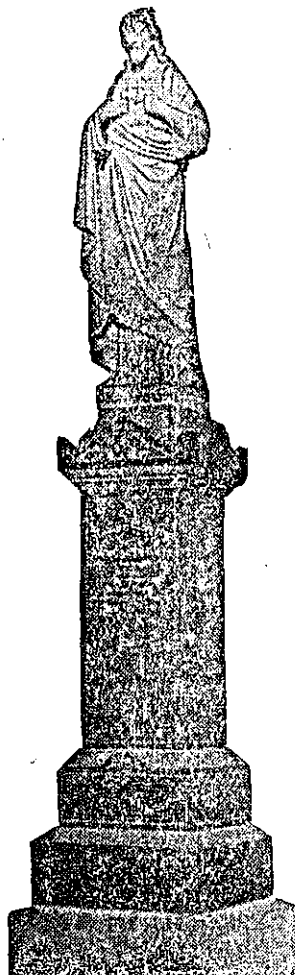
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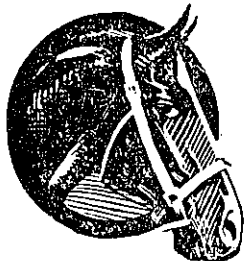
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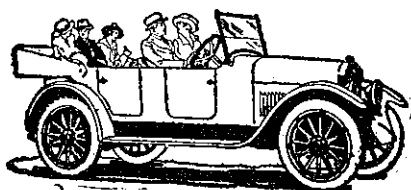
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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

There was another very large yarding of fat cattle at Burnside last week; 309 head was offered, the quality of which was good. There were one or two pens of very fine cattle forwarded, while the balance of the yarding was made up of medium to good steers, heifers, and cows. Competition was not animated, and prices showed a drop of 10s to 15s per head, as compared with the previous week. Quotations: Extra prime bullocks, £16 10s, prime £10 to £12, medium £8 10s to £9 10s, light steers £6 10s to £7 15s, prime heifers and cows to £11, light and aged £5 to £6, good cows and heifers £7 to £8 10s. Fat Sheep.—A good yarding, 2389 head being offered. There was a much greater proportion of ewes offered than has been the case for some time, while the bulk of the yarding consisted of shorn sheep, the number of sheep in the wool being smaller than of late. The proportion consisting of prime wethers was not great, and the bulk of the yarding was composed of medium to good ewes and wethers. At the commencement of the sale prices were about 1s in advance of the preceding week's rates, and as the sale progressed prices advanced to even a greater extent, especially for prime wethers. Altogether an average advance of about 2s per head would be recorded. Quotations:—Extra prime heavy woolly wethers 26s to 29s, prime 22s to 25s, medium 18s 6d to 22s 6d, light sorts 12s to 17s, woolly ewes, good 15s to 19s 3d, light 10s to 14s, extra prime heavy-weight shorn wethers 24s, prime 19s to 23s, medium 16s to 18s, light from 12s upwards, extra prime shorn ewes 22s, prime 17s to 19s, medium 14s to 16s, light and inferior 10s to 13s. Fat Lambs.—A very large yarding, 753 head coming under the hammer. The supply was much in excess of requirements, and competition was brisk at a reduction, prices being lower from 3s to 4s per head as compared with the previous week. Quotations:—Extra prime lambs 23s 9d, good 16s to 18s, medium 12s 6d to 14s 6d, light 9s to 11s 6d. Pigs.—A large yarding, all classes being well represented. Bidding was somewhat slack and prices for large pigs were again easier. Best baconers made from 7d to 7½d per lb, and best porkers from 7¼d to 8¼d per lb.

At Addington market last week there was an average yarding in all sections of stock, excepting fat lambs, which were in over-supply, and fat sheep, of which there was a smaller entry. There was a decided drop in lamb values, and slight steady-up in prime mutton. Beef showed a further drop. Fat Lambs.—2230 penned, which was much in excess of butchers' requirements. There was another drop in prices, which were the poorest for a number of years. At the opening values averaged 4d to 4½d per lb (a few exceptional pens a shade over). Extra prime lambs 17s 6d to 20s, prime 13s 9d to 16s 9d, medium 11s 6d to 13s 6d, light and inferior 8s 9d to 11s 3d. Fat Sheep.—A slightly improved market for good wethers. Secondary ewes were in little demand. Extra prime wethers up to 22s 7d, prime 17s 6d to 20s, medium 15s to 17s 3d, light and inferior 10s 10d to 14s 6d, prime ewes 15s to 17s, medium 11s to 14s 9d, light and inferior 7s 4d to 10s 9d. Fat Cattle.—Big beef was down about 20s to 25s a head, light prime beef maintaining recent values. Old cow beef was almost unsaleable. Extra prime steers up to £15, prime £10 17s 6d to £13 12s 6d, medium £8 to £10 12s 6d, light £5 10s to £17 17s 6d, prime heifers £7 15s to £9 15s, ordinary £6 5s to £7 12s, prime cows £5 10s to £8 15s, ordinary £3 10s to £5 7s 6d. Vealers.—Prices were on a par with late rates. Runners up to £4 17s 6d, good vealers £3 2s 6d, medium £2 10s, good calves 15s to £1 2s 6d, small 5s to 12s 6d. Fat Pigs.—The demand was a shade better, except for heavy baconers. Choppers £2 to £4 10s, light baconers £3 5s to £3 15s, heavy £4 to £4 5s (average price per lb 6d to 6¾d), light porkers £2 7s to £2 12s 6d, heavy £2 15s to £3 3s (average price per lb 8d to 9d).

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GARDENING NOTES

(By MR. J. JOYCE, Landscape Gardener, Christchurch.)
WORK FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER.

The Vegetable Garden.—December is a rather trying month for vegetable culture owing to the hot winds which frequently prevail. It is necessary, therefore, to have a ready supply of water to counteract the unusual dryness of the soil thus occasioned. Liquid manure will be found very beneficial to the growing crops of cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli, and all such green vegetables. If available, a mulch of fine rotted manure will prove efficacious, and prevent evaporation of moisture from the soil, while an occasional hoeing will also have a good effect. Keep up a supply of plants by seed-sowing in small quantities. Vegetable marrow, pumpkin, and hardy cucumber seed should be sown without delay in suitable well-manured situations and watered occasionally. Tomatoes may be planted out now without risk. Sow peas and French beans to keep up a succession of crops; with regard to peas it is time to repeat the sowing when the previous one is appearing above the surface of the ground. There should be a continued sowing of radish, lettuce, and mustard and cress for salads, also onion seed for pulling when young.

The Flower Garden.—All bedding-out should be completed by now, and the chief work in the flower garden will be the mowing of lawns and keeping weeds in check by a constant use of the hoe during fine weather. Use weed-killer on the walks: it saves labor and prevents the paths from being broken up. Keep all spent flowers cut away to allow the shoots to make fresh growth and prolong the flowering. Prune back flowering shrubs in like manner, and thus provide for fresh growth for successive blossoming. All shoots springing from the base of roses require to be cut away. All grafted trees should be similarly treated, and these, as well as budded need careful attention to obtain the best results. Water the roses with plenty of liquid manure to secure a good display of hearty blooms. Care should be taken when cutting the blooms. One is often tempted to cut a finely developed bloom growing in the heart of a collection of buds, with the result that the buds have to go along with it, thus losing a number for the sake of one. It is far better to cut an isolated bloom and allow the buds to fully develop and beautify the garden. Do not cut away any of the leaves of bulbs until they turn yellow, allowing them to remain on strengthens the bulb for the following season's flowering. Although chrysanthemums will grow in any good soil they require attention. They should be trained to a trellis or stakes and supplied with liquid manure occasionally, and have the young shoots cut off from the bottom of the plant. Dahlias require to be tied to stakes and also treated with liquid manure at frequent intervals.

A Palmerston North *Standard* representative has been shown a lock of wool measuring 46in in length, taken from a hermit crossbred sheep on a station at Wanstead, Hawke's Bay. The wool represents a growth of seven years. The animal lived in a gully, and each year was shorn by a shepherd, who left a patch of wool seven years ago which he did not touch in the successive seasons until recently, when the lock, on being measured, was found to be the length stated.

St. Patrick's Church, Raetihi Ireland's Crisis

Ireland's delegates in London to decide Ireland's future. Who with Irish blood and faith is not in breathless anxiety? Who does not hope that Ireland's rights will be fully recognised, and who does not fondly hope and pray that Ireland's women (the bravest of the brave) who stood on Ireland's Calvary, will witness the glory of Ireland's resurrection?

Send an offering to-day to Ireland's Patron, St. Patrick. Ask him to intercede in this crisis and secure freedom for Ireland. Send an offering for St. Patrick's Church, Raetihi.

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I n-aínn De,
 Dar Criost a Aon-Mhac,
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 Dar Padraic Apstal Gaedheal,
 Dar dílseacht Chuilm Chille,
 Dar clu ar geinidh,
 Dar cru ar Sinnsear,
 Dar dumharbhadh Aodha Ruaidh,
 Dar bas truaighmheileach Aodha Uí Neall,
 Dar oidheadh Eoghain Ruaidh,
 Dar mian an tSairsealaigh le ucht a bhais,
 Dar osna eagcomlainn an Ghearaltaigh,
 Dar creachtaibh croilinnteacha Tone,
 Dar fuil usail Emmet,
 Dar corpaibh an Ghorta,
 Dar deoraibh deoraidhe nGaedheal,
 Do-bheirimid na mionna do-bheireadh ar sinnis,
 Go bhfuasclochaimid do gheibheann ar geinid,
 No go dtuitimid bonn le bonn. Amen.

[TRANSLATION.]

In the name of God,
 By Christ His Only Son,
 By His Blessed Mother Mary,
 By St. Patrick, Apostle of the Gael,
 By beloved Colm-Cille,
 By the fame of our race,
 By the blood of our ancestors,
 By the murder of Red Hugh,
 By the mournful death of Hugh O'Neill,
 By the murder of Owen Roe,
 By the dying wish of Sarsfield,
 By the piteous moans of the Geraldine,
 By the bloody wounds of Tone,
 By the gore of Emmet,
 By the corpses of the Famine,
 By the tears of the exiles from Erin,
 We will take the vows that our fathers took
 That we will break the chains of our race
 Or die in the attempt. Amen.

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A TALK WITH MRS. DE VALERA.

(By DORIS STEVENS.)

What the Men Said:

The most popular girl in Dublin.
The best dancer.
No end of good looks.
Had fifty suitors, but young de Valera persisted until she married him.

What the Women Said:

She is most charming and attractive.
A beautiful woman.
So gifted in our ancient Irish tableaux—has dramatic as well as literary talent.

It was of Mrs. de Valera, wife of the Sinn Fein leader, that I heard those things said before I met and talked with her at a garden party at the country house of Professor Eoin MacNeill, the Speaker of Dail Eireann, in the first days of the truce. They were, it will be agreed, well calculated to stimulate my already keen curiosity.

Happy groups were on the lawn, for many of the people had been "on the run" for two years and were meeting socially for the first time. Talk was gay, not only about politics, as was inevitable, but about poetry, the drama, philosophy, biology—what not?

Into one of the groups came Mr. de Valera and his wife, the latter looking very small by the side of her tall, slim husband as they walked across the lawn. Mr. de Valera introduced me to his wife with a twinkle in his eye, which I understood to mean, "Get her if you can." I accepted the challenge. And soon Mrs. de Valera and I had found a corner in which to talk.

PUPIL-SUITOR.

Her sea-blue eyes strike one first. She has an almost child-like smile, with only occasionally a suggestion of haunting sadness when she speaks of some particular Irish tragedy. Otherwise her face is singularly untouched by the strain of the late years. Those who knew her in her early youth say her smile is more quiet now. But that is to be expected. Her countenance radiates happiness, however, not sadness. Her mass of burnished gold hair tops off dramatically the brilliant coloring of her healthy, sea-bred complexion. She is mature, to be sure, but it is the maturity which has kept its youth in spite of six children.

As with so many Irishwomen, her mode of dress was far more French than British. A dark blue soft satin cape of loose, graceful lines covered her blue frock. A dark blue velvet hat of girlish cut, with rolled-back brim, set off her golden hair. Blue silk stockings and little black pumps completed her charming costume.

"Do you know William Rooney's poems and ballads?" were almost her first words to me, spoken in her soft, quiet, musical voice. I did not know them, but could I get them at the Irish Book Shop? Yes, I could. And would I read the very first beautiful one, called "Dear Dark Head"? "The volume has a preface by Arthur Griffith," she said. And she launched into earnest praise of Mr. Griffith, the Sinn Fein Vice-President. "He it was," she said, "who inspired me to learn Gaelic."

Sini O'Flanagan—for that was her maiden name—in turn became a teacher of Irish. She has one time or another taught most of the present Irish leaders their knowledge of the Irish language. Among her pupils was the young university professor, Eamon de Valera, who became her husband in 1900.

She will not for a moment admit that coming to her class led the young scholar into the movement of which he became the leader. "He could not have avoided being caught up by the movement," she said. "It simply happened this way. You must realise what a tremendous influence the study of the Irish language has had on the political views of young Irishmen. If the language movement had been a mere superficial pastime it would not have taken roots as it has. But it became a vital part of the Nationalist movement because thoughtful people were soon made to realise our distinct racial culture through this medium."

Mrs. de Valera has never given up altogether an active participation in the Gaelic movement. "Of course you cannot do much else in life when you have six little children to look after. And I have given myself to this task of late years. I still manage to find time to teach Irish to the nuns in a convent nearby to my home. Then, too, I love the country. We are at the sea [Greystones, their home, is a loyalist centre 17 miles from Dublin]; I never come up to Dublin except when I have to."

"Do the children speak Irish?" I asked.

"The four eldest speak Irish fluently. The two youngest will as soon as they are old enough to learn. But I believe that while you are rearing children and looking after the home you need not neglect to bring the world into your home."

That Mrs. de Valera has not neglected that side of life is evident from her preoccupation with every problem occupying people's minds to-day.

"I sometimes wonder," she said, "if women had had the power in the world that men have had, or even equal power with men, if they would have done better. . . I know the theory that women when cruel are more refined in their cruelty, but at best now women are only followers, not leaders. Do you think most women are pacifists?" she queried.

I answered that I did not believe women would organise for murder as men had always done, if women had power and leadership in national and international affairs, but that they followed men into war as they always followed men into all their pursuits. "Left to themselves," I said, "I do not think they would organise to kill the young."

"I wonder!" she said. "I am inclined to think that women are a little more civilised than men. All mothers really hate war—that much I am sure of. I feel just as sorry for English mothers who have lost their boys as I do for Irish mothers."

She did not find it easy to talk about what she had

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suffered during the heart-breaking warfare in her country. She spoke of the many raids on their home when she was alone with her little children—raids when her husband was being sought. Those had been days and nights of torture, waiting, always waiting, for news that her husband had not been run down, for he spent night on night, month on month, fleeing his pursuers. "And I never knew from hour to hour what news would come of him."

Her visit to the United States last year came as a respite. I was only free of distress when I knew my husband was in prison. When they were hunting him it was terrible. He had so little peace. And our home life was so destroyed.

But she would not dwell on that topic. "No one who has all her loved ones still alive has a right to complain. I am silent before those brave women who bear the grief of death. I have always said I could bear anything but that—not death! And yet I know, or rather I feel sometimes, that the dead are further along than we are," she added mystically. "Perhaps they are happier. And we would be false to our honored dead if we accepted now less than the thing for which they died. On the other hand, we must do everything in our power to stop the cruel warfare against our people. God will help us!" Her faith in God is absolute.

Mrs. Michael O'Callaghan, the young widow of the late Mayor of Limerick, who was assassinated in his home, joined us at this point in the conversation, and discussion turned to tragedy, as it does sooner or later in an Irish gathering. Mrs. O'Callaghan said she preferred the way her husband came to his end—shot in her presence—rather than the agony of Mrs. MacSweeney's trial at watching her husband die on hunger-strike. Mrs. de Valera thought it would be easier to endure the latter ordeal.

As I had just crossed the Atlantic Mrs. de Valera asked me about the Prohibition movement in the United States—it is well known that nearly all the Sinn Feiners are teetotallers. What had the women had to do with it, she wanted to know. She did not reveal what she herself thought about the virtue or vice of Prohibition. But she wanted to know on which side the women threw their influence.

She asked me about the new movement of women in the United States toward abolishing sex discriminations. "I am interested," she said, "in making the home a better place for women. I realise that as far as we can see ahead, the majority of women will function in the home, and there will lie the centre around which to raise the standards."

We spoke of her visit to the United States. "I only stayed six weeks," she said. "You see, my husband was so frightfully busy that even then I scarcely saw anything of him. So I came back to my children, who needed me more than he did." And I thought I detected an inevitable sadness, not complaint, of the very feminine woman who has perforce to give up her husband almost entirely to a movement.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆
1916.

Dew-pearled cobwebs glitter on green boughs,
Beneath our feet the grass is wet with dew,
It seems as if this clear dawn must arouse
Our broken world to something strange and new.

Deep in the high-built fortress of the pines,
Lost to her stars dark night imprisoned lies,
Near my hushed soul in peace a white rose shines,
Like a new dream down flung from ancient skies.

Alas, the bugles on the distant plain—
The guns break forth with their insistent din,
The dews of noon-day leave a crimson stain
On grass, that all men's feet must wander in.

Oh, singing splendor of the morning furled,
About the souls of trees, the hearts of flowers.
Have you no dream of beauty for the world—
This bitter blood-stained world we men call ours?

—EVA GORE-BOOTH.

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LOURDES AND IRELAND

(By Mrs. Michael Sullivan, in the *Dublin Leader*.)

During the late years of the terrible war which has laid Europe low, and when the French had taken over the supreme command of the army, a French acquaintance said to me:—"Now, for the first time since 1870, it is asked—What does France think?" Soon, I hope that we Irish will be able to say likewise and to rejoice at once again having the management of our own affairs and at feeling sure that we, too, shall be asked—What does Ireland think? Early in July I visited Lourdes and there, on the notices outside the churches of the Grotto, was a printed paragraph asking, and sanctioning the asking of, the pilgrims for prayers for Ireland. These notices tell the pilgrims the hour of their Mass at the Grotto and also the hours of their other devotions, and consequently are read by very many. Some say Ireland is unknown to the average French man or woman. I never found it so. The French, on being told that one is Irish, immediately recognise an inhabitant of a friendly country, one of their own religion, and one whose tone of thought differs little from their own. The language question does puzzle them a bit, but the French are not alone in that. I remember a professor from Fribourg, in Baden, saying to me:—"I regret I cannot talk to you in your native language, but I know middle and ancient Irish; these I found necessary to study and to be acquainted with in order to possess a good knowledge of the subject I profess in our University."

For those who have Catholic beliefs Lourdes is an entrancing spot. Once one passes the gates leading into the grounds of the Grotto—and these gates stand open—one sees no buying or selling; no need to say as did Our Lord, "You have made a den of thieves of My Father's house." True there is a tiny little room close by the Grotto where religious objects, candles, etc., can be purchased, but this is an exception, and it did not seem to me that the proprietors pushed their wares; and, I must add, this little store is a great convenience, as from where it stands to the nearest spot where one could buy a drinking cup or a candle is very considerable. What I wish to convey, is that in the grounds of the Grotto, and they are extensive, there is not the usual crowd selling, yes, plaguing one to buy something and making it impossible to keep one's mind on the one thing needful. The management of Lourdes is excellent. During all these years since Our Blessed Lady, through Bernadette, made it known to the wide world, Lourdes has retained its deeply religious aspect, and there one almost forgets the outside world. The excursions are not boomed, and although Tarbes is only 25 minutes by train from Lourdes and is the birthplace of General Foch and the home of his parents, there were no placards announcing this fact. The French form the bulk of the pilgrims. Pilgrims come from other countries. The "Catholic Young Men"—I presume that that very excellent society of Catholic young men is known to all readers of the *Leader*—personally conducts a pilgrimage of Irish Catholics to Lourdes every year. They make arrangements to be in Lourdes for the magnificent festivities of August 15. But France sends her sons and her daughters there in their thousands, and they do pray and with such fervor, just as the Irish pray, knowing full well that Our Lady of Lourdes will intercede with her Divine Son for all of us. Everything in and around the Grotto is free—no charge—free entrance at all hours to all the churches. The baths are free. One can drink as much of the water as suit's one's taste and, in addition, can carry away as much of it as one likes or is able to carry; water is fairly heavy. Taking charge of a supply of Lourdes water on a long journey is not free from trouble.

As far as I can, I will incite and lead others on to love God with all their heart above all things.—St. Francis of Assisi.

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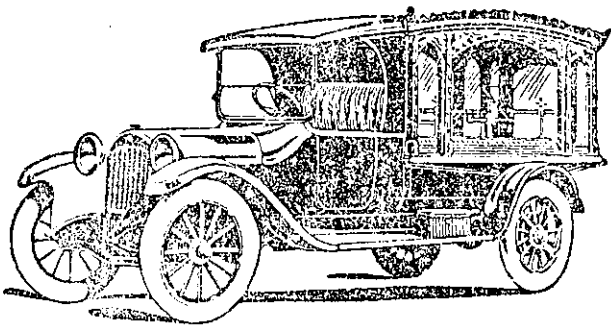
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