

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART,
TIMARU.

THE ANNUAL SPIRITUAL RETREAT FOR LADIES,
PREACHED BY
THE REVEREND G. KELLY, S.J.,
Will begin on the EVENING of WEDNESDAY, January 17th, and end
on MONDAY MORNING, January 22nd.
Ladies who wish to attend should apply as soon as possible to
THE REVEREND MOTHER.

A. M. SS. CC. J. M. G.

CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART,
(Conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart),
ISLAND BAY, WELLINGTON.

THE system of education embraces a regular and graduated
course of studies, including—
A thorough knowledge of Christian Doctrine
All the branches of an English Education
The French Language and Literature
The Elements of Latin
Theory of Music, Class Singing, Calisthenics, and
Plain and Ornamental Needlework.
The new Convent will be opened, and Pupils received in.....
FEBRUARY, 1906.
For further particulars, apply to
THE REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR.

TO SCHOOL MANAGERS.

ADVERTISER, a Practical Teacher, desires **ENGAGEMENT** in
a College or Parochial School.
Teaches Latin, French, Gaelic, Experimental Science (the latter
a speciality), and in general all subjects usually taught in Second-
ary Schools.
Thoroughly acquainted with the work of the Primary School's
an experienced Catechist, and well accustomed to the teaching of
Church Music to children.
Unexceptionable references as to character and capabilities.
Apply "MAGISTER," office of this paper.

THANKS.

FATHER COFFEY and his Relatives desire to return their
most sincere thanks to all those who showed such kindness
and sympathy during the long illness and solemn obsequies of the
late Very Rev. Dean Foley, S.M.



*To promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the
ways of Truth and Peace.*

LEO. XIII. to the N.Z. TABLET

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1905.

PASSING OF THE YELLOW SERF

EVERY political quack has his panacea. And
some of them profess a belief in the omni-
potence of their nostrums as firm as did
Waltho Van Clutterbank in his Balsam of
Balsams, two drops of which were war-
ranted to restore knocked-out brains and
reseat decapitated heads. Lord Milner was
one of the knot of political Van Clutter-
banks who invented and prescribed the Yellow Balsam
of Balsams—to wit, Chinese serf-labor—as the Grand

Palladium of South Africa. The German mine-owners
on the Rand wanted to job more millions. The cheaper
the labor the bigger the profits. British workers—for
whose comfort the war was once fabled to have been
fought—were so fastidious as to wish to live like human
beings, as they had lived in the days of Oom Paul. For
this impertinence they were left, after the war, to starve
like ownerless dogs in the streets of Johannesburg. Even
black labor was too dear for the new project of the
millionaires. And so 'Chinese cheap labor' was struck
upon as a sure means of turning the Transvaal into a
money-making paradise for the hard-fisted monopolists
who had taken special care not to expose their precious
skins within range of the Boer Mausers when the war
was dragging its slow length along. And for these sel-
fish capitalists New Zealand sacrificed so many useful
lives, the British and Irish taxpayer spent £200,000,000
in good minted gold, without counting the Empire's loss
in money, blood, and prestige.

The feeling has long been widespread throughout the
Empire that this was too high a price to pay for the
privilege of chasing great numbers of white Christian
workers out of the Rand and replacing them with
pagan bondmen from the slums of Canton and Shanghai
—all in the interests of a knot of magnates of the
Stock Exchange. This sordid ending of a squalid war
has given rise to many a biting political lampoon.
Hereunder is one which will bear reprinting at the pre-
sent juncture. It was used with good effect some
eighteen months ago to harrow up the soul and dash the
hopes of a Tory candidate for an English constituency:

'There is a happy Rand,
Far, far away;
Where impoverished landlords pay
ONE "bob" a day.
These Chin-Chins toil all day,
And, toiling, sadly say:
"Chinee man likee be
Far, far away."

'Once on that golden Rand—
He can't get away;
His not to question why,
But to obey.
Barbed wire surroundeth him,
And police, with faces grim,
Staves in hand, they slowly sing:
"Toil, toil all day."

'There was a happy land
NOT far away;
Britain we called that land,
Not far away.
But if Joey has his way,
And we allow his sway,
PIGTAILS will soon be seen
NOT far away.'

But the passing of the yellow serf is now at hand.
Ex-Prime Minister Mr. Balfour saw the shadow cast by
coming events when he issued his recent dramatic ap-
peal to the Liberal woodman (Mr. Campbell-Bannerman),
to 'spare that tree'—to leave the polyglot plutocrats
of the Rand in peaceful possession of their present and
prospective slant-eyed chattels. It would (he pleaded)
be 'a great and criminal blunder' to stop the importa-
tion of indented yellow serfs from the Distant East.
But its extinction has been happily decreed. If the
Liberal party return to power, pigtails will in due
course be far, far away from the Rand—deported, bag
and baggage, to the place from which they came. The
curtain will then be rung down on one of the most
discreditable results of the late war. And then, per-
haps, the white worker—for whom the millionaires shed
such a wealth of mock-turtle tears when the war was
brewing—may be afforded as good a chance of making a
living in the Transvaal mines as they had under the
patriarchal rule of Oom Paul Kruger.