

On his return from the chase, Twain posted the following notice on his front door:—'To the next burglar.—There's nothing but plated ware in this house now and henceforth. You'll find it in that brass thing in the dining-room over in the corner by the basket of kittens. If you want the basket put the kittens in the brass thing. Don't make a noise. It disturbs the family. You'll find "rubbers" in the front hall by that thing which has umbrellas in it—chiffonier, I think they call it, or pergola or something like that. Please close the door.—Yours truly, S. L. CLEMENS.'

The Silence Cure

In another week the cataract of election oratory will have ceased to flow in the Dominion, and the peace of Nirvana will settle down for a time upon the land. Candidates, both defeated and successful, will have an opportunity of poulticing their overwrought vocal chords, of tying up their tired jawbones in bandages, and of trying for a brief space the virtues of the silence cure. A lecturer of the Psycho-Therapeutic Society recently recommended this treatment to parliamentary candidates and others whose supple tongues are hung like the leaf of the aspen, so that the slightest zephyr of circumstances sets them in motion. A great deal of energy (said the lecturer) is wasted by excessive talking. Nay, more, the excessive talker was described by him as 'a human vampire sapping the vital energy of those around him.' 'People who are silent by nature,' he explained, 'are seldom ill. Very often those whom the specialists receive in their consulting room are great talkers.' An English proverb has it that speech is silver and silence golden. An Irish saying couches this idea in the poetic phrase: 'There is melody in the closed mouth.' We are waiting for the gentle melody that follows the storm of electioneering words, words, words.

The Eucharistic Procession

High judicial authorities seem now agreed that the proposed Eucharistic procession was perfectly legal. Among them is so distinguished a lawyer as Judge Willis, K.C., who is a Baptist in religion. 'In my opinion,' said he, 'the proposed procession was as lawful as a procession of the Salvation Army or a procession of brewers' draymen. If Mr. Asquith had threatened to put down the procession by force, the Archbishop of Westminster might have laughed him to scorn. No power was conferred on Mr. Asquith for dealing with the procession by the provision of the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829. Section 26 of that Act imposed a penalty of £50 on all Roman Catholic ecclesiastics officiating save in their usual places of worship or in private houses. The penalty was to be recovered as a debt due to the Crown, by information to be filed in the name of his Majesty's Attorney-General.'

On Sunday, September 20, an opportunity was offered to those who desired to test the legality of a Catholic procession through the streets of London. The part of the city selected was the Tower Hill part of the great metropolis. A beautiful and imposing procession moved through the streets. 'It had been whispered,' says the *Catholic Herald* of September 26, 'that there was just a possibility that the Protestant Alliance and Kensit crusaders would turn up to interfere with and endeavor to mar the success of the demonstration. In view of such a contingency, an extra large muster of Irish working men from the river side districts turned up to protect the processionists should need arise. There was no disturbance. It was noticed that many of the Jewish residents decorated their houses in honor of the event. Bishop Miller, of South Africa, marched in the procession in his purple robes, and continuously imparted his blessing to the crowds, who raised their hats in salutation as he passed by.'

Mother-in-law

When gold miners have worked out a claim, they pack up and go elsewhere in search of the yellow king of metals. If professional jokers followed this lead, there would be less of sadness in the so-called lighter side of illustrated journalism. The tortured torturers of reluctant 'wut' have long ago exhausted whatever of fun there was to be got out of the Weary Willy tramp, the mother-in-law, the stingy Jew and Scot, and the anthropoid ape that is made to talk in a barbarous dialect that is alleged to be 'Irish.' We are reminded of all this by a series of cuttings of mother-in-law 'wut' that have been culled from various newspapers and sent to us by a Wellington reader for comment. We see neither wit nor humor in the collection. And behind all these elephantine efforts at witticism there lies the subtle inculcation of a contempt or disrespect which is hardly

calculated to make for goodwill in the household. They do some things differently in China. In this connection we may quote from a brochure published some years ago by Mr. Frank Browne, the Government analyst at Hong Kong. It is entitled *The Experiences of a British Pharmacist in China*, and contains the following mother-in-law story which illustrates in a rather drastic way the manner in which filial piety is inculcated in the Hwa Kwo or Flowery Kingdom: A man and his wife maltreated the husband's mother. The case was proven and confessed. The penalty was rather deterrent: The scene of the crime was cursed; the active participants in the ill-treatment were put to death—in the Chinese fashion; the mother of the wife was bamboozed, branded, and exiled for her daughter's crime. The house inhabited by the offenders was dug up, students from the district were not allowed to attend public examinations, and even the magistrates were deprived of their office. The mother-in-law has rather a good time in that land of filial piety. And when the Celestial's visage expands in his slow, wise smile, it is not at some crude joke about a mother-in-law.

DIocese OF DUNEDIN

Rev. Brother Hennessy, assistant to the Superior-General of the Christian Brothers, is at present on a visit to Dunedin.

On Sunday evening at St. Joseph's Cathedral the Very Rev. Dean Burke, of Invercargill, preached an impressive sermon on words taken from the Gospel of the day.

Mr. E. J. Comer, officer in charge of the railway ticket department at Dunedin, was on Tuesday presented by the railway staff, on the occasion of his approaching marriage, with a spirit lamp and silver kettle, also a salad bowl. Mr. Duncan (station-master) made the presentation.

The ladies of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and their friends, who made a canvass of the city and suburbs on behalf of the St. Vincent de Paul Orphanage, South Dunedin, were most successful. They have handed in to the manager, the Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., a sum of £160 for this most praiseworthy object....

On November 9 the clubs in connection with St. Joseph's Hall held their annual picnic at Taiaroa Head, to which they were conveyed by the oil launch Maheno. The day was windy, but pleasant, and a most enjoyable time was spent by the young people in games of various kinds. Very Rev. Dean Burke, Rev. Father Coffey, Adm., and the Christian Brothers accompanied the party.

DIocese OF AUCKLAND

(By Telegraph from our own correspondent.)

November 9.

Rev. Father Carran, who was recently ordained in Ireland by his Lordship Bishop Lenihan for this diocese, arrived here on Sunday night. He was welcomed by his mother and brother.

The net result of the Sacred Heart parish bazaar was £301, which will more than free the parish from all debt. Fathers Edge and Doyle and their parishioners have done exceedingly well, and deserve commendation.

Very Rev. Dean Gillan addressed the congregation at the Cathedral on last Sunday morning, and explained the financial position of the parish. Nearly £2000 had been paid in reduction of the debt since the Bishop left last February. The details of expenditure and receipts were given.

According to recent advices his Lordship Bishop Lenihan leaves on his homeward journey at the end of the present month. He is expected to arrive here in the first week in January. A meeting will be called at an early date for the purpose of extending to him a hearty welcome.

One of the religious here has received a letter from Home which contained the interesting story that the monstrosity used by the Papal Legate at Benediction in the balcony of Westminster Cathedral at the time of the Eucharistic Congress was the one presented by Henry VIII. to a convent in Brussels, and from this convent it was sent over for the occasion.

The annual mortuary services were held at the Symond street cemetery last Sunday afternoon, when Very Rev. Dean Gillan, Rev. Fathers Edge, Brennan, and Doyle, and large numbers from the surrounding parishes were present. St. Benedict's choir, under Mr. Jackson, rendered very appropriate music. Rev. Father Edge delivered the following discourse:—'If we

J. TAIT, Monumental Sculptor
273 Cashel Street W., Christchurch.

{ Just over Bridge and opposite Drill Shed. } Manufacturer and Importer of Every Description of Headstones, Cross Monuments etc., in Granite, Marble and other stones.