

Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- December 13, Sunday.—Third Sunday in Advent.
 „ 14, Monday.—The Holy House of Loreto.
 „ 15, Tuesday.—Octave of the Immaculate Conception.
 „ 16, Wednesday.—St. Eusebius, Bishop and Martyr.
 Ember Day.
 „ 17, Thursday.—St. Leonard of Port Maurice, Confessor.
 „ 18, Friday.—Expectation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 Ember Day.
 „ 19, Saturday.—Blessed Urban V., Pope and Confessor.
 Ember Day.

Expectation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

As we approach more nearly to the great feast of the Nativity, the Church redoubles her exhortations to prepare in a worthy manner for its celebration. To-day she urges us to join in the longing desires and fervent aspirations with which the Blessed Virgin hailed the approach of the happy day when she was to hold in her arms the Incarnate Son of God.

Blessed Urban V., Pope and Confessor.

Before his elevation to the Papacy, Blessed Urban was abbot of the monastery of St. Victor, near Marseilles, and as Pope he cultivated the same qualities which had distinguished him as a monk. His virtues were in striking contrast with the corruption of the times in which he lived, and would have done honor to a better age. His pontificate lasted from 1362 to 1370.

GRAINS OF GOLD

A FRAGILE SPAN.

The swan's wake in the glassy mere,
 The southward highway of the bird,
 The path of a star-ray in the sphere,
 The road of the west wind ere 'tis heard:
 Aye, even as these is the fragile span
 Of years that are called the life of man.

—Ave Maria.

To select well among old things is almost equal to inventing new ones.—Trublet.

There may be only two or three opportunities in a lifetime of proving oneself brave, but every hour of every day one may have the satisfaction of knowing that he is not a coward.—Anon.

The simple question is, whatever a man's rank in life may be, does he in that rank perform the work that God has given him to do?

To work—to do honest work of any kind—is, after all, the very first requisite of true religion. And when we base our chances of acceptance on the work we have done with our hands, this will be a better world full of better men and women.

He who by nature is coarse and violent, and who by dint of resolution becomes gentle and amiable, often becomes capable of great and difficult undertakings in the service of God; because that very stubbornness, or that natural obstinacy, used in a good cause, knows neither defeat nor discouragement.—St. Ignatius.

No true product of human reasoning and no phenomenon in the world can ever defy the Faith; but the abnormal suppositions which vivid imaginations conjure up from the mass of disconnected facts that lie before them will never cease to disturb religious minds. These grotesque hypotheses, however, do not constitute science. They are as far removed from science as the sombre doctrines of paganism are removed from the revelations of Christianity.

If you would be 'young when old,' adopt the sun-dial's motto, 'I record none but hours of sunshine.' Never mind the dark or shadowed hours. Forget unpleasant, unhappy days. Remember only the days of rich experiences; let the others drop into oblivion. It is said that 'long livers are great hoppers.' If you keep your hope bright in spite of discouragements and meet all difficulties with a cheerful face, it will be very difficult for age to trace its furrows on your brow. There is longevity in cheerfulness.

The Storyteller

A MESALLIANCE

(Concluded from last week.)

'The man doesn't mend either as quickly as I'd like,' the doctor said to that faithful confidant, his wife. 'He won't be able for the same kind of work next winter. He's really a charming fellow. I begin to see, apart from his good looks, why she married him. It's an idyll, Alicia. I hope those people of hers won't let it be spoilt by the pinch of poverty.'

To that letter of hers to Miss Henrietta Crackenthorpe Muriel had received no answer. Ah, that was bad. It seemed as though the lady were unforgiving; and it was not the time to approach Patrick with the tale of his dwindling two hundred pounds being saddled with so heavy a debt. When he was stronger—and the strength came back so slowly—it would be time enough. The summer would surely make him well again.

She sent another letter to Miss Henrietta Crackenthorpe, asking time for the repayment of the debt. Her husband had been ill; there had been a baby; their resources had been strained to the uttermost.

A few evenings afterwards they sat in the lamplight, the little family of three, who were sufficient for each other's felicity. There was a little bright fire, for even summer evenings are damp in Ireland; but the windows were open, and the summer moths came in and fluttered about the lamp.

Muriel had the baby on her lap, his face in shadow away from the light. She was sewing, and Patrick was reading aloud, with deliberate carefulness, Miss Thackeray's 'Village on the Cliff.' It was a portion of his education. Seeing how late it had begun, it made wonderful progress, and Muriel, with a fond smile, would declare herself proud of her pupil. Learning seemed to come by second nature to Patrick.

Only that day the doctor had suggested to her that it would be unwise for Patrick to remain in his present employment during the winter, when there must be hardships.

'A winter abroad would set him up completely. After that I should have nothing to say.'

'Her rich friends will help her,' thought the doctor, nor guessed at the despair that filled Muriel's heart.

Now, as he read, she put in her careful stitches, and glanced from time to time at her husband's face. His illness had left an unearthly kind of delicacy behind. It had refined away the last traces of the class in which Patrick O'Kelly had grown up—the class which misses the refinement of the peasant as much as that of the gentry.

Her mind was working upon itself. If they must leave the Colonel after all, they could only repay him the money which he had not withheld from Patrick during his long weeks of his illness and convalescence. And what was Patrick to do? How was she to give him the fallow time in which to grow strong. As for going abroad, that was as unattainable as Heaven. Must they eat up the remainder of the two hundred pounds? If it were not for the baby: the coming of that small person had complicated everything. She no longer felt herself her own to spend for Patrick. There was the baby to be thought of.

Through the confusion of her thoughts, and that half-sense which listened to the fortunes of Dick Butler and his Reine, she had caught now and again a distant sound of wheels. She had only noticed it sub-consciously. This time of year tourists were common enough in the neighborhood. And presently the sounds died away. There was nothing outside but the broad silver shield of the lake in the full moonlight, and the sharp lights and shadows in the hills.

Suddenly someone came into the room—a lady cloaked and bonneted, a traveller. She had opened the door herself, and entered unannounced. As she came forward to the lamplight she put back her veil, and displayed a brown, elderly, shrewd, kindly face, with white teeth showing in a smile. But there was a flush of tears in her eyes.

'My dear, forgive me for coming like this,' she said; 'I saw your little maid was more pleasantly engaged sitting with a young man on a fallen tree at the lake's edge. So I slipped in through the creditably clean kitchen and found my way, your husband's voice guiding me. I am your Aunt Henrietta. And so this is your baby. What an angel! And your husband has been very ill. Never mind, I have come to take care of you all. I have only just had your letter of last February. I

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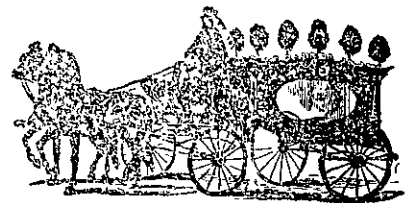
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was nursing your poor Aunt Sophy abroad. She died, my dear. And so your poor, dear father is gone, too. Dear George, what a beautiful fellow he was!

From the moment Miss Henrietta Crackenthorpe came into the room Muriel had been feeling as though all her burdens were rolled away from her. It meant—why, surely, it meant that Patrick would grow strong, and the child be provided for and educated and brought up as a gentleman. Aunt Henrietta had taken the baby from her arms, and was looking down at him with an almost maternal delight. Now and again she glanced at the child's father, and her glance was very benignant.

'My dear,' she said, when she had Muriel alone for a few minutes, 'it was a great shock to me when I learnt that you were in poverty. And how high-minded of you to scruple over that hundred pounds! How it would have pleased poor Sophy, if only she had known it! It was your Aunt Sophy's wish that I should remain apart from your dear father. She knew how he fascinated me, and she always said he would make ducks and drakes of my money, as he had done of his own. You'll excuse my mentioning it, dear. And what a charming person your husband is! One of those broken-down old Irish families. What a romance it is! You see, we Crackenthorpe's don't care for money at all, although we happen to have it. Blood is everything with us, and there is blood and breeding in his face. You are my concern henceforth. I have just bought a charming place in Warwickshire, and I was looking about for a man to take the management off my hands. How fortunate that your dear husband should be a practical man.'

And so, like a fairy-tale, it ended. No one could have been better than Miss Henrietta Crackenthorpe to her adopted family, the possession of whom filled her with such happiness that she often said it had prolonged her life by at least thirty years. She never found any fault with Patrick, to whom it seemed easy to become a country gentleman. Privately, she thought him too good for her niece, but she never said as much. Fortunately, Patrick's children inherited their father's beauty, and Miss Henrietta Crackenthorpe was peculiarly sensitive to beauty. She often said that she could not have endured her money to go to Joe's children, who took after their mother and were lamentably plain-looking.—*Catholic Weekly*.

LEARN'T FROM LIPU

On the wide verandah of a big house in the foreign quarter of one of the Chinese towns, a child lay in a hammock overlooking the kitchen garden, in which a Chinaman was working.

The boy was English, and, judging from his small, frail body, did not appear to be more than seven or eight years old; but the prematurely aged face might have claimed more than twice that age, though he really numbered more than ten years. Books and newspapers lay on the table before him, but he did not heed them; he lay quite still, watching the gardener at work amongst the vegetables. After a time the man approached the hammock, and in passing by he smiled and saluted its little inmate.

'Come here, Lipu,' said the boy, 'please pull me up and turn me so that I can see you working on the other side of the garden.'

The man put down his tools and very gently complied with the child's request. Little Hubert Hurst was a cripple; as the man bent over him, he put his arms round his neck to help himself into the desired position.

'I like you, Lipu,' he said, as he did so. 'I wish you had to carry me about instead of A-tching. He is kind, too, but there is a horrid feel about him. Why is it you are different?'

Lipu gazed down pityingly at the boy before answering, and when he spoke it was in curious 'pigeon English.'

'I am always happy, little master,' he said, 'for in my heart I have a great gift.'

'Dear Lipu,' returned the child, 'do tell me what your secret is. I have seen the other men point at you and chatter together, and I have been afraid that my father was going to send you away. You have been here a shorter time than any of them, yet I like you best of all.'

'Little master,' replied Lipu, 'I am happy because I am a Christian; not a Christian like the lady your mother, but a Christian of Christ.'

By this Lipu meant that he was a Catholic. He had answered the question put to him and volunteered no more information. But the boy was not satisfied.

'Tell me more,' he cried. 'Tell me how being a Christian of Christ makes you happy. Would it make me happy, do you think?' he added longingly.

Hubert had been born in China, and although his parents were comfortably off, he had never been to England. His father's business kept him always in Hongkong, and going home was talked of as a pleasure to come, when years of money-making justified such an expenditure. There had once been a question of sending Hubert back, in the hope that some treatment in a London hospital would cure, or even relieve, him; but the doctors in the naval hospital at Hongkong and the newcomers who came with the fleet agreed that nothing could be done to prolong the boy's life. He could not live to manhood, and they advised his parents to keep him with them, and to make his short life happy.

So Hubert had lived for ten years in this far-off Chinese town, kindly treated and well cared for. He was taught to read by his mother, but neither she nor his father had ever spoken to him about religion. Mrs. Hurst was nominally a Protestant. Her husband had once been a Catholic, but a life spent hundreds of miles from any priest who could have understood him, had he gone to confession, had led on his part also to complete indifference. The boy had been christened by a Presbyterian missionary, who had happened to pass through the town when he was about two years old; but until Lipu began to speak to him of Catholic belief, he had been absolutely ignorant of anything spiritual, except that there was a Supreme Being in heaven.

He was naturally gifted with an unusually sweet disposition, and schooled himself to be brave and patient, because any pining or show of distress on his part grieved his parents. But this conversation with the Chinese gardener was the first of many, and from Lipu Hubert learned a higher, nobler reason for patience and long-suffering.

At first the Chinese had spoken of the goodness of God and the mercy that His love for us made Him show. Then he told of the passion and sufferings of Jesus Christ, and it was this recital that Hubert liked best of all to hear. He told his parents that Lipu had been taught beautiful things by the Catholic Sisters at Ning-Po, where he had worked before coming into Mr. Hurst's service. Seeing the boy happy with his new friend they told Lipu to look after him when he was in the garden, thus setting his own attendant A-tching, free to do other work, at the same time easing Lipu's conscience, for though he loved to speak of all the missionaries had told him, he feared to neglect the tasks he was paid to perform.

All through the summer months this strange course of instruction went on, till Hubert knew as much Christian doctrine as his teacher could impart. He had learned all the prayers that the nuns had taught in their classes, and he began to repeat them morning and night, as Lipu told him he did himself.

The first time that his mother saw his little wasted hands joined, his blue eyes raised to heaven, and a look of more perfect happiness on his features than she had ever seen on them before, her heart smote her at not having taught him herself; and even though the 'Hail Mary' followed 'Our Father' from his lips, she did not check or chide him for what she could see gave him so pure a joy.

As the autumn drew near the boy seemed to grow weaker. Lipu sometimes thought he saw a fore-glimpse of heaven in the innocent, patient eyes, but his parents noticed no change in him, and though they knew the flickering, feeble light must soon pass out of their sight forever, it came as a shock to Mr. Hurst when Hubert spoke to him one evening of his approaching death. They had been talking of his eleventh birthday, which was soon to be celebrated, and Hubert had spoken in tones of heartfelt longing.

'Oh, I hope—I do hope I shall live till then.'

Mr. Hurst turned quickly towards his son.

'Why do you say that, Hubert?' he asked. 'Do you feel ill? Worse? Why do you think of—of leaving us?'

'Don't, father, dear!' replied the boy, laying his little hot hand on his father's cheek as he bent over him and scanned the thin, white face on the scarcely more white

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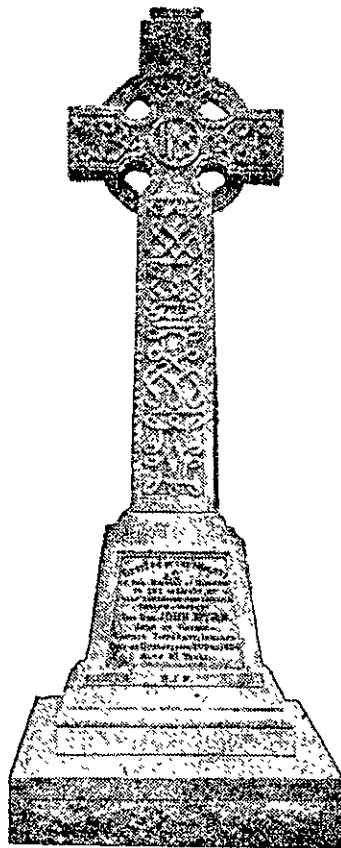
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pillow. 'You know I must die; I know it's very wrong, but I am frightened to go so far away from you, because I don't know anyone in heaven, and Lipu says when boys are eleven they make their First Communion, and then, if Jesus had come to me once I could tell Him about being frightened, and He would perhaps have an angel waiting for me, when I have to go, to take me to Him.'

'Who told you all this?' asked Mr. Hurst in a choked voice.

'Lipu told me part, and I think the rest myself,' was the reply. 'Lipu has been asking and asking when a priest was coming down this way who could understand English, for me to make my first Confession and then perhaps he would let me make my First Communion, too. But there doesn't seem to be any priests who can talk English in this province at all. The nuns sent word to Lipu that they would try and find one, or if I got worse before they succeeded they would ask their own chaplain to come; and so I am learning the Chinese names for my sins from Lipu, because, although their priest knows Chinese well, he is a Frenchman.'

What were Mr. Hurst's feelings as he listened to his son? Did he think of the advantages of his own childhood and how little he had profited by them? Did he wonder how the child had learnt so much of heavenly things in spite of his father's indifference? Did he think that, unless he repented of this indifference and what it had led to, the parting that now loomed before him would be eternal?

'Father'—the boy's voice was eager—will you try, too? If you promise to find an English priest for me it will be all right, because you always keep your promises.'

And with bowed head Mr. Hurst promised that if by any possibility a priest could be heard of the boy should have his dying wish.

After this, when their eyes opened to the change, every day seemed to bring some new reminder of the coming loss to Mr. and Mrs. Hurst. They spoke often and openly of his great wish, and every evening his father had to repeat to him how he had written everywhere he could think of, asking for an English-speaking priest, yet so far with no result; and it went to the man's heart to see the little son turn to the Chinese Lipu for comfort in his disappointment.

At last the day came when Hubert could wait no longer. A few weeks at most would pass and then even if Jesus Christ had not come into his heart on earth, he would have to stand before Him in a better land. A message was sent to Ning-Po, and ten days later a travelling French priest arrived. Mr. Hurst greeted him in Chinese, but the dialects they each knew were not exactly the same, and they could understand each other only imperfectly. To Lipu, therefore, fell the task of explanation, and Hubert's eyes proved the truth of the Chinaman's story. With Lipu's help the priest learned that the child was sufficiently instructed, and with some difficulty they got through with the simple confession that the boy had prepared with his faithful attendant's help. Now that the priest had come Hubert realised more than ever how much he longed to hear what he had learned confirmed and filled in by one of his own people. Not that a shadow of doubt ever crossed his mind; it was only the natural wish of the human heart, and especially of the heart of childhood, to unburden itself. So many little things came to his mind that he would have asked a priest in English; so much help could such a one have given him by calming his fears and saying prayers that he could understand.

But it was not to be. This little cripple child was to pass away through the grim portals of death without ever having heard an English tongue speak to him of what lay on the other side. He had much, much to thank God for, so he told himself in his quaint, old-fashioned way. Lipu never left his side, and the priest was to say Mass in his room on the morrow, the first and last Mass he would ever assist at; and, above all and beyond all else, he had told Lipu to tell the boy to prepare for the Divine Guest Who was coming to him, for at that Mass he was to receive his First Communion.

All through the night his parents never left him, and Lipu, too, knelt by his bedside and prayed. Then with the earliest light of morning the priest returned, and Mr. Hurst, for the first time for years, heard the prayers of the Mass, once so familiar but long since forgotten.

Death was very near. It was as though some more powerful hand were holding back the angel's sword until the child had received his heart's desire. The room was still. The priest concluded Mass almost in a whisper. That which was passing in the heart of the dying child was too sacred a thing for any earthly sound to disturb. The little face from which the parents could not turn their eyes was already the face of an angel.

Strangely enough, even whilst learning the truths of the Catholic Faith, Hubert had never wondered at his parents' want of religion. Perhaps he thought they said their own prayers just as Lipu did, and that it was only an accidental thing that they had not spoken to him of them; children are often curiously unquestioning, and the possibility of anyone knowing God without loving Him and wishing to serve Him never struck the boy. Now, however, a deeper understanding had come to him. Jesus, Who loves sinners even as He loves the innocent hearts of children, showed the child that there was something great, impassable, that divided him from his parents. Lipu, who had also received Holy Communion with joy and thanksgiving at so unexpected an opportunity, was nearer, far nearer, to the dying boy and his Divine Guest than his own father and mother.

'Father'—his voice was low and weak—'I am not frightened now. Jesus will take care of me! I am sad because no English priest has come.'

'But, darling, you have Father Pierre! See, he is coming to you now,' for the priest, after unvesting, was returning to give another sacrament, that of Extreme Unction, to the child.

'He is kind and good,' whispered Hubert, 'and he has made me happier than I ever was before. I know it is ungrateful of me to wish for a priest I could talk to, only it's not for myself I want him now, because I have Jesus. Oh, father! oh, mother dear! it is for you—.' The little voice faltered and then ceased, but the parents understood.

They saw the yawning chasm that divided them from their child, and it was the most bitter moment of their lives. Mrs. Hurst reproached herself for having drifted away from God and from the forms which in her youth she had been taught to follow; but what were her feelings compared with those of her husband, who had abandoned a religion that he knew to be true, who had thrown aside the gift of faith that God had given him. He knelt beside the priest who had heard his son's confession in Chinese but he was as far from a possibility of obtaining the declaration of forgiveness for his sins as though the whole of that gigantic country stretched between them.

Feebly the child stretched out his hand, but it was toward Lipu that it strayed. It was only an instinctive movement, yet to his parents it was the seal upon eternal parting. Hubert, Lipu, and the priest were one in the fold of Christ.

The day grew on, the sunshine brightened the room; but the shadow of death was on the innocent young features. Hubert's eyes had long been closed, though now and again his lips moved in prayer. Then all at once he looked at his parents, and his gaze lingered for a moment on his father's face.

'You promised!' he said, quite distinctly, and Mr. Hurst understood what the words meant. He had promised to look for an English-speaking priest for his son, and though the boy needed one no longer, he claimed the promise still; but now it was for his parents that he asked for the fulfilment. And knowing this, reading what was written under the anguish of his wife's face, Mr. Hurst answered the boy in firm tones, 'We promise, Hubert!'—*The Magnificat.*

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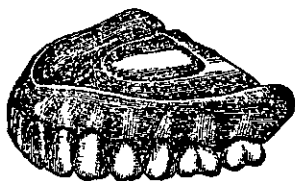
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Current Topics

A Maori War-Cry

'The war-cry of the Maoris who welcomed the American Fleet at Auckland,' says the *Boston Pilot*, 'is several laps ahead of any college cheer yet recorded.'

It takes a Maori to put 'beef' into a war-cry.

Faith Healing

The Anglican Bishop of Christchurch is evidently desirous of giving faith-healing (or mental healing) a trial in his diocese. He invites the local medicos to co-operate with clerical and other persons who claim the gift of healing. But the medical profession will no more sniff the same air as the 'psychotherapists' (as the new quacks grandiloquently call themselves) than it will touch hands or brush coat-tails with the bone-setter or the 'cancer-curer' or the 'magnetic healer' or other-such irregular practitioners. Faith-healing or 'Christian Science' (which is neither scientific nor Christian) made a multi-millionaire of Mrs. Eddy. We are not aware that it did any good to the bodily or spiritual health of Mrs. Eddy's adherents. Calling it 'psychotherapy' may make it sound better; it is doubtful that it will make it do any better. And both the Eddyites and their brothers and sisters, the 'psychotherapists,' seem to draw the line at broken bones and missing eyes, and bunions and corns and warts and freckles and a large and varied assortment of the other ills that flesh is heir to.

Just over ten years ago, for instance, a pair of faith-healers (or psychotherapists, as we must, it appears, now call them) called upon Dr. Henson, a popular Baptist minister of Chicago. Like Polyphemus and Lord Wolseley and sundry other great personages of myth and history, Dr. Henson has only one good eye. The other was 'lost or mislaid, stolen or strayed.' Dr. Henson's visitors were of his own faith. They were also firm believers in the Eddyite cult, and it had occurred to them that their pastor would be greatly improved if the empty socket were filled with an eye like unto the other. The object of their visit was to see him about the replacing of the missing orbit. 'We have been praying for you,' said they, 'that you may have two perfect eyes, and have now come to pray with you. Will you not ask the Lord right here and now to give you a new eye?' Dr. Henson promptly made reply—and that reply rather took his visitors aback. 'What kind of teeth have you?' he asked the visiting brother. 'Why—why, that's a strange question,' stammered the good man, 'but I don't mind telling you that my teeth are mostly false.' 'What kind of teeth do you use, sister?' he asked the lady healer. 'Same kind,' she frankly admitted. 'Well, good friends,' added Dr. Henson, 'you go and ask God to grow some new teeth in your mouths. According to your theory, He will do it without delay. When you get your teeth, come around, and we'll see what can be done about that new eye.' But the healers, or 'psychotherapists,' came not. Dr. Henson still looks down on his big congregation with one eye. And we have reason to think that his 'psychotherapeutic' visitors are still grinding their hominy and their buckwheat cakes with artificial molars. We hardly think the new brigade of Christchurch healers will have better success with missing orbits, or lost teeth, or shivered 'timbers,' or that their methods will have a more persuasive power with the bacillus of tuberculosis, or of typhoid, or of plague, or of chicken-pox or swine-fever.

Our Loafers

If we are to believe Mark Twain, we are all naturally lazy—born tired, perhaps. But most people stand up and fight the indolence in their nature, and (after, perhaps, many a round) floor it with a knock-out blow. They are thereafter steam-engines of acquired activity, of smaller or greater horse-power. And these are the people who, in the great forge of life, shape the destinies of nations and of men. Others give in from the start. These are the laggards of our schools, the loafers of our streets, the able-bodied parasites that laze on public charity and sot their lives away in ignoble idleness or vice. Many of them never reach even the easy pretence of toil and effort of Black,

whom Mark Twain found one summer morning at Hannibal, on the banks of the Mississippi, sprawling under a tree, idly listening to the songs of the birds and watching the steamers as they puffed up and down the waters of North America's mightiest river. 'What are you here for?' queried Twain. 'I'm here,' Black replied, 'for to pile them bales on the wharf.' 'Oh! And now you are resting, are you?' 'No, I ain't resting, because I ain't tired. I'm just waiting for the sun to sink down behind that there hill, so's I kin knock off work.'

Many able-bodied fellows are, like Black, happiest when idle. And indefinite inactivity has not, upon them, the effect which idleness had once upon a time upon a man who (as Chesterfield says) hanged himself for sheer weariness of putting on and pulling off his shoes and stockings every day. Like a black tribe in Darkest Africa, described by Stanley, they hold that constant labor kills a man but strengthens a woman. So they leave the support of their families to their wives, or throw them upon public charity, without the shame or the remorse that serves as a spur to action. This class is a tribulation to our agencies, both public and private, for the distribution of charity. Mr. Gallaway (Dunedin) presses for the formation of labor colonies, where those idlers shall be compelled to toil. The city of Richmond (Virginia) has, we think, a municipal farm where 'soaks' and 'bums' and loafers are sent to till the soil, raise crops, fell trees and chop them into firewood for sale to the civic householders, and, generally, to learn in toil and sweat the error of their ways. The practical Hollanders have a still more emphatic way of dealing with the tramp and loafer problem. There are in that model country of windmills and sluggish canals, six State model farms, occupying a total area of six thousand acres. Able-bodied men applying for public relief are sent to one or other of these farms. They are trained in agricultural pursuits, and, if their progress is satisfactory, they are afforded an opportunity of renting small holdings for themselves. Able-bodied vagrants and ne'er-do-weels are sent to a penal labor colony. They are compelled to work, however strong may be their disinclination to honest toil. A single term of experience in the penal labor colony is usually more than enough for even the hardened vagrant. By these two methods Holland has almost extinguished the race of her able-bodied paupers. A goodly measure of success could hardly fail to be achieved by a similar plan of dealing with the married loafer who is so sore a trial to the charitable organisations of this Dominion.

The Crinoline Again?

The London *Graphic* threatens a long-suffering world with an early revival of the crinoline. It publishes a recent portrait of a Parisian fayre ladye circled round about by the fortress of silk-covered steel that made such hideous caricatures of the fashionable womanhood of half a century ago. And (we are told) the autocrats that rule the world of fashion are contemplating the early re-introduction of this expansive and expensive mode.

'After fashions have had their day,' says the Philosopher of the Sandwich Islands, 'then is the time to despise them.' All the world wondered how English womanhood ever tolerated that early crinoline, the monstrous, drum-shaped, whalebone structure of the Elizabethan period, the fardingale. Pepys's *Diary* records the wide-eyed astonishment with which, on May 30, 1662, the English Court witnessed these extraordinary pieces of feminine architecture upon the newly arrived Queen Catherine of Braganza and the ladies who composed her suite. Then, as now, Paris set the fashion to Europe. The fardingale, however, fell into disfavor. But that was after it had had its day—then (on the philosopher's dictum) the world could afford to pelt it with scorn. The year 1711 saw it revived—but modified somewhat in the direction of the crinoline of the fifties and sixties. During the last half of the eighteenth century the great, hooped, balloon-skirts reached extraordinary dimensions. The darkest hour is that before the dawn, and the utter extravagance of the eighteenth century crinoline (as we may call it by anticipation) led to its abandonment in private life. But it continued as a court dress till the days of George IV. The despised fashion became again a thing of beauty during and after the

Crimean war (till about 1866). An old copy of the *Illustrated London News* of the Crimean days, in our possession, is a curious comment on the vagaries of fashion, with its numerous engravings of vast crinolines that are said to have measured up to fifteen feet in circumference—which gives a diameter of about five feet. Billings wrote of the crinolines in their day that, however absurd, they held their own 'and grew nicely.' He commended them for a hot day, and wished that he could sit in one of them all through the sizzling glow of an American July and August. Enclosed in one of them (said he) 'a feller wud be as cool as a dog's nose in a wire muzzle.' Even follies may have their uses. But we rather think the tramway people will have to revise their rates if the crinoline 'comes in' again.

Mending the Lords

The British House of Lords still serves, to some extent, the useful purpose of a brake upon hasty, ill-advised, and panic legislation. But it has long since abdicated one of the chief functions of a revising Chamber—that of the cool, judicious, and independent arbiter between conflicting parties in the elective House; it has become a frankly and thorough-going partisan assembly, in the Tory interest, and a clog upon democratic and progressive legislation. Attempts to reform the Lords from outside have thus far been as idle as the game of dropping buckets into empty wells and drawing them up again. There lies more promise in the efforts to reorganise the Gilded Chamber from within. Some time ago Lord Newton introduced a Bill reducing the right of a seat in the Upper House to Peers unless elected as representative Peers by the hereditary members of their Order, or unless they had held high office under the Crown in the army, navy, civil service, or in the diplomatic career. Lord Rosebery's Bill follows, to a great extent, the same general lines—so far as one may judge of its purport from the brief cabled summaries that appear in the daily papers. Such a reform would prevent the repetition of the gruesome spectacle, the libel upon legislative methods, that shocked the public eye on September 8, 1893, when great bodies of habitually absentee hereditary legislators—including the halt, the blind, the lame, the decrepit, and (it is said) even the imbecile and the insane—were raked into the House of Lords to wreck the Home Rule Bill which had been carried in the House of Commons by a majority of thirty-four. The London correspondent of the *New York Sun* of September 10, 1893, described the 'august' assembly as he saw it on that occasion in the Gilded Chamber: 'I have seen assemblies that compared with it, but nowhere outside of gaols, almshouses, or hospitals for the insane. No one studied the four hundred figures upon the plush benches without suffering almost a deathblow to his faith in human nature. It was not the feebleness of age that stood out, it was the senility of youth, the wreck of middle life, the tottering imbecility of dissipated years. The presence of such intellectual giants as Salisbury, Rosebery, and Playfair served but to furnish the contrast. Readers are familiar with caricatures of the average British peer as a repulsive creature, with sloping forehead and retreating chin. The indictment must stand. A composite photograph of the Lords who hold their seats by inheritance would be the personification of weakness—mental, moral, and physical—self-indulgence, bigotry, and intolerance. . . . If their faces and forms should once be depicted before the English people, their political doom would be sealed.'

A Spiritistic Fraud

It was, we believe, an eighty-year-old Portland man who was induced, after a half century of steady absenteeism, to attend a local church a few years ago. 'You are never too old to learn,' said he confidentially to a friend on his return. 'Now, I always thought that Sodom and Gomorrah were husband and wife, and I find they were nothing but cities.' Catholic writers on the phenomena of spiritism are likewise none too old to learn. And, from personal knowledge, we feel sure that the old Portlander's revision of his notions about Sodom and Gomorrah would be a mere bagatelle compared with their altered views on the subject of mediumistic spiritism if they could only be induced to go to school for even six months to a smart conjuror, well versed in the earlier and later and latest

developments of 'spook' production, 'spirit' photography, and the manipulation of the marvellously skilful frauds, of 'spirit' writing and 'spirit' drawing. We write with knowledge of our subject. We write, too, with a feeling of the deepest regret that authors of such widely accepted authority (among Catholics) on this thome as Mr. Raupert and the late Dr. Lapponi should, for lack of even an elementary practical knowledge of the thousand-and-one prestiges of 'spook' conjuring frauds, have packed into their books so many erroneous and misleading and mischievous notions as to the real facts and the true significance of mediumistic spiritist 'manifestations.'

We have been led to pen these preliminary reflections by the perusal of an article by a non-Catholic writer, Mr. John Townsend Trowbridge, in the October *North American Review*, on 'Early Investigations in Spiritualism.' The article makes sad reading, in so far as it is a revelation of the extent to which earnest and well-meaning persons may be misled by even the most clumsy and inartistic frauds of interested adventurers. We mention here the only piece of really skilful mediumistic manipulation that is recorded in the article in question, and we mention it just because it was, in Mr. Trowbridge's estimation, the crowning evidence of the reality of the phenomena which made him a convinced spiritist. Briefly stated, the 'manifestation' which, of all others, got him down, was the following: (1) Mr. Trowbridge wrote, on a piece of paper, the name of a deceased friend with whom he wished to communicate. Other names of persons were also written, but merely to baffle or test the medium, and with no intention of communicating with them. (2) The paper or papers were folded. (3) The intervening stages of the performance are not described. But (4) after some time, Mr. Trowbridge received a message, written in red letters on the medium's (bare) arm, and purporting to have come from the former's deceased friend, whose name (it appears) was correctly chosen from among the others that had been written on the folded paper. The same performance, we may add, made a profound impression upon a Catholic writer who has for some time past been writing inexpertly on mediumistic spiritism. As a conjuring illusion, this 'manifestation' is a rather pretty one. As a spiritistic 'manifestation,' it is, through and through, a fraud. To the present writer's personal knowledge, this particular illusion has been in the possession of the conjuring fraternity for at least over twenty-one years. In private circles we have gone many and many a time through the whole performance described by Mr. Trowbridge, and exposed in full detail the gross fraud and trickery with which it is packed from beginning to end. Our esteemed friends, the Provincial of the Marist Fathers in New Zealand, and Father O'Connell, S.M., were, we believe, the last to whom we demonstrated or described the various stages of this cruel deception that has been practised—sometimes for a very valuable consideration—on many loving and too trusting souls.

A written description and exposure of the various stages of this piece of trickery would be too long and (as to some of its movements) too technical for the average reader. But, briefly, we may state that this fraud is worked by a combination of 'hanky-panky' and of conjuring. In the first place, the writer of the names unconsciously—but practically invariably—furnishes the medium with the means of accurately determining, among a number of names submitted, the name of the person with whom communication is desired. This the victim does on a method akin to that which enables the so-called 'thought reader' (really a muscle-reader) to find a pin or button or sewing-needle hidden under (say) the seat of a chair in the next room. A demonstration of this bit of 'hanky-panky' would make perfectly clear almost at a glance what could be explained only by an engraving, accompanied by extended explanation. For the rest, the medium gets possession of the folded paper or papers by one or other of some dozen of well-known conjuring sleights. A rapid glance at the names is sufficient for the skilled eye to pick out the name desired—the knowledge of which is obligingly, but quite unconsciously, supplied by the earnest and trusting inquirer. A very brief alleged 'spirit message' is then

'It's selling well, because it's satisfying well.' Hondai Lanka Tea represents 'the most for the money.'

'Be kind tae auld Grannie.' Ladies appreciate a box of Hondai Lanka as a Christmas present.

'precipitated' on paper—and the same with intent to deceive'; or it appears within a sealed slate (packed with tricks that are vain); or (as in Mr. Trowbridge's case) it is made to appear in red letters scratched upon the bared arm of the medium. For the red letters, the sole apparatus required is the sharpened stem of a wooden match—which is usually let into the under-side of the leaf of the séance-table by the aid of a bradawl. The match-stem is a crude pen; the 'writing' is speedily done by rubbing the bared arm against it; and half a dozen rapid and vigorous rubs of the other hand give the straggly letters the red and fiery appearance that completed the illusion. This is but one of a thousand illusions—some clumsy, many clever, some marvels of skill and cunning—that have deceived tens of thousands of people and led well-meaning Catholic writers, unversed in such wiles, to give such misleading and exaggerated descriptions of the phenomena of mediumistic séances. In the course of a series of articles on the subject two years ago, we outlined the broad features of the methods of deception practised by leading professional mediums. We expressed the conviction that, back of the wholesale chicanery with which mediumism is saturated, there is a thin, small film of genuine phenomena that defy natural explanation. It represents, to our mind, a very, very small fraction of one per cent. of the sum total of the 'manifestations' that have so captured the fancy and impressed the imagination of our Catholic writers on the subject of spiritism. And we are convinced that these few and rare genuine phenomena are not to be looked for in the performances of the professional medium. For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, the 'meejum' is peculiar. Which the same we are free to maintain.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

A cable message received last Friday stated that the joyous celebrations in connection with the Emperor of Austria's diamond jubilee of his accession to the throne were overclouded by the fact that four people were killed and 106 injured while witnessing the illuminations. Forty-three of the Emperor's grand-children gave a fairy play at the Royal residence at Schonbrunn. After the celebration of Solemn High Mass at the Cathedral the Emperor received the congratulations of the Royal princes, ambassadors, and Court officials.

His Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, who is in his 79th year, is one of the most remarkable figures in the civilised world to-day. He is the ruler of a dozen States and twenty peoples speaking as many languages. He was born in 1830, and ascended the throne as far back as 1848, that is before the South Island of New Zealand was settled. No prince of the Hapsburg House ever enjoyed such universal respect and reverence, and to these qualities is in a great measure due his success in keeping welded together an Empire composed of so many diverse nationalities and conflicting interests. Whoever has occasion to approach this 'Grand Old Man' among the monarchs of the world is filled with enthusiasm for his charm of manner, his democratic approachableness, his amazing frankness, and his sterling sense of justice.

Notwithstanding his great age he still works ten hours a day and more at State and military affairs—and that for weeks on end—often contenting himself with a 'quick lunch' brought to him at the desk in his study. He is to-day the same early riser he was in the days of his youth, and summer and winter rises from his little iron bedstead at the unearthly hour of half-past four. His toilet—bathing, shaving, and dressing—never takes him longer than half an hour; and, as the Emperor does not care for civilian dress, he usually dons the uniform of a Colonel of one of his own regiments.

On his frequent shooting expeditions, however, he wears the coarse dress of Alpine Austria, and in his study appears in a short military cloak with a peakless soldier's cap on his grey head. Every single act of this remarkable old man's life is conducted with military precision. On the very stroke of 5 his breakfast—a cup of coffee, some cold meat and rolls—is brought him, and before 6 he is in his study.

The Emperor at Work.

A casual glance might lead one to think (says a writer in *Cassell's Magazine*) this was a cosy sitting-room, with its dainty pictures, framed photos, and charming furniture, but the big writing-table in the window, the book shelves, and the litter of newspaper cuttings on tables, chairs, and floor, reveal the room's true purpose. In this study the aged Emperor works uninterruptedly until noon. Bulky packets of papers and Ministerial reports are read to him, and so carefully does he go through this work that he frequently pounces on contradictions between clauses which have entirely escaped the notice of Ministers or Under-Secretaries who may have drafted the Bill.

The Austrian Emperor is a great man for inviting petitions from all sections of his wonderful empire—and few people realise the diversity of nations which go to make up the Dual Monarchy. May not the domes and minarets and cupolas of Islam be seen in Bosnia and the Herzegovina? Is not Italian the language of Istria? Are not the Hungarians more different from the Austrians than the Irish from the English?

Naturally, then, petitions are numerous, and every one of these documents is read by the Emperor, who speaks and writes with perfect ease seven or eight languages, including Magyar, Croat, and Polish, as well as Italian and Russian. If he thinks any petition worthy he puts his Imperial sign manual upon it and passes it on to a Minister, who carries out the request. Important laws may often lie on the table in this room for many weeks before the conscientious old man will make up his mind to sign them; nor does he ever put his signature on a death warrant without exhaustive study of the case, and until he is convinced that clemency would be an injury to society. In one corner stands a little cupboard in which the old Emperor Francis Joseph keeps his private correspondence and accounts; and here, too, he keeps papers he dislikes to sign and equally dislikes to return to the Ministers unsigned, lest their feelings be hurt. Such documents frequently are concerned with the conferring of honors and distinctions. Having read and signed a whole host of reports, petitions, bills, and other documents, the Emperor glances through the Vienna papers and also the big assortment of newspaper cuttings from all the leading journals of the world.

In the Vienna Hofburg, as the Imperial Palace is called, general audiences are held twice a week, and positively anyone wishing to prefer a request or petition may approach freely this most democratic of Emperors.

Granting Personal Interviews.

It does not matter whether the Imperial visitor is a street-sweeper or a nobleman like one of the princely House of Esterhazy. I have often seen Archdukes and Princes with their dress-coats ablaze with orders walking into the presence of the Emperor side by side with the poorest of peasants. Naturally, the audiences cannot last long, since the aged monarch often receives over a hundred persons in a single forenoon. In each case Francis Joseph is posted up on the subject from the written petition; and as neither an adjutant nor any Court official is present, the Emperor alone is face to face with his petitioner. It frequently happens that the latter is struck absolutely speechless in the Emperor's presence, but the old man will take his hand and speak words of kindly encouragement until his visitor is quite at his ease and recovers his speech.

Frequent slips of the tongue, such as 'Your Excellency' and even 'Mr. Emperor!' are never heeded, of course; and to hear the old Emperor rattling off the dialects of his polyglot empire is an experience probably unique in Royal receptions. He drops into Hungarian for one set of subjects, and there is Polish for the Galicians; Czech for the Bohemians; Italian for the people round about Trieste and the Adriatic seaboard; and so on.

Of course, not every petition can be granted, but even if the Emperor is bound to refuse his manner has so delicate and gentle a charm that the disappointed one comes away full of love for the old man. A light nod and a smile is a hint to the visitor that the audience is over, and the Emperor hurries over to his desk to make a few notes and get information from the list there about the next case.

In the ordinary way, however, the Emperor lunches with his Adjutant-General, taking only a soup, two dishes

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of meat, and a glass of beer. His Majesty afterwards lights one of the cigars made specially for him of choice Havana leaves rolled in the Vienna factory. He often presents a box of these to persons he wishes to favor. The Imperial dinner, usually served at 7, is also eaten in private with the Adjutant-General, Count Paar. As a rule, it consists of five courses—light hors d'oeuvres, a soup, some boiled or roast meat, a sweet, and some dessert, with the inevitable glass of Bavarian beer and a cigar. The Emperor dislikes wine, and, when giving toasts at State banquets, he barely touches the champagne glass with his lips.

He almost invariably retires to rest early, but if he should be kept up late he takes nothing more before going to bed except a plate of strawberries in summer or a glass of 'boumy-clabber.' The Imperial chef, however, is always tempting his master, but at night, when the menu for the next day is sent down to the kitchen it always contains erasures by the Emperor's pen.

Naturally, State and other dinners are a very different matter, for it is well known that, in spite of the abstemiousness of the Emperor as an individual, the Court of Vienna is one of the most brilliant in the world, and the women most beautifully dressed. In the course of a year many magnificent banquets are given at the Hofburg in honor of foreign monarchs, princes, and ambassadors; and other State events take place in the Royal Castle at Budapest, when high officers of State, Court dignitaries and members of the House of Parliament of Austria and Hungary are invited.

During dinner the Emperor converses in his liveliest manner with the guests of honor near him, and when he rises the whole party of men betake themselves to the smoking-room, where black coffee is served. Here begins what is known as the cercle at the Austrian Court. The Emperor talks in turn to everyone present about personal things or current events. He likes the frankest replies, and laughs with grand joviality at witty sallies.

Formerly Francis Joseph devoted two hours to his family after lunch, but since the painful death of his only son the Crown Prince Rudolph, and the assassination of his Empress at Geneva, coupled with the marriage of his two daughters, he leads a very solitary life for the greater part of the year. In summer, however, he makes his way to his lovely villa at Ischl, and here he is surrounded by his daughters and their children. It is then this pathetic old man is happiest, playing grandfather with the babies, taking walks with them, and forgetting for a brief season the trials, sufferings, misfortunes, and disappointments which life has brought him.

When in Vienna the greater part of the afternoon and evening is spent at work in his study, but now and again his Majesty will take a drive out to the villa of his younger daughter, the Archduchess Marie Valerie, at Lainz, not far from the capital; or to the Imperial Chateau of Schonbrunn, where in spring and autumn the Emperor resides altogether. The park at Schonbrunn contains the Emperor's favorite walks.

When driving his carriage is never surrounded by a military escort, and the Emperor has an intense personal dislike of any police precautions for his safety. Of course, the public recognise their beloved sovereign and pay him homage and reverence. His recreations are reading, the theatre, and shooting.

A Generous Giver.

The old Emperor gives with full hands to the poor and suffering, and often, when sums are proposed by his Ministers and Court officials in aid of persons, villages, or districts in distress—Laibach, for instance, a notorious earthquake centre—the amounts are constantly raised, and even doubled, by his Majesty. His Majesty is also a very liberal patron of arts and letters; and no considerable Exhibition is given in the capital without his visiting it and buying a number of valuable canvases selected by him with rare taste. In both capitals, Vienna and Budapest, will be found many magnificent monuments due entirely to the Emperor.

His Majesty is very strict in performing his religious duties. He takes part in all great Church festivals, and for this reason the Corpus Christi Procession and the Easter Celebrations are great sights for the pleasure-loving Vien-

nese. Then on Maundy Thursday, in the Great Hall of Ceremonies of the Hofburg, the Emperor goes through the quaint ceremony of washing the feet of twelve aged men.

Unique among monarchs, the Austrian Emperor has no favorites, and his Ministers, no matter how much he may distinguish them, can never tell how near to their Imperial master's heart they really are. The late Counts Bombelles, Taaffe, and Pejacevics were always addressed by him as 'thou,' being dear friends from childhood. Yet none of the three could assert he had ever been particularly favored by his master.

THE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND

MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(Contributed.)

SOME GENERAL NOTES.

A valued correspondent, whose knowledge of the Dominion dates back to his arrival in the late sixties, and who had an intimate acquaintance with those of whom he writes, has kindly sent me some notes in a general way, which, although referring to localities already covered and early missionaries previously mentioned, still contain much interesting matter. The Church (he writes), like the Dominion itself, has made such marvellous progress in little more than half a century that the present generation can form no idea of the life and labors of the first Marist Fathers in New Zealand. When the writer arrived in New Zealand there were then but two dioceses—Auckland and Wellington. The latter included the whole of the South Island. In Otago there were three Marist Fathers—Father Belliard at Invercargill, Father Ecuyer at Tuapeka, and Father Moreau at Oamaru. A secular priest, Father Norris, had charge of Oamaru. The whole of Canterbury from the Waitaki River in the south to the Amuri in the north, a distance of nearly 200 miles, was under the sole control of Fathers Chataigner and Chervier. Father Martin attended the Hokitika goldfields, and two secular priests—Fathers Royer and Walsh—were respectively in the Grey and Buller gold-mining districts. At Wellington Father Petitjean was Vicar-General, with Father Seon as assistant in parochial work. (Another writer states that Father Petitjean baptised and married two generations in the Cathedral parish of Wellington.) Bishop Viard was at the Vatican Council, and Father O'Reilly was parish priest at St. Mary of the Angels' Church, Te Aro. Father Forest was in charge of the town of Napier, and Father Regnier had all the country from Woodville to the Taupo. He and his horse, Roney, were well known among the runholders all over the country, by whom he was always treated as an esteemed guest, and his memory is still held in veneration among them. Father Rolland was at New Plymouth, and Father Lampile had the Maoris all along the Wanganui River, together with the town of Wanganui. The Wairarapa and Manawatu districts were visited by Father Peruis. Father Seauzeau, stationed at Blenheim, had all the Marlborough province under his charge, and Fathers Garin and Chareyre had the province of Nelson. Father Garin is the only one of all those mentioned who kept a diary of the daily events of his life.

There were no roads and no bridges in those days, and people to be visited lived scattered about the country at great distances from one another. Most of the Fathers then travelled on foot. Father Chataigner, for instance, travelled in this manner from Dunedin to Christchurch with numerous big rivers to ford. In one of them he was nearly drowned, and then, wet as he was, he had a long way to go in darkness before he found a hospitable roof. Those who were among the Maoris did not fare better. Father Garin related to me how at times provisions would run short, and then he had to eat the Maoris' food, consisting of fish and putrid maize, which, when cooked, was so unpalatable that he had to pinch his nostrils before putting the morsel in his mouth in order to escape the smell of it. But their travelling experiences had now and then an intermixture of amusement. Father Chervier on one occasion had travelled the whole day over the black ashes left on the plains after an extensive fern and scrub fire. In the evening he arrived at the home of Mr. P. Henley, at Shand's Track. Wishing to stop there for the night, his face and hands were so blackened that no one recognised him, and he was taken to be an ordinary swaggar. Absenting himself for a short time, he returned washed clean,

DEAR ME!

Forgotten that SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE! Whatever shall I do? Call at the nearest Store and ask. THEY ALL KEEP IT

when the family, to their great surprise, found that their supposed swagger was no other than their parish priest. As another example, take the case of Father Seon. It happened that whilst he was engaged on one of his missionary journeys to North Canterbury a man, seeing that he was travelling quietly on foot from place to place, offered to join him and to carry his (Father Seon's) swag. The offer was accepted, and they journeyed together like mates, sleeping and eating together in the same places. It so happened that this same man was urgently wanted by the police. He was not personally known to them, neither was Father Seon, but both were carefully watched until the true culprit was identified. Many of the Fathers had missions which

Extended Over a Whole Province.

The hardships they had to endure were greater and of longer duration in comparison than mine (states the Very Rev. Dean Binsfeld, S.M., whose narrative now follows):—After my arrival I stopped for a short time with the Vicar-General, the Rev. Father Petitjean, at Wellington, who, although already advanced in age, was yet as busy as a bee. His day time was devoted to the administration of the diocese (Bishop Viard being at Rome), and his parish work, whilst a great part of his night was passed on his knees, reading theology and the history of the Church. I soon found out that it was not a safe thing to disagree with him on one of these subjects. He was a student. New Plymouth was my first temporary appointment. The Maori war was not yet over, and the few European Catholics, like the whole of the European population, lived mostly within the boundaries of the town, as life in the country was unsafe. About half a regiment of soldiers of the 18th Royal Irish was quartered in the town. A great many of the soldiers were Catholics, and to their credit be it said their conduct was exemplary. Father Binsfeld was their military chaplain, and the officers congratulated him, as well as themselves, on the good behavior of the men. Before their arrival the garrison had been maligned, for which they retaliated in a practical manner. During the whole of their stay in New Plymouth they kept strictly aloof from any business intercourse with the civilians. They entered no publichouse and no shop, but confined themselves to their own canteen and commissariat. The few incorrigibles who would break through this self-imposed rule had a rather unpleasant time of it, and their comrades would keep them confined until the effect of their insobriety disappeared. These soldiers practised their religion well, and they volunteered to spend much of their spare time in forming a road up to the church, and laying out the grounds. Father Binsfeld spent a pleasant time with them. The townspeople, too, had learnt to like the 18th Royal Irish, and when in March, 1870, they were recalled from New Zealand a great crowd assembled at their departure, and praised them for their good conduct.

Father Rolland, as has already been mentioned, was missionary rector of this district. He attended the whites and Maoris alike. Father Binsfeld merely replaced him for a while in his absence. When the Maori war broke out in the New Plymouth district Father Rolland was the only minister of religion that followed the soldiers into the battlefield, and there he showed great bravery. During the engagements he was at the front, and as men dropped down he crossed the lines offering to carry away the dying, and administer to them the rites of the Church, no matter were they whites or Maori. He had many narrow escapes during the campaign, and on one occasion a bullet passed through his hat, almost grazing the crown of his head. His name is mentioned in the history of this campaign as one of its heroes. In later years the Government of New Zealand gave him a recognition (paltry enough, it is true) for the service he had rendered to the colony. He was most intrepid, and most unsparing of himself. He lived, as it were, in the saddle, and a description of the hardships and dangers he went through would make an interesting narrative. He returned to New Plymouth in March, 1870, and Father Binsfeld started for Greymouth, to which place he had been appointed before he went to New Plymouth.

(To be continued.)

Do you wish to send a Christmas or New Year Memento or Parcel to any relative or friend either in the Home Country or some other country abroad? If so, you will find the New Zealand Express Company's system the cheapest, best, quickest, and surest method. Parcels called for and delivered anywhere. Reduced tariff. Branches and agencies everywhere.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

December 4.

On December 26 the Catholics of the Hutt District will hold their annual picnic in the Very Rev. Father Lane's grounds, Lower Hutt.

The gross takings at the recent Catholic fair at Otaki were over £260, resulting in a net profit of £170—a record for any similar function at Otaki.

Mr. H. St Aubin Murray, who was sent Home by the Canterbury Amateur Athletic Association to compete at the Olympic Games, returned to New Zealand on Tuesday.

The members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society will make their quarterly Communion on Sunday next, and in the afternoon are requested to attend the quarterly meeting at St. Patrick's Hall, Boulcott street, at 3 p.m., when it is expected his Grace the Archbishop will be present.

The Very Rev. Father Bannon, Superior of the Redemptorist Order in Australasia, who is accompanied by the Rev. Father McGrath, C.S.S.R., arrived in Wellington on Wednesday. They will remain in New Zealand for a few weeks, and are at present staying at the Mount St. Gerard Monastery, Oriental Bay.

Another old resident of Wellington, Mr. Patrick Dalley, died at the Hospital after a long illness. He leaves a widow and four children. His remains were taken to St. Joseph's Church, and from there for interment to the Karori Cemetery. Sincere sympathy is felt for the sorrowing relatives in their sad bereavement.—R.I.P.

The annual cricket match between St. Patrick's College and Wellington College took place at the Basin Reserve on November 30. The wicket was in excellent condition. Wellington College captain won the toss and put their opponents in. St. Patrick's College made 129 and 70 runs, and Wellington College replied with 189 and one wicket for 18, winning by nine wickets. The top scorers for the losers were Young 47, Dwan 27, B. Ryan 26, Kane 22, and Doherty (4 wickets for 74) and B. Ryan (5 wickets for 43) bowled well. The Wellington College boys were entertained at luncheon in St. Patrick's College.

Mr. B. Leydon, a member of the Wellington Catholic Club, left last Thursday for Marton to take up a Government position. He has been connected with the club for the past three years, during the latter part of which he has been on the executive. By his departure the Catholic Club has lost one of its most popular and energetic members. Mr. Leydon always displayed great enthusiasm in whatever part he was allotted in the club's affairs. He was a prominent member of the junior debating society and cricket club. Whilst regretting his departure the members of the club congratulate Mr. Leydon on his promotion, and wish him every success in his future career.

A concert to seamen was held in the Sailor's Rest on November 30, under the auspices of the Wellington Catholic Seamen's Conference. The following contributed items to the programme:—Misses Burns (violin), Casey (piano), Hamilton (song), Kells (recitation), Murray (song), Rosen-grave (song), and Messrs. V. Cole (violin solo), Falvey (song), J. McGowan, M. O'Kane, and Pfaff (recitations). Miss Casey played the accompaniments in a finished manner. The manager of the Rest, on behalf of the seamen, Wharf Laborers, and Waterside Workers, returned thanks to the performers and organisers for the excellent evening's entertainment they had provided. It is the intention of the Catholic Seamen's Conference to give entertainments to the sailors more frequently in future.

Hastings

(From an occasional correspondent.)

The beautiful Church of the Sacred Heart, Hastings, was the scene during the past week of two impressive and edifying ceremonies. On last Sunday his Grace Archbishop Redwood, assisted by Very Rev. Father Regnault,

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S.M. (Provincial), and Very Rev. Dean Smyth, S.M., administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to seventy-six children and adults. His Grace delivered an instructive sermon on Confirmation and gave Solemn Benediction. On the following morning six candidates—the Revs. Arthur Burger (Kumara), Michael Murphy (Kumara), James Eccleton (Waipawa), Augustine Venning (Timaru), Victor Geaney and Lynch Dignan (Canterbury) were raised to the diaconate. In addition to the assistants to his Grace—the Very Rev. Dean Regnault and Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, S.M.—the following clergy were present: Very Rev. Dean Smyth, S.M., Rev. Fathers James Goggan, McDonnell, Lezer, O'Connell, Kimbell, Martin, O'Connor, Venning, and Quinn. A large congregation followed with close attention the impressive ceremonial accompanying the conferring of Holy Orders. Shortly afterwards Archbishop Redwood, in company with the visiting clergy, the newly-ordained deacons, and their friends, paid a visit to the convent schools, where the children greeted his Grace with an address and songs of welcome. In the course of his reply, his Grace paid a tribute of praise to the untiring efforts of pastor and teachers in maintaining their schools in so efficient a state, and exhorted his youthful audience to appreciate the efforts made on their behalf by doing all in their power to profit by the instruction imparted to them during their school days. The granting of a holiday was received with every mark of appreciation on the part of the children, who lost no time in availing themselves of the welcome spell from school work. His Grace, the visiting clergy, and students from Meanee Seminary were for the rest of the day the guests of the Very Rev. Dean Smyth, S.M.

A large number of the parishioners of the Church of the Sacred Heart (says the *Napier Daily Telegraph*) assembled in the Hastings Convent schoolroom for the purpose of extending a welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hughes on their return from an extended visit to Europe. Mr. J. McCarthy presided, and on behalf of those present welcomed the guests of the evening home again after their sojourn in the Old Lands. The Very Rev. Dean Smyth spoke in warm praise of Mr. Hughes's patriotism and of the attachment of both to the Catholic faith, as well as of the material assistance they had always given him in matters affecting the Church. He then asked Mr. and Mrs. Hughes to accept a silver tray as a mark of the esteem in which they were held by the parishioners. In reply, Mr. Hughes thanked the meeting sincerely for their handsome presentation, and assured them that himself and his wife were glad to be back amongst their old friends again. Monsignor O'Reilly, Messrs. C. O'Donoghue, and James Collins also spoke, and during the course of the meeting songs were contributed by Miss Hickey and Mr. J. Vickers. Light refreshments were partaken of, and the proceedings concluded by all joining in the singing of 'Auld lang syne.'

Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

December 4.

At Hastings on Sunday afternoon his Grace Archbishop Redwood confirmed seventy-six children, and in the evening preached an instructive sermon on Confirmation.

An ordination ceremony took place at the Meanee Mission Church last Sunday morning at 9 o'clock, when his Grace Archbishop Redwood celebrated Mass, assisted by the Very Rev. Father Regnault (Provincial) and Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Meanee. Revs. James Eccleton, Michael Murphy, Arthur Burger, Augustine Venning, Victor Geaney and Lynch Dignan were ordained subdeacons, and on Monday morning at 9 o'clock in the Sacred Heart Church, Hastings, were ordained deacons.

Rev. Father O'Connell, of Meanee, who has been giving missions at the towns on the Main Trunk Line, has returned, and goes to Wairoa for the Forty Hours' Adoration. The students of the Meanee Seminary have now a large swimming bath, which they have completed mainly by their own exertions. Previously they had a small bath fed from an artesian source. The students have now enlarged and deepened it, and concreted the sides. The

bath is 100 feet long by 50 feet wide, and in the deepest part is six feet. It is allowed to empty each evening, and the wells are turned into it in the morning.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(By Telegraph from our own correspondent.)

December 7

It is reported that his Lordship the Bishop will not arrive in the Dominion as soon as was expected.

The distribution of prizes at the Marist Brothers' School, Pitt street, takes place on the evening of December 16.

Mr. Kohn is forwarding invitations to intending subscribers to the Bishop's testimonial for presentation on his arrival.

A heated controversy is going on in the local papers on alleged ritualistic practices in one of our local Anglican churches.

The annual entertainment and presentation of prizes will take place at the Sacred Heart College on next Wednesday evening.

St. Benedict's choir and friends will give a performance of the operetta 'Princess Ju' at Avondale in aid of the local church building fund.

The usual monthly procession of the Blessed Sacrament was held at the Cathedral on last Sunday evening. Rev. Father Meagher preached an impressive sermon. The choir, under Mr. Hiscocks, rendered the music in an excellent manner.

The annual meeting of the Children of Mary of the Cathedral parish was held on last Sunday afternoon. Rev. Father Murphy presided. Miss Julia Rist was elected president, Miss Mary Diamond vice-president, Miss Mary Rist secretary, and Miss Mary Duffin treasurer.

Otahuu

(From an occasional correspondent.)

On Friday evening, November 27, an excellent musical and dramatic entertainment was given in the Public Hall, Otahuu, by the pupils and ex-pupils of the Convent. It was in every way an unqualified success. There was a record attendance, the hall being packed from stage to door. The stage was beautifully decorated, and the programme was a long one, every item being excellent, and the result reflected great credit on the Sisters of Mercy. The first part of the programme consisted of instrumental items (piano and mandolin), dancing, drill, and songs, which were all, without exception, admirably rendered. Misses Carson and Galvin were loudly applauded for their rendering of 'Sweet vale of Avoca' and 'Shamrock.' The second part of the programme was devoted to a dramatic performance of 'Cinderella,' which was highly creditable to the young ladies who took part, and was far above the average of such performances. The entertainment on the whole was most satisfactory to both teachers and pupils. Much credit is due to Mr. Walter Kyle, who officiated as general manager, for the excellent organisation; also to his assistant, Mr. Fred Willsted. The Sisters of Mercy tender their sincere thanks to all who assisted in making the entertainment such a pronounced success.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

December 7.

His Lordship the Bishop leaves for Timaru to-day (Monday), where he is to consecrate a new altar in the fine chapel of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, and preside at the convent school prize distribution.

Of fourteen pupils of the Marist Brothers' School presented at the examination held on November 23 by the North Canterbury Board of Education examiner, eleven obtained certificates of proficiency and one of competency in Standard VI.

At a representative meeting of ladies of the Cathedral parish, over which the Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., presided, it was notified that His Majesty's Theatre had

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been secured for the projected carnival. The arranging of seven stalls was decided upon, including the tea and refreshment rooms. Mrs. T. Cahill and the Misses White are to have control of the latter. The remaining six stalls were allotted as follow:—Mrs. G. Harper, Misses Wilson and Sloan; (Addington) Misses Brophy and Tasker; Mesdames Devane and Dwyer; Miss Harrington and friends; Mrs. Horan and friends; Miss Bunker and friends.

Since his return from his recent episcopal visitation of the diocese his Lordship the Bishop has filled engagements on several local public bodies with which he is connected, and was prominent at the send-off to the ship's company of the 'Nimrod' prior to the departure of that vessel for the Antarctic regions to get in touch (if possible) with Lieutenant Shackleton and party of brave explorers, who left Lyttelton on last New Year's Day. Later his Lordship, accompanied by the Very Rev. Father Price, was present at Lieutenant Knox's lecture in connection with the Navy League. Owing to another engagement and absence from the city, his Lordship was unable to accept an invitation to the civic welcome tendered this week to Admiral Sir Richard Poore, of the 'Powerful,' now at Lyttelton with other vessels of the Australasian Squadron.

Mr. H. St. A. Murray, our young Catholic fellow-citizen and successful athlete, who went to the Home country to participate, as a representative of the Dominion in the Olympic Games in London, returned to Christchurch last week. Although not securing first place in his own particular contests Mr. Murray's performances were in other respects meritorious. The members of the Canterbury Centre of the New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association gathered last week to welcome him home again. Mr. C. J. Cooper, vice-president of the Association, presided, and said that it was a very great pleasure to see Mr. Murray back amongst them once again. His conduct throughout the tour had been a pleasure to them all, and his performance in the hurdle race, against the pick of the world's athletes, was one of which they were all proud. His work at the Olympic Games had been watched with great interest, and his successes in other portions of Great Britain were of a meritorious character. On rising to respond, the guest was loudly applauded. He said that it was a great pleasure to be among all his friends once more, and thanked them for their kind reception. He had seen a great deal and had learnt a great deal. The meeting had been the greatest of its kind ever held, and though there had been quarrels between the English and American athletes, there was no doubt that many troubles had been magnified, and that there were equal faults on both sides. It would be a very bad thing for sport if Britain and America were to split on these questions, and he hoped that any bad feeling would be buried. The Americans were a fine body of men. The hospitality that had been extended to the teams had been great, and the 3000 competitors had behaved excellently.

OBITUARY

MR. WILLIAM FOLEY, OHUTU.

It is with sincere regret (writes our travelling correspondent) that I have to record the demise of one of the best known Catholic settlers in the Rangitikei district—namely, Mr. William Foley, of 'Glanworth,' Ohutu. The deceased some weeks ago had the misfortune to burst a blood-vessel in the head, and notwithstanding the best medical attention he passed away on November 20. The late Mr. Foley, before settling in this district as a farmer, successfully carried on business in the Templeton and Eketahuna districts, in both of which places he was held in very high esteem. The deceased during his illness had the constant care and attention of the Rev. Father Lacroix, of Taihape. Keen sympathy is felt for Mrs. Foley and her family in their bereavement. The funeral, which took place on Wednesday, December 2, was very largely attended. The Rev. Father Lacroix officiated at the cemetery. R.I.P.

FROM A SUFFERING GIRL. CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, AND NERVE TROUBLES.

DR. ENSOR'S TAMER JUICE

This is a word of gratitude. She suffered from Indigestion, Headache, Nervousness, and Prostration. Her nerves were worn and weak, her color pale, and her flesh flabby.

DR. ENSOR'S TAMER JUICE

Made a New Woman of her.

I was very weak, felt tired all the time, and seemed to have lost all interest in life. I was in such an awful state of nervousness that I could not sleep at night. I saw several doctors, who stated that my trouble was nervous exhaustion, but the medicines which they prescribed did me little or no good. A friend one day advised me to try Tamer Juice, which I am thankful to say I did, as after the first few doses I found great benefit. My indigestion and headaches began to disappear almost at once, and natural sleep to follow. And now, at the end of about a month, I am my old self again, my color is full of health, and I am feeling better than I have done for years.

DR. ENSOR'S TAMER JUICE

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Commercial

PRODUCE

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ending December 8 as follows:—

Oats.—The market is still very quiet, and very little business is passing. There is slight improvement in the demand for A grade Gartons and Sparrowbills, but owing to the stocks held locally being somewhat reduced there are no lines of any size offering. Quotations: Prime milling, 1s 7½d to 1s 8d; good to best feed, 1s 6d to 1s 7d; inferior to medium, 1s 3d to 1s 5d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—There is very little wheat offering, and the market is firm at quotations. Medium milling is being used almost exclusively for fowl feed, but there is very little demand for broken and damaged fowl wheat. Quotations: Prime milling, 4s 7d to 4s 8d; medium milling and whole fowl wheat, 4s 5d to 4s 6d; medium to good fowl wheat, 4s to 4s 4d; broken and damaged, 2s 9d to 3s 9d per bushel (sacks extra).

Chaff.—The demand has slackened off considerably, and the only inquiry is for prime oaten sheaf. Medium and inferior lines are hard of sale at any figure. Quotations: Best oaten sheaf, £3 to £3 2s 6d; extra, to £3 5s; medium to good, £2 10s to £2 17s 6d; light and inferior, £2 to £2 7s 6d per ton (bags extra).

Potatoes.—Owing to the small consignments coming forward, the market is very firm, good sound table potatoes bringing up to £5 per ton. Inferior and stale are almost unsaleable, there being no demand. Quotations: Prime Up-to-Dates, £4 15s to £5; medium to good, £4 5s to £4 10s; inferior, from £1 to £2 per ton (sacks in).

Straw.—The market is over-supplied, and prices have dropped to 35s for oaten, wheaten ruling from 37s 6d to 40s per ton (pressed).

Messrs. Dalgety and Co., Ltd., report as follows:—

We held our usual auction sale of grain and produce at our stores on Monday, when we offered a small catalogue to a fairly large attendance of buyers. Competition was not over brisk, but this was in a measure due to the quality of the offerings. A fair clearance, however, was effected at auction and privately at quotations. Values ruled as under:

Oats.—The market continues quiet, with no improvement to report in the demand existing. Stocks in stores, however, are now greatly reduced; especially is this so in A and B grade Gartons, and as these have strong inquiry we recommend consignments. Quotations are unchanged. Prime milling, 1s 7½d to 1s 8d; good to best feed, 1s 6d to 1s 7d per bushel; inferior to medium, 1s 3d to 1s 5½d (sacks extra).

Wheat.—The market is very firm at quotations, although few sales can be reported. This is, however, due to the lightness of offerings. Millers are operators in prime Tuscan or velvet at quotations. Fowl wheat has fair inquiry, but is scarce. Medium milling quality, however, finds an outlet in its place. We quote: Prime milling, 4s 7d to 4s 8d; medium milling and fowl wheat, 4s 5d to 4s 6½d; broken and damaged, 3s 9d to 4s 4½d per bushel (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—The market is firm, and there is good inquiry for sound tables at up to £5 per ton. Other descriptions, however, are not wanted, and are in consequence almost unsaleable, even at low figures. We quote: Prime Up-to-Dates, £4 15s to £5; medium, £4 5s to £4 10s; inferior, from £1 per ton (bags in).

Chaff.—Arrivals have been lighter during the past few days, but supplies have been equal to the demand existing. Buyers are very particular as to quality, and none but nicely-cut and heavy lines are readily saleable. Quotations are on a par with those of last week: Extra choice, £3 5s; prime oaten sheaf, £2 17s 6d to £3 2s 6d; medium, £2 12s 6d to £2 15s; light, inferior, and heated, £2 10s per ton (bags in).

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co. report:—

We held our weekly auction sale of grain and produce at our stores on Monday. Our catalogue comprised a moderate selection of oats, wheat, potatoes, chaff, and straw, for all of which there was fair competition up to quotations. Values ruled as under:

Oats.—The market is quiet. Stocks in stores are now materially reduced, and no lines of any importance are offering at present values. On this account there is little business passing, although there is stronger inquiry from northern ports for good lines of Gartons and sparrowbills. We quote: Prime milling, 1s 7½d to 1s 8d; good to best feed, 1s 6d to 1s 7d; inferior to medium, 1s 3d to 1s 5d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—There is practically no prime milling wheat offering in this market. Any lines coming forward are readily taken by millers at quotations. Medium quality, and in many cases good milling lines, are being used almost exclusively to supply fowl-feed requirements. Considering the shortage in the supply of whole fowl wheat, there is comparatively poor demand for seconds, broken, and damaged lots. We quote: Prime milling, 4s 7d to 4s 8d; medium milling and whole fowl wheat, 4s 5d to 4s 6½d; medium fowl wheat, 4s to 4s 4d; broken and damaged, 2s 9d to 3s 9d per bushel (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—Moderate consignments continue to arrive. Best sound lines have fair demand at prices rather above shippers' limits. For stale and inferior quality there is little inquiry, and such lots are not easily placed. Quotations: Best table sorts freshly picked, £4 15s to £5; fair to good, £4 to £4 10s; inferior to medium, £2 10s to £3 10s per ton (bags included).

Chaff.—Only moderate supplies of prime oaten sheaf are coming forward. This is at present the only class in favor with local buyers. Any lower quality is extremely difficult to place to advantage, and in many cases has to be discharged into stores for want of competition. Quotations: Best oaten sheaf, £3 to £3 12s 6d; choice, to £3 5s; medium to good, £2 10s to £2 17s 6d; light and inferior, £2 to £2 7s 6d per ton (bags extra).

Straw.—The market is over-supplied with oaten straw, and in consequence values have receded to 35s. Wheaten is in fair demand at 37s 6d to 40s per ton (pressed).

WOOL

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report:—

Rabbitskins.—As rabbitskins sales are being held fortnightly, the next sale will take place on Monday, the 14th inst.

Sheepskins.—We held our usual sale to-day, when we offered a very large catalogue. Bidding was brisk, and prices were fully up to late rates, no doubt being helped by the recent rise in wool. Next sale will be held on the 22nd inst. Quotations: Best fine halfbred, 6d to 7d; medium to good, 5½d to 6d; inferior, 4d to 5d; best fine crossbred, 6d to 6½d; medium to good, 4½d to 5½d; best crossbred, 5d to 5½d; medium to good, 4d to 4½d; inferior, 3d to 4d; best merino, 6d to 6½d; medium to good, 4½d to 5½d; inferior, 3d to 4d; pelts, 3d to 4½d; lambskins, 3d to 4d.

Hides.—The next sale will be held on the 10th inst.

Tallow and Fat.—There is very little coming forward, and prices show no material change. Best rendered tallow in casks brings from 20s to 22s per cwt; medium to good, 18s to 19s; best rough fat, 16s to 18s; medium to good, 14s to 15s; inferior, 12s to 14s.

LIVE STOCK

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

Messrs. Wright, Stephenson, and Co. report as follows:

There was a very mixed muster of horses, both draught and light, for Saturday's sale, the exception being with four or five exceptions, being all aged and done. The attendance of the public was only fair, the reason, no doubt, being that there was nothing special advertised for the sale. There are buyers on the look-out for good, young, active, heavy draughts for contract work; also for strong, upstanding, reliable light harness horses, and whenever such fresh from the country are submitted for sale they command

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If the daily milk is sour?

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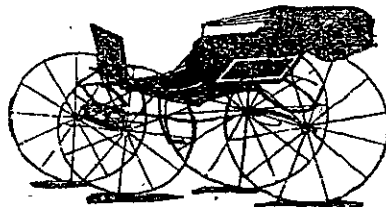
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The Suits now being made to measure by
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tirely satisfied with the garments when you
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of £2 in the price of Mr. Davies' suit
largely to the modern methods adopted in
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also to the fact that he sells entirely for
cash, giving no credit whatever, thus
making no bad debts; and after all it does
seem absurd that one man should have to
pay a higher price for his suit just because
some other fellow fails to pay for his, and
that is just what happens, for somebody has
to pay for those who do not pay, and natu-
rally it is not the tailor who gives the credit,
it is the man who does pay—you. Mr.
Davies will esteem it a privilege to send
samples to any of his readers who will just
drop him a line saying "Kindly send me
samples, simple self measurement forms,
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by return mail a complete range of the
latest suitings, together with illustration of
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ombo Street, Christchurch.

good competition. During the week we have disposed of quite a number of spring-vanners and heavy harness sorts at from £16 10s to £33. We quote:

Superior young draught geldings, at from £45 to £50; extra good do prize-winners, at from £50 to £55; superior young draught mares, at from £50 to £60; medium draught mares and geldings, at from £30 to £40; aged do, at from £15 to £20; well-matched carriage pairs, at from £70 to £100; strong spring-van horses, at from £25 to £30; milk-cart and butchers' order-cart horses, at from £18 to £35; light hacks, at from £8 to £13; extra good hacks and harness horses, at from £13 to £25; weedy and good do, at from £5 to £7.

Palmerston North

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

December 6.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration began in St. Patrick's Church after the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday last. The Rev. Father Herring celebrated Mass, the occasional sermon being preached by the Right Rev. Mgr. O'Reilly, who also preached to a crowded congregation at Vespers. The Rev. Father Mahony, of Wanganui, preached on Monday evening. The devotions were brought to a close on Tuesday morning.

Late Burnside Stock Report

Cattle.—There was a good yarding of 164. The quality was very fair, but there were no pens of extra prime. The demand all round was good, and prices firmed considerably. Best bullocks, £10 to £10 17s 6d; medium, £8 10s to £9 15s; light, £7 to £8; best cows and heifers, £6 15s to £7 12s 6d; medium, £5 10s to £6 10s; inferior, up to £5 5s.

Sheep.—There was a big yarding of 2810, consisting chiefly of old ewes and a few pens of shorn wethers. In consequence of the quality there was a slump in prices. The drop in ewes was from 2s to 3s per head, and in wethers from 1s to 1s 6d. Best shorn wethers, 16s to 18s 6d; extra, up to 20s; medium, 13s 9d to 15s; light, up to 12s 6d; best shorn ewes, 12s to 13s 6d; medium, 4s 6d to 9s; best ewes in wool, up to 20s 6d.

Lambs.—480 penned. Prices were firm at the beginning of the sale, but towards the end fell about 1s per head. Best lambs, up to 17s 6d; medium, 14s to 15s; inferior, 9s to 12s 6d.

Pigs.—95 forward. Suckers were in small supply. Suckers, 18s to 20s; slips, 23s to 28s; stores, 33s to 37s; porkers, 43s to 47s; light baconers, 48s to 54s; heavy do, 55s to 59s; choppers, up to 70s.

At the horticultural show held at Wanganui on Thursday (writes a correspondent) Owen Grogan and Charles Greener, of the Marist Brothers' School, secured first and second prizes respectively for freehand drawing. At the agricultural show held the previous week Charles Jensen and Charles Greener from the same school obtained first and second prizes for the same subject.

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The Premier Wool-brokers in the Province.

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Running and Walking	140	0	0
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Wood-chopping Competition (2nd day)	20	0	0
Quoiting	7	15	0

The Athletic Union of New Zealand will give certificates to winners of events in Running, Walking, Dancing, Hammer, Ball, Caber, and Wrestling; and the Otago Centre N.Z.A.U. will give a Gold Medal, value £3 3s, to the winner of most points in cash class of events. Medal, value £3 3s, will be given to the best All-round Athlete competing at the gathering.

FOR DETAILS SEE PROGRAMME.

ENTRIES for Running and Walking CLOSE at the Secretary's Office, 27 Rattray Street, at 8 p.m. on SATURDAY, 19th December; Cycling, on SATURDAY, 19th December, at 5 p.m. For all other Events on THURSDAY, 24th December, at 8 p.m.

Entry Money for Dunedin and Caledonian Handicaps, 3s 6d. All Events with prize-money exceeding £5 for first prize, 3s 6d. Wrestling, 3s 6d. For all other Events, 2s 6d. Youths' Races, 1s.

Programmes can be obtained from the Directors, or at the Secretary's Office, 27 Rattray Street.

Side Shows of every description, and Luncheon, Fruit, and Refreshment Booths will be conducted on usual liberal lines.

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The object of the Marist Fathers in this country, as in their colleges in Europe and America, is to impart to their pupils a thoroughly Religious and a sound Literary education, which will enable them in after-life to discharge their duties with honor to Religion and Society, and with credit and advantage to themselves.

Students are prepared for the N.Z. University Junior and Senior Civil Service, Medical Entrance, Solicitors' General Knowledge, Bank and all other Public Examinations.

Students not preparing for the learned Professions have the advantage of a Special Commercial Course, under efficient management, where they are taught all that will be of use in mercantile pursuits.

Special attention is also paid to the teaching of Physical Science, for which purpose the College possesses a large Laboratory and Demonstration Hall. Vocal Music, Elocution, Drawing, and all other branches of a Liberal Education receive due attention.

Physical Culture is attended to by a competent Drill Instructor, who trains the students three times a week in Drill, Rifle Practice and Gymnastics. A large and well-equipped Gymnasium is attached to the College.

The religious and moral training of the pupils is an object of special care, and particular care is bestowed on the teaching of Christian Doctrine.

A well-appointed Infirmary attached to the College is under the charge of the Sisters of Compassion, from whom in case of illness all students receive the most tender and devoted care, and who at all times pay particular attention to the younger and more delicate pupils, who without such care would find the absence of home comforts very trying.

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SPECIAL NOTE.—Owing to a mistake, the above were sent by wrong steamer; hence the delay in arrival. Advices arrived too late to issue list, but customers may rely on getting a good selection by the best Catholic writers.

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Convent of the Sacred Heart

TIMARU

The Annual Spiritual Retreat for Ladies

Will begin at 7 p.m. on Monday, the 4th day of January, 1909, and will end on the morning of Saturday, the 9th day of January.

The Retreat will be Preached by a Jesuit Father.

Ladies desirous of making the Retreat are invited to lodge at the Convent, where they will find every accommodation.

Application should be made as soon as possible to the Reverend Mother Superior.

Convent of the Sacred Heart

ISLAND BAY, WELLINGTON.

The Annual Spiritual Retreat for Ladies

Will Begin at 7 p.m. on SATURDAY, the 9th day of January, 1909, and will End on the Morning of THURSDAY, the 14th day of January.

The Retreat will be preached by the Rev. Father Forster, S.J.

By applying in time to the Reverend Mother Superior, Ladies wishing to make the Retreat can remain at the Convent, where they will find every accommodation.

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EDITOR'S NOTICES.

Send news **WHILE IT IS FRESH.** Stale reports will not be inserted.

Communications should reach this Office **BY TUESDAY MORNING.** Only the briefest paragraphs have a chance of insertion if received by Tuesday night's mails.

ADDRESS matter intended for publication 'Editor, TABLET, Dunedin,' and not by name to any member of the Staff.

ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS are thrown into the waste-paper basket.

Write legibly, **ESPECIALLY NAMES** of persons and places. Reports of **MARRIAGES** and **DEATHS** are not selected or compiled at this Office. To secure insertion they must be verified by our local agent or correspondent, or by the clergyman of the district, or by some subscriber whose handwriting is well known at this Office. Such reports must in every case be accompanied by the customary death or marriage announcement, for which a charge of 2s. 6d. is made.

DEATH

FOLEY.—On November 30, 1908, at his residence, 'Glanworth,' Ohutu, William Foley, after a severe illness; in his fifty-second year. R.I.P.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitie 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 10, 1908.

A CHRISTCHURCH CONTROVERSY



IN common with many Canterbury readers, we have perused with much regret a controversy that was brought to a close last week in the columns of the *Lyttelton Times*. Sundry masked correspondents hosed with vitriolic abuse the able and temperate pronouncement of the Bishop of Christchurch on the No-license question, which appeared in the local secular press, and which was subsequently reprinted in our columns. As our readers are aware, the Bishop's pronouncement was elicited by the unworthy electioneering manoeuvre of some individuals who, in the face of the objections of the local ecclesiastical authority, persisted in the distribution of political appeals in the No-license interest at the Christchurch Catholic Cathedral on the Sunday preceding the elections. It is unnecessary to state that political matter, no matter of what hue, would have been equally debarred at such a time and in such a place. The correspondence in question has been marked on the part of the Bishop's critics by a deplorable bitterness and by a spirit of hectoring and bullying, and of all intolerance. Some of the correspondents were, for the purposes of the controversy, 'Roman Catholics.' On reading their communications and those of the other masked assailants of the Bishop of Christchurch, one fully realises the truth of Cardinal Manning's saying, 'that few persons can resist the temptation of saying anonymously what they would not dream of saying with open face.' One sympathises, furthermore, with the wholesome contempt which filled the soul of the Earl of Beaconsfield when he referred to anonymous writers as 'varlets who pelt honest folk with mud as they walk along, and then hide behind a dustbin.' In a controversy on such a subject, marked with such bitterness on the side of the dustbin folk, it was inevitable that we should hear again that mouldy old 'fallacy of figures,' which has again and again been exposed in our columns. We refer to the oft-dynamited tale of the exceptional drunkenness and general criminality and all-round chuckleheadedness of Catholics. Our readers will recall the piece of fiction that in this connection was published to the world in a No-license organ by a *soi-disant* 'Roman Catholic' in 1903. A variant of this fairy tale of figures formed the staple of some abusive correspondence in the *Lyttelton Times*. Briefly, the public were told this time again by anonymous and alleged 'Roman Catholics' that our co-religionists are the most drunken and besotted generation in New Zealand, and the 'proof' of this wide and wild assertion is just this: that a greater proportion of

persons imprisoned for intemperance sign themselves Catholics than are warranted by the proportion of Catholics to our total population. The 'proof' is a bit of preposterous folly. We have dealt with it from time to time. Here we will content ourselves with the following summary remarks in point:—

The Bishop's critics assume that a proper and correct record is kept of the religious beliefs of all the 'drunks' in the country. This is undue assumption with a vengeance. (a) In the first place, the roll of Dominion drunkards is far from complete. (b) In the second place, all convicted toppers are not required to make a statement of their religious beliefs, but only those that are sent to prison. And (c) it is, we believe, the experience of every priest who has been engaged in prison work in these countries—as we were for a time in three separate places—that many non-Catholic criminals have the habit of giving themselves Irish 'aliases' and falsely designating themselves as Catholic. As for the rest, a very large percentage of them can lay claim to the name of Catholic solely by the fact of their Baptism. They live defiant to the laws of the Church; they assume a sham Catholicism when they find themselves within prison walls, only to shed it at the moment that they sniff again the air of freedom; and, so far as their lives go, their proper designation is not Catholics, but practical pagans. Is it not high time for sane people to abandon the controversial trick of making the Catholic Church, and her alone, responsible for the sins and follies of those who never acknowledged her authority, or who, having once acknowledged it, decline her guidance, reject her ministrations, and snap defiant fingers at her laws? One might pardon such crude fallacies in immature youths and callow fledgelings that air at times their omniscient lack of knowledge in the correspondence columns of the daily press; but one is entitled to better things than the adoption or confirmation of such offences against right reason and Christian charity from men who have reached the age of sober thinking and responsible expression.

But our prison statistics furnish no reliable evidence even as to the number of 'drunks' or other offenders for which the Dominion, or any given religious denomination in it, is responsible. (1) Over the published tables of 'law and crime' it is expressly stated that 'each offence is reckoned as a distinct person.' Thus, if John O'Doe is 'run in' seven times in one year for over-indulgence in drink, he counts in the statistics as seven separate misdemeanants. (2) Again: great numbers of drunkards and others convicted in our magistrates' courts do not figure in our prison reports because their means allow them to pay fines in cases where the poorer offender has to go into durance vile. Thus, in 1901, out of 20,624 summarily convicted, no fewer than 10,088 were merely fined, and 1926 were ordered to prison as an alternative to paying a fine or finding security for good behavior. The systematic impoverishment of Irish Catholics by the operation of the penal code and the agrarian laws is responsible for the fact that they furnish an undue proportion to the poorer and poorest part of the population in these countries. And this circumstance would naturally account for a greater frequency of appearance, on their part, on the pages of our prison records. Mulhall, MacDonnell, and statisticians generally acknowledge that petty larceny, drunkenness, and certain allied offences are the outcome of poverty. And the overstrung temperament and relative neediness of a great mass of our Catholic poor greatly tend to bring their offenders prominently into the public eye. They drink, for instance, in the open, under the eye of the police, and, in their case, an arrest may be associated with three or four separate charges. People of more phlegmatic temperament or fuller purse get drunk, but their offence is unknown to the police records. Probably not two per cent. of our country's total cases of drunkenness figure before our courts. Our statistics of 'law and crime' contain no evidence that drunkenness or other offences arising from poverty are proportionately more numerous among New Zealand Catholics than among persons of the same class that are adherents of other religious denominations. And we are convinced that in the graver offences that constitute 'criminals'—in murder, suicide, rape, indecent assault, burglary, swindling, infanticide, pre-natal murder,

juvenile depravity, flagrant conjugal infidelity, and in other grave infractions of the moral laws of which God takes note where the policeman and the statistician often fail—the Catholics of New Zealand would gladly take their chances as against those of all other sections of the community.

Notes

The Catholic Paper

There has been, perhaps, no time in living memory when the nations have had greater need than at present to keep the sword keen, the look-out sharp, and the defences ready. The same remark applies to the warfare of the Faith against error and vice. And in the first line of defence stands the Catholic paper. 'It is,' said Bishop Conaty of Los Angeles in a recent discourse, 'a strong champion of truth. It is out in the open, fighting in the interest of truth. It comes into the home with its explanation of Catholic doctrine and its defence of Catholic truth and Catholic interests. Every Catholic family should have a Catholic newspaper. While the preacher and the lecturer speak the strong words, what they say passes, but the printed word remains, and the message of truth which it conveys is available to inquiring minds long after the memory of the spoken word has passed away.'

France furnishes a warning example of the dangers of a divided and poorly supported Catholic newspaper press. Its scores of weekly weaklings* (entitled *Semaines Religieuses*) contrived to maintain an anæmic, debilitated, powerless, and apologetic existence at the expense of the few ably conducted journals that, like the *Univers*, were calculated to mould public thought, to unite the scattered Catholic forces, and to present a solid front to the enemy.

An Index of Forbidden Books

Some of our magistrates (as our columns have lately shown) are evidently in favor of some such check upon the publication of 'penny dreadfuls' and other forms of unwholesome fiction as is exercised by a high State official of England in the censorship of plays. In this connection we may appropriately quote an extract from a sermon that was preached by Dr. Campbell Morgan, of Westminster Chapel, towards the close of 1904. 'We smile,' said he, 'in our broad-minded way, at the Roman Catholic index of forbidden books. I often wish I could make an index of forbidden books for our young people.'

A Rebuke

We recall the case of a sarcastic priest who, in the middle of his sermon, addressed the following rebuke to the members of the choir in an Australian city: 'I fear that my words are interrupting the thread of an absorbing narrative among the members of the choir. I will therefore pause in order to enable them to conclude in peace.' The conclusion was, as may be imagined, a rather abrupt one. The *S.H. Review* quotes in a recent issue an even more telling admonition. Said a preacher: 'I am always afraid to expose those who misbehave, for this reason: Some years ago, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was laughing, talking, and making uncouth grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the service a gentleman said to me: "Sir, you have made a great mistake. That young man whom you reproved is an idiot." Since then I have been afraid to reprove those who misbehave themselves in church, lest I should repeat the mistake and reprove another idiot.' During the rest of the service at least there was good order.

Farmers and others desirous of securing a cheap and effective water supply for farm and domestic purposes should write to, or call on, Mr. Thomas Danks, Lichfield street, Christchurch, for particulars of his Titan Windmill, which will be found to do all that is claimed for it....

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DIocese of Dunedin

The annual entertainment by, and distribution of prizes to, the pupils of the Christian Brothers' School will be held in the Garrison Hall on Monday evening, December 21.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday from the last Mass until Vespers. In the evening there was the usual procession in which the children of the parish schools and confraternities took part.

The Rev. Father Lynch, of Palmerston, and the Rev. Father McMullan, of Ranfurly, were present at the Holy Father's Jubilee celebrations in Rome on November 16. Afterwards Father Lynch was to return to his native place for a short stay before returning to New Zealand. Father McMullan, it is understood, was to leave Naples for New Zealand about December 20.

At the Sacred Heart School, North-East Valley, a musical social afternoon was given by the pupils to their parents and friends on Tuesday. At the conclusion of the entertainment the first of the series of prizes in the Dainty Art Union—a beautifully carved hexagonal occasional table—was drawn in the presence of the audience and the following gentlemen:—Messrs. O'Neill, Lynch, Bunbury, Cowen, and Hanly.

In a letter just received from the Right Rev. Dr. Verdon his Lordship states that his health has been greatly improved by his stay in the Home countries. His Lordship intended to leave Naples on his return journey on December 6, and was to be accompanied by the Right Rev. Dr. Higgins, Bishop of Ballarat. The Most Rev. Dr. Delany, Archbishop of Hobart, had made arrangements to come out by the same steamer.

Interprovincial

The Rev. Father Power, of Hawera, whilst on a visit to his native county of Waterford, delivered a very fine lecture on New Zealand in the Town Hall, Dun-garvan. One of the audience, on moving a vote of thanks to Very Rev. Father Power, said that the Very Rev. lecturer had given such a very interesting account of New Zealand—its climate, the fertility of the soil, variety of its products, and its land and labor laws—that it would no doubt result in attracting many emigrants from Ireland to that favored land, instead of to the United States and Canada.

As an outcome of the mission that was held recently at Wadestown, an enthusiastic and representative gathering of the Catholic residents (writes an occasional correspondent) met at the house of Mr. Blake on Wednesday, December 2, to discuss the advisability of procuring land and erecting a church thereon at Wadestown. The Rev. Father Hickson, S.M., Adm., supported by Rev. Father Peoples, S.M., presided. At the close of the meeting Father Hickson expressed his great satisfaction and warm appreciation at the result of the collection made in the room, which amounted to £70. A strong committee was then formed to carry out the objects of the meeting.

In the course of an interview given to a representative of the *Wellington Evening Post*, the Rev. Dr. Gibb, who has just returned from a trip to the Home Country, said: 'There is one phase of church movement at Home which is disquieting to a convinced Protestant. What the end of it all will be no man knows, but it can hardly be questioned that there is a Romeward movement on the part of a very considerable section of the Church of England. The direct activities of the Roman communion did not impress me so much—though they are very much in evidence in many quarters—as the Romanising processes that are taking place in other communions. It is scarcely credible that north of the Tweed, in the Established Church of Scotland, there should be any symptoms of this kind of thing. But there are. Jacob Primmer, of whom you may have heard, is doubtless something of a fanatic, but the case of St. Cuthbert which he brought before the

General Assembly was suggestive of much. They have introduced what Mr. Primmer calls graven images into that venerable old building, and carry through a service which is, to say the least, very high. Of course, there was bound to come a reaction from the bareness of the structures and the severe simplicity of the old time Presbyterian worship, and most progressive men in that communion desire a fuller and more beautiful service than is customary, but the tendencies in evidence at Home are certainly significant. After my last visit to the Home Land thirteen years ago I said I believed that the battle of the reformation would have again to be fought out there, and I am now even more of that opinion than I was then.'

GOLDEN WEDDING

(From an occasional correspondent.)

On November 19, 1858, the Right Rev. Dr. Pompallier, first Bishop of Auckland, married Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Darby in old St. Patrick's Cathedral, Auckland, so that Thursday, November 19, 1908, was the golden jubilee of their wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Darby were blessed by God with thirteen children, of whom seven sons and three daughters still live. The sons are Dr. William John Darby, Auckland; Messrs. Patrick and Walter Darby, merchants, Auckland; Messrs. Edward and Thomas Darby, agents, Auckland; Mr. Bernard Darby, chemist, Christchurch, and Rev. Joseph Croke Darby, parish priest of Hamilton. The daughters are Mrs. R. Mackay, Auckland; Mrs. V. Kenealy, Te Puke, Auckland; Mrs. T. Lonergan, Kaponga, Taranaki. On account of the advanced age and failing health of Mr. and Mrs. Darby the jubilee rejoicings were kept within the family circle. As all during life Mr. Darby has gone to daily Mass, the family decided that the Holy Mass should be the principal family act of thanksgiving. Fifty Masses were said as an act of thanksgiving to God for His blessings during the fifty years. On the morning of the golden wedding all the children met at the old family home, New street, Ponsonby. By special permission the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered in the house by the Rev. Father Darby, and the father and mother and all the children received Holy Communion—a worthy recompense for one who, all during life, was so devoted to the Holy Mass.

Mr. Darby all through life has given most generously to every good work; in fact, his generosity in the diocese of Auckland has become proverbial, his guiding principle being that no man became poor because he gives to God. From earliest times in the Church life of Auckland he has been the true and constant friend of the successive Bishops, priests, and nuns of Auckland, and it is owing in great measure to his foresight and generosity that the Catholic Church in Auckland still retains some of its most valuable properties, such, for example, as the properties known as the Bishop's residence, Ponsonby, and the orphanage property at Takapuna.

When Dr. Croke, the late Archbishop of Cashel, was transferred from Auckland to Cashel, he made Mr. Patrick Darby sole trustee for the funds of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and when the Right Rev. Dr. Lenihan, the present Bishop of Auckland, visited Dr. Croke in 1899 he made Dr. Lenihan the bearer of a handsome gold pen to his old friend, Patrick Darby, of Auckland. As a young man, Mr. Darby took his share in forming the future city of Auckland, being a member of Auckland's first City Board.

During breakfast Father Darby returned thanks to God for His blessings so generously bestowed on the family, and exhorted the family to walk in the footsteps of their father, who, like David, could now say to his children: 'I have been young, and I am now old, and I have never seen the just man forsaken, nor his seed cast off for ever.' Dr. Darby suitably replied on behalf of his parents, brothers, and sisters.

To-day, with their own children, besides twenty-four grandchildren, Mr. and Mrs. Darby spend the evening of their life amidst the comforts of religion and the consolations begotten of good children, and full of gratitude to God for His blessings to them in this life they await with hope and resignation the call of God to the next.

BISHOP VERDON TESTIMONIAL FUND.

The following subscriptions are acknowledged in connection with the above fund:—

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Mrs. Bunbury	2	0	0
Dr. O'Neill	2	0	0
Inspector O'Brien	2	0	0
Mr. Columb	2	0	0
James Griffin	1	10	0

The following contributed £1 1s each:—

Mr. Watson, W. Rosbotham, Miss Staunton, C. S. Spaul, M. Meenan, Dr. Hall, J. O'Connor, C. Meenan, W. T. Monkman, Patrick O'Neill, J. A. O'Brien, John O'Connell, C. Columb, Mr. McGuigan, F. Loughnan, J. B. Callan, jun., P. Cotter, W. Gleeson.

The following contributed £1 each:—

Mrs. Gleeson, Miss McKay, Mrs. Haydon, Misses Wall, Edward McKeown, T. B. Conway, D. McCurdy, Patrick Hally, W. J. Hall, E. O'Reilly, T. Hussey, Miss Mahoney, J. W. Kennedy, P. Carolin, John Layburn.

The following contributed 10s 6d each:—

Mrs. Court, Mrs. Dunn, Mrs. Jackson, James O'Neill, Wm. Dunn, J. Miller, A. J. Emery.

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SOUTH DUNEDIN.

C. and A. Shiel	5	5	0
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Father O'Neill	2	2	0

The following contributed £1 1s each:—

T. E. Shiel, Mrs. Hegarty, M. Mulquin, Miss Murphy, T. J. Meade, Wm. Meade, J. Donlon, J. J. Marlow, M. McKay, Mr. Mee, £1.

The following contributed 10s 6d each:—

J. Saunders, J. Gaffney, T. Mooney, J. Conniff, James O'Kane.

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Mrs. J. A. Brown, Mrs. Dawson, J. McDevitt, D. Wilson, C. J. Meade, J. Brew, Kate Rosbotham, James McCurdy, Mrs. Lennon, P. Fitzpatrick, D. O'Rourke, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. McBride, J. McGowan, P. O'Reilly, J. Lynch, Mrs. Ryan, &c. Keys.

(To be continued.)

J. O'CONNOR,
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Hon. Secretaries.

The annual gathering of the Caledonian Society takes place at the society's grounds, Kensington, on January 1 and 2, when £400 will be given in prizes. In addition the Athletic Union of New Zealand will give certificates to winners of certain events. Entries for running and walking and cycling close at the secretary's office, 27 Rat-tray street, on the evening of December 19, and for other events on December 24.

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The son of a leading merchant of Melbourne broke down just as he was commencing his University course. All the best physicians of Melbourne were consulted, but none of them could stop the fits. The father then took the young man to England and elsewhere to obtain the best advice in the world, but, after spending over £1000, he brought him back with the fits occurring more frequently than ever. Trench's Remedy at once stopped the attacks, and the young man is now perfectly cured.

The above statements can be verified by personal reference to the parents of the patients, who, from gratitude, have offered to reply to any enquirers we refer to them.

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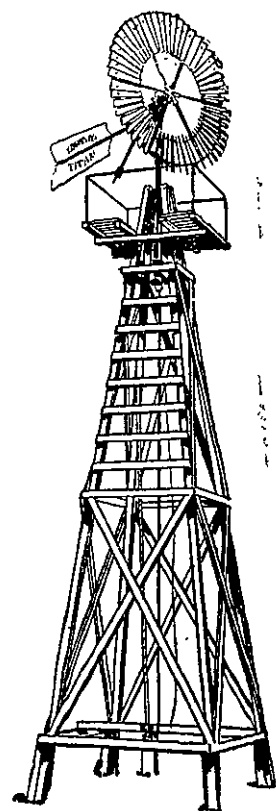
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Irish News

CORK—Congratulating the Holy Father

The Cork Harbor Board, composed of commercial gentlemen, a number of whom are non-Catholics, have unanimously passed a resolution congratulating the Holy Father on the attainment of his Sacerdotal jubilee.

DUBLIN—Technical Education

Dr. Windle, President of the Queen's College, Cork, distributed the prizes to the successful students of Kingstown Technical Schools in the Town Hall. In the course of an interesting address he expressed a hope that the new Irish Universities would take a large share in the work of technical education, and so provide the necessary complement to the part being played by the Technical Schools. He could give more than one instance of how businesses had gone on the rocks or great opportunities were missed because the men in command had not sufficient knowledge to grasp the bearing of recent discoveries on the pursuit in which he was engaged. The Universities should provide suitable training for the future captains of Irish industries. There were, he said, some who complained that Irish Universities and technical schools were turning out trained workers mainly for exportation, and that Irish money was being expended on providing other countries with skilled workmen of divers kinds. That, to some extent, was true, but even if it were wholly true he was disposed to think there might be something to be said even for the system which educated Irish men and women to earn their living in other lands.

Catholic Scholarship Fund

Very Rev. Dr. Delany, S.J., President of University College, Dublin, announces that the Bishops of Ireland at their annual meeting in Maynooth resolved to give a third contribution to the Catholic Scholarship Fund, so that distinguished candidates of this year's Intermediate Examination will receive their reward and the scholarships will be carried on until the new University is in working order.

The Irish National Pilgrimage

The main body of the Irish National Pilgrimage to Rome (writes a Dublin correspondent) left here for Holyhead on October 16. His Eminence Cardinal Logue came down in the pouring rain to see them off. He remained on the platform for some time before the train departed, conversing with Canon Fricker, and the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford, who was also going on the pilgrimage.

Catholic Truth Society

Before the patriotic and learned Archbishop of Melbourne (says the *Irish Weekly*) delivered his instructive and eloquent address on the progress of the Catholic Faith and Catholic Education in Australia, his Eminence Cardinal Logue opened the Sixth Annual Conference of the Catholic Truth Society in Dublin with a strong protest against the circulation of anti-religious literature amongst the young people of the country. This is a topic quite familiar to our readers; and we need only record the Cardinal's words and hope the efforts of the society to provide a literary antidote to the bane will be increasingly successful. The Archbishop of Melbourne's hopeful account of the Church in far Australia will be read with interest and pride by Irish Catholics, whose kith and kin have done so much to make the great southern land a centre of the Faith. The Conference registered a strong protest against the Premier's action with regard to the Eucharistic procession in London, and demanded the abolition of the last remnants of the Penal Laws—really, not remnants of the old Code in this case, but enactments forming part of the alleged Act of Emancipation.

FERMANAGH—Interesting Find

Mr. Owen Reilly, of Gubb Island, Newtownbutler, County Fermanagh, who some time ago while digging a hole in his field by the brink of Lough Erne discovered an ancient bronze pot bearing an inscription in the Ogham characters, has since received numerous inquiries from scholars and antiquarians regarding his find. Acting on the advice of some of those interested, he has forwarded

the pot to the authorities of the National Museum of Antiquities in Dublin for examination. The inscription on the pot renders it of peculiar interest, being one of the very few Ogham inscriptions discovered in Ulster.

Over One Hundred Years

Some weeks ago the interment took place at Newtownbutler, County Fermanagh, of Mrs. Catherine Kierans, who was known to have been over 100 years old. Some of her relatives place her age at 113, and state that she had clear recollections of an incident in which her father figured in the memorable year of 1798. Mrs. Kierans, whose maiden name was Hughes, was born in the townland of Derrycorban, near Lisnaska.

GALWAY—The Clanricarde Estate

The Estates Commissioners have decided to acquire 1800 acres of the Clanricarde estate compulsorily, and restore to their homes the evicted tenants, or as many of them as can be settled comfortably on that area.

KILDARE—A Venerable Priest

Rev. Louis Keating, who has passed to his eternal reward at an advanced age, was ordained in the year 1846, in Carlow College. In that year he went out to Ceylon to do missionary duty. For thirty-five years he labored with the greatest zeal in that distant country, and during all those years he was highly esteemed by Bishops, priests, and people. His health having begun to fail, he came back to Kildare and Leighlin, and when he got a little stronger he commenced missionary duties again in his native diocese. There he remained to the end, doing great and most useful work in the parishes of Clongait, Carbury, and Rosenallis; and in all those parishes he was beloved by the people for his zeal in the discharge of his duties and his charity. He died in the last-mentioned parish, having reached the patriarchal age of eighty-six years. His funeral was one of the largest seen in that part of the country for many years.

KING'S COUNTY—A Present for the Pope

Rev. T. McCrea, who has gone on the pilgrimage to Rome, will present the Holy Father, on behalf of the Catholics of Clonbullogue, Bracknagh, and Walsh Island, King's County, with a beautifully wrought chalice of Irish manufacture and Celtic design, inset with amethysts.

LONGFORD—Visit of Australian Prelates

On October 19 his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne and his Lordship the Bishop of Ballarat arrived at Longford on a visit to the Most Rev. Dr. Hoare.

MEATH—A Gaelic Scholar

Mr. Paul Walsh, Meath, who won at Maynooth College the Solus Essay in Irish on O'Curry, has only been studying the language for four years. It is stated that he is now engaged in some advanced work on the Irish manuscripts in the College library.

SLIGO—The Ruler of an Island

The Courts of Europe (says the *Irish Weekly*) have not gone into mourning, although a potentate whose sway was far less open to question or challenge than that of the greatest amongst them has passed away. He was the King of Innismurray, which is a small island N.W. of the Sligo coast. His late Majesty's territory is 209 acres in extent—some German principalities are not much larger—and his subjects numbered 70. Outside his dominions he was called Mr. Michael Waters. At home he was a King, and a good Catholic sovereign also. The *Sligo Champion* says: 'The King was really ruler of the ocean-bound island, in fact as well as in word. His word was law, and he always acted with impartiality and justice towards his subjects, whose interests he jealously guarded against the encroachments of any neighbors. He was well known to tourists and visitors to the island, where he treated all-comers with characteristic hospitality. He was King for over 35 years, having succeeded his late mother, the Princess, and he in turn handed over the reins of office to his son Michael, adjuring him always to do his best for the islanders. The respect and regard the people entertained for him was strikingly shown in his last illness, when they helped his family to nurse him by night and day.'

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Up-to-date Tailoring in charge of a First-rate Cutter. Prices Strictly Moderate

WATERFORD—Charitable Bequests

The late Mrs. Fanning, of View Mount, Waterford, by her will bequeathed £500 to each of the following charities:—Convent of the Good Shepherd, Hammersmith; Nazareth House, Hammersmith; Crusade of Rescue, Harrow road, London, and St. Francis' Home for Boys, Shefford, Beds. To the Aged Poor Society she bequeathed £600.

GENERAL

The Irish Leader

Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., has had a cordial reception on his return home from the United States. He arrived in Waterford on October 16 from Queenstown. The hon. member was met by the Mayor and several members of the Corporation and representative citizens, and was presented with an address.

The Necessity of Special Knowledge

His Eminence Cardinal Logue, at the annual distribution of prizes and conferring of degrees, which took place in Maynooth College on October 14, delivered an important address to the students. He said any person sitting there and listening to the immense amount of distinctions they had gained in every branch—the Faculties of Arts, Theology, and Literature—must have been deeply impressed with the opportunities which the young gentlemen of that great establishment possessed, and with the good use which they had made of those opportunities. They should remember that a thorough knowledge of their professional duties, and especially of the duties that included all the fundamental and important and leading truths of Holy Faith, was necessary for the pastors of the people. They were bound to keep the light of Gospel truth and of theological science burning before the people, who depended on them for all that religious knowledge necessary for the sanctification of their lives, and to enable them to achieve the means of securing the reward of their piety in the world to come. If ever there was a time when that special knowledge was required in the priesthood, it was the present day. Men's minds seemed to have gone astray latterly. They seemed to have got a bend in the wrong direction, a direction which led men into many errors; and those who were not actually led into the ways of error were trembling on the brink of the precipice. They were the very persons destined by Almighty God to keep those wandering souls from falling into the pit. All modern errors, by which the truth of Jesus Christ was assailed, should find in them mighty and determined opponents, so that the people committed to their care might go safely through all the dangers that arose from the free-thinking and inexact and erroneous views of the present day.

The Pensions Act

Stories regarding the working of the Pensions Act are many. In a remote part of Connaught an aged man travelled about eight miles to the Post Office, and applied for his 'paper.' He was known to the postmaster, who was aware that the applicant was well over seventy years of age. The 'paper' was duly filled, and then the venerable gentleman said he wanted another paper. 'For whom?' asked the postmaster. 'For my father,' he said. The official was astonished; but the facts were undeniable. The old man's father still lived, and was as hale and hearty as could have been expected, considering that his age was ninety-five.

Groundless Fears

Mr. Lindsay Lytbot Crosbie writes in the London *Daily Graphic*: 'In a recent issue you say that England might for her own peace and quiet be willing to rid herself of Irish troubles by allowing Irishmen to manage their own affairs, but that she would not be prepared to abandon the loyal minority in Ireland to be subjected to a Catholic ascendancy. As one of the "loyal minority," I can assure you we do not in any way share your apprehensions, and if this is the only barrier to the fulfilment of Irish National aspirations, it may at once be swept aside. We are tired of being exploited by Orange lodges and the Tory press for their own political objects; and so far from the scattered Protestants of the south and west living under civil or religious disabilities, I challenge the production of a single case in which a Protestant has, on account of his religion, suffered either in purse or person from the action of his Catholic neighbors.'

People We Hear About

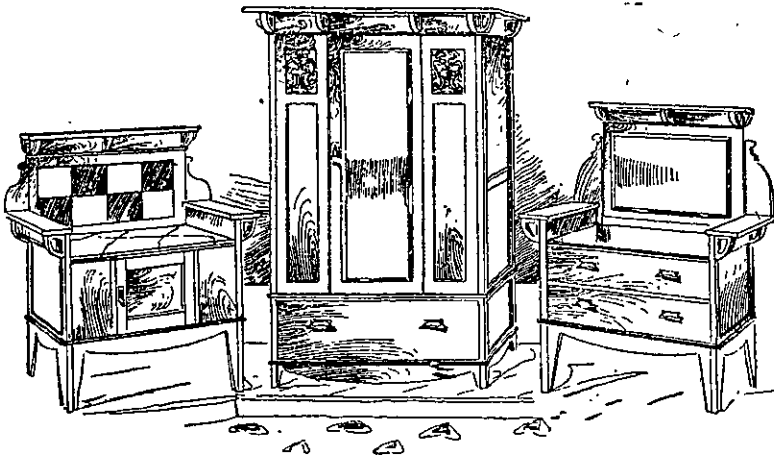
The infant Pu Yi was crowned Emperor of China in the Royal Palace last week. The coronation was attended with great ceremony. The Emperor toddled to the throne without assistance, and received the kow-tows of the princes and officials. Prince Chun, the Regent, will direct the Emperor's education and upbringing on modern lines.

Mr. John McCormack, the Irish tenor, who, it is said, has been engaged to accompany Madame Melba in her next American tour, was born in Athlone in 1884. He studied for the Civil Service, and did not turn his attention seriously to music till 1902, when, at a friend's advice, he took part in the National Irish Festival, where he won the gold medal for tenors. In 1903 he joined the choir of Marlborough Street Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, and sang at the St. Louis Exhibition in 1904. He studied with Sabatini at Milan 1905-6, and in 1907 he appeared in important roles at Covent Garden.

Sir Edward Elgar, the distinguished composer, of whom his fellow-Catholics of England are so justly proud, has decided, in consequence of the delicate state of his health, to resign the chair of music in the Birmingham University, which he has held for nearly five years. During recent years it has become necessary for him to spend the winter months in Italy, and this prolonged absence, he feels, is calculated to impair his usefulness to the University. He has accordingly placed his resignation in the hands of the University Council. Sir Edward, who has just turned fifty, takes the chief place amongst the musical composers of our day. In him the artistic talent is hereditary, for his father was a musician of considerable gifts.

Mr. Hugh Mahon, M.H.R. for Coolgardie (W.A.), who is Minister of Home Affairs, was Postmaster-General in the Watson Ministry (says the *Sydney Freeman's Journal*). Mr. Mahon was born in 1858 at Tullamore, King's County, Ireland, and spent his early years in the United States and Canada. Returning to Ireland on a visit, he became associated with the Parnell movement, and shared the Irish leader's imprisonment in Kilmainham under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, when it was not necessary for the Coercion regime to establish any charge at all against a reputable citizen in order to imprison him without trial. Mr. Mahon's health having suffered, he was released, and came to Sydney in 1882. Here he was attached to the literary staff of the *Daily Telegraph* and other journals, and in 1895 he went to West Australia, where he conducted newspapers of his own on the gold-fields. He won high opinions from the staffs of the postal and telegraph department when he was Federal P.M.G.

Emperor William of Germany is as prominent a devotee of strenuous life as is President Roosevelt. His regular working schedule for a single day, according to *Leslie's Weekly*, is as follows:—The monarch rises at 5 a.m., and sometimes earlier, if the press of business is unusually heavy. At 6 o'clock he reaches his work-room, drinks a cup of tea or bouillon and eats a sandwich, and then he seats himself before a great desk and commences his labors. At 7 o'clock the Emperor receives reports from his adjutants and Ministers, devoting three hours to this task. During this interval he also audits bills for household supplies, scanning the accounts of tradesmen with great care. At 10 or 10.30 a.m. the Emperor breakfasts with his family, his favorite morning meal consisting of oatmeal, bacon, and eggs. After breakfast the Emperor usually goes for a stroll, but by 2 o'clock at latest he is back at his office, where he puts in three hours' or more work with his secretary, going over written reports submitted to him, disposing of correspondence and handling many details of administration. It is the Emperor's rule to clear up the business of each day and let nothing go over to the morrow, no matter how late he must remain at the desk. As a rule, he dines with his family at 5 o'clock, but the hour is later if he has not then completed the work of the day. The evening he devotes to social enjoyment or to public functions.



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TRUST—'An organisation formed mainly for the purpose of regulating the supply and price of commodities, &c., as a sugar, steel, or flour trust.'

COMBINE—'To form a union, to agree, to coalesce, to confederate.'

ASSOCIATION—'Union of persons in a company or society for SOME PARTICULAR PURPOSE; as the American Association for the advancement of science; A BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.'

N.B.—WE ARE IN NO WAY CONNECTED with any of the above concerns; free in every respect, and we intend to remain so, with the WORKERS' assistance.

WORKERS, we are benevolent to a degree. This you know, and we must bashfully admit it, also exponents of the science known as the NOBLE ART when danger is hovering round you, fully verified in our recent tussle with those 'RIGHT AT THE TOP,' and the long combat with the FLOUR TRUST, which naively poses as an association.

But with your valuable assistance, we are STILL 'CHAMPION.'

The only matters that baffle your CHAMPION are advancing wheat markets, caused by droughts and shortages throughout the world, and we crave your indulgence until the laws of Nature have adjusted them.

So kindly rally round your "CHAMPION STANDARD" once more, and the victory is yours.

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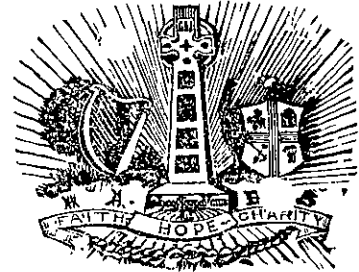
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The District Officers are anxious to open New Branches, and will give all possible assistance and information to applicants. Branches being established in the various centres throughout the Colonies, an invaluable measure of reciprocity obtains.

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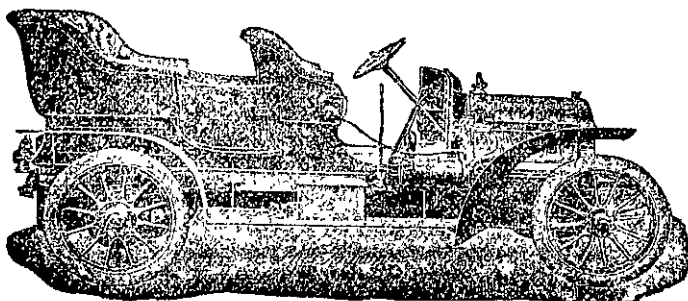
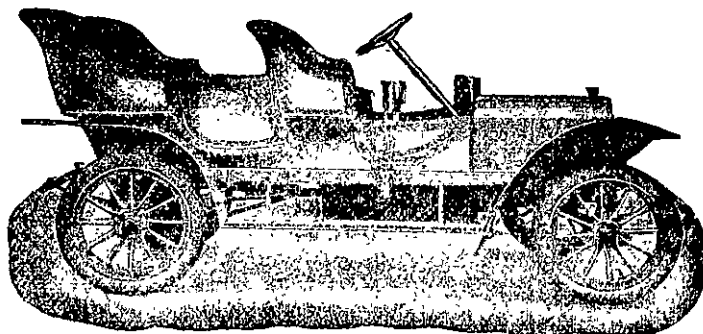
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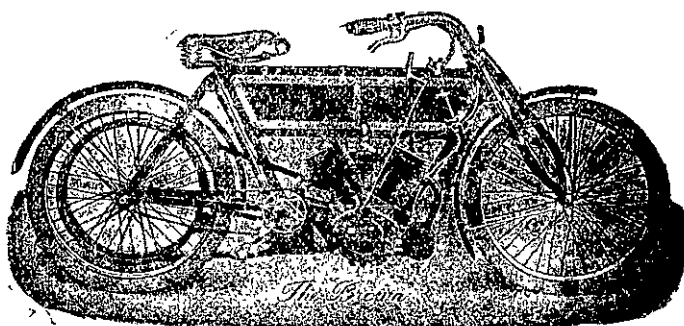


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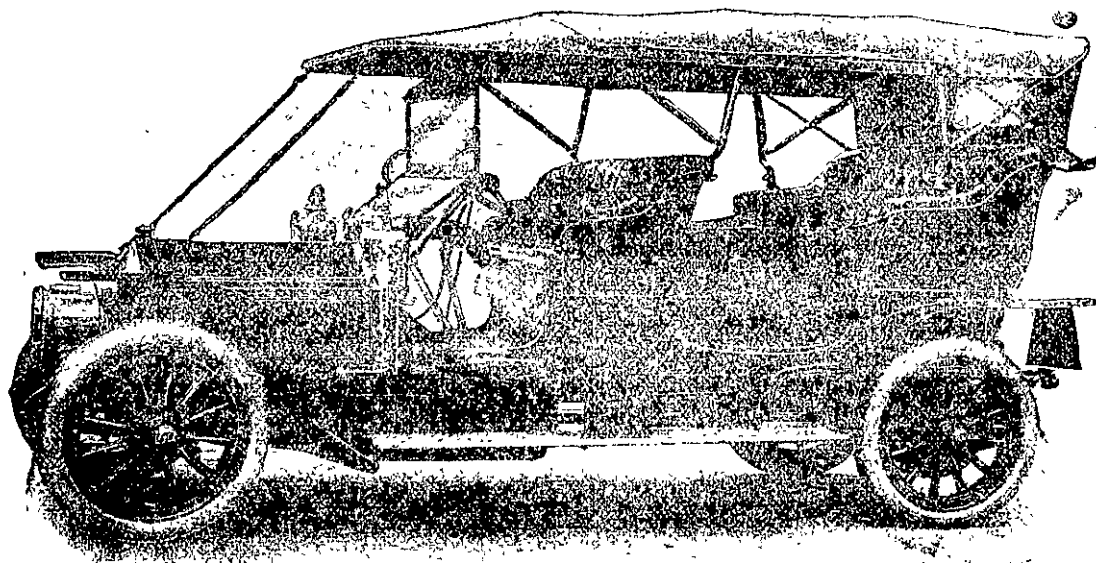
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The Catholic World

CANADA—Church Extension

A movement of great importance and one with possibilities incalculable within its grasp, is that of the Catholic Church Extension of Canada, which has just been launched upon its mission under auspices that speak for its continuance and success. At its head are the Archbishops of Toronto and Quebec and the Bishop of Charlottetown, P.E.I., besides a number of prominent laymen. The objects of the movement as scheduled are: To foster and extend the Catholic Faith in Canada by (a) cultivating a missionary spirit in the clergy and people, (b) founding a college for the education of missionaries, (c) the building and equipping of chapels in pioneer districts, (d) contributing to the support of poor missions, (e) circulation of Catholic literature, and every other means proper to the main purpose of the Society. All over Canada vast areas exist where the wants which this organisation will fill, cry loudly for notice and assistance. Hundreds of miles in many districts may be travelled without sign of the cross or steeple that proclaim the temple of Catholicity, and these same districts are sometimes altogether strangers to the consoling ministrations of the priesthood of God's Church. In Western Canada especially this condition of things has, up to the present, been unavoidable. The population outside of large centres is scattered, distances are great, missionaries so far are few and money and means generally scarce.

ENGLAND—The Late Lord Herries

The late Lord Herries, the inscription plate on whose coffin, by the way, bore the name Marmaduke—not Charles—Francis Constable Maxwell, took a deep interest in the Association for the Propagation of the Faith and held the office of President of the Council for Great Britain. He was also much interested in the work of the Catholic Record Society.

A National Pilgrimage

On October 19 the first and second sections of the National pilgrimage to Rome left London. The two parties numbered close on 400. Among those travelling with the pilgrimage were the Bishops of Birmingham, Portsmouth, Salford, Northampton, Hexham, and Auckland. The third section, consisting of 300 persons, left on the following day.

A Popular Priest

The popular and patriotic Superior of St. Anne's, Spitalfields, E., the Very Rev. Father Murphy, has been elected Provincial of the Marist Order in England (writes a London correspondent). Although his new duties will engage a considerable part of his time, it is understood that he will not sever his connection with St. Anne's. The new Provincial of the Marist Order is very popular with all sections of the community in East London. For years he has taken an active part in the administration of the Poor Law in the district. He is vice-chairman of the White-chapel Board of Guardians, and possesses the confidence and goodwill of all the members of that body. Father Murphy has been for a considerable time attached to the Marist Mission at Spitalfields, first as assistant to the late Father Kearney, and late as Superior. As president of the local branch of the League of the Cross he has been an active worker in the temperance movement in London, and has spoken at many public meetings organised by the League.

A Diamond Jubilee

The celebration of the diamond jubilee of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, was an event in which widespread interest was taken by the Catholics of London. In connection with the jubilee a Requiem Mass was celebrated in memory of Provost Thomas Doyle and all deceased bishops, clergy, and laity of the diocese. Provost Doyle, who was appointed to what was then known as St. George's Chapel in 1820, was the founder of the Cathedral, it being due to his exertions that the necessary funds were secured and the site in St. George's Fields purchased in 1840 for £3200. Preaching at a special High Mass of Thanks-

giving in connection with the celebrations Monsignor Croke Robinson referred to the great progress that had been made during the past sixty years. He said:—Let them compare the diocese as it was in the year 1851 with its position to-day. At the commencement of that year, although extremely large—extending over the South-East of England—it possessed only 67 priests and 57 churches and chapels. To-day, despite having been reduced in size, there were 507 clergy and 367 churches and chapels; whilst as regards religious Orders there were at the present time 31 houses of religious men and 63 of women. Then the population of the diocese had enormously increased, being now 100,000, as compared with 28,000, the estimated population of the three counties half a century ago. The activity of Catholic Southwark was proverbial, and every week in their papers they found records of continued progress. With its past history several names were associated, notably those of the saintly Bishop Grant, his predecessor, James Danell, who died in 1881; Bishop Butt; and lastly Archbishop Bourne, who in 1903 was translated to Westminster; whilst in connection with the administration of the Cathedral he might mention Provost Moore, Canon Murnane, Canon Keatinge, and the present able administrator, Father Sprankling.

ROME—Pilgrims from many Lands

Since the Jubilee celebrations connected with the fiftieth year of the Holy Father's priesthood opened (writes a Rome correspondent under date, October 18), probably no week has seen so many foreign faces in the Vatican as the one just passed. At the commencement of the week, Pius X. received a Hungarian pilgrimage composed of 700 Catholics, all of whom appeared before the Holy Father dressed in the rich, picturesque costumes of their country. This has been the second pilgrimage that has come to Rome from Hungary within the past four months. Next, a body of one thousand pilgrims arrived from Lombardy, headed by Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan. This again was followed the subsequent day by a Tuscan pilgrimage under the leadership of Cardinal Maffi, Archbishop of Pisa, which represented six dioceses. The pilgrims numbered over 800. A deputation of Catholics from Iceland and Denmark was rather a new sight even for the centre of Christendom. They came to offer Pius X. the congratulations of his spiritual subjects in those distant parts. Then there came Armenian prelates and laymen from Alexandria in Egypt, on behalf of the Armenian Catholics, to be succeeded by another deputation from the other side of the world. This latter body was made up of Mexicans who had been deputed to convey the felicitations of their co-religionists to the Father of the faithful.

The Elementary School Question

In the Eternal City the elementary school question gives as much anxiety to all interested in the maintenance of Christian education as it does in England (writes a Rome correspondent). The Municipal Council, with its Freemason head and its very anti-Christian membership, is determined to secularise the schools completely. At present religious education is allowed in the school buildings, although only outside school hours and at the expense of the parents. The council has it in mind now to refuse absolutely the use of the school buildings for this purpose. Whether the council will succeed in its nefarious design remains to be seen. There is evidence of an awakening on the part of parents; but, unfortunately, the conduct of parents in Rome for many years past does not give one much ground for hope that any effective check will be put in the way of the council. Catholic parents who abet anti-Christian men to be their representatives in their councils cannot be relied upon.

SCOTLAND—The Marist Brothers in Glasgow

In 1858 the Marist Brothers first began to work in the second city of the Empire (writes a Glasgow correspondent), and ever since that date their labors in the cause of Catholic education have won the deep and ever-increasing admiration of the citizens of Glasgow, Catholics and Protestants alike. St. Mungo's Academy, Townhead, has had a career of fifty years of unqualified success; the school, which, in the words of the Brothers' prospectus, aims at providing 'a training both thoroughly religious and thoroughly practical,' comprises three separate departments—

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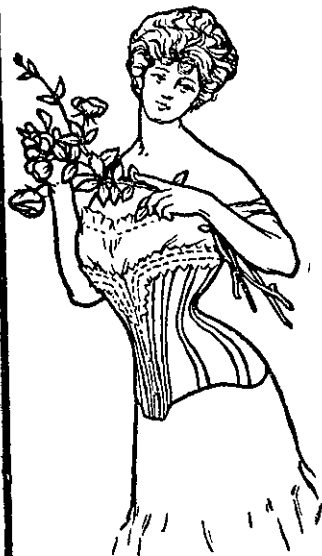
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preliminary, higher grade intermediate, and higher grade advanced—all of which are regularly examined by H.M. inspectors. It is proposed to celebrate the jubilee of the college with suitable recognition of its immense value as an educational asset both to the Catholic religion and to the social life of Scotland generally.

A Catholic Judge

The appointment of Mr. William Campbell, a Catholic, as Court of Sessions judge in Scotland, the first appointment of a Catholic to the Scottish Bench since the 'Reformation,' has excited a good deal of interest at both sides of the Border. The Superior Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Glasgow have forwarded to Lord Skerrington, president of the Superior Council of Edinburgh, their heartiest congratulations on his elevation to the Judicial Bench of Scotland. Skerrington, the title assumed by Mr. William Campbell, K.C., is an Ayrshire estate owned by the new judge.

UNITED STATES—A Son of an Irish Patriot

Admirers of John Mitchel, author of *The Jail Journal*, will learn with regret (says the *Catholic Times*) of the death of his son, Captain James Mitchel, in New York, on October 5. He died a Catholic, and was interred, after a High Mass at St. Francis Xavier's, at Woodlawn Cemetery. Captain Mitchel was born in Newry in 1840.

Vacant Sees

An unusual number of Sees are vacant in the United States at present. Nominations soon to be made are an archbishop for Santa Fe and a coadjutor for San Francisco; new bishops for Cleveland, and for the new diocese of Toledo, O.; coadjutors and assistant bishops for Detroit, Syracuse, Burlington, Vt., Baltimore, New Orleans, Dubuque, Cincinnati, and Milwaukee.

No Rivalry

Referring to the fact that the State of Louisiana maintains an asylum for lepers, which it has given in charge to Catholic Sisters, the *Ave Maria* remarks: 'We are not aware that Protestants of any denomination have ever objected to this action on the part of the State Government, or claimed the right of sharing in the Sisters' service.'

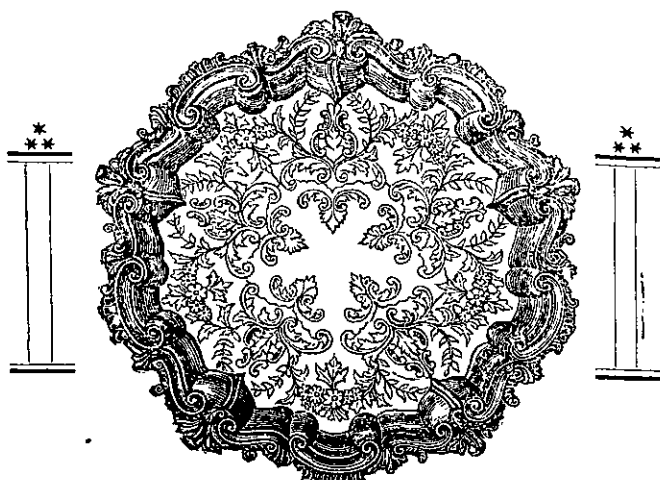
The *New Zealand Year Book* for 1908, a copy of which we have just received, contains a great deal of useful and interesting information respecting the Dominion, its population, resources, progress, etc. The special articles deal with the land system of the Dominion, advances to settlers and workers, Government valuation of land, old age pensions, etc.

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Domestic

By MAUREEN

For a Restless Child.

If a delicate child has a habit of kicking the clothes off at night, and so contracting chills, it is a good plan to sew a large button to each corner of the coverlet and attach a long tape loop to the corners of the bedstead. When fastened this contrivance will keep the bedclothes securely in place, however much the child may toss in his sleep.

Piano Keys.

The appearance of a piano is considerably lessened if the keys are faded or yellow. To keep the keys in good condition dissolve half an ounce of fine white wax, shredded small, with turpentine, by heat, till it becomes of the consistency of cream. Apply a small quantity of this to the keys with a flannel, and polish by rubbing well with soft rags. This will cleanse and brighten them. Leave the piano open for several hours each week, and the keys will not turn yellow.

Boot Dressing.

A simple, and at the same time one of the best dressings for black leather is orange juice. Take a slice of orange, and rub it well into the leather, and after letting it dry brush the leather with a soft brush, and a brilliant polish will result. An excellent cleanser for brown or tan boots is the inside of a banana skin, which should be rubbed evenly over the shoe. When dry, polish with a soft cloth.

Bright Grates and Fire Irons.

Now that grates and fire irons are not in use, it will be necessary to protect them from rust. To preserve them, make a strong paste of fresh lime and water, and with a brush smear it as thickly as possible over all the polished surface requiring preservation. By this simple means all the grates and fire irons in an empty house will be kept for months free from harm without further care or attention.

Tender Feet.

Those whose occupation keeps them on their feet a great deal are often troubled with chafed, sore, and blistered feet, especially in hot weather, no matter how comfortably their shoes fit. A most efficacious powder for sifting into shoes and stockings is made of three parts of salicylic acid, ten parts of starch, and eighty-seven parts of pulverised soapstone. Any chemist will make it up for a small sum.

Cleaning Plate.

Shave a quarter of a pound of soap into a pot holding two quarts of water, and add a little soda. Into this put all the spoons, forks, etc., and boil for five minutes. Then remove the articles to a bowl of clean hot water, to rinse them; then dry and polish with a leather. The plate will be beautifully bright, and the trouble much less than if powder were used. Put aside the boiled soap in a jar, and add a little of it to the water in which the plate is washed whenever it is used, and you will find it easy to keep it nice and bright.

Uses for Salt.

Put a pinch of salt in the eggs you are beating, and they will be light in a much shorter time. Sprinkle it on the fire, and you will get the blue flame so much desired for broiling steak or chops. Sprinkle it on the bottom of the oven, and your cakes will not burn. Pour it quickly on spilled ink, and it will absorb most of the liquid before it has time to stain. Salt makes an excellent tooth-powder, but it is not advisable to use it daily, as it will spoil the enamel if used too frequently. An occasional brushing with it is recommended. Sprinkle it on the coals, and shake damp uncured ostrich feathers over the fumes, and the tendrils will curl up smartly. Bathe your tired eyes in salt and water, and you will be astonished at the strength it gives them. A pinch of salt improves cakes, candies, and almost everything that is cooked.

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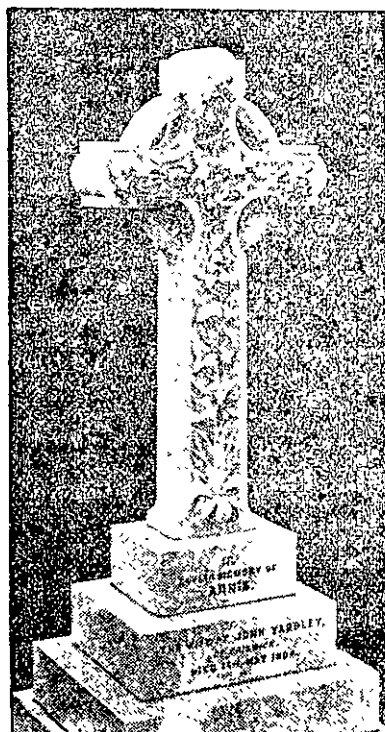
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I had suffered from Eczema for 14 years. I was twice in the Auckland Hospital. It is now over two years since I left that institution, as I found they were doing me no good. I tried all kinds of ointments, lotions, and blood mixtures, all to no use. The pain was most cruel, and I often wished to God that I was dead. The day 'Noah's Dove Ointment' was brought to the door, I was on crutches; I could not put my legs to the ground. I laughed at them when they said it would cure me. I told the gentleman I had tried too many ointments, and I would try no more, as I had given up all hopes of ever getting well; but my husband would have me try one tin—it was on a Tuesday—and at the end of a week I was able to go about without a stick; and although it took several tins to complete the cure, it is now over 12 months since, and no sign of it coming back.—I am, thankfully yours, (Signed) J. MURPHY.—To R. White, Esq., Auckland."

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Intercolonial

His Eminence Cardinal Moran laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Waitara on Sunday, November 22. The total cost of the building will be about £1400. The collection at the ceremony amounted to over £300.

A mendicant sentenced to 24 hours' gaol the other day by the Ballarat Bench produced credentials to prove he was Arthur Coleridge, physician and surgeon, and brother of the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge of England.

Colonel Murray, Lieutenant-Governor of New Guinea, is a son of the late Sir Terence Aubrey Murray, and was educated at Oxford, where his brother Gilbert is now Professor of Greek. Before going to New Guinea he was Colonel of the Sydney Irish Rifles.

The Rev. J. J. Ferris, assistant to the Rev. T. O'Neill, of the Sacred Heart Church, Casterton (Victoria), died on November 23 at Casterton from heart failure. Father Ferris, who was 33 years of age, was born at Killarney, Ireland. He was first stationed at Ballarat, and from there he went to Casterton a few years ago.

The foundation-stone of the new convent being erected at Inverell, at a cost of £4000, was laid on Sunday, November 22, by the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor (Bishop of Armidale). Father English (Inverell) and Father Collender (Bjngara) assisted. The weather was showery, and there was only a moderate attendance. £138 was placed on the stone. Of the £4000 required, £2000 is in hand, £500 having been contributed by the Sisters of the Inverell Convent and £500 by the Gunnedah Convent.

The death has taken place at Rockhampton of the Rev. Mother Mary Colomba Nugent, of the Order of Mercy. A native of Tipperary, Ireland, Mother Colomba was sister of the late Rev. Father Nugent, and of Mrs. Dalton, wife of Mr. T. T. Dalton, K.C.S.G., Consul for Spain, Sydney, and niece of the late Very Rev. Father Walsh, Townsville, and a relative of Mr. James Dalton, of Orange. Rev. Mother Colomba was about 43 years of age, and had been a member of the Sisters of Mercy for the past 24 years.

After some 20 years of strenuous and successful labors in the work of giving missions (writes the Melbourne correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal*), the Very Rev. M. J. Maher, C.M., has resigned the office of Provincial, and has been succeeded by the Very Rev. S. Hegarty, C.M. Father Maher is recognised as one of the ablest preachers in this State, and his invitations to the pulpit on important occasions have been numerous.

At the annual meeting of the supporters of St. Vincent's Hospital, Melbourne, on November 23, on which occasion the Governor-General and State Governor made speeches, the collection amounted to £666 in cash, whilst the promises brought the amount up to £3000. Lord Dudley, in moving the adoption of the report, said: 'I cannot conclude without saying with what especial pleasure it is that I find myself taking part in the proceedings of this hospital, because I am well acquainted with the parent hospital in Dublin, from which it has sprung; and my visit to the hospital the other day, going around it, and looking upon the kindly faces of the Mother Rectress and Sisters, brought back to my mind a very happy period of my life, when my lot was cast among the warm-hearted and attractive people of the Emerald Isle.'

His Eminence the Cardinal presided over the Diocesan Synod, which was held in the Chapter Hall at St. Mary's Cathedral on November 25. There were one hundred and thirty-eight priests present. This was the largest attendance ever recorded at a Diocesan Synod in Sydney. The Very Rev. P. Byrne, P.P., Burwood, was appointed by his Eminence the Cardinal as a member of the Diocesan Consultors of Advice to the position rendered vacant by the death of the Very Rev. Dean Slattery. The Diocesan Examiners for the ensuing year are the Very Rev. Fathers J. P. Moynagh, P.P., and H. McDermott (President of St. Patrick's College, Manly), who were named by his Eminence the Cardinal, and the Right Rev. Monsignor O'Brien and the Ven. Archpriest Sheehy, O.S.B., who were selected by the clergy.

Science Siftings

BY 'VOLT'

The Life of Trees.

Trees, like animals, eat, sleep, grow and die. Every one knows this, yet not every one is aware that trees tear their clothes and have to mend them; that they jostle one another like rude boys in a crowd, the strong overpowering the weak. Disease besets them. Accidents break their limbs. The varying weather checks their growth or coaxes them to flourish. Kin of the bear, they put on warm coats in winter and wait for spring. When the weather is warm a tree goes to sleep at sundown and in the morning wakes again. A cloudy sky makes the tree drowsy. Rain puts it to sleep. So the only days of prosperity and tree activity are the clear days. In sleep the leaves of many trees fold together and droop. The closing of the leaves checks the cooling process of evaporation, and maintains bodily heat. All young and tender foliage tends thus to curl up to sleep when the weather is bad or night is in the sky. Older and stiffer leaves go to sleep sitting up, just like grandfather in his arm chair. The breathing of the tree is as necessary as is the breathing of animals. All life consists of a continuous building up and tearing down of cells. The material for building new cells is made of food taken in and elaborated—made over—by intricate chemical processes. The oxygen in the air is one of the chemical ingredients both in destroying and building the cells of animals and trees. The leaves are the lungs, which inhale carbon dioxide and exhale pure oxygen.

The Forth Bridge.

The Forth bridge is a wonderful structure. It is a mile and a half long, and is the highest bridge in the world, being 450 feet from the base to highest point. The cantilever principle was adopted in its construction. Each cantilever consists of two brackets, the lower (in ordinary position) supporting the railway by compression, and the upper (inverted) by tension—the two being firmly interlaced and practically indestructible. The masonry piers upon which the cantilevers rest are founded at from 50 to 90 feet under water level, and vary in diameter from 70 feet at the bottom to 60 feet at the top. The depth of the water in the centre of the channel is 210 feet. The main piers of the cantilevers are of steel tubes, 12 feet in diameter, carried up to a height of 370 feet, whilst the rails are 160 feet above high-water level. The two main spans are each 1710 feet, with a span on either side between the cantilevers and the viaduct piers of 675 feet. The entire superstructure is of steel, 42,000 tons of which were used, while 12,000 tons of iron were used in the foundation, including 32 miles of bent plate for the tubes, the whole being welded together by eight million rivets. As the bridge has a metal surface of 120 acres, it took no less than 250 tons of paint and 35,000 gallons of oil to paint the work.

The Clothes Moth.

One of the most widely celebrated and anciently detested of insect pests is the clothes moth (writes Sir Ray Lankester in the *Daily Telegraph*). It is the caterpillar of this moth which is objectionable—biting off, eating, and using as a case the hair of furs and the fine filaments of woollen fabrics. Not everyone is able to recognise the clothes moth, which is a very small creature of a greyish-yellow color. The wings when set for flying measure only half an inch in expanse, and when the moth is walking or at rest, shut closely to the body so as to give it an almost cylindrical shape, with an attenuated snout. Much bigger moths occasionally get into our rooms, but do no harm. These little clothes moths lay their eggs on fur or wool, and the caterpillars which hatch from them do the damage. The moths themselves have no jaws and take no food. But the caterpillar or grub, though soft and readily crushed, has a pair of very hard, minute dark-colored jaws, with which it works away, cropping the fur and wool on which it lives. The moths are seen in houses commonly between January and October, and it is, of course, the object of the victimised householder to destroy them before they can lay eggs, or, what is more practical, to keep woollen and fur clothes away from their reach.

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 Jolly as a king or queen;
 Kind where'er your footsteps roam,
 Loving to the ones at home;
 Merry in the sun and rain,
 Neat in dress, but never vain;
 Orderly in desk and books,
 Pious, more in deeds than looks;
 Quiet when 'tis time to be,
 Ready others' needs to see;
 Steady in your every aim,
 Truthful, though it bring you blame;
 Untiring in the way of right,
 Vigorous in temptation's fight;
 Willing others to befriend,
 Exemplary to the end;
 Youthful till life's set of sun,
 Zealous till the crown is won.

—Ave Maria.

* JOE'S VACATION

One cool summer morning an old man, bent with age, crippled with rheumatism, by both made querulous, was sitting in an invalid's chair in his library, and though his face occasionally twitched with a sudden twinge of pain it was brighter than usual as he watched his brisk little wife busying herself about the room and then lost himself in the careful perusal of a time-table.

'Well, Charles,' said Mrs. Hamilton at length, 'everything is ready, and now we have only to wait until evening. Joe's room does look beautiful. Annie has worked in it for days—she's almost as anxious to see the dear boy as we are—and I gave it the finishing touches last night. I got out the old dilapidated books he used to keep on his table and the rather shabby fishing tackle he had the last summer he was at home. My, my, that was five years ago. Do you think, father, we shall find him much changed?' she asked anxiously, then rattled on without waiting for an answer. 'He says he's thinner than when he went East; poor boy, I am afraid he has worked too hard at those dry law books.'

Her husband continued to pour over the Pennsylvania folder and apparently paid little heed to what she said. 'He must be almost to Indianapolis by this time,' he announced at last. 'He'll change cars at St. Louis at 7 o'clock this evening and get out here by 8 if the eastern train is on time. Now, I hope he won't miss his connection, he will have only a few minutes to make it,' and the old man looked up at his little wife, his face full of anxiety.

'Of course he won't,' she answered encouragingly. 'Did you ever know Joe to miss anything he really wanted? I am sure the boy is wild with delight this minute at the thought of seeing us so soon. He was always so excitable, and he's been so homesick, poor child,' she mused.

'Do you remember, Mary, how, when he was at St. Xavier's College, he used to count the days as the holidays drew near?'

'Yes, each letter would tell us whether it would be ten or fifteen or twenty days until he'd get home, and then he'd add in parenthesis, "It will be two less when you get this."'

Suddenly the invalid laughed as he had not done for many weeks. 'And Mary,' he cried, 'could you ever forget the time when he was a little fellow, that he bought a blue glass dish to give us for a Christmas present? He

got it at some country station, and just as he reached the door he dropped it on the stone steps and broke it into a thousand bits.

'Yes, and he cried so bitterly that you gave him money to get us something else which comforted him at once, though he was very much afraid he could not find anything to replace it as beautiful as the glass dish had been.'

'Mary, you have always said I have horrible taste, but even I realised that we didn't lose a treasure when that glaring blue thing was broken, though as I helped the poor little fellow to gather up the pieces he kept repeating, "And it was such a lovely color and I selected it all by myself." 'The old man smiled reminiscently, happily, forgetful for the moment of the pain and confinement that weighed so heavily on his spirits—and his temper—day after day.

'Where's Silas?' Mr. Hamilton asked rather crossly some minutes later. 'I haven't seen him to-day. I am going to send him to Stanley's for a box of cigars. No'—as his wife was about to interrupt—'I know all about those you have stored away for long suffering callers, but I want some of this year's. You can't impose those dry ones on a New York man like our boy,' he said with infinite scorn, then added irritably, 'I wish I knew what brand to get. If that disagreeable Dr. Masterson hadn't forbidden me to smoke these past twenty years I would be more of an authority on the matter. I notice the old fellow always has a cigar in his own mouth—but then it's all my own fault; he knows better than to pay some one to tell him that they are "poisoning his whole system,"' he grumbled.

His wife wisely made no comment, but sent for Silas and was silent until her husband's savage mood had passed; then she remarked pleasantly, 'I met Miriam Marshall yesterday and told her that Joe is to be home for two weeks. Her face flushed crimson, and she smiled delightedly. I have always thought she is very fond of him, and has been ever since they played together as children.'

'Certainly she is, everybody is.'

'But I don't mean in the way all his friends are, I imagine—' and she nodded significantly. After a pause she jumped up hurriedly. 'I'm going to the kitchen,' she announced.

'Wait a moment, Mary,' her husband called after her, and then when she reappeared at the door he went on, 'We must not have dinner until Joe gets here, no matter how late it is.'

'Oh, no, not for the world. I have ordered what he likes best, especially chicken and cherry pie, and a great deal of both. You remember, Father, that the amount of either of them he can dispose of is really marvellous!'

The day wore on as even days of waiting do, whose every hour seems made of twice sixty minutes. The invalid pored over his time-table, noting each mile of his son's way, and again explaining to his wife exactly where he was at that moment and what the next stop would be; while the mother, usually busy and bustling and full of the joyous spirit utterly lacking in her husband, she, as each hour brought her son nearer grew very quiet and sat with her restless hands folded in her lap, too happy to read or talk or do anything but sing within her heart, 'He is coming, my child, my little Joe is coming.'

'Oh, father,' she exclaimed once, 'I don't understand now how I have lived without him these five long years. I have missed him so much, more than anyone can guess.'

About half-past 6 the bell rang long and loud, and both old people started, then laughed at their 'foolishness,' as they called it. 'It's too early, he isn't quite to St. Louis yet,' said the father.

A maid came into the room, bringing a telegram for Mr. Hamilton, and his wife leaned over his shoulder as he opened it, and together they read: 'Have gone to Mackinac with friends for vacation. Will write and explain.—Joe.'

Mr. Hamilton's hand fell limply to his side, and the telegram rustled to the floor. Minute after minute passed and no word was spoken.

'I think I shall go up and close his room,' said the mother at last in a low voice that trembled piteously. As she slipped away she heard one stifled sob, and glancing back saw the poor, broken, feeble father with his face buried in the well-nigh worn-out time-table.—Exchange.

POLITENESS

If those who are doubtful as to the correct course to pursue in any given situation will remember that even the wrong thing is overlooked if one is but absolutely polite in the doing of it, their relief might be great. A genuineness of demeanor and a courteous response or question can never be out of place. A man may wear a business suit of clothes to a wedding less noticeably than a truculent air of insolence. If he be perfectly well bred as far as behavior goes, it matters not so much what his outward garb, although by an unwritten law of social observance certain clothes are the correct thing for certain occasions. Politeness is never wrong. Its practice goes nearly all the way toward the goal of the right thing in the right place. We hear of polite insolence, but insolence is never polite, and it is never, under any circumstances, polite to be insolent.

FUNNY LITTLE ONES

Some time ago a monthly magazine (the *Delineator*) offered prizes for the brightest original sayings of children. No fewer than 32,000 answers poured in. From some pages of these quips published recently the following selections are taken:—

Allen was one day playing with his mother's opera-glasses. Looking through the small end he said, 'Everything seems so far away: why, mamma, you look like a distant relative.'

Louise, after being scolded, could never be reconciled till mother had assured her that she loved her, which resulted on one occasion in the following dialogue:—

'You don't love me.'

'Yes, I do love you.'

'Well, you don't talk like it.'

'Well, how do you want me to talk?'

'I want you to talk to me like you do when you have company.'

ODDS AND ENDS

'There is only one thing,' said the collar button; 'that is as hard to find as I am.'

'What is that?' inquired the comb.

'The North Pole.'

Little Elsie (at theatre): 'Mamma, is that man on the stage crying in earnest?'

Mamma: 'No, dear.'

Little Elsie: 'Well, I don't see how he can cry for fun.'

FAMILY FUN

Photography Without a Camera.—The up-to-date photographer knows how to make pictures without a camera. He will take, for instance, some flowers, squeeze the juice out of them, and with it saturate a sheet of ordinary paper. When the paper is dry some sort of picture can be printed on it by exposing it to the sun beneath a negative. Flower juice is a passable sensitizer. But paper itself is sensitive to light, and a sheet of it, placed in a printing frame with a negative in the usual fashion, will make a recognisable picture after a considerable exposure to the sun. The leaves of trees, at a pinch, may be utilised for a similar photographic purpose. The usual method of copying a photograph is to take a picture of it with the camera, developing the plate in the ordinary way. But, if necessary, the camera may be entirely dispensed with. Put a photograph in a printing frame with a piece of sensitized paper, using it just as if it were a negative, and, after proper exposure to the sun for only a few minutes, a print will be obtained. This print, of course, will be a negative, and (after toning) it may be employed in exactly the same way for printing copies of the original picture. It is not impossible, in the absence of apparatus, to improvise a camera out of a hat, by inserting a spectacle lens in the middle of the crown and closing up the opening for the head with a piece of black cloth—a piece of sensitized paper being attached to the inner surface. Indeed, the lens might be dispensed with, a pinhole in the top of the hat admitting the light.

All Sorts

Coroners' juries found that 46 persons died from starvation in London during 1907.

The three great blessings looked for by the average Chinaman are—male children, official promotion, and a long life.

Some time ago the stationmaster at a small country village received a cheese addressed to a Mr. Blank, and labelled 'to be called for.'

A fortnight passed, but no one came to take it away, so the following note was despatched to the senders: 'If the cheese which was sent here, addressed to Mr. Blank, is not claimed in two days, it will be killed.'

German capitalists have established a glass factory at Poshan, China, a town on the Tsingtau-Chinan-fu Railway; a sugar refinery at Tsingtau, of which the daily output will be two hundred tons, requiring eighty thousand tons of raw material annually; and a soap factory.

Lady (to husband): 'My dear, did you think to order a ton of coal to-day?'

Husband: 'Yes.'

Lady: 'And my hat?'

Husband: 'Yes (peering through the window). There is a truck backing up to the door now, but it's too dark to see whether it's the hat or the coal.'

The one public observatory in the world is situated in the little Swiss town of Zurich. It is open to the public every evening, and during the last six months ended June was visited by no fewer than 25,000 persons. It is in every respect an up-to-date observatory, possessing a fine instrument, which was built by the world-famous optician, Carl Zeiss, of Jena. This telescope, which is mounted in an entirely new and ingenious way, is 17ft 6in long, and weighs 14 tons. Its object glass is 12in in diameter. An interesting device attached to the instrument is the projecting screen, upon which objects in the heavens are thrown.

One of Dean Swift's friends sent him a fish by a lad. The boy burst into the room, exclaiming very unpolitely: 'My master sends you a fish.' 'That is not the way a gentleman should enter,' reproved the Dean. 'You sit here in my chair while I show you how to mend your manners.' When the boy was seated the Dean went out. Then the Dean knocked at the door, bowed low and said: 'Sir, my master sends his kind compliments, and hopes you are well, and begs you to accept a small present.' 'Indeed,' replied the boy, 'return him my best thanks, and there is a shilling for yourself.' The Dean, caught in own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a half-crown for his ready wit.

There is a great contrast between the manner in which the Government of England and that of the United States treat the old soldiers. Although there are fewer persons in the United States drawing pensions to-day than at any time during the past fifteen years, still the number, which is equal to the whole European population of New Zealand, is still very large. The last pension bill introduced into Congress appropriated an annual distribution of \$24,000,000—a sum about equal to the cost of the whole of the railways of New Zealand. The United States pensioner is evidently a long-lived individual, for forty years after the Civil War there are 951,867 of them on the pension roll. The high-water mark in pensions was reached in 1904, when for a brief period there were more than 1,000,000 persons on the roll. The Civil War cost \$1,200,000,000. Up to the present time half as much again has been paid out for pensions, and it is predicted that, before all the heroes of that war have died out the first cost of the war will have been equalled. At present the pensions cost the Government of the United States just one-fourth of all its expenses. Compared with the \$24,000,000 spent annually by the United States, France spends \$5,200,000; Germany \$4,200,000, Austria \$2,000,000, and Great Britain \$1,800,000. In other words, the United States spends more than two and a half times that of these four great European powers together.