

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

September 5, Sunday.—Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 6, Monday.—St. Rumold, Bishop and Martyr.
 „ 7, Tuesday.—St. Eugene III., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 8, Wednesday.—Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
 „ 9, Thursday.—St. Kyran, Abbot.
 „ 10, Friday.—St. Hilary, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 11, Saturday.—St. Nicholas of Tolentino, Confessor.

Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

The birth of the Blessed Virgin has been from very ancient times the occasion of a special feast in the Church. Conceived without stain, she was brought into the world pure, holy, and beautiful, adorned with all the most precious graces which became her who was chosen to be the Mother of God. The Church finds an additional reason for rejoicing in the fact that, as the aurora heralds the sunrise, so the birth of the Blessed Virgin announced that the advent of the promised Redeemer was nigh.

St. Kyran, Abbot.

St. Kyran, an Irishman, founded and gave a rule of life to many communities of monks in his native country. He established, among others, the famous abbey of Clonmacnoise, on the Shannon. After his death, in 549, he was honored as principal patron of Connaught.

GRAINS OF GOLD

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Sometime, somewhere, in the eternal plan,

Will come a good to offset every ill,

As Nature's book is balanced so to man

A balance perfect come there must and will:

This then our solace, when the way is dark

And only sorrows we are called to share

As came God's sunshine to the storm-tossed Ark

'Twill come to us sometime, somewhere.

Sometime, somewhere, in this world of the next,

And in some way, a perfect equipoise

Will come to souls by troubles now perplexed,

And all our griefs find compensating joys;

Go on, brave heart, in doing what you can

Life's burdens as they come to fully bear—

Fear not! the justice that is due a man

Will all be yours sometime, somewhere.

From the cradle to the end of life's stormy voyage, since God's mercy and good ever accompany us, we ought never to forget the presence of God.

He that has once begun to taste how sweet it is to live united to God, and devoted to His service and love, cannot, without doing great violence to himself, break off so delightful an exercise.—Aloysius Gonzaga.

Oak, tall and stately, yet mostly sterile, thou art symbol of pride and arrogance. So unlike those small trees laden with fruit, like saintly souls, the fruit of whose virtues lower them in their humility; unnoticed by the world, but dear to the sight of God!

God lets men have their playthings like the children they are, but they may learn to distinguish them from true possessions. If they were not learning that, he takes them from them, and tries the other way; for lack of them and its misery, they will, perhaps, seek the true.

Truth itself has assured us that we cannot serve two masters. Nevertheless, there are persons who think otherwise; who discover no difficulty in what our Redeemer declares to be impossible; who endeavor to assimilate the vicious maxims of the world with the sublime truths of the Gospel.

Broken friendship, like china, may be repaired, but the break will always show. And it is a bit of real truth and wisdom. Friendship is a precious thing—too precious a treasure to be carelessly broken or thrown away. The world handles the word 'friend' lightly; its real, true, deeper meaning is forgotten, and the acquaintance of an hour or the chance comer is designated by the term, which in itself bears a wealth of meaning.

We have never more than we can bear. The present hour we are always able to endure. As our day, so is our strength. If the trials of many years were gathered into one, they would overwhelm us; therefore, in pity of our little strength, God sends first one, then another, then removes both and lays on a third heavier, perhaps, than either; but all is so wisely measured to our strength that the bruised reed is never broken. Each one is sent to teach us something, and altogether they have a lesson which is beyond the power of any one to teach alone.—Cardinal Manning.

The Storyteller

A STREET BOY'S STRATEGY

The boy had made a strong effort to smarten up his appearance. His well worn shoes were highly polished, his dingy clothes thoroughly brushed, his hair closely smoothed down. He was a boy of eighteen, black-eyed and slender.

He had his cap in his hand—it was a well washed hand—and he smiled and nodded to the old man at the desk.

'Want a boy?' he asked.

The old man stared at him.

'No,' he answered, 'I don't want a boy.'

'Your card in the outside window says, "Boy Wanted,"' the lad pleasantly remarked.

'I know nothing about it,' said the old man sharply. 'See Mr. Summers.' And he turned back to his papers.

'I saw Mr. Summers, sir,' said the boy, 'and he told me to go to the—I won't repeat what Mr. Summers said, sir.'

The old man looked up.

'That would seem to settle it,' he said.

The boy shook his head.

'No, sir, that doesn't settle it. Mr. Summers gets hot too easy. He thinks I'm a street boy, and no good for steady jobs. Well, I have been a street boy. I've knocked around in all sorts o' things. But I want to be something better now. I want to learn th' things you can't learn in th' street. I looked around for a while and then I picked out your business, Mr. Spelman. That's the business I'm going to learn.'

He said all this in an earnest fashion and with a smile lighting his keen face.

'That's very complimentary to the business,' said the old man in his curt way. 'He couldn't resist a dry chuckle. 'Possibly the simplest way for you to get familiar with it will be to start a plant of your own.'

'No,' said the boy, and his eyes twinkled, 'I wouldn't care to do that. Th' fact is, Mr. Spelman, I want to get in with you. You're sharp an' you're solid. When you put your name to a thing it goes. You help th' old town along just by living in it.'

The old man stared again at the boy.

'Do you think that sort of talk will help you any?' he remarked.

'Well, it's all straight, just the same,' replied the boy, with a quick flash of his white teeth.

'You can see that I'm very busy,' said the old man, still frowning.

The boy passed out, softly closing the door behind him. When he reached the sidewalk he crossed directly to the young woman in the dainty electric stanhope. His cap was in his hand as he spoke.

'Mr. Spelman will be out soon, Miss,' he said.

The girl looked down at the keen young face.

'Thank you,' she said, with a pretty nod. 'Are you employed by my father?'

'Not yet,' he answered. 'I'm just a caller. I hope to be something better after a while.'

She softly laughed.

'Did you tell my father this?'

'Yes, miss.'

'And what did he say?'

The boy shook his head.

'He was very busy, miss.'

The girl laughed and looked at the boy more intently.

'Haven't I seen you at your home?'

'Yes, miss. I brought you a bouquet one evening.

You remember, perhaps?'

She did remember. A sudden flash crossed her face. 'You gave me a quarter and two big oranges.' He leaned a little forward. 'How is Mr. Bradford? He went somewhere out west, didn't he? I know him pretty well, you see. Is he all right, miss?'

He saw that she was a little startled, and this added to his glibness.

'I haven't seen Mr. Bradford since—since last summer,' she said in a low voice. 'What is your name?'

'Stokes, miss, John Paul Stokes—most times called Stocky. It's something like Stokes, you see, miss, and then before I began to grow I was built kind o' broad an' thick—stocky, you know.'

'And what have you been doing?'

'I'm a street boy, miss. I've sold papers and run errands and knocked around and done anything I could find to do.'

'Haven't you a home?'

'No,' he suddenly laughed. 'That's goin' to come later.' He looked around. 'Guess Mr. Spelman's coming out. He won't want to see me again, so soon. You haven't Mr. Bradford's address, have you, miss?'

'No,' she replied, with a little tremor in her voice.

'Maybe I can get it,' said the boy. 'If I do, I'll let you know what it is.'

'Thank you,' said the girl, and her cheek flushed again. Good-bye, John Paul.'

He laughed.

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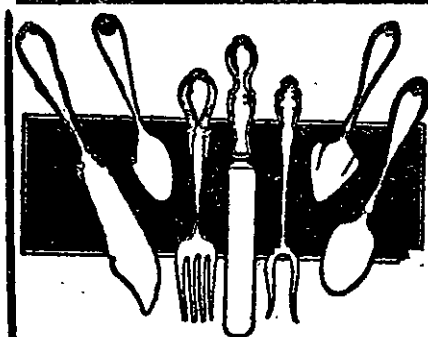
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'That don't sound half bad,' he said. 'Good-bye, Miss Spelman.'

And he moved away just as the eminent capitalist came through his office door.

'Was that cub talking to you?' he demanded of the girl.

'Yes, father. He seems like a bright, shrewd boy.' 'He's a street boy. His shrewdness is just another name for barefaced assurance.'

'I like his brightness,' said the girl. 'He told me he was going to work for you.'

'That's some more of his assurance,' said her father. 'I gave him no encouragement whatever.'

'I don't think he's the sort of a boy who needs encouragement. He seems very self-reliant.'

'And he told you he was going to work for me, did he?'

'Yes, father.' 'His impudence is extraordinary. He told me the same thing.'

'Get in, father. I'm going to give you a little ride in the park.'

When the capitalist came down to his plant the next morning he noticed a boy pacing with measured tread in front of the building.

He looked at the boy more closely. Then he recognised his caller of yesterday.

'What are you doing there?' he sharply demanded.

'I'm pacing off the front of the building,' the boy replied. 'Jim Stacy an' me had a dispute over which was the biggest plant, yours or Templeton's. I measured Templeton's, an' now I'm measuring this—an' we've got 'em beat, sir, by fully eight feet.'

The capitalist opened the door.

'Nothing doing in my line,' said the boy quickly.

'Nothing doing,' replied the capitalist.

'All right,' said the boy. 'I won't give you my address. I'll drop around every morning.'

And he turned and walked away, leaving the capitalist staring after him.

The next morning he was on hand again.

At sight of the capitalist he hurried forward.

'Morning, Mr. Spelman. Will you kindly hand Miss Spelman this letter? It's something I told her I'd get for her.'

The capitalist stared at the letter.

'Very well,' he said, and hurried through the open hallway.

'I wonder,' commented the boy, as he turned away, 'if Papa Spelman is pretty friendly with Arnold Bradford? Something looks wrong.'

With which philosophical comment he ended his soliloquy and went his way.

The next morning, as Luella Spelman was bringing her father down town in the trim electric, they passed the boy. He saw them, and whipped off his cap directly.

'There's that confounded boy again,' said the old man, and then he suddenly chuckled. 'I'll have to fine him for being late.'

'Don't forget that you are a half hour earlier than usual,' said the girl. She quickened the speed of the stanhope. 'He's a very bright boy.'

The old man frowned.

'With his bringing up he may be a scallawag with all sorts of failings. You can't trust a boy like that.'

'I think I could trust him,' said the girl.

'Luckily,' said the old man, 'there's no occasion for either of us to put his fidelity to the test.'

The girl laughed.

'There may be an occasion,' she said.

'What do you mean?'

'I mean that he seems to be just the sort of boy who would make an occasion.'

'He's an impudent cub,' said the old man.

After the girl had left her father at the office she turned the stanhope about and hurriedly retraced her route. As she hoped and expected, she met the boy.

'Good morning, John Paul,' she cheerily called, and ran the stanhope close to the curb.

'Good morning, Miss.'

'Will you come with me for a little ride, John Paul?'

He looked at his dingy clothes ruefully.

'If you think—yes, Miss, thank you.'

He took the place beside her.

'You were on your way to the office, I suppose?' said the girl.

'Yes, Miss. Work is slack there at present, and I have been getting down a little later than usual.'

He spoke so gravely that the girl turned and looked at him. Then they both laughed.

'I suppose,' said John Paul, 'that when your father there I can be spared for an hour or two?'

'No doubt,' said the girl. 'And you haven't given up the hope of going into my father's office?'

'Given it up? No, indeed, Miss.'

'My father doesn't seem to be impressed by your determination.'

'You have spoken to him, Miss?'

'He has spoken to me.'

'I am not at all discouraged, Miss.'

The girl looked at him for an instant.

'I think you are a boy who can be trusted, John Paul.'

'Try me, Miss.'

'My father is afraid that your life unfits you for any position of trust.'

'I know he does, Miss.'

The girl was looking at the road very intently.

'I thank you for sending me that address, John Paul.'

'You are quite welcome, Miss. I was very glad to get it. I wanted to write to Mr. Bradford. I wrote to him yesterday.'

'Will you tell me what he says in his answer, John Paul?'

He nodded.

'Yes, Miss.'

'Mr. Bradford and I were friends for a long time, John Paul. And then we had a—misunderstanding. But I wish Mr. Bradford well, and—I am interested in his success. You understand, John Paul?'

He nodded again.

'I understand, Miss.'

'Thank you, John Paul.'

They rode a little way in silence.

'I found out something about Mr. Bradford, Miss. He has been doing well out there in Arizona, and would have done better, but he was taken ill. Oh, he's better now, Miss. He was caught on the desert in a storm, and a fever put him out of business. But he's getting well, Miss. There's no danger now. That's what the man who knows him told me.'

The girl looked around presently.

'I hope you will convince my father that he needs you, John Paul.'

The boy laughed.

'That will be all right, Miss.'

The girl hesitated.

'Are—are you in need of—of any money?' she asked.

He shook his head.

'No, Miss. I've never yet seen the day when I was quite without it.' He laughed. 'An' I've never seen much of it, either.'

Before the girl could reply an ominous report—a sharp bang!—told of a wrecked tire.

'We will have to walk across the park to the car,' said the girl. 'I can telephone to the garage at the park entrance.'

John drew the stanhope close to the curb. Then he beckoned to a park-policeman.

'Hennessy,' he called, 'just keep an eye on the "machine" till th' wreckers get here.'

Each morning John Paul reported at the big plant. At least he managed to appear near the office when the capitalist entered. But the old man did not relent. Possibly his eyes twinkled at the lad's cheerful persistence, but his forehead wore its usual frown.

And then one morning he appeared, but not alone. A man in fashionable garb—a somewhat striking looking man with a dark moustache—accompanied him. John Paul was carrying the stranger's heavy travelling bag.

The old capitalist and his daughter had just reached the office. As the old man crossed the sidewalk, the stranger met him, and they shook hands, and the stranger took the bag from John Paul and they went in together.

'Wait here,' the stranger called back to John Paul.

So John Paul quickly turned and crossed to the stanhope at the curb, and took off his cap to the girl.

'I'm filling in a little time toting bags,' he said.

'I've got to keep the kettle boiling while I'm waiting for the new job, you know.' He paused and thrust his hand into his pocket.

'I've got a letter,' he said. He noted her quick start. 'It's from Mr. Bradford. He's coming home.'

The color surged across her face. 'He started as soon as he got my letter. He didn't write much. I guess he was in too much of a hurry. As I figure it out, he ought to be here to-night or to-morrow.'

He put the letter back in his pocket.

'I'm going to meet him at the train,' he said. Then he softly chuckled. 'He may want me to tote his dress suit case.'

He looked up suddenly. The girl was smiling.

'I've got to write a note to your father, Miss.'

'About the place?'

'Well, it may help.'

She gave him a blank card and an envelope from the handy box under the seat cushion, and he produced a stubby pencil and laboriously prepared the message.

'How's that?' he asked as he handed her the card.

She took it and read it aloud.

'Mr. Spelman—look out for the party that's with you. He was followin' the horses when I saw him first. In Chicago he was workin' a swindlin' skeem through the mails. I know a man who knows all about him. He's as smooth an' slick as they make 'em. Yours warningly, John Paul Stokes.'

The girl nodded.

'Better take it to him at once, John Paul. It seems important.'

John took the envelope and entered the hallway. He rapped on the inner door.

'Come in,' said the old man's voice.

The boy entered the room. The stranger was sitting at the old man's desk. There were numerous samples of what seemed to be ore lying on the desk, and there was a map and a bundle of papers.

'Well!' said the old man sharply.

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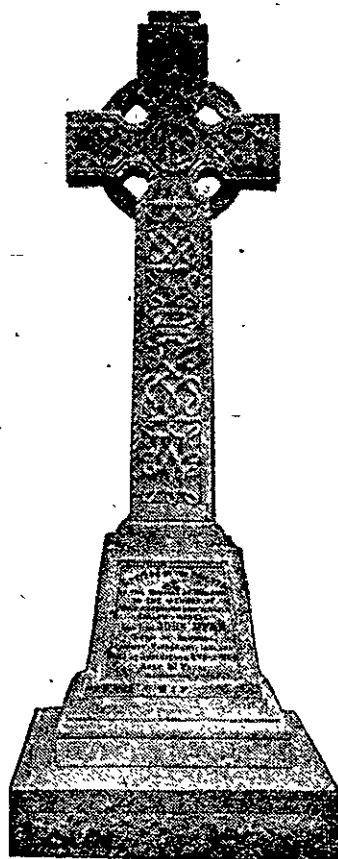
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The boy advanced and handed him the envelope. 'I was asked to hand you this, sir,' he said. 'An' the person said it was important.'

He turned and left the room.

Then he waited in the hallway. He had been there perhaps five minutes when the door opened and the stranger came out. His face was flushed, and he closed the door behind him with an angry slam.

'Here, boy,' he sharply called, and John Paul picked up the heavy bag and meekly followed him out. But as the lad passed the girl in the stanhope he drew down his face with a comical grimace, and trudged along.

The old man looked for the boy as he entered the office next morning, but he was not in sight. A little later a knock was heard at the door, and the lad came in.

'I'm a little late, sir, but I had to meet a friend from out of town.'

The old man's mouth twitched.

'So your name is John Paul Stokes?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Are you aware that you have some pretty bad acquaintances?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Perhaps you think you did me a favor when you warned me against that smooth promoter?'

'I hope so, sir.'

The old man's mouth twitched.

'And you want a place here?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Probably you are not aware that I never engage a man—or a boy, either—without a reference?'

'I have my reference here, sir.'

He turned and called to somebody in the hallway. A tall young man answered the summons.

The old man stared at him for a moment. Then he put out his hand.

'Glad to see you, Bradford; sit down.'

The tall young man came forward quickly and grasped the proffered hand.

'Thank you, Mr. Spelman,' he said, with a catch in his voice.

The old man looked at him with half-closed eyes.

'There has been a mistake, Bradford. I was wrong. I was hasty. I know it now. You haven't seen Luella?'

'No, sir; I came to you first.'

'That was right. You mustn't blame Luella. She did what I told her to do. But it will be all right now. I'm glad to see you, boy.' And he put out his hand again. 'But what fortunate happening brought you back?'

The tall young man looked around.

'It was a letter from my friend here, John Paul.'

The old man scowled at the lad.

'Confound your interfering persistence,' he cried. 'So you're in this, too, are you?' He suddenly laughed. 'I throw up my hands. I see that the only way to get rid of you is to take you in.'

'Thank you, sir,' said John Paul.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THE IRON WILL

'Fanny, I've but one word more to say on the subject. If you marry that fellow, I'll have nothing to do with you. I've said it; and you may be assured that I'll adhere to my determination. Don't come back to me—for I will disown you the day you take his name. I've said it, and my decision is unalterable.'

On that evening, Fanny Crawford left her father's house, and was secretly married to a young man named Logan.

When Fanny went from under her father's roof, the old man was left alone; the mother of his only child had been many years dead. For her father's sake, as well as for her own, did Fanny wish to return. She loved her parent with a most earnest affection, and thought of him as sitting gloomy and companionless in that home so long made light and cheerful by her voice and smile.

As the father predicted, Logan added, in the course of a year or two, dissipation to idle habits, and neglect of his wife to both. They had gone to housekeeping in a small way, when first married, and had lived comfortably enough for some time; but Logan did not like work, and made every excuse he could find to take a holiday or be absent from the shop. The effect of this was an insufficient income. Debt came, with its mortifying and harassing accompaniments, and furniture had to be sold to pay those who were not disposed to wait. With two little children, Fanny was removed by her husband into a cheap boarding-house, after their things were taken and sold. On top of all this the young man's dissipation lost him his position, and, despondent, he shipped, with a companion, on an ocean steamer, leaving Fanny no word.

Of the fact that the husband of Fanny had gone off and left her with two children to provide for with the labor of her hands, Mr. Crawford had been made fully aware, but it did not bend him from his stern purpose.

'She is nothing to me,' was his impatient reply to one who informed him of the fact.

One day Mr. Crawford met a Quaker near his own door. The Quaker was leading a little boy by the hand. Mr. Crawford bowed, and evidently wished to pass on; but the Quaker paused, and said:

'I should like to have a few words with thee, friend Crawford.'

'Well, say on.'

'Thee is known as a benevolent man, friend Crawford. Thee never refuses; it is said, to do a deed of charity.'

'I always give something when I'm sure the object is deserving.'

'So I am aware. Do you see this little boy?'

Mr. Crawford glanced down at the child the Quaker held by the hand. As he did so, the child lifted to him a gentle face, with wild, earnest, loving eyes.

'It is a sweet little fellow,' said Mr. Crawford, reaching his hand to the child. He spoke with some feeling, for there was a look about the boy that went to his heart.

'He is, indeed, a sweet child—and the image of his poor, sick, almost heart-broken mother, for whom I am trying to awaken an interest. She has two children, and this one is the oldest. Her husband is dead, or what may be as bad, perhaps worse, as far as she is concerned, dead to her; and she does not seem to have a relative in the world; at least, none who thinks about or cares for her.'

'That is thy dwelling, I believe,' said the Quaker, looking round at a house adjoining the one before which they stood.

'Yes, that is my house,' returned Mr. Crawford.

'Will you take this little boy in with thee and keep him for a few minutes, while I go to see a friend some squares off?'

'Oh, certainly. Come with me, dear.' And Mr. Crawford held out his hand to the child, who took it without hesitation.

'What is your name, my dear?' asked Mr. Crawford, as he sat down in his parlor and took the little fellow upon his knee.

'Henry,' replied the child. He spoke with distinctness; and, as he spoke, there was a sweet expression of the lips and eyes that was particularly winning.

'What else besides Henry?'

The boy did not reply, for he had fixed his eyes upon a picture that hung over a mantel, and was looking at it intently. The eyes of Mr. Crawford followed those of the child, that rested, he found, on the portrait of his daughter.

'Henry Logan,' replied the child, looking for a moment into the face of Mr. Crawford, and then turning to gaze at the picture on the wall. Every nerve quivered in the frame of that man of iron will.

'Do you know who I am?' he asked, in a subdued voice, after he had recovered to some extent his feelings.

The child looked again into his face, but longer and more earnestly. Then, without answering, he turned and looked at the portrait on the wall.

'Do you know who I am, dear?' repeated Mr. Crawford.

'No, sir,' replied the child; and then again turned to gaze upon the picture.

'Who is that?' and Mr. Crawford pointed to the object that so fixed the little boy's attention.

'My mother.' And as he said these words, he laid his head down upon the bosom of his unknown relative, and shrank close to him, as if half afraid because of the mystery that, in his infantile mind, hung around the picture on the wall.

Moved by an impulse that he could not restrain, Mr. Crawford drew his arms around the child and hugged him to his bosom. Pride gave way; the iron will was bent; the sternly uttered vow was forgotten.

When the Quaker came for the little boy, Mr. Crawford said to him, in a low voice—made low to hide his emotion:

'I will keep the child.'

'From its mother?'

'No. Bring the mother, and the other child. I have room for them all.'

After a good deal of persuasion, Fanny at length made the effort to get herself ready to go out. She was so weak, that she tottered about the floor like one intoxicated. But the woman with whom she lived assisted and encouraged her, until she was at length ready to go. Then the Quaker came up to her room, and, with the tenderness and care of a father, supported her downstairs, and when she had taken her place in the vehicle, entered with her youngest child in his arms, and sat by her side, speaking to her, as he did so, kind and encouraging words.

The carriage was driven slowly for a few squares, and then stopped. Scarcely had the motion ceased, when the door was suddenly opened, and Mr. Crawford stood before his daughter.

'Do you forgive me, father?' said Fanny, in a tremulous whisper, half rising from her pillow, and looking eagerly, almost agonizingly, into her father's face.

'I have nothing to forgive,' murmured the father, as he drew his daughter towards him, so that her head could lie against his bosom.

'But do you love me, father? Do you love me as of old?' said the daughter.

He bent down and kissed her; and now the tears fell from his eyes and lay warm and glistening upon her face.

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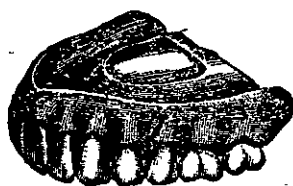
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Current Topics

To Correspondents

For several weeks from this date the editor will be absent, chiefly in connection with the approaching Catholic Congress in Sydney. Correspondents are reminded that all matter intended for publication should be addressed to 'The Editor,' and not by name to 'Rev. Dr. Cleary.' All letters so addressed by name will be treated as private communications and will be forwarded by earliest outgoing mails to his temporary address in Sydney.

Cow Cheques

The *Otago Daily Times* (Dunedin) published, in its issue of last Monday, a list of some three-figure cheques that were gained in a brief space by sundry fortunate suppliers of milk to some of our butter factories. The figures furnish an object lesson as to the value of her royal highness the cow. They furthermore serve to give a point to the inscription which one of the greatest and wealthiest dairymen in Wisconsin (United States) some years ago placed over his barn door: 'Treat a cow as if she were a lady.' The Swiss mountaineers treat her almost as a member of the family; and their placid little kine have done for the Alpine republic what the golden ore has done for the Switzerland of the South.

Lodge v. Court of Justice

An incident occurred in mid-July at Montreal (Canada) which gives a point to Dr. Johnson's saying: 'Where secrecy or mystery begins, vice or roguery is not far off.' It also furnishes a fresh evidence of the manner in which dark-lantern organisations may, on occasion, be used to thwart the course of justice. A Royal Commission held, during the July dog-days, an investigation in Montreal with a view (says the *Antigonish Casket*) to ascertain the truth or falsehood of charges made against the honesty of some transactions in which the city was interested. Among the witnesses was one Pierre Leclerc. While in the witness-box Pierre refused to answer a question put to him, and made this statement in explanation: 'We belong to the same society, Simoneau and I, and I promised on the Gospel that I would never say anything that could do him any harm, or put him into trouble.' Forthwith he was compelled by Justice Cannon to tell what 'society' he meant. After much hesitation, Mr. Leclerc mentioned lodge 45 of Coeurs Unis [United Hearts], and emphatically affirmed that this lodge is not connected with the Grand Orient, but with the 'English Freemasons.' The same day, at the afternoon session of the court, in explaining some expenditures, Mr. Leclerc stated that he had made a small payment to Mr. Simoneau. The reason for this payment, he declared, could not be told, as his relations with Simoneau were all carried on under the strict oath of a secret society.

Brother Leclerc evidently regarded his obligations to the craft as more binding than his obligations to the State.

Those 'Manifestations'

The slump in spiritistic stock continues in Wellington. The Bailey 'manifestations' began there at twenty-five shillings per head for the curious or the credulous. The fee rapidly dropped to five shillings; and the 'show' will, perhaps, fizzle out at 'front seats one shilling, back seats, sixpence.' Thus far, we have not seen the pretence of test and conditions; not one of the 'manifestations' has passed (if it has even reached) the level of third-rate public-house conjuring; and pressing questioners are moved to scorn by the evasiveness, the childish folly, and the vapid 'flummery' of the alleged 'spirits' that, with ungrammatical lips, are alleged to 'control' the ungrammatical 'meejum.' Dr. Johnson used to speak in so orotund and grandiloquent a way that Goldsmith once said to him: 'If you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales.' The professional medium reverses the process. He professes to 'produce' the spirits of the mighty dead—and he makes the first Napoleon forget French, makes Alexander the Great ramble in Cockney, and the whole company of the immortals talk the brainless and insufferable twaddle of the séance-chamber. Did they but know, it would hurt their disembodied spirits more than it racked the soul of a great English advocate to speak down to the level of the average jury. Yet this is the sort of thing that people are asked to accept as a new revelation of light and grace to a darkened world. It was a witty Frenchman who advised

the intending founder of a new creed to try the experiment of being crucified and rising again on the third day. A good many besides spiritists require such a reminder. Casimir Delavigne spoke in haste when he declared that

'Les sots depuis Adam sont en majorité'

—which, being interpreted, meaneth that, ever since Adam's time, foolish people have been in a majority in the world. There are a good many of them, nevertheless. And their weathercock heads are the first to be swayed and tossed about by every wind of new doctrine and passing fad and theory.

'Early-day' and Other Prices

Reminiscence is the ambrosia of age.

*'When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past will stay
And half our joys renew.'*

Memories of Canterbury's early days have been coming in clusters out of the past to speakers at last week's golden jubilee of the Christchurch Chamber of Commerce. One of the speakers (Mr. Hargreaves) has been dropping into interesting reminiscences of prices in 'the early days.' Flour (now about £10 per ton) was, for instance, sold by him at Lyttelton in 1863 at a wholesale price of £24 per ton; sugar (now from 2½d to 2¼d per lb) changed hands at £52 and more per ton; and 'he did not remember in the old days tea at less than 2s 6d per lb wholesale by the chest. . . . To-day tea of equal quality could be bought at less than half the price.' And so on. All of which moves the speaker to wonder at the present-day 'complaint against the high cost of living.'

But dearthness and cheapness are relative terms. Lytteltonian purchasers of Canterbury's early days had little cause to complain by comparison with the thousands that tramped to the diggings after gold had 'broken out' at (say) Ballarat and Mount Alexander, and Victoria had become at a bound a new Aladdin's land, the Transylvania of the modern world. Even as late as 1853 oaten 'hay' changed hands in Ballarat at £60 per ton; cartage from Geelong (some 50 miles) ran into £80 per ton; and in the following two years flour cost £6 10s per bag, potatoes 4½d per lb, eggs 6s per dozen, horse-shoeing 24s per set. In 1852 cartage from Melbourne to Castlemaine (77 miles) cost £100 to £120 per ton, oats were purchased at £3 per bushel, hotel charges ranged from 50s to 140s per day, a horse at livery cost 15s a day (105s a week); and even in Melbourne imported Wellington boots (then in almost universal use) were quoted at 50s to 60s per pair—if made to order the fee ran from 75s to 90s. 'And it must be remembered,' says Withers in his *History of Ballarat*, 'that these prices were paid for the roughest and rudest accommodation and service, while the quality of the goods could never in those days be very closely—or, at least, profitably—scrutinised.'

Victorian goldfield prices were, indeed, siege and famine rates by comparison with those that prevailed in 'the early days' in any part of New Zealand. People fared still worse in quite recent days within the beleaguered lines of Ladysmith and Mafeking and Kimberley during the South African war. Kimberley seems to have fared the best of the three. Yet eggs sold there at 24s a dozen, fowls at 25s to over 30s each, potatoes and tomatoes at 3s 6d per pound, grapes at 3s 6d to 5s a pound, while milk, butter, cheese, or ham could be procured only on the production of a medical certificate that the bearer was an invalid. Short rations of horse-soup, horse-steak, some bread, and crushed mealies and water constituted the daily bill of fare. Parisian stomachs were better prepared for the chances of the sieges of 1870-1871. For they had already acquired a taste for the tender and nutritious and (as we can personally testify) by no means unpalatable flesh of that eminently clean feeder, the horse. As famine settled down upon the doomed city, the pinch of hunger made them less and less squeamish as to their food. In November, 1870, there was a brisk demand, at high prices, for the flesh of mules and donkeys. The lions and tigers and elephants and rhinoceroses and dromedaries and eagles and polecats and the other foreign fowls and beasts in the Jardin d'Acclimation were butchered, divided, cooked with pepper and salt in portions true, and devoured with the relish that a nipping hunger gives to unaccustomed and unsavory meats. Dogs, cats, rats, and mice were bought at high prices and eagerly gnawed to the last bone. An English war correspondent describes the flesh of the rat—from personal experience—as 'white and very delicate,

like young rabbit, but with more flavor.' No Maori gourmet could well speak with more enthusiasm regarding the flesh of our small, plump, native rat, that is so fast vanishing before the onset of his big brown brother-rodent from over-sea.

*

Another correspondent who was within the iron-bound city of Paris during the siege speaks in terms of high commendation of the harmless, necessary cat as a table delicacy. The cunning ingenuity of the French cooks succeeded in cleverly disguising the taste and appearance of the flesh, of cats, dogs, and rodents. It was, moreover, a point of domestic honor during the siege that no awkward questions should be put to cook or housekeeper. With this diplomatic understanding things went as well as might be expected over the scantily supplied board—although many must have been forcibly struck with the extraordinary number and variety of unaccustomed meats that went by the name of *lapin* (rabbit). By December, however, such reserve was found unnecessary. For hunger was too keen and pressing. An animal frankly described as 'a rat, fat from the sewers,' then cost 1s 3d; mice, 3d each; geese, £3 3s each; turkeys, £4 each; chickens, £1 each; dogs, £3 to £10—the price varying, not according to breed, but according to size and condition; and a small head of unromantic cabbage sold at 3s 4d. Chemists did vastly more in Paris than in Ladysmith or Mafeking or Kimberley to extract nutriment from such unpromising materials as unpleasant looking greases and cocoanut oil. They likewise worked their spells over great piles of horns, hooves, and bones, until this rubbish of the slaughter-house surrendered from its myriad pores a product called 'osseine,' which made a juicy and wholesome soup and kept soul and body together in many a famine-stricken home. At the close of the siege there was not in all Paris so much as a fat man or a woman with a supplementary chin. A siege is about the surest anti-fat.

—

A Famine Story

Grosse Island—thirty miles below Quebec—is now gay with the foliage of early autumn, that plays with the ripples of the great St. Lawrence River. On a green knoll above the lordly river there now rises the tall column of a Celtic cross, forty and six feet in height. It marks the scene of one of the saddest tragedies of our day—the great grave-pits near which the souls of some twelve thousand poor Irish emigrants were rent asunder from their bodies by the terrible famine fever. That was in Black Forty-seven. They, in turn, were but a minute fragment of the great slaughter of plague-smitten western Celts whose bones lie in nameless graves along the banks of the St. Lawrence.

'Death

Grinned horrible, a ghastly smile,'

at the Gargantuan feast that was set before him by the artificially created Irish famine, with its 1,009,000 victims (according to Mulhall), and the terrible aftermath of slaughter, in the 'coffin-ships' on the Atlantic, and in the quarantine stations along Canada's great river.

* . . .

Five-and-twenty Irish and French-Canadian priests caught the infection through their magnificent self-immolation for the sufferers on Grosse Island alone. Some four hundred out of the six hundred orphans that survived were adopted by pious French-Canadians. Two hundred still remained in a building specially set apart for them. Maguire, in the fourth edition of his *Irish in America* (pp. 139-142) tells how they were provided for, and the story—so opportune at the present moment—has a depth of pathetic human interest which makes it worth the reading at any time. Briefly told, the story runneth thus: Father Baillargeon was then a parish priest in Quebec. He had received into his house three or four of the little Irish orphans, among them a beautiful boy of about two years old. The others were soon adopted by the great-hearted French Canadian peasants [*habitans*], 'but the little fellow, who was the curé's special pet, remained with him for nearly two years. From creeping up and down stairs, and toddling about in every direction; he soon began to grow strong and bold and noisy, as a fine healthy child would be; but though his fond protector rejoiced in the health and beauty of the boy, he found him rather unsuited to the quiet gravity of a priest's house, and a decided obstacle to study and meditation.' At this juncture a country parish priest visited Father Baillargeon, who enlisted his interest in finding homes for the two hundred Irish orphans. 'Come,' said he, 'I will show you a sample of them, and you can tell your people what they are like.' Saying this, M. Baillargeon led his visitor up stairs, and into the room where, in a little cot, the orphan child was lying in rosy sleep. As the light fell upon the features of the beautiful

boy, who was reposing in all the unrivalled grace of infancy, the country curé was greatly touched: he had never, he said, seen a 'lovelier little angel' in his life. 'Well,' said M. Baillargeon, 'I have 200 more as handsome. Take him with you, show him to your people, and tell them to come for the others.' That very night the boat in which he was to reach his parish was to start; and the curé wrapped the infant carefully in the blanket in which he lay, and, without disturbing his slumber, bore him off to the boat, a valued prize.

*

'The next Sunday,' says our historian, 'a strange sight was witnessed in the parish church of which the curé was the pastor. The priest was seen issuing from the sacristy, holding in his arms a boy of singular beauty, whose little hands were tightly clasped, half in terror, half in excitement, round the neck of his bearer. Every eye was turned towards this strange spectacle, and the most intense curiosity was felt by the congregation, in a greater degree by the women, especially those who were mothers, to learn what it meant. It was soon explained by their pastor, who said: "Look at this little boy! Poor infant!" (Here the curé embraced him). "Look at his noble forehead, his bright eyes, his curling hair, his mouth like a cherub's! Oh, what a beautiful boy!" (Another embrace, the half-terrified child clinging closer to the priest's breast, his tears dropping fast upon the surplice). "Look, my dear friends, at this beautiful child, who has been sent by God to our care. There are 200 as beautiful children as this poor forlorn infant. They were starved out of their own country by bad laws, and their fathers and their poor mothers now lie in the great grave at Grosse Isle. Poor mothers! they could not remain with their little ones. You will be mothers to them. The father died, and the mother died; but before she died the pious mother—the Irish Catholic mother—left them to the good God, and the good God now gives them to you. Mothers, you will not refuse the gift of the good God!" (The kindly people responded to this appeal with tears and gestures of passionate assent.) "Go quickly to Quebec; there you will find these orphan children—these gifts offered to you by the good God—go quickly—go to-morrow—lose not a moment—take them and carry them to your homes, and they will bring a blessing on you and your families. I say, go to-morrow without fail, or others may be before you. Yes, dear friends, they will be a blessing to you as they grow up, a strong, healthy race—fine women, and fine men, like this beautiful boy. Poor child, you will be sure to find a second mother in this congregation." (Another embrace, the little fellow's tears flowing more abundantly; every eye in the church glistening with responsive sympathy.) This was the curé's sermon, and it may be doubted if Bossuet or Fénelon ever produced a like effect. Next day there was to be seen a long procession of waggons moving towards Quebec; and on the evening of that day there was not one of the 200 Irish orphans that had not been brought to a Canadian home, there to be nurtured with tenderness and love, as the gift of the *Bon Dieu* [the Good God]. Possibly, in some instances that tenderness and love were not requited in after life, but in most instances the Irish orphan brought a blessing to the hearth of its adopted parents. The boy whose beauty and whose tears so powerfully assisted the simple oratory of the good curé is now one of the ablest lawyers in Quebec—but a French-Canadian in every respect save in birth and blood.'

CHRISTIANS AND MOSLEMS

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MASSACRES AT ADANA

The appalling nature of the disaster which has overtaken the Christian communities at Adana is only gradually becoming known to Catholics in this country. The *London Tablet* of July 24 publishes the following narrative, which is partly taken from *The Universe* and partly from private correspondence.

It will be remembered that the first massacre took place on April 14-16. The war cry of the Moslems was: 'Selavât Mahmoud, askna gïaour askna!' (In the name of Mahomet cut the infidels, cut them!).

This is an account of an eye-witness:

'The unfortunate Armenians were surrounded, seized, and tortured. The Moslems cut off the fingers of their right hands and forced the right eye from its socket with the point of a dagger. They slashed their ears, severed their necks as far as the carotid without touching it, then beat them with cudgels. These were stout sticks armed with a head of jagged lead, set thick with nails. Two Turks held the victims' head and gave the time—one, two, three! and another struck the blows methodically, with skilled deliberation all round the skull, fifteen or twenty

strokes which fell thick and ringing like a hammer upon an anvil. When the victim fell dead they cut open his stomach. After the men they passed on to the women. They stripped them, cut off the nipples of their breasts, which they forced the children to chew, cut off their toes, plucked out their eyes and thrust them into two holes made in the breast.

"In a farm they surprised a whole family, Burdikian by name, husband and wife, two boys, and a little girl of six. The wife, aged 23, flung herself at their feet crying for pity. They smiled and answered: "We'll give you pity, we'll give you pity, you'll see."

"They then bound the husband to the foot of a bed, seized the woman, stripped her naked, and with three large large nails pinned her to the wall, one nail for each hand and one for the feet. With the point of a scimitar they tattooed upon her breast one of the Christian symbols. Mad with terror she was silent, and stared with staring eyes while they brought her husband before her into the middle of the room. They stripped him, enveloped him in petroleum, then set fire to him. The body caught and crackled merrily. The hair blazed like a torch. The flesh charred and fell off before the victim died. The persecutors danced and sang Christian hymns around the human bonfire. The children wept in a corner. The woman looked on from the height of her wall.

"They next mutilated her breasts and forced the children to suck the bleeding flesh. They tore off her nails, cut off her fingers and nose and set fire to her hair. At last under her anguished eyes they sawed off the heads of the boys, plucked out their liver and heart and thrust them into the mother's mouth, shouting: "Holy Virgin Mary, save them. Come, come down! Do you not see that they are dying? It is their heart, you know, that you are eating—the heart of your dear boys whom you loved so much." They dispatched her by blows with a hatchet.

Another eye-witness gives the following account of the scenes of the next day:—

Scarcely had we left the church when the firing burst out violent and rapid quite close to us. Then terror gripped us, wild unreasoning terror which made us fly might and main in the opposite direction. We plunged through the first open door we found in our way. It was that of the French Jesuit Fathers' House, where already nearly 7000 Armenians had taken refuge. The Fathers from the beginning of the massacre had not hesitated for an instant. Defying the terrible danger which surrounded them both as Christians and as receivers of Christians, they had thrown their house wide open and had not even waited for the fugitives to knock at their doors. Three thousand more refugees were with the Sisters [Josephine Nuns of Lyons] in a house a little further away.

The Fathers were in terrible distress, for they made sure that if their own house could stand a siege, that of the Sisters was at the mercy of the least assault. So much so that at last Father Sabatier, S.J., decided without more ado to start, to go to the house of the nuns. He put on an old cyclist's cap, tucked up his soutane to his waist, said good-bye to Father Rigal, and sallied forth. He arrived, but with a bullet in his right side, in time, however, to be able to see that, after a bloody and violent fusillade, the Turks were beginning to fire the houses round the Sisters convent, and that the flames were already licking it with their devouring tongues.

"The refugees, weeping and trembling, assembled. The twenty-five Sisters and two Fathers formed round them a living rampart with their bodies. Thus this crowd of men and women, protected by twenty-five women praying, traversed the short distance which separated the house of the Fathers from that of the Sisters. The crossing took an hour, during which they had to stop fifteen times under the fire, which had become more destructive still. The body of refugees, compact at the start, strayed in the streets, leaving at every corner stragglers and remnants. Their guides had to run forward, come back, form them in column again, and start afresh.

"Some fell from time to time with a low moan, struck down by a bullet, and the people who followed trampled upon the body and scattered. Along the road lay the corpses shot through the head and breast, grim finger-posts of the line of march.

"At 6 o'clock exactly the fire from the minarets ceased, and the Sisters entered the Father's residence with all their refugees save nine, who lay on the pavement with eyes open, arms outstretched, and face to the sky."

We have before us another letter from a Marist Brother, who describes what he then saw in the streets of Adana. They were lined with corpses and hideous fragments of a most incredible butchery. The details supplied to us by the Marist Brother are of a nature which could scarcely allow of their transcription in these pages.

Two days later, Father Rigal gives the following account of the state of the sufferers and of the scene of desolation:

"There is no one in the town. Even those whose houses have not been burnt have camped out in the open beyond, some on the land belonging to the German factory, the rest near the tobacco factory. The latter are supported by the British Consul (at Mersina), who is devoting his private means to the work and raising funds in England for the same object. The unfortunates receive about half a pound of bread per day, and a little lard or butter. The

Consul has had shelters erected in the open, and thus the greater number are sure of a roof during the night. During the day time they lie out in the sun huddled together near the tents.

"Those near the German factory—by far the larger number—are much worse off. They have scarcely any shelter, and there is a great shortage of food. I wandered through this vast space and fifty times put the same question: "How do you manage to live?" and received on all sides the same answer: "Yesterday we were given half a pound of bread. The distribution before that was three days ago." They are all in charge of the Government and of the managers of the German factory. If my information is correct, they are about to turn them out of the factory enclosure for fear of contagious disease and to make them camp out in the sun. And what a sun! At Adana it is stifling."

Meanwhile, Fathers and nuns succeeded in hiring a house which they converted at once into a hospital, but a hospital without furniture, linen or drugs. Thus one of the nuns writes: "Thirty children on an average die every day from smallpox, fever, or hunger. Numbers of the wounded suffer agonies for want of proper care. . . But we have nothing, absolutely nothing."

Fortunately, however, a measure of relief, hopelessly inadequate, but better than none, was soon at hand. From Beyrüt, linen, supplies and medical comforts were forwarded, and the assistance of qualified medical men secured. The French Consul General at Beyrüt formed at his Government's expense an ambulance service for Adana. The British Consul and his wife from Mersina have taken up their residence in the desolate town, and are doing all in their power to alleviate the terrible distress.

THE FRENCH HOSPITALS

AFTER THE EXPULSION OF THE RELIGIOUS

It is a good many years now since the French Government, yielding to the clamor of the anti-clerical politicians (who have never 'jobs' enough to go the rounds of their friends) began what is called in Paris 'the laicization of the hospitals'—that is to say, the driving out of the religious nurses who worked without pay, and the putting in their places paid lay nurses (writes Mr. Alvan F. Sanborn in the *Boston Traveler*). So long as this change was made gradually, it worked little visible harm except to the pockets of the taxpayers. But the passage of the law against the congregations of 1901, and of the law of separation of 1905, emboldened the party in power to hasten the operation; and this haste has produced deplorable, not to say revolting, results. When the Government expels Sisters from the hospitals, it puts trained nurses in their places theoretically. As a matter of fact, it has only a handful of properly trained nurses at its disposal. The greater part of the new nurses are the veriest riff-raff, careless, and inefficient.

The following extract from a personal letter which I received a short time ago from a thoroughly-trained lay nurse who has been put in charge of a 'laicized' hospital in the West of France gives a better idea of what is actually taking place in the hospitals of the provinces than columns of statistics or of learned observations could give: The hospital of which I have charge has its service assured by lay nurses who are given the name of 'guards.' Surely they deserve no other name; that of nurses in no way belongs to them. The precipitation of the attempt to 'laicize' the hospital obliged the administration to accept such women as were willing to serve, without selecting them, for, in this Breton country, the respectable women would not be willing to supplant the Sisters. And so, among these recruits, I have found women of all sorts of morality, and, for the greater part, no morality at all. Besides, they are almost totally lacking in education. I have been obliged to give up eating at the same table with them. Their manners, their low talk, and their conduct annoy me the more that they are for the most part older than I, and that they consider me impertinent if I call them to order. It is a most painful situation, I assure you. In these wards, these 'guards' are far from giving the patients the care they have a right to expect. This, however, is not their fault. The authorities, in their impatience to replace the Sisters, tried to form nurses by giving ignorant women a few theoretical lessons and letting them practise in certain wards without any superintendence. They fancied that their recruits would learn practical nursing by associating with the ward servants. At the end of four months of theoretical courses, and of two years of this sort of unsupervised practice, they were given diplomas. It is with a force formed in this haphazard fashion that I am obliged to carry on a hospital of 350 beds, of which 320 are occupied. Every day I see dressings, and especially bandages, such as nobody ever dreamed of, and which are aseptic only in name. When I make it my business to point out their defects, I always find these 'guards' ready with their retorts, but never well-disposed. And when, in order to show them the right way I take hold and do the dressing myself, I am always rewarded by the disappearance of those who need so sadly to learn. I have never been able to persuade the 'guards' to come together to learn

If you are interested in the quality of the tea you drink, just try Hondai Lanka 'Cock o' the North.' It's prime!

'Hech, McPhairson, but yon's gran' tea yon "Cock o' the North." It's as sweet as the skirl o' the pipes herse!'

what it is in my power to teach them, and I have often heard them say: 'If they have given us diplomas, it is because we deserve them.'

I will add no reflections. But you will readily understand what I have to endure from this state of things when I tell you that I have to assume the entire night service without either a physician or an interne in the establishment. The physicians are called only for urgent operations, and only then do the 'guards' come to my help. One night, not a single 'guard' being willing to get up, I found myself obliged to call the ward servants to help me to produce artificial respiration in a drowned person. The next day, when these 'ladies' learned that we had worked four hours and a half, they congratulated themselves on having stayed in their beds.

From the lay head nurse of a 'laicized' hospital in the East of France, which has attempted to establish a training school for nurses, I have a similar letter, from which I quote a few words only: 'The recently 'laicized' hospital of J— is still groping; and its school is not yet organised as it should be, because of the difficulty of recruiting a teaching force offering the guarantee of conscientiousness and of education indispensable in those who are to train hospital nurses. The difficulty arises, I believe, from the unsavory reputations of the lay nurses throughout France.'

And so I might go on citing one provincial hospital after another whose services have been demoralised by 'laicization.' 'Many establishments,' says Dr. Morman, of the National Health Department (a fervent believer in laicization, by the way), 'have already disappeared for want of funds and a capable force. When we try to "laicize" a big establishment, we have all the trouble in the world. It is not enough to decree "laicization"; it is necessary to prepare it.' The situation in Paris, particularly on the moral side, is worse if anything than in the provinces.

A few months ago Mlle. Bertha B—, a young woman who was a nurse in the Hospital La Charite, was arrested for throwing a bowl of vitriol at her paramour. In the course of her trial, the fact was brought out that she had been an inmate of an insane asylum before being entrusted with the care of the city's sick. Mistakes will happen, of course, in any great charitable enterprise, but this is a fair example of the carelessness with which the lay nurses are recruited.

At the military hospitals of Val de-Grace, the nurses, who are soldiers, are currently accused of horrible practices akin to those which caused recent scandals in Germany; and these accusations are taken seriously by professional philanthropists who are not in the habit of paying attention to sensational rumors.

In 25 years, probably, in 10 years, possibly (if the Government makes great exertion in training nurses), the nursing service in the public hospitals of France will become as good as it was before it was meddled with and disorganised by the greed and intolerance of the anti-clerical politicians. But 'laicization' (supposing it desirable) might have been brought about in good time by the exercise of patience and perseverance without any such atrocious consequences. In trying to 'laicize' the hospitals of the country at one fell swoop, the State has done untold harm to the destitute sick. And it has at present neither the money nor the trained workers to repair the damage.

'The O'Doherty' and 'Eva of the Nation' Funds

After the death of Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty, in Queensland, in 1895 (says the Melbourne *Advocate*), a meeting was held in the Queensland Irish Association rooms, Brisbane, and it was decided to take steps to perpetuate his memory by—(1) providing for his widow and daughter; (2) erecting a suitable monument over his grave; and (3) such other means as the funds will permit. A committee was formed, and the following amounts were received: Queensland, £430 15s 10d; Victoria, £19; Sydney, £11 3s; New Zealand, £1s 6d; total, £462 0s 4d. Some two years ago, at the instigation of the Hon. H. Mahon and Mr. Stratton, of Sydney, a movement was initiated for the benefit of Mrs. Doherty, and the 'Eva of the Nation' fund was started. Mr. Mahon visited several of the States to assist the movement, and his efforts have been rewarded by the collection of £849 4s 7d. In Victoria a committee was formed, of which Mr. Joseph Winter was the hon. secretary and treasurer, and a sum of £380 4s 7d was collected and forwarded to the Brisbane committee. From a balance sheet just issued by the Brisbane committee, the following amounts are acknowledged: Melbourne, £380 4s 7d; Sydney, £250; Adelaide, £130; Hobart, £89; total, £849 4s 7d. The amount sent from Melbourne includes the following sums received from the other States: West Australia, £61 4s 6d; Tasmania, £10 18s 6d; New South Wales, £3 8s; Queensland, £1 1s; New Zealand, £29 4s 6d; making a total of £106 1s 6d. It appears from the balance sheet that Queensland contributed nothing to the 'Eva of the Nation' fund. The amount of £13 17s is interest on the O'Doherty fund. The total receipts for the 'O'Doherty' and the 'Eva of the Nation' funds amount to £1306 1s 11d. The expenditure up to July 12, 1909, was as follows: Incidental expenses, £51 10s 5d; paid Mrs. O'Doherty, £397 9s, leaving a balance of £857 2s 6d, which is invested in two Queensland banks, and in Queensland debentures.

THE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND

MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY DAYS

(Contributed.)

Writings of the Early Missionaries (continued).

We may rely on the zeal of Father Forest to keep the sacred flame burning. I assure you I was very much pleased with my Sunday in Napier on the 2nd of February. I assisted at the offices, and listened to the organ of the little church; there is nothing approaching it, I am sure, in either New Zealand or several other missions. I was deeply edified, though at the same time pained, to witness the zeal of the good Father. His church being too small to contain all the Catholic population, in consequence of the garrison, he is obliged to say two Masses on Sundays—one at 9 o'clock for the soldiers, and the other at 11 for the civilians. He preaches at each Mass, and this does not prevent his attendance at catechism, and preaching again at Vespers. You can easily imagine how all this fatigue must prey upon an already delicate constitution. Fortunately, he has now to assist him Father Sauzeau, who is delighted to be formed for the missionary life by such a model; and Brother Athanase is also with him, and will be most useful under the present circumstances of the mission. At present all Father Forest's interest seems to be directed to the schools, for which he has already made many sacrifices, and suffered much anxiety; but all this labor is necessary in order to gain souls to God.

I must now give you some account of Father Regnier's labors; he has continued his visits to the Catholic settlements dispersed in the various parts of the province, and also to the Maoris who belong to his mission, and are scattered amidst the mountains and the valleys; but, in the meantime, he has not neglected his great work, one which is probably destined to contribute largely to the spread of religion in the province. I told you four years ago of his having removed his house to the land he had purchased from the Government; that he had extended his property to 400 acres in all, and that it was surrounded by a river or roads so as to be isolated from the rest of the country. [This evidently refers to Mecanee.] I was able to congratulate the Father and the two Brothers on the success of their labors and devotedness. All this large territory is surrounded by a deep trench, with an entrance only by a large gate of galvanised thick iron bars. The land has been cultivated, and the live stock seem thriving. Of course, what has been as yet done is little if compared with all that still must be accomplished, but progress is made every year, and the establishment will become more fruitful. A road that passes by the land, and a bridge thrown across the river, render easy access to the town. I was not a little surprised to find that in this vast plain, which four years since presented nothing but bog, covered with furze and bushes of phormium-tenax, was now dotted with pretty houses, meadows, corn, and numerous herds of cattle. The weather was beautiful, and everything around beamed with life and vigor. Such has been the improvement in the land, that what was sold by Government for 10s 6d could now easily bring twelve pounds sterling an acre, even for the part not yet cultivated.

Father Regnier invited me to accompany him to a great festival of the Maoris, which took place in the environs, and at which a good many Catholics attended. I could not accept his invitation.

I intended to leave Napier on the 3rd March, but a violent tempest broke out on the night of the 2nd, and lasted for three days, causing terrible ravage in several places. I have often heard the climate of New Zealand lauded as being the most beautiful and agreeable in the world, possessing the winter of Naples and the summer of London: the latter is not very wonderful in the way of temperature, and I can equally aver that if the winter of Naples is like ours here, it is not so very desirable. But it must be remembered that New Zealand lies between 33 degrees to 49 of southern latitude, so that the temperature must consequently vary in its different parts. It is, however, take it all in all, a beautiful country, though it is damp and exposed to violent winds.

During the afternoon of the 5th of March, the heavens became clouded, the wind seemed to change, and the storm bird was seen on the sea in the evening. We were soon obliged to take shelter behind a cape, for to have tried to make head against the storm would have been only to burn our coals uselessly. We made another attempt to sail on Friday, but were again obliged quickly to seek a second refuge, and it was with great difficulty that we were able to reach Wellington at nine o'clock on Wednesday evening. I began to feel very uneasy, as the steamer for Sydney was to leave the very next day, and had I not reached in time to go in it, I should be delayed a month, and perhaps longer, in New Zealand.

Father Petitjean was absent visiting the Catholic Maoris of Otaki. Monsignor was unceasing in kind attentions to me. To my great regret I was unable to go to see Father Séon. I have already told you how I met him for a few moments on the first day of my arrival in Wellington. On my return from the South, the Father was in the Wairarapa visiting this distant part of his parish. I went to spend a Sunday at Hutt, but our dear old friend was not there.

It so happened that he who is generally the easiest to be found of all others, was not permitted by Divine Providence to meet me. When I was returning, I spent two days at Nelson. Father Garin was in the Wairau, Father Michel very often ill, and Father Martin only awaiting orders to depart and exercise his zeal in a large sphere. On the 18th I arrived safely in Sydney in time to celebrate with the Missioners, newly arrived from France, a family feast in honor of our glorious and kind protector St. Joseph.

Before concluding, allow me, dear Father, to say a few words on the emulation, activity, and even ambition exhibited by each of those little provinces in New Zealand, in their efforts to surpass one another. On all sides searches are being made in order to discover gold mines, and a large reward has been offered to him who shall indicate where such are to be found. Then, when any gold is found, we hear on all sides the cry: Come here and you will make your fortune.

The southern provinces consider themselves very fortunate not to have been visited by the troubles of the Maoris, and they are anxious to separate their interests from those of the northern provinces, so that they may not be obliged to share in the expense of the war. Auckland insists on remaining the capital, being already in possession of the title; Wellington, on the other hand, puts forth claims to that honor, founded on its beautiful harbor and central situation.

I have already told you of the hopes of Otago; Canterbury will assuredly put forth reasons for claiming the first place. Nelson, proud of its little railway, exports chrome to England while waiting for some more precious metal. What zeal and what perseverance they give evidence of! The objects of interests they seek to secure are, I am well aware, very important; and we may well praise their energy and imitate their example. May we also be animated by a holy and noble emulation for the salvation of their souls, while enlightening them, and may we not allow our courage to fail either when exposed to sacrifices, or privation, or contradictions, no matter from what quarter they reach us! Above all, may we, in the midst of the various and powerful sects, keep our eyes fixed on God, and rely on Him alone to grant us strength and patience, for in Him and by Him alone is salvation to be obtained.

State of the Diocese of Wellington in 1864.

Since the Rev. Father Poupinel visited New Zealand, each year the number of the population has become larger. In 1860 there were but 73,000 Europeans, and at the beginning of 1864 their number amounted to 109,000. The emigration is directed chiefly to the south, whither it has been drawn by the discovery of new gold mines. From the 1st of January to the 30th of November, 1863, there were 28,738 emigrants landed in the province of Otago alone, and at the end of 1863 the population of that district has been stated to be from 60,000 to 80,000. A new province has been created at the mines; this is called Southland, its capital Invercargill. This little town of 500 inhabitants is situated on the sea, at the opening of a magnificent plain which stretches to the mountains, where the richest diggings are. A brilliant future is in prospect for this town, and its population will be speedily tenfold what it is. Other towns have sprung up as if by enchantment in Southland and become larger every year. Dunedin, the capital of Otago, had but 3000 inhabitants in 1862; at present its population amounts to 30,000. The following list gives the names of the nine provinces of New Zealand, their capitals, and the population of each:

North Island.

Auckland; capital, Auckland	15,000
Wellington; capital, Wellington	8,000
Hawke's Bay; capital, Napier	1,500
Taranaki; capital, New Plymouth	3,000

South Island.

Nelson; capital, Nelson	6,000
Marlborough; capital, Picton	500
Canterbury; capital, Christchurch	6,000
Otago; capital, Dunedin	30,000
Southland; capital, Invercargill	500

The war between the Natives and English was ended on March 18, 1862, but began again towards the close of the year, in spite of all the efforts of the Government to avoid it, and continues to the present day. The principal theatre of the first war was the province of Taranaki; this time hostilities commenced near Auckland, and are continued in Waikato. The Natives of the other provinces of the north, whilst preserving their sympathies for the Maori king whom they have elected, have taken no open part in the contest; they will not mix in it unless they are first attacked. The result of this unequal war, disastrous to both parties, is no matter of doubt; the English Government have about 10,000 soldiers or volunteers, the Maoris have scarcely half the number. Sad will be the fate of this population, so worthy of sympathy, and which excites the deepest interest in the English Governors. To the war which decimates them are added diseases, which destroy life and bring on an ever-increasing mortality. There are but few children, and those which are born die at an early age. There were 56,000 Maoris alive in 1860; it is to be feared that the approaching census will show a considerable diminution amongst their number.

(To be continued.)

HIBERNIAN SOCIETY

HALF-YEARLY DISTRICT MEETING

(From our Auckland correspondent.)

The half-yearly meeting of the New Zealand District of the H.A.C.B. Society was held on Wednesday evening, August 25, in the Hibernian Hall, Bro. P. J. Nerheny, J.P., District President, in the chair. Bros. C. Mulholland, D.V.P., W. Kane, D.S., and M. J. Sheehan, D.T., and Rev. Fathers Holbrook and Ormond also attended. The following delegates were present:—Greymouth, Bro. Nerheny; Charleston, Bro. J. Malone; Grahamstown, Bro. T. S. Collins; Dunedin, Bro. Jas. Smith; Auckland, Bros. F. Nerheny and Wilfred Wright; Christchurch, Bro. D. Flynn; Onewunga, Bro. D. McLaren; Napier, Bro. C. Teahan; Wellington, Bros. Jas. B. R. Stead and Jas. Shaldrick; Blenheim, Bro. A. P. Walsh; New Plymouth, Bro. Wm. Beehan, M.L.C.; Waipawa, Bro. Jos. De Silva; Hastings, Bro. Thos. Keating; Leeston, Bro. John Patterson; New Headford, Bro. Chas. Delahunty; Timaru, Bro. Jas. F. Tuohy; Masterton, Bro. M. Tuohy; Milton, Bro. W. Heath; Oamaru, Bro. H. Duffin, jun.; Waimate, Bro. C. Reynolds; Denniston, Rev. Father Holbrook; Westport, Rev. Father Ormond; Gisborne, Bro. C. Little; Reefton, Bro. Chas. Reihai; Wellington South, Bro. D. Carmody; Palmerston North, Bro. M. Carmody; Ashburton, Bro. E. J. Shanley; Waihi, Bro. P. Colvin; Kaiapoi, Bro. E. H. Green; Lower Hutt, Bro. John Hayes; Hawera, Bro. F. McKenzie; Taihape, Bro. M. Hurley; Maniaia, Bro. D. Kearns; Invercargill, Bro. John Corbett, P.D.P.; Gore, Bro. C. O'Brien; Otautau, Bro. Owen Kieley; Sancta Maria, Sister E. Kane.

The D.P. briefly addressed the meeting, dealing with the half-yearly balance sheet, which showed that, though the large sum of £208 was paid in death claims, there yet remained a credit balance for the half-year of £247 19s. 9d. The funeral fund amounted to £7438 10s 10d, the general fund to £529 7s 6d (being an increase on the last year of £17 5s 7d), and the quarterly fund had a credit balance of £364 10s 10d (being an increase of £28 2s 6d). The amount loaned on freehold security was £7510. To place a stained-glass window of St. Patrick in the Church of St. Gerard at Wellington the sum of £60 was subscribed by the members throughout the district, and forwarded to the Redemptorist Fathers. The president reported that a new branch was opened by Bro. Marlow, District Deputy, at Otautau, near Invercargill, with good prospects, having started with about 50 members; there was a gradual increase in the membership in the principal branches; the Redemptorist Fathers had been interesting themselves in the interests of the Society, and it was due to their efforts that many additions had been made to the Society; and that from Taranaki, Hawke's Bay, and Canterbury favorable reports had been received.

The following motion, moved by Bro. M. J. Sheehan and seconded by Bro. the Hon. W. Beehan, M.L.C., was agreed to:—That the New Zealand District Board of the Hibernian Australasian Catholic Benefit Society in meeting assembled desires to place on record its hearty appreciation and sincere thanks to Bro. W. H. K. Redmond, M.P., for East Clare, for his untiring efforts to have removed from the Oath of Accession that portion which wantonly outrages and insults the religious feelings of Catholics throughout the British Empire. It was further resolved—That copies of the foregoing resolution be sent to the Right Hon. Mr. Asquith, Prime Minister, and Mr. William Redmond, M.P.

The Wellington delegate moved the following notice of motion to be submitted to the triennial meeting at Wellington next February:—(a) That rule 1 be amended as follows: That the word "executive" be struck out after the word district in the third line and "Board meeting" inserted in lieu thereof; (b) That Rule 5 be amended as follows: The words "Triennial moveable meetings excepted" be added after the word meeting in the second line. (c) That Rule 8 be amended as follows: That the words "Past President" be added after the letters "P.D.P." in the second line. (d) That clause 1 be deleted, and the following inserted in lieu thereof: "The executive shall meet at the district chambers on alternate Tuesdays at 8 p.m. for granting dispensations and for the transaction of any business pertaining to their office. They shall attend all district meetings but shall have no vote, the District President's casting vote excepted, but they shall have the privilege of expressing their opinion on any question brought before the district meeting and may also move any proposition on the order paper emanating from the executive."

The following officers were nominated for the next term of office: District President, Bro. C. Mulholland; D.V.P., Bro. Hubert Nerheny; secretary, Bro. W. Kane; treasurer, Bro. M. J. Sheehan; auditors, Bros. Jas. Smith and J. B. Stead. A past president's collar was presented to P.P. Bro. Jas. Corbett by the D.P., Bro. P. J. Nerheny.

The District President gave a most interesting account of the biennial meeting at Hobart, at which he represented New Zealand, and spoke most enthusiastically of the flourishing condition of the Society in the Commonwealth. The Hon. Mr. Beehan moved a hearty vote of thanks to the D.P. for his services at Hobart, which was carried by

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acclamation. Refreshments were then passed round and a most enjoyable evening was spent in social intercourse by the delegates and officers.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

August 28.

The Rev. Father V. Geaney, S.M., left Wellington for Sydney to-day by the Manuka en route to Rome, where he goes to complete his higher studies.

A debate was held on Wednesday evening by the boys of St. Aloysius' Club, the subject being: 'Are New Zealanders too fond of sport?' After a spirited discussion it was decided in the negative.

In my notes last week I was made to say that an entertainment took place in O'Donnell's Hall, Clareville. It should have been 'O'Donnell's Hall, Kilbirnie.' [The mistake was due to a transposition of lines.]

At the meeting of the executive of the Wellington Catholic Club, held last evening, Mr. A. H. Casey (vice-president), who has been chairman of the executive for many years past, was presented by Mr. J. McGowan, on behalf of members, with a gold-mounted Swan fountain pen, suitably inscribed.

A meeting of parishioners of Northland district was held last Sunday to consider the best means of obtaining funds for the erection of a school at Northlands. It was decided to canvass the Catholics of the district during the coming fortnight, and to report the result at a meeting to be held on Sunday, September 5.

On last Sunday, August 22, after the evening devotions, Mr. P. J. Amodeo, a member of St. Gerard's Church (Redemptorist) choir, was presented with a token of esteem from his fellow-members on the occasion of his leaving Wellington for Christchurch. He has been transferred to the clerical staff of the Christchurch Magistrate's Court. He was wished every success in his new sphere of work.

The members of the St. Aloysius' branch of the H.A.C.B. Society paid an official visit to the Melrose (Druids) Lodge in O'Donnell's Hall, Kilbirnie, on Tuesday evening. After indulging in cribbage and euchre, in which the Hibernians proved victorious, refreshments were handed round, during which sundry toasts were proposed. The following members of the Hibernian Society rendered musical items:—Messrs. Corliss, Foote, and McErlean. Altogether a most successful and entertaining evening was spent.

In the football match which took place at Newtown Park on Thursday afternoon, 26th inst., between St. Patrick's College and Blenheim High School teams the former proved victorious, scoring 33 points to 3. The college team was slightly heavier than the visitors. For the winners tries were scored by Mahoney and Hogan (2), Sullivan, Blake, and Doherty (1 each). Dundan scored for the losers. Mr. Quinn was referee. Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, S.M., Rector of St. Patrick's College, entertained both teams at dinner last night.

A dramatic and musical entertainment by members of the Wellington Catholic Club will be given in the club rooms on Monday and Tuesday, 20th and 21st September. The proceeds are to be devoted towards the fund for the erection of the new Catholic hall, the building of which is expected to be commenced very shortly. The dramatic branch is making excellent progress under the management of Mr. D. Kelly, and the entertainment is looked forward to with interest. Judging by the way in which the tickets are selling, it should prove a decided success. Mr. F. A. Hickmott is hon. secretary.

The Hibernian Society (St. Patrick's branch) intend holding a euchre party at an early date, and the St. Aloysius' branch are busy arranging for a social evening on September 29. The proceeds of both these functions will be devoted towards the fund for the entertainment of the delegates to the triennial movable meeting of the New Zealand district, which will be held in Wellington next February. Brothers Shaldrick (Onehunga) and Stead (Auckland) were appointed delegates to represent St. Patrick's branch at the district half-yearly meeting which was held at Auckland on Wednesday last.

The popularity which the concerts given by the Wellington Catholic Seamen's Conference have earned was greatly in evidence last Monday evening, when a large and enthusiastic audience of seamen and their friends attended. The following contributed items to the programme, which was highly appreciated:—Misses A. and M. Frith (songs), Doris Guise (sailor's hornpipe), Eileen Scanlon (Irish clog dance), N. Strickland (song), M. Taylor (song), Messrs. V. Cole (pianoforte solo), S. Corliss (comic song), J. Gallagher (song), E. Healy (song), Hilditch (flute solo), Murphy (recitation), C. McErlean (comic song), E. B. L. Reade (song), and Silver (song). Messrs. Joll and Reade also gave a vocal duet. Special features submitted were the comic items given by Mr. E. Kain, of London, and the quartet

singing of Messrs. Bradley, Foote, McErlean, and Reade. The accompaniments were played by Mrs. Ward, Misses Frith and Taylor, and Mr. W. H. Rennie.

The St. Anne's Catholic Club (South-Wellington) held its fourth half-yearly meeting on Thursday. Mr. D. Moriarty occupied the chair. The balance sheet showed that the total receipts for the half-year amounted to £119 0s 2d (including £32 5s brought forward from last balance), and the expenditure to £79 3s. The report and balance sheet were adopted. The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M. (patron), addressed the meeting and congratulated the retiring officers on the excellent work done during the last half-year. He promised as soon as circumstances would permit to extend the hall in order to meet the growing requirements of the club. The following officers were elected:—Patron, Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M.; president, Mr. R. W. Collins; vice-presidents, Rev. Fathers Herring, S.M., and McDonald, S.M., Messrs. J. E. Gamble, B. A. Guise, and E. J. Leydon; spiritual director, Rev. Father Herring, S.M. Literary and debating branch: President, Rev. Father McDonald, S.M.; vice-president, Mr. E. J. Fitzgibbon, LL.B.; hon. secretary, Mr. George R. Harris; hon. treasurer, Mr. E. B. L. Reade; librarian, Mr. E. J. Fitzgibbon; executive committee, Messrs. Butler, J. J. Fitzgibbon, Guthrie, D. Moriarty, C. McErlean, McMahon, P. J. Peters, J. Wareham, Wicklyffe; auditor, Mr. E. J. Fitzgibbon. It was a very enthusiastic meeting, about 60 members being present. They unanimously expressed their appreciation of the excellent work done by Mr. Peters as manager of the St. Aloysius' Boys' Club. The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

The twenty-second half-yearly meeting of the Wellington Catholic Club was held at St. Patrick's Hall on Friday evening. The president (Very Rev. Father O'Shea, S.M., V.G.) was in the chair. There were about 40 members present. The report and balance sheet were adopted. The receipts for the half-year amounted to £56 7s 6d, which included £16 12s 6d brought forward from the last half-year, and the expenditure to £52 4s 11d, leaving a credit balance of £4 2s 7d. The report mentioned that there are 200 members now on the roll, and that both branches of the literary and debating society are showing satisfactory progress. The election of office-bearers resulted as follows: Patron, his Grace Archbishop Redwood; president, Very Rev. Father O'Shea, S.M., V.G.; vice-presidents, Very Rev. Father Clune, C.S.S.R., Rev. Father Goggan, S.M., Rev. Father Hickson, S.M., Adm., Rev. Father Venning, S.M., Rev. Brother Justin, Messrs. A. H. Casey, J. J. Devine, M. Kennedy, M. O'Connor, and C. P. Skerrett, K.C.; hon. secretary, Mr. J. McGowan; hon. treasurer, Mr. J. Webb; executive, Messrs. J. W. Callaghan, F. A. Hickmott, B. Leydon, C. P. McKenzie, J. C. O'Leary, J. Quinn, L. Roseingrave, G. Venning, and W. Wright; hon. auditors, Messrs. S. J. Moran and J. F. O'Leary. The meeting directed the executive to call a special general meeting to consider proposals for the formation of a boys' club, and also the question of certain alterations to the constitution. Steps are being taken to revive the cricket and athletic branches of the club. Votes of thanks to retiring office-bearers and the rev. chairman terminated the business.

Wanganui

(From our travelling correspondent.)

During the recent 'Industries Week,' held in Wanganui, one of the methods adopted for creating interest in the local manufacturing concerns there was the granting of a prize by the biscuit company for an essay, open to children attending schools in the district. All the competitors—and there were many—visited the factory, and noted how the goods were manufactured, so as to get the ground-work for their essays. The papers, when handed in, were then adjudicated upon by a competent judge, and the first prize was won by Miss Aileen Sullivan, a pupil of the Wanganui Convent. Miss Sullivan, who is only 14 years of age, is a daughter of Mr. E. Sullivan, of Pahiatua. The judge complimented the competitors on their excellent productions, and bestowed well-merited praise on the winner for her descriptive paper on the subject. This result reflected not only credit on Miss Sullivan, but also on her teachers, the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Masterton

(From our own correspondent.)

August 28.

The concert held at Carterton on Tuesday evening, in aid of the funds of St. Mary's Church, was a great success, the dancing by the children being much appreciated. The takings amounted to £16, and the success of the function was due to Miss Harbroe, who taught the dancers, and Mrs. Berrill, who arranged the entertainment.

The following pupils of St. Bride's Convent were successful in the theory examinations held in June in connection with the Masterton centre of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., London:—Local Centre examinations (full marks 99, pass 66)—Mary O'Neill, 89; Ruby

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M. Jury, 88; Dorothy Bennett, 87; Irene Taylor, 78. School examinations: Higher Division, harmony (full marks 150 pass 100, distinction 130)—Phyllis P. Hannify, 120.

On Sunday last the Rev. Father Saunderson preached an eloquent sermon on the benefit derived from membership of Catholic societies. He referred principally to the Hibernian Society and the Children of Mary Association, dwelling on their religious, social, and benefit advantages. He related some telling incidents of the good he had seen done by religious societies among Catholics in the Old Land, and made an earnest appeal to the congregation to become members of these organisations.

Hastings

(From our own correspondent.)

August 27.

A social gathering, organised by Mesdames Quinlivan and McIvor, in aid of the convent schools, was held in the Drill Hall on Thursday evening, and was a pronounced success, there being a very large attendance. The ladies of the parish supplied a first-class supper.

A surprise party, consisting of the altar boys of the Sacred Heart Church, waited on Rev. Father Quinn at the presbytery a few evenings ago, and presented him with a silver shaving mug, in honor of his feast day. Masters Carroll, Lee, and Poppelwell made short speeches, wishing Father Quinn many happy returns of the day. Father Quinn, to whom the presentation came as a genuine surprise, was exceedingly pleased with this thoughtful and graceful act, and returned thanks in a feeling speech. The boys were afterwards entertained by Father Quinn.

The members of the Catholic Club held their annual banquet on Monday evening, when there was a large attendance of members. Rev. Father Quinn presided, and Very Rev. Father Keogh (the club's patron) and several of the vice-presidents were also present. After the excellent repast had been done justice to, various toasts were duly honored. During the evening several musical items were contributed. The function was one of the most enjoyable yet given under the auspices of the club.

At the musical and elocutionary competitions, which have just concluded in Napier, Hastings' competitors carried off a considerable number of the prizes. It is pleasing to record that members of the Sacred Heart choir were among the prize-winners. Miss Tilly Vickers was placed first in the contralto test solo; Mrs. V. R. Roach, as one of a mixed quartet, was awarded first prize in the concerted music; Mr. F. L. Vickers was second in the bass test solo, third in the sacred solo, and (with three others) obtained second prize in the male quartet.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

August 30.

The clock in the tower of St. Joseph's Church at Temuka has just been thoroughly overhauled and put in good working order. The cost, about £20, has been subscribed by the parishioners and the residents generally, as it serves as the town clock for Temuka.

Information has been received by the Sisters of Nazareth of the death, at the Mother House, Hammersmith, London, of Mother Mary of the Holy Cross, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years, fifty-nine of which were spent in the Order of the Sisters of Nazareth.—R.I.P.

The Rev. Father O'Sullivan, of the African Missions, who has several times visited the Dominion in the interests of his Order, intends at an early date (I understand) re-visiting New Zealand, giving a series of illustrated lectures incidental to the arduous and hazardous labors in which the missionaries are engaged.

An illustrated lecture on the 'Niagara Falls,' given on last Friday evening by the Rev. Father Hoare, S.M., for the benefit of the funds of St. Mary's Altar Society, Christchurch North, attracted an audience which crowded St. Mary's Schoolroom, Manchester street. Preceding the lecture a well-arranged programme of vocal and instrumental music was very capably rendered.

A gentleman touring the districts north of Auckland, writing to a friend in Christchurch from Mangonui, gives an interesting account of his observations in the vicinity. 'I spent the day (he states) with the Maoris of Waimahana, a place near here, where they are all Catholics. I met Fathers Bruning and Zangere several times while at Whangaroa, and promised that if possible I would be at Waimahana on the Feast of the Assumption, which they told me was always a great day with the Maoris in the North. (The Maori Missions were at the very beginning placed under the invocation of Our Lady of the Assumption by Bishop Pompallier, hence the devotion of the succeeding generations of the Maoris to this great festival of the Church.) As there was no way by which I could get there unless by hiring a launch and going by water, I arranged with a man here, who has an oil launch, to take me there on Sunday. I was up early, and we reached

there about 10 o'clock, and landed on the beach with the aid of a group of Maori boys, who pulled our small boat up high and dry. Father Zangere took us up to a Maori habitation, where we had breakfast, after which the Father and I went to the church, where Mass was just beginning. All the people take part in the service, and sing or intone those parts which are usually sung by choirs, but do so in their own language, and the effect is very good. A large number of them received Holy Communion, and several had come down on horseback from the North Cape, a distance of about 120 miles. A beast was killed on the Friday before for a supply of beef, and on the same night the largest catch of fish they ever made, filling a trolley heaped up, was procured. As a natural consequence, there was great feasting going on. Baskets full of kumeras were cooked in what is known as a "kapa Maori," and these were very much better and sweeter than those I have eaten cooked in the ordinary way. I spent the whole day with them, until it was time to leave in the evening, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. Waimahana is just a flat area of country surrounded by sloping hills, excepting that part which opens on to the beach. It is very fertile, and will grow almost anything, whilst the surrounding hills, all clay land, gave profitable employment to Maori and Australian gundiggers in the old days. The climate here is very mild, and many of the peach trees in the gardens were covered with blossom. The missionary is the universal arbiter, sincerest friend, and wisest counsellor, possessing qualities recognised as being in the best possible interests—spiritual and temporal—of those among whom and for whom he is wearing out his life. Hence the priest's word is law, and well, all things considered, it is so.'

Greymouth

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

August 24.

A serious accident happened to Dr. James McBrearty, sen., last Monday evening. He was walking along the street and when at the foot of Griffen's Hill he was knocked down by a trap.

The Marist Brothers' School football team journeyed to Runanga (State Collieries) last Saturday and defeated the Runanga State School football team by 9 points to nil. The Marist Brothers boys have now scored 130 points to nil in the various matches for the schools' competition, and have every prospect of again winning the coveted shield.

The sports committee of the local branch of the Hibernian Society have decided to hold the New Zealand Championship gathering in conjunction with their annual sports meeting to be held in Greymouth on March 16 and 17. The society is recognised as being the premier athletic club of the West Coast, and under their management a record gathering of competitors and the general public is anticipated.

A euchre tournament in connection with the Card Club competition was played at the Fire Brigade Hall last Friday evening between teams from the Fire Brigade and St. Columba Club. After an exciting tournament, the St. Columba team proved victorious by the narrow margin of 12 points, the scores being 521 to 509. This is the first occasion in which the Fire Brigade has been defeated for four years. At the conclusion of play refreshments were handed around. During the evening musical items were contributed by Messrs. T. Clark, P. J. Smyth, J. Walton, E. Casey, J. Fitzsimmons, and Noel Dew. A very pleasant evening was concluded with the singing of 'Auld lang syne.'

The St. Columba Club rooms were crowded on last Monday evening, when Mr. A. F. O'Donoghue gave a lecture on 'A holiday in the Southern Alps,' illustrated with limelight views. Mr. E. Casey, V.P., occupied the chair, and briefly introduced the lecturer. Mr. O'Donoghue, who on rising to speak was greeted with applause, in the course of an interesting address gave a splendid description of the beauties of the Southern Alps, dealing more particularly with a trip from Greymouth to Timaru, via the Francis Josef Glacier, the Hermitage, and Copeland Pass. Several beautiful views were shown, the lantern being skilfully manipulated by Mr. T. M. Heffernan. At the conclusion of the lecture a hearty vote of thanks was accorded Mr. O'Donoghue for his instructive and interesting discourse. Mr. O'Donoghue, in acknowledging the vote of thanks, announced that he intended doing the trip across the Alps again next Christmas holidays, and invited as many of the parishioners who cared to make the trip to join him.

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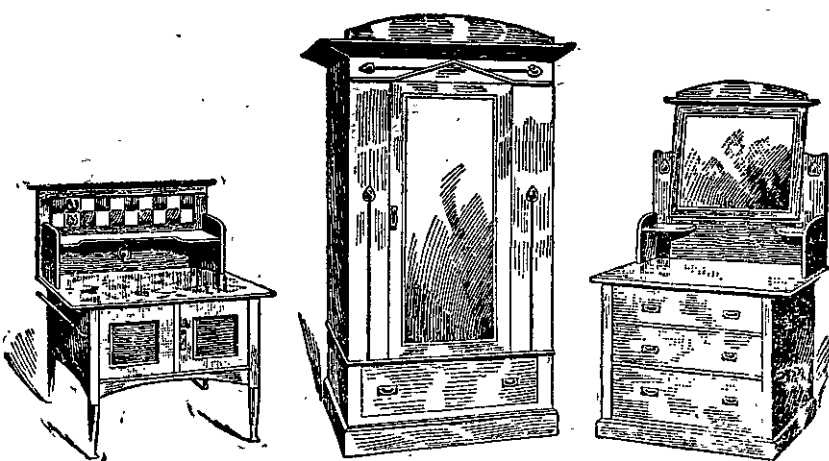
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Commercial

PRODUCE

Messrs. Donald Reid and Co. report:—

We held our weekly auction sale of grain and produce at our stores on Monday. Suitable lines of oats, wheat, potatoes, and chaff had fair competition, but in nearly all classes of produce inferior and medium quality was out of favor and difficult to quit. Values ruled as under:—

Oats.—Consignments are coming forward sparingly, and stocks in stores are now much reduced. The demand is not strong, and is confined chiefly to lines of A and B grade Gartons or sparrowbills. Buyers are operating only to fill actual orders, which are coming in slowly. Quotations: Prime milling Gartons, 1s 7½d to 1s 8½d; sparrowbills, 1s 7½d to 1s 8d; good to best feed, 1s 6d to 1s 7d; inferior to medium, 1s 4d to 1s 5d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—The market continues to be without much animation, and late values are nominally unchanged. Millers' requirements are for the present confined to choice lots—preferably velvet—for mixing. Fowl wheat moves off locally at about late values. Quotations: Prime milling, 4s 5d to 4s 6d; velvet, to 4s 7d; medium to good, 4s 1d to 4s 4d; whole fowl wheat, 3s 10d to 4s; medium to good, 3s 6d to 3s 9d; broken and damaged, 2s 6d to 3s 4d per bushel (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—Fair supplies are coming forward. Only prime lines are in request. These sell readily at £3 10s to £3 15s; medium to good, £3 to £3 7s 6d; inferior, £2 to £2 15s. Seed lots (chiefly up-to-dates) have little inquiry, and are saleable, if well picked, at £3 to £3 10s per ton (sacks included).

Chaff.—The market is well supplied with chaff of medium quality. This class is in poor demand, while lower grades are almost neglected. Prime bright oaten sheaf has good inquiry, and can be readily placed on arrival. Quotations: Best oaten sheaf, £2 12s 6d to £2 17s 6d; medium to good, £2 to £2 10s; light and discolored, £1 10s to £1 17s 6d per ton (bags extra).

Straw.—Quotations: Oaten and wheaten, £1 7s 6d to £1 10s per ton (pressed).

Messrs. Dalgety and Co. report as follows:—

We held our usual weekly auction sale of grain and produce at our stores on Monday, when we offered a large catalogue to a full attendance of buyers. We cleared most of our catalogue under good competition at auction and privately at prices as under:—

Oats.—The market is lifeless, no operating for shipment to any extent going on. Vessels loading last week cleared the stores of a good quantity, but did not affect the prices, as mostly all had been bought previously. Quotations: Prime milling Gartons, 1s 7½d to 1s 8½d; sparrowbills, 1s 7d to 1s 8d; good to best feed, 1s 6½d to 1s 7d; inferior to medium, 1s 4d to 1s 5½d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—The market remains in the same position, buyers being not disposed to come up to holders' ideas, and, holding fair stocks, are content to await developments. Quotations: Prime milling, 4s 5d to 4s 6d; choice velvet, to 4s 7d; medium to good, 4s 2d to 4s 4d; best whole fowl wheat, 3s 10d to 3s 11d; inferior and smutted, 2s 6d to 3s 4d per bushel (sacks extra).

Potatoes.—The majority of the potatoes offering are not in good condition, and do not meet with ready sale. Sound freshly-picked up-to-dates are in request. Quotations: Extra prime, £3 10s to £3 12s 6d; choice, up to £3 15s; medium to good, £2 10s to £3.

Chaff.—Heavy bright oaten sheaf, well cut, meets with ready sale, but medium and inferior is in over supply. Quotations: Best oaten, £2 12s 6d to £2 17s 6d; medium to good, £2 5s to £2 10s; inferior and discolored, 3s to 40s.

Straw.—Oaten, 25s to 27s 6d per ton; wheaten, 25s to 27s 6d per ton, pressed (ex truck).

Messrs. Stronach, Morris, and Co., Ltd., report for week ending August 31 as follows:—

Oats.—There has not been much doing since last report, shippers not being inclined to buy except at prices below what were lately ruling. Quotations: Prime milling, 1s 7½d to 1s 8½d; good to best feed, 1s 5½d to 1s 7d; inferior to medium, 1s 3½d to 1s 5d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—Millers are not buying much at present, and business in consequence is restricted. Quotations: Prime milling, 4s 5d to 4s 7d; medium to good do., 4s 1d to 4s 4d; best whole fowl wheat, 3s 10d to 4s; good do., 3s 7d to 3s 9d; inferior and damaged, 2s 9d to 3s 5d per bushel (sacks extra).

Chaff.—Best quality is inquired for at £2 12s 6d to £2 17s 6d, but medium is hard to sell at from £2 to £2 10s. Inferior is practically unsaleable, but is nominally worth from £1 10s to £2 per ton.

Potatoes.—There is a fair demand for prime lots, but medium and inferior are hard to sell. Quotations: Best, £3 10s to £3 15s; medium to good, £3 to £3 7s 6d; inferior, £2 to £3 per ton (sacks in).

Straw.—£1 7s 6d to £1 10s per ton (pressed).

WOOL

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

Rabbitskins.—We offered a large catalogue on Monday, when prices were lower for all descriptions except winter blacks, which we sold up to 33d per lb.

Sheepskins.—Our catalogue on Tuesday was a large one, and competition good for all descriptions of skins, all sorts offered selling at prices on a par with late rates.

Hides.—There has been no sale since last report, our next one being held on Friday next.

Tallow and Fat.—All coming forward meets with good competition, well-rendered tallow being in most request.

LIVE STOCK

DUNEDIN HORSE SALEYARDS.

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

For last Saturday's sale there was a rather poor entry of horses, both in respect to numbers and quality. There were several buyers in the yard on the lookout for first-class, heavy draught geldings, also for young well-bred mares, but as our entry did not include any of these descriptions very little business was done. The demand for second-class draughts is not so keen, still business amongst this sort is rather better than it has been for some time past. Good young, staunch spring-carters and spring-vanners continue scarce. The inquiry for first-class harness horses has improved of late, and at the present time we have buyers for a few reliable animals. We quote:—

Superior young draught geldings, at from £40 to £45; extra good do. (prize-winners), at from £45 to £50; superior young draught mares, at from £50 to £60; medium draught mares and geldings, at from £30 to £40; aged, at from £10 to £15; strong spring-van horses, at from £25 to £30; strong spring-carters, at from £18 to £25; milk-cart and butchers' order-cart horses, at from £15 to £25; light hacks, at from £8 to £13; extra good hacks and harness horses, at from £13 to £25; weedy and aged, at from £5 to £7.

Late Burnside Stock Report

Sheep.—3435 yarded. The entry included 200 hoggets, which sold at fallen prices. The quality of the sheep was only medium, and prices, on account of the number penned, showed a decline of from 1s to 1s 6d on last week's. Exporters were not operating, and most of the butchers have big supplies on hand. Quotations: Best wethers, 13s 6d to 15s; extra, to 16s 9d; medium, 12s to 13s; inferior, 10s 6d to 11s 6d; best ewes, 11s to 12s 6d; medium, 9s to 10s.

Cattle.—278 yarded. A very large yarding, prices being much easier. Quotations: Best bullocks, £9 10s; extra, to £11; medium, £7 15s to £8 10s; inferior, £6 5s to £7 5s; best cows and heifers, £6 10s to £7 5s; extra, to £8 5s; medium, £5 5s to £5 15s; inferior, £4 15s.

Pigs.—120 yarded; an average yarding of pigs of good quality. A fair number of suckers were forward, and a number of pens of porkers and baconers. Quotations: Suckers, 15s to 17s 6d; slips, 21s to 25s 6d; stores, 29s to 38s; porkers, 39s 6d to 47s; light baconers, 49s to 57s; heavy do., to 60s.

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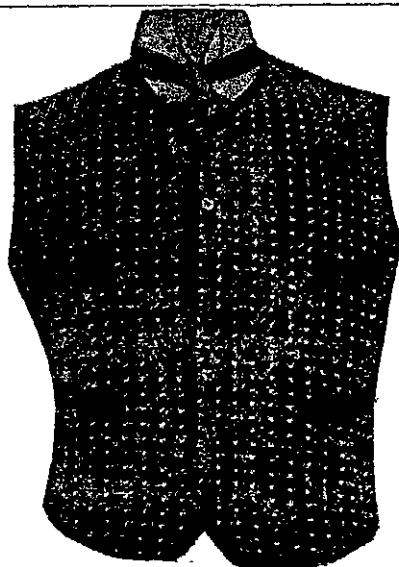
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 five, and six guineas for a suit made
 to measure. No matter how particular
 you are; no matter how well you want
 your garments made, you can now get
 the very best garments that it is pos-
 sible to get made to your measure, no
 matter how high the price you have
 been paying, for from 50s to 75s. This
 simply means that the man who has
 been paying £4 4s for his suit can
 now have it made to his measure for
 from 50s to 65s, and the man who has
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 for his suit can have it made for from
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 New Zealand to prove the truth of
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 me is certainly worth while; when you
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 am now making, both in quality,
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 selection of samples and my simple
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 satisfaction, or it costs you nothing.
 The address is: **GEORGE DAVIES,**
 196 Colombo Street, Christchurch.

Interprovincial

The Labor Department is advised that a settlement of the Otira trouble has been arrived at through the intervention of Mr. P. Hally, Conciliation Commissioner.

The members of the Dargaville Borough Council are in a unique position. They have held their seats for some time, and a fresh election should have taken place in April last. However, no one thought about it, so it did not come off. The result is that the present members have a new lease of two years.

'Eggs is eggs,' is the opinion of the Wellington Hospital trustees, and with a view to making provision against the time when the price becomes more or less prohibitive, the trustees have adopted the recommendation of the house steward at the hospital that 12,000 eggs should be pickled.

The Dairy Commissioner is establishing a milk-testing scheme in the Carterton district on model lines for the purpose of testing the individual cows in dairy herds. This is to provide an object-lesson, with a view to the general extension of the method by the means of co-operative testing associations. Its cost to the department will be about £100 for the year.

There is a society in Auckland composed of ordinary workers and wage-earners who give their time and talents in providing benefit concerts and performances for deserving cases of stress and unemployment. The society is now known as the Auckland Benevolent Concert Company, and has during the last three years distributed no less than £800.

Monday being the fifth anniversary of the death of the Rev. Father Fauvel (first parish priest of Temuka), a Requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Joseph's, Temuka, by the Ven. Archpriest Le Menant des Chesnais, the Rev. Fathers O'Connell, Kimbell, and Le Floch assisting at the ceremonies (says the Press). There was a large attendance of the congregation.

The Mayor of Napier has given notice to move as follows at the next meeting of the Borough Council: 'That in future no plans of any dwelling house proposed to be erected in the borough of Napier be passed by the Council unless a bath at least 4f 6in long by 2ft 6in broad, with water laid on, be erected in one of the rooms of the said house or some room attached thereto.'

A deputation representing the surviving passengers and crew of the Penguin waited on Mr. W. McMenamin, at Island Bay, on Sunday, and presented him with an address and a silver-mounted pipe in recognition of his kindness on the night of the wreck. It may be remembered that it was at his station, near Terawhiti, that the survivors were welcomed and cared for.

The idea that prices in the retail grocery trade are cut so fine as to leave but a small margin for profit, would seem to be incorrect (says the Press). A grocer giving evidence at the Supreme Court recently stated that by careful buying and paying cash for all he got, he made a profit of 20 per cent. It was suggested to him that the retail price of sugar was subject to severe cutting. This, however, he denied, and declared that he made 25 per cent. on handling that commodity.

Addressing the Natives at Nuhaka after the bridge-opening ceremony, the Hon. James Carroll spoke plainly and strongly, declaring that the time had come when their lands must be made liable to rating the same as European lands are. He also stated he would be willing to help the Natives by providing £500 towards the purchase of cows, so long as they left the question of purchasing the stock

in the hands of the Nuhaka Dairy Company, to ensure selection of a good class of cows. He would be glad to give them any reasonable time to repay the amount.

Although the date of Parliament's re-assembling has not finally been fixed, it is now generally understood that the session will commence on October 7, when the formalities will take place, and that business will begin on the following Tuesday. The Prime Minister (Sir Joseph Ward) will leave Vancouver on September 10, and under ordinary circumstances would reach Brisbane on October 2, but owing to the special arrangement for continuing his journey from Suva direct to New Zealand by a warship, he will be able to arrive in Auckland nearly a week before the formal opening of Parliament.

A Gisborne telegram states that a case of interest to farmers was included in the local sittings of the Assessment Court, which was called on to hear the protest of Peter Wright, of Motu, a farmer, against being assessed for the timber standing on his land. It is generally admitted that when the railway reaches Motu, which may be in five years' time, any timber then standing will be worth a considerable amount, and this fact apparently actuated the Government valuer, who seemed to think that the farmer was refraining from clearing part of his land because of the speculative value of the timber. The court ruled that as the timber was of no value at present, there being no means to get it to market, the valuation must be reduced by £390.

OBITUARY

MR. RICHARD HALLORAN, WREY'S BUSH.

It is with the deepest regret (writes an occasional correspondent) that I have to record the death of Mr. Richard Halloran, who passed away at his residence, Wrey's Bush, on Saturday, August 21. Deceased, who was a well-known farmer and a staunch supporter of the Catholic Church, was a native of County Galway, and came to New Zealand upwards of 40 years ago. Deceased was held in high esteem by a large circle of friends. Mr. Halloran had always enjoyed the best of health, and his sudden end, which was due to heart failure, came as a shock to his friends throughout Southland. The funeral, which took place on August 24, was one of the largest ever seen in the district. Residents from all parts were present to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory. A Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father O'Neill, who, assisted by the Very Rev. Father Walsh, officiated at the graveside.—R.I.P.

MR. EDMUND CARROLL, MORNINGTON.

It is with regret that we have to record the death of Mr. Edmund Carroll, who passed away at his residence, Mailer street, Mornington, on August 27. The deceased was a prominent and active member of the Hibernian Society since its inception in Dunedin over 36 years ago. He was the pioneer and founder of the Dunedin branch, which was opened on March 17, 1873, and his name appears first in the constitution book. The establishing of the branch at that time was up-hill work. There had been several meetings in order to obtain the requisite number of names, but through his perseverance and energy the branch was opened in St. Joseph's schoolroom with 26 members, the hall being tastefully decorated for the occasion. The late Brother E. Carroll was elected the first president of the branch—a post which he had well earned; and ever since, until his health failed him a few years ago, he filled most of the offices in the branch, always taking a lively interest in everything relating to the welfare of the branch and the society in general. He was also elected district president of the Otago District, and later on of the Otago-Canterbury District.—R.I.P.

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DEATHS

CARROLL.—On August 27, at his residence, Mailer street, Mornington, Edmund Carroll; aged 85 years. R.I.P.

MACDONELL.—Of your charity pray for the soul of Ewen Philip Macdonell (late ex-Inspector of Police), dearly beloved husband of Catherine Macdonell, who died fortified by the rites of Holy Church at Petone on Thursday, August 26, 1909; native of Glengarry, Inverness, Scotland; aged 63 years. R.I.P.

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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.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiæ 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, SEPTEMBER 2, 1909.

UPLIFTING THE AUSTRALIAN BLACK



HAT strange, mysterious, fast-vanishing race of the Australian blacks is one of the families of the human kind that have 'come down in the world.' The high elaboration of their language by itself alone is sufficient to prove the former condition of cultivation from which they have fallen. Human history bears no record of our race for ever advancing, much less advancing at the same pace all along the line, like regiments 'marching past.' The historical evidence, indeed, points to an irregular pendulum-swing between progress and retrogression—material civilisation sometimes advancing among a particular people at the very time that art and morality are degenerating and nations falling away from the height of their olden civilisations, like the native races that now sit among the massive ruins of Peru, Guatemala, Mexico, and the once fertile plateau of Inyanga in Southern Rhodesia. Peoples and races oscillate between rise and fall, growth and decay. 'Civilisation,' says Lord Lytton in one of his speeches, 'obeys the same law as the ocean; it has its ebb and its flow, and as it advances on one shore it recedes on the other.' It receded long ages since on the Australian shore—or on the shore from which the mysterious dark-skinned Australian aboriginal came. Where he has been uncontaminated by white man's vices he still retains many of the better qualities of the higher state from which he has fallen away. But contact with the worse and worst side of Caucasian civilisation has too generally been for him the blast of physical and moral degradation and death. And it is apparently only a question of time when the last Australian black will follow the last Tasmanian black 'afay in the ewigkeit' of race-extinction.

*

The pride of place in the uplifting of the black man of the Commonwealth belongs to the Catholic Church in Western Australia. Some time ago we told in nutshell form the strange eventful history of the great work of civilisation and religion that has been brought to so happy an issue by the Spanish monks of New Norcia. In 1890 the Bishop of Perth (the Right Rev. Dr. Gibney) founded a new mission at Beagle Bay for the aborigines in the great north-west, in the Vicariate of Kimberley, then attached to the first West Australian See. Eight years later the Trappist monks, who had wrought with much success among the dusky tribesfolk, were recalled to Europe. The Bishop of Geraldton (the Right Rev. Dr. Kelly), on whom the pastoral charge of the vast Vicariate had in the meantime fallen, lost no time in introducing the Pallotine Fathers to continue the arduous work of civilising and Christianising the children of the forest. Branch missions, now in a flourishing condition, were likewise opened at Broome and Disaster Bay; and one happy day in June, 1907, the Sisters of St. John of God came to aid in the uplifting of the black population by training the women and girls and acting as ministering angels to the sick and feeble. The toil of those zealous and unpaid workers has wrought wonders among the fortunate tribes that dwell within the sweet influences of the centres of true civilisation established at Beagle Bay and Broome and the Bay which is called Disaster. We have before us, in a recent issue of the *West Australian*, of Perth, a valuable, interesting, and highly

laudatory official report of a visit to the Beagle Bay Mission by Mr. James Isdell, Government Inspector of Aborigines (who, by the way, declares himself 'a member of the Church of England'). The Mission buildings, over twenty in number, 'have the appearance of a fair-sized village.' 'The whole of the material used in their construction, except roofing iron and nails,' were (we are told by Mr. Isdell) 'sawn and fitted on the ground.' The slaughter-yard is the best and cleanest I have seen in the State. . . . Butcher's shop, cement floor, all tables scrupulously clean, all iron-work bright and shining, gratings for draining salted meat; and Father Bischofs assures me that they have never yet had any meat go bad, and they kill through all the hot weather an average of two beasts a week. I quite believe it.'

*

Then there are the schools: one for twenty-five boys, and the girls' school presided over by the Sisters, who instil the virtues of religion and impart the elements of secular instruction to thirty-five of those bright, quick-eyed little ebony-skinned children of the woods (including ten small boys). The colored girls are likewise taught the domestic arts under the happiest conditions in buildings fitted with every convenience. There are bathing facilities galore, and 'the boys and girls,' says the Inspector in his report, 'have every inducement to keep clean and learn cleanly habits.' In fact, the cult of local and personal cleanliness is brought to a point which almost reminds one of the Dutch, who (as, we think, Hood somewhere remarks) wash everything except the water. 'Every building has its own water supply,' and 'there is no carrying of water anywhere.' The black boys are thoroughly grounded in various useful and profitable trades. The blacksmith's shop away in that remote north-west is (we are told) 'one of the best-fitted-out shops north of Fremantle. There are labor-saving machines of all descriptions, and for executing all classes of iron and metal work. Adjoining is a circular saw-bench, over which they are erecting a roomy shed. A few yards distant is a large carpenter's shop, also well equipped with machinery, and any class of carpentry, joinery, or fine cabinet work can be executed. The motive-power for the various machines in these shops and saw is a 6 h.p. engine in one end of the blacksmith's shop. There is a large, roomy store, with goods of all descriptions, a saddle and harness room, cartsheds, and many other buildings have their special and useful purpose. There are 10 lay Brothers, each of whom is a qualified tradesman in his own special branch: Engineer, driver, and metal worker (blacksmith and half-caste boy), carpenter and joiner, tailor and sailmaker, gardener, stonemason and builder, butcher and baker, two cooks, a well-sinker in charge of boring plant. All these are voluntary workers, no wages.' Gardening, agriculture, and other occupations relieve the tedium of a well-divided day, and 'no one can say the children are either over-schooled, over-churched, or over-worked; the day is so divided that no part of it becomes tedious.'

*

The children and indigent blacks are (says the Inspector) 'well and comfortably dressed, happy, and contented. I sent to the Mission last year from out of the indigents' camp at La Grange Bay three young children. I could not recognise them on this visit; they were in poor health, miserable, starved mites, with a pinched and hopeless look in their faces. Father Bischofs called them up to me in the schoolroom, fat, laughing, merry-faced little youngsters as happy and contented as they possibly could be. One could hardly believe that they were the same half-starved youngsters, especially one little black girl, nine years old, badly deformed, with curvature of the spine. She was then just a shapeless little mass of bones and deformity; now you could not recognise her, fat, with a jolly laugh on her face and her eyes sparkling with fun, and most of the deformity has disappeared. I am perfectly satisfied that this Mission is doing a great and good work to these waifs and strays from the native camps, and that they are being well taught and equipped with serviceable and useful knowledge for their future life. I am sure that a visit to this Mission from yourself or any of the members of the Government would confirm my own impressions.' I cannot close this account of the children without referring to several of the full-bloods' and half-castes' great proficiency in the different trades they have learned at the Mission. One half-caste boy 17 years of age is a really first-class blacksmith, and has executed some very difficult metal work. He also lays all their troughing, water tanks, sets all the big boilers, and erects windmills with assistance. He has three full-blooded boys under 14 in the shop with him, and it is a pleasure to see the boys all striking to the half-caste's time with his forge hammer, a great sparking heated piece in the forge, the three hammers keeping perfect time and no mistake made. It takes patience and perseverance to teach aborigines to this perfection. There are

three full-blooded boys the same age in the carpentry shop, all proficient in various branches of carpentry. A Brother is in charge of each of these shops, and has taught these boys all they have learnt. A full-blooded boy, 16 years old, is a first-class tailor, and could turn you out as well-made a suit as can be bought in most shops; he also has his young black apprentices. There are boys also learning to be butchers, bakers, cooks, masons, bullock-drivers, etc. The saddle-room is in charge of a half-caste lad reared in the Mission; he does all the repairs, makes their hide ropes and whips. He is married to a half-caste girl, has his own cottage, and is allowed 30s per month to purchase his clothing, the Mission finding them in food. All the boys are learning something useful, taking it in turns to attend to the various trades. The same with the girls; they take their turn in the sewing-room, the kitchen, and the laundry. One half-caste girl is a first-class machine hand. 'All the station-owners in this district,' adds he, 'also speak highly of the Mission. Personally I did not expect to see things so far advanced in connection with the aborigines. The training of the children is of a most useful character, and certainly will equip them for bettering themselves in the future. The rescuing of waifs and strays from the bad, contaminating influence of natives' camps and training them at this Mission is well worthy of deep consideration by the Government and the support of the general public.' The Government (as we learn from the *IV.A. Record*) shows its 'deep consideration' for the uplifting of the blacks by voting for them an annual sum of £17,949—of which no less a sum than £16,070 is spent on salaries to white officials! The paltry balance goes to feed and clothe and 'elevate' the aboriginal. 'By a little calculation,' adds the *Record*, 'we find that the Government spends the gigantic sum of about 1s 4d—one shilling and fourpence per annum per black.'

Notes

A Mixed-up Song

A Wellington correspondent sends us the words of a still popular song, 'Queen of the Earth,' and asks us to expound its meaning. We 'give it up.' There is no meaning in it that we can discover—just a tangled snarl of mixed metaphors about some unstated 'she' that simultaneously 'weaves' ladders and does other even more remarkable things, without any apparent end or aim. Beaumarchais says, in the work of his which is best known by its sub-title, *Mariage de Figaro*: '*Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante*'—people sing what it isn't worth their while saying in ordinary speech. The song submitted to us seems to be a case in point.

Matrimonial Agencies

The Victorian Government is 'out against' those 'challenges to crime' (as Sir John Madden designates them)—namely, the matrimonial agencies. For a generation successive administrations have winked at the grave abuses arising out of the secret, hasty, and irregular unions perpetrated by those marriage-shops—many of them 'Lucifer matches' which were not 'made in heaven,' but in 'the house t'other side of the way.' A measure is now before the State Parliament, and its passing into law would mend, by ending, one of the grave scandals of life in the Victorian metropolis.

Anglican 'High Mass'

The flattery of imitation is at times carried very far indeed by the High Church party among our Anglican friends. Thus, the 'Ecclesiastical Intelligence' in the London *Times* of July 16 contains the following: 'The Bishop of Chichester dedicated the Chapel of the Convent of the Holy Cross, Hayward's Heath, yesterday in the presence of a large gathering. At the dedication festival in the morning there was "Solemn High Mass," at which the Rev. A. H. C. Cocks, vicar of St. Bartholomew, Brighton, preached.' Curious that such things should take place in the bosom of an Establishment which officially pronounces 'Sacrifices of Masses' 'blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits'!

Father Tyrrell

A lengthy and detailed statement made by the Very Rev. Father F. Xavier, Prior of Storrington, and pastor of the place where Father Tyrrell, ex-Jesuit, passed away, appears on pages 130-131 of the London *Tablet* of July 24. The Prior's statement (which is much too long to reproduce in our columns) throws doubt upon the cabled statement to the effect that, on his deathbed, the late ex-Father expressed a wish to receive the last Sacraments, but on

condition that he should not be required to retract the Modernist errors which led to his severance from the sacred ministry and from the Catholic Church. The Prior of Storrington declines to accept the assertion in regard to the refusal to retract. We express no opinion as to the Prior's doubts beyond saying that they are inferences, and not based on positive grounds. No man can say what thoughts passed through the mind of the dying man before he passed away. But the position in regard to the disciplinary act of denial of Catholic burial to him was perfectly clear. It is stated as follows in the London *Tablet* of June 24, p. 125: 'In view of the adverse comment occasioned by the refusal of the Bishop of Southwark to allow the late Father Tyrrell to be buried with Catholic rites, we are officially asked to state that no one of his friends in attendance at his deathbed could give the Bishop an assurance that Father Tyrrell had made any retraction, either written or verbal or by signs, during the whole of his last illness. As the case of Father Tyrrell was specially reserved to the Holy See, a retraction was necessary as a condition of Catholic burial.'

The Duke of Norfolk

A recent cable message regarding the censuring of the Duke of Norfolk by the House of Commons, was a puzzle to New Zealand readers. Our English files to hand this week lift the mystification out of the incident. The *Liverpool Catholic Times* says: 'The action taken in the House of Commons on Tuesday afternoon, when it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Dillon, that as it had been represented that the Duke of Norfolk had infringed the privileges of the House by concerning himself in the election of a member for the High Peak Division of Derbyshire, the Committee of Privileges inquire into the alleged breach of privilege, was doubtless prompted by the suggestion of the Liberal papers that though the Duke interfered ostensibly in the interests of the Catholic schools, his real motive was of a partisan character. It cannot, however, be disputed that the cause of the Catholic schools always occupies a foremost place in the Duke of Norfolk's thoughts. At the same time, it is undeniable that the letter was a violation of the sessional order forbidding peers to interfere in elections. Mr. Balfour admitted that technically it was an infraction of the privileges of the House of Commons. But he urged that others had on various occasions offended more seriously than the Duke of Norfolk without having been taken to task. That is so, and Mr. Balfour was correct in saying that the Committees can do little or nothing, whatever the decision at which it arrives. But the case is likely to raise the question whether the sessional order should be made more stringent by definite modification or altogether abolished.'

Ethics of Anonymous Attack

A plain cross (not crucifix) was recently introduced into St. Stephen's Anglican Church at Ashburton. Thereupon a whirlwind of vehement protest caught the church and the vicar in its swirl. A meeting of parishioners was called, and by 56 votes to 32 the cross was retained. The discussion then erupted into the *Ashburton Guardian* and crept down its columns at a high temperature. With its merits or demerits we do not deal. Its sole interest to us lies in the happy sequel to a furious letter in which a masked man, under the pretence of debating the issue, said (among other vitriolic rubbish) that 'playful Italian priests set poor Kossuth in an iron chair and roasted him till he would kiss the cross.' This brought Dean O'Donnell upon the scene. 'It will be,' wrote he, 'news to most students of history that Italians—whether priests or laymen—enjoyed such autocratic powers in Austria or Hungary at any time during Kossuth's career. Considering that Kossuth lived to the age of ninety-two years, the roasting endured by him at the hands of the scoundrelly "Italian priests" cannot be said to have shortened his life. Passing strange it seems, too, that Kossuth, a free man, should have left England in 1859, where priests of any nationality—even Anglican priests—were few and far between, and should have elected to pass the years between that date and 1894 in Italy among the bloodthirsty "Italian priests"! A demand for proof of the Kossuth-roasting myth disclosed (as might be expected) the fact that there was no rag or scrap of evidence whatsoever to sustain it. The story was simply one of those bits of crude controversial-hysteria that serve anonymous accusers instead of history.'

*

Dean O'Donnell took occasion, from his exposure of the Kossuth fabrication, to read a lecture on the ethics of anonymous attack. We dealt at length with the subject in the course of a recent correspondence in the *Southland Times* (Invercargill). Incidentally we showed that both the legal and social presumption, backed by the lessons of a long-drawn human experience, must ever be—until evidence to

the contrary is forthcoming—be against the honesty, and good faith of the masked accuser. We therefore perused with special interest Dean O'Donnell's brief and trenchant remarks upon the same general theme. 'Do you think,' he asks the *Guardian* editor, 'it consonant with the traditions of the best journalism to allow a nameless thing to fling dishonoring taunts and accusations at a considerable body of your readers and subscribers and advertisers? And these accusations so obviously false that at least every man with any pretence to literary culture should recognise their spurious quality at a glance! And worst of all to allow this nameless thing to add insult to injury by calmly telling your injured readers: "Oh, if you didn't do that particular piece of villainy, I am sure you did as bad. It was some other patriot they put in the chair." I have read betimes in your leading columns a statement of very high ideals both in public and private life. Begin to put these ideals in practice in the conduct of your journal, and then perhaps your readers will begin to believe that they count with you for something more than gas or £ s d. If you printed about me personally what you have allowed "Jeremiah" to say about Catholics as a body, the Courts would soon settle the matter between us; but unfortunately the Courts don't trouble when it is a whole community that is libelled. It is well, however, to remember that communities have weapons at command which even editors cannot afford to despise.'

*

To these remarks the *Guardian* makes in part the following handsome editorial reply: 'Granted that the unhistoric statement, in the first instance, and the malicious suggestion in the second, might have been or even should have been struck out in the exercise of editorial discrimination and right, the failure to do so might be due to various explicable or even excusable causes—absence, extreme pressure of work, exhaustion, temporary illness, or even simple failure to see the points in all their bearings at the decisive moment. Anyway, in view of the fact that the writings of "Jeremiah" are not the work of this journal, that nothing akin to such writing ever has appeared, ever could appear, or ever will appear in the paper's own columns under its present editorship, we are quite willing to appeal from Dean O'Donnell as a dashing letter-writer to Dean O'Donnell, as a deliberative judge, sitting in equity and deciding on the evidence, with the assistance of any jury drawn from his own parishioners. We think we have sufficient knowledge of history, we think we have sufficient sense of justice to recognise—and we know that we ever have in actual writing in these columns and elsewhere invariably recognised—that great non-Protestant Catholic Church which dates back for nearly two thousand years, as an institution which for fully fifteen centuries stood alone in the world as a stronghold, at once militant and sheltering, for learning, humanity, religion, and righteousness, and which is still the mother of salvation to millions upon millions of human souls. We hardly think, therefore, that an isolated instance of unpremeditatedly permitting the publication of the puerile misstatements of a fugitive anonymous correspondent should be regarded as seriously prejudicial to the character of this journal, or to that of its editor—not more so, in fact, than it need be considered as a menace to the stability of the great historic Roman Catholic Church itself. A wasp or fly may dart itself against the wall of St. Peter's, but the petty incident hardly shakes that mighty edifice to its foundations.' 'It is,' said Dean O'Donnell in a parting letter to the editor (August 26), 'the barest justice, I think, to say that, whatever may have been the measure of your fault (if any), you have made more than ample amends, and that in the handsomest way. I can hardly regret the incident just closed, seeing that it has given occasion for a noble display of true Christian and gentlemanly generosity.' Which moved the editor to add the following graceful footnote, which is creditable alike to his heart and mind: 'In expressing regret for the misprint referred to in Dean O'Donnell's postscript, we should like to say—and say, too, without a shade of mental reservation—that the Dean's graceful and cordial note proves that the "noble display of true Christian and gentlemanly generosity" is assuredly not confined to our side of the brief controversy, which now ends in endless goodwill.'

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DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

Mr. T. Deehan, senior vice-president of St. Joseph's Men's Club, has been appointed the club's official representative at the Australasian Catholic Congress, to be held in Sydney this month. Mr. Deehan leaves for Sydney via Melbourne on September 19.

The following candidates of St. Dominic's College were successful in the theory examination held by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, London, on June 5 last:—Intermediate harmony—Winifred Haworidge, 122. Rudiments of music (Local Centre)—Mary S. Hall, 91; Elsie Paton, 84; Kate H. Park, 71; Mabel L. Esquilant, 88. School examinations, higher division—Ethel M. Goldsmith (honors), 131; Honor Morrison (pass), 110.

The members of the Shakespeare class connected with St. Joseph's Men's Club gave a splendid reading of the 'Merchant of Venice' on Friday evening. The following gentlemen sustained the various characters:—Messrs. J. B. Callan, jun., E. W. Spain, L. Coughlan, T. Deehan, O. Swanson, J. V. Quelch, A. Graham, H. Poppelwell, and J. Sims. At the conclusion of the entertainment the readers were warmly congratulated on the excellence of the performance and the improvement noticeable since their last appearance.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

August 28.

St. Patrick's Dramatic Club intend to produce 'Our Boys' at Waimate on September 9.

The annual examination of the local primary schools is now being conducted by Inspectors Goyen and Bossance.

The Dreadnought Carnival was continued all last week with much success, and on Thursday and Saturday nights exceptionally good business was done. A novel attraction was added to the evening's programme on Thursday, when Mr. J. Pheloung, conductor of the Armidale (N.S.W.) Band, played the beautiful cornet solo, 'Silver shower,' and also led and conducted a brass band composed of his seven brothers. The playing of the Pheloung Brothers was a musical treat, and delighted the huge audience which filled the Opera House. On Monday the twelve nights' carnival was brought to a close, the attendance being a record, and a great clearance was made in the stalls. Signor Borzoni's display, 'The Birth of the Empire,' was repeated nightly and well received, the performers going through their evolutions in a graceful and finished manner. The ladies who had charge of the stalls and their willing assistants worked very hard to ensure the success of the carnival, and deserve every praise for their indefatigable efforts. The gross proceeds of the carnival total over £800, which must be considered very satisfactory when the dull times at present prevailing are taken into consideration.

Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

August 24.

On Tuesday evening the members of the Hibernian Band entertained at a social all those who assisted at the recent Empire Fete. A very enjoyable evening was spent, among those present being the Mayor and Mayoress.

The members of the Catholic Club gave a very successful concert in the Victoria Hall this evening. The following was the programme: Pianoforte duet, 'Fanfare militaire,' Misses C. Sheehan and K. McGrath; hat-trimming competition for gentlemen; humorous recitation, Master J. Woods; dance, 'Highland fling,' Miss M. Walker; song, Miss K. Kirwan; song, Mr. F. Byrne; club-swinging exhibition, pupils of Marist Brothers; song, Miss Gertrude Kempton; dance, Miss D. Galt; 'The Merchant of Venice,' act I, scene 3; instrumental duet (trombone and cornet), Masters A. and R. Wills; 'The Merchant of Venice,' act III, scenes 1 and 3; humorous recitation, Master T. Fogarty; 'The Merchant of Venice,' act IV, scene 1, in which the following took part: Duke of Venice, Mr. C. Matheson; Shylock, Mr. F. Byrne; Antonio, Mr. W. McGoldrick; Bassanio, Mr. P. Prendergast; Salario, Mr. R. Timpany; Gaoler, Mr. J. Malachi; Portia, Mr. T. Pound. Miss C. Sheehan played the accompaniments during the evening.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(By Telegraph from our own correspondent.)

August 30.

St. Benedict's bazaar and fête are progressing apace. Signor Borzoni has arrived, and is engaged marshalling his forces for his grand display.

Last Friday was the twenty-seventh anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of the Right Rev. Bishop Lenihan, who was the recipient of numbers of congratulatory messages and good wishes on the occasion. At the Sacred Heart College an address and purse of sovereigns were pre-

sented on behalf of the college by Masters John Scott and Henry Quinn respectively. Brother Clement (Superior) tendered his congratulations. His Lordship heartily thanked the Brothers and students for their kind thoughtfulness in recollecting the anniversary of the great day of his ordination. He also took the opportunity of welcoming to Auckland Brother Clement, and he knew his stay here would be fraught with the best results for the students of the college. There were also present Rev. Fathers Edge, Holbrook, Wright, O'Brien, and Ormond. Three hearty cheers were given for the Bishop, who bowed his acknowledgments, and a most pleasant gathering was then brought to a close. The Bishop, in his motor-car, afterwards visited the Mater Misericordiae Hospital and the nuns of the Sacred Heart Convent.

An edifying profession of faith was witnessed at the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby, on Sunday last, when the members of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association made their quarterly Communion. Despite boisterous weather, there was a good muster of members, no fewer than fifty approaching the Holy Table in a body. Had the weather been fine, the number would have been more than doubled. Besides the Old Boys, some sixty students from the Sacred Heart College also made their Communion, a fact which lent much to the impressiveness of the occasion. The Rev. Father Edge congratulated the association on the splendid example its members had set to the rest of the Catholic community, for although many of them belonged to distant parishes, they had braved the elements and attended their quarterly Communion in large numbers. In the course of a spirited address he exhorted the young men to remember that, whatever their temptations, they had the force of their grace-aided manhood behind them, and to successfully combat all evil inclinations they had but to fight determinedly, and they would win. After Mass the members adjourned to the schoolroom, where breakfast was prepared by lady friends. The chaplain, Rev. Father Holbrook, Rev. Father Edge, Brothers Vincent and George were also present. It was a happy gathering, and general appreciation of the occasion was voiced by the speakers, who stated that, though in numbers it had been exceeded, no other quarterly Communion had been more encouraging. The chaplain stated that arrangements were now being made for the formation at an early date of a society for boys just about to leave school, and which would be a recruiting ground for the association. It would be called the Children of Mary's Society, and boys from the age of thirteen to eighteen would be enrolled. He proposed placing the Cathedral at the disposal of the society one night every week, when the boys would be given instructions. He knew full well that when the time came the Old Boys would be ready to give a helping hand to the scheme.—(Applause.)

Another important announcement, which was received with demonstrations of approval, was made by Brother George, who stated that the further enlargement of the Sacred Heart College was in contemplation. There were now some sixty permanent boarders at the college, and the time had arrived when the question of increased accommodation had to be considered.

Rev. Father Edge referred to a question that has been given much prominence by the clergy of late—namely, the mixed-marriage question. He said that the legal status of Catholics in the British Empire was that of idolaters, and how, he asked, could a union of a Catholic and a Protestant under these circumstances be happy? Nor was it desirable that they should seek the conversion of Protestants with a view to marriage. It was much better to select a Catholic girl, who in all probability would be able to teach her husband something about his religion, rather than that he should teach her.

St. Mary's, Christchurch

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

An illustrated lecture on 'Niagara' was given in St. Mary's schoolroom, Manchester street, on Friday evening by the Rev. Father Hoare, S.M., in aid of the funds of the Altar Society. Despite the very unseasonable weather, there was a very large attendance, and, judging by the frequent applause, the subject and the treatment were highly appreciated by the audience. The Falls were shown by various views in their stupendous grandeur and overpowering magnificence, and their surroundings were depicted in their summer splendor and in the grip of the rigors of winter. The rev. lecturer gave a vivid word-painting of the unconquerable wildness of the rapids below the Falls, and dwelt at length on their history. Their gradual erosion by the water on the different faces was exhaustively dealt with. The harnessing of Niagara was another interesting feature of the lecture. A picture of the immense tunnel, which conveys the water of the river to the wheel pit that supplies the great power for which the Falls are renowned, was shown and described.

The lecture was preceded by a musical programme. At the conclusion of the lecture Mr. W. Hayward, jun., on behalf of the members of the Altar Society, thanked the performers, and made special reference to the lecture, which, he said, was most interesting and instructive.

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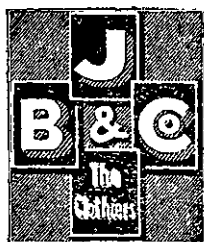
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In the course of numerous experiments with rheumatic and gouty subjects, scientists noticed that the blood of every patient contained excess uric acid. Many prescriptions to neutralise and expel this uric acid were tried, but without success. One of New Zealand's leading chemists worked on the problem for many years. At last he compounded a medicine which cured practically every case—even those who had suffered for over twenty years. One told another of this wonderful medicine—RHEUMO—and thus the sales grew. RHEUMO always gives relief. Read the testimony of Mr. Falk Cohen, a well-known Wellingtonian, member of the City Council:

"I experienced a very bad attack of rheumatic gout; so bad that I had to leave business. On arrival home, I immediately took a dose of RHEUMO, repeating same every four hours. The pain soon left, and in the morning I came down to business as usual. I can confidently recommend it to anyone suffering from rheumatic gout or rheumatism."

RHEUMO cured Mr. Cohen, and will cure you. Get a bottle to-night, and you will find relief. All chemists and stores sell RHEUMO at 2s 6d and 4s 6d.

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Irish News

ANTRIM—Non-Churchgoers

Rev. Canon Moore, of Holywood, speaking on Sunday, July 11, in connection with the Orange celebrations, said: 'The institution, from a religious standpoint, was hardly as influential as it might have been. Take the matter of church attendance. Belfast in 1906 had a population of 353,000. Of these about 270,000 belonged to the Church of Ireland, the Presbyterian, and Methodist bodies. About 70,000 of these might be put down as old people and little children who could not attend church. That left 200,000 people, roughly. Now, sitting accommodation in Belfast churches was available for 100,000. They knew that the churches were never full, so that they might take it that about 100,000 people in Belfast never went to a place of worship.'

Boycotting and Intimidation

Mr. T. H. Sloan, M.P., speaking at an Orange demonstration near Belfast on July 12, said he was a strong opponent of boycotting and intimidation, but there was more of it in Ulster and in their own city than in the South and West. The day might come when Belfast would be placarded with posters giving the names of good Unionists who had suffered at the hands of supposed defenders of civil and religious liberty.

CORK—President of University College

Dr. Windle, President of Cork University College, has been appointed a Knight of St. Gregory by his Holiness Pope Pius X.

DOWN—Extremely Satisfactory

The Summer Assizes for County Down were opened in Downpatrick on July 13 by Mr. Justice Wright. Addressing the Grand Jury, his Lordship said he would only occupy a few moments of their time in reference to the cases which came before them, the fact being that they were few in number, while none of them represented any great degree of crime, and offered no great difficulty either in law or fact. The general condition of the county was extremely satisfactory, and he must heartily congratulate them.

GALWAY—The New Bishop

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Dea, Bishop of Clonfert, having duly received from Rome the Bulls constituting him Bishop of Galway and Apostolic Administrator of Kilfenora and Kilmacduagh, entered into possession of his new See on July 8. The day of his induction was observed as a general holiday in the City of the Tribes, and a public reception on a grand scale was organised by the citizens for his Lordship.

Hospice for Infirm Clergy

Official intimation has been given that a hospice, under the control of the Catholic Bishops of Ireland, will be opened and ready for the reception of infirm clergy at Moyne Park, Ballygluin, County Galway, on Thursday, September 30. This institution, beautifully situated in an immense demesne, will be in charge of the Fathers of the Order of St. Camillus de Lellis, who had to fly from their noble work in France during the recent persecution of the clergy in that country.

KERRY—Centenary Celebration

The Presentation Convent, Tralee, celebrated early in July the centenary of its establishment.

KILKENNY—Death of a Public Man

The death took place last month in Kilkenny, after a brief illness, of Mr. C. J. Kenealy, T.C., P.L.G., editor of the *Kilkenny Journal*. The deceased gentleman, who was a well-known journalist, was a son of the late Mr. William Kenealy, a former Mayor of Kilkenny, who took a prominent part in the early stages of the Home Rule agitation.

Parliamentary Representation

Mr. Matthew Keating, a Nationalist, has been returned, unopposed, for Kilkenny South, the seat recently vacated by Mr. N. J. Murphy, a member of the Irish Party, who resigned.

LIMERICK—The Jesuit Order

In connection with the golden jubilee of the Jesuit Order in Limerick, a number of prominent citizens presented the Community with a sum of £300, subscribed chiefly by past pupils of the Sacred Heart College, who eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the jubilee to help in wiping off the debt due on the Sacred Heart Church.

Proposed Memorial

For the memorial to the late Father Casey, of Abbeyfeale, a sum of £920 has now been collected. The subscription list has not been closed, and it is certain that a monument worthy of the object will be raised to his memory.

Laborers' Cottages

Replying in the House of Commons to a question by Mr. Landon as to the number of laborers' cottages that had been built in the County Limerick since the passing of the Act, Mr. Birrell said: 'The number of cottages provided in each of the rural districts named in the question on March 31, the date to which the returns are annually made up, was as follows: Kilmallock, 836; Limerick No. 1, 636; Croom, 310; Tipperary No. 2, 176; Mitchelstown No. 2, 102; total, 2060.'

SLIGO—Electric Lighting Plant

Principally owing to the energy and encouragement of the Rev. Father O'Connor, the village of Gurteen, County Sligo, has introduced an electric lighting plant.

TIPPERARY—Death of a Nenagh Man

At the ripe old age of 89 years, Mr. William Kelly passed away on July 11 at his residence, Kilnencave. The deceased was father of the great Irish prelate, the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross. He possessed in an eminent degree of all those singularly, refined, and graceful virtues which adorned an ideal father, a devout Catholic, by precept and example, and he had the great happiness of seeing his son raised to the dignity of Bishop.

Reopening of a Seminary

The Very Rev. Canon Power, of Emly, who celebrated his golden jubilee recently, intends to reopen St. Ailbe's Seminary. The Emly Seminary had a distinguished career. Mr. M. J. Fitzgerald, B.A., has been appointed head master.

Reward for Saving Life

Michael Forde, a porter of Tipperary railway station, who bravely saved John Ronan from being run over by a train, is the first person in Ireland to receive a Carnegie hero reward and medal.

TYRONE—A Light Calendar

The Lord Chief Baron opened the Tyrone Assizes on July 12 at Omagh. His Lordship, addressing the Grand Jury, said their duty at the present Assizes would not be of a very onerous character. Eleven bills in all would be presented for their consideration. The number was small, considering the extent of the county, and the crimes charged in the bills would present no difficulty in investigating. There were ten cases involved in the eleven bills. Of these, seven were of dishonesty in some of its various terms—larceny, breaking and entering, or obtaining money under false pretences—crimes that must occur in any large community.

WEXFORD—A Sad Occurrence

Mr. James Kelly, a large farmer, residing at Courtclough, Blackwater, was so seriously gored by a bull, his property, on Saturday evening, July 10, that he died on Sunday morning. Mr. Kelly was leading the animal through a gate when it showed temper and knocked the owner down and injured the unfortunate man badly about the body. Mrs. Kelly rushed to her husband's assistance, and drove the animal away, but the beast turned on her, and she was only saved from immediate death by the promptitude of a man named Pender. As it happened, Mrs. Kelly was seriously injured, and her demise was rumored in Wexford. Mr. Kelly lived to receive the last rites of the Church.

GENERAL

Sale of Ancient Irish Coins

The Irish series in the Rashleigh collection of coins, which was disposed of at Sotheby's recently, proved to contain some interesting specimens. The sum of £12 15s was paid for a penny of Queen Mary, with the crowned harp between M. and R., an excessively scarce specimen, though pierced. Rare also was the 'Irish money of necessity,' which included seven coins issued during the siege of Inchiquin in 1642, all of irregular octagonal form. They were all sold, the highest prices being £7 15s for a shilling, £7 5s for a crown, £5 2s 6d for a half-crown. A Dublin large crown, 1659, from the Russell collection, made £11 5s; a Kilkenny half-crown, 1642, £10; a Cork shilling, 1647, £6 2s 6d; a Kilkenny crown, 1642, £4 14s; and a Cork sixpence, 1647, £3 4s. But the gem of the collection was a St. Patrick's farthing of gold, which, according to Nelson's 'Coinage of Ireland,' is unique in this metal.

The Land Bill

The Irish Land Purchase Bill was under consideration in the House of Commons last week. The first part, dealing with finance, was disposed of in the early part of July. On that occasion Mr. John Redmond tried unsuccessfully to have the first subsection of clause I. omitted. This subsection (he said) proposed to change the purchase annuity from what it was to-day, £3 5s to £3 10s. That was in order to provide additional interest to enable 3 per cent. stock to be floated. The whole trouble had arisen simply from the fact that it had been found impossible to float 2½ per cent. stock for the purpose of land purchase except at considerable loss. Under the Act of 1903 a

certain loss was anticipated, and it was provided that that loss should be, in the first instance, met by the Irish Development Grant, which was fixed at £185,000 a year, and after the Development Grant the Guarantee Fund, which really meant the rates of the country. It was estimated when the Act of 1903 was going through that the total amount required would be only £100,000,000. Now the Government told them that their calculation led them to believe that something like £180,000,000 would be required for land purchase. An additional fact to be faced was that the money market had been so bad that the Development Fund of £185,000 had actually disappeared, and no more money could be raised for land purchase except by coming on the rates to pay the discount. Then there was the further fact that there were something over £50,000,000 of completed agreements waiting at that moment to be paid off. Therefore, the position in which they found themselves was that no money could be raised under the present law, either to pay off the completed agreements or for any single future transaction without drawing vast sums from the ratepayers of the country—sums which would amount in the case of completed agreements alone, if the money market did not materially improve, to £200,000 a year, and which, taking over the whole transaction of land purchase, would entail on the ratepayers a burden of half a million a year for 68½ years.

National Education

In the House of Commons on July 1, the vote of £821,921 to complete the sum necessary to defray the charge for National Education in Ireland was considered on report and agreed to without discussion.

The Economic Salvation of Ireland

At a well-attended meeting of farmers, held in Tipperary Town Hall on July 3, Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., vice-president of the Agricultural and Technical Department, delivered an address in which he showed from his point of view the effects of freetrade on Ireland as contrasted with what would happen under tariff reform. Having done so at much length, he said there was an enormous future for Irish agriculture if the farmer would but turn his main attention to the smaller agricultural industries. These were often under-valued, but there was a far greater market in England for the breakfast table commodities produced by the farmer than there was for what was considered the necessities of the dinner table. Poultry keeping, the egg industry, bacon raising, and butter production, with fruit, bee-keeping, and other such adjuncts thrown in, opened up a vista which ought to raise the Irish farmer out of the slough of despond in which he was too often found. It was in development along these lines that the economic salvation of Ireland lay, and not in the adoption of artificial methods such as the Tariff Reformer advocated.

Evicted Tenants Reinstated

Mr. Birrell, replying to Mr. Lunden in the Parliamentary papers, says: The Estates Commissioners inform me that 2285 evicted tenants or their representatives have, since the passing of the Irish Land Act, 1903, been reinstated in their former holdings or provided with other holdings, 1493 by landlords, with the assistance where necessary of grants by the Commissioners, and 792 by the Commissioners on lands acquired by them. In the case of 413 of those reinstated by landlords the restoration was the direct result of the intervention of the Commissioners, and was effected at prices suggested and sanctioned by them. The names of 1301 applicants have been provisionally noted for consideration in the allotment of untenanted land, and 5473 applications have, after inquiry, been refused.

Meredith on Ireland

In an article discussing George Meredith's views on Ireland, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, M.P., writing in the *Daily Mail*, says: Meredith held that England's true interest lay, not in keeping Ireland disarmed and paralysed, but in having every man in Ireland able and ready to defend his portion of the United Kingdom—united under a true union, such as that which to-day binds the Transvaal to you. I hold with him. I hold that, although after so long a contest, so swift a transformation as we have seen in South Africa, is scarcely to be hoped, yet Great Britain would easily succeed in conciliating Ireland as she has conciliated her colonies, through their interest and through their pride. But that, I think, does not matter. The point is that Meredith, seeing plainly that the price of Ireland's friendship is Ireland's freedom, held that it would be richly worth the price to his own country.

THE LATEST TABLET PUBLICATION.

'Secular versus Religious Education: A Discussion.' Edited (and, as to its greatest part, written) by Rev. H. W. Cleary, D.D. 212 pages, stiff paper wrapper. Price 1/-, posted 1s 3d. Cardinal Moran writes of it: 'I have received the brilliant pamphlet, *Secular versus Religious Education*. It is a most useful and instructive contribution to the educational controversy, and cannot fail to do a deal of good.'

Apply MANAGER, TABLET, Dunedin.

People We Hear About

The Archbishop of Adelaide will be sixty-three years on November 10.

The Bishop of Wilcannia was consecrated on August 14, 1887. He will complete his 63rd year on September 21, having spent over 38 years in Australia. His Lordship is a native of King's County, Ireland.

Cardinal Merry del Val, Pontifical Secretary of State, will enter on his forty-fifth year on the 10th of next month. He was born in London, his father being at the time secretary of the Spanish Embassy, and his mother a member of an old Waterford family. For a year or two after his ordination he was on the mission in the archdiocese of Westminster. He speaks the English language fluently, and also Spanish, Italian, French, and German.

Dean Freemantle, preaching at Ripon Cathedral, referred to the late Marquis of Ripon as one who devoted himself strenuously, perseveringly, and religiously to the public good. Though he separated from the Anglican Communion no one doubted that he was most truly a servant of God, and at one with his brother Christians in his wide tolerance and readiness to co-operate with them in all good work. From first to last his mind was fixed on the interests of the weaker classes of mankind to help and to raise them.

Sir Hugh Clifford, Knight of the Pen, now adds K. before the C.M.G. conferred on him nine years ago for services in Pehang (says the *London Tablet*). In his new honor, Sir Hugh has followed in his father's footsteps, for it is not quite thirty years since the late General the Hon. Sir Henry Hugh Clifford, V.C., received a Knighthood in the same Order after the Zulu war. The new Knight is a great-grandson of Cardinal Weld. Sir Hugh, by the way, is at present administering the Government of Ceylon, his duties as Colonial Secretary being temporarily transferred to another.

Of the new colonial knights proper, perhaps the most interesting is a Catholic, Sir Richard William Scott, the veteran of Canadian Liberalism, who, at the age of 85, can regard Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a very young junior (writes the *London Tablet*). Sir Richard's service as Secretary of State at Ottawa goes back to the Liberal lease of power under Mr. Mackenzie from 1873 to 1878. During the long Conservative tenure which followed, he led the Opposition in the Senate; and on the formation of the Laurier Cabinet in 1896 he was reappointed to his old post, from which he retired only a year ago, when his place was taken by that very able man, Mr. Charles Murphy. It was Sir Richard Scott who carried through a Bill 46 years ago empowering Catholics to establish separate schools in Upper Canada—then the name for Ontario. A few years later he became Speaker of the Ontario Legislature, a body which, at that time, numbered but two other Catholics besides himself.

The late Lord Ripon was the first Catholic to enter the British Cabinet since the Revolution (says the *Free-man's Journal*). He had, before his conversion to the Catholic faith in 1877, been, in various Administrations, in the Cabinet, as Secretary of State for War and Secretary of State for India and Lord President of the Council. On his return from India, where he had filled the office of Viceroy, he became a member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet in 1886 as First Lord of the Admiralty, and was in succeeding Radical Cabinets Secretary of State for the Colonies and Lord Privy Seal. Mr. Henry Matthews, now Viscount Llandaff, was, after the resignation of Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1888, appointed to the position of Home Secretary, and was the second Catholic to enter the Cabinet. Mr. William Monsell, who was created Lord Emly in 1874, and was a convert to Catholicism, held various Ministerial positions, including that of Postmaster-General from 1870 till 1873, but was not a member of the Cabinet.

Michael Cudahy, of Chicago, is the oldest of the Cudahy brothers, of whom there are four living and prominent in the commercial and industrial world. The Cudahy family emigrated from Kilkenny, Ireland, over sixty years ago. Michael Cudahy was then eight years old. Originally the family settled in Milwaukee, and Michael was employed in a Milwaukee packing house when only fourteen years of age. All of his brothers took up the same line of work. In 1873, Michael Cudahy became a partner with Armour and Company. The Cudahy Packing Company was organised about twenty years ago, and has its headquarters at Omaha, St. Joseph and Los Angeles. The Cudahy Brothers Company located at Cudahy, Wisconsin, is a separate concern. Some years ago Michael Cudahy showed his interest in the Catholic University by a donation of £10,000. Since that time he has been a trustee of that institution. From a recent bond circular, issued by Lee, Higginson, and Co., of Boston, it appears that the Cudahy Packing Company has assets amounting to £4,000,000. And its sales average over £14,000,000 a year—surpassing the entire foreign trade of England in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The annual net earnings of the company have averaged close on £400,000 the last nine years. Certainly such a showing entitles the Cudahy Brothers to be rated as magnates of commerce.

"Champion" and Webster Agree

OUR friend WEBSTER, in his revised edition, gives the following definitions, which agree with ours; hence our defiant attitude on behalf of the WORKERS during the last SIX YEARS.

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

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Most Reverend John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York.

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I avail myself of this welcome occasion to assure your Grace of my very profound esteem, etc., etc.

(Signed)

R. CARD. MERRY DEL VAL.

Rome, December 1, 1907.

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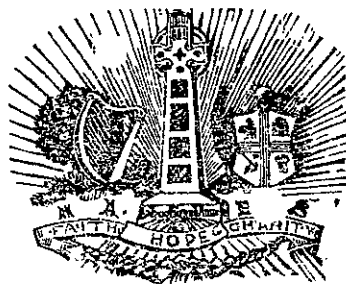
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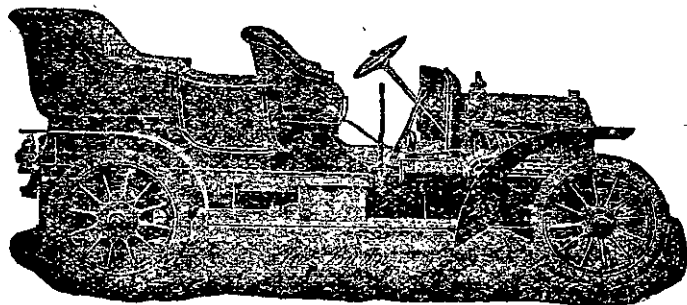
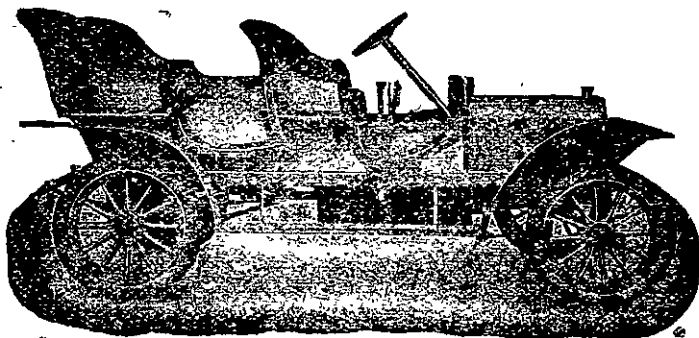
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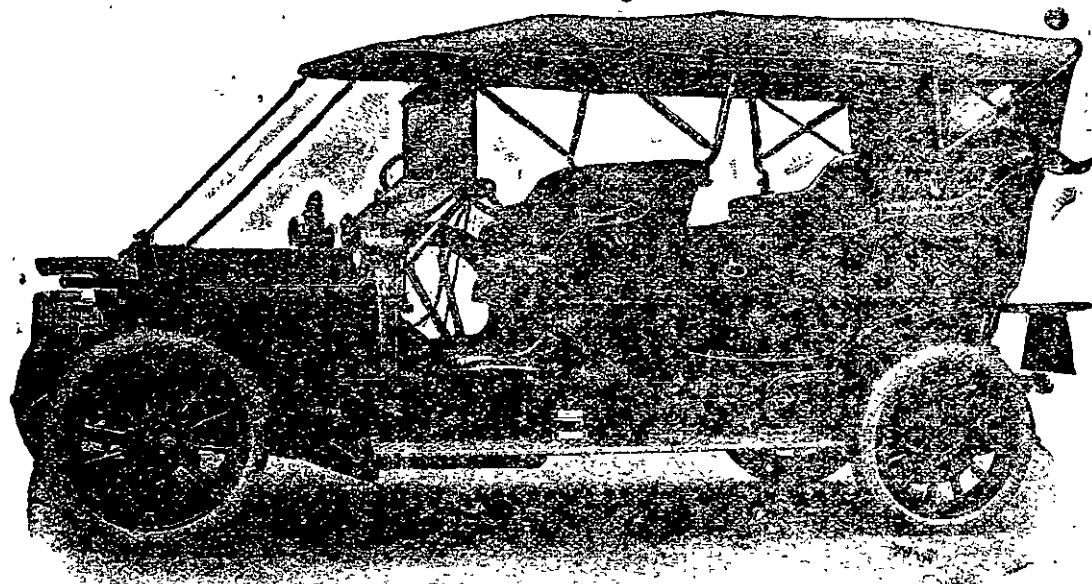
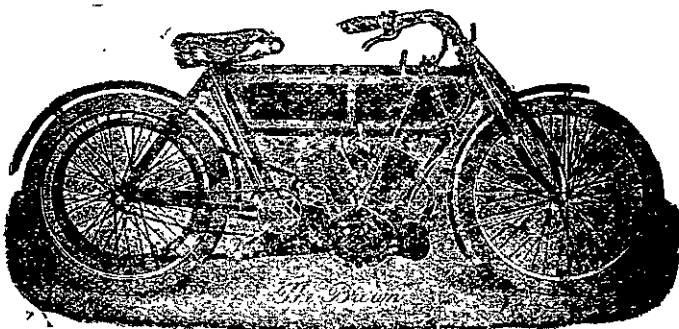


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The Catholic World

BELGIUM—A Striking Speech

At the jubilee celebration of 25 years of Catholic government in Belgium (writes the Rome correspondent of the *Advocate*), the Premier, a fervent Catholic, made a striking speech. Amongst other things, he said: 'Gentlemen, I wish I could communicate my sentiments of hope and enthusiasm to the young people. Let them remember that strong countries only can carry far and wide the benefits of civilisation and Christianity. What a glory for Catholics if our little nation could give to other nations who have not our faith the proof that nothing tending to the welfare of the people is foreign to us. We must increase the welfare of the working classes and the prosperity of agriculture. All this we can do if we lay aside our little quarrels and unite for the common good. What about titles or qualifications? For me, I want only one—Catholic, pure and simple. Catholic and patriot at the same time, for Belgium has always shown herself the faithful child of the Church. Behold what I want to say to you. I only ask you for one thing. I have here old and faithful friends. I worked formerly under the auspices of your great Bishop at the Congress of Social Works. At one of these Congresses an Alsatian priest said to us, "Go to the people." Another said, "Go to the agricultural classes." We did go to the industrial and peasant classes, and everywhere we had the happiness of seeing such a multitude of beneficent works and industries arise as it would be impossible to enumerate. These works and enterprises have earned for us the blessings of God and 25 years of power. This power we will keep if we only show ourselves worthy of it. For this we must forgive injuries, forget the past, also march hand in hand. Would that I could dissipate all old misunderstandings as if by a magic wand.'

ENGLAND—A Catholic Lord Mayor

After an interval of sixteen years (says the London *Daily Express*), we are to have once again this autumn a Catholic Lord Mayor. In the year 1892-3 Sir Stuart Knill was Lord Mayor of London, and this year his son, Sir John, will follow in his footsteps.

FRANCE—The Government and the Hierarchy

What is the French Government's intention with regard to the members of the Episcopate? Is it determined to imprison Cardinals and Bishops? It looks (remarks the *Catholic Times*) as if it will have to do so or to renounce the campaign against them upon which it has entered. The Cardinal-Archbishop of Bordeaux has been brought before a police magistrate, and has been defiant. He frankly assured his prosecutors that he would not obey the Law of Separation, and that it was non-existent for Catholics from the moment the Sovereign Pontiff, the incorruptible guardian of morality, condemned it as derogatory to the property, the authority, and the liberty of the Church. Over 90 French Archbishops and Bishops have now, by communications addressed to Cardinal Andrieu, associated themselves with the course he has taken. The Bishop of Bayonne and three other prelates have refused to pay fines. They will continue to disregard the Separation Law. A second condemnation will mean imprisonment. Will M. Clemenceau play the part of a little Bismarck during the recess by throwing priests, Bishops, Archbishops, and a Cardinal or two into gaol? If he does, he will not succeed in injuring the Church, for she is never so powerful as when enduring a Kulturkampf, but he will assuredly damage the Republic by provoking the hostility of Frenchmen in whose minds lingers one spark of devotion to the Catholic Faith.

ITALY—Catholic Women Protest

The petition signed by 40,000 Italian ladies and presented to the Chamber of Deputies the other day against the immoral publications, which are so shamelessly displayed nowadays in every large city, will certainly (writes a Rome correspondent) have a beneficial effect on literature and art for years to come. No new legislation is needed for the reform; all that is required by the women of Italy is the institution of a commission to investigate the character of current publications and to define more minutely what precisely comes within the arm of the law. The petition was received by the Chamber with welcome, and strong speeches were made on the license allowed to publishers under the guise of liberty within recent years.

ROME—The American College

One Sunday morning in 1802 (says *Rome*) an emigrant ship from Ireland arrived in New York. Her passengers were more dead than alive. They had a dreadful voyage, which lasted six weeks, and during which they narrowly escaped shipwreck three times. But some of them were determined at all costs to hear Mass on their first Sunday on American soil. In those days New York was not even a diocese, but the emigrants were easily directed to an unpretending church, where the Holy Sacrifice was offered up. At the end of the Mass the priest found in the offertory plate a shining gold sovereign. 'It was put in the

plate,' said the sacristan, 'by a poor man. He looked as if he couldn't afford to give it. His clothes are worn and ragged, and it seemed to me that he stood in need of a good dinner.' 'Here, take it back to him,' said the priest. But Nicholas Devereaux refused to take back his gift. 'I meant it as a thank offering to Almighty God for preserving me,' he said. Fifty years later the same Nicholas Devereaux was one of the foremost advocates for the founding of a Catholic college in Rome for the education of American priests, and he was able to promise his thousand dollars as one of the first founders.

The Cause of the Irish Martyrs

It is with a good deal of pleasure (writes the Rome correspondent of the *Catholic Times*) the public will hear of the very satisfactory progress made by the cause of the Irish Martyrs in general, and that of the martyred Archbishop of Armagh in particular, during the past few months. The cause of Oliver Plunkett, which was begun several years before the causes of the body of Irish martyrs, is naturally the more advanced. Already the summary of the Apostolic Process is on the point of completion. The arguments of the *Advocate* (technically called 'informations'), which are based on the summary of the Diocesan Processes, are finished and will be immediately submitted to the Promoter of the Faith, or, as he is popularly called, 'the Devil's Advocate.' Needless to say, the progress attained is the result of long and tedious labor, a fact which a great many persons—and often persons whose position would incline one to think they should understand the complications and minute scrutinies involved in every step taken by the Sacred Congregation of Rites—seem to forget only too frequently. Volumes have been written on the processes of beatification and canonisation, and each detail mentioned in these works must be gone through with as much rigor and care as if the entire cause depended upon it.

SCOTLAND—A Credit to the Force

Constable Patrick Burke, a native of County Clare, who has been a member of the Glasgow Police Force since 1903, has been made the recipient of a cheque for £3 from the Carnegie Hero Fund Trust, as well as a certificate of merit in recognition of a conspicuous act of bravery. On the evening of May 20, during the progress of a fire in a tenement in Frederick lane, Glasgow, Constable Burke, after promptly warning the tenants, was informed that an old man had been left behind in one of the upper rooms. The constable fought his way through the burning premises and suffocating atmosphere to where the old man was lying unconscious, and carried him safely back to the street. Bailie Shaw Maxwell, who made the presentation at the Central Police Office, said that Burke (who was the first from Glasgow to be placed on the roll of honor of the Carnegie Hero Fund) was a credit to the Glasgow Police Force.

UNITED STATES—A Centenary

St. Joseph's College and Academy, at Emmitsburg, Maryland, the Mother House of the Sisters of Charity in the United States, has just celebrated its centenary. It was founded in 1809 by Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Bayley-Seton, the famous Mother Seton.

A Well Deserved Honor

The editor-in-chief of the *Catholic Encyclopedia* has just been honored by the Pope, receiving the Knighthood of St. Gregory from the Pontiff's hands (says the *Monitor*). That is a good thing for the *Encyclopedia*; while, as for Dr. Herbermann himself, all his friends rejoice, knowing how well he deserves the honor. For years he has been conspicuous as an educator, and in the United States Catholic Historical Society he has done noble work for the Church. No Catholic layman in this or any other country was ever more deserving of the honor that the Holy Father has conferred upon Dr. Herbermann.

Works of Charity

There are 56,000 devoted Catholic women in the United States (says an exchange) engaged in that beautiful work which finds expression in the labors of such organisations as the Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, the Little Sisters of the Poor. They have over 600 colleges and academies for women, 700 institutions for charity, and 3000 parochial schools; they have 1,000,000 orphans, patients, strays, waifs, and aged people to care for, 70,000 girls in their colleges and academies, and 800,000 children in their parochial schools.

GENERAL

This Propagation of the Faith

Once more (says the *Monitor*) the United States takes second place in the list of countries contributing to the work of Catholic missions, according to the annual report of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Notwithstanding the persecutions of the Church and the new demands upon French Catholics, France still leads the world in her zeal for the apostolate. The ten countries that contributed the largest amounts are: France, 616,427dol.; United States and her colonies, 193,122dol.; Germany, 133,411dol.; Belgium, 76,837dol.; Italy, 48,226dol.; Argentine Republic, 36,003dol.; Spain, 34,359dol.; Mexico, 24,135dol.; Switzerland, 17,964dol.; Ire-

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A Heroic Priest

The *Los Angeles Times*, a secular journal, pays the following tribute to the memory of Father Clement, the companion of Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai, whose death occurred recently: 'Forty-six years—a whole lifetime in itself—spent among the lepers of Molokai! Think of it! Nearly a half century ago this great-souled French priest placed himself voluntarily in that charnel-house of the Pacific, shut out from the world of his own free will, exiling himself for ever from his own kind, from pleasure and happiness, and all joy as we know those feelings, branding himself as 'unclean' and welcoming to his own body the ulcers and sores of a nameless disease. Why did he do it? Was it for glory and the world's acclaim? Was it that men might greet him with salvos upon his return from scenes of triumph? Ah, no, because for him there could be no return, as well he knew. The moment he set foot in that place of terror to which he went he knew that never again would he dare associate with other than lepers. It seems that, after all, Father Clement escaped the disease. Perhaps God spared him the torture, as his reward, even as He spared Daniel in the lions' den, and the three men of Babylon from the fiery furnace. But, however that may be, certain it is that when Father Clement died death gathered to its bosom a real hero. No need of trumpets to blare above his grave; no need of laurel crown or graven shaft. He asked no glory; but if there be a heaven where rules a living God, there shall be great glory there for this priest of the lepers.'

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When washing new curtains put into cold water with a good handful of common salt over night, then rinse well and wash as usual in plenty of good soapy water.

Fenders.

Fenders which are put down on a fresh-whitened hearth every day will be found very rusty underneath. Rub off the rust with a rag, and then apply linseed, machine, or any kind of oil until thoroughly saturated. This will stop it, and the fender will last much longer.

An Easy Way to Pluck a Fowl.

As soon as the birds are dead, plunge each into a pail of boiling water, to which one pint of cold water has been added. One minute's soaking is sufficient. Every feather can now be pulled out quite easily. In fact, they can almost be brushed off, and the skin never tears.

To Clean Dirty or Stained Engravings.

Place flat on a board, sprinkle fine salt over, then squeeze juice of a lemon to dissolve salt. Now elevate one end of the board, and pour boiling water from a kettle over salt and lemon till they disappear. The stains will be now removed, and the engravings should be left stretched on the board till quite dry. Do not put near the fire, or in the sun, as this turns them yellow. A dull, fireless room, with no dust, is best.

Thinness and Temper.

No thin woman can afford to lose her temper. 'Nothing,' says an authority, 'will make you look so angular or give your face such an undesirable look as the free indulgence of your own will.' A girl thin to a painful degree gained thirty pounds in sixty days on the following regime: 'Twelve hours' sleep a day; a well-ventilated and cold room to sleep in, with plenty of fresh air all night; light down coverlets for warmth, and hot-water bags at the feet if cold; loose, light clothing at all times, with plenty of space about the chest, shoulders, and waist; a diet of cereals, cocoa, fresh fruits or starchy vegetables, potatoes, beans, etc., milk and cream—everything of a warming, fat-producing nature in the way of food; warm baths, but not too frequently.'

In Buying Meats.

Young housekeepers who are good cooks often slip up in buying meats. This is from lack of knowledge of what good meat should look like. Good beef will be a smooth, fine grain, the color will be a clear bright red, the fat white, and it will feel tender when pinched in the fingers. There should be an abundance of kidney fat or suet. Veal should have firm and dry flesh, fine grained and of a delicate pinkish color. The joints should be stiff, and there should be plenty of kidney fat. Mutton or lamb should have bright red flesh, firm and juicy, and of a close grain. The fat should be very white and firm. Pork should never have a rough and hard rind, as it is old; there should never be yellow streaks through it.

Hints on Making Salads.

There are one or two things to be borne in mind by the salad maker, and these are: First, the green stuff must be absolutely dry before putting on the dressing, and, of course, should be quite fresh. Second, a salad should never be mixed till the last moment in order that none of the crispness of the green stuff be lost. Third, use none but the best ingredients, such as the best olive oil and vinegar. Lemon juice is used by some to take the part of vinegar by those who do not care for it. The proportions of oil and vinegar for a salad should be two-thirds of oil to a third of vinegar. If oil is not liked, the quantity should be small at first, and increased gradually till it is liked. A simple salad dressing is made with oil and vinegar in the above proportions, flavored with salt and pepper. With regard to the oil, a well-known culinary authority says: 'The oil is a very nourishing part of the affair itself, and takes the place in the system of much food; indeed, to those for whom cod-liver oil is ordered, the olive oil of salad dressings is very useful.' Sometimes a liking for it has to be cultivated by taking it in less quantity and more disguised, increasing the quantity a drop or two every time till it becomes agreeable and grateful.

Maureen

Messrs. C. Begg and Co., Ltd., Dunedin, call attention to their American organs at popular prices. These include the Cottage 'Kimball,' 'Estoy,' No. 11, and the 'Estoy' parlor organ. Further particulars as to price, etc., will be found in our advertising columns....

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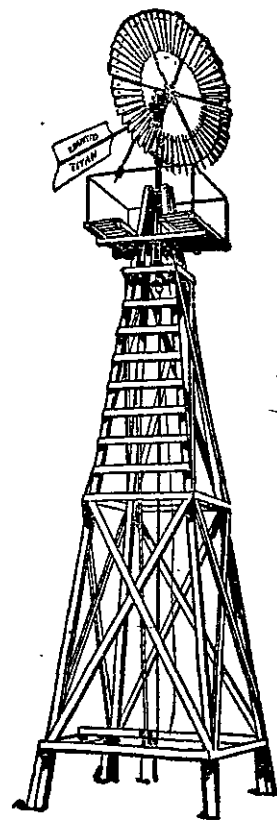
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Man's Temperature.

Man is the coldest blooded animal there is. Man's low temperature is responsible for more than half his ailments. Your normal temperature is 98½ degrees Fahr. It is only when you have a bad temperature that you get as warm as any of the lower animals—that is to say, when you are in a high fever, with a temperature of 102, you are at the normal heat of the cat, the dog, the ox, the rat, and so on. In the coldest of seas the porpoise is never cooler than 100 degrees. The bat, the rabbit, the guinea pig, the hare, and the elephant likewise are all cool at 100 degrees. The hen has the highest temperature of all the lower creatures, and it is a good deal warmer, too, when a chicken. Its temperature then is as high as 111, but age and experience cool its blood by three degrees.

Building the Pyramids.

An English engineer says that no one has been able to decide how the enormous stones in the Pyramids were handled. Even after allowing for a great army of men, some sort of mechanical contrivance must have been used. One theory is that as each course of stone was laid, a sand embankment was built around it with long, easy slopes, so that the stones for the next course could be pushed up on rollers and slipped into place. A pyramid thus would be buried as fast as it was built, until the top was reached, when the stupendous job of removing the sand embankment was begun. This might account for the great number of laborers used. It is said that in building the Pyramid of Cheops 100,000 men were employed for thirty years, although the quarry from which the stone was obtained was only 3000ft from the pyramid.

Growth of Coral.

Coral is a calcareous deposit secreted by many kinds of zoophytes, which are links between the animal and vegetable worlds. Those which produce coral are compound animals, which increase by a process of budding. From one polyp another buds forth, contributes its portion of lime, which remains firmly fixed, and then produces a mud in its turn. Thus the beautiful corals are built up by a natural process, one layer surrounding or crowning another, and the whole branching out as a crop, a fan, a shrub, or a mushroom. The lime framework is strengthened by an admixture of horny animal matter. Light has been thrown upon the rapidity of the growth of coral by the fact that a French man-of-war on passing a reef in the South Pacific picked up a young fungus, which adhered to the vessel, and in nine weeks was found to have grown to a diameter of nine inches and a weight of two pounds and a half.

Making Shoes in Four Minutes.

How long would it take you to make a pair of boots, do you think? (says the *Chicago Daily News*). You probably had better not begin it, especially if you need them soon. Even a cobbler in the old days, working with his assistant, would spend a day and a half making a pair of boots, and the cost would be about four dollars. But now, of course, shoes are made by machinery, and it is astonishing to hear how quickly they are made. It takes just four minutes to make a pair of boots! And the labor cost is about 35 cents. Of course, no one makes the whole boot nowadays. There are a hundred different men making different parts of it, and each one does the same thing over and over again, and each man learns to do his particular work especially well and quickly. And you should see the buttons sewed on! A boy takes the part of the shoes where the buttons are to go, and fits it into a machine; throws in a handful of buttons quite carelessly, turns the machine, and in no time out comes the piece of leather with all the buttons exactly in the right place. No wonder some factories turn out 10,000 pairs of shoes in a day.

Binks tried to cure a nasty cold
By sampling whisky strong and old,
And when for home he made retreat,
His legs went zigzag up the street;
And then a motor knocked down Binks,
And squeezed out all those nasty drinks,
So warning take, strong drink abjure—
Cure coughs and colds with Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Intercolonial

Sister Margaret Mary, of the Brigidine Convent, Coonamble, passed to her eternal reward on August 10, in the 29th year of her age.

Rev. Brother Miller, who has been for over twenty years a member of the Christian Brothers; died recently at St. Augustine's Orphanage, Geelong.

The foundation-stone of a convent for the Sisters of St. Joseph was laid at Molong on Sunday, August 1, by the Rev. Father Gilmartin, O.M., of St. Stanislaus' College, who represented the Right Rev. Dr. Dunne at the ceremony.

In the evening of his life, Mr. William Connelly, of Pyree, aged 92 years, went 92 miles to attend the funeral of his son, and stood at the grave till the last sad rites were over. The veteran Irishman retains his faculties to an extraordinary degree. He speaks Irish fluently, and retains a marvellous memory.

The golden jubilee of Mount Carmel Church, Waterloo, Sydney, was celebrated a few Sundays ago. The foundation stone of the church was laid 50 years ago by Archbishop Polding. The Ven. Archpriest Sheehy, who was present at the jubilee ceremonies, was also present 50 years ago at the laying of the foundation stone.

The Rev. Brother McCarthy (Superior of St. Patrick's College, Ballarat) has been on a visit to the Archbishop of Hobart (says the *Freeman's Journal*). The object of his visit was to complete arrangements for the extension of St. Virgilius' College, Hobart, by the addition of another wing, and the laying out of the grounds in preparation for the opening of the college by the Christian Brothers.

Ex-Judge Foster, of New South Wales, who died on August 16, was an Irishman, and claimed to be the head of an Irish family distinguished in the law, which included the Right Hon. John Foster, last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. The late Judge Foster had been drawing a pension of £1800 a year during the past fifteen years. And he had served only six years on the bench, for which he was paid £2600 a year.

The new convent of the Sisters of Mercy at Morpeth, a fine two-storey brick building, costing £1500, was opened and blessed on Sunday, August 15, by Dr. Dwyer (Bishop of Maitland). Among those present were Dr. Dunne (Bishop of Bathurst) and Dr. Gallagher (Bishop of Goulburn). At the conclusion of the ceremony a subscription list was opened, and £466 was subscribed, of which the Very Rev. Father Corcoran, the parish priest, gave £100.

The death occurred at his residence, Brisbane Field, near Morpeth, on August 13, of Mr. Timothy McCarthy, an old and highly-respected resident and a Crimean veteran. Deceased was a native of Mitchelstown, County Limerick, Ireland, and was 86 years of age. In 1845 he enlisted in the British army, and joined the regiment of the 3rd Buffs at Kilworth, and saw active service in the Crimean war, when he fought in the battles of Sebastopol and Inkerman, and received a medal and clasp, together with two good-conduct badges with pay.

The Rev. S. McDonnell, of Kempsey, has left on a trip to Ireland for the benefit of his health, having recently passed through a severe illness. On the eve of his departure Father McDonnell was the centre of a splendid demonstration of affection on the part of his people. The parishioners presented him with an address and a purse of over 100 sovereigns, and testimonials were also presented by the Children of Mary and the school children. A projected banquet by the townspeople was abandoned in consideration of Father McDonnell's health.

A Sydney newspaper, in referring to the late Mr. Samuel Hordern, as 'easily the wealthiest man in Australia,' states that, according to an intimate friend, his fortune amounted to between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000. The business of Hordern's in Sydney has expanded enormously since 1877, when Mr. Anthony Hordern, father of Mr. Samuel Hordern, died, leaving his two sons to succeed him in the control of a great enterprise. He left an estate valued at somewhere between £40,000 and £50,000, which was divided among his two sons and two daughters.

There was a sound of agony by night

Of sneezing, wheezing, groaning, and of tears;

It woke adjacent slumberers in a fright,

And made them quake with superstitious fears;

Yet 'twas no spook that rent the midnight air,

Or ghost, or goblin 'scaped from sepulchre,

'Twas only Binks, declaiming in despair—

His cold was worse, and he'd no Woods' Peppermint Cure.

WANTED KNOWN—That Bill-heads, Circulars, Cards, Programmes, and General Printing of every description are executed at the *Tablet Office*. Moderate rates.

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SEASON 1909.

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To the Farmers of Otago and Southland.

ANOTHER Grain Season being at hand, we take the opportunity of thanking our many Clients for their patronage in the past, and to again tender our services for the disposal of their Grain here, or for shipment of same to other markets, making liberal cash advances thereon, if required.

SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR STORAGE, ETC.—We would remind Producers that we provide special facilities for the satisfactory storage and disposal of all kinds of farm produce. Our Stores are dry, airy, thoroughly ventilated, and in every respect admirably adapted for the safe storage of Grain, being conveniently situated and connected to railway by private siding. Produce consigned to us is delivered direct into store, and is saved the loss and waste incurred in unloading and again carting into warehouse.

WEEKLY AUCTION SALES.—We continue to hold the regular Weekly Auction Sales of Produce as inaugurated by us many years ago, and which have proved so beneficial to vendors; and owing to our commanding position in the centre of the trade, and our large and extending connection, we are in constant touch with all the principal grain merchants, millers, and produce dealers, and are thus enabled to dispose of consignments to the very best advantages, and with the least possible delay.

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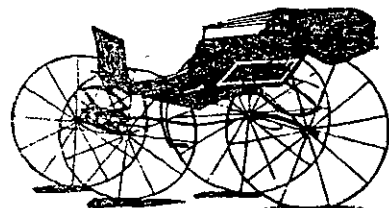
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All Kinds of Repairs at Lowest Prices.

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HEAD OFFICE: DUBLIN.

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A girl who had been at various times under treatment by several of the leading doctors of Melbourne was declared to be incurable by them all, and the parents were advised to place her in an asylum. She took from 10 to 20 fits a day, yet upon using Trench's Remedy the attacks ceased at once, and she has not had a fit since—nearly three years. She ceased taking the Remedy nearly two years ago.

£1000 SPENT WITHOUT RESULT.

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 inquirers we refer to them.

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The Family Circle

BE CAREFUL

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For seed will surely grow, boys!
The dew will fall,
The rain will splash,
The clouds will darken
And the sunshine flash;
And the boy who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For every seed will grow, girls!
Though it may fall
Where you cannot know,
Yet in summer and shade
It will surely grow;
And the girl who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For the weeds will surely grow, boys!
If you plant bad seed
By the wayside high
You must reap the harvest
By-and-bye;
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seed now!
And not the briars and weeds now!
For when the harvest
For us shall come,
We may have good sheaves
To carry home;
For the seed we sow in our lives to-day
Shall grow and bear fruit forever.

THE MAN'S BOOT

In a dark wood where wild beasts lived, there once lay a man's boot. How it came there I cannot say, for no man had been there; at least, the wild beasts had not seen one in all their lives. But there the boot was; and, when the beasts saw it, they all came round to find out what it was. Such a thing was quite new to them; but they were not much at a loss, for all that.

'Well, there is no doubt as to what it is, I say,' said the bear.

'Oh, of course not,' said the wolf and the goat and all the beasts and birds in one breath.

'Of course,' said the bear, 'it is the rind of some kind of fruit off a tree—the fruit of the cork, I should say. This is cork, it is plain to see,' and he showed the sole of the boot.

'Oh, just hear him, just hear him!' cried all the beasts and birds.

'It's not that at all,' said the wolf, with a glance of scorn at the bear. 'Of course, it is some kind of nest. Look! Here is the hole for the bird to go in at, and here is the deep part for the eggs and young ones to be safe. No doubt at all, of course, not!'

'Oh, oh!' cried the bear and the goat and all the birds and beasts, 'just hear what he says! It is not that at all.'

'I should think not,' said the goat. 'It is quite a plain case. Look at this long root!' and he showed the string at the side of the boot. 'It is the root of a plant, of course.'

'Not a bit of it!' cried the wolf and the bear—'not a bit of it! A root! How can you say so? It is not that, we can all see.'

'If I might speak,' said an old owl, who sat in a tree near. 'I think I can tell you what it is. I have been in a land where there are more of such things than you could count. It is a man's boot.'

'A what?' cried all the beasts and birds. 'What is a man; and what is a boot?'

'A man,' said the owl, 'is a thing with two legs, that can walk and eat and talk, like us; but he can do much more than we can.'

'Pooh, pooh!' cried they all.

'That can't be true,' said the beasts. 'How can a thing with two legs do more than we can, who have four? It is false, of course.'

'Of course it is, if they have no wings,' said the birds. 'Well,' went on the owl, 'they have no wings, and yet it is true. And they can make things like this; and they call them boots, and put them on their feet.'

'Oh, oh!' cried all the beasts and birds at once. 'How can you? For shame! Fie on you! That is not true, of course. It can not be.'

'A likely story!' said the bear.

'Can do more than we can!' said the wolf.

'Wear things on their feet!' cried they all. 'On the

face of it, your story is not true. We know that such things are not worn on the feet. How could they be?'

'Of course, they could not,' said the bear; 'it is false.'

'It must be false,' cried all the birds and beasts. 'You must leave the wood,' they said to the owl. 'What you say can not be true. You are not fit to live with us. You have said what you know is false. It must be, of course.'

And they chased the poor owl out of the wood, and would not let him come back.

'It is true for all that,' said the owl.

And so it was.

SECRET OF HAPPINESS

We each of us possess within ourselves the true source of happiness. Enjoyment is contained in our imagination, not in the book we read, in our appreciation of beauty, not in the picture; our musical culture, not in the instrument played. Our enjoyment of nature does not depend upon the charm of our surroundings, but upon ourselves. Some men will find more joy in the prairie than others in the Alps; some more joy in the desert than others in the flowers and forests of fertile lands. Is it the rich, the powerful, the popular that obtain the greatest happiness? We look about us and we know that this is not true, though we act as if it were. Blessed are the poor in spirit. This we know is true, though we act as if it were not. No one is truly happy who has not happiness as a well of water springing up within himself into everlasting life.

WHEN THE RUSH CO ME

A gentleman was shown through the warerooms of a large wholesale establishment. In company with one of the partners of the firm, he went from floor to floor, and was surprised to find such immense quantities of stock on hand; a variety of goods from many countries was kept in readiness to supply the trade.

'You carry a very heavy stock,' said the visitor. 'I should think a smaller amount would do, and you could replenish it from time to time as you had need.'

'I can assure you that we do not carry a dollar's worth more than we require when the rush comes,' said the merchant. 'Our orders come in rapidly at certain seasons of the year, and unless we have stock on hand to supply the demand our customers go somewhere else and we lose their trade. We need a full storehouse to keep abreast of the times.'

Sometimes the boy at school or college thinks it is almost useless to study so many different branches of knowledge. Many a lad throws down his book and says:

'What's the use of learning such stuff as this? It will never be any use to me.'

But let such a one be assured that the time will come in after life when large and unexpected demands will be made on all the knowledge stored away during school and college days. At such times the one who laid in a scanty stock in school days, thinking that he could easily supply himself at the moment it would be required, will find it hard to compete with those who have a full storehouse of knowledge ready at hand.

A CAT'S VICTORY

The mastery of herself which a cat shows when, having been caught in a position from where there is no escape, she calmly sits down to face out the threats of a dog, is a marvellous thing. Everybody has seen a kitten on the street doorstep attacked by a dog ten times her size, as apparently self-possessed as if she were in her mistress's lap. If she turns tail and runs down the street, she is lost: the dog will have a sure advantage of her. Even as it is, if he could get up courage enough to seize her on the spot he would be able to make short work of her.

'You dare not touch me and you know it,' is what her position tells the dog. But she is intensely on her guard, in spite of her air of perfect content. Her legs, concealed under her fur, are ready for a spring; her claws are unsheathed, her eyes never move for an instant from the dog; as he bounds wildly from side to side, barking with comical fury, those glittering eyes of hers follow him with the keenest scrutiny. If he plucks up his courage to grab her, she is ready: she will sell her life dearly. She is watching her chance, and she does not miss it. The dog tries Fabian tactics, and withdraws a few feet, settling down upon his forepaws, growling ferociously as he does so.

Just then the sound of a dog's bark in the next street attracts his eyes and ears for a moment, and, when he looks back, the kitten is gone! He looks down the street and starts wildly in that direction, and reaches a high board fence just as a cat's tail—a monstrous tail for such a little cat—is vanishing over the top of it. He is beaten: the cat showed not only more courage than he had, but a great deal more generalship.

THE ACCURATE BOY

The small boy stood in the doorway with his battered hat in his hand.

'If you please, sir, do you want to hire a boy?'

The great merchant looked around at his caller.

'Did you wipe your feet on the outside?' he harshly demanded.

The small boy shook his head.

'No, sir,' he replied, 'I wiped my shoes on the outside.'

There was a moment's silence.

'Hang up your hat,' said the merchant. 'You're engaged.'

COMPOSITION ON CLOTHING

Here is one little boy's composition on clothing. Can you write a better one?

'The first place it comes from is off the backs of sheep. In some towns like Australia and Cape Colony, millions of sheep are kept. They are killed and their skins are sent to the factories to be made into wool. In summer the sheep do not want so much wool, so they get it washed and cut off, and they pack it up in bales, and the farmers send it to the nearest railway station. The farmer washes the sheep, and then he stands them up to dry, and then shaves all the wool off. Some boys have to sell newspapers so as to get clothing or something else to eat. When the cotton is ready to be cut down, the people slip out and catch slaves. The cotton is packed in bills, and sent to England. If we could not get wool, we would be cold, as we would only be able to wear cloth coats, so you see the value of cotton.'

A SUITABLE SUBJECT

'The late Marion Crawford,' said a New York editor, 'was a good if not a brilliant speaker. He imputed his success to a little Sorrento girl.'

'In Sorrento once he rose to address a children's school.'

'Children,' he began, 'what shall I talk about?'

'And this little girl piped from a rear bench very wisely:

"What do you know?"'

FAMILY FUN

The Nerve Trick.—This feat is performed as follows:—A card having been selected, is returned to the pack, which is then handed to one of the company, who is requested to hold it by one end, horizontally before him, his thumb being above, and his fingers below. While held in this position, the performer strikes them smartly downwards, when all the cards, save one only, fall and are scattered about the ground; while the single card left in the hand is found to be that which was chosen. This curious effect is produced by very simple causes. The performer takes care, in giving the cards to be held, that the fingers of the holder shall project (as they naturally will do) about an inch on the under side of the cards. The thumb, on the contrary, is not allowed to overlap the cards more than half an inch. If the cards are thus held in a horizontal position, and pretty tightly, the effect of a smart downward rap will be to force out all the cards save the bottom one, which is retained by the greater friction of the fingers. The performer has therefore only to get the chosen card to the bottom of the pack, and the remainder of the trick follows as of course. To the adept in sleight-of-hand the getting of a given card to any required position is a matter of no difficulty whatever; but the expedients of legerdemain would demand not only far greater space than we have at command in these pages, but an amount of study and practice which comparatively few persons are prepared to undergo. We proceed, therefore, in accordance with our undertaking, to show the reader a mode of attaining the same object, for which no dexterity whatever is necessary.

The Twenty-one Cards, terminated by the Nerve Trick. —Count off twenty-one cards, and lay aside the rest of the pack. Deal these twenty-one cards, face downwards, in three heaps, requesting one of the company to note any card, and to tell you to which of the three heaps it belongs. The heap having been indicated, you pick up the twenty-one cards, placing that heap upon the other two, and deal the cards again. Once more, ask the spectator in which heap his card was, place that heap uppermost, and proceed as before. This must be repeated three times. When the spectator has for the third time stated which heap the card is in, the card will inevitably be the top card of that particular heap. You place this heap once more uppermost, and placing the twenty-one cards on the rest of the pack, give the whole to be held as directed above, but face upwards, thereby bringing the top card undermost. When the cards are struck down as above mentioned, this card will remain staring the spectator in the face.

All Sorts

When is a ship like snow?—When she's adrift.

The average life of a dog is from ten to twelve years.

Shopper: 'Can I put this paper on my self?'

Salesman: 'Yes, but it would look better on the wall.'

Guest: 'Hey, waiter, how long will my steak be?'

Waiter: 'The average length is about four inches, sir.'

The woman that maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a tart reply.

Little Girl: 'Please, Mr. Keeper, will it hurt the elephant if I give him a currant out of my bun?'

The world is crowded only in spots. There are still 20,000,000 square miles of the earth's surface that have not been explored.

'What is the meaning of the word "lukewarm"?' asked the teacher.

'Water is lukewarm when it looks warm and isn't.'

Of the 700,000 persons who die in the United Kingdom every year only about 20,000 leave property valued at more than £500.

The air breathed daily by a person weighs 34lb—about six times as much as the food and drink consumed in the same amount of time.

A noble monument to Longfellow was unveiled at the National Capital on May 7. Longfellow is the first American man of letters to receive such an honor.

A lady entered a well-known bank and presented a crossed cheque to one of the tellers. 'I'm sorry I cannot pay this across the counter,' he said, politely. 'Oh, shall I come round that side?' replied the lady.

'Robbie,' said the visitor, 'have you any little brothers and sisters?'

'No,' replied wee Robbie; 'I'm all the children we've got.'

There are three kinds of people in the world—the wills, the won'ts, and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything; the third fail in everything.

Corrected.—A.: 'Now, if I understand correctly, the first principle of Socialism is to divide with your brother man.' B.: 'Then you don't understand it correctly. The first principle of Socialism is to make your brother man divide with you.'

Little Bernice, aged three, was taken up to the barber shop one day to have her hair trimmed. A few days later her mamma asked her what she saw up at the barber shop, whereupon she answered: 'Oh, mamma, there was a man came in, and another man put icing all over his face.'

Irish numismatic rarities of high value were among the lots sold recently in London in the Rashleigh collection of coins. The most prized of the lot was a gold St. Patrick farthing, which, according to Nelson's 'Coinage of Ireland,' is unique in this metal. On the obverse is shown King David crowned; kneeling to the left, playing upon the harp with thirteen strings, while on the reverse is St. Patrick, mitred, standing, holding a patriarchal cross in his left hand, stretching forth his right hand and driving out the reptiles; behind is a church. It was bought for £33.

Among the passengers from New York who landed at Queenstown by the Carmania on June 26 was a little girl of four to whose satchel was attached a label: 'Nellie Mahony, passenger to Queenstown.' She was consigned, it was stated, by her father to the care of a passenger, to be landed at Queenstown, where friends would await her. The passenger, however, declined further responsibility on the journey, with the result that the little one, instead of being left friendless, immediately became the pet of the ship. On arrival she was met by two ladies, who after fondly embracing her conveyed her away rejoicing.

The Cabinet-room in the White House is America's nearest approach to a throne-room. It is about the size of a dining-room in an average country house of the colonial style. It is almost severely simple. The coloring is olive green and white—white woodwork with olive green burlap on the walls. The chairs of the President and his nine Cabinet Ministers, which surround the long mahogany table in the centre of the room, are covered with green leather. The President's differs from the others only in that the back is higher. On a small metal plate on the back of each chair is the title of the holder and the date of his accession, but not his name. On one side of the Cabinet table is a fireplace, with a very high mantelpiece over it; on the other is a capacious, leather-covered divan. At one end of the table are the sliding-doors leading to the President's private office; at the other three large French windows, looking out across the White House grounds towards Pennsylvania Avenue. There are leather-covered armchairs in the corners. The room is practically without decoration. A room more completely symbolizing Republican simplicity it would be difficult to imagine.

For Children's Hacking Cough at night

Wood's Great Peppermint Cure, 1/6 and 2/6