

six large ships off any port, so that in case of illness or danger, or any other emergency, he might be at hand to afford the consolations of religion which might be required. I cannot hold out any hope of providing additional chaplains for additional ships, but I will do all I can to bring within the reach of Catholic sailors the ministrations of their religion.' Neither this specific promise nor many others of a similar nature since made have been fulfilled, in consequence of which the Catholic hierarchy assembled in Maynooth in 1901, after carefully considering the question, adopted the following resolution:—'That as we have frequently asked his Majesty's Government to make adequate provision for the spiritual needs of Catholic sailors in the Royal Navy, and notwithstanding these repeated promises to do so, such adequate provisions have not yet been made, we now deem it our duty to advise Catholic parents not to allow their children to join his Majesty's ships until suitable arrangements shall be made to minister to the spiritual wants of Catholic seamen in the fleet.' This resolution still stands good and is acted upon by Catholic parents and guardians.

A Good Suggestion.

The Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross, in his evidence before the Irish University Commission described the agricultural department in connection with the Louvain University, and said the idea was that they should have in the proposed Irish University a Faculty of Agriculture, that that Faculty of Agriculture should be largely theoretical, that in addition they should have in Dublin a College for higher agricultural education, separate from the University Faculty, and that the students should be taken to work at Glasnevin. Cork Queen's College could, he said, be utilised to a very large extent as a technological college, and the Model Schools could be utilised for the purposes of agricultural and technical education.

The Other Side.

In an article in one of the London reviews Judge O'Connor Morris opposes the compulsory purchase of land in Ireland, giving an array of arguments to show what a disastrous effect it would have upon the fortunes of Irish landlords. He enumerates a number of reasons why the landlords of Ireland deserve better of the British Government than to be compelled to sell their land to their tenantry, and conjures up a heartrending picture of the landed proprietors 'driven summarily from their hearths and their dwellings, and cut off from their associations, often of ages, which property in land almost always creates.' This is all very well, but is it not curious that Judge O'Connor Morris has nothing to say about the countless thousands of Irish tenant farmers, with their wives and families, who, under an iniquitous landlord system, have been hunted from 'their hearths and their dwellings' during the past century?

Although it is not at all unusual to hear people speak slightly of 'patent' medicines, the enormous demand for them throughout the whole of the civilised world is in itself proof that they are regarded generally as one of the necessities of life. The majority of housewives would consider themselves as wanting in their duty if they did not have at hand the remedies which experience has taught them to use in cases of emergency, and nobody will venture to question the wisdom of this. Among the remedies which no household should be without is EVANS'S WITCH'S OIL, an invaluable cure for rheumatic complaints of every description, which has proved itself to be unequalled both as an embrocation and an internal medicine.—***

People

It is said that the Earl of Pembroke will be the next Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Mrs. Dick-Cunyngham, widow of the late Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, who fell at Ladysmith, who recently mourned the loss of her son has now sustained a fresh bereavement (says an exchange) in the death of her daughter. The Dick-Cunynghams are Catholics, and the bereaved lady has for some time been lady-in-waiting to Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge.

Mrs. Allies, who has just passed to her reward (says the 'Catholic Times') was received into the Church whilst her distinguished husband, Mr. T. W. Allies, was yet an Anglican clergyman. In 'A Life's Decision' Mrs. Allies tells how her conversion preceded his own. For many years she resisted his advance towards Catholic views, and then she went forward more rapidly than he did.

The marriage at the Brompton Oratory of Miss Enid Dickens, daughter of Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., Recorder of Maidstone, and granddaughter of the novelist, with Mr. E. B. Hawksley, solicitor to the Chartered Company of South Africa, is an event (says the 'Catholic Times') in which a wide interest has been taken. Charles Dickens in some parts of his works shows strong prejudices against the Catholic Church, but they are manifestly the prejudices of an honest man, due to misunderstandings.

It is suggested that a mural tablet to the memory of the late Professor Thomas Arnold should be placed in the University Church, Stephen's Green, Dublin, where he worshipped so often. It is a year since the death of this member of the group of distinguished scholars who entered the Church with Newman.

Lieutenant Robert C. L. Stapleton Bretherton, Royal Fusiliers, M.I., who was killed at Ronderan, in the Frankfort District, South Africa, on January 30, was the son of Mr. F. Stapleton Bretherton, of Heathfield Hall, Fareham. The deceased officer had only been three weeks in South Africa when he met his death. The deceased was educated at the Jesuit College, Beaumont. He is the fourth officer from Beaumont who has lost his life in the war.

Mr. H. D. Courtney, a well-known apostle of the Gaelic revival, is about to make a tour of the United States and Canada, accompanied by Gaelic speakers and lady vocalists, for the purpose of promoting and popularising the Gaelic language movement. A strong committee, headed by Dr. Douglas Hyde, Canon O'Hanlon, Brother Kenny, and Father Nicholas has been formed to make arrangements.

A flutter of excitement was caused at the National Liberal Club, London, recently by the report that Colonel Lynch was in the smoking-room with a number of Irish patriots. Inquiry elicited the information that Colonel Lynch had taken part in a farewell dinner earlier in the evening, and later was to leave Waterloo for America, having booked passage by the steamer which took out Prince Henry of Prussia. There was a mild inquiry for the police, and one ex-member of the House of Commons left hurriedly, explaining that he 'did not wish to be mixed up in a scene.' Then it leaked out that the Colonel Lynch who had created such a flutter was not the fugitive member for Galway, though an Irishman, and by a noticeable coincidence was at Ladysmith during the investment. His

friends at the National Liberal Club secretly derived no little pleasure from keeping up the imposition, which seems to have been taken quite seriously by members.

It is perhaps a little difficult (says the London 'Sun') to associate the House of Commons with the flower of sentiment, and yet in the spectacle of Mr. James Cathcart Wason quietly knitting a pair of woollen stockings in an obscure corner of the smoking-room, while hon. members around him play draughts and chess, smoke, tell stories, is embodied one of these refreshing little stories that reconcile us to life even in these modern times. When Mr. Wason, who represents Orkney and Shetland, and rightly supports the Government on Unionist lines, on his return to the House after an illness, sat down in an obscure corner of the smoking-room, and pulling out an unfinished pair of Shetland woollen stockings and knitting needles, got to work, the men around him stared for the moment, covertly snickered, and exchanged a few humorous references. In time gentle badinage died away, as these things do. Mr. John Burns, Major Jameson, and a few others who take life seriously insisted on the right of a gentleman to entertain himself in his own way without comment or observation.

After a long and honorable connection with the police force of this Colony, Inspector Pender retired from active service a few days ago in Wellington. Seventy-three years ago he first saw the light in Wexford, and at the age of 17 he joined the Irish Constabulary (it was not the 'Royal' Irish then). After only four years of service he became sergeant, and after serving eight years he volunteered for service in the Crimea, where he remained for two years, being attached to Lord Raglan's mounted staff. He accompanied Colonel Grant to Turkey, and assisted in organising a Turkish cavalry corps. On returning to Ireland he got back his rank as sergeant in the police force, but only to relinquish it in a few months, as he had decided to try his fortune in Australia. On the way out the crew mutinied, but were subjugated by Mr. Pender, assisted by three of his Crimean war mates, three Royal Irish Constabulary men, and some of the passengers. Shortly after his arrival in Melbourne he joined the police, and in that capacity had several brushes with bushrangers. In 1861 he was selected with Mr. Shearman to come to New Zealand to organise the Canterbury Police Force. Soon after his arrival he rose to the rank of Inspector, which office he had filled until his retirement with credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of the public, having been stationed for a number of years in Christchurch, Timaru, and Wellington. No police official (says the Wellington 'Free Lance') ever carried out his duties with less of red tape and more bonhomie. He was never a martinet, never forgot he was a citizen as well as a policeman, but when the occasion demanded it there was always the iron hand beneath the velvet glove. Inspector Pender retires from the force without having made a single enemy. He has been singled out for the special kudos of the Chief Justice and the Grand Jury, and the public are now recording their appreciation in the solid and convincing form of sovereigns.

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