

know by instinct, and those who do not are just so far deficient in the aggregate of qualities that go to make up the true lady.

I was by no means surprised to hear from Mrs. Jones, a few days afterwards, that the 'good-for-nothing creature' who waited upon the table on the occasion of our taking tea at her house, had gone away and left her. I thought better of the girl for having the spirit to resent, in this way, the outrage committed upon her feelings. Domesticity have rights and feelings: and if people were to regard these more, and treat them with greater kindness and consideration than they do, there would be fewer complaints than there are at present. This is my opinion, and I must be pardoned for expressing it.

KNOW BETTER.

It was in Indiana, not so very long ago, that the daughter of an old White River farmer was reading the county paper to him. She had got to the 'Personals,' and read this:—

'Mrs. Willie Morrisits, *née* Black, has returned from a visit to her parents in Indianapolis.'

'I don't quite understand that,' said the old gentleman.

'What don't you understand?' inquired the daughter.

'That part about "Mrs. Willie Morrisits, *née* Blacks." What does that "*née* Black" mean?'

'Oh, that's French, and means she was born Black.'

'Born black?' exclaimed the father, excitedly.

'Yes; *née* is French for born.'

'Well, it ain't so,' ejaculated the old man, jumping up and shaking his fist. 'I knowed her parents, and they was as white as anybody that ever lived in Indianny, and I'll see that editor about it,' but before he could get away the daughter explained matters, and the old gentleman cooled down.

THE CATHOLIC FEDERATION.

The parish committee of the Catholic Federation, St. Benedict's, Auckland, offered two prizes to the pupils of the local Catholic school for the best essays on 'The Aims and Objects of the Catholic Federation.' The first prize was awarded to Miss Eva Simons for the following essay:—

From the earliest times combinations of families, peoples, and States for mutual defence or aid have taken place. In ancient Grecian history, as far back as 277 B.C., we read of the Greeks forming a confederacy in order that their people might be united and have equal rights. With the same idea of union and of fighting for their rights, the Catholics of Australia, some years ago, formed a society known as the Australian Catholic Federation. So well did our neighbors succeed in establishing this society in Victoria and other States, that the bishops and clergy of New Zealand, seeing the advantages reaped by the Australian Catholics from this form of unity, decided to do their best to construct a similar Federation in this Dominion.

The principal aim in establishing such a Federation was to form the Catholics of New Zealand into one vast body, so that their united opinions might be given on such public and social questions as affected Catholic interests. Scarcely had the foundations of the organisation been successfully laid, when its need was clearly shown by the Bible in State schools question. Had not the laity joined with the clergy in their untiring zeal to break up this system of teaching a State religion in the schools, the Government would surely have been the victors in the struggle which took place, and would, long before the present time, have been teaching what is nothing more than a religion chosen by the State to all children, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, attending these schools.

The New Zealand Catholic Federation seeks to promote and extend Catholic education throughout the Dominion, and to set up and improve, wherever possible, the numerous Catholic societies already established in

many towns. Again, it is to this organisation that we owe so much in the spread of Catholic literature, and the disappearance of so many immoral books which, but a short time ago, were to be found practically all over New Zealand. The Federation works to expose falsehood and injustice, and to show the necessity of Christian principles in all spheres of life, whether social, public, or business.

Now that this excellent organisation has been successfully established in this Dominion, and has, in so short a time, proved its great use by having done so much good in our midst, all Catholics should do their utmost to co-operate with its members, in order to make still stronger this federation which has shown itself to be an absolute necessity to the Catholics of New Zealand.

NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

An English 'Tommy,' while stationed in a Flemish village, wanted to buy a tooth-brush. Being unable to speak either French or Flemish he could not manage to make the people understand what he wanted. After several unsuccessful attempts, he hit on a brilliant idea, and, entering a little shop, he proceeded to imitate the action of brushing his teeth.

At first the old dame shook her head, then her face suddenly lit up with a smile. Placing a ladder against the wall, she searched for several minutes in some cardboard boxes on a top shelf. She at last found what she wanted, and triumphantly handed him, not a tooth-brush, but a Jew's harp!

JUST A CHANCE.

An Irish recruit was taking instruction in marksmanship. The squad had finished firing, and the Celt was brought to task for his poor shooting, and told that he must do better at the next distance, there being seven rounds of quick firing.

'Now, Pat,' the sergeant told him, 'fire at target number five.' Pat banged away, and hit target number four seven times in succession.

'Which target did you aim at?' asked the sergeant.

'Number five, sir,' answered the recruit.

'And you hit number four every time.'

'Well,' said the Irishman, 'that would be a grand thing in war. Sure, I might aim at a private and hit a general!'

A CORRECTION.

Porter: 'Miss, your train is—'

Precise Passenger: 'My man, why do you say "your train" when you know it belongs to the railway company?'

Porter: 'Dunno, miss: why do you say "my man" when you know I belong to my old woman?'

NO DIFFERENCE.

A darkey running a ferry across the Alabama River was accosted by a poor white stranger who wanted to cross, but hadn't the wherewithal.

Pete scratched his woolly poll perplexedly, then queried: 'Doan' yo' got no money at all?'

'No,' was the dejected reply.

'But it doan' cost yo' but three cents ter cross,' insisted Pete.

'I know, but I hain't got three cents.'

After a final inward think Pete remarked: 'I done tell yo' what: a man what's not got three cents an' jes' as well off on dis side ob de ribber as on de odder!'

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