

**MISSING PAGE**

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## Friends at Court

### GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- March 2, Sunday.—Quinquagesima Sunday.  
 „ 3, Monday.—Of the Feria.  
 „ 4, Tuesday.—St. Casimir, Confessor.  
 „ 5, Wednesday.—Ash Wednesday.  
 „ 6, Thursday.—S.S. Perpetua and Felicitas, Martyrs.  
 „ 7, Friday.—St. Thomas Aquinas, Confessor and Doctor.  
 „ 8, Saturday.—St. John of God, Confessor.

#### Ash Wednesday.

Ash Wednesday, the Wednesday after Quinquagesima Sunday, is the first day of the Lenten fast. The name *dies cinerum* (day of ashes) which it bears in the Roman Missal, is found in the earliest existing copies of the Gregorian Sacramentary, and probably dates from at least the eighth century. On this day all the faithful according to ancient custom are exhorted to approach the altar before the beginning of Mass, and there the priest, dipping his thumb into ashes previously blessed, marks upon the forehead of each the Sign of the Cross, saying the words: "Remember, man, that thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return." The ashes used in this ceremony are made by burning the remains of the palms blessed on Palm Sunday of the previous year. In the blessing of the ashes four prayers are used, all of them ancient, and the ashes are sprinkled with holy water and fumigated with incense. The celebrant himself, be he bishop or cardinal, receives either standing or seated, the ashes from some other priest, usually the highest in dignity of those present. In earlier ages a penitential procession often followed the rite of the distribution of the ashes, but this is not now prescribed.

### GRAINS OF GOLD.

#### LENT.

Now are the days of humblest prayer,  
 When conscience to God lies bare  
 And mercy most delights to spare,  
 O hearken when we cry,  
 Chastise us with Thy fear;  
 Yet, Father! in the multitude  
 Of Thy compassions, hear!

Now is the season, wisely long,  
 Of sadder thought and graver song,  
 When ailing souls grow well and strong.

The feast of penance; Oh, so bright  
 With true conversion's heavenly light,  
 Like sunrise after stormy flight!

O happy time of blessed tears,  
 Of surer hopes, of chastening fears,  
 Undoing all our evil years!

We, who have loved the world, must learn  
 Upon that world our backs to turn  
 And with the love of God to burn.

Full long in sin's dark way we went,  
 Yet now our steps are heavenward bent,  
 And grace is plentiful in Lent.

All glory to redeeming grace,  
 Disdaining not our evil case,  
 But showing us our Saviour's face!  
 Oh, hearken when we cry,  
 Chastise us with Thy fear;  
 Yet, Father! in the multitude  
 Of Thy compassions, hear!

—Father Faber.

## The Storyteller

### THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

(By arrangement with Messrs. Burns and Oates, London.)

#### CHAPTER XI.—ON THE TRACK.

On a chill January evening, about nightfall, a weary figure approached the gate of a trim farmhouse in the South of England, and after hesitating for an instant, hand on latch, entered and walked up to the lighted dwelling. Through the window he could see a picture of tranquil comfort in contrast with the region of bare, lonely, wind-swept woodland through which his way had led him for hours; and, with a sudden thrill and contraction, the heart within him appreciated the full force of the contrast.

The gleam of golden asters and the pale, drenched bloom of pink climbing roses against the gable gave even to the outer walls of the house an air of fostering protectiveness; and the figure visible within between half-drawn curtains, of a fair, placid woman musing by an old-fashioned fireside, hands folded, and face and figure crossed by loving lights and shadows, seemed to promise an ample fulfilment of the suggestions made by the exterior of her habitation. The impression conveyed in a moment by the woman and her walls decided Kevin, who proceeded to the back entrance to make his business known.

Rachel Webb looked up as one of her hand-maidens opened the door of her sitting-room.

"Please, ma'am, there is a young man outside looking for work, who says he has walked all the way from Ireland."

"Nay, Dorothy," said the mistress, mildly, "thou must make a mistake. He will have crossed the sea if he comes from that island."

"Really, ma'am?" said Dorothy, who had not the least idea of where Ireland lay on the map.

"He must be of an industrious turn if he has come so far for work," continued the mistress. "Invite him to have some supper and I will see him afterwards."

Accordingly a little later Rachel Webb stepped into her spotless kitchen, and was at once struck by the pale, thoughtful face of the young man who rose from his seat by the fire. Mild and staid as were all her looks and movements, she was a keen judge of character, and rapidly noted something unusual in the appearance of this applicant for labor to do. And Kevin felt on the instant an emphatic increase of the feeling of trust which her very shadow had inspired him with.

"Thou art seeking work?" said Rachel; "and I hear thou hast come far to look for it."

"Yes," said Kevin, "I am looking for work; but, madam, I will tell you the entire truth."

"Do so," said Rachel, approvingly.

"I have not left my home merely to obtain work, for I had plenty at home. My father will miss me; but I have another purpose."

"Proceed," said Mrs. Webb, kindly.

"I am in search of one I love dearly," continued Kevin, flushing with painful earnestness, "who has been stolen away from home; who may possibly be in England—"

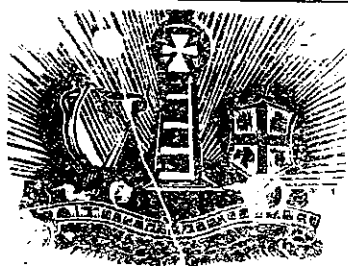
"A young woman?" asked Rachel, while the maids at a table near pricked up their ears and listened with rounded eyes for the young man's story.

"No, madam, only a child; a child who will one day be a woman."

"Is she thy sister?"

"No; but her mother when dying left her to my care."

"And thou hast quitted thy home and thy country to seek for her?"



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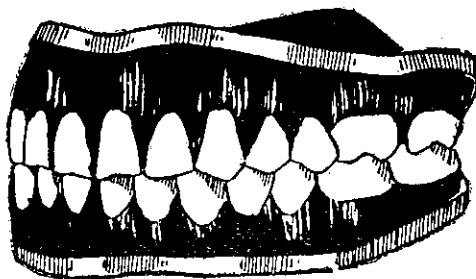
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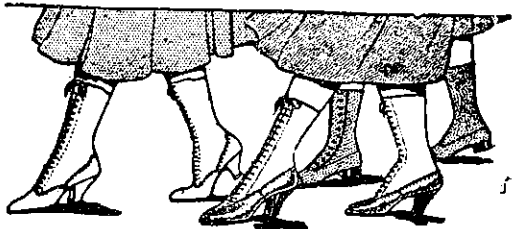
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"Yes, madam. It is two months since I left our mountain, and I have been walking through England for many weeks. I have had work here and there for a few days, to earn a little money to bring me along; but I cannot stay long in any place. I must travel the world until I find her."

"Thou dost interest me very much," said Rachel Webb, noting the ring of pathos in the young man's voice, and the stern reality of the look of care on his face. "Thou hast done well to tell me thy history. I will think over thy case, and meantime thou canst have lodging for the night."

Rested and refreshed, Kevin was sent for next morning to join his new friend in her garden.

"Thou shalt work with me here as many days as thou wilt," she said, "and while we work we will talk about thy pilgrimage."

Kevin fell to work with hearty good will. When Mrs. Webb met the eager eyes of her new servant, and saw him spring forward to meet her slightest suggestion, she thought, "I have got a young Nathaniel; an Israelite in whom there is indeed no guile!"

Rachel Webb managed her own farm in her peculiar way, allowing the greatest possible number of people to live and support themselves on the ground that she owned. A thorough lady in all her personality she made herself the friend and companion of those who lived by and served her.

"Come in here, Nathaniel," she said one day, "I would speak with thee privately. Nay, I know it is not thy name; but bear with me; I mean thee well."

Her little sitting-room was the picture of repose, with its drab walls and settees, its glowing fire and beau-pot of golden chrysanthemums. She sat at her desk, and Kevin stood before her.

"I have been thinking and remembering, and I believe that I have seen thy little girl."

Kevin started: a crimson color dyed his pale face, and left it whiter than before.

"Oh, madam, you cannot be in earnest!"

It seemed to him in a moment that had she known where Fanchea was to be found she ought not to have taken him in, fed and housed, and set him to work, but sent him flying along the road in unbroken pursuit. The thought flashed through his mind in half a second, but Rachel saw the blaze of it in his eyes.

"Nay," she said, smiling, "my ways are not thy ways, Nathaniel. Thou must learn patience, or all thy simplicity and thy truth will not avail thee. Yes, thou hast had a sort of patience in thy determined search; but thine is rather the endurance of passion than the reasonable coolness and meekness which succeeds. But I will try three no longer."

"You have the right," said Kevin; "but I am in pain until you tell me what you mean."

"I shall tell thee. A short time ago a troop of gipsies encamped in our neighborhood. I have a dislike of the life led by these wandering people, but yet I feel an interest in them. They bear Scriptural names, and when I hear of their Naomis, their Rachels, their Nathans, I cannot but feel that they are the lost sheep of a royal fold. But I must not keep thee in suspense. I went to see the wives and mothers of this troop, and among them I found a little girl who struck me as in no way belonging to them. She was nursing a baby, and singing with a voice of extraordinary sweetness and power."

"That was Fanchea," cried Kevin.

"It was a voice that affected me in a way I cannot describe. The words of her song were in a strange language. The gipsies told me it was Romany; but I know something of Romany, and I did not believe them."

"It was Irish," said Kevin, breathlessly.

"I had heard that this girl took a prominent part in their performances for the amusement of the villagers; that she danced and sang and brought them a good deal of money. I was anxious to speak with the child, but noticed a distinct determination on the part of the gipsies that I should not do so. This increased my suspicions that they had not come by her

honestly, and I resolved to be very careful. My intention was to learn her history, to rescue her if possible from unworthy hands, and draw her into a more wholesome way of life."

"God bless you, madam," broke from Kevin, who had been struggling to listen with patience.

"But the gipsies were as suspicious and more cunning than I. They baffled me by shifting their tents and suddenly disappearing in the night."

"You have lost sight of them. Oh, madam, why have you kept me here?"

"Stay!" said Rachel Webb. "I had a purpose. Thou wert in an exhausted state, and I wished to save thee from illness and defeat. But I have lost no time. The day after thy arrival I sent a messenger in pursuit of the gipsies, to find out their present quarters, and bring me back news of their whereabouts. The messenger has gone and returned while thou hast been recruiting thy strength."

"You know where they are?"

"Yes; but I am sorry to say that things have taken an unexpected turn. My messenger found the gipsies, but the child was no longer with them. They declare that she has run away. Whether it is a trick or not I do not know. This is what thou wilt have to find out."

"Where are they to be found? Which way shall I go?"

"That I will explain to thee. My messenger shall put thee on the way. But wait till I give thee my advice. If thou dost find the child come back this way, that I may rest you both and be of some little use to you. If thou art satisfied she has truly run away, and is a second time lost, and if thou canst not discover any trace of her in the neighborhood, thy best course will be to make thy way to London. A girl with so remarkable a voice will ultimately be transported there. Some one will take her up to make money of her. Should it come to that thou wilt suffer much, and wilt have ample need for the patience I have spoken of."

The pain and suspense in Kevin's face mounted to a point of anguish, at sight of which the good lady's measured periods came to an abrupt conclusion. She hastily made some kindly preparations for his journey, and allowed him to hurry away upon the gipsies' track.

Following the directions given him, he easily overtook them, the more so as they made no attempt to evade his pursuit. The gipsy mother having suffered her own disappointment in losing Fanchea, felt a certain gratification in witnessing Kevin's dismay. She came out of her tent to meet him, and smiled at his excited questions.

"Yes, we brought her with us. She was always a wanderer, you know, and she liked to see the world. Now she is tired of us, and she ran away in the night. She will see plenty of the world before she has finished. It is not worth our while to search for her, but you can try it if you like. Ah, you will have me punished, will you? Who will listen to you? Where have you got money for a prosecution? I defy you, you poor creature! You had better have stayed at home in your own poor country. But I forgot that it is your fate. Did I not read it to you off the palm of your hand?"

Kevin turned away sick at heart. He remembered what she had said to him on the island, on that evening which now seemed twenty years ago, when pretending to tell his fortune by the lines of his hand. The recollection made his heart sink lower than ever, so plainly did it prove that the woman had laid her plot from the first moment she had seen Fanchea. "You will lose that which you love best in the world, and be a wanderer, seeking for it in vain." That was what she had said; and as the words came back to him he seemed to see again the wild brown island, the crimsoned waves, Fanchea's little eager face, and the flocks of white seagulls that wheeled screaming about their heads and disappeared in a trail of glory

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across the sunset. Even as the birds had vanished, so had she gone out of his life.

He walked away, and leaning upon a roadside gate tried to think the matter out, while his eyes fixed themselves on the distant landscape. It was a mild, damp winter's day; indistinct forms of delicate purple and misty brown were blotted in softly between the blank grey sky and the fields at his feet; and never afterwards could Kevin look upon such lines and tints of Nature without seeing in them the expression of a weary despair. As he stood there some one approached him; it was Naomi, whom Fan had named the sorrowful gipsy.

"Hush!" she said. "I have been sent to tell you to move away out of this; but I want to say something more. *The child really ran away.* You may not have believed it, but it is true. I am only a poor, broken-hearted creature, and I have no reason for deceiving you. I liked the child, but she never could have been happy with us. Three of our men have been out searching for her, and they think she must have got away by the train to London. I wish with all my heart that you may find her."

"May God reward you for this kindness," said Kevin. "Can you point me out the road to London?"

"You turn to the right from here," said Naomi, "but that is the very most I can tell you."

#### CHAPTER XII.—LONDON.

Tramping through wet and cold, faring on whatever food he could afford to buy, sleeping sometimes in a barn, sometimes in some corner of a wood, where the rain had not penetrated, Kevin made his way along the road to the great city. He was a strong, stalwart fellow, and sleeping in open air did not distress him. Having made up his mind that Fan must be in London, he kept up his spirits by reflecting on the joy of their meeting in some of the wonderful streets that he had heard so much about. Hand in hand they would "see the world" together, and having seen it to their full contentment, they would return together to Killeevy, where they would tell their experiences, turn by turn, as they sat round the fire with their friends at night. Thus having rested his mind upon hope, his thoughts began to take color from the objects surrounding him. He noticed with the utmost delicacy of feeling the beauty of the country through which he travelled, and contrasted it with the wilder charm of the beloved land from which his exiled feet were each moment carrying him further away. Every short conversation on the roadside, every rest of half an hour on the bench by some friendly cottager's door furnished him with a new experience, and widened his grasp of existing things. When the road was lonely he cheered it with snatches of his native song, or repeated fragments of Shawn Rua's poetry; sometimes continuing a theme according to his own fancy, sketching scenes and forging rhymes, which floated away and were forgotten again, as the rain-mists drifted off behind him. And so he reached London long before daylight on a foggy morning.

Like Dick Whittington and others, Kevin had expected a certain glory and splendor to burst upon him at his entrance into the great city; and as he threaded the wet, foggy streets his disappointment and surprise were extreme. Was this London he asked again and again, and was answered, yes, that he was in London. He breakfasted at a coffee-stand with a group of shivering milk-sellers, whom he eagerly questioned about Fancher. But none of them had seen her. "As well look for a needle in a pottle of hay as look for a child in London," said the owner of the coffee-stand, with a pitying smile.

"But it does not seem so very large," said Kevin, looking around on the narrow street and dingy houses.

"Walk a little further, my young h'emerald," said the man, "and come back next week, and tell if h'our London ain't big enough to please you!"

The day broke, the fog cleared a little, and a sickly yellow light made all things visible. Kevin had pursued his way from by-street to by-street, and

from thoroughfare to thoroughfare, and was walking up one of the streets leading from the Strand to Bloomsbury, when his attention was caught by seeing an old man stagger under the weight of a shutter which he had taken from a shop-window and was hardly strong enough to carry.

Kevin sprang forward, just in time to save him from a fall on the slippery pavement, shouldered the shutter, and put it in its place within the shop.

"Thank you! thank you!" said the old man. "I'm sure I'm obliged to you. I am *not* used to carrying them, but my assistant has treated me badly; went off last night without notice."

Kevin answered by quickly stripping the window of all its shutters, and leaving an interior lined with multitudes of old books exposed to public view.

"Well, you are a strong one, and a ready one, you are," said the bookseller. "I am sorry to have delayed you from your business."

"I have no business," said Kevin, with a little laugh and toss of the head. "I am a stranger in London, looking for work."

"Oh, come now, that would do exactly. But stay; you are a slip of the shamrock, I think?"

"I am an Irishman," said Kevin, quickly.

"Not so fast, young man; I'm not one of them bigoted ones that condemns a man for his country. We've done you more harm than you've done us, according to my way of thinking. I've dipped enough into the old books to lead me to that 'ere conclusion. But who 'ave you in London to give you a character?"

"No one," said Kevin. "I did not think of that."

"It's a difficulty, you know," said the bookseller: "for you'd have to live in my house and take care of my property."

"Yes," said Kevin, "I see. And of course you cannot be sure that I am not a rogue."

"I do not think you are; I do not think you are."

"I am obliged to you for your good opinion; but it is a difficulty which I suppose will follow me everywhere. I trust you may find an honest man. Good morning!"

Kevin turned away with his head erect, and a lump in his throat. To require a proof that he was not a rogue! This was a misfortune he had not anticipated. He had hardly got to the corner of the street, however, before he felt himself plucked by the sleeve.

"Turn back, young man," cried the bookseller. "Let me look again in your face. Yes, I will believe in your honesty. Come into my shop and I will show you what to do."

With a strange feeling of wonder and satisfaction Kevin followed his new employer into the shop. From top to bottom the walls were lined with books, more or less old and shabby. The counter was old and notched, the little ladders for fetching down the books were worm-eaten. The floor was mended, the boards dark with age. It was a curious, dingy little den, but Kevin looked around him with interest. The love of books, awakened in him late, had increased upon him rapidly since he had given himself to study. To be employed among books, to dust them and handle them; nothing could be better to his taste.

His new master brought him upstairs and introduced him to a small room at the top of the house where he was to sleep, and where he now removed his travel-stains, and made a hasty toilet. They breakfasted together in a small dark room behind the shop, a sort of reserve store for surplus books which stood in piles upon the floor, barely leaving room for a stove and a tiny table in their midst. The winter daylight could hardly penetrate through the one small window built round with walls, and a lamp burned on a bracket above the stove. Here Mr. Must, the old book merchant, was wont to read his newspaper in the leisure moments of his day, when he was not busy in his shop, or absent attending book sales in the city.

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Having received a lesson in his duties, Kevin was left to fit himself to his new position. Customers were not numerous; and as Kevin sorted, and classified, and arranged, he made himself acquainted with the names of a multitude of books, their subjects, and their authors. When his task was finished he planted his elbows on the counter and lost himself in a fascinating volume. So the day passed; the dim, yellow light vanished, Kevin lighted the paraffin lamp on the counter, and read again. Now and then he raised his head to listen to the wonderful tramp, tramp, of many feet hurrying along the pavement, the most positive outward sign of the vastness of the city which had as yet been forced upon his notice. A clock ticked loudly above his head and looked like the face of time peering out of the accumulated learning and poetry of centuries. Kevin walked to the door and looked with eager interest at the faces of the passers-by, asking himself how many had read these multitudes of worn and handled books, how many heads were full of their secrets, how many minds were illumined by the light of knowledge they contained? Then back again to the counter, and deep into the subject of his interesting book.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening: his employer had returned once during the day to dine, and had been out about his business all the long afternoon. No one had entered the shop since night-fall, but now Kevin was startled from his book by hearing a quick light step crossing the threshold. A young woman came in, dressed in a black waterproof cloak and a little hat, and carrying a small nosegay of flowers in her hand. Kevin had barely time to wonder at seeing flowers at such a time of year before the young woman crossed the shop, and, bowing, he asked what he could do to serve her.

The girl stopped, stared, showing a pretty face, pretty in a style that was quite unfamiliar to Kevin. Then she gave a little laugh, and passing inside the counter disappeared, with a backward glance and smile, into the house. Soon after Mr. Must came home, and Kevin shut up the shop.

"Come this way! Ah, Kevin. My, what a name! Why are you not Tom, Dick, or Harry? In the evenings we give ourselves a little breathing space upstairs."

They had stumbled up the narrow, dark staircase, and Mr. Must threw open the door of a comfortable, lighted room. Shabby and dingy it was, but with well-drawn curtains, a blazing fire and lamp, and a neatly-spread supper-table, the interior looked most inviting to the poor stranger who was invited to enter.

The girl who had passed him in the shop was in the act of carrying a dish from the fire, and smiled and nodded at Kevin's surprise.

"This is my daughter, Mr. Kevin (I will not attempt your other name). Bessie, this is my new assistant. She works with a florist in Covent Garden Market, and sometimes she brings us a little book!" said the father, triumphantly, sniffing at a few slightly faded flowers which had been carefully placed in water on the table.

"He wanted to sell me some of your rubbishy old books," said Miss Bessie, mischievously.

"I thought that you were a customer," said Kevin, and then he ventured an observant look at this new acquaintance. She was neat and trim in figure, and her black dress was decorated with a scrap of geranium fastened at her collar. Her movements were active and pleasant to look at, though full of consciousness. She had that unmistakable town-bred air that cannot be described, but which is conspicuously new to a country cousin, and as strikingly absent from the appearance of every fresh-cheeked new-comer from the woods and fields. Her hair was yellow, and was cut across her forehead in the conventional fringe.

"We haven't many customers on such a day as this," said Mr. Must. "Bookworms mostly like to grub in their libraries at home this foggy weather. But I've done a goodish stroke of business to-day, for

all that. Bought a rare nice lot as cheap as primers."

"Mr. Kevin was one of the bookworms this evening," said Bessie, with a knowing little laugh, and she suddenly planted her elbows on the table and clutched her head with her hands in such a ludicrous way as to make Kevin and her father smile.

"More than you'll ever be, miss," said the latter, chuckling and rubbing his hands.

"I did read a good deal," said Kevin. "When I had done all you told me I had nothing else to do."

"I don't object to it," said Mr. Must; "not if the business ain't neglected. My best assistants have always taken a dip into the books. Them that never looked between the covers was always the ones as let the books rot, from the damp, and lost me customers through not having the goods in their proper places. The man that reads knows where to put his hand on what is wanted, and it stands to him instead of tobacco and beer."

"My!" exclaimed Bessie.

"It takes the roof from over his head——"

"Oh, dear," said Bessie, looking up at the ceiling.

"Don't be impertinent, miss: you know what I means. It creates a h'atmosphere about his head, and that's what makes us booksellers so superior as a race."

"I am glad you do not object to it," said Kevin, smiling.

"No, I don't: but I'll give you a bit of advice. Sort and classify as you go along. You're beginning young, and it'll come easy to you. I didn't begin young, and I didn't sort nor classify; and though I've been picking and reading up and down for twenty years yet it has done me no good to speak of. All the knowledge has got mixed somehow, and they're got into a sort of perplexity. If I had all I knows properly parcelled out and labelled, Lord! there's no knowin' what I might have turned into. Perhaps it's the mercy of Providence, for very great men is never very happy ones."

Mr. Must leaned back in his chair, and patted his waistcoat while he looked over his spectacles placidly at his daughter and assistant. Kevin smiled and Bessie laughed outright.

"What would you have been, father, if you had your choice? The Emperor Napoleon, or the Duke of Wellington?"

"It's hard to say, Miss Pert. I couldn't have been men that was so long before my time: but I might ha' been something as great in its own way."

"I think I'd take the risk of the happiness," said Kevin, "if I had the chance of doing something great."

"Well, well! it's just as I said. You're young, and you try it. Dip whenever you has time: but sort and classify, or you'll be like one of them books we get sometimes in a mixed lot, without title-page or *finis*, and with pages out here, and pages out there, through and through, like a riddle of holes. The learnedest work among them won't fetch a price if it's in such a condition. But if you has the knowledge in you, and has your chapters filled up, and your pages numbered, and your beginning and end in the right places, never fear but you'll be worth a new binding and get a reading as long as there is a eye in the world."

This good advice Kevin took to bed with him, and he lay awake a long time wondering at the din of life that lasted so far into the night, and thinking about this wonderful chance for self-education that had come in his way. He was in London, and he must work to live, and he must stay in the great city till his quest for Fan should be happily brought to an end. Meanwhile he would read. And then his thoughts wandered away through the labyrinths of the streets, and in dreams he continued his search for the missing child.

(To be continued.)

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## THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

### XVIII.—HOW THE NORMAN ADVENTURERS GOT A FOOHOLD ON IRISH SOIL.

The fatal hour was now at hand. Early in the month of May, a small flotilla of strange vessels ran into a little creek on the Wexford coast, near Bannow, and disembarked an armed force upon the shore. This was the advanced guard of the Norman invasion—a party of thirty knights, sixty men in armor, and three hundred footmen, under Robert Fitzstephen. Next day at the same point of disembarkation arrived Maurice de Prendergast, a Welsh gentleman who had joined the enterprise, bringing with him an additional force. Camping on the coast, they quickly despatched a courier to McMurrough to say that they had come. Diarmid hastened to the spot with all the men he could rally. The joint force at once marched upon and laid siege to Wexford, which town, after a gallant defence, capitulated to them. Elate with this important victory, and strengthened in numbers, Diarmid now marched into Ossory. Here he was confronted by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory, commanding, however, a force quite inferior to McMurrough's. A sanguinary engagement ensued. The Ossorians bravely held their own throughout the day, until decoyed from their chosen position into an open ground where the Norman cavalry had full play, the "poise of the beam" was turned against them; they were thrown into confusion, pressed by the enemy, and at length overthrown with great slaughter.

Roderick the Second, titular Ard-Ri, now awakened to the necessity of interposing with the national forces: not as against an invasion; for at this period, and indeed for some time afterwards, none of the Irish princes attached such a character or meaning to the circumstance that McMurrough had enlisted into his service some men of England. It was to check McMurrough, the deposed King of Leinster, in his hostile proceedings, that the Ard-Ri summoned the national forces to meet him at the Hill of Tara. The provincial princes, with their respective forces, assembled at his call; but had scarcely done so, when, owing to some contention, the northern contingent, under Mac Dunlevy, Prince of Ulidia, withdrew. With the remainder, however, Roderick marched upon Ferns, the Lagenian capital, where McMurrough had entrenched himself. Roderick appears to have exhibited weakness and vacillation in the crisis, when boldness, promptitude, and vigor were so vitally requisite. He began to parley and diplomatise with McMurrough, who cunningly feigned willingness to agree to any terms; for all he secretly desired was to gain time till Strongbow and the full force from Wales would be at his side. McMurrough, with much show of moderation and humility, agreed to a treaty with the Ard-Ri, by which the sovereignty of Leinster was restored to him; and he, on the other hand, solemnly bound himself by a secret clause, guaranteed by his own son as hostage, that he would bring over no more foreigners to serve in his army.

No suspicion of any such scheme as an invasion seems even for an instant to have crossed the monarch's mind; yet he wisely saw the danger of importing a foreign force into the country. He and the other princes really believed that the only object McMurrough had was to regain the sovereignty of Leinster.

The crafty and perfidious Diarmid in this treaty gained the object he sought—time. Scarcely had Roderick and the national forces retired, than the Leinster King, hearing that a further Norman contingent, under Maurice Fitzgerald, had landed at Wexford, marched upon Dublin—then held by the Danes under their prince, Hasculf Mac Turkill, tributary to the Irish Ard-Ri—and set up a claim to the monarchy of Ireland. The struggle was now fully inaugurated. Soon after a third Norman force, under Raymond le Gros (or "the Fat"), landed in Waterford Estuary,

on the Wexford side, and hastily fortified themselves on the rock of Dundonolf, awaiting the main force under Strongbow.

And now we encounter the evil and terrible results of the riven and disorganised state of Ireland, to which I have already sufficiently adverted. The hour at last had come when the curse was to work, when the punishment was to fall!

It was at such a moment as this—just as Roderick was again preparing to take the field to crush the more fully developed designs of Diarmid—that Donogh O'Brien, Prince of Thomond, chose to throw off allegiance to the Ard-Ri, and precipitate a civil war in the very face of a foreign invasion! Meanwhile, Strongbow was on the point of embarking at Milford Haven with a most formidable force, when King Henry, much distrusting the adventurous and powerful knight—and having, secretly, his own designs about Ireland, which he feared the ambition of Strongbow, if successful, might thwart—imperatively forbade his sailing. Strongbow disregarded the royal mandate, and set sail with his fleet. He landed at Waterford (23rd August, 1171), and joined by the force of Raymond, which had been cooped up in their fort on the rock of Dundonolf, laid siege to the city. Waterford, like Dublin, was a Dano-Irish city, and was governed and commanded by Reginald, a prince of Danish race. The neighboring Irish under O'Felan, Prince of the Deisi, patriotically hurried to the assistance of the Danish citizens: and the city was defended with a heroism equal to that of the three hundred at Thermopylae. Again and again the assailants were hurled from the walls: but at length the Norman besieging skill prevailed; a breach was effected, the enemy poured into the town, and a scene of butchery shocking to contemplate ensued. Diarmid arrived just in time to congratulate Strongbow on this important victory. He had brought his daughter Eva with him, and amidst the smoking and bloodstained ruins of the city the nuptials of the Norman knight and the Irish princess were celebrated.

(To be continued.)

To each soul God gives the power to rise, if it will, even above the tyranny of inherited tendencies, and make its own destiny for good, for noble ends.

Many persuade themselves that they have no true sorrow for their sins if they do not practice many and great corporal austerities. Let us learn, nevertheless, that he does a good penance who studies to please God alone, at all times and in all things.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

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## Church of Our Lady Queen of Peace, Roxburgh

TO THE CATHOLIC PEOPLE OF NEW ZEALAND.

Every Catholic heart these days beats with gratitude to God, the Giver of all good gifts, for His blessing of Peace, which we, in common with the great Catholic soldier, Marshal Foch, believe has come in answer to prayer. Catholic faith and instinct urge us to show our heartfelt gratitude in some act of piety. May I suggest as a most suitable thanksgiving an offering towards the building of the Church of Our Lady Queen of Peace? This church is now being built.

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## BIGOTRY AND THE BAD OLD TIMES

(By G. K. CHESTERTON in the *New Witness*.)

How long will educated people go on using the name of one highly civilised European period as a phrase for every sort of savagery? There are a million examples of it in a month's reading; here is one on which my eye has just fallen. A writer in the *Nation* is dealing, in the somewhat depressed manner common in that able publication, with the different parties in Germany; and what chance there is of Catholic or Socialist sections really resisting Potsdam and Pan-Germanism. He substantially admits that what wins every time is not only Prussia but Prussianism. But the way he expresses it is this: "The modern men opposed it; but the men of the Middle Ages won." This is a description of the success of Prussia, which did not exist in the Middle Ages, acting through a system of military organisation that was not yet invented in the Middle Ages, in appealing to a racial theory of Teutonism that nobody had ever heard of in the Middle Ages, and supported in it by a sixteenth-century religion and a number of nineteenth-century philosophies, all of which the Middle Ages would probably have persecuted as particularly insane heresies. But the joke is really even better than that. I have never based much hope upon Bavarian dislike of Prussia; still there is a Bavarian dislike of Prussia, and the political school of the *Nation* does base a great deal of hope on it. I myself fear it is not much use to appeal to the Centrum as an Opposition; still, it is a sort of Opposition, and the *Nation* is always appealing to it. Indeed the Catholic party probably has done something, though it has never done enough, to criticise the heathen cruelty of the Prussian theory; and Mr. Massingham would probably trust such internal intervention more and not less than I should. But surely if any men in modern Germany might reasonably be called "the men of the Middle Ages" it is the men who still happen to retain the religion of the Middle Ages. The fact that they are, by common admission, *less* Prussianist than the Prussians, disposes at a blow of the suggestion that Prussianism is medievalism. What prevails in practice however is, at the very earliest, the eighteenth-century spirit of Frederick the Great and the nineteenth-century spirit of Bismarck. The men of the Middle Ages opposed it; but the modern men won.

It would be easy to prove, point by point, that this is quite the contrary of a mere coincidence of party labels: that it is an essential fact of fundamental ethics. Not only the saints or knight-errants, but the tyrants or traitors of the Middle Ages, would have been unable to make head or tail of Teutonism in philosophy or Prussianism in politics. If the Kaiser were a king in the twelfth century, for instance, he might have claimed Alsace, and claimed it quite unjustly. But he would have claimed it ostensibly on some heraldic tangle of hereditary right, based on its feudal relations with princes of the Holy Roman Empire. But to have claimed another king's territory on the ground that the men living on it had yellow hair, or some sort of skulls that a professor had measured and called Teutonic, would have been totally unmeaning to him. A fierce and fantastic Troubadour, of the type of Bertrand de Born, might have been merciless in the madness of his pride in his descent from a mythical hero. He could not possibly have been merciless, as Nietzsche advised, on the mere ground that it had been the method of his ascent from a monkey. But it is needless to note all the detailed examples when the thing is obvious in the bulk; in the broad fact that Prussia is in a peculiar sense the modern State that arose only after the end of medievalism; and that its chief mark has been the demand of the central idea of medievalism; the idea of a common interest of Christendom. In reality, of course, the case is too subtle to be dealt with by anything so clumsy as chronology. Prussia stood for a new spirit which ap-

peared when the sense of Christendom declined; but even then it did not decline elsewhere as it did in Germany; and it certainly did not decline so much as its critics think it did. Those who suppose, as the editor of the *Nation* once suggested to me in a very sympathetic remonstrance, that medievalism is really dead, can certainly point to Prussia in support of their supposition. Prussia is almost the only support of their supposition. Prussia certainly could not have appeared save where the Middle Ages had largely disappeared. And doubtless she does stand for that disappearance in many departments for a definite period. But he who supposes that the spirit of the Middle Ages has finally disappeared may reasonably be asked to face some of the most solid and vivid facts of the modern world. And the truth is that the modern world has been a chaos which, whenever it has tried to be a cosmos, has tried to be a medieval cosmos. Indeed, the recent decades, apart from the Middle Ages, might be called the Middle Ages.

Superficially it might seem that the nineteenth century was the nadir of all medieval influences. It would certainly seem that England was the country in which they had been most carefully extirpated. Yet consider even the case of England in the nineteenth century; and it might be easy to represent the Victorian Age as a medieval revival. It is not necessary to speak of the Oxford Movement, or of the spires from which some have heard whispered "the last secrets of the Middle Ages"; for the case of Oxford understates and weakens the case of England. There was a medieval element in the movement that put life into the Church of England, merely because there was a medieval element in all the movements that put life into anything. Even in the externals of religion the movement has been universal rather than sectional. Medieval symbolism has returned not only to all "high churches," but to all churches; not only to all churches, but to all chapels. It is a commonplace that the Non-conformist is now a Ritualist; and the very strongholds of No-Popery are what would once have been called Popish. Ritualism may be only a fashion, but it is the fashion. That is all I am concerned to point out in this particular question of superficial or practical success. But it is only by a sort of chronological accident that we need to speak first of ecclesiastical changes. Medievalism was not merely potent among the religious; it was perhaps even more potent among the irreligious. The church-defyers only differed from the church-decorators in extending the same decoration from one church to a hundred houses. The aesthetes only used the medieval symbol, without meaning, on a wallpaper instead of using it, with meaning, on a rood-screen. It may not be entirely natural to imagine Swinburne in a surplice, or Pusey æsthetically crested with a peacock's feather. But it is none the less certain that in both their imaginations the tide turned and set towards the same imaginative centuries. A poem like "Dolores" is none the less adorned and colored like a medieval missal, because it gilds the name of Satan and not that of God. No one will say it was without significance that Rossetti was called Dante, or even that he was called Gabriel. Even the pagans did not really attempt to return to paganism. In the poems of William Morris, in the pictures of Burne-Jones, they perpetually tried to see even the white marbles of the Greek through the colored windows of the Gothic. But William Morris's revolution was not a piece of antiquarian clericalism in a corner. It was a revolution in whole streets of common cockney houses; a revolt of chairs and tables; a dance of pots and pans. Even in Victorian England, therefore, it is admitted by now that two blasts of renovation blew for beauty and humanity; one in every parish church and the other in every parish. And both came across the centuries from "the men of the Middle Ages."

And now we see before our eyes the same thing happening again. It is happening yet a third time; in yet a third department of human life. The master word of really modern industrial politics is the word "guild." The new sociologists find it as vital as New-

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man found the word creed or Morris the word craft. And the word itself is as medieval as any creed or any craft. It is not necessary to picture Mr. S. G. Hobson surrounded by lilies and golden haloes any more than it was necessary to imagine Swinburne in the surplice. It is enough that another part of the revolution of the modern world suggests the reconstruction of the medieval world. When we have conceded such trifles as religion, art, poetry, politics, and economics to the dim and barbarous period there may, of course, be other more important things not yet poisoned with the medieval morbidity. Mr. Massingham, wandering over the civilised world, may be able to find a few places left that are *not* medieval; I suggest Belfast and Berlin. But it is more probable that the twentieth century will behave in this matter as the nineteenth century behaved. It will perpetually curse medievalism, and perpetually copy it. "We have shed the last rags of the dead Middle Ages," says the Free Church minister, contemplating complacently his new chapel, with the somewhat pallid pointed Gothic, with a lady playing what the Puritans called "a box of whistles" as calmly as St. Cecilia. "We might as well be dragged back to medieval times," indignantly exclaims the progressive lady in Chelsea or Bedford Park, tossing her medieval draperies and sharply shutting up her exquisite copy of medieval bookbinding. "We will not suffer the medieval tyranny of the Capitalist," cries the Trade Union orator, as he lays down the medieval laws and limitations of his medieval guild. Not only have these rejected Gothic stones already been made the heads of all the four corners of the State but those who so employ them continue to cry aloud that they reject them.

## CORRESPONDENCE

*[We do not hold ourselves responsible for opinions expressed by our correspondents.]*

### CHURCH MUSIC.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I am a visitor to New Zealand from Sydney, also an old chorister, and I have so far heard the choirs of our principal churches in the four centres—Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland. What has struck me is the different style of music sung by each of the choirs. There is still the liking for the Masses of Mozart, Haydn etc. Gounod's "Messe Solennelle" is also a favorite; whilst the smaller and more simple Masses of Turner, Van Bree, Wiegand, etc., have also a place. But what has struck me particularly is the apparent go-as-you-please policy of the choirs in ignoring the *motu proprio* regarding Church music.

As far as my observations went, I certainly must give the palm for choice of music at both morning and evening services to the choir of St. Gerard's Monastery, Wellington; and, in my opinion, our choirs of Australia and New Zealand could, with great advantage, adopt at least some of the very fine compositions used by this choir. I hold no brief for any choir, but perhaps I may be permitted to say, as a stranger in your lovely country, that the music I have heard rendered by St. Gerard's Choir at several services is the finest, most artistic, and the most devotional in either Australia or New Zealand.

I heard a performance of Byrd's "Ave Verum" at Mass, and the beautiful "Bone Pastor" of Tallis, also Mozart's "Ave Verum," which were exquisitely rendered, unaccompanied. The Responses at the Mass on Christmas Day were rendered as I have not heard since I left England 25 years ago, and the Proper was given in four parts, beautifully done. The performance of the Mass was also a feature, the fine effects being well worked out. The Mass was strange to me, but a good devotional style of music.

I hold that if one choir can do this class of music justice, why not the others? The "Motu Proprio"

seems to be quite overlooked, and who is responsible. Certainly the choir directors have a responsibility, and together with the priests of the diocese, could gradually rectify the omission. On enquiry, I learned from one of the congregation at the above-named church that this style of music has been constantly performed since the choir was formed 10 years ago. On the last Sunday I was present they sang Vittoria's "Jesu Dulcis Memoria," a motet I had not heard for 25 years, and I feel certain that if more were only known of these fine motetts they would be in most choirs' repertoires.

Apologising for the trespass on your valuable space (I am leaving for Australia per first boat), and hoping you will find someone more able than I to take the church music problem in hand.—I am, etc.,

VINCENT ALOYSIUS DAWSON,  
Glebe, Sydney.

Wellington, February 17, 1919.

## PAPAL ENCYCLICAL

### PUBLIC PRAYERS ORDERED.

The Sovereign Pontiff has published a short Encyclical Letter, beginning with the words, "Quod jam diu," of which the following is the substance:—

That for which the entire world has so long sighed, that for which Christianity prayed with paternal heart for the good of all, has in a moment come to pass. The last booming of the guns is silenced. It is true that peace has not yet solemnly ended war, but the armistice has meanwhile suspended slaughter and devastations by land, sea, and air, happily opening a way for peace. The Pope attributes the end of the war "to Him Who governs all events, and Who, moved to pity by the persevering prayers of the good, granted at last to humanity that it should recover finally from so many sorrows." His Holiness rejoices at the imposing demonstrations of piety which have taken place throughout the Catholic world. There now remains for us, he continues, to implore the Almighty that the great gift granted us may have its crowning. Soon the delegates of the various nations will meet in solemn congress to give the world a just and lasting peace. Such grave and complex decisions will have to be taken as no human assembly ever took before. Therefore, it is impossible to say how much the delegates need to be Divinely enlightened to be able to accomplish this mission. Their decisions will affect, in the highest degree, the good of all humanity. Therefore, Catholics, who favor the order of progress, must invoke Divine assistance upon those participating in the Peace Conference. We desire this duty to be realised by all Catholics. The Encyclical concludes with an appeal to the Catholics of the entire world to petition to heaven that Divine light may be showered upon the statesmen invested with such a heavy charge. His Holiness orders that every bishop throughout the world shall have public prayers for this end in whatever form they may deem suitable. The Sovereign Pontiff then says:—"Since, without any merit on Our part, We hold the place of Jesus Christ, the King of Peace, We shall employ all the influence in Our Apostolic ministry that the decisions arrived at by this Conference for the promulgation of peace throughout the world shall be faithfully accepted and loyally carried out by Catholics."

If human ills could be healed by the use of logic, there would long since have been no unhappiness left in the world. Is there anything easier than to deceive one's self when one wishes to be deceived? Nothing, surely, provided that the inner reality of ourselves which we call our hearts consents to the deception. But if it will not consent, then there is no help in all the logic that has been lavished upon the philosophy of a dozen ages.—*Marion Crawford.*

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## Current Topics

### To Hell or to Connacht

The Christchurch *Sun*, in an article on Mr. Semple, reveals to those who can read between the lines what the editor thinks of Sinn Fein. Cromwell would send all the turbulent Irish to Hell or to Connacht. The *Sun* proposes sending Mr. Semple to Clare. He will be safer there than in Orange Belfast where Catholic prisoners were recently treated with a cruelty from which the Hun might learn much. And if Mr. Semple is a Sinn Feiner he will be glad to know that Cardinal Logue and Archbishop Walsh voted for Sinn Feiners at the elections. What Mr. Semple said to make the *Sun* angry does not concern us here. The sneer of the journalist at the cause approved by Cardinal O'Connell, Archbishops Walsh and Mannix is sufficient evidence of the worth of his opinions. Whether or no Mr. Semple is a Sinn Feiner we do not know; but if he is he is in such good company that the praise or blame of the *Sun* need not worry him.

### The Religion of General Foch

Moses, who was the meekest of men, lost his temper when he came down from the Mount and saw his people making fools of themselves. They were his own people, and that made all the difference. There is always a certain amount of pain in seeing the folly of others, but when one has a sense of humor it is possible to derive some amusement from it when the fools are the "others." We have had no little entertainment of this kind during the war, and now that the war is over we are likely to have more. Just for the sake of keeping things going the humorists are at present engaged in solemnly pretending that they believe that General Foch is a good dour Presbyterian. We are told that Colonel Beattie, a chaplain in the Canadian forces, said so, and that it is hardly credible that he would say so before a body of intelligent men if the statement were not true. Having a little experience of the sort of things said to "intelligent" men, even by professors, especially about the Twelfth of July, we refuse to take it as certain that the great Marshal is "an elder in the Presbyterian Church of France." And we are not much moved by the comment made by a certain paper which on its first issue distinguished itself by defaming a Catholic chaplain. The *Southland Times* is inclined to think that the religious convictions of Foch are not a thing to get excited about, and concludes that "Protestants and Catholics may well claim Marshal Foch as a noble example of our common Christian faith." "Common Christian faith" is good. Christian faith is not a common thing; it is one and indivisible, and found only in the true Church, to which Marshal Foch belongs. We have heard a member of the French Mission speak of the Marshal's visits to the Blessed Sacrament; and we have yet to learn that there is anything in common with Protestants in that. However, we will be told that people like Colonel Beattie know more about the General than his own friends; and at any rate those who want to believe that he does will go on doing so. Recently a sapient Scot was heard supporting the Presbyterian claim with philological reasons: Foch is but a corruption of Fox, and what could be clearer! As a correspondent points out, we may now look for an announcement by a Colonel who will tell an intelligent body of men that Cardinal Mercier has become a Presbyterian parson, and that we may hear any day of a service at which he will expound the Confession of Faith, while Marshal Foch will take round the plate! And "what will the editor of the *Tablet* say to that?" One thing is certain: he will not admire the veracity of the P.P.A. organs a bit more than he does at present.

### Sinn Fein

We have taken some time here to realise that the Irish people did not change when they helped Sinn Fein to its sweeping victory at the polls. What did change was the Irish Party which had degenerated into a tail of an English Party, false to all its old traditions, blind to all the lessons of history. It may be said, and we say it ourselves, that John Redmond's trust was that of a gentleman dealing with unprincipled tricksters, and we may pity the man for the great mistake he made, but the truth remains that he and his followers sold Ireland and were false to the principles they had learned from Parnell. If further evidence be needed let us read the following words, spoken by Redmond and Dillon before they were contaminated and corrupted by English influence:—

"We tell England plainly that we believe this land is ours. We believe that England has no moral right to oppress Ireland or to rule Ireland at all. 'Ireland for the Irish' is our motto, and the consummation of all our hopes is, in one word, to drive English rule, sooner or later, bag and baggage out of this country."—John Redmond, December 8, 1895.

"I say to you, men of Tipperary, that we would be untrue to our country, and untrue to those who begot us, if we rested content until every vestige of English rule was swept from the fair face of Ireland."—John Dillon at New Tipperary, 1888.

"We specifically deny the moral or legal and constitutional right of the English Parliament to legislate for Ireland."—John Redmond at Dublin, August 9, 1902.

"This fight will go on, and we tell England frankly that we to-day hate her rule just as bitterly as our forefathers did. We tell her that we are as much rebels to her rule to-day as our forefathers were in 1798."—John Redmond at New Ross, June 23, 1907.

What do these words stand for but the principles of Sinn Fein—the principles of Parnell and Grattan? What do they prove if not that the Sinn Feiners and the people behind them are true to Ireland and the Party false? It needed the Easter Rising and the sacrifice of heroic men to awaken Ireland and to convince the whole nation that it was being betrayed and misled. William O'Brien, Tim Healy, Dr. O'Dwyer, and Archbishop Walsh saw it long ago; but the people did not see it until the light kindled by patriots made it clear for ever.

### Cardinal Mercier and Ireland

Those good people who were busily engaged in practising Prussianism on Irish men and women for years past, and then holding up their hands in hypocritical horror that the persecuted people were not ready to rush to be slaughtered for an ungrateful and unfaithful gang of tyrants, used to say, among other lies they told, that the Belgians and the Americans would turn their backs on Ireland because her sons did not believe the promises of men who never yet told the truth and never will tell it if they can help it. Well, we have seen how America falsified their prophecy and how mass-meetings were held all over the United States to protest against the brutal Prussianism of the English and Orange Huns who were responsible for such little peccadilloes as the murder of Sheehy-Skeffington and the persecution of his wife, not to mention also the maltreatment of the wife of poor Tom Kettle who died fighting for the pledge-breakers. Here now comes an opportunity for us to learn how Belgium regards the Irish question and whether she forgets—as the British forgot—that forty thousand Irishmen gave their lives in the ranks of the oppressors of their own country because they believed they were breaking her fetters as well as those of Poland and Belgium. In a letter to Cardinal Logue, Primate of All Ireland, Cardinal Mercier says:

"It is inconceivable that Ireland's right to self-determination and nationhood be not recognised by the free nations of the world at the Peace Conference.

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There we have a splendid echo of the words of the American Cardinal who tells us that it was exactly because of her fidelity to faith and nationality the English oppressors persecuted Ireland and tried to exterminate her people by unspeakable tyranny, cruelty, and fraud; and there, too, we have, in vibrant words that no Irishman should forget, a magnificent proof of the manner in which the noble people of the Continent regard the heroic sufferings of the sons of the Gael, who are insulted and calumniated by the rulers who boast that they are fighting for justice and for the freedom of small nations. Cardinal Mercier has given them the lie. Because liberty is her birth-right, because it is right and just and a nation's divine gift, he claims it for Ireland; and his words are as strong a condemnation of British injustice and perfidy as have ever been written. When President Wilson was pulling England's chestnuts out of the fire we were told what a great man he was: when President Wilson demanded that right and justice should be the basis of the Peace Conference our press howled at him like a kennel of angry puppies. Now that Cardinal Mercier has raised his voice in direct appeal for the rights of Ireland will the champions of small nations attack him as they attack President Wilson, forgetful of the past, unmindful of their shame and their abasement? Does it matter much? Does one more somersault make any difference at this stage, when in spite of perjury and faked plots Sinn Fein has beaten John Bull to the ropes? And, by the way, what do those *seonini* and others who attacked us for our support of Sinn Fein think now when the Irish papers report that Cardinal Logue and Archbishop Walsh—the two Primates—voted for Sinn Fein candidates at the elections? Do we, or for that matter the cause of Sinn Fein, need further commendation? No matter: we suppose the infallible people who told us so often that we were wrong could not help it. Infallibility of the sort that springs from an ignorance so hopeless that it excludes from the imagination the possibility that other people know things is so common here that pity is the correct attitude towards it. We think of one well-paid official who ventured to lecture us on our policy and to tell us things about John Redmond whom we knew from childhood, and we wonder if he will now write an indignant letter to the Irish Hierarchy and protest against their foolishness. In New Ireland there will be no room for *seonini*; but we know some of that class who will develop wonderful agility when Ireland comes into her own: watching the cat jump will tickle their imitative faculties. Is it any wonder that the London *Daily News* calls on Englishmen to realise whither the persecution and the pledge-breaking are leading them: to see squarely the menace of the Irish situation, and "to use all their influence to avert the disaster to the world which this threatens"? The Conference is not yet over.

### The Example of America

We have already referred to the whole-hearted manner in which the United States has taken up the cause of Ireland. The demands of mass-meetings in the great cities have been confirmed by Congress and the American Government has called on the champions of the Jugo-Slavs and the Poles to do common justice to the Irish people who have been persecuted by the British for centuries. It is more than an appeal to justice and honesty. It amounts to a threat. America is tired of the disgrace brought on the Allies by them who, while calling on men to fight for the right of self-determination, are denying it to the oldest nation in Europe, and America will not tolerate such hypocrisy. The words of Cardinal O'Connell could not be stronger:

"There is no legitimate length within Christian law to which I and every prelate and priest of America should not be glad and happy to go when the cry of the long-suffering children of the Gael comes to us, and when, as now, before the tribunal of the whole world, the sacred cause of justice to every nation is to be given a public hearing."

And he, speaking at that great concourse of free-men, was not afraid to stigmatise openly the bigots who are responsible for the crimes of England against the land of his fathers:

"It is because the people of Ireland have solemnly kept their sacred word, given to their great apostle, to be faithful to Peter's successor as they would be faithful to Christ, that they have felt the very dust of humiliation. Yes, let us say it frankly and openly, for it is the truth: it is the fidelity of Ireland to all that she holds most sacred which has been the chief cause of her suffering. Are we whose very lives are dedicated to the eternal principles for which Ireland has become a martyr among the nations, so bitten by mere worldly interests as to be mute in this day when all the world of national wrongs and of brutal might is summoned into court? God forbid! In God's name let us speak out fearlessly for God's cause, for the cause of justice to all, weak and strong, small and great, or let us forever be silent."

There, in the words of a great American, is a call for us. America has spoken; Canada has spoken; South Africa has spoken; Australia has spoken. We have allowed William Massey and his associates in the Government of New Zealand to put upon us the dark shame of silence when the cause of justice and truth demands that we should speak. Is it because we want to have a part in the crime committed against a small nation, or because we have no sense of honor and no idea of the meaning of pledges? Or is it because we have fallen so low here that we have not souls of our own, and that we care nothing so long as we can make money? We have good reason—more reason than any people of the world to-day—to ask ourselves these questions and to weigh well the words of the American Cardinal. There is a principle in law that silence gives consent when it is a duty to speak: it was our duty to speak, and still is, as much as it was the duty of those other freemen who believed that there should not be one law for British Prussians and another for German. And if we do not speak out now and at least protest we will go down to our graves under the shame and the dishonor in which our cowardly silence makes us participate. Ireland will win without us: but will that lessen our disgrace? Very rightly we may be told some day that when our Government kept silent, and by its silence approved of the Orange orgies in Ireland, we had no protest to make and were apparently satisfied. Perhaps we can bear to be told that: perhaps we are of the breed to whom scraps of paper mean nothing and who see nothing wrong in the fact that a notorious pledge-breaker is the Prime Minister of England. Well, if so, we are not of the race of those who suffered because they kept the faith of Patrick in spite of the Penal Laws; who were faithful when their priests were hunted by bloodhounds and their chapels burned down; we have nothing in common with the soldiers of Sarsfield who kept faith and sailed away, leaving the English to violate the Treaty of Limerick; nothing in common with all those men and women of the past and present to whom fidelity and truth were more than riches and the favors of kings. And if we have fallen to that level Ireland does not want us and will not have us. We know that there are among us some of that type—*seonini*, demoralised Irishmen, people who have sold their Celtic heritage for a mess of potage. They will do nothing for Ireland and Ireland can do without them. But there are others; and it is to them we appeal to make our voice heard in unison with the voices of the freemen of our race all over the world, and to protest against the Prussianism of that Government which called on us to fight for the very rights which it denies to our own kith and kin.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

- W. D. B. (Canada).—Nothing doing in this paper. We were in Palmerston North recently.
- F. H.—Many thanks for letter and assistance. We hope to hear from you frequently.
- A. S. (Inglewood).—Grateful acknowledgement. A tribute from a non-Catholic is always welcome. Will publish article later, if possible.
- J. G.—Thanks for letter. The Cardinal's letter was good. Yes, Sean Buidhe must have symptoms resembling those of ptomaine poisoning (only more so) when he sees those awful Irish asserting the right to self-determination. Wilson is not likely to cure him by coddling.
- J. C. (Waitohi).—We have stated either seventy-three or seventy-four times that we do not publish anonymous letters. This is one of the things the other papers will ultimately learn from us.
- M. K. (Grey).—Thanks for letter. Not a leader. That date is sacred to St. Patrick. Will do our best otherwise. Yes, Franz Josef next time, even if we have to swim.
- R. K. (Otago).—What you want is a long rest and much silence. Try some American chewing gum.

## BOOK NOTICES

Publications Received.—*The Round Table: American Ecclesiastical Review.*

C.T.S. Publications (London).—*The True Church: Why Catholics go to Confession: Christ and the Christian: Our Common Christianity: A Talk With Children About Foreign Missions: A Christmas Vigil: The Faith of To-morrow: A Chapter of Accidents.*

*Dead Altars* (Washbourne. per O'Connor, Christchurch).

A good serious story by the author of *Sister Mary Claire*. The translation is well done, except where the translator availed herself of the assistance of a priest to render French verses into English. One feels sorry she did not do them herself.

It takes generous people longer to recover from a fit of anger against themselves than against their neighbors—*F. Marion Crawford.*

Every husband who truly cares for his wife's comfort will not begrudge her the trifle to buy "NO RUBBING" Laundry Help and "GOLDEN RULE" Soap.

## ROLL OF HONOR

## PRIVATE WILLIAM ROCHE.

Private William Roche, reported died of wounds on October 9, was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Roche, Chesney Street, South Invercargill. He was born at South Invercargill 26 years ago, and was educated at the Marist Brothers' School. On leaving school he joined the Post and Telegraph Department,



and at the time of enlisting with the 15th Reinforcements was stationed at Winton. He was wounded on two previous occasions, and had just returned to France when he received the wounds from which he died.—R.I.P.

## PRIVATE THOMAS GRAHAM.

With very sincere regret the death is recorded of Private Thomas Graham, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Graham, of Waipiata, who passed away at Auckland Hospital after a brief illness—a victim to pneumonia following influenza. Deceased was a returned soldier, and was one of four brothers who enlisted for active service. Prior to enlisting he was a guard on the Auckland section of the New Zealand Railways. Always a conscientious worker, he was highly respected by the whole of the staff, and was for a time chairman of the Timaru branch of the A.S.R.S. Society. While on active service the late Private Graham was for nine months in the firing line, and took part in some severe engagements, including the advance on Messines. He was wounded on June 23, 1917, and was removed to Walton-on-Thames

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Hospital, where he remained for six months. With his younger brother, who was wounded about the same time, he returned to New Zealand, and shortly afterwards the sad news was received of the death in action of another brother (Rifleman F. J. Graham). The deceased was throughout life a strictly practical Catholic, and was a member of the Hibernian Society and of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association. Sincere sympathy is extended to his parents, two sisters, and five brothers in their bereavement. One of the sisters of deceased (Sister M. Evangelist) is a member of the Dominican Order in Australia, the eldest brother (Mr.



P. E. Graham) is a school teacher at Pukemiro, and the youngest is still on active service in England. Among numerous messages of condolence received by the parents of deceased was one from the traffic foreman of the Auckland Railways expressive of the deep esteem in which the late Private Graham was held and of the regret felt by his fellow-workers at his demise.—R.I.P.

### WHAT IS LENT?

The word itself is derived from a Saxon word which means "spring." Etymologically, the Lenten season means the spring season, and has no spiritual significance. We, however, give it a spiritual character by the use we make of it. It is a spiritual spring-time when a deep, full ploughing into the conscience of the people—when a generous sowing of the Word of God—will later on bring forth a rich harvest of souls, sanctified and made like unto the Son of God, and of deeds holy and good, like His.

It is a time when a man puts his soul on trial; examines rigorously its motives and doings; judges it by what God requires, and sees where it stands in its progress heavenward.

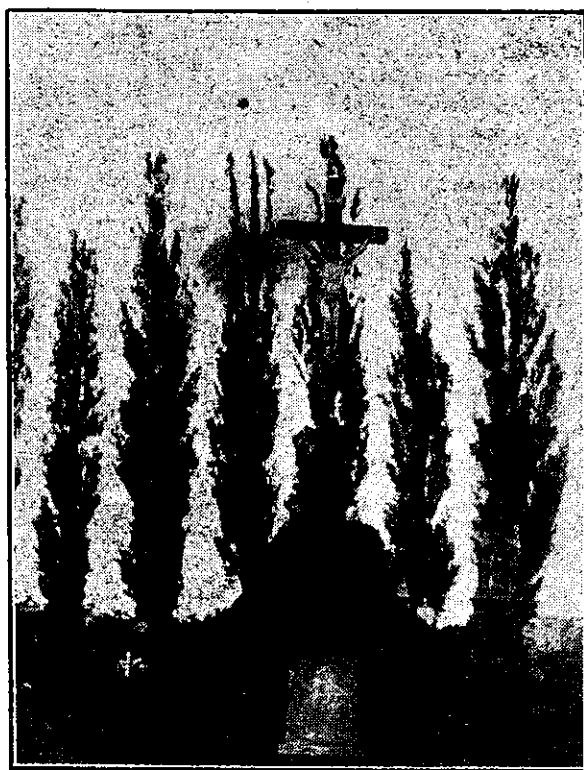
It is a time when we enter, as it were, a cloud which hides the world and its vanities from view, that in communion with God we may learn how best to resist the everyday temptations which waylay us from birth to death.

It is a time when the repentant soul, like the prodigal son, arises and goes home to his Father and says, "I have sinned," and feels the joy of forgiveness in His loving embrace.

It is a time of spiritual refreshment for honest souls seeking God.

It is commemorative of the forty days of fasting and prayer which our Saviour spent in the wilderness—and during this season we learn the wilderness lessons of life.

It is the preparation for the great feast of Easter—the festival of victory over sin and death. And every one who keeps Lent well can rejoice in the victories that have secured to him a "risen life."



GRAVE IN FRANCE OF CHAPLAIN-FATHER McMENAMIN, who was killed in June, 1917, on Messines Ridge while conducting the last sacred rites at the burial of soldiers.

### CHRISTCHURCH CATHEDRAL GARDEN FETE.

A very successful and enjoyable garden fete was held in the Cathedral grounds, Barbadoes Street, on Saturday afternoon, February 15, in aid of the schools' fund (writes our own correspondent). There was a large attendance, the numerous entertainments offered proving a great attraction. The pleasant weather also added to the visitors' enjoyment. A number of stalls erected round the Cathedral Tennis Club's court did a brisk business throughout the afternoon and evening. The following were the stall-holders:—Flower and cake stall, Mrs. G. Dobbs, Mrs. P. O'Connell, and Miss M. Cronin; produce stall, Mrs. Scanlan; variety stall, Children of Mary; ice-cream and soft drinks, Mrs. Blakeby and Miss Farrell; sweets and tobacco, Mrs. Mahoney. Refreshments, under the charge of St. Matthew's (ladies' branch) H.A.C.B. Society, were served in a large marquee, the tables being most daintily and attractively arranged. A programme of entertainments proved interesting to those present. A feature was the baby show, in charge of Mr. Cahill. A special prize for twins donated by Nurse King, of Salisbury Street, who acted as judge, was won by Donald and Francis McLean. Other items on the programme were displays by the boys of the Marist Brothers' School, a basket ball tournament, and dancing competitions (judged by Father Fogarty). Side-shows were conducted by the members of St. Patrick's branch H.A.C.B. Society, in charge of Mr. W. Rodgers. Mr. P. A. O'Connell was a capable and energetic secretary. Derry's Band contributed a programme of music. Among those present were Bishop Brodie, the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Very Rev. Dean Regnault, and many other prominent citizens. The electric lighting arrangements, carried out by Mr. Cotter, were all that could be desired. Mr. F. Blount arranged and erected the stalls in a satisfactory manner.

Eternal is his gladness who rejoices in eternal good.—St. Augustine.

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## ST. BEDE'S COLLEGE, CHRISTCHURCH

## FOUNDATION-STONE CEREMONY.

The foundation-stone of the new Catholic Secondary College of St. Bede's, on the North Road, was laid on last Sunday afternoon by his Lordship Bishop Brodie, in the presence of a large gathering of clergy and laity. His Grace Archbishop Redwood, who was expected to be present to perform the ceremony, was unable to attend, owing to the late arrival of the boat in which he was coming from Australia. Among those who were present were the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay, Very Rev. Deans Holley, S.M., (Provincial), Tubman, S.M., Regnault, S.M., and Binsfeld, S.M., Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Very Rev. J. Coffey (Diocesan Administrator, Dunedin), Fathers Quinn, Kerley, Seymour, O'Connell, Dignan, Price, Leen, Langley, C.S.S.R., Buckley, Gilbert, Fogarty, Burger, and Roche. The Very Rev. Father Graham, S.M., M.A. (Rector of St. Bede's), acted as chairman at the speech-making after the ceremony. The Hibernians formed a guard of honor for his Lordship the Bishop, and the boys of the Marist Brothers' School provided the music. Representatives of the Catholic Federation, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and the Children of Mary were also present. After the ceremony of the blessing of the stone and the blessing of the foundation had been performed by his Lordship Bishop Brodie on a dais erected in the front of the buildings speeches were made by several of the clergy present. The Very Rev. Father Graham apologised for the absence of the Metropolitan. His Grace sent his deep regrets at his absence on that great occasion. Apologies were also received from his Grace Archbishop O'Shea, Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, and clergy from all parts of the Dominion, and also from Sir George Clifford, Mr. Hayward, and others of the laity.

Continuing Father Graham said: It gives me exceeding great pleasure to welcome you here to-day. I am especially pleased to see so many representatives of the clergy from all parts of New Zealand, who have come long distances at great personal inconvenience to show by their presence and practical support their interest in the great cause of Catholic education, which in this day's ceremony takes another forward step. It was in the year 1911 that we began our work in Christchurch in the premises we now occupy, which before our occupation of them served as the cradle of that great institution, Nazareth House, a temporary home. It was owing to the insistent demand of the late Bishop of the diocese, his Lordship Dr. Grimes, who after equipping his diocese so thoroughly with churches, schools, and institutions, sought to complete his work by the establishment of a school where boys could receive the secondary education so necessary in these days under Catholic guidance and amid Catholic influences. Owing to the difficulty of financing immediately the undertaking and starting straight away on a big scheme such as is now, thank God! being commenced, we were forced to limit the scope of our work to that of a day school, which at best could serve only for boys resident in Christchurch. Meanwhile we were instructed by our superiors to look round for a suitable property, which would serve as a site for the future college. It was about the beginning of the year 1914 that the property on which we are assembled to-day was brought under our notice, and both Father Quinn and I saw that it was in every way admirably suited for our requirements. Dean Regnault, who, as Provincial of the Society of Mary, was responsible for our establishment in Christchurch, was still Provincial then; and on viewing the property in company with his Lordship Bishop Grimes and several members of the Provincial Chapter, which had just been sitting in Wellington, he pronounced it suitable; and on the eve of his departure for Europe to attend the General Chapter of the Order, set the crown on his long term of successful administration as Provincial by purchas-

ing the property. I may say that, after three long years in our temporary premises, Father Quinn and I began to fear that they were beginning to become permanent. But with the deeds securely in our possession our spirits revived, and we set about planning as to how we could move our quarters to our new property and set out upon our wider field of work unencumbered by limitations in space and lack of scope in establishment. With the consent of Bishop Grimes the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy agreed to release Father Quinn from teaching to begin the work of collecting in the diocese for the new college, and Father Burger was appointed to succeed Father Quinn at St. Bede's. Father Quinn set out immediately, commencing in Waimate, where the people responded most liberally, with that genuine faith and loyalty to the Church that has prompted all the glorious sacrifices that Catholics have made during the last 40 years in the cause of education. So successful was this first appeal that our hopes were quickened of seeing very soon the realisation of our wishes in the erection of a thoroughly up-to-date building. But unfortunately the great war broke out, and with the unrest and upset conditions that then followed money became more scarce and more difficult to obtain. However, the collection was continued in many parishes, but at length it was deemed advisable to discontinue it for a time and wait for more favorable conditions. Still the efforts of Father Quinn met with astounding success, and as the first Rector of St. Bede's I wish on this occasion to give public expression to the gratitude that I feel towards him for the great work that he accomplished in collecting, under such adverse circumstances, the large sum of more than £3000. This formed the nucleus of the fund for the new building. After the death of Bishop Grimes the Superior-General of the Society of Mary generously donated the portion of the late Bishop's estate that was bequeathed to him to further the work of St. Bede's, and thus our fund stood at between £6000 and £7000. On his taking charge of the diocese, Bishop Brodie, with the true pastor's zeal for the progress of religion, saw immediately that the establishment of a boarding-school for boys was an absolute necessity, and promising us the loyal support of his priests and people urged the commencement of the work. And thus to-day he has the joy of seeing this great work started. I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without acknowledging the great encouragement we have at all times received from his Lordship Bishop Brodie and my own religious superiors. It has been difficult during these eight years to carry on our work under the trying and distressing conditions under which we had to labor. And were it not for this encouragement and the prospect of one day seeing a college erected in which our scope would be unimpeded, it would have been almost impossible to carry on. However, that condition of things is now about to be changed, and I welcome with glad and grateful heart the arrival of this day that has filled my thoughts during all that eight years. I would be ungrateful and unkind did I forget to thank also those kind benefactors who have contributed so cheerfully and so generously towards this building. May Almighty God bless them for the sacrifices they have made, and reward them for their share in that great work which He Himself has blessed, the instruction and education of youth.

The Very Rev. Dean Holley, Provincial of the Marist Order, said he would simply remind those present that they were there in support of a principle and policy sanctioned by reason and common sense—namely, that religious and secular knowledge and instruction must not be divorced if education in the full acceptance of the term was to be given. Believing, as they did, that the great purpose of this life was to fit them for the life to come, they must insist that moral and religious instruction must go hand in hand with intellectual training, if any system of education was to be regarded as complete. The speaker concluded with outlining what the Marist Fathers had done for education in the Dominion.

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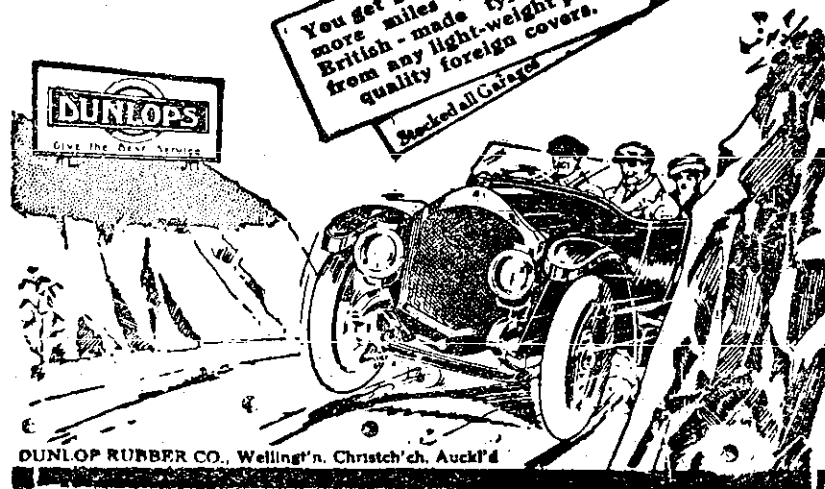
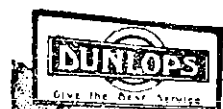
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The Rev. Dr. Kennedy said the function they were present at that day must have a special interest to all those who knew the work inaugurated by the late Bishop nine years ago. He congratulated Fathers Graham and Quinn on all they had done for St. Bede's up to the present, and expressed the gratitude of the diocese for the manner in which Bishop Brodie had carried out the life's ideal of his predecessor by the establishment of a diocesan college for secondary education.

The Very Rev. Dean Regnault said the co-operation of British and French had been so successful in the great war that he thought French and British should combine in Canterbury to help forward any good work contemplated. The college they had seen commenced that afternoon would be for the benefit of generations to come, for the benefit of the Church, of the Dominion generally, and of the province of Canterbury in particular. The establishment of a college was as heroic a deed as the foundation of a religious order, and it had to be taken just as seriously. It filled a need, and was calculated to confer a special benefit on the human race. The children at this college should be trained on the lines of the highest and noblest ideals, so that they would grow up to be Christian gentlemen able to take their part honorably in the private and public life of New Zealand. They would receive not only intellectual and physical training, but religious training as well so that the moral and spiritual side of their lives would be developed. Catholic education did not end with the primary schools, and with colleges like St. Bede's there would be no need for Catholics to send their sons and daughters to such secondary secular schools as existed. At the present time they had the Sacred Heart College in Auckland, St. Patrick's College in Wellington, Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, in the south, and now St. Bede's would fill a need for the Catholic youth of Canterbury and Westland. The speaker concluded by urging those who were able to give financial support to the college.

The Very Rev. Father Coffey, on behalf of the visiting clergy and the diocese of Dunedin, congratulated the Christchurch diocese on a work so successfully started. He pointed out how the Catholic primary schools were second to none in the world, and their secondary ones should fulfil this proud boast also. Much sacrifice was required of them to maintain their schools and colleges, and the teachers who conducted them had no thought of gain but only of the good they could do. Recently at a meeting of teachers in Wellington he had noticed that there had been a strong bid made for higher wages, it being argued that unless the remuneration was sufficiently attractive, suitable men and women would not be attracted to the profession. At the same meeting a visitor from Canada had said that unless teachers were prepared to carry out their work from sheer love of it and not from the point of view of £ s. d., they could never gain the highest success. And this remark was made to a body that was agitating for higher wages! The speaker complained of the unfairness of the present State education in New Zealand. It cost the country between £7 and £8 per head per year for each child in the primary schools, and £20 per head per annum for each child in the secondary schools. In other words, it cost about £50 to educate the poor man's child, and £160 to educate the child of the professional man, the rich man, and the well-to-do farmer. The poor man who could not afford to send his child to the secondary school still had to pay his share for the rich man's child's education. "You want to be just to the working man of the country," said Father Coffey, "but I say you are not just to him, and if the working man was not blinded by the fallacious arguments set forth in the daily press he would see this." They had recently seen the Minister of Education stumping the country boasting the existing system of education with £500,000 worth of promises to the school teacher, but after all, what was the result of the system? Why, they had that same Minister complaining at the sitting

of the Senate that business men and editors of papers all grumbled at the atrocious writing, spelling, and composition of their correspondents. As matters were now, a business man preferred to take a boy straight from the primary school to his office, rather than from the secondary school when the boy thought he knew all there was to know and refused to learn. The speaker concluded by insisting that it was unfair to expect Catholics to share all the burdens and responsibilities of citizenship and yet refuse to let them have one penny of public money for their schools.

#### BISHOP BRODIE'S ADDRESS.

My first words, said his Lordship, must be to express my regret at the unavoidable absence of Archbishop Redwood, who had gone to Australia on important ecclesiastical business, but had been detained longer than expected, owing to epidemic conditions in New Zealand, and then in Australia. His Grace had reached New Zealand by the first available steamer, but not in time to be in Christchurch for the important ceremony of to-day. The presence of Archbishop Redwood to-day would have been singularly appropriate—he is as it were, the first fruits of the work of Catholic education and of the work of the Marist Fathers in the cause of Catholic education in New Zealand; his illustrious career has been closely entwined with the Catholic religious and educational development of our Dominion; his zeal and untiring energy have left their impress on the progress of this diocese, which was formerly under his jurisdiction; and, as in Wellington he started St. Patrick's College on its career of remarkable success, his presence to-day would have been an incentive to us all to make St. Bede's worthy of the best traditions in the work of secondary education of our Catholic youth.

Father Graham has asked me to address you to-day on the important but intensely practical subject of finance. Of this fact we must not lose sight; we are to-day entering upon a work which will involve heavy financial and personal sacrifice, but it will be a sacrifice for which the beneficial results will amply compensate us. It may interest you to know the amount of money already expended in this diocese on the erection of schools—the amount, including sites, structures, maintenance, and residences of Brothers and Sisters—has reached the large sum of £167,000; and within the next three or four years, we will expend another £60,000 including the sum of close on £25,000 on St. Bede's. This expenditure does not include the money expended in the maintenance and support of teachers. It has to be remembered that, according to the education report for 1917, Catholics contributed at the rate of £1 13s per head per annum to the upkeep of the public school system, or a total of about £202,000, and, in addition, relieved the Government of the education of about 15,000 children, meaning a saving to the Government of £110,000. It can readily be seen that the financial sacrifice involved in the work of Catholic education is very heavy. The personal sacrifice is greater still; it demands of our priests, Brothers, and Sisters a life's devotion to the sacred work of Christian education, so that our Catholic children may have the priceless advantage of being trained in the knowledge and practice of their holy faith—no words of mine can adequately acknowledge this sacrifice—no appreciation on the part of the Catholic body can be too great for the work of our devoted and self-sacrificing Catholic teachers.

#### Catholic Education in its Relation to the Catholic Faith.

I frankly make this admission that without our school system, our holy faith would soon be exterminated. This is a truth ever recognised by the friends and enemies of religion from time immemorial. In regard to education, the Catholic position is thus outlined:

1. Intellectual education must not be separated from religious or moral instruction.
2. Religion should be an essential part, the vivifying principle of education.

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3. Sound moral instruction is impossible apart from religious education.

4. An education which combines the intellectual, moral, and religious elements is the best safeguard for the home and for the social well-being.

If our holy faith has stood the test of time, if it has survived the destructive influences with which it was confronted, if in this young country we can rejoice at the preservation and spread of our holy faith, the principles of Catholic education provide the explanation.

The fact that in the diocese of Christchurch the vast sum of £167,000 has been expended on buildings connected with the work of education, and that in addition we contemplate an expenditure of some £60,000 in the near future, and the providing of this amount out of the private funds of Catholics, will furnish ample proof of the earnestness of Catholics in the work of Christian education and the preservation of the faith. We come to consider the work of Christian education in its

#### Relation to the State, to Social Well-being.

In dealing with this phase of the subject we can remember that we have all passed through a terrific struggle. Catholics have done their share with their non-Catholic fellow-citizens. They have shared the cost in men, money, and life to bring about victory and peace, and now we are all confronted with the common and, at the same time, the gigantic task of reconstruction. At such a time theories may be propounded and opinions expressed with the confidence of a sympathetic consideration which at other times might not be expected.

Robespierre, one of the leaders of the French Revolution, lived long enough to see the havoc his irreligious campaign wrought on his country, and when about to expiate his terrible crimes he cried out: "The French Nation recognises the existence of a Supreme Being, and the Republic can only be saved on the eternal basis of morality." Again, Lord Salisbury, in one of his speeches on the education question: "You have heard too much in recent days of crime and sins and horrors which it is a shame to mention. You have heard statements of corruption, and you have heard proposals of legislation by which it was hoped that such corruption could be stemmed. There is only one remedy for such corruption, and that is the true teaching of the true principles of Christianity." If Lord Salisbury were to speak at the present day, even of our fair Dominion of New Zealand, his words could not be more appropriate or more explicit. When we read of cases of criminal profiteering, where the ill-gained profits are made at the cost of the life's blood of our nearest and dearest, and at the price of the sighs and tears of heart-broken loved ones; when we see the development of industrial conditions driving men to revolution and revolt; when we remember that even in this country the authorities have had to call out forces to bludgeon discontented workers into submission; when the irrefutably just and sacredly noble cause of labor is being vitiated by principles and tactics springing from atheism and anarchy, and when the country is practically paralysed by industrial chaos, there is reason for thought. When again, we see the evidence of growing immorality, as so frequently evidenced in our divorce courts, when we are impressed that national life is endangered by the frustration of the sacred and Divine purpose of the married state, when we realise the cruel and unnatural sacrifice of infantile and pre-natal life—an evil steadily growing,—it is high time that our legislators and statesmen should pause and ask this question "Whether, after all, the attitude of the Government in discouraging and embarrassing the efforts made on behalf of Christian and religious education has not been a mistake?" President Wilson has said that this war has been a war of ideals, and that the pernicious ideals of enemy nations have precipitated the world-wide disaster with its train of death, destruction, and unspeakable horrors, and it is worth while to ask whether on the all-important

subject of education with its far-reaching consequences, the State has been guided by correct ideals. I have no hesitation in saying that a just and impartial inquiry on this subject would elicit evidence which would be alarmingly and overwhelmingly convincing.

With this deep conviction, it will be always my sacred duty to our holy faith and to the State to encourage, to urge my priests, my religious communities, and my people in their great work—the noble cause of Christian education.

St. Bede's College will be for the purpose of facilitating the secondary education of our Catholic boys; a department of our educational work hitherto not sufficiently developed. The patron for this college is wisely selected. The name of St. Bede re-opens the pages of history and sets before us Pope Gregory, in the year 596, sending St. Augustine to evangelise England; St. Augustine established a school and seminary at Canterbury, and in a few years the country was studded with schools, seminaries, monasteries; also the two great universities of Oxford and Cambridge. St. Bede was one of the illustrious products of Catholic England. Bishop Tanner says of St. Bede: "He was a prodigy of learning whose erudition we can never cease from admiring, his writings alone constitute a veritable library and treasure of all the arts." As the name of St. Bede's was illustrious in the educational annals of England, may the career of St. Bede's College be illustrious in the educational work of this diocese and Dominion.

I regard St. Bede's College as a special legacy to me from my late revered predecessor of honored memory. He left many and notable completed works which redound to his lasting honor, but I always feel I should be untrue to his memory and wanting in my duties to my diocese, if I did not encourage and help this great work which will make a great advance in the educational and religious equipment of the diocese. I thank the Marist Fathers for undertaking the work of St. Bede's. I feel it is in capable hands—the spirit which actuated the early missionaries of the Society of Mary when, in pioneering days, they toiled and labored for the spread of the faith; that spirit has guided St. Patrick's College to its present position of eminence and success, and will, with God's blessing, guide St. Bede's in the worthiest traditions of Catholic education.

I wish every blessing to St. Bede's College. May its work be directed by God's guidance, inspired by heaven's blessings, and supported and encouraged by the whole-hearted generosity and appreciation of the clergy and people of the diocese of Christchurch.

#### Gisborne

(From our own correspondent.)

February 20.

Speaking on a recent Sunday, Father Lane eulogised the work of St. Mary's Schools as shown by the excellent report of the Hawke's Bay Education Board's inspector. In the near future, said Father Lane, the Catholics of Poverty Bay would be called on to enlarge the school buildings. The accommodation is taxed to the utmost, and unfortunately admission had to be refused to non-Catholic scholars at the re-opening of the schools.

After devotions on last Sunday evening a meeting was held in St. Mary's School to inaugurate a Catholic Tennis Club. Much enthusiasm was manifested in the project, and a committee was appointed to further the object in view. Father Lane is patron, and the following office-bearers were elected: President, Mr. D. J. Parker; joint secretaries, Miss Wheeler and Mr. Redwood. A lengthy list of vice-presidents was also elected.

There is a great difference between having temptations and yielding to them; for the sin consists, not in being attacked, but in surrendering.—Rodriguez.

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## Diocesan News

### ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

February 21.

Father Hurley, S.M., Adm., left yesterday for the south. He will be present at the half-yearly meeting of the Catholic Federation, to be held at Dunedin on March 5.

The new girls' school building now being erected in Buckle Street is progressing satisfactorily, and it is anticipated that it will be ready for occupation after the Easter holidays.

The annual Communion of the members of the Hibernian Society will take place at the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Hill Street, followed, after Mass, by the annual Communion breakfast.

Now that the war is over efforts are to be made to again increase the ranks of the Hibernian Society, and the Wellington District Council of the society will shortly be called together to deal with matters affecting the welfare of Hibernianism.

The pupils of the Marist Brothers' School, Newtown, were successful in securing, under the conductorship of Rev. Brother Fidelis, the Begg Challenge Shield in choir competitions against all comers, held locally at the Town Hall. Master Tom George, of the Marist Brothers' School Hawkestone Street, won in the solo section; and Master John Watters secured third place in the same competition.

The St. Patrick's Day Celebration Committee met last Thursday evening at the rooms of the Catholic Federation, Fletcher's Buildings. Mr. J. P. McGowan presided, and among those present were Father Mahony, S.M., and Rev. Brother Eusebius. Apologies for absence were received from the Ven. Archdeacon Devoy and Fathers Hurley and Smyth. Good reports were received from the various sub-committees, and a successful celebration appears assured.

### Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

February 22.

Rev. Father J. Tymons has returned from a visit to Wellington. Rev. Father J. Dowling is now taking a well-earned rest at Christchurch.

The Rev. Dr. Kelly, editor of the *N.Z. Tablet*, when visiting in the North Island, spent a few days at Napier, and delivered an eloquent discourse at the evening devotions at St. Patrick's Church.

Napier has recently had a valuable asset added to its musical circles in the person of Mrs. G. P. Aldridge (nee Miss Phyllis Hanify), L.T.C.L., L.A.B., of Wellington, who has now taken up residence here. She will take part in the St. Patrick's Night concert.

Miss Adelaide Bruce, the favorite Australian contralto, who, after spending a considerable period in Hawke's Bay, is about to return to her native town, gave her farewell concert in Princess Hall last Wednesday evening, to a large and enthusiastic audience. She was supported by several well-known artists. At the devotions on a recent Sunday evening at St. Patrick's Church, Miss Bruce very charmingly rendered an aria from the "Stabat Mater."

An energetic committee has been formed in connection with the St. Patrick's Day celebrations, when it has been decided to hold a big demonstration and children's festival at Nelson Park, Napier South. A sub-committee comprised of Messrs. Morrison, Mullany, Shanaghan, and W. J. McGrath, has been deputed to draw up a sports programme. The children's pleasure is being specially catered for, and luncheon, etc., will be provided to the young folks free of charge. On St. Patrick's Night a grand national entertainment will be held at the Municipal Theatre. It is hoped to secure the services of some well-known artists from

Wellington and Auckland, who have taken part in these entertainments in former years.

The convent schools re-opened on February 4 with an excellent all-round attendance. The children were all enjoying perfect health, and after their unusually long holiday were eager to commence work again. For the first two weeks the enrolments at the Sacred Heart High School numbered about 100, which number includes many new boarders. Each day brings new boarders and day pupils, and although the schools are now full, the numbers are rapidly increasing. At St. Joseph's and St. Patrick's Schools the daily attendance is also about 100. The Marist Brothers' Schools also opened with a very good attendance. Brother Walter, who had been in charge of the school for three years, has been transferred to Wanganui, and Brother Dennis is now in charge.

### DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

February 21.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Ormond, secretary to the Apostolic Delegation, who has been on a short visit to his relatives here, leaves by the Manuka to-morrow evening on his return to Sydney.

An interesting tennis match was played on Saturday afternoon last between St. Patrick's Tennis Club and John Court's, Ltd., on Mr. John Court's ground, Hamilton Road, Ponsonby, and was watched by an interested group of spectators. The match resulted in a win for John Court's, Ltd., by 76 games to 70.

At a meeting of the Auckland Hospital Board held this week, a letter was read from his Lordship the Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, conveying appreciation of the board's expression of thanks for what the Sisters and other voluntary workers had the privilege of doing for the epidemic sufferers in the temporary hospitals of the Sisters at Vermont Street and Grey Lynn. On behalf of the Diocesan Council, his Lordship placed on record its admiration of the skill, energy, and indefatigable zeal, and the marked success with which the chairman and the medical, nursing, and business staff of the board coped with the epidemic.

### CATHOLIC FEDERATION SCHOLARSHIPS.

The Catholic Federation scholarship scheme was successfully launched in Auckland on February 11, when an examination was held at St. Benedict's Hall for the four bursaries allotted by the Auckland Diocesan Council for competition among all Catholic boys attending Catholic schools and those attending State schools in districts where no convenient Catholic school exists, who have secured a Sixth Standard proficiency certificate. Notwithstanding the short notice given—the proposal to introduce the scholarship scheme was not adopted until January 13 of this year—twelve entries were received for the examination, eleven candidates facing the examiner. Very Rev. Dean Cahill (president of the Auckland Diocesan Council), supervised the examination, and the board of examiners were Father Bradley, Dr. Maskell, and Mr. G. Tooman. The subjects set for the examination were: dictation, geography, arithmetic, English, and Christian doctrine. Following are the results:—Guy McLeod, 553; Maurice Armstrong, 549; Alfred Bennett, 542; Frank Terry, 513; Francis Casey, 466; Maurice Gilman, 464; P. G. Barry, 438; Bert Hynes, 397; James W. Coe, 332; Russell Eric Lynch, 325; Gerald Walsh, 211. Provided all the conditions are complied with, the first four names have been awarded scholarships. The Auckland Diocesan Executive desires to gratefully acknowledge the services rendered, and the valuable support given by a number of enthusiastic gentlemen in the successful launching of the scheme, among whom may be mentioned the examiners, and Father Brennan, and Rev. Brother Benignus (Director Sacred Heart College). In an especial manner the executive deeply appreciates the kindly interest displayed in, and the enthusiastic approval of, the venture by his Lordship Bishop Cleary.

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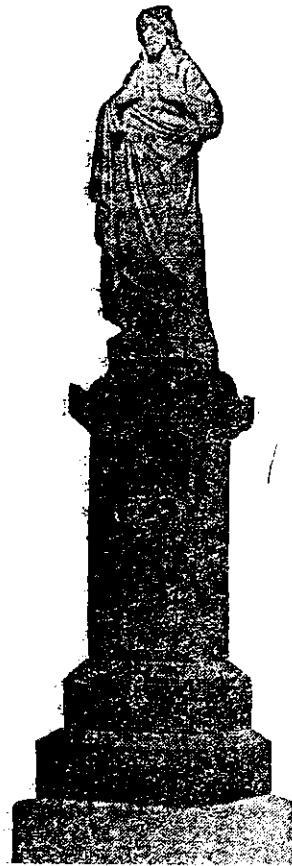
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## FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Our Policy, p. 25. Notes—St. Enda's; New Irish Books; Influence of Poetry; Wordsworth—pp. 26-27. Current Topics—To Hell or to Connacht; The Religion of General Foch; Sinn Féin; Cardinal Mercier and Ireland; The Example of America—pp. 14-15. Bigotry and the Bad Old Times, p. 11. St. Bede's College, p. 19. Month's Mind for Father Kinkead, p. 33. "The Poet," p. 35. "Paddy," p. 34.

## DEATHS

HOWE.—On January 26, 1919, at the Westland Hospital, fortified by the rites of Holy Church, Ellen Howe.—R.I.P.

KELLY.—On January 14, 1919, at Te Roti, Ann Mary Kelly, eldest beloved daughter of Michael and Mary Kelly, of Te Roti.—R.I.P.

McANULTY.—On January 22, 1919, at his residence, Rolleston Street, Rakaia, Edward, beloved husband of the late Eliza Helena McAnulty.—R.I.P.

McKEOWN.—On February 5, at his residence, "Orangi," Kaupapa Road, Wellington, William John, beloved husband of Elizabeth McKeown; aged 64 years.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

NOLAN.—On November 25, 1918, at Hawera, Charles Holohan, dearly beloved husband of Bridget Agnes Nolan.—R.I.P.

## FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

GRAHAM.—On November 16, 1918, at Auckland Hospital, fortified by the rites of Holy Church, Thomas, dearly beloved second son of Michael and Maria Graham, Waipiata (late 25229 14th Reinforcements). Deeply mourned.—R.I.P.

## IN MEMORIAM

McANULTY.—In loving memory of Eliza Helena, beloved wife of the late Edward McAnulty, who departed this life on February 21, 1917.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

## WANTEDS

WANTED—MARRIED COUPLE FOR SMALL FAMILY; wife general, man to milk five cows, drive Oakland car, and help generally. Good wages to capable couple. Apply—"Capable," c/o Tablet Office, Dunedin.

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WANTED—Refined Young Lady (fully qualified) desires POSITION COMPANION to Elderly lady; North Island preferred. Address, "Veritas," Tablet Office, Dunedin.

## NOTICE

WANTED KNOWN.—A subscriber (name not enclosed) has forwarded us a Death Notice of a lady at Marton. Please note that we would be laying ourselves open for trouble if we accepted Notices of Deaths, Births, or Marriages, and published them without proper authority. If the subscriber will furnish his name we will publish the matter.

THE MANAGER.

WANTED KNOWN.—That Billheads, Circulars, Memoriam Cards, Concert Tickets and Programmes, and General Printing of every description are executed at the TABLET OFFICE. Moderate rates.

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

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

*Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae 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, FEBRUARY 27, 1919.

## OUR POLICY



It seems paradoxical, but it is true, that the most obvious things are those to which we are blindest. When a poet tells us that ash buds are black in March, or that an olive grove on an Italian hillside whitens to the blast of the evening breeze we look for ourselves and discover a thing as old as the hills or the sea. Now, we should have thought our policy so obvious a matter that nobody could doubt about it at all, if we had not been asked about it by people who have read clear statements of our principles almost as often as we saw ash buds bursting in the spring, or olive leaves upturned by the wind. We therefore undertake

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to state our position once more, although we are quite convinced that somebody will come along and ask us to do so again the week after next. The policy about which we are cross-questioned is that which concerns Ireland; so we shall confine our observations strictly to that. And henceforth and forever, when asked to repeat what we here say, will refer our readers or our writers to the *Tablet* of February 27, 1919.

\*

The thing that puzzles some people still is that we support Sinn Fein. They want to know what is Sinn Fein, and what do we mean when we profess to be Sinn Feiners. The curiosity is a healthy sign in people who were convinced that the fablegrams of the dailies which calumniated Sinn Fein were all true, and that de Valera was a revolutionary scoundrel, while a certain pledge-breaking Welshman was a perfect gentleman; for it is people of that type—people who have been asleep for four years or more—who ask belated and, we might say, impertinent questions about our policy at this hour of the day. First, let us begin by saying that a certain amount of confusion surrounds the words Home Rule. In the old days Irishmen did not speak of Home Rule; they spoke of Repeal; and that was sound and accurate language. Consider that an English Government pledged itself to the effect that for ever and for ever Ireland should be ruled only by an Irish Parliament. Consider also that the English broke that solemn pledge in a manner which honest Englishmen have described as one of the foulest transactions in history. That pledge-breaking, that tearing up of a "scrap of paper," was as shameful as the previous English crime which is commemorated by the Limerick Treaty Stone; and, needless to say, the men who were betrayed and deceived and crushed by sheer weight of arms never forgot the one or the other. Therefore, from the beginning of the eighteenth century it was the dream of every Irish man and woman, worthy of the name, to strive for the Repeal of that nefarious Union which was, and is to-day, the lasting monument of black and shameful English perfidy—a concrete, outstanding example of the sort of dealing that gained for England on the Continent the opprobrious title of *perfidie Albion*. Therefore the old Nationalist movement was a movement for the Repeal of the Union: that was what O'Connell wanted; that was what the thousands who were at his back wanted. It was not until after O'Connell's time that the new words, Home Rule, which should never have been adopted, replaced the old honest watchword Repeal. And when Home Rule was first advocated its supporters really meant the old thing under a new name. The clear proof of this is in the words engraved on the Parnell Monument in O'Connell Street to-day. They are as clear as the noonday sun. They mean but one thing—the Repeal of the Union:

"WE CANNOT BE SATISFIED WITH LESS THAN GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT; AND UNDER THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION WE CANNOT ASK FOR MORE. BUT NO MAN HAS A RIGHT TO SET LIMITS TO THE MARCH OF A NATION; AND WE HAVE NEVER YET SET SUCH LIMITS, AND NEVER WILL."

That was Parnell's programme; and it was to that John Redmond and John Dillon and all the party were pledged. We have printed their words, spoken fifteen years ago, and we can see for ourselves that their speeches were all commentaries on this text. Remember now that the Repeal of the Act of Union meant, and still means, that Irishmen must be governed by laws made by themselves, without any interference from an English, or an Imperial, or any other sort of Parliament. You may call that Home Rule, or Colonial self-government, or what you will; but that was O'Connell's object and also Parnell's. That was the old policy for which so many Irishmen labored and prayed in vain. We have seen that the Nationalist Party departed from that policy; we have seen their words used by the Sinn Feiners as a reproach against them in their present position; and we know that there could be no reproach if they had remained faithful

to the principles of O'Connell and Parnell; just as we know that it was because they were unfaithful they were repudiated by men like Dr. Walsh and Dr. Fogarty, to whom Ireland is so dear. The Irish people, priests, and bishops, have condemned the Party and pledged themselves to support Sinn Fein, because the Sinn Feiners represent the true Nationalist Party of Ireland, and ought to be called the Nationalists.

\*

Now, we have striven for two years to refute the lies spread abroad about Sinn Fein. We have been practically alone in our support of Sinn Fein. We have, perhaps, made enemies because we refuse to desert a policy which we knew was the true one for Irishmen. That does not matter now: Sinn Fein has won and we have won, and we can afford to forget our ignorant critics who were, in their universal charity, prepared to dictate to us as well as to attend to their own business. Our policy has been to support Sinn Fein, and it is still the same. That surely is clear enough. Yes, but what does that mean? We have more than once quoted the assurance given by de Valera to the effect that Sinn Fein would accept self-government on the lines of colonial independence, but that nothing less would be accepted; and we have assured our readers that the whole Party would be with him in saying that. Does not that bring us back again to the old policy of Parnell:

"WE CANNOT BE SATISFIED WITH LESS THAN GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT; AND UNDER THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION WE CANNOT ASK FOR MORE. BUT NO MAN HAS A RIGHT TO SET LIMITS TO THE MARCH OF A NATION"?

De Valera would endorse every word of this, just as we endorse it. The question of an absolutely independent republic need not detain us. We have seen that the Sinn Feiners will accept less; and we may be quite sure they will get less; though let it be said here that as a nation, in all justice, Ireland has the same right to absolute independence as any other nation on earth, and England's sole title to sovereignty or suzerainty or lordship of any sort whatever is based on fraud and force, and therefore no right at all. That, however, seems to us an abstract question, such as probably was in Parnell's mind when he said that no man had any right to set limits to the march of a nation. The main thing is this: we are with Sinn Fein; Sinn Fein is the real, old Nationalist Party; Sinn Fein will accept a full measure of self-government such as the Colonies enjoy; and Sinn Fein will not and cannot accept less. Very many people shook their heads when we stood openly for the Sinn Fein flag two years ago. The letters of the Irish Bishops and the result of the elections have justified us abundantly. And as so many of our prophecies have been verified we venture on another: Sinn Fein will win where all other parties have failed. Were we asked to face further cross-examination and answer what we have described as an abstract question, our answer would be this: we believe self-government on the lines of Colonial independence, would, considering all circumstances, be better for Ireland now than absolute separation, and we ask no more than support in demanding the former.

## NOTES

### St. Enda's College

Our readers will remember that St. Enda's College was founded by Patrick Pearse and that with marvellous success that gifted and lovable young Irish genius there taught boys how to become Christian gentlemen and good Irishmen. When her son died, Mrs. Pearse appealed to her friends and his admirers in America to keep the college open as a memorial to Padraic, and the response was generous and prompt.

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Then we read that the English soldiers made a descent on St. Enda's and closed it, and we knew in the depth of our heart what that last brutality meant to Ireland as well as to the widowed mother. It was but one more stupidity; one more piece of arrant devilry; one more effort to goad the people to rebellion; another incident to add to the murder of Sheehy-Skeffington by a protected lunatic; another gentle tribute to a small nation from the blatant asses who tell the world that they are fighting to free the Eskimos and the Patagonians and the men in the moon. God help John Bull when the big black book of jobs is opened at the settling day of the nations! You cannot kill a nation, but some people have tried very hard.

### Irish Books

It is on Irish schools and Irish traditions and Irish books that the indomitable spirit of the Gaels is nourished, and while the Gaels at home are leaving nothing undone to save the soul of the people we ought to be solicitous about doing our part for the Greater Ireland. In these columns we have time and again recommended Irish books to our readers, and we are glad to know that our advice has been very fruitful. Let us take this opportunity to call attention to the list of new Irish books under the advertisement of Mr. O'Connor, Christchurch. In the list readers will find the names of many books which we have noticed in the *Tablet* recently, and many of those who wrote to us will now be able to secure their copies immediately. Many of these books are relics of the dead, and as such ought to be treasured. Kettle's poems, Plunkett's, MacEntee's, Dunsany's plays, the volumes of Every Irishman's Library, containing the cream of Irish eloquence, mythology, and poetry, should be welcomed by all those who are anxious to taste the rich fruit of the Gaelic revival movement. We hope Mr. O'Connor's present large stock will quickly be exhausted—and as quickly renewed. The Talbot Press publications which we saw on his shelves last week deserve to be widely circulated.

### On Lending Books

Milton it was who said that it was as bad to kill a good book as to kill a man. It that be true, book-stealing is on the same level as kidnapping. But of course we never do such a disgraceful thing as to steal books. As a rule we annex them, and politicians have made annexation a respectable proceeding and would be very hurt if told that there was not a whit of difference between it and stealing, except it is a bigger transaction as a rule. Probably we have ourselves been guilty of borrowing books and not returning them; but that does not prevent us from feeling a grievance when others do so unto us. The grievance is all the greater when the book is borrowed without our knowledge, and when we come home and find a work we wish to consult missing and no news of its fate to give a direction to our just wrath. Probably it is the fact that we cannot say what we want to say to the right persons that hurts most. Personally, we know there were a lot of things unsaid this morning when we noticed on a shelf a gap that was not there a week ago. An Irish poet who lost his watch in Doneraile wrote about fifty verses of vigorous anathema which relieved his feelings while leaving Doneraile intact; we want a poet to write a few strong lines to be used on various occasions when we discover that a book which we have present need of has been annexed by some friendly foe: the lines that occur to us at present would scorch asbestos. Some time ago we promulgated a rule that one should bestow freely any book he felt disposed to give rather than lend it. An old book-lover told us once that he found it quite a good rule. It has one drawback: it is ineffectual against the man who borrows your books without saying by your leave.

### The Power of Poetry

It is recommended that we read each day at least one good poem with a view to keeping keen our literary taste and feeling. But poetry has a far greater practical value than this through its sway over the emotions. Some of the noblest impulses of man have found expression in poetry, and whole nations have been thrilled and fired by the songs that arose from the hearts of the bards. We know what an influence on our own race the ballads of Ireland have had, and we have seen audiences moved as nothing else could move them by hearing patriotic songs. Who that ever heard Ludwig in the height of his fame sing the rebel songs of the Gael can doubt the effect of poetry on a nation? He knew how to make a simple folk-song like *The Boys of Wexford* arouse a packed hall to a pitch of wild excitement; he could make them weep over the old broadsheet verses of *The Croppy Boy*. Did not Moore's melodies do more than a generation of spouters to keep national spirit alive? And was all the fiery prose of the *Nation* as effective as the lyrics contributed by Davis? *Fontenoy* alone has been a sacred fire in Erin since it first appeared. The Scots, too, know what a part the national songs have played in the history of their land, and which of them can read of Bannockburn unmoved to-day? How tired French feet will march to the strains of *La Marseillaise* we all know; and even that awful air which the people of the British Empire call their National Anthem is said to be able to move the patriotic emotions of some who hear it sung.

### Wordsworth

Wordsworth is hardly a popular poet to-day, and the average reader is probably ignorant of most of his poems. Yet, no modern poet has had more profound and abiding influence on his contemporaries, and to none have the enlightened critics been more faithful in their adherence. John Morley's essay is helpful reading for one who wishes to know Wordsworth, and let us add that, for us, John Morley's praise is that of the soundest judge living now. He tells us how deeply Wordsworth affected George Eliot, and what strength she found in his great verses. John O'Hagan tells us that it was Wordsworth who gave to Davis his high ideals of pure and exalted love of country. John Stuart Mill says: "What made his poems a medicine for my state of mind was that they expressed not mere outward beauty, but states of feeling and of thought colored by feeling under the excitement of beauty. I needed to be made feel that there was a permanent happiness in tranquil contemplation." And is not this the very quality of which Matthew Arnold sings in the well-known stanza:

Time may restore us in his course  
Byron's wild power or Goethe's force,  
But when shall Europe's later hour  
Again feel Wordsworth's healing power?

The Irish poet, Aubrey de Vere, was a true disciple of the Lake poet, and he thus describes how he fell under his master's spell: "Some strong, calm hand seemed to have been laid on my head, and bound me to the spot till I had come to the end (of Laodamia). As I read a new world opened out, stretching itself far away into serene infinities. The region was one to me unknown, but the harmony of the picture testified to its reality. Above and around were indeed

An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;

and when I reached the line—

Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains,

I felt that no tenants less stately were fit to walk in so lordly a precinct. I had been translated into another planet of song—one with larger movements and a longer year. A wider conception of poetry had become mine, and the Byronic enthusiasm fell from

me like a bond broken by being outgrown." Such tributes leave us no room for doubt as to Wordsworth's claims to first rank among the poets. No other poet we know of has such a gift of personification of Nature, none other can read her lessons as he does. Not without reason has his genius been compared to that of the French artist, Millet.

## DIocese OF DUNEDIN

What promises to be an enjoyable concert will be given in the Sacred Heart Schoolroom, North-East Valley, on next Saturday evening, March 1, in aid of the fund for furnishing stalls at the approaching garden fete, now being promoted in the interests of the Catholic school in that portion of St. Joseph's Cathedral parish. An excellent programme will be presented, and it is hoped liberal patronage will be extended to the concert.

The Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin, gratefully acknowledge a donation of £1 towards the orphanage from Mrs. Lavelle, West Plains.

In observance of the Month's Mind of Sister Mary Aquinas, Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Wednesday, in the presence of a good congregation. Father Woods was celebrant. Father Kaveney deacon, and Father Ardagh sub-deacon. The incidental music was impressively sung by the Dominican Nuns' Choir.

The St. Patrick's Night Concert Committee met on last Sunday evening after devotions, Mr. J. Hally presiding. The programme sub-committee's report showed that many well-known and favorite vocalists had consented to contribute national items, and that the prospects of a successful and enjoyable concert were assured.

## HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, MOSGIEL.

The provincial seminary of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, re-opened on February 22, and enters on its twentieth year with 65 students pursuing their studies for the priesthood. A Solemn Requiem Mass will be sung on Saturday, March 1, for the repose of the soul of Master John Duggan, of Gore, a very promising aspirant to the priesthood, who died during the holidays.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

A correspondent suggests the following resolution for Irish gatherings on March 17:—

"That this meeting of ——— citizens respectfully requests the Parliament of New Zealand to follow the example of the Australian, Canadian, and South African Parliaments, and of the American Congress, in affirming the right of the Irish Nation to self-government.

"That a copy of this resolution be sent to the Member for the (city, district, etc.), and to Members of the Legislative Council."

## Palmerston North

(From our own correspondent.)

February 22.

The annual meeting of the parishioners is to be held next Sunday, when parish affairs will be reviewed and discussed. The main topic of interest is the new church. The points at issue are: How is the money to be raised? when is the church to be commenced? and on which site is the building to be erected? The alternative sites are the present one, which is small, but central and valuable, and the leasehold section adjacent to the convent schools off Grey Street. The parishioners have been asked to express an opinion on this question of sites, but have apparently not

availed themselves of the opportunity already offered, so they will be given another chance at the annual meeting. A large sketch plan of the church it is contemplated to erect has been on view in the church porch, no doubt as an incentive to the members of the congregation to contribute more generously, and speed up this very necessary work.

The tickets for St. Patrick's concert are now in circulation, and every effort is being made to ensure the financial success of the entertainment.

What is known as the "penny collection" at the church door each Sunday is a regular source of revenue to the parish. It averages nearly £20 a month.

The annual meeting of the Catholic Boys' Club is being held this week. It is hoped to resuscitate this useful institution and infuse some vigor into it before the coming of the winter evenings, when its sphere of helpfulness is more extensive, and there are greater opportunities for bringing the boys together in the after-work hours for their mutual improvement and entertainment.

## DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

February 24.

The plans for the new girls' school were on view at the Cathedral on Sunday.

His Lordship the Bishop is to entertain the visiting clergy to luncheon at Mount Magdala to-day (Monday).

Thursday next (February 27) will be the third anniversary of the consecration of his Lordship Dr. Brodie as second Bishop of Christchurch.

Father O'Connell, S.M. (Wanganui), preached at Vespers in the Cathedral, and Father Dignan (Wellington) at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street, on last Sunday evening.

Sister Greenlees, V.P., presided at the ordinary meeting of St. Matthew's (ladies') branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, held in the Hibernian Hall on February 17. Two new members were initiated. The branch decided to do all possible for Nazareth House by taking charge of the refreshment stall at the garden fete, and also by working in unison with the St. Patrick's Night Concert Committee.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay (Oamaru), Very Rev. J. Coffey (Dunedin), Very Rev. Dean Tubman, S.M. (Timaru), and Rev. J. O'Connell, S.M. (Wanganui) were the guests of his Lordship Bishop Brodie; and Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., Very Rev. Dean Holley, S.M. (Provincial), Very Rev. Dean Binsfeld, S.M., Fathers Dignan, S.M., and Quinn, S.M., were guests of Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., at St. Mary's during the week.

Bro. J. M. Coffey, B.P., presided at the ordinary meeting of St. Patrick's branch H.A.C.B. Society, held on February 10, there being on the occasion a full roll of officers and a good attendance of members. Sick allowances amounting to £11 16s 8d, and accounts for £4 8s 6d were passed for payment. Four nominations for membership were received, and one member was initiated. Bro. C. Lafferty, who was on a visit from Hamilton, was cordially welcomed. A movement, suggested by P.P. Bro. Jacques, that a day be appointed on which members should visit the cemeteries of the city, with a view to attending to the graves of brother Hibernians, is under consideration.

Next to grace the most precious thing we have is time. Alas for the man who is too busy to pray, for he is too busy to be saved!—Cardinal Manning.

I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do or any kindness I can show to any fellow human being let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.—Stephen Grellet.

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Father Monsaert, chaplain to the Belgian Army, tells how he gave the crucifix to a dying rabbi. While Father Monsaert and the rabbi were rushing from one end of the trench to the other, administering to the wounded, the rabbi was mortally wounded. At the time he was near Father Monsaert. The latter was attending a soldier. Another soldier rushed to the rabbi's side to carry him back for medical attention. As he was about to pick him up, the rabbi asked for Father Monsaert, who rushed to his side and knelt down. As he did, the rabbi said:

"Father, hand me your crucifix!" and, as it was placed in his hands, he whispered: "Father, I now die happy." Before he could utter another sound, his soul had departed.

A few moments later, when soldiers were being killed and wounded in large numbers, Father Monsaert was called upon to comfort many. An English colonel looked on with his hat in his hand. Father Monsaert was about to depart, when the colonel said:

"There is another here, Father. This time, a well man. I mean myself. After what I have seen, that is the faith for me. I wish to become a Catholic." And he did—there on the battlefield.—*The Ligonian*.

## A PRIEST'S HEROISM.

Mr. D. Thomas Curtin in his recent war book, *The Edge of the Quicksands*, thus describes the heroic death an Italian priest bravely met while Padua was being bombarded from the sky:—

"I moved on to where a building just opposite the church had been hit so that the back had crumbled in completely, while the front seemed ready to fall if a good-sized splinter were pulled out from one of the prop beams. Beneath the wreckage a man was pinned, face downward, the weight on his legs and spine. The agony which he suffered almost drove him mad, and his shrieks cut me like saws and knives. A fireman was about to attempt to crawl through to him with a glass of water, when a priest came across from the church, took the glass of water, explained that he was going to crawl through to give the last rites to the doomed man, and turned majestically with a motion for a few onlookers to step back, which we did, until the sparks from the crackling dome fell upon us. We watched the priest crawl amid the wreckage until he could extend the water to the lips of the sufferer; then we saw him hold up the crucifix. We saw no more. There was a grinding crash, the building toppled and became the tomb of the priest and the man for whom he had risked his life."

## "TABLET" SUBSCRIPTIONS

13/- STRICTLY IN ADVANCE PER ANNUM. £1 PER ANNUM BOOKED.

We beg to acknowledge Subscriptions from the following, and recommend Subscribers to cut this out for reference. PERIOD FROM 17th to 21st FEBRUARY, 1919.

## AUCKLAND AND HAWKE'S BAY.

P. B., P.O., Remuera, 8/12/20; T. McG., Hamilton West, Waikato, 23/2/20; B. M., Sylvan Rd., Hastings, 8/7/19; G. F., Cook St., West End, Gisborne, 15/2/20; E. T. H., Awapuni St., Gisborne, 15/2/20; P. G., Manutuke, Gisborne, 15/2/20; M. K., Private Bag, Tapane, Gisborne, 15/8/19; P. B., Waipaoa, 15/8/19; T. B., Private Bag, Gisborne, 15/6/20; P. O'S., The Cotley Home, Epsom, Auckland, 15/2/20; Miss F., Queen St., Auckland, 30/12/19; J. McC., Annaghgowan, Epsom, Auckland, 8/6/19; H. V., Esq., Llanerchydol Hall, Welshpool, Wales, 30/10/19; Mrs. W., Miller St., Ellerslie, 23/2/20; P. McG., c/o D. H., Patutahi, 15/8/19; J. O'S., Gordon, Te Araroa, 15/2/20; M. C., Kings Rd., Archhill, 15/8/19.

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## CANTERBURY AND WEST COAST.

Convent of Mercy, Picton, 15/2/20; Marist Bros.' School, Timaru, 30/12/19; F. J. P., Clifton Ter., Timaru, 15/2/20; J. B., Marlborough Hotel, Blenheim, 23/1/23; Convent, Rakaia, 30/6/19; J. S., Mapu, Nelson, 23/7/20; T. C., Capleston, 23/8/19; D. & J. McN., High St., Chch., 30/1/20; M. E., Barbadoes St., Sydenham, —; P. N., St. Asaph St., Chch., —; Mrs. I., Jerrold St., Spreydon, —; J. M., Quinns Rd., Shirley, —; F. H., Bealey Aven, Chch., —; M. F., Boarding-house, Mangatima, 15/1/20; B. F., Redwood St., Blenheim, 18/1/20; W. T. K., Box 39, Temuka, 30/3/19; J. K., Box 101, Greymouth, 28/2/20; P. M., Blackball, 28/2/19; W. H. R., Canterbury Hotel, Methven, 15/1/21; J. O'D., Salisbury, Timaru, 15/2/20.

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## COMMONWEALTH NOTES

## NEW SOUTH WALES.

Many Catholics assisted at the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass on Sunday, February 2, under conditions which will remain long in their memories. As a health precaution, the civil authorities had decided that all churches must be closed to large congregations; and in accordance with the decision of the Diocesan Synod, as disclosed by his Grace Archbishop Kelly's published letter to the Minister for Public Health, the Catholic Church authorities were prepared promptly to fall in with the requirements of the health administration. The result was that the usual Masses were not offered in the city or suburban churches.

Permission, however, had been granted to hold open-air ceremonies, and although a cancellation of this permission was notified in the Sunday papers, no official intimation was received by the Catholic Church authorities that could warrant them withholding from the people the Masses which had been arranged. To St. Mary's Cathedral, therefore, flocked several gatherings of devout Catholics, and, kneeling or standing reverently on the grass in the presbytery grounds, they were able to assist at the short Masses offered up during the morning. The sight was an inspiring and memorable one, and many Protestant passers-by paused and lingered a while, no doubt edified, certainly impressed, by the remarkable scene and its evidence of Catholic devotion. Arrangements had been made where practicable in most of the suburban parishes to hold Mass in the open air. Many priests were able to notify their parishioners, and in other cases where people visited their churches they were able to learn there of new arrangements. The result was that in most suburban parishes the people were able to hear Mass, advantage being taken of the open spaces which in the majority of cases were available.

Very Rev. Father M. Vaughan, of Crookwell, has been appointed Vicar-General of the Goulburn diocese, and will, in future, be known as the Right Rev. Monsignor Vaughan. The former occupant of this office was the Right Rev. Monsignor M. Buckley, of Wagga; and when the new diocese was created Monsignor Buckley remained under the new jurisdiction and took charge of Junee.

## VICTORIA.

His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, has taken over the *Advocate* (says an exchange). The paper has completed its golden jubilee—the first issue came out on February 2, 1868. This action of his Grace is further proof, if proof were needed, of his pastoral zeal and solicitude for the best interests of the flock committed to his charge by the Vicar of Christ. In erecting, equipping, and staffing Newman College on up-to-date lines, he placed the coping-stone on the paramount cause of higher education for Catholic youth of both sexes, and in taking over the *Advocate* his Grace has taken a step the effect of which must be to lift the Catholic body to a higher plane and provide them with the first line of Catholic defence and offence. It must be gratifying to Mrs. Winter (who has watched the interests of the paper since the death of her husband) to have the pleasure and privilege of handing the *Advocate* to the prelate who sheds so much lustre on the mitre of the Metropolitan See of Melbourne, whose direction will raise the prestige of and give a fresh and invigorating influence to Catholic journalism in Victoria and Australia.

A representative meeting was held in the Archbishop's library, at the Palace, St. Patrick's, on Tuesday evening, January 28. The Very Rev. J. Barry, who presided, announced that the Archbishop had decided that the proceeds of Shamrock Day would

this year be in aid of the Catholic Women's University College (St. Mary's Hall).

An indignant correspondent (says the Melbourne *Tribune*) writes to know if the "padre" alleged to have taken part in the "two-up" school on board the troopship Sardinia was a Catholic priest, and if not, why was the term, signifying "Father," used without any qualifying word in the reports of the Sardinia inquiry? We quite agree with our correspondent that the bare use of the word "padre" might be misleading, but we would point out that though the word has been in the past confined to Catholic countries, it has during the war come to be used in a general way to designate clergymen of all denominations. We can, however, assure our correspondent that the "padre" in the Sardinia "two-up" incident was not a Catholic priest. Our correspondent further asks us to supply the name of the Catholic chaplain on board the Sardinia, whose cabin was raided and £30 stolen. We do not know the reverend gentleman's name, but we understand he belongs to Queensland. In connection with this incident, we have it on reliable authority that when the loss incurred was made known, it was promptly made up by the soldiers.

## QUEENSLAND.

Rev. Mother Kathleen O'Donovan, of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Ipswich Road, died in the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Brisbane, the other day. A Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul was celebrated at the Church of Mary Immaculate, Ipswich Road, after which the funeral took place at Nudgee Cemetery. Mother O'Donovan was a daughter of the late Mr. D. O'Donovan, C.M.G., formerly Queensland Parliamentary Librarian. She was educated in Brisbane and at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Rose Bay, Sydney, where she subsequently entered as a nun. When the nuns of the Sacred Heart went to Brisbane some two years ago she was one of the original community, and ever since then she had been carrying on educational work at the Catholic school attached to the Convent at Ipswich Road. She was beloved by the pupils, and her death has caused much sorrow among the people of the parish. The deceased nun was 50 years of age, and in the twentieth year of religious profession.

## WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

Mr. J. D. Connolly, Agent-General for Western Australia, who has been created by the King of the Belgians Commander of the Order of the Crown of Belgium, is a Catholic, and a Queenslander. He was born in the Banana State in 1869, and is the son of the late D. Connolly, of Clifton. After receiving his education in a Catholic school, he moved West, and engaged in mining and contracting at Perth, Kalgoorlie, and elsewhere on the goldfields. Entering politics, he attained Cabinet rank as Colonial Secretary, Minister for Commerce and Labor, Minister for Public Health, etc. In 1912 he was created a Knight of St. Sylvester by Pius X. His notable work has been in the direction of health laws, the care of destitute children, the protection of aborigines, and immigration. He married a Victorian girl, a Miss Edwards, of St. Arnaud, and has a family of five daughters.

There is a frankness which is brutal, and I detest it; a frankness which is indiscreet, and I fear it; a fooling frankness, and I pity it. There is also a frankness which is opportune, delicate, and good; honor to it!—*Abbe Roux*.

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## IRISH NEWS

## GENERAL.

For the first time in twenty-five years the annual demonstration in memory of Allen, O'Brien, and Larkin was proclaimed at Cork. Successful meetings were held in the suburbs of the city.

The influenza epidemic was very severe in Ireland, and resulted in many deaths all over the country. The return of the Registrar-General for one week in November showed 231 deaths in Dublin alone.

Mrs. Catherine White, a centenarian, recently died at Athea, Co. Limerick. The kindness of her family to the poor during the great famine of 1847-48 is still spoken of. She was mother of 21 children.

There was a great procession through the streets of Dublin when a public funeral was given by the Sinn Féin organisation to Mr. Seamus O'Kelly, journalist, author, and playwright. Some thousands of persons walked in the procession, and the streets were thronged with spectators. A guard of honor was supplied by the Irish Volunteers, and walking in front of the hearse was about a dozen priests. The Lord Mayor was amongst those present.

The Dublin Corporation unanimously adopted a resolution expressing sympathy with the relatives of Richard Coleman, who lately died in Usk prison. "where he had been interned for over seven months without any charge whatever being made against him." Coleman was a Sinn Féiner. Any Irish recreants who voted Coalition the other day voted approval of the kidnapping resulting in his death, and gave mandate to his slayers to go on slaying Irish Sinn Féiners who may be bold enough to question "Sister England's" title to rule Ireland by force of British bayonets.

A letter from Brigadier-General Marshall appears in the Irish press. He says: "Though I am an Englishman I must say the Irish soldiers have fought magnificently. They are the cream of the army. Ireland may well be proud of her sons. Ireland has done her duty nobly. Irishmen are absolutely indispensable for our final triumph. If I am spared to return at the end of the war I shall make my future home in 'dear old Ireland,' which has always had a warm corner in my heart, for in no part of the world have I met more generous, warm-hearted, or brave people than in the Emerald Isle."

At a banquet given by Lord Decies, the Irish press censor, to the American journalists visiting the United Kingdom, Mr. Franklin P. Glass, of Birmingham, Alabama, an old fellow-student and friend of President Wilson, spoke. He said they were tremendously interested in the Irish question. America was, to a large extent, the creation in fact, in spirit, and in purpose of Ireland. Irishmen went to America in thousands during many years, and they had a considerable part in bringing about an American revolution, which was said to have taught England an important lesson in handling her colonies. Whether England was going to be able to solve the Irish question with as much wisdom and efficiency as she succeeded in solving a colonial question remained to be demonstrated. If they, as Americans, could be of assistance in that they would be delighted to give assistance.

## IRISH STUDENTS' SUCCESSES IN ROME.

Recently in the presence of his Eminence Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the S. Congregation of Propaganda, Mgr. O'Riordan, Rector of the Irish College, Mgr. O'Hern, Rector of the American College, and the Rectors of the other twelve colleges whose students attend lectures in the halls of Propaganda, the annual distribution of prizes took place. Of the Irish College seven students were awarded the Licentiate in Theology—viz., Rev. Francis Green, Rev. James O'Connor, Rev. Cornelius Cahalane, Rev. Daniel Cremin, Rev. John McCarthy, Rev. Henry Fair, and Rev. Michael Dempsey. Nine of the same institution won the Baccalaureate—viz., Messrs. Ml. Kilmartin, Joseph Kilmartin, Vincent Mallon, Charles Nolan, James Cowper, Daniel O'Callaghan, Mark Curtis,

Dominick Kelly, Charles Hurley. In Philosophy Mr. Francis Collins, Irish College, won the doctorate. In Sacred Scripture first place fell to the Irish College, and to the College of St. Patrick (Irish Augustinians) first place and gold medal were awarded in Dogmatic Theology; while three Irish College men won second prize in the latter subject, one taking the silver medal. The same institution also won the "solus," and with it the gold medal in Sacramental Theology. Two other Irishmen received first places and medals in the subject of Fundamental Theology, while to a third fell second place and medal in Moral Theology. First place and gold medal in Ecclesiastical History went to the Irish College also, four of its students coming in the second place. In Canon Law the first three names on the premium list were those of Irish College students, and both medals went to this institution. A silver medal was won by this college for Sacred Liturgy, and in Sacred Archaeology it obtained three places and the silver medal. First place and medal went to Ireland also in Higher Metaphysics, and a "solus," with gold medal, in Moral Philosophy. In Logic the Irish College obtained the "solus," with gold medal; in the History of Philosophy two first places and gold medal, and in other subjects as many as twelve first and second places and four medals were awarded to the same institution.

## FATHER HERBERT, S.M., FAREWELLED

On Monday evening, February 17 (writes our Timaru correspondent), a farewell gathering was held in the Catholic Hall in honor of Rev. J. S. Herbert, S.M., who is leaving Timaru to undertake mission work in Australia. The Very Rev. Dean Tubman presided, and there was an exceptionally large and enthusiastic assemblage, including quite a number of visiting clergy. The proceedings opened with a very fine musical programme arranged by Mrs. N. D. Mangos, items being contributed by Mrs. P. Lindsay, Miss Agnes Cunningham, L.T.C.L., L.A.B., Rev. D. O'Connell (Oamaru), Mr. G. H. Andrews, and (by special request) Father Herbert. All had to respond to recalls.

The Very Rev. chairman, in a most felicitous speech, enumerated the many sterling qualities that had endeared Father Herbert to all who had been associated with him during his too brief stay of three years in Timaru, and assured him that the prayers of all would follow him in the arduous work that lay before him.

On behalf of the parishioners, Mr. M. J. Doyle then read an address, handsomely illuminated, and bound in album form. The album contained photographs of all the buildings connected with the local Church of the Sacred Heart, and formed a delightful souvenir of the Timaru parish. The album, accompanied by a cheque from the parishioners, was presented by Mr. T. Cronin; Messrs. W. Cunningham, G. Casey, and M. O'Brien adding their quota of praise to that of the previous speakers.

In response, Father Herbert, who was enthusiastically applauded, feelingly thanked all for their tokens of appreciation, stating, in conclusion, that the three years spent in Timaru were among the happiest of his life.

An excellent supper was provided by the Children of Mary, assisted by some members of St. Anne's Guild.

On the previous Sunday (February 16), on his farewell visit to St. Andrews, Father Herbert was made the recipient of a cheque, the substantial nature of which testified to the high esteem in which he had been held there, as elsewhere in the parish of

On the same evening the altar boys of the Sacred Heart Church waited on Father Herbert and presented him with a fountain pen as a small memento of his association with them.

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## LATE FATHER KINKEAD: MONTH'S MIND AT TAIHAPE

On Wednesday, February 5, the Month's Mind for Father Kinkead was impressively solemnised at St. Mary's Church, Taihape. At 9 o'clock a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung, Father O'Connell, S.M., of Wanganui, being celebrant; Father Bowe, of Dannevirke, deacon; and Rev. Matthew Doolaghty, of Opunake, subdeacon. Father Cashman, of Marton, was master of ceremonies. The Mass was sung by brother priests of Father Kinkead, who came from all parts of the Wellington archdiocese to pay this solemn tribute to the memory of a noble, energetic, and pious priest. In the choir and sanctuary were Fathers O'Connell, S.M. (Wanganui), McManus (Palmerston North), Quealy (Petone), Bowe (Dannevirke), Duffy (Patea), Cashman (Marton), Guinane (Ohakune), Harnett (Patea), Forrestal (Foxton), Cahill (Wai-pawa), Doolaghty (Opunake), Campbell (Wellington), Phelan (Masterton), Smyth, S.M. (Wellington), McLoughlan (Takapau), O'Dwyer (Feilding), and Minogue (Taihape).

From the text, "I have appointed you that you should go, and that you should bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain" (John xv. 16), Father Harnett, of Patea, delivered to a large congregation of the late Father Kinkead's sorrowing parishioners the following panegyric:—

On a very solemn occasion, delivering His last discourse before His crucifixion to His disciples, our Redeemer, in these words, gave to His chosen ones their apostolic mission. He commanded them to leave their homes and home associations: to travel over the known world preaching His Gospel to every creature: and effect results that "should remain" unto life everlasting. "You should go, and you should bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain." That command was not addressed solely to the chosen ones present in that supper-room, but to all who, by vocation to the priesthood, are called upon to leave their homes and spread His Gospel even to the utmost bounds of the earth.

Every priest laboring away from his native land has responded to that command, "I have appointed you that you should go, and you should bring forth fruit, and your fruit should remain." The sons of St. Patrick are no exception, and the man for whose eternal rest we this day pray was one of the brightest gems in the Irish priesthood abroad.

Some sixteen years ago, Thomas Kinkead, choosing a state in life, found himself called to the priesthood, and his conscience indicating to him the will of God, whispered "I have appointed you that you should go." Accordingly, in preparation, he entered St. Patrick's College, Thurles, and spent seven years acquiring the knowledge and developing the virtues necessary for the discharge of the priestly duties. It was during this time that he formed the habits of life and cultivated those charming traits of character which afterwards made him beloved alike of priest and laity. These seven years passed quickly away, and then his superiors declared him a worthy qualified candidate for the priesthood. On June, 1910, he was duly ordained a priest forever, according to the Order of Melchisedech. How, more than ever before, did he realise the command: "I have appointed you that you

should go." The time had come, when he should leave his home, break away from the family circle, sever the ties of all his youthful associations, and, coming to his missionary field, put the whole belt of the world between himself and his native land.

He arrived in New Zealand on January 4, 1911, and from that date until the hour of his death on November 17, 1918—seven short years—he labored fearlessly to supply the second request of his Apostolic mission—"I have appointed you that you should bear fruit." His first appointment was to a curacy in Feilding, and so successful was his work that in a very short time his superiors promoted him to the charge of Marton. Here his work was surrounded with difficulty, as the parish had been vacant for some time and its people had to depend on the Feilding priest to attend to their spiritual wants. However, in a very short time his worth was fully appreciated, and the parishioners gave striking evidence of their anxiety to retain him. His promotion to Carterton, no matter how pleasing to his many friends, was a cause of genuine sorrow to the people of Marton, who were gradually becoming more and more attached to their pastor. During his time in Carterton, the great European War burst forth upon the world, and once more conscience whispered the wish of his Master: "I have appointed you that you should go." Taking an appointment on the hospital ship Maheno, his work during the greater part of 1916 was in the danger zone, amongst the wounded and the dying. On his return to New Zealand he was appointed to the parish of Taihape, and you, my dear people, the last among whom he labored, have reason to believe that his work was generously done. Under his direction you have, in the short space of less than two years, freed this parish of £1300 of debt; your schools have been put into a flourishing condition; missions have been given in every part of the parish, and during the period of the disastrous epidemic your sick and dying have had the ministrations of a genuine apostle, who served them faithfully and wholeheartedly, even at the loss of his life. During these terrible and sorrow-awakening weeks of October and November, while this district was a plague-stricken area, you remember how his days and nights were spent. Always ready, always watching, no call was too difficult, no demand too unreasonable, until his young life was sacrificed in the cause of the afflicted. Ah! yes, Father Kinkead, very generously have you fulfilled the second requisite of your mission: "I have appointed you . . . that you should bear fruit."

It has been once written, but oft repeated, that "The evil men do lives after them: the good is oft interred with their bones." But, giving their mission to His apostles, Christ declared, "Your fruit should remain," and here He meant not only the good works such as Apostolic self-denial, faithfulness to duty, and that "charity by which men should know that they were His disciples," but also the good introduced to the world by the spread of His Gospel. The good work done by the apostles is proved by the spread of Christianity. The good work done by our deceased friend during his short missionary career will find testimony in every parish in this archdiocese in which he labored, and that testimony is strongly confirmed by the grateful voices of the soldiers whom he served in their hour of need. Yes, faithful priest, "your fruit should remain," not merely for an idle advertisement

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here below, but it will be indelibly written by the recording angel in the Book of Life to redound to your eternal glory. In fulfilling his apostolic mission there was one trait in this man's character more pronounced than any other that marked all his dealings with men. I refer to his constancy. His principles were well established and he never forsook them. Too strong to be moved by the popular sentiment of the passing moment, he never lowered his standard to meet the fickle demands of human respect. Preaching by example, abhorrence of hypocrisy in the opportunist, the time-server, and the shuffler, always open and above board, in every walk of life he combated the under-hand dealings and secret diplomacy which a war-weary and chastened world so deeply deplores to-day. No matter what the environments were, his high ideal of his priesthood and his great love of his native land always determined him to strike boldly in their defence wherever and whenever defence was necessary. His many friends could not but admire this rare, manly characteristic, ever the same in sunshine and in storm, no matter what sacrifice it cost him.

So far I have been trying to put before you the high calling of your deceased pastor, and now I would like to remind you that "to whom great things are given, of them great things are expected." Our chief duty here to-day is to offer prayer and sacrifice for the repose of his soul, and give proof of our faith in the Communion of Saints. We know from Holy Writ that "nothing defiled can enter heaven, that God will render to every man according to his works and that some will be saved as if by fire." Our Holy Mother the Church, interpreting these texts for us, teaches that in the next life there is a place of purgation where many who die in the grace of God must make atonement for the temporal punishment due to sin and become pure and immaculate before they enter His Kingdom. Accordingly, she sets aside the month of November each year as a time when we should redouble our prayers for the holy souls in Purgatory. She presents these souls, crying out to us in the words of Holy Job: "Have pity on me. Have pity on me at least you my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me." I would earnestly exhort you, therefore, my dear people, to pray fervently to God for the repose of the soul of your late pastor. You who have lost your own friends in this epidemic, remember the priest who sacrificed his young life to bring to their death-beds the consolations of our holy religion, and you, my dear people, one and all among whom he labored, remember it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins. By fulfilling this obligation in charity, you can hopefully look forward to re-union with him where joy abounds and sorrow enters not. May God grant his soul eternal rest, and may perpetual light shine upon him.

The Absolution at the catafalque concluded one of the most impressive ceremonies ever held in Taihape.

Religion strives to inspire men with love, gentleness, and pity for their fellow-men.—*Montesquieu.*

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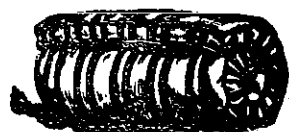
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**PADDY.**

(For the N.Z. Tablet.)

His revelry begins at peep of day;  
He clambers from his cot into my bed,  
And pulls my hair until it racks my head,  
And gleefully he drives all sleep away—  
And pounds me with his chubby fist  
Until he's "cuddled in" and kissed—  
And then he wants to play!

When I come home he meets me at the gate  
And reaches out a tiny, grimy hand  
To shake—and says, "Good boy!" I understand.  
And then he runs away—and sure as fate  
I'll stumble in a new-made hole—  
Or find the yard bestrewn with coal—  
Or pieces of a plate!

I never guess what mischief he'll do next;  
He's such a bundle of annoying tricks!  
And, oh! the things he breaks! the flowers he picks!  
And what to do with him I'm quite perplexed.  
And then I think of what I did  
When I was just a "toddle kid,"  
And how can I be vexed?

I steal in when he's tucked away at night  
And gaze upon his baby innocence—  
And in my heart all cares have recompense;  
For these are my still moments of delight,  
And if I've scolded I repent,  
And thank the good Lord He has sent  
A winsome little sprite.

—“CYLAS.”

Christchurch.

#### WHAT AND WHEN ARE THE EMBER DAYS?

The Ember Days are the first Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday of each of the four seasons of the year, set apart as fast days by the Church. According to the testimony of Pope Leo, they originated in the time of the Apostles, who were inspired by the Holy Ghost to dedicate each season of the year to God by a few days of penance; or, as it were, to pay three days' interest every three months on the graces received from God. The Church always commanded the faithful to fast at the beginning of each of the four seasons of the year, because it is at this time that she ordains the priests and other servants of the Church, which even the Apostles did with much prayer and fasting. Thus she desires that during the Ember Days Christians should fervently ask of God by prayer, fasting, and other good works, for worthy pastors and servants, on whom depends the welfare of the whole Christian flock; she also desires that in the spring Ember Days we should ask God's blessing for the fertility of the earth: in summer for the preservation of the fruits of the field; in autumn when the harvest is ripe, and in winter when it is sheltered, that we should offer to God, by fasting and prayer, a sacrifice of thanks, petitioning Him to assist us, that we may not use His gifts for our souls' detriment, but refer all praise to Him, the fountain of all good, and assist our neighbor according to our means.

## OBITUARY

### MISS MARY ANN KELLY, TE ROTI.

With sincere regret the death is recorded of Miss Mary Ann Kelly, which occurred on January 14 at her parents' residence, Skeet Road, Te Roti, Taranaki. The deceased was the eldest daughter of Michael and Mary Kelly, and was much esteemed by all who knew her as an exemplary Catholic. The funeral was numerously attended. Very Rev. Dean Power officiated at the interment in the Hawera Cemetery.—R.I.P.

### MRS. ELLEN HOWE, HOKITIKA.

The death, at the age of 56 years, is recorded of Mrs. Ellen Howe, of Hokitika, who passed away on January 26 at the Westland Hospital, after a short illness, fortified by all the rites of Holy Church. The deceased was a native of Cork, Ireland, and came to New Zealand in 1883, and had resided in Hokitika ever since. Her husband predeceased her over five years ago. Three sons and two daughters (the eldest daughter being Mrs. Lawson, of Paroa), and a brother and sister (Mr. and Miss Ahern, of Goldsbrough) are left to mourn their loss. The funeral was largely attended. Father Clancy, S.M., officiated at St. Mary's Church and at the interment.—R.I.P.

### MR. WILLIAM J. McKEOWN, WELLINGTON.

The many friends of Mr. William J. McKeown will regret to learn of his death, which occurred at his residence, "Orangi," Kaupapa Road, Wellington, on February 5. A native of Ireland, the deceased gentleman migrated to New Zealand some forty years ago, and took up his residence in Invercargill. He was a staunch Catholic, and besides associating himself with all Church matters, he was a keen supporter of the Irish Athletic Society in that town, and for several years acted as secretary to that body. Later he joined the Department of Labor, and was appointed Inspector of Factories. He was transferred to Wellington some 17 years ago, and owing to ill-health had to retire about twelve months ago. His health became gradually worse, and he passed quietly away, leaving a widow and two sons and two daughters (Lieutenant W. McKeown, recently returned from Mesopotamia; Corporal Vincent McKeown, still on active service; Mrs. R. Sievers, and Miss Kitty McKeown) to mourn their loss. A Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul at the Basilica on February 6.—R.I.P.

### THREE HISTORIC FIGURES

Many persons of whom the world knew little or nothing before this great war have gained an international prominence. Their names are spoken wherever men meet. Their valorous achievements are on the lips of all (says the *Boston Pilot*).

Foremost amongst these are the three great figures of Europe—Mercier, Albert, and Foch,—and, singularly, all three are Catholics. None will forget the timely and vigorous words of the great Cardinal who defied German threats and lovingly encouraged his people during the dark and cruel days of Germanic rule. In the face of death this great Churchman never flinched in the performance of his sacred duty to his people. At all times he was their servant and spokesman, and when little Belgium was writhing in her agonies under the dictatorship of an autocratic tyrant, it was Cardinal Mercier who came forth to tell the Belgians that although they were held by the superior force of the enemy they were still freemen and unsubdued. The tale of Belgian suffering and fortitude is the narrative of a brave nation under the spiritual leadership of the great Mercier.

Again the story of Albert is an inspiration to us all. He saw his little kingdom reduced to ruins and his own palace occupied by those whom he had be-

lieved to be friendly. City after city fell into hostile hands. The hordes rushed through hamlet, village, and town, sweeping all before them. Still this valiant man remained with his fast-diminishing army to the last, encouraging, inspiring and consoling them in their mighty work. It is little wonder that the world has expressed such admiration for the King of the Belgians, or that it should welcome the day when his triumphal return to his capital city should be celebrated. The world loves a brave and efficient general, and in Albert it finds an opportunity to express its approval of loving service for country and humanity.

The name of Foch is pronounced with reverence in every quarter of the earth. To him humanity turns with gratitude, and offers the homage of its affection and appreciation. Great general, soldier, and Catholic, he has attracted the sympathetic love of mankind. What more beautiful example can be found anywhere throughout the records of Catholic achievement? Here was a man of comparative obscurity who won his way to the heights of fame by the honesty of his personal conduct and the prowess of his intellectual attainments; yet he was a man of such simplicity of life, such perfect reliance on the power of prayer, and such resignation to the will of God that he may well be regarded as the most illustrious lay apostle of his time.

The General himself furnishes us with a pen picture of his lofty character. "Faith in life eternal, in a God of goodness and compassion, has sustained me in the most trying hours," he said. "Prayer has enlightened my way." Herein lies the success of the Generalissimo of the Allied forces.

When the history of the war is adequately written the names of three great Europeans will loom large on its pages. They are the names of Mercier, Albert, and Foch. The one gave the world his assurance that freemen are never conquered, and has given a glorious proof. The other has shown an indomitable spirit of courage and fortitude in the face of the ruin that overspread his kingdom and is a conspicuous example of undying affection for the people whom he cherished. The third is a simple French general who came into prominence only in the latter months of the war, but whose unflinching devotion, admirable patriotism and reverence for God stamp him as a model for the Catholic laymen of the nations.

### THE POET.

(For the *N.Z. Tablet*.)

The peasant has sweet black bread—  
Why are you fed with pride,  
Poor lips that twist and burn?  
Earth makes a hungry mill,  
A bitter quern,  
For one whose loaf is pride.

The peasant has shoes of wood—  
Why are you shod with dreams,  
Poor feet that wander here?  
God makes His roads too sharp,  
His stones too sheer,  
For one whose shoes are dreams.

—E. D.

### "ARCHBISHOP MANNIX: CHAMPION OF AUSTRALIAN DEMOCRACY."

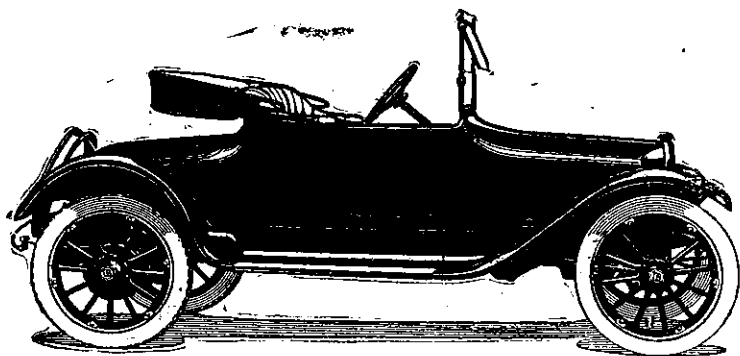
We are requested by the publishers to state that the whole of the 20,000 copies constituting the first edition of the book titled as above has been bought up in Australia. A second edition is now in the press, and a portion of this will be despatched to New Zealand, and will probably be on sale during next month.

Blessed be he who first extends the olive branch and tenders his hand to the enemy in offering reasonable conditions of peace.—*Pope Benedict XV.*

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There are persons who have been confirmed in virtue by having the bitterness of sin and the folly of wrongdoing brought home to them by sad experience.—Spalding.

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## FAMOUS CATHOLIC GENERALS

That famous Catholic publicist, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in the course of a recent lecture, referred to an article in the *Nationale Zeitung*, July, 1914, which makes curious reading now. "Whatever may be reserved in the future for Germany," said the German journal, "it is upon France that we shall fall in order to achieve our principal successes, and we shall repair the damage caused us in a very different fashion from that of forty-four years ago. We shall not ask for four milliards of francs; we may have to press for thirty. The Blessed Mother of God, of Lourdes, will have her work cut out for her miracles if she is to heal the wounds we shall inflict upon France." The jibe in the last sentence is worthy of home-made bigots who scoff at Catholic devotion to "the Mother of my Lord" (St. Luke i.), and worthy of the "superior persons" who deride the miracles at Lourdes. Mr. Belloc expressed the opinion that

### Our Lady of Lourdes Answered the German Challenge

in the three prodigious events of the war—"the almost incredible lack of judgment in the German Higher Command in the Battle of the Marne, 1914; in the early days of April, 1918, and in the marvellous success of the counter-stroke in July, 1918," which took place when there was being celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the last apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes. Mere coincidence? But it is a fact, and assuredly a noteworthy fact, that the victorious French Generals are markedly devout to our Lady.

Marshal Foch Belongs to the Diocese of Lourdes, and was born at Tarbes, which is near to Lourdes. Catholic of Catholics, he practised his faith unafraid and unashamed, with that calm disregard of human respect which marks the true soldier of the Cross. Rene Puaux, one of his officers, writes of seeing him going quite alone into the church at Cassel "to meditate upon his task and to seek consolation for the immense bereavement of which he never spoke." General Petain, who has just received a marshal's baton, is a Catholic, as are Generals Castelnau and d'Espéry, and others. Of General Gouraud, the saviour of Rheims, Commander of the Fourth French Army, who in 1915 lost his right arm at Achi-Baba, and in 1918 thrilled the world with his achievements, we are told that when in hospital he made the morning meditation with the nuns, and had an altar in honor of Joan of Arc in his room; and in the Church of Our Lady of Victories, Paris, near to the altar is a white marble *ex voto*, inscribed to the Blessed Virgin, "in gratitude for June 30, 1915." A chaplain at Clermont relates how, at the request of the Mother Superior of the hospital, he informed General Gouraud that there would be Masses from 6 a.m. until 10 a.m., the last being a Military Mass; and the General instructed his secretary to put that in orders, and

Himself Assisted Devoutly at the Mass Offered for Our Armies.

A young French Catholic soldier wrote from the front:

"Yesterday, feast of our Lady of Lourdes, several non-commissioned officers, myself among them, went to Holy Communion. Now and then I am able to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament; never did this practice seem to me so delightful. . . . Providence spoils us; in every village we find the same Lord, the same Holy Mother, the same spiritual centre." Another officer encouraged his men by consecrating them to the Blessed Virgin. Such as those represent the real soul of France, the land where the Sacred Heart was revealed to Blessed Margaret Mary and our Lady Immaculate to Bernadette. Assuredly we Catholics may rejoice, not alone in

### The Heroism of Our Fellow-Catholics in the Ranks,

but in the moral and spiritual grandeur of those who are supreme figures in the great conflict—Cardinal Mercier, King Albert, Marshal Foch, and General Gouraud. "That is what it is to be a Catholic," a north-country man was heard to say to a non-Catholic fellow-workman, indicating the marshal's request for the continued prayers of children, printed in a local newspaper. Thus the earnest piety and practical faith of the illustrious Frenchman had their inspiring message for the toil-worn, obscure worker of another race and clime, believing, as the great marshal believes, praying as he prays. They who jeer at miracles are blind indeed, with the great miracle of the Catholic Church confronting them.

### "O FELIX CULPA!"

Then gazed the wild wood dumb with awe,  
Staring with eyeballs opened wide,  
At one grown conscious of a law  
And lifted suddenly to pride.

The apex of creation in  
His shame, creation, envious sees—  
Magnificently robed with sin,  
Knowing the roots of mysteries.

Hot-footed hurrying through the immense  
The winds their happy tidings tell,  
That man, exchanging innocence—  
And gladly! for the fires of hell,

Proves his long-boasted power to choose,  
To leave the good and take the ill;  
Free, with his soul to save or lose,  
By warrant of its royal will.

But hidden from the awestruck eyes,  
Which see the sentenced rebels go,  
Are those tall towers of Paradise  
Wherethrough exultant rumors blow;

Where seated at the council board  
The Three-in-One debate Their plan,  
The Incarnation of the Word,  
The Sorrows of the Son of Man.

—THEODORE MAYNARD, in *America*.

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## THE CATHOLIC WORLD

### GENERAL.

Bishop Maglione, of Berne, Switzerland, has received from Cardinal Hartmann, Archbishop of Cologne, twenty cases containing religious ornaments which were taken from the diocese of Rheims by German soldiers. They will be sent to France.

Accredited to the Holy See, at present, as Ambassadors and Ministers are: Spain, Prussia, Russia, Holland, Portugal, Great Britain, Belgium, Austria, Bavaria, Bolivia, Brazil, Peru, Colombia, Ecuador, Haiti, Argentine, Chili, St. Dominique, and Monaco.

### CANADA'S CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

There is a Catholic Truth Society in Canada, through the activities of which people throughout the Dominion are learning a great deal about the Church. At the head of the organisation is Archbishop McNeil, who is patron and spiritual director. Mr. James P. Murray, J.P., is the president. The latter gives every moment of his spare time to the furtherance of the cause. The society has pleasant rooms in Toronto's Catholic Civic Centre Building at 67 Bond Street. The work of the organisation is carried on through committees. The committee on sermons reports that during the year fourteen sermons were preached in as many churches on behalf of the society. Another important committee plans and carries out lectures by laymen. Still another most effective medium for giving necessary information is the hotel church register. The register is a neat affair—a frame holding a card (changeable at will) on which may be given the names and street of local churches: hours of Mass, both Sunday and week days, and vespers. Also the names and addresses of one or more priests. The library and publication committee is one of the most important sections of the entire organisation. During the last year there were purchased leaflets, pamphlets, and paper-covered books numbering 134,000 copies. Catholic soldiers going abroad were supplied with prayer books, rosaries, scapular medals, and "Acts of Contrition." In addition to these Catholic soldiers in hospitals have been given the articles of devotion asked for. Catholic newspapers, magazines, and books have been sent to the soldiers over sea and have been distributed to the men in hospital at home. The re-mailing committee has sent out hundreds of Catholic publications. The committee has on its books the names of 426 people who are re-mailing individual papers or magazines to addresses furnished them by the society.

### AN INSPIRING SIGHT.

From many of our missionaries we have received interesting accounts of the Corpus Christi processions held in their respective districts (says an exchange). From Borneo, Father Wachter writes: "Yesterday we had such a grand demonstration of Catholic faith. All through the village we carried our Lord in triumph, and from all the country around the people came to take part in the procession and to lift their voices in praise and thanksgiving to their Creator and Redeemer. How heaven must have rejoiced at the spectacle!"

Another letter from Borneo, written by Mother Mary, reads: "We have just had our Corpus Christi procession. It is most edifying to see these wild Dyaks walking so reverently side by side, all in their native dress, some carrying banners and all reciting their prayers most fervently. The four who carry the canopy and the bearer of the mission cross dress in white cassocks with red scarfs hanging from the shoulders."

### NO RIGHT TO CLOSE CHURCHES.

The Supreme Court of Kansas, U.S.A., has ruled that Boards of Health have no right to close churches. The Board of Health of the City of Wichita had issued an order closing churches due to influenza. Application was made in the District Court for an injunction restraining the board from closing the churches; and in support of the plea it was shown that the Board of Health was not constituted according to law; that there was no ordinance permitting the establishment of a quarantine; that the meetings of the Board of Health were not conducted in an orderly manner; that no records of the proceedings were kept, and—most important point of all—that, although the churches, schools, and theatres had been closed, large crowds had been permitted to gather in department stores, depots, restaurants, drug-houses, street cars—87 persons had been counted in one car; and that after the quarantine had been established a dinner for the newsboys had been given at which 200 were present. Judge Bird, who heard the arguments, granted the injunction. The city authorities, who backed up the action of the board, took an appeal to the Supreme Court of the State, which has upheld Judge Bird.

### WILL RELIGION SUFFER?

There are those in Germany who fear that religion may suffer seriously in the Socialistic Republic or Republics which may be evolved out of the revolution now in progress (says the *Catholic Times*). They are alarmed for the teaching in the schools, for the property of the religious houses and missions, and lest conditions may be introduced which would make it difficult for the clergy to secure support. On the other hand, many of the leading Catholics hold that the Catholic Church has no reason to apprehend greater difficulties under any form of government which makes for the increased liberty of the citizen, and in these days only such a regime can be established in Germany. They are convinced that though anything in the nature of an accumulation of property for religious purposes may be forbidden by law, the free support of the clergy and the churches by the people cannot be prohibited. In fact, they contend that the new developments which are taking place will only remove from religion fetters that obstructed its activity, and will give it additional vitality. The Centre Party have been closely watching the different currents of thought and have taken up a strong position. They are issuing appeals in favor of the maintenance of public order and of the principles of Christian Democracy.

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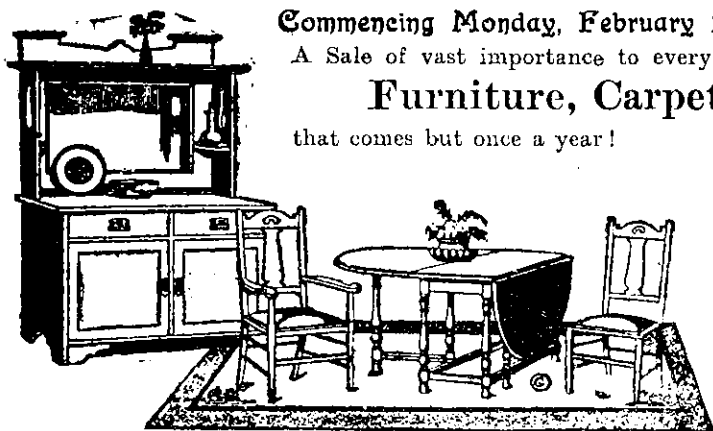
This Sale must appeal to everyone who anticipates furnishing or refurnishing, and we urge you to take full advantage of our liberal Sale Offerings.

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### NOTES ON HEALTH

The question of Health is one Nobody can afford to neglect, yet many people will risk their Health by buying inferior food when they can get the very best at the same price. More particularly does this apply to Bread.

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**DOMESTIC**

(By MAUREEN.)

**LENTEN RECIPES.****Cream of Tomato Soup.**

Cook 1lb of tomatoes in a pint of water, with salt, pepper, sugar, onions, thyme, and parsley to taste. Stir in a tablespoonful of butter and a cupful of finely-ground breadcrumbs. Add a pinch of baking soda just before stirring in a quart of milk. Heat to boiling point; serve at once.

**Salmon Patties.**

Ingredients: Puff paste, a tin of salmon, salt, pepper, cayenne, lemon juice, and parsley. Method: Roll out the paste and stamp into rounds; double the number of rounds, then stamp the middle out of these with an egg-cup, and place on top of the first round stamped out. Put a little piece of bread in each cavity, and bake in a hot oven. Take all bones out of the salmon; add the seasoning and a little lemon juice, and heat in a jar stood in a saucepan of boiling water. When the pastry comes out of the oven remove the pieces of bread and fill the centres with the prepared fish and serve.

**Salmon Pie.**

This is a good substantial dish for a large party. Soak about half a pound of bread in water until it is wet through. Now squeeze out all the water you can and break up the bread with a fork in a large mixing bowl. Peel and chop a fair-sized onion and mince very fine; add it to the bread. Season now with pepper, salt, two or three chopped olives, and a dash of vinegar. Take contents of a can of salmon and break up well. Add it to the bread and seasonings, and mix well with a fork. Pour the liquid from the can over it, and then put all into a buttered dish and break one or two eggs over the mixture. Put a few small pieces of butter on the top, and then a layer of

fine breadcrumbs. Leave in a hot oven for fifteen minutes, when it will be ready to serve.

**Fish Souffle.**

One breakfastcupful of any cooked fish chopped small, one teacupful of freshly-cooked mashed potatoes, two raw eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped parsley, salt, and pepper. Butter a deep pie-dish, melt the butter, add it to the hot mashed potato, and beat together till light. Add the fish, parsley, milk, yolks of eggs, and seasoning, and beat well. Lastly mix in lightly the whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Turn the mixture into the piedish and bake in a quick oven until well browned and puffed up. Serve at once in the dish in which it was cooked.

**Baked Rice Omelet.**

Have ready a cupful of cooked rice. Beat four eggs; add these to a quart of milk with pepper, salt, and butter to taste. Stir in the rice, bake in a round, buttered dish until the top is brown; serve immediately in same dish.

**Household Hints.**

Use wire—copper is the best—for picture-hanging; it does not rust easily, is moth-proof, and will last for years.

Cloudy mirrors should never be seen in a house. Rub them with a cloth wrung out of cold water and dipped in dry whiting, and then polish them with a dry duster.

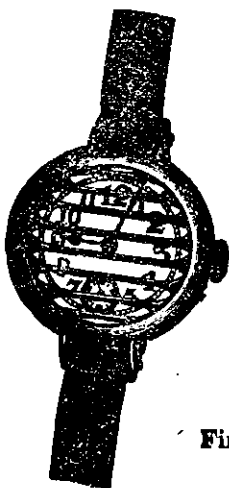
If not in use, scrubbing brushes should be turned bristles downward. Thus the water will run out of them and they will dry, whereas if they are placed on their backs the water will soak into the wood and loosen the bristles.

To restore slimy sponges, dissolve a tablespoonful of sea salt in a quart of hot water. Soak the sponges in this mixture till quite cold; rinse out in several clean waters, when they will be found equal to new.

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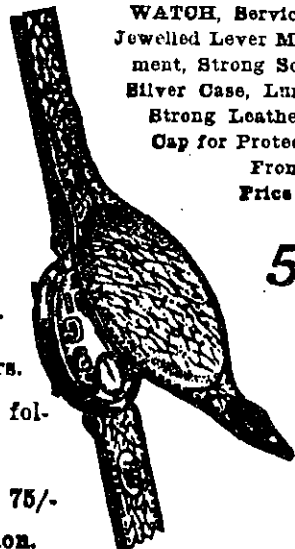
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Our people, feeling the need of Catholic education for their children, determined to provide them with a Catholic school. This year a large and commodious school (where more than 80 Catholic children are now taught) was erected at a cost of £1600, and a convent was purchased at a cost of £1400—that is, a total of £3000. Our people have subscribed generously, but they are not rich in this world's goods, and they could only reduce the debt by £800. £2200 still remains as a debt. Since the erection of school and convent the terrible bush fires of last March swept over the district, inflicting heavy loss on some of our people. Moreover, we have no church and no presbytery yet. We are badly off. Hence we appeal to the benevolent throughout the Dominion to help us to keep the Faith in this backblocks and fire-swept parish. We are running a bazaar from February 12 to February 19, 1919, to relieve our debt. Donations in kind or money will be gratefully received and personally acknowledged. Address—

FATHER GUINANE, Ohakune.

When my spirit shall be waited to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in the defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and my name may animate those who survive me.—Robert Emmet.

### THE MOST OBSTINATE

Corn must quickly yield to BAXTER'S RUBY CORN CURE. Once this remedy is applied there is no escape for the corn—it must give in. Price, 1/-, post free, from Baxter's Pharmacy, Theatre Buildings, Timaru.

### A RECENT EPIDEMIC

#### HAIR-FALLING.

The following, which appeared in the *Dominion*, Wellington, of January 21, will be of interest to our readers:—

Many people are quite naturally alarmed at the rapid falling-out of hair after influenza. After fever this trouble often appears, but since the late epidemic it has taken a more serious form than usual. Ordinary methods fail to have any effect.

It will be a relief to those afflicted to hear that Mrs. Rolleston has secured from London, at considerable cost, the formula of a specific which has been used with great success throughout Britain, where it is acknowledged as the standard remedy.

The special value of this lotion lies largely in the method of application, and full instructions are supplied. It is important to follow these carefully if immediate results are to be secured.

The preparation is sent to all parts of the North Island on application to Mrs. Rolleston, Lambton Quay, Wellington; and in the South Island from her branch at Cathedral Square, Christchurch; on receipt of 7s 6d, postage free. Mrs. Rolleston, who is one of New Zealand's leading Hair Specialists, qualified in London, Paris, and America, has made a special study of diseases of the hair and scalp. Already the very satisfactory results obtained by those who have used this preparation prove its efficacy, and it is with difficulty she is able to cope with the demand.

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**HANWELL WILLIAMS - Chemist - GREYMOUTH**

## GARDENING NOTES

(By MR. J. JOYCE, Landscape Gardener, Christchurch.)

## WORK FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.

The Kitchen Garden.—While the weather continues dry, good use should be made of the watering can and hose to keep the crops growing. This applies particularly to the cabbage tribe. Celery, spinach, and lettuce also require plentiful watering, otherwise they become stunted in growth and subject to blights. A weekly application of liquid manure will, too, prove beneficial. Watering should be done thoroughly so that plenty of moisture will penetrate to the roots; a mere sprinkling will do more harm than good. After watering hoe the surface to prevent the soil caking and cracking. Such cultivation is essential if good results are to be expected from growing crops. Continue planting cabbage, cauliflower, and winter greens, such as curled kale and savoys. They will prove useful vegetables when other varieties are scarce. Sow a good bed of White-stone or Golden-ball turnips for winter use; also winter, or prickly spinach. A line of silver beet makes a good substitute for spinach. It should be sown in well-prepared soil to give it a good start. Summer cabbages which are not needed should be cut away, leaving the stumps in the ground to provide a second crop of greens for the winter. Such a crop is often more useful than the first one, as it comes in when green vegetables are scarce. Mould up celery occasionally, when needed and as the plants grow. This moulding should be done when the soil is dry, taking care that no earth gets into the heart of the plant. Leeks also require moulding up to render the stalks white and tender. Pull up onions as they mature, leaving them exposed to the sun for several days to ripen before storing. Keep the Dutch hoe well employed among the growing crops, thus preventing an accumulation of weeds, and at the same time rendering the soil soft and porous. A good hoeing is as good as manure for growing crops.

The Flower Garden.—As most flowers will by now be at their prime, the flower garden bears a gay appearance. Keep up the growth by a frequent application of the hose during the dry season. Keep the plots tidy by pulling or cutting away all fading blooms and foliage. Plants will flower much longer if not allowed to run to seed. Stake and tie up all tall-growing plants such as dahlias, chrysanthemums, Michaelmas daisies, and such-like varieties. Carnations and picotees may be layered, but, if preferred, they can be propagated from cuttings. Cuttings of these plants are better torn off with a heel, and dressed with a sharp knife. They should be inserted in prepared sandy soil. Roses can now be budded if any stocks are ready for the purpose. To be successful the bark must be lifted very free. When old geranium plants need cutting back, the cuttings will do well if inserted in good sandy soil. They will not need watering for some time after planting. The cuttings should be well ripened, the soft and succulent ones are useless. Commence planting bulbs from now onward. If the soil is poor a sprinkling of bonemeal will be beneficial.

The Fruit Garden.—Pears and apples should now be picked as they ripen. It is a mistake to leave the

early pears to ripen on the trees if it is desired to keep them any length of time. When packing the fruit in cases all bruised ones should be rejected, as they soon decay and cause loss among the stock. Keep on spraying for the leech, as this pest destroys the leaves of cherry, plum, pear, and many other trees; it also affects different thorn trees, and many of the ornamental shrubs, if allowed to spread. Spraying with helibore and arsenate of lead is an effective remedy. Soot, or slack lime, will also answer the purpose, but this remedy will render the trees unsightly.

## TO DESTROY WEEDS.

An Inglewood correspondent asks us to supply a formula to kill weeds in a garden. If our correspondent refers to weeds on garden paths, the cheapest and most effective way to destroy them, without disturbing the surface, is by an application of salt prepared as follows:—Boil the salt in water, 1lb to 1 gallon, and apply the mixture boiling hot with a watering can that has a spreading rose. This will keep weeds and worms away for two or three years. Put 1lb to the square yard the first year; afterwards a weaker solution may be applied when required. Weed plants of a tenacious nature should be cut off close to the ground and a few drops of coal oil poured on to the crowns. They immediately commence to decay and are utterly destroyed. Troublesome weeds on the lawn can thus be speedily disposed of, but others will likely take their place. In cultivated garden plots, the frequent use of the Dutch hoe is the most effective way to eradicate weeds, and they must be rooted out before seeding to prevent fresh growth. Our landscape gardening contributor shows the necessity of this in many of his notes published each month in the *Tablet*.

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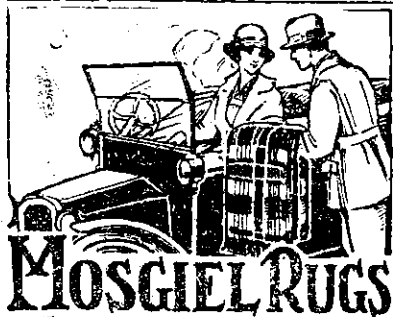
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"Red Triangle." Further information from National Secretary, Y.M.C.A. Headquarters, Baker's Bldgs., Wellington.

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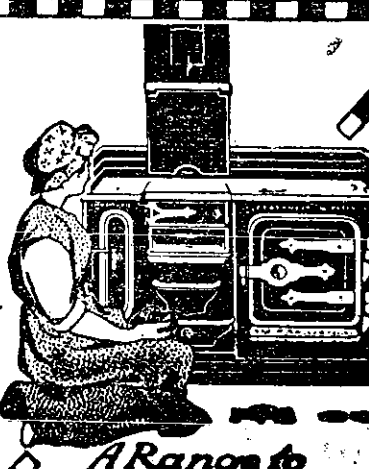
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### BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY.

In speaking of a person's faults,  
Pray don't forget your own;  
Remember those with house of glass  
Should seldom throw a stone,  
If we have nothing else to do  
But talk of those who sin,  
'Tis better we commence at home  
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man  
Until he's fairly tried;  
Should we not like his company,  
We know the world is wide.  
Some have their faults, and who has not?  
The old as well as young—  
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,  
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,  
And find it works full well,  
To try my own defects to cure  
Before of others tell;  
And though I sometimes hope to be  
No worse than some I know,  
My shortcomings bid me let  
The faults of others go.

Then let us all, when we commence  
To slander friend or foe,  
Think of the harm one word may do  
To those who little know.  
Remember curses, sometimes like  
Our chickens, roost at home;  
Don't speak of others' faults until  
We have none of our own.

### YOUTHFUL INVENTORS.

You might search through the archives of the Patent Office for a long while without finding the name of a child among those of inventors; nevertheless there have been a number of instances where young folk have quickened the ingenuity of their elders.

Once a Dutch spectacle-maker was busy within his shop, and in front of the door his children were playing. Toys were not as attractive or plentiful then as now, and the youngsters were fain to put up with some loose glasses which were intended in time to be fitted to spectacle frames. By accident, one of the little fellows peered at a church steeple through two of the lenses, and the weathercock seemed in that way brought so near that he ran in to his father for an explanation of the strange phenomenon. The spectacle-maker was no less surprised than his son, and went out to see for himself what a wonderful thing was done by the bits of glass. His amazement did not subside until he had projected an idea which he afterwards carried out, and produced an instrument by means of which astronomers might search the paths of the stars.

The Argand burner takes its name from the poor Swiss who invented it; but the use of the chimney in connection with it was due to the thoughtless experiments of his little brother, who, for want of something to do, amused himself by placing an old bottomless oil flask over one article after another. The principle of the burner is simplicity itself, owing its superiority to the fact that a round flame was supplied with oxygen from the interior as well as the outside; but when the youngster happened to place the broken flask over the wick there shot up so beautiful and clear a blaze that Argand was led to think of the chimney which would make the Argand burner a boon to humanity.

These are only some of the instances in which, accidentally for the most part, young people have helped the inventions of grown-ups.—*Ave Maria.*

### THE CATHOLIC HABIT OF PRAYER.

Nothing bespeaks the practical Catholic so much as the salutary habit of prayer. In temptation, in each surprise of danger, in fear, anguish, or grief, the well-trained soul, like a confiding child running to the protecting arms of its mother, turns instinctively to God, and in so doing but follows the maxim of our Lord to "Pray always."

Prayer for the Catholic is the armor of the soul which from constant use is kept clean and bright; it is the ever-present shield against which the fiery darts of enemies strike, but are powerless to harm. It is as natural for the good Catholic to pray as to breathe, and prayer will always spring spontaneously to his heart and lips with even the first intimation of danger. If he be victorious over temptation; if he be successful in overcoming an inclination to evil; if he is to accomplish any good whatsoever, it is traceable always to prayer. All good things must come to him through prayer.

When prayer ceases, the spiritual life of the Catholic ceases, and when the spiritual and practical part of the Catholic life is laid aside, all merit-gaining works are likewise laid aside or forgotten. Catholic life without good works becomes weakened, and that faith which is not stimulated by good works soon becomes a dead faith.

### AN OLD CUSTOM.

You have wondered, no doubt, why the weathercock sometimes surmounts the cross upon the spires of old churches. This is a survival of an ancient custom. A ball was placed under the cross, to represent the world which was saved by Christ; and the cock symbolised the repentance of St. Peter, and the duty of Christian vigilance, in remembrance of those words of our Blessed Lord: "Watch and pray, that you enter not into temptation."

### A FIBBING FISHER.

Whenever a boy proposes to angle,  
With a hook like this he prefers to dangle:

J

He gets him a line that is fine and strong,  
And he catches a fish just about so long:

Before he comes home it's of far bigger size,  
And he tells his friends 'twould open their eyes.  
Just see how they wonder to hear his lies:

o o o o o o o o  
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### HIS ADVICE.

He was a young lawyer, and the judge thought he would give him a chance. So he instructed:

"Mr. Smith, suppose you take the prisoner into my private room, have a talk with him, hear his story, and then, as man to man, give him the best advice that you can? Then come back and report to the court."

The young lawyer disappeared, and in half an hour he returned to the courtroom, but minus his client, the prisoner.

"Go ahead, Mr. Smith; tell the court the result of your talk," instructed the judge.

"Well, your honor, I heard his story," answered the young lawyer, "and I saw at once that he had no chance at all. If ever a man is guilty, that man is. He acknowledges every point."

"Well, bring in the prisoner," said the judge.

"Bring in the prisoner?" echoed the young lawyer, in surprise. "Why, I can't your Honor. I did as you instructed. I gave him the best advice I knew."

"Well, what was it?" asked the judge.

"Why," said the young lawyer, "I saw he had not the ghost of a chance, and I told him if I were in his place I'd get out of your window, slide down the water-pipe, and beat it. And he did!"

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## HIS NAME.

A Dublin car-driver was stopped for dangerous driving by a zealous constable. He refused to give his name.

"Ye must give me yer name," was the reply. "Ye'll only get yourself into worse trouble, young man," said the constable, "if ye don't give me yer name."

"I won't give my name," said the dogged driver.

"Now, then, what is it?" persisted the constable.

"Ye had better find out," retorted the driver.

"Sure and I will," said the constable, proceeding round to the side of the car where the name ought to have been, only to find it rubbed off.

"Aha!" said the constable, "now ye'll get yerself into worse disgrace than ever, for yer name's obliterated."

"You're wrong," roared the driver; "'tis O'Brien!"

## SMILE-RAISERS.

"No," said the editor, "we can not use your poem."

"Why," asked the poet; "is it too long?"

"Yes," hissed the editor, "it's too long, and too wide, and too thick."

"I don't think I deserve zero on this examination," said the pupil, as he took his geometry papers.

"No, I do not either, John, but that was the lowest I could give you," said the teacher.

"Ruth, I'm really surprised at you, putting out your tongue at people!"

"It was all right, mother; it was only the doctor going past."

Jones: "I heard to-day that your son is an undertaker. I thought you told me he was a physician?"

Smith: "Oh, no. I only said that he followed the medical profession!"

Customer: "Were you at Balaclava, may I ask?"

Tailor: "No. What makes you ask such a question?"

Customer: "Only that you charge so magnificently."

"How fast is Myrtle getting on with her knitting?"

"About fifteen knots an hour."

"What is a triple alliance, Tommy?"

"It's when pa and ma and the school-teacher agree that I ought to have a lickin'."

They had lost their way in their new and expensive car.

"There's a sign, dear. Are we on the right road?"

With his electric torch he read, "To the Poor-house."

"Yes," he answered. "We're on the right road, and we didn't know it."

Mrs. Much: "What dreadful language your parrot uses!"

Mrs. Nothing: "Yes, my husband bought the bird one day and brought it home in his car, and I have always suspected that he had engine trouble during the journey."

## FILES

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## SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

## REGARDING SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH.

Before the Industries Committee at Wellington last week Dr. J. Allan Thomson, Director of the Dominion Museum, gave evidence as to the arrangements made for scientific research in the British dominions, particularly in Australia and Canada. He referred also to the organisation in the United States, France, and Italy. Practically New Zealand was the only one of the Allied countries which had not set up an organisation of scientific research to keep in touch with the industries. Probably the blame was due to the lack of co-ordination between the various departments, including Internal Affairs and Education. The matter of research had been referred by the Government to the National Efficiency Board, which asked the New Zealand Institute to formulate a scheme. The institute set up a committee, whose report, which was adopted by the institute, could be regarded as the well-considered opinion of New Zealand scientific men. The committee had recommended that a fund of £100,000 should be invested in trust for the encouragement of scientific research. The report, with a few amendments, was approved by the Efficiency Board. The institute adopted a resolution to the effect that the board which would administer the trust fund for scientific research should be able to do so without interference by the Government. However, the Minister of Internal Affairs had objected to the resolution.

Professor Easterfield said that New Zealand had suffered for the lack of encouragement of science. People did not know what science could do for them. There was no doubt that New Zealand had the right young men to train. New Zealand scientific men were known throughout the world. He referred to a number who had achieved the highest status as experts in subjects and to men who held very high positions in other countries. New Zealand was losing these brilliant brains because of the lack of appreciation of science. He referred to the need of a real scientific library in New Zealand. He believed that local advisory committees would not require payment except for the actual cost of the research work undertaken in the public interest. The grant for a central scheme of research should be statutory. He believed the proposed board could be very beneficial to New Zealand. It was absolutely necessary to have encouragement of pure science and practical science. He did not know of any commercially successful process of obtaining industrial alcohol from wood except when the industry was a side-line of the wood-pulp paper industry.

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