

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- March 9, Sunday.—First Sunday in Lent.
 „ 10, Monday.—Feast of the Forty Martyrs.
 „ 11, Tuesday.—Of the FERIA.
 „ 12, Wednesday.—St. Gregory, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor. Ember Day.
 „ 13, Thursday.—Of the FERIA.
 „ 14, Friday.—Of the FERIA. Ember Day.
 „ 15, Saturday.—Of the FERIA. Ember Day. No Abstinence.

Feast of the Forty Martyrs.

The Forty Martyrs were a party of soldiers who suffered a cruel death for their faith, near Sebaste, in Lesser Armenia, victims of the persecution of Licinius, who, after the year 316, persecuted the Christians of the East. The earliest account of their martyrdom is given by St. Basil, Bishop of Cæsarea (370-379) in a homily delivered on the feast of the Holy Martyrs. The feast is consequently more ancient than the episcopate of Basil, whose eulogy on them was pronounced only fifty or sixty years after their martyrdom, which is thus historic beyond a doubt. According to St. Basil, forty soldiers who had openly confessed themselves Christians were condemned by the prefect to be exposed naked upon a frozen pond near Sabaste on a bitterly cold night, that they might freeze to death. Among the confessors, one yielded and, leaving his companions, sought the warm baths near the lake which had been prepared for any who might prove inconstant. One of the guards set to keep watch over the martyrs beheld at this moment a supernatural brilliancy overshadowing them, and at once proclaimed himself a Christian, threw off his garments, and placed himself beside the thirty-nine soldiers of Christ. Thus the number of forty remained complete.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

BEFORE THE TABERNACLE.

Here where the footfalls of angels tread lightly
 Flicker so lonely the light's ruby rays;
 In mute adoration the sentient stillness
 Seems throbbing with melody, pulsing with praise.

Here have I sped me, and here have I fled me,
 Harking my restless heart's tyrant decree,
 Thirsting for love as the hart for the fountain,
 Nowhere I find it, sweet Lord, but in Thee.

Weary and faint from the stress of life's battle,
 Penitent, humbled, I lie at Thy feet.
 Oh, that I always had cherished Thy friendship!
 Had I but known, Lord, Thy love is so sweet.

Here, at Thy altar I pledge my devotion;
 Take back my poor heart, so sin-stained, so cold.
 Jesus, be friend to me here in my exile,
 Bring me to Thee when my life's tale is told.

Say often with the holy Apostle, at least in your heart: "Lord, increase my faith, make it purer, more lively, and more perfect."—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

The just man lives by faith, that is to say, his ardent simple and strong faith is so vivifying that it has become the very life of his soul.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

The religious who lives by faith is so completely and habitually penetrated by it that all the thoughts of her mind, all the movements of her heart, in a word, her whole life, is entirely guided by that spirit of supernatural faith in such a way that she judges things only in its light, and acts only under its influence.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

CHAPTER XII., LONDON (Continued).

The next morning Mr. Must kept shop while Kevin was sent some miles out westward to bring home the "goodish lot" of books purchased at a private sale the day before. The day was clear, and all the wonders of the shops were laid before his dazzled eyes. As he passed out of the teeming thoroughfares and into Piccadilly, with its mansions, he began to take in the magnitude and splendor of London—magnificence which is real enough, if prosaic in form, and disappointing in its outward expression to beauty-loving eyes. The sumptuous outlines and jewelled details of the ideal city which his brain had unconsciously pictured to him during the days of his travel melted away and were seen by him no more; but the great world of London became henceforth for him a solid and familiar fact.

As he threaded his way for mile after mile, following the directions he had received, the fear seized on him that two people might seek for each other in and out these mazes of streets for years, and yet never meet. In such walks as his occupation would allow him to take could he hope to be so fortunate as to cross the wandering path of those lonely little feet? The thought struck him like a blow as he stood gazing down one of those myriad streets which the duty of his errand forbade him to explore.

"Lost h'anything, young man?" asked a policeman, looking into his troubled face.

"Yes," said Kevin; "how did you know?"

"Knows the look of it," said the policeman; "been brought up to the business. How much was there in the purse?"

Kevin stared. "Oh—I wasn't speaking of money. I am looking for a child."

"Lost to-day, or yesterday?" asked the policeman.

"Neither," said Kevin. "It's a long time ago, now; five or six months, and more like five or six years. She was stolen by gipsies in Ireland."

"H'Ireland! That's a long way off, h'aint it? What brought you here to look for her?"

"I have tracked her to England, and I have reason to think she has escaped from the gipsies and made her way to London. I am here for the purpose of searching for her. Can you tell me how I ought to proceed?"

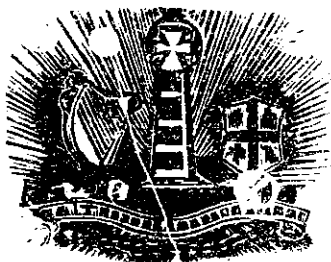
"What sort of child is she? Little or big, 'and-some or h'ugly? Gipsies generally picks out the pretty ones."

"She is ten years old, strikingly pretty, dark hair, grey eyes, slender limbs, and the most remarkable thing about her is her voice. She sings wonderfully, and the gipsies have taught her to dance." The policeman put his brawny hand on Kevin's shoulder and looked in his face while he said emphatically: "See here, young man; I'll tell you where you'll look for her, if that's the sort she is. A gel like that's worth more than her keep to some people. You go round the singing saloons, and the music halls and all the low theatres in London. You won't do it in a day, for there's a deal of such places to be found. If she isn't making money for some such h'establishment, I don't know where you're going to find her. I'll make a note of it myself, and you can give me your h'address and take my number."

"Thank you," said Kevin, eagerly, who had turned pale and red by turns while listening.

"Not at all; it's all in the way of business. But I think I have put you on the real track. Spangles

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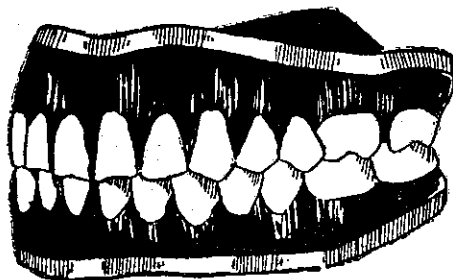
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Who never to himself has said,
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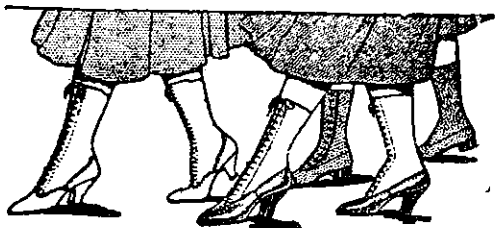
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is the word, and spangles isn't just what a mother would choose for her, is it? I've a little gel myself. You're too young to be her father; but there's a 'art h'aching for her somewhere, I'll be bound."

"What do you mean by spangles?" asked Kevin, looking at his new friend anxiously.

"You go to the theaytres and you'll see," said the policeman, with a grin. "You're a green one, you are; but green's not the worst of colors to begin with, as I've come to know in the way of business. H'anything more I can do for you?"

"No, thank you," said Kevin; "I will follow your advice." And uneasy at having lingered so long, he hurried away on his master's errand, running to make up for the time he had lost.

He no longer stopped to stare down each new street he passed, nor hoped to see the child running to meet him at every corner. The bills of the theatres and other places of entertainment pasted on blank walls here and there now received most of his attention. In his simplicity he looked for the name "Fanchea," or "Little Fan," in the lists of the performers, and longed for the moment to arrive when, having touched his first weekly wages, he should be able to begin his round of all the houses of amusement in London. It was something gained to have marked out a certain line for his search; and what with the courage this new hope had given him, the excitement of all the novel wonders he had seen, and the illumination from yesterday's reading still lingering about him and showing the way to paths of further enlightenment, he looked so radiant entering the dark little shop on his return that Mr. Must was quite startled at the sight of him.

"Come, now! a walk in London streets has done you good, 'asn't it?" said the master, looking with involuntary admiration at the young man's handsome face and well-knit figure.

"Yes, sir," said Kevin, and fell to work with a will among the books he had brought home.

It was some time before he had another opportunity for so long a ramble, and as he had as yet no money, he was obliged to wait patiently before beginning his visits to the theatres at night. He gave himself up to reading in the meantime. At every spare moment of the day he was buried in a book. In the evenings after supper it was a more difficult matter to give his mind to the volume he held in his hand, for Miss Bessie was very fond of conversation, and was jealous of the page that abstracted his thoughts from herself. Books were her abhorrence: all dullness, all unsociableness in the world was due to them. She could just read, write, and cast accounts sufficiently well to enable her to give correct change for a sovereign when she sold a bouquet, and keep her money transactions right with her employer. All learning beyond this she regarded as superfluous, and had a rooted contempt for people who "passed their lives between the covers of a book," as she expressed it.

"It's dreadful to see you taking to it so young," she said to Kevin. "You'll get dried up, and dried up, till your skin will turn like their yellow old pages, and your clothes will hang on you like their leathery old covers with the elbows skuffed! Look at father there. Don't he look as if he had been squeezed up on a bookshelf among them till the dust got into the marrow of his bones? He's a good old dad, I know. Shouldn't I pick anybody's eyes out that said anything else!" added Bessie, turning a sudden gleam of fierceness on her listener.

"I am not going to say it," said Kevin smiling.

"But the poring eats him up," continued Bessie, "till there's hardly a bit of him left."

"Do you never like to read yourself?" asked Kevin.

"A nice novel's all very well when there's nothing else to do," said Bessie; "but to my taste talking is better than the best of them. And its awful to see you taking to the poring so young."

But here the appearance of her father's bald head in the doorway shut up Miss Bessie's pouting lips.

In spite of such terrifying warnings Kevin pursued his studies with increasing ardor. He bought a

lamp, and read in his bedroom half the nights. He began to have the look of a student. Miss Bessie tossed her head when she saw him produce the inevitable book after supper, and bade him a mocking good-night when she departed for an evening's amusement with her friends. There were frequent little dances, and parties to the play among her acquaintances.

"I don't mind her going when I know the people she's among," said Mr. Must. "But she's rather fond of gadding, is my Bessie."

CHAPTER XIII.—FAN'S NEW FRIENDS.

Having yielded to her impulse of compassion, Fan's protectress was seized with a reaction of feeling as the train steamed along, and gazed in dismay at the forlorn little figure sitting opposite in the corner of the carriage. Might not the child be a little lying vagrant trying to escape from people who had meant kindly by her? Had she herself not been very foolish in allowing the young creature to make this impetuous rush to the great city where every kind of danger must await her? And what if the child were to insist on clinging to her? Truly she had made a pretty morning's work of it.

She thought of her neat little shop, to which a friend was attending in her absence. How could she introduce this small, dishevelled being into her nice premises? Impossible. She could not do it.

She looked again at the little fellow-traveller whose eyes were fixed on the flying landscape outside with wide-awake wonder.

"You are not a little English girl, are you?"

"No," said Fan; "I belong to Killeevy Mountain."

"That is an Irish place, I suppose?"

"Yes. The gipsies stole me away, and brought me to this country. Kevin has been looking for me, I am sure; but the gipsies would never let him find me. That is why I ran away; and, besides, they frightened me."

"Is Kevin your brother?"

"I think he is. He was not born my brother, but I think he has grown into it."

"Are your parents dead?"

"Yes; all but Kevin's mother. 'Tis she that will be fretting for me badly. I lived with them, and they are my own people, ever since the angels took my mother."

Mrs. Wynch looked out of the window. The child's Irish accent and manner of expressing herself jarred upon her prejudice, but the loneliness and simplicity of the little wanderer touched her heart.

"What do you intend to do when you come to London?"

"Earn money," said Fan, "and get back to Killeevy."

"What can you do to earn money?"

"I can sing, and I can mend stockings and wash cups and plates."

"Have you ever thought of writing to your friends to come and fetch you?"

"Yes; I wrote and had the letter posted. I told him we were always going about, and that he would have to keep trying to meet me."

"If I were to take you to the workhouse and to write to your friends, would you stay there quietly till they fetched you?"

"I don't know what it is, but I would stay anywhere that Kevin would come to."

Mrs. Wynch looked out of the window again, and made up her mind that she would drive to the workhouse with the child before going to her own home. She would next write to her friends telling them where to find her; and what more would it be prudent to do? From the child's lips she wrote down the words: "Killeevy Mountain, Ireland." It seemed a rather vague address, but Fan could tell no more; and Mrs. Wynch knew little of the geography of Ireland. She would have been still more easy as to the fate of the letter she intended to write had she known that Killeevy was merely the local name of one of a group

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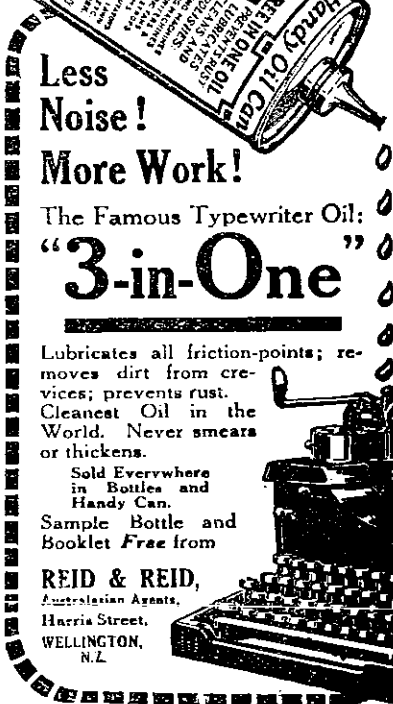
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of mountains which were known to postal authorities by a different designation.

When the train stopped and Mrs. Wynch prepared to leave the carriage Fan said nothing, but fixed a pair of earnest, questioning eyes upon her. They were not begging eyes, but only seemed to ask eagerly whether she was going to help her further or not. For, once out of her direst difficulty, Fan's spirit of adventure had returned, and she was ready to accept her position and start upon her solitary way once more.

"You come with me," said Mrs. Wynch; and Fan limped out after her, offering to carry her cloak, and not at all understanding the doubtful look that was cast on her by her benefactress at the request, nor the tightened grasp with which the good woman kept hold of her own property.

"I do want a cup of tea so badly," thought Mrs. Wynch, as she walked along the platform, "and the nearest workhouse is such a way off! It couldn't do much harm to take the creature in for an hour or two. I can watch her all the time, and never let her out of my sight."

They got into a cab, and as they travelled through London streets Fan asked timidly, "What is a workhouse?"

Mrs. Wynch's heart was more tender than she chose to acknowledge to herself, and this question gave her troublesome thoughts. How sad that the little one should ever have her inquiry answered by experience. If she belonged to honest folk she would probably be none the better for her sojourn in such a place.

"Do they give people work, and pay them for it?" continued Fan.

"Not exactly," said Mrs. Wynch; and then, as she looked at the small, anxious specimen of "people" wanting work, the lines of her mouth relaxed, and she added: "But you are coming home with me to have some breakfast first."

"Am I?" said Fan. "You are good." And then she dropped back into her corner with a sigh of exhaustion and contentment.

The cab stopped at a small bric-a-brac shop not more than ten minutes' walk from the street where Mr. Must did his business in old books. A few pieces of old china, brass, jewellery, and bronze stood in the narrow window, and Fan's eyes were caught by the twinkle of other beautiful things glimmering out of the twilight within the doorway. Mrs. Wynch groaned interiorly several times as she guided the little untidy waif of humanity across her threshold and into her cosy sitting-room where the charwoman was preparing her breakfast.

"Mamzelle had to go out, and left me in charge," began the latter. "But, lor! ma'am, wherever did you pick up such a h'object as that?"

Poor Fan's stockings were splashed with mud, and her worn and broken shoes were hanging off; she had on the old ragged frock which the gipsies made her wear when not dressed up for performance, and her curly hair was in a wild tangle round her face.

"It's a long story, Betsy; bring the tea," said Mrs. Wynch, querulously. "Let her have something to eat first, and then give her a good washing, will you?"

"Not so easy," grumbled Betsy. "They do kick and scratch when they are not used to it."

"Please may I have the washing first?" asked Fan, when they had reached the kitchen.

"Come now, that's not so bad," said Betsy; "indeed you shall." And Fan was literally put under the pump in the wash-house, with many exhortations from the charwoman not to holler or struggle, for it had got to be done.

But Fan was quiet and enjoyed her bath.

"It was delightful!" cried the child, when all was done. "I haven't had such a wash since they took me!" And she threw her arms round the women's neck and kissed her.

"Well, you are pretty behaved for a young tramp

like you," said Betsy, smiling, and began combing the tangled curls on the wet little head.

"But I'm not a tramp," said Fan, "not when I can help it. What would you have done if you had been stolen away from your home when you were a little girl? I want to earn money, and get back to my people."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Betsy. "There now! If we had some decent clothes to put you into, you'd look only too good for what's a waitin' on you."

Fan sat at the fire wondering what it was that was waiting on her, till the warmth and quiet, and sense of refreshment overpowered her, and she fell from her chair, fast asleep. Then the two women stood over her pityingly, and carried her into the parlor, and laid her on the sofa, to sleep as long as she would.

When she opened her eyes again, it was quite dark, and two figures sat at the fire, in the little room, Mrs. Wynch and another person. While only half awake, Fan heard their voices talking.

"You see I am a poor woman," Mrs. Wynch was saying, "and no one could expect me to support a strange child, even for a month. If I keep her as long as that, I may be expected to keep her altogether. Not but what I agree with all you say about the workhouse. It's a bad place, if better could be had; and she do talk so much about wanting to work."

"Poor thing!" murmured the other voice, a very soft, cooing little voice.

"Still you see, Mamzelle, if these folks of hers in Ireland should never look to her, or if it should be all a lie—I must say again I can't undertake to provide for her."

Here a tinkle from the shop bell called the proprietress away to attend to a customer, and Mamzelle also rose from her chair, and casting a glance at the sofa, quietly left the room.

Fan opened her eyes wide, and thought busily over all she had heard. Was this workhouse, then, a bad place, and was she going to be shut up in it? Fan had heard at home about the poorhouse, and she supposed this workhouse must be something like it, only worse. Why should she go to it when she could earn money? Mrs. Wynch had called herself a poor woman, and perhaps this house and shop did not belong to her at all.

"But maybe she would take care of me," thought Fan. "if I could bring her money. I could sing in the streets, and work for her all the rest of the time."

The child lay and reflected, and at last a brilliant idea sprang up in her little mind. She rose from the sofa and peeped through the window of the door into the shop. Mrs. Wynch was busy with a gentleman, who was examining a jar. How pretty the lighted shop looked, with all the beautiful things around! Fan opened the other door into the hall, and listened. The house was dark and still. Her own little black cloak hung on a stand in the hall; she seized it, and threw it over her head. "As it is dark," she thought, "the people will not notice that I am not gaily dressed." Then she opened the hall door into the street softly, closed it as quietly, and flew down the street.

An hour later Mrs. Wynch, having wound up her business affairs for the evening, came back into the parlor, stepping lightly and wondering to herself, "My, how that tired child do sleep, to be sure!" She came to the sofa, bent over it, and felt for the little girl's head with her hand. There was no one there. The creature was gone.

"Perhaps Mamzelle has taken her upstairs," thought the worthy woman, after a moment of surprise, and she mounted the narrow staircase to the first floor, where her friendly lodger was to be found.

(To be continued.)

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THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—HOW THE NORMAN ADVENTURERS GOT A FOOTHOLD ON IRISH SOIL (Continued).

Strongbow and McMurrough now marched for Dublin. The Ard-Ri, who had meantime taken the field, made an effort to intercept them, but he was out-manœuvred, and they reached and commenced to siege the city. The citizens sought a parley. The fate of Waterford had struck terror into them. They despatched to the besiegers' camp as negotiator or mediator, their archbishop, Laurence, or Lorcan O'Tuahal, the first prelate of Dublin of Irish origin.

"This illustrious man, canonised both by sanctity and patriotism, was then in the thirty-ninth year of his age, and the ninth of his episcopate. His father was lord of Imayle and chief of his clan; his sister had been wife of Dermid and mother of Eva, the prize bride of Earl Richard. He himself had been a hostage with Dermid in his youth, and afterwards Abbot of Glendalough, the most celebrated monastic city of Leinster. He stood, therefore, to the besieged, being their chief pastor, in the relation of a father; to Dermid, and strangely enough to Strongbow also, as brother-in-law and uncle by marriage. A fitter ambassador could not be found.

"Maurice Regan, the 'Latiner,' or secretary of Dermid, had advanced to the walls and summoned the city to surrender, and deliver up 'thirty pledges' to his master, their lawful prince. Asculph, son of Torcall, was in favor of the surrender, but the citizens could not agree among themselves as to hostages. No one was willing to trust himself to the notoriously untrustworthy Dermid. The Archbishop was then sent out on the part of the citizens to arrange the terms in detail. He was received with all reverence in the camp, but while he was deliberating with the commanders without, and the townsmen were anxiously awaiting his return, Milo de Cogan and Raymond the Fat, seizing the opportunity, broke into the city at the head of their companies, and began to put the inhabitants ruthlessly to the sword. They were soon followed by the whole force eager for massacre and pillage. The Archbishop hastened back to endeavor to stay the havoc which was being made of his people. He threw himself before the infuriated Irish and Normans, he threatened, he denounced, he bared his own breast to the swords of the assassins. All to little purpose: the blood fury exhausted itself before peace settled over the city. Its Danish chief Asculph, with many of his followers, escaped to their ships, and fled to the Isle of Man and the Hebrides in search of succour and revenge. Roderick, unprepared to besiege the enemy who had thus outmarched and outwitted him, at that season of the year—it could not be earlier than October—broke up his encampment at Clondalkin and retired to Connaught. Earl Richard having appointed De Cogan his governor of Dublin, followed on the rear of the retreating Ard-Ri, at the instigation of McMurrough, burning and plundering the churches of Kells, Clonard, and Slane, and carrying off the hostages of East-Meath." (McGee.)

Roderick, having first vainly noticed McMurrough to return to his allegiance on forfeit of the life of his hostage, beheaded the son of Diarmid, who had been given as surety for his father's good faith at the treaty of Ferns. Soon after McMurrough himself died, and his end, as recorded in the chronicles, was truly horrible. "His death, which took place in less than a year after his sacrilegious church burnings in Meath, is described as being accompanied by fearful evidence of divine displeasure. He died intestate, and without the sacraments of the Church. His disease was of some unknown and loathsome kind, and was attended with insufferable pain, which, acting on the naturally savage violence of his temper, rendered him so furious that his ordinary attendants must have been afraid to

approach him, and his body became at once a putrid mass, so that its presence above ground could not be endured. Some historians suggest that this account of his death may have been the invention of enemies, yet it is so consistent with what we know of McMurrough's character and career from other sources, as to be noways incredible. He was at his death eighty-one years of age, and is known in Irish history as Diarmaid-na-Gall, or Dermot of the Foreigners."

An incident well calculated to win our admiration presents itself, in the midst of the dismal chapter I have just sketched in outline; an instance of chivalrous honor and good faith on the part of a Norman lord in behalf of an Irish chieftain! Maurice de Prendergast was deputed by Earl "Strongbow" as envoy to Mac Gilla Patrick, Prince of Ossory, charged to invite him to a conference in the Norman camp. Prendergast undertook to prevail upon the Ossorian prince to comply, on receiving from Strongbow a solemn pledge that good faith would be observed towards the Irish chief, and that he should be free and safe coming and returning. Relying on his pledge, Prendergast bore the invitation to Mac Gilla Patrick, and prevailed upon him to accompany him to the earl. "Understanding, however, during the conference," says the historian, "that treachery was about to be used towards Mac Gilla Patrick, he rushed into Earl Strongbow's presence, and 'swore by the cross of his sword that no man there that day should dare lay hands on the kyng of Ossery.'" And well kept he his word. Out of the camp, when the conference ended, rode the Irish chief, and by his side, good sword in hand, that glorious type of honor and chivalry, Prendergast, ever since named in Irish tradition and history as "the Faithful Norman"—"faithful among the faithless," we might truly say! Scrupulously did he redeem his word to the Irish prince. He not only conducted him safely back to his own camp, but, encountering on the way a force belonging to Strongbow's ally, O'Brien, returning from a foray into Ossory, he attacked and defeated them. That night "the Faithful Norman" remained, as the old chronicler has it, "in the woods," the guest of the Irish chief, and next day returned to the English lines. This truly pleasing episode—this little oasis of chivalrous honor in the midst of a trackless expanse of treacherous and ruthless warfare, has been made the subject of a short poem by Mr. Aubrey De Vere, in his *Lyrical Chronicle of Ireland*:—

THE FAITHFUL NORMAN.

Praise to the valiant and faithful foe!

Give us noble foes, not the friend who lies!

We dread the drugged cup, not the open blow:

We dread the old hate in the new disguise.

To Ossory's king they had pledged their word:

He stood in their camp, and their pledge they broke;

Then Maurice the Norman upraised his sword;

The cross on its hilt he kiss'd, and spoke:

"So long as this sword or this arm hath might,

I swear by the cross which is lord of all,

By the faith and honor of noble and knight,

Who touches you, Prince, by this hand shall fall!"

So side by side through the throng they pass'd;

And Eire gave praise to the just and true.

Brave foe! the past truth heals at last:

There is room in the great heart of Eire for you!

It is nigh seven hundred years since "the Faithful Norman" linked the name of Prendergast to honor and chivalry on Irish soil. Those who have read that truly remarkable work, Prendergast's *Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, will conclude that the spirit of Maurice is still to be found amongst some of those who bear his name.

The foundation, the spirit, the virtues of the religious life are in all time, in all places the same, and adapted to all circumstances because, being the essence of the Gospel, the true religious spirit cannot undergo change.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

IN MEMORY OF CECIL CHESTERTON

(By HILAIRE BELLOC, in the *New Witness*.)

Cecil Chesterton is dead. He has left the only place which we know and understand and gone to better and more permanent things which we shall understand in our turn. Later, when the deadening effect of such a blow has passed it will be possible to write, though hardly worthily, the panegyric which is his due. It may be possible (though I have never found such a thing possible even after the passage of many years) to express the intolerable sense of loss and grief which follows upon such a departure in us who remain. To-day I am incapable of either of these high things, but there is one thing I can do—which is to put upon record the greatness of what has gone away from us at this critical time and the consequent loss to England which he loved and served as very few modern Englishmen in public life love and serve her.

There is a worn phrase, used indifferently of the few great and the many little when they die, that the loss is to us "irreparable." In this one case of Cecil Chesterton it is, in relation to his country, for once a word strictly true. Nothing can replace him, nor exercise the function which he exercised, nor do what he did for his country; the gravity of that judgment weighs upon me as I write so that I feel it like any other great public calamity—the loss of a battle, or a plague.

For this country is in high peril. For all the vigor of its blood, for all the heroism and tenacity which it has displayed and will continue to display it is yet in peril, because the peril concerns not the blood or the stock or the race, but its institutions; and by institutions, their vigor and their authority this ancient state, aristocratic in origin, lives. If they fall below a certain level of contempt and disease, with them the State falls, for all its other virtues may perish. There was no modern State the institutions of which were as strong but a generation ago as were those of this country. There is none in which so prodigious a revolution has been working. Everywhere else the tidal wave of the late eighteenth century had swept over Society and things had begun anew: but here continuity and all the strength which accompanies it, an oaken stuff, distinguished the public affairs of the English. In no other country had authority a stronger moral basis, nowhere were the servants of the State put higher in public esteem and more respected by those whom they lightly governed. All that is gone, and it is gone through the cowardice and the falsehood of those who should have been the conservators of England. When it was perceived that wealth could purchase anything from a useless honor to a vital policy, that membership of the various public bodies—particularly of the House of Commons—rendered a man immune, no matter what his treachery, meanness, swindling, or theft, there naturally arose an attraction between public affairs and whatever was worst in the State. It was inevitable that it should be so, for laws written or unwritten live by their sanctions not by their mere statement. With amazing rapidity the thing developed until we came to the point where we are to-day. One of a victorious league of great nations; one which has presented the most marvellous picture of strained endeavor, is nominally represented by men and by a system containing those men, which men and which system have fallen beneath the level of scorn.

Now when a State comes to this very grave pass—and history is there to show what such a pass means in the story of nations—there is one function of supreme value to the commonwealth. It is the function exercised by the man who will bring out corruption into the air: oxydise it: burn it up. But the exercise of such a function in such times can be undertaken only by, at the best, a very small number of men, at the worst by only one man or perhaps by none. For this function requires a combination of

three things, each rare, and in combination, of course, much rarer still. These three things are knowledge, the power of lucidity in expression, and, lastly, courage.

Knowledge of what political corruption had become, of its incredible extent and degree, was, when Cecil Chesterton began his effort, confined almost entirely to those who benefited by that corruption. It was not in those days (I speak of about a dozen years ago, when, if I remember rightly, he wrote his first book upon the growing falsehood of public life) anything like what it is to-day. Men at the head of the State were still men reputable in private life. Their connection with finance was at least not a connection of the taking and giving of petty bribes, and there was still some moderate distinction between the political ideals of nominal opponents. Still, the thing had begun and had already reached a height sufficient for attack: and Cecil Chesterton attacked. Through him much more than through any other man, the knowledge of the rapidly increasing evil was spread, until now you may say that some thousands among our millions are well acquainted with the way in which they are governed and the sort of men that govern them. Those thousands will be turned into millions by the effect of this war and of the ludicrous election to which we are at this moment invited by the politicians and their financial masters. When the thing is thoroughly done, when the exposure is complete and the knowledge is universal, we shall be able to say that the great fruits of that time by which we hope to correct its great dangers will have been due in the main to the man who conducted this paper and who has now died as a soldier in France, after, thank God, he had lived to see the destruction of Prussia.

So much for knowledge. It is rare; but the power of lucid expression is much rarer. It is of the talents as distinguished from virtues the rarest of all. For twenty men who can write good rhetoric, or even good verse, there is not one who can with intelligence seize at once the heart of a subject and present it in the shortest space so vividly and so framed that all his audience receives his own knowledge and are in communion with it. Look up and down the history of English Letters and see how rare is that gift. Swift had it, and Cobbett. Perhaps if you search you might find a half-dozen other names. There was certainly no one in our time who had it except my friend. I speak here of something which I know, for I myself, with I know not what labor, have attempted and have failed in the same task, and I have seen around me other men far more gifted than I, admirable at illustration and rhythm, at strong picturing of things, who have failed in this complete task of rapidity of synthesis informed by lucidity.

How formidable is the combination of this extremely rare type of genius with a sufficient knowledge!

Yet that combination would be sterile, were it not for the third quality which is the rarest of all.

Much might be written upon the strange paradox that at a moment and in a society where courage in almost every other form is conspicuous and splendid, public courage, the courage of the forum dies away. It is inevitable. Were it not so the peril and the decline would never have come about. So it is. Of all men who speak upon the intolerable condition of our public life, of all the hundreds and thousands of men who speak of it in tones varying from contempt to anger, only some tiny fraction dares to *print*: that is, under modern conditions, to speak publicly in the market place. And of these Cecil Chesterton was by far the highest example. His courage was heroic, native, positive, and equal: always at the highest potentiality of courage. He never in his life checked an action or a word from a consideration of personal caution, and that is more than can be said of any other man of his time. We can say of him, what is sometimes said indifferently in connection with other persons, that he was incapable of such caution: that

is, the idea of it would not even occur to him. He was as incapable of neglecting an act from lack of courage or even from a modification of courage as most men are incapable of a public act which would involve them in danger, and by the measure of the one you may take the measure of the other. Courage possessed and displayed in that degree is by definition heroic.

There was no risk he would not run, no suffering which he would not encounter: from ridicule to misconception, and from misconception to imprisonment and from imprisonment to poverty. This, the third thing necessary, gave to his talent and to his knowledge their enormous value.

All that his country has lost, and his country will not find such a combination again. Among public things it is a great thing, and we have lost a very great man. There are private things which are the more important in the decline of a State. These qualities I have described move me less than the things which I have not said of such a friend and of such a companion in arms: *tam cari capitis*.

OUR FRIEND CECIL

(By LOUIS J. McQUILLAND, in the *New Witness*.)

Mr. Hilaire Belloc has paid a noble tribute to the late Cecil Chesterton as a public man. I desire to lay my little chaplet of ivy beside his wreath of laurel, and to speak of my dead friend in his private relations as a good and sterling comrade, a man who went through life inspired by a sacramental feeling of confraternity.

I knew Cecil Chesterton for close on twenty years of light and shade, of storm and ease, of gaiety and gravity. Even in his very early manhood his brain was fully matured; even in his later years he kept the heart of a child. He was the simplest and least self-conscious being I have ever encountered. Whatever society he entered into, he was one with his fellows. He had an everlasting zest for life, which makes his death seem utterly unreal. For myself, I shall never feel that he has left us. The spirit of the man was so vital that it will abide with us as long as our lives last.

Cecil was the best Bohemian I have ever known. His generosity was almost ludicrous; his good humor was irrepressible. He was a tremendous talker, and it was all good talk. He took his mission in life seriously; but he never took himself seriously. He had many eccentricities, but they were all lovable ones.

I am told that the Tommies adored him. They could not fail to do so. They are great gentlemen, and they recognised a brother in chivalry.

Fleet Street is a street of cynics, in the sense that it has no sentimentalities, and that it is a pitiless judge of men and motives. Cecil Chesterton was one of the best beloved figures that ever walked along its narrow and universal way. Cecil was a great journalist; he was better than that—he was a good fellow. To the needy he gave all that he had to give; to the miserable he extended a sympathy as high as heaven and as deep as the sea. Fleet Street was the home of his heart. In it he spent all the best years of his life. In Fleet Street he found the great romance of his career in his wife, comrade and fellow-journalist, "John K. Prothero." At his wedding-breakfast in "The Olde Cheshire Cheese" all his friends of the pen were gathered round him—what a short space it is, and what an eternity, looking back again to that sunny day of wine and gladness in June, 1917.

At the beautiful and simple service in Maiden Lane on Saturday last the men who had clinked glasses with him, with laughter and good wishes, assembled to do him a last honor in a day of darkness and desolation. The Rector of Corpus Christi, who had officiated at his marriage, celebrated the Mass of Requiem for the repose of his soul. The server at the altar, in khaki, was his old friend Joseph Clayton, writer and democrat. The eloquent priest who preached his panegyric, Father Vincent MacNabb, was one of his warmest admirers,

and, in a sense, a fellow-journalist. Every single member of the congregation mourned with an intimate personal grief for the good soldier of God, who has gone to his reward.

I cannot close this rough and inadequate tribute to a prince of friends without testifying to his high service and unshaken fidelity to the cause of my country. The Irish in England will cherish while life lasts the memory of their fearless champion who lies in his soldier's grave at Boulogne.

"Time takes them all that we loved, fair lives and famous,

To the soft, long sleep, to the broad, sweet bosom of Death;

But the flower of their souls he shall not take away to shame us,

Nor their lips lack song forever that now lack breath."

THE "KHAKI" PRIESTS

(By BERNARD J. McNAMARA in *The Record of Louisville*.)

The great epidemic of influenza is bringing to the army chaplains in our cantonments here the praise and honor that are their due. Shot and shell and gas bombs attract more attention than the hacking cough and the delirium and the hemorrhage of the influenza and pneumonia ward. But the priest who worked in the latter was just as much a hero as the one who labored amid the former. Both endangered their lives from a sense of duty, sanctified by love.

My observations were made in a southern camp during the full course of the epidemic there. There is not the slightest doubt that such observations are true of every camp in the United States. The epidemic struck the camp with a suddenness that overwhelmed the medical staff. Ambulance after ambulance hurriedly dashed up to the receiving station, and soon the magnificent base hospital was filled with an army of diseased soldiers. The fire house became a little hospital, the chapel was a sick ward, and finally a tented hospital with 1800 patients raised its head in the surrounding fields. Every place that was available was used for the sufferers. In all 8000 men were cared for at the base hospital. Very many Catholic boys were among the number.

The fever began to mount in hundreds of cases and the dread pneumonia commenced its course of death. Then the cries began in no uncertain terms: "Doctor, for God's sake get me a priest." "Nurse, I want the priest." "Tell the priest to come quickly." In such ways did hundreds of Catholic soldiers, urged undoubtedly by the grace of God, voice their urgent request. Racked with pain, burning with fever, and overcome with extreme weakness, they felt life slipping away from them and they realised that now they needed a physician for their souls, the priest. They did not ask for him, they demanded him. And the doctors, many of them with little or no faith, were impressed by what they heard and rushed to the commanding officer.

The situation was desperate. Only one Catholic priest was in that camp of 18,000 men, and to him fell the work. The old commander, a grizzled army veteran, realised that one priest could not stand the labors demanded of him. He declared in terms most picturesque and most emphatic that these boys would have priests if he could get them.

The hustling secretary of the Knights of Columbus was commissioned to get priests and get them quickly. An S.O.S. telegram to a large city seven hours distant brought a response. A true priest of God came as fast as the train could bring him. He found the army chaplain on the verge of a collapse and forced him to take to his bed. So, for four days and nights this civilian priest worked with only five hours' rest. Just ninety miles away from the large camp was a much smaller camp of 1500 men.

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Three Catholic army chaplains were there. They knew the situation at the other camp, whereas there was no serious case at their little camp. They had volunteered for the greater work. But army red tape had to be unravelled, and so they waited impatiently, wondering how many souls were going into eternity without the aid of the Sacraments.

Finally the orders arrived and the first train took them on their errand of love. The civilian priest broke down the day after their arrival, a victim of the terrible influenza. The epidemic was now at its height; 5000 men were sick and hundreds of pneumonia cases had developed. The newly arrived army chaplains set to work. They labored night and day, snatching a little sleep when it was possible to do so.

After five days of such strenuous work, one priest was literally forced to bed by the doctors. So only one priest remained to do the work. But now the epidemic was on the wane. For two days and nights this priest was the only chaplain, Catholic or otherwise, in that great hospital. Then the chaplains from the school at Camp Taylor came, and among them were two priests. Some cases of spinal meningitis had developed, and here, too, in that isolated ward was work for the priests.

But the epidemic had run its course. All the priests affected are now well and their weakness is only a reminder of the great things that they were able to do for God, for souls, and for the Church. They are now cheered by the wonderful knowledge, gathered from a comparison of their records with the record of death, that God in His providence so disposed the relays of priests that not a Catholic died without the reception of the Last Sacraments. A beautiful and consoling thought and a mighty compliment to the kind of work done by Christ's active and zealous ministers!

The foregoing recital of facts was made so that some practical and pertinent reflections and conclusions might be drawn from the data. First of all, a wonderful impression was created upon the doctors, nurses, and orderlies and also on the Protestant patients by the splendid act of faith that showed clearly in the demand made by the hundreds of Catholic boys, white and colored. After the first days of the epidemic, the Protestant boys were absolutely without spiritual help from their own ministers. So the Catholic chaplains of necessity became the spiritual helpers of every one of the sufferers irrespective of religion.

The kindness of the priests towards the sick, their unselfish and untiring devotion to their duty and the wonderful spirit of faith displayed by the Catholic soldiers before and especially after the reception of the Sacraments produced very practical results among the non-Catholic soldiers, both white and colored. Twenty-five of them asked and received baptism before their death.

A number of them had never been baptised before. While others did not go so far as to receive the Sacraments from the Catholic priests, still they joyfully accepted his kind office in directing their dying thoughts toward Almighty God and their last end.

Many a Protestant boy's eyes were closed in death by the Catholic priest after the soldier had made a fervent act of contrition aided by the shepherd of Christ. But, above all, a kinder feeling towards the Church and the Catholic priest sprang up in the hearts of all these soldier boys, whether Protestant or Mormon or Jewish, because of the almost Divine service of love rendered by the ambassadors of Christ in this time of sorrow and pain and suffering.

Greater, because more intelligent, was the impression made upon the doctors and nurses by the presence and work of the Catholic chaplains. A new impression had been made upon them by the insistent demand of the seriously ill soldiers for the priest. They had attended Catholic patients before. But this was something different; it was the individual Catholic sick room magnified hundreds of times, and everybody was witness to the magnificent act of faith voiced by thou-

sands of Catholics who loved their faith.

These men and women could not ignore nor forget what they saw and heard. They thought about the phenomenon and talked on it. Finally, the thought found its expression of wonderment: "What a wonderful faith to possess." The most striking example was of a major in the medical corps. He had charge of the negro patients. One must remember that half the patients in the whole hospital were Catholics. The major was especially impressed with the faith of colored Catholic soldiers.

At the end of the epidemic, he said to one of the priests: "Father, these negro Catholics have a wonderful faith: I know that they are happier than I have ever been, I envy them their faith. The priest agreed with his correct conclusion and showed him how he might possess the same happy faith. But he was not willing yet to make the sacrifice.

Unmindful of rest and food, the two things most needed in avoiding the dread influenza, the priests worked among the sick. They seemed unmindful of danger, too. The doctors thought them foolish, and some of them told this to the priests in a kindly way. But they admired them, too, as the same time. They could not understand how the chaplains could be so forgetful of their health. They seemed to forget that the number of priests was only two, while the doctors' grand total was 150. They did not realise that while they worked hard from a sense of duty, the priests labored out of pure love of Christ and the salvation of souls. It was the difference between labor from a sense of duty and labor from a spirit of love, and there is a very great difference.

The doctors admired the priests not only because they saw them assist the dying to die well but also because they came to realise the material help that was given them in bringing back their patients to health. The bright, happy smile of these ministers of Christ in the midst of so much pain and suffering, the pleasant morning salutation and the cheery word that raised the patients from the depression into which their extreme weakness had thrown them, came to be recognised as a tonic far exceeding any material medicine. The doctors were glad to see these dispensers of the mysteries of God come into their wards. They were always so happy, so consistently cheerful that they spread sunshine and gave an impetus towards recovery wherever they went. The doctors admired, wondered, they could not understand. But what priest would not be happy and cheerful even though tired and famished when he was saving souls for Christ in such abundance!

CHRISTCHURCH CELTIC CLUB.

The fortnightly meeting of the Christchurch Celtic Club was held on Tuesday evening, February 18. Mr. Jas. Curry presided, and the attendance quite filled the meeting room in the Hibernian Hall. Four new members were elected, and nine nominations for membership were received. After routine business had been transacted, a musical and elocutionary programme was presented, the following contributing:—Misses R. Rings, D. Taylor, K. O'Brien, D. Quinn, E. Behrens, M. G. and K. O'Connor, Messrs. P. McNamara, W. McConnell, P. J. Smyth, P. Greenlees, and E. O'Brien. In connection with the club an Irish class is being formed, so that the national language of Ireland may be fostered and propagated. The chaplain (Father Fogarty) is taking a very keen interest in the movement, and is arranging for the books for tuition.

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Current Topics

Earnshaw on the Rampage

According to the *Timaru Post* that cultured gentleman and scholar, Mr. Earnshaw, referred to the Archbishop of Melbourne, in the course of a P.P.A. kennel-chorus, as "the scoundrel Mannix." Nothing remains for us but to pass a hearty vote of thanks to the speaker who has so ably aided Howard Elliott in showing the decent people of this Dominion what the P.P.A. stands for and of what kidney are its protagonists. What the foul-mouthed bigot says or does not say in no way concerns us; we are concerned by the fact that this thing of light and sweetness is one of the members of our Upper House, chosen by what means and for what purpose only William Massey knows, to represent the highest interests of the people. If the other members continue to sit under the same roof as the man who has disgraced their House they have less sense of shame than we believe possible. What a Government! What a people to stand it! Massey, Premier, hand to nose; Earnshaw, M.L.C., a gargoyle—Oh, New Zealand!

German Pianos and Other Things

We recently read in *Truth* a list of the German nobles supported by the British taxpayer. About the same time was brought under our notice a statement made by one of our educationalists to the effect that he would rather see indecent pictures on the walls of the schools than have a German piano in the rooms! The poor German piano is a thing that cannot hit back. Any weak-minded person can kick it with impunity. It was built to make music and it will neither bite nor scratch, nor will a horde of wild editors come to its rescue when it is put below indecent pictures. A German royalty, German nobles, German Jews that are made Cabinet Ministers in return for "services rendered" are a very different proposition. Instead of preferring to them indecent pictures we pay them money and hand over to them the government of the mere British. But a piano! a dreadful instrument that is capable of playing the *Lieder ohne Worte* as well as the discordant National Anthem at which we take off our hats to do reverence to German blood! Take it away from our schools and get some atheistic scroll or some smutty pictures to replace it in the name of what is called education in New Zealand. Why not hang up in its place a life-sized portrait of the honey-tongued Earnshaw? Poor German piano! Perhaps the Rothschilds, or Moritz Mond, or Lloyd George, or some of the Kaiser's cousins who live on the British taxpayer will accept it as a gift.

The Christian Brothers' Jubilee

We were delighted to receive this week a beautiful volume which is a lasting souvenir of the Jubilee of the Christians Brothers in Australasia. On the artistic cover we notice the emblems of faith and fatherland are set forth in orange, green, and white. The letterpress and the format are creditable to the publishers. There are many interesting articles, contributed by admirers of the good Brothers, who have done so greatly for Australasia during the past fifty years. Looking over the pages and seeing the illustrations of the magnificent schools, spread over the southern world from Perth to Dunedin, one has a compendious view of the progress of religion during so short a period. The testimonies gladly borne to the part played by the Brothers in that progress are well worth preserving in so suitable a form as the present Jubilee volume. From the Archbishops of Sydney and Melbourne—both proud to recall that they were "Brothers' Boys" in other days in distant Ireland; from the other archbishops and bishops of Australasia there are gracious letters, expressing joy and admiration for what has been done in the past and for what hope the future holds. Here in Dunedin we cannot forget how much good we owe to the presence

of the Brothers. They came here at the invitation of Dr. Moran, the great bishop who gave Dunedin its Catholic boys' and girls' schools long ago, and founded the first Catholic paper in New Zealand. In March, 1876, Brother Bodkin and three companions arrived at Port Chalmers. There they were welcomed by the Bishop and a number of prominent laymen, who conducted them to Dunedin, where a residence had been secured for them. At first, two classrooms were all the space they had. Soon it became necessary to look for more as the number of pupils quickly increased. Under the patronage of Dr. Moran and of his saintly successor, Dr. Verdon, the Brothers did their work in Dunedin, quietly and silently, during all those years. To-day, instead of in the little school in which they began, they are teaching in one of the finest schools in the Dominion, erected, mainly through the zeal and energy of the present Administrator, at a cost of £10,000, every penny of which was paid off by the friends and the admirers of the Brothers on the day of the opening. The Brothers have, like the two great bishops who are gone, left their mark on the people of Dunedin, and no boy ever left their hands who did not receive a thorough grounding in the principles of that faith which is the one saving force in the world to-day. All the past pupils, whether they went to schools here or in Ireland, will join with us in congratulating the Christian Brothers and in wishing them in the future even a greater field and a fuller harvest. They want no other reward. They are not hirelings who work for pay. They are content to take up the arduous round of their duties without any anxiety or worry, knowing that the people to whom religious principles mean more than money will provide for them. Their lives are devoted to that grandest of tasks—preparing boys to become Christian gentlemen. And they go forward on the only lines which ensure success, knowing that the most important thing in a boy or a man is a character formed on the eternal principles of the Gospel of Christ. While so many disintegrating factors are at work our schools are a bulwark against the materialism which threatens to undermine social well-being and to destroy even the home and the family on which the whole fabric of the State is built. While Mr. Hanan and his tinkering amateurs talk, our teachers educate; while the former are wondering why their system is cursed by sterility, our teachers are showing them the only way to mould the men of the future into such citizens as the age needs sorely. While the Kingdom of God comes first with the Catholic teachers the secular studies are by no means neglected. Our boys in Dunedin can challenge comparison with those of any school in the Dominion. Witness the scholarship records for this year; witness the record of examinations year by year; witness the results of athletic competitions against all the other schools of the district. Honors won by brain and muscle testify to the fact that our schools are second to none; besides these honors remains the greater fact that the boys who go forth from them have learned the lessons of the Gospel which enable men to walk strong and pure and honest all the days of their lives and to keep their eyes in all things fixed on the light of the stars of heaven which beacon for them the promise of the life beyond the veil. No good Catholic parents will ever turn their backs on the brave Brothers; and those who support them will have the best reward—that of sons who will be a source of pride and consolation to them.

Irish Affairs

The cables have reported that at the Supreme Court of Philadelphia Judge Cohalan ruled that the Irish assembly or convention in Dublin had the right of self-determination. One does not look for superabundance of light in the cables sent here about Irish matters; but it is obvious that the Judge has asserted the principle that Ireland has the same right as other small nations to select her own form of government. Not long ago the Committee for Foreign Affairs in Congress passed a resolution calling on the President

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to bring the case of Ireland before the Conference; and this resolution was backed by the united voices of millions of Irishmen and Americans in assemblies held all over the United States. We have good reason to believe that already prominent members of the Sinn Féin Executive have arrived in France and that they are bearing living testimony to the terrible misgovernment of Ireland under British rule. We have seen how Cardinal Mercier spoke for the Continent and asserted the right of Ireland to be heard at the Peace Conference. In addition to this, remember that when Germany and Turkey and Austria come in they will not be slow to use Ireland as an answer to the charges of misgovernment and atrocities brought against them. All things considered, we have reason to hope that at last the united powers of the world will compel the Orange gang and their mercenary tools in the Government to do justice to Ireland. The plea we read in our own pitiful press is that Ireland's affairs are a domestic concern and that outsiders have no right to interfere. The same plea might be made with equal reason by Germany and Austria; it is as dishonest in the one case as in the other. And granting for a moment that the Irish problem were domestic there would still remain the obligation of America, and with America those nations to whom justice is dear, to deliver a persecuted and brutally oppressed country from the grasp of her Prussian rulers. And on that plea alone President Wilson, with the call of a free American people ringing in his ears, could not remain silent. We are told again by our own press that he has no right to speak and that he carries no weight, as if he had not saved England and as if her own politicians were not forced to admit that he had saved them. There is no healthier sign at present than the howling of the Jingo who resent Mr. Wilson's manly stand on the basis of truth and right, and we can have no doubt, knowing what we know from America and from Ireland, that he who was strong enough to win the war for the sake, not of England but of universal peace, will see to it that Prussianism is destroyed in England as well as in Germany. The men of his father's blood surely are as dear to him as the Poles and the Serbs; the Prussianism that killed Sheehy-Skeffington and drove his wife to exile in America, where she told a maddened people what things were being done in Ireland by those who were asking the Irish people to fight for small nations, is surely as detestable and as criminal in his eyes as that of the hordes that overran Belgium and burned Louvain. The time has come at last when the trickery and the chicanery of Lloyd George must be exposed and when all the world will know how a nation has been plundered and drained of her life-blood for the sake of a bigoted fraction of the people of one little province. America knows it; France will know it; Russia and Germany know it; and they will not stand by at the end of this war for world-freedom and sanction the further martyrdom of the oldest and bravest people in the world. A domestic question forsooth! Ireland, persecuted for centuries, never submitted to the foreign yoke: all the world knows that, and all the world knows how hypocritical is the plea by which Lloyd George and his friends of the Ulster pro-German army now attempt to shield their crimes from punishment at the hands of those who are sincere in their desire to extirpate despotism and oppression from the world. Ireland is a small nation ruled by an English misgovernment just as Poland was by a Prussian and a Russian; Ireland has as much right to govern herself as any nation in Europe, and all Europe knows it. The world knows too that never again will Ireland submit to the outrages of the past and to a government which sent over lunatics like Colthurst to murder the people. If justice is not done now there is little room for doubt that the people will be goaded into a rebellion which can only end in extermination or complete victory. We know that extermination would be the Government's way of rewarding Ireland for the lives of the 40,000 men who died like Tom Kettle; but it is just possible that

4,000,000 people might succeed where a handful of Boers failed.

The West Coast Hibernians

On St. Patrick's Day this year Greymouth will be the Mecca for all the children of the Greater Ireland on the West Coast. Far back in 1869, there were formed branches of the Hibernian Society at Addisons and at Greymouth. In matter of time, Addisons was the first branch formed in New Zealand, but now that it is defunct Greymouth has the honor of being the oldest in the Dominion. The Grey branch was officially opened by delegates from Australia in 1870, but as it was in being from the previous year half a century has now passed since its inauguration. Unfortunately the local records have been lost; but one of the pioneer members, Mr. T. O'Donnell, is still active and zealous in the interests of the society and his mind is the repository of the history and traditions of the old days that are gone. The Greymouth Hibernians are to celebrate their jubilee on the 17th March, and the event will be an Irish demonstration worthy of the society and worthy of the Irish spirit of the men of the West Coast. It was from a West Coast priest that we received a reminder of the neglect of duty on the part of all of us here who care in truth and in deed for the cause of small nations, and who have no part in the policy which holds that Prussianism is wrong only in Germany. On the West Coast the priests and people have felt the shame that has been put upon us by the silence of our Government when the representatives of the freemen of the whole world are calling on England to prove her sincerity by ending forever the oppression and the plunder of Ireland. During these past days we have seen how a Judge of the Supreme Court of Philadelphia declared that Irishmen were perfectly justified in establishing their own Parliament in Dublin as they have done; since then a monster meeting of the sons of the Greater Ireland in America, over whom the venerable Cardinal Gibbons presided, demanded in the name of justice and honor that the Irish nation be restored to her rightful place and that the liberty which is her due be granted her. While all over the world every man who hates hypocrisy and loves justice is protesting against the shameful conduct of England we alone have kept silence, and by our silence have been so far partakers in the shame of England. There were many among us who were at one time so misled by faked fablegrams as to utter words of strong condemnation for the men who were the victims of Maxwell's cruelty and Tory duplicity; if no others make a move surely these people will endeavor to make a little reparation by doing their part to swell the protest that the whole world is making now. Greymouth, we are assured, will do its part on St. Patrick's Day, when motions in favor of the freedom of Ireland will be carried, and when we hope the men who asked Irishmen to fight for the freedom of small nations while oppressing the oldest nation in Europe will be rightly censured. Every Irishman in this country who was told in the press and from the platform that he was bound to fight for the extermination of Prussianism and for universal self-determination among the nations has a right to demand that the Government of this country which invoked the aid of Militarism in order to beat Germany shall prove its sincerity by advocating, as Australia and Canada and South Africa did, the freedom of the Irish people. What Greymouth does we ought all to do. We should have done it long ago; but if we do nothing now, then in heaven's name let us never again pretend that we are Irishmen or that we care a jot either for the freedom of Ireland or for anything else beyond our own selfish interests. The number of people in this country—probably as a result of an environment begotten of materialistic schools and politicians without principle or backbone—that are incapable of realising what it is to be bound by a principle, and how shameful it is to compromise and quibble when principles are at stake, is legion. Could we see ourselves as others see us, could we feel with

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what contemptuous pity we are regarded by Australians, we might realise how we have fallen and how far the true spirit of freemen is from us. There will be many *sequin* Irishmen, temporisers, people who always ask how much will it cost, ready to throw cold water on any movement even if it is a movement for Ireland's sake. The Greymouth Hibernians are not of that kidney, and surely they will find all over New Zealand thousands of others to unite with them on the feast of St. Patrick in demanding Ireland's freedom, and in compelling our own wretched placemen to demand it. We are very far from holding that the latter care anything for small nations or that they are capable of feeling the shame of their insincerity; but we have no mind that they should involve the decent people whom they are supposed to represent in their own ignominy.

EPIDEMICS IN FORMER TIMES

QUARANTINE, ISOLATION, FUMIGATION KNOWN AND PRACTISED IN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES.

Common usage (says *Truth*) has it that, whenever an epidemic like the recent one visits a city, a district, or a country, and when a Board of Health or a similar arm of the government issues measures for the prevention and combating of the particular disease, some newspaper scribe or public official will issue a statement something like this: "With the wonderful accomplishments of modern science, and with a public vastly superior intellectually to the people of former ages, we are convinced of our ability to gain control of the disease within a comparatively short time. We recommend the prohibition of gatherings of all kinds, because of the danger of communication of the disease, which is greatest where crowds are present. We are confident that the public will observe the necessary rulings, will avoid gathering in crowds, will apply the best-known methods of prevention and cure and will stay at home as far as possible; we are far beyond the standards of those days when the people, startled by the havoc of an unknown disease, neglected the rudimentary demands of hygiene, and flocked to the churches or paraded the streets, flogging themselves, burning candles, and crying: 'From the pestilence, deliver us, O Lord!'"

We are not quoting from the document of any health official, but similar statements have been made in writing and on the platform; and the Catholic people, and Catholic cities and countries of former times are the target of the insinuation of ignorance and alleged improper behaviour during the frightful visitation of an epidemic. And yet these allegations are

far from being correct. A noted Austrian diplomat, who travelled from Italy to Spain in 1519, relates that on this journey some of the travellers desired to land at the island of Majorca. Having come from Naples, which was suspected of being infected with cholera, they were stopped from entering the harbor-town. They were, however, permitted to land at the end of the quai, and there to move about up to a line marked off by a stout rope. Here they could point from afar with sticks to the goods of the merchants and pedlars located there, and thus designate the objects they desired to purchase. Under the rope barrier stood a vessel, containing vinegar, into which the coins spent in payment were to be placed. Thereupon the goods purchased were pushed across the barrier by the merchants, who took the disinfected coins from the sterilising pot.

Isolation of cases, disinfection of persons, articles of clothing, and other goods were well known, and prohibitions of import were always employed in former times to prevent or minimise contagion. When the plague invaded Milan in 1575, serious efforts were made to isolate those affected with the disease. Before each of the six gates a separate village was built, consisting of hundreds of small wooden houses, and here the sick, the suspects, and the convalescents were cared for. Moreover, these three groups were carefully separated, and strict separation of the sexes was observed also. In the midst of each village stood a crucifix and an altar, at which Mass was celebrated daily. Each of these towns had its own administration, which executed the regulations with just rigor. It seems also that, as early as the thirteenth century, efforts were made in Italian cities to combat contagious diseases by isolation, inasmuch as we read that the stricken were cared for in the market places, where they were nursed especially by the Franciscans. The assumption of obligatory notification of cases of contagion and coercion in isolating all cases in the market-place seems not altogether unwarranted.

Disinfection and similar measures seem also to have been rigidly enforced in such critical times. We know that in the duchy of Franconia, in the eighteenth century, when news had come of the prevalence of the plague in Marseilles, strict precautions were ordered to be taken. A rigorous embargo was placed on the shipment into the country, of worn clothing, rags, and hair, as possible carriers of the contagion. When the pestilence approached closer to the borders, more rigorous measures were employed. Only such travellers and goods were admitted as came from sections known to be free from the disease. Guards were placed on all the roads leading to the borders, and entrance through other than the regular avenues was penalised. Travellers were obliged under oath to state whether or not they had passed through infected districts. It was furthermore provided that any village or hamlet

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stricken by the scourge, was to be isolated, after a physician and priest had been assigned to duty within its walls.

Fires, built in public places, were used in some countries at an early date to combat epidemics. Aromatic herbs were burned in small fires in the houses; deodorants, including specially prepared fumigating candles or pastilles were used, and vinegar was utilised as a steriliser. Its value is still appreciated, though it cannot compare with our modern disinfectants. In the episcopal city of Mayence, during the epidemic of 1667-1668, the bed-straw used in houses visited by the plague was ordered to be burned. A quarantine of six weeks was prescribed and enforced on all inmates of dwellings thus afflicted, and the quarantine was not lifted for six weeks and not before the house had been fumigated. The preparation to be used for this purpose had to be purchased from the public apothecaries.

In the latter city public burials and marriages were forbidden during the epidemic, and even religious processions were placed under the ban. Thus a procession planned by the pastor of the cathedral of the city and the usual Pentecostal procession were prohibited. An exception seems to have been made in regard to two meetings only, one being the occasion of a solemn vow of the citizens, and the other the laying of the corner-stone of the chapel of St. Sebastian.

From all of this it may readily be seen that certain effective measures of precaution and cure during epidemics were well known and practised by people in Catholic cities and countries at an early age. To pretend that the knowledge of these means is altogether modern, or that formerly people submitted passively with a sort of religious fatalism to such visitations is unjust and unscientific.

Nelson

(From our own correspondent.)

A considerable improvement to the interior of St. Mary's Church has lately been effected by replacing all the lower windows with stained glass. The new windows were designed and executed by Messrs. Hardman and Co., Birmingham, England. Character and expression are given to the figures in a most realistic manner, and the color tones are very rich and varied. The donors of the windows are Messrs. L. J. Frank, J. Hodgins, J. Larmer, M. D. Flaherty, C. McDonald, W. Fitzpatrick, W. O'Connor, Mrs. J. Shain, and Miss M. Hodgins. Two are memorials to Fathers Garin and Mahoney.

A new lighting plant has been installed in the Sacred Heart Church, Takaka.

Presentations were recently made to two zealous parish workers—Miss Monica Fowler, accompanist at the winter parish socials, by which the equipment of the parish schools was greatly improved, and Miss F. McGrath, assistant secretary to the orphanage committee. Their willing and valuable help has been much appreciated.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

February 28.

The annual national concert commemorating St. Patrick's Day will be held in the local Opera House, on Monday evening, March 17. A programme of exceptional merit is being prepared, and some of the leading artists in the Dominion, including Mrs. Mangos, Mrs. Rule, and Miss Agnes Cunningham, of Timaru; Mr. Ernest Drake (Auckland), Mr. Watters (Oamaru), and Miss Paula Scherek (Dunedin) are to contribute thereto. St. Patrick's concert is the recognised musical treat of the year and so excellent a programme should attract a record house. The proceeds are for the benefit of the parish schools.

PETONE CATHOLIC BAZAAR

A bazaar organised by members of the Petone Catholic Church for the purpose of supplementing the fund for the erection of a memorial church to Chaplain-Father McMenamin, who was killed in action, was opened on Monday evening, February 24, by the Hon. the Minister of Defence, Sir James Allen. Opportunity was also taken by the Minister of Defence to present the Military Medal won by the late Gunner E. A. Parr to his mother.

Father Quealy explained the objects of the bazaar, and paid a tribute to the memory of the late Gunner A. Parr and Chaplain McMenamin.

Sir James Allen said he had a double function to perform—first of all he had to present the Military Medal to the mother of Gunner Parr, who lost his life at the front, and his next was to open the bazaar, which was being held for the purpose of raising funds to carry out the work Chaplain McMenamin had at heart. First of all he would deal with Gunner Parr. Gunner Parr had been killed in action on October 30, 1917, and he regretted very much that Gunner Parr had not been able to come back alive and well in order that he might himself receive the medal. He was sure they all felt very deep sympathy for his parents and relatives, particularly his mother, who had bravely come there to receive the medal. Gunner Parr, killed in action, was awarded the medal for conspicuous bravery, and no words of his could convey to the mother what he would like to tell her and what the people would like him to tell her, but he could assure her they all honored this brave man and sympathised with her and his other relatives in the loss of one who was of necessity dear to them. He hoped this medal would bring comfort to her and be a lasting memorial of what this man did. Sir James Allen then handed to Mrs. Parr the medal won by her son, Gunner E. A. Parr.

The Minister then went on to perform the opening ceremony in connection with the bazaar. He said they were met there to do honor to another brave man, Chaplain McMenamin, killed in action, and he hoped they would realise the full meaning of the words. Chaplains were not sent away from New Zealand with rifles and bayonets to fight with; they had to fight another battle—to fight against temptation and evil. Chaplain McMenamin was one of our bravest chaplains, and he (Sir James Allen) was sorry he was not spared to come back and resume his duty, and he deeply regretted his loss. General Godley had written to him more than once about Chaplain McMenamin, and asked that he might have accelerated promotion. That acceleration had been granted. Chaplain McMenamin had been one of the first chaplains to leave New Zealand. Chaplain McMenamin's work was well known to the Defence authorities, and had he been spared to come back his services would have been of great value with the Territorials. He felt great pleasure in being present to do honor to two brave men—one a fighting soldier and the other a fighting chaplain, brothers in arms, brothers in adversity, and now brothers beyond the vale. He had much pleasure in declaring the bazaar open, and hoped they would be able to raise sufficient funds to carry out Father McMenamin's cherished plans.

The Hon. T. M. Wilford also expressed his pleasure at being able to help in the bazaar and to pay tribute to Gunner Parr, who had "gone West." Speaking in regard to the late Chaplain McMenamin, Mr. Wilford said that if out of this war one great war memorial was erected, and an epitaph written for those who laid down their lives in this great cause, the epitaph he would write would be in these words: "For your tomorrow they gave their to-day." For the National Government, he would say that New Zealand had got to stand by and see that every one of the returning men was given a good start. In conclusion, he hoped they would all give willingly and help to carry out Father McMenamin's cherished plan.

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His Grace Archbishop O'Shea also expressed his pleasure at being present to pay tribute to the memory of two brave men.

The stall-holders were:—Produce stall, Mesdames Ford, Brice, Fitzgerald, and Nicholas; sweets stall, Mrs. Upton, Misses Upton, M. Carter, F. Chesterman, and O'Connor; Children of Mary's stall, Misses Guthrie, Sheehy, Gaynor, Linehan, Cloherty, Gleeson, and A. Guthrie; fancy stall, Mesdames Saunders, Lynskey, Donovan, Coles, Gardner, and Powell; plain stall, Mesdames Maunder, Ward, Wilcox, Leitch, Cate, and Miss Keating; refreshment room, Mesdames Ryder, Lazarus, O'Halloran, Levy, and Parson, and Misses Parson and Walsh.

An excellent musical programme was provided by Misses Zelda Bailey, Kathleen O'Brien, Betty Carr, Cressell Vaughan, Ira Wolfgang, and Iris Inglesby.

GARDEN FETE AT MILTON

Beautiful weather prevailed on last Saturday afternoon and evening, and consequently there was a large attendance at each of the sessions of the garden fete, organised by St. Mary's Ladies' Guild, in aid of St. Joseph's School funds (says the *Bruce Herald*). The convent grounds presented an animated appearance, and business at the stalls, tea-rooms, and side attractions was brisk. The financial results exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of the promoters, the gross takings amounting to £140 7s 9d, as compared with last year's record (£108). Following is the list of those ladies and gentlemen who worked so assiduously towards attaining such a highly successful result:—Fancy stall—Mrs. J. McMurtrie; assistants—Mesdames R. Lockhart, Jos. Powley, Miss Lynch. Sweets stall—Miss B. Maley and Miss Quill. Refreshment rooms—Miss Grealish; assistants—Mesdames Plover, Kirby, Coleman, Stewart, Troy, and Miss E. Gibson. Fairy lake (fishing for lucky prizes)—Misses M. Maley and B. Gibson. Hoop-la—Mr. R. Jones. Gate-keeper—Mr. P. Curran. Secretary—Mr. R. Grealish; assisted by Mr. Jas. Scanlan. The pleasure of the gathering, both afternoon and evening (when the grounds were illuminated), was enhanced by orchestral selections and vocal items by local talent and visitors from Dunedin. Mrs. R. A. Power delighted the audience with her two vocal numbers, and the Milton people are looking forward to another treat in the near future from this accomplished singer.

N.Z. CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS.

The following appointments, promotions, and transfers of officers on active service with the New Zealand Expeditionary Force having reference to our Catholic chaplains have been made:—The Rev. T. B. Segrief relinquishes the appointment of assistant principal chaplain Catholic Church; the Rev. T. F. Connolly to be assistant principal chaplain Catholic Church, vice the Rev. T. B. Segrief; the Rev. J. Duffy, Reinforcement officer from N.Z., to Auckland Mounted Rifles.

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Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

March 1.

Father Ainsworth, S.M., who has been preaching missions in Australia, returned by the Riverina yesterday.

Mr. J. Mulvey, of St. Anne's parish, has been elected representative of the rank and file of the service on the Post and Telegraph Promotion Board, beating his opponent by 3000 votes.

Mr. P. Verschaffelt, of the Thorndon parish, who has occupied the position of secretary to the Public Service Commissioners for some years, has been promoted to the position of Controller of the Wills and Trusts Division of the Public Trust Department.

On Sunday, March 16, according to their annual custom, the members of the Hibernian Society will approach the Holy Table in a body, at the Sacred Heart Basilica, Hill Street, preparatory to the feast of the Apostle of Ireland. After Mass they will assemble for the annual Communion breakfast.

Mr. T. Buckley, director of telephone services in the Post and Telegraph Department, has just retired on superannuation after having completed 40 years in the service. Mr. Buckley is a brother of Father Buckley, of the Dunedin diocese, and father of the Rev. W. J. Buckley, S.M., of St. Patrick's College professorial staff.

On the advice of his medical man, Mr. J. J. McGrath, the well-known Wellington barrister and solicitor, has entered a private hospital to undergo treatment and obtain a much-needed rest. Mr. McGrath has not been well for the past three or four months. As chairman of the Oriental Bay-Roseneath Epidemic Committee he did a tremendous amount of work. His motor car was in constant use during the prevalence of the scourge, and he never spared himself in the effort to alleviate the distress of the stricken people in his district. The result has been an impairment of his health, and he has been ordered to relinquish business for some weeks. His many friends will wish him an early recovery.

Arrangements for the St. Patrick's Day celebrations are well in hand. The day celebrations will be held on Monday, March 17. A number of the members of the committee were in favor of holding the sports on the Saturday, on account of the general half-holiday, but the majority held the view that they would not be worthy representatives of the national cause were they to allow the chance of financial profit to outweigh the celebration of St. Patrick's Day on any date but the festival day itself. The motto of the Wellington committee is to celebrate the day on the proper date, with the hope that in the near future it will be observed by all classes as a general holiday. At present it is a Government, bank, and insurance holiday, and a municipal half-holiday, and, with an energetic and influential committee, there is no reason why the general holiday should not be gradually attained. The Rev. Brother Eusebius has arrangements well in hand for the spectacular drill and figure display by 1100 children, and the procession, which will be on the same lines as last year, will contain several pretty tableaux. The national dancing competition is certain to attract a large number of entries. For this class no less than 29 trophies will be presented. The tea kiosk will be under the management of Mesdames M. Keogh and Moloney, assisted by the Children of Mary, Newtown. The concert programme will maintain the high standard already attained; such artists appearing as Mr. Farquhar Young (Christchurch), Signor Cesaroni (the eminent Italian operatic basso), Mr. Wood (tenor), Mr.

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DIocese OF AUCLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

March 3.

His Lordship the Bishop leaves for Wellington on Sunday evening next.

His Grace Archbishop Redwood passed through Auckland this week on his return from Australia, and was the guest of his Lordship Bishop Cleary for a few days. His Grace left for Wellington on Monday evening last.

Messrs. F. Burns and J. T. Fitzgerald leave here on Sunday evening next to attend the half-yearly meeting of the Dominion Council of the Catholic Federation to be held in Dunedin next week.

Rev. Father W. J. Forde, who, for the past three years has been in charge of the parish of Taumarunui, has been appointed Administrator of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and will take up his new duties shortly. Father Brennan takes charge of Takapuna.

A meeting of the general committee of the St. Patrick's Day celebrations was held in the Hibernian Hall on Monday evening last. There were present Very Rev. Dean Cahill, Fathers Holbrook and Brennan, Rev. Brothers Calixtus and Bonaventure, and a number of parish representatives. Mr. M. J. Sheahan presided. Reports from various committees showed that details were well in hand. Father Holbrook reported that his Lordship the Bishop had cordially approved of the proceeds of this year's celebrations going to the Marist Brothers. Mr. W. J. Bird was elected general secretary.

A Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Bishop Lenihan was celebrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral on Wednesday morning last. His Lordship the Bishop presided. The celebrant was Father O'Byrne, with Father Colgan deacon, and Father Dignan subdeacon. The clergy of the diocese were present in large numbers. The music of the Mass was rendered by the children of St. Patrick's Convent School, assisted by several of the clergy.

H.A.C.B. SOCIETY DISTRICT MEETING.

Delegates to the thirty-third annual meeting of the New Zealand district of the Hibernian-Australasian Catholic Benefit Society met on Wednesday evening, February 26, at the Hibernian Hall, Wellington Street, Auckland. Bro. F. J. O'Meara (president) occupied the chair. Bros. D. McCartan, D.V.P., E. J. Higgins, D.P.P., W. Kane, D.S., and M. J. Sheahan, district treasurer, were also present, as well as delegates from various branches throughout the Dominion.

The annual report of the officers showed that the reduced income was due to the absence of so many members with the Expeditionary Force, who are exempt from payment. The society had paid to branches £740 in death claims, representing 35 members and four members' wives. Of the members 15 had died on active service, nine had died of the epidemic, and 17 from ordinary causes. "Our brothers," stated the report, "fought and died for the freedom of small nations. We hope that they did not die in vain. We hope that all small nations suffering from the evils inseparable from alien Government shall be freed." Bros. E. J. Higgins and W. Kane, of the executive, had visited the branches on the West Coast of the North Island in the first month of the year. Regret was expressed at the death of Bishop Verdon.

Financial Statement.—The funeral fund showed a balance for the half-year of £14,573 10s, making a profit of £95 3s 11d, after paying funeral claims of £740. The supplementary sick fund, after disbursing £85 for the half-year, showed a balance of £3097 13s

7d, and the sick fund a balance of £91 2s 7d. Branch funds invested totalled £2960 9s 3d, and the guarantee fund a balance of £371 9s 9d. The amount invested in good freehold security amounted to £18,855. The Blenheim branch delegate moved to strike out the penny per week contribution, and leave each branch to pay sixpence per member per quarter to the supplementary fund. The motion was lost by 21 to 9. The appointment of an assistant district secretary was approved. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:—President, Bro. D. McCartan; vice-president, Bro. Thos. Kelly; district secretary, Bro. W. Kane; district treasurer, Bro. M. J. Sheahan; auditors, Bros J. B. R. Stead and F. J. O'Meara. The installation of officers was conducted by the retiring president, Bro. O'Meara. At the conclusion of the meeting the executive entertained the delegates to supper.

DIocese OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

February 28.

The St. Patrick's Day Concert Committee met at the episcopal residence on last Sunday afternoon, Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., presiding. The various sub-committees reported satisfactory progress, and every effort is being made to avoid the turning away of patrons through lack of seating accommodation, as unfortunately has happened on previous similar occasions. An excellent programme is being arranged, and the price of admission is fixed at 3s, 2s, and 1s, there being no further charge for booking the 3s seats.

The 7 o'clock Mass on last Thursday morning was one of special solemnity, in observance of the anniversary of the consecration of his Lordship the Bishop. His Lordship was celebrant. A general Communion of the school children was arranged, and appropriate hymns were sung. In the evening the Bishop gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

In connection with the third anniversary of his consecration, his Lordship Bishop Brodie entertained the visiting clergy to luncheon at Mt. Magdala. The visitors were afterwards treated to a play, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," by the children of the institution, the staging and acting being quite artistic.

Rev. Mother-General Pacome, Superior-General of the Institute of Notre Dame des Missions, accompanied by her assistant (Rev. Mother Etienne), left during the week for England, via Australia and India. She has been visiting the convents of the Order in the Dominion, and, owing to the war, has had a protracted stay.

Father Dowling, S.M. (Napier), officiated at Vespers in the Cathedral on last Sunday evening. The sermon was preached by Father Herbert, S.M., who is on his way to join the Marist Missioners, now in Queensland.

Fathers McCarthy and O'Leary (Marist Missioners) opened a short mission at St. Mary's on Sunday last. There were crowded congregations morning and evening, the parishioners entering most enthusiastically into the exercises of the mission.

Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., Fathers Hurley, S.M. (Wellington), and Dowling, S.M. (Napier), are at present visitors to Christchurch, and guests of the Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M., at St. Mary's Presbytery.

The ordinary meeting of St. Mary's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society was held at Ozanam Lodge, on Monday evening, February 17, Bro. A. F. Roche, B.P., presiding. The chaplain (Father Roche, S.M.) and the district deputy (Bro. R. P. O'Shaughnessy) were in attendance. The president reported having attended the annual meeting of the U.F.S. Council, and detailed the business-transacted thereat. He read the balance sheet of the organisation, and a resumé

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of the year's work, and the branch was unanimous in its appreciation of the good work being done by the U.F.S. Council. P.P. Bro. Gunn referred to the national concert to be held on St. Patrick's Night, and all present expressed their intention of offering every assistance towards making the event a success. Bro. Hampton was elected to the position of warden, the retiring officer (Bro. Dallow) being unable, owing to out-of-town engagements, to attend the meetings. The president made eulogistic reference to the unswerving and practical support given the branch by Very Rev. Dean Regnault. The membership was now 80, and all funds were sound financially, so that although the branch is practically in its infancy, prospective members should have no hesitation in coming into its ranks. The district deputy (Bro. O'Shaughnessy) brought under the notice of members the projected garden fete at Nazareth House, and it was decided that the branch give every possible support thereto. Accounts amounting to £1 5s were passed for payment.

Greymouth

(From our own correspondent.)

February 28.

In observance of the anniversary of the death of Dean Carew, Solemn Requiem Mass was recently celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, Greymouth. The Very Rev. Dean Hyland (Rangiora) was celebrant, Father O'Hare (Kumara) deacon, Father Campbell subdeacon, and Father Eccleton (Reefton) master of ceremonies. Other visiting clergy were Father Hanrahan (Ahaura) and Father Hegarty (Westport). The Gregorian plain chant was sung during Mass, and the "Dead March" from "Saul" was played by the organist, Miss L. Higgins.

The bazaar, which opens on Easter Saturday at the Town Hall, in aid of the Dean Carew Memorial Fund, promises to be a great success. The ladies associated with the various stalls are working assiduously, while the supporters of the carnival queens are vying with each other for first place. Many former residents of Greymouth who know of the sterling worth of the late Dean have generously subscribed towards the memorial, which will take the form of a boys' school. This will fittingly perpetuate the memory of the late Dean, who, through the whole of his long ministry, was an ardent champion of Catholic education.

Very Rev. Dean Hyland, who was the celebrant at the Requiem Mass held on the anniversary of the death of his uncle, the late Dean Carew, occupied the pulpit on Sunday last at St. Patrick's Church. The Very Rev. preacher impressed on the congregation the paramount duty of supporting their schools.

It is to be hoped that a good number of our Catholic people will be on the alert to secure an area of land, which is now cheap on the West Coast, but which will be much higher in price when the Otira tunnel is completed. Practical farmers from other parts who have visited the Coast have expressed their amazement at the large quantities of land awaiting settlement here, and at the low rates ruling for same. In times gone by, this district depended for its meat and dairy produce on imports. All this is now changed, and the West Coast now exports large quantities of beef, mutton, and dairy produce. The West Coast is undergoing a transformation. The general idea in the past was to get the young people from the land and into the towns in order that they might presumably get a chance, by political influence or other means, of a genteel billet in the Government service. As a consequence there have been many failures. But now, however, the idea is steadily gaining ground, that on the land is the place for happiness, good living, and successful careers. That statesmanlike prelate, the late Bishop Moran, of Dunedin, on his journeys through his diocese, made a practice of giving his people much wholesome advice on temporal matters. He constantly exhorted them to make all possible efforts to get on the land, and to-day many a comfortable farmer and his

family have reason to be thankful that they took the advice of the late revered Bishop. Our various political parties have many planks in their platforms, mottos, and watchwords, but the real rallying cry of a genuine democratic party should be that of the Irish Land League, a slogan that had such far-reaching and beneficial effects for the people of Ireland—viz., "The land for the people."

N.Z. CATHOLIC FEDERATION

DUNEDIN DIOCESAN COUNCIL'S HALF-YEARLY MEETING.

The ninth half-yearly meeting of the Dunedin Diocesan Council of the New Zealand Catholic Federation was held in St. Joseph's Hall, Rattray Street, on last Tuesday night. The Very Rev. J. Coffey, diocesan administrator (president), presided, and representatives of branches present were Messrs. M. Reddington and J. Airey (St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin), the Rev. J. Delany and Messrs. J. J. Marlow and M. McAllen (South Dunedin), Mr. T. Pound (Invercargill), the Rev. M. Spillane (Oamaru), the Rev. B. Kaveney (Roxburgh), Messrs. D. L. Poppelwell and O. Kelly (Gore), Mr. J. Hally (Queenstown), Mr. J. Robinson (Alexandra), Mr. M. Millar (Lawrence), and Mr. E. Sandys (Cromwell).

The half-yearly report stated that the months of November and December, 1918, would be indelibly imprinted on the memories of all. First came the news of the cessation of hostilities and the armistice bringing the war to an end, and, it was hoped, opening an avenue to a durable and honorable peace. Next came the epidemic. While deep sympathy was felt for all who suffered therefrom, the hearts of all went out particularly to the brave nurses, doctors, and attendants, who, by their willing response to the call of duty, made the supreme sacrifice. In this connection might be mentioned the name of Dr. Aeneas O'Sullivan. Three priests and five nuns had also passed over the Great Divide. The report referred to the loss the Church and the community at large had suffered through the recent death of Bishop Verdon. His 22 years' record in Dunedin bore the imprint of apostolic zeal and earnestness, austere and saintly living, and silent but indefatigable work for the Church's wellbeing. Manly College, Sydney, was much indebted to him, but Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, would remain his enduring ecclesiastical monument. Referring to education, the report stated that the *Year Book* for the period 1916-17 gave the number of pupils in the schools of New Zealand at 237,916, and the cost as £1,674,000, or £1 9s 1d per head of the population, and just over £7 per pupil. In the Catholic schools there were 17,266 children that year, and the Government was saved thereby £120,862, while the Catholic body, on a population basis of 140,000, contributed over £200,000 on a *per capita* basis to the general education fund. Yet after this had been done, and at a season set apart for peace and goodwill towards men, the State School Teachers' Institute had had the effrontery to pass a resolution recommending the Cabinet to refuse scholarship grants won by Catholic children, unless taken out in the State schools. Surely these gentlemen did not believe that Catholics, after making such tremendous monetary sacrifices, would send their children to the State institutions for the sake of the paltry £5 or £10 a year! If from the commercial aspect only the matter were considered, the answer was obvious. But the Church, in establishing schools, kept the spiritual and the temporal steadily in view. The schools were, for the most part, controlled by devoted men and holy women of various teaching Orders, and in the possession of such the Catholic Church was opulent. In the figures of receipts and expenditure given appeared the following regarding the Catholic Field Service Fund contributions:—Invercargill £100, Dunedin £48 10s, Gore £43 15s 6d;—total, £192 5s 6d.

On the motion of Mr. Sandys, seconded by Mr. Robinson, the report was unanimously adopted.

Before proceeding with further business, Mr. Poppelwell moved the following resolution of condolence with the diocese on the great loss sustained by the death of Bishop Verdon:—"That this, the first meeting of the Dunedin Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation since the death of Bishop Verdon, places upon record its sorrow at the death of so saintly a prelate, and its appreciation of his great and successful work in the diocese, especially in the establishment of Holy Cross College, an institution which will long speak eloquently of his memory through the mouths of the several priests who already, and will in the future, claim it as their Alma Mater."

After Mr. Poppelwell had spoken at some length on the saintly life and manifold good works of the late Bishop, the resolution was adopted, all present standing.

After an amount of general business had been transacted, and reports from various branches had been received, a very hearty vote of thanks was, on the motion of Mr. Poppelwell, passed to the chairman for presiding.

GISBORNE BRANCH.

The monthly meeting of the Gisborne Branch Committee of the Catholic Federation was held in St. Mary's School on last Sunday, Father Lane presiding (writes our own correspondent, under date February 28). The secretary (Mr. J. H. Reidy) read various circulars from the diocesan secretary. The scheme of Federation scholarships, as outlined, was considered excellent, and should meet with unanimous approval. The treasurer (Mr. Dudson) read the financial report for the month, which was adopted. It was resolved to take up the collection for the Catholic Field Service Fund on the second Sunday in March.

DOMINION COUNCIL.

In connection with the half-yearly conference of the Catholic Federation Dominion Council (the first meeting of that body held in Dunedin), there was Solemn High Mass in St. Joseph's Cathedral, commencing at 9 a.m. on Wednesday. Father O'Connell (Wanganui) was celebrant, Father Kaveney deacon, Father Spillane subdeacon, and Very Rev. J. Coffey (diocesan administrator) master of ceremonies. The occasional sermon was preached by the Very Rev. J. Liston, Rector of Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, the subject being "The Duties of Laymen." Fathers Delany, Hurley, Peoples, Kerley, and Rooney were present in the sanctuary. The conference of the Dominion Council was commenced in St. Joseph's Hall, Rattray Street, immediately after Mass. The delegates present were—Wellington, Rev. J. A. O'Connell, S.M., Rev. D. Hurley, S.M., Adm., and Major Halpin; Auckland, Messrs. F. Burns and J. T. Fitzgerald; Christchurch, Rev. F. Kerley, Rev. W. J. Peoples, and Mr. F. J. Doolan; Dunedin, Very Rev. J. Coffey, diocesan administrator, Messrs. D. L. Poppelwell, and T. J. Hussey. Miss A. Girling-Butcher, general secretary, was also in attendance. The president (Mr. D. L. Poppelwell) presided.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

March 1.

The new school at Castlecliff is proving a wonderful success. The first roll-call numbered about 38, and it now has reached 50, without having exhausted all possibilities. As the Sisters cannot be spared to live at the beach suburb, two of them make daily pilgrimages in the tram car, and go down as well on Sundays for catechism. The building serves the dual purpose of church and school, and although ministering to the

children's needs is its daily glorious work, the fact of being able to hear Sunday Mass in it is, to us selfish week-enders, its noblest attribute. Long enough ago, our St. Vincent de Paul men went off to Castlecliff to teach catechism, and through their interest and general hard work, Mass once a month became possible. The rest of the month, however, week-ending at the beach was out of the question, and the very nicest invitations had to be declined. In those days the Catholic toiler's week-end in the surf usually commenced some time after the first car from town on Sunday afternoon. The new schoolhouse has altered all this, and perhaps some of us will be taking the neat little cottage adjoining the school, which also is church property.

The Convent High School started with a record attendance of over 100. Last year's examination results to hand are very satisfactory, all candidates presented having passed. In the Public Service Entrance were Lucy Carroll, Beryl Guylee, and Mary Heneghan, and in the Intermediate Section Muriel Craig, Ray Duncan, and Grace Clark.

The parish school, too, has a big roll. This year opportunity has been given our children to attend the Municipal Baths, and thrice a week the girls, under the supervision of the Sisters, hurry away in that direction. They cannot get into the water quickly enough, and under the kindly but ever-watchful eyes of the custodian (Mr. King), they enjoy themselves thoroughly.

Rev. Brother Basil is out of town just now collecting for the new novitiate to be. Brother Walter is a newcomer into the boys' school this year.

Chaplain-Father Moloney was here for a day or two during the week looking bronzed and fairly well. Father Moloney has finished military duty and probably will be relieving in one of the Wellington parishes for a time.

Father Buckley, a visitor from the South, was here during the week.

Father Ginisty is down from Jerusalem, Wanganui River, on a periodical visit to the Maoris in this part of the mission.

Mr. and Mrs. McDonald and party, visitors from Auckland, spent some hours at the convent, Mount St. Gerard. Our friends from the northern city were delighted with the convent, its wonderful situation (the climb is delightful in a car), and the magnificent view from the uppermost look-out.

CATHOLIC SOLDIERS' EDIFYING EXAMPLE.

As a result of seeing the consolation given to Catholic soldiers by receiving the last Sacraments fifty Protestant soldiers were converted on their deathbeds by Rev. Arthur F. Florack, a United States Army chaplain at a New Jersey camp during the recent epidemic of influenza. Father Florack was curate at St. Andrew's Church, Rochester, before he volunteered for army service. So many soldiers had contracted the disease at the camp that the hospital facilities proved inadequate. The sick were cared for in a large room which afforded little privacy. This did not deter the Catholics from making their confessions. The effect on the Protestants near by was astonishing. One after the other, realising that he was near death, called for a priest. "What can I do for you?" Father Florack asked. "Anything at all to prepare me for death," answered the boys. Those who had not been baptised received the Sacrament of Baptism, while those who had been made a general confession—a new experience to them, but one gladly undertaken. The soldiers eagerly sought the consolation of the Church, and thus prepared themselves for a happy death.

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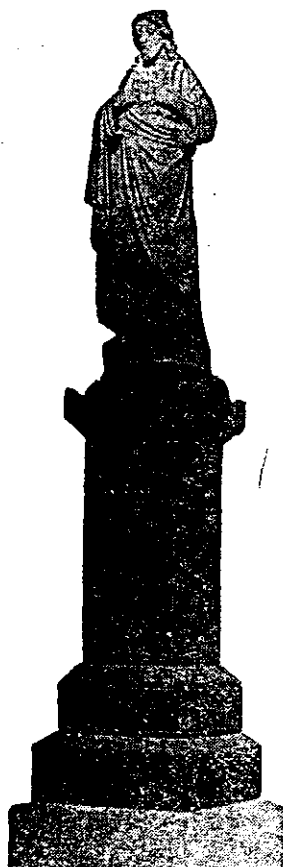
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GARDEN PARTY (POSTPONED)

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE, MOSGIEL.

Those having Raffle Sheets in connection with the Garden Party to have been held at Holy Cross College will kindly return all lists, etc., to REV. FATHER MORKANE, Mosgiel, before MARCH 17.

The drawing will take place on March 18.

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DEATHS

BOLTON.—On February 22, 1919, at his residence, 1 King Street, Petone, William Bolton; aged 64 years.—R.I.P.

COOK.—On February 28, 1919, at Lawrence, Annie, beloved wife of John Cook, and third eldest daughter of Michael Crowley, Whitehaven Street, Lawrence, late of Waipori.—R.I.P.

HAILES.—On Wednesday, January 22, 1919, at his residence, Chartlea Park, Balfour, Walter Mary Hailes, dearly beloved husband of Arabella Josephine Hailes; born at Budbrook, Warwickshire, England, on February 5, 1852; aged 67 years.—R.I.P.

O'RIELLY.—On February 15, 1919, at Methven, Thomas, dearly beloved husband of Alice O'Rielly.—R.I.P.

TWOMEY.—On January 28, 1919, at his residence, Cronadun, Michael, dearly beloved husband of Ellen Twomey; in his 72nd year.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

CONNELL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Private John Joseph Connell (N.Z. M.C.), who died on November 14, 1918, of pneumonic influenza, contracted while on duty at Military Hospital, Trentham; aged 20 years 9 months.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

DALY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Elizabeth Daly, who died at Mosgiel on March 1, 1917.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

MCCABE.—In loving memory of Julia Agnes McCabe, who departed this life on March 3, 1916.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by her loving sisters.

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.

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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—A Prospective Step-Mother, p. 25. Notes—"The Glamor of Dublin"; A New Book; The Content of the Little Hills; Trinity College—pp. 26-27. Current Topics—Earnshaw on the Rampage; German Pianos and Other Things; The Christian Brothers' Jubilee; Irish Affairs; West Coast Hibernians—pp. 14-15. Cecil Chesterton, pp. 10-11. Epidemics in Former Times, p. 17.

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, MARCH 6, 1919.

A PROSPECTIVE STEP-MOTHER



COUPLE of weeks ago, in Wellington, a body of men foregathered in order to consider what might be done to lift this country socially and morally from the slough into which it has fallen. As to the fact of that fall, as to the depth of the slough, there seemed to be no matter of doubt whatever in the minds of the speakers: it was admitted regretfully that laxity of morals and scandalous outrages on the most sacred ideals of humanity were too common amongst us. The problem was how to remedy this sad state of affairs. The discussion arrived about as far towards a practical conclusion as all such discussions in this country inevitably do. Mr. Hanan, assuming that air of superior sapience which fits him like a cap and bells, remarked that he had made the portentous discovery that it was time to do something! He also made the interesting statement that he did not consider himself a narrow-minded man, and that he did think he was a very worldly man. And, soaring to a yet higher height of inanity, he expressed the opinion of his non-narrow worldly mind to the effect that his schools might be called upon to step in and take the place of the parents with regard to the children. Mr. Hanan *in loco parentis*! It is not recorded whether the members of the deputation swooned or no: if they did not they had got over the effects of the "Niagara." But to think of the "system" which is the darling of every P.P.A. ranter in the Dominion, which has the support of every Jew and atheist, which keeps New Zealand fifty years behind the progressive countries of the world in educational matters—to think of that, of Mr. Hanan, who is symbolical of it, *in loco parentis*, or even as a sort of foster-mother or dry nurse, must have taken away the breath of the members of that historic gathering: at any rate they did not speak much after Mr. Hanan.

*

If some philanthropic person would capture the Minister of Education and take him out to Soames Island for a week's retreat something might be done

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towards saving him. If he meditated three times every day for the week on the elementary eternal truths which any Catholic school-boy could teach him what a difference it would make in his non-narrow and worldly mind. How much non-narrower and how much less worldly it would be when it had been hammered into Mr. Hanan that there is a God above Who will judge us all. Ministers of Education included; that it will not profit a man anything to gain scholarships if he lose his immortal soul; that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom and a far better control of conduct than platitudes of pretentious poseurs. If he made a start there we might actually succeed in getting him to realise that there are persons in the world who are ten thousand times more broad-minded than he, who are spiritual-minded as well as being men of the world, whose vision is not confined to their own interests, who have forgotten more about education than he will ever learn, who have found out for themselves that unless education is based on such elementary principles of Christianity as we have mentioned, schools and Ministers of Education become stumbling-blocks and pitfalls to a people; who know—and is it hopeless to hope that he will ever come to know?—that only when the characters of the young are formed upon such principles can there be any sure warranty for expecting an improvement in the moral and social life of the country. Principles and character! Give our Minister a pipe and set him to roam around the rocks where the voice of the eternal sea may shut out the raucous applause of his P.P.A. friends and remind him that there are bigger things at stake than bowing and smiling to a group of No-Popery experts who assure him that he is the man of the day and that his "system" has their blessing. Perhaps there he might realise that a principle is not a thing begotten of abstract platitudes about honor and duty, about culture and efficiency, and that the most unprincipled scoundrel could rave about such things as eloquently as a saint. A principle is something deep and vital; something that must be burned into the soul so as to become part of it, a secret spring of action, a controlling force, a headline of conduct. Only by impressing principles on the minds of the young can character be moulded: by right Christian principles, Christian character; and by wrong material principles, character that is not Christian, whatever else it may be. A character formed on the principles of the Ten Commandments will always be a good character—in as far as those principles mould it; a character formed on the theory that Almighty God, and religion, and supernatural motives for being chaste and truthful and honest are worth so little that Mr. Hanan has no room for him in his "system" is likely to be the sort of character that will cause men to come together and wonder what may be done to stop the rot.

*

Yes, having found out at fifty-nine minutes past the eleventh hour that things are very bad, socially and morally, Mr. Hanan proposes to come in *in loco parentis* as a remedy. Now Mr. Hanan can no more take the place of parents than he can make people believe that he is doing any good for the country in his own place. God gave to parents the right and the obligation to see to the education of their children, and if Mr. Hanan only saw to it that his schools were calculated to help parents instead of hindering them we should have more reason to respect him and to think there was something in his non-narrow and worldly mind. But Mr. Hanan is not going to usurp the rights of parents unless the parents of the Dominion are greater fools than we take them to be. When the schools are reformed, and when they have begun to teach children that religion and the law of God deserve more respect than money-making, they will react on the homes and in time improve them; at present whatever irreligious tendency among the elders is intensified by the fact that the wiseacres, the non-narrow-minded worldly men in office, preach by their practice that the control of sound religious education is not worth bothering about, that it is less important than

knowing where Timbuctoo or Chemulpho is. And if Mr. Hanan wants to know where to begin let him begin with himself; let him open his eyes and see that every man to whom social and religious life are dear has made up his mind that the cause of the laxity of moral fibre and the anarchical tendencies so manifest in the Dominion is to be found in those very schools about which the Minister of Education receives so many compliments from so many doubtful judges. The "system" may give a youth a thin veneer of culture; it may teach how to attain rectitude in parting the hair, or cleanliness in the care of the teeth; but it can never give the key to that rectitude of the heart and that cleanness of soul without which platitudes and premiums are as worthless as dust. We do not want young people who can

"Lie upon the daisies and discourse in novel phrases of their complicated state of mind,
While meaning doesn't matter if its only idle chatter of a transcendental kind."

We want men and women who live by the law of the Gospel and who know in their humility that they need God's help to enable them to be true to ideals which any man can preach about. Mr. Hanan's application for a job *in loco parentis* is declined; when step-mothers, who are proverbially neglectful of the interests of children, are wanted let him apply. In olden days one of the Pharaohs had a Minister called Joseph; and when people came to him for help or sound advice he told them, "Go to Joseph." We have our Minister, but for advice or help we would send no man to him; and, instead of saying as Pharaoh used to say, we would far rather say, "Go, Joseph, and go quickly."

NOTES

"The Glamor of Dublin"

There are cities on the Continent that haunt one and woo one forever and a day by their old-world charm and loveliness. The English cities are too close to modern life with its hurry and its anxiety to affect one in the same way, but there are many towns and cities in Ireland which once known can never be forgotten. Greatest and most powerful of them all is Dublin, with its beautiful Bay, its background of historic hills among which the ghosts of ancient warriors move still and where a patriot may dream of swords and spears that will one day gleam in battle for Erin again. Many books might be written about the old Dublin houses with their marble mantelpieces and their rich ceilings and carved cornices and stately rooms in which in former days the men of Grattan's Parliament foregathered. There is history in the streets wherever you turn. Here it was that Lord Edward—the fine flower of romance and chivalry of the Rebellion of '98—was taken; there Swift lived and Stella's heart broke; Emmet and Tone walked here; Goldsmith passed under that archway; that house at the corner welcomed Davis; and that other echoed the beautiful Gaelic tongue as spoken by Pearse. Chapel-izod recalls the story of Iseult. A few miles away in Glendalough you are in a deep valley by a lovely lake shut in by purple hills, and all around you are memories of the great bishop, St. Laurence O'Toole. All the history of Ireland, all its romance and poetry and sorrow are in the streets of Dublin still. The ghosts of the immortal past walk side by side with the kindest and brightest and wittiest people in the whole wide world.

A New Book About Dublin

We have before us a little volume which tells us all this beautifully and tenderly. It is a Talbot Press publication, by D. L. Kay. Our copy is the first that has arrived here but it will not be the last. It is a book for a quiet half-hour of reverie, a book for those who love to dream of the ancient glories of Erin and

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who know that every failure of the past is a pledge of the final triumph. We have had from Germany the undying songs without words—the unforgettable *Lieder ohne Worte*. Here we have a color book without pictures; for though there is no drawing in it, the sketches make you see, as if a pageant were staged before your eyes, the scenes and persons of which Mr. Kay has written. The curtain rises on O'Connell Street, and here is the picture:—

“No man has a right to fix a boundary to the march of a nation.” Thus it is written in bronze at the base of a shaft of stone. And, before it, the bronze impenetrable Parnell stands confronting the centuries now at the top of O'Connell Street, in Dublin City. Straight down the wild boulevard he looks towards the Bridge, and the red flushes sweep over his face as though life were flowing in the metal again. It is not he who has done this immediate thing, but, in the refracted air, those limbs of his seem to strain forward and that outstretched arm quivers a little as though waving his people on. ‘No man can set a boundary.’ And lo! they are thrusting at the frontiers again to-day. For this is the hour of Illusion in Europe, with ‘Freedom’ and ‘Right’ and ‘Small Nations’ and ‘Truth’ upon every Imperial breeze. Till here too, youth is beguiled by the call, and, however few, will hazard the proving of its faith even to the death for its own little land. As behold, over there that Post Office, a nest of poets and impassioned young fellows firing guns and breathing hard with the inspiration of a great ideal in their breasts! For rebellion is loose, and those desperate lovers have run up their Republican ensign and taken the eye of beholders from distant housetops, with a kind of troubled ecstasy—and the end of it all by that fish-shop window in Moore Street over the way. For the English General Lowe has come round in his car to parley on the flagstones with Padraic Pearse, this Schoolmaster to whom so long ‘voices’ had been vouchsafed till he donned his armor and marched away. And so with a squad of troops, Staffordshire lads from homes that seldom bred a dream, forward he goes to judgment and the final volley on Kilmainham Square—Patrick Higgins Pearse, the London man's son, whose heart was ‘all a hive for Ireland's sake.’”

The Convent of the Little Hills

“College Green—sunset and evening star—an Angelus Bell above the trees—birds hushing their song at the sound. And, within, good Mother Bernard leading the final prayer. Then the slow trail of sandals down the corridors, one by one the cell-gates closing, the bell quite still, the late birds resuming their epilogue of the day. College Green it is indeed, but how changed! For within those walls of the new Trinity are the old garden closes of St. Mary of the Little Hills—a sweet and tender name, surely,—in the heart of our roaring modern town: the convent founded by Dermot MacMurrough himself in the dim twelfth century Ireland, these fields outside Oxmantown unravaged by the intellectualism of later days, the Little Hills a pool of praise for God to bend over and see His face reflected therein.

“So fade a while, dark brotherhood of fellows of dour T.C.D., and shine forth white sisters of the convent and meadows in the place of Little Hills.”

Trinity College

“Passing out from the College on a day when only the little wicket of the great main door is open, a magical scene unfolds as you come into the arch, a view only of the pillared Parliament House across the way, with the green trees like a ribbon about it, the very air and ease of classical Greece in the stateliness out of which one goes to this picture of dignity hung outside. Plato indeed might move untroubled by the Porter's Lodge until, emerging, there is eclipse. For Dame Street widens into view and that brazen infirmity of King William on his horse abolishes beauty by its imperial conceit.”

Here follows a passage which tells of the Book of Kells, worked by artists in old Meath who “knew what spirals the meteors make, what curves and graces are in the branches of trees and they moving aside for a young wind to pass, what patterns the flowers weave in their secret mills of the night,” and how men came from Brittany and the Black Forest to be able to say that they saw such a one coloring the Book of Kells. And then—about the same sacred book—this:—

“1894. August. Scene—the interior of the Library, T.C.D. Enter a group black-stoled: Provosts, Deans, Fellows, and other shapes. In the midst a lady, short, obese, young, ordinary. Behind her a tall, military-looking youth, dilettante in art and ethics, authentic blue-blood—husband by request. Slowly, majestically, stupidly, they bow low, little fat lady takes pen from prostrate Dean's hand, the spirits of the books on all the shelves swoon within their bindings at the deed. You can read it still on an outraged page, the signatures of the two—

‘VICTORIA REGINA,
ALBERT.’

Reader, come away.”

Tone

There are pages and pages that we would love to quote: for we love Dublin and the pictures haunt us. But we must pass them by, leaving Swift, Stella, Pamela, and Lord Edward to the reader of the book on a later day, and reluctantly resisting the appeal of Mangan, Mitchel, Davis, and a host of others who live still in dear Dublin town which the author recalls vividly. Here, however, is the concluding passage:—

“And of the future—if one may indulge a dream! what destiny of stars and shining pinnacles may unfold? For here amid the shock and onset of all the tyrannies of flesh and spirit, alone amidst the gross batterings of material things, she stands patient with her strange old sacred civilisation—a reverence for youth, a worship of womanhood unique in an age of apostasy, a devotion to lost causes that are often but virtue herself in distress—all these the stigmata of her martyred but indestructible soul.

“And we love thee, O Banba!
Though the spoiler be in thy hall,
And thou bereft of all,
Save only that Spirit for friend
Who shapes all things to the end:

“Thine eyes are a sword that has slain
Thy lovers on many a plain,
When, glad to the conflict they pressed
Drunk with the light of thy breast
To die for thee, Banba!”

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The Sisters of Mercy, South Dunedin, regret delay in acknowledging a gift of £8 7s from charitable well-wishers, Queenstown, towards St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage.

The annual general meeting of the Christian Brothers' Association Football Club will be held in the schoolroom, Rattray Street, on Monday, March 10, at eight p.m. sharp. Football this year promises to regain all its former enthusiasm on the part of players, and those of our Catholic boys who intend participating in the game should make a point of attending at Monday's meeting.

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament from the 11 o'clock Mass in St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday. After Compline in the evening, the Rev. J. A. O'Connell, S.M., Rector of Wanganui, preached an impressive sermon on the Divine Presence in the Blessed Eucharist. In the procession of the Blessed Sacrament which followed, Father O'Connell bore the Sacred Host, and officiated at Solemn Bene-

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diction of the Blessed Sacrament. There was a crowded congregation.

At St. Joseph's Cathedral on Ash Wednesday the ashes were blessed prior to the 6.30 a.m. Mass, and distributed at the various Masses that followed.

The following pupils of the Christian Brothers' School, Dunedin, were successful in the recent examinations:—Senior Scholarships—John Smith, Raymond Marlow. Senior Free Places—Ivan Hjorring, Francis Moloney, Joseph Hally, Francis Sligo, Paul Vallis, Callan Drumm, Roderick Culling, Maurice Wakelin, Anthony Dowling, Gerald Shiel. Public Service Entrance—Henry O'Reilly, Frederick Sadler, Reginald King.

There was a large attendance of members of St. Joseph's Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation at the ordinary monthly meeting, held after devotions on last Sunday evening. Very Rev. J. Coffey, Diocesan Administrator, presided. Members of the Diocesan Council Executive and of the sub-committee having in hand the arrangements for the public gathering to be held in His Majesty's Theatre to-night (Thursday) were also in attendance. All the reports indicated the satisfactory accomplishment of much preparatory work for the series of important Federation events to be held this week in Dunedin, and which will mark a distinct advance step in the activities of this useful Catholic organisation in the diocese of Dunedin.

The programme sub-committee of the National Concert in celebration of St. Patrick's Day has been successful in securing a number of well-known and favorite artists for the occasion. These include Mesdames R. A. Power, Fraher, Coventry, Misses E. Murphy and M. Lemon, Messrs. J. Leech, T. J. Hussey, W. Atwill, and D. Fogarty. Mr. Colin Mackenzie, the accomplished dancer, will give an Irish jig, and the Kaikorai Band will contribute a couple of overtures. Tickets of admission have been widely circulated, and nothing is being left undone to ensure the event being an outstanding success.

BOOK NOTICES

Wrack and Other Stories, by Dermot O'Byrne (Talbot Press, Dublin. 3s 6d.)

Since we read Seumas O'Kelly's volume of stories we have not come upon a better collection of Irish tales than this book in which Mr. O'Byrne enhances the reputation made by his earlier publications. It is a real Gaelic book. The stories are drenched with the poetry and pain of Ireland. Moreover they reveal great dramatic power and a very keen observation of men and things. There are old and new stories—stories about the Ireland of the past and about the Ireland of to-day; each in itself a little work of art. Mr. O'Byrne can write, and no mistake. One is as forcibly struck by his intense realism as by his tender imagination and broad sympathy. The book is surely a promise of even greater things to come from the same pen.

James Fintan Lalor: Patriot and Political Essayist, (Talbot Press. 5s net.)

Miss L. Fogarty, B.A., has done good service in collecting in one volume the writings of Lalor, who had such an influence in his own day over the minds of his countrymen. Miss Fogarty regards him as "the dominant mind inspiring his age." Mr. Arthur Griffith, who writes the preface, holds that Lalor was essentially a land reformer rather than a Nationalist. At any rate he belongs to the immortal group of men who have striven in the past and present for the freedom of Ireland, and it is not too much to say that the doctrines he preached laid the foundations of the victory of the Irish tenants over the bad landlords. Griffith is right in holding that it is rather to Davis we must turn for the true apostle of Irish freedom; but what Davis did for the nation, Lalor did for the

peasants and farmers—teaching them to fight for their own and to assert their rights to hold the land of their own country. The book is one that ought to have a place in an Irishman's library beside the works of Davis.

By-Ways of Study, by Darrell Figgis. (Talbot Press.)

Those who have read *Children of the Earth* will realise that a new book by this writer is an important event in Irish Ireland. The present book was finished while the revolvers of his captors were pointing at his head, and he tells us that at his present address (in an English gaol, whither he was transported without trial or without evidence in the Brithunnish fashion) he had small opportunity to make any changes or corrections. The last essay, thus finished, has appeared in *Studies*, and aroused much attention on account of its scholarship and research. The essay dealing with Parnell is good reading. Figgis, who, like Parnell, is an Irish Protestant, scarifies the brutal and treacherous Government that plotted Parnell's downfall, employing even the forger as a tool to bring about that end, just as in our day they had recourse to perjurers and bogus plots to put the author himself in gaol because he loved a small nation. After General Butler's lecture we know no better sketch of Parnell than this. The essays on Francis Thompson and George Meredith are fine pieces of writing. The critic handles his themes with a distinction of style and an intuition worthy of those two masters of English Letters.

Some Irish Vincentians in China in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, by Rev. Patrick Boyle, C.M. (Brown and Nolan, Ltd., Dublin.)

An important and up-to-date contribution to the history of the missionaries of the Island of Saints and Scholars. It is especially opportune now in view of the wonderful zeal with which Maynooth has taken up the task of preaching the Gospel in China.

Our Alma Mater. (Riverview College.)

This annual is on the high level of its predecessors and is an artistic souvenir of the great Jesuit college.

PRESIDENT WILSON EPIGRAMS.

Epigrams come readily to President Wilson. Here are a few:—

"The way to stop financial 'joy-riding' is to arrest the chauffeur, not the automobile."

"Publicity is the great antiseptic against the germs of some of the worst political methods."

"A conservative man is a man who just sits and thinks, mostly sits."

And here is one which throws a whole flood of light upon his attitude during that very trying time which preceded America's entry into the world war—"You do not settle things quickly by taking what seems to be the quickest way to settle them."

When viewed in the light of faith, sacrifices, often more than consolations, help us to advance in the path of holy love.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart*.

Attention is directed to the announcement of Misses Hanna, millinery specialists, now appearing in the *Tablet*. This enterprising firm, after establishing a successful business in Christchurch, open a branch at Timaru, and have now extended business to Dunedin, opening at 180 George Street....

FATHER DORE MEMORIAL CHURCH, FOXTON

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Already acknowledged, £660 19s 11d; Sisters of St. Brigid, Masterton, £3 3s; Mrs. Mullin, Tasman Street, Wellington (for her son, David, killed in action), £5; Mr. and Mrs. P. Lenihan, £10; total, £679 2s 11d.

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TRENT ONCE AGAIN AN ITALIAN CITY.

The victory of the Italian Army has restored to the land of Italy the very interesting city of Trent, which fills so large a place in the ecclesiastical history of the sixteenth century. Here was held the important Œcumenical Council of Trent under the decree and legislation of which the whole Catholic world has lived, during well nigh four centuries.

Trent has all the character of an Italian city, unaltered through its century of Austrian domination. At the very entrance of the city a colossal green-bronze statue of Dante attracts attention. The grandeur of the figure, and its noble attitude against the magni-

ficent background of the near circle of mountains enhance its majesty to a degree unequalled elsewhere.

The ecclesiastical head of Trent is a Prince-Bishop; the present incumbent is Most Rev. Monsignor Endrici. The red marble Church of Santa Maria Maggiore is associated with the memory of the Council of Trent, as in it were held several sessions, including the last of the Council, which met at intervals from 1545 to 1553. An inartistic painting representing the Council in Session is in the organ gallery of this church. It contains the portraits of fathers of the Council. The Castle, a noble construction, with a grandiose circular bastion, bears the name of the Castle of Good Counsel.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

The Apostolic Delegate (Archbishop Cattaneo), writing to the Minister for Health in New South Wales, says that he has every reason to believe that the Ministerial order with reference to religious services will be observed by his clergy. At the same time he proceeds:

"I must strongly insist on, and beg of you, to bring before the Cabinet the necessity of considering and finding some means which—all due precautions being taken—will succeed in satisfying the highest and noblest sentiment of the people, religion. This is all the more necessary in order that the people may not be tempted to believe, even though erroneously, that the Government does not fully appreciate not only the importance, but even the absolute need, of turning to God by public worship, especially in the time of stress or suffering."

The magnificent Cathedral of St. Carthage, the architectural pride of Lismore, indeed, of the whole North Coast of New South Wales, is to be consecrated by his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Cattaneo, on August 15 next. First opened and blessed between eleven and twelve years ago, St. Carthage's was built from the plans of Mr. Wardell, the designer of St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, and was erected by Messrs. Wardell and Denning, under the direction of the pioneer of religion on the North Coast, the late Dr. Doyle, first Bishop of Lismore. When he was appointed as Dr. Doyle's successor, his Lordship Dr. Carroll, present Bishop of Lismore, took over the large debt still due on the cathedral. To-day he has not only liquidated the debt, but has completed and paid for, among other additions to the building, a tower to house a splendid peal of bells, whose tone is not equalled in many places in the Commonwealth; an organ loft, and a majestic pipe organ which also has few superiors in this country; a pulpit tastefully suited to the architectural style of the cathedral interior; a high altar of supremely chaste design and artistic workmanship in Australian white marble; a Sacred Heart altar and our Lady's altar, both of colored marble and in beautiful contrast to the pure white of the impressive high altar. In addition, there are three sanctuaries, each enclosed by marble railings, with walls appropriately decorated; and the side sanctuaries are floored with rich mosaic which is invariably an object of delight to the artistic visitor. All the minor accessories, such as holy water fountains and baptismal enclosure with railings and marble basin, have been added within recent years. The extensive building has also been fully equipped with electric light in addition to the original gas lighting. In a word, the cathedral is now worthily complete and ready for consecration. Next August's ceremony might have taken place earlier, but his Lordship the Bishop, recognising this supreme occasion in the history of Lismore diocese, which extends from Cape Danger, on the borders of Queensland, to Port Macquarie, and embraces what is known as the Northern Rivers district of New South Wales, and also wishing that his people from all these rivers should partake of the celebrations, without any disturbing influence, waited until the termination of the war before fixing the year 1919 as one that will be memorable for Lismore, at least during the twentieth century. Added interest is lent by the circumstance that this will be the first visit to the Lismore diocese of the Holy Father's direct representative. It is anticipated, therefore, that the Church and laity will be strongly represented, and the Bishop and priests and people of the diocese will doubtless welcome both, no matter where they come from. The weather in August, it is said, is charming on the North Coast, so that everything seems propitious for the occasion of the consecration of St. Carthage's. And the consecration of a cathedral, it should be remembered, means, among other things, a cathedral free of debt. Dr. Carroll, the priests and the Catholics of

Lismore, are indeed to be congratulated on such a consummation.

VICTORIA.

Reference to the epidemic was made at the 8 o'clock Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Sunday, February 9, by his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix. He said that he was glad to see that the attendance at the various Masses was so good and that the people were faithfully complying with the instructions of the health authorities. Fortunately the epidemic had so far been comparatively mild. There was no occasion for panic, but there was great need for caution. The health authorities could not possibly cope with the epidemic unless the people generally co-operated with them in their anxious task. This was not a time for closed or deserted churches. It was rather a time when, with due precautions, of course, the faithful should come to church and unite in earnest, public prayer that God in His mercy might arrest the progress of the disease. It was a time also when people should help one another. It was in the spirit of true Christian charity that the nuns had come forward with the offer of their assistance to the health authorities. The Sisters were prepared to nurse and care for the influenza patients in suitable improvised hospitals wherever their services were required. Need less to say, they made no distinction of creed, and they would not accept any remuneration. Batches of untrained Sisters were already getting a short course of training at St. Vincent's and Mount St. Evin's to fit them to work under the supervision of trained nurses if occasion should arise. The Sisters of Charity had already taken charge of the Boys' Orphanage, at South Melbourne, where the Red Cross had also given valuable and generous help. Should the need exist anywhere, Catholic school buildings would be put at the disposal of the authorities for hospital purposes. In several instances the Sisters are ready to take patients into their own convents and to nurse them as well. That was the spirit of Christ. That was what people expected from the Catholic sisterhoods, and their expectation was never disappointed. It might be that the health authorities would not need to avail themselves of the generous offer made by the Sisters, but in any event the Sisters had given an heroic example, and had placed the whole community under a debt of gratitude.

QUEENSLAND.

The first convent in Queensland for the Ursuline Sisters has been dedicated by his Grace Archbishop Duhig at Gladstone Road, South Brisbane. Rosary Hill Convent is delightfully situated between Highgate Hill and Dutton Park, and commands a magnificent view of the river. The area of the land is about three acres, and was purchased some months ago by our Archbishop. There was a splendid attendance of the public, many coming from long distances to show their appreciation of the community of nuns who were so successful elsewhere, and are now throwing their lot in with Queenslanders.

TASMANIA.

In beautiful weather and in the presence of a large assemblage in the college grounds, the new St. Patrick's College, Launceston, was opened on Sunday, Jan. 26, by his Grace the Archbishop of Hobart, Most Rev. Dr. Delany. The college and grounds were crowded in the early afternoon by many visitors desirous of looking over the place before the function began at 3 o'clock. The lawn was overhung with streamers of flags and bunting, whose bright colors, flying in a light breeze, had a very pleasing effect. Addresses were delivered by his Grace the Archbishop and by Monsignor Beechinor, the parish priest, attended by the Very Rev. Father B. Murphy, of Zeehan, acolytes, representatives of the Christian Brothers' teaching staff, and several of the laity.

IRISH NEWS

The *Daily Mail's* New York correspondent, telegraphing, says:—The Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Russell Wakefield, who has just completed a series of very effective speeches in the West and Middle West, is returning home filled with the profound conviction that "until the Irish question is settled friendship between the United States and England cannot be perfectly cemented." He tells me that wherever he went he encountered the ghost of Ireland in some form or other. The bishop left in the *Mauretania*. He said to me just before his departure that if the Irish sore were healed no propaganda by other nationalities against Great Britain would be effective in the United States.

RICHARD COLEMAN: PUBLIC FUNERAL IN DUBLIN.

The body of Richard Coleman, Sinn Fein prisoner, arrived in Dublin from Usk Prison on Thursday, December 13, and was interred at Glasnevin on the following Sunday, the body meanwhile lying at Westland Row Church. Fifty thousand mourners followed the hearse, including delegates from all parts of the country. The cortege was headed by 60 Volunteers in uniform and wearing bandoliers. Fifty priests followed, including many members of the religious Orders. Then came the firing party, the mourning carriages, the Sinn Fein Executive, the Lord Mayor, companies of Volunteers numbering 1000, mourning coaches, taxis, motors, etc. A prominent feature was the Fingal Volunteer Battalion, 400 strong, of which deceased was captain. During the passage of the funeral procession through the streets rain fell very heavily, and it is stated that never before were so many umbrellas seen together in O'Connell Street. Along the way shops were closed, blinds drawn, and draped Sinn Fein flags hung from many windows. Save for the melancholy Irish dirges and funeral marches, not a sound was heard except the measured tread of marching men and women. A large number of soldiers who watched the procession at many points respectfully saluted the remains. On arriving at Glasnevin the body was received by the chaplain, the Rev. J. Fitzgibbon, who recited the customary prayers to which the other clergy made the responses. The Rev. Father Augustine, O.S.F.C., recited the Rosary in Irish. Then the firing party fired three blank volleys and the "Last Post" was sounded. Richard Coleman sleeps in the Martyrs' Circle, besides O'Donovan Rossa and Thomas Ashe. To the end, beside the grave, in addition to the chief mourners, were Mrs. Pearse, Mrs. Eamon Kent, Countess Plunkett, Mrs. Joseph Mary Plunkett, and the Lord Mayor.

The *Irish Independent* states the Sinn Fein prisoners in Usk Gaol are confined in the oldest portion of the buildings, which consists of dimly lighted and badly ventilated cells and narrow corridors. The exercise ground is of exceedingly small dimensions. On the other hand the new portion of the buildings, occupied by convicts, is one of the most up to date in England, and has an extensive exercise ground. One of the internees swore at the inquest that Coleman's death was due to insanitary conditions and want of proper care. The isolation ward had only accommodation for five patients, and on one occasion a patient was removed from the ward back to his cell to make room for a worse case! This will give the public to understand that Irish prisoners against whom no definite charge has been made, and who never were brought to trial, are treated in England worse than convicted criminals.

THE GENERAL ELECTION IN IRELAND: INCIDENTS OF THE POLLINGS.

The police authorities state that the country had rarely witnessed a general election, generally speaking, so free from disorder and disturbance. "A most orderly election" was the official summing up. In

Waterford a mob composed partly of soldiers attacked the Volunteer Hall and the houses of prominent Sinn Feiners, and Dr. White, the Sinn Fein candidate, was injured. In the case of the eight doubtful Ulster seats Cardinal Logue was appealed to and decided that four (which he named) should go to the Irish Party and four to Sinn Fein. This decision was generally acted upon; the supporters of the Irish Party and the supporters of Sinn Fein voting for the selected candidates. In some cases, however, and notably in North Derry and North Armagh, many prominent supporters of Mr. Dillon abstained from voting. Matters were worse in East Down, where they flouted the award of the Cardinal, thereby causing the loss of a Nationalist seat.

The Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, exercising the franchise for the first time since his appointment to the Archbishopric of Dublin (nearly 40 years), voted for the Sinn Fein candidates in Clontarf and North Dublin. It is stated that the members of his household worked for the Sinn Fein candidate in the St. James' division.

Cardinal Logue, in his fight against dismemberment, voted for Professor O'Brien, the Sinn Fein candidate in Mid-Armagh. The newly-enfranchised women went to the poll in large numbers. It is a fact of extraordinary significance for the future of Ireland that they voted Sinn Fein almost solidly. Two old couples who were illiterate polled in one constituency, the men for the party candidate, the women for Sinn Fein. In constituencies where there were no Unionist candidates the Unionists polled strongly for the party candidates, even in cases where their leaders asked them to abstain. In Dublin they voted openly for Mr. D. J. Nugent (general secretary A.O.H.) and Sir P. Shortall, the party candidates for St. Michans and Clontarf. In South Derry, Mr. Walsh, the Sinn Fein candidate, received the votes of an old woman of 105 and of a girl of 7, who had got on the register by mistake. At Clonmel an old woman walked three miles on crutches to vote for Mr. McCann, Sinn Fein. In South Derry a Unionist lady over 100 years of age voted. In East Mayo, many old men and women had to be assisted to the polling stations, and a number of invalids, wrapped in rugs and shawls, also voted. Similar incidents occurred all over the country. The *London Times* asks—"When will people realise that Ireland is not a question of domestic politics only, but a permanent disturber of the compass in our foreign and colonial policy too?" The *Times* made Lloyd George Premier, and is generally regarded as his chief organ. The Sinn Fein triumph in Ireland is evidently not without its effect.

It is by aridity and temptations that our Lord proves the souls that love Him.—St. Teresa.

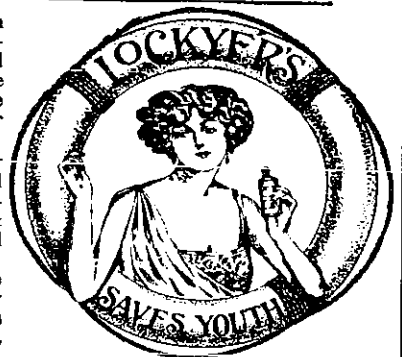
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NEW CHURCH AT DEVONPORT

FOUNDATION STONE CEREMONY.

The solemn blessing of the foundation stone of the new church at Devonport was attended by several hundred parishioners and their friends on Sunday, February 16. His Lordship Dr. H. W. Cleary, Bishop of Auckland, officiated, and with him were the Rev. Father M. Furlong (Rector), Dean Cahill, and Fathers Golden, Holbrook, Bradley, and O'Byrne.

After the religious ceremony speeches were delivered by his Lordship the Bishop, Mr. W. J. Napier, Mr. A. Harris, M.P., Mr. A. E. Glover, M.P., and Mr. J. Henderson, Mayor of Devonport.

His Lordship the Bishop, in complimenting the Rector and people of Devonport on the zeal and energy they had displayed in pushing the work ahead, drew an analogy between a lighthouse and the magnificent monument to the glory of God which was being erected in Devonport. The function of the lighthouse was to warn mariners of shoals and breakers ahead and guide them safely into harbor. The church would be the lighthouse from which warning would go out against the shoals which threatened the safety of the soul. In concluding, he asked everyone present to shoulder his or her full share of the burden in defraying the cost of the new building.

Mr. W. J. Napier gave an interesting resumé of the history of the parish from the day, many years ago, when six or seven people used to meet together in the public school to assist at Holy Mass, down to the present day. He made an earnest appeal to all to do their duty in the matter of subscribing to the building fund.

Mr. A. E. Glover, M.P., spoke of the architectural beauty of the new church, which, he said, was a credit to the Catholic community, and which would be an ornament to Devonport.

Mr. A. Harris, M.P., said that as one who was not a Catholic he would like the Catholics of Devonport to accept his hearty congratulations on the progressive spirit they were displaying in erecting such a fine building. He wished the project every success.

A very happy speech was that of Mr. J. Henderson, Mayor of Devonport, while congratulating the Catholic body on the fine building they were erecting, said he was proud to be a member of the kirk next door, which, by its good example in erecting a modern church, had urged the Catholics to do likewise. (Laughter and applause.) His fervent hope was that the Anglicans, who owned the section on the other side, would soon commence building operations. As competition was good for business, he thought it might also be beneficial to religion. With the three churches together the members of each would strive in friendly rivalry, each in their own way, to further the greater honor and glory of God, and, at the same time, maintain the cordial relations which have ever existed between the various religious bodies in Devonport.

At this stage the collectors entered upon their duties, and to good purpose, the collection yielding £220. During the afternoon suitable music was rendered by the choir, under the direction of Mr. Leo Whittaker, A.T.C.L. At the conclusion of afternoon tea, which was provided by the ladies of the parish, Father Furlong expressed his thanks, and the thanks of the church committee to those who had contributed

so liberally to the cost of the new church. He particularly wished to thank those friends of other faiths who were present for their kindly interests, and in many cases for their liberality.

The old wooden church, with its picturesque spire, which has served the needs of Devonport for many years, is fast disappearing. The new structure, which is of Gothic design, is being built round the present church. The outer walls, to a height of five feet, will be in rough cast, above that a red pressed brick will be used. The roof will be of Marseilles tiles. With the green slopes of Mount Victoria for a background, the new church should be very pleasing to the eye.

WHAT THE IRISH HAVE DONE.

"Let the Americans realise that there is no sympathy with Germany as such in Ireland," says Shane Leslie in a recent issue of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, "only from time to time an exasperated people are made to feel that it is the only expression of sentiment on their part to which the Government pays no attention. The Irish Nationalists have taken the field in a proportion to which the American critic should pay heed. There are a few homes which have not suffered a casualty in the war. Taking the Irish Volunteers in Ireland and England and Scotland, for there have been just as many Irish in English as English in Irish regiments, it can be shown that 40,000 Irishmen of Irish blood and sympathies have perished in the war, and indeed there are higher estimates. If the American people suffer as many casualties in proportion to their population as Ireland, they will have a right to salute their mourning land as a land of heroes. For these reasons all violence of word is to be deprecated. Far more can be achieved by the sympathetic acceptance of Ireland's cause as part and parcel of the Allied cause, the cause if not individualism, at least of self-determination among all groups that by their history of geography or conscious wish and will are countable as nations."

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.

REV. D. O'NEILL,
Roxburgh.

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ST. JOSEPH'S GLEE CLUB, DUNEDIN

In the presence of a large audience, the members of St. Joseph's Glee Club gave their initial concert in St. Joseph's Hall on Tuesday evening, February 25. This young musical organisation, composed of members of St. Joseph's Men's Club and lady friends, well deserved the success that attended their individual and collective efforts. Hearty congratulations are, too, due to Mr. T. J. Anthony (hon. conductor), who has so generously exercised his time and talent in the interests of the club, and the high standard of efficiency attained by the members must have been very gratifying to him. The arrangements for the club's first concert were completed several months ago, but owing to the precautions deemed necessary to combat the influenza epidemic, had to be postponed to the date above-mentioned. An excellent programme was presented, and the entertainment was most enjoyable throughout. The part songs consisted of "Autumn" (Booth), the bracketed number "The Rosary" (Nevin) and "April" (Salamon), and "Good Night" (Steele), each being effectively rendered, the voices being nicely balanced. Songs were given by Misses Rene Bradshaw, Evelyn Tait, Kitty Leonard, Gwen Wilson, Jenny McDermott, and Kathleen Burk; Messrs. D. Fogarty, M. Coughlan, W. Kennedy, and R. A. Power. Several of these soloists made their first appearance on the concert platform, and acquitted themselves very creditably, while each received the compliment of a recall. Mr. R. A. Power contributed several violin solos admirably. A vocal duet was given by Messrs. D. Fogarty and Power, and a vocal trio by Messrs. D. and F. Fogarty and V. Sheehy. Miss Laura Hawke, A.T.C.L., played the whole of the accompaniments in her usual admirable style, and Mr. T. J. Anthony was musical director. Mr. M. Coughlan carried out the duties of secretary most efficiently. The concert was closed with the singing of "God Save Ireland" and the National Anthem.

Men are deceitful, but God is good. He is the Truth Itself: live for Him and with Him!—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

"Seek above all things the kingdom of God and His justice." The spirit of the world seeks to encroach on all sides, hence devolves on us an obligation much greater and stronger to attach ourselves to the spirit of God, to the supernatural spirit of faith, a true religious spirit.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

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OBITUARY

MR. JONATHAN O'BRIEN, DUNEDIN.

Bandsmen throughout the Dominion will regret to learn of the death of Mr. Jonathan (Jack) O'Brien, which occurred rather suddenly at his residence, Roslyn, on Friday night, February 21. Mr. O'Brien's connection with local bands extends back for many years, the first band of which he was a member being St. Patrick's. Later he joined the Kaikorai, but severed his connection with them when he went to reside in Timaru. Returning to Dunedin he became a member of the Dunedin Navals Band, but subsequently rejoined the Kaikorai and remained with them till the time of his death. He was also a prominent member of the Dunedin Orchestral Society for a number of years. Mr. O'Brien was a very fine euphonium player, and had on more than one occasion won the New Zealand Championship on that instrument, as well as being a member of the champion quartet; in fact, he was a generally successful competitor at all contests. He was present at band practice on the previous night, but felt unwell next day, and died within a few minutes of the doctor being called in. A very large number of bandsmen and others attended Mr. O'Brien's funeral on Sunday afternoon. About 60 played in the march from St. Joseph's Cathedral to the Southern Cemetery. Deceased's own band, the Kaikorai, took the march from the house in Roslyn to the Cathedral, Mr. Helmer Davie conducting. Members of this band wore white armlets. A number of active members were not distinguished as such because they were in mufti, the uniforms being in process of renovation. Many who knew Mr. O'Brien stood on the line of march to pay their respects. Father Kaveney conducted the service at the graveside, assisted by Father McCagh and Father Spillane. Members of the Hibernian Society acted as the pall-bearers from the Cathedral. Many past and present members of the Orchestral Society were in the procession. At a meeting of the St. Patrick's Day Concert Committee held on Sunday evening, February 23, a resolution of condolence with Mrs. O'Brien in her bereavement was passed, and the secretary was instructed to convey the same to her by letter.—R.I.P.

MR. WILLIAM BOLTON, PETONE.

The death of Mr. William Bolton occurred at his residence, 1 King Street, Petone, on Saturday, February 22. The deceased had been failing in health for some months, and was awaiting his end with true Christian piety and resignation. His death was a holy and peaceful one, comforted by the rites of Holy Church, and in the presence of his wife and family. The late Mr. Bolton was a native of County Carlow, Ireland. After marriage Mr. and Mrs. Bolton left home for Rockhampton, Queensland. Here he made his home and reared a family of five children. About fifteen years ago the family decided to come to New Zealand. On arriving in Wellington, they came out

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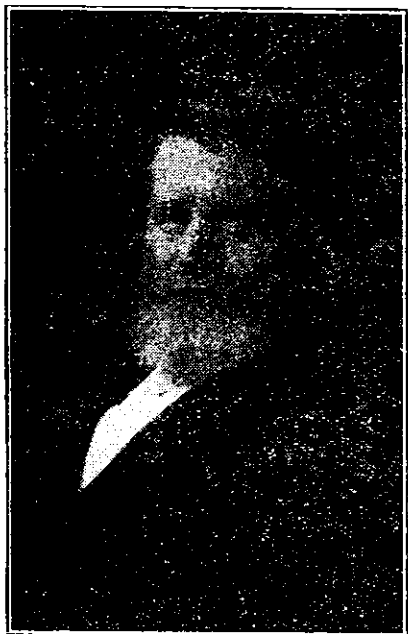
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to Petone, and bought their present residence at 1 King Street. His wife, two sons (Thomas and Stephen), and two daughters (Elizabeth and Mary); are left to mourn their loss. His other child and eldest son (William) died a victim to the influenza epidemic at Palmerston North on December 8 (a report of whose death appeared in the *Tablet*). The late Mr. Bolton was a valued member of the Church. He was a fine type of the old school of Catholics, who exemplified in their lives the grand ideals of our holy religion. He regularly attended the second Mass on Sundays, except on the second Sunday of the month—the men's Communion Sunday of the Sacred Heart sodality,—when he was in his place in the front pew with the ribbon and medal of the sodality pinned on his breast. He and his wife and family have always been ardent supporters and silent workers in everything Catholic in the parish. It may be justly said of him that he was a true Irishman, a sterling Catholic, a just man. The funeral from the Sacred Heart Church on Monday, February 24, was a private one, only the family and a few immediate friends being present. The interment took place in the Catholic Cemetery, Petone.—R.I.P.

MR. WALTER M. HAILES, BALFOUR, SOUTHLAND.

The demise of Mr. Walter M. Hailes, of "Chartlea Park" Station, Balfour, Southland, has taken from the diocese a staunch, generous friend in the cause of the Church, and a resident of New Zealand who, during his lifetime, proved himself an able exponent of all that stands for liberal, unselfish ideals, in the improvement of this fair land, and for the betterment of the early settlers, many of whom to-day are grateful for his kindly actions and advice. The late Mr. Hailes was of a retiring, upright, and thoroughly honorable disposition, and although he took no direct part in public affairs, was always willing to place his knowledge and experience at the disposal of those who were guiding the destinies of Southland in the early days. He was born at Budbrook, Warwickshire, England, and, with his parents and family, came to New Zealand in 1862, and landed in Nelson. His uncles (the Redwood brothers, of whom Archbishop Redwood is one), Messrs. Charles and Joseph Ward, and Mr. George Hailes, have been prominent in all public movements for the ad-



vancement of commerce and industry in New Zealand, as well as in the interests of the sporting and social life of the early colonists. Later on Mr. Hailes, sen., with his family, took up land at Kaikoura, where members of the family are still favorably known, and highly respected. About 38 years ago Mr. Walter Hailes took up land in the Western District of South-

land, and was one of the pioneers of Cattle Flat. Subsequently he purchased the Ardlussa Run, which he afterwards sold to a syndicate. He then took up the Waikaia Plains Station, which he held until the Government took over half of it for closer settlement, leaving him the portion known as Glenallapa Station. Mr. Hailes went through all the trials and hardships common to the early settlers, and by his indomitable pluck, cheery nature, and charitable disposition, helped to brighten the homes of those who had the good fortune of knowing him. He took a keen interest in all charitable institutions, and the following have benefited financially by his generosity—Little Sisters of the Poor, Anderson's Bay, Dunedin, £1000; Home of Compassion, Island Bay, Wellington, £1000; Convent of Mercy, Gore, £1000; Catholic Building and Furnishing Fund, Gore, £1000; erection of Convent at Balfour, £1000. It was his great desire, subject to the approval of the Bishop, to have a convent erected in the healthy district of Balfour. The deceased had been ailing for some time, and was confined to his bed for the last four months, where, by his patient resignation in his sufferings, he edified those around him. He passed away peacefully at noon on Wednesday, January 22, strengthened and sanctified by the sacred rites of Holy Church. His funeral was one of the largest seen in the Waimea district. He leaves a wife, a daughter, and two sons; also two sisters and five brothers to mourn their loss. They have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends.—R.I.P.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"JUSTICE."—Any good telling you again that anonymous letters only waste your time and ours? Be economical.

"JUDGE."—Not a hope yet. Australia is a free country. If we imitated the *Catholic Press* and the *Tribune* and gave our readers a column of Sporting Notes there would be a job here for Mr. Gourley the undertaker. The spirit is willing but the wowsler is strong.

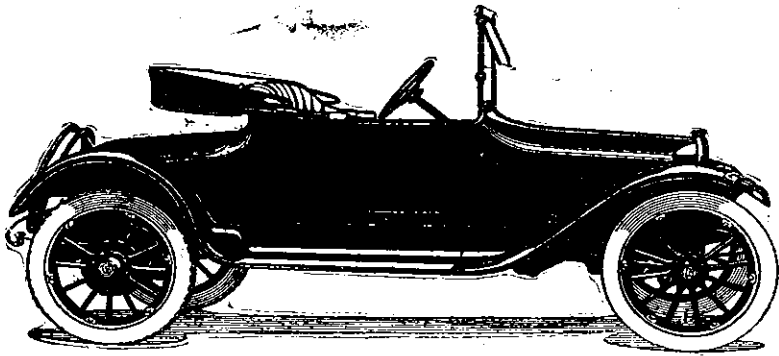
E. O'H.—Here is how to look at it. A council composed of the Apostolic Delegate and the Archbishops of Australasia is the highest authority in Catholic matters. If that council deems it right to publish a direction good Catholics will receive it with the respect and submission to superior wisdom due to it. There are cases in which such a direction may bind under sin; there are also cases in which it does not. Even in the latter it would be disloyal and unsound for any Catholic to set his judgment against such a high authority. Therefore—no doubt at all about it—the ruling for Catholics is this: "We deem it our duty to co-operate with every wisely-directed effort to stem the evil of drink in Australia and to promote temperance among the people. We have no sympathy with those who oppose well-considered legislation. . . . But, needless to say, we have just a little sympathy with those—and they are very active at present—who do not distinguish between the use and the abuse of alcoholic drink; who seem to regard drink as something essentially evil, who . . . convey to the world by their reckless statements that Australia and New Zealand are drink-sodden lands, and that their people—and especially the soldiers who have risked their lives—are dishonored and degraded by intemperance."

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AN INTERESTING MANU- SCRIPT.

A manuscript has been discovered at Santa Clara University, Cal., giving the account of the voyage of the Spanish ships La Princesa and La Favorita to Alaska in 1779.

It appears from the story of the writer, Father Riobo, the chaplain of the fleet, that many of the sounds and bays and islands which now bear English names, such as the Prince of Wales Island, Prince William Sound, etc., were given Catholic names years before they acquired their present titles. Middleton Island was called Carmel, for instance, and Prince William Sound after St. James.

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PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

The Right Rev. T. Broderick, Titular Bishop of Pednelissus and first Vicar-Apostolic of Western Nigeria, a report of whose consecration appeared in the Irish News page of the *Tablet* issue of February 20, is a cousin of Mrs. J. Tavendale, jun., Kopua, Waimate, and a nephew of Mr. Daniel Barry, of New Plymouth.

His Eminence Antonio Cardinal Vico, who spent most of his life in the diplomatic service of the Vatican, principally in South America, died recently. The funeral was held on December 16 in Rome. Sixteen Cardinals were present at the obsequies. His Eminence Cardinal Vannutelli performed the absolution of the body. Cardinal Vico, who was 71 years old, was Papal Nuncio to Lisbon at the time of the revolution. He was elevated to the Cardinalate on November 27, 1911.

A cable message, under date London, February 17, announces the death in Paris of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Mark Sykes, F.R.G.S., a Catholic member of the House of Commons. Sir Mark Sykes (of whom a portrait appeared in the *Tablet* issue of January 30) was the only son of the late Sir Tatton Sykes. He was educated at Beaumont, at Ecole des Jesuites, Monaco, Institut St. Louis, Brussels, and Jesus College, Cambridge. He served throughout the last South African war, and in Mesopotamia and Palestine during the recent war. He was private secretary to Mr. Wyndham when Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1903. He had travelled extensively in the Turkish provinces of Asia; in 1905-6 was Honorary-Attache at Constantinople, and was the author of a number of books and articles treating of Eastern subjects. He had been member for Central Hull since 1911, and was again returned at the recent elections.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the eminent Catholic statesman of Canada, whose death was announced by cable last week, was one of the master builders of Canada's greatness; High Commissioner, Premier, and far-seeing statesman, to his energy and foresight is due much of the commercial prosperity and stability which she now enjoys. He had been Premier of Canada for 14 years consecutively—a record in colonial Parliaments eclipsing even Mr. Seddon's long administration. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who was born at Quebec on November 20, 1841, was called to the Bar in 1864. In 1871 he entered Parliament and became Minister of Inland Revenue (1877) and Leader of the Liberal Party (1891). He was Premier of Canada from 1896 to 1911, being the first French Canadian to hold that post, and was then succeeded by Sir Robert Borden when the Conservative Party came into power. Sir Wilfrid was a prominent figure at the Imperial Conferences of 1907 and 1911. He was prominent in 1917 as an opponent of conscription, and in October of that year resigned his leadership of the Liberals. A Canadian writer, describing Sir Wilfrid Laurier, said:—His clear eye, stately carriage, firmly-compressed lips, and general demeanor reveal the born leader of men, and in any gathering he would stand out in picturesque relief from those around him like a Saul among his fellows. His dignified and courtly bearing as he walks to his seat is that of the French Empire period. He looks every inch the type of a statesman and a leader

that appeals to the imagination of a people. His great strength as a leader lies in his personal charm of manner. Like the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal Premier who preceded Mr. Asquith in office, between Sir Wilfrid and his followers there subsist the most intimate relations. To see him flit from seat to seat for a quiet chat with some Liberal member is to discover one source of his marvellous hold on the affections of the Liberal rank and file. When not engaged in debate or in conversation with his colleagues, Sir Wilfrid generally spends his time reading, the Bible and Shakespeare's plays having a singular fascination for him. Like all great orators, Sir Wilfrid draws freely from the Bible for illustrations, and his speeches are replete with passages whose imagery suggests the sublime source of their inspiration. He stands in a class by himself as a Parliamentarian. His catholicity of outlook and abounding charity, his firm hand and clear eye, his ability to measure and to seize the psychological moment to press home the attack, as well as his consummate skill as a tactician, were never seen to greater advantage than during the recent naval controversy. There is no figure in public life in Canada to-day that stirs the imagination of the people as that of the Leader of the Opposition at Ottawa.

The soul united to Jesus by faith becomes gradually transformed into Him, and under the impulse and guidance of His Holy Spirit lives only His life.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

The Sisters of St. Francis from the motherhouse of the Order in Oldenburg, Ind., U.S.A., have been appointed teachers of the public school in Park View, New Mexico. This is the first New Mexico mission of the Sisters from the Oldenburg community. They have schools in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas. Park View gave the Sisters a cordial reception upon their arrival. The women of the town furnished the house with the necessary furniture, etc., and the kitchen was well supplied with food of all kinds. Park View, as well as the other surrounding towns, is entirely Catholic. Franciscan Fathers are in charge of the church. There is no parochial school.

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IRELAND'S PLACE IN THE SUN

No more illuminating writer on the strategy and aims of the great war has appeared than Mr. Frank Simonds, whose syndicated weekly resumés have appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He has recently lent his powerful pen to the cause of the liberation of small nations under the yoke of the Central Powers. When requested by Rev. Francis McCarthy, of San Leandro, to say something in behalf of justice to a subject nation of the Allies, namely Ireland, in regard to her right to a place in a League of Nations, Mr. Simonds replied:—

"I have the interest in Ireland that you would expect from one whose grandfather and grandmother were born there; and I shall hope in time to do what I can for the cause of Ireland."

The whole world is now interested in Ireland's case, which will be a test proof of the sincerity of the Allies when they claim the war was fought for the right of self-determination by small nations and government by the consent of the governed. It is all right to stand for the liberation of little peoples under the yoke of enemy powers, but it's a different story when one's own ox is gored.

With the rights of free speech and a free press gradually being restored in the United States, mass meetings will soon be held in every place where lovers of liberty dwell to bring the right of Ireland to self-government and her release from Prussian domination by the stranger before the attention of the Peace Conference.

British propaganda has been busy lately trying to make of Ireland an outlaw nation because she rebelled against Prussianism at home. Captain Maloney, of the British Army, throws the searchlight of truth on these blackmailing schemes in the last two issues of *America*. He shows how America owes a debt of gratitude to Ireland because she helped the colonies to gain their independence, even as the French Catholics helped us. National gratitude demands that the United States in turn should assist Ireland to obtain her freedom.

In the last issue of *America* Captain Maloney gives the English aspect of the Irish issue and shows how England denies Ireland's rights to liberty on the ground that the Emerald Isle is too poor, backward, and divided for self-government.

English government in Ireland means force and coercion of unwilling subjects. It is paralleled by German usurpation in Poland. "Nations in being vanquished are made poor and weak and kept so to keep them subject," says Captain Maloney. As a further military precaution, conquered peoples are degraded, divided, and colonised by the victor." While Britain abroad champions the cause of Greece, Hungary, Poland, Czecho-Slovak, Jugo-Slav, and others, she now holds Ireland from freedom.

"It is not necessary further to multiply instances to prove that the English aspect of the Irish issue has ever been what it now is, the conventional aspect of a conqueror to a conquered people; and if to-day be any guide to the morrow, England intends to continue to apply to Ireland, so far as America will permit, those standards which another arbitrary power was also wont to follow in dealing with subject peoples now happily free.

"America, the belligerent, might permit an associate much that is fortunately not American either in principle or in purpose, even the English aspect of the Irish issue, because of the necessity to substitute the American for the German aspect of certain other national issues deemed more urgent. The armistice is now signed; these issues are in process of satisfactory ratification; the substitution of the American for the English aspect of the Irish issue, the institution in Ireland of government only by the consent of the people, is now in order."

THE MOTHER.

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

The one she loves is saying Mass—

How fervently she hears

The rich words of that drama grand,

Her *Te Deum* of years!

Her *Te Deum* of anxious days,

Of care, of love, of thought,

The *Te Deum* she offers God,

Who granted what she sought.

Now consummated is her life—

Could heart desire ought more

Than see him stand in God's own robes

The little son she bore?

'Tis hard to see him for her eyes

Tho' once so young, so bright,

Have long grown dim, they seem to need

The rays of Heaven's light.

Her work-worn hands that once were soft,

As pink as inner shells,

Are hardened with the long day's toil

Of which each deep link tells:

The dear, old cheeks are faintly flushed

With joy, with love, with pride,

Just as they bloomed when once she stood,

His father's sweet young bride.

O God, but who is she to know

The transport of such joy,

To see the white Host raised on high

To know that priest her boy!

To steal so softly to the rail—

God gave her strength—'tis he

Her son who gives to her the Lord!

That this should really be!

Too deep—too strong the joy she feels

For that old heart to hold,

She simply feels she does not know

How God her thanks be told!

Could she but frame some jewelled speech

To write on page of gold—

But yet the glory of her joy

Would still be half untold!

Now *Ite Missa est*—the end—

The pray'rs have all been said,

They seek to rouse her from her trance,

And find his mother dead!

Yes, in the language angels speak

She told to God her joy,

To Him Who for His servant chose

Her own—her only boy.

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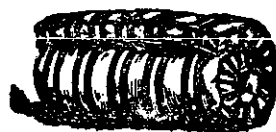
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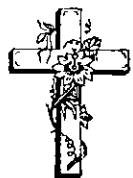
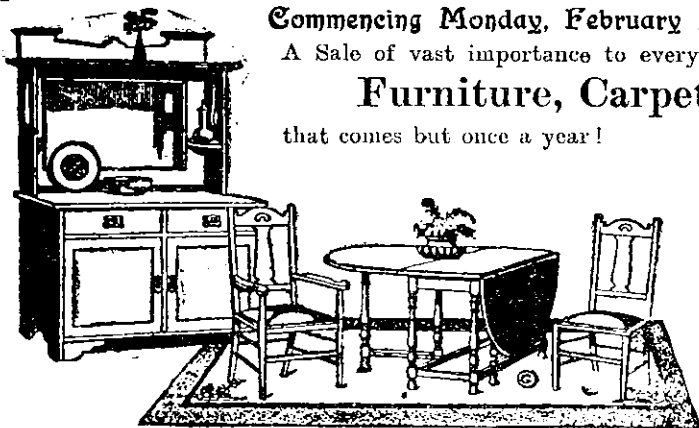
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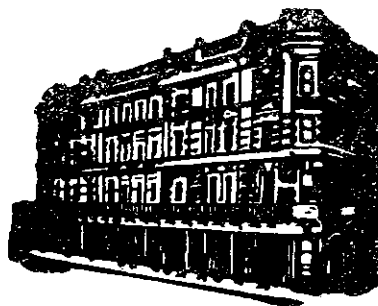
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NOTES ON HEALTH

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.

- Kellow Bread -

is the ONLY BREAD made in Wellington which is TRULY AUTOMATIC. Many other Bakers are using this name and claiming it for their bread, but the only true Automatic Bread is the Famous "KELLOW" BREAD. Don't delay one day longer; have these Crusty, Golden-Colored, HEALTH-GIVING LOAVES brought into your house to-day.

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DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

Raw Eggs.

When raw eggs are ordered for an invalid to whom they are objectionable, make as palatable as possible by having the egg as cold as one can make it, and then serve it from a cold glass as soon as it is opened. Of course, it is useless to serve any save perfectly fresh eggs. If the white alone is to be taken, it should be beaten with a whisk until very stiff and frothy, then seasoned with salt or sugar—whichever is preferred, and eaten with a spoon. Some who object to an egg beaten in a glass of milk, sweetened and flavored, can take the egg, if the sugar is omitted, and the flavoring extract replaced by brandy.

Mary Pickford's Raspberry Jam Tarts.

Quarter pound pot cheese or cream cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb flour. Mix into dough, then cut into very thin squares. Fill the centre of each square with raspberry jam and then turn up the corners in envelope fashion. Bake in a moderate oven until nicely browned.

Sponge Nuts.

Ingredients: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb of ground rice, 6oz of sugar, 2 level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, little vanilla essence, 4 eggs, a pinch of salt in the flour. Method: Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs one at a time, unbeaten. Drop in the essence. Mix flour, ground rice, and baking powder together, then sift. Work the dry ingredients into the liquid. Put a teaspoonful on to a cold oven slide. Cook in a moderate oven for about ten minutes. When done put two together, spread with raspberry jam.

Pure Air in the Sick-room.

Pure air is an absolute necessity. To ventilate a room once or twice a day is not sufficient. The

breath of a person and the emanations from the body are constantly serving to poison the air, and, unless constant attention is given, become not only a danger to the patient, but a menace to the nurse. Cold air is not necessarily fresh air. Doors should be kept closed and windows open, for fresh air comes from the outside. If the bed happens to be close to the windows place a screen between them, and if the weather is cold cover the patient, head and all, and then introduce the cold air several times a day. The window of a sick room should never be closed. The bottom sash should be slightly raised, causing a current of air through the centre of the room. The space below should be filled in. At night time the blind being drawn down covers it, and yet the air works into the room.

Household Hints.

The most difficult of all stains to take out are those made by coffee. Almost everyone thinks that the garment is hopelessly ruined if a drop of that stimulating beverage is spilled on it. But with care the spot can be easily removed from the most delicate silk or woollen fabric, even if there is cream mixed with the coffee. Rub the spot gently with pure glycerine, rinse in lukewarm water, and press on the wrong side until quite dry. The glycerine absorbs both the stain and the grease.

A rusted screw may be removed by heating a stove poker and holding it against the head of the screw until it is thoroughly heated. Remove with screw-driver before it has time to cool.

If the kitchen table is too low, increase the height by screwing on to the bottom of each leg a rubber-tipped door-stop, such as is used behind doors to prevent banging.

Every housewife lighting her home with the famous "GOLDEN RULE" Candles is contributing wonderfully towards the world's betterment.

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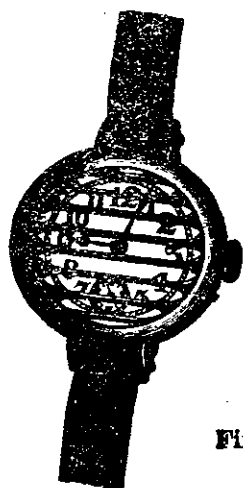
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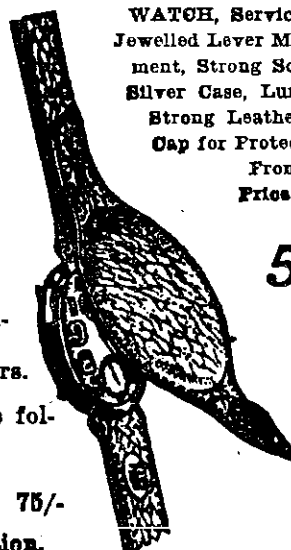
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FIRE-SWEPT PARISH, OHAKUNE

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.

How sweet, oh, my mother, is thy name of Mary! It gives me peace, and so much pleasure, that I always wish to repeat it.—St. Alphonsus Liguori.

Think not that the tears of penitence are always bitter and gloomy. The mourning is only external; when sincere, they have a thousand secret recompenses.—Massillon.

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.

"NO RUBBING" Laundry Help. Famous for washing clothes clean without rubbing or injury. 1/- packet sufficient for seven weekly washings. Ask grocers.

A WELL-CHOSEN WORD—"ECLIPSE=ALL."

What's the true meaning of the word Eclipse? Let's look up the dictionary. Here we are: Eclipse:—To excel!

"Eclipse-All" Suits excel all other ready-for-service suits.

Come for a try-on to-day.

When calling mention *Tablet*.

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ON THE LAND

WHY SOILS PRODUCE POOR CROPS.

Among the causes which may render land incapable of yielding satisfactory crops the following may be mentioned: Want of lime may induce sourness. Its absence also affects the growth of many crops for which it is an essential plant food, particularly leguminous crops, lucerne, clovers, etc. Its presence or absence modifies the texture of the soil; clayey soils in which lime is deficient being generally much harder to work when wet and less friable on drying than those which are sufficiently supplied with it. Soils which are deficient in lime are less favorable media for the development of micro-organisms, particularly of the nitrifying organisms. Deficiency of humus is a common cause of infertility. A soil deficient or wanting in humus is less able to withstand a droughty condition, lacks cohesion, and is easily blown or washed away, and is unfavorable to the growth of micro-organisms. The remedy is to apply vegetable matter, which by its decay will provide the necessary humus. This can be done by green manuring, by ploughing under stubble, by addition of farmyard manure, etc. Absence of bacteria, particularly of the nitrifying organisms, is prejudicial to the satisfactory production of crops. The cause is generally one or other of those discussed above—either want of aeration, lack of lime or vegetable matter, sourness, bad tillage, insufficient drainage, etc., and when such soils are restored to good condition the development of the nitrifying organisms will proceed normally. "Want of plant food" is, of course, a common cause of infertility, especially in the case of land which has been exhausted by repeated croppings without manuring or rotation. Proper manuring, having due consideration to the requirements both of the soil and of the crop, is the remedy, provided that the land is in good condition. But the important fact must not be lost sight of that the mere addition of plant food is not sufficient unless the soil is in such mechanical condition that it can make good use of the manure applied. Manuring alone is not likely to be of much benefit on land that is badly drained, sour, or in bad tilth.

TEN-YEAR-OLD SILAGE.

"I am thoroughly satisfied that the experiment is a highly payable one, and the freedom from anxiety which it ensures cannot be over-estimated." That was the opinion expressed by Captain F. G. Waley, in 1907, after his first year's experience of conserving fodder in silos for his stud cattle at Mowbray Park, Picton, states the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*. He had erected a nest of four tub silos, of a total capacity of 540 tons, and filled them with chaffed maize. Despite some delays, which tended to depreciate the quality of the silage, it proved a great stand-by in the dry season, which happened along in his first year.

Those four silos were filled again in April, 1909—nearly ten years ago—and the last of the reserve then put by is now being drawn upon. A sample of the silage—made from green maize cut in the milky stage of the cob—now being used shows the fermentation to have been perfect, and the rich aroma is like that of brewer's malted grains. Another point is that portion of the contents of the silo now being emptied was used in the drought of three years ago, leaving 60 or 70

tons in the bottom. This at the time was topped off again with wet straw and properly weighted. The quality of this left-over portion has in no way deteriorated; in fact, like wine, it appears to have improved with age. The keeping quality has certainly improved, for it will keep for a couple of days after removal from the silo without heating.

Now that the district is very dry and there is little natural feed, Captain Waley is drawing upon this ten-year-old reserve of succulent fodder. His milking cows are receiving a daily ration of 40lb of silage, with a little lucerne chaff and a handful of bran. On this the cows, he says, are milking even better than if on good grass. The silage is carted out and distributed in the paddock to the young stock, which simply rush it and lick up every particle. An experience of this sort is a telling object-lesson, especially to dairy farmers. As Captain Waley puts it, "it shows what one can do by taking advantage of the good years to store up a reserve of fodder, which, while it costs nothing to keep, even improves year after year, and is invaluable when a drought time comes along, like the present."

RURAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

It is difficult to understand the inactivity of the majority of our educational officials in regard to the smaller rural districts (says the *New Zealand Farmer*). There seems to be a widespread lack of effort and of ability to grasp the educational needs of the community. One would expect that the trained officials would lead the public in matters of which they should be and are assumed to be specialists. Yet in general we find that our educational officials—at least those concerned with technical instruction—are led by the public, instead of vice versa. They respond to rather than create educational demands. An obvious instance of this is the neglect of rural education for women. If one were to judge by the courses of work provided by the average technical school, the conclusion would be that the great need of the Dominion at the present time is an army of typists, bookkeepers, and shop hands generally. This may be a prominent function of a city technical school, but it certainly is not of much importance in the majority of our centres of technical instruction, if the general welfare of the community and of the individual is considered. It is highly desirable that the directors of our various technical institutions should foster rural education for women. This may be done, firstly, by providing facilities in the way of lectures and equipment, and then by bringing to the notice of the public the possibilities which rural occupations offer in the way of profitable and attractive employment for women. By doing this our educational officials would be doing something to check the unfortunate drift citywards of our rural population. As things at present are, the townward trend is most marked in the case of our girls. This may easily be verified by a chat with a country schoolmaster. In the great majority of cases it will be found that the most intelligent and energetic girls, on finishing their primary education, drift, sooner or later into indoor occupations. This state of affairs calls for reform, which will be wrought only by proper educational developments. When suitable facilities are provided we shall find a greater proportion of our womenfolk embarking on the more healthful and wholesome rural occupations.

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—WATCH FOR PARTICULARS IN FUTURE ISSUES OF THIS PAPER.—

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It means weakening of normal vision—and that's dangerous.

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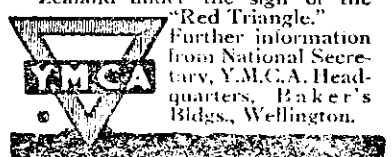
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OPEN FIRE RANGES

A Range to be Proud of



The Family Circle

GRANDMOTHER'S LESSON.

The supper is over, the hearth is swept,
And in the wood fire's glow
The children cluster to hear a tale
Of that time so long ago.

"Life is a stocking," grandma says,
And yours is just begun;
But I am knitting the toe of mine,
And my work is almost done.

"With merry hearts we begin to knit,
And the ribbing is almost play;
Some are gay colored, and some are white,
And some are ashen grey.

"But most are made of many a hue,
With many a stitch set wrong,
And many a row be sadly ripped
Ere the whole be fair and strong.

"There are long plain spaces without a break
That in youth are hard to bear,
And many a weary tear is dropped
As we fashion the heel with care.

"But the saddest, happiest time is that
We court, and yet would shun,
When our Heavenly Father breaks the thread,
And says that our work is done."

The children come to say "Good-night,"
With tears in their bright young eyes,
While in grandma's lap with broken thread,
The finished stocking lies.
—Ellen Agnes Jewett.

A CHRISTIAN HOME.

If you have a home, a Christian home, where love is, thank God for it. Thank Him every day you live and every time you see the hopelessness of the multitude of men and women in the world. Few, indeed, are the causes for thankfulness that are greater than a real home. If God has given you that, He has given you one of His best gifts. Your praise to Him for it should be coupled with the sort of loving, helpful, and considerate life that makes a home a happier place for all its members.

CHARITY OF SPEECH.

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. To judge man's motives, believe things as they seem to be until they are proved otherwise, to temper judgment with mercy—surely this is quite as good as to build up churches, establish asylums, and found colleges.

Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been wounded beyond cure, many a reputation has been stabbed to death by a few little words. There is charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgment, in abstaining from speech if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence but forbears comment; then locks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart. Silence can still rumor; it is speech that keeps a story alive and lends it vigor.

HOW SCANDAL SPREADS.

Scoring the gossip, *The Casket* gives these familiar illustrations of how scandal spreads:—

"I hear" or "They say" becomes by the time it has passed over a few lips a full-fledged indictment, garnished and trimmed with imaginary circumstances. A story that began 'I wonder' or 'perhaps' takes the shape of 'Everybody says,' or 'It is the common re-

port,' or 'It is understood.' The first gossip says, 'I wonder now,' the second says, 'I heard,' the third says, 'It is reported,' the fourth says, 'People are saying,' the fifth asks with surprise, 'Didn't you hear? Oh, yes, everyone says so,' the sixth says, 'It is so.' Long before the victim of the charge has a chance to deny it, if he ever gets such a chance, the thing is settled. Some one ventures to suggest that perhaps there is no truth in it and mildly asks for some proof. He is laughed at. It is hinted to him that he is soft, credulous, easily deceived. A dozen reasons are produced, founded on nothing, why the charge is probably true. One objects that nothing was ever said against this person. The others pounce on him: 'That is always the way; the sly ones are the worst. But I always had my doubts about that person,' etc., etc., etc. Do you not recognise the procedure? Of course you do. It is as familiar as breakfast, dinner, or supper, almost as common as the wearing of boots."

MARCH.

When winds of March come roaring up the glen,
I close my eyes and visit home again,—
An Irish home with hearth of smoking peat,
A common home that song and love made sweet.
I see the chapel with its cool stone floor,
The wind-blown lads and lasses at the door.
Oh, never are my dreams so dear as when
The winds of March come roaring up the glen!

I love the month of rousing, gladsome cheer,—
The month in which to shake our shackles clear;
The month so like the Irish friends of old,
In song and laughter gay, in battle bold.
Old Erin's glens are far across the sea,
But there a mother tells her beads for me;
And I can feel my soul stir in its clay,
As I march through the wind on Shamrogue Day.
—Rosamond Livingstone McNaught.

THE OLD MAN'S JOKE.

A physician, passing by a stonemason's shop, called out:

"Good morning, Mr. Jones. Hard at it, I see. I suppose you finish them as far as 'In memory of,' and then you wait to see who wants a monument next?"

"Well, yes," replied the old man, "unless I hear somebody's ill and you're attending them, then I keep right on."

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

Grace's uncle met her on the street one spring day and asked her whether she was going out with a picnic party from her school.

"No," replied the eight-year-old niece. "I ain't going."

"My dear," said the uncle, "you must not say 'I ain't going.' You must say 'I am not going.'" And he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that?"

"Sure I can," responded Grace, heartily. "There ain't nobody going."

PAT SUPERLATIVE.

An Englishman once remarked in company that he had just been taken for the Prince of Wales on account of his resemblance to that personage (now George V.).

"Oh," said a Scotchman present, "I was once taken for the Duke of Argyll."

"I have been taken for a greater man than either of you," broke in Pat.

"Who?" they asked.

"Well," said he, "the other day, as I was walking down Sackville Street, I met a friend whom I had not seen for many years, and the moment he saw me he shouted out, 'Oh, holy Moses, is it you?'"

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Freight Paid on all Orders. Write for Samples.

SMILE-RAISERS.

Teacher: "Johnny, what is a hypocrite?"

Johnny: "A kid wot comes to school with a smile on his face."

"My father and I know everything in the world," said a small boy to his companion.

"All right," said the latter, "Where's Asia?"

It was a stiff question, but the little fellow answered coolly, "That's one of the things my father knows."

"What is memory, father?" asked a boy.

"Memory, my boy," answered the father, "is that tired, despairing feeling which starts over you when you listen to a friend's original stories."

Irate Passenger (who has managed to board a motor-bus that didn't stop): "Suppose I'd slipped and lost a leg, what then?"

Conductor (kindly): "You wouldn't have to do any more jumpin' then. We always stop for a man with a crutch."

Mr. Cross: "Carrie, you should not try to sing when you are shaking with chills.

Carrie: "I didn't have chills. I was practising on my tremolo."

"Billy's going to sue the company for damages."

"Why? Wot did they do to 'im?"

"They blew the quittin' whistle when 'e was carryin' a 'eavy piece of iron, and 'e dropped it on 'is foot."

"Smell anything, grandmother?" asked the youngster who was lying on the floor drawing.

Grandmother assured him she did not.

The young artist gave a few finishing touches and repeated his question. Grandmother sniffed the air, and again declared she smelled nothing.

"Well," said the boy, "you ought to. I have just drawn a skunk!"

Vicar's Wife: "I must tell you, Mrs. Wurze, my son has just won a scholarship and goes to college. The Vicar and I hardly know how to express our delight."

Mrs. Wurze: "Oh, I quite understands, mum. You must feel like me and my ole man did when our pig took first prize oop at the show."

The vicar was about to give out the banns of a marriage when he discovered he could not find the book. However, he began, groping meanwhile for the lost volume.

"I publish the banns of marriage between— between—"

"Between the cushion and the seat, sir," whispered the verger, hoarsely, suddenly realising what the vicar was looking for.

Gregg Shorthand

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT."

Influence of Snow.

Snow has its advantages as well as drawbacks. It is Nature's means of protection, and the springing blades of wheat coming through the surface of the soil feel not the biting wind or nipping frost if they are safely protected by a mantle of snow. It is said, too, by those who have made close investigations as scientists, that there are fertilising properties in the snow which are helpful to crops, and thus in her own way Nature does her bit to help the cultivator, apart from the provision of protection and moisture.

Underground Canal.

The most remarkable canal in the world is the one between Worsley and St. Helens, in the North of England. It is sixteen miles long and underground from end to end. In Lancashire the coalmines are very extensive, half the county being undermined. Many years ago the managers of the Duke of Bridgewater's Estates thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface; therefore, the canal was constructed and the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canal boats are used, the power being furnished by men. The tunnel arch over the canal is provided with crosspieces, and the men who do the work of propulsion lie on their backs on the loads of coal, and push with their feet against the cross-bars of the roof.

Sunstroke.

It is not often that people in New Zealand run much risk of sunstroke, but the fierce heat sometimes experienced makes a warning or two necessary (says an exchange). Sunstroke usually follows exposure of the top and back of the head and the back of the neck to prolonged sun-heat, and it is therefore these parts which need particular attention. A hat which shades the face but leaves the back of the head uncovered or unprotected is quite useless, although women who dress their hair low on the nape of the neck have an additional protection in this. A scarf or thick veil wound round the hat and allowed to fall at the back so as to cover the neck and upper part of the shoulders is as much as is usually necessary in this climate. Needless to say, a hat or head covering of some sort should always be worn when the sun is very hot, or a bad headache, at the very least, is likely to ensue. Should sunstroke occur it must be treated at once. The patient should lie down in a cool, airy room, and cold water should be poured over his head and temples. Iced water or ice should be applied to the crown and front of the head, and constant fanning should be kept up to create a current of air. The room should be darkened, and the patient should lie flat on the back with his head slightly raised. A doctor should be sent for at once. Sunstroke is easily mistaken by the layman for apoplexy or intoxication. Many of the symptoms are similar, those peculiar to sunstroke being convulsions, the rapid shallow pulse, and the intensely hot, burning condition of the skin. This latter symptom is very marked.

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