

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- April 27, Sunday.—Low Sunday.
 „ 28, Monday.—St. Mark, Evangelist.
 „ 29, Tuesday.—St. Peter, Martyr.
 „ 30, Wednesday.—St. Catherine of Siena, Virgin.
 May 1, Thursday.—SS. Philip and James, Apostles.
 „ 2, Friday.—St. Athanasius, Bishop, Confessor,
 and Doctor.
 „ 3, Saturday. Finding of the Holy Cross.

St. Mark, Evangelist.

St. Mark, who was a Jew by birth, wrote his Gospel at the request of the Romans, who wished to have set down in writing the Divine truths, which they had learned from St. Peter by word of mouth. Writing for Gentiles, he represents Christ, not in His character of Messiah promised to the Jews, but as "the Lord of all . . . Who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed by the devil." St. Mark was sent by St. Peter to preach the Gospel in Egypt, where he received the crown of martyrdom in 69. His remains are said to have been transported, in the ninth century, to Venice, where a magnificent Cathedral bears his name.

SS. Philip and James, Apostles.

St. Philip was a native of Bethsaida in Galilee, and was called to the Apostolate on the day after the vocation of St. Peter. From several facts mentioned in the Gospels, he appears to have been specially dear to his Divine Master. After the descent of the Holy Ghost, he preached in Scythia and Phrygia. He lived to an advanced age, and finally received the crown of martyrdom at Hierapolis, in Phrygia.

St. James, surnamed the Less, on account of his stature or youth, was a brother of the Apostle St. Jude, and a relation of the Blessed Virgin, being a son of her sister or cousin. He was called to the Apostolate in the second year of our Lord's public ministry. After Pentecost, St. James became the first Bishop of Jerusalem, and took a prominent part in the Council of the Apostles held in that city in 51. He was stoned to death by the Jews, A.D. 62.

The Finding of the Holy Cross.

This festival has been celebrated in the Latin Church since the fifth or sixth century. It commemorates the discovery of St. Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, A.D. 326, of the Cross on which our Blessed Saviour suffered. In the words of St. Jerome: "If the ark was held in such high veneration by the Jews, how much more ought Christians respect the wood of the Cross whereon our Saviour offered Himself a bleeding victim for our sins? Christ selected the Cross to be the glorious instrument of His victory, and the Cross is the standard under which all His followers must fight His battles."

GRAINS OF GOLD.

ECCE CRUCIS.

I met with the Cross in a wayside place,
 And I bowed my head at the sign of grace,
 And I knelt at its foot for a holy space.
 The form of the Cross o'er my path lay spread,
 And I turned me aside with a pious dread
 Lest ever my foot on the Cross should tread.
 I met with the Cross in the living day,
 And I gazed at it full and I turned away,
 And I bowed not my head nor stopped to pray.
 It lay o'er my pathway pleasure-bound,
 And I looked on the Sacred Sign and frowned,
 And I trampled it there on the flower-strewn ground.
 Ah, would, dear Lord, that the faith were mine
 To honor each moment the Holy Sign;
 For every cross in life is Thine!

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE POEM IN THE CURRENT CENTURY (Continued.)

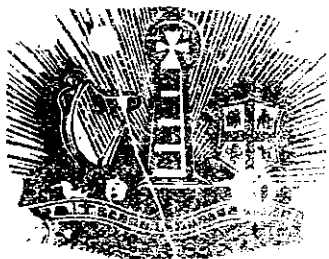
Established in his new way of life, he felt no ungrateful contempt for what he had left behind. He thoroughly valued the advantages furnished by his sojourn in the old bookshop, and yet no words could express his intense appreciation of the change with which fate had surprised him. Instead of the dusty, dingy den where he had "pored," with all London surging and roaring around him, he lived in Mr. Honeywood's elegant apartments, where everything suggested repose, and delicate objects of beauty soothed and satisfied the eye. The green park lay beyond the window at which he worked; the odor of books, so sweet to bookish people, was crossed by the scent of flowers; the only noise was a hum of life, sufficiently remote to be pleasant and stimulating, without jar to an excitable brain. Then, in exchange for the kindly but vulgar Mr. Must, he had the companionship of a refined and educated man, who spared no pains to turn everything to account for his pleasure, education and improvement. Together they went to concerts, to picture-galleries, to the opera, and after some little time Kevin found himself introduced to assemblies of intellectual and interesting people, where a whisper from Mr. Honeywood had the effect of winning him smiles and encouraging speeches. And the strangest part of all to him was this, that though he found himself thus drawn further and further away from the sphere in which he had lived with Fanchea, yet in all his approaches to what is most refined and most cultured in life, he seemed only drawing nearer to her, instead of widening the distance between them; for the centre of all ideal refinement lay, to him, within the clear eyes, and was expressed by the pure voice of the little peasant-maid who was still the chosen idol of his imagination.

Mr. Honeywood mused a good deal over Kevin's story and the touching purpose of his life. "Poets must always have an ideal mistress," he said, and this charming idyll of his boyhood will keep him safe, I hope, for many years to come. The worst is, that the end may disappoint him. Either this child may never be heard of again, or, when later in life she is, perhaps, discovered, he will find her but a coarse and unfaithful likeness of the creature he imagines to exist. What can be expected from the training of such experiences as she will meet with, the association of such companions as those with whom she will live? Heigh-ho! What a harvest of disappointments life is! But all the sweeter is it to light on anything so ingenious as the heart of my friend Kevin. If years spoil it—well, I must let it go with the rest; but in the meantime I will indulge myself by placing him where he deserves to be in this world where things are generally upside down.

"You must give me a complete description of your little girl," he said to Kevin. "Our best plan will be to put an advertisement in the *Times*, offering a reward. Yes, I know; that you can repay me afterwards; but I will advance it now."

Kevin's description of Fanchea was, it must be said, more suited for a poem than a newspaper paragraph, but Mr. Honeywood picked from it a few common facts which he put together in the most matter-of-fact way.

"Eyes as blue as violets, but look black, so thickly shaded with curled dark lashes." That must



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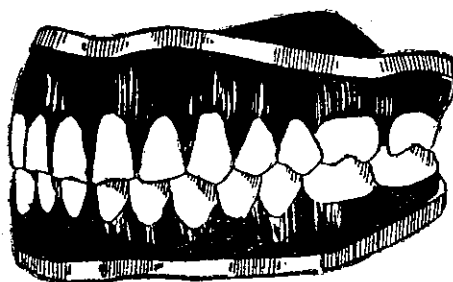
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
'This is my own, my native land'!"

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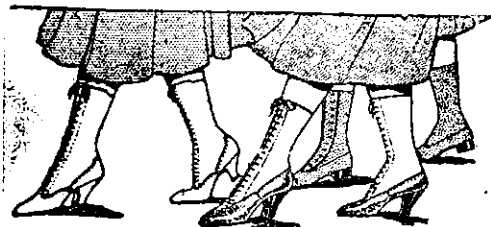
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CHILDREN LIKE IT

go into about three words. 'Something wonderfully expressive and sensitive about the mouth.' Ah, well, I fear her captors, or even ordinary lookers-on will not be so observant of that characteristic. The voice will be a good mark, if it be really so remarkable as you think, and not an ordinary child's pipe. Don't start. Love is apt to exaggerate.

"Stolen by gipsies. Known to have been going about with them, singing and dancing at their entertainments. Last seen at R—, and believed to have escaped and come to London—"

"Stay," said Mr. Honeywood, breaking off abruptly "I have got the clue to what puzzled me before in this affair. Was it not last year? Yes; I was at L—, with some friends, and we saw gipsies one morning during our ride. And a little girl danced with a tambourine, and sang with a guitar. She was a picture to look on, poor little soul! and her voice was wonderful, and she sang in a strange language. She interested me strangely, and I went back the next morning to try and learn something about her; but when I arrived I found the gipsies had moved on in the night. They were gone, tents, and baggage, and all. I was disappointed at the moment, but afterwards it all passed away from my mind."

As Mr. Honeywood proceeded with this speech he became more and more in earnest, and throwing down his pen, looked steadily at Kevin, who had risen and come towards him as if expecting that he was going to tell him where the child was to be found, but at the last words fell back with a look of bitter disappointment.

"My poor boy," said Mr. Honeywood, "I think I have seen your Fanchea: but unhappily my news is only another flash of the Will-o'-the-wisp in the swamp. I know no more of her than you do. I can only say that I am now more fully able to realise your feelings with regard to the child. A more interesting creature I never beheld."

It was some time before Mr. Honeywood could satisfy Kevin's eagerness to know every detail of that morning's experiences, could answer all his questions as to how Fanchea looked, what she did and said, and how the people she was among appeared to treat her; it was long before Kevin could think calmly of the incident and make it the subject of sober conversation.

"How strange," he said at last, "that I should twice have met with people who had seen her, twice have come so near that I seem to touch her, and yet lose her again each time, unable to find any further trace of her!"

"The turns and twists of fate are, indeed, wonderful; but they have sometimes curious meanings when looked back upon. Let us try to console ourselves with this, and hope for the best."

"It is hard, when one thinks of a child—a girl—alone in the world of London."

"We do not know that she is in London. Do not look so unhappy; she may be better placed than you fear. At all events, I am going to help you to find her; I have considerable faith in this advertisement."

Kevin was cheered, and returned with new hope to his work. The advertisement appeared every day in the *Times*, and in the meantime Mr. Honeywood took care that all their hours should be fully occupied. Literary work in the mornings, study of the arts in the afternoons, and in the evenings seeing the world in the social sense; thus was their time filled during the later weeks of the London season. Every day the *Times* was feverishly scanned by Kevin, and at last one morning a cry broke from him as he opened the paper.

An answering advertisement had appeared:—

"Fanchea is well and happy, with those who will continue to care for her. Her friends may hear of her later in life, but at present she is not to be found."

After this blow had fallen, Kevin felt all the reaction from hope to despair, and became restless, and agitated, and afterwards dejected in the extreme.

"It is a blind. It comes from cruel people who desire to satisfy our fears and only want to induce us to leave off searching for her," he said gloomily.

"It may not be so," said Mr. Honeywood. "Try and hope the reverse."

But he felt very doubtful himself, and began to think of taking Kevin abroad, so that in the novelties and delights of foreign travel he might regain the natural hopefulness of his mind, and escape from painful thoughts through the pleasures and excitements of the imagination.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE OLD LORD WILL HAVE HIS WAY.

Lord Wilderspin's letter caused great commotion behind the little bric-à-brac shop. Mrs. Wynch was lost in wonder at the idea of her little maid having been turned into the protegee of a lord.

"I shall never contradict you again, Mamzelle," she said; "not that I am going to have much chance in future, but I wouldn't do it now, not if I could. There must be some kind of a blindness about me that I couldn't see something about the child that other people see. But you'll have it all your own way after this."

The signora herself was thrown into a state of agitation that was not all happiness. She was one of those persons who cannot feel unmixed joy at anything that happens in life. Change always brought her pain, and in spite of her delight at Fan's success, and at the nice discernment shown by Fate in making a favorite of the child, she felt at first as much dismay as pleasure in preparing to leave her own toilsome and precarious life in London for ease, security, and the conditions of peace. Things that had long been a trouble to her, such as the noise in the streets, and the dinginess of her apartment, which she could not afford to improve upon, grew dear to her all at once, and became invested with poetry, directly they were about to become part of the past. Like all who are of the same backward-looking nature, she needed a shake to make her know her own mind and realise the advantage of a fortunate change. Matter-of-fact Mrs. Wynch, taking her little mournful complaints literally, administered the slight shock which in this instance set her right.

"I'm sure I never knew you were so fond of the place, Mamzelle," she said, quite flattered, "and if you are sorry to go, why I am sorry to lose a good lodger. That old lord is so accustomed to have his own way that he never thinks of what it is to other people to have their lives routed about and everything changed. But I think if you wrote and put it to him, he would easily find somebody else to take care of our little maid; and you could run down in the train sometimes to see how she gets on, you know."

The signora opened her eyes wide and stared at her landlady, and instantly knew that she was longing to get under Lord Wilderspin's roof. And though she continued to sigh a good deal as she packed up her things, she made no more articulate complaints.

Nothing of her possessions could she bring herself to part with; and in the end she set out encumbered with large packing-cases, the contents of which were, for the most part, destined to form contributions to the collection in the lumber-rooms of the Hall.

When, however, she found herself in his lordship's carriage, rolling through his blooming park, and when she saw Fanchea, in a pretty brown linen dress with crimson ribbons, flying to meet her, then she realised that the times were good and that the lines were falling to her in pleasant places. All her regrets vanished like ghosts at cock-crow when she felt Fanchea's warm arms clasped round her neck. She allowed herself to be whirled from one beautiful room to another between gusts of joyous information which the child let loose upon her respecting the delights of the place. Various huggings took place at the beginnings and ends of the corridors, and Lord Wilderspin, coming suddenly round a corner, was witness to one of these.

"It will work, I see," he said to himself. "The child will have mothering as well." Then aloud: "Aha, madam, I have caught you already spoiling my property! My nightingale is not here in a gilded cage that she may sing to me and you alone, remember. This lively bit of human intelligence," putting his

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broad hand on Fan's cool, rounded brow, "is not here to play but to work."

The signora was a little startled by his fierce manner, but when she saw the arch smile with which Fanchea met his glaring eyes, she caught the cue to his character at once.

"My lord," she said, in her earnest, emotional way, "this dream of yours was mine first. I had only the will; you have the power."

"Thank heaven, then, madam, that we have come together," said his lordship. "Between will and power, we shall, to use a vulgar proverb, either 'make a spoon, or spoil a horn.' But mind, I warn you; the making will be mine, the spoiling yours. I never do anything wrong; so don't imagine it." And with a scowl and a low bow he left them.

This first greeting of the old lord's to the signora was a fit introduction to the intercourse that was to exist between them. His quizzical temper and her intensity clashed together strangely sometimes, but did not exactly jar, for he had feeling enough to appreciate a nature which he nevertheless delighted to startle, and she had sufficient humor to relish the roughness and unconventionality which covered a generous heart. The old lord recognised daily the delicacy and refinement of her nature, something of which he had discerned at the first moment under the shabby cloak of the little grey woman just arrived at the end of her journey. And there never was any oppressive formality between them. Mamzelle was too much the child of genius not to feel that in her own personality she carried the key of entrance into any circle above or below her: and though said key might be rather rusty for want of use, still the possession of it enabled her to feel at home in the atmosphere of Lord Wilderspin's drawing-room.

When she had time to look around, she discovered that nothing could suit her better than this place. The beauty of the old house, the storied furniture and adornments, the choice contents of the picture-gallery, the musical atmosphere which she was to breathe, the visits of Herr Harfenspieler, whom she was to assist in the tuition of the child: all these conditions of her existence were so perfect that, true to her faculty of suffering, she began to feel oppressed by their charm.

"My dear," she said to Fan, "I shall die of all this delightfulness if I do not escape from it."

This was said with so agonised a look that Fanchea was alarmed.

"Oh, you are not going to leave me?" she cried.

"No, my love, never. But I have got leave from his lordship to fit up one of the empty rooms in my own way. There are the things I brought with me, you know: and I will live in my own nest, and only come out into the splendor when I feel myself able to bear it."

Her new life was inaugurated on the first evening when Herr Harfenspieler came, and all the actors in the little drama that was beginning met at dinner. The thought of meeting the great musician agitated her much more than the prospect of encountering his lordship had done. She prepared for the occasion with some solemnity, and appeared attired in a very antique brocade which had belonged to her mother, a much larger woman, and trailed behind her, and in her dear old black lace mantilla, worn long ago in the Italian city of her youth and dreams. Under this her loose gold and silver hair shimmered strangely, and made one at a distance ask if she were child, angel, or witch. Her worn face, with its deep lines of pain and passion, its frequent wistful, almost infantile expressions, and its wandering lights of genius, was very striking to Herr Harfenspieler, who at once recognised a good ally and a kindred spirit. As they clasped hands they seemed to know that they were brother and sister in what the world would call misfortune, each having found life a loneliness, and given up all that is comfortable and pleasant for a solitary and never-fading dream.

The man who had found happiness in varieties of dreams which always faded, or dissolved one into

another, stood over them and glowered at them in satisfaction from under his shaggy brows. He had brought them here together that out of their ruins he might build a fair temple for his own contentment and the delight of the world. As they stood talking, each with a hand on Fanchea's shoulder, the old lord strode about, laughing grimly to himself.

"With this trio," he said; "on this triangle, I will make such music as all Europe shall run to hear!"

And as these eager guardians hovered about the slender slip of humanity, with her black head and crimson ribbons, her deep-shaded eyes and pomegranate cheeks, casting their spells, of woven paces and of waving hands, around her, Kevin himself, had he been able to see, might have surely been content with her state. She herself felt a deep wonder at finding that she was the object of so much attention from such learned and travelled people, and listened with interest to their conversation.

"Madam," said Herr Harfenspieler, "allow me as a musician to pay a tribute in the name of my country to the musical genius of your beautiful land."

"Ah, sir," said the signora, "we may well feel a mutual sympathy. Your country contains the intellect of music, and mine, perhaps, the soul."

"And mine deserves some praise for producing that noble strain. 'The roast beef of old England,'" broke in Lord Wilderspin. "Let me remind you that dinner has been announced."

After dinner the old lord had a smoke and forty winks in his smoking-room, while the musician, who could not bear tobacco, drank coffee and tuned his violin, and talked with the signora in the music-room.

"I was born in Verona," said the signora, in answer to a question.

"And I in Nuremberg," said Herr Harfenspieler, touching his most delicate string with a loving finger. "I know your Verona. What a dream! That is why your face reminds me of the angels in Fra Angelico's pictures," he added, bluntly. "I am no flatterer, and you may not be heavenly for aught I know; but I have seen you blowing a trumpet in one of the Paradisaical visions of the angelic master."

Twang went a deep chord across the violin; and a silent sob echoed it in the signora's heart.

"That was said long ago," she said; "but it is like a sorry old jest to hear it now."

"Why? Angels may get worn faces for a time, perhaps through wearying after the good in some human soul. When that soul is won their wrinkles probably disappear. Whatever is intrinsically good and beautiful remains a perpetual fact, and never can be destroyed: it is only what is ugly, wrong, discordant, that is failure and negation. What is time? Ah—! Music will never cease."

Hereupon a burst of delicious melody swept through the quiet and darkening room; and noiselessly the signora wept.

"Juliet was born in your Verona," continued the old professor, laying down his bow; "and Juliet is a fact, though she never was clothed in flesh and blood. The deep red rose that comes every June is a fact, though each time it sheds its leaves we can scarcely believe it ever was, or ever will return. Beethoven's 'Dead March' is a reality that still beguiles us lovingly to the grave, while the sad, solemn, mysterious eyes that look down on us yonder from the wall are closed for ever. So, why should not the face of an angel with a lute remain an angel's face, even though Time has written a score across it. Let me talk my own way. I do not often get a listener like you."

"It is pleasant to me to listen," said the signora. "Life does not seem so wasted when one gets rid of the idea of success and failure."

"That for failure!" said the Harfenspieler, snapping his wiry fingers. "Give me the beautiful, the true, and pain with its reverse. When the height is missed, the depth is found; true, but when the abyss is touched, there is the rebound which sends us higher than we otherwise could have reached. Hist! I will tell you a secret. I have made no name like him,"

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pointing to the portrait of Beethoven. "My efforts have passed into the works of others; my soul has been only uttered by others' lips. I shall die unknown, and be buried obscurely; but I would rather wield this in a garret"—touching his bow—"than have it changed into the sceptre of a prince." Yet I am not mad."

"I have shared your feeling too much to doubt you," said the signora. "My youth was one long passion of longing to create the beautiful. Life broke my tools and laughed at my folly; and yet there is something dwelling with me for all that which binds up the sorest wounds of a broken spirit. Art has allowed me to live in her house, though her dearest tasks have been given elsewhere. I have tried to remember that 'they also serve who only stand and wait.' The long patience, the readiness to do if called, the meekness forced upon one at being always passed over—these must shelter one from the charge of waste. The joy at seeing others do, takes the place of feverish desires for self. One grows content to glean where others bear the sheaves; if only the harvest be somehow gathered in."

"My own thought," said Herr Harfenspieler, "expressed in womanly words. Let us put it into music!"

Again he touched the violin, and wonderful strains poured from it: feverish, hurried, impassioned, then yearning and wistful, and at last dying away in notes whispering of peace.

"Now," he said, when he had finished, "we are going to do something, you and I, something that shall be proved worth the doing. This girl who stands between us is rich material to work upon. There is a quality in the voice which I have never known equalled. In it is contained something that once heard never can be forgotten. She will give expression and form to the noblest conceptions of the great masters. Not only are her notes ravishing, but she has a broad intelligence, a rich imagination, and fortunately also the pure, vigorous physique which will make her perfect mistress of her artistic powers."

"You sum up her qualities exactly as I have done myself," said the signora.

"I know. To you be the honor of the first discovery. More yet can you do, more than educating and cherishing her, and helping to make her the queen of song who is one day to conquer the world. I would beg you to keep her noble and simple as she is. Let no petty conceit creep into her feminine brain: amuse her with no trashy novels and romances; let her know nothing but of the higher, purer literature: cultivate her heart to thrill only to the real, the most genuine, and unaffected sorrows of life, to the purest and holiest affections. People call me an enthusiast, but I know to whom I am talking at this moment."

At this point Fan came in, fresh and glowing, out of the evening dews of the garden, bringing a nosegay for her master's button-hole, and a rose for the signora's bosom.

"This is the prelude to our song," said the Harfenspieler with one of his rarified smiles, as the little fingers fixed the bit of bloom close to his shirt-frills: and, with a glow still in his dark, deep-set eyes, he touched the first note of "With Verdure Clad."

Later, when the signora and her charge had retired for the night, Lord Wilderspin, with a peculiar look, half comic and half dismayed, and with several glances all round from under his white brows, as if he feared eyes in the curtains, or ears in the pictures on the walls, drew a folded newspaper from his pocket and tapped it with his finger.

"I have something to show you here," he said. "Read this advertisement. Well, is that intended for us?"

It was Kevin's advertisement, which had been so carefully worded by Mr. Honeywood. Herr Harfenspieler read it, and a flame shot out of his eyes.

"Mein Gott!" he murmured. "Shall we be forced to give up this fair enterprise?"

"Hush!" said his lordship, with a grimace. "Don't let us talk about it here, or the words will float up through all the ceilings to that pair of little

hare's ears, and we shall have her performing *La Son-nambula* before her time. She would be down upon us in her bare feet in a trice, imploring to be packed up in this newspaper on the spot, and sent off by post to advertiser. The night is fine; let us take a turn outside."

"We are like a pair of wicked old conspirators plotting away somebody's life," said Lord Wilderspin, striding along between the high hedges, and pulling his hat over his eyes.

"Seriously," said Herr Harfenspieler, "do you mean to give up the child or not?"

"I do not," said his lordship, stopping short. "There, the sky has not fallen upon me!"

"And yet—it seems cruel to take no notice of such an advertisement."

"Now listen to me, mein Herr. You are a musician, and all you musicians, poets, artists, and your kin, are bound to be sentimentalists according to both Nature and Art; but I am none of your race. I may be a gentleman, and therein lies the bond between us, but I am by nature a marauder, a revolutionist, a turner-upside-down of things in general, a whim-indulger, a fancy-monger; and as arbitrary as a three-tailed bashaw. All this you know as well as I. Now I am not doing a bad act in bringing up this little peasant-born genius to her true vocation, but hang me if I am going to have a troop of Irish bog-trotters running after us all the time the thing is going on. If these low connections of hers were blood relations—were her own family I don't know how I should get out of the matter. If this Kevin were her brother, or father, or if she were old enough to have a lover and he were that worthy, I suppose I should feel bound to 'interview' the fellow; but as she is nothing to him or his I shall beg leave to remain in my modest obscurity. Let him dig his potatoes, and cut his turf, and leave the child to the good fortune that has dropped upon her."

"You do not mean to ignore this altogether?" persisted Herr Harfenspieler.

"Confound it, no; I suppose I must do something."

"Write, and tell them as much as you please; and make terms for keeping her unmolested."

"My friend, you do not know these Irish! They have hearts as big as copper kettles, and value money no more than sand where their affections are concerned. You know the creature that sang for us an hour ago and is now curled up in her pillows with her blue eyes shut as fast as yonder convolvuli. Could you have looked in Fan's eyes before she went to bed and offered her a bright sovereign to forget her night-prayer for Kevin? You could not do it. And they are all 'tarred with the same stick,' to use a vulgar proverb which your musical ears have probably never heard before. Children every one of them in faith and love—all honor to them for it!—and the lord lifted his hat from his bald head—but still I am not going to have them spoiling my plans with their *cushla machrees* and their *ululus!*"

Herr Harfenspieler had nothing more to say. He felt it best to let the whimsical nobleman work out his own idea, and put it into words without help from him.

"You do not ask me what I am going to do?"

"I am waiting to hear."

"I think of answering the advertisement with another in which I shall give enough information to allay anxiety on the girl's account. I shall also hold out a hope of future meeting, but give the people to understand that there is to be no communication with her at present. That is the best plan I can hit upon."

"And how will you satisfy the child herself as time goes on?"

"By impressing upon her that in following my plans obediently she will benefit her friends in the end. She is fully convinced that I am constantly making inquiries about them, and she will go on expecting every day to see them walking in, till gradually the vivid desire for them fades away. I have no doubt

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that as soon as she is in any degree independent and begins to make money (as one day she must) she will actively seek them herself and want to pour everything into their laps. However, when that day comes, we must see about protecting her."

Herr Harfenspieler was silent. His mind was not quite at ease as to this parting of the child from her friends; and yet, enthusiast as he was, his desire to hold her fast and continue his work in her made him rejoice at the decision of his friend.

After everyone was asleep in the Hall that night, the Harfenspieler sat at his open window fingering his violin tenderly and fitfully. The jasmine from without scented the air, and the old musician was living in other scenes where even such white jasmine wreaths had perfumed other chambers.

"Is it right, after all," he thought, "to play such tricks upon human hearts? Has not humble and holy love too often to pay the penalty for fame and the triumphs of art? Can we who rob this lowly nest say that the bird would not be happier singing in her native woods?"

But this mood of the old professor passed away with a few hours of moonlight dreams, and a restless night. The impulse of his genius was too strong for the more subtle tenderness of his heart. He was glad when he saw his young pupil running to meet him in the morning sun, and reflected that Lord Wilderspin's mysterious advertisement was on its way to the post.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

XXIII.—"THE BIER THAT CONQUERED." THE STORY OF GODFREY OF TYRCONNELL.

I have remarked that the Irish chiefs may be said to have fought each other with one hand, while they fought the English with the other. Illustrating this state of things, I may refer to the story of Godfrey, Prince of Tyrconnell—as glorious a character as ever adorned the page of history. For years the Normans had striven in vain to gain a foot-hold in Tyrconnell. Elsewhere—in Connacht, in Munster, throughout all Leinster, and in southern Ulster—they could betimes assert their sway, either by dint of arms or insidious diplomatic strategy. But never could they over-reach the wary and martial Cinel-Connal, from whom more than once the Norman armies had suffered overthrow. At length the Lord Justice, Maurice Fitzgerald, felt that this hitherto invulnerable fortress of native Irish power in the north-west had become a formidable standing peril to the entire English colony; and it was accordingly resolved that the whole strength of the Anglo-Norman force in Ireland should be put forth in one grand expedition against it; and this expedition the Lord Justice decided that he himself would lead and command in person! At this time Tyrconnell was ruled by a prince who was the soul of chivalric bravery, wise in the council, and daring in the field—Godfrey O'Donnell. The Lord Justice, while assembling his forces, employed the time, moreover, in skilfully diplomatising, playing the insidious game which, in every century, most largely helped the Anglo-Norman interest in Ireland—setting up rivalries and inciting hostilities amongst the Irish princes! Having, as he thought, not only cut off Godfrey from all chance of alliance or support from his fellow-princes of the north and west, but environed him with their active hostility, Fitzgerald marched on Tyrconnell. His army moved with all the pomp and panoply of Norman pride. Lords, earls, knights, and squires, from every Norman castle or settlement in the land, had rallied at the summons of the king's representative. Godfrey, isolated though he found himself, was nothing daunted by the tremendous odds which he knew were against him. He was conscious of his own military superiority to any

of the Norman lords yet sent against him—he was, in fact, one of the most skilful captains of the age—and he relied implicitly on the unconquerable bravery of his clansmen. Both armies met at Credankille, in the north of Sligo. A battle which the Normans describe as fiercely and vehemently contested, ensued and raged for hours without palpable advantage to either side. In vain the mail-clad battalions of England rushed upon the saffron-kilted Irish clansmen; each time they reeled from the shock and fled in bloody rout! In vain the cavalry squadrons—long the boasted pride of the Normans—headed by earls and knights whose names were rallying cries in Norman England, swept upon the Irish lines! Riderless horses alone returned,

"Their nostrils all red with the sign of despair."

The Lord Justice in wild dismay saw the proudest army ever rallied by Norman power on Irish soil, being routed and hewn piecemeal before his eyes! Godfrey, on the other hand, the very impersonation of valor, was everywhere cheering his men, directing the battle and dealing destruction to the Normans. The gleam of his battle-axe or the flash of his sword was the sure precursor of death to the haughtiest earl or knight that dared to confront him. The Lord Justice—than whom no abler general or braver soldier served the king—saw that the day was lost if he could not save it by some desperate effort, and at the worst he had no wish to survive the overthrow of the splendid army he had led into the field. The flower of the Norman nobles had fallen under the sword of Godfrey, and him the Lord Maurice now sought out, dashing into the thickest of the fight. The two leaders met in single combat. Fitzgerald dealt the Tyrconnell chief a deadly wound; but Godfrey, still keeping his seat, with one blow of his battle-axe, clove the Lord Justice to the earth, and the proud baron was carried senseless off the field by his followers. The English fled in hopeless confusion; and of them the chroniclers tell us there was made a slaughter that night's darkness alone arrested. The Lord Maurice was done with pomp and power after the ruin of that day. He survived his dreadful wound for some time; he retired into a Franciscan monastery which he himself had built and endowed at Youghal, and there taking the habit of a monk, he departed this life tranquilly in the bosom of religion. Godfrey, meanwhile, mortally wounded, was unable to follow up quickly the great victory of Credankille: but stricken as he was, and with life ebbing fast, he did not disband his army till he had demolished the only castle the English had dared to raise on the soil of Tyrconnell. This being done, and the last soldier of England chased beyond the frontier line, he gave the order for dispersion, and himself was borne homewards to die.

This, however, sad to tell, was the moment seized upon by O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone, to wrest from the Cinel-Connal submission to his power! Hearing that the lion-hearted Godfrey lay dying, and while yet the Tyrconnellian clans, disbanded and on their homeward roads, were suffering from their recent engagement with the Normans, O'Neill sent envoys to the dying prince demanding hostages in token of submission? The envoys, say all the historians, no sooner delivered this message than they fled for their lives! Dying though Godfrey was, and broken and wounded as were his clansmen by their recent glorious struggle, the messengers of Tirowen felt but too forcibly the peril of delivering this insolent demand! And characteristically was it answered by Godfrey! His only reply was to order an instantaneous muster of all the fighting men of Tyrconnell.

(To be continued.)

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ENGLAND—THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

At last the restrictions which prevented a democracy from knowing the facts on matters of vital interest to the life of the nation have been removed, and the details of the terrible story of the conscientious objectors in England is now available (says *Australia*). Theoretically the Military Service Acts dealing with the problem of the conscientious objectors seemed liberal enough. They endeavored to meet the case of the objector by arranging for three kinds of objection. The objector might be granted exemption from combatant service only, and was placed in the non-combatant corps. A certain section of conscientious objectors were satisfied so long as they themselves were not obliged to take human life. The second form of exemption was conditional on the conscientious objector undertaking some work of national importance. To meet the case of a numerous form of objector who refused to work under any Military Service Act, a third form of objection was provided for by Parliament—viz., total exemption by the genuine objector. This exemption was granted in about 400 cases, but was refused in about 1000 cases whose claims were just as strong. Men who in the course of their ordinary occupation were doing useful work for the community objected, in obedience to the Act, to displace an agricultural labourer when the object was to send the labourer into the trenches. Many, who did not understand their point of view, denounced these men as cowards and shirkers. The fact was overlooked that they could have had easy conditions in the Home Office work centres. This meant comparatively light work, human society, and liberty, whereas the extreme conscientious objector for his opinions was subjected to solitary confinement—no exercise, no companionship, no bed very often, and little food. The severity of the treatment can be gauged by the fact that under it 32 became insane and 30 died. When the armistice was signed, 1507 were in prison, and are, presumably, there at the present time, as almost all of them were sentenced to two years' imprisonment at their latest court martial. In keeping these men in prison, the Government violated the terms of their own Act, which provided complete exemption to genuine objectors. Speaking on behalf of the Government on July 4, 1916, Lord Sandhurst said: "If the conscientious objector will not undertake national work, he will complete his term of civil imprisonment and then be discharged from the army." Lord Kitchener and Mr. Walter Long supported this with similar declarations. But, instead of discharging these conscientious objectors from the army when they had completed their sentence, the authorities kept them in the forces, and again and again incarcerated them for long terms. The spirit in which the Act was carried out may be illustrated by the case of Mr. Corder Catchwell, a member of a well-known Quaker family. He went to Flanders a few weeks after the war broke out with the Friends' Ambulance Unit. After laboring incessantly for eighteen months at the front, he returned to England to take his stand with other conscientious objectors. He was arrested and sentenced to 112 days in gaol. On his release, he was again sentenced to two years' hard labor. In prison for the first 28 days a prisoner is kept in solitude in separate confinement in his cell, seeing no one except the warden and occasionally the chaplain. For the first fourteen days of the sentence he must sleep without a mattress. After this time, if his conduct is good, he is employed on work in association with others during part of the day, if practicable. In practice, the whole time spent with others, including exercise and chapel, as well as work, does not exceed two hours daily. All conversation with other prisoners is forbidden throughout the whole time of sentence. Prisoners undergoing the hard-labor sentence are not allowed to write or receive a letter or visit until two months of the sentence have elapsed. The position of the conscientious objector in England, bad as it was, was mild compared to those sent to France and forced into the trenches, then court-martialled for refusing to obey orders and sentenced

to be shot. After being marched to the place of execution and after facing the firing party, these men were relieved, and their sentence commuted to ten years' imprisonment. The number of cases of this kind is not known at present; the facts will come out in time, but in the light of those available, one does not wonder that there are Bolsheviks.

IRELAND: THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY

The Irish papers containing accounts of the sittings of the *Dail Eireann*, or National Assembly, have just reached America (says *America* of recent date). The twenty-nine members present rose in a body and subscribed to a declaration of complete independence for Ireland. Then besides adopting a constitution the Assembly sent a message to the free nations of the world, a document that was scrupulously excluded from American papers. The message is as follows:—

"To the Nations of the World, Greeting:

"The nation of Ireland having proclaimed her national independence, calls, through her elected representatives in Parliament assembled in the Irish Capital on January 21, 1919, upon every free nation to support the Irish Republic by recognising Ireland's national status and her right to its vindication by the Peace Congress.

"Nationally, the race, the language, the customs and traditions of Ireland are radically distinct from the English. Ireland is one of the most ancient nations of Europe, and she has preserved her national integrity, vigorous and intact through seven centuries of foreign oppression; she has never relinquished her national rights, and throughout the long era of English usurpation she has in every generation defiantly proclaimed her inalienable right of nationhood down to her last glorious resort to arms in 1916.

"Internationally, Ireland is the gateway to the Atlantic. Ireland is the last outpost of Europe towards the West: Ireland is the point upon which great trade routes between East and West converge; her independence is demanded by the freedom of the seas; her great harbors must be open to all nations, instead of being the monopoly of England. To-day these harbors are empty and idle solely because English policy is determined to retain Ireland as a barren bulwark for English aggrandisement, and the unique geographical position of this island, far from being a benefit and safeguard to Europe and America, is subjected to the purposes of England's policy of world dominion.

"Ireland to-day reasserts her historic nationhood the more confidently before the new world emerging from the war, because she believes in freedom and justice as the fundamental principles of international law, because she believes in a frank co-operation between the peoples for equal rights against the vested privileges of ancient tyrannies, because the permanent peace of Europe can never be secured by perpetuating military dominion for the profit of empire, but only by establishing the control of government in every land upon the basis of the free will of a free people, and the existing state of war, between Ireland and England, can never be ended until Ireland is definitely evacuated by the armed forces of England.

"For these, among other reasons, Ireland resolutely and irrevocably determined at the dawn of the promised era of self-determination and liberty, that she will suffer foreign dominion no longer calls upon every free nation to uphold her national claim to complete independence as an Irish Republic against the arrogant pretensions of England founded in fraud and sustained only by an overwhelming military occupation, and demands to be confronted publicly with England at the Congress of Nations, that the civilised world having judged between English wrong and Irish right may guarantee to Ireland its permanent support for the maintenance of her national independence."

Let us obey each one in his place with the faith of a little child and the loyal heart of a true knight of God.

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Current Topics

Conscientious Objectors

The other day a writer—anonymous, of course—in our morning paper had a sneer at Catholics, to give point to which he quoted the *Tablet* as saying that our people will always defend the laws of God and of the Church against man-made laws. It is to right-minded people very strange that such a reasonable and logical position should find even in the home of the wowsers anyone so ignorant of the relations of man to God as to be capable of surprise at such a remark as the *Tablet* is supposed to have made, and very probably did make in some case that has escaped our memory just now. God is Truth and the Church is His mouthpiece; politicians, especially of the New Zealand type, are very far indeed from being oracles of Truth or in any way reliable at all; and the laws they make are not as far as we know remarkable for sanity or wisdom. But on the whole, judging from the anonymous writer's letters, sane laws would not be in keeping with the mentality of many amongst us. It is indeed rather a shocking state of things that we find many ready to question the proposition that the laws of God and of His Church are to be put before the laws of William Massey, and it is an eloquent commentary on the condition to which the legislation and the education of such persons has reduced this Dominion. Have they plunged us so deeply in that species of barbarism which they call efficiency that truths self-evident to a savage arouse wonder and a cackle of laughter reminiscent of Bedlam? The fact that principles have ceased to have any meaning for many legislators and for multitudes of the people is now too obvious to require labored explanation. And it is especially the principles of the Divine and Natural Laws that have been blotted out of the minds (as well as off the Statute Book) of the inhabitants of New Zealand. "God's Own Country," indeed! God help us. Among many priceless things unknown to New Zealand statesmen is conscience. They are to all appearances ignorant that man has a soul; they have passed Acts of Parliament against God; therefore why should they not trample on the rights of conscience. They tried to do it as far as Catholic priests were concerned during this war alleged falsely to be for the freedom of small nations. They did it in the case of many individuals who suffered, and some of whom are still suffering, because they had ideals and convictions above the low, material, utilitarian views of the place-hunters of this country. They did it, and in doing it they have made a name for New Zealand that will be long remembered: they gave a fine example of the Prussianism, which not for the first time has been found closely allied to John Bullism. Which of us cannot recall cases of incredible brutality which have come under our notice? And we know from the protests made in England that those who suffered there for conscience sake were not treated with the humanity that one should expect from those who went to war because they objected to German cruelty. A year ago or so a proposal to disfranchise conscientious objectors was voted down in the House of Commons after due discussion. Commenting on this, the *Month* said that the decision was sound, "because it acknowledges and proclaims that citizens have a higher duty than obedience to the State: a thoroughly Christian view which Catholics have been ready to uphold with their lives." The view was certainly Christian; and there were Christians enough in England to maintain it. Where are the Christians of New Zealand? Are they all converted by the anonymous scribe who could sneer at the "thoroughly Christian view" that people ought to put the laws of God and of His Church before laws made by men who are not fit to govern a colony of monkeys? Are there not enough strong men left in the country to uphold and to enforce the Christian view? Will nobody raise a voice for the conscientious objectors who have been ill-treated here because they would not submit to the hateful tyranny of Conscription?

A Terrible Indictment

The *Glasgow Observer*, referring to the arrest of the Sinn Fein leaders on a charge for which not a jot of evidence had been adduced, hinted that General Smuts, who has already been convicted of impertinent interference where Ireland is concerned, was the man who suggested the scheme. Like the *Daily News*, the *Chronicle*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Westminster Gazette*, and other English papers which have not sold their honor to Lloyd George, the *Observer* protested vehemently against the outrage of justice committed by the Government, and it made a terrible charge against British rulers, past and present, for the cowardly manner in which they have always, in defiance of the laws of chivalry and honor, calumniated and belied their enemies. The words of this honest British journal are worth producing, and it is to be hoped that certain editors amongst us in New Zealand will lay them to heart and consider how far they have deserved the same castigation:—

"As for the rest of the 'disclosures,' they bear all the traces of a trumped-up, evilly designed charge, intended to create prejudice and promote injustice, two weapons which this nation has never hesitated to wield against Ireland, or against any people with whom it has had a quarrel.

"The character of the American colonists was blackened most abominably when a German King on the British throne was endeavoring with the aid of Huns here and Hessians and Red Indians in America to subjugate or exterminate them.

"In our wars against France and Napoleon, waged on behalf of the most odious tyranny, and ending in the infamous 'Holy Alliance' of all the tyrants of Europe against Freedom, this country was a regular factory of anti-French, anti-Napoleonic lies and calumnies and obscenities. The press of the time is unmatched, even to-day, for the scurrility, cowardice, and scoundrelism of its attacks on the French people and on the Emperor.

"And were not the Boers subjected to the same infamies? They were cowards, immoral, brutal, treacherous, firing on the white flag, and generally, indeed, were made out to be unfit to live.

"We were then out to rob them and destroy their liberties, under the gentle influence of our Huns and Jingoos, many of whom are still with us, and now showing the same attitude towards Ireland."

No man who has read the papers during the present war or during the Boer war can say that the *Observer* exaggerated. This indictment of the Government of England recalls the scathing words of that honorable and chivalrous gentleman, Sir William Butler, on the same count. The "Prussianism" of the Tory clique is as active to-day as it was in the days of Pigott, and the most regrettable thing about it is that it casts such a slur on the good name of the British Democracy which in no uncertain voice more than once proclaimed its will about the treatment of Ireland. But it all helps Ireland. The outrageous tyranny of the Carson-Milner-George combination has already made all Ireland Sinn Fein, and is winning the world to the same banner as days go by. In this connection we again quote the *Observer*:—

"We are with the constitutional movement in Ireland, as we have ever been. We have opposed Sinn Fein on certain matters, such as the Easter Week rising and the appeal to force.

"We were surprised and pained by it all. We had fixed our eyes on other means to the end. We took a too narrow view. But we are forced to recognise even so soon as this that the men of Easter Week, 1916, those who stood as well as those who fell, will live in Irish annals along with those of '98 and '48 and '67. We are too close to the catastrophe to see its inwardness and provocation. It was a blunder, but a generous and a heroic blunder. It will have its reward. We leave it there.

"But on the Conscription issue we are wholly with the Sinn Feiners and the rest of Ireland. With the criticisms made on the Irish Party by Sinn Feiners and

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others we are largely in agreement. The party has much of the present mischief in Ireland to answer for."

The Church and Freedom

Protestantism has a heritage of lies that its sincere supporters would be well advised to discard before, with the advance of learning and research, the whole world comes to laugh at them. A Protestant tradition in English history and in English literature has long been in possession, and because few Englishmen were able or anxious to read anything outside what was written in their own tongue, the falsehoods had a long start: John Bullism was a favorable breeding-ground for it. Gradually people are beginning to regard as harmless idiots the average Stiggins who speaks now of the ignorance of the Middle Ages, of the doings of Pope Joan, of the Bull of Adrian, and of the walling up of nuns. Learning is becoming popular and the light of the Middle Ages is penetrating even into the dense head of John Bull: it is beginning to dawn on the man-in-the-street that the men who built St. Peter's were not fools, that Dante knew a lot in comparison with Lloyd George, that Raffael could teach the best English painters a lot about colors, and that Aquinas was a safer guide in philosophy than German dreamers like Hegel or Fichte. One day it will also dawn on the deluded victims of the Protestant tradition that while the Reformation was the real cause of Prussianism, the source of tyranny and of State idolatry, the old Catholic Church was the guardian and the inspirer of true freedom right down through the ages. It is worth while recalling a few sentences from the old teachers in order that we may see how they had, centuries ago, the secret of freedom and the right conception of true Democracy after which we are groping to-day as a result of the fact that we have been led astray for three hundred years by Protestantism and Germanism. The very social and political principles of the American Constitution, which is the grandest document of liberty and right that we possess to-day, are based on the teachings of saints and sages dead centuries ago, and an American interpreting the clauses of the Constitution in the light of right reason is actually re-echoing the wisdom that the Reformation buried and decried because it stood for freedom and the Reformers did not want freedom. The achievement of Protestantism has been to put back the clock three hundred years. And having done so it had the dishonesty to say that Catholics were to blame. Protestantism in its development is Prussianism. America is fighting on old Catholic principles against Prussianism; now that England is safe she wants to protect Prussianism again and the freedom of small nations does not matter. Protestant England again blocks the way and the Democratic President has to fight every step of the road to liberty against those to whom the principles of the Rights of Man are hateful. Let us see now how the true Democracy which is opposed by Protestantism and Orangeism was taught by the Church centuries ago. The fundamental principle of equality was thus defined by Leo III.: "There is but one Creator and one human race, and God creates all men equal. There is no essential difference between any two human beings.

Men are born with physical differences, but these differences do not destroy the natural law of equality." Many years later the theologian Bellarmine repeated this doctrine: "In an earthly kingdom all are created equal, and, as a consequence, the political power resides immediately in the people until they transfer it to some ruler." In these words we have the very keystone of Democracy and the refutation of the Protestant fiction of the divine right of kings. In the following words of Mariana the doctrine is expressed still more clearly: "As it was by the people's consent that the first kings in every country were placed at the head of affairs, all legitimate power of the king comes from the people. I would advise the people to limit the power by laws and ordinances, lest it should to the injury of the people degenerate into a tyranny." (Book I, Chapter 8.)

Teaching of St. Thomas

The surest Catholic guide is Aquinas, who taught that (1) government should be for the common good of the people, and that the people (2) have the right of deposing rulers: "Government become more unjust in proportion as despising the common good of the people it looks to the private advantage of the ruler. The farther, therefore, it recedes from the common good the more unjust a government is." (*De Regimine*, 1. cap. 3.) "If the people have the right of providing themselves with kings, the king after his appointment, may be lawfully deposed by the people, or his power may be restricted if he abuses it." (*De Regimine Principis*, 1. cap. 4.) These words contain truths that might well be studied by the victims of profiteering governments to-day. If the freedom that they promise were rightly understood there would be no slavery under Prussianism or under Jingoism, and the ideals of Democracy would not be confined to America alone. The men who blackened the Church knew how well they were building a bulwark to protect their own selfish ends, as they still are protected by Protestantism against all right and justice in Ireland.

From Leo III. to Aquinas is a long call, and we find the same principles advocated by both. Again they were repeated fearlessly by that great medieval democrat, Suarez, who wrote: "The civil power, whenever it is found in one man or prince, has emanated from the people and the community either directly or indirectly. It cannot otherwise be possessed." (*Lib. II. cap. 1.*) Coming closer to our age we hear Liguori declaring that, "It is certain that the power of making laws is given to men, but this power belongs to no one except the community, and it is transferred by the community to one or several rulers by whom it may be governed." (*On Nature and Obligation of Law*, Book I., Treatise II., Cap. 1.) Taparelli, the famous Roman philosopher, taught the sacredness of human rights in the following words: "The principles of natural rights cannot be erased from the human heart. They remain forever. The supreme power should never, in any whim or in any ambition, offend them. Acting against those principles is acting in the interest of wrong. The circumstances of government often seem to demand much license; but the principles of natural right are things of eternal sacredness. The history of tyranny is nothing else but a history of outrage and tyranny? Are not the words MENE, MENE, THEKEL, UPHARSIN already written before their eyes, and has not the day of reckoning already dawned for them and for all the supporters of Plutocracy and oppression? The few extracts we have cited are enough to show that the Church taught the true principles of freedom and that, for their own interests, Protestant historians calumniated our teachers as they always calumniated their opponents, true to Luther's teaching. In conclusion, let Alcuin tell how Christianity is always the champion of freedom for mankind: "Positive laws cannot be made unless for the good of the people. Rulers are necessary, but only for the public good; their office is not for their own interest, but for the interest of the State, in all its extent. This principle is not much perceived in pagan nations, for in those nations tyranny has covered the human intellect with darkness. But it is well perceived in Christian States. The light of faith has dispersed idolatry in worship and chased away cruelty in government. It has been commanded that Caesar shall get what is his, but Caesar has been endowed with no right against what natural justice demands for all the people."

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THE ULSTER MYTH

(By J. F. CASSIDY, in America.)

In their recent election addresses some English statesmen resurrected the Ulster problem, which had almost disappeared from sight during the past four years. Mr. David Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill have very definitely told the world that they stand as rigidly for the maintenance of Orange Ulster's will as for British naval supremacy. They feign friendship for democracy and self-determination in thus championing the cause of the northern province and seek to convince the world that they do so from the spirit of liberalism and sheer philanthropy. As in their navalist programme, so in this, they have sought to mask their imperialistic designs beneath a fallacious plea for justice for the Orangemen, that can find no justification in any despotism menacing the rights of the men of the North. But the arguments of these two gentlemen are in no sense novel; they have come constantly in the same guise from the representatives of imperialism in England for the past hundred years.

Now the world should know, in the interests of true justice and self-determination, that the claims of imperialist England on behalf of Ulster are radically false and misleading. The Ulster question has been manufactured in England for England and by England and not for the sake of the much-tortured Irish province. Ulster has indeed been highly favored by England politically and economically, and basking in the sun of her privileges is, Leinster excepted, the most prosperous section of the island. She has been allowed a free hand in the moulding of her industrial future, whilst crushing statutes have destroyed the commercial enterprise of the rest of the country. But it must be remembered that the object of England's benevolence is not primarily the prosperity of Ulster. Wealth and affluence have been given to her that she might learn to love the giver of those good things and consign to a very secondary position the interests of the rest of her homeland. And England's bait has wrought wonders of perversity in the heart of Orange Ulster. It has made Ulster a veritable thorn in the side of Irish national aspiration and development. Orangemen blinded by prosperity have forgotten their gallant forefathers who used the convincing argument of gun and sabre in the days of Grattan and Flood to wring from the Saxon commercial emancipation for Irishmen of every creed and class. They have wandered from the ways of their noble ancestors who drank the health of the Irish and French Republics in the last wild years of the eighteenth century. They have become wrapt up in self, commercialised, provincial, too narrow in their views to be even imperialists for imperialism's sake and too material to feel the finer emotions of

patriotism. They have fallen down and adored the god of commercial prosperity and bartered their soul for a mess of pottage.

Another fallacy bolstering up the Ulster myth is the teaching that the Irish Presbyterian must expect persecution from the Catholics under an Irish Parliament. How, in the face of the Irish reputation for tolerance in matters of religion, such a doctrine can win any credence seems difficult to understand. Any one possessing a true knowledge of Irish character knows that nature did not give it the iron that makes the persecutor. A tyro's knowledge of Irish history should convince any unprejudiced person that the Catholic Gael who has been so grievously persecuted has been supremely tolerant towards his non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. Even to-day, when Catholics possess more power than ever they possessed, in every part of the country where they predominate a man's religion is no bar to office, if in other respects he be qualified for such. There are at the present moment hundreds of small towns that have Protestants in public offices with the full approval of populations that are overwhelmingly Catholic. Orange trade with the Nationalist population is very considerable, and Belfast, despite its annual celebrations on the Twelfth of July, carries on a thriving business with the South. In the political world the same liberal attitude on the part of Catholics has existed in the past and still endures. There was never a Protestant who manifested sincerity in the national cause whom Ireland did not receive with open arms. Amongst the truest, most revered, and most beloved of her patriotic sons are the heroic Emmet, great-souled Mitchel, and princely Parnell.

In the face of these facts Ulster has no right whatsoever to protest against the uniform application of the principle of self-determination to all Ireland. Her non-conforming population could have no just grounds for demanding separation from the rest of the country except those of tyranny in the past or a menacing despotism in the future. Her people are only a very small section of the nation. Ulster, not being a people in the national sense of the word, but an integral and natural part of a people, has no right to determine in her own way her future existence apart from the common body of the nation in which she is incorporated. Since that people of which she is a section has offered and is willing at any future date to offer sufficient guarantees under an Irish constitution for the safety of her religious and civil liberty, her protests must be regarded as unreasonable. It is more irrational on her part to seek separation from the rest of Ireland than it would be for Virginia to demand a political future outside the group of commonwealths that constitute the United States.

Besides, to isolate Ulster from Ireland would be doing a grave injustice to the majority of the nation.

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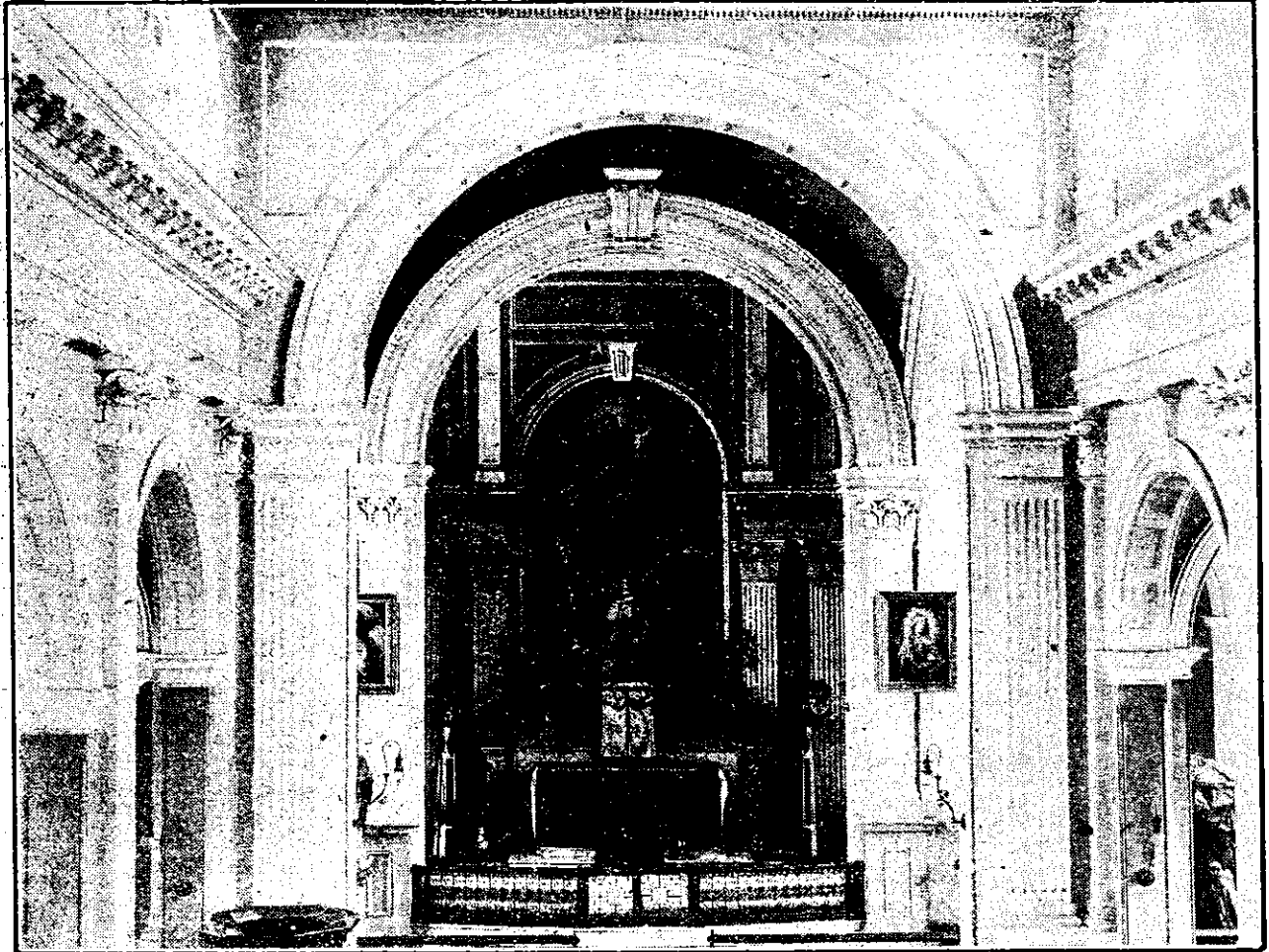
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It would create an incurable and deadly wound in the soul of Gaelic nationhood. The Irish people cannot and will not tolerate permanent divorce from a province, the ideals and traditions of which have from time immemorial been part and parcel of its national life. Every Ulster county teems with historic relics that commemorate some of the most renowned of Irish saints, scholars, and heroes. From a princely race of the north came Columbkille, one of the greatest and most beloved of the sanctified ones of the Gael. From Ulster came the Four Masters, amongst the most celebrated of Ireland's scholars and annalists. She was the region dear to the heart of Cuchulainn, the greatest

THE PEDIGREE OF THE POPULACE

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

It would be easy to fancy a medieval society instituting some social ritual between men who had the same patron saint; and often therefore the same Christian name. It would have been quite in the temper of the time to establish some feast of fellowship or pageant of chivalry merely to link together men who were all named after St. Philip or St. George. But when I have amused myself by imagining the notion in modern life, it has necessarily been an indulgence in



— L. Rossbotham, photo.

INTERIOR VIEW OF ST. PATRICK'S BASILICA, SOUTH DUNEDIN.

The completion, interiorly, of St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, was a work carried out during the lengthy episcopacy of the late Bishop Verdon. This fine edifice, together with the one depicted on the opposite page, well deserves a place among the evidences of religious advancement in the diocese recently featured in the pages of the *Tablet*.

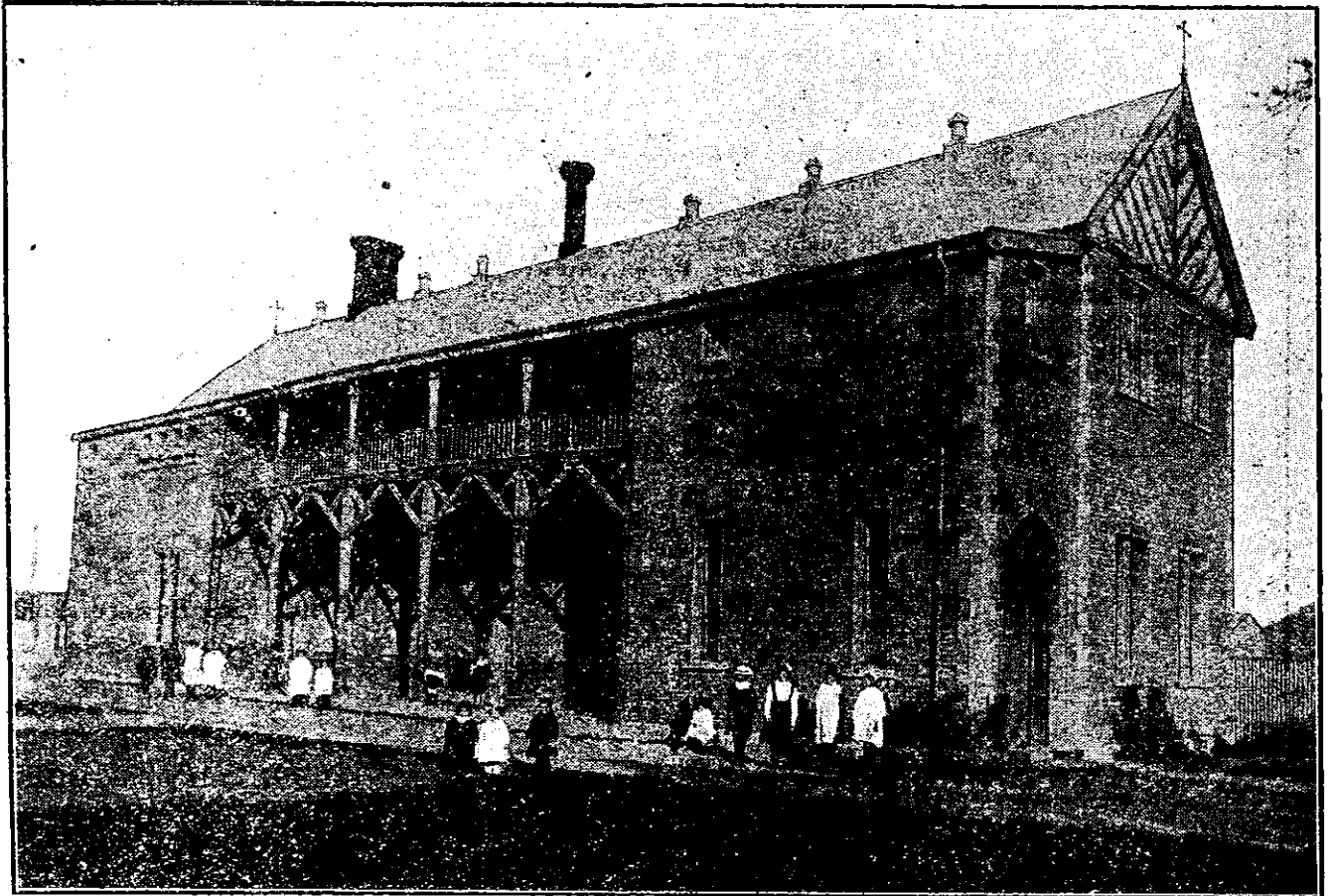
hero of the Gaelic romantic tales. In days better known to history she nurtured the great Hugh O'Neill of Tyrone, who held the armies of Elizabeth at bay for many a glorious day. To surrender a portion of Gaeldom so essential to the preservation of her national individuality would be for Ireland almost suicidal. The Irish people can never consent to the sacrifice of so sacred a part of its common heritage on the altar of Orange egoism and materialism.

It's quite true, as philosophers say,
That where there's a will there's a way.
'Tis the secret of business success,
And it comes to our aid in distress,
When illness or danger assails,
Or when we've hard times to endure,
Firm will in our trouble avails,
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the farcical as well as the fanciful. If we were all sorted out in companies according to our Christian names, many of us would be considerably surprised to discover how Christian our names are. Many of us would be still more surprised to discover how Christian would be the charity required to cover all the types of Christendom. Some of the associations would be sufficiently obvious and pleasing, and will occur to the least fanciful mind. A ceremonial brotherhood-in-arms between Father Bernard Vaughan and Mr. Bernard Shaw seems full of possibilities. I am faintly pleased with the idea of Mr. Arnold Bennett endeavoring to extract the larger humanities of fiction from the political differences of Mr. Arnold White and Mr. Arnold Lupton. I myself should find myself fettered to the fascinating society of Professor Gilbert Murray and Sir Gilbert Parker; who would probably differ very much from each other, and both differ not a little from me. I can only say that I should probably embrace

them both in a comparative ecstasy of camaraderie, if we all found our company further enriched by the talents of Mr. Gilbert Cannan. But I merely touch upon the fancy for the moment, as an example of something which would once have seemed at least symbolic as well as fantastic, but which has now lost its significance by a process which has worn many things thin. Christian names have fallen into chaos and oblivion of a kind very typical of our time. I mean that there are still fashions in them, but no longer reasons for them. For a fashion is a custom without a cause; a custom which can never last, because it is without a cause.

Parnell as well as the Parnell; they will discuss Casement in terms of other Casements, unknown to England or Germany or the Congo. The Victorian English could no more have conceived a plural to the word Gladstone than to the word God. They could never have imagined Disraeli compassed about with a great cloud of Disraelis; it would have seemed altogether too apocalyptic an exaggeration of being on the side of the angels. To this day in England, as we have reason to know, it is regarded as a rabid and insane form of religious persecution to suggest that a Jew very probably comes of a Jewish family. In short, the modern English, while their rulers are willing to give due consideration to



—L. Rossotham, photo.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL ORPHANAGE, SOUTH DUNEDIN.

This beautiful institution, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, was recently visited by the delegates to the Catholic Federation who attended the half-yearly conference of that organisation in Dunedin. The delegates were deeply impressed, as are all visitors to St. Vincent de Paul's Orphanage, with the splendid work being carried out there in the interests of Catholic charity.

But we have reached an even stranger stage of the same process; for in some quarters the surname also threatens to become meaningless by being rootless. The title that is meant to connect a man corporately with his history and his human origins is more and more taken at once in a light and in a lonely spirit. Our plutocratic society is more and more a world of pseudonyms, when it is not a world of anonymity. It is a queer irony that the name of "Montague," which remains in great literature in the memory of an Italian feud, as an example of frantic loyalty to a family name, has passed into modern political satire as the example of the desertion and the disguise of a family name. But even where the family name is retained in modern England, it is retained as something quite individual and accidental. The surname has become as solitary as a nickname. As I remarked last week, nobody in England sees a man as a member of a family, known or unknown, as men still see him in Ireland and in Scotland. Irishmen will talk to you of Parnell as a

eugenics as a reasonable opportunity for various forms of polygamy and infanticide, are drifting further and further away from the only consideration of eugenics that could possibly be legitimate, the consideration of it as an accomplished fact. I have spoken of infanticide; but indeed the ethic involved is rather that of parricide and matricide. The theoretic tendency is to destroy all traces of the parents and then to study the heredity of the children. It would ruin all the prospects of so progressive a science, if the people in England, as in Ireland and Scotland, themselves knew something about their own mental heredity. It would be utterly disastrous, of course, if they also knew something about the mental heredity of the men of science.

The paradox cannot be too plainly repeated that this sense of pedigree works against aristocracy and in favor of democracy. To follow anything, including family, seriously and realistically, is to follow it into all the tragic and comic ups and downs of the common human lot. If a man is interesting because he is a

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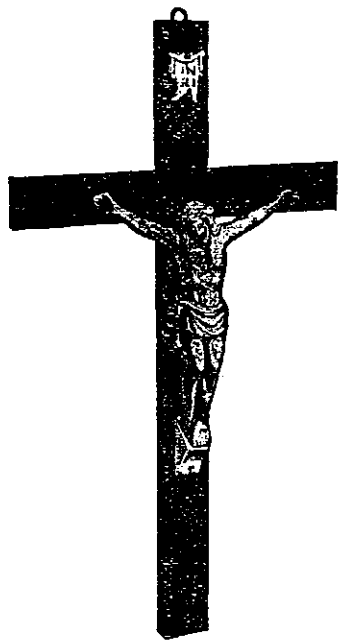
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McCarthy, it is in the same sense in which he is interesting because he is a man. That is, he will be interesting whether poor or rich, whether eminent or insignificant. But if he is interesting because he is Lord FitzArthur and lives at FitzArthur House, he will be interesting when he has merely bought the house, or when he has merely bought the title. To maintain a squirearchy, it is necessary to admire the new squire; and therefore to forget the old squire. The sense of family is like a dog and follows the family; the sense of oligarchy is like a cat and continues to haunt the house. The snob, that very tame and very treacherous cat, is unfortunately in this respect the modern degeneration of the lion or the leopard of England. The snob keeps his eye on one patch of the sunshine of success; he is ignorant of all that happens to people before or after they pass across it; therefore he is more ignorant of the varieties of mankind than the narrowest partisan of a clan or a name. Aristocracy as it has existed in modern England is built up of broken and desecrated bones. It has to destroy a hundred poor relations to keep up a family. It has to destroy a hundred families to keep up a class.

This fact of the family alone constitutes a difficulty which makes it flatly impossible for the English plutocracy to govern the Irish peasantry, or even to help to govern it. To do it justice, it has never really tried; and it certainly is not really trying now. The English, free and happy people, are at present being governed by plutocracy; the Irish are being governed by mere militarism. They might again be governed, as we have often governed them, by mere massacre. We had come very near it when the end of the war apparently saved us from the appalling tomfoolery of applying conscription to Ireland. But though our rulers might apply massacre to Ireland, even our rulers do not go so far as to apply social reform to Ireland. Madmen may yet let loose in that island all the horrors of reaction; but even a madman does not dream of imposing the horrors of progress. Laws will still be passed for England that do not apply to Ireland; laws will still be framed specially for Ireland that are not needed in England. It would be impossible for a ruler to recognise more definitely the difference between two nations than by always subjecting them to two quite different kinds of tyranny.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

April 17.

The ceremonies of Holy Week are being solemnly observed in the principal Catholic churches of the city. Large numbers approached the Holy Table on Holy Thursday.

Last Tuesday week some very fine lantern slides depicting Jerusalem and the holy places connected with the life of our Lord were shown at St. Joseph's. There was a large attendance. The descriptive lecture given by Father Hurley was most interesting.

At a recent meeting of the St. Anne's Parish Committee it was decided to promote an entertainment for May 7, in aid of the Sisters of Mercy of that parish.

The Thomas Moore Anniversary Musical Festival Committee held a meeting on last Friday evening, when business in connection with the competitions and annual concert was discussed. Entries for the competitions close on April 30.

Mr. D. J. Leahy, of the Railway Department, Woodville, and a prominent worker in Catholic affairs in that district as secretary of the Catholic Federation and Hibernian Society, has received an appointment on the staff of the National Provident Fund, and transferred to this city.

The sum of £50 has been cabled by the Dominion Executive of the N.Z. Catholic Federation to the treasurer of the committee in England which is arranging the visits of Catholic soldiers to Lourdes. A large number of New Zealand Catholic soldiers have already made the pilgrimage.

The following donations have been received by the Dominion treasurer of the N.Z. Catholic Federation towards the Lourdes pilgrimage fund:—"A well-wisher," Hastings, 10s; Mrs. M. F. Egan, Maungahau Road, Newmarket, 5s; S. G. D. K., Aramoho, 10s; Lieut. John Duggan, Wellington, £1 1s; Mrs. G. Fraser, Northcote (per *N.Z. Tablet*), 7s 6d; Mrs. D. Tynan Fahey, Riverton, £1; "Octagon," Dunedin, 10s; V. Twohill, Box 40, Thames, 10s;—total, £4 13s 6d.

Wanganui

(From our own correspondent.)

April 17.

Lent is almost over, and how quickly it has gone. As I write, we are all preparing, spiritually and temporally, for Easter. On Holy Thursday morning at High Mass, the children's choir did the singing. They sang the Mass for the first time, also the "Pange Lingua" and other incidentals. The young voices are very sweet, and the little girls very interested in their choir work, as they quite realise that to be the faithful servants their mothers, older sisters, aunts, and friends have been, there is something like twenty, thirty, or even more years of solid devotion ahead of them. Meantime, they have started well and are happy in their work, for virtue is surely its own reward.

The welcome to the returned Maoris last week was a wonderful celebration. Crowds of Natives, somewhere about 900, assembled at the Putiki Pah, and occasion was taken to have Mass over there, two Masses being necessary to accommodate the visitors and residents. Among the number of notable chiefs working hard to make things go well was Tanginoa Tapa, of Parakino, up-river member of the Maori Council, and a well-known Catholic. His son, Private Robert Tapa, is one of the returned men, and the following are also Catholic soldiers—Privates R. Tamakehu, P. Kahukura, H. Paitaka, and S. Tapa, from Parakino; and Lance-Corporal E. Erueti, Privates C. King, D. Tonihi, P. Katene, and Rangi, from Jerusalem.

A social was held during the week at Fordell, to gather in funds for some vestments. As this was the first Catholic social out there, great interest was taken by all the settlers, and the six Catholic families living at Fordell worked absolutely 100 per cent. strong—surely a record the best parish in New Zealand would do well to imitate. The hall was lent free of charge by Mr. McGovern. Mesdames McGovern, Sheehan, Corkery, Crafer, O'Leary, and Carroll, with whatever help they could get, decorating it out of all recognition. These good ladies also provided the supper, and in such generous quantity that quite a lot of left-over cakes were sent in to the Children's Orphanage in town. A concert was arranged in which the Misses McGovern, O'Leary, and Turnbull (Fordell) took part, and some friends went out from Wanganui, the Misses Koorey, Boyle, Kenny, and Mrs. Ahern contributing items also. Mr. Harper (Fordell) very generously supplied the music for the social, and altogether something over 100 happy people spent an enjoyable night, and helped to make vestments for Fordell possible.

Rev. J. Kelly, Ph.D., Dunedin, who has been for a short holiday in the Taranaki district, called at Wanganui on his way home.

Word was received to-day by Father O'Connell, that his youngest brother, Lance-Corporal T. O'Connell, died at sea a day or two ago. The sad news was not altogether unexpected, as Father O'Connell knew that his brother was dangerously ill, but everyone hoped for the best. We all extend our deep sympathy

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to our priest and to the members of the family, especially Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell, the father and mother of the deceased soldier, who were hoping that their boy would last till the Maheno, due in a couple of days now, would arrive.

Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

April 18.

Sapper W. F. Hynes, brother of Mr. A. R. Hynes, and eldest son of the late Mrs. E. Hynes, of Napier, was recently reported to have died from sickness in France. The deceased soldier left New Zealand with the 6th Tunnelling Corps, and had come through the campaign without a wound. Another brother was killed in action earlier in the war. Deepest sympathy is extended to Mr. A. Hynes and the Misses Hynes in their sad loss.—R.I.P.

Father M. O'Leary, who assisted in giving the mission at Port Ahuriri Church (St. Mary's), left last week for Taupo, en route to Auckland.

Father Ainsworth, who has been conducting the mission at Napier, left on Tuesday last for Wellington. He gives a mission at Wellington after Easter.

Miss Alice M. Morton, who for the past seven years has been a member of the H.B. Hospital and Charitable Aid Board staff at Napier, firstly at the town office, and latterly at the hospital administration office, was met by members of both the town and hospital staffs and made the recipient of two handsome presentations, on the occasion of her departure for Christchurch, where she joins the Sisters of the Notre Dame des Missions. In the unavoidable absence of the secretary (Mr. J. Schoole) the presentation was made by Mr. P. R. Smyrk, who made feeling reference to the splendid spirit and goodwill that had always existed between Miss Morton and the staff members during her long period of valuable service. After eulogising her sterling qualities and capabilities, Mr. Smyrk, on behalf of all present, wished the recipient every prosperity in her new calling, and presented her with a handsome leather travelling toilet companion, suitably inscribed, and a travelling rug. Miss Morton made suitable response. On Sunday afternoon Miss Morton was met at the convent by members of the Children of Mary Sodality, and presented with a handsomely bound book as a small token of their love and esteem. She had been a member of this sodality for many years. Miss Morton was also the recipient of several other private presentations. She left for Wellington on Monday last, en route to Christchurch.

The mission which was given at St. Mary's Church, Port Ahuriri, last week, was a pronounced success. No doubt a mission was needed in that district, but the parishioners made ready response, and they are to be congratulated on the manner in which they attended both the morning and evening services. Though a small parish, the numbers approaching the Holy Table each day were close on 200. Each night very impressive sermons were delivered by the missionaries, Fathers Ainsworth and O'Leary, and no doubt much lasting good will be the result of this mission. On the closing day of the mission (Palm Sunday), a general Communion was made as a thanksgiving for those saved from the epidemic. On Sunday night the mission was brought to a close with the solemn service of the profession of faith and renewal of the Baptismal vows. On Monday morning Requiem Masses were offered up for those who died in the war, those who died in the epidemic, and other deceased parishioners.

While in Hawke's Bay Father Ainsworth also gave a short but successful mission at Paki Paki.

When it was intended to have the mission at St. Mary's Church, Port Ahuriri, in November, 1918, it was considered unwise to hold it while the armistice celebrations were on. For that reason it was postponed, only to be followed by the dread epidemic, which necessitated its postponement till this month. Even this time it was interrupted by the liquor referen-

dum poll excitement, but this did not have the slightest effect on the congregation, who attended in even larger numbers on that night.

Wairoa (Hawke's Bay)

A very pleasant gathering was held at St. Joseph's Convent School, Queen Street, Wairoa, on Thursday, April 10, to do honor to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Corkill, who for the past 25 years without a break have provided the music at the annual Catholic social on St. Patrick's Night (writes a correspondent). After several vocal and instrumental items, Mr. F. J. Foot apologised for the absence of Father Lepretre, who was unavoidably absent on duty in Napier. Mr. Foot then spoke of the wonderful work of the early pioneers of the Church, with special mention of the missionaries and early priests of New Zealand, and of the Rev. pastor, Father Lepretre, who originally officiated at Wairoa as a Maori Missionary, and finally as pakeha parish priest, and of those who had helped him to erect church and schools and convent, and instanced the guests of the evening as high types of earnest workers. Concluding, amidst the applause of all present, he handed Mr. Corkill a purse of sovereigns as a mark of recognition by the congregation of St. Peter's of the excellent and sympathetic help given by Mr. and Mrs. Corkill and their gifted children to the good work of the faith. Mr. Corkill, who was received with cheers, spoke of the piety, goodness, and kindness of Father Lepretre, whose temporary absence he much regretted, who had arrived at Wairoa a robust young priest and now was a venerable white headed pastor. He (the speaker) insisted that Mrs. Corkill and himself were not more entitled to praise than many who were present, and many others who had departed or passed away, and with much feeling thanked the congregation for their kindly present with which he intended to purchase a memento of the occasion. Supper was served, and the social was continued for several hours. Special praise is due to Mr. John Dinman, the organiser and master of ceremonies, and to Mesdames Dinman, Buchanan, Renouf, Allan, and Pothan, who provided the supper. The gathering terminated with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

April 21.

The ceremonies incidental to Holy Week—commencing with the office of Tenebrae on Wednesday evening—were observed with great solemnity in the Cathedral. After Tenebrae the Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., gave an instructive discourse on the ceremonies of Holy Week. The Very Rev. Dean O'Donnell (Ashburton) preached on Thursday evening on the institution of the Blessed Eucharist. On Friday evening Father Cooney (Lyttelton) preached on the "Passion of our Divine Lord." On Thursday morning there was Solemn Pontifical Mass and the Blessing of the Holy Oils, his Lordship Bishop Brodie being celebrant, assisted by a large number of the diocesan clergy. After Mass the Blessed Sacrament was carried in procession to the Altar of Repose, which had been suitably prepared by the members of the Altar Society, and throughout the remainder of the day large numbers of worshippers attended in adoration, the watches throughout the night being sustained by the male members of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and the Hibernian Society.

On Good Friday morning Mass of the Pre-sanctified commenced at nine o'clock, the Cathedral being packed with a devout congregation. The Bishop was celebrant, and the Passion was sung by the Rev. P. Cooney (Lyttelton), Rev. J. Hanrahan (Darfield), and Rev. J. Long, while the choir sang the other sacred music of the solemnity. At three o'clock in the afternoon his Lordship the Bishop conducted the devotions

of the Stations of the Cross, and at the conclusion bestowed the blessing on the large congregation with a relic of the true cross. Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., officiated as master of ceremonies at all the solemnities of Holy Week.

At the early Masses at 7 and 9.30 on Easter Sunday large crowds approached the Holy Table. Commencing at eleven o'clock, there was Solemn Pontifical Mass, the Bishop being celebrant, Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., assistant priest, Rev. Fathers Bonetto and M. Fogarty deacons at the throne, and Rev. J. Long and Rev. J. C. Murphy deacon and subdeacon respectively of the Mass. The Bishop spoke a few words of commendation to those who had assisted in the ceremonies of the week, and gave a short discourse on the Feast of Easter. The Papal Blessing was imparted at the Mass. The choir, conducted by Mr. P. F. Hiscocks, Mr. H. Hiscocks presiding at the organ, rendered Haydn's Imperial Mass, closing the ceremony with the "Hallelujah Chorus" (Handel). In the evening the Bishop presided at Pontifical Vespers, and preached an eloquent and stirring sermon, taking as his text "If Christ be not risen from the dead then is your faith vain." The solemnities were brought to a close by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. After Vespers the choir was entertained by the Bishop, who, with Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, felicitated all concerned. Messrs. Hiscocks and Hayward replied on behalf of the choir.

There were large congregations at all the Holy Week devotions at St. Mary's Church, Manchester Street. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings the office of Tenebrae attracted large numbers. From the Solemn High Mass on Holy Thursday morning till the Mass of the Presanctified on Friday the faithful kept up perpetual adoration, the men in relays taking the night watches. On Good Friday the hundreds of young and old that filled the church came in turn to the altar rails to venerate the cross. At three o'clock in the afternoon the church was again well filled for the Stations of the Cross. On Easter Sunday there were four Masses. The last was a Solemn High Mass. The celebrant, Very Rev. Dean Regnault, in conveying Easter greetings to his flock, reminded them that they should return thanks to God who had sent peace once more into the world. They should pray (he said) that Almighty God might enlighten the minds of those statesmen who were at present endeavoring to secure for the world a lasting peace. The Mass music was harmoniously rendered by St. Mary's Choir, conducted by Mr. W. T. Ward. During Holy Week the singing of the choir contributed much to the solemnity and impressiveness of the ceremonies. The sanctuary was tastefully decorated, as was also the Altar of Repose on Holy Thursday. Seldom was St. Mary's Church so beautifully ornamented as it was this Easter. Much credit is due to the ladies of the Altar Society and the Children of Mary, who spared no pains to make the sanctuary worthy of the occasion. On Easter Sunday about 50 of the children received their First Holy Communion at the 8 o'clock Mass. At the evening devotions they renewed their baptismal vows. Before doing so they were addressed by Father McCarthy, Marist Missionary, who impressed upon them the obligation of being faithful to their promises. The ceremonies were brought to a close by a procession, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

There was Solemn Requiem Mass at the Church of St. Mary and St. Francis de Sales, Rangiora, on last Tuesday for the repose of the soul of the late Mr. Hyland, father of the Very Rev. Dean Hyland, pastor of the district. Dean Hyland was celebrant, Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Adm., deacon, and Father Leen (Lincoln) subdeacon. His Lordship Bishop Brodie, in addressing the congregation, conveyed to Dean Hyland the sympathy of the priests and people.

The Celtic Club held a musical evening on Tuesday, April 1, in the Hibernian Hall, which was largely attended. The president, Mr. J. Curry, presided, and amongst those present were Rev. Fathers Long and Fogarty, and several of the Marist Brothers. During an interval, Mr. Curry referred to the excellent and devoted assistance that had been rendered to the club since its inception by Miss M. G. O'Connor, and expressed a desire to Father Long, to ask Miss O'Connor's acceptance of a small token of the club's esteem. Father Long, in presenting Miss O'Connor with a handsomely bound volume of songs, referred to the kind and generous service she had for years unselfishly given to the club. He was (he said) pleased to have an opportunity of publicly thanking Miss O'Connor, whose talents were so much appreciated that no Catholic musical programme seemed complete without her name appearing thereon. Rev. Brother Emilian endorsed Father Long's remarks, laying emphasis on the unassuming nature of Miss O'Connor, who was not only an artist but a lady in the true sense of the word. Rev. Brother Emilian also spoke eulogistically of Miss O'Connor's artistic abilities, and in appreciation of her generous helpfulness on all occasions when her valued services were sought. On behalf of Miss O'Connor, Father Fogarty, in grateful terms, acknowledged the club's gift. An enjoyable programme was contributed to by Misses E. Rodgers, M. G. O'Connor, and D. Taylor, Rev. Brother Emilian, and Mr. L. N. Hilton (songs), Mr. and Mrs. Mooney (character sketch), Miss E. Behrens (violin solo), and Mr. P. J. Smyth (recitation). Misses K. O'Connor and E. Baker were accompanists.

Extensive preparations have been made for the garden fete, to be held on the afternoon and evening of Friday and Saturday of this week in the grounds of St. Mary's Presbytery, Manchester Street. The proceeds are in aid of the building fund of the new Catholic church at Papanui, an object that deserves the support of the whole Catholic community.

THE HAIR AFTER INFLUENZA.

The falling out of hair as an after effect of a high temperature is making itself evident to many ladies just at present. Mr. Rolleston, who is a highly-qualified Specialist in Hair Diseases, is successfully treating many such cases at her rooms. The trouble is one which calls for prompt attention; otherwise it develops a very exaggerated form. Personal treatment is best, of course, but for those who cannot attend her rooms Mrs. Rolleston is supplying by post the same specific as she uses there. The formula for this lotion is from England, where it was so successful in treatments after influenza that it became recognised as the standard remedy. Price is 7/6, with full instructions.

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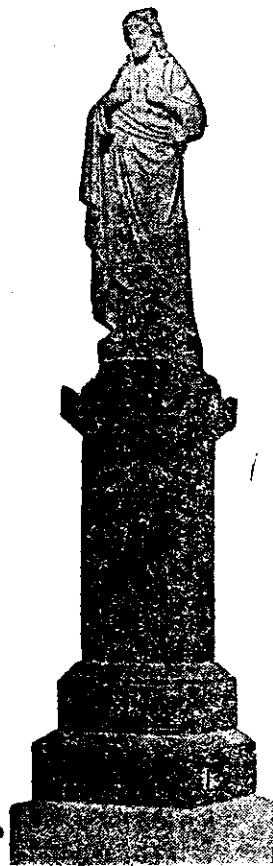
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DEATHS

BATCHELOR.—On April 12, 1919, at Timaru, Richard Frank, beloved husband of Hannah Batchelor, St. Andrews, in his 53rd year.—R.I.P.

CORCORAN.—On April 6, 1919, at the Junction Hotel, Oamaru, Patrick, beloved husband of the late Mary Corcoran; in his 72nd year.—R.I.P.

O'DRISCOLL.—On March 24, 1919, at her residence, Gabriels Gully, Lawrence, Catherine, relict of Timothy O'Driscoll; aged 80 years.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

QUINN.—On April 5, 1919, at his mother's residence, Treutham, Michael, fourth son of Mrs. A. Quinn and the late P. Quinn, of Arahura, Westland; aged 42 years.—R.I.P.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

O'CONNELL.—On April 17, at sea, on Hospital Ship, Maheno, Lance-Corporal Thomas O'Connell, N.Z. Engineers, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. O'Connell, Fitzgerald Avenue, Christchurch, and brother of the Very Rev. Father O'Connell, S.M., Wanganui.—May his soul rest in peace.

IN MEMORIAM

O'CONNOR.—In loving memory of Rifleman M. O'Connor, who was killed in action, "Somewhere in France," on April 20, 1918, eldest and dearly loved son of Catherine and the late John O'Connor, of Longridge, Southland.—R.I.P.

In a distant land he lies
At rest in a soldier's grave,
His battle fought, his name enrolled
On the scroll of the deathless brave.

A lonely grave in a far-off land,
A grave we may never see;
But while life and memory last
We will remember thee.

—Inserted by his loving mother, brothers, and sisters.

IN MEMORIAM

O'NEILL. Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Julia, beloved wife of James O'Neill, of Fairlie, who died at Timaru, on April 26, 1917.—On whose soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—The Lost Home, p. 25. Notes—The Bible; Its Variety and Its Excellence; The Bible and Homer; Images and Beauties of the Bible—pp. 26-27. Topics—Conscientious Objectors; The Church and Freedom—pp. 14-15. England and Conscientious Objectors, p. 13. Ireland: The National Assembly, p. 13. The Ulster Myth, p. 17. The Pedigree of the Populace, p. 18. Catholic Culture and English Speech, p. 33. De Valera, the Hero of Sinn Fein, p. 35.

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MESSAGE OF POPE LEO XIII. TO THE N.Z. TABLET.
Pergant Directores et Scriptorum New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promovere per viam 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, APRIL 24, 1919.

THE LOST HOME

THE time seems to be coming when a man or woman hearing *Home, Sweet Home* sung will wonder what it is all about and why anybody ever was touched by the sentiment of that old song. Already to many people the word "Home" is a sort of barbarous survival in the language, meaning little or nothing. In France there is no word for home; in Italian there is none; in English there is but soon there will be no home for the word. It is a sad thought, that. Grave people look on sorrowfully and mourn that nothing they can do or say avails

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to save the home. The good, old-fashioned homes are going or gone; they were temples of affection, havens of peace and domestic joys, and, more than that, the foundation stones of the nations, the pillars of society; and it is nothing less than these we are losing fast, if we have not already lost them.

*

Already the effects of the breaking-up are obvious. Parental control has become a rare thing in modern life in this country; and, too often the loss of reverence for parents means also the loss of respect for the laws of God. Laxity of morals goes hand in hand with the destruction of home life, and it is hardly rash to say that they are connected closely as effect and cause. The following passage from a Melbourne paper exhibits a terribly true picture of the conditions of life in our towns and cities to-day:—

"The girl (not to mention the child) of the present day has very little respect for parental authority. The mother who knows that her daughter, aged 16 or 17, is not at home in the evening, and has no further knowledge of her whereabouts, exclaims helplessly, 'What can I do? The girl earns her own money, and expects to have the spending of it, and she pays no attention to anything I say. If I ask her where she is going she tells me that if she cannot do as other girls do she will go and board somewhere else.' The most irate of parents has no threats which can alarm the independent young thing who catches the 8.35 to her office every morning with her latch key in her bag, and lands serenely up at the pay office on Friday. The girl's point of view is that she pays her way, just as her brother does, and no one questions his comings and goings, though he is out every night in the week. Why may not she be as free? A place upon a dull and chilly pinnacle has no charm for her. She has money in her purse, and an enquiring mind; she must get down into the arena, see all, hear all, know all."

She must know all! And, as the same writer observes, the sort of things she wants to know are exactly the things she ought not to know at all: "The 'flapper' who considers that 'she knows a thing or two' is not by no means referring to her knowledge of the French irregular verbs." Possibly the evil development affects girls more than boys; and it is exactly there the danger lies. The men may be reformed by good women who will make good wives, but what hope is there for the family when instead of a good wife or mother a man finds a partner whose knowledge and experience has been on the lines pursued by the modern "flapper" described in the foregoing quotation? When men are driven from home by the inanity and the folly of such wives, when they find themselves mated with women who are too cowardly and too sensual to fulfil the sacred duties of motherhood, then, indeed, family life is undermined and the only sure foundations of a people's welfare tottering; then the last hope of recovery and renewal is gone. One has but to open one's eyes to find the causes of this dissolution. The music-halls with their unhealthy tone, the poisonous picture-shows, so suggestive, so debasing, the spread of club-life, and the universal itch for travel and excitement, are all contributing towards the ruin of the home. And so far have things gone that thoughtful men are asking themselves if nothing can be done, if already it is not too late to restore homes in which parents shall love and respect each other, and children be trained in the fear and love of God and in the way of virtue. And in the welter of decadence which reminds one of the rotteness described by Juvenal before the crash of the Roman Empire there is complete evidence that our Empire is spreading to destruction from the same causes, and that only the revival of home-life can save it.

*

Platitudes spoken by Ministers cannot save the homes. Empty moralisings about the beauty of virtue in the abstract are of about the same value as a ray of moonbeams. Cheap sentimentality has about as much influence on character as a porous plaster would have on a motor car. And, facing the matter squarely,

we must see that only a reformation of character can supply the antidote. Instead of the futile, vain, shallow "flapper" whose highest ideal in life is a joy-ride in a Ford car, and instead of the boys who break the Commandment which tells them that they must honor their parents and be subject to them, we want real women and real men, capable of facing difficulties and overcoming temptations, trained in a hard school to self-control, taught the secret of rising quickly if they do fall through human weakness, conscious of their duties as well as of their rights. Men and women have gone astray and they have to be brought back a long way. Our schools and our political pot-hunters have been blind guides. What is needed is a return to the old schools and to the old politicians—to schools which are fit to teach children how to become Christians instead of clever animals, to politicians who know what principles mean and how true men ought to stand by them. Character must be built up anew. And the one royal road to that result is to get back to the cardinal points regarding home-life and individual life by insisting on the proper education of the young people on religious lines. Any other schemes are as nugatory as fighting with shadows, and as ineffectual as beating the wind. Time has proved that to all thinking men; and thinking men ought to prove it to the figure-heads who pose in the Parliament of New Zealand.

NOTES

The Bible

There are books and books, but the Bible remains eternally *The Book*. How much we lose, what a treasure of intellectual and imaginative beauty we neglect, quite apart from its moral and doctrinal value, when we allow other books to come between us and the Bible! The religious-minded know better than any words can express what the Bible means to them; what strength, what consolation, what refreshment—taking the word in its etymological sense of making fresh again—they find in the sacred pages. For the sinner and for the saint, for the man of the world and for the sheltered soul of the cloister, the Bible is always new and always old, inexhaustible, wonderful, edifying. "If," says St. Gregory, "it comprehends mysteries capable of perplexing the most enlightened understandings, it also contains simple truths fit for the nourishment of the humble and the illiterate; it carries externally wherewith to nourish infants, and in its most secret recesses wherewith to fill the most sublime geniuses with admiration; like a river whose current is so shallow in certain parts that a lamb may cross it, and deep enough in others for an elephant to swim there."

Its Variety and Its Excellence

"How extraordinary," says Chateaubriand, "is that work which begins with Genesis and ends with the Apocalypse! which opens in the most perspicuous style and concludes in the most figurative language. May we not justly assert that in the books of Moses all is grand and simple, like the creation of the world and the innocence of the primitive mortals which he describes, and that all is terrible and supernatural in the last of the prophets, like that corrupt society and that consummation of the ages which the author has represented." It is unlike all other books. A score of authors, at different ages, composed it; nothing is common in their styles but their wonderful originality. Not only believers but unbelievers are drawn by it. It contains the whole philosophy of life, the answer to every riddle of the universe. Almost every book of the Scriptures gives us texts applicable to every occasion. In the Psalms especially, we find the whole gamut of the human soul swept by a master-hand. The Bible tells us of the beginning and the end of all things; it teaches the ignorant what scholars can only guess at apart from its light; all the wisdom and all the poetry of the ages are but broken gleams of its

whole beauty. The historic style of the early books has an epic charm, relieved by outbursts of national poetry, by tender pastoral passages, by threnodies of unspeakable pathos. The poetic style of the Psalms and the Canticles has been the theme of students and critics throughout all time: "What," says Bishop Lowth, "is there in the whole compass of poetry or what can the human mind conceive more grand, more noble, or more animated,—what is there more beautiful or more interesting,—than the sacred writings of the Hebrew prophets? They equal the almost inexpressible greatness of their subjects by the splendor of their diction and the majesty of their poetry, and, as some of them are of higher antiquity than the Fables of the Greeks, so they excel the Greek compositions as much in sublimity as in age." Lastly, in the style of the New Testament, especially of the Gospels, we have a tenderness and a grace that can only be explained by the fact that in them Love speaks to the soul of the beloved.

The Bible and Homer

In an interesting study Chateaubriand shews the superiority of the Bible to Homer on many grounds. The Bible is more concise and solemn; the simplicity of Homer is more diffuse and more lively; the former is sententious; the latter fond of expatiating and repeating in the same phrases what has been said before. "The simplicity of the Bible is that of an ancient priest, who, imbued with all the sciences, human and divine, pronounces from the recess of the sanctuary the precise oracles of wisdom. The simplicity of the poet of Chios is that of an aged traveller, who, beside the hearth of his host, relates all he has learned in the course of a long life. The narrative in Homer is interrupted by digressions, harangues, descriptions of vessels, garments, arms, sceptres, and genealogies of men. Proper names are laden with adjectives and images: in the Bible the narrative is rapid, simple, clear, forcible, and natural. Homer's descriptions are long and involved; those of the Bible are brief and vivid, setting forth objects with a single stroke of the pen. The comparisons in Homer are drawn out by incidental remarks, over-ornate and over-burdened; the comparisons in the Bible are expressed in a striking phrase, with true artistic sense. A lion, a torrent in spate, a storm is invoked and the picture complete. The sublime in Homer is reached laboriously and as a result of the combination of parts: in the Bible it is as sudden as a sunrise or a shooting star, 'you are wounded by the thunderbolt before you know you were struck by it.'" In Homer the sublime is conveyed frequently by the magnificence of the language; in the Bible it is often brought before us like a shock by the triviality of the words. The soul is subjected to a surprise, as when, exalted by thought to the loftiest regions, all of a sudden, the expression, instead of supporting it, lets it drop from heaven to earth, precipitating it from the bosom of God into the mire of the world.

Images and Beauties of the Bible

No literature has such marvellous expressions as "the first-born of death" to imply cruel and terrible death, and "the king of terrors" to describe the death which comes on a man who clings fiercely to this world. What power is in the phrase which tells of the wicked man who "conceived sorrow, and brought forth iniquity," or in the words of Job which convey his ideas of the greatness of God:—"Hell is naked before him,"—"He withholdeth the waters of the clouds,"—"He taketh the scarf from the kings and girdeth their loins with a cord." And what could be more awful than the passage:—"In the horror of a vision by night, when deep sleep is wont to hold men, fear seized upon me, and trembling, and all my bones were affrighted; and when a spirit passed before me, the hair of my head stood up. There stood one whose countenance I knew not, an image before my eyes, and I heard the voice as it were of a gentle wind." Homer compares a youth slain by a javelin to a young olive tree covered

with flowers, planted in an orchard, screened from the intense heat of the sun, amid dews and zephyrs, but, suddenly overthrown by an impetuous wind upon its native soil, it falls on the brink of the nourishing waters that gave sap to its roots:—

*Kadon, telethaon, tade te, pioini doncusi
Pantoion anemon, kai trebrnei andei leuko.*

The whole beautiful picture is dashed off in a phrase in the Bible:—"The wicked shall be blasted as a vine when its grapes are in first flower, and as an olive that casteth its flowers." And what compact thought and vigor in the words of Isaiah:—"With shaking shall the earth be shaken as a drunken man, and shall be removed as the tent of one night." The sentence which tells of the destruction of the busy city of Tyre is unrivalled: "Now shall the ships be astonished in the day of thy terror: and the islands in the sea shall be troubled, because no one cometh out of thee." Only a great poet could adequately appreciate the force of these expressive words. Goethe wrote a beautiful passage to tell of his admiration for the history of Joseph, and we are told that the scoffer Voltaire was moved to tears by the ineffable pathos of the scene when, the cup having been discovered in the sack, the exile reveals himself in the simple words, *I am Joseph*. The wreckers of the home, the advocates of easy divorce, the light men and women who enter into marriage as they would put on a new hat might with profit go back to the Bible and there learn with what lasting, tender love marriages were made by God's people. Take this passage: "Isaac brought Rebecca into the tent of Sarah, his mother, and took her to wife, and he loved her so much that it moderated the sorrow which was occasioned by his mother's death." Search all our modern poets and novelists and you will not find anything so beautiful as this picture of the love of a woman for her spouse:

"Wheresoever thou shalt go I will go, and where thou shalt dwell I also will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. The law that shall receive thee dying, in the same will I die." Since the hour when Adam looked on Eve and exclaimed that she should be henceforth bone of his bone, no woman ever professed her love in anything like the eloquence of these words—*Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God—Populus tuus populus meus, Deus tuus Deus meus.*

The moral of all this is plain: Read the Bible. The P.P.A. liars say that Catholics are not allowed to read it. But when did they ever tell the truth yet? And where did they get the Bible?

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

The annual meeting of St. Joseph's Catholic Men's Club will be held on next Monday evening in St. Joseph's Hall. The Catholic men, generally, of the city, are invited to be present, and it is hoped that the club's remarkable success of last year will be maintained this year, and if possible, exceeded.

A garden fete was opened on Wednesday afternoon in the grounds of the Sacred Heart School, North-East Valley, and is to be continued on each of the following evenings, and on Saturday afternoon. The proceeds are to benefit the funds of the local Catholic school, and the promoters, who have worked earnestly to ensure the success of the undertaking, hope their efforts will be supported by the whole Catholic community.

Mrs. M. A. Jackson, who for the past six years (three terms in succession) has been a representative on the Otago Hospital and Charitable Aid Board, will be a candidate for a seat on the board at the forthcoming elections. For the splendid social work Mrs. Jackson has, over so many years, accomplished in this city, she deserves well of her fellow-citizens, and it is hoped her useful services will be long retained for the benefit of the community.

At St. Joseph's Cathedral the impressive ceremonies of Holy Week were participated in by a number of the diocesan clergy, and were attended by large congregations. At the Solemn High Mass on Holy Thursday the music was beautifully rendered by the Dominican Nuns' Choir. The students' choir of Holy Cross College sang most effectively selected parts each evening during Tenebrae, and during the Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday morning. On Holy Thursday evening the Very Rev. P. O'Donnell (Gore) preached on the institution of the Blessed Eucharist, on Good Friday morning the Rev. C. Morkane (Holy Cross College) on the Passion of our Divine Lord, and on Good Friday evening the Rev. P. J. O'Neill (Riversdale) on the Seven Dolours. There were crowded congregations at each of the early Masses on Easter Sunday, both at the Cathedral and suburban churches of the parish, and exceedingly large numbers approached the Holy Table. There was Solemn High Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral, commencing at 11 o'clock. Father Kaveney was celebrant, Father Burger (St. Bede's College, Christchurch) deacon, Father Spillane subdeacon, and Very Rev. J. Coffey, diocesan administrator, master of ceremonies. Father Coffey preached appropriate of the day's festival. The music of the Mass, splendidly rendered by St. Joseph's Choir, consisted of the "Kyrie" and "Gloria" from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, the "Credo" from Haydn's Mass in B Flat, the "Sanctus" from Gounod's Messe Solennelle, and the "Benedictus" and "Agnus Dei" from Weber's Mass in G. The motets "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus" (Elgar), and "Victime Paschali" (Bordonel) were also sung. The cantors were Messrs. A. Vallis, J. McGrath, and F. Heley. Mr. A. Vallis presided at the organ, and Signor Squarise conducted. In the evening Mozart's "O Salutaris," with Mr. F. Woods as soloist, was sung, the "Regina Coeli" was also beautifully rendered as a duet by Mrs. Sandys and Miss E. Murphy. The "Haec Dies" was sung both at Mass and Vespers. After the evening devotions the members of the choir were entertained by Father Coffey, who warmly complimented them on their continued good work. Mr. Vallis replied on behalf of the choir.

DIocese OF AUckLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

April 18.

An important movement is afoot in the city to revive interest in Catholic club life. As in the instance of practically all organisations, the ravages of war played sad havoc with most of the societies of the Church, the recruiting for active service being chiefly from among the young Catholic men of the community. A representative meeting is shortly to be held to discuss a proposal having for its object the formation of a large Catholic club on modern lines. Negotiations are being made to secure suitable premises in the heart of the city, and it is the desire of the promoters, should these be acquired, to obtain the co-operation of several of the larger Catholic societies with the purpose of concentrating their respective activities under the one roof. Several of our prominent clergy are interesting themselves in the movement.

At the last meeting of the Auckland Diocesan Executive of the N.Z. Catholic Federation, the delegates to the recent Dominion Council meeting, held at Dunedin, gave a brief resume of the business transacted thereat, and spoke in glowing terms of the arrangements made for the entertainment of visiting delegates. A resolution was carried thanking the Dunedin Diocesan Council for its efforts in this direction.

After holding office for three years, Mr. J. T. Fitzgerald tendered his resignation as secretary of the Auckland Diocesan Council of the Catholic Federation at the last meeting of the Diocesan Executive. Mr. Fitzgerald was reluctantly compelled to take this course

owing to his having launched out in business on his own account. Members present eulogised the services rendered by the retiring secretary, and expressed many regrets at losing so active an official. Mr. Fitzgerald will, however, continue to act as a member of the executive.

The Board of Management of the Catholic Women's Hostel has been asked by the Catholic Federation authorities in this city to consider the resuscitation of the Immigration Committee, which did such signal services prior to the war among Catholic women arriving from other lands.

The Lourdes Bazaar, in aid of the funds of the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby, which was to have been held in November last, but owing to the epidemic, had to be postponed, will be opened to-morrow afternoon, at the Town Hall Concert Chamber, by his Lordship the Right Rev. H. W. Cleary, D.D. A novel feature in connection with the bazaar will be a spectacular entertainment every evening, consisting of living pictures representing various scenes at the Grotto of Lourdes, with special musical accompaniments by a skilled choir, under the leadership of Mr. Leo Whitaker.

The Auckland Diocesan Catholic Teachers' Conference will commence on Tuesday next, the deliberations extending over three days. Delegates from every school in the diocese will be present.

GREYmOUTH

(From our own correspondent.)

April 11.

Fathers Mangan and Langley, Redemptorist Missioners, recently concluded a most successful fortnight's mission here. Missions were also conducted by them at Cobden, Runanga, Brunner, and Barrytown, these zealous sons of St. Alphonsus worthily upholding the reputation of their distinguished Order as tireless workers in inculcating the teaching of their Divine Master. All the services were well attended.

Preparations for the forthcoming bazaar are well in hand. Rivalry between the stall-holders is keen, and it is safe to predict that the financial results will be a record for Westland.

Genuine and widespread regret was felt at the death, recently, of Kathleen Ryan, second daughter of Mrs. Ryan, of the local Fire Brigade Station. The deceased, who had been ailing for the past few months, was a bright intelligent child, and was loved by all those who had the pleasure of knowing her. Her age was 15 years, and she was a pupil of the local convent school. Mrs. Ryan has indeed borne a heavy load of sorrow. Her eldest son was killed in action in France, then, a short time ago, her husband (the late Captain Ryan, chief of the Greymouth Fire Brigade) passed away. The funeral of Kathleen Ryan was largely attended. In the morning the coffin was carried from the house to St. Patrick's Church by the Children of Mary, of which sodality the deceased was a member. A great many of the convent children attended the funeral of their schoolmate. The services at St. Patrick's Church and the graveside were conducted by Father Campbell.—R.I.P.

The tornado of advertising by pamphlet, and by letters in the local press on the Prohibition question has at length passed away. The pity of it that such an amount of good money should be wasted when so much work is waiting for the necessary funds. Many urgently needed bridges on the Coast could be built with the money that has been squandered on the referendum poll. The polling in the Coast electorate showed that the electors still retain their common sense, and were not to be beguiled by the barefaced attempts that were made, on religious and other grounds, to induce them to set aside the advice of their trusted leaders. The manifesto of his Grace Archbishop Redwood, read in the church here and published in the local press, gave much satisfaction.

OBITUARY

MR. PATRICK CORCORAN, OAMARU.

(From our own correspondent.)

The death of Mr. Patrick Corcoran, of the Junction Hotel, removes from life's scene another of the earlier settlers in North Otago. The deceased, who had attained the ripe age of 72 years, had been in bad health for some time, his illness lately being of a painful nature. Mr. Corcoran was born in County Kerry, Ireland, and came to New Zealand as a young man. He settled in North Otago in the early seventies, and engaged in farming pursuits, first doing some cropping on a liberal scale, at a time when grain-growing was a more prominent rural industry than it has been in more recent years. Then he acquired a farm, and followed mixed farming until he became licensee of the Alliance Hotel. As a hotelkeeper he was looked upon as a model, having a strong aversion to over-indulgence and a determination to have no drunkenness on his premises. Possessed of a measure of education above the average, he took an intelligent interest in public affairs with a strong Liberal bias. Personally he was endowed with many admirable attributes, and made a wide circle of friends, who will learn of his death with regret. Mr. Corcoran took a very active interest in all parish matters, and held the various offices in the H.A.C.B. Society, and was a staunch and pious Catholic. Requiem Mass was celebrated on Wednesday, April 9, and the funeral cortege, which left the Basilica in the afternoon, was very largely attended by town and country residents, including the local Hibernians. Mrs. Corcoran predeceased her husband two or three years ago, and the family remaining consists of two daughters and five sons.—R.I.P.

MRS. O'DRISCOLL, LAWRENCE.

By the death of Mrs. O'Driscoll, who passed away at her residence, Gabriel's Gully, Lawrence, on March 24, the district lost a very old resident. The late Mrs. O'Driscoll was born in County Cork, Ireland, and came to Lawrence, from Victoria, in the early sixties, her husband predeceasing her some years ago. The deceased was of a kind and charitable disposition, ever ready to help others in time of sickness or want. She was a staunch Catholic, and was attended by Father Lynch in her last illness. Three sons, three daughters, and fifteen grand-children, are left to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

MR. MICHAEL QUINN, TRENTHAM.

The death took place at Trentham, on April 5, of Mr. Michael Quinn, son of Mrs. A. Quinn, of Trentham, and of the late Patrick Quinn, of Westland. The deceased, who had lived for some years in New South Wales, took ill there, and was recently brought home by his mother and brother, only to die within a short time after his landing in Wellington. His eldest brother (Mr. Richard Quinn) died recently, and Mrs. Quinn and family, in their double bereavement, have the sincere sympathy of a wide circle of friends.—R.I.P.

MR. JOHN LOADER, PAHIATUA.

At Pahiatua, on April 3, there passed away, at the age of 73 years, Mr. John Loader, a resident of this town for the past five years (writes a correspondent), during which time his example of a holy and fervent practice of his faith deeply impressed his co-religionists. Daily attendance at Mass, frequent Communion, and hours spent in adoration before the

"TABLET" SUBSCRIPTIONS

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J. O'S., Kopanga Station, Havelock North, 8/4/20; T. F., Courthouse, Napier, 30/9/19; C. T., Masonic Hotel, Napier, 30/9/19; T. D., Hastings St., Napier, 30/9/19; C. K., Clovernook Rd., Epsom, Auckland, 30/9/19.

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K. J., Albany St., P.O., Dun., 30/9/19; Mrs. K., Duncan St., Dun., 30/9/19; C. B., Southern Hotel, Dun., 30/3/20; E. O'C., Police Station, Woodhaugh, 30/9/19; W. G. Y., Cumberland St., Dun., 30/9/19; J. H., Mataura, 30/3/20; G. S., c/o J. K. M. & Co., Stuart St., Dun., 15/4/20; C. R. G., Devon St., Gore, 23/4/20; D. L. P., Gore, 30/12/19; T. A., Gore, 30/9/19; J. H., sen., Gore, 30/12/19; J. A. F., Gore, 30/3/20; J. K., Gore, —; Mr. S., Mill Rd., Ingill, 30/9/20; J. J. K., Criterion Hotel, Gore, 23/4/20; R. S. W., Yarrow St., Ingill, 23/4/20; P. H., Rorkes Drift Lodge, East Rd., Ingill, 23/4/20; M. O'B., Richmond Grove, Ingill, 23/4/20; W. O'C., Wallace St., Waikivi, 23/10/19; J. B., Wallace St., Waikivi, 23/10/19; J. H., Abbatoirs Rd., Ingill, 23/10/19; J. F., Abbatoirs Rd., Ingill, 23/10/19; A. S., Box 158, Ingill, 23/4/20; W. H., P.O., Makarewa, 23/4/20; M. Bros., P.O., Makarewa, 23/4/20; H. A. D., P.O., Makarewa, 23/4/20; J. K., Makarewa June., 30/12/19; D. M., Makarewa June., 30/11/20; Miss M., King St., Dun., 30/9/19; Miss B., Leith St., Dun., 23/10/19; Fr. O'N., Riversdale, 23/4/20; F. C., Isis St., Oamaru, 30/3/20; Mrs. O'C., Longridge, 15/11/19; Mrs. P., Drummond, 15/5/20; D. M., Lumsden, 23/4/20; Mr. C., Mossburn, 30/9/20.

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Blessed Sacrament were the joys of his life. His wife predeceased him over a year ago. Born in London, he came to New Zealand as a boy, and resided in Lyttelton for many years, being in the employment of the Railway Department. During his illness he was devotedly nursed by his daughter Mrs. A. Hayden. He is survived by three sons (Messrs. D. Loader, Napier; G. Loader, Hawera, and J. Loader, Lyttelton) and two daughters (Mrs. A. Hayden, Pahiatua, and Sister M. Joseph, of the Order of Notre Dame des Missions, Perth, W.A.).—R.I.P.

COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Under the auspices of the Catholic Federation, addresses were given in the Sydney Domain on a recent Sunday in the presence of 600 persons. Father J. M. Cusack (Adm., St. Francis' Church, Albion Street) took as his subject "Marriage Laws"; and Father P. J. Tighe, S.J., spoke on "Education."

The news of the departure from Australia of the Rev. Dr. Kaldewey came as a surprise to his many friends in Sydney (says the *Catholic Press*). After filling an engagement of a term of five years at St. Patrick's College, Manly, where he had charge of the teaching of Dogmatic Theology, in response to a cable from Rome he sailed by the *Kammara Maru* on Saturday, March 29. With a broad outlook on life, Professor Kaldewey proposes to make a prolonged tour of the Orient, visiting the Philippines, China, Japan, and the Hawaiian Islands en route. He will also visit America and Ireland, and hopes to return to Italy with an up-to-date knowledge of men and things acquired by personal touch with many lands and many peoples. Prior to leaving, Dr. Kaldewey was feted by some of his numerous friends among the clergy and laity. On Thursday, March 27, his Grace the Archbishop of Sydney entertained a goodly company at St. Patrick's College, Manly, to bid Dr. Kaldewey bon voyage. Father George Byrne, S.J., and the Hon. John Meagher, K.C.S.G., M.L.C., who are leaving for Europe at an early date, were also guests. The toast of the distinguished guests was proposed by his Grace the Archbishop in a happy speech, which evoked the heartiest enthusiasm and applause.

VICTORIA.

In opening a fete in St. Ambrose's School grounds, Brunswick, on Saturday, March 29, in aid of the Christian Brothers' jubilee appeal, Archbishop Mannix made further reference to the Exhibition influenza hospital. The work in the school is, of course, the ordinary work of the Christian Brothers (said the Archbishop). But recently I was agreeably surprised to find that the Brothers were as versatile as the nuns, and that they volunteered to nurse the victims of the influenza outbreak. They came to me quite spontaneously, and offered their services to assist the Sisters of Mercy and the Sisters of Charity at the Exhibition Hospital. It never occurred to me to ask the Brothers to undertake the nursing of the sick! Of course, we expect women, or nuns at all events, to undertake all sorts of work, but I never should have thought of asking the Brothers to enter the Exhibition Hospital, if they had not themselves come forward. We all know what came of that offer from the nuns and the Christian Brothers and the Jesuit Brothers. I do not mean to dwell upon it. I do not so much blame those fanatics who objected to the Sisters and Brothers going to the hospital; I blame the Government of Victoria. And I hope that the people of Victoria will remember the Exhibition scandal for the present Government of Victoria when the day of reckoning comes. The Sisters and Brothers, though they had been bitterly attacked and maligned for the past four years especially, were prepared to risk their health and their lives at the Exhibition Hospital, and

that without fee or reward; they were prepared to try to do for all-comers what they did so successfully for the little orphan boys at South Melbourne, when there was not one death among the hundreds of boys attacked; but no, the Victorian Government could not, or would not, have their services at the Exhibition.

Every day our wonder grows as to the cause of their exclusion. Apparently things were not working, and are not working, very smoothly in that place. If half what is now said publicly be true, there were very good reasons why some people might think it undesirable to have the real condition of things explored by Mother Rectress of St. Vincent's. The *Age* and the *Argus*—and both of them helped to create all the trouble—now come out with reports of a most damaging character as to the present state of the Exhibition. The *Age* recently declared that the charges levelled against the Exhibition Hospital pointed to a condition of things amounting to a public scandal! The *Argus* reports that some of the attendants are charged, among other things, with being uncouth men, and with swearing and drunkenness, and these are the people who could not be disturbed in order to allow the Sisters and the Brothers to tend the sick? Some of the charges were so gross as to be unfit for publication in the columns of the *Age*!

The people of Victoria are certainly entitled to an inquiry. If it is held the writer of the letter which I hold in my hand could give some startling information apparently. She has been lying ill in the Exhibition Hospital for over a week with her temperature at 103, and her verdict is that the place is "not fit for beasts," and that she has had "a dog's life there." The letter was not written to me, nor was it intended for use or publication. It is all the more valuable, therefore, as a witness against the Exhibition Hospital. If an inquiry be not held, I, for one, think that we are quite justified in having our own views about the Exhibition Hospital, and they will not be very favorable to the Hospital or to the Government, which is responsible for the disgraceful state of things revealed.

The Richmond City Council has thanked the F.C.J. nuns for their great services in nursing influenza patients in that city. The letter sent by the council speaks for itself, and is as under:—

City of Richmond,

Town Hall, March 19, 1919.

The Rev. Mother, F.C.J. Convent,
Vaucluse, Richmond.

Rev. Mother,—At a meeting of the Richmond City Council held on Monday, 10th inst., a resolution was unanimously passed that a letter of thanks under the Corporate Seal be forwarded to you for the services rendered by the nuns in acting as nurses at the Richmond Council's Emergency Hospital. The offer had been gladly accepted at a previous meeting of the council.

The offer was made at a time when trained nurses for hospitals were few, and when the general public viewed with fear the occurrence of pneumonic influenza. The nuns rendered very valuable service to the residents of this city, and the council desires, therefore, to express on behalf of the ratepayers its appreciation and gratitude.

In witness whereof the common seal of the Mayor, councillors, and citizens is affixed hereto in the presence of

H. J. BARCELO, Mayor.

H. NICHOL, Councillor.

C. C. BLAZEY, Town Clerk.

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IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

A married woman named Burke has just died at Nenagh, County Tipperary, at the age of 121 years. She was the oldest woman in the British Isles, and probably the oldest in the world. In 1912 Europe had 7000 living centenarians of whom 3888 were Bulgarians. In the Balkan countries, however, where there are no records kept, age is often a matter of guesswork rather than of fact.

The following is an extract from a letter from a well-informed Englishman, which appeared in the *Daily News* of Saturday, January 4:—"My advices from across the Atlantic are, that Irish-Americans who are the most active political body in the States, are getting every week into closer and closer union with the German-Americans. If events in Ireland develop, as well they may, during the spring, it is quite on the cards that we shall see in America the formation of an Irish-German-American bloc, definitely hostile to Britain, immensely powerful, numerically, financially, politically, and socially, and determined to use that power to the utmost for Britain's injury."

The inquiry into the maltreatment of the political prisoners in Belfast Gaol was rendered useless from the prisoners' point of view, as there was no guarantee to their counsel (Mr. Gavan Duffy) that the question of official privilege would not be raised, as it was at the inquest on Thomas Ashe. Official evidence went to show that the prisoners got out of hand when some of them were not treated as political prisoners, as was promised after Ashe's death. The governor admitted the whole body of political prisoners had to attend Mass in handcuffs, and some who approached the Holy Sacrament were treated in like manner. Mr. Justice Dodd, who presided over the Commission of Inquiry seemed horrified at this desecration of the Mass.

As a result of the general election, the Unionists return 22 members instead of 18 as heretofore. This is due almost entirely to the Redistribution Act of 1918, under which the Belfast seats were jerry-mandered to suit Sir Edward Carson's party. Belfast formerly returned four members, of whom one was a Nationalist; now there are nine, but owing to the manipulation of boundaries the Nationalists still return only one member, so the Unionists return eight members where they formerly had three. Again the failure of the "Party" to keep the Cardinal's compact lost the Sinn Fein Party East Down.

THE IRISH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: SOME PRESS VIEWS.

"An event marking a new epoch in Irish history was the opening of the *Dail Eireann* in the Mansion House, Dublin, on Tuesday, January 21. The assembly, which was conducted with order and dignity, adopted a Declaration of Independence for Ireland as a nation and addressed a memorandum to the free nations of the world setting forth Ireland's position and claims, the acknowledgment of which is asked for. On the question of internationalisation it laid down that 'Ireland is the Gate of the Atlantic,' and that her independence is necessary to the freedom of the seas. In calling on the free nations to support self-determination for Ireland, the memorandum demands that Ireland be confronted publicly with England at the Congress of the Nations. Both declarations were adopted with enthusiasm, and the proceedings adjourned. The entire proceedings of the *Dail*, except the reading of the English and French translations of the declarations, were conducted in the Irish language, no speeches being made in English.—*Irish Independent*.

"We feel that it would be to Ireland's advantage to be associated with Great Britain if we could get full Dominion self-government."—*Irish Independent* (leader).

"We must await the development of the policy laid down by the Assembly. We do not hesitate to

confess that we do so with the deepest anxiety and foreboding. The ideals embodied in the Republican declarations may be lofty and impressive, and they strike a note that fires the imagination of the young men of Ireland whose patriotism now, as always in the past, is a transfiguring passion. God forbid that this ardor should ever fail, for it is by virtue of it that Ireland has kept her soul alive under trials that would have broken a less resolute race. . . . In our judgment any attempt to give effect to the declarations of the Mansion House must inevitably lead to defeat, disaster, and the ruin of the national hopes."—*Freeman* (organ of the Irish Party).

"According to the strict letter of the law, it is an offence for any assembly to purport to usurp the functions of the Parliament at Westminster. No regard for that fact hampered yesterday's demonstrators. . . . This is not the moment to discuss the responsibilities of the executive. They must stand by the test of the consequences of yesterday's meeting."—*Daily Express* (Carsonite).

"The majority of Nationalists would obey the law and give little trouble, if they were confident it would be enforced. . . . They will obey the usurping rebels when they see that their legitimate rulers are weak and vacillating. As the rebels become bolder it is the duty of all loyal men to put aside any difference and unite in opposing them to the utmost. This is what Sir Edward Carson urges."—*Belfast News Letter*.

"The overwhelming victory of the Sinn Feiners at the polls encourages them to believe that they could issue practically an unanimous demand for independence, and fire a rhetorical shot which, if it did not echo round the world, would at least break the windows of the Peace Conference."—*London Daily Mail* (Tory).

"The studied air of dignity and solemnity which marked the first meeting of the 'Parliament of the Irish Republic' would have done credit to the proceedings in the British House of Commons, when Scotch estimates are the order of the day. The Sinn Fein M.P.'s were greeted with cheers, but I think the audience restrained its enthusiasm a little out of desire to preserve at all costs the dignity of the proceedings."—Special correspondent, *London Daily Express* (Tory).

"Everything was done decently and in order—indeed the circumstances of the opening of the Irish Parliament were entirely prosaic. I may say here, once for all, that the proceedings throughout were orderly and dignified, not a word being uttered that could provoke discord or ill-feeling."—Special correspondent, *London Times* (Tory).

"It is very easy to laugh at the Sinn Fein Parliament, but it is not so certain that it is wise. . . . No one who is not determined to deny patent facts can refuse to acknowledge that behind the Declaration of Independence at Dublin, fiercely in earnest, is the solid mass of almost all Irish opinion outside Ulster.

It is the policy or want of policy of the British Government which has driven the Irish people to this extremity. Let any honest Englishman put himself in the place of any Irishman during these years past; let him fancy himself the victim of the succession of alternate menaces and cajoleries, of promises continually made and as continually broken, and then let him try to say with a clear conscience that the bitterness of the Sinn Feiner, impracticable as it may be in its expression, is either unnatural or unreasonable. How the resulting situation is to be met is for the Government which made it, to decide."—*London Daily News* (Liberal).

"The meeting of the *Dail Eireann* must be regarded in the light of a deliberate challenge to the [English] pledgebreakers as well as a protest in the strongest form it could be made, against the methods that successive British Governments have employed in their dealings with this country."—*Cork Examiner* (Irish Party).

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Church of Our Lady Queen of Peace, Roxburgh

TO THE CATHOLIC PEOPLE OF NEW ZEALAND.

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

REV. D. O'NEILL,
Roxburgh.

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CATHOLIC CULTURE AND ENGLISH SPEECH

(By the BISHOP OF NORTHAMPTON.)

The Bishop of Northampton's recent pastoral deals with a topic of present and perennial interest, thus (says the *London Tablet*):—

The ubiquity of the English tongue is an impressive fact which has "come home" to us very literally during the past four years. From all quarters of the globs, men of English speech have flocked to our shores, from Canada, from Australia, from New Zealand, from South Africa, and elsewhere; and last of all, but assuredly not least, have come the ever-growing hosts of the United States. It is conceivable that the British Empire may, some day, go the way of all other empires; that it may break up, as others have broken up, and that its world-wide sway may shrink to the humble proportions of its beginnings. But it is not easily conceivable that, within any calculable epoch, the chain of English speech, which now encircles the earth, will be severed: or that it will fail to grow stronger with the development of those young and vigorous nations whose vernacular it is, and who are evidently destined for future greatness.

This indisputable fact, flattering as it is to our patriotic sentiment, does not appeal so spontaneously to the religious sentiment of Catholics. For the English tongue, however closely identified with our ideals of democratic freedom, is hardly less closely identified with that evil thing which Cardinal Newman called "the Protestant tradition." Our literature and the habits of thought it engenders and fosters are frankly non-Catholic, even when they are not openly anti-Catholic. English theology is feeble and vacillating even when it happens to be orthodox; English philosophy is mostly sceptical and materialistic; English drama and fiction are mostly of the earth, earthly; and English journalism may be relied upon to be anti-papal.

The Latin tongue once occupied a similar position. In the early days of Christianity, Latin was the imperial language—the language of the Senate, the language of the Law, the language of official life, the language of polite society, the language of imperishable masterpieces in every department of pagan thought. For centuries the whole weight of Latin culture was cast against the servile religion of the Cross. As long as possible, the classical writers ignored it; and, when it could be ignored no longer, made their Latin the channel of the vilest calumnies and the most frenzied attacks upon it. Yet, in the course of Divine Providence, the Latin tongue came to be converted and baptised. It ceased to be the language of the court, only to become the language of the Church—the language of her liturgy, the language of her Councils, the language of her most illustrious doctors, the language of her Schools, the "lingua franca" of Christendom, from end to end, during the thousand years that Christendom remained one and undivided in faith.

Can it be "Converted"?

The conversion of the English tongue from the service of error to the service of truth is an enterprise no less important for the future of civilisation. The nations outside the sphere of Teutonic influence are already looking to the English-speaking peoples for leadership in the political and social reconstruction which must follow the return of peace. What sound shall the trumpet give forth? The old strain of crude "naturalism," with its appeal to our grosser and more selfish instincts? Or the clear call, which Catholicism alone can give, "to restore all things in Christ"?

Time was, and not so very long ago, when we might have despaired of making ourselves heard amid the hubbub of discordant and often hostile voices. Dr. Lingard complained, in his early days, that a Catholic writer could expect no notice except from the very limited circle of Catholic readers. He himself, by his epoch-making *History of England*, broke the blockade and encouraged others to follow him. Newman, a

much greater name, had already, before his conversion, caught the public ear; and, when he became a Catholic, continued to pour out volume upon volume, so matchless in style and so characteristically English in manner, that he is read, and must always be read, as a classic wherever our tongue is spoken. After these, more and more writers could be mentioned who have made their mark in various paths of literature and journalism, and have utilized their popularity to serve their creed; while the Catholic Truth Society, and several younger societies formed on the same model, have spread broadcast cheap but scholarly tracts, exhibiting the Catholic view of public questions as they arise. The boycott against us has been sensibly relaxed. We believe that it can be made to yield outright.

Statistics alone should give us courage. Out of a thousand residential Sees in the Catholic world, more than a third are located in the British and American dominions; and if many of these, at present, are like the cadres of an army before mobilisation, yet the Catholic subjects of these English-speaking Powers already number no less than *forty millions*, a total which will grow by leaps and bounds when the cadres fill up, as they are filling up rapidly everywhere. We have shown ourselves numerous enough and united enough, each in our own country, to vindicate our political rights. Are we not numerous enough, and can we not become united enough, to vindicate a hearing for Catholic views on reconstruction in the open field of public opinion?

War Lessons.

The war has taught us many lessons and provided many unexpected opportunities. We have learned, for instance, the methods and vital importance of "propaganda." In this, as in so many other ways, the enemy got the start of us; and before we realised what was happening, Prussia's agents had managed to capture the press in the neutral, and even to some extent in the Allied countries. Everywhere, in the early months at least, we found the Prussian legend in possession; and it is only now, somewhat late in the day, that our propaganda has overtaken the enemy's and begun to convert sympathy to our side. Is the "Manchester" legend, with its sordid belief in money and material efficiency, less noxious or more impregnable than the Prussian legend, or indeed very different from it? And should it not be possible to oust the one by copying the methods that have been successful in ousting the other? *Publicity* is all we want. Only secure publicity for the Catholic solution of the perplexing problems that confront mankind, and it will be instantly recognised as the right answer.

Another lesson of the war is the necessity of combination to ensure success. By isolated efforts we can hope to make small impression on the long entrenched front of the anti-Catholic tradition. But when we have learned to marshal and unify our forces, we shall not have to wait for palpable results. This is the ulterior object of our visit to the United States, and the justification of our lengthy absence from the diocese. The special occasion, as you are aware, is the episcopal golden jubilee of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, the last surviving Father of the Vatican Council, and, as his people call him, "the first citizen of the Republic." It is a privilege and an honor to be the bearer of our country's homage and congratulations to him. But we are expected to "improve the occasion" by cultivating cordial relations with our American brethren, with a view to winning the war, and co-operating with them in the re-fashioning of the world after the war. Held together as we are by the bond of faith; drawn closer, at this crisis, by the unique tie of comradeship in arms; animated by the same ideals of political and religious freedom, our unity of speech should sweep away the last barrier to combined action in the interests of the Church and mankind.

Meanwhile, beloved brethren, quite unforeseen opportunities of furthering the same cause are offered to the Catholics of the Homeland. In normal times, if we were very much in earnest about it, we should probably try to gather a Congress of English-speaking

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Catholics, assembling as many representatives as possible of our brethren from overseas. The grim chances of war have relieved us of that burden. Of its own accord, the English-speaking Catholic world has dumped itself in our midst; and our brethren have come from overseas, not in tens or twenties, but in thousands and hundreds of thousands—all the vigor of Catholic manhood in our colonies and in the mighty Republic of the West. They expect to grasp the hand of a fellow-Catholic wherever they find him; they look to be welcomed in our family circles; they are keen to mingle in our religious and social life; they radiate the enthusiasm and optimism of new civilisations; they are brimming over with that spirit of enterprise which is essential to business success, and no less indispensable to the success of our propaganda. Has there been ever before such an opportunity of extending and consolidating our influence? And, if we let it slip, can it be expected ever to return?

A "Publicity" Campaign.

This appeal to emulate, in the matter of the English tongue, the triumphs of Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. Jerome, and St. Augustine, in the matter of the Latin tongue, is based, not on insular prejudice or predilection, but on a plain fact. We do not contend for a moment that English culture monopolises all that is worth having. We sympathise with those who cling passionately to some ancient culture, perhaps in danger of extinction! But we point to the growing predominance of English speech in the modern civilised world, and ask confidently whether it would not be the height of folly to neglect such an effective weapon, so providentially placed in our hands? For, if means can be devised for enabling the three or four hundred English-speaking bishops, not only to rule each his own flock, but to formulate a common policy of social and industrial reconstruction on frankly Christian lines; if English-speaking writers and orators can command the attention of forty million fellow-Catholics, instead of as many hundreds; if the leaders of Catholic opinion in the States and Colonies become household names here, and ours there; if intercourse between our isolated and scattered churches can be made as frequent, cordial, and practical, as the intercourse between the still more isolated and scattered churches of the ancient Roman world; then we may face the uncertainties of the future in full confidence, for then the truth will be assured of that publicity which, as we have said, is the only human factor indispensable for its ultimate victory.

CHILDREN OF MARY, AUCKLAND

At the usual monthly meeting of St. Patrick's sodality of the Children of Mary, Auckland, held on Wednesday evening, April 9, the members had the pleasure of being addressed by Chaplain-Father Murphy (of Christchurch), recently returned from service abroad with the N.Z. Expeditionary Forces. The speaker, who was wearing the King's uniform, looked well. The subject of his address was an outline of his travels since donning khaki some two years ago, until his return, two weeks previously. Father Murphy kept his audience keenly interested throughout. First he graphically described his journey on the hospital ship Maheno to England, via the Cape of Good Hope,

during which voyage he said they experienced very heavy seas. The members present were glad to hear he was allowed sufficient time when he landed in England to visit his native land, before proceeding back, via Panama, to New Zealand. After a month's sojourn here, he again sailed for the Mother Country on one of the troopships, via Panama Canal, and after a short time in England proceeded to the war zone. The ships on which Father Murphy sailed were indeed fortunate in evading the vigilance of the menacing submarines, etc. He remained in France until the signing of the armistice, and just when the boys were making the march to the Rhine he had the misfortune to fall ill and was sent to hospital. He expressed regret at not having had the opportunity of visiting Germany. The Children of Mary were impressed by his high opinion of the New Zealand boys, who, to his mind, were the finest men he had met in his travels, and he vouched that they were among the best fighters who fought in France. He had many happy recollections of friendship which eventuated through association with our soldiers. In concluding his very interesting impromptu speech, he pointed out to the meeting our indebtedness to our soldiers who have done so much for us, and he appealed to the womanhood of New Zealand to now commence the reconstruction of this, "God's own country," by helping in every way the brave men who so gallantly offered their lives for our safety and freedom.

On behalf of the Children of Mary, the director (Father O'Byrne) thanked Father Murphy for his interesting and instructive, as well as entertaining, address.

Ashburton

(From our own correspondent.)

Following are the successful number of candidates in their respective grade presented by the Sisters of the Missions, of the Convent, Ashburton, in the practical examination, held recently in connection with the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M. (London) by Dr. Hathaway (examiner):—Advanced grade,—two; Intermediate,—one; Higher school,—one; Elementary —two, (violin) one; Primary—three, (violin) one.

Miss Ella Langley, aged 16 years, has distinguished herself this year in passing the following examinations—Civil Service and Matriculation, also Advanced Grade (Associated Board) and Higher Local (Trinity College). This young lady is preparing to proceed to the University, where she intends studying for the medical profession.

Be careful in your words and actions not to cause displeasure to anyone, no matter how inferior to yourself, unless duty, obedience, or charity force you to oppose him.—*Leo XIII.*

The songs my mother taught to me
I learned while perched upon her knee;
And though they be but simple rhymes,
I croon them fondly still at times.
'Tis then I realise and know
The debt of love to her I owe;
And how well justified and sure
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DE VALERA: THE HERO OF SINN FEIN

A capacity for the quiet management of emotional men and women, never before displayed so completely by any Irish leader, and a born mathematician's sense of proportion applied to politics afford the combination that seems to explain the career of Eamonn de Valera to mystified London newspapers (says *Current Opinion* for February). He is a man of genius, however misapplied, if we are to be guided by the *London News*, while the Manchester *Guardian* thinks that anywhere but in Ireland he would now be a statesman in responsible office, swaying the destinies of his country. In a period so short that he remains still a character unfamiliar and mysterious, he has converted an obscure and proscribed revolutionary society into the dominant Irish political party. He has routed the entrenched leadership of the Redmonds and the Dillons, the O'Briens and the Devlins all combined. He has revolutionised the attitude of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, at one time openly hostile to him. He has composed feud after feud within his following through his perfect sympathy with Irish human nature and a rare comprehension of its merits and defects. Results of this sort, as the Liberal Manchester organ remarks, are never achieved by mediocrities, and those British newspapers which at first hailed de Valera as an interloper and a foreigner, coming from nowhere and representing nothing, are now inclined to agree that, humiliating as it must be to the politicians in London, he has matched his wits against theirs and made even the great Lloyd George, to say nothing of Sir Edward Carson, seem a trifle inefficient by comparison.

The mystery in which the name and the career of de Valera are involved include his present whereabouts. Nobody seems to know definitely, so rigid is the Irish censorship, whether he is in gaol or out of it or just what part of Ireland he calls home. The prison experiences of the past four or five years have aged the man, our contemporary says, and he now looks, with his lined and pinched face, somewhat older than his thirty-seven years. He is fine-looking still, says the *London News*, although he was never handsome, like Parnell in his prime, or aristocratically elegant, like the martyr Emmet. Nature seems to have given him the heavy build of O'Connell, but he has not grown fat, like that liberator. The wide open eyes of de Valera, set far apart, are large and staring, forming an essential feature of the physiognomical impression as a whole. The lips are firm and compressed in repose. The nose is slightly hawklike, and the skin by its swarthy reveals the Iberian descent. The father of de Valera is understood to have been a political refugee from Spain when he met and married the Irish girl who was to become the mother of the Sinn Fein hero.

The little boy received the name of Edmond in baptism, not Eamonn. He learned to lisp the English tongue in America. When he first arrived in Bruree, in County Limerick, he was only six. He spoke Spanish and French from childhood, and in Ireland he learned to ride like a centaur and to swim and to shoot. He was educated at a big school near the college of Blackrock. His mother despised the English all her life, and from the first he was passionately Irish, with a strong tendency to play with tin soldiers. He must have the linguistic gift, for it is affirmed that he could speak Gaelic with fluency when he was only twelve. His mathematical genius—the most astonishing of his endowments—disclosed itself when he was seventeen, and he thought at one time of becoming an astronomer. Before he had passed on to the college of Blackrock he was applying mathematical formulas to every conceivable problem. His sense of proportion and of order, his foresight, his constructiveness, his ability to plan far ahead, are aspects, to all who know him, of his mathematical genius. He was a successful tutor in consequence, and he astonished the examiners, when applying for his degree, with abstruse calculations of planetary weights that revealed no error at any stage of intricate computations that filled reams of paper. In a quieter period of history, writes one who knows

him to a London paper, he might have become a Newton or worked out fresh theories of dynamics. He seems to have thought at one time of going into the army, for his military aptitudes, among his followers at any rate, are rated high indeed.

His ringing laugh, his athletic prowess, unexpected in one of his romantic and poetical personal appearance, and the alertness of his manner do not suggest the brooder over figures. He is a brilliant talker, says the *London News*, and he seems to have no reserve on the subject of his dreams of glory for Ireland. His courage is beyond question and he readily faced death at Boland's bakery in the "revolution." He rallies his men under fire as only one with the gift of command and of inspiration can. He received a death sentence calmly, with one of his favorite works, the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, under his arm. He was not in the least moved, his gaolers reported, when a reprieve was read to him in his cell. It would be erroneous to infer that he is cold or impassive. He is emotional but self-controlled. Naturally he is nervous. At times he talks incessantly. His temperament is sanguine, not to say enthusiastic. He is lucky in having that fine physique, for it shows up conspicuously before an audience and prejudices every observer in his favor. His oratory is a blend of the sarcastic, the anecdotal, the polished, the enthusiastic. The spark of fire flashes early from it. He does not rant either. Indignation flames. The soul shines forth from the flashing dark eyes. Such are the impressions of reporters for the London press.

He has a tragic platform manner. He conveys or communicates emotion with his arms, now folded across his breast or again held behind him until they wave in the air as he darts forward at a decisive moment. One derives an impression of youth, precisely as in the time of the orthodox Home Rulers of the Redmond school one beheld middle-age or grey and bespectacled maturity talking about castle government in slightly cracked accents. There is nothing cracked in the accents of de Valera, although there is an occasional hoarseness. He has moments of oratorical frenzy when he seems anything but the cool and calculating geometrician. He might occasionally be deemed diffuse, if not incoherent and irresponsible. In a moment more he is calm, collected, narrating some fresh instance of British stupidity.

Stupidity, as the *London World* says, is the indictment of the British always when de Valera is called upon to frame it. There are moments when de Valera goes so far as to say that the British are not even ordinarily bad. They are simply stupid. The topic is dwelt upon with a wealth of felicitous illustration from the Irish point of view. It is one of the paradoxes of his situation that de Valera is personally quite popular with many of the English in Ireland. He has not the cold aloofness of Parnell in dealing with everybody, his own followers included, nor yet the somewhat aristocratic hauteur of the late John Redmond, suggesting the English country gentleman, nor the vehement hatred of all things British that characterised Daniel O'Connell. In fact, de Valera can be good-natured, if sarcastic, in his allusions to the English. "The English," he is quoted as having said at East Mayo, "are not like the Bourbons, who never learned anything and who never forgot anything. The English learn many things but they never know how to apply their knowledge. When a German learns anything he proceeds to apply the knowledge; but an Englishman lets his knowledge accumulate in his head until it has become solid." De Valera's favorite illustration of the stupidity of the English is drawn from the state of Ireland, a country very easily governed, he insists, inhabited by a people who respect strong government intelligently administered. In fact, de Valera's observations upon the English would make an interesting volume, especially as he affirms that, instead of hating them, he really loves them at a distance. At Dublin he predicted once that when the English put him to death they will in their stupidity impart a superfluously sanguinary character to the act.

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ON THE LAND

The establishment of a Chair of Agriculture at Canterbury College was discussed by the North Canterbury Executive of the Farmers' Union at its recent meeting, when it was resolved to wait on the College Board and ask that a chair should be established. Mr. D. Jones said that New Zealand farmers were in a worse position in regard to agricultural education than the farmers of the most progressive countries. There had been some talk of a Chair of Forestry, and if the two subjects could be combined, it would be an excellent thing. The union could confidently ask the board to consider the proposal not only because Canterbury was the agricultural centre of New Zealand, but also because Canterbury College had large land endowments which would benefit by improved agricultural methods.

THE HONEY CROP: THE SEASON REVIEWED.

The Director of the Horticultural Division of the Department of Agriculture has received from the Apiary Instructors the following report concerning the honey crop prospects:—

Auckland.—Large quantities of honey for export are now arriving at the grading store in Auckland. The quality generally appears good. Local prices remain unchanged. Beeswax is in demand at from 2s to 2s 3d per lb.

Wellington. At the time of writing there is still a quantity of honey being gathered by the bees. The summer is likely to prove late in closing, thus giving a lengthened opportunity to the gatherers. The crop has been fair to good, and anything gathered from now onward will not materially affect the output. A number of small consignments are arriving at the grading stores for export. Prices are not so firm as formerly, owing to large consignments of Californian arriving on the English markets. Section honey is scarce, and beeswax is bringing 2s 3d per lb.

Christchurch and Dunedin.—The season is practically finished. Extracting is still engaging the attention of beekeepers in some districts, but the bulk of the crop has been secured. Consignments for export are now coming forward. As previously reported, the crop in Southland is a failure, consequently none is available for export. The quality of the honey this season is excellent, as is usual when the clover blooms freely. Prices are firm, sections to 8s 6d per dozen. Pat honey: None forward. Beeswax is in strong demand, and is quoted at 2s per lb.

WINTER FEED.

During the course of an article in the *Journal of the Department of Agriculture* Mr. A. McTaggart, M.Sc., A.C., writes:—

The provision of winter feed in quantity sufficient to carry live stock satisfactorily through that period of the year is a matter that should, particularly in certain districts, be given more consideration. In some parts the condition in which dairy cattle, for instance, struggle through to the spring is deplorable; and this is due to neglect on the part of their owners to provide the all-necessary winter feed. The climate of certain of these districts is highly suitable for the growing of suitable forage crops, and this is so to some extent

even in the winter period itself. Apart from the provision of such feed in the form of hay, ensilage, or roots (mangolds, swedes, and turnips), in most parts of the country arrangements may be made for the growing in winter of certain forage crops, and their possession during this period by any farmer can be turned to profitable use, whether for feeding dairy cattle, beef cattle, or sheep. Among such crops may be mentioned Buda kale, thousand-headed kale, emerald rye, and winter vetches, prairie grass (*bromus unioloides*) and crimson clover, Western Wolths rye-grass (for strong lands), oats and vetches, oats and field peas, and dun oats. The last-named and emerald rye and winter vetches are perhaps the only crops that will grow during the winter experienced in the southern districts of the Dominion, whereas all grow elsewhere during this period. With the climatic and soil fertility conditions possessed by New Zealand there should be no excuse for live stock to any extent wanting food. Most districts grow roots well, and where hay cannot be made ensilage can be provided. Where, owing to unforeseen circumstances or other causes, all three cannot be produced, winter feed, embracing certain of the crops mentioned, may still be grown.

Ensilage-making affords an economical means of conserving surplus feed, produced in seasons of good rainfall, for use during winter or during dry seasons that follow. In Australia ensilage has been kept for a period of ten years, and at the end of that period was still palatable and otherwise satisfying to stock. Such conserved fodder is of special value to prevailingly or seasonally dry sections of the country. The extensive practice of this principle of surplus-feed conservation and the adoption of ensilage-making generally in districts unsuited for haymaking, thus present further means of increasing the country's agricultural output.

Summer forage—in the form of maize, millets, sorghums, oats, and vetches, or oats and peas—serves to materially supplement the pasture when dried up somewhat in late summer and early autumn. This provision of abundance of succulent green feed for cutting and carting out to dairy cattle tends to keep up the milk-yield, and hence, if generally carried out, will considerably augment the output of dairy products throughout the Dominion. Lucerne produces the same stimulating effect, and is of great value in feeding in any form to all live stock, summer or winter. The growing of this fodder wherever possible throughout the country will vastly increase agricultural production, so palatable and nutritious is it to all kinds of farm animals. Its perennial supply of the most nourishing of animal foods, when once the crop is established, and its suitability for providing feed in form of pasture, green feed, hay, and ensilage, render it easily the most valuable forage crop in the agricultural world. Where lucerne cannot be grown successfully red clover can be substituted, also with excellent results.

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MR. WILSON AND IRELAND

Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, M.P., called on February 11, at the Hotel Murat, Paris, and asked for an interview with President Wilson. He was asked to hand in a memorandum stating the object of the visit. He did so, saying that he had been commissioned by the Dublin Corporation to inquire why it was that no reply had been received to its offer to confer the freedom of the city on the President, and also that he had a commission to request that the President would use his influence to ensure the submission of Ireland's case for self-determination to the Peace Conference.

Subsequently President Wilson left Paris for America. Mr. O'Kelly has not yet received a reply to his communication. The *Irish Independent* says: "On Friday, February 14, Mr. O'Kelly called at Mr. Wilson's headquarters, and asked if a reply was to be expected.

Mr. Hoover, who saw Mr. Kelly, said the letter had been received, but that Mr. Wilson had not had time to deal with the matters referred to therein. Mr. Hoover further explained that owing to the President's approaching departure from Paris and to the heavy correspondence he had had to dispose of it was impossible for an immediate reply to be sent.

Mr. O'Kelly next raised the question of no acknowledgment having been made to the communication of the Lord Mayor of Dublin so far back as December 28 (offering the freedom of the city to President Wilson) or to the telegrams of the Town Clerk.

Mr. Hoover appeared taken aback at this, and admitted that the matter was one requiring investigation.

and he promised personally to go into it. "I cannot myself understand," added Mr. Hoover, "why an acknowledgment has not been sent—it must be due to some unfortunate misunderstanding."

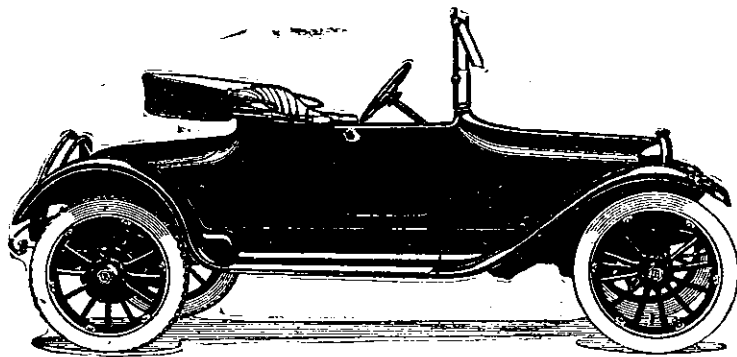
Thereupon Mr. O'Kelly pointed out that in the meantime replies had been sent to the Lord Mayors of Belfast and Cork and to the heads of other municipalities in Ireland. That proved, Mr. Hoover contended, that there was no intention of slighting Ireland or its capital, an argument that was not appreciated by Mr. O'Kelly, who again referred to the different unanswered communications from Dublin.

Mr. Hoover merely repeated what he had already said, adding an assurance that there was nothing "malicious" in the delay. So the matter stood at the moment when the President had actually embarked at Brest.

The Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe, in a letter to the *Irish Independent* says: "For the honor of America, let us hope that this much-lauded man may not turn out to be as big a humbug as the best of them."

Your desires resemble restless children who are always asking for something as they surround their mother. The more you give them the more importunate they will be.—*St. John of the Cross.*

It is not, after all, a smattering of chemistry or an acquaintance with the habits of bees which will carry our children through life; but the capacity for doing what they do not want to do if it be a thing which needs to be done.—*Agnes Repplier.*



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THE CHURCH IN NEW ZEALAND

HISTORICAL NOTES.

A marble tablet in the front wall of a little memorial chapel in the Nelson Cemetery briefly tells us of the fruitful pastorate of Nelson's first parish priest (writes an esteemed correspondent). From April, 1850, until April, 1889, Father Garin labored untiringly for the advancement of our holy religion in this large and scattered district. "He was the first to build schools for the education of its youth." In these words the memorial speaks of the debt owed him by all the pioneer families of Nelson, for Father Garin's were the first provincial schools.

In 1848 the Catholics erected on Government land a little cottage to serve as a mixed school. The modest outlay was £20. The first chapel, which was built in 1847 and opened on Easter Sunday, was afterwards transferred from the hilltop given by the New Zealand Company to the site adjoining Father Garin's dwelling (originally a store belonging to the company). This chapel was used during the week as a mixed school for children of all denominations, of whom 40 were on the roll of 1850. The following year the school was placed in charge of Mr. McQuade, who took up his residence with Father Garin. The school fees were not sufficient to warrant other arrangements.

About the same time Miss O'Dowd took over the charge of the girls' school. Two years later these teachers were succeeded by Mr. Horrigan and Mrs. Clark, their respective classes numbering 38 and 40. At this stage Father Garin was asked by the Committee of Education to favor them with his views on the subject of a scheme of education for the province. The case for Government assistance was plainly stated, the pastor insisting that all well-conducted schools giving a certain amount of secular instruction should receive a grant. More than this, he considered the Government should not interfere with the religious instruction given, nor with the management of the schools. To meet the case of children whose parents objected to the religious instruction imparted, only primary secular instructions should be given them. In 1856, Father Garin's claim was made good, and £60 was received by him as a capitation grant. This enabled the existing school to be substantially enlarged, and the first half of the church having been erected, the school was no longer required to serve its dual purpose.

Father Garin was then approached by the council with the request that he should bring his school under the operation of the new Education Act. This he steadfastly refused to do so long as his terms were not conceded. Chief among these was that religious instruction should be given during school hours. As the council would not yield Father Garin continued his school as a private school, and although many non-Catholics attended, he was proud to have kept it free from Protestant books, doctrines, and teachers. Mr. and Mrs. Richards having now taken charge of the schools, an addition was built to the girls' school at a cost of £70, for their accommodation.

In 1861 Father Garin acquired for school purposes a cottage built by Mr. Richards near the girls' school. For this he paid £44. After having successfully maintained St. Mary's Schools for seventeen years, Father Garin decided, in 1867, to place them under the Government system. This he was induced to do chiefly through the increasing difficulty of competing with the Government schools, which, with adequate means at their disposal, had made remarkable progress. The parishioners, too, were tiring of bearing the burden of supporting schools of their own while paying at the same time the education tax. Father Garin secured the right to have an exclusively Catholic committee, to elect his own teachers, and to choose the school class books. Under this arrangement two teachers were appointed, the salaries paid by the Government being £180 and £80 respectively. Steps were next taken with a view to building a select school in readiness for the

Sisters. This school was completed in 1868. The subscription list represented £289, and the total cost was £657. Father Garin made up the difference and also paid the passage money of the first three Sisters (£325).

In 1871 a new schoolroom for girls was commenced at a cost of £444. On February 9, 1871, five Sisters arrived in Nelson, and on February 26 the convent was blessed. The new school was opened in the February of the following year. By means of a bazaar and art union and direct donations the sum of £883 was raised for the school improvements. During the first two years of the Sisters' residence further expenses amounting to £216 were incurred. The select school had accommodation for 70 pupils, and ten boarders were also provided for. Another building was erected for school purposes, two rooms with a sliding partition serving as a classroom for 100 day scholars, the upstairs as a dormitory for 16 boarders. The schoolmaster's residence was let to a family for the purpose of receiving orphans, the idea, later realised, being to found an orphanage in part supported by Government. In the year 1872 there were in attendance at the girls' school 100 pupils, at the boys' about 70. There were then two orphan girls at the convent and three boys with Mrs. Traynor. The Government paid for the five at the rate of one shilling per diem for each child. Father Garin was required to meet all the usual expenses.

This necessarily fragmentary account of Father Garin's early work may fittingly close with an extract from the *N.Z. Tablet* reporting the opening of the new St. Mary's Orphanage:—"Father Garin's memory and his work are still a benediction among the widely scattered little flock of the faithful in the Nelson Province."

An historic building in the annals of Catholicism in Wellington is at present disappearing in the demolition of St. Patrick's Hall in Boulcott Street, for many years the meeting-place of Catholic bodies in Wellington Central. This building, which is being removed in order to clear the site for the new St. Mary of the Angels' Church, was erected in the early eighties as a presbytery to the parish church, then presided over by the late Rev. Father Kerrigan. It was so used until the new presbytery was erected on the same block, but a little higher up Boulcott Street. When that building was erected the old presbytery was used as a Sunday school and for the holding of parish meetings and social functions, and served its purpose well.

The church, which has so lately disappeared, was built of timber between forty and fifty years ago from a design by Mr. Clayton, Sir Julius Vogel's father-in-law, and at the time the first Government architect. Mr. Clayton was a man of considerable taste, but unfortunately his work was chiefly in wood and not much of it remains. The Government Building, containing the Departmental offices, is the chief. The church, however, under notice, when it left Mr. Clayton's hands, was a model building—cruciform in plan, and having a tower and spire at the intersection of the nave and transepts. In style, it was early English, inasmuch as the windows were lancet-headed, and the general proportions were what might have been expected of a thirteenth century architect to have adopted had he been building at the present day, and with the materials at Mr. Clayton's disposal.

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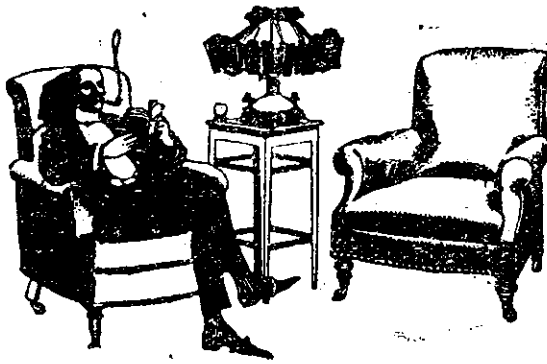
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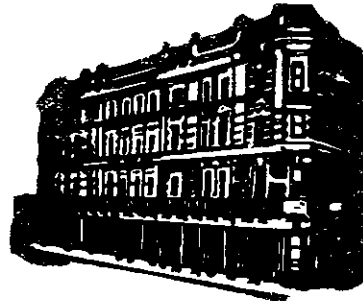
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Egg Dish.

Cut some hard-boiled eggs in slices, lay them on a well-buttered dish, with grated Parmesan or other cheese, a little black pepper, and some salt; sprinkle breadcrumbs over. Put the dish in an oven, and serve when it begins to brown.

Ground Rice Mould.

2 tablespoonfuls ground rice, 1 egg, 1 pint milk, rind of half a lemon grated. Mix the rice with a little cold milk, boil with pint of milk and the rind of a lemon. Sweeten to taste, and pour into a mould. Serve cold with stewed fruit or preserve.

Snow Cake.

Take half a cup butter, one cup sugar, one and a half cups flour, half a cup sweet milk, the whites of four eggs, and one heaped tablespoonful baking powder sifted with the flour. Flavor to taste. Beat the butter and sugar together, add the eggs, and the milk and flour alternately. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Tapioca Cream.

Required: One quart of milk, half a lemon rind, two ounces of sugar, one ounce and a half crushed tapioca, four eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of cream. If a small mould is required, half the above ingredients will be needed only. Boil the milk and lemon rind, sweeten, and when quite boiling stir in the crushed tapioca, and let all cook gently for three-quarters of an hour. Beat the yolks of eggs and gradually mix with the tapioca, etc. Let the mixture cool a little, whip the cream, and add it carefully. Fill a border mould with this and turn out to serve. Fill the inside with a compote of fruit.

Curried Tomatoes.

Peel and slice some tomatoes, put a layer in a greased pudding-dish, sprinkle with salt, curry powder, and bits of butter. Spread over the tomatoes a thin layer of washed raw rice, add more tomatoes, seasonings, and rice, until the dish is full, having a top layer of tomatoes. Use a cupful of rice, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of curry powder, and two tablespoonfuls of butter to a two-quart dish, filling it with tomatoes. Cover, and bake one hour; fifteen minutes before serving add some breadcrumbs moistened in dripping and let brown. This is substantial enough for the chief dish of a hearty meal.

To Wash Silk and Merino Stockings.

Lay the stockings in a soap lather, and rub the soiled parts gently with the hands. Then rinse thoroughly; this part of the process is not always completely done, and, if omitted, the stockings are disagreeable to wear. Wring them dry in a cloth, turning them wrong side out. Do not iron silk stockings, but when they are almost dry stretch and rub them in the hands, and bring them into shape. Ironing makes an ugly crease down the centre, and does not improve the appearance at all. Always have merino stockings ironed with a cool iron before folding them.

Household Hints.

To detect water in milk, dip a polished knitting needle into the vessel containing the milk. If it is pure, a drop of the milk will cling to the needle; if water is present the needle will be clean.

Cakes with baking-powder in them must be placed in the oven as soon as possible after mixing. Never beat a cake of this kind; merely mix it well.

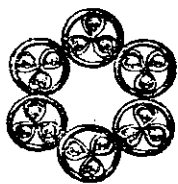
To clean bronze, make the article very hot by placing it in boiling water, then clean it well with a piece of flannel dipped in soap suds. Dry with a chamois leather.



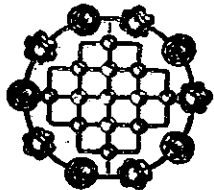
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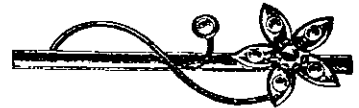
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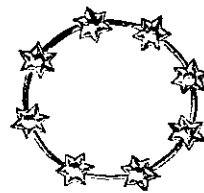
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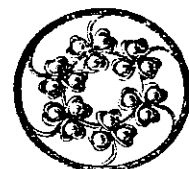
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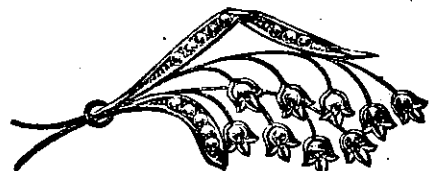
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WHAT ENGLAND HAS DONE FOR INDIA

— (By RAM CHANDRA, in *The Open Court*.)

The English first went to India for the purpose of extending their trade. The East India Company was formed for commercial purposes alone and the operations of that company were the scandal of the civilised world. The proceedings of the trial of Warren Hastings are a sufficient exemplification of this fact. The House of Lords in the end acquitted Warren Hastings, in spite of his crimes, because of his services in extending the dominion of the Empire. Eventually Great Britain assumed possession of India, ostensibly on account of the iniquities of the East India Company. All this was accomplished by stirring up antagonism between different sections of the country, setting one prince against another, one religious sect against another, and in the name of local interests constantly contriving to extend the British influence. The people were deceived. They were too simple, trusting, and generous. England posed as a benefactor, and the people not being suspicious of foreigners, as were the Japanese, gave them a free hand for their machinations. They embraced the benefactor only to find themselves bound hand and foot, helpless at the feet of a rapacious despoiler. What followed may best be described in the words of Adam Brooks, in *Laws of Civilisation and Decay*, who says:

"Very soon after the battle of Plassey (fought in 1757), the Bengal plunder began to arrive in London and the effect appears to have been almost instantaneous. Probably since the world began, no investment has yielded the profit from the Indian plunder. The amount of treasure wrung from the conquered people and transferred from India to English banks between Plassey and Waterloo (fifty-seven years) has been variously estimated at from 2,500,000,000 to 5,000,000,000 dollars. The methods of plunder and embezzlement by which every Briton in India enriched himself during the earlier history of the East India Company gradually passed away, but the drain did not pass away. The difference between the earlier day and the present is that India's tribute to England is obtained by 'indirect methods' under forms of law."

In judging the effect of foreign rule upon any people, the three most important factors to be considered are:

First: The influence upon industry, or the economic effect.

Second: The influence upon education.

Third: The influence upon the development of political life, or preparation for self-government.

As to the influence of Great Britain upon India's industries, I will quote from the late Mr. G. K. Gokhale, C.I.E., a member of the Imperial Legislative Council of the Viceroy. Professor Gokhale says:

"When we come to this question of India's industrial domination by England, we come to what may be described as the most deplorable result of British rule in this country. In other matters there are things on the credit side and things on the debit side.

But when you come to the industrial field you will find that the results have been disastrous."

Briefly stated, the facts are these:

A distinct policy of taxation and tariff was adopted by which raw material was prevented from being first turned into manufactures in India, thus causing it to be transported to England for that purpose and

the manufactured products then returned to be sold in India, thus enabling English merchants to secure double profits. In this way some 40 million Hindus were thrown out of work and forced into agriculture.

In agriculture practically nothing has been done to improve conditions, it remains in its primitive state; the inhabitants are still using the old wooden ploughs; very little had been done for irrigation. But taxation has steadily increased until at the present time a Hindu farmer is obliged to pay from 50 per cent. to 60 per cent. of his annual product to the government. As a result of this constant and incredible drain, the most widespread and terrible poverty prevails throughout India. The average income of a Hindu is 27 rupees (9 dollars) according to Lord Curzon, and 15 rupees (5 dollars) according to Sir William Digby. India is now in a state of perpetual famine. From 1891 to 1900 not less than 19,000,000 died of starvation. This is not all. On account of the weakened condition of the people they have fallen victim to disease in incredible numbers. According to Sir William Digby, 15,000,000 also died of plague and malaria during the above period. (See *Prosperous British India*, by Sir William Digby). This makes a total equal to one-third the population of the United States. All of this could have been prevented by proper government measures. England is responsible for it all. Prior to the English occupation, no such poverty, famine, or plague were ever known in India. In fact, it is the direct result of the measures taken by England to absorb to herself the wealth of India.

The following are the official figures concerning the famines of India:—

Famines Before the British Rule.

11th century	...	2	both local
13th century	...	1	around Delhi
14th century	...	3	all local
15th century	...	2	both local
16th century	...	3	all local
17th century	...	3	general area not defined.
18th century	...	4	to 1754, North-western Province, Delhi, Sindh (twice, all local).

Famines Under the British Rule During the Nineteenth Century.

1800-1825	...	5	nearly 1,000,000 deaths
1825-1850	...	2	nearly 500,000 deaths
1850-1875	...	6	nearly 5,000,000 deaths
1875-1900	...	18	nearly 25,000,000 deaths

The above figures are taken from *Prosperous British India*, by Sir William Digby (publication in India prohibited). Even in 1915 and 1916, there was almost a constant famine in Bankura, Bengal, and in Rajputana.

As to education, what has England done? She has established five universities—this in a country with 300,000,000 inhabitants. For general public education she has done very little. The five universities were established for the sole purpose of preparing Hindus to fill certain subordinate positions in the Government service. High fees were fixed, so that only the children of the wealthy could attend, and but few of them. As to the masses, Lord Curzon said it would not be wise to educate them, it might cause sedition. Even where movements have been set on foot among the Hindus themselves to secure public education along modern lines, and where they have offered to defray all expenses by an increase in local taxation, the answer of the Government has been, "We do not think it necessary."

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In 1910 a movement was started by prominent Hindu and Mohammedan leaders to raise funds for the purpose of establishing two independent universities, one under Hindu and the other under Mohammedan auspices. The Government agreed to grant charters provided a sum was collected equal to four million dollars for each institution. In 1914 the money had been raised and the Maharaja of Durbhanga and the Raja of Mahmudabad went to the Government at Simla and made application for the charters. Sir Harcourt Butler, Minister of Education, refused to grant the charters except under conditions by which the Government would appoint the *instructors*, and in fact *control* the universities in every respect. This was a great disappointment. After much discussion the Government induced the Hindus to accept the conditions, but the Mohammedans up to this time have refused.

In the past two years several hundred private schools have been closed by the government under various pretexts. Instead of increasing education it is being diminished. After one hundred and fifty years of British rule not more than 10 per cent. of the inhabitants know how to read and write.

After the above, it is hardly necessary to deny that England has done anything toward preparing the Hindus for self-government. India is ruled by a viceroy who gets double the pay of the President of the United States. The Council of the Viceroy contains some Hindu members, but the majority are always Englishmen and the Hindu members consist of princes and title holders who are not sympathetic with the people. The government is strictly autocratic. The masses of the people have nothing to do with it except to obey its mandates. In Civil Service there are only 65 Hindus employed as compared with 1200 Englishmen, or slightly more than 5 per cent. In fact, the policy of the government is to prevent the idea of self-government arising among the people.

The United States came into the possession of the Philippine Islands and after some fifteen years of occupation 60 per cent. of the Filipinos are educated according to the most improved methods. The product of their work formed one of the most superior educational exhibits at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. Congress has definitely adopted a programme which will lead in a few years to complete self-government in the Philippines. Industry there is being reconstructed according to most modern methods, and the Filipinos are looking forward to a career of prosperity and freedom.

On the other hand, after one hundred and fifty years of opportunity England has done nothing for India, and the land lies desolate in poverty and ignorance. During the past fifty years the Hindus have begged England to change her policy and begin to do something for India's benefit. Since the only response is the same old policy of pretence and suppression, they are at last rising in revolt. No promises of reform will be of any avail; the fire of liberty is spreading and sooner or later the country will be free.

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THE FAMINE WIND

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

The land lay alone in the twilight,
And ever each hill and slim spire
Fell the quiet ash of the darkness
From the sun's long embers of fire.

The peasants in every cottage
Buildd their fires of peat,
Singing the songs of their country,
Fierce, and lonely, and sweet.

From out the four corners of twilight,
A wind blew in from the shore,
A wind so great and so dreary
Had never been known before.

It cried at a window in Antrim,
It caught at a Connacht hasp,
It sobbed to a fisher in Munster,
And startled his net from his grasp.

And the land alone in the twilight
Heard the innocent terror of men,
And the question of birds and of children
And she knew not the answer then.

But when in the day of her hunger,
She saw 'neath the stricken skies,
The pale, dead mouths of the striplings,
And the children's hollow eyes.

She remembered the moaning twilight,
And the wind in the furze and trees,
With its strange and pitiful warning
Of unspeakable agonies.

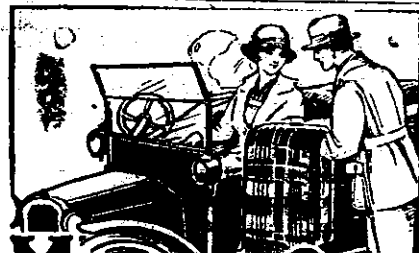
And she knew that the King of sorrows,
With His sceptre of pain and loss,
Had touched her brow as an equal,
And said, "Thou must bear the Cross."

Then remembering the olive garden,
And the hours of His passion blind,
He had come to earth in His grieving,
And wept along the wind.

—E. D.

THE NEGRO NUNS OF NEW ORLEANS.

One of the most picturesque sights of the *Veux Carre* of New Orleans is the Negro nun. Come upon her where you will and as often as you may, she is ever a fresh delight. Her demure, downcast face, her severe garb, and, above all, that snowy bonnet, in striking contrast with that black face, make something so vastly different from what we are accustomed to in the women of her race. One of the Sisterhoods is that of the Holy Family, domiciled in Orleans Street, in the great grey brick building not a stone's throw from the blossomy Close of the St. Louis Cathedral. The building used to be the Orleans Theatre. In its great rooms were held famous quadron balls. But ring the bell of that door now, and, as at her invitation you walk across the tessellated hallway, it is impossible to so wrench the mind as to realise that vanished past—so sharply drawn is the difference between it and the present. This particular Order was founded before the war by three rich, intelligent free women of color. Its work is altogether good. Its first care is that of orphaned children, then of those whose natural guardians are neglectful or cruel. Very sensibly these Sisters do not pay over-much attention to book education. The catechism, of course, but after that a little learning in their opinion goes a long way. They strive to give the children a good industrial training, and it is a matter of common report that the Catholic-bred Negro is generally the most trustworthy of all domestics.



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It is what the Zealander Oven ensures because the heat is evenly distributed and can be regulated to a nicety. Meats leave it tender and juicy, and Cakes and Scones never fail to rise, but are always light and deliciously toothsome.

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The Family Circle

THE BEAUTY OF WORTH.

Once I knew a little girl,
 Very plain;
 You might try her hair to curl,
 All in vain.
 On her cheek no tint of rose
 Paled and blushed or sought repose:
 She was plain.

But the thoughts that through her brain
 Came and went,
 Were a sure reward for pain
 Heaven-sent;
 So full many a beauteous thing,
 In her young soul blossoming,
 Gave content.

Every thought was full of grace,
 Pure and true;
 And in time that open face
 Lovelier grew;
 With a heavenly radiance bright,
 From the soul's reflected light
 Shining through.

So I tell you, little child,
 Plain or poor,
 If your thoughts are kind and mild,
 You are sure
 Of the loveliness of worth:
 And this beauty, not of earth,
 Will endure.

—Ave Maria.

"YOU CAN'T DO IT."

Don't be discouraged by croakers who, without wisdom or experience, tell you that a certain thing cannot be done or that you are sure to fail if you attempt it. Don't let them bluff you. Get the advice of people who know, take every care to insure to success, and then, if the venture looks good, try it. It is usually better to try and fail, than never to have tried at all. And usually, if you have used good judgment, you will not fail, the croakers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Many people do not have enough confidence in their own judgment to back it vigorously, courageously. They allow every adverse criticism to unsettle their decision and turn them from their course.

Multitudes of men to-day who are either utter failures or only half-way successes, plodding along in mediocrity, might have done splendid work if they had only learned to trust their own judgment.

No matter what you do, some one will differ with you, criticise, find fault, or tell you that you should have done just the opposite.

I never knew (says a writer) a person to get very far in any direction who never dared to act upon his own judgment, who was always consulting others, relying on other people's opinions as to what he should or should not do, what he could or could not accomplish.

"You can't do it," has made more men with good ability fail, or kept them in mediocrity, than almost any other thing.

"You can't do it" will meet you everywhere in life. At every new turn you propose to take you will find some one to warn you away, telling you not to take that road, that it is "impossible" to go over it, or else that it will lead to failure.

Depart from precedent in any line; try to do things in a new way, to adopt new methods, new machinery, new devices, and the slaves of precedent, worshippers of the old and the tried, who are always in the majority, will tell you not to do it, that it is a foolish expense, a doubtful experiment.

Whenever an employee decides to start out for himself, "You can't do it" will be dinned in his ears by those who really believe they are his friends.

"You can't do it" confronts the ambitious struggler whenever he attempts to get ahead, to better his condition. "You can't do it," has kept tens of thousands of poor boys from getting a college education; has kept innumerable men from developing their inherent strength and measuring up to the limit of their natural ability.

"You can't do it," has immeasurably retarded the progress of the human race. All the progress that has been made was made in spite of the "You can't" philosophy. The "impossible" has been accomplished by those who scouted it, trusted their own judgment, and fared boldly forth on their own strength.

It is all a question of self-reliance and courage. These are the miracle-workers.

"You can't do it" doesn't phaze those who believe in themselves, who are made of winning material.

THE ART OF KEEPING FRIENDS.

The faculty of keeping friends is the secret of the success of many persons. It is not enough to be able to make them. It is a comparatively easy matter to win regard and favor with a pleasing exterior and even the framework of a well-stocked mind. A real friendship and the only kind worthy of struggle and sacrifice, is a priceless possession, and he is rich indeed who cannot count his friends on the fingers of one hand. It is customary, however, to speak lightly of friendship and to refer to another as a friend when an acquaintance is meant. People who rise to power and influence are usually those who have retained their friends. They are "the same yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow," and prosperity does not change them. The friends of long ago are theirs for aye.

DON'T WORRY.

Not all worry is preventable, but for the most part it can be avoided. Most of our fears are never realised, and, as a rule, if we meet our troubles day by day, as they come, without worrying about them before they arrive or fretting over them after they have passed, we will find that we have the strength to rise above them. Worry undermines the health to a certain extent. It really weakens the mental forces by tiring them out by doing nothing. Usually the relief from worry rests with the victim of this unhappy habit himself, but sometimes the real causes are not the ones which seem to explain the condition, and we must go deep into our lives or have the assistance of those who are skilled in unravelling mental processes.

Use your mental gifts to better purpose than to worry over things which come into every normal adult life. Think of others, forgetting yourself. The best thought one can have, if he really wishes to get out of the worry class, is: Worry makes a man unpopular with his fellow men and in his home life. No one likes to be considered a bore, yet where will you find a greater bore than the man or woman who is continually whining over fancied worries? Friend and foe alike shun them. Families, alas! cannot flee before the worrier, but they welcome his absence from the home, for then, and then only, can they let the blessed sunshine of good cheer and peace into the household.

TROUBLES OF A COLLECTOR.

A merchant had made use of one of his young clerks in the stead of his regular collector, who was ill.

When the young man returned from his rounds, his employer observed that he looked rather down in the mouth.

"Have any luck?" asked the merchant.

"So-so," replied the young man listlessly.

"How about that Jones bill? I suppose you collected that. You said that Mr. Jones was a friend of yours."

"Well, sir," said the clerk, "I don't know whether to rejoice or not at my success with Mr. Jones."

"What do you mean?"

"This, sir. When I went in and said, 'Mr. Jones, I have called to speak about a matter—' he

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interrupted me before I could proceed further with, 'That's all right, my boy; she's yours. Take her and be happy.'

FIRST THING ABOUT KEEPING HOUSE.

Here is a bit of conversation that is as clear-sighted as it is witty.

"So Irma is engaged," said Eleanor, with a curl of her lip. "Well, I'm sorry for the man, that's all. She doesn't know the first thing about keeping house."

"Oh, yes, she does, though," was Fannie's assuring reply.

"Well, I'd like to know what it is," was the doubting response.

"The very first thing, which is to get a man to keep house for."

HOW IT WAS DONE.

"Frances," said the little girl's mamma who was entertaining callers in the parlor, "you came downstairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. Now, go back and come down the stairs like a lady."

Frances retired, and after the lapse of a few minutes re-entered the parlor.

"Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?"

"No, dear. I am glad you came down quietly. Now, don't let me ever have to tell you again not to come down noisily. Now, tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, while the first time you made so much noise."

"The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.

SMILE-RAISERS.

Clergyman (giving out weekly notices): "The preacher for next Sunday will be nailed upon the church door."

On an American transport two days out from New York:

First Sambo, who is really enjoying the sea, to his dark companion, who has gone below: "Nigger! Come on up! We're passing a ship!"

Voice from below: "I don't want to see no ship. You jes' call me when we're passing a tree!"

"How are you going to vote, Grace?"

"Depends on the weather. If it rains, I suppose I'll have to vote in a mackintosh."

Caller: "So your son Willie has started work as an office boy. How is he getting on?"

Fond Mother: "Splendidly! He already knows who ought to be discharged, and is merely waiting to get promoted so that he can attend to it."

He: "What made you seem so upset the day we became engaged? You knew I was going to propose, didn't you?"

She: "Oh, yes. But I had no idea I was going to accept you."

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2. SENTENCES written at the FIRST Lesson, LETTERS at the Seventh.
3. There are FEW rules—no exceptions, no shading, NONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES of other systems.
4. Students have written 70 to 80 words a minute in TEN WEEKS, 100 words a minute in THREE MONTHS.
5. It has been adopted by the N.Z. Military Authorities as the official system to be taught to disabled soldiers in England and in France.

Write for Ten-minute Lesson and particulars of our MAIL COURSE.

J. Wyn Irwin, M.A.,

N.Z. REPRESENTATIVE : Box 199, CHRISTCHURCH.

SCIENCE SIFTINGS

Paper Bandages for Wounded.

A new and important use to which paper is being put at the present time is in the manufacture of paper bandages for the wounded. Inquiries at two London hospitals show that a quantity of the new material has been ordered for experimental purposes, and is expected to supplement the ordinary supply of gauze and muslin bandages. This serviceable discovery in the world of practical ideas is all the more welcome because the pronounced shortage of cotton fabrics due to the continuance of the war has for some time pointed to the necessity of looking to some other source of supply in case of a shortage of linen material. A year ago there was no substitute for cotton that could be relied upon. America, whence our principal supply of cotton comes, was the first of the Allied countries to perceive the advantage of paper for the purpose of bandages; and crepe paper, as distinct from ordinary paper, is now being utilised with the American armies after exhaustive tests of its usefulness under service conditions. As the result of these tests it is claimed that crepe paper will successfully take the place of cotton in more than half the cases where bandages are used. The paper is both strong and hygienic. Its absolute cleanliness is obtained by sterilisation by dry heat process, and it is then made up in all the standard widths. The length is two and a-half times that of gauze bandages to avoid the handling of so many smaller lengths. Apart from their use for the wounded, the new discovery, if generally adopted, embraces a considerable economy in the employment of cotton. The Germans have for a long time past turned to paper for the manufacture of articles of clothing ordinarily made of cloth, and some time ago it was noted that some of our fighting men repatriated from Germany had had their wounds dressed with paper bandages.

How Ships Were Saved From Mines.

The paravane saved us approximately £40,000,000 worth of war ships, besides merchant tonnage to an unknown, though enormous, amount. Like many other great conceptions, the paravane seems a quite simple thing. Hawasers with kites at the end of them are put into the water—on each side of a ship. As the ship moves along the pull on the kites tightens the hawasers, which stand out in a straight line on either beam and sweep up any mines that may be met with. On one occasion last year a flotilla of light cruisers found themselves in a minefield, and by using the paravane they were able to cut their way safely through it. The German submarines were continuously laying minefields which could not be detected until vessels were in them. But with paravanes out there was no danger. The mines were cut away and destroyed, and often it was not until this began to happen that the men in the ships knew they were in a mined area. Different types of this invention were developed. One kind was used with much success against U-boats. There was also a special one that could be easily handled fitted to merchant vessels. The paravane was invented by Lieutenant Dennis Burney, R.N., son of Admiral Sir Cecil Burney, Commander-in-Chief at Rosyth. Lieutenant Burney comes of an old naval family. He is a very young officer who looks the clever man he is, and, like many other naval officers, has a distinct bent for science and mechanics. He conceived the idea of a paravane while running a destroyer to and fro across Channel on escort duty. Having got the plan, he worked it out by means of drawings and models, and persisted in this until finally the Admiralty agreed to give this thing a trial. Results were so good that a special department was established for it and paravanes manufactured by the thousand. Under official regulations a naval officer who invents anything must offer it to the Admiralty, who, if they accept the device, may give him whatever reward they please. Lieutenant Burney was made acting commander and awarded the C.M.G.

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