

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

- July 13, Sunday.—Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.
 „ 14, Monday.—St. Bonaventure, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor.
 „ 15, Tuesday.—St. Henry, Emperor.
 „ 16, Wednesday.—Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel.
 „ 17, Thursday.—St. Alexius, Confessor.
 „ 18, Friday.—St. Camillus of Lellis, Confessor.
 „ 19, Saturday.—St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.

St. Camillus of Lellis, Confessor.

St. Camillus was a native of the kingdom of Naples. Having embraced the military profession, he soon found himself reduced by his gambling propensities to the direst distress. Poverty became for him, through the Providence of God, the occasion of his conversion. Thenceforward he devoted himself to the care of the sick and dying, and for this purpose established a religious Order, the members of which are known as "Ministers of the Sick." St. Camillus died in Rome in 1614, at the age of 65.

St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor.

St. Vincent was born in the south of France. Having been ordained priest, his heart was touched by the state of spiritual destitution in which he found the remoter country districts of France. The remedy for this appeared to him to be a series of retreats, or missions, in which the Eternal Truths might be taught in a clear and vivid manner. For this purpose he instituted a Congregation of Priests, popularly known in English-speaking countries as Vincentians. Spurred on by his ardent charity, he founded many asylums, hospitals, and orphanages, and established confraternities for the education of children, the care of the sick, and the relief of the destitute. St. Vincent died in 1660, at the age of 85.

GRAINS OF GOLD

MATER AMABILIS.

O Mary Queen, what fair similitude
 May best befit thy soul's most high estate?
 We hail thee House of God and Heaven's Gate,
 The Virgin Bride whom very God hath wooed;
 Yet naming thee, all speech grows harsh and rude.
 What human words are handmaids meet to wait
 On that divine, unshared "Immaculate,"
 O Lady, with all loveliness endued
 "Seek not," she saith, "'mid angels' eloquence
 My fairest name: 'tis writ upon earth's page,
 The purest melody of human ken.
 It holds the vision of young innocence,
 And sunset-tinted memories of age;
 For I am 'Mother' unto God and men."

—Sister Mary Benvenuta.

REFLECTIONS.

God converses with man in prayer, and reveals many things between a Pater and an Ave.—Father Oliphant, S.J.

No one is so blind to his own faults as a man who has the habit of detecting the faults of others.—Faber.

The Catholic Church teaches the doctrine of Christ to men for the salvation of their souls because she recognises the dignity of man.

Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, influences to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.

It is only the little kindnesses that one can do that really abide; it is only the people one associates with some little kindness that one is sure to recall in retrospect.

The Storyteller

THE WILD BIRDS OF KILLEEVY

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

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

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XXXII.—AT LAST.

Kevin had thrown himself into the train going to Pavia, without having made up his mind at what intermediate station he would get out.

"What is there worth seeing between this and Pavia?" he had asked of a fellow-traveller, and received for answer:

"Why, the Certosa, of course. Unless you are in a very great hurry, do not pass it by."

"The Certosa," said Kevin; "how could I have forgotten it?" And thither he resolved to go.

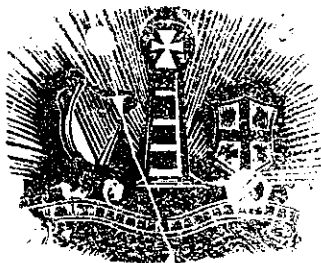
Leaving the train at a station within a few miles of Pavia, he took his way along an avenue which led him out into an open, flat country, covered with rice-fields and mulberry-trees. A little streamlet tinkled alongside of him as he went, but there was scarcely a habitation to be seen. A blue dragon-fly, flitting from spear to spear of the long, lush grass, beguiled his attention for awhile, and then his eye, suddenly raised, caught sight in the distance of the light pinnacle on the summit of the magnificent cupola of the monastery.

Like the enchanted palace of fairy tale, suddenly rising before the traveller, a solitary wonder in the wilderness, so this ancient Certosa surprises the eye that is seeking for it, springing up in the midst of the flat and featureless country which was a forsaken swamp before the labor of the monks converted its marshes into fertile fields.

Pausing before its royal and forlorn entrance, Kevin's heart stood still with amazement. The echo of his solitary footsteps rang through the arched gateway, with vaulting all painted in fresco by Luini, pictures still fresh and bright and full of sweetness; and thence he passed into the great quadrangle, coming face to face with the exquisite façade of the church, on the lonely splendor of which the sunlight fell, deepening the colors of the rich marbles, bringing into striking relief the encrustations of delicate sculpture, and kindling strange fires in the jewelled windows. On either side of the quadrangle were the bakehouses and brewhouses of the monks, the apartments where were lodged the poor travellers who knocked at their gate, and the doors whence they distributed the food which the hungry came to claim. Such busy scenes are in the past. Silence now reigns in these deserted buildings; the sound of labor no longer disturbs the air; the hum of voices, the melody of bells are hushed; and this magnificent centre of prayer, charity, and toil stands mute like a great heart that has ceased to beat. The men who risked their lives and toiled without counting cost to put wholesome meadows where the poisonous swamps had been, are driven from the home that sheltered them and their poor. The Certosa, in all the dream-like beauty and splendor of its spires, towers, galleries, and cupola, stands there for no purpose but to astonish the traveller, like a pile of jewels forsaken and forgotten in a desert.

At Kevin's summons an old monk appeared, and unlocking the great doors of the church, led him into a region of solemn splendor, of magnificent tranquillity, where beauty and peace sit for ever wedded and enthroned smiling in God's face, witnesses of the fidelity of the soul of man to its Maker, of the faith of time in eternity.

Step softly, Kevin, and hold your breath in wonder and deep joy, for your wandering feet have now reached the holy and beautiful spot that is to witness your attainment of the desire of your heart. You do not yet know why this glorious sanctuary seems to smile upon you like a home known in some other exist-



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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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once, and welcoming you back to its shelter. How can you guess that only a few minutes ago Fanchea's little footsteps were falling on the very pavement where your own feet are treading now, her eyes turned where your eyes are resting, her whispered questions rustling through the echoes of the place?

After kneeling in prayer, giving thanks for he knew not what benediction that he felt to have descended upon him, he passed on through the church. On either side brazen screens of exquisite and fantastic workmanship separated him from innumerable chapels, each a jewelled shrine, the wonders of which it would take a day to explore. The poet's lines on "Maidenhood" floated through his mind as he peered through the mysterious gleaming tracery so light, so beautiful, so strong.

"Bear a lily in thy hand.
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand."

And again Fanchea rose before his eyes. The gates of brass unlocked, all the treasures of the chapels were laid open to him, and from the deep-blue roof, sown with stars, that hung like a twilight heaven over all, to the altars encrusted with precious stones, and the precious pictures unveiled for his gaze, all was a vision of wealth inexhaustible, and beauty not to be told. Earth and sea had given their richest colors and gems to create bird, butterfly, flower, spray, set in undying brilliance and freshness among the creamy marbles of the altars. Faces of angels with gem-encircled throats looked from the corners, visions of bliss and loveliness unspeakable were revealed to him as the curtain was silently withdrawn from canvas after canvas. Standing in the great choir, before the high altar, he heard the story of crime and repentance that told how the foundations of this palace of religion had been laid in blood and tears, and his heart ached and marvelled at the thought of all the sorrow and evil that go to make and mar the sweetness and the splendors of human life. The forlorn majesty of that great altar, shorn of its sacrifice, the lofty shrine robbed of its Jewel, touched him to the soul, and he knelt at its foot, struggling suddenly and terribly to resign himself to the will of that great Creator who holds the threads of all destinies in His hands, and so often chooses to fill the pure heart full with woe, that the wicked heart may revel in delight.

"Come joy, or come sorrow," was the cry of his will, "let my feet still keep the upward path!" And then a deep and tranquil joy took possession of him. It seemed to him that before this lonely altar his soul had been wedded to some high ideal purity, and he arose and turned away with a paler lip, but with a more steadfast reliance on the law of the Supreme Director of his fate.

Glancing upwards, he was startled to catch the eye of a monk in white garments, who was peering down on him from a small window in a gallery above his head, as if silently and secretly witnessing the compact that the stranger had made with his God. A second and more attentive look discovered to him that it was only the picture of a Carthusian, a cunning fresco, the whim of a painter, who had placed this monk on guard, never to be released from his watch till the walls of the Certosa shall have crumbled into dust.

Having visited the refectory, sacristies, lavatory, chapter room, and other parts of the monastery, all rich beyond description in marbles, painting, sculpture, Kevin found himself at last treading the great cloister, round which stood the monks' dwellings. Each Carthusian had a little house to himself, four chambers in each, two above and two below, and a sweet little garden, now a wilderness of weeds and flowers, with grapes hanging unplucked from the walls. Here he worked at the particular trade or industry cultivated by him, tended his vine, his bees, his flowers, taught the birds to feed from his hand, and meditated on death and eternity. All was now empty, silent, deserted. As Kevin stood with folded arms at the window, looking down into the neglected garden, the secret

of the lives of such men as those who had dwelt here seemed made known to him. Overpowered with affliction, crushed by the loss of someone too dearly loved, he imagined the sick heart turning away from a world that could not comfort it, and finding here peace, toiling for the good of others in silent self-effacement, praying, dreaming, with eyes fixed beyond the grave, caring only for the poor, and taking no natural pleasure except from the flower he coaxed out of the earth at his feet, or the bird he had lured to his window.

"Poor soul!" he thought, "that hid its struggles here. What was the sorrow that drove it into such shelter? Where is it now reaping the reward of its patient toil? How long the time must have seemed! As for me, I would rather take my burden out into the world, and falter and limp with the disabled and the halt: I should want to hear the world's great voice in my ear, even its groans and cries, and coin my own woe into language that might bring assuagement to its pain. Neither the needle nor the loom would content me. I should want to speak, to sing—"

Here a sound like the echo of a soft, rich note of music, just broke the stillness to his ear, as a star will gleam and vanish; and Kevin caught his breath with an impatient sigh, thinking his imagination had deceived him.

"It is the old story," he said, as he listened in vain for a repetition of the sound. "Every note in Nature disturbs me with the echo of her voice. So easily beguiled as I am, how slender is the hope I am clinging to now. Let me take warning, and nerve myself for the perpetual disappointment that awaits me!"

Fan and the Signora had arrived earlier than Kevin, and having explored all the wonders of the monastery, were now lingering about those spots which interested them most. Mamzelle was deeply engaged in studying the meanings of strange paintings in an arched gateway leading from one part of the building to another, while Fan, having left her to her reflections upon the same, was flitting up and down and round the Cloister of the Fountain, breathless with excitement and joy. Standing under the shadow of one part of that arched gateway, she had seen Kevin pass with his guide. He had passed without looking up, but she had easily recognised him. He was on the spot, in the very building. She had only to run after him, call out his name, stretch forth her hands, and end the long separation of years. And yet she hesitated and lingered, possessed by some feeling which she could not understand, which made her hands tremble and her feet refuse to run. She shrank from flying in search of him, from seeing him start in surprise, perhaps perceiving a look of disappointment flash into his eyes at the first sight of her. How did she know that he would not be dissatisfied with the girl, the woman who had now taken the place of his little Fan? She would rather see him coming to meet her, prepared to behold her, getting a glimpse of her in the distance, and then seeking her of his own accord. Without having shaped such a feeling into thought, she acted upon it, and flinging herself upon the low wall of the cloister, looking into the garden, and supporting herself by an arm twined round one of those exquisite pillars that support the arches of lovely terracotta work, she opened her lips, uttering a few rich, sweet notes, like the beginning of a blackbird's song.

"He said he should know me by my voice," she thought. "Now, if his memory be so good, he will come."

Then she paused to gather courage and breath for a louder, longer song, a fuller, clearer message to the friend she was going to summon to her side, and in a few minutes the "Hymn of the Virgin Triumphant" broke the solemn stillness, rang through the ancient cloister, and floated with all its tender supplication, its quaint, wild grandeur, away through the old, startled passages, and across echoing walls, till it fell mysteriously, pathetically, urgently, like a call from Heaven, upon the ear for which its message was intended.

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At the first notes of the hymn Kevin gazed at the old monk who had just reappeared beside him, and the monk gazed back at his companion with a slight pallor on his withered cheek.

"What is that music?" asked Kevin, scarcely daring to credit the evidence of his own senses.

"I cannot say," said the monk, with a happy smile flitting over his grave countenance; "but I have often at night heard heavenly music resounding through these ancient walls. Many saints have lived and died here, signor, and it would not be wonderful if sometimes the angelic choirs should descend to praise God in this now silent and deserted shrine. But I have never before heard them in the daytime."

"That is no angel's voice," replied Kevin, "unless, indeed, a woman may be an angel."

And with these words, which rather shocked the good old monk, he dashed away and left him.

As he hurried along the quadrangle, and threaded the passages that led to the Cloister of the Fountain, the psalm of Killeevy, the hymn of his native mountains, swelled fuller and clearer on his ear, and beat more urgently on his heart. He followed the sound, and, guided by it, drew nearer every moment to the singer.

"Ah," he thought, "what bewitchment is this!" remembering the night when the same voice, the same strain, waking him out of his sleep, had hurried him out into the midnight streets of London, only to fade away as he pursued it, and to lose itself in the noises of the thoroughfare. "Am I waking or sleeping? Has an angel, indeed, descended out of the heavens to mock me?"

But the voice did not grow fainter as he proceeded; on the contrary, it swelled richer, fuller, more soft and sweet, and following it he entered the Cloister of the Fountain—a delicious, dreamy spot, a tangled garden where tall plants and flowers grew in wild luxuriance, in the centre the wide, white marble basin of a fountain, its carved urn crowned with the blossoms of the cactus. Here and there a straight, reed-like plant, covered with bloom, shot high above the rest, and caught the broad sunlight that fell full upon this wilderness of beauty and the same sunshine dyed to a richer coral-color the sculptured arches of terracotta upon their light pilasters, which, springing from a low wall around the garden, formed the shady red-roofed alleys of the cloister.

With one hasty glance Kevin took in the entire scene: the wild, green garden, the light, fairy cloisters, with their coral glow, and high above, soaring in the clouds, the wonderful cupola, circling upwards with its airy galleries and spires and its delicate varieties of tint. But the voice he pursued did not come up out of the fountain, nor did it descend from the heavens. It was coming from a slight dark figure leaning over the wall in a nook by one of the pillars, the head and shoulders in the light, the dark draperies flowing back into the shade, a young, upturned face, with wide, arch blue eyes, and a cloud of soft curls over the forehead, a fair and rosy face, as sweet, as saucy, almost as childlike as the face that had vanished from his home one night, and which he had been longing for and dreaming of ever since. It was not Elsa, it was not Francesca, but it was the very little Fan lost from Killeevy Mountain long ago.

With a slight spring she came to meet him, flying with outstretched hands, and was caught in his arms.

"Oh, Fan!"

"Oh, Kevin! is it you? Is it really true?" Weeping, laughing, stammering, clasping and unclasping hands, they knew not how the first minutes passed over their heads.

"My darling, my Fanchea, you are exactly the same: but with what a difference! Half a yard more height, and all these black gauzes; but that is not it all. What the half-blown rose is to the bud, that is what you are to the little one of my memory. And, oh, my darling, how beautiful, how lovely you have grown!"

"Have I?" said Fanchea, delighted; "I was afraid I might not be nice enough to please you. And, oh, Kevin, do you know how changed you are? If I had

not caught a glimpse of you and been able to piece you together, and make you out to be really Kevin, I should have been afraid to introduce myself to so elegant a gentleman."

"You saw me, then, before to-day—lately?"

"I saw you in the cathedral; and you passed me in the cloisters a little time ago."

"You let me go past; you did not speak to me!"

"I had to get up my courage. I think I never could have spoken to you, except by singing. I thought, 'he will remember my voice,' and I sang our hymn. I knew if you were within hearing it would bring you to me."

"Had I been dead, it would have called me out of the grave," said Kevin, and then broke into further extravagances which it is unnecessary to record.

And then, walking up and down the old cloister, hand in hand, like a pair of strayed children, who had lost each other in a wood, been frightened at the loneliness, and found each other before the night came on, they told each other their separate stories, of all that had befallen them during the passing of those eight eventful years. After that they were on the island again together, with the sea rolling in their ears and the white birds circling above their heads. Fan forgot that she had sung upon a stage, and Kevin that he had given poems to the world. They were boy and girl again, on the rocks, amid the sea-foam, with Nature's inimitable music ringing in their ears and in their souls; till the sun began to burn redder on the cloister roof, and Mamzelle came from out of the shadows somewhere, in search of her charge.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—CONCLUSION.

"So this is you, sir!" said Lord Wilderspin, glaring at Kevin. "You are the Kevin who has been keeping us all in fear, holding a sword over our heads for the last seven years, obliging us to resort to dark plots and heartless advertisements lest our little *prima donna* should be snatched out of our fingers. And here you come, confound you, just in time to destroy all our prospects."

"I am delighted to hear I gave you so much trouble," said Kevin, smiling. "It would hardly have been fair if the pain had been all on my side."

"Impertinent rascal. You are as saucy as the minx herself. Hallo, Fan, this fellow will beat you."

"My lord," said Fan, gravely, "I have promised Herr Harfenspieler and Mamzelle. Kevin and I have resolved that I must not disappoint you. I will keep the engagement that you made for me."

"You shall do no such thing, you monkey. Those two old people will have to be put in prison! I tell you you are as free as air, and shall do only what you please. As for me, I am not the least disappointed. I have known for a long time that you were only a wild bird fit for a hedge, that you would never do to sing in a cage. Now, I have already bought a hedge for you in your own country, and you can fly off and sing in it as soon as you like!"

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said Fan, coloring.

"I mean that I have looked on you as my own child, that is all. Every bird needs a bit of green sod to sing on, and I have bought you a little bit of territory of your own, in the neighborhood of your beloved Killeevy. Mind you have a room always ready for me, for I mean to pay you visits."

"Lord Wilderspin," said Kevin, "we cannot accept so much. You have already been only too generous to Fanchea. We can never forget—"

"Hold your tongue, sir, and go on writing your poetry, which by the way is extraordinarily good. I tell you this girl has been my daughter for seven years, and you not only come and dare to come and take her from me, but you presume to dictate to me as to what I am to do for her. If you do not like her with the fortune I choose to give her, you can go and seek a wife somewhere else."

So that night when "Lohengrin" was performed at Milan saw Fanchea's first and last appearance upon

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a public stage. The two wild birds, after their long flight round the world, winged their way home to Killeevy at last, and took possession of the little kingdom Lord Wilderspin's thoughtful generosity had bestowed upon them. Kevin works hard with his pen, and his name is every day becoming more and more honored by the nobler and purer-minded section of the reading public. Fanchea, in his home, singing over her womanly tasks by his side, is the inspiration of his genius, even as she was in the old childish days when she sang to him on the island and he saw pictures in her songs.

Connor Mor did not long survive his delight at seeing his son return, and at finding him a "clerk and a book-learned man" after all; but the good old mother lives with the young people in their pretty house, and tells her beads, and spins and knits as she used to do in her humbler home. Her joy in the success of her children is unutterable, and she often bids them pray that after all the toils of her life "pride may not keep her out of heaven at the last."

Shawn Rua was at first very shy of the handsome young lady and gentleman who claimed his old acquaintance, but he is now a frequent visitor at their fireside, and Kevin takes greater pleasure than ever in drawing forth the poetic and legendary treasures that are stored up in the memory of his childhood's friend.

Lord Wilderspin keeps his promise of paying frequent visits to Killeevy, and is fond of appearing there suddenly, scolding everyone within reach vehemently for an hour or two, enjoying himself thoroughly, and in the end going away perfectly happy. His present craze is enthusiasm for Kevin's poetry, though all his life he had prided himself on being a hater of poets.

Herr Harfenspieler still walks his chosen way, with a heart modestly and ardently worshipful of music, cheering himself on with meek and heroic maxims. He has so far forgiven Fanchea as sometimes to come and see her in her home; on which occasions delightful concerts may be heard by the birds that flit about Killeevy Mountain. He loves to wander away alone among the great rocks, and sitting on some airy perch, with his violin upon his shoulder, to pour out delicious wailings that mingle fitly with the piping of the winds and the booming of the ocean waves at his feet.

Mamzelle has been the slowest to forgive, and is still beating about the world, still subject to fits of the old madness, when she dreams that she may yet paint wonderful pictures which shall be as the works of another Raphael or Fra Angelico. But Fan hopes that when she grows very old and weary she will come to her for shelter, and die in her arms.

We will now take leave of our hero and heroine on a summer evening after sunset as they sit in their own little territory—a garden of roses extending down to the cliffs, with the crimsoned ocean at their feet and all the hundred isles they know so well burning on it like so many jewels, set with amethyst and amber and gold.

Kevin has just finished reading his new poem to Fanchea. Her hand is in his; her eyes are full of tears. She is not thinking of the applause of the world which may follow this work, but of the higher audience that have been present at the reading, the choirs of angels that have witnessed this new utterance of a strong man's soul. "Let them be the judges," is the thought of her heart; and she smiles, feeling conscious of their approval.

A cloud of sea-birds rises from their favorite island, they circle and wheel, and fly off in a trail towards the glory of the sun.

So wing all white souls to a happy eternity.

THE END.

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THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.—Continued.

For 18 years subsequently the invincible Art reigned over his inviolate territory; his career to the last being a record of brilliant victories over every expedition sent against it. As we wade through the crowded annals of those years, his name is ever found in connection with some gallant achievement. Wherever else the fight is found going against Ireland, whatever hand falters or falls in the unbroken struggle, in the mountains of Wicklow there is one stout arm, one bold heart, one glorious intellect, ever nobly daring and bravely conquering in the cause of native land. Art, "whose activity defied the chilling effects of age, poured his cohorts through Sculloge Gap on the garri-sons of Wexford, taking in rapid succession in one campaign (1406) the castles of Camolins, Ferns, and Enniscorthy. A few years subsequently his last great battle, probably the most serious engagement of his life, was fought by him against the whole force of the Pale under the walls of Dublin. The Duke of Lancaster, son of the King, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, issued orders for the concentration of a powerful army for an expedition southwards against McMurrough's allies. But McMurrough and the mountaineers of Wicklow now felt themselves strong enough to take the initiative. They crossed the plain which lies to the north of Dublin, and encamped at Kilmainham, where Rod-erick, when he besieged the city, and Brian before the battle of Clontarf, had pitched their tents of old. The English and Anglo-Irish forces, under the eye of their prince, marched out to dislodge them, in four divisions. The first was led by the Duke in person; the second by the veteran knight, Jenicho d'Artois; the third by Sir Edward Perrers, an English knight; and the fourth by Sir Thomas Butler, prior of the Order of St. John, afterwards created by Henry V., for his distinguished service, Earl of Kilmain. With McMurrough were O'Byrne, O'Nolan, and other chiefs, besides his sons, nephews, and relatives. The numbers on each side could hardly fall short of 10,000 men, and the action may be fairly considered one of the most decisive of those times. The Duke was carried back wounded into Dublin: the slopes of Inchicore and the valley of the Liffey were strewn with the dying and the dead; the river at that point obtained from the Leinster Irish the name of *Atheroe*, or the ford of slaughter; the widowed city was filled with lamentation and dismay."

This was the last endeavor of the English power against Art. "While he lived no further attacks were made upon his kindred or country." He was not, alas! destined to enjoy long the peace he had thus conquered from his powerful foes by a 44 years' war! On January 12, 1417, he died at Ross in the 60th year of age, many of the chroniclers attributing his death to poison administered in a drink. Whether the enemies whom he had so often vanquished in the battlefield resorted to such foul means of accomplishing his removal is, however, only a matter of suspicion, resting mainly on the fact that his chief brehon, O'Doran, who with him had partaken of a drink, given them by a woman on the wayside as they passed, also died on the same day, and was attacked with like symptoms. Leeches' skill was vain to save the heroic chief. His grief-stricken people followed him to the grave, well knowing and keenly feeling that in him they had lost their invincible tower of defence. He had been called to the chieftaincy of Leinster at the early age of 16 years; and on the very threshold of his career had to draw the sword to defend the integrity of his principality. From that hour to the last of his battles, more than 40 years subsequently, he proved himself one of the most consummate military tacticians of his time. Again and again he met and defeated the proudest armies of England, led by the ablest generals of the age. "He was," say the Four Masters, "a man distinguished for his hospitality, knowledge, and feats of arms; a man full

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(To be continued.)

THE IRISH GUARDS.

At a London matinee organised by Lady Paget in aid of the "Irish Guards" War Fund, the chief novelty was the recital by Mr. Henry Ainley of the following poem, entitled "The Irish Guards," specially written for the occasion by Mr. Rudyard Kipling:

We're not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so young at our trade,
For we had the honor at Fontenoy
Of meeting the Guards Brigade.
'Twas Lally, Dillon, Bulkeley, Clare,
And Lee that led us then,
And after a hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!
Old Days! The wild geese are fighting
Head to the storm as they faced it before!
For where there are Irish there's bound to be fighting,
And when there's no fighting, it's Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!

The fashion's all for khaki now,
But once through France we went,
Full-dressed in scarlet Army cloth—
The English—left at Ghent.
They're fighting on our side to-day,
But before they changed their clothes,
The half of Europe knew our fame,
As all of Ireland knows!
Old days! The wild geese are flying,
Head to the storm as they faced it before,
For where there are Irish there's memory undying,
And when we forget it is Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!

From Barry Wood to Gouzeaucourt,
From Boyne to Pilkem Ridge,
The ancient days come back no more
Than water under the bridge.
But the bridge it stands and the water runs
As red as yesterday,
And the Irish move to the sound of the guns
Like salmon to the sea!
Old days! The wild geese are ranging
Head to the storm as they faced it before,
For where there are Irish their hearts are unchanging,
And when they are changed, it is Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!

We're not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so new in the ring,
For we carried our packs with Marshal Saxe
When Louis was our King.
But Douglas Haig's our Marshal now,
And we're King George's men,
And after one hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!
Ah, France! And did we stand by you
When life was made splendid with gifts and rewards?
Ah, France! And will we deny you
In the hour of your agony, Mother of Swords?
Old Days! The wild geese are fighting,
Head to the storm as they faced it before,
For where there are Irish there's loving and fighting,
And when we stop either, it's Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!

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THE ORIGIN OF SINN FEIN

(By SIR FRANCIS VANE, in the *New Witness*.)

So much confusion appears to exist in respect of the origin of Sinn Fein as an active, militant, and political force, that a few words in explanation may not be wasted. It is a psychological problem of immediate and intense interest. Now, it happens that the Anglo-Saxon race, otherwise prosaic, not to say stolid, enough, is more influenced by bogey words than either the Latin or the Celt. It is a problem which may well deserve the attention of the folklorist and even the psychiatrist, for it may throw back to that earlier time when they inhabited the swamps of the Elbe, and were nightly misdirected by will-o'-the-wisps.

Nerve-destroying expressions need not be understood by them to be effective. There are few of the persons to-day who repeat in terms of horror the word "Bolshevist," who have the remotest conception of what it means, but attach to it all the gruesome characteristics which in their childhood they associated with the Devil, visualised in print in books published by the less scrupulous among the religionists.

Bolshevists, it may be presumed, vary from Tolstoyans to Red Anarchists (if such a person as an anarchist exists), but the name is sufficient to cause us to tremble for our bank balances, and to prepare us for the early loss of our wives. "The Scarlet Woman," "Boney," "The Russian Ogre," "Krooger," have in a century or so played their useful roles in frightening the fools in the interests of the profiteers—and now comes Sinn Fein as the incarnation of equally evil propensities.

Let us see how it arose as a powerful political force. Up to the Irish Rebellion in 1916, Sinn Fein existed as a literary movement, having as an object to create a revival of interest in Irish history and institutions. Among its members were some of the leading loyalists in Ireland, as also some of the most profoundly disaffected. It so happened that a considerable number among the leaders of the small rebellion belonged to this organisation, and this offered an excuse to the more wooden-headed Unionists (who had always feared a movement which encouraged the Irish people to study the glories of their past), to describe it as a Sinn Fein uprising. It was a profoundly stupid move, because it gave to a revolt which was in the greater part a protest against the scandalous conditions of life in the slums of Dublin a distinctly patriotic character. It united the Labor and the Nationalist causes, which never should have been separate but undoubtedly were so.

From this time forth Sinn Fein became the Nationalist cause, swallowing the old Nationalist (or Constitutional) Party at one gulp.

How this came about is simple enough. The leaders of the rebellion, Pearse, MacDonagh, MacNeill, and the rest, were not only patriots ready to display the only form of patriotism which is respected of any people—namely, to die for the cause—but they were, moreover, severely logical. If Ireland be a nation, in tradition, history, and temperament, separate from Britain, then as such she must have the right to self-determination. There is no right to half-freedom, to colonial or any other form of Home Rule, within the group of the commonwealth, but only to freedom. The slave cannot logically claim half-liberty, such, for instance, as villeinage, but must claim freedom first and then make whatever arrangements of an economic nature he wishes with the man who was his overlord. The rebel leaders of 1916, writers, poets, and very practical dreamers, saw this, and claimed on it. They made the only claim the representatives of a live nation can make—they claimed to be free. This did not mean that if the claim were granted they would not accept national service within the Empire, as Canada does, nor does it now. They claimed liberty, and swept the country on this claim. And why did these leaders of a miniature rebellion carry all before them? A rebellion of much less than 10,000 men out of a popula-

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tion of 4,000,000, fighting as they were an unpopular cause, or at least one which the vast mass of the people regarded as introduced at an untimely moment!

The answer is simple enough. Sinn Fein, as a great political and therefore revolutionary cause, was made in Downing Street, and not at Liberty Hall, or on Tara Hill. It was made by senile reactionaries in the Kildare Street Club with their policy of blood and pinchbeck, backed by military would-be Bismarcks, and never countered as they might have been by a strong civil Government. The Cabinet was afraid of offending the Brahmins of the War Office, and they in their turn played the game of the Irish Administration. When a high official of the Irish Government told me, on May 1, that they intended to have a bloody revenge on the rebels, I foresaw what would happen and tried to prevent it. What did happen was this. For a miniature rebellion, 16 men were put to death at the slow march—two or three a day for a fortnight, the murders of 15 innocent men in North King Street were entirely concealed from the British public, though every woman and child in Ireland knew what had been done; and the Portobello murders would have been hushed up with a score or so of murders added to them, but for the accidental presence of the present writer.

The collective result of this method of Government was to throw the Irish mentality back to the days of the famine and of '98. Whereas, since the Land Act, and more especially since England took the part of Belgium and France in the late war, the people of Ireland had begun to believe that the British Government had changed its methods, that in respect to small nations it had become more humane and chivalrous. Suddenly all this was changed by the brutal and callous treatment of the Government in the suppression of what was not more than an *émeute*. For it never should be forgotten that the Irish, at the end of 1914, in spite of the patronage of the Ulster rebels by British Unionists, were as enthusiastic for the Allied cause as the Britons. They were more so, if anything, for they remembered that their old ally, France, and a small nation like Belgium were being attacked, as they themselves had so often been, by superior and bullying force.

In a moment it was flashed to them that in respect to Ireland, the leopards of England had not changed their spots, that the old ferocity was there, for they naturally did not distinguish between Government and people.

This is why Sinn Fein has developed from an interesting literary movement into a powerful political force with a distinctively anti-British character.

It only remains for some statesman—we can hardly look for such in England—to use the energy of National sentiment for a great constructive movement, which cannot be done by attempting to counter it, but most certainly can be done by accepting and directing it.

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ROSA MYSTICA.

[Our readers may be glad to see one of the poems illustrating what the Poet-Laureate calls an "exaggerated Marianism" and which he on that account excluded from his edition of the late Father Gerard Hopkins's poetry. It was first printed by Father Matthew Russell in the *Irish Monthly* for 1898, and is here reproduced by courtesy of his successor, the present editor. The original MS. of the poet, which is in our hands, shows that it was only by dint of frequent change that he finally attained the perfect result.—*The Month*.]

"The rose is a mystery"—where is it found?
Is it anything true? Does it grow upon ground?
It was made of earth's mould, but it went from men's eyes,

And its place is a secret and shut in the skies.
*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
Find me a place by thee, mother of mine.*

But where was it formerly? Which is the spot
That was blest in it once, though now it is not?
It is Galilee's growth: it grew at God's will
And broke into bloom upon Nazareth hill.
*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
I shall look on thy loveliness, mother of mine.*

What was its season then? How long ago?
When was the summer that saw the bud blow?
Two thousands of years are near upon past
Since its birth and its bloom and its breathing its last.
*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
I shall keep time with thee, mother of mine.*

Tell me the name now, tell me its name.
The heart guesses easily: is it the same?
Mary the Virgin, well the heart knows,
She is the mystery, she is that rose.
*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
I shall come home to thee, mother of mine.*

Is Mary the rose then? Mary, the tree?
But the blossom, the blossom there—who can it be?
Who can her rose be? It could but be One
Christ Jesus our Lord, her God and her son.
*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
Show me thy son, mother, mother of mine.*

What was the color of that blossom bright?—
White to begin with, immaculate white
But what a wild flush on the flakes of it stood
When the rose ran in crimsonings down the cross-wood! *
*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
I shall worship His wounds with thee, mother of mine.*

How many leaves had it?—Five they were then,
Five, like the senses and members of men;
Five is their number by Nature, but now
They multiply, multiply—who can tell how?
*In the gardens of God, in the daylight divine,
Make me a leaf in thee, mother of mine.*

Does it smell sweet, too, in that holy place?
Sweet unto God and the sweetness is grace:
The breath of it bathes great heaven above
In grace that is charity, grace that is love.
*To thy breast, to thy rest, to thy glory divine
Draw me by charity, mother of mine.*

—GERARD HOPKINS.

*There are no less than six variants of this last couplet in the MS.

'Tis the season for fires and furs,
There are dreary damp days to endure,
If a cough, cold, or sore throat occurs,
Take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.
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Current Topics

The Futility of Politicians

Edward Carpenter may be a dreamer, but even to dreamers in that dark and mysterious hour before awakening, of which Dante sings, there come at times penetrating thoughts. We find many such in Carpenter's dreams, but hardly any one more worthy of remembering just now than this:—"If the present-day diplomatists and Foreign Ministers have sincerely striven for peace, then their utter incapacity and futility have been proved to the hilt, and they must be swept away. If they have not sincerely striven for peace, but only pretended to so strive, then also they must be swept away, for deceit in such a matter is unpardonable. And no doubt the latter alternative is the true one. There has been a pretence of the Governments all round—a pretence of deep concern for humanity and the welfare of mass-peoples committed to their charge; but the real moving power beneath has been *class-interest*—the interest of the great commercial class in each nation, with its acolyte and attendant, the military and aristocratic." Sound sense, dear readers! Away with them!—the incompetents, the jobbers, the profiteers, the false friends, the deceivers of the people, who are now (from their own point of view) satisfied with what they tell us is peace. If any man doubts the truth of Carpenter's words let him ask himself why did Lloyd George delight to honor a man who traded with the enemy in war-time; and why did King George delight to honor the Orange rebels who were truckling with the Kaiser; and why, instead of the fulfilment of previous pledges, we have now a peace framed by a gang of capitalists. If the people were left alone we should never have war. And when war comes the people pay and the plutocrats reap the harvest. Oh, for the dreams of a world-reconstruction! Lloyd George as our Empire Premier is something very symbolic.

The Case Against the Hun

The other day in an American paper we saw a list of crimes made out against the Hun. For these crimes, which were surely abominable, vengeance was demanded, and who shall say unreasonably? We all agree that the criminals ought to be punished severely. (1) Wanton destruction of property—such as was wrought by Maxwell in Dublin; (2) Arrests of civilians—such as is common in Ireland under Lloyd George; (3) Murder of civilians—such as the murder of Sheehy-Skeffington and of the innocent men in King Street; (4) Firing on women and children—such as took place in Bachelor's Walk; (5) Brutal treatment of political prisoners—such as took place in Belfast Gaol; (6) Breaking of solemn pledges—such as Lloyd George's to Redmond, to Plunkett, and to many others—these were a few of the crimes which our American contemporary denounced so justly. We have all denounced them; we have all called for vengeance on the Huns who perpetrated them in Belgium. Unless we are a nation of hypocrites we will denounce our own rulers, Lloyd George, Carson, and the rest of them, and call for justice on them. If you are a true Jingo you will say, "But these things were only done to the Irish, whom it is *our domestic concern* to murder and ill-treat." You make a sad mistake: these things have been done to you; for it is home to your door the retribution and the punishment will surely come. It is you who will suffer in the day when an outraged British people will arise and sweep away the tricksters who have brought international disgrace upon them. The Irish died in great numbers as a result of these crimes; but how many Englishmen live in a shame that is worse than death because of the doings of England's Huns? We know that there are among us many who rejoice at the slow murder of the Irish Catholics—many who are ready to forge and to falsify and to lie in order to blacken Ireland. They and their masters will have their hour.

Conan Doyle's Dotage

We all knew Conan Doyle as the successful author of a long series of glorified Penny Dreadfuls which we read with avidity in our boyhood just as we read about the doings of Deadwood Dick, Captain Kidd, Bluebeard, Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, and Cromwell. Having made some money and got a title out of the business, Conan's inventive genius failed, and his vogue ended as pitifully as Kipling's. Possibly too his mind became weak, as is not unusual with the men whom the mob delights to honor. Anyhow, the one-time famous story-teller made up his mind in his old age that he had not only a title from the King, but also a title from heaven to lay down the law for ordinary mortals on all things under the sun and a few others. It is not so long ago since his idiotic views on the sacred subject of marriage were ridiculed by the thinking people—who, in a small minority, are still to be found in the British Empire. To some it was pitiable, to others more callous it was amusing, to hear the creator of Sherlock Holmes speaking *ex cathedra* on theology, but barring himself nobody seemed to take Sir Arthur Conan Doyle more seriously than in the days when he wrote fairy tales about Sherlock Holmes and Doctor Watson. After a rest he has broken out again. In old age many men and women of "strong minds" are punished by God by being permitted to make themselves ridiculous. People who climbed up a scaffold and looked down patronisingly on the men and women who believe in God and in the Bible often become the victims of the most advanced forms of superstition, and proceed with a garrulousness in keeping with their credulity to preach a Spiritism that is far from spiritual. The successful writer failed as an amateur theologian; his failure as a prophet is equally lamentable. He has recently proclaimed his faith that as many women are remotely suitable to become mediums, Spiritist practices ought to be taken up commonly by the gentle sex. Just as theologians fell upon him when his views about marriage and divorce were circulated, so now medical men who devoted as much time and energy to their professional studies as he did to the manufacture of defective yarns take him to task firmly and tell him some plain truths about the evil effects of Spiritism on its victims. Women and girls in modern cities suffer quite enough from nerves and from neurotic influences already, and it is pointed out to Sir Arthur that what we want is something to counteract rather than further increase the evil effects of present-day conditions on mind and morals. Sir Arthur's proposal would have the effect of introducing tired girls, in need of healthy relaxation after their day's work, to spiritist séances and gatherings of which the inevitable result would be mental and moral collapse. It is the opinion of investigators who are more qualified to pronounce on the subject than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that the exercise of mediumship is almost always "attended by physical exhaustion, very frequently by complete mental prostration, producing a kind of moral paralysis and inertia of the will," and that "sometimes there are cataleptic seizures, contortions of the muscles of the face which are terrible to witness, and which are all of them conditions awakening disgust in all healthy and normally constituted minds—a state of feeling surely removed from anything approaching moral aspiration or elevation." Further, experts tell us that "it is a fact universally acknowledged and admitted by experienced spiritualists that the influence of the séance-room is on the whole debasing, and that it tends to banish all true devotional feeling and true religion." All things considered, it does seem that, if Sir Arthur had his way, we should have in a short time a race of mothers who would rear a generation silly enough and unmoral enough to accept even Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as a prophet and a teacher. The Empire has gone a long way on the road to the Devil, but it is not yet as far as that.

America and Ireland

"Civis," by interpolating into a passage from Lecky the words of a historian whom Lecky condemns

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as untrustworthy, put himself on a par with the scoundrel Piggott who forged letters in order to calumniate Ireland. Nobody accuses the *Otago Daily Times* of being accessory to "Civis's" guilt, but many people do wonder why a daily that aims at respectability still continues to allow the exposed falsifier to vent his anti-Irish and no-Popery spleen in its columns. Apparently the directors are not aware of the position he places them in; obviously they are blind to the fact that by tolerating such a man they are dragging down their paper to the level of rags like the *Nation* and the *Menace*, which will extend the hospitality of their columns to vile attacks on Ireland and the Catholic Church. When "Civis," and his one and only paper, the *Spectator*, had the audacity to tell their readers that the Americans had little or no sympathy for Irish freedom they were guilty of a falsehood so glaring that no man who has any knowledge of current history could ever trust either of them again. "Civis" has little respect for Irish bishops—whether for "old Moran" and "his pigs" or for Dr. Fogarty, who committed the unpardonable sin of expecting English statesmen to be serious when they promised to fight for the right of self-determination for small nations. But whatever "Civis" thinks, there are many people who will be glad to hear what are the views of an English bishop on the intense interest taken by Americans just now in the cause of oppressed Ireland. Writing in the *Dublin Review*, the Bishop of Northampton says:—

"It was our fixed intention, on leaving England, to avoid all political topics; and most of all the fatal topic of Irish self-government. But we were soon made aware, and that in the highest quarters, that reticence on this matter would be misconstrued. No appeal for co-operation between English-speaking Catholics would be listened to, we were told, unless Catholic England was prepared to express her sympathy, plainly and unreservedly with Catholic Ireland."

The Bishop goes on to tell how he felt bound, when addressing at Washington a distinguished audience, to make a declaration "which we thought represented faithfully the genuine sentiments of the vast majority of English Catholics, and which was accepted as satisfactory throughout America, except by the extreme partisans of the Clan-na-Gael." In this pronouncement he said:—

"But this I can say, that the British public generally, and British Catholics in particular, are determined that the findings of the Irish Convention shall not remain a dead letter. . . . The Red Hand of Ulster cannot be allowed to wreck any more statutes. *Ascendancy must end in Ireland as it must end in Prussia and elsewhere.*" [Italics ours.]

The following paragraph, from the *Glasgow Observer*, may also help to convince "Civis" that his *Spectator* man is but a "puir fool after a":—

"A *Daily News* correspondent (Mr. P. W. Wilson), writing from New York, emphasises the necessity of an Irish settlement if Anglo-American amity is to endure. 'The time has come for saying definitely that over Sir Edward Carson and Ulster, as over Lord Northcliffe, Britain must make a choice. She cannot have full English-speaking unity on Carson's terms. It is not only President Wilson who knows this. Roosevelt was equally assured of it, as are the Republicans, while Canada is undoubtedly affected.' If Lloyd George should surrender further or longer to Carson, then 'further defence of the British attitude towards Ireland is—declares Mr. Wilson—impossible on this side.'"

Rather on account of its interest than with any hope of educating our Dunedin Piggott, we quote the following, from the *New Witness*:—

"IRELAND AND PRESIDENT WILSON.

"Sir Francis Vane has asked us to publish the following letter:—'128 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York City, Good Friday, 1919.—Dear Sir Francis,—I have sent your interesting letter to the *Irish World*, which is still the historical Irish paper. I think both Roosevelt and Wilson were the wiser for your corre-

spondence. There is very little doubt on this side of the water now as to what happened in Ireland. Mr. Wilson is probably the best-informed man in the world on Irish affairs by now, and three of the most able Irish-Americans have gone to Paris to refresh his memory. The Irish have looked to Mr. Wilson, and I do not think it will be in vain. At least we have not the right to say 'in vain' until his tenure of the Presidency is closed. For two years longer he holds the whip-hand of the world. He has as yet done nothing against the Irish Cause, and showed himself marvelously sympathetic to the Irish Committee in New York. He made the unfortunate mistake, which can perhaps be attributed to having had to listen to Mr. Taft for an hour's speech, of refusing to meet Judge Cohalan, the Irish leader in America. As this incident has been well bruited in the English press it is only fair to add that the only other Irishman he declined to meet was Sir Edward Carson. It is fatuous to insist that he is Ireland's enemy. Apart from his determined desire to apply his theories to the whole world without exception, you have the remarkable prospect of an approaching Presidential election, in which Ireland may be the turning pivot. Before that momentous election comes, both England and America may see reason to insist on the Irish settlement. As to what that settlement may be, you are right in your criticism of any centre or middle party. On this side it is as well to face the cubical unquestioned quintessential facts. The time for all middle men has passed. The Irish in America will back only the Sinn Fein. Whatever concordat is made between Sinn Fein in Ireland and England will be honorably and everlastingly upheld in America. *Make it clear that no other settlement than one with Valera and MacNeill is possible. Whatsoever they bind in Dublin will be bound in New York; whatsoever they loose in Ireland will be loosed in America. For the Irish almost alone of peoples keep their word and abide their treaties.* [Italics ours.]—Yours sincerely, SHANE LESLIE."

The following extract from the *Dunedin Evening Star*, July 4, is a complete answer in itself to "Civis" and the *Spectator*:—"The *New York Times* Boston correspondent states that de Valera was given an enthusiastic reception by the Lower House of the Massachusetts State Legislature. He addressed a gathering on the aims of the Irish Republic. De Valera was enthusiastically received by at least 40,000 people at Fenway Park. De Valera read an address, in which he appealed to the United States to frame a new Covenant for the League of Nations, wherein Ireland will have a place among the free nations of the world. The Mayor of Boston welcomed de Valera."

America does apparently take interest in Ireland. In the light of the foregoing extracts it is clear how little the opinions of either "Civis" or his *Spectator* are worth, and it is evident that whatever else one may seek in "Civis" the truth is not to be found in him. We now give a report of a speech made recently at Wexford by Darrel Figgis, a Protestant Irishman, and we leave it to our readers to judge if it is likely that in the near future the interest of America in Irish freedom will be less than in the past. Couple with what Mr. Figgis says the remark of Shane Leslie that President Wilson does sympathise with Ireland and that he will for two years more hold the whip-hand over the world:—

"Mr. Darrel Figgis, lecturing in Wexford on Easter Sunday, said that if the nations neglected the acid test of Irish independence it might happen to eat its way through the whole fabric of imagined peace. The peace of the world could not be maintained otherwise than by a pact between England and America, and they in Ireland intended to see that there would be no peace between England and America until those nations recognised that Ireland was the acid test of their sincerity. He believed that if President Wilson had it in his power to-morrow to achieve Irish independence he would do it, but when he left Washington for Paris he was surrounded by a lot of old accomplished diplomats, who wove a net of words around

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him, and while in Paris he was in that net. His position of strength was in America, and they intended to strike their blows for Irish independence where he was strong."

Irishmen have not lost faith in President Wilson. That some have we do not deny, but those who are best able to judge still defend him and plead for him, asking us to remember that he was playing a lone hand in Paris, where everybody else was fighting for plunder. De Valera has already pleaded for trust in the President, and here is what another Sinn Fein leader has to say of him:—"Mr Arthur Griffith, at Strabane, on Easter Monday, said if President Wilson's declaration at the tomb of Washington of the principle on which America entered the war was acted on everywhere, then the peace of the world was secure, but if the principles were violated by the annexation of territory and the grabbing of trade, the result would not be peace, but continual war. He believed President Wilson was sincere when he laid down that principle, and that he made, and was making, a fight to uphold it. However, he found himself in difficulties that he would not have experienced had he sat in Washington and dictated peace. The English newspaper reports that President Wilson was backing England or anybody he did not believe. America was the one nation that had fulfilled to the letter the principle laid down by the President for the freedom of oppressed peoples. In December the Irish people declared for absolute independence, and a Republican form of government. If President Wilson found it impossible in the circumstances to carry out the undertakings he gave, they in Ireland would, if needs be, appeal to America to stand by the words of the President."

"N.Z. TABLET" HISTORY OF IRELAND COMPETITION

First Prize Essay, by ISOBEL M. QUILTER, St. Catherine's College Invercargill

THE GOLDEN AGE OF PRE-CHRISTIAN IRELAND.

"Had I strength, had I skill the wide world to subdue,
Oh! the queen of that world should be Roisin Dubh."

As far back as history can carry us, we find that the whole of Western Europe, including the British Isles, was peopled by a race apparently of the same origin, and divided into an immense number of republics. These people were governed patriarchally in the form of clans and were called Celts. The Celts of Ireland were neither builders of cities, nor, to any great extent, sailors. The wealth of the country lay in

cattle, and the chief seats of sovereignty commanded some district of rich pasture. Tara, for example, the name of which appears with the beginnings of legendary history, was situated in the richest part of the rich province of Meath, then set apart for the High King of Ireland. Every father ruled his family, being both priest and master, his sons in their turn becoming heads of small estates. The family was succeeded by the tribe or clan, an agglomeration of men of the same blood, possessing a chief of the same race. The country was divided amongst the clans, each occupying a particular district, the head holding a special part in virtue of his office, while the clansmen held the remainder in common; so that, as far as land was concerned, there were neither rich nor poor. Over each province was a chieftain who was truly a patriarch, elected by the clansmen. His power was immense, for all under him were blood-relations, and affection was the main moving-power. Under his sway a primitive, patriarchal life was led—such a life as conduced to moderation in all things and to a solid sense of duty. Hence the Celtic tribes were strictly conscientious, and spiritual things were to them real and substantial.

The chief characteristic of the Celtic race was that, long before Christianity was introduced into Ireland, it possessed a peculiar literature and the arts of music and poetry wherein the very soul of the race was portrayed. With the Celts, literature was the perfect expression of the social state of the people and sprang naturally from the clan system. A system of writing was also in use. The highest learned men among the Celts formed a privileged order; but in order to be able to reach to the degree the candidates had to prove for themselves—

"Purity of hand, bright without wounding."

"Purity of mouth, without poisonous satire."

"Purity of learning, without reproach."

"Purity of husbandship, in marriage."

Besides all this, they must have the highest degree of historical learning and literary attainments and must be able to trace the genealogies of all the tribes of Erin up to the first man. They used books, but generally conformed themselves to oral instruction. These men were called "Ollamhs." Under them were the "Shanachies." The Ollamh was the historian of the monarch of the whole country, and the Shanachies had the care of provincial records. Each chieftain, even the humblest, had his Shanachy. Inferior in rank to the Shanachy, although anterior in time, came the Filé, who wrote in verse, most of the poetry being "ballad." The literature was realistic, not romantic, and concerned itself with all classes, trying to raise what was of itself common and undignified in human society. All the poetry is marked by an extraordinary fondness for facts and traditions. Poetry was found

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everywhere, even in their law-books, inseparable from their thoughts, their speech, and their every-day actions. Music was the handmaid of poetry, which was composed in such a way as to be played or sung. All the Irish Celts possessed harps, and these were found in every home and at every gathering. Song, festivity, humor ruled more universally in Ireland than in any other Celtic nation.

Cormac Mac Art, grandson of Con of the Hundred Battles, was the wisest of Ireland's early kings. Under him flourished the great military organisation called the "Fiannas," or "Braves," whose chief leader was Fium Mac Cumhail. Cormac himself, though he fought in many battles, made himself illustrious by the arts of peace. Two works of his come down to us—*The Brehan Laws and Instruction for a King*, written to preserve manners, morals, and good government in the kingdom.

In religious matters the Celts of Ireland were pagans, but the gross idolatry of the Celts of Gaul never prevailed amongst them. Excavations and researches have never resulted in the discovery of the statue of a god, or of any other pagan sign. The ancient Irish possessed no mythology except harmless fairy tales, and no poetical histories of gods or goddesses—indeed, the probability is that they were not idolaters. Their priests or Druids, eminently learned men, were certainly monotheists, recognising the existence of one supreme being. As soon as Christianity was preached to the Irish, they rushed to a life of perfection. Even St. Patrick was surprised at their ardor. "The sons of Irishmen," he says, "and the daughters of their chieftains want to become monks and virgins of Christ."

Tradition tells of invasions or colonisations of Eire, and traces them all back to an origin in the Mediterranean. Partholon and Nemed are said to have been the first two colonies, but part of the Nemedian colony returned to the Mediterranean and served as slaves. They were set to work to carry earth in wallets to enrich the slopes of the vineyards; hence they were called "Firbolgs" or "Men of the leathern wallets." Forty years later came a new body of invaders, the Tuatha de Danaan. They also were of the Nemedian race and had learnt magic from the Greeks. When Syria overran Greece, they fled to Norway and thence to Ireland. Some 200 years later came the Milesians, who defeated the magic-working de Danaans and took possession of the country.

We have said that the Irish were not builders of cities: they were builders, nevertheless, and have left behind them many wonderful monuments. In Brugh na Boinne, the burying-place of the pagan Irish kings, are still to be seen the remains of vast sepulchres, and at Carrowmore is found a group of stone circles that has no parallel in the British Isles. The whole country is dotted over with rath and liss, cahir and cairn. The mansions of the chieftains were "raths" used for dwellings, and "duns" constructed with a view to resisting attacks. These raths and duns were in part under ground and in part above, circular in form, built sometimes of stones, more often of sodded clay. The ruins of these are now being explored, and relics are being exhumed, which show that real objects of art embellished the dwellings of Irishmen, probably before the foundation of Rome and while Greece was yet in a state of barbarism.

Such was the golden age of pre-Christian Ireland—*"Ireland, Queen of the Western Seas,"* Long has been the hour of thine unquenching.

And the just understand that thine hour is at hand,
Thine hour at hand, with power in the dawning."

First Prize Essay (Junior Section), by WILLIAM HERLIHY, St. Joseph's School, Dannevirke (age 11 years).

THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.

The Battle of Clontarf was fought in the year 1014, when Brian Boru was King of Ireland. The contesting parties were the Danes and the Irish. These

Danes, or Northmen as they were called, came from Norway and Denmark, from the Orkney and Shetland Isles, from Northumbria and Man, and from Cantyre and Cornwall. Their two best-known leaders were Brodir, of Man, and Sigurd, Earl of Orkneys. The Irish leader was their king, Brian Boru.

Clontarf stretches from the crescent-shaped north strand of Dublin harbor towards the promontory of Howth. The meadow-land between slopes gently upward and inward from the beach, and for the myriad duels which formed the ancient battle no field could present less possible vantage ground to the combatants on either side.

On the 18th of April, 1014, the great Danish fleet arrived in Dublin Bay. Most of the galleys anchored in the bay, some were moored in the mouth of the river Liffey, while the rest were beached or anchored in a vast line stretching along the Clontarf shore.

In the meantime one of the princes of Leinster had deserted to the Danish side, and was so eager to help them that he took all his followers with him. On hearing this Brian secretly dispatched a body of soldiers to raid the traitor's territory. This news was carried by a spy to the Danish camp, and the traitor urged Brodir that now was the time to attack, as Brian's best troops were away. Accordingly, on Holy Thursday the Danes announced that they would fight on the morrow. Brian did not wish to engage in battle on that day, which would be Good Friday, that awful anniversary when the altars of the Church are veiled throughout Christendom, and the dark stone is rolled to the door of the mystic sepulchre.

The Danish left wing consisted of the Dublin Danes and one thousand men in coats of mail commanded by the youthful princes, Arnud and Carlus. In the centre, Maelmorra, the traitor prince, commanded the Leinster men, while on the right the foreign Danes were under Brodir and Sigurd. Facing the Dublin Danes on the Irish right were the Dalcassians under Murrogh, Brian's son. In the centre were the men from Munster under Cian and Domhnall, while on the left were the Connaught men under O'Heine and O'Kelly.

Before the battle, Brian, mounted on his battle charger, and with a cross in his hand, rode in front and solemnly addressed the army. He told them to "remember that on this day Christ died for us on the Mount of Calvary"; he told them also to remember all the Danes had done, and that in fighting them they fought for their country and their faith and that God would be with them in the fight. Inspired by these words his army rushed upon the foe. It was Good Friday, the 23rd April, 1014, just as the tide was at its full. There was no cavalry in either army, nor can we discern any system of tactics by which masses of men make or resist an attack. The battle was rather a series of single combats in which personal prowess was the deciding element. It was a fiercely contested fight. Morning passed into mid-day and mid-day into evening, but still the battle raged. Standards had fallen, the ranks were fatally thinned, and the ground was covered with dead and dying men; yet neither side would give way, and even as the sun descended Celt and Dane still faced each other in that grim death struggle.

On the left O'Kelly and O'Heine, with many a gallant Connaught man were dead, and the great Sigurd himself was with the slain. On the right the slaughter was great, for in no part of the battle had the contest been waged more fiercely. The dead lay in heaps, and on the blood-soddened fields the mail-clad Norwegian and the hardy veteran from the Fergus and the Shannon, after their fierce encounter, together peacefully in death.

After Brian Boru's famous address to his army, at the entreaty of his friends he retired to his tent, which stood at some distance, and was there guarded by three of his aides. Here he alternately prostrated himself before the crucifix or looked out from the tent door upon the dreadful scene that lay beyond. Towards sunset one division of the enemy under Brodir was retreating, when Brodir, perceiving the tent of Brian standing apart without any guard and the aged king on his knees before the crucifix, rushed in, cut him

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down with a single blow of his battle-axe, and continued his flight. He was, however, soon overtaken by the guard and dispatched by the most cruel death they could devise.

Thus, on the field of battle in the act of prayer and on the day of Our Lord's Crucifixion, fell the Christian King, Brian Boru, in the cause of his native land and religion.

Brian Boru found a last resting-place in Armagh, where, with his son and grandson, he was solemnly interred in a new tomb. Many elegies have been written in his honor, and some of the most beautiful have been written by his enemies.

CLEMENT SHORTER ON THE IRISH QUESTION

There is no reason why there should not be a settlement of the Irish question without delay, according to Clement K. Shorter, editor of the *London Sphere*, who, while recently in New York, granted an interview to a representative of the *Christian Science Monitor*. Those who believe the Irish question is insoluble are absolutely wrong, Mr. Shorter said. He deprecated the inaccurate propaganda on the subject, spread throughout the United States, and said that those who knew the truth of the situation knew also that a general settlement of the problem was not at all impossible. England was now tending toward a Labor Government. Within five years, Mr. Shorter thought, England would have a Labor Parliament. If it did not come meanwhile, the Irish settlement would be brought about then, and the Conservatives who were now holding back a settlement ought to be able to see that the Ulster minority would gain much more consideration in a settlement affected now than in one made by the Labor Parliament.

Mr. Shorter recognised that anyone who said a good word for Sinn Fein in the United States would very likely be suspected of being pro-German. He said that he himself was in every respect a vigorous opponent of the Germans, and had been from the first. But he was convinced that the Wilsonian theory of the self-determination of small peoples ought to apply to the Irish people as well as to any others. He went so far as to say, in reply to the assertion that the Irish question was a domestic one concerning England and Ireland alone, that England through the war had come under financial and other obligations to the United States, and that it was not improper to hope that what he called "the gentle jolt of diplomacy" might be used from American sources to assist in bringing the British Government to full realisation of the fact that a prompt settlement of the Irish problem was imperative.

Labor was sound on the Irish question. Labor men realised that further postponement of a settlement was nonsense. Asked how that settlement could be brought about, Mr. Shorter said he didn't think any newspaper in the United States would print his views on the subject. But he wished to express his admiration of Mr. Griffith and Mr. de Valera, whom he characterised as two of the ablest statesmen Ireland had produced since Daniel O'Connell. Most of the Irish leaders had been clever politicians rather than constructive statesmen. They had worked along the lines of playing one English political party against another. This was courting failure from the start, and the proof of statesmanship was success. But with Griffith and de Valera, each of whom made up for what the other lacked, Ireland was in the ablest hands for a policy of reconstruction.

Most Englishmen, Mr. Shorter said, would not consider for a moment any official negotiations with the Irish leaders; yet Mr. Shorter said he knew it was a fact that Mr. Lloyd George had tried to make an appointment to meet Mr. de Valera in Wales some time ago. And the Government must consider these leaders, and co-operate with them, seeking their counsel, if a proper settlement of the question was to be reached.

One way to save the situation was for all concerned to embrace the policy of a generous recognition of Mr. Wilson's policy of self-determination as applying to

Ireland. That would also assist in retaining American friendship for England. If the United States did the just thing, she would give all her support to the theory of the self-determination of nations. A single reading of President Wilson's various expositions of this theory, such as the "Interests of the weakest are as sacred as the interests of the strongest," would show that they all applied exactly to the Irish question. Ireland, like other small nations, must be permitted to settle her destiny in accordance with the will of the majority.

Mr. Shorter was asked whether the Irish themselves could agree on a settlement. He replied by saying that it was not true that Ireland, in effect, was two nations. If England should withdraw all her forces, the Irish people could come to an agreement. It was only because of the activities of certain lawyers in the north of Ireland, backed by the British Government, that trouble continued. It will be remembered that some time ago the *Irish World* republished a splendid letter by Mr. Shorter on the Irish question from the *Manchester Guardian*.

Mr. Shorter came to the United States with Henry W. Massingham, editor of the *London Nation*. He is spending most of his time in this city visiting various private libraries, expressing much enthusiasm over them. Mr. Shorter is best known to Irish-Americans as the biographer of the Brontes. The late Dora Sigerson was his wife.

THE COAL CONUNDRUM

In the following letter which appeared in the *Timaru Herald* Dean Tubman has something worth considering to say concerning the coal troubles. Having had to read the newspapers during the war we are not as much surprised as the Dean at their being dumb when right speech is wanted:—

Sir,—Most reluctantly do I ask for a small space in your columns to utter a protest against the shameless and inhuman way we are being treated by our servants in the Government. What company would allow its management to treat its shareholders as we are being treated at present? Our poor people are starving and shivering owing to the mismanagement of our well-paid politicians. Want of boats can be no excuse for stopping the trains and depriving us of fuel in this part of the Dominion, since we have at our doors coalfields and there are large quantities of wood rotting between here and Rakaiia. If the Government cannot induce men to enter the bowels of the earth and bring us out coal at the present wage, let them give as much as will attract plenty to offer their services. (I would like to see some of our politicians at the job.) Or again let them throw open the coalmines to the public and we will help ourselves sufficiently to boil the pot and warm our hands.

As for shortage of shipping, why in the name of commonsense allow the shipping rings to control the situation in this little island of ours, and to make huge fortunes at our expense? I am told that the money it cost to send our soldiers to the war would have purchased all the ships of the U.S.S. Company. What it cost recently to take a senseless referendum, when we should have had the long-deferred general election at the same time, surely would have paid for a boat or two to bring us coal and provisions and prevent New Zealanders from being stranded in Australia and elsewhere. If we lie down with our mouths closed, without even a protest, we deserve all and more than we are getting. It seems to many (and I am of the number) that the present state of things is a political move before the elections, to discredit Labor so that our artful masters may get into power again. I am surprised that many of our newspapers are so silent. Can it be that they are controlled by the politicians?—I am, etc.,

J. TUBMAN, S.M.

The Priory, Timaru, July 2, 1919.

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OUR ROMAN LETTER

(By "SCOTTUS.")

Those who are likely to be in correspondence with Rome would do well to note an innovation recently introduced by the post office authorities, consisting in the division of the city into some 50 or 60 numbered districts for the purpose of facilitating the sorting and distribution of the multitudinous correspondence that is daily poured in from all quarters of the globe. For the future, then, it is requested that all letters should bear after the word Rome the number of the district to which they are addressed. An example or two will illustrate what is meant. Thus letters to the Irish College should be addressed "Irish College, Rome 3"; those to the Irish Augustinians, "Rome 26"; and those to the Irish Franciscans, "Rome 6."

In this connection it may not be amiss to mention the advisability of writing the words of the address as clearly as possible. To use what Mark Twain thought was a joke, the postmen (and in these days the post-women) are all foreigners, and cannot be expected to be experts in calligraphy. That so few letters fail to reach their destination is a high tribute to the intelligence of these long-suffering workers. But at the same time, letters are often delivered at the wrong address, and thus fail to reach their proper destination as early as might be, owing to the difficulty or impossibility of making out what the writers had in mind when penning the address. Bearing this caution in mind, and taking the precaution of inserting the proper number after the word Rome, the labor of the post office workers will be facilitated, and letters will be delivered with greater despatch than was possible before.

* * *

Of course there is the censor, and the censor apparently we have always with us. When he is to take his long-expected departure no one knows. But I imagine Irish readers do not need to be reminded of the existence or operations of that much abused gentleman who apparently is likely to be always with them also, if we are to believe an announcement appearing in the Italian papers a few days ago. He is certainly here, as can easily be seen by glancing at the pages of the morning's papers where blank patches betray his vigilance just as infallibly as ruined fields the passing of the locust. In one way there is noticeable a slight change here in this respect. Irish news is more to the fore than it was allowed to be a month ago, and on the whole it is now of a sympathetic nature. Naturally much depends on the turn events take at a given moment in Paris—so long as all runs smoothly there, and so long as the Welsh Wagtail warbles in accordance with Italian wishes, we cannot expect Italian newspapers to go into ecstasies about us—but the moment there appears the slightest rift in the pipes we expect our position to be referred to in sympathetic terms, and are seldom disappointed. One of the most authoritative of the morning's papers, the *Tempo*, for instance, devotes a long article to Mr. O'Kelly's efforts at Paris with which the writer is evidently in keen sympathy. And in a leading article of the same journal, attention is drawn in biting terms to the wobbly policy pursued by the Big Four with regard to national aspirations. Having professed the deepest admiration for the Wilsonian decalogue the article bursts forth into bitter lamentations: "Wilson is no longer the herald of pure justice and equity. He seems to have been frozen into a position of intransigence with regard to certain principles affecting respect for presumed nationalities,—but he seems to be thus affected only to the detriment of those whose threats he fears not. Why in the long run does not the Puritan ex-president of Princeton listen to the mournful voice of Ireland, and why does he hold that the Irish question is one between Ireland and Great Britain alone, while at the same time claiming to intervene with infallible authority in our (Italian) conflict with the Jugo Slavs, whose

revolt is so feeble in comparison with that of the Irish? We believe that the best and only argument to invoke in this hour, so decisive of the fate of our territorial programme at Paris, is that which is offered by the attitude assumed by Wilson with regard to parallel problems of the various Allied countries. Mr. Wilson has no right to throw his decalogue in our teeth while he is furtively consigning it to his pocket the moment the assertion of it proves disagreeable to his friends at the other side of the English Channel. But then, to be sure, we are not in a position to show our teeth, or perhaps the sacrifice of our aspirations will not create embarrassment for the plutocracy across the Atlantic. To sacrifice Italy at the present moment, when England is being given a free hand in the dealing with national problems such as that of Ireland, would be tantamount to a cool abandoning of the policy of coherence and justice. Wilson is evidently relying too much on the prestige of his name and his country. But the Peace Congress is not a school of philosophy, nor is he a Pythagoras." It would be easy to multiply passages of a similar tone; but the above should suffice to convey some idea of the trend of opinion in this country. For the present all that need be added in this connection is to remark that while the emissaries of the British Embassy have failed to secure the repression of independent views on the subject, there is no indication that the same institution hesitates to draw the salaries of its officials, part of which doubtless is derived from the twenty or thirty millions which Ireland is contributing towards the making of the world safe for something or other: just as there is no sign, quite the contrary, that certain English-speaking Benedictines here, who for years have done their best to inspire Catholic and other newspaper offices with anti-Irish feeling, are at all opposed to the idea of their school at St. Benedict's near Gorey being used as a feeder for the more aristocratic groves of Downside in England.

* * *

Other and higher interests are apparently not faring better at the hands of the Quadrumvirate. Apart from the future position of the Catholic Church in Alsace-Lorraine where naturally Catholics may expect that liberty by which France herself is free, the tendency of events in the East, and particularly in the Holy Land, is anything at all but reassuring from the Catholic point of view. Proselytism is the order of the day. Protestant societies go their way, scattering gold right and left to save the poor benighted papists from the errors of the Scarlet Woman; while societies that sail under the banner of colored crosses, or pose as non-sectarian semi-military Christian organisations with triangular crests and aims, are joining in the cry. Small wonder that recently the Holy Father felt constrained to issue a warning, and at the same time to make a moving appeal to the faithful all the world over to come to the rescue of the Catholics of the Holy Land, whose faith is menaced by hordes moving onward to the tune of penny rolls, and soup and hairy bacon. Recent reports go to show that not only is proselytism rife in the Holy Land, but that venerable shrines which for centuries have been under the loving care of the Franciscans are about to be handed over to countries or bodies that have no love for Rome. It is even stated that in all these transactions the Pope has been completely ignored, thus showing how serious the prophets were in predicting that a new era had dawned in which every element that could make for peace would be invited to lend a helping hand.

* * *

Yet there are compensations either actual or expected. A few days ago, almost on the 510th anniversary of the day when the lowly peasant maid of Domremy appeared before Orleans with gleaming sword in hand and scattered the proudest knights that England had ever sent forth to battle, a ceremony was held in the Vatican and a decree read in the presence of the Pope vouching for the authenticity of two miracles ascribed to the intercession of the same maid who was

put to a shameful death under judicial forms by those who feared to meet her with steel. Replying to a brilliant address read by the Bishop of Orleans, the Holy Father referred to his own anxiety to hasten the canonisation of one whose virtues had won the respect and admiration of his predecessors. He recalled to mind how he was present at the death-bed of Leo XIII.; how prayers were recited for the spiritual comfort of the old man in his last agony; and how he that is now Pope was deeply moved when invocations were addressed to the saints and the blessed who had been raised to the honors of the altar by the Pope then nearing his end: "It will be a source of great comfort to my soul," said Benedict XV., "if in the hour of my agony those around me can invoke in my favor the intercession of Joan of Arc because I shall have placed on her head the aureola of the Saints." In the course of his address, the Bishop of Orleans had pointed out certain moral affinities which appeared to him to exist between the Blessed Joan of Arc and the Pope. Referring to this the Holy Father went on to observe: "These moral affinities have been dwelt on in connection with the war that has wrought such dreadful devastation during the first years of our Pontificate. And truly it could not be unwelcome to us if the example of Joan of Arc before and during the war with the English is availed of to throw greater light on the fact that the attitude of the Holy See in the course of the recent struggle is precisely that which has constantly been maintained by the very saints who loved their country like Joan of Arc. This natural evocation of the patriotism of the Maid of Orleans invites us to pluck one other flower from the eminent patron of the cause of Joan of Arc; and it is the flower of the love of country which, just as it long ago inflamed the heart of Blessed Joan of Arc, so has it vibrated to-day in the heart of the illustrious orator. Far from being astonished at the words, we feel that from this point of view the Bishop of Orleans is the faithful spokesman of his fellow-countrymen, both here and at home. We have said that we are not surprised; we go further, and add that, seeing how properly the memory of Joan of Arc inflamed the love of Frenchmen for their country, we regret that we are only French at heart. But the sincerity with which we are French at heart is such that to-day we make our own the joy that is felt by born Frenchmen at the progress made towards the canonisation of Joan of Arc, thanks to the approbation of the two miracles attributed to her intercession. Born Frenchmen rejoice with good right at recognising in the truth of these two miracles a witness confirming the power of Joan of Arc before the heavenly throne. With good right too will they conclude that the more widespread diffusion of the veneration of Blessed Joan, such as is sure to result from her canonisation, will obtain still greater graces and blessings for their country. In this desire and in this hope the Frenchman at heart finds himself in complete harmony with the born Frenchman in wishing France an increase of glory and happiness. Let us be permitted, therefore, to say that the last flower attesting the love of the children of France for their cherished motherland gives forth a special perfume; and all we ask is that a share of it may be allowed to one who, though not born in France, desires to be called France's friend." The eloquent and touching words of the Pope have served but to confirm a rumor current here for some time to the effect that steps are being taken at the present moment to restore the former friendly relations which were so ruthlessly swept aside by the bigotry or greed of French statesmen some dozen years ago. Much should depend on the next few weeks: all that can be said at present is that the outlook is not rendered brighter by the spirit now prevailing at Paris, where, as someone has wittily remarked, peace has broken out and is now raging with the utmost intensity. The authentication of the miracles of the Blessed Joan of Arc is the last official step that has to be taken. All that now remains is to fix the day for the canonisation ceremony. Under ordinary circumstances this would take place within the next few weeks, but obviously there are many difficulties of a

practical nature in the way, particularly in the matter of travelling, to prevent people from coming to Rome either now or in the immediate future. This being so, it is more than probable that the ceremony must be postponed till early next year, when it may be expected to take place, if nothing unforeseen occurs in the meanwhile. One of the unforeseen things would be the death of the Pope, and the election of a successor with other views on the subject. But apart from this unlikely contingency the chances are that before next Easter the faithful all over the world will be enabled to address the Maid of Orleans as St. Joan of Arc. About the same time, possibly the same day, probably the same week, and almost certainly the same month, will be held the Beatification ceremony of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett. Those who love to speak of Empire cardinals, and Empire bishops, and Empire priests, and Empire students, will have doubtless special interest in both ceremonies; for both will concern Empire martyrs.

FIGHTING THE INFLUENZA IN BRISBANE.

Though the female conscriptionist brigade has not responded to the appeals for workers to fight the influenza and nurse the infected, it is gratifying to know that the sober-minded ladies of the community have risen to the occasion (writes the Brisbane correspondent of the *Catholic Press*). His Grace Archbishop Duhig has early taken action, and he placed at the disposal of the Government St. Laurence's magnificent school as a hospital, whilst the Christian Brothers vacated their residential quarters in favor of the nursing staff. An organised body of Catholic ladies are hard at work, nobly doing their duty in attending to the wants of the sick, and St. Stephen's Schoolroom has been a hive of industry lately, voluntary workers preparing food and sick comforts for afflicted families, regardless of color or religion. It is indeed splendid and heartening to witness the whole-hearted co-operation of these ladies, and the willingness to be of service in brightening the lot of those who are stricken and unable to help themselves. The Sisters from the Mater Misericordiae Hospital have taken over full charge of St. Laurence's Hospital, and have done splendid service already in relieving the congestion which has taken place in the other public institutions. The equipment and furnishing of St. Laurence's is on the most modern lines, and is in keeping with the well-ordered and scientific efficiency of the nursing Sisters of Mercy.

COLLECT OLD STAMPS.

At present there is a great demand for old postage stamps, and a good deal of money can be derived from these small bits of waste paper. In several countries charitable persons deal with this business and send the money either directly or indirectly to good works; orphanages, asylums, or to the missionaries in foreign countries. To collect stamps is to promote *God's Glory*, if done with a right intention. Stamps will be gratefully received by Rev. Charles Schoonjans, S.J., Collège Saint-Servais, Liège (Belgium), who will also care that senders are recommended in the Holy Sacrifices and prayers specially said for their intention every month.

Mr. J. J. Clancy, M.P. for North Sligo, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment by a Crimes Court in Sligo, on a charge of "unlawful assembly." The "crime" was that Mr. Clancy, the Sinn Féin member for Sligo, made a speech at a public meeting in his constituency.

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OBITUARY

MR. JOHN HAYDON, CHRISTCHURCH.

It is with regret the death is recorded, of June 22, following an operation, of Mr. John Haydon, for the past 35 years an official in the G.P.O., Christchurch, and a member of the Cathedral congregation. He was attended most devotedly in his illness by Father Murphy. His wife predeceased him 14 years ago. He has left a family of five to mourn their loss—Private Vernon Haydon, at present engaged at Headquarters, London; Frank (Levin), and Hilda, Kathleen, and Lillie, ex-pupils of the Sacred Heart Girls' College, Barbadoes Street. On Tuesday morning, June 24, Requiem Mass was celebrated by Father Cooney at St. Joseph's Church, Lyttelton, where the interment took place. The mourners were Messrs. Frank (son) and Harry Haydon (brother), Vernon O'Brien and David Dalton, Wellington (brothers-in-law). The funeral was very largely attended by fellow-officials of the G.P.O. Many handsome wreaths were sent from the different departments of the G.P.O.—R.I.P.

THE WILL TO SUCCEED.

The world recognises Marshal Foch as a truly great man not only for the magnificent exploits that he accomplished as the leader of the Allied Forces in the great war now happily closed, but because of the undaunted courage that he possesses (says the *Boston Pilot*). Perhaps never in history has there been a man who has held more rigidly to the homely philosophy of life than Foch. He has always had an abiding confidence in human nature and an enduring trust in the "will" of a man or combination of men to achieve success. Marshal Foch has taught both in the classroom and on the field that an army's greatest strength lies in its determination to win and a will to hold out against even terrific odds. The admission of defeat has lost victories. The philosophy of Foch has been that "victories are won by science, that is true, but also by faith. When one has faith, one does not retire; one stops the enemy where he finds him."

The world will read into these noble words faith in the achievement of material success. But have they not a deeper meaning? The whole world knows of the Generalissimo of the Allied armies. Books, magazines, and pamphlets of all kinds have been published recording the magnificent faith of Foch. All agree that he was supremely a man of God. They tell us of the frequent visits that he made to the Blessed Sacrament at times when defeat seemed inevitable, when cannon were roaring and men were falling martyrs to their country. They tell us of the hours that he spent pleading with God for victory over the forces of oppression.

History fairly glows with the kindly letters that this great soldier sent to the children of the various countries asking them to pray every day for him and for his success. His abounding confidence and faith in God have been a bright light amid the darkness that has overcast the world for the past four years. He energised his men with the same spirit that inspired his great soul. They saw the visible manifestations of faith in his every act. They witnessed in his every order a forward step toward victory, and knew that Foch's faith in God and in ultimate triumph through the aid of heaven would bring success to their cause.

How beautifully this eminent soldier describes his success: "The battle won is the battle in which one refuses to admit himself beaten, because the army is to the chief what the sword is to the soldier. Its value lies in the hand that wields it." How true these words not only in the affairs of men but in the spiritual life. And we may be assured that when General Foch uttered them he was painting a word picture of his own spiritual life. It will be recalled that when he was chosen from among the world's illustrious soldiers as the one who would lead the nations to victory he made an open confession of his faith in God. He openly stated that he

was the brother of a Jesuit, which all felt would disqualify him in the minds of the French radicals. He gave frank expression to his religious convictions even though he believed that in so doing he would lose the greatest honor that could come to any man of his time. This was an act of fidelity and loyalty to God that certainly was rewarded by a most crushing defeat of the invading armies and the greatest success for justice and right that have ever been recorded in history. And yet it was but the simple faith of a Christian heart!

To-day the world needs such men and such open confessions of faith. If the most eminent soldier in this world was eager to confess God before men, even at the price of losing the greatest of human honors, how utterly selfish and unworthy are they who seek success but at the cost of their dearest possession, their faith! There is a lesson in the life of General Foch that every Catholic should take to heart.

THE CLAIM OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

On the Feast of Pentecost, at the Solemn High Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne, the occasional sermon was preached by the Archbishop, Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, who said that anyone who reads his Bible intelligently, and without suggestion or prejudice, will find it very hard to reconcile the inspired text with the ideas which prevail outside the Catholic fold. To many, perhaps to the majority, Christ is a mere man—a very perfect man no doubt, but still a man like themselves. Like them, He had His limitations, they think; His knowledge, remarkable in His own day, needs to be brought up to date; His doctrines require revision in order to find believers in these advanced times; the human intellect has outgrown the creed of Christ and His Apostles; the divided sects are none of them right, but in the clash of their shifting opinions the wise man of the world is getting rid of the worn-out religious dogmas, and is rising to things higher and purer; there is no teaching authority anywhere to settle anything definitely; it may be unsatisfactory, but there is nothing better to offer those who worry themselves about religion than to grope and stumble amid the ruins of human speculation. Such finality as there is can be found only by an appeal to Parliament, or to the Privy Council, or some such secular tribunal. That is the world's conception of things.

There is nothing of this chaos in the Scripture records. Christ stands out a Divine Person, whose word or power or knowledge is beyond question. He teaches with authority, and His own authority He hands down to His Apostles and their successors in the ministry. They were not to receive their commission from Kings or Emperors, and they were not to look for guidance to Parliaments or to Ministries. Christ Himself was their only Master in the things of the soul. They were to speak with His voice, and He promised to be with them, by His guidance, all days. When He left them to ascend into Heaven, He sent them the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, "to abide with them for ever," to teach them "all truth." The Catholic Church has this distinction among all those that call themselves Christian, that she alone claims to teach with infallible authority; that she alone claims to speak under the unerring guidance of the Holy Ghost, and with the Divine authority of Jesus Christ. That lofty claim is, no doubt, rejected by those outside her fold. But, to anyone who accepts the Bible as the Word of God, the very fact that the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church alone, makes that claim to be an unerring teacher should be a proof that the Catholic Church, and no other, is the Church which is founded by Christ, and which is the dwelling-place of the Holy Spirit.

Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, influences to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.

J. M. J.

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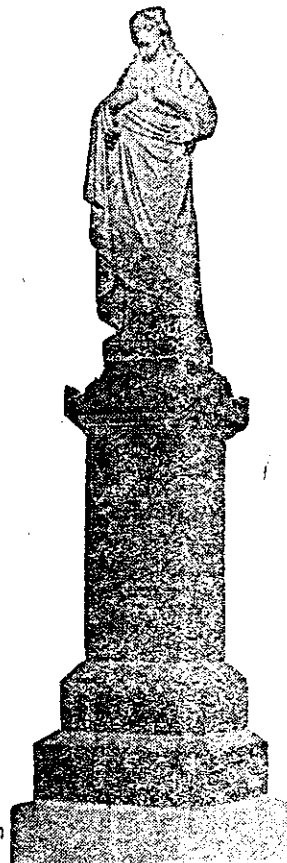
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The Extra Charges are: Washing, £1/10/- a year; and Medicine and Medical Attendance if required.

Students will provide their own wearing apparel, including the Soutane, as well as Surplice for assistance in Choir.

The Seminary is under the patronage and direction of the Archbishops and Bishops of New Zealand, and under the immediate personal supervision of the Right Rev. Bishop of Dunedin.

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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—France and the Vatican, p. 25. Notes—Spiritual Books; Books to Get; Libraries, pp. 26-27. Current Topics—The Futility of Politicians; Conan Doyle's Dotage; America and Ireland, pp. 14-15. The Catholic Church and the New World Democracy, p. 33. The Origin of Sinn Féin, p. 11. Rose Mystica, p. 13. History Competitions, p. 17. Clement Shorter on Ireland, p. 19.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

Deaths, Marriages, Wanted, etc., will be charged as follows:—Up to 20 words, 3/- minimum; up to 30 words, 4/-; up to 40 words, 5/-. *Strictly Cash in Advance.*

In order to insure insertion in the following issue the copy for above advertisements must reach the office by *noon on Tuesdays*.

General advertising rates on application to the office.

DEATHS

DERROM.—On June 18, 1919, at her residence, Ngahuru Street, Eden Terrace, Auckland, Flora, relict of the late Major James Derrom; aged 75 years.—R.I.P.

HAYDON.—On June 22, 1919, at Christchurch, John Haydon (late G.P.O.), in his 58th year.—R.I.P.

MALONE.—On June 15, 1919, at the residence of her sister-in-law (Mrs. T. Malone), Riverlea, Taranaki, Bridget Malone, native of Co. Clare, Ireland; aged 82 years.—R.I.P.

FOR THE EMPIRE'S CAUSE

IN MEMORIAM

BROSNAHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Timothy John (Ted) Brosnahan, third son of Hugh Brosnahan, late of Kerry Town, South Canterbury, who was killed in action at Armentieres, on July 16, 1916; aged 26 years.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

IN MEMORIAM

BURKE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Francis Burke, dearly beloved son of Michael and Adelin Burke, who died at Petone on July 1, 1918; aged 8 years.—Inserted by his sorrowing parents.

DURNING.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Owen Durning, beloved husband of Allison Lillie Durning, who died at Dunedin, on July 8, 1914.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

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WANTED.—A HOUSEKEEPER. Apply—Christian Brothers, Dunedin.

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

Pergant Directores et Scriptores New Zealand Tablet, Apostolica Benedictione confortati, Religionis et Justitiae causam promovere per vias Veritatis et Pacis.

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

TRANSLATION.—Fortified by the Apostolic Blessing, let the Directors and Writers of the New Zealand Tablet continue to promote the cause of Religion and Justice by the ways of Truth and Peace.

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1919.

FRANCE AND THE VATICAN

BEFORE the war there was in France a notable Catholic revival among men of letters, and in a country where genius is revered as it is in France such a sign was full of promise for the future. Many of the writers who a few years ago drew the attention of French readers to the crying necessity for establishing society once more on the basis of God's law are now no more. Péguy, Psichari, and numerous others have died fighting for France, which has suffered untold loss in their deaths. Bourget, Lamy, and a host of authors of great name still remain to carry on the work of regeneration. Their number is increasing as time goes on, and novelists and romance-writers hitherto noted for their anti-Catholic bias are to-day seeing life with a higher and clearer vision. It is remarkable that at the reception of Mgr. Baudrillart among the immortals of the *Académie* the address of Marcel Prevost pleased and surprised Catholics who were doubtful enough as to how the writer of so many novels of doubtful morality and unhealthy views would approach his subject. M. Prevost, however, affirmed that he had been convinced by the teachings of de Mun and Baudrillart that it is the duty of all good Frenchmen to restore internal harmony in the country by reparation for the injustice committed against the Church. He pleaded that all should work and pray together that the ties which had been broken should be restored, insisting on liberty of teaching for the Church and the return of the religious who had been expelled. When a prominent member of the Left has the courage to assert such views at a full meeting of the *Académie*, and when the talented representatives of the intellect of France loudly applaud his speech, there can be no doubt that we may welcome a sign of the times which the dead heroes would have given their lives to see.

*

In April, during a visit to Rome in connection with the cause of Joan of Arc, Mgr. Touchet told an interviewer that in the hearts of many Frenchmen there was an eager desire for reunion between France and the Vatican. This desire was begotten of a sincere love of France and a sense of justice towards the Church which France had treated so badly in the past. If at present the Government is in opposition to the popular will, it is because of its corruption and weakness, and because of the prevalence of Masonry and atheism in high places. Mgr. Touchet believes that in time the will of the people will overcome this evil and root out old prejudices and hostilities which stand in the way of France's welfare. France herself is religious at heart, and anxious for the renewal of cordial relations with the Pope. Mgr. Touchet recalls that in

the past Leo XIII. one day said to him: "France is the staff on which I lean in order to cross Europe, but France too needs me." Similar words were uttered to him recently by Cardinal Gasparri, and there is no doubt that they put the case in a nutshell. Mgr. Touchet witnesses what joy was caused in Catholic France by the Pope's recent manifestation of affection for the land of Joan of Arc, and he sees in this a promise that the heroine of his race will win yet another victory no less precious than that which cost her life in bygone years. In a recent number of the *Dublin Review* a writer relates that English soldiers marching past her statue into a French town saluted with the words, *Pardon, Jeanne*. If the story be true, this touching tribute from the ranks of her ancient foes was a splendid reparation for the crime of the past. No less was it a lesson for those Frenchmen of to-day who are the only enemies Jeanne has now in that by their hatred of her religion and by their activity in the cause of evil they are ruining the dear land for which she died.

We know well how the memory of Jeanne inspired the heroes of the recent war, and how her spiritual presence was felt among the soldiers whose bravery and chivalry once more saved France. We know how near to ruin and desolation the Masons and the Jews had brought France in the early days of the war; how they put incapable men in positions of trust; how they kept in the background the best and bravest officers because of their faith; and how at last only a sense of imminent danger compelled them to rely on Pétain and on Foch, who led the armies of the Entente Powers to final victory. The Generalissimo who came at the eleventh hour to save France was a man after Jeanne's heart. Self-reliance, courage, patriotism had failed when he came on the scene. Until he appeared there was talk enough and to spare about these qualities, but never a public word about prayer and trust in God. The Man of the Hour made no mistake. He was a man of prayer, a devout Catholic who drew his strength from communion with God. History will write that Foch saved the world by his military genius and his strategy; but Foch himself gave the honor where it was due. Before the final trial he said: "Prayer has saved the Allies before in this deadly struggle, and it will save them again." Not to the "bull-dog tenacity of the English," not to the prodigal bravery of the French, but to the prayer of the humble people of France did he attribute the miraculous turning back of the great armies that threatened Paris in the early days, and now that he was in supreme command he made no secret of his dependence on prayer for victory. He did not hesitate to ask for prayer—above all for the innocent prayers of the little children—and when the tide turned at last his humble word was: *Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam*—"Not to us, O Lord, not to us, but to Thy Name be the glory." God who chose Jeanne in other years now chose Foch to save France and to teach her a salutary lesson. Surely France will learn the lesson and be again as in the glorious past, The Eldest Daughter of the Church.

A CORRECTION

Owing to an oversight, the following note appended to the article on "The Catholic Church and Democracy" was omitted from its proper place:—

"N.B.—This article, barring a few alterations and adaptations, is well-nigh the reproduction of an article in the *Catholic Bulletin*, of St. Paul's, Minn., U.S.A. It is, however, so good and appropriate to the time that I think it will be welcome and illuminating to your readers.—* F.R."

The one pearl without price is the true faith and the state of grace. Guard this treasure carefully. Sacrifice everything to preserve your faith and the grace and love of God.

NOTES

Spiritual Books

A correspondent asks us to suggest a few useful spiritual books for a busy man to have at hand for reading in leisure hours. We do so gladly, and we hope that not only busy people, but idle people, too, will take our advice. The importance of spiritual reading is not as well understood by the generality of Catholics as it ought to be. It is a subject that does not often crop up in the routine of Sunday sermons, nor is it often suggested to preachers by the words of the Gospel. The preachers, however (with all respect be it said), could do worse than insist a couple of times in the year on the utility, if not on the necessity, of having spiritual books in every home, and of reading them. We say our prayers, no doubt, every morning and every night; we hear Mass and a sermon on Sundays; and all the rest of the week is filled up with concerns that distract our attention from the main fact that our end on earth is to merit Heaven. Spiritual books that we may take up when we have a few minutes to spare, or when we try to read ourselves to sleep at night, will help us as few things else could. They bring back the right atmosphere at once; they banish worldly thoughts and fill our minds with the things of God and His Saints. Besides, they convey to us in a clear and pleasant manner the instruction concerning the truths of our religion which so many of us badly need.

What Books to Get

First of all, get the *New Testament*. It contains the words of Our Lord Himself, and its every line was inspired by the Holy Ghost—nay, its every word—for without going into the vexed problems concerning the extent of inspiration we hold that inspiration rightly understood extends to every word in the Bible. The language of the *New Testament* is so simple that a child can understand it, and at the same time so sublime that even a genius like St. Thomas could never fathom its depths of wisdom. It differs from all other books in giving us the words Our Lord spoke; it differs from all other records in that it is the record of His Life and Death; and than the Gospel story of that Death and the Passion that preceded it there is under the heavens nothing more powerful, more moving, more piercing. The Gospels will tell you all that first-hand witnesses could tell about Our Lord: they were written by the men whom Jesus loved on earth or by their immediate disciples. After them you will do well to get a little book in which a chosen servant of His will tell you how to follow Him. Get the *Imitation of Christ*, and you will have a book of wisdom and consolation and beauty, a book for every hour, a book for every mood, a book that contains the whole true philosophy of life here and hereafter. Get it, and then be sure you read it.

Other Books

Let us suppose that you have the *New Testament* and the *Imitation*, and that you want more spiritual books. In the first place we would recommend a study of the Life of Christ. If you read French you will like Pere Didon's; there are many excellent Lives in English too. Fouard's is translated and can be bought for a shilling. It is a little library in itself. Then you might get some Lives of Saints. There will be Saints that appeal to you: the Saints were human and one will have affinities for you that another will not. After Our Lady and St. Joseph our inclination would lead us to recommend St. Philip Neri, St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Francis de Sales. But there are enough to satisfy every taste. Books that expound in a popular manner the truths of our religion are important. And among them we can recommend none better than Dr. Hay's works. As a general rule the books written by the Saints are to be given preference. And there are many to select from. There is no end

to the variety and interest of Lives of the Saints. Even in the pages of old Butler in time you will be more engrossed than in a novel. Lives written more recently, in the light of fuller research and scientific method, are worth study. At any rate there ought to be a goodly collection of Lives of the Saints on the shelves of every parish library. Standard spiritual works that may be recommended generally are Father Faber's, Cardinal Manning's, Father Maturin's, Father Rickaby's, and Father Russell's. And lastly, there are the pamphlets published by the C.T.S., covering innumerable subjects and usually of high value. These little publications are written for all, but such is their worth that as a rule it is the more learned among us who appreciate them rightly. We know of an Anglican minister who reads every one of them upon which he can lay hands: we know educated Catholic laymen who keep themselves up to date on social and moral and historical questions by studying the C.T.S. pamphlets. Here certainly is a branch of Catholic literature that ought to be not only in every library but in every church in New Zealand. That little Catholic Truth Society box at the door of the church is a fountain of light and warmth in a parish. With the help of a few words in season from the priest it will do its good work almost automatically.

Libraries

Here we are back to it again! However we shall not take it that we have said too much on this subject until we hear that every parish has its library. At present we have personal knowledge of only a few working parochial libraries. The best is in Buckle Street parish, and Timaru and Wanganui are next. Judging by the letters we get from correspondents there is a want in this direction. A hunger and thirst for knowledge of Catholic matters exists among the few already; by care and cultivation it can be made common. An odd lecture now and then during the winter, well-aimed questions dropped casually by interested people, debates, controversies, can all be utilised to impress on our laity the importance of acquiring a knowledge of Catholic doctrine. If we have not got so far as that already, it is at any rate certain that a number of our people are complaining that they do not know where to find what they want. The one way to remove that complaint is the establishment of a good parish library, stocked with a sufficient supply of standard works on doctrinal, apologetic, historical, and moral subjects. As we want to travel in peace for some time to come we will not say that some of the clergy are to blame in this matter; but we do say that the question of establishing and successfully launching a library of this sort primarily concerns the priest. (The Editor will not be at home when letters arrive apropos of this remark.) We would recommend any of our friends who are inclined to take the matter to heart to make inquiries from Father Hurley, Father O'Connell, and Dean Tubman, or, better, to see for themselves what they have done. Having heard, or seen, the final advice is "go and do likewise."

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

There was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday from the eleven o'clock Mass. The usual procession, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, took place in the evening, after Compline and sermon.

At St. Joseph's Cathedral on last Sunday the "Te Deum" was sung at the eleven o'clock Mass, in thanksgiving for peace. The celebrant (Father Kaveney) preached appropriate of the occasion, in the presence of a large congregation.

A basket social, under the auspices of St. Joseph's Men's Club and St. Joseph's Ladies' Club, will be held on next Monday evening at the Victoria Hall. Excellent musical arrangements have been made, and a large

gathering is anticipated. Messrs. J. Kilmartin and F. Fogarty will be M.C. on the occasion.

The following are recent results of matches played by the Christian Brothers' School football teams:—The A team played the F, a newly formed combination, which promises very well, and won by 5 goals to nil. The B grade team easily defeated Ravensbourne by 5 goals to nil, and could have won by a larger margin. The E team, which is the youngest, scored an easy victory at the expense of High Street, winning by 13 goals to nil. The goal kickers were W. Roughan (3), J. Roughan (3), T. McCarten (3), H. Murray (2), C. Murfit and W. McCrossin.

The usual monthly meeting of St. Joseph's Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation was held after devotions on last Sunday evening. In the unavoidable absence of the president (Very Rev. Father Coffey), Mr. W. T. Easton presided. There was a good attendance. General business was transacted, and it was announced that the annual meeting of the Dunedin Diocesan Council of the Federation will be held on Friday evening, July 18. The secretary notified that Misses E. Knott and A. Quinn had been appointed representatives of St. Joseph's Ladies' Club on the committee, and urged the speedy appointment of delegates by other organisations not yet represented. The enrolment of members of the Federation for the ensuing year was carried on at St. Joseph's Cathedral on Sunday morning, the names of over 150 being received.

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart a very enjoyable outing was provided for over 60 children of St. Vincent's Orphanage, South Dunedin, by Mrs. Hegarty, of St. Clair, and her daughters, Miss Hegarty and Mesdames W. Shiel and C. Todd. Nothing that could add to the children's pleasure was left undone by their kind hostesses, and needless to say the afternoon will long be remembered by the little ones.

On Sunday, Octave of the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, some pupils of the local Convent School received their First Holy Communion at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Mornington. The ceremony was a very impressive one, the many beautiful hymns devotionally sung by the children adding to the solemnity of the occasion. The celebrant of the Mass, Rev. C. Collins, Holy Cross College, Mosgiel, in touching words addressed the children, reminding them of the great privilege that was theirs that day; he also congratulated the parents on now having in their midst a Catholic school where their children will receive a sound Christian education. After Holy Mass the happy little company was entertained by the nuns in St. Michael's Convent, now being furnished and shortly to be occupied by the Sisters of Mercy. The Sisters, as well as the people of Mornington, owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Henry J. Trinder, of George Street, Dunedin, who for some time past has gratuitously motored the nuns to and from the school.

The usual weekly meeting of St. Joseph's Men's Club, held on Monday evening, was well attended. The president (Father Ardagh) presided. The programme, a mock parliamentary election, was productive of excellent political addresses by the three aspirants to legislative honors, Messrs. M. Millar, A. Tarleton, and V. Sheehy, and very considerable diversion in the asking, and apt answering of numerous questions on topical and "progressive" subjects. On a vote being taken Mr. Sheehy was declared "elected." The syllabus provides for a debate for junior members on next Monday evening week, and for a mock parliament on the Monday evening following. At the conclusion of the meeting Father Ardagh, on behalf of the members of the club, spoke in appreciation of the valued services rendered in the reconstruction and subsequent pursuits of the club by Mr. F. Dawson, of the Customs department, who is now being transferred to Wellington. Father Ardagh expressed the best wishes of all for the success of Mr. Dawson in his new sphere of labors, sentiments which were cordially endorsed by Brother Bowler, director of the Christian Brothers' School, on behalf of the Brothers and pupils of the school.

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ST. MARY'S CONVENT, PONSONBY, AUCKLAND.

Very Rev. P. Whelan, C.S.S.R., will conduct the retreat for the boarders at St. Mary's Convent, Ponsonby, commencing on Saturday, July 5 (writes an esteemed correspondent under date July 1). The Sisters of Mercy concluded their annual retreat of three days on Monday, June 30. On Sunday, June 29, a formal consecration to the Sacred Heart of the Sisters and inmates took place at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, when the Right Rev. Dr. Brodie, Bishop of Christchurch, delivered a very impressive discourse on the subject.

The celebration of the silver jubilee of Sister M. Cuthbert Duggan and of S.M. Nicephorus O'Sullivan took place on Monday, June 30. The community Mass was celebrated by Bishop Brodie at 7 a.m., the renewal of vows taking place during it. The jubilee Mass was then celebrated by Father Bradley. The convent choir sang the different parts of the Mass, the "Jubilate in Aeternum" being particularly noticeable. The boarders gave an entertainment to the Sisters in the afternoon, and the proceedings terminated with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

July 5.

Great progress is being made with the new school for girls, in connection with St. Joseph's parish, and the buildings are now nearly completed. It is expected that the school will be ready for opening at the end of the month, when the midwinter vacation ends.

The special committee appointed by the Dominion Executive of the N.Z. Catholic Federation to deal with the education question met on last Tuesday evening and decided upon a plan of campaign, subject to the approval of the Dominion Council and the hierarchy.

A very successful social, in aid of the Catholic Girls' Hostel, was held at the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall on last Thursday evening. There was a large attendance. The social was most enjoyable, and the greatest credit is due to the ladies who organised it, under the capable direction of Mesdames M. Gleeson and J. J. L. Burke.

The following letter has been received by his Grace Archbishop O'Shea from Miss Anita McCarthy, hon. secretary of the *Universe* Soldiers' Lourdes Pilgrimages, acknowledging receipt of the donation of £50 sent from the Catholic Field Service Fund:—"On behalf of Mr. Melvin (treasurer) and the committee of the Sol-

diers' Lourdes Fund I beg to thank you for the generous donation of £50 received by cable from you on Easter Saturday. The money arrived most opportunely, as we have had an exceptional demand for tickets for the pilgrimage for the past fortnight. Indeed, all available tickets had been given out when your splendid subscription came to hand. I can assure your Grace, and all those who may have identified themselves with you in making this donation, that neither your nor their intentions will be forgotten at Our Lady's shrine. P.S.—I enclose post card received recently from a priest who took out a pilgrimage to Lourdes. We had one small, but very edifying, New Zealand pilgrimage, and hope for more. Father Barra, C.F.N.Z., is there now."

Waimate

(From our own correspondent.)

July 2.

On the evening of June 3 a very successful social was held under the auspices of St. Patrick's Club. Those present enjoyed themselves so much that an equally good attendance is expected at the "evenings" which are to be held every fortnight during the ensuing months.

The progressive euchre social held at the club on June 25 was also most successful.

The Waimate Parish Committee of the Catholic Federation met on Sunday, June 21. In choosing the office-bearers for the present year, Mr. M. Lyons was unanimously re-elected secretary. The report of the past year's work showed most satisfactory results, and an equal if not better record is anticipated during the ensuing term.

A quiet wedding took place at St. Patrick's Church on June 24, the contracting parties being Mr. D. Kelly and Miss Hannah Brohan, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Brohan, Studholme. The bride was attired in a neat navy blue costume and broad-brimmed hat covered with saxe blue crepe-de-chine. She was attended by her sister, Miss Nellie Brohan, who was also dressed in a navy blue costume.

Self-mastery is a great thing. It is not gained all at once, but by little victories at a time. Every near victory gives fresh strength for greater victories in the future. It is important, therefore, that we practise self-control daily in little things.

Attention is directed to the advts. of our Waimate advertisers on this page.

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THE COMING OF THE SACRED HEART NUNS TO AUSTRALIA.

His Grace Archbishop Duhig, speaking recently at the blessing of the foundation stone of the Sacred Heart Convent, Stuartholme, the first permanent home of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart in the Brisbane archdiocese, related an interesting story told to him by the Rev. Mother Gabriel Raynard of how the Sisters first came to Sydney. A foundation in Sydney had been asked for as early as 1847 by Archbishop Polding, but Madame Barat was obliged to decline. Time after time the requests were renewed, until in 1880 a little Australian girl, seven years old (I wonder what her name was?—said his Grace), who was travelling with her parents, was put up for a few months in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Confluent, near Paris. When returning to her native country she begged her parents to bring some of her nuns to Sydney. "We are seeing the Pope."

they answered; "you may ask him." The little girl did as she was told, and her first words to Leo XIII. were: "Please send the Sacred Heart Nuns to Australia." The Pope acceded to the request, and the promise was fulfilled in 1881, when Archbishop Vaughan, helped by the parents of the little girl, made all arrangements and a Mother Superior from Belgium, accompanied by four English-speaking nuns, arrived in 1882, after passing Rome and receiving the Pope's blessing.

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COMMONWEALTH NOTES

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Addressing a large gathering recently on the occasion of blessing the foundation stone of the new Church of St. Patrick at Lithgow, his Grace Archbishop Kelly, in a stirring discourse on co-operation and profit-sharing as a means of securing industrial progress, pointed out that economics were very material. Capitalism was a mere material soul; the capitalist was an idolator because he adored his wealth. But capital was a powerful instrument in the material world, and if used wisely could be a source of much blessing. Just as the sun drew up in the clouds water from the sea and from the surface of the earth, and distributed it in fertilising rains, so should capital be distributed to enable man by means of the strength of his arm or the power of his brain to earn the wherewithal to support himself and his family in reasonable comfort. Every man had the right to live, but he had, in ordinary circumstances, to get that living by his work. Had he the right to work against a fellow man? No one could say that, but he had no right to hinder any work by his fellow man. In these times religion was ignored. They had capital on the one side and the worker on the other, and between them bringing ruin to each other. God would have the capitalist to use his money aright, but He would also have the worker to live a good life by his work, each hoping for wise legislation and conditions, and proceeding according to the truths of the Gospel of Christ, thus harmonising things so that the industrial machine was kept moving and the worker was able to keep himself and those dependent on him in comfort. In that sense it was the same as murder to keep a man from work if work was necessary for his daily bread. And since it was necessary that the majority of men must work to live, it was the highest patriotism to provide employment for those able and willing to work. The worker had every right to believe that he should receive sufficient for his labor to supply his needs, but in the world to-day there was a danger that their social organisations, by being misled, might act prejudicially to the best interests of themselves and their country. There was no place in the world to-day where there were better opportunities for a happier and fuller life than Australia. It might be said that priests should not meddle with these questions, but when they found that the trend of things material could not bring hope of heaven it became their duty to cry out. When a man set class against class, that man was not working for the benefit of any class. He (the Archbishop) might just as well set one hand against the other. That would be just as logical.

There might be times when the worker would have to strike to secure redress, but they must remember a strike would always hit them the hardest, and if only they had a little patience in Australia they would rectify the little things they had to complain of now. In society to-day the balance was altogether wrong, but he thought that would ultimately pass away. By all means the worker should stand for his rights, but he should employ means that would not break the bounds of peace and paralyse industry. He felt that the remedy would be found in co-operation and not in fighting it out. They must get a voice in the management of industry and secure their share of the profits. That principle had been in operation a long time in France and a lesser period in Italy, and the workers in Australia must have patience, for it was surely coming. In this way they would prosper instead of bringing industrial progress to a standstill, with what result?—ruin. The remedy for this latter was to give the worker some interest in his work, so that when profits were made they would not go into the hands of the few—such as the shipping owners, except that the Government took some—but be distributed among many. The womenfolk would not then have so much anxiety as they had at the present time, and the little children would have better chances in life. The price of this was patience and doing the right thing by following the right counsel. The world was in a way sick, and the best possible advice was to

keep the peace and try to bring about a better state of things gradually. To preach a war of class against class was to preach a war of destruction.

Amplifying this in a sermon at night, the Archbishop said that, no matter how perfect were the conditions, there would always be agitators, but it was only necessary to remind the working man that much more had always been accomplished by peaceful methods than by violent upheavals—by evolution than by revolution. Capital should be wisely used and distributed, which in many cases it was not; but he advised the working men, a large proportion of whom were Catholics, to be careful in the choice of their leaders, and not trust any man who had no stake in the issue or an interest in the country, no matter how clever or eloquent he might be.

VICTORIA.

In a recent leader the Melbourne *Age* denounces the rapacious profiteer. The writer says:—"As excuses for the high prices of goods that did or did not come overseas, shortage of shipping and high freights have done the profitmakers valuable service. But is it not time that these excuses were dropped, and that prices began to drop with them? It was announced recently that while there was a demand for every foot of outward tonnage, inward tonnage was going begging, numbers of vessels reaching here in ballast or only partly loaded. The strike, of course, is putting obstacles in the way of all shipping, but it will collapse in the course of time, and cannot be advanced as a reason for the maintenance of the abnormal figures demanded for all imported goods. In October of last year freight on general merchandise from London was 200s per ton. Now it is 125s. Within the same period the freight from New York had fallen from 229s to 104s 2d. The charges for imported goods have not declined in sympathy; rather have they further advanced. The fact suggests an interesting question in commercial ethics. As the consumer was charged the high freights on imported goods, although the goods were here before the freights were raised, has he not a right to expect a reduction in accordance with the falling of freights, even though the goods have paid the highest rate?"

"The ordinary upholder of the doctrine that 'business is business' will deride the innocent expectation that a trader ought to forgo any profit the public can be made to pay, but in these days this particular brand of commercialism is hardly durable," continues the *Age*. "The people look for and expect their Government to guarantee what they are pleased to call 'a fair thing.' As half-empty ships are arriving at our ports, the racked and ruined consumer begins to wonder whether trade associations or friendly trade understandings have not been made to cut off certain supplies until existing stocks have been unloaded at the highest figures. Everybody knows that immense stocks, cheap and often out of date, were in hand before shipping was scarce and dear, and were placed at the top of the market, yielding a wealth of profit almost fabulous. Thus it becomes possible for the big importing interests to win at both ends. Governments control the shipping, and it is pertinent to ask whether in these important affairs they are not responsible for the public protection. Is the duty of a Government restricted mainly to dunning the people for taxes and loans? And when is the consumer or the producer going to receive a little advantage from the Commonwealth shipping line? Or has that famous line been unobtrusively absorbed by the combine, making the Government a partner in the trading abuses it is required to prevent? The consumers' daily experience drives home one important lesson with stronger and stronger emphasis. It is that a country which depends largely upon imports is powerless to prevent exploitation, and must expect to pay to the bottom of its purse for its people's requirements. When we make goods for ourselves in our own factories, it may be open for manufacturers to combine to fix prices after the manner of the importing interests, but they are here subject to our own regulation, and if they are unjust it is poor political wisdom that cannot protect the people against them."

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IRISH NEWS

GENERAL.

Mr. de Valera has given formal and emphatic denial to the statement that communications have passed between him and the Government with regard to the situation in Ireland. The thing, he said, "was too ridiculous to discuss. There have been and there are no such negotiations with reference to the government of Ireland or any other question."

The following letter from Colonel Laurence Roche, of the "Munsters," has been published in the Irish papers. Colonel Roche is a cousin of Mr. de Valera, M.P.:—Sir,—To-day's issue of your paper contains an article taken from the English *Daily News*, commenting on the action taken by the officers of the Irish Brigades—who took part in the great war—in forwarding a petition to his Majesty the King asking that the claims of Ireland to national self-government should be determined by the Peace Conference. As one of the officers who signed the petition, I take exception to the following: "That the support of Sinn Féin was not desired by the signatories." To my mind we are all united in proclaiming that Ireland is a nation, one and indivisible.—Yours faithfully, LAURENCE ROCHE, R.M.F., late 47th Irish Brigade, Bruree, Co. Limerick, March 10, 1919.

EDUCATION IN BELFAST.

Sir Edward Carson, in his speech in the House of Commons recently, dwelt on Irish educational requirements, referring especially to Belfast, where the school accommodation for the Protestant children is bad and insufficient (says the London *Catholic Times*). There were, he said, thousands of children for whom accommodation was not found. The teachers were not receiving the treatment that ought to be accorded to them, and the conditions were generally far from satisfactory. The Government should allow an education rate to be levied.

Mr. Devlin, the speaker who immediately followed, said: How long has the right hon. gentleman been asleep? He constitutes himself to-night the vocal Rip Van Winkle of British politics. How long have teachers in Ireland been badly paid?

Sir E. Carson: Haven't I often asked for better payment?

Mr. Devlin: But you were the master of the situation. We had no power. You were the master of successive British Ministries. The late aide-de-camp of the right hon. gentleman, the late Marquis of Londonderry, was Minister of Education in England, and the right hon. gentleman, the Leader of the House, was Chancellor of the Exchequer. If he could have secured the services of the Leader of the House to assist him in his Ulster campaign, surely he would have sufficient influence with him to endeavor to extract from him some of those golden British sovereigns that would have brought some comfort to the shivering children, and some advantage to the bad schools. May I point out to the right hon. gentleman, because I think I am justified in making the position of the Catholic minority in Belfast perfectly clear on this educational matter, that the Catholic schools in Belfast are as good and well equipped as you would get in any of these islands.

Sir E. Carson: Not all of them.

Mr. Devlin: I know some are imperfect. I am taking them on the whole. In addition to that, there are no Catholic children in Belfast who have not got school accommodation. They got that accommodation, and they are the poorest element in the community, by putting their hands in their pockets and paying for it. Why do not the rich constituents of the right hon. gentleman do the same? They could raise money to organise a rebellion, but they cannot raise money to educate their children. Every farthing that can be secured for improving Protestant schools, for securing the attendance of Protestant children, for making the schools more sanitary, for enlarging the playground accommodation, for paying the teachers better salaries,

for developing everything of which an educational system can be composed, will have my hearty support. But one thing will not have my support, and that is that Catholic schools in Belfast should be controlled by the Belfast Corporation.

Sir E. Carson: I never asked for that.

Mr. Devlin: That is all the better. The right hon. gentleman may rest assured that I am not making that statement without good reason. There is a sanatorium and school for tuberculosis children a few miles from Belfast, controlled by the Belfast Corporation, in which 56 per cent. of the children are Protestants and 44 per cent. Catholics. A vacancy occurred for a teacher, and they appointed a Protestant. Nobody objected to that. There was a vacancy for another school teacher. A Catholic was proposed, but she was defeated. So two Protestant teachers were appointed at this school, although 44 per cent. of the children were Catholic. I am very glad to know that one of the most notorious bigots in Belfast, when face to face with the Corporation the other day, was compelled to get up and say he was ashamed of it. But do not imagine that where the religion of the children is so sacred to the parents of the children in Belfast and in Ireland we are going to allow the religious interests of the Catholic children to be put at the mercy of the Belfast Corporation. I tell the right hon. gentleman that any attempt of that character will receive the most violent hostility from those who constitute nearly 30 per cent. of the population, and not only that, but a large percentage of the toiling masses of Belfast, whose labor and whose toil have done much to build up its greatness.

FAITHFUL IRELAND.

The Right Rev. Mgr. O'Riordan, Rector of the Irish College, Rome, in a sermon he preached last St. Patrick's Day, pays this tribute to the steadfast faith of his countrymen:—And their supernatural life has become also the mainstay of their national life. The soul of a nation can never die, except of moral corruption. Brute force may grind to powder the material elements that compose it, but if it rests on the moral law it will revive and put out its activity again. A nation that lives in God, lives by purity, by justice, by fortitude, by hope. It may have to pass through its winter of bleak distress; but its spring and summer are sure to come round, and it will bloom again like every tree that grows. That leads us into the secret of this striking fact. By the middle of the eighteenth century, the Catholics of Ireland had been reduced to about two-thirds of the population. By the middle of the nineteenth they were in a majority of six to one. In spite of the consequence of the Famine of 1847—a famine not because there was not food, but because it was taken from those who produced it, and under the sanction of the law—in spite of wholesale evictions, of the dispersion of families, and other causes of the continuous depopulation which has been going on for the past 70 years till now, the Catholics are still in a majority of three to one. There has been a systematic design to destroy the race; and yet the race lives on. There may be more than one cause of that striking phenomenon, but the chief one has its root in the faith of the people. The teaching of the Divine Motherhood of our Blessed Lady, which St. Patrick took to Ireland as it came fresh from the Council of Ephesus; the ideal of her virginal purity, which that teaching stamped on the souls and hearts of the women of Ireland, reverence for the sanctity of the marriage state: these have saved Irish Catholics from those two growths of our fashionable civilisation—the divorce court and the suicide of race. Their faith has saved them from that filth. Their faith is not a mere philosophy; it is a life. They live by their Catholic faith; they hold by their national ideals which that faith has helped them to form and to keep. And they have never been forgiven for it—no, not from the day when Giraldus Cambrensis lied in the twelfth century, to the politician and the news correspondent who lie to-day without scruple and without shame.

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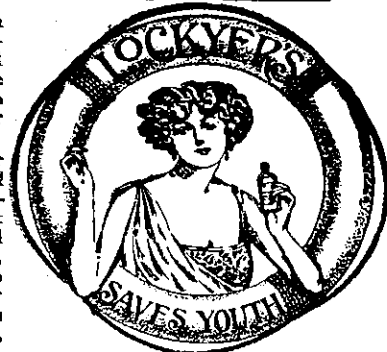
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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE NEW WORLD DEMOCRACY

(By ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD.)

President Wilson has repeatedly stated that the great war was fought to make the world safe for democracy, and many signs point to the establishment, in no remote future, of democracy throughout the world. It has been asked how will the Catholic Church fare in the new world-democracy. Some silly blatant folk have said that the Catholic Church, being an autocracy, is bound to disappear in the great cataclysm about to overwhelm all the autocratic Governments of the world. Vain hope, foolish surmise! The argument contains two statements: First, the Catholic Church is an autocracy; second, the Catholic Church cannot live and thrive in a democracy—both statements are false.

I.—The Catholic Church is not an autocracy. According to the generally received definition, autocracy is independent and self-derived power. An autocratic religion, therefore, is one that derives power from itself, depends on no source outside itself for its authority and the exercise thereof. Does the Catholic Church square with this definition? Certainly not. Look at the things that stand out prominently in that Church—her constitution, her mission, her doctrine, her morality. These are certainly not self-derived. They were given to her by Jesus Christ, her Divine Founder. He said to Peter, and through Peter, to Peter's successors, the Popes of Christendom: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. Whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, shall be bound also in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in Heaven. . . . I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not, and thou being once converted confirm thy brethren. . . . Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." Christ also said to His Apostles, and, through them, to their successors, the bishops of the Catholic Church: "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. . . . Going therefore teach ye all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, behold, I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world. . . . As the Father hath sent Me I also send you. . . . He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me. And he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me." The constitution, mission, doctrine, and morality of the Catholic Church outlined in these words are, therefore, not self-derived. They are divine. They come to the Church from God through Jesus Christ, His Divine Son. It is no objection to say that the people had nothing to do with their making. Religion is essentially from God. Man-made religion is a contradiction in terms. Religion is God's gift to the world—a gift by which man may be sanctified here and saved hereafter. Who shall say that the recipient, and not the giver, has the right to determine the conditions of the gift?

But, though the constitution, mission, doctrine, and morality of the Catholic Church are divine in their source, in their human application they are most democratic. The Founder of the Church and the Framer of her constitution was indeed the Son of God, but to establish His Church among men He Himself did not disdain to become a man, and, that the Church might never forget its democratic origin, He chose for His mother a lowly virgin, for his foster-father a humble carpenter, and for most of his Apostles poor fishermen. The successors of the Apostles, the bishops of the Church, though "appointed for men in the things of God," have nevertheless been "taken from among men," oftentimes from the poor and the lowly. Pope

Pius X., for instance, was the son of the postmaster of Riese. Cardinal Farley, of New York, was the son of a peasant, and the father of the late and ever illustrious Archbishop Ireland was a carpenter. Hear what President Wilson has to say of the democracy of the Catholic Church and of her hierarchy and priesthood during the day when government was monarchic and aristocratic:—"The only reason government did not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages, under the aristocratic system which then prevailed, was that so many of the men who were efficient instruments of government were drawn from the Church, from that great religious body which was the only Church, that body which is now distinguished from other religious bodies as the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church was then, as it is now, a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest, no priest so obscure that he might not become the Pope of Christendom, and every Chancellery in Europe was ruled by those learned, trained, and accomplished men, the priesthood of that great and dominant body. What kept government alive during the Middle Ages was this constant rise of the sap from the root, from the rank and file of the great body of the people, through the free channels of the priesthood."

The mission of the Church is from God, but it is a mission to "all nations," to "every creature." The Church makes "no distinction between Jew and Greek, barbarian and Scythian, bond and free, male and female. All are one with her in Jesus Christ." Before the altar king and peasant, governor and governed, learned and ignorant, white or black—all are equal. Chief Justice Taney of the United States was one Saturday night awaiting his turn to go to confession in the Cathedral of Baltimore, when a laboring man about to enter the confessional came down the line and said: "Take my place. It is not becoming that the Chief Justice should be kept waiting so long." Taney replied: "I am not Chief Justice here. I am only the criminal at the bar."

The doctrine of the Church is divine, but it proclaims that all men have the same origin, the same destiny, that all are redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and that all will appear on a footing of equality before the same dread tribunal to give an account of the deeds done in the flesh.

The morality of the Church is the eternal law written in the hearts and consciences of all men, and contained in the Decalogue promulgated by Moses and adapted by Jesus Christ; but it is a law which obliges all men, without exception—the great as well as the little ones of the earth, the wise as well as the illiterate, the rich as well as the poor, the Pope and the bishops and the priests as well as the layman, the State as well as the individual. The moral code of the Church admits no double standard. It is founded on the democracy of the Ten Commandments.

The discipline and legislation of the Church, though based on the immutable principles of dogma and morals, adapts itself to the genius of peoples, to the manners, customs, and institutions, and to the varying conditions of time and place. The celibacy of the clergy, modelled after Christ and His Apostles, and by the example of moral heroism predisposing the world to the acceptance of the Gospel, has not always been enjoined, nor ever imposed on all parts of the Church. Marriage laws, while never losing sight of the unity, sanctity, and indissolubility of Christian wedlock, have frequently been changed, and are not the same in every country. Clauddes-tinity, for example, made a diriment impediment by the Council of Trent, in the sixteenth century, was never enforced in all parts of the United States, Australia, and New Zealand until Pius X. issued the *Ne Temere* Decree, which went into effect in 1908. Likewise, laws of fasting and abstinence have not been the same always and everywhere. In a word, while refusing to yield one iota of the divine deposit of faith and

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morals, the Church varies her discipline to suit the needs of the times and the temper of the people, remembering that her mission is to save the people, not to destroy them.

Finally, the government of the Church has many points of resemblance with the American Republican form of government. The Pope, like the President, is elected. Bishops are appointed by the Pope, but only after the priests and bishops of the territory concerned are heard, just as justices of the Supreme Court in the United States, and Federal judges are appointed by the President, but not without the approval of the United States Senate. The Ecumenical Council, the supreme lawmaking body in the Church, made up of the Pope and the bishops, resembles the American Congress composed of the delegates from the various States with the President at their head. The Pope's College of Cardinals is like the President's Cabinet. The members of the Cabinet are the heads of various departments of the administration, just as the Cardinals in the Roman Curia are heads of the various congregations which transact the business of the Universal Church. Every American citizen has access to the supreme tribunal at Washington. So the humblest child of the Church has the right of appeal to the highest court in Rome, and no question is decided until it has been given the fullest consideration.

Whether we consider, therefore, its government and disciplinary legislation, or its constitution, mission, doctrine, and morality in their human applications, we find that the Catholic Church, far from being an autocracy, is in fact a great religious democracy.

II.—What about the second statement—namely, that the Catholic Church cannot live or thrive in a democracy?

The Catholic Church can live under any form of government, because she carries in her hand the promise of her Divine Founder: "Teach all nations . . . and, behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." Her life, therefore, is independent of all forms of government. Still, she thrives best in a democracy. The conditions most favorable to the growth and prosperity of the Church are freedom and peace, and these are more likely to be guaranteed in a democracy than under any other form of political rule. She lived and made converts during the hundred years of Roman persecution, but with the freedom granted by Constantine she extended her conquest to the ends of the Roman Empire. Still, peace was not complete under Roman domination. Peace presupposes order. St. Augustine defined it to be the tranquility of order. Order in civil government requires the presence of authority and liberty. In Rome there was authority, but no liberty. The authority of the State was absolute, and thus absorbed the liberty of the individual. The doctrine of the Church regarding the dignity and rights of all men and their equality before God could not but create in time a feeling of unrest and a spirit of revolt against the absolutism of Roman authority. This disturbed the so-called "Roman Peace," and necessarily hampered the free action of the Church. Then came the barbarians who destroyed the Roman Empire and with it Roman autocratic power. But the barbarians went to the other extreme. They indeed substituted individual liberty for the tyranny of the Roman absolutism, but the spirit of liberty was too strong and it frequently degenerated into anarchy. Thus the order and peace of society were again disturbed. Pope Leo III. restored authority to its rightful place when he revived the imperial dignity in the person of Charlemagne. All the elements of a peaceful society were now present. The Emperor represented authority, the barons or feudal lords represented liberty, and the Church mediated between them. But the elements were not properly adjusted. The freedom of the barons was not extended to the peasants, burghers, and serfs who constituted the great mass of the people. Hence, according as their interests swayed them, the people united now with the barons against the Emperor and now with the Emperor against the barons. Finally, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, the mon-

archy triumphed. Then came the so-called Reformation, which, nationalising religion, made it the slave of the State, and this weakened the only power which could successfully champion the liberties of the people. The old autocracy of the Roman Cæsars, who arrogated to themselves the double title of King and Pontiff, was brought back again to earth—an autocracy which the Church had banished from the world—an autocracy which was destined to haunt the political and religious peace of mankind until it was finally destroyed in the world's greatest war, with the aid of the world's youngest and greatest democracy, the United States of America.

In the meantime, Providence opened up a new world beyond the Atlantic which became the haven of the downtrodden and persecuted peoples of Europe. These in time set up a real democracy where authority and liberty are equally balanced. The people under God are the source of all political power. This they transmit to their rulers. And lest the rulers should become despotic, a wise constitution defines the limits of their authority, and, in case of dispute, a court of final appeal interprets the constitution. Liberty and authority are thus permanently safeguarded. Free from the age-long struggles of liberty against despotism, and of authority against anarchy, the Church has enjoyed the peace necessary to work out her destiny. Is it any wonder that, in less than 150 years, the Church has made more progress in America than in any previous equal period in the history of any other country in the world?

Now, if the democracy of America is going to spread to all the peoples of the world, the Catholic Church may reasonably expect, in the world at large, what she has achieved in America. She has therefore nothing to fear from the new-world democracy. She welcomes it with radiant brow and a heart full of confidence.

III.—But what kind of democracies are going to be born out of the world's travail? That is the question which is filling with misgivings the members of the Peace Conference and statesmen and Christians the world over. In countries where the old order has disappeared license and anarchy are showing their head. Bolshevism has overrun Russia, entered Poland and Germany, and is appearing in the United States. What is the remedy for this alarming condition of things? "Food for the starving and the unemployed," say some. "The strong hand of the Government," say others. What says the Catholic Church? Why, "justice"!

First of all, international justice—justice to all nations, great and small—justice to all nations, whether hostile or friendly during the late war. "Nationalities do not die," said Pope Benedict XV. in one of his first public statements after his accession to the chair of St. Peter, "and any attempt to crush a nation can only leave a legacy of hate which will be the fruitful seed of future war." "International aspirations must be respected"—said he again, when addressing the heads of States regarding the terms of peace. Finally in his message to the American people, last New Year's Eve, he uttered these solemn words: "On the eve of the New Year in which humanity is at last to enjoy the blessings of peace, we are glad to send cordial greetings to the American people as the champions of those same principles which have been proclaimed by President Wilson and the Holy See, insuring for the world justice, peace, and Christian love. In this solemn moment, when a new era in the history of the world is about to begin, we pray that the Almighty may shed His light on the delegates who are meeting at Paris to settle the fate of mankind, and especially upon President Wilson, as the head of the noble nation which has written such glorious pages in the annals of human progress. May the Conference be of such a nature as to remove any resentment, abolish for ever wars among brothers, establish harmony and concord, and promote useful labor. Out of the Peace Conference may there be born the League of Nations, which, by abolishing conscription, will reduce armaments; which, by establishing tribunals, will guarantee to everyone independence and

equality of rights." If these admonitions are heeded, if the remedy of the Holy Father is accepted by the members of the Peace Conference,—then will there be lasting peace among the new democracies of the world, because it will be founded on the solid rock of international justice.

Secondly, if Bolshevism and anarchy would be banished from the new democracies, the Catholic Church teaches that there must be social justice within the nations affected.

The great charter of social justice is the Decalogue—the Ten Commandments of God which Our Lord reduced to the love of God and the love of neighbor. Bolshevism and anarchy, which are only socialism carried to its logical conclusions, would eliminate all love, all authority, whether it find expression in God, the Church, or the State, and make selfishness the law of life. Thus the first four Commandments lose their binding force. Greed and pleasure then become the norm of existence. Private ownership of the means and instruments of production, and distribution, and even of land itself is condemned, and all property is transferred to the State for the use of the multitude. In this creed "direct action" is advocated, and life and limb and reputation must not stand in the way. The Commandments "Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," are declared to be obsolete. Woman, likewise, becomes common property, and family obligations cease, and children are a charge on the State. Thus the sixth and ninth Commandments are stricken from the Decalogue. Authority, property, family gone, what is left to keep men from becoming a herd of brutes and red revolutions from devastating the earth?

The prime remedy, therefore, of Bolshevism and anarchy is the observance of the Ten Commandments. Hence, there should be earnest inculcation of the love of God and the love of neighbor, the preaching in season and out of season of the divine law—of the sacredness of authority, first of all, in God who is its source, then of authority in the home, the Church, and the State, because it is from God—of the dignity of woman, and the unity, sanctity, and indissolubility of Christian marriage—of the inviolability of private property. The Church preached these doctrines to the barbarians who destroyed the Roman Empire, and thus laid the foundations of Christian civilisation throughout the length and breadth of Europe. By using all the energies of her great world organisation, to bring that doctrine home to the minds and hearts of the newly liberated peoples, she will stay the tide of Bolshevism and anarchy, and direct the forces of democracy into the channels of true liberty, order, and peace.

But, while the Church preaches the Commandments to the proletariat, she does not intend that capital shall be exempt from their observance. In fact, she feels that Bolshevism and anarchy, while often due to the envy and cupidity of the workers which unscrupulous agitators have fanned into flame, are nevertheless not unfrequently traceable to the greed, injustice, and cruelty of the rich and powerful. Leo XIII. did not hesitate to say that "a number of very rich men had laid on the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself." And he further declared that "a remedy for this misery must be found, and found quickly, if society itself would be saved." He himself outlined the remedy in his famous Ency-

clical "on the condition of labor." That was about 28 years ago. In the light of the developments which have since occurred in the industrial world, and particularly in the light of the conditions brought about by the late world-war, the bishops of Germany, Holland, England, and the United States have recently emphasised the remedy of Leo, and laid down specific programmes of social reconstruction. The programme of the bishops of the Catholic National War Council of the United States included a legal minimum wage which shall be sufficient for the decent maintenance of a family; insurance against sickness, accidents, unemployment, and old age, to be a charge on industry until wages are raised sufficiently to become adequate for these purposes; maintenance of the war scale of wages; Labor participation in industrial management; co-partnership in industry; co-operative stores; abolition of profiteering and of child labor; equal pay for man and woman; national and State aid in the solution of the unemployment problem; better housing. In other words, the bishops insist that the redressing of the just grievances of Labor is necessary for the preservation of the present social order. The capitalists must remember that the laborer is a human being, not a mere instrument of production; that he is entitled to a living wage; that profitmaking must be subordinated to the laborer's rights; that wealth is after all only a stewardship.

In a word, the Catholic Church holds that the nightmare of Bolshevism and anarchy cannot be broken unless social justice prevail; and that social justice is impossible unless both employer and employed live up to the Ten Commandments. The spirit of religion and Christian morality, therefore, must be at the bottom of any scheme of social and economic betterment that would aim to make democracy safe for the world.

As America, represented by her President, is leading in the peace settlement, it behoves her to lead on the work of social reconstruction. And, indeed, the Catholic Church, grown strong with the strength of democracy, must breathe her spirit and put her heart into the work which America is striving to do.

It is a turning-point in the history of the world, and the Catholic Church in America would be false to her opportunity, false to her history, if she did not make use of it to lead men to a higher plane of Christian thinking and Christian living. Her bishops are applying the old principles to the new conditions. Her laity too must lend their time, their energy, and their resources to carry out the directions of their spiritual leaders. The war was a holy crusade to win back liberty to the world. Let all the efforts of clergy and laity be a nobler crusade for Christian social reconstruction. And what is said—in so broad a scale—for the Catholic Church in America can be said, and must be said, in a narrower scale, for the same Church in Australia and New Zealand, nay, in every other land.

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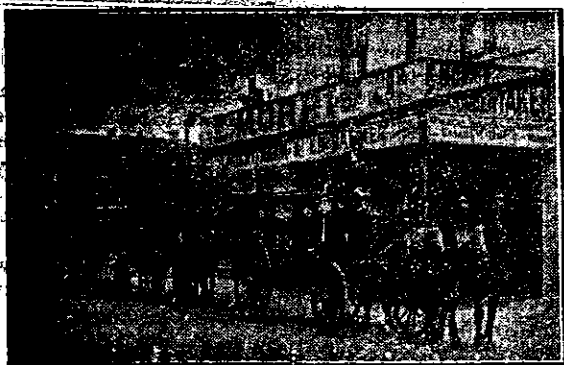
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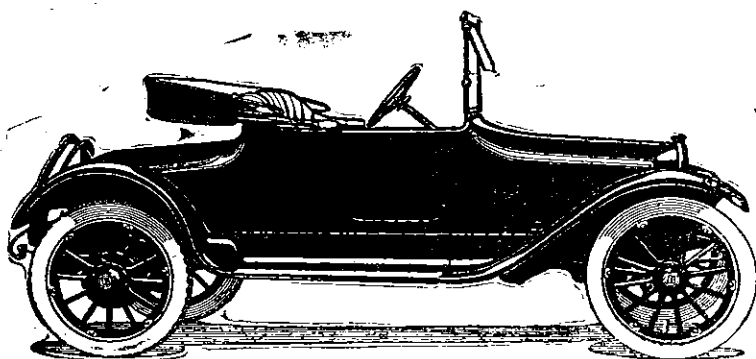
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THE LATE FATHER D. P. CRONIN

SOLEMN REQUIEM AT CARTERTON.

On Wednesday, June 4 (writes an esteemed correspondent), there was a Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Mary's Church, Carterton, for the repose of the soul of the late Father D. P. Cronin, who died on November 24, 1918. It was impossible, owing to the influenza epidemic, to hold a Requiem at the time of Father Cronin's death. Representing the clergy of the Archdiocese of Wellington were:—Right Rev. Mgr. McKenna (who presided), Very Rev. Dean Holley, S.M. (Provincial), Very Rev. Dean T. McKenna, Fathers T. Guinane, F. Dignan, R. Hoare, C. Harnett, J. O'Connor, M. Fitzgibbon, J. Forrestal, G. Mahony, C. Outtrim, D. Mangan, C.S.S.R., and M. O'Beirne. The celebrant of the Mass was Father E. Phelan, Father J. Bowe being deacon, Father T. Cahill subdeacon, and Father Cashman master of ceremonies. Father MacManus (Palmerston North) preached the occasional sermon. In his discourse he referred to the sterling qualities of Father Cronin, making special reference to his great devotion to the Sacred Heart, his attention to the sick, his zeal for teaching Christian doctrine to the children, and also his great charity. In all his sermons (he said) the late Father Cronin endeavored to show the mercy of God, and he was sure now that the Sacred Heart of Jesus would have mercy upon him. The parishioners were well represented; in fact, it was impossible to find seating accommodation for all who attended. Father E. Kimbell presided at the organ, and at the conclusion of the solemnities played the "Dead March" from "Saul." The sanctuary was draped in mourning. The absolution at the catafalque was given by the Rev. E. Phelan, thus concluding one of the most impressive ceremonials yet witnessed in Carterton. The clergy were entertained at the presbytery by Rev. M. O'Beirne.

OBITUARY

MRS. FLORA DERROM, AUCKLAND.

Mrs. Flora Derrom, who died recently at her residence, Eden Terrace, Auckland, was born in that city in May, 1844. She was married to the late Major Derrom, and resided in Auckland for the whole of her life of 75 years, thus having practically seen the whole development of that city from a small settlement to its present condition. Although an invalid for the past 16 years, the late Mrs. Derrom took a keen interest in passing events, and retained her faculties to the last. Mrs. Derrom always took a lively interest in St. Vincent de Paul work, and was an active member of the society from the time of its inception at St. Patrick's until failing health forced her to resign. She is survived by two daughters and one son (Captain R. J. Derrom), who recently returned from active service in France.—R.I.P.

MR. PATRICK CONNORS, TOTARA FLAT.

The funeral of the late Mr. Patrick Connors, who was accidentally drowned while attempting to cross the Grey River on May 24, took place at Ahaura on Saturday, June 7, the body not being recovered until the Thursday previous. The remains were removed to the local Catholic church in the morning, where a Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of deceased

was celebrated by Father T. Hanrahan, who also officiated at the interment. The funeral, which was one of the largest seen in Ahaura for years, was attended by friends and relatives from all parts of the Coast, and showed the great respect in which the deceased was held. The late Mr. Connors, who was 30 years of age, had followed the pursuits of mining and contracting, being a very capable workman. Upright and honorable in all his dealings, he well merited the high esteem in which he was regarded by all with whom he came in contact. The deceased's mother and three brothers are left to mourn their loss.—R.I.P.

MISS BRIDGET MALONE, HAWERA.

Fortified by all the sacred rites of her religion, there passed peacefully away on June 15, at the residence of her sister-in-law (Mrs. T. Malone, Riverlea, Taranaki), a very well-known and highly-esteemed resident of Hawera, in the person of Miss Bridget Malone. Deceased, who had attained the ripe age of 82 years, was a native of Co. Clare, Ireland, and came to New Zealand with her brothers, the late John, Thomas, and Michael Malone, and passed through all the strenuous times of the Maori war, being practically one of the first women to settle in Hawera. The deceased was a most fervent and devoted Catholic, and in her younger days was a very generous helper in all Church matters, always eager to promote the good work of priests and Sisters in the parish. The late Miss Malone had a number of relatives in religious Orders, the Reverend Mother and Sister M. Clement of the Sacred Heart Convent, Wanganui, and Sister M. Gabrielle, of Ohakune, being nieces, and the late Father D. Malone, S.M., of Greymouth, was a nephew. Requiem Mass for the repose of her soul was celebrated on Tuesday morning, June 17, by the Very Rev. Dean Power, who also officiated at the interment. The funeral was largely attended, the pall-bearers being four nephews of deceased—Messrs. D. J. and J. Malone, of Stratford, and D. P. and J. Malone, of Riverlea.—R.I.P.

STRIFE AND SWEETNESS.

(From the Italian of Metastasio.)

The stream that falls
Down Alpine walls
Is scattered wide,
Is flung in air,
Hurled here and there,
But ever, ever purified:
Till, finding rest
In woodland breast,
Secure from shock
Of wind or rock,
It dreams away in gathering slime
All the beauty of its prime.

—G. O'NEILL, in *Studies*.

When e'er life's troubles may befall,
A friend in need is loved by all;
Despite of sorrow, strife, and sin,
A kindly act makes all men kin.
When winter colds and coughs assail
Each one has but himself to blame
If he rejects a friend so sure
As peerless Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



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PEOPLE WE HEAR ABOUT

Mrs. Thomasina Arnold, who died at Salem (Mass.), U.S.A., at the age of 102 years, was (says the *Boston Pilot*), a cousin of the late Mr. John Redmond. She was a native of Wicklow town, and one of a family of 11.

Mr. Patrick O'Shea, the well-known Irish tenor, died recently. He was for a long time associated with the Carl Rosa and Moody-Manners companies, in the United States, and in Great Britain, and was in much request as a lecturer on traditional Irish music and folk songs. As a singer of Irish airs in the native tongue, he had few or no rivals. He was a native of Lismore, Co. Waterford, and had barely reached middle age.

News has reached Dublin of the death of Ernest Windisch, Professor of Sanscrit at the University of Leipsic, and one of the foremost Celtic scholars of the day. He was a friend of Whitley Stokes and Standish Hayes O'Grady, both well-known Gaelic scholars. He devoted his attention principally to "Middle Irish," and compiled a useful grammar for that period, of which there are two translations into English. His *Irish Texts* with vocabulary is a standard work for students.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Byrne, Dean of Dungannon, Ireland, died on March 28, in his 78th year. A member of an old Tyrone family, he was ordained in 1864 and became Dean in 1882. He did a good deal for education, building many schools and convents, and was for many years chairman of the Catholic Education Board. He was also a Commissioner of National Education. He was elevated to the domestic prelacy in 1891. His grand-uncle was Doctor in the Sorbonne, Paris, and President of the Irish College, Nantes. Leaving France at the time of the Revolution, he became third President of Maynooth, and afterwards Dean of Armagh.

Early this year it was announced that the term of office of Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Governor of the Punjab, was on the point of expiring and that he would thereupon retire. Since then serious troubles have occurred in India, and as a strong man is required to handle the situation, *The Times* the other day made the suggestion that it was highly desirable that the British Government should ask Sir Michael to remain at his post. On the same day on which *The Times* made this proposal it published a letter signed "I.C.S.," evidently written by an authority upon Indian affairs, which pointed out the necessity of retaining in office one of the ablest rulers the Punjab of India had ever known. An Irishman and a staunch Catholic, though a graduate of Balliol College, Sir Michael O'Dwyer has been one of the greatest administrators that the Indian Civil Service has produced in these latter days. The Punjab and the Indian army know and have testified to this. It is gratifying to Catholics to know that some of the most successful rulers India has had have been Catholics. For instance, no Viceroy was more loved by the people of India than the Marquis of Ripon. Lord MacDonnell, an Irishman and a Catholic, was not only recognised to be a great administrator in India, but was specially invited by a Unionist Government, under unique circumstances and in spite of his Home Rule views, to take part in the government of Ireland. Now comes Sir Michael O'Dwyer to continue the story of brilliant Catholic rulers of India. Men like Sir Michael O'Dwyer, who have been administering in most exemplary manner Indian provinces having three or four times the area and population of Ireland, demonstrate to the world at large (as *Franciscan Annals of India* truly remarks) that Ireland is well capable of taking care of its own affairs.

Remember that humble prayer obtains conversions, not only among the souls around us, but according to the designs of the Divine Mercy, equally among those who are far from us.—*Mother M. of the Sacred Heart.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

W. K. (Ellerslie).—Sorry, but all unsuccessful essays were consigned to the W.P.B.

W.K. (?) Wellington.—What do you expect from the calumniator of dead nuns? Surely nobody takes that creature seriously. The falsehood that Marshal Foch is a Presbyterian is a fair sample of the accuracy and veracity of P.P.A. ranters. Presbyterian elders do not make visits to the Blessed Sacrament. But the statement is good enough for the half-witted persons who pay that particular piper for his dirty work. They get what they want, even if no decent people want it.

R. A. L. (Wellington).—Sorry emendation too late to be used.

"WORRIED" (Probably somewhere in N.Z.).—It is elementary to send name and address as a guarantee of good faith. Anyhow the simple answer is, consult your confessor.

M. L.—Our next serial will be the book you mention. We got it from Gill's, of Dublin.

"STYRAX."—For goodness' sake give us a rest. We want no clippings, cuttings, papers or letters in any way dealing with the doings of the ghoul of the P.P.A. or with the windbag Earnshaw. Write to us about rats, snakes, bugs, and such moderately inoffensive vermin if you wish.

"ARCTIC."—No, we do not believe that the Government is blocking the trains, upsetting the mails, torturing people with cold, promoting profanity, and what not besides, in order to cause antipathy against the Labor Party. The reason we do not is that even this Government of ours could hardly be so stupid as not to recognise that every sane man blames them and nobody else for their bungling. This is a great sheep country! Listen: will there be a special train for the tourists this time!

"CRITIC."—What are you driving at? We know nothing about "family seals." It is likely that the story about a certain gentleman rushing for his better half's sealskins when the matter was mentioned is a canard. But you are right: Among Italians that attempt to prolong the nose is regarded as a proper gesture. We did not hear how he liked the French dishes or how he got on with the *limaçons*, *colimaçons*, and *escargots*. We may yet get some hints on French cooking if we get nothing else for our money.

"GAITERS AND GAS."—Piggott shot himself after his exposure. As "Civis" still remains as a warning and an example it might be well to pray for him. Certainly, the man who falsifies a historical quotation is a forger. What a testimony it is to any cause that low scoundrels have to invent and forge charges when they want to blacken it! Regarding his sneer at Sinn Féin journalists, it is natural enough. Persons of his class would certainly starve if they depended on Sinn Féiners.

Taumarunui

A particularly pleasant social function was (writes a correspondent) held in the music room of St. Joseph's Convent on June 18, the occasion being the farewelling by the ladies of the Altar Society of two of their number, Mesdames Gavin and Gamble, who are leaving Taumarunui for Te Aroha and Wanganui, respectively. In the course of a happy speech, Father Bleakley dwelt on the many good qualities of both ladies, and in appreciative terms referred to the energy and zeal they exercised in Church work. On behalf of the ladies of the parish, he asked Mrs. Gavin's acceptance of an oak salad bowl, and Mrs. Gamble's of an oak tray. Both ladies suitably responded.

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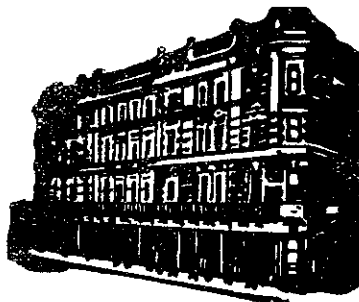
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The question of Health is one Nobody can afford to neglect, yet many people will risk their Health by buying inferior food when they can get the very best at the same price. More particularly does this apply to Bread.

Kellow Bread

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

Ring up 'PHONE No. 986 and give instructions for the cart to call.

If you once try this Bread you will Never go back to bread made by hands in the old-time, out-of-date method. "KELLOW" is untouched by hand.—"KELLOW" BREAD IS MADE ONLY BY

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DOMESTIC

(By MAUREEN.)

Potato Soup.

Put on in about two quarts of cold water 2lb of neck of mutton, or hough of beef, and one onion minced, let it come to the boil, remove the scum, and let it boil gently for two hours; then add about a dozen ordinary-sized potatoes, which have been peeled, put on in cold water, allowed to come to the boil, and the water poured off: salt to taste, and boil gently one hour longer. Before serving, skim off the fat, and, if liked, a little chopped parsley may be added.

Hot Pot.

Cut 1lb of cold mutton in neat slices, parboil eight or 10 good-sized potatoes, and cut them in slices also. Peel an onion, put it into a small pan of boiling water, with a little salt in it, and boil it for 10 minutes, then take it out and chop it. Butter a pie-dish and put a layer of potatoes in it, sprinkle over some of the onion and a little pepper and salt. Lay the slices of meat in next: put the rest of the onion over it, and some more pepper and salt. Cover with a layer of potatoes, and pour over a gill of stock, gravy, or water. Brush the tops of the potatoes with melted butter, and if the meat is very lean put little bits of dripping here and there. Bake for an hour and a-half.

Fritters.

Rub half a pound of cooked potatoes through a wire sieve, or put them through a vegetable presser. Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan: add to it the potato, the yolk of an egg, salt to taste, and mix all well together. Next beat the white of the egg to a stiff froth: it may be necessary to have the white of two or more eggs, and mix them lightly into the mixture. Have ready a frying-pan of boiling fat and drop into this pieces of the potato about the size of a walnut. Fry until a nice brown. When ready lift each one out

carefully with a drainer, and rest on paper to drain well. Then place on a very hot dish on a folded napkin, and serve garnished with parsley.

Potato Mound.

Mash some potatoes previously boiled in their jackets (it is always much easier to mash potatoes while they are warm than when allowed to go cold), mix with them a little milk and salt: when quite fine and smooth pile in a mound on a buttered plate or dish, put a spoonful of butter on the top, and brush the mound over with a beaten egg, then place in the oven until a pretty golden brown. It can be easily slid off from the dish on which it has been cooked to the one on which it is to be served.

Baking Powder.

Two teaspoonfuls of carbonate of soda, three teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of rice flour. Pound the soda in a mortar, then add the rice flour and pound together, then the cream of tartar, and repeat the pounding till thoroughly mixed. Put it into a wide-mouthed bottle, cork, and put aside for use.

Household Hints.

Common brown vinegar, well rubbed in, has been found to be a good remedy for chilblains if the application is repeated for several nights.

It is difficult to polish the bars of a grate when they have become burnt and red, but if rubbed with a piece of used lemon before applying the black lead they will polish more easily.

It is economy to buy soap in large quantities. Cut the soap into pieces and place them on a shelf to dry for some time before using. Treated in this way, soap lasts longer when in use.

Mirrors need to be carefully cleaned if they are to look bright, and if treated in the following way they will be far brighter than usual:—Rub off the dust with a clean, damp cloth, then apply a cloth to the mirror on which a little camphor has been dropped. Finish by polishing with a clean duster.



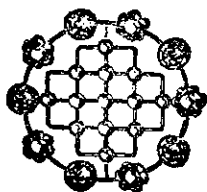
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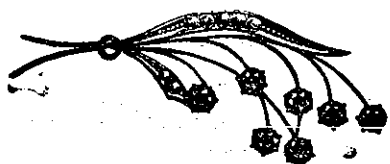
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If a Brooch is favoured for a Gift the Styles illustrated should appeal for their Distinctive and Artistic effect. They are all worthy examples of the expert Jeweller, and set with choice selected Gems.

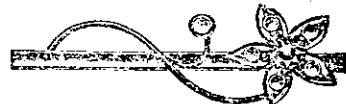
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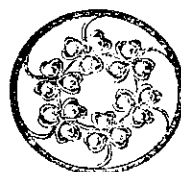
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No. 1021—The Favourite "Lily of the Valley" Brooch, 9ct. Gold, set with Pearls, 40/-.

STEWART DAWSON & Co. Ltd.
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THE ANGLO-IRISH ACT OF UNION

(By ALFRED W. McCANN, in America.)

Americans of Irish extraction as a rule are unfamiliar with the Act of Union passed in 1800, which destroyed the Parliament of Ireland by fusing it with the Parliament of England. We are hearing much of the "Union" nowadays, and there is nothing remarkable in the phenomenon that reveals scores of well-meaning, rightly-disposed, patriotic American citizens, profoundly impressed by the British argument that the Irish question is merely a domestic one, being to England what the negro question was to the United States.

Irishmen in Ireland, however, know how the Union was effected, following the defeat of the measure when first proposed in the House of Commons in 1799. They know how the Government dismissed from office everyone who voted against the Union in 1799; how it devoted its efforts to bribing members during the recess; how peerages, bishoprics, seats on the bench and commands in the army were freely given in exchange for votes for the Union. There are many aspects of the Union with which even the Irish in Ireland are unfamiliar, and a still larger number with which Americans of Irish extraction are unfamiliar. It is not surprising, therefore, that Americans who have no trace of Irish in them should be wholly unfamiliar with the Union sophistry.

Few are the Americans who know that in the destruction of the Irish Parliament, 1800, and in the Act of Union that followed it, 22 Irish peerages were created; that five peers received English peerages and 20 peers received higher titles; that 84 boroughs were disfranchised, treated as private property, compensation (bribes) being given for that "property" to their patrons. They do not know that each seat was valued at £7500, and the whole sum awarded as compensation amounted to £1,260,000. They never heard that Lord Downshire received £52,000 as the owner of seven borough seats, or that £45,000 apiece went to Lords Shannon and Ely. They do not know that 63 members, who refused to vote for the destruction of their native Parliament as the bribed patrons of their seats demanded, vacated their seats, which were filled at once by Englishmen and Scotchmen, who immediately voted away a Parliament, in the continuation of which they had no interest and for the destruction of which they had accepted bribes.

The British are telling Americans now, and ex-President Taft is echoing the British argument, that the United States fought to preserve the Union of North and South, wherefore the United States cannot now advocate any separation of the Union of Ireland with England.

Americans know that the Union between the North and the South was a real Union, entered into by a sacred covenant of voluntary origin. The people of the South and the North were of the same blood. They shared equally with each other in the laws and institutions of their own making. The bonds that united them had been wrought by generations of mutual endeavor. In that Union between North and South there was no consciousness of a separate nationality. All were on a parity with each other before the law; nowhere was there discrimination, special privilege, or oppression. This was indeed a Union, and when the South attempted separation civil war resulted that the very foundation of our common liberty might not be undermined. Such a Union which the United States fought to maintain is in no sense similar to the Union now referred to by ex-President Taft and the British in America.

Besides the £1,260,000 given as "compensation" to the patrons of the boroughs disfranchised by the Act of Union, £3,000,000 extra were expended in actual payment to the persons who voted for the Union. Of the 300 members of the Irish House of Commons, 115 could not be reached by promises of promotion or reward. All of them voted against the Union, which

was carried by a majority of whom only seven were unbribed.

Lord Byron, speaking in the House of Lords, April 21, 1812, said of this unholy marriage, which ex-President Taft now compares with the Union between North and South: "If it must be called a union, it is a union of the shark with his prey; the spoiler swallows up his victim and they become one and inseparable. Thus has Great Britain swallowed up the Parliament of Ireland, the Constitution of Ireland, the independence of Ireland." Seventy-four years later, April 16, 1886, Gladstone declared:—

"I have avoided that subject because I did not want to enter into the details of it. It is dreadful to read the language of Lord Cornwallis and the disgust of an honorable mind at the transactions in which he found himself under the painful necessity of engaging. I will only say that we obtained that Union between England and Ireland against the sense of every class of the community, by wholesale bribery and unblushing intimidation."

Americans can understand that where a real union exists a separation is impossible, but they can also understand that there can be no separation where there is no Union. The aspects of the Irish issue which even the Irish in Ireland do not fully appreciate are legion. Many of them, if not all of them, assume that the acts of bribery by which the Union was accomplished were specially devised instrumentalities, the operations of which were peculiarly anti-Irish. The facts are that bribery, corruption, and blackmail were characteristic of the period, and that England herself suffered losses through their operations, from which, to this day, she has never recovered. It would be remarkable indeed if self-respecting Englishmen persisted, as they do persist, in holding fast to the fruits of corruption, were their sentiments, convictions, and conduct not traceable to a past that even Gladstone hesitated to explore.

At the time of the seduction of the Irish Parliament, a Parliament in which Catholics were not allowed to sit, not only were royal persons dealing in army commissions, but they were also selling bishoprics and deaneries. The regulation price for securing army commissions by which young officers were promoted over the heads of veterans was fixed by the degree of superiority involved. An ensigncy was sold for £200, a lieutenantcy for £400, a captaincy for £700. The rank of major commanded £900. Places were openly bought and sold, so vicious had become the corruptions of the times. Such public advertisements as the following, from the *Morning Post*, June 14, 1800, were common:

"Public Offices.—A young man of good connections, well educated in writing and accounts, and can find security, wishes for a Clerkship in any of the public offices. Any lady or gentleman having interest to procure such a situation will be presented with the full value of the place. The greatest secrecy and honor will be observed."

So frequent were these advertisements that it became necessary to take official notice of them, as note the following from *The Dawn of the XIXth Century in England*, by John Ashton (T. Fisher Unwin, London, 1906):—

"Custom House, London, December 7, 1902.—Whereas advertisements have at different times appeared in the Newspapers offering Sums of Money for the procuring of places, the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs think it necessary to have it generally known that, in addition to the punishment which the Common Law would inflict upon the offence of bribing or attempting to bribe any person entrusted with the disposal of any Office, the Statute passed in the fifth and sixth year of the Reign of King Edward the Sixth inflicts the penalty of incapacity to hold such office in the person purchasing it and the forfeiture of office in the person selling it."

The Government of England finally became so corrupt that on January 27, 1809, G. Lloyd Wardell, M.P. for Oakhampton, began an indictment of the Duke of York before the House of Commons. He pro-

duced so much evidence of the sale of commissions by Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, one of the mistresses of the Duke, that a Parliamentary Committee was appointed to investigate. So scandalous were the disclosures that his Royal Highness was forced to place his resignation as Commander-in-Chief in the King's hands. In this connection two facts are noteworthy in any study covering the merits of the Union issue. The British Government announced on December 7, 1802, less than two years after the wholesale bribery of the Irish Parliament, that:—

"In case any place or office either shall have been, or shall hereafter be procured, or obtained by Corrupt means the Government are determined to enforce the penalties of the Law and to prosecute the offenders with the utmost severity. And they do hereby promise a reward of One Hundred Pounds to any person or persons who will give information and satisfactory proof of any place or office being so obtained, so that the parties concerned therein may be proceeded against accordingly."

This is fact No. 1. Fact No. 2 covers the "black list" of those members of the Irish Parliament who received bribes for supporting the Union. This black list was in the hands of the British Government, with all the evidence the Government needed, because it was the Government's own evidence, to punish the receivers of bribes as well as the officials who gave them. This black list, published in 1803, by Sir Jonah Barrington, discloses the identity of the receivers of bribes who, having been "planted" in the Irish Parliament, sold that Parliament to England in the consummation of the Union which ex-President Taft compares with the Union between the North and the South.

No. 1 in the list is R. L. Aldridge, an English clerk in the Secretary's office, who had no connection, even remotely, with Ireland. No. 2, Henry Alexander, Chairman of Ways and Means, cousin of Lord Caledon. As a bribe his brother was made a bishop, and he himself was appointed Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope. No. 3, Richard Archdall, was made Commissioner of the Board of Works. No. 4, William Bailly, was made Commissioner of the Board of Works. No. 5, Right Hon. J. Beresford, was made First Commissioner of Revenue. He was brother-in-law to Lord Clare. No. 6, J. Beresford, jun., was purse-bearer to Lord Clare, afterwards a parson, subsequently Lord Decies. No. 7, Marcus Beresford, Lord Clare's nephew, was a colonel in the army. No. 8, J. Bingham, was created a peer and received £8000 for two seats, which amount was afterwards increased to £15,000 by the Government. After the bribe he was known as Lord Clanmorris. No. 9, Joseph H. Blake, was created a peer. He was later known as Lord Walscourt. No. 10, Sir J. C. Blackwood, was created a peer. He bore the title of Lord Dufferin. No. 11, Sir John Blaquiere, was created a peer, with numerous offices and pensions. After the bribery he was called Lord de Blaquiere. No. 12, Anthony Botet, was appointed Commissioner of the Barrack Board. No. 13, Colonel Burton, brother to Lord Conyngham, received nothing as far as is known except his rank as colonel. No. 14, Sir Richard Butler, voted against the Union in 1799; after he received £15,000 he voted for it in 1800. No. 15, Lord Boyle, son of Lord Shannon, received with his father £30,000 for their seats and boroughs. No. 16, Right Hon. D. Brown, was brother to Lord Sligo; it is not known what he received. No. 17, Stewart Bruce, gentleman usher at Dublin Castle, was made a baronet. No. 18, George Burdett, was made commissioner of a public board. No. 19, George Bunbury, was made commissioner of a public board. No. 20, Arthur Brown, voted against the Union in 1799. After the bribe, the amount of which is not recorded, he voted for the Union in 1800. No. 21, Bagwell, sen., received as a bribe half the patronage of Tipperary. His son was made a dean. No. 22, Bagwell, jun., received the other half of the patronage of Tipperary and got the Tipperary Regiment. No. 128 was William Bagwell, his brother. It is not known what he received. William Hancock, No. 60 on the list, composed and sang songs against the

Union in 1799. After he was promised a peerage, which he subsequently got, he composed and sang "patriotic" songs for the Union in 1800. No. 81, Lord Loftus, son of Lord Ely, Postmaster-General, bid high. He was created an English marquis, receiving £30,000 for his own and his father's boroughs. No. 85, Francis McNamara, was cheap, being content with a private pension paid by Lord Castlereagh. No. 89, H. D. Massey, was cheaper still. He sold out for £400 cash. Professional politicians, Irish included, have been selling out ever since. Heaven be praised for those who with God's help resist temptation.

This will suffice. The entire black list, containing 140 names, with the amounts of the bribes and the honors attached to them, is too long to publish here. It is a matter of record to which all statesmen may refer.

The American people, knowing nothing of the corruption in which the Union was born, cannot understand the "hostile attitude" of the Irishman who knows all about it. To compare such a Union with the Union of the United States, and to cite the Civil War of 1861-1865 as a precedent in the maintenance of all Unions, is not only to strangle history, but it irritates Irishmen in Ireland and the sons of Irishmen in America.

Loving the Union of the United States and hating the Union of England and Ireland, they are looked upon as "hyphenates," who refuse to forget the "more or less vague wrongs of the past" and foolishly assert the right of Ireland to secede from a Union that never had existence. If ex-President Taft would resort to the records, I for one have little doubt that he would become just as valiant a champion of Irish rights as he is now a champion of English wrongs.

JUSTICE.

Michael, come in. Stop crying at the door.

Come in and see the evil you have done.

Here is your sister's doll with one leg gone,
Naked and helpless on the playroom floor.

"Poor child! poor child! now he can never stand!
With one leg less he could not even sit!"

She mourned, but first, with swift avenging hand,
She smote, and I am proud of her for it.

Michael, my sympathies are all for you.

Your cherub mouth, your miserable eyes,

Your grey-blue smock, tear-spattered, and your cries
Shatter my heart, but what am I to do?

He was her baby, and the fear of bears
Lay heavy on him so he could not sleep

But in the crook of her dear arm, she swears.

So Michael, she was right and you must weep.

—ALINE KILMER, in *America*.

FOR

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PETONE

SEND A BRICK

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To REV. PATRICK QUEALY,

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Treat them with the gentleness
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be this minute crying out for
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know of any trouble, but you
will later on, unless the defect
is immediately removed.

There is no object in delaying.

Examination will not cost you
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WE TEST

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Come in as soon as you can.

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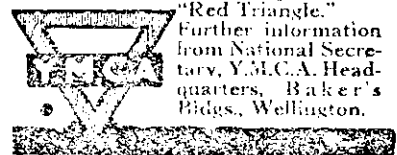
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"when the boys come home"

The Y.M.C.A. will continue
to work for each with the
fullest strength of its organ-
isation, as it has done in
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Free Membership for Twelve Months

Will be given to all returned
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vileges of the institution.
Let us still keep together in New
Zealand under the sign of the





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The Woman
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—and in most cases it is the
Housewife herself—is entitled
to have this disagreeable job
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the labor by boiling the clothes
quickly and free from smuts.
It saves fuel and gives
immense satisfaction.

GIVES
GREEN
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Is what the Zealandia 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.

There are also the further
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a Plentiful Hot Water Supply;
and last, but not least, the comfort
of an Open Fire which the
Zealandia alone affords.

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BIG
COAL
SAVER!

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ZEALANDIA

The Family Circle

THE OLD PLAYGROUND.

Our schooldays they come to us
Like shadows through the haze;
We view the kindly faces, and we
Mind the kindly ways
Of all the little boys and girls
We played with long ago,
Upon the old school playground,
Those curly heads of tow.

And too the bright and laughing eyes
Are looking through the mist
The years have flung about us,
That we forget I wist;
But all the old-time friendships
Learn to linger if we say,
"I'd love to take you romping
Out upon that ground to-day!"

I'd love to take you romping out
Upon the old broad walk,
I'd fain go with you arm in arm,
To have an old-time talk;
I'd like to see you hustle at
The tap of recess bell,
A topsy-turvy one and all—
I'm weary as I tell.

A sad old sight 'tis some would make
Upon that ground to-day,
With bleared old eyes and memories
That lead them far away;
Of home ties sadly torn, alack:
The world were none too kind
I'd walk with you and tell it all,
If you, old chum, don't mind.

How many paths that led away
From that old hurtling spot:
How many faces die in mist,
How many joys forgot!
How dear to us 'twill ever be,
The feast that youth hath spread:
Alas! how many of our throng
All silent, now lie dead!

OUR LADY OF SORROWS.

Catholics are wont to consider that significant appellation "Mother of Sorrows" as ranking next to Our Lady's most glorious title, "Immaculate Mother of God." Every true mother participates in a marked degree in her children's sorrow. So Mary, who was the best of mothers, was permitted by her Divine Son to feel the bitterness of Calvary's Sacrifice. Sorrow purifies a mother's love.

The Man of Sorrows, in confiding Our Lady to the beloved St. John's care, would have us to take His Mother of Sorrows to our hearts and hold her as our very own.

Who has not known the healing power of Our Sorrowful Mother during sickness, trials, and gloomy days? Whose consolation was more soothing than the Blessed Mother's when death's angel deprived us of a loved one? Who can sympathise like a mother? If we but seek Our Lady of Sorrows' intercession when disconsolate, she will prove a veritable "Mother most amiable."

Years have passed since we knelt at love's dreary shrine called a mother's grave. How we thought then that our cup of sorrow was indeed filled to the very brim. But we said the "Hail Mary," which mother, now cold in death, had placed on our baby lips. And as we left the dead, courage was renewed in our sad heart, courage to take our place among the living and fight life's battles, confident of Our Lady of Sorrows' daily guidance.

—FATHER JEROME GROSS, O.P.

POPE BENEDICT XV.

The *New York World* correspondent was recently received in audience by Pope Benedict, with other American journalists. In giving his impressions of the personality of the Holy Father, he says:—

I had a very good opportunity a few hours before to meet his Holiness in the same chamber where he received the President, and I have no doubt that he made very much the same impression on the President that he made on me. Within three minutes I made up my mind that the Pontiff was of an unusual type of men. In stature he is probably 5ft 5in. His figure was concealed by the long white robe of most exquisite texture that reached from collar to the ground, concealing the low-cut shoes of white leather in which his feet were encased.

His only ornaments were a belt of white satin richly embroidered in purple and gold, and of course the Fisherman's ring.

The small, round, well-shaped head, set squarely on the narrow, sloping shoulders of the Pontiff, was surmounted by a cap of the sort worn by the humblest monks of the Trappist Order, though it was of white velvet. The only word that could accurately describe the face of the Pope was that it is "sprightly." The features, though small, are exceedingly well chiselled. The nose is of the pronounced Roman type. The forehead is high and broad, the cheeks full and round, with a healthy glow, and the jaw strong, almost aggressive.

The severity of the lower part of the face of the Pontiff, however, is softened by the firm, full lips that incline upward at the corners and through which flash an unusually regular array of small milky white teeth. The ears, fringed by coal black hair in which there gleam fugitive skeins of silver, are almost perfectly modelled, and stand generously away from the head.

But by far the most attractive feature of the Pontiff's face is his eyes. They suggested at once the student and dreamer, "the eyes of introspection, that look in as well as out." They are of dark brown, and there is in the conformation of the brows almost a suggestion of the Oriental. And how they sparkle with kindness and animation! I do not believe I have ever looked into more friendly or patient eyes than those of Pope Benedict, nor into any two in which there lurked so much good humor. They are the sort of eyes that register the keenest appreciation of a good story.

When he talks, the face of the Pope lights up with wonderful mobility, his eyes seem to emphasise with exact appropriateness each point he seeks to make. His voice is soft and musical, but firm and of great carrying volume. His enunciation is delightfully clear and distinct. For a full five minutes during the interview that he accorded a score of American newspaper correspondents and officers who were granted a special audience, the words of welcome uttered by the Pontiff flowed in a mellifluous flood, always in splendid control.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH!

Little Jackie had just finished his tea.

"Oh, mother," he sighed, ecstatically, "I do love cake! It's awfully nice!"

But mother didn't like her son's habit of using fervent language.

"You shouldn't say you 'love' cake, sonny," she reproved gently. "You should say you like it. And 'awfully' is the wrong word. You should use 'very.' Now, dear, say the sentence over again, correctly."

"I like cake; it's very nice," repeated Jackie, obediently.

"There, that's much better," said his mother approvingly.

But Jackie looked disgusted.

"Sounds just as if I was talking about bread!" he muttered.

NO VISITS FOR THEM.

The kirk was in urgent need of repair, and Sandy McNab, a very popular member, had been invited to collect subscriptions for the purpose.

One day the minister met Sandy walking irresolutely along the road. The good man at once guessed the cause.

"Sandy," he said, earnestly, "I'm sorry to see ye in this state."

"Ah, weel, it's for the good o' the cause," replied the delinquent happily. "Ye see, meenister, it's a' through these subscreeptions. I've been down the glen collectin' fun's, an' at every hoose they made me hae a wee drappie."

"Every house! But—but surely, Sandy, there are some of the kirk members who are teetotallers?"

"Aye, there are; but I wrote tae those!"

PARDONABLE CURIOSITY.

A commercial traveller was advised by a friend to call on a certain tradesman with whom he had no account. He took the hint, called on the man, and was received most genially.

"May I show you my samples?" inquired the traveller.

The tradesman had no objection, and from an insignificant-looking bag the visitor produced quite a surprising quantity of specimen goods.

"Well," said the affable shopkeeper, when the bag was at last emptied, "there's only one thing I want to-day."

Out came the order book.

"Thank you, Mr. Binks," remarked the traveller delighted at opening a new account: "and what is that?"

"Why," was the reply, "I want to see how you're going to get all those samples into that little bag again!"

SMILE RAISERS.

Customer: "I've had two bottles of your stuff to make the hair grow, and it hasn't done it."

Barber: "That's very odd. I don't quite understand it."

Customer: "Well, look here. I don't mind drinking another bottle, but that's the last."

Benevolent Old Gent: "But that is not the same tale that you told me a few days ago, you know, my man!"

Cheerful Mendicant: "No, mister: you didn't believe that one."

"Happiness," declaimed the philosopher, "is only the pursuit of something, not the catching of it!"

"Oh, I don't know," answered the plain citizen. "Have you ever chased the last tram on a rainy night?"

Teacher: "Willie, have you whispered to-day without permission?"

Willie: "Only wunst."

Teacher: "Johnny, should Willie have said 'wunst'?"

Johnny: "No'm—he should have said twist."

Vamper (having failed for the third time to get the key of the air, hummed over by a bush vocalist): "I've tried you on the white ones, and on the black ones, and on the white and black ones mixed. It's no use—you're singing between the cracks!"

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

(By "VOLT.")

Brooms from Pine Trees.

One of the latest discoveries due to the war search for substitutes is a new use for pine needles.

It has been found that the needles of the pine make a fair substitute for bristles in brushes and brooms. They are found in great quantities on the ground in fir forests, and, owing to the large amount of silica in them, they are hard, and do not decay rapidly.

The pine needles are dealt with in two ways. Where they are long they are simply bunched together and tied firmly, and a stick is pushed down the centre as a handle. The other plan is to insert clusters of smaller needles in holes in a thickish piece of wood. These holes are filled with hot pitch, and when this material has set hard and dry the pine needles are held firmly in place. Elaborate tests have shown that pine needles wear well. They are not more easily broken than much of the material which has been commonly used in broom-making, and owing to their hardness they can withstand a good deal of friction.

War Tests of Locomotives.

It sometimes happens that an invention pioneered in one country is taken up by another and developed more rapidly and successfully than in its original home. This did not occur, however, with the invention which created the modern industrial era—the steam engine. Both in the stationary form and in the locomotive, British engineers have never lost the lead which the genius of Watt and Stephenson gave them. For speed and efficiency the performances of the modern British locomotives are unsurpassed. During the war British railways carried an enormously increased traffic, although hundreds of locomotives were sent to France, and some even as far as Mesopotamia, for military transport purposes. In France and Flanders, moreover, hundreds of miles of light railway were constructed and equipped from locomotive and rolling-stock factories in Britain. New types of engine were rapidly evolved for this unusual form of transport; and Sir Douglas Haig has testified to the remarkable efficiency of the locomotives and other equipment turned out in large quantities at short notice. The success of the British locomotive works in this phase of military engineering is due in part to the fact that for many years they have been turning out locomotives for every variety of special purpose—mines, quarries, docks, plantations, factories, and so on—in every part of the world. The experience they have gained during the war will be therefore of positive assistance in solving the transport problems of countries overseas. Moreover, the war has increased their productive capacity and encouraged the adoption of means for achieving a more rapid output of locomotives with steel and other metals of the highest grade and machined within the finest limits of precision.

A SHORTHAND REVOLUTION.

Mr. Wm. Wheatcroft, one of the foremost authorities on PITMAN'S Shorthand, Editor and Author of the new editions of the "Teacher," the "Primers," etc., after a close study of

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and writing 80 words a minute after less than 6 WEEKS' study, writes:—

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