

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

March 26, Sunday.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.
 „ 27, Monday.—St. Rupert, Bishop and Confessor.
 „ 28, Tuesday.—St. Sixtus III., Pope and Confessor.
 „ 29, Wednesday.—St. John Damascene, Confessor and Doctor.
 „ 30, Thursday.—St. John Capistran, Confessor.
 „ 31, Friday.—Feast of the Most Precious Blood.
 April 1, Saturday.—St. Gregory I., Pope and Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Rupert, Bishop and Confessor.

St. Rupert, a Frenchman, illustrious for his noble birth, but still more so for his many virtues, was Bishop of Salzburg, in Bavaria, the inhabitants of which country he had converted to the true faith. He died about the beginning of the seventh century.

Feast of the Most Precious Blood.

This is one of the many feasts by which the Church endeavors to recall to our grateful remembrance the sufferings of Christ for our redemption.

St. Gregory the Great, Pope, Confessor, and Doctor.

St. Gregory was born in Rome about the year 540. In 590 he endeavored in vain to decline the dignity of Supreme Pontiff, to which he was elected on the death of Pelagius II. In the calamities which befell Italy in consequence of the invasion of the Lombards, St. Gregory showed himself a father to all in distress. He was most successful in maintaining the purity of Catholic doctrine in some of the countries where heresies had arisen. In 597 he sent a number of monks, with St. Austin at their head, to preach the Gospel in England. He died in 604, having by his eminent holiness, great erudition, and illustrious achievements earned for himself the title of 'The Great.'

GRAINS OF GOLD

A PRAYER.

List to my prayer, Oh, Father!
 Be Thou my strength and guide,
 In Life's unending battle
 Be ever by my side.

Guide my faltering footsteps
 On Life's uncertain path;
 Oh, Almighty Father!
 Spare me from Thy wrath.

Fill me with strength, for I need it,
 Help me to work and to pray;
 Be with me, Oh, my Father!
 Unto my dying day.

Help me when nights are lonely,
 Help me when days are gray;
 Oh, Omnipotent Father!
 Be Thou my strength and stay.

Guide me safe through the struggle,
 And when the fighting is done,
 Take Thou my soul in keeping,
 In the name of Jesus, Thy Son.

Christianity in a nutshell is simply 'Love thy God; love thy neighbor.' We can only prove that we love God by loving our neighbor. While we are commanded to fear God, I maintain that love is the most important motive force in Christianity. The great difference in religion is that while the pagan feared and worshipped his gods, he did not love them. They were too far away and too vague. Christ, on the other hand, not only loves and came to save the world, but He loves every man and every woman individually—He loves each of you just as if you were the only person in the world.—Cardinal Gibbons.

All of us at times are afflicted more or less with the feeling that we have accomplished much less in the world than we might have accomplished had we tried harder. We have done nothing to attract the attention of mankind; we are filling, day by day, positions as humble as they are apparently unimportant; we have looked constantly, daily, hourly, for some great work or noble opportunity for brilliant service, and it has not come; we feel that we are almost failures. And yet, if we have not attracted the attention of the world, we have at least, by our care in doing our duty, led the man who has the desk next to us to do his, when otherwise he would probably have failed. Our positions may be humble, but in them we are like pieces of the mechanism of a great machine. If we were not there and did not do our part, then the work of the machine would be imperfect. No man need be termed an absolute failure this side of the grave.

The Storyteller

CRONIN'S DAUGHTER

It was a still, clear, cold night in the heart of the Maine woods. Mary Cronin drew her frayed shawl closely over her head and shoulders as she closed the door softly and stepped out into the night. She was very tired, for the day's work had been hard, and her invalid mother had needed more care than usual.

The dishes had been washed and the table re-set for breakfast, the pail had been filled at the ice-encircled spring on the mountain road, her mother's gruel had been made, her bed smoothed up, and Mary had sung one tune after another, as she held her mother's wasted hand, till sleep came to the sufferer.

The girl stood motionless on the door-stone, and looked eagerly at all the works. Through the windows and doors of the casting-room, which were open this December night, a fiery gleam shone from the red-hot iron running through the moulds. Now and then came a sharp explosion, with a superb play of fireworks around the mouth of the furnace.

The violet, orange, green, and crimson stars did not attract Mary's attention. It was an old story to her, and her heart was too heavy for her eyes to see any beauty in it. She looked above the casting-room up the high brick chimney to the top-house, which was perched on an immense staging just at the mouth of the chimney.

Her father was there—for it was his night on—and he had been drinking when he came home to supper. Fortunately her mother was asleep, and had been spared cruel anxiety. Mary's heart stood still as her father took his lunch can, without his usual kiss or the 'Good-night, Molly; take good care of your mother,' which made her happy every night. He had stumbled over the rag mat, and uttered a curse under his breath. He never did this unless he had been drinking heavily.

Poor John Cronin! His appetite for liquor and his weak will had caused him to drift from one workshop to another, from city to city, and from State to State, carrying with him his wife and only child. The factory quarters of St. Louis, Pittsburg, Newark, and other manufacturing centres are woefully alike, and had it not been for her mother's stories, Mary—the little girl—would have believed the whole world paved and cut into narrow, dirty streets, with a streak of sooty sky above, crossed with clothes-lines.

Her mother came from the Catskill Mountain region, and her nature revolted at the wretched places they had called home. The sunny old brick farmhouse, built in the Dutch way, the fertile fields and crowded barnyard, grandmother's flower garden across the road, the mountains framing the little vale, the peace, the cleanliness, the stability—Mary knew them all through her mother's words and sighs and tears.

A great resolve had crept into the child's heart to try and reproduce that peaceful life. 'To be respectable and stay in one place' was what she lived for. If only her father would not drink.

There came a day to the child when she began to see her way clear. A letter arrived from a man with whom her father had worked before his marriage, in a Penobscot logging-camp. He wrote of an opening for a family at the Katahdin Iron Works, in Maine—fair wages and a comfortable home were ready.

When John Cronin read the letter all his old love for the woods came back to him. He could feel the cold steel of the gun-barrel and the supple rod bend in his hand. Before long the money was got together which carried the family from Boston to Bangor, and from there to the works, sixty miles north.

Six months had gone—every day brought new beauties to Katahdin. Now and then the child left the works, with its black, unsightly buildings, long row of charcoal houses, heaps of purple-tinted slag, the refuse of the iron, and acres of dead trees from the sulphur fumes, and explored Pleasant river, leaping from one flat stone to another, and gathering in the cardinal flowers along the bank. She wandered beside Silver Lake, which reflected old Saddleback Mountain upon its polished surface. Her mother would not let her venture far. Two fierce bear cubs in their cages at the hotel told what the woods contained.

Under Mrs. Cronin's touch the plain wooden cottage grew into a home. There were a few pretty pictures and ornaments she had brought with her—the remainder of better days—and Mary helped to arrange them in the bare living-room. The curtains of the windows were coarse but white, and the new stove shone resplendent with its silver-plated ornamentation and lettering.

'The Star of the East, Bangor Maine,' Mary read on the oven door many times a day.

'Mother,' she said, holding her stove-rag in her hand as she knelt before the range, 'I always give the name an extra polish, for it seems to mean so much to us. This is our first real home. Nobody under us and nobody over us, and such heaps of room all round.'

Mary's intense delight in all she saw, and the deep gratitude she expressed for all that was done for her, made everyone anxious to give her pleasure. She was thoughtful and unselfish, and the whole settlement learned to love 'Cronin's Daughter.'



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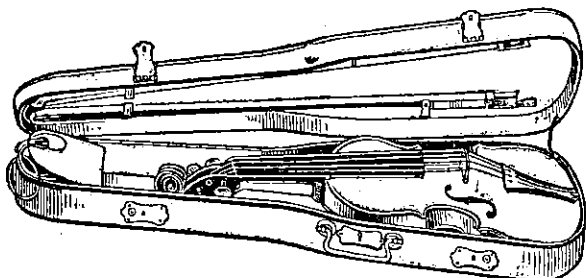
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Was a child unruly? The mother would call Mary in to help her, and soon the unhappy little one was listening with open eyes and dirty mouth expanding into a smile to her account of some St. Patrick's Day parade, or a Fourth of July exhibition of fireworks on Boston Common. To Mary, versed in city lore, the country was one thing to be desired; but the Kataladin children, tired of monotony and loneliness of a life in the woods, could never hear enough of the crowds and the noise.

So 'Cronin's Daughter' became the story-teller of the settlement. Often the workmen stopped and joined the circle of children, and crowded around her in the summer twilight and listened to her story.

'Seems a different place, somehow, since 'Cronin's Daughter' came,' said many of the people. 'The children don't fight half so much as they did, nor torment the critters. They're nice folks them Cronins.'

Before her mother was taken ill Mary's hands and feet and head had been at the service of the whole settlement. Every one loved, petted, and tyrannised over her.

In spite of her mother's sharp but short illness, from which she was now recovering, the summer and autumn had passed happily with Mary. Her father had kept sober, and no one suspected his past shame. John Cronin was a good workman, and soon rose from being a driver of the four-horse waggons, which carried the ore down from the mountain to the works, to being a top-man.

The duties of the top-man were of a very responsible nature. Eight times an hour the elevator, built beside the chimney, came creaking and groaning up to the top-house with its load of ore and limestone. The top-man fastened the elevator with a bolt, and the car to the rear mouth of the chimney. Over this the car rested while the top-man pulled a chain which opened the bottom and precipitated the mass of ore and rock down the chimney and into the furnace below. The car was returned to the elevator, the bolt pushed back, a bell rung, the man below started the machinery, and the elevator began its downward journey.

All this required methodical care and wakefulness. The children of the settlement had told Mary of an awful night, two winters before, when, owing to the neglect of the night top-man, an explosion had occurred which wrecked and burned the works and brought all the men in the top-house to a fearful death.

*

No wonder Mary's heart stood still with fright when her father reeled through the door, nor that she resolved to follow him to the top-house to make sure that he had not fallen asleep. She had watched the furnace and knew by the shower of sparks that were sent up that the ore was being dumped regularly, but at any moment sleep might overtake him—sleep that means dismissal and disgrace, and possibly death to himself and others.

The road was white and lonely. The frozen river had no word of encouragement as she crossed the old red bridge, and the stars were far away and cold. She avoided the front works for fear of being seen by some of the night force in the casting-room. Around the charcoal-house and through the thick smoke, up the hill, over the bridge, and up the ladder the child went, with chilled hands and feet, but with a heart warm with love and desperation.

Surely that is the elevator rattling up beside her. Now she steps for breath on the landing, waiting for welcome noise from above that will drive her fears away. How her father will laugh and kiss her, and, with a cheery word, send her home for the night. The intensely cold air may have brought him to himself, she thinks.

There was an ominous silence above, and the child hurried up the ladder. John Cronin lay asleep on the floor.

Mary had no time for thought. She drew the bolt and secured the elevator. Then she seized the handles of the car and wheeled it towards the fiery pit. The heat grew more and more intense. Could she guide the car and dump it? Before she knew it, it was done. The car was replaced, the bolt pushed back, and the bell rung. The elevator had gone down and the floor had been replaced.

Then Mary crouched beside the sleeping man and moaned and cried:

'O father, father, wake up! I can't stay here all night. If I call for help you will be dismissed. I'm afraid to stay here alone.'

The man slept on. It was impossible to rouse him. Mary had feared one weakness, but suddenly she became conscious of her inner strength. She knew that she would stay here until morning, but hoped that by that time her father could be roused and that they might go home without suspicion.

The elevator was coming again, and again she must nerve herself to roll the heavy car at that awful brink. Well, she had done it once and she could do it again.

Again and again she had bent herself to the heavy task. The hours went by. Mary counted them by the loads—eight to an hour. At first they went quickly, for she dreaded the return of the car; but as the night wore on the child became conscious of an overpowering desire to sleep.

The dreadful sense of responsibility, the loneliness and unnaturalness left her. She even began to forget her desire to save her father. All emotion was swallowed up by the sea of sleep, which surged around her, making her sick and giddy.

At last she became conscious that she must do something. She struggled to the next dumping, and then opened the door of the warm-house, which was enclosed on three sides, the fourth side opening on the chimney. She closed it behind her, in order that her father might not feel the cruel cold, and sat on the icy platform and looked down, down on the shapeless works beneath her.

The intense coldness revived her and seemed to freeze the sleep out. The December moon shone steadily, and the wind, now rising, blew the charcoal smoke away from her. From this great height the settlement seemed crowded at her feet. Each house stood out from its pure white surroundings, and Mary thought of the friend in each. What would it be to leave them all and go back to the old wandering, disreputable life?

Her eyes traversed over the road till they rested on her own home—her first home. Then something blurred them, and the old frayed shawl brushed away a tear. Her patient mother was there—her mother who would have died in the city, the Brownsville doctor said, had this illness overtaken her there; her mother who would need the fresh, bracing, balsam air of the mountains for many a long day, and all the comforts that her father's good wages could buy.

For her mother's sake and for her father's sake she must go on. 'O God, keep me awake!' was the fervent prayer that went up in the frosty air.

A shout from below, a rattle of chains, and again came the elevator, creeping up the chimney like some gigantic beetle. Mary went to work with new enthusiasm. Between trips, she sat outside and suffered with the cold. But such suffering was positive joy, after the deadly numbness she had fought within.

The worst hours—from one to three—were past. The moon set and the stars began to pale. A faint pink light spread through the east. Lights appeared here and there in the houses below. The men of the 'day force' were being roused and the women were preparing the morning meal.

One more load was dumped. It must be half-past five, Mary thought, but she was not sure. She might have lost count once or twice. Yes, she had, for there was the bell clanging below her.

It lacked five minutes of being six, and Jim Brennan, the other day top-man, would come in five minutes.

'Father, get up!' Mary called, in a clear whisper, as she shook his shoulder. 'Father, do you hear! Would he move, or had her awful night's work been in vain?

'Why, Mary, have I overslept?' said he, rising suddenly and leaning on his elbow.

Then like a lightning flash the truth fell upon him. The liquor drank in the woods the afternoon before; his return to his home to supper; his difficulty going up the ladder, at which Jim Brennan had unsuspectingly laughed; the first few hours which he fought the stupor that was coming on—this John Cronin remembered, but what had followed?

'Hush, father, don't speak a word. Jim Brennan is coming up the ladder. The furnace is all right. Jim will think I have just come to tell you how mother is. No one need ever know, father dear.'

John Cronin was on his feet in an instant, sobered for life. He took Mary's hand, grimy from her work. 'Open the door,' he said huskily, 'or I'll choke.'

Jim Brennan's face appeared above the platform.

'Well, mate, how goes it? Hello, Mary; blessed if you didn't scare me. 'Gainst the rules, you know, to be in the top-house, but I guess the boss won't mind as long as there's a sick mother in the case. Had a hard night, of it, did you, young 'un? You look all beat out. There, go 'long, John, put the child to bed; I'll tend to this load, though it ain't mine.'

'Thank you, Jim,' said Cronin. 'Come, Mary, you must be tired.'

Not a word was spoken between the pair as they went down the ladder and hurried down the hill. The furnace men were lounging on the floor of the furnace-room.

'Blessed if here ain't Cronin and his gal. Hope the missis ain't no worse,' said one.

'She's probably been up all night with her. Never seen such a plucky little woman as that gal in all my life,' said another.

Back over the red bridge Mary went, with her hand tightly clasped in her father's. She gave his hand a little squeeze once, when she felt a hot tear drop on her own. There was a smile on her tired, pale face, and a great content in her heart. Father, mother, friends, and reputation—all saved.

When they had passed the group of houses that clustered near the bridge, and the woods were before them, her father said: 'Mary, does mother know?'

'No. Don't tell her. She will think I went to meet you if she is awake.'

'If you'd not followed me last night, Mary, do you know what might have happened?'

Mary nodded her head vigorously. She could not speak.

'Mary, you have saved my life—you have saved the works! As God hears me, I will never drink another drop!'

And he never broke the vow he made.

Mary cried with joy on her father's neck. All the terror, loneliness, and labor of the night were over like a bad dream. Best of all, the burden of ceaseless anxiety,

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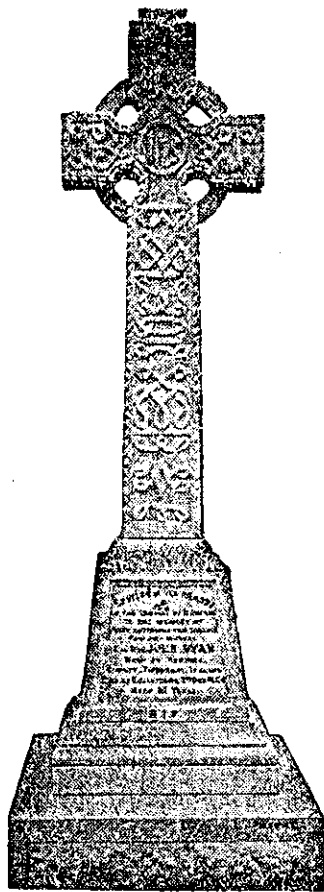
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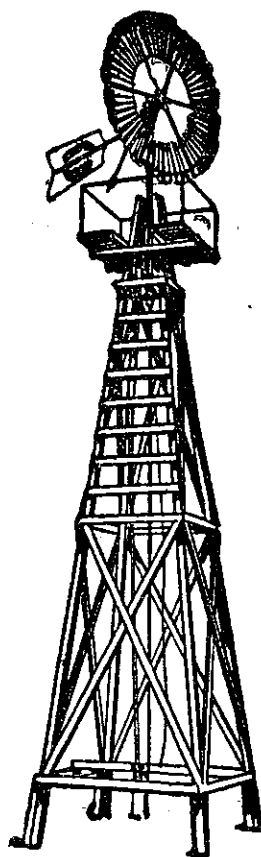
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which had weighed on her and her mother was laid down for ever. Never again would she listen to his step, in the fear that it might be uncertain, or walk with tired feet, seeking him through the slums of a city.

They softly opened the door, and found the mother still sleeping. Mary opened the dampers of the 'Star of the East,' and soon a good breakfast was in preparation.

John Cronin told his wife of his resolution as he sat by her bedside, after Mary had gone to bed, but he did not tell her then at what a fearful cost of suffering to their child it had been bought.

His intelligence and perseverance won him the position of foreman, and to-day Mary and her mother, who has recovered her health and gaiety in Katahdin Woods, rejoice in their new house, which exceeds Mary's day-dreams.

'That's a fine man, that Cronin,' said someone in authority the other day.

'He and his daughter are studying chemistry together, and he has some first-rate notions about roasting the sulphur out of the ore. I shouldn't be surprised if we had a rare find in him.'

'The girl is a pretty and lady-like one, too,' said another. 'The whole settlement seems to be fond of her.'

John Cronin, passing on the other side of the Red Bridge, himself unseen, heard the words, and smiled and thought, 'Where would Cronin be to-day if it were not for "Cronin's Daughter"?'—*Catholic Weekly*.

DAVID SUMMER'S SECRET

Aunt Katie stood in the kitchen doorway and looked toward the barn. The morning sun, sifting through the leaves of a chestnut tree, threw little patches of glory on her brown calico dress. It touched her thin hair, and made a path of gold across the gray.

'Beats all, how David manages to git out o' my sight so quick,' she said, turning again to the kitchen. 'There ain't no saleratus in the house, and I wanted to git my cake stirred up while the bread was bakin'. He can't be so far away that he can't hear all the screechin' I've been doin'.'

She went back to her moulding-board, and pinched and folded the creamy dough into smooth, generous loaves, finishing each with a pat as she laid it in the pan. As she worked she kept looking toward the window. Presently she saw David saunter out of the barn.

He came in with an air of forced unconcern, glancing slyly out of the corners of his eyes at his wife, as he walked over to the stove.

'Got wood enough?' he asked, fumbling with a peach basket which stood at the side of the stove and was half full of kindlings.

Aunt Katie dropped her hands to her sides and stared. 'Well, David Summers! Didn't you fill up the wood-box this morning?'

'Yes, that's so, I did,' he answered, confusedly; 'but I was thinkin' maybe you wanted some chips or kindlin's.'

She came up to him then and turned him around to the light.

'Ain't you feelin' well this morning?' she asked, anxiously.

He worked his shoulders as if to free himself from her grasp.

'There ain't nothin' the matter with me, as I know. I thought I heard you call, and that maybe you was wantin' something.'

'I did. I wanted some saleratus for my molasses cake. I forgot to tell you yisterday. But I don't want you to go for it if you're sick. We kin do without the cake—'twon't be the first time.'

A look of annoyance crossed David's face at the mention of the saleratus. Usually he was glad of a pretext for going to the store.

'I suppose I kin go git it, if you want it,' he said. 'You're all fixed for bakin'.'

His old soft 'felt' hung on a nail near the back window. As he reached for the hat, his eyes turned longingly toward the barn. Aunt Katie was watching him sharply; he knew it, and he smothered a sigh that rose to his lips.

'I won't be any longer'n I kin help, Kate,' he said, as he made for the door.

'You needn't hurry on my account, nor the cake's, either,' she answered. 'You'd better set in the store a while and rest, afore you start back.'

She stood back in the doorway and watched him out of sight.

'There's somethin' the matter,' she said, when his tall, stooping figure had turned the corner. 'He ain't used to actin' like this. I'm goin' up to the barn and see if I kin find out what's takin' him up there so much.'

She searched the lower floor carefully, but there was no sign of anything that might have disturbed her husband's peace. A ladder led to the loft. Aunt Katie looked at it and shook her head.

'I ain't done it in thirty years,' she said, 'and then I puffed like a steam engine. I'd break it now, with all my heft.'

Nevertheless, she stepped to the ladder, and shook it to see if it was firmly placed. Then she raised one foot and placed it on the first round. She brought up the other, and stood a moment, gazing up through the square opening into the dim uncertainty of the loft.

'Tain't likely, there's anything up there, anyhow,' she decided, and backed down laboriously.

Throughout the day David was kept busy on one pretext or another. Night came and he had not been able to keep away from Aunt Katie's watchful eyes even for a moment.

At nine o'clock she took down the little lamp from the kitchen shelf.

'Come, David,' she said, gently, walking toward the stairway.

David was sitting on the wash-bench, just outside the door.

'I don't feel like goin' to bed yet, Kate,' he answered. 'It's so nice out here, I think I'll set up awhile. Don't you stay up, though, on my account. I'll come along after a spell.'

Aunt Katie stood a moment as if undecided. Then she walked to the door and held the lamp so that its rays fell on David's snow-white hair and round, rosy face.

'You'll git the rheumatiz settin' out there in the damp,' she said. 'You'd better come in and go 'long to bed.'

David sighed, but rose meekly and followed his wife.

Aunt Katie awoke in the night with a vague sense that something had gone wrong. The moonlight was shining, full and strong. It filled the room with its glory, and fell on the snowy bed, lighting it with a strange whiteness. She sat up and looked about. David was not there.

She rose and looked toward the barn, half expecting to see a light in the hayloft, but there was none.

Then she listened at the head of the stair, knowing if David was in the house, his clumsy stepping would betray him. The big kitchen clock ticked noisily, but there was no other sound.

'He's out there in the barn, and up to smethin' or other,' she said to herself, 'and I'm goin' to find out what it is.'

She went back to her room and slipped into the brown calico dress. Then she stole noiselessly down the stairs, out the front door and around the side of the house.

Under the shadow of the trees she crept toward the barn. Her heart beat loud and fast as she stepped inside the door. There was a light in the hay-loft. David must have hung something at the window to blind the glow. There was something he was hiding from her—she knew it now.

A dozen fancies flashed through her brain, but she put them from her. Whatever it was it could not be wrong—if David was himself. But people often did strange things as they grew old. Was David getting 'queer'? she wondered.

She looked at the ladder, and measured the distance she would have to climb. Then she raised herself slowly up.

David was bending over a table, with his back toward her. As she attempted to step from the ladder she fell clumsily, and he started and turned around quickly.

'Kate!' he exclaimed. Then, seeing her plight, he stepped forward and helped her to her feet.

The two old people stood for a moment gazing silently at each other. David's tall form seemed to have shrunk, and he looked the picture of disappointment. Aunt Katie's eyes wandered from her husband to the table he had left.

In his youth David had been a carpenter, but time and rheumatism had so stiffened his fingers that he was able to do only the roughest kind of work. The object which Aunt Katie saw on the table must have cost him hours of painful toil.

It was a spice cabinet, like one they had seen the last time they went to the city. He had fashioned it of pine, and painted it a pale grey, and the tiny compartments were lettered with black. He was just finishing the last drawer. A shaky 'C,' and part of an 'L' glistened dully in the lantern's feeble rays.

'I didn't—want—you—to-know, Kate,' he stammered, huskily. 'It's your birthday—to-morrow—and—the—younguns—was comin' home—'

Aunt Katie's face was working. Her chin quivered and her lips moved tremulously. She put a hand on her husband's shoulder and looked up into his face.

'I've been—meaner'n—skunks, David,' she said. 'I was feared—maybe—you—was—goin'—queer—and I guess—it's me!'

Three beautiful works of art—the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Immaculate Conception, and St. Joseph—have been placed on the walls of the sanctuary of St. Joseph's Church (Vincentian Fathers), Malvern. They were painted by a member of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Burko road, Malvern.

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THE NEWMAN SOCIETY, AUCKLAND

WELCOME TO HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP CLEARY

(From an occasional correspondent.)

Through the kindness of the Rev. Mother of St. Mary's Convent, the Newman Society were privileged to hold their special meeting of welcome to his Lordship the Bishop of Auckland (and their new patron) in the spacious school hall of St. Mary's Convent, Ponsonby. For some time past the society had been making preparations to greet his Lordship in a fitting manner, and they awaited the commencement of the University year and the conclusion of the long vacation in order to enable all their fellow-members to participate in the welcome. Unfortunately, the day changed suddenly from a morning of sunshine to a wet and stormy afternoon, which prevented a large number of persons being present. There was an attendance of about two hundred ladies and gentlemen, most of the members being attired in academic dress, conspicuous among them being Mr. F. H. Levien, M.A., LL.B., the Hon. J. A. Tole, B.A., LL.B., K.C. (a member of the University Senate and the Auckland University College Council), Rev. Father O'Farrell, B.A., Mr. D. O'Donohue, B.A., Mr. E. J. Mahoney, LL.B., in the hoods of their respective degrees. The hall was excellently arranged like a large drawing-room, the platform at the end being tastefully decorated with screens and palms and other pot plants, the whole of the floor being carpeted. Altogether the effect of the decorations was very tasteful and effective.

His Lordship, who was accompanied by Very Rev. Dean Regnault, S.M. (Provincial), and Right Rev. Mgr. O'Reilly, V.F., was met by the president and members of the executive and escorted to the platform, the students present all rising and greeting his entrance with the 'Gaudeamus.' Nearly all the Catholic professional men of the city were present, in addition to the priests of the town and suburban parishes. In spite of the inclemency of the weather the gathering was a brilliant one.

The president (Mr. F. H. Levien, M.A., LL.B.) in an introductory address welcomed his Lordship and congratulated him on behalf of the society on his elevation to the episcopate. He thanked him for accepting the position of patron to the society, and hoped he would long be spared to guide its destinies. He assured his Lordship of the loyalty and co-operation of the society, individually and collectively, and trusted that its members would be entrusted with such part of the work of the diocese as would come within their power to perform. Mr. Levien then went on to trace the history of the society from its inception by the Very Rev. Father Keogh, S.M., at the Easter Tournament meeting held at Day's Bay on Easter Sunday, 1909. He further touched on some of the works of the society: that of consolidating the forces of those Catholics who have enjoyed the benefits of higher education so that their energies may be of benefit in upholding the truths of their holy religion; of adding to their knowledge the true attitude of the Church with regard to modern social and political problems; of assisting their fellow-Catholic students; of answering the calumnies and misrepresentations which find their way from time to time into the secular press; of defending the doctrines of the Church when assailed; of encouraging the reading of Catholic literature and by such other ways of helping the work of the Church and of adding to their own and their fellow-students' knowledge of the Church's history and attitude in secular matters by every means in their power. Mr. Levien congratulated the society on obtaining as their patron one who was so well known throughout the Catholic world as an unflinching champion of Catholic education and one whose assistance and example would assuredly lead the society to higher things and greater achievements than they now dreamed of. In conclusion, he again expressed to his Lordship the society's good wishes and filial homage to him as their Bishop and their leader.

The president then called upon Mr. J. P. Kavanagh (the society's hon. secretary) to read the following address to his Lordship:—

'Reverendissime Domine,—

'Sodales Societatis Newman nuncupatae summa amicitia et observantia Episcopum nostrum atque Patrum salutamus. Haud minus quam alii Catholici fideles regionis nostrae gratulamur ob gratum praeclarumque adventum tuum in Dioecesem nostram. Deo gratias agimus atque Romano Pontifici quod iam habemus Pastorem per totam provinciam nostram, imo et per regiones longinquo, illustrem Litteris atque Doctrinis. Te gubernante multoque adjuvante dubium non est quin Fides Catholica splendeat coram consociis nostris praecipueque in ipsis nostris actionibus: ita ut libtiores et promptiores facti simus ad rem Dei et Ecclesiae magis strenue et impigre gerendam. Nobis quidem in animo est semper et ubique Episcopo praestare honorem atque servitutem patri dilectissimo debitum. Orabimus ut regum tuum serena luce tranquillitatis collustretur, cum magno animarum fructu et ingenti Ecclesiae auctu.

'Pro Sodalibus Societatis praedictae,

'FELIX H. LEVIEN,

'Praesidens.'

'Aucopolitana,
a.d. iij Non. Mart. MCMXI.'

The address was engrossed in Gothic script on vellum and in appearance was reminiscent of a page from an old MSS. Bible—the lettering being in black with red capitals. It was surmounted by a puriri scroll into which the address proper folded. At the foot hung a handsome leather seal having on one side his Lordship's coat-of-arms and on the other the arms of the Auckland University College stamped in gold.

His Lordship's Reply.

His Lordship, who was received with loud and prolonged applause, then formally replied as follows:—

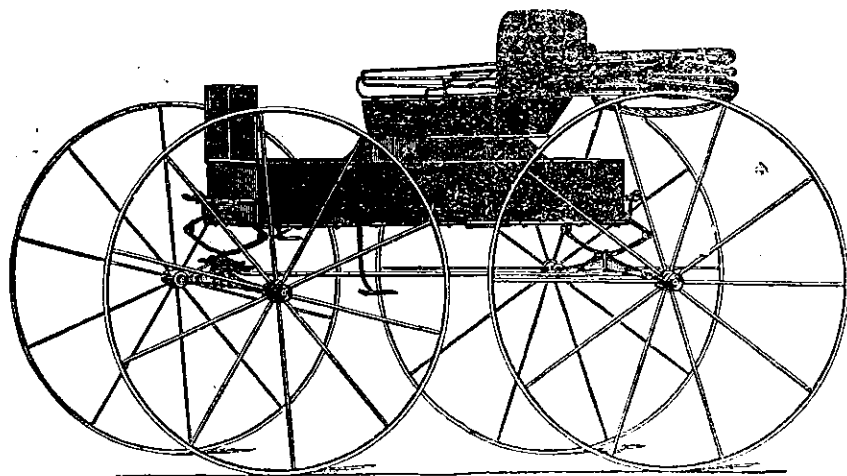
'Consodales dilectissimi,—
'Magni mihi esset aptis declarare verbis quam gratus sum erga vos, quam memor benevolentiae vestrae. Vobis tota mente gratulor de felici Societatis vestrae exitu, deque beneficiis in sodales collatis. Optime meremini de Catholicis civitatis nostrae et polliceor me vestram Societatem omni studio iuvaturum, me rationibus vestris pro viribus consulturum. Et Deum Omnipotentem ex animo precor ut diem de die, et gratia et veritate et virtute multa proficiatis, ut pro Deo et Ecclesiae Dei propugnatis, ut vos met ipsos praebatis fortes Christi athletas. Sic vos adjuvet semper Deus! Velitis, consodales, hunc meum responsum libenter excipere, et Deus vos diu incolumes servet!'

Turning into English his Lordship then gave to his 'Fellow-members' a most interesting address, which was greatly appreciated by all present. His Lordship remarked that it was a great and a glorious thing to see these young men and women who, having experienced the advantages of higher education, now set themselves to devote their young energies and their talents to the work of their Church. It was a most edifying sight to see them take up their place in the front of the battle and by assisting one another also help to defend the doctrines and teaching of their holy religion. A society such as the Newman Society could not fail to do good work, and the very fact that its members were in the most useful and energetic period of their lifetime showed that their work must prove to be of lasting and continued value. He then quoted from Disraeli's *Coningsby* to show how the work of the world's greatest sons, in the Church, in the State, in the armies, and in politics was done while they were in the golden prime of early manhood. He showed what great work there was before them to do—labors which would be of assistance to their pastors and of lasting benefit to and deserving of eternal reward for themselves. He touched on the great question of Catholic Education and the path which lay before the Church's leaders in that direction. He said that in the programme of the society's activities or intended activities as outlined by the president hardly any branch of the Church's work had been overlooked, and he personally looked for great things and lasting good from the Newman Society. He promised them every help and assistance that lay in his power and trusted that the members would rely on him to watch over their interests. He again thanked them for their address and wished the society a long and successful career.

The Hon. J. A. Tole, K.C., then addressed a short speech of welcome to his Lordship, who, he said, while not previously known to many of those present personally, was an old friend when looked upon as a great Catholic literary man and a noble champion of Catholic truth and Catholic education. Even his Lordship's first Pastoral went to the very foundation of true and sound education, and he thanked him on behalf of the Catholics of New Zealand for his lucid and masterly exposition therein of the Catholic claims in respect to education. His Lordship was also to be greeted as a controversialist whose logic was irresistible and whose moderation and bearing towards the bitterest opponent only drew towards him as friends those who had met him originally as constitutional foes. Mr. Tole welcomed his Lordship to the diocese and congratulated the society on the acquisition of a patron whose qualifications for the position of their leader stood alone. He concluded by thanking his Lordship for his most interesting and stirring reply, and wished him, on his own behalf and on that of the society, 'Ad multos annos.'

His Lordship, in replying to Mr. Tole's words of welcome, emphasised the benefit to the society imported by the presence of its lady members, by whose assistance and influence their brother members would be stirred to greater achievements. He spoke interestingly of woman's right to higher education, and hoped that the Catholic girls would continue to progress in their school work and to proceed to the University on the conclusion of their secondary course of study. He thanked Mr. Tole for his kind words towards himself, and concluded a delightful little speech, which was pleasingly interpolated with anecdotes and quotations from French and other authors, amidst continued applause.

The president then announced that the formal business being finished the members would be free to spend the rest of the afternoon in a sociable manner. The Bishop then went among the persons present and had a short conversation with each one—the sound of a *causerie* in French or in the more liquid Italian tongue from time to time demonstrating his Lordship's linguistic powers and the diverse nationality of the society's members. Afternoon tea was handed round by lady members in cap and gown and, after about an hour's pleasant chat, the gathering adjourned to the convent chapel for Benediction. Here his Lordship the Bishop officiated, being assisted by Rev.



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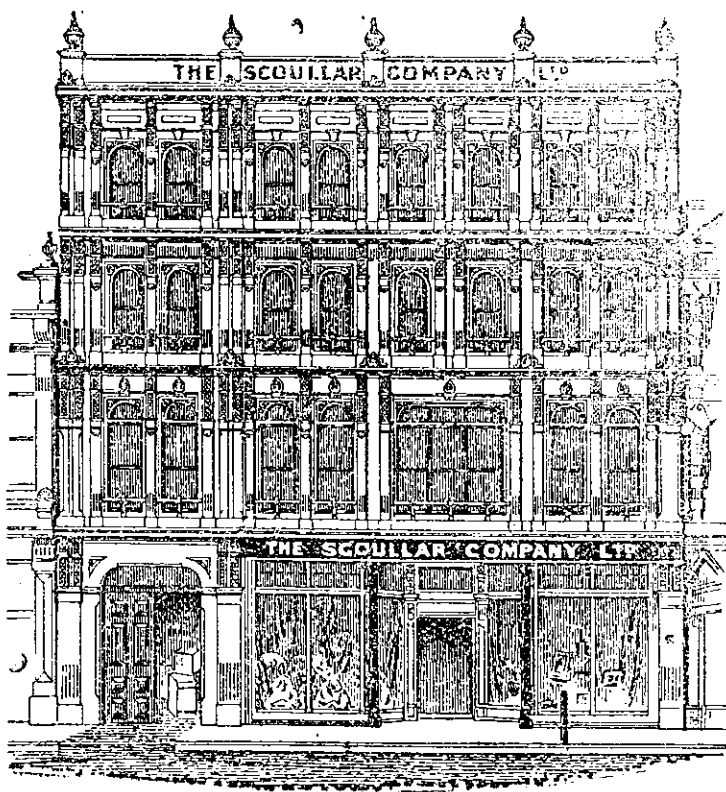
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Father Edge (the society's spiritual director) and the Rev. Father Holbrook, Adm. 'O Salutaris' was sung by Mr. F. Bourke, and Messrs. Egan and Adeano tastefully rendered the 'Tantum Ergo,' Mr. H. Hiscocks, the talented organist of the Cathedral, presiding at the organ. And with Benediction the afternoon's pleasant proceedings terminated.

The Force of Good Example

It is not every Catholic that has had the happiness to help a convert into the Church, but that every Catholic may some day be the means under God of a non-Catholic accepting the true faith is evident by recitals by converts of the influences brought to bear on them on their Road to Rome (says a writer in *St. Peter's Net*).

The smallest things sometimes turn the hearts of men and women toward the Church. A learned jurist in Washington became a convert through hearing sung the Preface at a High Mass in one of the city's churches; another gentleman in the same city became so indignant and disgusted at the unmerited abuse heaped upon the Church of his wife by a Presbyterian minister that he seized his hat, left the church, and some time afterwards entered the Church. A young lawyer in Ohio was converted by a discussion between an over-zealous Protestant and a Catholic in a railway train; a candidate for the Protestant ministry in Baltimore, bought by mistake a Catholic book at a second-hand book store, and through its instrumentality became a Catholic; a priest, accompanied by a seminarian, on a missionary journey in Indiana, sought lodgings for the night at a house in which a woman lay dying, praying God to enlighten her as to the true religion in the midst of so many conflicting sects, and before morning she died in peace of soul a member of the true faith. One of our best known American priests was in his boyhood converted by reading a scrap from a Catholic paper, picked up from some waste paper; the faith came to the village of Newton, N.C., by a doctor reading a sermon of Archbishop Hughes in a newspaper that came wrapped around some goods, and who not only himself became a Catholic, but was the means of converting the entire village.

A list of this nature might be continued indefinitely. Among any collection of conversion stories we are sure to note that many of the converts were brought into the Church either directly or indirectly through the influence of some Catholic. Sometimes an intelligent answer to an inquiry concerning a Catholic doctrine will start the searcher on an investigation that is certain to lead him into the Church. Again, the lending of a Catholic book to a Protestant may be the means of presenting the truth to him.

GREYMOUTH CATHOLIC CLUB NOTES

(From the club correspondent.)

Last Sunday being the quarterly Communion day for the members of the St. Columba Club and Hibernian Society, about 150 members of both societies marched from St. Columba's Hall to St. Patrick's Church to the 7.30 o'clock Mass. Very Rev. Dean Carew congratulated the members of both societies, and said it was a grand sight to see the men of the parish approaching the Holy Table in a body. After Mass the procession re-formed and marched to St. Columba's Hall, where the ladies' committee had breakfast prepared. The chair was occupied by Mr. A. F. O'Donoghue (president St. Columba Club), who congratulated members of both societies on turning out in such large numbers and making public manifestation of their faith. Mr. P. J. Smyth (president of the H.A.C.B. Society) also congratulated members on their fine muster that morning, and urged all members to be loyal to their societies. A hearty vote of thanks to the ladies was carried by acclamation.

The annual general meeting of the St. Columba Catholic Club was held in the club rooms last Monday evening,

when about forty members were present. The report and balance sheet were read and adopted, and showed the club to be in a good financial position. The assets of the club are set down at £736 17s 5d, and exceed the liabilities by £707 17s 5d, the only liability being £29 owing on the new addition to the club rooms. The receipts for the year just closed amounted to £281 6s 7d, and the expenditure £249 4s 8d, leaving a cash credit balance at the bank of £31 1s 11d. The executive were congratulated on the good work done during the year. The election of officers was then proceeded with, and resulted as follows:—President, Mr. A. F. O'Donoghue; hon. vice-president, Rev. Brother Alfred; vice-presidents, Messrs. T. Keenan, A. McSherry, and F. Sellars; spiritual director, Rev. Father Taylor, S.M.; secretary, Mr. M. J. McGilligan; vice-secretary, Mr. B. Rasmussen; treasurer, Mr. M. Keating; librarian, Mr. R. Vaughan; committee, Messrs. J. Tryon and W. Reid; auditors, Messrs. A. McSherry and R. C. Heffernan.

The president extended a hearty welcome to Rev. Father Eccleton, S.M., of Wellington, who is spending a few weeks' holiday on the Coast. Rev. Father Eccleton thanked the president for his welcome and kind remarks, and said he would be only too pleased to do all he could for club members. A gold medal, presented by the president (Mr. A. F. O'Donoghue) for the member introducing the most members during the past season was won by Mr. John Tryon.

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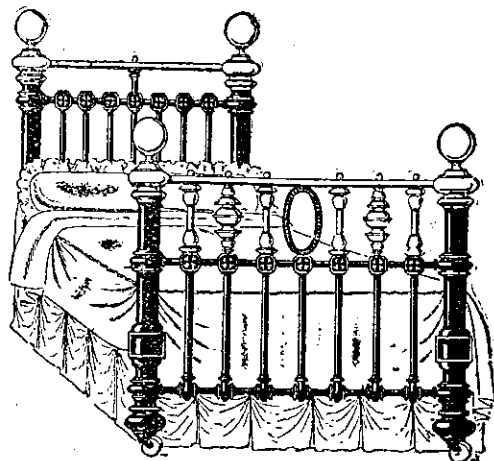
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Current Topics

'An "Auld Licht" Idyll'

The Presbyterian 'Auld Lichts'—so interestingly depicted in Barrie's *Auld Licht Idylls*—are passing fast, but they are not yet extinct. In witness whereof—as the legal documents say—we present our readers with the following 'gem of purest ray serene,' gathered from a sermon preached by the Rev. W. Scorgie, at Mornington Presbyterian Church, on January 29, in the year of grace and enlightenment, 1911: 'So with Romanism and responsibility—it will take your burden, but it will paralyse your soul. That is one of the growing dangers in these colonies. The Romish Church is making a determined effort for place, power, and compensation for her schools. Give it to her. Let her become supreme through the ignorance and indifference of our growing generation, and the result will be in these young colonies as in those old Empires—blight and decay on those who yield to her, *persecution and extermination for those who oppose her.* (The italics are ours.) Already, it is whispered, we are largely ruled by the Papists, the publicans, and the carpet-bag politicians.'

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There stands forth, naked and unashamed, the hide-bound bigot. That is, apparently, the sort of 'Gospel' that is considered good enough for Mornington Presbyterians. Some of the 'auld lights' present seem to have enjoyed the utterance, for it is said to be 'published by request of those who heard it'; but the more broad-minded and cultured clients of the *Outlook* must have read it both with sorrow and with anger. The Rev. W. Scorgie, if we remember rightly, is the same gentleman who, a few years ago, had to eat humble pie, and publicly apologise, for grossly offensive and intemperate language used on a public platform in Dunedin. Evidently the disease is, with him, too deep-seated to be easily cured. If it may be permitted to us to preach at a preacher, we would, however, remind Mr. Scorgie of the verse in St. James, which we quote as it appears in Mr. Scorgie's own version: 'If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.' Needless to say, we do not propose to take any detailed notice of this ill-mannered and grossly offensive preachment. There is sound sense and practical wisdom in the modern saw: 'If a donkey brays at you, don't bray at him.'

That Alleged 'Neutrality'

That Dr. Cleary is neither new-fangled nor singular in his contention that there is no such thing as 'neutrality' in regard to religion where it is a question of education, and that our New Zealand system is essentially 'sectarian' or 'denominational,' admits of easy demonstration. Taking the last point first, it will be seen by reference to an extract published in another column from the *N.Z. Tablet* of nearly forty years ago—that is, even before our so-called 'national' system was introduced—that this aspect of any purely secular system has been insisted on by Catholic apologists from the very first. The extract is an excerpt from a *N.Z. Tablet* leader of date June 14, 1873, which, after dwelling on the secularising tendency of the proposed changes in some of the Provincial systems, concludes with characteristic bluntness: 'Are not the schools secular at least in name, and are not the secularists a denomination?' With regard to the former point—the absolute impossibility of maintaining real religious 'neutrality' in any education system—we find interesting and striking confirmation of Dr. Cleary's position in the pages of one of the most brilliant of American weeklies. 'An honest, earnest attempt,' says *America*, of December 31 last, 'to rule out all religious bias and to establish a course wholly uncolored by religious views or principles may be praiseworthy when made for the sake of respecting the religious susceptibilities of the patrons of a State school; but, regardless of the motive, *objective neutrality in all that concerns religious instruction is as impossible as a square circle.* If there were question of some particular branch of so-called secular instruction, it might be successfully introduced or excluded; as, for example, needlework for boys, vocal music or drawing. The reason is plain, for these or similar matters do not necessarily enter into the life of every child, even though a knowledge of them might be desirable; but religious (or irreligious) views and practices are a part of the everyday existence of all persons that have reached the ordinary use of their faculties.'

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As to the way in which the affected neutrality of the French schools, for example—to which brief reference was made in our last week's issue—is working out in actual practice, we are no longer left in any manner of doubt.

Here is the latest utterance of M. Viviani, the erstwhile Minister of Public Worship: 'It is now time to say that school neutrality has never been more than a diplomatic lie. We appealed to it for the sake of closing the mouths of the timid and the scrupulous; but as that is not necessary now, we play an open game. We have never had any other design than to produce an anti-religious youth, and anti-religious in an active, militant and combative way.' Presumably this is one of the ways in which 'the Continent of Europe'—as Professor Mackenzie admirably tells us—'is teaching us how to deal with irreconcilables in politics and religion.'

Our Friend the 'Outlook'

Our esteemed contemporary and neighbor, the Presbyterian *Outlook*, attempts this week a courteous, but in every other respect, we are bound to say, anything but impressive defence of the 'calm' Mr. Corkey and the *Belfast Witness*. We will give our contemporary's defence in his own words. We had rallied him on the simple faith with which he had accepted a certain fiery and hot-headed version as 'The True Story of the McCann Case,' merely on the authority of a Belfast Presbyterian paper, which, as most people know, is the very last place in which to look for 'the exact, literal, unexaggerated truth regarding the Catholic Church and Catholic happenings.' To this last sentence our contemporary replies: 'Precisely, but, unfortunately for the *Tablet's* reasoning, the McCann case is a Presbyterian happening, the marriage between Mr. and Mrs. McCann having been celebrated by a Presbyterian minister in a Presbyterian Church, and Mrs. McCann, having gone for succour and assistance to the Rev. W. Corkey, when her home was broken up and her children taken from her at the instance of a Catholic priest. It is altogether beside the question, therefore, for the *Tablet* to remark that 'The true story as reproduced in our Dunedin contemporary is wholly *ex parte* and second-hand, being told not by the man or woman concerned, but by one Rev. W. Corkey, M.A., a hot-headed zealot whose very bigotry—even if he were in possession of the true version—disqualifies him from making an impartial presentment of the facts.' Our esteemed contemporary is not thinking clearly. The McCann case is partly a Presbyterian, and partly a Catholic happening. The actual marriage was a Presbyterian happening; and no one has questioned the competency even of Mr. Corkey to give testimony on that point. The withdrawal of the husband from marital relations, the alleged spiriting away of the children, the alleged concealment of McCann, so far as they are happenings at all, are Catholic happenings. It was around these that the fountain of Corkey eloquence let itself loose; and it is precisely on these points that we maintain that both Mr. Corkey and the *Belfast Witness*—by reason of engrained and incurable bias—are incapable of making an impartial statement of the facts.

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Our contemporary next briefly refers to the 'profound political significance' of the decree *Ne Temere*, especially in its relation to the prospects of Home Rule; and once again he cites as his chief authority—an Ulster Protestant! This time it is 'that brilliant journalist, Mr. James Douglas, who has addressed a lengthy letter to *London Opinion*.' We give a couple of specimens of the wild and misdirected rhetoric which this 'brilliant journalist' has permitted himself. 'The question,' he says, 'is whether the Vatican has any right to annul a Protestant marriage and to bastardize the children.' The question, of course, is nothing of the kind—the Vatican claims no right whatever over the marriages of Protestants. The question simply is: Has the Catholic Church the right to say whether, in her view and in her interpretation of the law of Christ, certain unions contracted by her children are or are not valid Christian marriage. The Church which does not claim this elementary right at once gives up its claim to be considered—even in the most attenuated sense of the expression—a messenger of God. We believe we are correct in saying that the Church now represented by the *Outlook*, itself, at one time loudly claimed this right, and absolutely refused to recognise marriage with a deceased wife's sister, even when such marriages were freely permitted by the State law. Let us hearken once more to our brilliant journalist: 'The Vatican does not want Home Rule, for it dreads the Irish democracy. Is it not possible that this decree, not enforced in Germany, is being astutely enforced in Ireland in order to make Home Rule impossible?' In other words, it is solemnly suggested that the Holy Father has changed the Catholic marriage law in England, Scotland, Canada, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand, all 'in order to make Home Rule impossible.' Thus does the Ulster-Protestant bacillus reduce even the 'brilliant journalist' to bathos and imbecility. As a matter of fact, from the Protestant authorities cited in the *Outlook* alone, the whole McCann case can be very simply resolved. There are two points in issue: (1) The principle involved;

and (2) the question of culpability for the abandonment of the woman without leaving her any means of support. As regards the former, the *Outlook* presumably no longer questions the principle underlying the decree, since it has quoted with approval the *British Weekly's* endorsement of the Catholic doctrine, which that paper describes also as 'sound Protestant doctrine.' With regard to the second point, Mr. James Douglas himself says: 'It is fair to point out that the desertion is not defended or justified by the priests. . . . In the name of all that is reasonable, then, what is all the pother about? Sir William Robertson Nicholl is at least as brilliant a journalist as Mr. Douglas, and a much higher authority on questions of church doctrine and principles; and his statement of the necessity that is imposed upon all Christian churches of enforcing their interpretation of the law of Christ in regard to marriage sums the whole matter up in a nutshell: 'The situation is harsh, painful, and oppressive to the last degree, but from time to time it is realised. This is sound Protestant doctrine.'

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Our contemporary further quotes the brilliant journalist as saying: 'It is said that this case is not the only one. There have been others.' There have, indeed; and they are mostly all of a piece. Let us tell the very latest—and certainly not the least moving. The *Outlook* has probably seen it, but, for the sake of those who have not, we feel it a duty to place the facts upon record. The story has appeared in several of our Home exchanges, but we quote it as we find it told in a leaderette in the *Dunedin Evening Star*, 'In the two great Irish organs, the *Belfast News Letter* and the *Northern Whig*,' says the *Star*, 'there appeared a harrowing story. A correspondent wrote: "Yesterday there came into my possession the details of a cruel and heartless desertion of the victim of a so-called 'unhallowed union' by the partner who should have remained faithful to her for life. The poor mother, thinking that at least she should have her children to console her, was, however, not only abandoned by her natural protector, but robbed of her off-spring. I am in a position to say that the foul robbery of flesh and blood was perpetrated by a member of an Irish secret society. . . . No terms were dictated, because no terms would have been accepted; and the unfortunate creature was deprived of that which by all laws of Nature was nearest and dearest to her. But there is a bright side to the picture. I can say that the mother is in no state of destitution. She is being at present amply provided for by a well-known and respected elder of the Presbyterian Church, whose munificence cannot be praised too highly, and whose modesty has prevented the publication of his name." The story was repeated in *The Times*, was signed "Herbert Pym," and was dated from "65 University road, Belfast." From the *London Times* the story of "Roman Catholic intolerance and injustice" was copied into scores of provincial journals, and provoked much indignation. But the pathos of the story has been rudely destroyed, for, on being interviewed, Mr. Pym had to confess that his letter on "mixed marriages" was a joke pure and simple. The sole foundation for the story was that a neighbor's cat had a litter of unwanted kittens, which had been drowned.' We think we are safe in saying that, on the whole, little sympathy will be felt for the journals in question; for papers which are willing—without waiting for the least substantiation of the facts—to swallow, and pass on, any wild tale against 'Rome,' emphatically deserve to 'fall in.'

Discredited Statistics

The *Dannevirke Evening News* has in operation a 'Church column'—to which, as we learn from the heading, 'all the churches have been cordially invited to contribute.' Ideally, the establishment of such a column would seem to be an excellent thing; but from the way in which it is at present working, it is apparent that unless the editor lays down strict lines, confining the contributors to announcements or to the chronicling of actual happenings at home or abroad in connection with the particular denomination represented, and inhibiting them from using it for the purpose of attacking the doctrines or practices of other religious bodies, the 'Church column' will do more harm than good. In the issue of the *Evening News* for March 11, among the contributors are the Rev. Father Cahill, representing the Catholic Church, and the Rev. E. Robertshaw, writing on behalf of St. John's (Anglican) Church. The contribution of the former consisted of a reference to an actual happening—viz., the reception of a number of converts into the Catholic Church—taken from an Auckland Anglican paper, accompanied by a few brief introductory lines from the *N.Z. Tablet*. The Rev. E. Robertshaw, in his contribution, after a dissertation hitting at 'the ignorant people who ask, 'Are you saved,' turns to the opposite point of the compass, and drags in, apropos of nothing at all, a reference to Church communicants so that he may wind

up with the following attack on other Christian bodies: 'Therefore, any body of Christians who leave out the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper are disobeying His Command. Any body of Christians who forbid the cup to the laity are also disobedient.' Thus, in this one short contribution, the Rev. E. Robertshaw has attacked the doctrines or practices of the extreme evangelicals (such as the Salvation Army), of the Quakers or Society of Friends, and of the Catholic Church. We submit that this not a fair or reasonable use to make of such a column. If Father Cahill retaliated—as he easily might, if he were disposed to be contentious—by pointing out in his portion of the column that a Church which contradicted itself could not possibly be a messenger of God; that a Church which does not know its own mind even on such a fundamental matter as the Holy Communion (one section affirming the Real Presence, the other emphatically repudiating it) could not be the true Church; that a Church which speaks to its people with two voices on such important subjects as baptismal regeneration, the priesthood, confession, the number of the Sacraments, etc., forfeits all claim to be considered a teaching Church; and that a Church which, with all these difficulties, contradictions, and dissensions within its own borders, gives itself airs and sets itself to put other churches right, only makes itself ridiculous—if Father Cahill, we say, or any of the other religious bodies who have been attacked by the vicar of St. John's, were to imitate that gentleman, and use the 'Church column' for such a purpose as this, there would be an end to all religious peace in the community. Each contributor should be compelled to stick religiously to statements affecting his own church; and any attempt to go beyond that, and animadvert on the doctrines or religious practices of other denominations, should be rigorously blue-pencilled.

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In addition to disfiguring his portion of the 'Church column' with these unpleasant allusions to the religious beliefs of his fellow-Christians, the Rev. Mr. Robertshaw rushes into print in the general columns of the paper, ostensibly to refer to Father Cahill's contribution, but in reality to make a general attack on the Catholic Church, ranging from allegations as to Catholic predominance in crime, down to comments on the Pope's decrees regarding Modernism and mixed marriages. The letter deals for the most part with statistics—of a kind. The Anglican vicar has been most unfortunate in his selection. His figures are not merely, like Hood's oyster, 'open to suspicion'—they are absolutely and hopelessly 'bad.' His first batch is taken from the *N.Z. Year Book* for 1907; and they are quoted to show that Catholics contribute more than their proportionate quota to the crime records of the Dominion. The best and most complete refutation of these figures is to be found in the fact that the very compilers of the *Year Book* have themselves become so entirely convinced of their inaccuracy and unreliableness that they have ceased to compile them, and have incontinently dropped them from the *Year Book* publication. The Rev. Mr. Robertshaw will search in vain, in the *Year Book* for 1910, for the old tables relating to the denominational returns of crime. The reasons which led the department to abandon these returns were explained in the *Wellington Evening Post* of January 12, from which we quote as follows: 'Inquiries made in the proper quarter to-day showed that the reason for dropping the table above referred to was that when investigations were made into the matter it was found that the information in the tables was unsound. Prisoners charged several times gave different religions. For example, John Jones would be a Catholic when convicted of one offence, and say a Primitive Methodist, an Anglican, or a Baptist on another occasion. The editor of the *Year Book* (Mr. W. M. Wright), on being seen with reference to the omission, said it was purely voluntary in the interest of accuracy. There was absolutely no influence of any kind brought to bear upon the matter. It was done in order to avoid anything leading to controversy that could not be supported by facts. The prison authorities recognise three religions—viz., Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews. For reasons of their own, prisoners are known to change their religion according to circumstances, such as the strength of the religious body or bodies who include gaol-visiting in their institutional work, the faith of the master or gaoler, or even of the visiting justices. Prisoners seem to think, rightly or wrongly, that they will receive a certain amount of consideration on account of the faith they profess if it squares with that of persons official or non-official authorities or visitors.' Here we have the editor of the *Year Book* frankly acknowledging that 'when investigations were made into the matter,' the figures in the 'official' tables were found to be so incorrect and unreliable for purposes of comparison that—'purely in the interests of accuracy'—it was necessary that they should be dropped. Either the Rev. Mr. Robertshaw was aware that these figures had been officially condemned and abandoned, or he was not. If he did know, it was, of course, not honest on his part to put forward figures which he

It is false economy to buy 'cheap' tea; it's 'cheap' because 'rubbishy.' Use 'Hondai Lanka'; quality, value.

'Deed Aye! Twa spunefu's o' "Cock o' the North" gang as faur as three o' maist ither teas!'

knew to be inaccurate and unreliable. We prefer to believe that he was not aware of the fact that these figures had been abandoned—but in that case he ought not to have written on a subject on which he is evidently so signally behind the times.

The Rev. Mr. Robertshaw's next squad of figures are taken from the notorious Joseph McCabe, high priest of Agnosticism, lecturer on the 'Myth of Sinai,' translator of Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe*, wherein the Almighty is spoken of as 'a gaseous invertebrate'—a strange person, truly, to be paraded as an authority by a minister of the Gospel. McCabe's figures, based on no official authority and compiled almost entirely by himself, have been over and over again refuted in detail—notably by the late Father Coupe, S.J., in an altogether admirable pamphlet—and we have sufficient material before us to fill many pages of the *N.Z. Tablet* with demonstrations of the rationalist's slipshod and blundering methods. But we propose to adopt a different method. From the point of view of the Rev. E. Robertshaw, Mr. McCabe's chief claim to credence is that he was at one time a member of the Catholic Church. We propose to compare his testimony with that of another ex-member of the Catholic Church, also dear to the hearts of Protestant controversialists—Mr. Michael McCarthy, no less. Both McCarthy and McCabe have taken up their parable against the venerable Church in which they were baptised; both are lecturing and writing against her; both are making fair money out of the business. Only there is a woful discrepancy in their evidence. In his tedious and heavy work, *The Decay of the Church of Rome*—by means of the made-to-order figures quoted by the Rev. Mr. Robertshaw—McCabe endeavours to prove that in England, and everywhere else the Catholic Church is losing ground and is now on the road to complete extinction. At the very time when McCabe and his friends are trying to push this somewhat doughy volume on the market, Michael McCarthy is giving English audiences the creeps by his description of the advance of the Catholic Church in all parts of the British Empire and in America. 'In Great Britain, without including Ireland,' he said, in a recent lecture at Leicester under the auspices of the Women's Protestant Union, 'the number of Catholic churches has grown from 500 to over 2000 since the Accession of Queen Victoria. In the same period the number of Catholic priests has risen from something like 500 to over 3500. The number of Catholic elementary schools has risen from 89 to over 1300, while the pupils have grown from 8445 to over 320,000. The number of convents has increased from 17 to over 1600, and the number of monasteries from six to over 300. . . . In the Empire, outside the United Kingdom, you will find the same story of Romanist growth and consolidation.' Mr. McCabe proves, to his own satisfaction—and to that of a vicar in Dannevirke—that the Catholic Church is undergoing a process of rapid and complete decay: Mr. McCarthy, with equal conclusiveness, proves that she is progressing by leaps and bounds. So there you are, where are you? It seems to be a case of 'you pay your money and you take your choice.' In the case of these anti-Catholic lecturers and writers who are 'on the make,' it may be said to be always and ever a question of paying your money and taking your choice.

To Catholics—resting with quiet confidence on the promise of her Divine Founder that 'the gates of hell shall not prevail against her,—it is simply entertaining and amusing to read these parades of carefully-manufactured statistics, and these varying and conflicting utterances on the Catholic Church. We could quote plenty of Protestant testimony to show that practical men who refuse to comfort themselves with absurd statistics, and who judge from their own knowledge and experience of what is going on around them, admit frankly that the Catholic Church is really progressing in England. The Anglican Bishop of Bangor, at a conference in the Liverpool Town Hall not long ago, intimated that if left to themselves—or, as he said, without guidance—the people could not help drifting into infidelity or into 'a Church which had the one great attraction that it always spoke without doubt and with authority.' Addressing a congregation of Orangemen the other day at Lisard, Cheshire, the Rev. M. Greenhalgh said it was a surprising thing that Roman Catholicism in England seemed to be gaining in prestige and authority. It is, indeed, surprising, because if there ever was an institution which her enemies in England have striven to destroy utterly it is the Catholic Church. They combined to kill her, and they dug her grave, and congratulated one another on the impossibility of her ever showing face again. And lo! they have now discovered that she was never dead, but on the contrary that she has been all the time full of life and vigor; and many of them have come, and more of them are coming, to understand that she draws her energy and quenchless vitality from the Divine Founder of Christianity.

Start the day right! Delicious 'Hondai Lanka Tea' for breakfast will put you in good humor!

CATHOLICS AND THE SECULAR SYSTEM

The following letter from the Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Auckland, appeared in the *Wellington Evening Post* of March 16:—

SIR,—You say that 'the plain man does not deal in philosophies of life.' A close perusal of the reporting and correspondence columns of your own and other newspapers, both in and out of New Zealand (not to mention other evidence in point) should suffice to convince you that the 'plain man' is very much given to dealing, wisely or unwisely, in views or philosophies of life. They interest him vastly. And the 'plain man' or the unplain man who does not deal in such things is quite plainly ill-equipped for the discussion of a question which intimately involves a philosophy of life. Such a question is that of the secular school system, as opposed to religious education. All—including the 'plain man' who has gone into the subject—are agreed that education is a preparation for life and the duties and responsibilities of life. The direction of education, its scope and aim, will thus depend upon the principles of a 'philosophy of life'—that is, upon our views of life, of its origin, its duties, its destiny. Moreover, the direction given to the child's life, his character, his ideals, will likewise depend upon these views and principles. For life-principles, whether instilled formally or informally, directly or indirectly, day after day and year after year, enter deeply into the mind; and, constantly applied to life, they become springs of action, standards of judgment and taste and feeling. Character is well described as 'life dominated by principles, as distinguished from life dominated by mere impulses from within and mere circumstances from without,' and 'a collection of principles covering all departments of life constitute an ideal.' There cannot be character without some ideal. 'Therefore,' says the gifted author of 'The Formation of Character,' 'the business of training is, first, to lay before the child the best and noblest ideal; secondly, to get that ideal stamped into his mind in the concrete form of sound principles; thirdly, so firmly to establish the habit of acting according to those principles that it will last for the rest of his life.' That is education as it ought to be. False views of life, wrong principles and low ideals, lead to a vicious educational system; this in turn, tends to issue in the formation of a debased character, to the grievous detriment of the nation; for the whole fabric of society rests upon the child. All these things the instructed 'plain man' fully realises.

Now, there is no way of determining whether a system of education is beneficent or vicious, good or evil for the individual and the nation, 'friendly' or 'neutral' or 'impartial' or hostile to religion, until we know what is its philosophy of life—that is, what is its view of life, on what life-principles and life-ideals it is based. There are two views or philosophies of life which claim the child in our day. One of these is the old, immemorial teaching upon which the Christian home was built, and on which our Christian civilisation has arisen. It teaches that human life came from God, that its destiny is God, that this life is only a period or state of probation for the wider and deeper and truer and eternal life beyond the grave. The educational system built upon these principles presents Christ to the child as the incomparable personal Ideal and Exemplar, it seeks to create the best type of Christian manhood, fitted for this life and the next, with his physical, intellectual, emotional and moral nature trained to the highest practical degree of excellence. Leaving no faculty without its due training, this system, and this system alone, deserves the title 'comprehensive.' It has been in possession from time immemorial, it must be deemed to be rightly in possession until the contrary is shown.

The other system—a system of public instruction—is recent and experimental. It took its rise in 'French principles' and is accepted by the Rationalist and kindred bodies in New Zealand, by the enemies of revealed religion in Europe and elsewhere, up to and including the hard materialists who look upon man as merely a highly developed and soulless chimpanzee or Barbary ape. Mutually repellant and antagonistic to each other, these protean forms of atheism (as I may, for convenience, loosely term philosophies not admitting a personal God) base their support of the secular system on a view of life, a philosophy of life. For them there is no Personal God, no undying soul, no after-life. And true to their principles and ideals, they support the purely secular system, because it treats God and religion as trespassers on its domain, and develops (some only of) the child's faculties, and these only for a temporal aim and use. The burden of justification falls upon this recent and 'uncomprehensive' system.

As I remarked in my Pastoral Letter criticised by you, the system that excludes God and religion from the schools has been adopted and accepted in New Zealand by numbers of professed believers in a divine revelation. Many of them counted among those who helped to banish God, by legislative enactment, from the place which He had occupied in our public schools till 1877. The Act of 1877 (Section 84, subsection 2) provides that 'the teaching shall be entirely of a secular character.' In the absence of any legal definition of the term 'secular,' we are bound to take it in its ordinary meaning. The 'secular' Act, then requires that the teaching shall be limited exclusively to things 'pertaining to the present world,' to 'things not spiritual or

Whenever you see a Smiling Woman think of 'Hondai Lanka Tea.' It always gives pleasure.

sacred,' to 'things relating to temporal as distinguished from eternal interests.' (I quote from the voluminous 'Encyclopaedic Dictionary' and from 'Webster's International Dictionary').

Now, our Christian civilisation is based upon the bed-rock of faith in God and His revealed truth. We do not, indeed, always consciously act from direct and specific motives known to us by faith. But such motives are never consciously excluded and antagonised, unless when we sin. Christian views of life, Christian principles and ideals, dominate our civilisation; they enter into our legislation; they touch and penetrate our lives at ten thousand different points—in fact there is no part or phase of our lives, social or commercial or otherwise, which has not a relation with them. In the Railway and Postal and Prison and other Public Departments superiors may (if they choose) appeal to the religious beliefs and instincts of refractory cadets. God is nowhere excluded by Act of Parliament, from public or private life—except from the schools. These are lowered clean away out of our Christian civilisation. Inside the school and its working hours, (1) there is no God; (2) there is no moral responsibility to God; (3) there is no undying soul and no future life; (4) there is nothing but facts and interests and pursuits 'pertaining to the present world.' These are the only views of life, these the only ideals, which a legislature 'friendly' to religion permits to be set before youth in our public schools. Christ said: 'Suffer little children to come to Me, and forbid them not.' The 'friendly' forbid Him to come to the 'little ones' in the school. They 'sterilise' the system against His teaching and influence; and if He enters during its working hours, He does so, like a burglar, or an 'undesirable alien,' or a bubonic rat.

'Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me down stairs?'

This State philosophy, this public school creed, represents one well defined form of atheism—the negative form—forced upon the pupils by positive legislative enactment. The personal beliefs of the framers of our secular system are no concern of mine or yours. Neither you nor I are under any obligation to suppose that politicians act at all times consistently with their inward views of life and duty; and events of not infrequent occurrence in the legal world prove that they at times fail to realise the drift and import and true content of measures which they place upon the statute book. In the circumstances, even the intelligent 'plain man' may well be excused if he, in considerable numbers, failed to grasp the logical foundation, the true inwardness, the real trend and effect of the exclusion of religion from the public schools. I am in no way concerned here with the intimate beliefs of legislators, but wholly and solely with the principles contained and implied in the system which they have forced upon the schools, and for which I am compelled to pay.

The fundamental principles of our secular system are not one whit altered by the fact that our legislators did not—as did those of France and Victoria—perpetrate the stupid and inartistic literary fraud of obliterating the name of God from the text-books used in the schools. Those precious wisecracks did not know that the printed letters 'G. O. D.' are only a symbol. A word is one thing. An idea is quite another thing. And God is not a mere word or symbol. Our legislation has not defined or expounded the thought or idea that it attaches to the word or symbol 'God.' On the contrary, it has rendered illegal all such definition or teaching or exposition in the schools. Our secular system has no God. So far as it is concerned the printed term or symbol 'God' may mean a Baal, or Mumbo-jumbo, a Something-in-general and Nothing-in-particular, or the empty fiction of atheistic philosophy, as M. Ferrouillat declared (February 4, 1886) it meant to him and his friends before it was blotted out of the text-books of the 'neutral' and 'impartial' schools of France. Our State school creed is in law and fact, what the French system is likewise in law and fact (as I can show) in the admission of its highest officials: *sans Dieu*—that is, Godless.

Such is the system which its Christian supporters (with whom alone I am at present dealing) have to justify—if they can. You, or they, can defend it only in one way—by an appeal to, and justification of, nothing less than the principles, ideals, and views of life which are implied or involved in it. To this I have challenged you. You have declined my challenge—wisely, perhaps; for a defence of such principles is a particularly ugly proposition for a professing believer in God and revealed religion. Once more, I ask you: 'Do you object to religion in the State-subsidised system on some principle of life-philosophy or of child-training (pedagogy)?' You may possibly plead that religion has no rightful place, or at least no necessary place, in school life. (a). If so, on what particular principles do you base such a plea? (b). Do these principles also require the banishment of religion from the upbringing of children in the home? . . . If they do not, on what principles of life-philosophy or of education do you favor religion as a factor in the home-training of the child, and condemn religion in his school-training? Why subject youth to opposite influences in the home and in the school? And if you black-ball religion in the school on what principle do you retain it in any relation of life?

The burden of proof is upon you. It is now high time for you to set forth the groundwork principles on which you are to build up your defence of the exclusion of religion from the schools. When you do so, you will at once—out of your own mouth, and from your own presumably Christian standpoint—determine practically the whole controversy between us. You will answer, among others, the following questions:—

1. Is the banishment of God and religion from the schools an act 'friendly' or 'neutral' or 'impartial' to God and religion. You are not entitled to assume all this; you must prove it. On the face of it the system is the very reverse of neutral. And I happen to have followed the supporters of the same system in France from clamorous protestations of 'friendliness,' 'neutrality,' 'impartiality,' and 'respect for religious beliefs,' down through their various steps to the logical issue of the system in aggressive atheism. It is a terrible story, with, at times, a luridly blasphemous documentation. But it needs to be told.

2. Is our secular system 'dogmatic,' 'sectarian,' and 'denominational' I hold that it is, on the face of it, and if you have the courage to accept my challenge, you yourself will furnish the further justification of my belief.

3. Your statement of principles will likewise answer the questions: Are Catholics and others justified in the opposition to the secular system? Is the Catholic claim in education based on justice?

And now for a protest: Why do you persistently assume, without an atom of proof, that the State has a moral right to bundle God and religion, under penalties, out of any system of education. I absolutely deny such a right, until it is clearly established. And why do you as persistently assume—again without proof—that, unless the State itself directly teaches religion in the schools, there is no possibility of such teaching being imparted there at all? Are you not aware of (for instance) the peaceful wedded union of religion and education in Germany and Scandinavia—countries that lead the world by the incomparable excellence of their school systems.—Yours, etc.,

* HENRY W. CLEARY, D.D.

Bishop of Auckland.

March 13.

THE SECULARISTS AND EDUCATION

(From the "N.Z. Tablet", June 14, 1873)

Politicians must know very little about education, if we may judge them by their perpetual attempts at legislation on the subject. Every session of our Parliament, and almost every session of the several Provincial Councils behold new Education Bills. Men are at sea and seem utterly bewildered. One would fancy from what is said and done, that up to the present time there had been no schools, no learning, no education in the world. If a man from the moon, unacquainted with our mundane concerns, were to come amongst us and pay exclusive attention to the education agitation, he must irresistibly come to the conclusion that all ages, and the nations of former days, had utterly neglected the education of the people. The teaching and experience of other times and places are ignored; and go where we may, we encounter turmoil, confusion, and uncertainty. Education Bills, education amendment Bills, secular education Bills, anti-denominational Bills—such is the burden of *Gazettes*, Governors' messages, Ministers' speeches. One would imagine that the world had arisen from the slumber of ages, during which there were neither schools nor colleges, nor school-masters.

And why is all this hubbub, childishness, and turmoil? Simply because a most intolerant and tyrannical sect, called secularists, has lately arisen, and succeeded for a time in throwing Christendom into confusion. This sect is, indeed, numerically small, but by its audacity, and an adroit manipulation of the prejudices of all the adversaries of the Catholic Church, it makes up for its inherent weakness. According to the new light, religion should hold no place in man's education in public schools; and it is quite a proper thing to compel Christians to pay taxes for the purpose of making their children infidels. The secularist sect does not believe in Christianity, and therefore no one must teach it in schools! We are not speaking of individuals; for there are many men very much better than their principles, but of the sect as such; and its principles logically amount to this. . . . Then we are told these schools are not denominational. How can this be? Are they not secular at least in name, and are not secularists a denomination?

Our lady friends in Wanganui and district will find some charming and artistic ornaments, especially hatpins in enamel and sterling silver, at Drew's, Victoria Avenue, Wanganui....

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

March 18.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Fowler, of the United States, is on a visit to Wellington, and is the guest of his Grace the Archbishop.

Mr. T. Burke (Kilbirnie) is about to pay a visit to the Old Country. He leaves Wellington on the 23rd by the Corinthic.

The General Chapter of the Marist Order takes place on next Wednesday in Wellington. There will be a large gathering of the Marist Fathers for the purpose of taking part in the proceedings.

The Petone Hibernians celebrated St. Patrick's Day by a social in the Drill Hall. The building had been decorated with bunting and foliage, and presented a bright appearance. A number of musical items were given.

The following pupils of the Sisters of Notre Dame Des Missions were successful at the Trinity College Examination held on December 3, 1910, at Petone:—Senior, Miss A. Golder; intermediate honors, Miss G. Pitt; intermediate pass, Miss Q. Cameron; junior honors, Miss O. Ryder; junior pass, Misses M. Moore, M. Bolton, and N. Golder (Lower Hutt); preparatory (distinction), Misses M. O'Connell, I. Exton, and Master F. Halley (Lower Hutt).

The members of the ladies' branch of the H.A.C.B. Society went to the Ohiro Home on last Tuesday evening and entertained the old people. The following contributed items:—Misses Una Simon, Craig, MacNamara, Redmond, Reichel, and K. Robinson (branch president), and Messrs. Sullivan, Watson, C. McKenzie, Hill, and Craig. The inmates thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment. It is the intention of the ladies to visit the various homes during the winter months in the endeavour to contribute in a small degree to the entertainment of the inmates. They are to be commended for their thoughtfulness.

In cricket the Catholic Club has a lead from Karori on the first innings of 87 runs, with five wickets in hand. Karori, batting first, with three men short, made 61 (Spiers 27 not out, Coate 17). When stumps were drawn the Catholic Club had made 148, with five wickets down (Warne 80 not out, Leydon 29, J. McGrath 18 not out). Bowling for the winners, Warne took two wickets for 4 runs; Leydon one for 4; Carroll, two for 22. Atkin took four wickets for Karori. The Catholic Club made a disastrous start, three wickets being down for only 7 runs, but Leydon and Warne put on 70 for the fourth wicket, and McGrath and Warne a further 78 for the fifth wicket.

The St. Anne's Defence Cadets held a competition for the company belt, and trophies presented by Messrs. Hallenstein Bros., Mr. Gamble, and Mr. Jackson; conditions, 10 shots at 100 yards, 200 yards, and 500 yards. This was the final competition for these trophies. The following are the scores:—Sergt. L. Turner, 134; Sergt. J. Carroll, 128; Sergt. J. Heavy, 128; Private Mason, 125; Bugler Hopkins, 123; Private Carrig, 98; Private Hayan, 96; Corp. Mahoney, 92; Col.-Sergt. Gould, 85. Following are the prize-winners:—Hallenstein Bros.' trophy, Private Mason (249 points); Mr. Gamble's trophy, Sergt. L. Turner (247 points); Mr. Jackson's trophy, Sergt. J. Heavy (231 points).

Mr. J. Coyle has been appointed acting secretary to the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board, pending the appointment of a permanent successor to Mr. G. Willis, who recently resigned the position. Mr. Coyle is a prominent member of St. Anne's congregation, and when applications were invited for the position of secretary, when the Hospital and Charitable Aid Boards were combined under the Act of 1909, Mr. Coyle was the runner-up for the position out of a large number of applicants. Mr. Coyle joined the Post and Telegraph Department in 1891, and resigned from that department in 1906 to take up the position of clerk to the Pohangina County Council. He resigned that position to take up the secretaryship of the Wellington Hospital Trustees. Last year he was appointed accountant for the Hospital and Charitable Aid Board.

During a recent camp at Seatoun the lads of St. Anne's Cadets rendered valuable service at a fire which broke out there. One of the lads met with an accident during the fire, and when it came to dressing his wounds the need for a medicine chest was obvious to all present. Such a thing, however, was not part of the company's outfit, so Mrs. Millar, of Seatoun, who had witnessed the work done by the lads, undertook to raise sufficient money in the district to provide the corps with the necessary outfit. During the course of St. Patrick's Day celebrations at Newtown Park, Mrs. Millar took the opportunity of handing a well-filled medicine chest over to the corps, which was paraded in the middle of the park under Captain Martin. Captain Martin thanked Mrs. Millar and those who had assisted her, and the lads showed their appreciation of the gift by giving three hearty cheers for Mrs. Millar.

'Build up a nationality of your own, and be New Zealanders to the very fibre of your heart,' was the text of a few remarks by Monsignor Fowler in the course of his sermon at the Sacred Heart Church last Sunday evening. 'I have one fault to find with you colonials in New Zealand and Australia—or, rather, with you who are the sons of English and Irish colonists. I have heard the word "home" so much since I have been in the country in its relation to the Motherland. I would not have you disloyal and not love England and Ireland, but if you were born in New Zealand you should be New Zealanders, or if you are born Australians, you should be Australians, your home is where you were born. Build up a nationality of your own, and be New Zealanders to the very fibre of your heart; not that you should be one whit less a true and loyal subject. But this is your home. If America is great to-day it is because we have fostered and nourished that spirit of nationality; because we say we are Americans. We may be of English or Irish or French or German extraction, but we are of American birth, and therefore we are Americans, and we stand up for the Stars and Stripes.'

The St. Patrick's College swimming sports, held in Te Aro Baths yesterday, gave rise to some keen contests, of which the results are detailed below. This is the first occasion on which the college has organised a swimming sports meeting, but it is proposed to make the fixture an annual one henceforth. Results:—50 Yards Junior—First heat: L. Henry (1sec), 1; S. Henry (2sec), 2; S. Blake (4sec), 3. Also started: W. Little (13sec), Crayhead (9sec), O'Connor (9sec), Reynolds (3sec). A close finish; won by inches. Second heat: M'Mahon (13sec), 1; Redmond (1sec), 2; Cummins (5sec), 3. Also started: Martin (6sec), Dealy (5sec), Healy (3sec), Hodgins (3sec). Time, 48sec. Third heat: Garth (3sec), 1; Clarke (scr.), 2; O'Neil (4sec), 3. Also started: M'Millan (1sec), Cranby (6sec), Nugent (4sec), Coles (10sec). Final: Clarke, 1; Redmond, 2; L. Henrys, 3. Won by two yards. 75 Yards Junior.—L. Henry, 1; Clarke, 2; Redmond, 3. Won by inches. 50 Yards Senior.—McCarthy (scr.), 1; Coughlan (9sec), 2; Mutu (scr.), 3. 100 Yards Senior.—McCarthy (scr.), 1; Mutu (2sec), 2; Coughlan, who was the only other starter, retired. Dive.—Reynolds, 1; Cullen, 2; L. Henry and S. Henrys (dead heat), 3.

Hawera

(From our own correspondent.)

March 18.

A congratulatory cable from the parishioners and the Hibernian Society was sent Bishop Clune yesterday upon his consecration.

Mr. T. Sexton, who has been indisposed for about eight months, is now in very poor health again, and unable to get about.

A very successful art union has just been conducted in the parish by Very Rev. Father Power. It will net about £200 profit.

Mr. W. E. O'Donnell has decided to take a sea trip for the benefit of his health, and leaves for England next Thursday by the Corinthic.

A tennis club has been formed in the parish, with L. O. Hooker as secretary. Very Rev. Father Power has given the members the use of a nice plot of ground, sufficient for a tennis and croquet court. This will be much appreciated during the next season.

A very successful concert was held at Okaiawa on St. Patrick's night, over 300 persons attending, and the results speak well for Mr. Brown, who carried out the duties of secretary. During the evening songs were rendered by Mrs. G. White (Okaiawa), and Messrs. Hooker and Bray (Hawera).

On Sunday last the members of the local branch of the Hibernian Society approached the Holy Table in a body, and afterwards sat down to breakfast in the school. Very Rev. Father Power attended, and during the course of some remarks made reference to the good work the society was accomplishing.

Last Friday Messrs O'Dea and Hooker motored to Moumahaki to attend the annual school concert in the district. During the evening Mr. O'Dea, who is a member of the Wanganui Education Board, distributed the prizes and made special reference to the excellent attendance of the pupils.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in Hawera with a very successful sports gathering, and a concert at night. Amongst the contributors at the concert were Mrs. O'Callaghan, Misses Reilly, Gallagher, Connell, Flynn, and Hearn, and Messrs. Cameron, Green, O'Connor, Patterson, and Page. Instrumental items were rendered by Mr. J. Higham's orchestra.

Mrs. H. E. Beveridge, George street, Dunedin, calls attention to her fine display of costumes in Mosgiel and Roslyn tweeds, fit and style being guaranteed. The millinery department is replete with all the latest novelties....

GEO. T. WHITE,
NOVELTIES AT LOWEST PRICES

Importer, Watchmaker, Manufacturing Jeweller, Medallist,
COLOMBO STREET, CHRISTCHURCH.
LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON. Established 1870.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATIONS

DUNEDIN.

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Dunedin was confined to an Irish national concert in the evening, in the Garrison Hall. The outstanding features of the concert were the purely national character of the programme items, and also of most of the encore numbers, the recognised talent of the performers, and the enthusiasm of the very large audience. At one time it was thought that unless a St. Patrick's night concert programme was liberally interspersed with items of a comic nature it would not receive liberal patronage, but the experience of the promoters in Dunedin for several years past has proved the contrary, and the record attendance on Friday night was proof positive that genuine Irish music, with its smiles and its tears, has all the necessary characteristics which appeal to the hearts of music-lovers of whatever nationality. The arrangements for the concert were admirably carried out by a committee, of which Rev. Father Coffey was chairman, and Mr. E. W. Spain secretary, and taking into account the excellence of the programme, the talent of the performers—in a word its artistic and financial success,—they are to be warmly congratulated on the results. The concert opened with an overture, 'Reminiscences of Ireland,' by the Kaikorai Band, under Mr. Davie. The band also played the overture to the second part of the programme, 'Gondoliers,' and during the evening Messrs. Schnack, G. Laidlaw, D. Whelan, and J. A. O'Brien gave an instrumental quartet, all of which were played in a capital manner, and in keeping with the reputation of the band. Of the vocalists, Mrs. R. A. Power was the first to appear, and she received a most flattering reception. She gave an artistic rendering of 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' and 'She is far from the land,' among her encore numbers being the 'Rosary,' which was sung with much artistic taste and expression. Mrs. R. Hudson, Jun., who is a great favorite with music-lovers, sang with fine feeling and expression 'Come back to Erin' and 'Dublin Bay,' and with Mr. James Jago took part in the duet, 'The Angelus.' It is needless to say that she was enthusiastically recalled for her solo items, when she gave the 'Wearin' of the green' and 'Oft in the still night.' Mr. James Jago sang 'the Irish emigrant' in a manner which left little to be desired, and as a result he received an imperative recall, to which he responded with 'A sergeant of the line.' He was paid a similar compliment for his singing of 'O Erin, my country.' In the two patriotic songs, 'Paddies evermore,' and 'A Nation once again,' Mr. J. McGrath scored a distinct success, and undeniable recalls followed, which were responded to with a couple of items of a national character, which were splendidly sung. The Christian Brothers' Choir, under Brother Cusack, contributed three delightful items, 'The last glimpse of Erin,' 'Erin farewell,' and 'Hail! glorious St. Patrick.' Mr. T. P. Laffey recited with fine dramatic effect and clear and distinct enunciation, 'Shamus O'Brien,' for which he was enthusiastically applauded, and had to respond to an imperative encore. Mr. Vallis played the accompaniments during the evening, with the exception of those for the Christian Brothers' Choir, which were contributed by Miss C. Hughes. On the whole the concert was the best all-round one which has been given for a long time in connection with St. Patrick's Day.

WELLINGTON.

(From our own correspondent.)

The celebration of St. Patrick's Day this year, organised by the Hibernian Society and the Catholic Club, was most successful, having eclipsed all past efforts. The weather was all that could be desired. The proceedings commenced with the celebration of Masses at 9 o'clock at St. Mary of the Angels' (Boulcott street), the Sacred Heart Basilica (Thorndon), St. Joseph's (Buckle street), and St. Anne's (Wellington South). St. Mary of the Angels' being the central church and the starting point of the procession, was crowded. The Rev. Father Ainsworth, S.M., delivered an eloquent address on St. Patrick. After the Mass the children attending the schools were taken charge of by the members of the ladies' branch of the H.A.C.B. Society, and marched to the special tram cars at the Mercer street Siding. Over 1100 children formed this procession, and made a big display. The military procession, consisting of the St. Patrick's College, St. Vincent's, and St. Anne's senior defence cadets, and the Marist Brothers' (Tasman street and Boulcott street) and the Catholic school (Petone) junior cadets, numbering over 400, with 200 members of the H.A.C.B. Society and Catholic Club, headed by the Garrison Band, marched through the principal streets to Newtown Park. A notable feature in the procession was the passing of three huge tram cars of the double-decker pattern filled with the children, and the exchanging of cheers between the military and the children at the Courtenay Place Siding. It goes without saying that the procession was the most successful item of the day's celebrations. The cadets looked very smart, and kept their military bearing notwithstanding the long march. The whole of the morning was given over to children's races, the clergy and a strong committee giving the young people

a thoroughly enjoyable time. After lunch the sports programme for grown-up people was commenced, and some really entertaining items were provided. The fields were heavy for each event, and the competition was keen. Probably the most exciting numbers of the day were the tugs-of-war. Three teams of eight entered for the big tug, which resulted in a win for the police probationers, captained by J. O'Leary. The first try-out was between the Catholic Club and the tramway team, the former winning rather easily. The winners were then set against the police probationers, a heavy, well-trained set of men, who had no difficulty in carrying all before them. The tug-of-war between the St. Vincent's and St. Anne's cadets produced a great struggle. First one team and then the other gained a little advantage, but at length after a battle royal, and when the boys were almost exhausted, St. Vincent's got in a couple of extra pounds, and landed a victory for their side. Officials for the day were:—Marshal for procession, Captain Casey, St. Patrick's College; referee, Mr. A. H. Casey; starter, Mr. T. W. Leslie; judges: walking, Rev. Father Hickson and Mr. D. McPhee; field events, Messrs. J. Doyle and T. O'Brien; tug-of-war, Mr. J. Doyle; jigs, Mr. D. McPhee, wrestling, Mr. J. Doyle; call stewards, Messrs. J. E. Fitzgerald and C. Gamble; hon. secretary, Mr. H. McKeown; hon. treasurer, Mr. J. W. Callaghan.

The large Town Hall was packed in the evening at the Irish national concert, which was organised by the same committee of which the Rev. Father Hickson was president, Messrs. A. H. Casey and W. J. Feeney vice-presidents, with Mr. P. D. Hoskins as secretary. There was a large attendance, among those present being the Right Rev. Mgr. Fowler, of Sioux City, U.S.A., Very Rev. Father O'Shea, V.G., and his Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Wilford. The programme was composed of those dear old melodies that are as pure and sweet to hear as the emerald is to look upon. The audience was warm-hearted, and enthusiastic, and thoroughly enjoyed itself throughout. There was no reason why it should not, for the talent was of a high quality, and all the performers restricted themselves to numbers well within their capacity. The programme opened with a brief recital of Irish music on the organ by Mr. John Sifford, who played very well, but it was evident that the newcomer had not yet had the opportunity to grasp the possibilities of the big instrument. Mr. Farquhar Young reached the heart of the big audience with 'The wearing of the green,' which was encored. Later Mr. Young made another strong appeal to his auditors' sentiments in 'Who fears to speak of '98?' for which he received another recall. Miss Agnes Segrief's cultured contralto was heard in 'Kathleen Mavourneen,' 'The harp that once through Tara's halls,' and she was encored for both. One of the most artistic efforts of the evening was the cornet playing of Mr. John Parker, whose tone, phrasing, and finish were admirable. He played 'Come back to Erin,' 'Take a pair of sparkling eyes,' from 'The Gondoliers,' and a charming ballad. The vocal star of the evening was Miss Teresa McEnroe, a debutante soprano, and a pupil of Sister Ligouri, of St. Mary's Convent. Her voice is a pure soprano of excellent quality, and large enough to fill the hall without effort. Miss McEnroe sang 'The last rose of summer,' and for an encore 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms,' with taste and expression. Mr. Charles Hickmott sang 'Father O'Flynn' with spirit, and had to append an encore number. Mr. P. L. Minifie played a piccolo solo deftly, and Mr. Vincent Mason gave the recitation 'King Conor McNessa.' Mr. Patrick McCarthy, a particularly good dancer, gave an Irish jig and a cleverly-stepped Irish clog dance, and the pupils of the Marist Brothers' School sang 'The dear little shamrock,' the phrasing and harmony of which was decidedly quaint. The accompaniments were adequately played by Miss Henderson, and Messrs. W. McLoughlin and Dave Kenny.

Before the last item on the programme was gone on with the Rev. Father Hickson, as president of the committee, briefly addressed the audience on the celebrations that day, and thanked the visitors for their attendance.

The Mayor on rising to speak was long and loudly applauded and in a brief speech thanked the audience for giving him such a fine reception that evening. He had, he said, spent a most enjoyable day. He again thanked the committee on behalf of himself and Mrs. Wilford for their kind invitation, and trusted that future celebrations would meet with even greater success.

The pupils of the Marist Brothers' School then sang to the accompaniment of the large Town Hall organ, the song 'God save Ireland.'

CHRISTCHURCH.

(From our own correspondent.)

On St. Patrick's Day there was Solemn High Mass in the Cathedral at nine o'clock. The Rev. Father McDonnell was celebrant, the Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., deacon, and the Rev. Dr. Kennedy subdeacon. An eloquent panegyric of the Apostle of Ireland was preached by his Lordship the Bishop in the presence of a large congregation. The national flag of Ireland was flown throughout the day from the Marist Brothers'

School and from various other prominent buildings in the city.

On Sunday last in honor of the patron saint of Ireland over a hundred members of St. Patrick's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society and of the Christchurch Catholic Club in regalia approached the Holy Table in the Cathedral at the 7 o'clock Mass, which was celebrated by the Rev. Father Creagh, C.S.S.R. After Mass all marched in procession up High street to the Empire Cafe for a special breakfast prepared for the occasion. The Rev. Father Creagh presided, and he was supported by Bro. Getson, B.P., Mr. H. H. Loughnan, Mr. J. R. Hayward (president of the Catholic Club), Bro. F. J. Doolan, B.S., and District Deputy, Rev. Father Quinn, S.M., and other prominent officials of both societies. Apologies for absence were received from his Lordship the Bishop, the Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., and others of the clergy whose duties for the day prevented their attendance. At the conclusion of breakfast a brief toast list was duly honored. The toast of 'His Holiness the Pope and His Majesty the King' was proposed in eloquent terms by the Rev. Father Creagh. That of the 'Bishop and Clergy' was proposed by Bro. R. P. O'Shaughnessy. The Rev. Father Creagh in responding outlined the work of the Church in New Zealand, founded by the heroic French priests, who were followed by those of the Irish race and of other nationalities. He was sincerely glad to have come to Christchurch, as he had many proofs of their spirit of loyalty, and not a man among them but would honestly say, 'If I can do anything to help the Bishop and priests I will do it.' He trusted this spirit would be handed on. He was glad of the opportunity to thank them for all they had done for the Redemptorist Fathers, especially for the Right Rev. Dr. Clune. A notable example of Hibernian generosity was the magnificent stained-glass window which they had presented to the Church of St. Gerard in Wellington, which would receive the enduring gratitude of all succeeding Redemptorist Fathers of the Order in the Dominion. His (the speaker's) great desire was to work in the interests of men. At Limerick where he had for years worked for men and men only he had charge of the Association of the Holy Family, which numbered 5000 men and 2000 boys, and he loved them and loved the work. It would be his greatest joy to do all he could in Christchurch for the H.A.C.B. Society to consolidate them and also to enlarge the Catholic Club's membership.

The Rev. Father Quinn, S.M., congratulated the promoters of the gathering on the excellence of the display, which was a credit to themselves and also to the city. No finer stamp of citizen could be produced than a member of the H.A.C.B. Society, combining as he did love of God with love of country. Real patriotism meant love of country of adoption no less than of one's native land, and in this beautiful country of New Zealand they had all the essentials to intensify the most ardent patriotism. He was an honorary member of the society, and spoke of the strength of the society at Hastings, where they possessed a very fine banner, a replica of the one in Sydney, and made by the Sisters of that city.

Mr. H. McKeon proposed the toast of the 'Hibernian Society' in complimentary terms, the toast being responded to by Bro. F. J. Doolan, who in a detailed statement showed how the society had prospered during the year in membership and funds. Several new branches had been brought into existence during this term. As showing the benefits to members, their own branch had paid back during the past year £413 9s 10d. They had in actual funds £2257, an increase during the year of £264 9s 11d, and the membership had increased by thirty. He also spoke of the impending departure for Wellington of Bro. R. P. O'Shaughnessy, and of the high esteem in which he was held by the branch. At this stage of the proceedings Bro. Getson, B.P., presented Bro. J. Cummins, on behalf of the branch, with a sash in acknowledgment of his efforts in introducing the greatest number of new members.

The 'Catholic Club' was proposed by Bro. Grimes in appropriate terms and was responded to by Mr. J. R. Hayward.

Mr. H. H. Loughnan in proposing the 'Catholic Press' spoke in complimentary terms of the *N.Z. Tablet*, and regretted that it does not circulate so freely and largely as it ought to do. He spoke of the splendid work the *Tablet* was doing in Catholic interests.

'Kindred Societies' was proposed by the Rev. Father Quinn, S.M., and responded to by Mr. G. Hayward. In a concluding address the Rev. Father Creagh said his experiences of the day so far had given him intense pleasure; first their manifestation of faith at the Cathedral and then a certain militant spirit which he had long wished to see in New Zealand.

His Majesty's Theatre was quite crowded on the evening of St. Patrick's Day on the occasion of the annual celebration (the tenth promoted and successfully carried out by the present executive committee), in the form of a national entertainment in aid of the funds of Nazareth House. This was under the patronage of his Excellency Lord Islington, his Lordship Bishop Grimes, the Hon. Sir J. G. Ward (Prime Minister), and Sir George Clifford, Bart., his Worship the Mayor and City Council, etc. His Lordship Bishop Grimes, the Very Rev. Dean Ginaty, S.M., V.G., the Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., the resident clergy of the Cathedral and St. Mary's (Christchurch North), and the staff of St. Bede's College were present,

as were also the Mayor and the member of Parliament for Christchurch East. An effort is made each year to as far as possible secure new vocalists and other performers, and on the present occasion so successful were the promoters in this regard that with but few exceptions all the names appearing on the programme had not previously appeared at this particular fixture. That the selection and rendition of the programme met with the approval and enthusiastic acceptance of the great audience was amply demonstrated by the fact that recalls were general. Mrs. Ernest Firth sang 'The last rose of summer' and 'Killarney,' Miss Vera Humphries 'The dear little shamrock,' Miss M. G. O'Connor 'The harp that once,' Miss M. Devenport 'Come back to Erin,' Mr. Sidney Allwright 'The Irish emigrant,' Mr. G. Struthers 'Molly Bawn,' Mr. A. L. Cropp 'It's very vexin',' a quaintly pretty composition, and Mr. Ernest Lawn 'The minstrel boy.' One of the most popular items was the chorus 'Erin, beautiful Erin,' given remarkably well by a large party of little lads, pupils of the Marist Brothers. The Christchurch Banjo and Mandoline Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Joseph Wright, numerous and splendidly trained body of musicians, rendered the overture, a march of national airs, and a selection, 'Gems of Ireland,' in artistic style. Irish melodies lend themselves peculiarly perfect to this style of rendition, and the result was particularly enjoyable. No less pleasing was the Irish selection arranged by Mr. E. W. Bloy given in the second part by the Banjo Quintet, Messrs. T. D. Hough, W. Cooksley, S. Hawkin, and L. W. Bloy. Mr. Vere Buchanan was warmly applauded for his violin solo, an arrangement of Moore's 'Rich and rare were the gems she wore.' A popular item was the double Irish jig danced most artistically by Mr. and Miss O'Connor, both of whom wore characteristic costumes. The duties of accompanists were efficiently discharged by a number of lady and gentlemen friends, and a nice supper was provided by a small committee of lady helpers and sympathisers. The executive committee desire to thank Mr. W. Jones, Exeter Nursery, for stage decorations, A. J. White, Ltd., for furnishings, and Dresden Piano Company for loan of concert grand piano. At the interval his Lordship Bishop Grimes very sincerely thanked the performers for their generous services, and the complete enjoyment they had given, the audience for its presence and deep interest in the object of the gathering, the committee, and all who had aided in promoting what would generally be conceded the best national entertainment yet given under the present auspices.

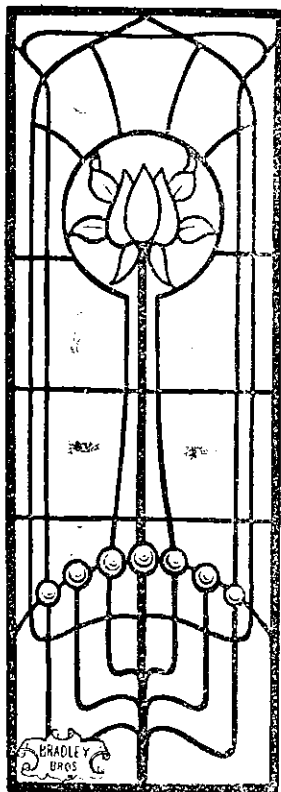
AUCKLAND.

(By Telegraph from our own correspondent.)

March 20.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in Auckland in glorious sunshine, tempered by an exhilarating sea breeze. From an early hour the wearers of the green were in evidence. The enthusiasm was catching, and it was felt by old and young. It was the universal verdict that this year's celebration was equal to the best of its predecessors. Business was appreciably affected by Ireland's national festival, the Government offices, banks, law offices, Stock Exchange, etc., being closed. St. Patrick's Cathedral Square was the rendezvous for the children from the city and suburban parishes, and the presence there of 3000 children, neatly clad in summer attire, and wearing green favors, was a sight to be remembered. As many as could obtained admission to the Cathedral, and assisted at Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. Father Ormond. His Lordship the Bishop was present in the sanctuary, and was attended by Rev. Father Holbrook. At the close of the Mass the Bishop addressed the congregation, and said that the story of St. Patrick's labors in Ireland was unparalleled in history. St. Patrick lived to see his work complete, the seed he had sown was fertilised by Almighty God, and it grew and spread until at the time of his death he saw a whole nation converted to Christianity. Such was the fervor of their faith that Ireland became the Island of Saints and learned men, and the university of Western Europe—the great school to which Western Europe sent its sons to be educated. Great scholars and missionaries were sent out to carry the faith back where it had been lost, and into heathen lands. Germany alone counts among her patron saints no fewer than 90 of Irish birth, France has a very great number, Belgium counts more, Scandinavia, too, is indebted to Ireland, and so also are the southern countries of Europe, and going still further south there was also lasting evidence of the zeal of Irish missionaries. His Lordship then referred to the progress of the faith in Australasia. Irish missionaries were still engaged in carrying the faith to the uttermost ends of the earth, and what, he asked, was the great secret of their intensity of purpose? Supplying the answer, he said that all documents and traditions showed that the intense spirit of prayer which animated St. Patrick had, by the blessing of God, been perpetuated in his beloved people, and this was the reason of Ireland's unflinching faith. His Lordship concluded by wishing all abundant happiness on our great festival day.

When the various parish contingents had arrived, Brother George and Messrs. H. Nerheny and Lorrigan marshalled them into line, and the Garrison Band started off, playing 'St. Patrick's Dany in the morning.' Then came



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I wish to say before closing this letter that I am not an agent for Trench's Remedy, or for any other medicine or thing. I write in praise of the specific because of the inestimable blessing it has been to so many of my friends.

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the parish contingents in the following order:—Marist Brothers' School, St. Patrick's parish, Parnell, St. Benedict's, Newton Band, Star of the Sea Orphans, Onchunga, Otahuhu, Devonport, Ellerslie, Newmarket, Remuera, and Takapuna orphan boys. They walked three abreast, and marched via Wyndham, Albert, Quay, and Queen streets, Karangahape road, Grafton bridge, Carlton Gore road, to the Domain Cricket Ground. It was a magnificent spectacle, the procession extending over three-quarters of a mile in length. Footpaths, verandahs, windows, and roofs en route were thronged with eager onlookers. At the top of Upper Queen street his Lordship the Bishop, accompanied by Rev. Fathers Hunt, Whelan, and Gilmartin (Redemptorists) and Rev. Father Holbrook, viewed the immense gathering from his motor car. He was most emphatic in his praises, and said that the display exceeded his most sanguine expectations. On arrival at the Domain each parish contingent moved off to its own tent, where willing lady and gentlemen workers had provided refreshments for them. Children's sports were then entered upon with zest. Shortly after 2 o'clock Bishop Cleary entered the ground, and was cordially welcomed by the officials, and the Sacred Heart College Cadets presented arms. Each cadet wore a sprig of shamrock. Several amateur running events were run off, followed by events for the Hibernians, Marist Brothers' Old Boys, and the confraternities, and the two mile championship race between Fitzgerald (Canadian champion) and Ornstein (a local runner). There were now fully 10,000 persons present, and the event of the day was a display by 800 odd children from the Catholic schools in massed form. They marched from the eastern end until they reached opposite the pavilion, and there gave an exhibition of dumb-bell exercises, moving with clock-like precision, which evoked rounds of applause. They were next formed into squads and went through several splendid evolutions, under the direction of Brother George, who gave his orders through a megaphone. The children marched splendidly, and their movements were enthusiastically applauded. Then followed other displays, which evoked still greater enthusiasm. From a number of intricate manoeuvres there was evolved the form of a Celtic harp, the frame of which portrayed by the boys, each of whom carried two green bannerets, and the strings by the girls, each of whom bore two golden colored bannerets. When the harp was completely outlined, the whole of the children seated themselves on the grass, with the bannerets held over each head, and the effect was splendid. Rising at a signal to their feet, the bannerets were waved in the glistening sun, and the spectacle aroused the vast concourse to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The tableau, especially amidst such beautiful natural surroundings and happy circumstances, made a picture which will be long remembered by those who saw it. For this display we were indebted to the untiring energy, care, and patience of the Sisters of the various religious Orders, and to the Marist Brothers. It was only last month the particulars and plans were obtained from the St. Patrick's Day celebration committee in Sydney, and to have achieved such results in so short a period redounds to the credit of teachers and pupils. The exhibition has ever since been a topic of conversation in the city.

The national concert in the Choral Hall fittingly closed a memorable festival. Long before the performance commenced the Corporation building inspector ordered the sale of tickets to stop, and insisted upon those standing in the passages to leave the building. The committee provided some with seats on the stage. As his Lordship the Bishop entered the hall the vast assembly stood up, and the orchestra and organ played 'All praise to St. Patrick.' The boys and girls in chorus sang 'O'Donnell Aboo' and 'My land.' Vocal items were splendidly rendered by Madame Basier, Misses Lorigan, Pritchard, Cooper, McCafferty, Carrigan, and Knight, Messrs. Bourke, Egan, and Dobbs. Mrs. Martin recited 'Shamus O'Brien,' and Mr. Casey 'Emmet's speech from the dock.' The concert closed with 'Hail! Glorious St. Patrick' by the children in chorus, in which the audience joined. Miss Hutchinson was harpist, and Mr. Harry Hiscocks accompanied. The conductor (Mr. P. F. Hiscocks) was untiring in his efforts to promote the success of the concert. Before the last item his Lordship Dr. Cleary addressing the audience, said his first thanks were due to the children, who during the day and evening played so conspicuous a part in the proceedings. He thanked them and their excellent teachers, the adults who assisted, and lastly the committee, who by zeal and business capacity, had engineered the whole concert. He felt grateful and very proud of them all.

MASTERTON.

(From our own correspondent.)

The Irish national concert and social gathering, held in the Town Hall on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, were a pronounced success from every point of view. The entertainment went with a swing from start to finish, and showed that the energetic committee had worked with a will. Every year the function has proved a great attraction for both young and old; but this year it has eclipsed all its predecessors. The items on the concert programme were of a high-class order, and were all well received, the flute numbers by Miss Simpson, of Wellington, being especially meritorious. During the evening musical items and Scotch and Irish dances were given by Misses Corbett,

Hanley, McLellan, Simpson, and Messrs. Quinn, Hanley, Iggulden, and the bagpipe music was capably contributed by Mr. Donald Scott. The following was the concert programme: Overture, 'Irish diamonds,' No. 6, Miss McKenna; 1st violin, Miss Hanify, A.T.C.L.; 2nd violins, Misses Page and Smythson; song, 'The Irish emigrant,' Miss McKenzie; Irish dance, Misses Smythson, Nelson, Taylor, Symes, Jones, and Brooks (encored); song, 'The dear little shamrock,' Mr. L. E. Hill; flute solo, 'Valse impromptu,' Miss Simpson (encored); song, 'There's a land,' Mr. B. Clayson; Highland fling, Miss Daisy MacLellan (encored); Irish jig, Misses Corbett and Hanley and Messrs. Hanley and Quinn (encored); song, 'Nirvana,' Mr. Green; duet, 'Excelsior,' Messrs. Branson and Green; song, 'O'Donnell Aboo,' Mr. W. Iggulden (encored); flute solo, 'Romance,' Miss Simpson (encored); song, 'Mary of Argyll,' Mr. L. E. Hill. The Very Rev. Dean McKenna, in an appropriate speech, thanked the performers.

NAPIER, HASTINGS, AND MEANEE

A monster picnic promoted by the Catholics of Napier, Hastings, Meanee, and Waipawa was held at Farndon Park on St. Patrick's Day (says the *Napier Daily Telegraph*). Ideal picnic weather prevailed, and all who attended the great gathering were well satisfied with the day's outing. The Hastings Band played selections throughout the afternoon, and with the airs forthcoming from that body the gathering was made ever so much more pleasant. Races of all descriptions, too numerous to detail, were run and for which at the end of the day prizes were given to the successful competitors. Considerably over a thousand persons were present, and of these 100 journeyed all the way from Waipawa to participate in the day's outing. The different parishes held their sports apart from each other, and thus the sports programmes were run off without confusion. Various side shows were on the ground, the usual type being prevalent. Sheaf throwing competitions created considerable interest amongst town and country folk alike. The celebration of the great day was very enjoyable, and it is to be hoped that these different parishes will make the gathering an annual one.

Messrs. P. Barry and John Higgins presented a handsome shield for competition between the various parish schools. The events for the trophy were: A teams' relay race, 75yds and 150yds. The contest was between Napier and Meanee, the latter winning by 11 points to Napier's 7. Tugs-of-war: The Clive ladies obtained victory over a team of Hastings ladies after a good contest. In the men's tug-of-war, married v. single, the latter won after a tough struggle.

NELSON.

There was a very satisfactory attendance at the concert given in St. Mary's Hall on St. Patrick's Night (says the *Nelson Colonist*), the programme being arranged to include only items having reference to the Emerald Isle. The programme was more than ordinarily attractive and was practically doubled, many items being received with approval that amounted to enthusiasm. A considerable number of new faces were to be seen amongst the performers and several old favorites. Mr. W. T. Ward and his daughters are a great acquisition to the musical side of St. Mary's activities, and last evening this fact was amply demonstrated. Referring to the individual performers, Miss Gardener, a visitor from Christchurch, charmed her audience to the extent that they were loth to let her depart. Her first number was 'The Irish emigrant,' which was encored, and in the second part 'Oh, steer my barque to Erin's isle,' was accorded a double encore. Miss Richards was accorded an enthusiastic encore for her singing of 'The minstrel boy,' and the 'Slumber song,' which followed, was no less pleasing. Miss Mary Ward gave proof of her talent as a solo violinist in 'The harp that once through Tara's halls,' and had to reappear. Mr. Ernest Richards sang 'Believe me if all those endearing young charms,' and was recalled. Mr. John Scott gave 'The dear little shamrock,' and he had to repeat the last verse. Miss Ward, who accompanied throughout the evening, was warmly applauded for her pianoforte solo, a fantasia on Irish airs, and Mr. Murphy's cornet solo, 'Arrah na pogue,' was very finely played, another item being demanded of him. Mr. Frank Hurley contributed a humorous Irish recitation, 'Mr. Doolan on how to make lamp chimneys,' and this was so much liked that he had to furnish another recitation, which was equally well received. Mr. J. Laffin's Irish jig was quite in keeping with the spirit of the evening, and he, too, was recalled. The orchestra comprised Misses Ward (2), G. Clark, Messrs. Kirton, Murphy, and W. T. Ward, and the selections given, 'Irish national airs' and 'Humors of Donnybrook,' were very successful efforts, being heartily applauded. Several part songs were given by Misses Armstrong, M. Clark, M. Ward, Richards, and Mrs. Kirton, Messrs. Bunny, E. Richards, A. Housiaux, Kirton, and W. T. Ward. These comprised 'Let Erin remember,' 'Oft in the stilly night,' and 'O'Donnell Aboo,' and these were equally well received with the other items of the evening.

After the Rev. Father Mahony had expressed his thanks to those who assisted at the concert and to the audience for their attendance, a very successful gathering was brought to a close with the chorus 'God Save Ireland.'

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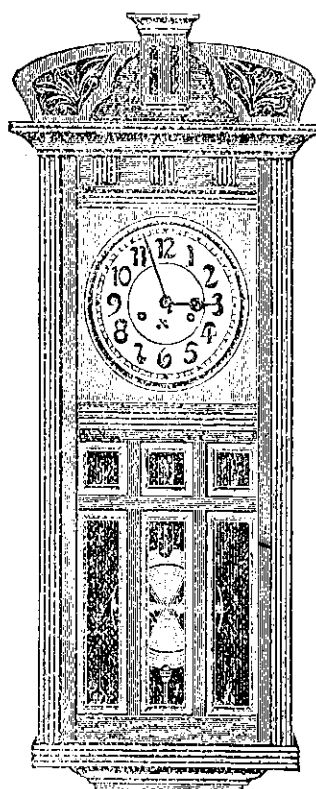
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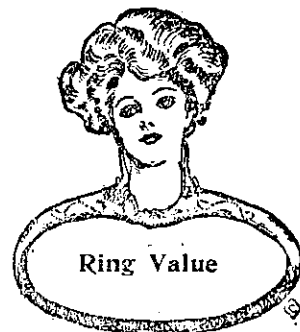
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PRODUCE

Messrs Dalgety and Co. report:—

Oats.—There is very little change to report. Prime Sutherlands, dun, and black oats are inquired for. We quote: Prime milling, 3s 3d to 3s 3½d; good to best feed, 3s 1½d to 3s 2d; inferior to medium, 2s 1½d to 3s per bushel (bags extra).

Wheat.—During the week reports from Australia hardened the market a little, but since then the cables from London describe the market as inactive, so that millers holding fairly large stocks are not keen buyers. Prime milling is saleable at quotations. Fowl feed meets a ready sale. We quote: Prime velvet, 3s 3d to 3s 3½d; prime Tuscan and velvet ear, 3s 1½d to 3s 2½d; whole fowl feed, 2s 1½d to 3s 1d; broken and damaged, 2s 9d to 2s 10d per bushel (bags extra).

Potatoes.—Supplies coming forward just about equal the demand, and prices are fairly firm. We quote:—Prime sorts, £3 12s 6d to £3 15s; medium to good, £3 to £3 10s; inferior, £2 10s to £2 15s per ton (bags in).

Chaff.—Consignments have been coming to hand on a very under-rate scale, so that at the sale all that was on offer met a good market. We quote: Prime oatens sheaf, £4 10s to £4 5s; medium to good, £3 10s to £4 7s 6d; inferior, £3 to £3 7s 6d per ton (bags extra).

Messrs Donald Reid and Co. reports:—

Oats.—There is fair inquiry from shippers for lines of prime Sparrowbills and Gartons, at country stations, while medium quality finds ready clearance in the local market. We quote: Prime milling, 2s 2d to 2s 2½d; good to best feed, 2s 1½d to 2s 2d; inferior to medium, 1s 1½d to 2s 1d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—Late quotations are fairly well maintained, and during the week considerable business has been done. Fowl wheat is offering more freely, and has fair inquiry for shipment. We quote: Prime milling velvet, 3s 2½d to 3s 3½d; prime Tuscan, etc., 3s 2d to 3s 3d; best whole fowl wheat, 2s 1½d to 3s 1d; medium to good, 2s 8d to 2s 10d; broken, damaged, etc., 2s to 2s 6d per bushel (sacks extra, ex store).

Potatoes.—Consignments are coming to hand freely, and late prices barely maintained. At our sale to-day we offered several prime lots, which realised up to £3 17s per ton. Medium to good have also fair demand, and are worth from £3 to £3 10s; small and inferior, are dull of sale, and are worth from £2 10s to £3 per ton (bags included).

Straw.—Quotations: Wheatens, 27s 6d; oatens, 37s 6d to 42s 6d per ton (pressed).

Messrs. Stronach, Morris and Co., Ltd., report for week ending March 21, as follows:—

Oats.—The quantity of business passing is not very large, as there is a considerable difference between owners' and shippers' ideas of value. Most of the lines coming forward are being placed for local use. Quotations: Prime milling, 2s 2d to 2s 2½d; good to best feed, 2s 1½d to 2s 2d; inferior to medium, 1s 1½d to 2s 1d per bushel (sacks extra).

Wheat.—Considerable quantities have been offering during the last week, and owing to a slight hardening in the Australian market prices have been a little firmer here, a good deal of business being done. Fowl wheat is offering very freely, and is readily placed for shipment. Prime milling velvet, 3s 2½d to 3s 3½d; Tuscan, 3s 2d to 3s 3d; best whole fowl wheat, 2s 1½d to 3s 1d; medium to good, 2s 8d to 2s 10d; broken and damaged, 2s to 2s 6d per bushel (sacks extra).

Chaff.—Small consignments have been coming forward, and any prime oatens sheaf is readily taken up at last week's prices. Medium and inferior lines have not the same enquiry, but are saleable in small quantities to dairymen. Quotations: Prime oatens sheaf, £4 10s to £4 15s; medium to good, £4 to £4 7s 6d; inferior, £3 to £3 15s; straw chaff, £2 10s to £3 per ton (sacks extra).

WOOL

Mr. M. T. Kennelly, 217 Crawford street, Dunedin, reports as follows:—

Rabbitskins.—Winter does, to 20d per lb; winter bucks, 16d to 18d; incoming autumns, 14d to 17d; racks, 8d to 10d. Horsehair, 16d to 19d; catskins, 4d to 6d each. Advices from London report a decline of 2d on all grades.

Sheepskins.—Halfbred, 6d to 8d per lb; fine crossbred, 5½d to 7d; coarse do., 5d to 6½d; pelts, 3d to 5s.

Hides.—Sound ox, 6d to 8d; do. cow, 5d to 6½d; damaged ox and cow, 3d to 4½d; calfskins and yearlings (sound), 6½d to 9d. Horsehides, 8s to 14s each.

Tallow.—Best in casks, to 26s per cwt; do., 24s; mixed, 18s to 20s; rough fat, 16s to 20s.

Prompt returns. No commission.

Stronach, Morris & Co., Ltd., report as follows:—

Rabbitskins.—Our next rabbitskin sale will be held on the 27th inst.

Sheepskins.—Our next sale will be held on Tuesday, 28th inst.

Hides.—We held our fortnightly sale of hides on Thursday, the 16th inst., when we submitted a catalogue of 300. There was a large attendance of buyers, and competition for all clean hides was very keen. Country and poor conditioned hides were not eagerly competed for, whilst calfskins also showed a considerable drop. Quotations: Prime stout heavy ox hides, 8d to 8½d; stout heavy, 7d to 7½d; good heavy, 6½d to 7d; medium weight, 6½d to 6½d; inferior, 4½d to 5½d; best heavy cow hides, 6d to 6½d; good heavy do., 5½d to 6½d; light weight, 6d to 6½d; inferior, 3½d to 5d; yearlings, 6d to 6½d; bull and stag hides, 4½d to 4½d; sloppy, 2d to 3½d; calfskins, 6½d to 7½d per lb.

Tallow and Fat.—All coming forward is readily placed, and prices remain about the same.

Gore

(From an occasional correspondent.)

Shortly after the re-opening of the schools the children of the local Convent of Mercy were given their annual outing at the Gore Racecourse. During the afternoon an excellent sports programme was carried through. An Italian string band was responsible for much enjoyable music during the picnic.

Sunday, the Feast of St. Joseph, was chosen for the quarterly Communion Sunday of the Hibernian Society. Mass was celebrated at 8.30 o'clock, when large numbers of men approached the Holy Table.

The children and a large number of people attended the 9 o'clock Mass on St. Patrick's Day. In the evening the Hibernians held their annual social gathering. This proved a success, about 300 persons being present. The music was provided by Carnody's orchestra.

Palmerston North

The annual St. Patrick's Day concert, held in the Opera House, was a particularly enjoyable function. The audience was a very good one, and was most demonstrative in showing its appreciation of the excellent talent that was put before it. As suiting the occasion, the songs were chiefly of an Irish national character. The programme (says the local *Standard*) opened with the pretty chorus, 'Meeting of the waters,' which was particularly well rendered by the girl students of the convent. The voices blended well together, and showed that the girls had received careful and thorough training from the Sisters. These young ladies also opened the second half of the programme with 'Steer my barque,' for which they were accorded an encore. Mr. T. J. Rodgers sang 'The dear little shamrock,' and in response to an imperative encore sang 'Absent.' The next item was a piano solo by Miss Alice Rainbow, and this young and talented player gave a most delightful and finished interpretation of a bright but very difficult collection of Irish airs. Mrs. Broad was in excellent voice, and her first-part number, 'Dear home land,' was beautifully given, and was one of the 'star' items of the evening. Complying with an insistent recall, Mrs. Broad contributed the simple but pretty piece, 'An emblem.' The appearance of Madame Groome was the signal for applause, and for her delightful singing of the ever-popular 'Kate O'Shane' she paid the penalty of an encore. Madame in the second part contributed 'The Irish emigrant,' and for this number she was also recalled. The duet, 'Lily of Killarney,' by Messrs. G. C. Keeble and T. J. Rodgers, was well rendered, and elicited loud and hearty applause. 'Kathleen Mavourneen' was Miss O'Brien's programme number. Although apparently suffering from nervousness at the commencement, she made an excellent recovery, and had to submit to a most spontaneous double encore, her return numbers being 'The dear little girl' and 'Dawn.' Mr. Keeble's fine rendering of Moore's 'Minstrel boy' was rewarded with a demand for more, to which he responded with 'Youth.' Miss Louise Croucher's appearance was greeted with applause, and her magnificent rendering of the exceedingly difficult bracketed numbers chosen, 'Melody in G' (Bach) and D'Ambrosia's 'Canzonetta,' drew forth a spontaneous appeal for an encore, to which Miss Croucher bowed her acknowledgments, but this would not satisfy the audience, and the latter item was repeated. Mrs. Broad again delighted those present with her finished rendering of the popular 'Killarney,' and as an encore sang 'All through the night.' The concluding item of an excellent programme was the quartet, 'Last rose of summer,' splendidly rendered by Mrs. Broad, Miss Rawlins, and Messrs. Keeble and Rodgers. The accompaniments were played by Mrs. Rodgers, Misses Rainbow and Rawlins, and Mr. Gunter.

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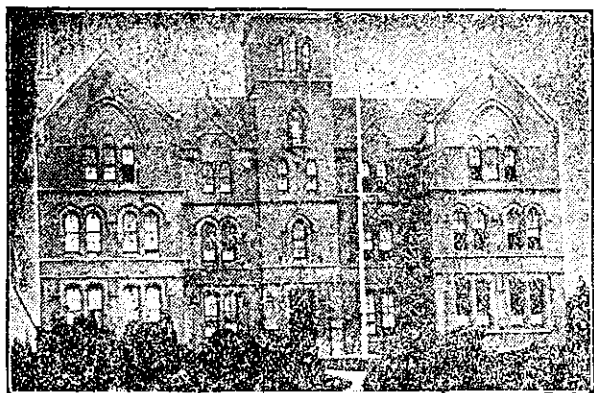
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Joseph Carr, D.D. Archbishop of Melbourne; price 8s; postage, 1s 2d
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Candidates for admission are required to present satisfactory
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The Pension is £35 a year, payable half-yearly in advance.
It provides for Board and Lodging, Tuition, School Books,
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personal supervision of the Right Rev. Bishop of Dunedin.

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MAYORAL ELECTION

COUNCILLOR WILSON respectfully solicits your Vote and Interest on Wednesday, April 26, 1911.

Polling from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Councillor Wilson has been continuously serving the Public Municipally since April, 1897. Mayor of Caversham for three years—1902, 1903, and 1904,—and is now serving his fourth year as Chairman of Public Works Committee, besides being a member of the Dunedin Fire Board.

TO THE DISTRICT ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF DUNEDIN.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I beg to formally announce to you that I shall be a candidate for Mayoral Honors at the forthcoming election.

I am now the Senior Councillor on the Dunedin City Council, having been first elected to my present position as a representative for Bell Ward in March, 1904.

I have also had the privilege and pleasure of representing you upon other public bodies, including the Dunedin Drainage and Sewerage Board, of which I have been a member since February, 1903, and Chairman since 1905.

In response to numerous requests, I shall avail myself of an early opportunity of addressing the electors in the various wards, and hope thus to have the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of ratepayers in the out-lying districts.

Should you do me the honor of electing me, I shall endeavour to the best of my ability to conserve the interests of all classes during my term of office without fear or favor.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM BURNETT.

DUNEDIN, MARCH 13, 1911.

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HOLOHAN.—Margaret, Annie, and Johanna Holohan, children of Thomas Holohan and — Bryne, his wife, who emigrated to Australia from County Kilkenny, Ireland, in or about the year 1865, or the descendants of such persons will hear something to their advantage on applying to

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HOLIDAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued from ANY STATION to ANY STATION on the South Island Main Line and Branches from TUESDAY, APRIL 11, to MONDAY, APRIL 17, inclusive, available for return up to and including TUESDAY, May 16.

The Return Fares will be—First class 2d per mile; Second class 1d per mile; minimum being 4s and 2s respectively.

BY ORDER.

WREY'S BUSH—NIGHTCAPS ART UNION

The following are the winning numbers in connection with the above Art Union, drawn on Friday, March 17.

1st Prize, No. 3290—Mrs. Cotter, Skippers.

2nd Prize, No. 3583—Miss Hogan, Waikaka.

3rd Prize, No. 760—Miss Driscoll, Wrey's Bush.

We the undersigned hereby declare the above numbers to be correct,

JAMES RITCHIE, J.P.

THOS. POWER, J.P.

JAMES EGAN, Hon. Secretary.

DEATH

DUDSON.—On March 10, 1911, at Kaipoi, William Dudson; aged 85 years.—R.I.P.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

B. C.—Thanks for leaflet. We are making inquiries, and will probably deal with the matter later on.

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

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

Die 4 Aprilis, 1900.

LEO XIII., P.M.

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

April 4, 1900.

LEO XIII., Pope.



THURSDAY MARCH 23, 1911.

THE 'POST' IN PILLORY



SINCE the first criticism of Dr. Cleary's Pastoral was formulated in the editorial columns of the *Evening Post*, there have appeared in that paper two letters from Dr. Cleary, and two leaders—ostensibly by way of reply—on the part of the *Post*. In addition, a third controversialist—in the person of the Rev. T. A. Williams, a bellicose Baptist clergyman of Petone—has officiously obtruded himself into the discussion. This gentleman has for some time past been very much in evidence as a noisy and violent no-Popery letter-writer; and his object in pushing himself to the front at this juncture is partly, no doubt, to assist the manifestly worried editor, but chiefly, it would seem, to keep himself in the limelight, and gain a certain measure of self-advertisement by mingling, if for ever so brief a space, with his intellectual betters. His letter—over a column in length—is mainly devoted to showing that it is not in accordance with Christian principle that the State should teach religion. Never once, not in the most remote or distant fashion, has Dr. Cleary even hinted at such a thing—he has, in point of fact, maintained with all possible emphasis that such a function clearly belonged

to the Church alone—and the way in which both the *Post* and its clerical comrade in arms have harped on this one (utterly irrelevant) point, is itself a flag of distress. They are unable to meet the real situation; and they can only keep up a sort of pretence of fighting by battering away—quite harmlessly—at a position which their opponent never thought of assuming. For the rest, the Rev. T. A. Williams's letter is unworthy of the least attention; and we hope that the supporters of religious education will not lend themselves to this scheme for side-tracking the discussion by taking any serious notice of the Petone pastor's production. A straight-out duel is always interesting; but a fussy third person who intrudes himself into the dispute serves no useful purpose, and only spoils the view.

*

The most striking feature of the controversy so far has been the marked unwillingness—we may safely say the hopeless inability—of the *Evening Post* to face the issue raised by Dr. Cleary. That issue was stated so clearly and explicitly that no room was left for the slightest doubt or uncertainty as to the precise point which was to be met; and for the benefit of non-Wellington readers we propose to print the exact words of the *Evening Post* in the two attempts which the paper has made by way of reply. But first let us state the precise issue raised by Dr. Cleary. Here it is, in the words of his Lordship's first letter to the *Post*: 'Both secularists and anti-secularists agree that education is a preparation for life and the responsibilities of life. And the numerous friends of Christian education in New Zealand are entitled to know on what philosophy of life, on what educational principle, so powerful a moral agency as religion is excluded from the formative process of school-work: why it is there treated as of no practical use or value as a national asset; why, in a Christian land, the refining influences which created the Christian home should be banished from the public school; why childhood's incomparable Exemplar and Ideal should be barred, under legal penalties, from contact with His "little ones" during the working hours of the system.' And that issue was pressed home, pointedly and directly, on the *Post* individually: 'Now, on what grounds do you defend a system which was devised and intended for the destruction of religious faith in France? . . . You can adequately defend the secular system only on some philosophy of life, or as an educational principle based upon a philosophy of life. Atheists thus defend the secular system; Catholics and great numbers of Protestants thus defend religion in the schools. Atheists and Christians both know their principles precisely, and act consistently with them, and are ever ready to state them on demand. Either you can defend the secular system by such an appeal to groundwork principles, or you cannot. If you cannot, I submit that you ought to say so frankly. If you can, "carte in toro!" as the Italians say: show your "cards," set forth your principles.' And yet again: 'Catholic principles in education you know. The French atheist principles in favor of the secular system we know. But what are yours?'

*

There was thus not the slightest ambiguity as to the precise point which was in question; and the *Post* was left without the least shadow of pretence for not fairly and squarely facing the issue. Instead of doing so, it has not merely shirked and evaded the challenge—it has, in its last leader, incontinently and ignominiously run away. We will let the Wellington paper speak for itself. In its issue of March 9, dealing with Dr. Cleary's first letter, it began by saying: 'The plain man does not deal in philosophies of life. He leaves such things to the philosophers and the theologians.' As Dr. Cleary has forcefully shown in his second letter—which appears elsewhere in this issue—the 'plain man' is very much given to dealing in views or philosophies of life, and has a very real and practical interest in them. Apart from that, it may be noted that this access of modesty on the part of the Wellington paper is quite a sudden and recent development. In its past utterances on the various aspects of education in New Zealand the *Post* has, in common with most of our other leading dailies, spoken with a considerable measure of authority; and by its reasoned deliverances on many of the minute and almost technical details of our system has claimed—inferentially at least—to be regarded as an educationist of no mean order. It was not to the *Post* in its new ultra-modest rôle of 'plain man,' but to the *Post* as educationist, as one of the intellectuals, as a moulder of public opinion, as an accredited champion of a system, that appeal was made. Recognising, however, that, if only for appearances' sake, it would be better to attempt some sort of answer to Dr. Cleary's pointed and pertinent query, the *Post* concluded its article with the following: 'When, therefore, Dr. Cleary asks us why we object to the State endowment of denominationalism, we reply (1) that the present system is comprehensive and impartial, and discharges in the most obvious and effective way a primary

obligation of the State; (2) that denominationalism has no *locus standi* at all unless some injustice can be proved against the present system; (3) that to encourage sectarianism or even sectionalism in general education would be opposed to the solidarity which it is the aim of every wise nation to promote among its citizens.' It requires little penetration to see that all this is no answer at all to Dr. Cleary's question. The *Post* was asked to state on what principle of child-training, on what view of life—of its origin, destiny, duties, and ideals—it justified the exclusion of religion from the formative process of school-work. The reader will look in vain for the faintest trace of a view of life or principle of child-training in the shuffling and evasive 'reply' above set forth.

*

In his second letter, Dr. Cleary again raised and pressed the same issue, giving the *Post* a further opportunity to 'make good'; but in its leader appearing—by way of 'reply'—in the same issue, the *Post* has definitely thrown in the towel. 'We must again,' it says, 'decline his challenge to propound a "philosophy of life," either on our own behalf or on that of the State. We prefer, as we have previously indicated, not to exercise ourselves in such great matters. We are content to leave the discussion to the metaphysician and the theologian. . . . In other words—as we have above described it—the *Post* incontinently runs away. It tries to cover up its retreat by taking shelter behind some utterances of Mr. Gladstone, Archbishop Temple, and Dr. Parker—which are contained in an English Secular Education League tract attached to Professor Mackenzie's recently published pamphlet—and, in particular, it adopts as its own a dictum of Dr. Parker, in which he declared that "no education can be complete which does not include thorough religious training," but added that "as a citizen, I deny that it is the business of the State to furnish a complete education." The reason which he gave for this denial was "simply the old Nonconformist reason, that religion is personal, sacred, varying its aspects and claims according to various convictions, and that to support it by rates and taxes, and thus by possible penalties, is to vex and offend its characteristic and essential spirit." As against Dr. Cleary's challenge, all this avails the *Post* not one iota. There is here not so much as a reference to any "view of life" or "life-philosophy," nor statement of any fundamental ground-work "principle of child-training." Moreover, Dr. Cleary has never once asked or suggested that rates or taxes should be devoted to the support of religion or religious instruction of any kind, or that the State should in any shape or form undertake the work of teaching religion. This the *Post* knows full well; and the way in which it harks back, again and again, to this old irrelevance, is evidence of the straits to which it is reduced.

*

The controversy is not yet concluded; and it would be premature, at this stage, to attempt to comment on its lessons or results. Our present object has simply been to keep our readers *au courant* with the leading points and features of the discussion so far as it has yet gone. Already it has furnished a very striking illustration of the value and importance of getting back to first principles. If the nominally Christian supporters of the secular system can be prevailed upon to attempt a statement of their ground-work principles on this question, such statement will—according to its tenor—either at once bring out their hopeless inconsistency in defending the exclusion of religion from education, or it will serve to show how very little real Christianity there is under their religious professions. However highly we may esteem the utterances of the daily press on other matters, to which they have given careful thought and study, on this question of secular versus religious education—owing to their never having troubled to get down to bed-rock principles on the subject—they are, for the most part, veritable blind leaders of the blind.

Notes

'Mr. Dooley' as Family Man

According to the *Montreal Tribune* Finley Peter Dunne, author of the famous 'Mr. Dooley' articles, is now the proud father of twins. 'An Irish stork,' says our contemporary, 'hesitated at the Dunne residence, 29 East Sixty-second street, New York, just long enough to add a boy and a girl to the establishment as a Christmas present, and Finley P. has been whispering the good news and buying cigars surreptitiously ever since. His old friend Hennessey says Dooley is a little too "chesty" over the new arrivals to indulge just yet in any such every day line of talk as is his wont.'

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Manufacturers and Importers of Every Description
Headstones, Cross Monuments, etc., in Granite,
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A Bad 'Break'

Some time ago, it will be remembered, an appeal was taken from the Queensland Supreme Court to the High Court of Australia to settle the question of the interpretation of a priest's will, in which his Grace Archbishop Dunne, of Brisbane, had been left some £37,000 to be devoted to Church and charitable purposes. The Supreme Court decided in favor of the Archbishop; but, on appeal, the High Court reversed this decision, two of the judges, however (Judges O'Connor and Higgins) dissenting. Misled by the names of these two judges, a number of the bigots jumped to the conclusion that both were Catholics; and they were contemptible enough to openly insinuate that these gentlemen had allowed their religious beliefs to influence them in their judgment. Whereupon, a well-known Sydney weekly falls upon them in the following vigorous fashion: 'The Yellow Pup is an habitually untruthful tyke; but when it jumps at a false conclusion and bites the Commonwealth High Court, it is time to drop the old habit of disregarding its untruthfulness, and invite it to an interview with the Law. At a 'Protestant Defence' meeting at Adelaide, a Pastor Rankine mentioned that an R.C. Archbishop was interested in a will for some £35,000 or £37,000; and, when the case was before the High Court two Catholic judges voted one way and two Protestant judges the other way, and the Hebrew judge voted with the Protestants. And Pastor Rankine wanted to know what would have happened if the Hebrew had been an R.C. As a matter of fact, there is but one R.C. judge on the High Court Bench (O'Connor). Higgins, whom the tyke no doubt took to be an R.C., is a Protestant, the son, indeed of a Protestant clergyman. So the whole horrible imputation against the Court falls with a sickening thud on top of whatever fragment of reputation the "pastor" happened to possess.'

'The Home and the School'

Under this heading the Right Rev. Dr. Dwyer, Bishop of Maitland, discusses, in his Lenten Pastoral, the question that is arousing general interest amongst the Catholic body throughout Australasia. Dealing with the political aspect of the question, his Lordship has the following pointed and weighty words, the application of which is by no means confined to the Catholics of the Maitland diocese: 'Now, regarding our schools, we have one or two questions to ask ourselves: First—Do we all, parents or not parents, take a lively interest in the welfare of our schools as representing the cause of religion amongst us? At a conference recently convened by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Sydney, it was decided to establish in Sydney a committee representative of both clergy and laity from all parts of New South Wales, to promote the interests of Catholic education. When the time comes for the realisation of this project, I trust that our diocese shall be able to send its representatives to that committee.'

*

'For the present, let me urge on all who are capable of taking an intelligent interest in matters of public policy, that it is a duty incumbent on them as Catholics to enter into and actively promote a cause which is admitted to be a vital cause of religion. The fact that in the educational policy of this State our rights as Catholics are ignored, is due to the fact that we are a minority. But as our being a minority does not deprive us of freedom to profess our religion, neither does it invalidate our rights in the matter of public education. It is the part of intelligent citizens to know their rights, and of courageous citizens to maintain them in the face of opposition. This is the daily work of political action in general. The part of Catholics as such in our political life is almost confined to maintain our educational rights. Hence the necessity of knowing them, and of being prepared to stand up for them.'

DIOCESE OF DUNEDIN

About eighty members of the Hibernian Society approached the Holy Table on Sunday at St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin.

The Rev. Father Lynch (Wrey's Bush), who has always taken a keen interest in Hibernian matters, has arranged with the District Deputy (Mr. J. J. Marlow) to pay a visit to Nightcaps next Saturday to explain the objects of the society, when it is hoped a strong branch will be formed. All the Catholic men in the district should make an effort to be present, whether eligible for membership or not, as their presence will show sympathy with a movement that must prove beneficial to every Catholic in the parish.

On St. Patrick's Day his Lordship the Bishop celebrated Pontifical High Mass at St. Patrick's Basilica, South Dunedin, Rev. Father Coffey (Adm. St. Joseph's Cathedral) being assistant priest, Rev. Father O'Reilly deacon of the Mass, Rev. Father Liston (Rector of Holy Cross College) sub-deacon, Rev. Fathers Morkano and Corcoran deacons

at the Throne, and Rev. Father Buckley (Holy Cross College) master of ceremonies. The panegyric of St. Patrick was preached by the Rev. Father Coffey.

DIOCESE OF CHRISTCHURCH

(From our own correspondent.)

March 20.

A church parade of the Marist Brothers' School Cadets is fixed for the first Sunday of April at the half-past 9 o'clock in the Cathedral.

Quite a number of events, athletic and otherwise, in the Canterbury district, were fixed for St. Patrick's Day and the day following, which seems to indicate that as a general holiday period the date is yearly becoming more popular.

At an executive committee meeting of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Club, held last week, the secretary reported having written to the kindred associations at Timaru and Temuka in regard to arranging a series of inter-club football matches at both localities at Easter.

His Lordship the Bishop made an episcopal visitation of Rangiora on Sunday last, and is to be at Oxford, another portion of the same parochial district, on next Sunday. This will complete his Lordship's visitation of the North Canterbury part of the diocese.

In view of compulsory military training there are indications of a movement to enrol in separate corps according to age, the members of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association, which has already attained to a greater numerical strength than any organisation of Catholic young men ever before in the city.

A three days' bazaar in aid of the building fund of a new church at Glentunnel was opened on last Thursday evening at Coalgate by Mr. C. A. C. Hardy, M.P. Musical friends from Christchurch and the Glentunnel Brass Band assisted at the entertainments. Coalgate and Glentunnel form part of the Darfield parochial district, in charge of the Fathers of the Missionary Society of the Sacred Heart.

Speaking at the annual meeting of the Victoria League last week, his Lordship Bishop Grimes said that he felt sure the league deserved not only the approbation but the practical sympathy and support of patriots. Its objects were to strengthen the ties between the Old Country and the overseas dominions. He referred to the misconception he had found on the Continent regarding the relations between Great Britain and her colonies. It had been impressed on him that when war came the dependencies would throw off their yoke and declare for independence. He had explained that there was no yoke, and had been met with the answer, 'What about Old Ireland?' He had explained that Ireland had the same autonomy as New Zealand, Australia and Canada, no one would be more loyal and devoted. When war had broken out the people overseas had risen *en masse* and had given a great object-lesson to the world. Were there a like need to-day there would be the same response, and the league did a very useful work in strengthening these bonds that made for Imperial unity. He had, Bishop Grimes added, been asked on behalf of the league, to voice a farewell to the president, Mrs. A. E. G. Rhodes, on her departure for England. She was a lady as able as she was amiable, and despite the indefatigable zeal of the honorary secretary, the president would be greatly missed during her absence in the Old Country. It was very rare to find a president with such admirable qualities. He wished her Godspeed on behalf of the league, and expressed the hope that her stay would not keep her too long away from her friends.

A renewal mission in the Cathedral by the Redemptorist Fathers was commenced at the 11 o'clock Mass on Sunday last, in the presence of a large congregation. Prior to the Mass the missionaries were met at the entrance of the Cathedral by the Very Rev. Father Price, Adm., when the temporary charge of the parish was entrusted to them, after which they were conducted in procession to the Sanctuary. Addressing the congregation, the Very Rev. Father Price said an introduction of the Redemptorist Fathers to the people was unnecessary in view of their many and successful missions conducted in the city and throughout the diocese. Their spiritual ministrations have always proved fruitful and lasting, and he urged a devoted compliance with the order of the Mission, and a faithful co-operation with the efforts of the Missionary Fathers from the very beginning, for upon this the ultimate success of the mission entirely depended. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Creagh, C.S.S.R. He solemnly placed the mission under the patronage of St. Joseph, whose feast day it was. At half-past 3 in the afternoon the children's mission was opened by the Rev. Father Creagh, C.S.S.R. In the evening there was an enormous congregation. All the ordinary accommodation of the great Cathedral was fully occupied long before the opening devotions, and by the fixed hour all of the several hundred additional chairs placed in the corridors, were in use, and still the people came in increasing numbers. The preacher was the Rev. Father Lynch, C.S.S.R., who delivered an impressive discourse on the need of a preparation for the end of life and eternity. Quite a large congregation attended the first early Mass of the Mission

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at 6 o'clock this (Monday) morning. This is the Rev. Father Creagh's first visit to Christchurch. With him is the Rev. Father Lynch, C.S.S.R., who assisted in the Mission given here last year, and they are to be joined this week by the Rev. Father Whelan, C.S.S.R.

The centrally situated, and altogether up-to-date club rooms of the Marist Brothers' Old Boys' Association in St. Asaph street, were formally opened on last Monday evening, in the presence of about seventy members. The Rev. Brother Calixtus, in an inaugural address, congratulated the members of the association on their possession of such spacious, convenient, and well-furnished rooms, and warmly complimented the executive committee on the realisation of their efforts to have everything ready and in good order for the opening of the season. There were evidently very great possibilities in regard to the club, and he wished it a continuance of the remarkable success already achieved in all its undertakings. Messrs. W. Rodgers and L. C. Corbett (vice-presidents) handling the cues, sent the balls across the billiard table for the first match, whilst the rest of the gathering engaged in games at the various tables for the remainder of the evening. The rooms are well lighted with electricity. A fine billiard table occupies the centre of the main assembly room, around which are ranged comfortable backed and cushioned seats. There are also six nicely finished card tables which, together with the seating, were all made by members of the executive committee. In addition, there are twenty-four new and serviceable chairs. Around the room are hung large framed photographic groups of the three last season football teams of the association. Occupying a conspicuous position is shown the handsome club banner. This is of green silk with deep gold fringe. In the centre is emblazoned the harp of Erin, interwoven with shamrocks, above and below, which are worked in letters of gold 'M.B.O.B.A.', Christchurch. It is a beautiful and artistic production, and is the work of the Sisters of the Missions. A committee room, with a large table, also made by the members, a bathroom, with shower bath, etc., and other conveniences, are also provided. The floors are covered with linoleum, whilst interior decorations are still in progress. On the whole, the association is accommodated in a manner surpassed by few, if any others, in the city, and judging by the way the members attend each evening, the rooms have become already a popular resort.

Timaru

(From our own correspondent.)

On Thursday last about 500 children and adults left Timaru, some by special train and others by vehicles, for the annual St. Patrick's Day picnic. St. Andrew's was the scene of the gathering, and, with suitable weather and an ample supply of edibles, and prizes for the children's sports, a most enjoyable time was spent. Rev. Fathers Tubman, Smyth, and Murphy accompanied the party, and took control of the programme.

On Friday, St. Patrick's Day, the Masses were largely attended, and in town the green was everywhere in evidence. In the evening a grand National concert in the Theatre Royal fittingly concluded the celebrations. The house was crowded, and the really excellent programme, arranged by the Rev. Father Smyth, was one of the most artistic ever heard on these occasions. Mrs. Meade, one of the leading Christchurch vocalists, received an ovation on each appearance, her singing of the 'Jewel song,' from 'Faust,' being magnificent. Miss Dale, an Oamaru singer, also received an excellent reception. The other artists contributing were—Messrs. W. Jordan, W. McBride, Moore, and Andrews. The school girls gave a neatly executed scarf drill, and the boys added a fine display with the bar-bells. The Garrison Band played some acceptable items. Mrs. Mangos and Miss M. Venning presided at the piano, and greatly helped in the success achieved.

Oamaru

(From our own correspondent.)

At the 8.30 o'clock Mass at the Basilica yesterday morning the members of St. Patrick's branch of the H.A.C.B. Society approached the Holy Table for their general Communion. There was a very large muster of the society, and they formed an imposing body as they took up their position in the Basilica in full regalia, and led by their officers. Right Rev. Mgr. Mackay, V.G., celebrated Mass.

Seldom has such a large and appreciative audience been seen in the Opera House as that which welcomed the re-appearance of St. Patrick's Dramatic Society in Darnley's farcical comedy, 'Facing the Music,' on St. Patrick's Night. The performance from first to last was in every way worthy of the flattering reception accorded to it. To those who have a knowledge of the amount of study and hard work required before a piece of this description can be played in public, it seems almost incredible that the splendid result witnessed on Friday evening was achieved with only six weeks' training. One would naturally conclude from the high merit of the production that at least three months had been spent in preparation. It speaks volumes for the painstaking care with which the society's director drilled his members, and the whole-hearted enthusiasm brought to bear by the director and members

alike in the rehearsals, and finally in the performance itself. Undoubtedly this proved one of the society's best efforts, and won only appreciation and praise from all who witnessed it. There were no weak points in any part of the interpretation, and the performers showed a wonderful grasp of the spirit of the play as intended by the author. Space does not permit of saying more, but in a sentence, the production was a delightful and highly meritorious one. Mr. T. de Spong gave a correct interpretation of the role of Rev. John Smith, and was at all times highly diverting and amusing. Miss N. Falconer as Mabel, the curate's wife, proved the correctness of the surmise formed after the performance of 'Caste,' and she has wonderfully improved since becoming more familiar with the stage. Her impersonation was very pleasing, and she looked the part to perfection. Mr. F. J. Mulvihill made a great hit as John Smith, and his appearance was always a signal for much merriment. His presentation of a long and difficult role it would be difficult to equal. Miss M. O'Grady, as Nora, was charmingly natural, and her acting was very favorably commented on. Mr. H. L. Warsaw gave a capital impersonation of Dick Desmond, and his acting in conjunction with Mr. Mulvihill was the cause of most of the merriment. As Colonel Duncan Smith, Mr. W. McCombie showed a good knowledge of the old man's part, and he both spoke and looked well. Mr. J. A. Birss was again at his best as Sergeant Duffell, and his representation of the cute detective was most amusing. Miss P. Bevan made her debut as Miss Fotheringay, and was quite at home in her part. Though small, her part was not altogether easy for a debutante; and her success is doubly creditable. The last, but by no means least, of a strong cast, was Mrs. Mulvihill, who had the important role of Mrs. Ponting to portray. Her impersonation of the kindly housekeeper of John Smith was distinctly good. Prior to the comedy a short but delightful programme was gone through, the following contributing:—Overture, 'O'Donnell's lakes,' orchestra; monologue, 'The game of life' (encored), Mr. de Spong; piano duet, 'Tarantelle,' Miss M. Woods and Mr. P. Hanley; song, 'Killarney' (encored), Mrs. Lynch; song, 'Off to Philadelphia,' Mr. F. Jones (encored); song, 'Kathleen Mavourneen' (encored), Miss M. Woods, L.R.A.M. The accompaniments were played by Miss Woods and Mr. P. Hanley.

Invercargill

The annual social of the Hibernian Society took place in Victoria Hall on Wednesday evening, there being over 200 persons present, including several representatives from other societies. Bro. Matheson, secretary, had all the arrangements well in hand, and as a result a very enjoyable evening eventuated. A committee of ladies kindly attended to the supper arrangements.

A very successful social gathering, organised by the ladies of the congregation, was held at the Bluff on St. Patrick's night. The proceeds are to be in aid of the Convent school. There is every prospect of a new school being provided before long, and to raise funds for this purpose it is proposed to hold a bazaar during the second week in May. The prospects of the undertaking are very encouraging, and everything points to its success.

The Irish Athletic Society are singularly unfortunate as far as weather is concerned, and this year was no exception to the rule. Notwithstanding the fact that Wednesday, the 15th inst., was an unpleasant and rainy day, over 3000 people turned out to witness the sports meeting. The gate money amounted to close on £150, and from other sources (nominations, members' tickets, etc.) another £150 is expected, so that the balance-sheet will probably show a credit balance. The meeting was conducted in a manner characteristic of the society, which has earned quite a reputation in this respect. The Marist Brothers' team won the schools' relay race, which each year proves one of the most interesting events on the programme. A word of praise is due to all the directors, but particularly to the superintendent of sports (Mr. C. W. Matheson) and to the secretary (Mr. B. E. Murphy) for the excellent manner in which they carried out their arduous duties.

The annual meeting of the Athletic Football Club was held in the Catholic Club Rooms on Friday. Mr. G. W. Woods presided over a large attendance. In the favorable report submitted to the meeting, feeling reference was made to the death of Mr. L. W. J. Morton, who had for many years been an active supporter of the club. After the usual routine business had been disposed of, the following officers were elected:—President, Mr. G. W. Woods; vice-presidents, Mr. H. Grace (active), and Messrs. R. Ryan, M. P. Scully, P. Scully, J. McMahon, C. Matheson, T. Cavanagh, T. McGrath, Jun., Rev. Father Kavanagh, and the Rev. Bro. Arthur; secretary, Mr. E. Prendergast; captain, Mr. J. Ryan; deputy, Mr. R. J. Timpany; committee—Messrs. P. J. Scully, J. Ferry, J. Giffedder, M. Timpany, W. Tansey, P. Maloney, R. J. Timpany, E. Horan, J. D'Arcy, J. Stapleton, and J. Scully; selection committee—captain, deputy captain, and Mr. P. J. Scully; delegates to S.R.F.U.—Messrs. G. W. Woods, H. Grace and P. J. Scully. Fifteen new members were elected to the club at the meeting, which was a most enthusiastic one. A committee was set up to make arrangements in connection with the match to be played against the Celtic team in Timaru, at Easter. The balance-sheet showed a credit of £1.

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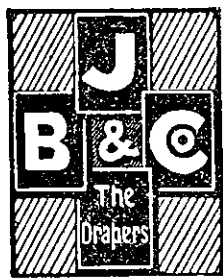
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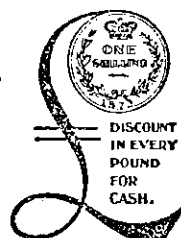
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Irish News

ARMAGH—A Popular Postmaster

Much regret is felt at many points throughout the North of Ireland at the death of Mr. Matthew Creighton, the popular postmaster of Portadown. Mr. Creighton took suddenly ill early on Sunday morning, January 29, and passed away within a couple of hours, fortified by the last rites of the Church. He had been 43 years in the postal service, first joining it in Monaghan—his native town—going afterwards to Belfast, and later being transferred to various important stations in the north, including Dunganon, Armagh, Strabane, Omagh, and last of all Portadown.

The Expelled Portuguese Nuns

His Eminence Cardinal Logue has sent a contribution of £5 to the fund being raised for the Irish nuns who were lately exiled from Portugal, robbed of their property and patrimony, by the Portuguese Republican Government.

Cardinal Logue and the Protestant Primate

In Armagh Courthouse on January 26, a meeting was held under the presidency of Mr. McCrum, D.L., for the purpose of organising a presentation to Miss Alexander, daughter of the retiring Protestant Primate, Archbishop Alexander, on the occasion of her leaving Armagh. The attendance, which was representative of all creeds and classes in the primatial city, included his Eminence Cardinal Logue, who in the course of a speech said he had an opportunity of knowing what Miss Alexander had done. Her work was done with great efficiency and without ostentation. She went among the people like a sunbeam, bringing light into their lives, and she was a prime mover in the most useful work of the city, the Nursing Association. She was a very pleasant neighbor, and it was but right they should give her a testimonial of their esteem, showing how much they valued her and her illustrious father. He, too, was a delightful neighbor, always agreeable. He occupied a considerable place in literature, and it was an honor to their city to have him among them; as, indeed, it also was to have Miss Alexander, who had written a charming book on Armagh, showing that she inherited the distinguished talent of her distinguished father, and no less distinguished mother.

ANTRIM—Candid Testimony

Under the auspices of the Irish Patriotic Union a lecture was delivered recently by Mr. Rollins in the Central Hall, Rosemary street, Belfast. Mr. W. Mayes, Lisburn, who presided, said he was a Protestant Irishman, and he had not the slightest doubt that a measure of self-government would tend to develop the country's resources and advance its material interests. It was his good fortune to have lived for some time in Australia, and he did not think there was a solitary Australian in that vast continent who would exchange his place with any resident in Ireland who was governed from outside. The vast majority of the people of Australia were English, though Irishmen formed a very large percentage of the population. In his time several Catholic Irishmen were at the head of affairs, but there was not the slightest question about their religion. He thought it was a great insult to the oldest Christian Church to say that because men belonged to it they were not fit for self-government. The whole thing was absurd on the face of it.—Mr. Rollins, who was cordially received, said the London *Daily Mail* had to a large extent saved him the trouble of unmasking the Ulster hogey about which they had heard so much. That journal had satisfied a great number of the English people that the whole thing was pure bluff; and, in addition to publishing their correspondent's article on the so-called Ulster revolution, they had published a splendid contribution from Professor Kettle, dealing with the economic aspect of Home Rule, in which the professor proved conclusively that Ireland was well able to pay her way under self-government. Ireland was going to get Home Rule surely, and almost everyone was satisfied as to that. She was a much more important country than either the Isle of Man or the Isle of Wight.

DERRY—Papal Distinction

A most interesting and historic function took place in the Bishop's Rooms, St. Columb's College, Derry, recently, when Bishop McHugh bestowed on Mr. Bernard Hannigan, a well known and respected Derry citizen, the Cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. At the same time he handed Mr. Hannigan—henceforth Chevalier Hannigan—the parchments signed by his Holiness the Pope and his secretary, Cardinal Merry del Val, constituting him a Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great. Derry Catholics highly appreciate the honor paid Mr. Hannigan, as representative of the Catholic community, by his Holiness.

DUBLIN—Refuting Calumnies

The quarterly meeting of the Council of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland was held on January 27 at Upper O'Connell street, Dublin, Very Rev. Father Thomas,

O.S.F.C., presiding. The report, which was read by the secretary, stated that on the 10th of October a letter was received from the Right Rev. Dr. Cleary, Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, saying that he had been commissioned by the Catholic Truth Society of Australia to establish agencies, with the co-operation of the ecclesiastical authorities, in various countries, to which they might appeal by letter or by cable for correct information whenever anything appeared in the columns of their secular press reflecting gravely on Catholic persons and Catholic institutions. His Lordship stated that he had succeeded in establishing such agencies in most of the Spanish-speaking countries of Central and South America, and in the United States, and asked that the Catholic Truth Society should undertake similar work in Ireland. The Council informed his Lordship, in reply, that they would be most happy to comply with his request. Needless to say, no more useful or necessary work could be undertaken by the Irish Catholic Truth Society.

Christian Brothers' Past Pupils' Union

The first annual meeting of the Christian Brothers' Past Pupils' Union was held in the Mansion House, Dublin, on Thursday night, January 26. Mr. E. H. Kearney, B.L., who was unanimously selected president for the coming year, delivered a most humorous address, which was enjoyed by the audience and punctuated throughout with cheers. He concluded by saying that an attractive programme of social events would be arranged as soon as possible. The chairman announced that the vice-presidents were Right Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork; Mr. T. F. Molony, K.C.; Right Rev. Mgr. Mannix, President Maynooth College; Dr. Denis J. Coffey, President University College; Messrs. J. P. Nammetti, J.P., M.P., T.C.; R. J. Kelly, B.L.; Cahill; S. Murphy, LL.B.; Rev. Terence J. Cullen; Mr. Thomas Sexton; the hon. treasurer, Mr. A. J. Keogh; the trustees, Messrs. Hugh Kennedy and Charles Dawson; the hon. sec., Mr. J. H. D. Molony.

The Royal Visit

Though the Royal stay in Ireland next July will be very brief, the King and Queen will hold a Court and Levee in Dublin (writes the London correspondent of the *Irish News*). They will not travel outside that city, however, according to present arrangements. It is stated on good authority that the Irish 'loyalists' and their aiders and abettors on this side are straining all their forces to secure the removal of Lord Aberdeen from Dublin Castle before the Royal visit. They are operating at Windsor after their own fashion; and the signal has been given to make matters so unpleasant in Ireland for the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen during the next three months that their Excellencies may be ragged into resignation. On the other hand, several shrewd Tories are endeavoring to moderate the efforts of their more energetic brethren—and sisters—by dwelling on the bad effect on the minds of the Irish people which would be inevitably produced by the departure of Lord and Lady Aberdeen under circumstances readily appreciated by the populace. This consideration has not abated the zeal of the conspirators; and if the Scottish nobleman and his lady continue in their places, it can be understood that they remain at the head of affairs in the Castle of Dublin in defiance of the most resolute and unscrupulous attempts to dislodge them that the Conservative Party, politically and socially, are able to make in the way of dislodging them.

KING'S COUNTY—Damages and Costs

A settlement was intimated in the King's Bench in a case in which Rev. Michael J. Crowe, Birr, King's County, sought damages from the Great Southern and Western Railway Company for injuries sustained in the Roscrea accident. Mr. Justice Gibson made an order that plaintiff be paid out £200 lodged in Court, being part of a total sum of £815 to be paid to him, with costs.

MAYO—Death of a Well-known Citizen

Widespread regret is expressed at the death of Mr. Michael Gilmartin, father of the Right Rev. Dr. Gilmartin, Bishop of Clonfert, which occurred in Castlebar on January 27. Mr. Gilmartin was very highly respected, and was in his 79th year.

WATERFORD—Bishop Sheehan and Savings Bank

At a recent meeting of the trustees of the Waterford Savings Bank, a letter was read from the Right Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford, tendering his resignation as a trustee, in accordance with the decree recently issued by the Holy See forbidding ecclesiastics to retain any position having a pecuniary responsibility. His Lordship expressed his regret at having to sever his connection with the bank—a connection which the successive holders of the See of Waterford and Lismore had cheerfully maintained since its very opening day, 94 years ago. On the motion of Mr. A. Nelson, D.L., J.P., seconded by Mr. J. N. White, J.P., the trustees passed a resolution expressing profound regret at his Lordship's resignation.

WEXFORD—Spread of Temperance

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show that the number of cases of persons convicted for drunkenness latterly is only about one-seventh of the number compared with twelve or fourteen years ago. A large number of both men and women have joined the Total Abstinence Association, and the demoralising practice of supplying drink at threshings has practically been wiped out.

GENERAL

The Department of Agriculture

Mr. T. W. Russell has informed a press representative that he knows nothing of the statement that he intended to resign the Vice-Presidency of the Department of Agriculture, which had been in circulation. Mr. Russell had nothing to say on the matter.

The Torch of Faith

Eight nations (the *Catholic Herald* notes) had the torch of faith enkindled from the altars of Ireland. Germany honors 150 Irish saints, France 45, Belgium 30, Italy 13, Sweden and Iceland 8. Austria's patron is St. Colman, Franconia's St. Killian, Flanders St. Livinus, Switzerland's St. Gall, Northern Italy's St. Rumold. Besides these Irish saints, Austria specially honors St. Fridolin, Calabria SS. Frigidian and Cataldus, and Strasburg St. Virgilius.

Mayoral Elections

The Mayoral elections in Ireland resulted very much as was expected. Alderman Farrell was elected Lord Mayor of Dublin. He is a Nationalist and a Catholic. If a Protestant Home Ruler could have been found for the position a number of Nationalist Councillors would have advocated his election. Protestant Nationalists have been Lord Mayors of Dublin in recent years—Sir Thomas Pile and Mr. Shanks among the number. In Wexford a Protestant Home Ruler, Mr. Howard Rowe, was elected Mayor by a Catholic Council, and at Carrick-on-Suir a Catholic Council elected Mr. J. E. Grubb, a Protestant gentleman, as chairman. Needless to say, where the Unionists are in a majority they show no reciprocity of such tolerance. In Derry and Belfast Catholics, as usual, are steadfastly refused all office or eminence in the gift of the Corporations. In Omagh, where the Unionists have captured a majority of the local Board, numbering 11 to 10 Nationalists, they have stuffed the committees with overpowering majorities of their own opinions. In Sligo Alderman O'Donnell was elected Mayor. In Cork the O'Brienites have secured the Mayoral chair by force of Unionist votes, returning the compliment by selecting a Unionist for the first nomination as High Sheriff. In Limerick Mr. William Holiday, J.P., was proposed as City Sheriff, Mr. Holiday being a Protestant. A Catholic Councillor, Mr. James Quin, J.P., was also proposed. By 20 votes to 17 the Protestant was elected. In Ballina Mr. Bernard Egan, a prominent O'Brienite, was a candidate for membership of the Urban Council. He was defeated. Lord Bandon was unanimously elected chairman of the Bandon Urban Council. Mr. Larmine, a Conservative, was elected chairman of the Castlebar Urban Council, while in Thurles, an entirely Catholic district, a Protestant, Mr. Johnson, was elected vice-chairman by a two-to-one majority. In the Dublin contest, Alderman McWalter, a Nationalist, proposed two Protestant Home Rulers, Councillors Beattie and Crozier, for the Lord Mayoralty, but neither would accept nomination.

A Home Rule Triumph

By 137 votes to 97 the members of the Cambridge Union recently passed a motion in favor of the immediate grant of self-government to Ireland. The resolution was moved in an unusually good speech by Mr. Baker (of King's College), a son of Mr. Allen Baker, the Radical member for East Finsbury, and the opposition was led by Mr. Napier (also of King's College). Mr. Stephen Gwynn, M.P., presented the Nationalist aspect of the case, and after a prolonged debate the motion was carried as stated. One of the best speeches against the motion came from Mr. Ross, son of Mr. Justice Ross, of the Irish Land Court, who made an excellent impression. The only previous resolution passed at Cambridge in favor of Home Rule was on the occasion of Mr. Dillon's visit in June last, which, however, was only carried by the casting vote of the president, so that the figures in the recent division mark a distinct advance in pro-Irish feeling amongst the members of the Union. Oxford has also twice adopted a Home Rule resolution in recent years, one of these occasions being when Mr. John Redmond visited the Union some four or five years ago.

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People We Hear About

Madame Curie, the joint discoverer of radium, who has just been narrowly defeated in a contest for membership of the French Academy, was attacked during her candidature with being a Jewess. Madame Curie replied that she is a Catholic, and, being of Polish birth, has always been a member of the Catholic Church.

It will interest many to know (says an exchange) that among living descendants of great men of letters, the following are Catholic:—A daughter each of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Nathaniel Parker Willis, and Canon Kingsley; grandchildren of Charles Dickens and Bulwer Lytton; all the direct descendants of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, and nephews and nieces of Thackeray, Hallam, and Froude.

The Duke of Norfolk is a man of the moment, as in his hands are many of the preparation for the coming Coronation. His place, Derwent Hall, is not far from Sheffield, and in that district he has long been famed for his business-like qualities and homely practical characteristics. An amusing story is told in this connection. Some time ago he was invited to turn the first sod of the Sheffield District Railway. As usual on such occasions, a piece of turf had been loosened beforehand at the spot where the ceremony was to take place, and the officials handed the Duke a smart spade with an ebony shaft and a blade of silver wherewith to lift the sod into an equally splendid wheelbarrow. But that was not his Grace's style of sod-cutting. He did things in a more practical manner; he inserted the costly spade into the hard earth and proceeded to drive it well home with his foot so as to bring up a good spadeful of soil. Naturally the blade of the spade doubled up under this treatment; but the Duke finished his task, and, looking ruefully at the toy, said: 'I will have it put to rights again!' But it was an object-lesson for the spectators.

Lady Herbert of Lea, whose illness is occasioning much anxiety to her many friends (says the *Catholic Herald*), is perhaps one of the most notable of English Catholics, and yet one of the humblest, so far as personal manner and self-esteem are concerned. Born in 1822, the daughter of General Charles A. Court, Lady Herbert married in 1846 the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert, who was Secretary for War in 1859-61. Left a widow in the latter year, she was then the mother of four sons, the eldest of whom is now Earl of Pembroke, and three daughters, one of whom is the present Marchioness of Ripon. In 1866 Lady Herbert became a convert to the Catholic Church, and since then she has worked with unceasing assiduity in connection with works of Catholic charity and Catholic piety. She is president of the Association of Perpetual Adoration and of the General Council of the Needlework Guild. In addition to that, she has been a somewhat voluminous writer of hagiology, biography, and fiction. Her piety is heroic. On one occasion she is credited with having taken up the broom of a London crossing-sweeper and relieved him of his duties in that occupation while he went to Mass on a Holiday of Obligation. Your sympathetic article on Lady Herbert of Lea contains an anecdote (writes Dom. O. Hunter-Blair in the *Catholic Herald*), which is fathered—or rather mothered—on entirely the wrong person; I mean the incident of the crossing-sweeper who was relieved of his broom in order that he might be able to hear Mass. The protagonist of this little episode was not Lady Herbert, but Lady Georgiana Fullerton, another member of a remarkable group of great ladies—many of them Scotswomen, and nearly all converts to the Catholic Church—of whom the venerable chatelaine of Herbert House is the last survivor. The group included, besides the two already mentioned, the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch and Argyll, the Marchioness of Lothian and Londonderry, the Countess of Newburgh, and one or two more. Intellectually the most notable of them all was Lady Georgiana Fullerton, who was a sister of the eminent Liberal statesman, the late Earl Granville, and was a woman of remarkable literary gifts, evidenced by the striking series of religious novels—'Grantley Manor,' 'Ladybird,' and others—published by her a generation ago. Lady Georgiana was at once a great lady of the old school and a model of Christian simplicity and humility. Her dress was invariably plain almost to meanness, and her kindness and charity were inexhaustible. There is nothing inherently impossible, or even improbable, in the story of the crossing-sweeper as applied to her, though I cannot guarantee its genuineness. Anyhow, it has always been told of her; whereas there are good and sufficient reasons why Lady Herbert could not possibly have been the heroine of it. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.* It is a worn-out broom, not a palm-branch, which is in question here; still, the principle is the same.

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SOME REMINISCENCES OF A COLLECTOR OF IRISH FOLK-MUSIC

In 1851 a society was founded in Dublin for the Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland, which included among its members a large number of the nobility and other influential persons of Ireland, with Dr. George Petrie, the great archaeologist, as president (writes Dr. P. W. Joyce in the *Catholic Book Bulletin*). About that time, when I was still a very young man, I came to reside in Dublin, and soon became interested in the new movement. For I had spent the preceding part of my life in my native valley in the heart of the Ballyhoura mountains in Limerick, where the people were passionately fond of dancing, singing, and music of all kinds. Their pastimes, occupations, and daily life were mixed up with tunes and songs. The women sang at the spinning-wheel; ploughmen whistled their melancholy plough-tunes to soothe the horses; girls sang their gentle milking-songs, which the cows enjoyed, and kept quiet under their influence; parents and nurses put their children to sleep with their charming lullabies; laborers beguiled their work with songs of various kinds, to which their fellow-workmen listened with quiet enjoyment; and, at the last scene of all, the friends of the dead gave vent to their sorrow in a heart-moving *keen* or lament. And besides our professional musicians, we had amateur singers, fifers, fiddlers, pipers everywhere. Yet this richly stored valley was never examined for Irish music before my time.

I loved that graceful music from childhood, and I learned all the tunes—or, I should rather say, they clung to my memory—almost without any effort of my own, like the words and phrases of my native language, so that I could whistle or sing, or play them on my little fife with the utmost facility.

On the fine summer evenings, especially on Sundays, the boys and girls collected at the cross-roads in the village to have a dance, while the old people looked on complacently, thinking of their own youthful days. Ned Goggin, our professional fiddler, supplied the music, and went home in the end with his pockets well filled with coppers. The dancing, too, was often varied by a song from some favorite

singer. And all that devotion to harmless sports among our people never interfered with their daily work. Some of the greatest lovers of music that I can now recall were among the most industrious and hard-working and prosperous of the people.

That cross-roads is there still, but there is no longer any music or dancing or singing!

Soon after my arrival in Dublin, a copy of the Society's prospectus fell into my hands, in which they asked for contributions of Irish music. Though I knew a vast number of Irish airs, and suspected that some of them had not been published, I had not the least notion that a great wealth of unpublished Irish melody was preserved in my memory; for up to that time I had no opportunity of examining the printed collections. With the prospectus in my pocket, I called one day on Dr. Petrie, and saw him for the first time at his house, No. 67 Rathmines road, which is now occupied by the Rathmines Public Library. I introduced myself, and told him the object of my visit. He soon made me quite at home, for I was a bit nervous in presence of the great scholar and antiquary. He was then an old gentleman, with a charming way about him, gentle, unpretentious, and kindly, and full of pleasant, genial talk. At his request, I whistled or hummed half a dozen tunes. He was evidently surprised—almost taken aback, indeed—for he never heard them before, and was charmed with them. Asked could I write music: Yes. Then he requested me to come to him with a couple of dozen tunes written down. I promised, taking care to tell him that all this was for love of the thing, not for pay, which I did not want.

With a little book filled with airs, all from memory, I returned at the end of a week. The good doctor looked at the MS., and fell upon it much as a gold miner might fall upon a great and unexpected nugget. And so commenced my collection of Irish airs, at first entirely from memory; all of which I handed over to Dr. Petrie, book after book, according as each was filled. And this continued for several years. But I kept copies of all—most fortunately; for after Petrie's death in 1866, his musical MSS. fell into other hands, among them my books, which I never saw again.

Then I always kept a bit of music paper in my pocket; and whenever an old air came up from the depths of my

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memory, whether at home or on the roads, or in the fields, or in a Dublin street, out came paper and pencil, and down went the first bar. When my memory was becoming nigh exhausted, I went among the people during vacations, and took down their tunes, till a very large collection accumulated.

As a curious illustration of how some of these old Irish airs were captured as prisoners, I will instance the air called 'The Orangeman' (published in my *Old Irish Folk Music and Songs*, p. 4). There are still some old people to the fore who, like myself, can recall the great snow and wind storm of February 15, 1838. It began in the morning and continued coming down in volumes without intermission all that day and night. About 11 o'clock that morning, Ned Goggin, on his way to his home up in the mountain gap, called at our house for shelter till the snow should cease. He sat by the kitchen fire till he was well thawed, and then to our great delight he drew out his fiddle from its case, and began to play. Tune followed tune, till at last he struck up the 'Orangeman,' at which we were delighted; for the air is a beautiful minor one, and Ned played it well. I was then only eleven years old, and, of course, could not write music; but he played it over and over till I learned it perfectly. Years passed by. I was in Dublin, and was diligently recalling all my tunes for Dr. Petrie, as I have said, but the 'Orangeman' had not yet come forward; and it might have been forgotten and lost, but for a dream. In the middle of one winter night, the great snow with Ned Goggin and his music passed before me—*trem neut*, as the Irish song-writers would say—'through my dream'; and I woke up actually whistling the tune. Greatly delighted, I started up—a light, a pencil, and a bit of paper, and there was the first bar securely captured; the bird was, as it were, caught and held by the tail.

For some years after my first interview with Petrie I was a pretty constant visitor; and on many a Sunday afternoon he and Professor Eugene O'Curry and myself sat at the fire in his study discussing Irish airs and songs, preparatory to publication in Petrie's book; for O'Curry's memory was as deep a store of Irish songs as mine was of the airs. The little grate is still there, with its cheerful fire as of old; and now, on my way to the library, I often stand before it with my mind running back to old times.

PREVENTION OF DISASTERS AT SEA

The installation of wireless apparatus on the U.S.S. Company's vessels and the proposed erection of wireless stations in various parts of New Zealand direct attention to the many devices that have come into use of recent years for the prevention of accidents at sea, and making travel by modern steamships as safe, if not safer, than travelling by land. The whole world is familiar with lifeboats, life-preservers, and water-tight bulkheads, but there are few, even among travellers, who have any idea of the number of devices a modern passenger steamer carries with the object of making the lives of those on board absolutely secure. The unsinkable rather than the unbeatable steamship is the object for which the great marine constructors of the world are striving to-day. Speed is frequently sacrificed for safety, but steamship owners and agents say safety is never sacrificed for speed. However much of truth there may be in this, every official, engineer, agent, or employee of a steamship is constantly on the lookout for safety devices, and the originator of such inventions is always sure of a respectful hearing. Let him but make out a plausible case and the company will test his device.

The bridge is the great brain, or nerve centre, of the steamship. From the bridge and its wheelhouse the captain controls the whole anatomy of the vessel. He is as surely in communication with every part of the ship by

means of a network of telephone wires and speaking tubes as is the brain in communication with all portions of the human body by means of the nerves. It is in the wheelhouse that the safety devices centre. Upon its walls are dials and switches and groups of colored lights, telephones, levers, and strange looking instruments whose use no landsman could guess.

Although without the spectacular features of wireless telegraphy, the submarine signalling apparatus is of inestimable value as a safeguard to steamships, especially in foggy or thick weather. This is a simple appliance based on the well known principle of water as a conductor of sound. The apparatus on board consists of a box-like contrivance resembling the receiver of a telephone affixed to the outside hull of the steamship, one on the port and one on the starboard side. Connecting these with the wheelhouse are telephone wires terminating in a telephone ear-piece. On a polished dial, through which the wires pass, are the words 'Port' and 'Starboard,' in a small ebony switch. When the switch is turned to 'Port' only sounds on that side may be heard, and vice versa.

In each of the boxes affixed to the hull is a bell, which in foggy weather is automatically sounded by electricity. Lightships and lighthouses are equipped with similar apparatus, and the ringing of the bells has been heard at distances varying from three to fifteen miles. The sounds are so clear that when the vessel so equipped is at anchor the washing of the waves against the hull and the striking of bits of driftwood is plainly heard in the wheelhouse.

Steam-steering gear has greatly eased the manoeuvring of the giant steamships. Formerly six, eight, or even ten men were required at the wheel during bad weather. Now the great rudder, weighing many thousands of pounds, and 600 or 700 feet distant, responds to the lightest touch of the quartermaster at the wheel.

The 20,000 or 27,000-ton steamship swings from side to side like the needle of the compass as the wheelman spins the wheel which controls the steering gear operating the rudder. It is estimated that the pressure exerted by the water against the rudder in turning from starboard to port on a large steamship going at 23 knots is equal to 80,000 pounds. In sounding fog warnings on the pipes or whistles, it is necessary that they be given with regularity and without intermission. To provide for this there is an electrical clockwork arrangement which at stated intervals sounds the great whistle, which can be heard for miles, and which travellers say is the most fearsome sound that ever entered human ears. That this electrical fog-horn or whistle arrangement is of the very greatest importance to the safety of liners at sea can be easily seen, as most of the collisions between vessels on the ocean are due to running blindly under heavy fog.

Just below the automatic pipe signal is a switchboard used for calling the crews to stations, fire, collision, boat or for any other occasion. Higher up is a square brass box in which there are holes, behind each of which is a red or green electric globe. By watching these the captain, or watch officer, can tell instantly whether or not his side lights are burning, for the instant one of these goes out the box becomes dark.

Another simple device is that for releasing the life rings at the sides and stern at the cry of 'Man overboard!' As soon as this cry is heard or signalled to the wheelhouse the watch officer turns a small wheel, electrically releasing all life rings. If they all fall clear a red globe flashes in a case just above the wheel. The life ring in the rear bears a tube containing a chemical which ignites as soon as it is wet and thus causes a flame to flare up as soon as it touches the water. This may be seen at night for a distance of from two to eight miles.

Telephones with ear pieces as big as dinner plates connect the wheelhouse with the engine-rooms. They are so constructed that the voice in the engine-room may be heard twenty feet away from the telephone in the wheelhouse, but during the roar of a storm the ear-pieces are necessary.

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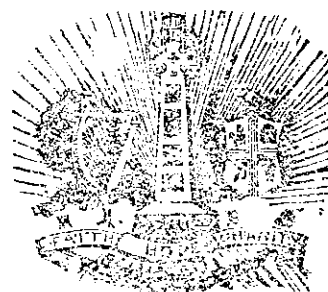
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The Catholic World

BELGIUM—University Students

Mr. William E. Curtis, who is writing a series of travel letters, finds that Catholic Belgium 'has the largest number of university students in comparison to its population of any European country, the latest returns showing 82 for every 100,000 inhabitants. Norway comes next with 77, Germany 57, Austria 56, Italy 51, France 43, England 32, and Russia 10. There is no way of ascertaining the ratio in the United States, because there is no university standard.'

ENGLAND—An Appointment

The *Catholic Weekly* is officially informed that Rev. Father Thomas George, D.D., of St. Joseph's College, Upholland, Wigan, has been appointed as Vice-rector of the Collegio Beda, Rome, in succession to Monsignor Butt, who will shortly be consecrated Bishop of Cambysopolis.

FRANCE—An Abbe Vindicated

Justice for Catholics varies in France, according to the milieu in which it is administered (remarks the *Universe*). As a set-off against the fine of 500 francs inflicted upon Cardinal Luçon, two French newspapers—the notoriously anti-religious *Dépêche de Toulouse*, and the *Petit Méridional* of Montpellier, have both been condemned for libelling the Abbé Santel. Each has to pay 500 francs damages, a fine of 100 francs, and is obliged to publish a retraction in three issues at the estimated cost of 150 francs each. A severe rebuff like this, together with the condemnations passed upon various anti-clerical papers by Bishops, may have a wholesome effect upon the violence of the 'bad press' in France. At all events, the editors who affect to despise the episcopal censures, may prove more sensitive about their balance-sheets.

GERMANY—The Centre Party

In January was celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the formation of the German Centre Party. The party's newspapers record the fact with gratification, and gather from it new courage in face of the new and important problems of the future. The Centre originated in Berlin in a moment when the German Catholics were overwhelmed with storms and difficulty. In June, 1870, Peter Reichensperger published in the columns of the Cologne *Volkszeitung* an appeal to German Catholics urging the formation of a party and the adoption of a settled programme. On June 29, 1870, there was held at Essen the annual Congress of the Catholic Associations of the Rhine and Westphalia, and the assembly pronounced itself fully in accord with the views of Reichensperger. On October 28, 1870, the General Congress of the Catholics of Westphalia formulated a complete programme for the approaching elections to the Prussian Landtag, and adopted as their device the words: 'Truth, Liberty, and Justice.' On January 31, 1871, Malineroth was the first to enter the political arena with the new programme. Fifty-four deputies were elected according to the propositions of the platform. The Centre was thus established firmly in the Landtag. It then became necessary to gain entrance into the Reichstag. That happened on March 3, when 67 deputies were elected. On the twenty-first of the same month it entered the grand legislative assembly of Germany. Thenceforth the Centre held a strong and secure position.

INDIA—Death of an Archbishop

The death is announced of his Grace Archbishop Colgan, of Madras, who passed away on February 12, in the 87th year of his age, and the 67th year of his residence in India. The venerable prelate's death was deeply mourned (says the *Madras Mail*) not alone by the large community over whom he so long presided, and among whom he was so well known for his affability and genial kindness of heart, but by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance. Dr. Colgan was born in Westmeath in 1824, and was educated at Navan Seminary and afterwards at Maynooth College. After being for some time on the mission in the Madras Vicariate, he was appointed Principal of St. Mary's College; later on he became Vicar-Apostolic of Madras, and its first Archbishop in 1886. He was a Fellow and Examiner of the University of Madras, and founder of the Madras Catholic Club.

PORTUGAL—Church and State

In these days of grim political and religious strife (remarks the *Catholic Times*) it is refreshing to read the amusing telegrams sent to the daily papers from Lisbon. For instance, we find the Foreign Minister has informed a deputation of journalists that the decree for the separation of Church and State will be promulgated in a month. And then we are told: 'Good relations exist between the Government and all the Bishops. The Government has made representations to the Vatican expressing its regret that the Pope does not send a representative to Portugal, where the Church has many faithful adherents.' The revolutionists treated the Papal representative with contumely and he withdrew from the country; banished and robbed priests and nuns; subjected the Jesuit Fathers to

ignominious treatment before their expulsion. And now they are surprised that the Pope does not send a representative to Portugal! Amidst their anxieties—they are neither few nor decreasing—the Dictators have preserved their sense of humor. They have been elaborating a scheme of separation between Church and State by which they intend to secure more plunder and to destroy the power of the Church completely, and yet they are on good relations with the Bishops! As in France, so in Portugal, in spite of the despoilers, the Church will become stronger than it has been. When bitter infidels obtain power the connection between Church and State is utilised to obstruct spiritual progress. The Dictators will find it no easy task to disarm by mere phrase-mongering the enemies whom they have been creating at home and abroad by their tyranny and intolerance. The correspondent of the *Times* at Oporto informed the British public recently how the strong Christian feeling of the people in that city and the neighborhood was impelling them to revolt against the persecutors of the Church, who, in accordance with the dictates of the Grand Orient, misgovern the country. It is not merely Monarchists who are opposed to the policy of the Dictators. Republicans are also ill at ease. The Paris correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* states that, in spite of official reports which are intended to show that everything is going well with the new Republic, the situation is far from satisfactory. Senhor Homen Christo, a distinguished Portuguese journalist and Republican who fought for the new régime, has been compelled to leave his country. The Dictators discovered that he neither praised nor flattered them, and that he even ventured to criticise their conduct. This was unpardonable. He has been ostracised, but he quitted Portugal with the conviction that a counter-revolution, which may break out at any time, will put an end to the oppression of the present anti-Christian rulers. Nothing else could be expected in a land where the majority of the people are Christians and as such love justice and hate iniquity.

ROME—The Holy See and Foreign Courts

Readers would be well advised in discounting reports that are regularly set in motion by Continental agencies of a certain class regarding alleged difficulties between the Holy See and foreign courts (says a Rome correspondent). An instance in point is that lately made much of as to the reported determination of Russia to prevent Papal instructions being followed by the Polish clergy. It is quite true that, in virtue of existing arrangements, communications to the Episcopate in the Russian dominions are to be made through the Minister of Public Worship; but this regulation is understood to be limited to questions of a local and personal nature, affecting Russian subjects alone, and in no way extends to Pontifical acts affecting the whole Church. With regard to these, as is well known, the only publication required to make them binding all over the world is their insertion in the official bulletin of the Holy See—the 'Acta Apostolicæ Sedis.'

The Bishop of Sale

Dr. Corbett, the Bishop of Sale, left the Eternal City on January 26 on his way back to his diocese in distant Australia (writes a Rome correspondent). A few days prior to his departure the venerable-looking prelate had a long and interesting audience with the Holy Father, from whom he succeeded in obtaining various privileges and faculties quite out of the common. During his brief stay in Rome his Lordship astonished more than one capable rubricist by that phenomenal gift of investigation into the beaten highways and even the devious byways of liturgical lore for which he enjoys so unique a reputation in Australia. Indeed, the genial prelate's surprising store of information in matters rubrical is only equalled by his unselfishness in sharing it with others.

UNITED STATES—Abbot Gasquet

The Right Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, the Abbot President of the English Benedictines, intends to visit the United States during the coming summer, when he will deliver there a series of lectures on the work being done by the Commission of which he is the head.

A Memorial to Cardinal Gibbons

Plans for a memorial hall to be erected at the Catholic University in Washington, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Cardinal Gibbons' consecration to the priesthood and the twenty-fifth year of his elevation to the Sacred College, were started at two meetings held in that city recently. It is proposed to erect this memorial by public subscription and to call the building the Cardinal Gibbons' Memorial Hall.

GENERAL

Catholics in the British Empire

The total number of Catholics under the British flag is estimated at 12,155,000, and for their ecclesiastical government (says the *Sacred Heart Review*) there are 190 Sees, including those provisional ones known as vicariates and prefectures. British America, with a Catholic population estimated at over 2,890,000, contains 44 of these Sees; British Asia, with its 2,150,000, contains 49; Australasia, with nearly a million, has 31, and British Africa, with 357,000, has 22, of which 20 are provisional.

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THE IRISH TOBACCO CROP

The grading and stripping of the Irish crop of tobacco having been now nearly completed (says the *Freeman's Journal*), we can judge more accurately what has been the yield, and what is the exact value of the quality. Taking an average per acre, it may be said that of the one hundred and twenty acres grown this year in Ireland, there has been about one thousand five hundred pounds' weight of leaf to the acre, or roughly, between sixty and seventy tons of dried leaf, which shows a very handsome increased yield on this over last year's crop.

The last stages of curing the leaf, viz., packing, sweating, fermenting, and getting ready for transport, are now being entered on, and these processes are now being carried out under the supervision of Mr. Keller, the expert of the Department, who, during the past fortnight has visited each of the districts where the crop is grown, or where the curing barns are situated.

It is thought this year Colonel Everard, who has been the great pioneer in this industry, will make an effort to secure all the Irish leaf grown, and also the leaf grown in England and Scotland, which has been sent over to the Irish curing barns to be manipulated and cured, as there are no curing stations in England where the green leaf can be manipulated. However, that is a question of price. No doubt the other Irish tobacco manufacturers who have made 'Irish cured' and 'Irish grown tobacco' a leading article in their trades, will also have a say in the matter, as the Irish grown and Irish cured article has had a phenomenal sale since last season's leaf was put on the market. Colonel Everard has, however, now started a manufactory in Dublin, in which the produce of his own tobacco farms at Randalstown and the leaf grown in other places is now made up, and we are glad to hear the new industry is a most thriving one, in fact, it has grown to such an extent that now premises had to be secured.

No one who is unacquainted with the business would for a moment imagine what a great amount of labor is employed in this industry, and more especially at a time of the year when agricultural labor required is at its slackest season.

The planting, manuring, and weeding in the growing stages give great employment in the spring and early summer season, but it is when the tobacco leaf is being garnered in, and in the barns and curing stations that the chief source of employment is required. Every single leaf has to be picked, handled, sorted, and graded separately, and done with a delicacy and care which is a slow process. They have to be tied and bundled, and in fact the curing process is a tedious and most careful one which needs the most constant care and watchfulness on the part of employees.

We understand the Wexford-grown tobacco this year is considered to be the best yet raised, and to be the finest of the half-dozen tobacco farm lots grown in Ireland. The tobacco growers this year expect high prices for their produce, as the competition to get the Irish-grown leaf will be keen, now that an Irish manufactory in Dublin is started and in full swing, to use up the specially grown Irish weed. It is to be hoped the efforts of Mr. Wm. Redmond, M.P., and others to induce the Chancellor of the Exchequer to extend the bounty to those persons who at present are growing the leaf without getting the exceptional advantages which the experimental growers receive, may be successful in the coming session of Parliament. The few pence' drawback allowed to these growers is too small to meet the trouble and expense of trying the experiment on a large scale. They should be encouraged, now that it is proved the quality of the leaf grown by those who have been experimenting for the last seven years bears the best of comparisons with the foreign leaf, by such a liberal reduction in the duty as would enable them to plant not two or three acres, but the twenty and thirty acres of tobacco farms which would lift the industry to be a national one, and give an enlarged amount of labor and cause a flow of capital into the country which would really benefit a large section of the trading and agricultural population.

His Eminence Cardinal Moran, after the consecration of the new Bishop of Perth, Right Rev. Dr. Clune, C.S.S.R., is to journey some 300 miles to lay the foundation stone of the new Cathedral of St. Francis Xavier, Geraldton. The diocese was formed in 1898, and the Right Rev. Dr. W. B. Kelly, who still rules the Sec, was appointed Bishop. Religion and education is in a very flourishing state throughout the diocese.

Mr. J. J. Savage, the successful candidate this year, is the eighth Rhodes Scholar from Western Australia, and the third representative of the Christian Brothers' College to gain the distinction. He was born at Broken Hill, New South Wales, and went to Western Australia in 1901. His father, Mr. J. J. Savage, had for some years previously been engaged in prospecting in the West, and was one of the pioneers of the Meekatharra district. The new Rhodes Scholar has been attending the Christian Brothers' College for over eight years, and this was the third occasion that he was the candidate from that institution for the scholarship.

Domestic

By MAUREEN

WORTH KNOWING.

If a piece of lard about the size of a nutmeg is added to the water in which any kind of greens are being boiled there will be no boiling over, and no stirring will be required.

When the dustpan begins to wear out, it is a good plan to paste a piece of brown paper inside and outside. When dry, blacklead and polish, and it will last a long time. The paper can be renewed. Coal-scuttles may be treated in this way.

WHEN CREAM WON'T WHIP.

Undoubtedly it is trying, when a particularly nice dish of whipped cream is wanted, to find that, despite one's best efforts, the cream will not whip, but persists in sending off splashes of liquid over table and apron. Don't waste any more time trying to make it do what it won't, but add the white of an egg to the contents of the bowl; let both egg and cream become thoroughly chilled; then try again, and the result will justify the use of the egg. And, by the way, don't forget to cover each egg yolk with cold water, that it may not dry before some use is found for it.

SAVOURY COLD BEEF AND SALAD.

Required—Slices of cold beef, ½ oz of butter, a teaspoonful of chopped onion, made mustard, grated horse radish, pepper and salt, one hard-boiled egg yolk, bread and butter. Cut the beef in slices one-eighth of an inch thick, and of even size; work the eggs, butter, and seasonings together. Put a layer of it on the beef, then some shredded lettuce, and another very thin slice of beef on the top. Put a strip of paper round each beef sandwich, and pack closely together. Serve with salad or bread and butter.

MEXICAN BEEF ROLL.

Required—1 lb of finely chopped lean beef, ½ oz of butter, one beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls of cream, 1 oz bread crumbs, pepper and salt, a little powdered allspice. Season the minced beef with pepper, salt, and allspice, add the butter, cream (or gravy) and bread crumbs. Form all into a neat roll, place on a well-greased tin, and bake for about an hour, basting frequently. Before finishing, dredge the roll with flour, baste with butter, let froth, and brown nicely. Remove from the oven, drain away all the fat, and let the roll remain till cold. Take this whole, or cut in thin slices, to a picnic.

COLD TONGUE IN JELLY.

Required—A tinned or fresh tongue, one pint of good clear stock, one onion stuffed with cloves, ½ oz of gelatine, seasonings. A tinned tongue makes this a good dish, but a fresh one is even better. Put on the stock with seasoning and the onion to cook gently. Meanwhile soak the gelatine. Strain the stock, add the gelatine, let all dissolve, and colour a nice brown. Cut the tongue into thin slices, and arrange in a plain mould or tin, seasoning and scattering chopped parsley over all. When the stock is nearly cold pour it on to the tongue; set a plate over it with a weight on it. When quite set turn out to serve.

WHEN BOILED CUSTARD CURDLES.

Occasionally the housewife, in her haste, prepares boiled custard in an ordinary saucepan, rather than allow the extra time required for scalding the milk in a double boiler. If prepared in this manner there is always danger the custard will curdle, owing to the intense heat to which it is subjected. If it should do this, remove it from the fire instantly, turn into a cold bowl and beat it vigorously with an egg-beater. This frequently makes the custard 'come' again, but if it fails to respond to this treatment, add a level tablespoonful of flour, moistened with cold water, to the curdled mixture, turn it into a double boiler, and return to the fire long enough to cook the flour. Strain after cooking.

HOW TO REMOVE MILDEW FROM WATER-COLOR PICTURES.

If the pictures have browned with mildew nothing will remove the stains (unless dealt with by a professional); but if they have not gone so far as that the following treatment might be attempted: Remove pictures from frames. Brush lightly over the mildewed parts with a fine camel-hair brush to remove any fungus (brush shaped like a tooth-brush, but much longer). Then place near the fire (not too near) to dry off any dampness thoroughly. When quite dry lay on table, and cover the parts with cornflour, rub gently with the brush. Renew cornflour once or twice, and leave the last application on for an hour or more. Place the pictures on a table in a room in which there is a fire. Cover the mildew thickly with finely powdered chalk; leave for a few days, then brush off carefully with a soft camel-hair brush. It may be necessary to repeat this treatment, as mildew is one of the most difficult stains to remove. Rub a slice of freshly-cut potato all over the picture. When dirty take a fresh slice. Wipe over with a silk handkerchief. Thick pieces of cork gummed at the frame corners will keep pictures from the wall and prevent mildew.

Maureen

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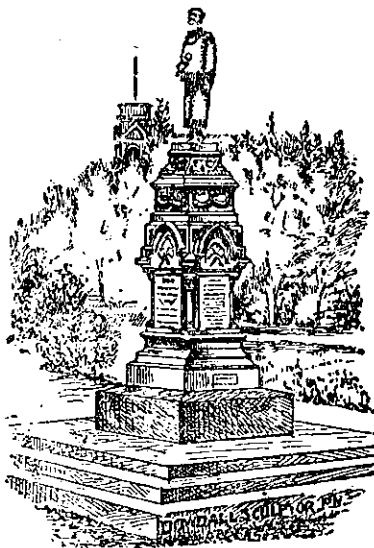
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Science Siftings

BY 'VOLT'

Adopting Greenwich Time.

The clocks of France are soon to be set back nine minutes, and, according to the law recently adopted, they are to mark the time in conformity with the time at the great observatory at Greenwich.

Turbine Engine is Defined.

There are probably few people outside the ranks of engineers who know what a turbine is. 'The best idea I can give of it,' said an engineer, 'is to liken it to those paper windmills which spin on the end of a stick, and which are sold to children in the streets. A turbine, in fact, is like a series of these revolving wheels fixed one behind the other, only instead of being turned by the wind, it is revolved by jets of steam. The turbine wheels turn on a shaft inside a cylinder, in the interior of which are fixed a number of stationary blades which project into the spaces between each wheel. The purpose of these blades is to catch the steam and direct it on to the wheels at an angle where it will exert the most force. As the steam enters the cylinder it is caught by the stationary blades and deflected on to the blades of the first wheel, which are set turning. The steam then passes to the next, until all the wheels are set whirling and the ship is driven through the water.'

Accounting for Milk in the Coconut.

Probably everybody has wondered at times what kind of stuff the 'milk' of the coconut is. One inducement generally held out by the dealer to the prospective purchaser is that the nuts are 'all milky.' Recent analyses, however, have dissipated the delusion that the fluid has anything in common with new milk. It contains only 4 per cent. of solids, consisting chiefly of sugars 2.8 per cent., the balance being made up of mineral matter and tartaric acid. More than half of the sugar present is mannitol, the sweet principle of manna, which is sometimes found also in wine as a product of normal grape sugar. The question has been discussed as to whether it would be profitable to extract the coconut water for the sake of its cane sugar, but as this amounts to only one-tenth per cent., the process would not be commercially successful, in spite of the water being a waste product. Even if the water contained 5 per cent. of sugar, as some specimens appear to have shown, the recovery of this amount would be unprofitable. The juice of the sugar-cane yields nearly 20 per cent. of sugar.

Inventor of the Thermometer.

Thermometers seem to have been invented about the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, though like many other useful inventions, it is not agreed to whom the honor of the first of them belongs. Boerhaave ascribes it to Cornelius Drebel; Fulgenzio to Paolo Sarpi, and Sanctorio claims this honor for himself, being supported by Borelli and Malpighi. But M. Libri, after bestowing a great deal of labor and research on the subject, maintains, principally on the authority of Castelli and Viviani, that Galileo had invented the thermometer prior to 1597, and that Sagrado perfected it. There is nothing improbable, however, in thermometers having been really invented by several different persons, independently of each other, and much about the same time. It took many years before the instrument was developed in its present form. At first it was a very imperfect measurer of temperature, as air only was used in the tube. This was found to be open to the serious defect that the air was affected by every variation in the atmospheric pressure. The Florentine Academy, about the middle of the seventeenth century, began to employ alcohol instead of air, and this form was introduced to Britain by Mr. Boyle. A great defect in early thermometers was that they had no fixed points from which to estimate relative temperatures. It was reserved to the genius of Sir Isaac Newton to suggest in 1701 those points at which water freezes or boils, and this has met with universal acceptance. Newton used linseed oil in his thermometers, but it was found open to many objections. In 1730 Réaumur designed a spirit thermometer, in which the space between freezing and boiling points of water was divided in 80 degrees. This thermometer is still used to some extent in Germany. The mercury thermometer is generally credited to Fahrenheit, of Amsterdam, who described it to the Royal Society of London in 1724.

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Intercolonial

The fund for the completion of St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, now amounts to over £71,000.

The Rev. Father Cogan was welcomed home to Murrumbidgee on Sunday, March 5, by about four hundred parishioners. The popular priest had just returned from a two months' trip to New Zealand. He was presented with a cheque for £95 12s 6d, a gold watch, and a gold-mounted guard; a cross of gold by the ladies, and a silver-mounted umbrella was the gift he received from the children.

On Sunday, March 12, three beautiful stained-glass windows were unveiled and blessed in St. Monica's Church, Essendon (Melbourne), by the Very Rev. Dean Phelan. The chancel window, representing the Crucifixion, costing £260, is the generous gift of the Very Rev. D. B. Nelan. The other windows, representing the Sacred Heart and the Immaculate Conception, costing £60, are respectively the gifts from the sodality of the women's branch of the Sacred Heart and the Children of Mary.

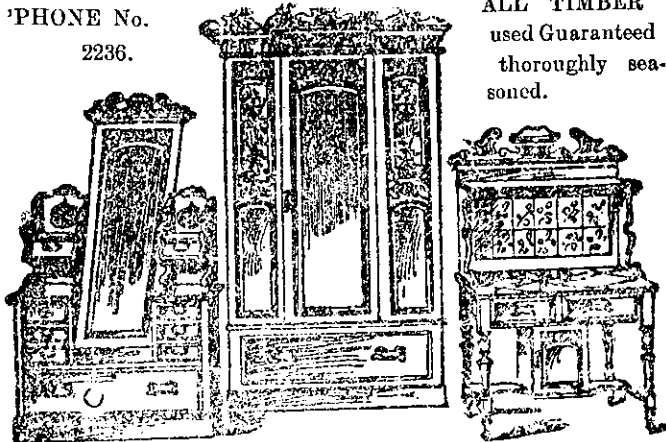
In his Lenten Pastoral the Bishop of Maitland recalls an instance of remarkable interest in the welfare of Catholic education in the diocese—Mr. J. G. Rigney, of Maitland. 'A few years ago,' says Dr. O'Dwyer, 'Mr. Rigney, at his own instance, offered to the Bishop, my venerated predecessor, to provide funds for the permanent endowment of a qualified organiser of our schools. The offer was accepted, and during the last three years the first appointee, a lady qualified with educational diplomas from an English University, has been engaged in promoting the organisation of our schools.'

The Bishop of Sandhurst (Right Rev. Dr. Reville, O.S.A.) and the Bishop of Sale (Right Rev. Dr. Corbett) were given an enthusiastic welcome home. In the course of an interview, Dr. Reville said that during his stay in Ireland there was much rain, rendering it inconvenient for travelling. There were some fine young Irish immigrants on board the steamer on which he travelled, but he regretted that there was considerable opposition in Ireland to the people leaving her shores. Young men were going to America from Ireland despite the discouragement, and it would be much better that they should come to the empty spaces of Australia. At present there was little for the young Irishman to do in his own country. With Home Rule that condition of affairs would be improved.

His Lordship Dr. Reville, Bishop of Sandhurst, who returned to Bendigo on March 1 after an absence of over twelve months in Europe, was accorded a most enthusiastic reception at the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart. In the course of his reply to an address of welcome his Lordship said that since he had been away he had spent some time in England, which they knew was a Protestant country. But he found that in England the Government paid the teachers of Catholic schools, and also furnished them. The caretakers were also paid by the Government. Here in Victoria we were very proud of the mother country, and of the example she set us in many things. He trusted that this example he had mentioned would be emulated by our Government. Catholics would be quite satisfied to give up the public schools, to which they contributed, to the Protestant denomination, and allow them to teach whatever system of religion they might agree upon, if at the same time they received payment for secular instruction. The Catholics were prepared to build their own schools on the same conditions, and to be allowed to teach their own religion. Many of those present had been educated in Catholic schools, and he ventured to say there were no better citizens in Bendigo. His Lordship was presented with a horse and buggy by the Catholics of Bendigo.

Last Monday, by the Orsova, his Eminence Cardinal Moran, his Grace the Archbishop of Hobart (Most Rev. Dr. Delany), his Grace the Archbishop of Wellington (Most Rev. Dr. Redwood, S.M.), and Right Rev. Dr. Gallagher, Bishop of Goulburn, and Right Rev. Mgr. O'Haran arrived at Port Melbourne (says the *Advocate* of March 11). The Cardinal and party were met at the pier by his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, who was accompanied by his private secretary (the Very Rev. J. McCarthy), the Very Revs. W. Quilter and R. Collins being also present. They were guests of the Archbishop of Melbourne till Wednesday, when they left for Perth, W.A., where, on the feast of St. Patrick, March 17, the Cardinal, assisted by the Bishops, will consecrate the Right Rev. Dr. Clune, C.S.S.R., who succeeds Dr. Gibney as Bishop of Perth. The occasional sermon will be preached by the Bishop of Goulburn. The Bishops of Sandhurst, Ballarat, and Sale, and over thirty priests accepted the invitation of his Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne to meet the Cardinal and the other visiting prelates at dinner on Tuesday last. Prelates and priests gathered at the pier on Wednesday afternoon to see the Cardinal and party off by the Orsova. The following priests of the archdiocese were also passengers for Fremantle:—Rev. J. Manly (Kew), Rev. R. S. Benson (South Yarra), Rev. J. J. Cusack (Gordon), Rev. J. J. Cusack (St. Kilda East).

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RULES FOR SPELLERS

On words containing the letters 'ei' and 'ie,' the following poem contains a rule easily remembered:

When 'ei' and 'ie' both spell 'e'
How can we tell which it shall be?
Here is a rule you may believe,
That never, never will deceive,
And all such troubles will relieve,
A simpler rule you can't conceive.
It is not made of many pieces,
To puzzle daughters, sons or nieces,
Yet with all the trouble ceases.
After 'c,' an 'e' apply;
And other letters 'i.'
Thus a general in a siege,
Writes a letter to his liege.
Or an army hold its field
And will never deign to yield
While a soldier holds a shield,
Or has strength his arm to wield.
Two exceptions we must note,
Which all scholars learn by rote;
Leisure is the first of these,
For the second we have seize.
Now you know the simple rules,
Learn it, quick, and off to school!

THE LUCK OF FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER

'You don't mean to tell me,' said Uncle Jacob, looking horrified, 'that not one of you has ever found a four-leaved clover? Well, well, well.'

Bernice and Rachel, the twins, and Chrissy, the nine-year-old, looked as ashamed as they felt. Plainly, Uncle Jacob considered it a serious thing never to have found a four-leaved clover.

'I didn't know there was such a thing as a four-leaved clover,' said Chrissy, determined to make a clean breast of it.

Uncle Jacob shook his head. 'I've always had my suspicions about those city schools. What do they teach, if they leave out such important things? Of course, if you've never even heard of four-leaved clovers you don't know how there came to be four-leaved clovers at all?'

No, they didn't; but they wanted to learn.

'Well, at least, you know that the queen of the fairies made all the clovers?' said Uncle Jacob.

The twins and Chrissy didn't really know that, either, but they kept silence; they were not going to display any more ignorance.

One day she was making clovers at a great rate, being an industrious fairy; but somehow or other she made a mistake in counting, for when she finished she had a whole clover-leaf left over. She thought it would be a terrible thing to waste it, being an economical fairy. In the midst of her perplexity she had a brilliant idea, being a clever fairy. She added the extra leaf to a clover, and gave it the fairy blessing, being a kindly-disposed fairy. And so, from that time out, whoever finds a four-leaved clover is a very lucky person.

'Now,' concluded Uncle Jacob, 'I have a plan. Out there behind the orchard is a whole big meadow of clover. You three may look for four-leaved clovers to-morrow, and the one who finds the first four-leaved clover shall go with me to town the day after to-morrow, and we'll have a jamboree.'

The twins and Chrissy were immensely excited. They had only been a fortnight at Mount Hope Farm, but in that time they had learned what a 'jamboree' with Uncle Jacob meant. All that night they dreamed of finding four-leaved clovers, and after breakfast the next morning they were ready for the clover meadow.

'Dear me!' said Aunt Mary, with a sigh, as she went through the hall, 'there's that bottle of medicine Doctor Fair left here last night for Teddy Andrews. It ought to go down this morning, but I don't see how I'm ever going to get time to take it.'

Chrissy heard her just as she was going out of the door. Chrissy stopped short. The twins were already scrambling over the fence. Chrissy thought of the jamboree just once. Then she said: 'I'll run down to the Andrews' with Teddy's medicine, Aunt.'

'Thank you, Chrissy; that will be a real help to me,' said Aunt Mary, who didn't know anything about the clover-leaf compact.

Uncle Jacob saw Chrissy starting off with the bottle. 'Well, well, well!' he said.

Chrissy had seen Teddy Andrews before, and felt very sorry for him. He was just seven, and was ill with spinal trouble. He had to lie on the sofa all the time. This morning she found him crying.

'O Teddy, what's the matter?' she said.

'Johnny said he would read me the new fairy story Aunt May sent me this morning,' sobbed Teddy, 'and now

he's gone off fishing, and there's nobody to read; and I'm so tired of being sick and lonesome.'

Chrissy in her mind's eye saw the twins in clover. But she said briskly: 'I'll read it to you, Teddy boy. Here, give me the book.'

Chrissy read all the morning. The story was a long one, and Teddy was wild to know the end. He listened with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, and when Chrissy finished he said: 'Oh, thank you ever so much. It was just splendid. I'll think about it all the afternoon, and not be a bit lonesome.'

Chrissy promised to come again soon and read to him. Then she walked soberly home to dinner. She thought she had lost all chance of the jamboree; but when the twins came in to dinner neither of them had yet found a four-leaved clover.

'I'm afraid the fairy queen forgot to make any this year,' said Rachael sorrowfully.

After dinner, back hurried the determined twins. Chrissy stayed to help Aunt Mary with the dinner dishes, and then she, too, started for the field. In the yard she met little Nora Lee.

'Please, I've come to learn the song,' said Nora shyly.

Chrissy had met Nora in Sunday school and had promised that if Nora came up to Mount Hope some day, she would teach her the loveliest new song she had learned in Sunday-school at home. But she had not known Nora would come just when it was so necessary she should be looking for four-leaved clover.

'Come in,' she said heartily. 'We'll go right at it.'

It was three o'clock before Nora had learned the song and gone home. Chrissy was tired and warm, but no twin had yet turned up with a four-leaved clover, and the jamboree was still to be won. As Chrissy went through the kitchen Aunt Mary got up off the sofa with a sigh.

'Dear me! I must make a cake for the men's tea. And how my head does ache!'

For a moment Chrissy thought she couldn't—no, she couldn't! Then she did. 'Aunt, I'll make the cake, and you go and lie down. Oh, yes, indeed, you must. I can make plain cake splendidly, and I like doing it.'

'You are the greatest little help that ever was, Chrissy,' said Aunt Mary, gratefully. 'I believe I'll have to let you. I can hardly hold my head up. I'll go and lie down upstairs.'

Chrissy lighted a fire, put on an apron, mixed the cake, and baked it. Uncle Jacob looked in at the window once and saw her.

'Well, well, well!' he said to himself.

Then tea-time came, and when the twins came in to tea, lo, and behold! neither of them had yet found a four-leaved clover! But they were determined that they would.

Chrissy made her third start for the clover meadow; but she saw Aunt Mary, who hadn't eaten any supper, and who had a little wrinkle of pain between her eye-brows, packing a basket in the pantry.

'Where are you going with that basket?' said Chrissy. 'I don't think you ought to be up at all. Please go and lie down.'

'I must take this basket of eatables down to old Aunt Sally,' said Aunt Mary. 'She is very poor, and I fear she is out of provisions. I forgot about it before, so I mustn't put it off any longer.'

'I'll take it down to Aunt Sally,' said Chrissy.

'Child, I'm afraid you are too tired. You've been running my errands all day, Chrissy.'

'That is what nine-year-old legs are for,' said Chrissy, laughing. 'I'm not a bit tired, and I haven't a headache.'

Uncle Jacob saw Chrissy starting off with her basket, and he said: 'Well, well, well!'

It was nearly dark when Chrissy got back. She was tired, and her face was a wee bit sober, for she knew it was too late now to look for lucky clovers. The dew was falling, and Aunt Mary never let them stay out after dewfall. Then Chrissy just happened to look down, and there at her feet was a big clump of clover. She bent over it, and gave a joyful little cry. Right under her hand were three four-leaved clovers, such big, luxuriant clovers that they must have cost the fairy queen some economical twinges.

Chrissy picked the clovers, and her feet went twinkling up the lane, forgetting all about being tired. Uncle Jacob was sitting on the verandah, and the twins were there, too, rather tired and cross.

'O girls,' gasped Chrissy, 'did you find any four-leaved clovers? I've found three!'

'See, there, now,' said Uncle Jacob, 'I expected you would. It's an odd thing—I forgot to comment on this before—that the folks who go looking for four-leaved clovers hardly ever seem to find them. It's the folks who go about doing little duties and kindnesses, and thinking about other people, that find the luck. Well, Chrissy, we'll have the jamboree, sure enough.'

Chrissy looked at the twins' disappointed faces.

'Please, Uncle Jacob,' she said, 'can't Rachael and Bernice go, too? You see, I found three clovers.'

'So you did; so you did! That's always the way. People like you find so much luck that it spills over into other people's way, even when they don't deserve it. Yes, we'll take the twins, too. Now, run up to bed, and get your beauty sleep for to-morrow.'

And that night they all dreamed again of finding four-leaved clovers; but Chrissy slept with it under her pillow,

HE HAD DONE HIS BEST

The point of the following story from the New York *Tribune* is not too fine for everyday economists to perceive. It carries a lesson which ought to interest purchasers as well as manufacturers:

A merchant who had a big trade in alбата (alloy) spoons decided that he ought to get them from the manufacturer at a lower price. The manufacturer, on the other hand, said that he could not make any reduction unless he put more lead into the composition.

'All right; use more lead,' replied the merchant.

Before long he wanted a second reduction. The manufacturer made the same reply, and was again told to use more lead.

After a while the merchant wanted the spoons at a still cheaper price, but the manufacturer wrote that he could not possibly submit to a further cut.

'Put in more lead,' wrote the merchant.

'Can't,' answered the manufacturer. 'The last lot I sent you were all lead.'

SHE HAD AN ADVANTAGE

A distinguished actress was one day having her hair dressed by a young woman at her home. The actress was very tired and quiet, but a chance remark from the dresser made her open her eyes and sit up.

'I should have went on the stage,' said the young woman complacently.

'But,' returned the actress, 'look at me—think how I have had to work and study to gain what success I have, and win such fame as is now mine!'

'Oh, yes,' replied the young woman calmly; 'but then I have talent.'

A DISCIPLE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

The great detective climbed through the kitchen window, followed by his faithful ally.

'Ah,' he exclaimed, surveying the surroundings, 'I find that his wife is away!'

'And how long has she been away?' asked his ally.

'Exactly thirty days.'

'And how on earth are you able to tell that?'

'My dear fellow, by the unwashed dishes and cups and saucers. There are ninety of each in all, which shows that he has used three a day for thirty days, and left them for her to wash when she comes home—same as we all do. Simplest thing in the world, my dear fellow—simplest thing in the world!'

AN ESSAY ON BABIES

Here is an essay on babies by an English board school-boy:—'Babys are of two sects, male and female, and are also very fat. When very young they do not have much hair. They are always asleep only when crying. Women and girls go silly over babys, and kiss them all over and say silly things. That's why girls have dolls when they haven't any little brothers. Everybody 'as to be a baby first. That's all I know about babys.'

TAKING NO CHANCES

Jerome K. Jerome, the well known humorist, while crossing the Atlantic, was leaning over the rail one morning when the information fiend tapped him on the shoulder. 'Sir,' he said, with a wave of the hand, 'do you know that if the earth were flattened out, the sea would be miles deep all over the world?' Mr. Jerome looked impressed. 'Well,' he replied with the vestige of a smile, 'if you catch anyone flattening out the earth, shoot him on the spot. I can't swim.'

FAMILY FUN

Jet of Water in a Vacuum.—Fill an empty bottle about three-quarters full of water. The cork must be pierced with a bit of sound straw or hollow grass, or a few inches of glass piping of small diameter. In any case this tube must descend near the bottom of the bottle. Hermetically seal the cork with varnish or sealing wax. Now cover your flask with a large pickle bottle upside down, which must first be warmed over a lamp or candle flame. In order to prevent the air from getting in it must be placed on a few sheets of wet blotting-paper, smoothly laid on a plate. Press the pickle bottle firmly down on the blotting-paper so as to exclude all air. Now in a minute or two, the contraction of the inner air from the cooling of the bottle will cause a jet of water to issue from the medicine bottle—an automatic fountain—and, if the directions have been strictly adhered to, you will perceive it break into a thousand drops of liquid crystals.

All Sorts

Visitor (to little girl): 'And were you born in India?' 'I was.' 'What part?' 'All of me, of course.'

In the civilised countries of the world 60 per cent. of persons over ten years of age have to work for a living.

'We need brains in this business, young man.'

'You needn't tell me that, sir. Your business shows it.'

Edmund Thiery, the French economist, figures that the maintenance of Europe's armed peace footing in the last twenty-five years cost £6,000,000,000, which excluded from productive industry 195,000 officers and 3,800,000 men.

'Oh, how lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses! How sweet they are, and how fresh! I do believe there is a little dew on them yet!' 'W-well, yes, there is; but I'll pay it to-morrow.'

Mother: 'Why did yo strike my child for naething?'

Teacher: 'I struck him because he wouldn't tell me where the river Thames was. He only stood and looked at me.'

Mother: 'He wad be dumfounded at yer ignorance, likely.'

Tarsus, the ancient city in Asia Minor, where the Apostle Paul was born, is now illuminated by electricity. The power is taken from the Cydnus river. There are now in Tarsus 450 electric street lights and about 600 incandescent lights for private use.

'You are the greatest inventor in the world,' exclaimed a newspaper man to Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone.

'Oh, no, my friend, I'm not,' said Professor Bell. 'I've never been a reporter.'

Surveyor (for new line): 'We want to run a railway through your cowhouse, farmer.' Farmer: 'A railway through my cowhouse? Not likely! Do 'e think Oi'm going to get out of my bed and open the door every toime a train comes along at night!'

Visitor (consoling to Tommy, who has upset a bottle of ink on the new carpet): 'Tut, my boy, there is no use crying over spilt milk.'

Tommy: 'Course not. Any duffer knows that. All you've got to do is call in the cat, and she'd lick it up. But this don't happen to be milk, an' mamma will do the licking.'

'I don't know whether to accept this testimonial or not,' mused the hair-restorer man. 'What's the matter with it?' demanded the advertising manager. 'Well,' explained the boss, 'the man writes: "I used to have three bald spots on the top of my head, but since using one bottle of your hair-restorer I have only one."'

A countryman in a restaurant ordered roast lamb, and the waiter bawled to the cook: 'One lamb!' 'Goodness, mister!' cried the countryman, 'I can't eat no hull lamb. Gimme some fried oysters instead.' 'One fried oyster!' bawled the waiter. 'Well, Methuselah's ghost! Mister, one fried oyster ain't going to be enough. Gimme a dozen of 'em. Hang these city eatin' places!'

The strange thing about rats is that they are perfectly harmless so long as you have a number of them. You can take from a cage a number of rats one by one without any fear, but when you get to the last one look out for squalls. The last one always fights, and it takes an expert to tackle him.

Birds get up early in the morning, and they retire early, or they could not do it. The blackbird is the last to go to bed. The robin is awake and singing at half-past two. Fifteen minutes later the thrush begins; and one after another the feathered troubadours start in, until at four all are at it. At five-thirty it is time for breakfast.

The history of fungi is full of interest. Ergot, the invaluable medicine, is a fungus that grows on rye. Fungi are found in all sorts of extraordinary places—in the nests of white ants, on the roots of old bamboos. They are put to many and varied uses. Some are used as tinder, to make chest protectors, dyes, green wood stain, or as an ingredient in snuff. Two curious foreign fungi may be noted—the 'little man's bread' of the Neilgherries, which grows at a height of 5000ft. It is a subterranean fungus like the truffle, and of as great use as a nutritious food. Another fungus, which, according to some, is not a fungus, is the 'Luckahoe' of the United States. It consists almost entirely of pectic acid, and is used for making jelly. Penicillium, the 'vinegar plant,' is used in some parts of France to make vinegar.

If we are commonplace and indifferent, we will find other people so. Mind finds its level, just as water does. A really original and sympathetic person will find others interesting and agreeable. To complain of those we meet is really to proclaim ourselves dull.

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