

MISSING PAGE

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Friends at Court

GLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR.

October 16, Sunday.—Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost.

- „ 17, Monday.—St. Hedwige, Widow.
- „ 18, Tuesday.—St. Luke, Evangelist.
- „ 19, Wednesday.—St. Peter Alcantara, Confessor.
- „ 20, Thursday.—St. John Cantius, Confessor.
- „ 21, Friday.—St. Hilarion, Abbot.
- „ 22, Saturday.—Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

St. Luke, Evangelist.

One of the four Evangelists, and a disciple of St. Paul, whom he joined at Troas in the year 53. He was a native of Antioch, in Syria, a physician by profession, and a painter of no mean skill. St. Luke shared the travels and trials of St. Paul, and was with him in his second imprisonment. He afterwards returned to Macedonia and Achaia, and died a martyr at Patrae, at the age of 74. St. Luke is the author of the third Gospel and of the Acts of the Apostles. He wrote both works in Greek.

St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor.

St. Peter was born at Alcantara, a town in Spain. While still a mere youth he entered the Order of St. Francis. His life in the Order was a perfect example of humility, meekness, obedience, and almost incredible austerity. He died in 1563, in the 64th year of his age.

St. John Cantius, Confessor.

St. John was born at Kenti, in Poland. Ordained priest, he exhibited the most ardent zeal for souls, and a boundless charity—in a word, all the virtues of a good pastor. Severe to himself, he was ever indulgent to others, who were sure to find in him a generous friend in all their necessities. He died in 1473, being then 70 years of age.

St. Hilarion, Abbot.

St. Hilarion, founder of the monastic life in Palestine, was born at Tabathe, near Gaza. He became a Christian at Alexandria, and visited St. Anthony in the Thebaid. Returning into his own country in 307, he divided all his goods among the poor and retired into the frightful solitude of Majuma, where numerous disciples placed themselves under his direction. He founded numerous monasteries in Palestine and in Syria, and left his solitude and retired to the island of Cyprus, in order to escape celebrity.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

GRAINS OF GOLD

A PRAYER TO MARY.

Oh, Mother Mary, at thy throne,
I kneel to-night in prayer;
All sorrow with the day has flown,
And peace reigns everywhere.
My weary heart finds comfort sweet,
Where candles burn for thee,
And earnestly I now repeat,
My holy Rosary.

Oh! make my heart as pure and white.
As roses fresh and rare.
That beautify thy shrine to-night
In garlands, everywhere.
Grant to my soul the grace divine,
To love thee more each day,
And make my love for Jesus more
Like thine, dear Queen of May.

Wilt thou, dear Mother, be my guide,
Through life's dark perilous way,
And keep me close to Jesus' side,
Lest from the fold I stray?
Thou hope of sinners, hear my prayer,
My trust is all in thee,
And thy sweet mercy let me share,
Until eternity.

—FRANCES KANE.

♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦

REFLECTIONS.

The true servant unceasingly rebukes the wicked, but he does it most of all by his conduct, by the truth which shines forth in his words, by the light of his example, by all the radiance of his life.—St. Francis of Assisi.

Matter had its origin in the uncreated loveliness, and throughout the whole range of matter there are echoes of spiritual beauty through which we may be led to their immaterial archetypes.—St. Dionysius.

It is impossible that God should lose the honor due to Him; either the sinner freely pays what he owes, or God receives it from an unwilling giver.—St. Anselm.

The Storyteller

WHEN WE WERE BOYS

(By WILLIAM O'BRIEN.)

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.)

Quish raised himself on his elbow and gazed intently into, or rather around, the priest's face. "Whisper, Father Phil," he said, in a voice that seemed to be evolved from the clashing of rusty iron files. "Do you think there is a chance for an object like me up there—you know where?"—the eyes rolling violently towards the thatch.

"A chance! my poor boy—yes! I wish I had as good a chance as you have this moment, with God's holy help!" said the old priest, laying a soothing hand upon the burning forehead and leaving a tear glittering there, too, like a jewel. "Quish," he added solemnly, "you forgive them that did this night's work?"

"Oyeh, I do an' welcome, Father," was the reply, with the oddest contorted expression, like a hobgoblin jest, struggling on his features. "I daar say some o' the boys heerd that Hans Harman gev me a half-sufferin or so once an' away to play the informer for him, an' they didn't onderstand, the craythurs—they didn't onderstand!"—he repeated with something like a ghoulish laugh.

"Then it wasn't true?—they wronged you along with murdering you?" cried the priest.

"True! Sell Masther Harry to Hans Harman for half a sufferin! True!" cried the dwarf, starting up and flinging out his hairy paws in a way that made Father Phil himself recoil in terror; but when the paroxysm was at its worst it broke in hideous laughter like the rattling of rusty iron chains in his chest. "Why," he jerked out in spasms of frightful merriment, "Masther Harry know'd every word—we med it all up together—we turned every pinny of Hans' dirty money into honest pewthers at Moll Carty's. True!" and he was going off into another volcanic eruption of delirious laughter; when, changing his thoughts to some more torturing one, he gripped Father Phil by the coat-sleeve with his burning paw, and whispered feverishly: "Father, will you do one thing for a dying man?"

"I will," said the old priest solemnly.

"See him—tell him—don't tell him to come—no, no, don't so much as hint such a thing—let him know ould Quish is goin' home—that's all," he gasped; and then, falling back with a yell of pain: "Quick, Father Phil—I'm a'most bet; but I won't give in till—till I know there's no use in waitin'."

An hour wore away, and another. The old woman, swinging her body to and fro in that rhythmic movement which is to Irish grief what dancing is to French gaiety, accompanied herself with a low crooning orchestra which, mingling with the moaning treble of the winds, had the effect of a lullaby for the dying. The patient doggedly refused to open his lips to give expression to his internal torments. He was waiting like one of those patient-eyed animals that you see tethered uncomfortably in a cart on the way to the shambles. The sense of waiting seemed to have killed the sense of pain. He lay so still that the *calliagh* once or twice ceased her chant to make sure that the eyes turned so intently towards the doorway were not glazed in death.

"It's he! I hear the step down the *borheen*. It's he!" he suddenly shouted, flinging out his arms, and seeming to make the crazy cabin tremble with the wild, shrill halloo he had learned among the beaters on the mountains. After which, he fell back motionless, and his eyes closed.

Quish's keen ear was not at fault; but it took a long while yet before Harry Westropp, toiling up the jagged watercourse by the help of an occasional flash of moonlight, had his hand on the latch of the bailiff's cabin.

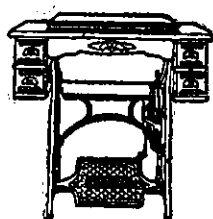
"A weenuch, a weenuch, it's too late!" wailed the old woman, dragging him to the bedside, and holding the sooty lamp over the ghastly figure extended there.

"Mother, howld yer whist!" cried the dwarf opening his eyes with as terrifying an effect as if he had opened them in his coffin. "Masther Harry," he whispered, "who are thim with you?"

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Harry looked at him bewildered. He supposed his mind must be wandering.

"With me? I came alone."

The other shook his head. "I hear 'em this moment on the stepping-stones across the strath. Don't tell me! A hare couldn't run in that mountain unknownst to me." The deadly doubt which convulsed his face, when he besought Father Phil to communicate with his young master, seemed to have taken possession of him again. "Whisper, Masther Harry," he gurgled out, drawing Harry's head down to him in an eager, feverish way. "The ould 'oman is deaf an' won't hear. It wasn't that you had any doubt of Quish? It wasn't to relieve your mind the boys put me out of the way?"

Harry started back as if a bullet had gone to his heart. "God of Heaven!" he cried, "my poor Quish, do you think I'm a murderer? do you think I'm the vilest brute that ever bit the hand of his best friend?"

"Because," continued the other, confidentially, "it isn't that 'twould matter a *traneen*; my child, I'd boil every drop of my blood for you—I'd grind every bone in my ould carcass, if 'twas plasin' to you to accept of it. But if I could make sure it wasn't you had any fear Quish would harm you dead or alive—if 'twas only a mistake of the boys—"

Harry could not answer a word. There seemed to be a boulder fixed in his throat. But his tears fell on the dying man's face, and Quish's burning flesh seemed to drink them up like an elixir, and to understand them better than if they were most musical eloquence.

"Thank God!" he muttered, huskily. "An," Masther Harry," with a glance in the direction of his mother, "you won't see the ould woman short of the sup of tay?"

Harry pressed his hand, and Quish reclined back with the comforted air of a man whose will had just been read over and signed. For a few moments nothing was heard but Quish's pained breathing, the old mother's woeful lullaby, and the uneasy voices of the night. A face pressed close outside the window (for Quish's instinct had not deceived him), was pressed closer, as if trying to hear the very silence. Once more the monstrous bullet-head shot upwards, shaking with a preternatural chuckle. "Well, begor, 'twas a fine sell on ould Harman, any way!" he coughed out, his distorted mouth, mangled cheek, and bulging eyes tossing as in a whirlpool of ghastly glee. "Sell Masther Harry for Hans Harman's goold! Heugh! heugh! heugh!" He clutched Harry Westropp's hand and licked it with parched kisses, like a powerful dog, only so hungrily it seemed as if he were about to bite the limb into his jaws.

At the same moment the door was thrown open, and two policemen burst into the cabin in a gush of icy wind.

"What's this? What the devil do you mean?" cried Harry passionately.

They were daunted by his words and by the glare, and started back; but one of them immediately recovered himself. "Very sorry, sir," he said hurriedly, "but some crime—perhaps a murder—has been committed. We must hear the statement of the dying man."

Quish had fallen back, still clutching Harry Westropp's left hand, and gluing it to his hungry lips. Harry suddenly felt the grasp relax and grow cold—a cold that bit into his marrow. He bent down. Quish's cold fingers still held the hand in a last effort to keep it pressed to the cold lips. The lips had pressed their last. A mysterious grey beauty glimmered over the face. "He is dead!" said Harry Westropp, falling on his knees on the cabin floor.

"How cursed awkwardly these things happen!" exclaimed Mr. Hans Harman when, some hours after his return from the abortive expedition to Drumshaughlin Castle, a police orderly disturbed him in his bedroom (where he was not in bed) with the intelligence that the bailiff had been fired at and mortally wounded on the public road outside his own house in the Bauherlin Mountains. "If this had only come last night, or if Lord Drumshaughlin had not left Euston to-night, a telegram to say the estate bailiff had been shot dead would have ended this trip which Deborah has brought upon us with her infernal virtuous starching and strait-lacing. Now I'm

afraid it's too late. He's on the road, and his blood will be up. He is quite capable of saying I got it up to frighten him. Well, well, who the devil cares what he says, if it comes to that?" muttered the agent, kicking the fire viciously for not having more heat in it. "Quish is one precious rascal gone, and Dawley is another still more precious rascal, who has obligingly knotted a rope around his neck and presented the other end to me. For, of course, it was Dawley—that is to say, it was so promptly and pluckily done, that, of course, it was somebody else he got to do it for him. Well, well, we mustn't neglect the agrarian bearing of this business on the value of landed property herabouts for the satisfaction of hanging Dawley—he'll wait, and can be turned to good account in the meantime. What a cub that young Rohan is! How I should have liked to lay the cat-o'-nine-tails across his insolent hide, while that madcap girl was girding at me! By George, there goes three o'clock! Heigho! it makes a man feel queer to think of his bailiff lying dead with a bullet in his lungs, and no blood—" He deliberated for a moment. "I think upon the whole Quish will be worth a wire to the Kingstown boat. Who knows?"

At daybreak that morning Meehul the tenant under sentence of eviction at Cnocanacurraghcooish, and Owen his son, were arrested on a charge of wilful murder.

CHAPTER XXX.—LORD DRUMSHAUGHLIN'S BLOOD UP.

As Lord Drumshaughlin stepped off the gangway of the mail-boat at Kingstown Pier, a telegraph messenger put a yellow despatch into his hands. He read: "Quish, estate bailiff, fired at and murdered last night. Tenant, under notice of eviction, arrested.—Harman." The agent was right in anticipating that the news would not deter Lord Drumshaughlin from pursuing his journey. He was right, perhaps, too, in assuming that if the news had come sooner the journey would never have been begun. One of Lord Drumshaughlin's most industrious tasks in life was finding honorable causes of quarrel with his good resolutions. Coming across in the mail-boat, a hundred devils of indolence, selfishness, irresolution, and gout were prompting him to return to London. He examined the chalky deposits around his swollen knuckles with a certain affectionate interest as old friends, who might at any moment supply him with an adequate excuse for giving up his Drumshaughlin expedition: and I am not sure that he would not have had a bottle of port-wine opened with his supper, with a view to nursing his gout, only that he dreaded ship's port even more than the loss of his club cookery and tricorné notes. The murder of his bailiff was the one spur that could have roused him from his ignoble sluggardice. The pretended fear of a blunderbuss and the real irksomeness of going about with his hand on his revolver had often enough served him as excellent apologies for shirking duty in Ireland; but now that he was on the road, and that this news savored of an attempt to intimidate him, the note of danger was to him what the cry of horn and hounds is to an old foxhunter. If every ditch between Kingstown and Drumshaughlin was lined with blunderbusses, he would run the gauntlet all the more gaily. If every knuckle and toe-joint were to swell in rebellion, he would only push on the more doggedly to revenge this barbarous slaughter of his servant—this intolerable insult to his own courage and his pride.

Lord Drumshaughlin's virtue usually took the form of rage. He became possessed with a fearful fury towards his tenants.

"The curs!—the slaves!—the savages!—I let them alone all these years, and here is my reward! I'll show them! I'll pinch their cowardly bones for them! By God, I'll fire them out ilke a rabbit-warren!" he cried to himself, while hotel touts were in vain inquiring from him the destination of his luggage. He tramped over railway-porters and cabmen, as if they were so many tedious impediments to his vengeance; soothing them, nevertheless, with liberal plasters of half-crowns. He tore through Dublin as if his cab were a car of juggernaut crunching over a prostrate city of assassins. He threatened to withdraw his name from the directorate of the West Cork Railway Company because their time-table imposed upon him a delay of three hours in Cork. To a fat city knight, an apothecary, who sidled up to him in the coffee-room

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of the County Club, with his condolences and the latest particulars of the murder from the evening editions, and who, with the most obsequious intentions possible, ventured to hint that such a thing could not possibly have happened if his lordship had gladdened the eyes of his respectful adorers with an occasional glimpse of his person in the county, his lordship replied, brutally: "No doubt, sir—I have been so long away that I have really forgotten that I had the honor of your acquaintance." And then remarked to a bald-headed old deputy lieutenant who was dining off a mutton-chop at the same table, "How can you blame men for keeping away from Ireland when they can't even enter the County Club without rubbing skirts with a fellow of that kind?" When he was disgorged on the Garrindinpy railway station towards three o'clock in the morning, and Head Constable Muldudden met him with a polite suggestion of a police escort, he replied, summarily, "Nonsense! Certainly not!" To the amicable overtures of the driver, who told him the road was bad and the storm rising, and that Mick Birne's best bedroom was at his lordship's service for the night, he responded by jumping into the chaise and observing, "Drive on, damn you!" paying half a sovereign for his oath as an extra at the end of his journey.

(To be continued.)

THE AMERICAN COMMISSION ON CONDITIONS IN IRELAND

INTERIM REPORT

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER VI.

Moral Consequences to the Imperial British Forces

The Imperial British Soldier

It would appear to your Commission that the official campaign of murder, arson, and repression has had an unfortunate effect upon the moral fibre of the forces engaged in it. Lord Mayor O'Callaghan and others testified that it has been 'fashionable' for the soldiers and police, careering through the cities and villages, to hang over the sides of the lorries, their rifles pointed at the passers-by. Apart from any deliberate intention to shoot the citizenry, this bullying practice would seem to us contrary to British tradition. Deaths result from it. And sometimes these deaths seem scarcely accidental.

Wanton Murder.—Mr. Broderick, of Chicago, was in Abbeyfeale when a passing "Black-and-Tan" killed two boys leading their cows to pasture. The shooting of Mrs. Quinn, an expectant mother, we mention, but refrain from discussing because it was deplored by British authority.*

Numerous examples of wanton slaying or wounding were brought before us, including the shooting even of dumb animals, dogs, and cattle.

Depravity.—At the sack of Balbriggan, according to the testimony of Mr. John Derham, one of the places burned was a dairy run by Mrs. Cochran. When the raiders entered, Mrs. Cochran ran into the yard leaving behind her two little boys of ten and twelve years. The Imperial "police" made the boys dress and took them

through the house to witness the smashing of household effects. After this sport, they led the children down the street "to see Derham's house afire." Then they took them back to their own yard and told them to sit on a hay rick there "to warm themselves." The "police" thereupon poured petrol over the rick and set fire to it, and then burned down the Cochran house.

Flogging.—The degrading effect of their duty upon the criminally-minded among the Imperial British forces has led to innumerable assaults upon priests, women, children, and the aged. Miss Anna Walsh testified that pedestrians had come running into her store at Cork to escape from "Black-and-Tans" who were scourging the passers-by. In Queenstown, John Charles Clarke, an American, witnessed the flogging, to the effusion of blood, of Irish citizens by a khaki-clad person. Thomas Nolan testified that from the house he stayed at in Galway a young man was taken out by soldiers and flogged. And an editorial from the *Manchester Guardian* of October 19, 1920, was placed in evidence concerning the stripping and flogging by uniformed British soldiers of more than a score of the villagers of Corofin and Cummer in Galway.

Thieving.—Besides encouraging brutality, the "duties" of the Imperial British forces in Ireland seem destructive of British honesty. The testimony before us shows that for some time thieving has been a common activity of the British forces in Ireland.

Daniel J. Broderick (American) testified to seeing three "Black-and-Tans" help themselves to liquors, cigarettes, and food in a public house kept by a widow, a Mrs. Macauley, in Abbeyfeale. "They told the woman, as they left, that she should be glad they did not take the till."

John Derham, Town Councillor of Balbriggan, in his testimony on the wrecking of that town by the police, stated:

Pillage.—"Two grocery stores they looted and razed: threw the tea and sugar and soap and candles, and everything, on the floor about three feet high; trampled over it; and pulled things out in the passage to destroy what they did not set fire to."

Looting.—Lord Mayor O'Callaghan testified that houses raided were commonly looted. In Cork he stated that from the beginning of the year up to December 10, 1920, apart from places absolutely destroyed, "at a very moderate estimate" fifty establishments had been attacked and looted by the Imperial forces. Miss Susanna Walsh testified that a few days after Lord Mayor MacCurtain's death his business establishment was looted by the military.

Transporting Loot.—The prevalence of this practice would almost seem to indicate that it was not discouraged by those in authority. Indeed, the looters sometimes arrived provided with vehicles to transport their spoil, and openly carry it off. Miss Craven testified to the looting of Michael Walsh's house and shop at Galway by raiders a few nights before he was murdered. "They destroyed practically everything. They had lorries outside, and they took the tobacco and cigarettes and sugar and candles and different things like that. They also took the liquors."

The loot was occasionally a perquisite of murder. Thomas Nolan, of Galway, who was with Walsh the night he was killed, testified that some of the men, who took Walsh away came back to the murdered man's home and made off with Walsh's overcoat and a liberal supply of cigarettes.

Sean Courtney, of Cork, sent a sworn statement that his house was raided at 2 a.m. on October 28, 1920. He was dragged out by men who threatened to kill him. When he was allowed to go he returned to his home and found it had been looted. Silver and household articles had disappeared.

In the following instance, an officer interrogated the householder while his men removed her goods. Mrs. Eamon Coughlin, of Cork, wife of Alderman Coughlin, made a sworn statement of a raid on her home and shop by the military at 4.45 a.m., November 27, 1920. "I found the following goods missing, looted, of course, by his companions downstairs while the leader was questioning me: About £20 to £25 worth of cigarettes, about £7 worth of tobacco, and various other things, such as cocoa, etc."

Assurances.—When complaints were made to the competent military authority, assurances were sometimes received in lieu of restitution or redress. The sworn statement of Mrs. George O'Grady, of Rochestown, Co. Cork, told of a raid on her home by police and military, March 20, 1920. She kept poultry and her season's egg money, £63, was all taken. Her husband deposed that he complained to Sir Hamar Greenwood, to the General Officer Commanding in Cork, and to General Macready about the robbery and received assurances from all three that nothing had been touched in the house.

And sometimes to the value of such assurances another raid was added. Timothy Horgan, of Cork, sent a sworn statement of a raid on his barber shop by the military,

*Mr. Mosley (House of Commons, November 25, 1920) asked the Chief Secretary for Ireland whether Mrs. Eileen Quinn, of Kiltartan, Co. Galway, was killed by a shot fired from a passing police lorry on November 1, 1920, while sitting on a wall in broad daylight with child in her arms; whether he will state the distance between this wall and the road from which the shot was fired; whether the position of Mrs. Quinn at the time she was shot was in full view of the road; whether the police occupying the lorry in question were called as witnesses at the court of inquiry; how many rounds of ammunition were fired by the occupants of this lorry in the course of their journey; and how far away was the nearest point at which murders of soldiers and policemen had occurred to the scene of Mrs. Quinn's death.

Sir H. Greenwood: A military court of inquiry was held into this deplorable affair and found that the cause of death was misadventure. I am not prepared to reopen the inquiry by entering into a discussion of points of evidence all of which were fully considered by the court. (*Loc. cit.*, vol. 135, cols. 619-620.)

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August 29, 1920. All his razors were stolen, money equivalent to \$18 and other articles to a total value of \$290. In reply to his complaint to the military commander, he received the written assurance of an Imperial British Staff Captain that nothing had been taken. His home was then raided on September 13 and jewellery and other articles stolen.

Robbing Prisoners with Violence.—A not uncommon form of robbery was practised on men assaulted and dragged from their homes during raids. A typical instance of this was described by Miss Craven, of Washington, D.C. Miss Craven was visiting her parents at Headford, Co. Galway, when "Black-and-Tans" raided the house at noon on September 17, 1920, and dragged away her younger brother, who was not connected with the Sinn Féin organisation, though an older boy was a Volunteer. His parents found him on the road later, beaten and bruised, with two of his teeth knocked out. His watch and seventeen shillings had been stolen. During the raid some money and small gold pins were stolen in the house.

Robbery.—The habit of looting and robbing the raided in their homes seems to have inculcated the practice of highway robbery. According to the testimony, it was an ordinary event in several cities, particularly Cork, for pedestrians to be held up and robbed on the streets by soldiers or police. Lord Mayor O'Callaghan testified that the "Black-and-Tans" were particular offenders in this respect: "Passing on the streets, these men challenge the passers-by and order them to hold up their hands while their pockets are gone through. In many cases all the contents of their pockets are stolen, any money especially."

A sworn deposition of a typical highway robbery was presented to the Commission from John Creed, 56 Grattan Street, Cork. On the evening of December 10, 1920, he was held up by two men wearing light raincoats and soft felt hats—the ordinary mufti of the "Black-and-Tans." They carried revolvers, and pointing them at him they demanded "Hands up!" and searched him, taking nearly \$100 which he had on his person. The man who took the money had a decided English accent.

Highway Robbery at Stated Hours.—Highway robbery would seem to have been part of the regular daily routine of some of the Imperial British forces. Harold Johnson, American sailor on the steamship Westcannon, testified that the hold-ups in Cork would start about 3.30 in the afternoon. He used to go out to watch them. Emil Pezolt, his shipmate, an American, testified that he was held up and beaten by "Black-and-Tans" on the evening of the big fire; his watch, about \$30 in money, and even his seaman's passport were stolen.

Robbing Women.—John Charles Clarke, American, testified to seeing men in the R.I.C. uniform holding up women at the pistol's point and searching them on the streets of Cork. He saw these "police" pull rings off women's fingers, and he saw one of them tear the earrings from a woman's ears. One of the women thus held up was crying, and Mr. Clarke testified that the "policeman" pointed his gun at her, saying: "Shut up or I will give you the contents."

Assaults on Women.—Daniel J. Broderick, an American, told of a raid on the house of a Mrs. Hartnebt, at Abbeyfeale. Her boy was in bed ill on the upper floor while the soldiers wrecked the lower storey and set the house on fire. Before leaving one of the soldiers struck Mrs. Hartnebt over the head with the butt of a rifle. Mr. Broderick saw the wound. It was three or four inches long.

The testimony shows that women and girls have been searched by members of the Imperial British forces, the privacy of their bedrooms has been invaded in the dead of the night, and their hair cut off; but in no case has the crime of rape been specifically charged by Irish witnesses before us against the Imperial troops. The fact that for four years and a half an army of at least 78,000 British was occupying Ireland without provoking charges of major sensual offences against Irish women is remarkable. It would seem to us the only bright spot in the darkness of war. And it would appear the more remarkable when that army is proved to contain drunkards, highway robbers, gunmen, and petty thieves. It would seem to your Commission that the credit for the sparing of Irish womanhood must be attributed at least in part to the officers commanding the Imperial British forces in Ireland. Only a drastic ordinance against sexual crime could be powerful to restrain some of the criminals which that army demonstrably contains. It would seem a regrettable corollary to the credit we would like to extend to the Imperial British High Command for controlling the sensual licentiousness of its men, that we would need equally to hold it responsible for the crimes the men are permitted to indulge in, sometimes even in the presence, if not with the connivance, of subordinate officers.

Imperial British Officers

The morals of the British officer would appear to us to have suffered less than those of the rank and file.* The officers seem more sober than the men. John Tangney, a former member of the R.I.C., testified that County Inspector Lowndes and the two young military officers in charge of the party that raided Ballylorby "got stupidly drunk." But Mr. Dempsey testified that the officer at the sack of Mallow remained sober. The officers were also more honest. In one case testimony was adduced concerning a British major stealing £75. In many instances robberies were committed by troops under the command of officers, and in some cases looting seemed to be specifically directed and controlled by officers. The testimony concerning this aspect of the British officers' behaviour is, however, too fragmentary to allow us justly to form general conclusions.

Assault on Hunchback by Three British Officers.—It was, however, clearly proved that in many cases the known sportsmanship of the British officer had become degraded by his "duties." We have the deposition of Sean Murphy, of Brandon, concerning his interview with James Murphy, a hunchback, who declares that three British officers beat him and attempted to hang him in a raid on his home at 5.30 a.m., November 10, 1920. In his deposition Sean Murphy states:

"James Murphy is a little hunchback who resides with his sister, who is not very strong. I saw the shirt which he was wearing that morning. It was completely clotted with blood on the front and back. I also saw the piece of rope. He was in bed when I saw him, and his nose was very badly torn. He complained of pains in his head and back, and as a result of his treatment he is very nervous. I know James Murphy personally. He is a very quiet, inoffensive man."

Torturing Prisoners.—Lord Mayor O'Callaghan presented the written statement of Thomas Hale, of Knockscuva, near Bandon, Co. Cork, who, with a man named Harte, was arrested July 7, 1920. Hale states:

"When I was undressed they strapped my hands behind my back with leather straps, and put them around my neck and mouth. Harte was also strapped in a similar position. I was not in a position to defend myself, and Lieutenant A. hit me several times in the face and on the body. Captain B. said: 'You have some documents from the adjutant-general, per Michael Collins.' They dressed me again, tied my hands behind my back with leather straps, and also dressed Harte. Captain B. said: 'You will be shot.' They put straps around my legs as well as round Harte's legs."

Eventually the two men were tied together and marched to a lorry, prodded by bayonets. Harte stated that he was hit in the nose by a gun-butt. They were taken to the barracks in Bandon and then assaulted several times. Harte had several teeth knocked out. They were lined up, as if to be shot, but were beaten instead. In the course of trying to extract information from them about certain Republican leaders, Captain B. got a pair of pliers. Hale's statement continues:

"Captain B. said: 'What position does your brother John hold and where is he staying?' I said: 'I refuse to give you any information about him.' He then turned to the officer whom he sent for the pliers, and he started bending and twisting my fingers at the back. He gripped them at the back, placing one portion of the pincers against one side of my nail and the other portion of the pincers against the other. He brought the blood to the tops of several of my fingers, and for some time afterwards my fingers were black on the tops owing to congealed blood there. I was feeling extremely weak, almost fainting, and the blood was dropping down my legs. I was asked several questions about other individuals and about military matters, but refused to give any information."

"Captain B. also put the pinchers on my thighs, but my senses were becoming quite numb."

"Another officer then untied my hands and told me to pull up my trousers. Captain B. said: 'The court is closed for the finding.' He said: 'Stand up,' as my knees were somewhat bending, 'and we will see what a Tommy can do to you.' I was hit several times in various parts of the body, but especially in the face, and he broke the four teeth in my upper jaw. I was then knocked down on the ground. I was absolutely exhausted and nearly fainted, and my senses were beginning to go. He hit me on several occasions while I was on the ground. After a few minutes, one of the officers said, 'That's enough.' I was then dragged up, and led out of the room. My hands had not been retied since they had been undone in order

* The auxiliaries, called cadets, are mostly ex-officers, serving in the ranks.

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to lift up my trousers. When I got outside my hands were tied up again, and the straps fastened round my neck and face. Five or six soldiers hit me."

Torture Before Hanging.—An attested copy was submitted to us of the following deposition alleged to have been made by Kevin Gerard Barry, medical student, hanged for alleged participation in an attack on the Imperial British forces:

"County of the City of Dublin to wit:

"I, Kevin Barry, of 58 South Circular Road, in the Co. of the City of Dublin, medical student, aged 18 years and upwards, solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:

"(1) On September 20, 1920, I was arrested in Upper Church Street, in the City of Dublin, by a sergeant of the 2nd Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and was brought under escort to the North Dublin Union, now occupied by the military. I was brought into the guardroom and searched. I was then removed to the defaulters' room by an escort with a sergeant-major. The latter and the escort belonged to the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers. I was then handcuffed.

"(2) About a quarter of an hour after I was placed in the defaulters' room two commissioned officers came in. They both belonged to the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers. They were accompanied by three sergeants of the same unit. A military policeman who had been in the room since I entered it, remained. One of the officers asked my name, which I gave. He then asked for the names of my companions in the raid or attack. I refused to give them. He tried to persuade me to give the names, and I persisted in refusing. He then sent a sergeant out of the room for a bayonet. When it was brought in, the sergeant was ordered by the same officer to point the bayonet at my stomach. The same question as to the names and addresses of my companions was repeated, with the same result. The sergeant was then ordered to turn my face to the wall and point the bayonet to my back. I was so turned. The sergeant then said he would run the bayonet into me if I did not tell. The bayonet was then removed, and I was turned round again.

"(3) The same officer then said to me that if I persisted in my attitude he would turn me out to the men in the barrack square, and that he supposed I knew what that meant with the men in their present temper. I said nothing. He ordered the sergeants to put me face down on the floor and twist my arm. I was pushed down on the floor after my handcuffs were removed by the sergeant who went for the bayonet. When I lay on the floor, one of the sergeants knelt on the small of my back, the other two placed one foot each on my back and left shoulder, and the man who knelt on me twisted my right arm, holding it by the wrist with one hand while he held the hair with the other to pull back my head. The arm was twisted from the elbow joint. This continued, to the best of my judgment, for five minutes. It was very painful. The first officer was standing near my feet, and the officer who accompanied him was still present.

"(4) During the twisting of my arm the first officer continued to question me as to the names and addresses of my companions, and also asked me for the name of my company commander and any other officer I knew.

"(5) As I still persisted in refusing to answer those questions, I was let get up, and I was again handcuffed. A civilian came in, and he repeated the questions, with the same result. He informed me that if I gave all the information I knew I could get off. I was then left in the company of the military policeman, the two officers, the three sergeants, and the civilian leaving together.

"(6) I could certainly identify the officer who directed the proceedings and put the questions. I am not sure of the others, except the sergeant with the bayonet. My arm was medically treated by an officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps attached to the North Dublin Union the following morning, and by the prison hospital orderly afterwards for four or five days.

"(7) I was visited by the court-martial officer last night, and he read for me the confirmation of sentence of death by hanging, to be executed on Monday next, and I make this solemn declaration, conscientiously believing same to be true, and by virtue of the Statutory Declaration Act, 1835.

"Declared and subscribed before me at Mountjoy Prison, in the County of the City of Dublin, October 26, 1920.

"MILES KEOGH,

"A Justice of the Peace in and for the said County.

"KEVIN GERARD BARRY."

An officer of the Cameron Highlanders was in charge of the party that murdered the Buckley boy, a handcuffed prisoner. Inspector Cruise led the party that terrorised Galway and murdered Walsh. Testimony has shown that Inspector Smyth and Generals Lucas and Deasey ordered

indiscriminate and summary slaying of Sinn Féiners, who comprise over eighty per cent. of the whole population.

(To be continued.)

The Destruction of the Monasteries

In an article on the decay and probable extinction of the English country-house published in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, Mr. Maurice Hewlett, the eminent English novelist, writes of the destruction of the monasteries and its social effects:—

"I need not go back to the castle-raiding of the twelfth century, blessing undisguised as that must have been; but I will invite the reader to reflect upon the destruction of the monasteries, and what that must have meant. A transformation of the whole countryside, no less. Not a county in England but must have felt its treading well-nigh slipped. Wipe out three times as many cathedral churches as we have now, four times the number of great houses, and you will have a notion of what happened. Glastonbury, the greatest church in England, clean gone; Walsingham, St. Edmundsbury, Malmesbury, Shaftesbury, Reading, Fountains, Jervaulx, Whitby—but why go on? The names remain in every county, and a few piled stones stand witness to a bygone civilisation. And the great houses to which those churches gave reason meant much more to the people than our present Belvoirs, Welbecks, and Hatfields have ever meant; for there was the church, a centre of worship and a beacon to the eyes for leagues about it; there was the convent, not impeded, and remote, but with door and buttery-hatch open to all-comers. There was no Poor Law while the monasteries stood, and it wasn't long before the peasantry felt the lack of them. As far as they were concerned it was blank loss.

"Imagine England covered with vast accessible, friendly, open houses, and churches annexed to them. Imagine those cast down, stripped of their lead, robbed of their ornaments, sold, then walled in and profaned; or unsold and left derelict, as the case might be. There exists in some collection of those things a lament over Walsingham, the great pilgrimage-place of the east, which I have seen but cannot now find, one of the most touching I have ever read. It is a pure elegy of the 'How are the mighty fallen' kind; not the outraged cry of a devotee for the desecrated image of Our Lady of Walsingham, but merely a threnody of loss. The noble towers, the shining vanes which used to herald the morning sun, the pleasant seat, the goodly hospitality—Woe's me for Walsingham! is the burden of it. And what Norfolk felt for Walsingham Somerset knew for Glastonbury, and Wilts for Lacock and Malmesbury. There was real loss behind the grief."

Britain's Welfare Depends on Ireland's Freedom

The opinion that much of the welfare of society as well as of religion in Great Britain depends upon a satisfactory solution of the Irish demand for freedom, was expressed by Prof. Stewart Miller, of Glasgow University, in a lecture recently in the Glasgow Catholic Institute. Prof. Miller suggested that if Ireland were given her freedom, she might develop a democracy of a specially free and high type, which would be a great contribution to the social fabric of the times. Prof. Miller is a convert to the Catholic faith and a patriotic Scotsman. He stated that the Irish question is fundamentally a moral problem. He spoke of it as a Scotsman concerned with the good of his own country. He suggested that, in the system of Europe, Ireland has a unique function to discharge, and that function she could discharge only in freedom. Ireland differed from Scotland, the speaker said, in her economic condition and ideal. He suggested that there was a real chance that, if left to herself, Ireland could work out a well-balanced economic system within which there might grow up a democracy more real than any yet known—at once more free and more responsible. Furthermore, her example would react beneficially on others. Again, Ireland is Catholic, while Britain is Protestant. The speaker suggested that the example of Ireland was bound to react on others in the Empire. The self-complacency which had been the great obstacle to the reception of Catholic truth in Britain was giving way. Men were becoming conscious that the social fabric in Britain was disintegrating. They sought to remedy this by tightening the bonds of State control, but a merely external framework was bound to fail them in the long run.



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DANTE AND THE CATHOLIC WORLD

(By the Rev. Albert Muntzsch, S.J., in *The Fortnightly Review*, N.Y.)

On September 14, 1321, a world-famous Catholic poet, one of the glories of literature, died at Ravenna, Italy. It was Dante Alighieri, the author of the *Divine Comedy*. Never had men written so powerfully, and yet so consistently, of the condition of the soul after death. The inane theories of modern Spiritism appear like childish prattle compared with the mighty visions of the Florentine bard as recorded in the cantos of his matchless poem.

The significance of this work in world literature is indicated by the immense volume of commentary it has called forth and by the numerous translations into most of the languages spoken by civilised nations.

In recognition of the unique contributions of Dante to the literature of the world, the sixth centenary of his death is being honored this month at universities and by learned societies in all countries of the globe.

For Catholics this is a centenary of special significance. For the "*Divina Commedia*" is a Catholic poem, based on the Catholic doctrine of the future life. The work is called "*Commedia*" because, though it begins with a vision of the awful torments of the reprobate in Hell, it ends with a glimpse into the eternal city and with a brief allusion to the joys that will be the reward of the Blessed in the Kingdom of Heaven. Had the poem ended in a dolorous key no doubt, it would have been given another title.

It should be no little satisfaction to us that, at a time when so much vicious and unclean writing passes as "literature," the whole world is doing homage to an immortal book, based on the Catholic view of man's destiny, of sin, and retribution.

An American critic, J. R. Lowell, says that "the higher intention of Dante's great poem was to set forth the results of sin, or unwisdom, and of virtue, or wisdom, in this life, and consequently in the life to come, which is but the continuation and fulfillment of this. The scene, accordingly, is the spiritual world, of which we are as truly denizens now as hereafter. The poem is a diary of the human soul in its journey upward from error through repentance to atonement with God."

Yet it would be a mistake to look upon the *Divine Comedy* as a cold, unimpassioned narrative of what its author saw beyond the hours of time and place. He wrote out of the fulness of his heart. As H. W. Mabie says: "No book ever swept a wider field of thought, or imbedded itself more completely in historical incident and character; and yet no book ever issued more directly out of the life of its writer."

The opening lines of the Third Canto of the *Inferno* (or Hell) give a good idea of the solemn power of the poem. With the poet Virgil as his guide, Dante comes to the entrance of Hell. They see the following inscription on its portals:

"Through me you pass into the city of woe,
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the Founder of my fabric moved:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

But as there are lights and shadows in every human life, as good is always mixed with evil, and as literature itself is the expression of human life in all its aspects, Dante, with true poetic justice, after the contemplation of the scenes of woe in the *Inferno*, lifts the soul to the consideration of the less painful mission of Purgatory.

Dante and his guide Virgil reach the Purgatorial mountain as Easter-day is dawning. In the morning the gates are opened to the two poets and they enter Purgatory proper. It is divided into seven terraces, corresponding to the seven deadly sins. At the various terraces they see the different forms of punishment meted out to those who must atone for the guilt of one or other of these seven sins.

After passing through the Purgatorial region, Dante arrives at Paradise. But now Virgil leaves him. He has performed his task. For human reason and philosophy are inadequate to fathom the mysteries of the higher regions of the Paradiso. Beatrice, representing theologic science takes his place. In a vision Dante beholds the future sufferings of the Church. Beatrice leads him through the various spheres of which, according to the astronomy of the time, Heaven is composed: to the supreme Heaven,

or Empyrean, the abode of God. But here human speech is inadequate to the task of describing the majesty and magnificence of the vision. All his longing for the highest good is satisfied. "Thou flight," says the poet, "was not for any wing." For .

"Here vigor failed the towering fantasy;
But yet the will rolled onward, like a wheel
In even motion, by the love impelled,
That moves the sun in Heaven and all the stars."

We readily agree with Professor Moulton who says that "Dante's poem is the representation of Catholicism in high literature. . . . From beginning to end his poem breathes the spirit of absolutely free speculation; there is no sense of restraint, because the poet's spirit is in perfect harmony with the forces that are moulding Catholicism. . . . Dante is the revealer of the Middle Ages because the *Divine Comedy* is the supreme example in literature of symbolic poetry."

The place of that immortal poem is secure in world literature. It is one of the "greater classics." It should be a source of just pride to the Catholic world that the sixth centenary of the poet's death is to be commemorated wherever high creations of art and literature are appreciated. But it is especially worth remembering that the poem—a masterpiece of poetic genius—is based on the soundest Catholic principles. It is Catholic in spirit and Catholic in its world-wide appeal to the heart of humanity.

Does Prohibition Prohibit? Labor Leaders' Answer

Messrs. C. H. Sitch and John Davison, Labor members of the House of Commons, visited the United States to report on Prohibition. They said that they went with open minds, being impressed with the idea that Prohibition was an unmixed blessing, but with this opinion they can no longer agree. They found that the Anti-Liquor Law was agitating industry in America to an unexampled degree. "In our judgment," they said, "Prohibition as we have been led to believe it prevailed does not exist, but the Prohibition Law has resulted in an enormous development of home brewing and wine-making. Illicit stills are quite common in private houses, the necessary apparatus being purchasable at the stores. We constantly observed business men producing pocket flasks of liquor. A serious element in private brewing is the opportunity afforded the common informer, than whom there is no personality except the blackmailer that is more odious to Englishmen. We were assured that whereas formerly business men were content to take an occasional drink in saloons, they are now in the habit of taking quantities of liquor to their offices for private consumption. Black and White in dozens could be obtained for 90 dollars per case. Though we were able to procure only a soft drink when visiting saloons alone, we found no difficulty in procuring alcohol when accompanied by persons known to the saloon keepers. Being warned of the poisonous nature of these concoctions we refrained from drinking them, but partook of alcohol in private houses. America is described as the "bootleggers'" paradise. The saloons have had an evil reputation, and in their old odious form they will not return, but we believe the American public will demand facilities to buy light wines and beers. We were furnished with a great mass of material, showing the heavy increase in personal savings. The development of business, of food and clothing shops, is attributed to Prohibition. Many business men assert that the workmen are better time-keepers. We are not disposed to accept these assertions as unchallengeable; indeed, we have been supplied with data rebutting them. We think much of the alleged improvement has been due to the trade boom at the end of the war; but now there is a different state of affairs. There are nearly 6,000,000 unemployed in American staple industries."

The report points out that the American Federation of Labor Convention at Denver unanimously protested against Prohibition, demanding a modified form in order to permit the manufacture of wholesome beer.

The efficacy of prayer does not depend on the merit of the person who prays, but on the mercy of God, and on His faithfulness to His promise.—St. Thomas Aquinas.

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Current Topics

Merrie England

All is now well with Merrie England these days. We are told by one writer that the approach to London is through a river of dead ships. Another complains that large business firms have lost millions in one year. A third mourns the vanished hopes of commercial supremacy for which many people believe the war was waged. The *Manchester Guardian* said last July:

"Last month's foreign trade returns are the worst this year. May's figures were worse than April's, and April's than those of March. The whole falling off might be naturally attributed to the cumulative effect of the mining stoppage, but there is more in it than that." Alas! there is. There is this in it: Lloyd George and his Yiddish masters have ruined the Empire. The man whose agility as a twister aroused the wonder of Lansing, the disgust of Keynes, the contempt of Clemenceau, has done his work well, and Merrie England is broken and bankrupt and old John Cow is the sad man of Europe to-day. As a further proof of what he has done to England take this extract from the *Times*:

"The shipbuilding industry is in a deplorable condition. According to Lloyd's Register the amount of merchant tonnage under construction at the end of June was 3,530,047 tons. This shows a reduction of about 269,000 tons as compared with the total at the end of March. From these figures it might be inferred that the industry is still enjoying a burst of activity; but unfortunately that is not the case. One-third of the total represents the vessels on which work has been suspended in consequence of the decline in the demand for tonnage, the joiners' strike, and the coal dispute.

The condition of the shipping and ship-building is a trustworthy guide to the degree of Britain's prosperity. So long as ships are rusting at the quays and the demand for new tonnage is small, the state of national finance cannot be satisfactory."

Sick and Sad

John Cow is sick and sad. His crimes are weighing heavy on him—not on his conscience but on his purse. His breach of faith with small nations, his after-war atrocities are coming home to roost now. The *Manchester Guardian* again says:

"It is no exaggeration to say that the British Empire was never in greater danger than it is to-day. The war has left us in very much the position in which the last great war left Austria. She was an empire with great possessions: ruling over diverse races; on guard everywhere, as the great standing conservative interest, against change and the disturbing spirit of freedom. Nobody can study her history without thinking of Seneca's saying that great possessions are a great servitude. . . . We are acting like the Government that brought about the American demand for independence by the way in which it handled a demand for something much less. Faced with a demand from Ireland that required all our resources of judgment and statesmanship, we first allowed a whole year to pass without any serious discussion or proposal, and then after exasperating passion by coercion, we offered her something that seemed illiberal even to Unionists like Lord Donoughmore. . . . We have now to recognise that this policy has failed, and that it has failed in two capital respects. It has failed in the sense that Ireland is at this moment as grossly misgoverned as any country in Europe, and it has failed in the sense that her misgovernment is a powerful and growing menace to our safety. The sort of Ireland that we are producing will be just as much a danger if she is formally part of the Empire, as she could be if she were outside it. We have now to try the other method. Our recent history gives us an excellent example. In 1905 Mr. Balfour's Government drew up a Constitu-

tion for the Transvaal. Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Minister, described it in language very much like the language Mr. Lloyd George has used about his scheme for Ireland. 'Although not prepared at present to give full self-government to the colony, they wish to concede the utmost liberty compatible with safety and with the stability of the Administration.' This scheme had no attractions for the Boers. Fortunately next year Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman came into power, and he gave full self-government to both colonies. Mr. Balfour criticised that policy in a speech which, again, resembles closely the speeches in which the Prime Minister criticises the idea of giving Ireland Dominion status. . . . England has saved herself in Canada and in South Africa by the boldness which our Ministers think too dangerous in Ireland. It is significant that Lord Donoughmore was supported yesterday by Lord Buxton, just home from South Africa, and by Lord Bryce, who knows more about the history of empires than any other man in public life. We see in Ireland the results of fear. To-morrow they will be worse. Sooner or later they will be fatal."

An Imperial Earthquake

In a long article on the Conference of the Premiers, in the *London Nation*, a person who noticed the immense amount of piffle cabled out here concerning the doings and sayings and gestures of Lord Limavaddy cannot help being impressed by the fact that the man counts for precisely nothing in England—and nothing is about twice as much as he counts for in New Zealand among people who know his capacity. However, there are Prime Ministers who do count, even if our William of Orange be not of them. For one, General Smuts, and for another, Mr. Meighen count, and the report gives us an idea that the smug Imperialists who invited the Dominion big-wigs to their tea-party got the shock of their lives when they found that Mr. Massey was the only puppet to dance when they called the tune: for even Hughes did not keep time all the time. A few quotations from the article mentioned will throw some light on the matter:

"At the Conference of 1917 there was passed an important constitutional resolution which recognised the right of the Dominions to be fully consulted when matters of foreign policy affecting their real interests were to be decided. When the thorny and delicate question of the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance came up for settlement, Mr. Meighen, backed by General Smuts, boldly sought to give effect to the spirit of this resolution, and the result was consternation in the inner closets of the Foreign Office."

The secret diplomatists of Merrie England had their own private reasons for renewing the Alliance, and they expected no opposition from their guests. Indeed, Mr. Massey who changed his tactics since 1917 is not mentioned as having a mind of his own on the subject. But Smuts and Meighen had, and hence the tears shed by the Downing Street gentlemen who in a panic at the prospect of a breach of diplomatic unity with the Dominions—or such of them as had sent real live men to represent them—had recourse to Galloper Smith whose record during the days when he rose from being a pestilential rebel to a shady place on the wool-sack gave them hope that he would find a way out of the impasse for them. He did, and the world laughed when it was announced that the Alliance which was so necessary for renewal did not require renewal at all. Here is another passage which tells how the wind blows. Note, again, that although Hughes is regarded as worth mention our Orangeman is still left out as worthless:

"Some of the shrewder Imperialists make keen and anxious notation of the growing tendency of the Dominions to take their own line in many vital matters. They know that Mr. Hughes is neither politically nor physically immortal, that Mr. Meighen's successor is likely to be even less pliable than he has proved, and that General Smuts will never be replaced by an ardent Imperialist. . . . There has been nothing more farcical than the efforts of the British governing classes to assume for themselves a monopoly of affection for the Dominions."

Now we differ from the view expressed in the last sentence quoted. For instance the columns cabled out here and published by our day-lies about the statesmanship of the Orangemen are certainly more farcical than anything that happened in England. It is also more farcical that a million and a quarter of human beings, some of whom have the use of reason, should send Mr. Massey to represent them even at a dog show. But however that may be, it is certain that, except for P.P.A. governed, wowser-ridden, flag-flapping New Zealand, with her uneducated and ill-mannered members of Parliament (see, Lord Bryce's book), the Dominions have given the secret diplomatists and the Brithuns to understand that for Canadians Canada is first, that for South Africans South Africa is first, even if New Zealand is considered a pawn to be moved at will in any game that England may take on at the will of her Anglo-Yiddish statesmen. Why does not Mr. Stat-ham try to organise a real New Zealand Party and to get young blood behind him instead of playing with the Black Pamphlet person?

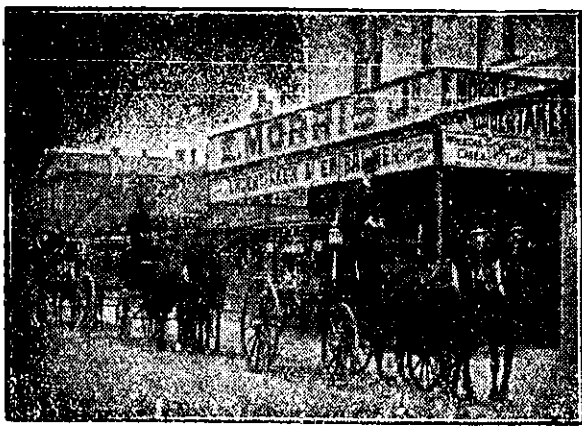
Carsonia in Trouble

When the King of England appealed to Ireland for peace, and when a truce was arranged the Sinn Feiners kept the peace but the Orangemen had so little respect for the request of the King that they set themselves to kill, beat, and burn out of house and home their Catholic neighbors. It was not loyal on their part, but that does not astonish anybody who knows what Orange loyalty means. Not even for the sake of the King could ten armed Orangemen resist the temptation of killing an unarmed Catholic man or woman. Now when we consider that the Orangemen had been engaged in their campaign of arson and massacre for about twelve months perhaps it was unreasonable for the King to ask them to be good boys simply because he asked it. Could not the Orangemen point to the fact that they had been armed by the British Government and that as the same Government had disarmed a Catholic minority, it must surely have been the will of the British Government that the Orangemen should use the arms they got to kill the Catholics who were not allowed to have arms. What nonsense, the Orangemen might say, it is for the King to expect us to act differently from the manner in which the Government which represents him expects us to act. So they went on killing and burning and beating, just as they had done with the connivance of the British Government for the past year. The British Government is very anxious about the rights of Orange minorities, but it apparently thinks the murder of Catholic minorities at the hands of the same Orangemen only good sport. It has during all the time that the Orangemen attacked defenceless Catholics taken no effective or serious step for the prevention of murder. It is morally guilty of the massacre of the women and children of Belfast. The Government of England did not move but the Sinn Fein Government did. It may have suited the Lloyd George people to see poor Catholics assassinated by Orangemen but it did not suit Sinn Fein. It was thus that the I.R.A. took a hand in the game, and it was thus that the Orange savages received a little payment in kind for what they had done to the Nationalists. Sinn Fein once more proved its ability to protect life where the British Government only proved its readiness to see Catholic lives lost; and what our day-lies call Sinn Fein gunmen—otherwise, the I.R.A.—moved into Belfast and proceeded to defend the women and children who were at the mercy of merciless savages. They did this so well that we soon had Prime Minister Craig crying aloud for military protection. He could not govern his little corner: he did not try to govern it as long as only Catholics were assassinated; but when Catholics hit back and Orangemen began to fall Craig begged the soldiers to come in and make peace in Carsonia. It really seems that the Orangemen went too far this time: it seems that Lloyd George went too far in his connivance at their crimes. Sinn Fein took the matter up in earnest and gave the followers of Carson more than they bargained for. The King Billians tried to drive the Catholics out, now it is not unlikely that matters

will result in the expulsion of the Orangemen themselves. It seems the only thing possible to do with the miscreants at whose hands even women and children are not safe; and we have read a statement made by one who knows what he is saying to the effect that unless the savages behave better not a stick or a stone will be left standing in Belfast. What a counter-blow that would be for the burning of Cork by the forces of the Crown! And it is going to happen if Lloyd George does not keep his pledges to Ireland and if the Orangemen do not conduct themselves as human beings. Note once more that our disreputable day-lies which never told us anything about the murders and burnings done by the Orangemen now make what capital they can out of the fact that Sinn Fein has gone into the Orange fortress and is whipping the "scum of the earth" to a better frame of mind. *Sin e a thabhairt doibh.*

Japanese Civilisation

The British Lords of creation think there are no peoples under the sun equal to them. Before Prussianism was ever denounced by our hypocritical daily papers Lord Rosebery and the Editor of the *Times* used to win the approval of true lingoes by preaching the necessity of doing such criminal things as imprinting on the rest of the world the stamp of British kultur and of killing a small nation by a policy of frightfulness. It is our opinion that the greater frightfulness of the two would be to force what Brithuns call their civilisation even on a savage race. It is bad enough that Britain murders Irish men and women; but it would be still worse if they ever were able to murder Celtic civilisation to make way for what they call British civilisation. Give us that of the Maoris, or of the Red Indians, or even of the Turks, but save us from the shame and the hypocrisy and the impurity and the greed and the treachery of the Yiddish-Anglo Empire of to-day. It is consoling to think that it is only in places that are content to have Ministers of Education of the calibre of a Parr, or Premiers like the sample supplied by Limavaddy that could ever succumb to British ideals. New Zealand, poisoned and drugged by years of lying politicians and lying pressmen is an easy victim, but the other countries that fell for short or long time under the British spell are asserting themselves. Canada, with her French Catholic traditions is kicking against the yoke of the Orangemen and the Jews; South Africa was never so pleased with Smuts as when he returned home and told his people how glad he was to shake from his feet the dust of dirty London: Ireland stands erect to-day, speaking her own language and living her own life in spite of the persecution of centuries. Japan is another country that was for a time threatened with inoculation by the British plague-carriers, but Japan has asserted her superiority and clung to her native ideals. Lafcadio Hearn tells us in his own beautiful style of the superiority of Japan to the England of his youth: "The Japanese man of the people—the skilled laborer able to underbid without effort any Western artisan in the same line of industry—remains happily independent of shoemakers and tailors. His feet are good to look at, his body is healthy, and his heart is free. If he desire to travel he can get ready for a journey in five minutes. . . . On ten dollars he can travel for a year without work, or he can travel simply on his ability to work, or he can travel as a pilgrim. You may reply that any savage can do the same thing. Yes, but any civilised man cannot; and the Japanese has been a highly civilised man for at least a thousand years. . . . Your Japanese tramp takes his hot bath daily, if he has a fraction of a cent to pay for it, or his cold bath if he has not. In his little bundle there are combs, toothpicks, razors, toothbrushes. He never allows himself to be unpleasant. Reaching his destination he can transform himself into a visitor of very novel manners, and faultless though simple attire. . . . The absence of any huge signs of the really huge things that Japan has done bears witness to the very peculiar way in which her civilisation has been working. . . . The vast rice crop is raised upon millions of tiny, tiny



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farms; the silk crop, in millions of small, poor homes; the tea crop, on countless little patches of soil. If you visit Kyoto to order something from one of the greatest porcelain makers in the world, one whose products are known better in London and in Paris than even in Japan, you will find the factory to be a wooden cottage in which no American farmer would live. The greatest maker of *cloisonne* vases, who may ask you two hundred dollars for something five inches high, produces his miracles behind a two-story frame dwelling consisting of perhaps six rooms. The best girdles of silk made in Japan, and famous throughout the Empire, are woven in a house that cost scarcely five hundred dollars. The work is of course hand-woven." Protestantism killed such wonderful arts in England and would kill them everywhere if it could. But they still survive and the killer is growing very feeble. We know what the Japanese visitors at Versailles thought of Massey, Hughes and Co. But if they had seen our Bill make his gesture!

The Strategical Question

WOULD AN INDEPENDENT IRELAND BE A DANGER TO ENGLAND?

Why does England refuse freedom to Ireland?

A host of evasive and contradictory answers have been given to this question in the past (says the *Irish Bulletin*). But the last two years have cleared the ground of unreal controversies and fictitious issues. There survives but one answer to the eternal question posed, and that answer is that it would be "unsafe" for England to do otherwise.

All the recent utterances of responsible British statesmen, including the Prime Minister, have narrowed the question to this single point. "An independent Ireland on our flank," they have repeated again and again, "would be a military and strategical danger to us."

It is a brutally frank proposition, proclaimed without hypocrisy and seemingly without a suspicion that it amounts to a denial of all international right, and violates the principle in the name of which Europe was drenched with blood for four years.

But whether it be morally right or wrong, is the proposition true? Would an independent Ireland, in fact, be a danger to England?

The difficulty is to place this important theme upon the plane of reasonable discussion. The supposed danger, for those who believe in it, is usually not a matter of argument but of unreasoning fear, while the trained strategists, accustomed to regard the world as a battle-field and humanity as cannon-fodder, take it for granted that every country, even an island, must be a military danger to its neighbors.

Yet it is a shocking and unconscionable thing that men should fight with passion for an empty delusion, above all in a war which, at the time hostilities were suspended, was threatening to become a veritable war of extermination upon the Irish people, and which, if peace is not to result, may resume that terrible complexion.

We appeal, while there is still time, for a cool and thoughtful consideration of the subject.

The Choice Before England

In the first place let us have it clear that for England the question is not one simply of safety, but of contrasting the relative safety of two opposite courses. Is she safer with an Ireland under her military control, as at present, than she would be with an independent Ireland? A violently hostile Ireland is undoubtedly a danger to her, and, in the larger sense of the word "strategy" a strategical danger. It chains to the costly and odious task of coercion a large army which might at any moment be needed for vital work elsewhere. It requires a money outlay far exceeding any profit derived from the possession of this island. It involves England in a war of a kind which is damaging to her prestige and admits of no finality because the objective is an unconquerable abstraction, the soul and spirit of a people. Lastly it makes England bitter enemies among the Irish race throughout the world, with results, especially in America, which are an embarrassment to her imperial policies.

These facts are unquestioned. Those who say that our independence would be a danger to England are bound to prove that the danger would be greater than it is now.

Mr. Lloyd George, in a speech at Carnarvon on October 9 of last year, came nearer to a reasoned strategical argument than any statesman in recent days, and the reasons he gave for the military subjection of Ireland will serve as a basis for discussion.

He made two points, not merely against an Irish Republic but against "Dominion Home Rule." The first was that England would be forced to have conscription because "you could not have an army of 500,000 or 600,000 men in Ireland and only an army of about 100,000 men here."

The second point was that "they (the Irish) need not build a navy. You do not need to spend much on submarines. They are vicious little craft but they are not expensive."

Here are two assertions with which we can grapple. The danger to England is alleged to come from an Irish army and from Irish submarines.

Mr. Lloyd George spoke as if Ireland, single-handed, could make these menaces effective, and the simplest plan is to begin by following him in this assumption, because the underlying strategic principles will thus emerge most clearly. Afterwards we can suppose that Ireland had an ally or allies or that her neutrality, like that of Belgium, was violated.

The Supposed Danger from an Irish Army

Let us take the army first, and passing by the rhetorical use of some rather startling figures, get to the point. The only rational meaning to be attached to Mr. Lloyd George's proposition is that the Irish Army would in some way threaten England. Now let us suppose that little Ireland, with her 4½ millions of people and her revenue, screwed to the highest point by exorbitant taxation, of only 50 millions, were really to form the insane ambition of menacing with military force her mighty neighbor, Britain, with 42 millions of people and a revenue of 1,000 millions. How is the threat to be carried out?

The Irish army could certainly be used up to the limit of its strength for defending Irish soil. But defence is not a menace. For offence it must be transported overseas on ships which would have to be protected by a navy capable of defeating the British Navy, and securing the permanent and undisputed command of the sea, for it is an accepted axiom of strategy that an over-sea invasion is not possible without the secure maintenance of sea-communications. Germany, with the largest army in the world and the second navy in the world, was not able to land a man in England in the recent war. England, thanks to her command of the sea, was able to land millions of troops continuously upon the continent, place them upon the battle-front, and eventually throw them into Germany.

Ireland, then, starting without a single naval ship to her credit, must in order to menace England with her army, first become a naval power greater than England. Now it certainly is not reasonable to refuse Ireland independence on the ground that this prodigious inversion of relative positions might be a miracle come to pass in the far future. It is hardly necessary to add that all the small nations of Europe could legitimately be extinguished to-morrow by their great military neighbors if the principle applied to Ireland were to be sanctioned by the opinion of the world.

Governing Strategical Facts

Some governing strategical facts are now becoming clear:

1. Ireland and Britain are islands.
2. Their offensive and defensive power in war depend therefore, primarily, on naval strength.
3. Ireland is immeasurably weaker than Britain, not only in naval but in military resources, and cannot even begin to approach equality within any foreseeable period.

An appreciation of these governing facts, ignored by Mr. Lloyd George, should dissipate the submarine peril also—a peril with a peculiar appeal to nervous and unreflecting minds. It is so easy to conjure up pictures of these mysterious little craft, "vicious" and "not expensive," issuing from a small nation's ports to paralyse the fleets and commerce of a mighty enemy. But is this really possible? Observe Mr. Lloyd George's words: "They (the Irish) need not build a navy." But we have seen that in reality they must build the greatest navy in the world in order to threaten England with their army. The same manifestly applies to their use of submarines.

Submarines, to be of the smallest use in modern war, are, of course, not cheap. They must be large, numerous and costly out of all proportion to the slender revenues of Ireland. Germany built 400, lost 200, and failed in her objective. But their cost is a minor matter. The bases from which they operate must be secure, and with a hostile power like England in command of the neighboring seas, the Irish submarine bases would have to be impregnable secure against attack by sea, air, or land. They must be secure from sea and air attack because naval bombardment with aerial observation, or aerial bombardment from aircraft carried on warships can destroy unprotected dock-yards and submarines on the surface—and they must be on the surface in and approaching port—can prevent the

establishment of protective minefields and play havoc with the auxiliary surface craft which are indispensable to submarine bases. But protection by sea and air would itself be wholly wasted without protection by land, because the command of the sea would enable England to throw into Ireland at selected points armies capable of enveloping and destroying the submarine bases, or at any rate of rendering them strategically untenable by cutting their communications with the Irish military centres. A submarine base cannot exist in the air.

The strategic conditions in the North Sea during the world-war supply a vivid illustration of these facts. Germany with her vast resources and the second navy in the world was just able, by immense outlay in men and money upon protective air squadrons, ferro-concreted dockyard protection (including a colossal bomb-proof shelter for submarines at Bruges, which is one of the wonders of the world), numerous squadrons of destroyers, minelayers and minor surface-craft to maintain against naval and aerial attack on her advanced submarine base, Bruges, with its seaport, Zeebrugge, until near the close of the war. Ostend became useless owing to naval bombardment. In April 1918, an assault on Zeebrugge closed access to Bruges, which lies nine miles inland, for several weeks' and might if repeated, have closed it permanently. But, whether this happened or not, the existence of the Bruges base depended on uninterrupted communication with the military and industrial centres of Germany. When the Allied armies began to break the battle-front in Belgium in October, Bruges, Zeebrugge, and Ostend, threatened with envelopment, were instantly evacuated. This was the final result of England's command of the sea, enabling her, in spite of fleets of German submarines, to maintain the transport of her growing army across the Channel for more than four years.

An Irish Minister of War, therefore, asked to prepare estimates for a naval establishment, with or without submarines, capable of threatening England, or even of providing an adequate defence against English aggression, would refuse or resign at the first survey of the facts. He would say that he was asked, literally, to throw money into the sea. The utmost he, like the Naval Minister of any other small country would sanction, would be a small outlay purely for defensive purposes, on small vessels of war, including perhaps a few small submarines, strictly for fishery, coast, and harbor protection, together with a modest air defence mainly for reconnaissance.

Ireland's Defensive Power against England

From the purely defensive standpoint these provisions would be useless in the last resort against an attack by a strong naval and air power, though they could cause delay, and necessitate some additional output of strength in the enemy's offensive. This, in the last resort, though with a marked difference of degree, is all that Ireland's main line of defence—her army—could do to prevent a resolute invasion by a Power as great as England. We cannot now by sheer military force expel the British armies, and we could not prevent them from re-entering if they were inflexibly determined to do so. In the final reckoning we must face the fact that our resistance depends on moral right.

But from England's standpoint that moral right and the resistance founded upon it is an insurmountable obstacle now. Unsatisfied with the far-reaching results flowing for its refusal, it is her strategical danger. Satisfied, it would be her strategical safeguard.

For it is not to England's interest that Ireland, her best, and, indeed, her indispensable food supplier and market, should be under the control of a hostile Power. A free Ireland would be her strongest guarantee against any such eventuality. For a free Ireland would fight to the death against any kind of foreign control.

This plain inference from ordinary human motives, taken with the roset of strategical facts, should be a sufficient answer to the fears expressed about the other contingencies we have to consider—the alliance of Ireland with some other Power or Powers, or the forced violation of her neutrality.

The Violation of a Neutral Ireland

We have already disposed by implication of the latter case. Leaving aside for the moment the naval possibility of a forced landing in a neutral Ireland by a foreign Power, the military defence of the island, supposing the landing were effected, could not be in better hands than that of an Irish army fighting with vehemence to defend its own soil. An English army of occupation, with an Irish rebel army upon its back, perhaps in actual sympathy with the invader, would be paralysed from the first.

The contingency of a hostile Ireland, allied with another Power, must in justice be considered, though it is

one that hardly comes within the scope of reasonable discussion; and, without some little tincture of reason, all discussion is futile. What could be the motive for such an alliance? Ireland has, and would have, no continental entanglements or colonial ambitions, no land frontiers, no irreducible, nothing to covet or intrigue for. To win her freedom from England has been the single object of her policy for 700 years. To retain it when won would be her supreme object in the future. The instinct of self-preservation, if nothing else, would dictate friendly relations of a small neutral nation with a powerful neighbor. There would also be powerful motives of economic and commercial interests. Ireland would not profit from the destruction of England—she would be at a heavy loss.

So much for motives. But for the sake of argument credit Ireland with the lunacy of deserting her safest role—the safest role for all small nations—that of strict neutrality, and of entering into some joint design against England, based, one must suppose, upon a senseless spirit of revenge for wrongs already requited. The strategic facts demand that her alliance must be with a naval Power or Powers. The combined navies of Europe are negligible beside the British Navy, and are likely to remain so for further than we can see. Japan? A war between England and Japan, waged in European waters, is not a possible contingency, and an alliance between Ireland and Japan raises a smile. America? The independence of Ireland would itself remove the main obstacle to friendly co-operation between England and America, and would render war between them an unnatural and unlikely event in any case, practically unthinkable. If it did take place, it would not be fought in waters where Ireland could be a strategic factor. America is too distant, her communications too long. It would be an economic struggle.

The First Consequences of an Alliance

Nevertheless, to omit nothing, let us suppose this alliance, or any other, however unlikely, to be entertained by Ireland, what would be the result? At the first glimpse of preparation for it—and the preparations could not be concealed—perhaps at the first wind of it an ultimatum from England, with all the fearful perils involved. Suppose, even so, that the war actually came to pass. Ireland would certainly be the first to suffer, and heavily, from England. But could she be of any practical assistance to her ally?

Nene, if the governing principles of naval strategy be remembered. Her only contribution to the war would be to offer her shores as a foothold to the armies of her ally and her ports as a shelter for his ships. But neither of these offers could take effect until the English Navy had been destroyed or driven finally from the seas. Until that happened no hostile Power could land a man in Ireland, or derive any appreciable advantage from the use of Irish ports. The idea that submarines can be based surreptitiously on the ports of a little country without a navy, and in direct defiance of an enemy Power holding the local command of the sea is a delusion born of the tittle-tattle of scaremongers.

But let us make the final supposition: that England did in fact lose the command of the sea. In that case there would be no need for her enemy to land a man in Ireland or to use Irish ports. England's economic position is such that her loss of the command of the sea means starvation and defeat.

Such is the position. Where does England's true strategic interest lie? In antagonising Ireland or conciliating her? There can be but one reasonable answer. It is her interest to recognise our independence. To contest it in a war of extermination is not only shameful, but ruinous to her.

As the soul is the life of the body, but does not keep it alive without bodily food, so God is the Life of the Soul, but does not keep it alive without spiritual food, that is, without the Word of God.—St. Augustine.

AN APPEAL FROM THE BACKBLOCKS

At Tuatapere—a bush township in Southland—Mass is celebrated in the most westerly part of New Zealand. The few scattered Catholics are making a bold endeavor to raise funds for a much-needed church but realise their difficulties without assistance from outside. They therefore appeal to the generously disposed readers of the *Tablet* to help them in their enterprise.

Subscriptions may be sent to the undersigned—Presbytery, Riverton—and will be acknowledged in the *Tablet*.

(Rev.) D. P. BUCKLEY.

WEDDING BELLS

DOWD—JACQUES.

The wedding was solemnised at the Catholic Cathedral, Barbadoes Street, Christchurch, on Tuesday, September 6, by the Rev. Father Hanrahan, Adm., who celebrated a Nuptial Mass, of Mr. Patrick J. Dowd, son of Mrs. Dowd, of Edgewood Road, St. Albans, and Miss Eva C. Jacques, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Jacques, of Cashel Street Christchurch. The bride who was given away by her father, wore a very pretty dress of ivory white crepe-de-Chine, daintily trimmed with shaded rose buds. A beautiful hand-embroidered veil was held in place by a circlet of gold and silver leaves, and she carried a pretty posy of white blossoms and maiden-hair ferns. She was attended as bridesmaid by her sister (Miss Agnes Jacques), who wore a charming frock of shell-pink crepe-de-Chine, and leghorn hat with trimmings to match, and also carried a bouquet of pink blossoms. Mr. Frank Perkins attended as best-man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents. The Rev. Father Hanrahan, presided, and the customary toasts were honored. Later the newly-wedded couple left by ferry boat for the North Island, the bride wearing a smart grey costume with pretty toque to match.

PERCY—KELEHER.

The wedding was solemnised on Wednesday, October 5, at St. Joseph's Cathedral, Dunedin, of two well known residents of Clyde, Central Otago, namely Miss Mary Keleher and Mr. Stuart Percy. Rev. Father Spillane, a cousin of the bride, officiated. The bride who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Keleher, so well and favorably known in that district, was given away by her brother (Mr. M. Keleher, jr.), wore a dainty frock of pale cream accordeon-pleated crepe-de-Chine, finished with pretty lace bodice, the customary wreath and veil, touches of orange blossoms, and streamers of ribbons. She was attended by Miss Hilda Percy (sister of the bridegroom), who was tastefully attired in apricot crepe-de-Chine with fancy leghorn hat laced with ribbons. Both carried handsome shower-bouquets. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Verdon Keleher, brother of the bride. After the ceremony the wedding party adjourned to the "Strand" where justice was done to a most excellent spread of good things, the usual time-honored toasts not being forgotten. The newly-wedded couple left by motor for the South, the bride's travelling frock being a dark grey gaberdine with picturesque black hat trimmed with bunches of grapes and streamers of green ribbon.

MOLLOY—O'DONOGHUE.

The wedding was solemnised at St. Patrick's Church, Kilbirnie, Wellington, on August 30, by Rev. Father Griffin, who celebrated a Nuptial Mass, of Mr. P. J. Molloy, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Molloy, Reefton, and Miss Margaret Mary (Madge) O'Donoghue, fourth daughter of Mark and the late Mary O'Donoghue, of Clondalkin, Co. Dublin, Ireland. The bride, who was given away by Mr. D. Leahy of Kilbirnie, wore a frock of ivory crepe-de-Chine trimmed with orange blossoms, and large crepe-picture hat. She also carried a sheaf of white flowers tied with green, white and gold ribbons. Miss Annie Leahy, as bridesmaid, wore nigre-brown gabardine coat frock with hat to match. Mr. Bernard Shaw was best man. After wedding breakfast was partaken of at the residence of Mrs. D. Leahy (the bridegroom's sister), the newly-wedded couple left for Napier, the bride travelling in a fawn gabardine coat-frock trimmed with pillar-box red, and hat to match. On their return to their new home at Reefton, a cordial reception awaited Mr. and Mrs. Molloy, and at a function prepared in their honor they received the congratulations of numerous friends.

OUR REPRESENTATIVES' MOVEMENTS

We wish to notify our northern readers that our three representatives have commenced a special visit to the North Island. Mr. T. J. Sheahan, Marton to New Plymouth; Mr. E. Hanrahan; Wellington to Napier; and Mr. J. M. Houlihan, Auckland City and surroundings. A visit to other parts of the Island will follow.

"N.Z. TABLET" CO.

Convent School, Greymouth

The Opera House Greymouth, was crowded the other night on the occasion of the concert given by the pupils attending the convent schools, in aid of the Convent Re-building Fund, and the applause that greeted each item showed (says an exchange) that the large audience appreciated the efforts of the Sisters responsible for bringing the children to such a state of excellence in their different numbers.

The first item was a chorus entitled "Welcome," sung by the children, and the way the juvenile members entered into the spirit of the chorus showed the careful training they had received, the voices being in perfect tune. The next item, a violin selection, entitled "Valse," was very nicely rendered by the convent orchestra. Following this a piano trio played on two pianos by the Misses J. McDonnell, B. McSherry, J. Passau, V. Knell, R. Deere, and E. Sampson was a very pleasing item and showed the care and attention the performers had received from their teachers. The two instruments were in perfect accord all through the piece. Next came a "Lullaby," sung by a chorus of infants, and the little mites had to respond to an encore. Misses Doreen Daly and Margery Fletcher were the next performers in a piano duo entitled "Venetian Regatta" (Liszt). The audience always expect something good from these two performers, and in this they were not disappointed, the piece being very nicely rendered. One of the gems of the evening was the action song, "Butterfly Dance," in which a dozen of the pupils, dressed as butterflies, together with limelight effects, created great applause from the large audience, by their singing and graceful dancing, and had to respond to an encore. The same also can be said of the "Spanish Dance" later in the evening. These two numbers were certainly very pleasing. After this a dialogue, "Telling a Story," by Misses C. Cotter and B. Gilbert, evoked roars of laughter, and they had to respond to an encore. A violin selection, "La Serenata" (Braga), by the Misses M. Phelan, M. Fletcher, D. Lalor, A. Hudd, E. Wallace, and the chorus, "Fiddle and I," by the pupils were well received.

The following number was a drama entitled "The Love of a Bonnet" by the Misses K. Greaney, E. Ryan, K. Ryan, V. Ryan, M. Gormley, and N. Barrett, and each of the performers acquitted themselves admirably, the audience showing their approval by repeated applause. The next item was a piano duo by Misses D. Daly and M. Fletcher, "Goliwogg Cake Walk" (Debussy), a very dainty and quaint piece of music, and was much appreciated. An action song, "Heads and Heels," by the pupils created great merriment, and the performers had to repeat the item next followed a violin solo entitled "Tales of Hoffman," by Misses M. Phelan, M. Fletcher, D. Lalor, A. Hudd, and E. Wallace, and was rendered in the usual finished manner the pupils receiving their tuition at the convent are noted for, the item being beautifully rendered. Following this the song and chorus, "The Maids of Lee," Misses J. Passau, D. Blackmore, and M. Gormley, as the three maids held the audience in the best of spirits by their interpretation of the parts and had to respond to an encore. The piano trio, "Quickstep Gallop," played on two pianos by Misses D. McBrearty, K. Fogarty, W. Pickles, M. McSherry, K. Knell, and Gore was very nicely rendered, and the audience insisted on an encore. After this came the vocal duet "A.B.C.," by Misses V. Ryan and B. Gilbert, which proved to be a very enjoyable item, and the performers repeated it as an encore. The final number was a chorus by the school children entitled "Hail to our Dear School To-day," bringing to a close one of the best programmes given in Greymouth.

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"Crepo" Voile. A dainty material, really a Crepe-finished Voile, slightly heavier than Georgette. A full range of new season's shadings: 40 inches wide—3/6 yard.

Cotton Georgette. One of the most attractive fabrics for the coming season. A dainty line in the following shades: White, Ivory, Lemon, Sky, Salmon, Helio., Oyster, Nil, Saxe, Brick, Navy, and Black: 40 inches wide—5/9.

White Voile. Exceptional values are offering in this serviceable material. All fine weaves and all double-width: 40 inches wide—1/6 1/2, 1/11, 2/3, 2/6, 2/11, 3/3, 3/6, 3/11 yard.

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Floral Voiles. Wonderful effects for sunny summer. A great range of designs to choose from, in both Light and Dark effects: 40 inches wide—2/11, 3/11, 4/11 yard.

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Church Schools : Protest Against Rating

Protest against any attempt to impose rates on denominational schools was made by a deputation representing the Catholic, Anglican, and Presbyterian Churches which waited on the conference of the Municipal Association of New Zealand this week.

Rev. Dr. J. Gibb, the first spokesman, said the three Churches represented were absolutely united because of the fear that an injustice might be done to the schools of the various denominations. The law at present provided that the schools were to be exempt from rates, on condition that they did not own more than 4 acres of land. It was understood that the conference was to be asked to consider proposals that denominational schools should be regarded in the same way as other institutions which were not concerned with the education of the young people. The Presbyterian Church had a number of schools at present, and was going to have more. The Church had not embarked on the crusade in order to enter into competition with the State, or for any selfish purpose. The object in establishing the schools was purely philanthropic, and it was not sought to make money out of them. Heavy mortgages were at present being carried, but should the time ever come when money was made it would be utilised for the improvement of existing schools and for the establishment of others. "We are anxious that our children should be brought up to be good citizens, good men and women," said Dr. Gibb. "We are not satisfied with the education being given in the State schools." The Church had established schools for the benefit of the children, and the object was to bring them up in loyalty to the King, allegiance to the State, and, above all, in allegiance to Almighty God. It would be altogether unworthy were an obstacle placed in their path. The deputation did not say "hands off the denominational schools," but it besought the sympathy of the conference in the matter, and asked that the delegates should refuse to listen to any suggestion to rate the schools. The three Churches were entirely united in their views on the subject, and in the long run they would prove to be a formidable and tough proposition if they were opposed.

The Hon. J. Barr, M.L.C. (Sumner):

"There is tougher outside!"

Dr. Gibb: "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the time of war. I don't want to fight, though."

Inflicting an Injustice

Rev. Father O'Connell, president of the Catholic Federation, spoke of the great work that had been done by the Catholic Church in the matter of establishing schools. Since 1877, the Church had spent £750,000 on school properties and buildings. If the schools were rated it would inflict an injustice on the poor Catholic working people, who, from a spirit of loyalty and conscientious motive, had built the schools, and had done all the State required in the matter of giving a sound education. "We are doing this work for you," said Father O'Connell, "for the various municipalities and boroughs of New Zealand. We are doing it from the highest spirit of loyalty, and we hope that this union of the Churches this morning on the important question of education will give New Zealand a really good helping hand in building up the country on the soundest lines possible, that is, with religion to safeguard the interests of our people, and to train them as God intended that they should be trained, as self-respecting New Zealanders. We want to build up a New Zealand that is worthy of us all."

Mr. J. J. McGrath appealed to the justice of the delegates in the matters, and urged that no departure should be made from the principle of exempting schools from rating. In Wellington there were eight Catholic schools, and he knew that the Presbyterians had one of the most excellent scholastic institutions in the Dominion, if not in Australasia. No one wished the Presbyterians and the Anglicans more success with their schools than the Catholic community of New Zealand. With respect to the proposal from Wanganui that a denominational school be entitled to only four acres free of rates in any one rating area, Mr. McGrath contended that in a city like Wellington it would mean that one denominational school would be free from rates, whereas other schools belonging to the same denomination would have to pay. School properties had not been rateable since 1894, and, relying upon that fact, the various denominations had built their schools, but not for the purpose of attacking the State system. Mr. McGrath stated that there were 13,257 children attending Catholic schools in the Dominion, and the parents sent them there for conscientious motives. The schools were discharging their functions so far as imparting to the pupils a sound, solid, and secular education. That was

a condition—which he hoped would long be a condition—of those schools being allowed to exist. The existence of the Catholic schools annually saved the State £150,164 on primary education. The Catholics also contributed £277,626 towards the cost of State education. Those were voluntary sacrifices made by the people willingly for conscience sake.

The president of the conference (Mr. R. A. Wright, M.P.) said the delegates had every sympathy with the Churches in their work, but he desired to point out that local bodies had found that there had been a gradual encroachment on the revenue that should be derived from rates. There was no desire on the part of any local body to do an injury to any private school. The conference, however, would give the matter every consideration.

Dr. Gibb thanked the conference for having heard the deputation, and said he was quite sure that representations made would get a fair deal.

"Inroads on Local Bodies' Revenue"

In moving the first remit after the deputation had retired, Mr. Fleisher said he had the greatest sympathy with the denominational schools, and recognised the great work they were doing. But the conference had to consider the revenue of local bodies, upon which tremendous inroads had of late years been made through concessions being granted to philanthropic institutions. They should deal with the question on broad principles, and take into consideration what was fair and just to the community as a whole. It was a fair thing to exempt such properties from the general rate, but they could not be expected to be relieved of fire board, water, or lighting levies. It had been said that the rating of schools would cast a burden on the poor people, but the local bodies sought to make up the deficiencies caused by the exemptions granted.

Seconding the motion, Mr. E. H. Andrews (Christchurch) said he did not want to see the noble work of education retarded. They were doing a fair thing in offering exemption from the general rate. He was not sure he would not include places of public worship with the schools in the exemption from that levy.

Mr. J. McGregor Wright (Woolston) also spoke in support of the remit.

The Hon. J. Barr, M.L.C., said he could not see why educational institutions should not pay a fair share towards the conveniences they enjoyed.

Mr. O. N. C. Pragnell (Masterton) thought the remit as worded was altogether too drastic, as every Police Court, Supreme Court, and similar buildings would be affected. No Government would listen to such a request. Every township wanted to encourage as many scholastic institutions in its midst as possible. The remit required modification.

Mr. H. S. W. King (Devonport) supported the view that the remit was too drastic, and that it did not involve a fair thing so far as the schools were concerned.

Mr. G. Baidon (Auckland) also opposed the remit. Schools he referred to in Auckland were already paying large rates. He particularly instanced the Auckland Grammar School.

Miss E. Melville (Auckland), who also opposed the motion, said they should not make distinctions between bodies which were not practicable in application. The remit, if adopted, would cause confusion.

Mr. E. P. Rishworth (Lower Hutt) supported the resolution. He regretted the deputation had waited on the conference to appeal to its sympathies on the question, and raise private or personal matters such as religion. The conference should look at the remit so far as it affected local bodies, which were year by year being steadily fleeced of one portion after another of their rateable areas, and were thus being hampered in carrying out the necessary sanitary and other arrangements of their districts. If things went on as at present, local bodies would soon find themselves in a very parlous plight.

Mr. J. F. Lillieran (Invercargill) thought the motion was too wide in its application.

Replying to the discussion, Mr. Fleisher said he could not see that the proposal was drastic. It merely called upon all properties, whether Government or privately owned, to contribute their fair share of special rating. Sir Francis Bell had advised them to live within their means. How were the local authorities to do so if they exempted public properties from rating?

Upon being put to the voices, the remit was carried by a fairly substantial majority.

Exemption from Rating: A Motion Lapses

The subject of the exemption of denominational schools from rating again came up for discussion at a later session of the Municipal Association Conference, but was disposed of without discussion.

Mr. G. Murch, on behalf of the Wanganui Borough Council, moved: "That section 2 of the Rating Act, 1908,

sub-section (8), be amended to make it clear that any denomination will only be entitled to four acres free of rates in any one rating area.

The president (Mr. R. A. Wright, M.P.) said he hoped it would not be necessary to replace the ground covered on the previous day. The crux of the whole question lay in the last clause, and he asked that discussion should be confined to that portion.

Mr. Murch said that in Wanganui there was one denomination that had six schools. One of the properties was of considerably more than four acres. Owing to the large number of exemptions the council desired it to be made clear whether those concerned were entitled to exemption for one lot of four acres or more.

The motion lapsed for want of a second.

Diocesan News

ARCHDIOCESE OF WELLINGTON

(From our own correspondent.)

October 7.

His Grace Archbishop O'Shea left last Monday for an episcopal visitation to the West Coast.

Mr. Tom Tooley, a prominent member of St. Mary's Choir, was prior to his departure for Lyttelton, entertained by the members of the choir and made the recipient of a valuable present to mark the esteem in which he is held.

The Catholic Ladies' Club had a pleasant afternoon at their club rooms last Tuesday. Many new members were admitted.

A successful juvenile social was held at the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall last Wednesday evening. The proceeds are to be devoted to the bazaar fund in connection with St. Joseph's parish, which is being organised for next Easter.

Last Monday evening the members of the Dominion Executive of the N.Z. Catholic Federation, under the president (Very Rev. Ephraim O'Connell, S.M.), and representatives from the Anglican and the Presbyterian Churches, headed by Ven. Archdeacon Johnson and Rev. Dr. Gibb, for the purpose of discussing the remits affecting the rating of private schools which were on the agenda paper of the N.Z. Municipal and County Councils Conference, held here during the week. As a result it was decided to send a deputation representing the three denominations to the conference, to protest against the carrying off such remits. It is interesting to note that the conference threw out the most drastic of the remits, which lapsed for want of a second.

The Ven. Archdeacon Devoy, S.M., has left for a short visit to Wanganui, where he will be the guest of the Very Rev. Father O'Connell.

A successful opening was made by the bazaar held in the St. Anne's Hall, Newmarket, under the auspices of the Sisters of Mercy (building fund), on Saturday evening. The Rev. Father O'Connell, M.P., performed the opening ceremony, being briefly introduced by Mr. W. H. Giles, who explained the object of the bazaar. This was the reduction of the existing debt on the convent school, and the effort now being launched had been projected for some considerable time, but had been postponed, unavoidably, from various causes. Although the present was not altogether a favorable time, it was felt that the endeavor must be made without delay, if it was to be made at all. In the course of a brief address Mr. Wright stressed the importance of training the young in every way. As the citizens of the future they could not be neglected. He highly commended the work done by the Sisters of Mercy in this direction, and trusted that they would receive that support which they deserved in every way from those present. He then formally declared the bazaar open, and made a tour of inspection of the building. The hall, which was packed to the doors, presented a gay spectacle. Five stalls were the principal weapon of attack in the cause—the All Nations' stall, under Misses Wylie and Giles; Zealandia stall, Misses Wickliffe and Smyth; Towland, Mrs. Beach; Tea and Refreshments, Simmons and Hindle; and a stall of miscellaneous goods, under the auspices of the pupils of Mr. ...

Joe Knowsley, the Dawn Ballet (Misses E. Wright, E. and ... dance (Misses J. Rawlinson and Beryl Ward), and numbers by Misses E. Wright, ... I. Weston, and little Betty Hoare calling for special mention. The bazaar, which will remain open till Saturday next, has been well patronized.

DIOCESE OF AUCKLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

On Monday morning at the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby, a Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the mother of Rev. Father Moore, of Manchester, was celebrated. Bishop Linton presided, and Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook was celebrant. The deacon was Rev. Father Murphy, subdeacon, Father O'Malley, master of ceremonies, Rev. Father Ford. The music of the Mass was sung by the priests of the diocese, assisted by the Marist Brothers. The Bishop was attended by Fathers Moore and O'Connor.

The residents of Taupiri (Waikato district) rendered a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tenn in the local hall on Thursday night. Mr. Tenn has been for many years stationmaster at Taupiri, and is now under orders to proceed to Auckland. The function took the form of a social and a treat, and was crowded, thus showing the esteem in which the guests are held. Mr. A. H. Waring, on behalf of the residents, presented Mrs. Tenn with a honey bowl, and Mr. Tenn with a gentleman's companion, as a token of the good wishes of the people of the district. Mr. Tenn, who has always been courteous and kind, and obliging in his official capacity, and together with his wife, had helped in many of the social functions of the town. They would be greatly missed by their many friends, and he trusted they would prosper in their new sphere. A very pleasant evening was spent by the large crowd present, and the affair was held to be one of the most social held in the hall. Mr. Brabner, of Huntly, greatly added to the enjoyment of the occasion by his budget of comic songs. Messrs. R. T. Hill and W. Waring made a fine musical offering, while excellent music was provided by Mr., Mrs., and Miss White, Mr. C. Smith, Misses Waring (2), Miller, and Frosham.

The mission of the Good Shepherd at Donaghadee, Ireland, was formally received into the organization last week by the provincial commissioner, Mr. H. J. O'Sullivan, and 18 boys made the scouts' promise in the presence of Rev. Father William Murphy, the deputy commissioner, Mr. R. C. Grishby, Scoutmaster, Coleman, and a number of parents and friends. After the devotion held in the church, the chaplain to the bishop (Father Murphy) presided in the hall, the visiting scout officers. The provincial commissioner addressed the present, and explained that the object of the movement was to promote a world-wide spirit of goodwill and unity, and to encourage in all young people a sense of duty and a desire to become good citizens. He also announced that the scouts' movement was now being introduced into the diocese, and that the first troop was being formed in New Zealand in connection with the Catholic Church. He felt sure, however, that other troops would soon be formed, and that the mission of the Good Shepherd had given a real and lasting blessing to the diocese.

Right Rev. Dr. Linton opened the new presbytery at Matamoras on Sunday, the 2nd inst., being assisted in the ceremony by the Rev. Father Basil Taylor. In the afternoon, on Tuesday, his lordship, Dr. Linton presided over a conference of the clergy and suburban clergy, held in the Bishop's House. On Wednesday a conference of the South Auckland clergy was held in the Bishop's House, at which Dr. Linton also presided.

St. Mary's Convent, Ponsonby, held great rejoicings during this week, on the occasion of the silver jubilee of the death of the Sisters. Rev. Mother Josephine, Rev. Mother Mary Ann, and Sister M. Bercharis, who celebrated the 25th anniversary of their solemn profession on Sunday, the 2nd inst., Pontifical High Mass was celebrated on Tuesday at 8 a.m. His lordship, Dr. Linton, was celebrant.

about 11:45, several gunmen entered the restaurant. A (TENTATIVE)

Selected Poetry

Benedict XV.

Sole voice of peace amid the raging sea
Of hate and slaughter, cries and counter-cries
Of stricken, bought and sold humanity,
Sole voice of truth amid the storm of lies;

Sole voice of love amid the roar of hate
That sunders race from race and man from man;
When all the thoughtless world is desolate
Sole king and seer the Law of God to scan;

His Law thou meditating day and night,
Unto a blind bewilder'd world dost speak,
Unwearied, swerving never left or right,
Blessing and blest, rock-steadfast, valant, meek
—H. E. G. ROPE, in *Blackfriars*.

The Sundial (December)

So many days the Sun has made no sign,
Has veiled his face from his rapt worshipper,
Who stands unconscious of the passing year,
Remembering only moments, fierce, divine,
When rays of glory pierced the heavens to shine
Upon his face. Oh, what to him the whirl
Of Time's swift wings who listens for a stir
Of wind to lift the veil before the shrine?
Years and the flux of years are nought to him
Whose life is centred in the flux of light,
Who stands whole days bathed in a splendid flame
And waits long hours for the first dawning rim
Above the earth, absorbed by day and night—
Blest victim of the Sun-god's mystic game.

"To One Who Would Remain Friends"

What is this prate of friendship? Kings disrowned
Go forth, not citizens but outlawed men.
If love has ceased to give a loyal sound,
Let there at least be silence. Once again
I go, proscribed, exiled, dominionless
Out of your coasts, yet scorning to complain.
I grudge not your allegiance nor my bliss,
I yield the pleasure as I keep the pain.
Rebellion's rights are limited though strong.
The right to take gives not the right to give.
Mine are the sole right and prerogative
To give a title or forgive a wrong.
This gift of friendship was not yours to bring.
As I have lived in love I still will live
Or die, if needs must, and without reprieve,
Your lover yet, and kingdomless a king.

—WILFRED S. BLUNT.

On a Dead Child

Man proposes. God in His time disposes.
And so I wandered up to where you lay,
A little rose among the little roses,
And no more dead than they.

It seemed your childish feet were tired of straying,
You did not greet me from your flower-strewn bed.
Yet still I knew that you were only playing—
Playing at being dead.

I might have thought that you were really sleeping,
So quiet lay your eyelids to the sky,
So still your hair, but surely you were peeping,
And so I did not cry.

God knows, and in His proper time disposes,
And so I smiled and gently called your name,
Added my rose to your sweet heap of roses,
And left you to your game.

—RICHARD MIDDLETON.

The Convict of Clonmel

(From the Irish.)

"How hard is fortune
And vain my repining;
The strong rope of fate
For this young neck is twining!
My strength is departed,
My cheeks sunk and fallow,
While I languish in chains
In the gaol of Clonmala.

"No boy of the village
Was ever yet milder;
I'd play with a child
And my sport would be wilder;
I'd dance without tiring
From morning till even,
And the goal-ball I'd strike
To the light'ning of Heaven.

"At my bed foot decaying
My hurl bat is lying;
Through the boys of the village
My goal-ball is flying;
My horse 'mong the neighbors
Neglected may follow,
While I pine in my chains
In the gaol of Clonmala.

"Next Sunday the patron
At home will be keeping,
And the young active hurlers
The field will be sweeping;
With the dance of fair maidens
The evening they'll hallow,
While this heart, once so gay,
Shall be cold in Clonmala."

Ill-omened Gifts

Pride not yourself, O palm-tree,
That loftier you grow
Than almond-trees and laurels,
Whose green tops wave below!
The tempest is approaching,
And when the bolt shall smite,
The foreheads least uplifted
Are safest from its might.

O rose flower, wax not haughty
For hue and scent divine—
Because in field and garden
All others you outshine!
Beauty and scent betoken
Misfortune to a flower,
For hands will come to pluck you,
And insects to devour.

Sweet forest flute, wild songster!
You preen your feathers fair,
And jets of pearly music
Pour forth upon the air,
But grow not vain of warbling;
Be silent, men may hear!
Such trills, to birds that sing them,
Bring nets and trappers near.

Earth, envy not the Day Star
From which your warmth is drawn—
That scatters gold and purple
At sunset and at dawn!
Magnificence so mighty
From mighty torment flows;
A conflagration's brightness
Your light and life bestows.

How dear you buy, O spirit,
Your aureole of flame!
Your true offence is only
That you have wit and fame

—SALVADOR DIAZ MIRON, in the *Mexican Review*.

Palmerston's Fashion Centre

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Quality, Style, and Value of the new "Rosco"
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FEATURES OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

Leader—Feminine Follies, p. 25. Notes—Old Irish Doctors; A Doctor's Advice; Irish Medical Practice; Speak the Word, p. 26. Topics—Merrie England; Sick and Sad; An Imperial Earthquake; Carsonia in Trouble; Japanese Civilisation, pp. 14-15. The American Commission on Conditions in Ireland, p. 7. Church Schools: Protest Against Rating, p. 22. The Strategical Question, p. 16. Dante and the Catholic World, p. 13.

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, OCTOBER 13, 1921.

FEMININE FOLLIES



HE preaching of the early Fathers of the Church concerning the virtues and the domestic duties of women could be repeated without a note of staleness after all the centuries that have passed since Chrysostom and Basil and Gregory taught to the people of old the lessons of Christianity. In those far away years, spheres of social action now open to women were still closed, and we cannot hope to find in the ancient sermons and homilies guiding lights on many modern topics that interest the new woman. Human nature, however, remains more or less the same at all times. Kipling reminds us in one of his jingo ballads that the "Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady" are sisters, in spite of the difference of their apparel: and he might have added that as a rule it is "Judy O'Grady" who is the lady. Eve was the mother of the girls of to-day, who are consumed with the same curiosity as that which led to our first mother's unfortunate acquaintance with the serpent. Times have changed with the passing years, and, in spite of the poet's assurance to the contrary, we have changed little with them. Feminine follies, the foolish love of dress, the quest of distraction and dissipation of the present epoch have aroused denunciations from preachers that are but echoes of the burning words spoken in the same strain and for the same reasons hundreds of years ago by the Fathers.

*

Gregory Nazianzen wrote in his maturer years a poem in which he inveighed against women who were too much concerned about their outward apparel. He denounces those ladies who distort the image of God in their countenances with paint and powder and even with masks. We have not the masks, but the paint and the powder disfigure twenty faces to-day for the one of Gregory's time, and if when he wrote it was an exceptional thing to find the manners and morals of the sisters of Rahab copied by more innocent if more foolish females, there is nothing exceptional about the apparently studied imitation that is common enough at present. Gregory told the girls and women of by-

gone years in plain language that they were like peacocks, strutting the streets in borrowed beauty that deceives nobody, that they only succeeded in causing amusement and pity among those whom they strove to attract, that they wasted precious time in their foolish efforts to ornament themselves, and that the path they pursued led inevitably to vice and sin. "It is not in such a manner that you ought to seek your glory," he says. "It is not in the rose of the paint that you put on your cheeks, but in the rose of the blush brought there by modesty and humility, and in the fairness and pallor born of watching and praying." Chrysostom made similar counsels resound from the pulpits of Antioch and elsewhere. He knew that among his hearers were many who resented being told how they appeared in the eyes of right-minded men, but he did not shirk his duty. "I am the physician," he told them. "My words are the remedy, and I apply it in time to heal the wound and to prevent its corrupting." In our own time a bishop has refused to allow to Holy Communion females dressed in a manner not in keeping with Christian modesty. Chrysostom in his time warned his hearers against customs and manners and dress that were in violent contrast with the sanctity and dignity of the Sacraments instituted by Christ for the sanctification of souls. Another point upon which he touched is not altogether without application in our time, when the "flapper" with her latch-key and her proneness to "spots" is not unknown. In no mild terms he denounced women who were addicted not only to gluttony but to the intemperate use of intoxicants, and he drew a true picture of the degradation of a female who became a victim to such vicious habits. No doubt, there were, in his time, some things similar to the "batches" down the Bay, and the joy-rides, with their consequences, concerning which more than one mother in New Zealand could unfold a sad story.

*

Another lesson might be derived from Chrysostom's preaching against expensive and useless jewels displayed at home and abroad by the daughters of Eve. He reminds the ostentatious wearers of costly trinkets and of ephemeral and expensive apparel of the hungry mouths that might be fed with the money spent on such things, and he might have also said a word about the angry eyes with which the hungry watch the peacocks that flaunt their extravagances in public. He recalls to his hearers that Adam and Eve had to wear clothes as a punishment for sin and to hide their shame; and he points the moral that a sincere Christian who remembers the Fall ought to be careful that clothes should not become an occasion of sin and an advertisement instead of a concealment for shame. It was when Adam and Eve lost their innocence that it became necessary for them to wear the skins of animals. They had come nearer to the animals by their Fall and the skins they wore were surely a reproachful reminder of that fact. It is otherwise nowadays when the expensive skins are rather a proof that their wearers often glory in the fact that their ways and manners are those of beasts rather than of human beings. One last word of his is worth impressing deeply on the tablets of memory: "The dresses you wear might suit actresses who want to attract the eye of the public, but they are not suitable for Christian ladies who are watched by eyes in Heaven." It may be that the repetition of the words of these great preachers of old times may have some effect on a generation of girls who will, unless aroused to a sense of their shame, end by imitating the females who walk by the banks of the Niger with rings in their noses and barbaric bracelets on their wrists, and nothing else to show that they respect themselves as higher creatures than the tigers that crash through the jungle.

—♦♦♦—

No laborious travels are needed for the devout mind; for it carries within it Alpine heights and starlit skies, which it may reach with a moment's thought, and feel at once the loneliness of nature and the magnificence of God.
—James Martineau.

NOTES

Old Irish Doctors

In ancient Erin a king or great chief had his own medical attendant who was also free to practise outside the court, if he wished. A special house with a free tract of land, exempt from rent and taxes, were set apart for the doctor, and the Brehon Laws laid down strict regulations about fees and attendances. Doctors were held in high honor, but they were also subject to close supervision. If, through carelessness or lack of skill, one failed to cure a patient he might be brought before a Brehon or judge, and if found guilty would be condemned to pay as much as if he actually inflicted the wound with his own hand. Medicine often ran in families, and the O'Heikys, the O'Shields, the O'Lees, and the O'Casidys produced famous doctors in bygone ages, and indeed they do to-day. Each medical family kept a book which was handed down from father to son, so that a medical tradition obtained in the family, and the men of one generation benefited by the experience of those who had gone before them.

A Doctor's Advice

Here is a preface written in one of those old books by an Irish doctor who died nearly six centuries ago: "May the good God have mercy on us all. I have here collected practical rules of medicine from several works for the honor of God, for the benefit of the Irish people, for the instruction of my pupils, and for the love of my friends and of my kindred. I have translated many of them into Gaelic from Latin books, containing the lore of the great leeches of Greece and Rome. These are sweet and profitable things which have been often tested by us and by our instructors. I pray God to bless those doctors who will use this book, and I lay it as an injunction on their souls, that they extract knowledge from it not by any means sparingly, and that they do not neglect the practical rules herein contained. More especially I charge them that they do their duty devotedly in cases where they receive no payment on account of the poverty of their patients."

Let every physician, before he begins his treatment, offer up a secret prayer for the sick person, and implore the heavenly Father, the Physician and Balm-giver of all mankind, to prosper the work he is entering upon, and to save himself and his patient from failure.

Irish Medical Practice

The Irish doctors were famous even on the Continent of Europe. Van Helmont, a Brussels physician, praises the Irish doctors and thus described them:

"In the household of every great lord in Ireland there is a physician who has a tract of land for his support and who is appointed to his post, not on account of the great amount of learning he brings away in his head from college, but because he is able to cure diseases. His knowledge of the healing art is derived from books left him by his forefathers, which describe very accurately the marks and signs by which the various diseases are known, and lay down the proper remedies for each. These remedies (which are mostly herbs) are all produced in that country. Accordingly the Irish people are much better managed in sickness than the Italians who have a physician in every village."

Avec du Grec on a toujours raison—a big Greek name often conceals ignorance. The Irish doctors did not borrow mystifying names from Latin or Greek. Gaelic was good enough for them. And in this sensible procedure they were imitated later by the Germans who wisely call a telephone a *Fernsprecher* and a bicycle a *Wagen*.

Cruel Kindness

The phrase "cruel kindness" may be an oxymoron but it expresses well enough what we mean. For kindness can be cruel—can even be hurtful. A weak man will love a friend; an occasion will arise for him speaking which entails a little pain; rather than inflict directly the little pain the weak kind man remains silent and his friend suffers. That is certainly one way in which kindness can be cruel. For another, take the case of a mother who is too fond—we do not say who loves too much—her daughter to reprove her when necessary. The mother is silent; she spares her child a little pain; and through the cruel kindness of that silence a great harm follows. Cases might be multiplied indefinitely. The world is full of cruel kindness of this sort. There is not one of us who does not at some time or other experience it for ourselves. And the reason of it all is simply because there are very few true friends in the world. A true friend will know the time for speaking and the time for silence; he will not be weak when he ought to be strong; he will say the word that ought to be said when the time comes, even if the saying should—as it sometimes does—mean the loss of his friend's good will for a time. A man or woman ought to have a good friend, day and night, for a true friend; and it seems to us that we ought to pray to be delivered from the other sort—the fair-weather friends who smile and smile with hearts within them that serve the purpose of pumping blood through their veins.

Speak the Word

Father Garesche tells us that the following incident occurred one day in a street-car: A man was heard saying to another in an angry voice which drowned the rattle of wheels and the hum of traffic: "You knew the firm was going under and let me go ahead with the deal. You knew I was in for losing, and you were on the right side and you did not say a word. You cur! That may be your idea of friendship, but it isn't mine; don't talk to me again." Here is another little story told by the same writer. I remember still the regretful pathos with which a dear old gentleman, who in the thoughtlessness of youth had entered into associations which kept him from his religious duties, told me of the strange silence which every one kept towards him on that one subject of which he had most need to hear. "There was So-and-so, a good Catholic, and a firm friend of mine, but he never said the word. And there was Father N—, many a time I laughed and chatted with him, but he never said the word. And there's X, and Y, and Z—Ah! and now that I'm back in the Church of God it seems to me I've lost the most of my life." All, too, because no one said the word. We have all experienced it; we have very likely been guilty ourselves. The fundamental reason is our cowardice. To put it another way, we are afraid to say what we know we ought to say and we prefer sinning against charity to saying a thing that we find hard to say. That is the explanation: we are cowards, we are not true friends; we are not trying to follow Christ, for if we were we would ask ourselves what He would do, and we would go and do it no matter at what cost. Next to the grace of God there is nothing on earth more precious than a true friend, and indeed, we venture to say that such a friend is a grace from God. Are there not worse maxims than that of the old verse: *Be true to your word, to your work and your friend?*

SINN FEIN LEADER IN ENGLAND

Mr. Art. O'Brien is chiefly responsible for the successful organisation of Sinn Fein in England. He might be called the Irish Ambassador in London, but, indeed, the British Government has, on occasions, given him more attention than it gives to the average ambassador. He is a native of London, and has been president of the Irish Self-Determination League in London since it was founded. Prior to that time he organised and kept in vigorous life Sinn Fein branches in the metropolis, and in leading English provincial cities. He is well known to British, Irish, American and Australian, and is struck by his personality and his tireless energy.

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

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

Wedding reports will not be inserted unless accompanied by a marriage notice, cash paid.

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

MARRIAGE

DOWD—JACQUES.—On September 6, 1921, at the Cathedral of the Most Blessed Sacrament, Christchurch, by the Rev. Father Haurahau, Adm., Patrick Joseph, son of Mrs. P. Dowd, St. Albans, to Eva Christian, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Jacques, Cashel Street, Christchurch.

RYAN—KELLY.—On August 15, 1921, at St. Vincent's Church, Portland, New South Wales, by the Rev. Father O'Brien, Mary Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kelly, Meadows, Timaru, to Michael, third son of Mrs. and the late Matthew Ryan, Portland, New South Wales.

DEATHS

BLACK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of my father, John Black, who died on October 11, 1921.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving daughter (Matty).

BLENNERHASSETT.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Margaret Setchwell, beloved wife of Raymond Blennerhassett, and beloved youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Carroll, of Fordell, who died at Wanganui Hospital on September 18, 1921.—R.I.P.

McALOON.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Evelyn McAlloon, who died at Christchurch on October 8, 1921; aged 19 years.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

O'CONNELL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Bridget Elizabeth O'Connell, wife of J. O'Connell, Queenstown, and beloved eldest daughter of the late Michael and Sara Fahey, St. Bathans, and sister of Mr. E. W. Fahey, Middelmarsh, who died on October 3, 1921, in her 45th year.—O Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.

O'KANE.—Of your charity pray for the soul of Bernard, beloved husband of Rosanna O'Kane, who died at his residence, Waitahuna Gully, on October 2, 1921; aged 78.—Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on his soul.

ROURKE.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Rourke, who died at Kaitangata (as the result of an accident in the Kaitangata Coal Mine), on October 6, 1921; aged 51 years.—R.I.P.

IN MEMORIAM

ATWILL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Lieutenant Joseph Atwill, who was killed in action in France on October 1, 1916.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.—Inserted by his loving mother, sister, and brother.

BLACK.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John, dearly beloved husband of Rosalia Black, and father of J. Nolan, Otane, Hawkes Bay, who died at Dunedin on October 11, 1920.—Oh, sweet Jesus, for the sake of Thy bitter passion and the sorrows of Thy Immaculate Mother, have mercy on his soul and let the light of Thy countenance shine upon him.

BREEN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Timothy Breen, who died ("Somewhere in France") from wounds on October 12, 1917.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

BURKE.—In loving memory of Private Patrick Burke (21200), late of Geraldine and Hinds, who was killed in action on October 4, 1917, at Passchendaele and buried at Dochy Farm, New British cemetery, Langemark; he died for the freedom of small nations.—R.I.P.—Inserted by his brother and sisters.

CROSSEN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of George Lawrence Crossen, who died at the Coronation Hospital, Christchurch, on October 13, 1919; aged 26 years.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

DEEHAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of James Edward Deehan (specialist, 37th Reinforcements), who died in Egypt on October 18, 1918.—Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord.

HOGAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of John Patrick Hogan, who died at Panmure, on October 14, 1920; aged 74 years.—Sweet Jesus, have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his loving wife (M. Hogan).

LUFARO.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Francis, beloved husband of Margaret Lufaro, who died at Lyttelton, on October 13, 1920.—On her soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

MOLLOY.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Captain Cyril Molloy, M.C., who was killed in action at Passchendaele, on October 4, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

McNAMARA.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Hannah McNamara, beloved wife of Neil McNamara, who died at Dunedin, on October 13, 1920.—Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy on her soul.—Inserted by her loving husband and family (Mrs. M. Moody, mother, and Mrs. T. Hunt, sister).

MILLIGAN.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Bernard Mulligan, who was killed in action at Esves, on October 8, 1918.—On his soul, sweet Jesus, have mercy.

TRAIL.—Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of Private J. H. Trail (15260), who was killed in action at Passchendaele on October 12, 1917.—May the Sacred Heart of Jesus have mercy on his soul.—Inserted by his mother.

WANTED

WANTED.—A kind person to adopt a **BABY BOY.** Apply—M.A.J., *Tablet* Office.

WANTED.—Catholic householders (town or country) who are prepared to provide **HOMES FOR CHILDREN** to communicate with Mrs. M. A. Jackson, 57 Leith Street, Dunedin.

WANTED.—Good working **HOUSEKEEPER** (four adults) for Dunedin: good home; easy place.—"Careful," *Tablet*, Dunedin.

WANTED.—TO **DRESSMAKERS**—Workrooms and living rooms, furnished or unfurnished, to let over a draper's shop, Pleasant Point. Apply this office.

WANTED.—A **PARTNER** (Catholic) in undertaking and monumental business, South Island: capital £500 to £1000. Particulars from "R.C.," *Tablet* Office, Dunedin.

WANTED by sober energetic man with small family (3) position on dairy farm (North Island preferred). Apply R.C., c/o Post Office, Courtenay Place, Wellington.

TO BREWERS AND HOTELKEEPERS.—Wanted position as **MANAGER** of Hotel or similar business; excellent references; would consider leasing a small place. Apply "Energetic," *Lyttelton Times* Office, Christchurch.

ST. JOSEPH'S ORPHANAGE, MIDDLETON

The winning number of competition for sale of work (silk trousseau) in aid of St. Joseph's Orphanage, Middleton, is 11746.

MISSSES GLYNAN, Secs.

RANGATAUA FOOTBALL CLUB.

Grand Plain & Fancy Dress Social

To be held in the TOWN HALL, RANGATAUA, on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1921.

Music by Rangataua Orchestra. Prizes for best fancy and most original dresses.

Admission—Gents, 3/6; ladies, 2/-; double ticket, 5/- JAS. B. RYAN, Hon. Sec.

COLLECT OLD STAMPS.

The Rev. Charles Schoonjans, S.J., Collège Saint-Servais, Liège (Belgium), writes to us expressing thanks to all co-operators in the matter of collecting old postage stamps. He desires to call attention to foreign postage rates. In response to his appeal he has received quite a number of old stamps. The money derived from the sale of these goes directly or indirectly to good works—orphans, asylums, or to the missionaries in foreign countries.

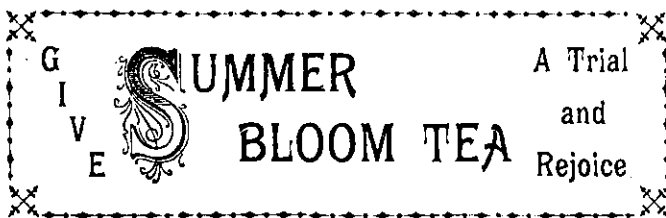
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Commonwealth Notes

VICTORIA.

Nearly one thousand men of the parish attended Holy Communion at the 8 o'clock Mass at St. Ignatius' Church, Richmond, on a recent Sunday morning. The whole of the aisle had been reserved for them, and it was edifying in the highest degree to see such a large number of men of all ages, who, by this act of public devotion, showed themselves true and practical Catholics. The Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Patrick McGrath, S.J. (local Superior of the Jesuits), and in giving Communion he was assisted by the Revs. A. Fleury, S.J., and John Martin, S.J.

Referring to the Most Rev. Dr. Mannix at the opening of a garden fete at Elwood, recently, Rev. Father McCarthy, P.P., said that it would be absurd for him to introduce his Grace. Their Archbishop was already known throughout Australia, America, and England, and they in Melbourne needed no introduction. He would like to assure his Grace, on behalf of his parishioners and himself, that during his absence he was the constant subject of their prayers, and since his safe return they had offered prayers of gratitude to God. That day they expressed their gratitude to him for coming to help their small parish to reduce the debt that was weighing it down. His Grace was a very busy man because of his high office. To many people he was simply and solely a public man, but to his own people he was their father, under God. He (Father McCarthy) did not think that many of the people who congregated to hear Dr. Mannix speak always realised what his Grace was, not only as a public man, but as their Archbishop and chief priest. He would relate an incident that had occurred some years ago to make his meaning clear. It was when Melbourne was affected with the awful scourge called cerebro-spinal meningitis. Part of his (Father McCarthy's) duty was to attend an institution where one ward was set apart for meningitis patients. There everyone was isolated. One little girl of about 14 was prepared by him for death. She expressed one wish—that she should be confirmed. He had tried to persuade her that it was unnecessary, but she had persisted. It became part of her delirium, and finally he had gone to his Grace and explained the case. Consequently Archbishop Mannix had gone to the hospital, dressed as the others did—in the white robe and mask—and gone into the ward and confirmed that child and consoled her, so that she had died content. Personally, he (Father McCarthy) thought they did not hear sufficient of these acts of his Grace. That afternoon he had come to bless their work, and he hoped that as a result of the garden fete the parish debt would be considerably reduced and the day for building the new church be brought nearer. They were all glad to see his Grace present, and he asked them to give him the best return they could by making the garden fete a success. (Applause.)

His Grace Archbishop Mannix lately referred to the reply of Mr. Lloyd George to Mr. de Valera's letter of August 30, in which, he said, the Prime Minister stated that self-determination was the foundation of British constitutional development. He hoped that Mr. Lloyd George would see his way to apply that principle in the case of Ireland. Mr. Lloyd George had stated what was true; but he added that that principle, if generally applied, would drive the civilised world back to tribalism. Of course, self-determination could be reduced to an absurdity, and in that Mr. Lloyd George had said the correct thing. Of course, 10 or 20 men could not claim self-determination. There was one man who had done that, and who was the man? No other than Mr. Lloyd George himself. In the north-east of Ulster, on the principle of self-determination, he had set up a little tin-pot Parliament, but not at the expressed wish of the people. He put the principle into practice for a time to suit his own purpose, and no one was more conscious of that than Mr. Lloyd George himself. Ireland's claim rested on a solid foundation. She was not connected, geographically, with any other country, and perhaps it would be better if Ireland were farther out in the sea. He trusted that Mr. Lloyd George would recognise that Ireland's position

to-day was unassailable. His reply to Mr. de Valera was very plausible and captious. He (Dr. Mannix) held that there was no connection between the application of the principle of self-determination used by Mr. Lloyd George and the case for Ireland. It remained for Mr. Lloyd George to prove his contention. (Applause.)

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QUEENSLAND.

His Grace Archbishop Duhig arrived at Roma from Charleville on Tuesday evening, and yesterday morning administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 139 candidates (says the *Catholic Advocate* for September 15). A Communion breakfast was subsequently held in the Hibernian Hall, presided over by Mr. R. B. Collins, and the occasion was also taken to celebrate the golden jubilee of the H.A.C.B. Society. His Grace, in unveiling a merit board of past presidents of the Hibernian Society in Roma, referred to the fact that the first branch of the society was formed in Roma on March 24, 1886, with a membership of 12, and at present the branch enjoyed a membership of 198, with assets amounting to £4216 7s 2d. The only foundation member remaining, Mr. Jonathan Linnett, was present. His Grace was the recipient of a wallet of notes, presented by Rev. Father J. J. Kelly, on behalf of the Hibernians in recognition of his silver jubilee, the month of October marking a period of 25 years since his Grace was first ordained a priest. In acknowledging the gift, his Grace said it was the first presentation of its kind that had been made to him, and it was very significant. He said he was never happier than when amongst the people of the country towns. He had had 24 years on the mission, and had always received the greatest kindness. He spent more than half the year travelling and covered 25,000 miles a year outside Brisbane. He was always glad to meet people of all creeds, and he had received as many public welcomes as any man in Queensland. He was deeply interested in the work of the Church, and, despite the war, and all its drawbacks, he thought the Church had gone through a golden decade. He was also interested in the material progress of the country, because he recognised this as his country, and he would be a very ungrateful child if he did not love Australia and her broad acres. There was no country under heaven to-day where the people had brighter prospects, and Australians should wake up and realise the heritage they had for themselves and their children. Perhaps they were too near to recent events to realise what might be the outcome. The future of the world appeared to be in the balance to-day, and it depended not so much on what had been done in the past, but upon what the men and women of the next decade would do. The next 10 years would be years of reconstruction and at the end of the next decade we would have a much clearer vision of the future of Australia than what we had to-day. In order that necessary work might be done well, they wanted unity. The curse of Australia was that they had so many divisions. They had enemies outside watching them, and if they made any mistake in steering the ship of nationhood there were people not very far from their door who would be very glad to take advantage of it. Unity, therefore, was necessary, and as a people they wanted an objective. What were they aiming at? Some were building up, and others were pulling down, in Australia at the present time. There was a lack of Australian patriotism. Every man who obtained the position to do something for his country should be unselfish, and do all he could from love of country. He was sorry to say there were not many such men in existence to-day; they looked first to what they could get out of it. They had heard a lot about the Sinn Feiners, but at any rate they were a united body, and had the freedom of their country at heart. The Irish Nationalist members of the House of Commons had never taken a penny of their Parliamentary salaries, and they should have that spirit here in Australia. This country would never thrive in the hands of jobbing politicians. They should see that the men they sent to Parliament were men of noble character.

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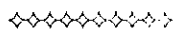
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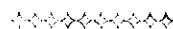
INVERCARGILL.

On last Saturday the members of the St. Mary's Tennis Club opened their court for the season (writes our own correspondent under date October 3). There was a large numbers of players and visitors present, and the season was declared open by Mrs. W. Haig, the vice-president. Some enjoyable and interesting games were played. The weather was fine but a strong breeze interfered with the play somewhat. At a suitable interval the ladies dispensed afternoon tea.



AUCKLAND.

The annual road-race of the Sacred Heart College (Auckland) harriers was run off on the 28th ult. The competitors were numerous, over 100 taking part. These were divided into two divisions—seniors and juniors. The junior course covered four miles and the senior five miles. The race was a splendid test as three steeply graded hills had to be negotiated. In their blue costumes the youthful competitors made a fine showing and provided their numerous spectators with a keenly contested race. The results are as follows:—Junior: J. Hannan (1), 26 mins.; W. O'Regan (2), 26 mins. 55 secs.; M. Hannan (3), 27 mins. 17 secs. Fastest Times—R. Keenan (1), 25 mins. 49 secs.; J. Hannan (2), 26 mins.; W. O'Regan (3), 26 mins. 55 secs. Senior: E. Leydon (1), 32 mins. 29 secs.; P. Delehanty (2), 33 mins. 30 secs.; R. Nightingale (3), 30 mins. 50 secs. Fastest Times—R. Nightingale (1), 30 mins. 50 secs.; C. Nicholls (2), 30 mins. 55 secs.; A. McMahon (3), 31 mins. 46 secs.



CHRISTCHURCH.

The annual meeting of the Catholic Cathedral Tennis Club was held on the 28th ult. Mr. J. R. Hayward presiding over a large attendance. The statement of accounts showed a credit balance of £12, and annual report an increased membership and a very successful past season. Matches had been successfully played against other clubs, including a visit to St. Mary's Club, Ashburton, on Easter Monday. The club's stall in the schools' sale of work, under the able management of Miss C. Murray, realised £170. It was decided to have the old court repaired, which will give the club three first-class courts, and to affiliate with the Canterbury Tennis Association. Twelve new members were elected. Office-bearers for the ensuing year are: Patron, His Lordship the Bishop; president, Mr. J. R. Hayward; life honorary members, Miss C. Murray and Mesdames T. Green and R. O'Brien; vice-presidents—Sir Geo. Clifford, Very Rev. Dean Bowers, Rev. Fathers Hanrahan, Skinner, and Gallagher, Messrs. T. Cahill, T. Tansley, W. G. Ives, H. H. Upjohn, Geo. Payne, Morgan O'Brien, P. J. Amodeo, and J. Close; club captain, Mr. E. Fitzgerald; hon. secretary, Mr. F. J. O'Brien; hon. treasurer, Mr. J. F. Behrens; committee—Misses Donald, Baker, Landon, Shelley, and Strouts, Messrs. W. O'Loughlin, F. Khouri, J. P. Flood, J. McNamara, and B. Upjohn. Opening day was fixed for the 8th inst., but owing to inclement weather had to be postponed until a later date.

MR. CHESTERTON ON IRELAND.

Addressing a peace with Ireland meeting at Jordans, Mr. G. K. Chesterton said that he was convinced that unless the Irish question was settled upon the lines of natural feeling, they had come very near a terrible catastrophe like that of Prussia. He was always suspicious of it, and since he had returned from America he was convinced of it. They had not a friend in the whole world, and they were unfortunately manufacturing enemies in the very places they could least afford them—in America and, above all, their own colonies. England had seldom entered a great war without Allies. Where they were coming from just now he did not know. If they could arrange with the Irish leaders for anything in the nature of Dominion Home Rule that would be an extraordinarily cheap price to pay to get out of the most terrible mess into which we had ever muddled.

A Popular Police Officer :

Senior-Sergeant Ryan Honored

Ashburton Courthouse officials and members of the Bar met at the Courthouse this morning (says the *Ashburton Guardian*, for the 30th ult.) to formally say farewell to Senior-Sergeant P. Ryan, who was officially on duty today for the last time after 44 years' service in the police force, all of which time had been spent in the Canterbury district with the exception of three years when he was stationed at Dunedin. Senior-Sergeant Ryan leaves Ashburton at the beginning of next week on three months' extended leave before officially retiring from the force. He then intends settling at Riccarton.

Mr. C. W. Purnell, the senior member of the local Bar, made a presentation, handing Senior-Sergeant Ryan a silver cigarette case, a gold-mounted cigarette holder in silver case, and a gold-mounted fountain pen, as a slight recognition of his valuable services as head of the police in Ashburton. Mr. Purnell expressed his own sense of the very fair and able manner in which Senior-Sergeant Ryan had conducted cases in Court. In a town such as Ashburton the senior-sergeant acted as Crown Prosecutor, and, without wishing to make invidious distinctions, some holding this position pushed their cases too hard and too far, but this was not the case with Sergeant Ryan. It was a matter for regret that so able an officer should be retiring while in the possession of his full health and strength. Mr. Purnell wished Sergeant Ryan the best of health and prosperity in his well-earned retirement.

Mr. A. L. Tresidder, the clerk of the Court, spoke for the Court officials, expressing their appreciation of the cordial relations which had always existed between Sergeant Ryan and the Court Staff. Sergeant Ryan had always worked with cheerfulness and tact, and the best wishes of the Court officials would follow him into his retirement.

Senior-Sergeant Ryan thanked those present for their kindly wishes and for the gifts that accompanied them. His relations with the staff and the members of the Bar had always been most cordial. He had always been treated by the members of the Bar with the greatest kindness. It meant more to him than might be thought to leave the sphere of his duty after 44 years and to hear the kindly sentiments expressed towards him. The gifts accompanying them would be valued for what they represented.

Before the ordinary business of the Magistrate's Court opened, Mr. E. D. Mosley, S.M., said he could not allow the occasion to pass without taking note of the record of Senior-Sergeant Ryan. He had had 44 years of absolutely unblemished record in the police force, and when the discipline of the force was remembered, that was something to be proud of. Senior-Sergeant Ryan had tempered justice with mercy, and he had always been a most just prosecutor. In bidding him farewell Mr. Mosley expressed his regret at seeing so familiar a face disappear, and wished the Sergeant many years of happiness and prosperity.

Mr. C. W. Purnell endorsed these remarks, Senior-Sergeant Ryan making fitting acknowledgment.

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THE INCARNATION.—(Continued.)

Second Article: Jesus Christ considered in His Person.

10. After having considered Christ historically as the **Redeemer of men**, it remains for us to study Him dogmatically—that is to say, with the eye of Faith, and in the lessons of Faith proposed to us regarding His Person, His mission, the worship which is due to Him, and the wonderful effects produced by Him on the human race.

In the first place, what does Faith teach us about the Person of Jesus Christ or His personal constitution?

11. What is the Person of Jesus Christ? Who is this Christ whose history we have been contemplating? Is He a man, a sage, a saint? Is He an angel? Is He God?

He is not an angel. He is, at once God and a man. Jesus Christ is the Word, or God the Son become incarnate; the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity made man for us. Remaining God as he was from all eternity, the divine Word became also man by means of His birth in time.

12. His birth was miraculous: conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost. He was born of the Virgin Mary, who became His Mother without losing her virginity. She is both Virgin and Mother. In the womb of this Virgin, God the Son took our human nature, by uniting it in His person to the divine nature. In a manner like the son of a king, who over his princely robes wears the dress and badge of slavery, the divine Word clothed Himself with our humanity, which He made His own substance, His second nature.

13. We distinguish three constituent parts in the Person of Jesus Christ, namely, the divine nature, the human nature, and the personality of the Word, which unites the two natures. In other words, Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Word, unites in His one divine personality two natures—that of man and that of God, the divine nature and the human nature. Hence the ordinary mode of expression: in Jesus Christ there are two natures and one only Person, which is divine, namely, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity.

To understand this doctrine better, we will glance at the contrary heresies, and then consider separately (1) the divinity, (2) the humanity, (3) the union of the two natures, (4) the consequences of this union.

14. As our Faith concerning the Person of Jesus Christ is the basis of the Catholic religion, it has, as a matter of course, been the principal point of attack for the followers of Satan. A crowd of heretics, instigated by the Father of Lies, have risen up against the dogma of the Incarnation, and have attacked each point in turn. The Arians denied the divine nature of the Word, and consequently the divinity of Jesus Christ; the Docetes, His human nature; the Nestorians, the unity of His Person; the Eutychians, the distinction of His two natures; the Monothelites said there was only one will in Christ; and the Adoptians called Christ the adopted Son, and not the only Son, of God.

15. Denying all these errors, the Catholic Church believes and confesses that in Jesus Christ there are two natures, the divine and the human—distinct from each other, and united together in the single Person of the Word made Flesh.

(1) All the plenitude of the Divinity, says St. Paul, dwells corporally in Jesus Christ (Coloss. ii. 9). Jesus, who appears so poor, is the true God. He is God the Son, equal in everything to His Father. He is the eternal and all-powerful God, the Creator of the world. He is the supreme wisdom, power, goodness, and beauty, and all that is said of God applies also to Him.

The Divinity of Jesus Christ is proved (1) by the doctrine of the Church, which has already been shown to be infallible. (2) By the teaching of the Apostles, who preached the following fundamental dogma most clearly: "The Word was God," writes St. John; "the world was made by Him"; "the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us"; "Jesus, of whom John the Baptist gave testimony" (John i.). (3) By the doctrine of Jesus Christ Himself: "My Father and I are one; the Father is in Me, and I am in the Father" (John xiv.). "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth" (Matt. xxviii.). "As the Father

raises the dead and gives them life, so the Son gives life to whomsoever He pleases" (John v.).

(2) Humanity.—Considered in His human nature, Jesus Christ is truly man, having a body and soul like ours.

His body, by reason of His free and entire acceptance of our humanity, was, during His mortal life, like ours, subject to sufferings, hunger, cold, and fatigue; to wounds and to death, but not to disease or concupiscence. It possessed no glory, no splendor, nor did a ray of His hidden light pierce through the veil of His humanity. Once only—at the time of His Transfiguration—the Saviour manifested, as it were, a reflection of it to His disciples, so as to give them some idea of the celestial glory which He promised to the just. After His resurrection His Body became glorious, possessing four heavenly qualities, namely, incorruptibility, subtility, agility, and light, or the beauty of glory.

The Soul of the Son of God, endowed like ours with intelligence and free-will, was susceptible of joy, sorrow, and sadness; but not subject to ignorance, nor to sin. From the first moment of its existence it possessed the perfect use of all its faculties, enriched as it was with all the treasures of wisdom and science, grace and holiness, and, in a word, with all the plenitude of the gifts of the Holy Ghost.

In His mortal life our Saviour always saw God; but He did not taste that joy and glory the intuitive vision produces in the souls of the blessed. It was His will to be deprived of these effects of the beatific vision until the moment of His sacred death upon the cross, when, the work of our redemption being accomplished, His Soul, liberated from His Body as from a darksome prison, became filled with glory and beatitude. In this blessed state He descended into hell—that is to say, into limbo, where the souls of the just of the old law were detained—and there showed Himself in all His splendour and divine beauty. For the Son of God, in showing to the patriarchs His glorious Soul, manifested also to them His divinity, and gave them in His Person the joys of the beatific vision, thus changing the place of their exile into paradise, as He had promised to the good thief in these words: "This day thou shalt be with Me in paradise."

On the third day the glorious Soul of our Saviour reunited itself to His Body, which was lying in the sepulchre, and reanimated it, but with an altogether new life, communicating to it all His glory and His blessed qualities.

CATHOLIC ENTERTAINMENT AT LEESTON.

During the winter months the ladies' social committee of the Leeston Catholic church have been promoting a very successful series of social evenings. These functions usually took the form of a euchre tournament, followed by a social, and throughout the season have been well attended. The funds go to assist the Sisters of the Missions in their work, and a substantial sum has thus been accumulated. About a month ago the ladies determined on a special effort and organised a concert and supper, followed, of course, by a social. This eventuated on a recent Wednesday evening, and proved very successful indeed from every point of view, and the big audience thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Much credit is due to the ladies concerned for their choice programme, which was of so varied a nature as to cater for all tastes. Every one of the items was enthusiastically received and many recalls were made. The hall was very prettily decorated and the stage nicely arranged, it being necessary to provide seating accommodation there as well as in the body of the hall. The opening item was a well-played pianoforte duet by Mrs. Winter and Miss N. Holley. Mrs. C. J. Dugan, Misses C. Ryan, McMahon, and Holley, Messrs. P. J. Eccleton (songs); Messrs. Hood, Godsel, and Eccleton (recitations); Miss R. Austin, Messrs. H. Austin and T. Owens (instrumental trios); Mr. C. Quigley (pipe selections); and Mr. Owens (violin solo), contributed to the programme. The accompanists were Misses Kilbride and Austin and Mrs. Winter. At the conclusion of the concert Rev. Father Creed, parish priest, thanked the audience for their patronage, and said that the entertainment, which had proved most successful, was a credit to the ladies' committee. He also thanked the performers for their services. After supper the social was proceeded with, the music being supplied by Mrs. Lambie, Miss Thian, and Mr. Galvin. Mr. W. O'Boyle filled the dual role of chairman and M.C. very capably.

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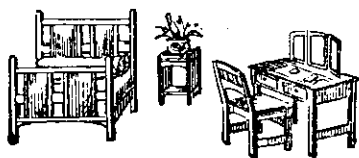
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IRISH NEWS

THE IRISH QUESTION NOT ONE OF RELIGION.

The following is an interesting extract from a letter published in *The Post* (the organ of the British Post Office Workers' Union) for July 9, 1921, Vol. iv., No. 77, written by Mr. J. Green, who recently retired after a lengthy service, being 11 years postmaster at Kilrush, Co. Clare, Ireland:—

"My happiest years, as a whole, were spent in good old Ireland, where my wife and I made many friends, with whom it was hard to part. I may be allowed here to remark, in passing, that after over 11 years' experience of the country, I am firmly convinced that the conceding to Ireland of the fullest possible measure of self-government would result in the setting up of a lasting and fruitful friendship between the two countries. Those who have watched the march of events since Asquith's Home Rule Bill was passed could not possibly wonder at the present condition of that unhappy and much maligned country. God Save Ireland (to, and for, the Irish) is my earnest prayer, feeling as I do that they as a people have been trifled with too long.

"Of the much-talked-of religious persecution I have absolutely no knowledge. I know the Protestants had the lion's share of the business in my part of the country, and the best possible understanding existed between the Catholics and Protestants. My best friends were among the former, and I am an English Protestant whom they put at the head of the poll in a local election."

CATHOLIC SEAMEN BEATEN AND KICKED.

A brutal attack was recently made by Belfast shipyard workers on Catholic seamen, about 15 of whom, firemen and sailors, all belonging to Belfast, had signed on as portion of the crew of the s.s. *Baltic*, which left for Liverpool, after having been reconditioned. A large number of shipyard workers rushed on board the vessel, shouting "Where are the Fenians?" and using threats and vile language.

The Catholic seamen were singled out, beaten, and driven from the vessel. When they got on shore the conditions were even worse, for 100 more joined in the attack, and the unfortunate victims were knocked down and kicked in the most savage manner, while some of them were thrown into the water.

The victims only escaped with their lives with the utmost difficulty. One of them, Fras. Ward, was treated in the Mater Hospital for his injuries.

THE CATHOLIC MAN HUNT.

A recent week saw a recrudescence of the brutality that is always latent in Belfast amongst the bigoted majority. Adown the years certain periods were marked by such "frightfulness" against Catholics that '57, '62, '72, and '86 are known to all Belfast people as riot years, and these dates serve as epoch-making marks. But all the horrors of these awful times pale before the present-day riots. In the past brutal beatings have been inflicted on unoffending Catholic workmen, with the result that the injured meekly left the notorious city. But now life is cheaper, and nothing will satisfy these wolves in human form but the blood of their victims. Even here they will not content themselves with merely slaying, but they must torture and mutilate ere their fiendish bloodthirstiness is quenched. The peace atmosphere in Ireland has added fuel to their July madness, and an orgy of cruelty is at present being indulged in which out-Herods that of Herod. Catholics, men and women, are set upon in the main streets, in trams, and in their workshops, knocked down and kicked into insensibility. Happy are they if they have a breath of life when taken into hospital, and so injured are the hospital attendants to "kicked" cases that a special ameliorative treatment is given the poor unfortunates, who seldom or never regain their health and strength. Add to this Hunnish treatment the crowning infamy of incendiarism, scores of Catholic homes being burnt out, and you have Belfast of July, 1921.

And who are the chief agents in this latest pogrom? The unhesitating reply comes: "The Specials"—a body whose name will go down in the history of Belfast as the bitterest enemies the persecuted Catholics have ever had. Recruited from the ranks of the Orange Ulster Volunteers, their numbers have been increased by the hooligans from the Queen's Island, who, dismissed their regular employment by slackness of work, are welcomed into the ranks of the Specials and paid at the rate of £6 per week, all found. All that is expected from them is to keep the

Catholics down, and that by every ingenious form of brutality they more than willingly do. A mild form of their activity is the holding up and searching of any pedestrian they meet. Should a remonstrance be indulged in the daring offender is hauled up on summons from an obliging magistrate and the charge of insulting a Special is followed by a smart fine. Needless to say that the Special's work is taken as pure unadulterated truth. So, emboldened by this consideration, the Special goes one better and seeks to prove himself a close friend of law and order by raiding the homes of innocent people. In times like the present there are always many unscrupulous persons who seek to gratify private spite by giving false information about their neighbors. This is eagerly seized on as a pretence for the Specials to terrorise the householders. Unfortunately for them things went too far, for when young Catholic men were taken from their homes and foully done to death by nameless horrors an outraged Catholic community resolved to protect themselves against these miscreants, and so effectually have they, aided by their stout-hearted womenfolk, done this that, in the face of overwhelming odds, they have routed the cowardly Specials from the Catholic districts. All honor to these heroic hearts! Privation keen and long continued they have silently endured, but when the policy of extermination, ruthless in its intensity, was sought to be inflicted they rose in just wrath and repulsed the tyrants.

The rest of Ireland has only the faintest idea of what the Belfast Catholics are daily suffering. The events of the day are wilfully distorted in the Orange evening paper, which serves up a dish suited to the palates of the majority. Every incident is twisted to show that the Catholics are the evildoers of all mischief, and it is easy to see how this reacts on ignorant minds who never read anything but their favorite budget of hot, strong anti-Irish and anti-Catholic news.

Indeed, one of the tasks Belfast Catholics have in the future before them is the establishment of an evening Catholic paper. It is only natural that the hurrying events of these troubled times should be eagerly sought after. Every hour brings its quota for good or ill, and the down-trodden Belfast Catholic cannot wait the coming daily paper for confirmation of his hope and fears.

Hence it is that the paper opposed to his dearest opinions finds ready sale in Catholic quarters. But a good time is coming, and these Pressmen will yet find themselves hit where they will feel it most—in their pockets.

A NOTE OF WARNING.

In entering into a preliminary conversation with the Prime Minister of Great Britain at the official residence in Downing Street the President of the Irish Republic takes an international step which will affect the future relations of Ireland with other nations (says *Young Ireland*, the journal edited by Mr. A. Griffith, T.D.).

"But our history contains many warnings against reliance on English overtures, treaties, negotiations, truces or conferences. The last truce, we believe, occurred at the Siege of Limerick, 230 years ago, and we know what happened the Treaty. We had negotiations with them before that, at the time of the Confederation of Kilkenny. The Tudor sovereigns had many parleys with the Irish chieftains. In *Hibernia Pacata* we have the revelation after several centuries of secrecy of the intrigues of Carew and his trysting with The MacCarthy More, who was trapped and deported to London, where he died in the Tower after 40 years' captivity, which had a disastrous effect on the war of independence, which was lost at Kinsale. The leaders of the Irish Republic are well aware of their country's history.

"Times and methods are supposed to change, but we have yet to learn that England has changed. The world looks on with its sardonic smile on the overtures of the English towards us. While England is regaling the press with the fable of the lamb carolling on the lion's mane, the amused world will wait for some explanation of the sudden change of manner of the English Premier, who says he 'shall be happy to see' those whom his lieutenants are wont to describe as a 'gang of murderers.' The new attitude came without notice.

"Surely there must be some explanation forthcoming from Mr. Lloyd George. He is not a chameleon. There must be some reason for the change in his make-up. Meanwhile, the Irish Republic marches on."

I desire a husband whose estates are heaven and earth and sea—whose farms will yield their crops for ever, whose riches increase daily, and will never diminish. If you can find me such a husband—not a man, sinful, wayward, and mortal.—St. Aldegundis.

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Obituary

MRS. CATHERINE COONEY, MORVEN.

With deepest regret the untimely death is recorded of Catherine, wife of Mr. Michael Cooney, Morven. The deceased, daughter of the late John Nolan and Mrs. Nolan, Morven, was born at Lincoln, Canterbury. Shortly after marriage Mr. and Mrs. Cooney came to Morven and entered farming life on the Waikakahi Estate. During 21 years' residence there her kindly disposition and characteristic hospitality endeared her to all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. The late Mrs. Cooney was a highly practical Catholic, and in works relating to church and convent was never outdone in zeal and generosity. For a few years her health was not robust, but her death came as a great shock after little more than a week's illness. Her funeral was one of the largest ever seen in the parish of Waimate. The solemn obsequies were conducted by the local clergy, assisted by Very Rev. Dr. Kennedy (Temuka), Fathers Burger and McCarthy. The greatest sympathy is felt for Mr. Cooney, his three daughters, and son in their sad bereavement.—R.I.P.

THE LATE FATHER CARRAN, OTAHUHU

A Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Rev. Father Carran was celebrated in the Sacred Heart Church, Ponsonby, on Monday, the 26th ult., by the Co-adjutor-Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Liston (writes our own correspondent). The assistant priest was the Very Rev. Dean Van Dyk; deacon, Father Hunt, of Huntly; sub-deacon, Father O'Malley; master of ceremonies, Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook; assistant master of ceremonies, Erin Griffin. In the sanctuary there were present Monsignori Mahoney and Ormond, Dean Cahill, Fathers Moore (of Manchester, England), Ford, Furlong, Skinner, Doyle, O'Beirne, Wm. Murphy, Brennan, O'Connell (of Oamaru), Kelly, and Brady. The music of the Mass was sung by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart College. The hearts of the crowded congregation were moved by the eloquent panegyric delivered by Very Rev. Chancellor Holbrook, who for many years had been associated with Father Carran, and knew and appreciated his sterling qualities. The "Dead March" from "Saul" was played by Miss Dunne. Representatives of the religious communities were also present. The funeral, which took place on Sunday, the 25th ult., at Otahuhu, was the largest ever witnessed there. Thousands journeyed from the city and suburbs by train and motors to pay their last tribute of respect and affection to one of God's most devoted priests.—R.I.P.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT, CHRISTCHURCH.

All the pupils presented from St. Mary's Convent, Colombo Street, were successful in passing the examination in theory of music held last June in connection with Trinity College, London. The number of successes in the various divisions were:—Intermediate—Honors: 7; pass, 1. Junior—Honors: 12; pass, 1. Preparatory—Honors: 8; pass, 5.

Advice has also been received from Pitman's Examination Department, Melbourne, that all the candidates who presented themselves last August for examination in theory of shorthand were successful. The following are the names of the candidates:—Zillah Campbell, Honor McDonough, Veronica McDonough, Eileen Murphy, Myrtle O'Connor, and Lily Stewart.

Temuka

(From our own correspondent.)

October 3.

A very successful mission, conducted by Rev. Fathers Herring and Eccleton, Marist Missioners, was brought to a close at St. Joseph's Church last evening. During the whole fortnight the various exercises were well attended, despite the fact that the weather, was anything but pleasant for those coming long distances. It must have been gratifying to the missioners to see the large numbers approaching the Holy Table at the three Masses celebrated each morning. Two very large processions around the presbytery grounds, in which the whole congregation joined, were splendid manifestations of faith. During the course of the mission the preachers did valuable work in fostering Catholic societies. The sodality of Children of Mary has been reorganised, and on two occasions large numbers of aspirants were admitted. The Hibernian Society, which the missionaries have so much at heart, shows a very large increase in membership, thanks to their many appeals. Branches of the Sacred Heart Confraternity for men and women have also been formed, and the first meetings are to be held shortly.

The Apostleship of Prayer has, too, been established in the parish. The efforts of the missioners were further rewarded on Sunday, when the first men's Communion breakfast to be held in Temuka took place in the Catholic Hall, and was attended by about 130 men, including the members of the H.A.C.B. Society, in regalia. Rev. Dr. Kennedy, S.M., presided, and there were also present Rev. Fathers McCarthy, Herring, and Eccleton. Great credit is due to the promoters of the gathering (which it is intended to make an annual function), including members of the ladies' social committee, who prepared the breakfast—a task involving no small amount of labor and expense—and the members of the Children of Mary Sodality, who attended to the wants of the assemblage. Rev. Father Herring's final touch to the mission was accomplished at the breakfast table when a Catholic club worthy of the parish was launched with great success, practically every man present becoming a member. The first meeting is to be held next Sunday, when office-bearers will be elected. Previous to Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament last evening, Rev. Dr. Kennedy, S.M., paid a tribute to the good work of the missioners, and exhorted his congregation to live up to the promises made and resolutions formed during the past fortnight.

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Taumarunui

(From our own correspondent.)

September 29.

Last Saturday morning 20 children from the convent school received their first Holy Communion. During the Mass the children's choir sang very sweetly hymns appropriate to the occasion. After Mass the children adjourned to the convent, where a dainty breakfast had been prepared for them by the Sisters, parents, and friends.

The Mother-General of the Order of Sisters of St. Joseph of the Sacred Heart, Sydney, spent a day last week at the local convent, which is a branch of the Order.

Rev. Fathers Campbell and Hannigan, C.S.S.R., arrived in Taumarunui last Saturday, and on Sunday morning opened missions at Kakahi and Manunui respectively. Both missioners will return to Taumarunui next Sunday, when they will open a week's mission here.

The devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration will commence next Friday, concluding on Sunday, the opening day of the mission.

On Sunday, October 23, Right Rev. Dr. Liston is expected here to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation.

Napier

(From our own correspondent.)

September 27.

The annual social of the Marist Brothers' "Old Boys' Association was held in Scinde Hall on Wednesday evening, the 21st inst., and proved a complete success. All the arrangements had been well attended to, the delightful music provided by Mrs. Keane's orchestra, and excellent catering, adding to the enjoyment of the occasion. The supper-room was tastefully decorated, and the management of this department reflected much credit on Mrs. Harris, who had charge. Messrs. Treiston, Reichenbach, Tyne, and Walsh made efficient M's.C's.

A meeting of the Napier Catholic Education Board was held in St. Patrick's Hall on Sunday, 25th ult., to arrange for the creation of a fund which will, it is hoped, ultimately provide free education for the Catholic children of Napier. The parish was divided into districts, and each member was given the responsibility of raising money for the fund in his particular area. It is expected that there will be a generous response to an appeal in so worthy a cause.

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Invercargill

(From our own correspondent.)

October 3.

The church accommodation was quite inadequate for the very large congregation attending the eight o'clock Mass on Sunday. Both the Hibernians and Children of Mary, in large numbers, approached the Holy Table.

Sunday afternoon was fine, and the unpleasant prevailing wind did not interfere with the usual Rosary Sunday procession. A very large number of parishioners took part, and a noticeable feature was the fine body of men present. Very Rev. Dean Burke, V.F., recited the Holy Rosary, after which there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Dean preached a short and appropriate sermon.

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Catholic World

THE POPE AND THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

The Red Cross Conference, according to the *Corriere d'Italia* the official organ of the Catholic Popular Party, has invited the Pope to take part in the conference which is shortly to be held in Geneva to consider the Russian situation. The Pope has accepted the invitation, and he will be represented by Monsignor Maglione, the Papal Nuncio to Switzerland, who has been co-operating on behalf of the Pope in the relief work of the Save the Children Fund.

Through Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal secretary of State, the Pope has already invited all Christian and civilised peoples to assist the starving Russian peoples.

The Estonian Legation also states that Archbishop Tikhon, Patriarch of Moscow and all Russia, has addressed a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, asking for the largest possible scale of relief, and immediately.

"All considerations of other character must be laid aside," says the Russian Patriarch, "as the people are perishing, and all its future is threatened with ruin. . . . Send us bread and medicines without delay. The retardation would cause calamities unheard hitherto." Pray Our Lord that His holy wrath against us may be appeased."

CZECHO-SLOVAKS CONFISCATE CHURCH PROPERTY.

During the year 1920-21 heavy confiscations of property belonging to the Church in the Czecho-Slovak Republic have taken place. In Slovakia alone more than 300 churches have been pillaged in one way or another, and something like 500 statues have either been taken away or destroyed. Some of the great public schools, such as those of the Benedictines at Komaron, of the Premonstratensians at Kossice, or that of the Jesuits at Bratislava, have been closed by order of the Government, and no alternative offered in their place.

The new law, which brings about the separation of Church and State, is expected to be put into operation during the coming autumn, and the position of the Church in the Republic will be considerably altered for the worse. The greatest sufferers appear to be the parish clergy, particularly in the country parishes. Even now some of them have been deprived of practically all their resources, and they are now reduced to an extreme state of poverty and misery, the little stipend they are able to get being worth practically nothing as the currency has depreciated.

A new governmental ordinance is reported to be put into effect in Slovakia, according to which all members of religious orders in that province will be obliged to clear out, while their schools and houses will be taken over by the State.

DOMINICANS RETURN TO OXFORD.

On the Feast of the Assumption Cardinal Bourne, in the presence of Cardinal Gasquet and a numerous assemblage of bishops and clergy, placed in position the foundation stone of the new Priory and Conventual Church of the Holy Ghost which the Dominicans are to erect in Saint Giles, one of the most famous of the mediaeval streets of Oxford.

It was exactly seven hundred years ago, on August 15, 1221, that the Dominicans first came to Oxford, acting on the instructions of the Second General Chapter of the Order held at Bologna, which decided to effect the foundation of an English Province of the Order. Twelve friars, with Friar Gilbert of Frosney as their Prior, set out for England where they were welcomed by Cardinal Stephen Langton, at that time Archbishop of Canterbury, and in the same year they made their way to Oxford, where they established themselves in the University.

The return of the Dominicans to Oxford, for that is what the present-day ceremony signifies, means that there are now established at the University all those religious Orders that taught there at the time of the Reformation. The Benedictines and the Franciscans have their hostels in Oxford and the Jesuits and Salesians have their houses of studies. The Dominicans are already established in a small house, but their new Priory means the establishment of the full conventual life of the Dominican Order as well as their participation in the academic life of the University.

In the new conventual church there will be stalls in the choir for one hundred friars. The capitial High Mass will be chanted daily and the Divine Office celebrated at

the canonical hours with all the ceremonies peculiar to the rites of the Dominican Order. But besides this, the Priory will be affiliated to the University as a house of studies, and once more the Blackfriars will be in Oxford as members of the University, as they were in the days previous to the Reformation.

Saint Dominic himself, the Founder of the Dominican Order, appears to have held an ecclesiastical preferment in England; for he was presented to a benefice attached to the Church of St. Oswald, at Nostell in Yorkshire by Pope Honorius III., who was patron of the benefice.

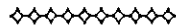
During the more than three centuries that the Dominicans were established in Oxford previous to the Reformation at least three friars of the Order were appointed Chancellor of the University. Friar John Bromyard, the most notable of these, was the only man known in history to have been Chancellor both of Oxford and Cambridge.

In honor of the Dominicans seven hundredth anniversary at Oxford the Pope has sent a Pontifical Letter to Dr. Bede Jarrett, Provincial of the English Province, congratulating the friars on their return to Oxford. The new Priory will stand opposite to St. John's College in Saint Giles.



CATHOLIC BISHOP ON PERIL TO SOCIAL ORDER.

Dignitaries of the Catholic Church are in Cambridge taking part in the Bible Congress. Preaching yesterday (July 17), says the *Daily News*, (London), the Bishop of Clifton said that with Catholics the Bible got its hall mark from the Church, not the Church from the Bible. The teaching and example of Christ had created our Western civilisation, and whatever of good Europe to this day retained in her ethical and social system she owed to the Catholic Church. Even Protestant nations that threw off her yoke had been living ever since on the remnants of her teaching and traditions, for Protestantism never created. Continuing the Bishop said that to-day the anchor of sanity had been lost. Belief in all revelation was crumbling away. Family life was in jeopardy, and our social order seemed to many to be on the brink of a volcano. Only a new spirit which religion alone could infuse could save us.



POPE BENEDICT AND THE ENGLISH DOMINICANS.

The decision of the English Dominicans to open a church and priory in Oxford, and to associate themselves with the academic life of the University, has secured the warmest approval of the Pope, who on the occasion of the 700th anniversary of the coming of the Friars to Oxford sent a special letter to the English Provincial, Dr. Bede Jarrett.

"We ourselves," says the Pope in the course of his letter, "as was fitting on first hearing of your project, congratulated you on the work you proposed taking in hand, and in these letters We renew even more heartily these congratulations now that the work is advancing towards its accomplishment. We rejoice, moreover, to learn that the work is not only approved but encouraged, and liberally assisted, by persons of all ranks.

"Gladly, therefore, by these words We declare Our goodwill towards this praiseworthy undertaking, and desire to give encouragement to all those who labor zealously to bring these beginnings to their fulfilment.

"That this may be happily accomplished We lovingly impart, as a pledge of heavenly favors to you, Beloved Son, to those persons above-mentioned, to your brethren in religion, and to all those that shall be present at the opening celebration, the Apostolic Benediction."

Important developments are expected to follow on the return of the Dominicans to Oxford, not the least of these being a proposal for the foundation, by permission of the Holy See, of a Faculty of Catholic Theology, under the direction of the religious orders.



A BOGUS CATHOLIC CALENDAR.

Last year a calendar was distributed throughout New Zealand purporting to contain much information to Catholics under the heading of "The Catholic Calendar." A copy has been forwarded to us with the inquiry whether such a publication is what it purports to be. The answer is easy. It is not a Catholic calendar. It has no ecclesiastical approval, and is full of gross errors. Fortunately, its circulation must be small, as many Catholics have not even seen it. The pity is that several business men have been cajoled into paying dearly for advertisements. We now learn that orders are being solicited for the next edition, and we hasten to state that this calendar—quite inaccurate as to the information to Catholics is concerned—has no connection with the *New Zealand Tablet*. We urge our readers, and also our advertisers, to have nothing to do with the publication..



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Domestic

By Maureen

CHEESE SALAD.

Salads are always popular, and any novelty in serving them is appreciated. Arrange the salad in a bowl, using lettuce, watercress, etc., and then make a good mayonnaise sauce. Take some soft new cheese and pound it in a mortar, moistening it by degrees with the mayonnaise. When thoroughly amalgamated, pour over the salad, garnish with tomatoes or radishes, and serve.

HARD GINGERBREAD.

One cup of treacle, one cup of sugar, one cup of butter or margarine, melted in one cup of hot water. Sift two teaspoonsful of ginger and two teaspoonsful of soda with one cup of flour and add to mixture. Then mix stiff with flour. Keep in a cool place, then roll the dough and cut in squares a ½ inch in thickness. Bake in a moderate oven.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.

Melt one-half a cup of butter in one cup of boiling water. Add one cup of treacle and one-half a cup of sugar. Sift in one-half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half a teaspoonful of ginger, one-half a teaspoonful of cloves with two cups and one-half of flour. Lastly add one well-beaten egg, and bake in a good oven.

HOW TO PREVENT BREAD AND CAKE TINS FROM STICKING.

First rub the inside of the tin thoroughly with salt, then put a layer of salt 1 inch thick in the bottom of the tin. Place the utensil in a hot oven and bake it for one hour. If the oven is only moderately hot leave the tin in the oven for three or four hours. Treat all new tins thus before they are used, but old ones may be prepared in the same way.

The method is simple, and the results obtained more than repays one for one's labor.

HOW TO PREVENT LAMP CHIMNEYS FROM CRACKING.

Housekeepers who have been troubled by the frequent cracking of their lamp chimneys, owing to the poor quality of glass since the war, will be interested to hear of this simple preventative measure.

Hang an ordinary wire hairpin over the top of the lamp chimney. When the lamp is lighted, the metal hairpin will heat very rapidly, thereby helping to equalise the temperature of the globe.

This device has been tried with surprising results, and has saved many pence.

THE VALUE OF FRUIT.

The value of fruit as a food is in the following order: 1. Because it is appetising and is palatable. 2. Because it is refreshing and thirst-quenching. 3. Because of its nutritive properties. 4. On account of its salts and acids. 5. On account of its action on the kidneys. 6. Its laxative properties.

For its appetising value, fruit should be eaten before meals. Fruit soup, a dish extensively used in Germany, but little known in this country, would serve the purpose very nicely.

For its nutritive value, fruit is best taken as dessert at the end of the meal.

As a laxative, it should be taken on an empty stomach, preferably soon after rising in the morning, instead of before bedtime, as many people are in the habit of taking it. An apple can stay in the stomach for three hours, and, if taken just before bedtime, often will disturb sleep. Laxative fruits are figs, raisins, prunes, apples, grapes, gooseberries, plums, and currants.

Fruit should not be eaten to excess, is best eaten at mealtime, and should not be eaten when unripe or over-ripe. Persons suffering from sour stomach should eat fruit guardedly. Fruits and grains make a good combination at meals; sour fruits and milk do not go together.

Fruit always should be thoroughly washed before eating. Dirt and filth are not more esthetic nor less harmful because they perch themselves on the glowing cheek of an apple or the graceful lines of a pear. Cooked or stewed fruit is easier to digest but not so nutritious.

To sum up: Fruit is a good adjunct to the diet. Do not depend upon it to build up the body or to replace the daily wear and tear. Eat it moderately. Take it with your meals or early in the morning. When you eat fruit, separate it from the dirt first.

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ON THE LAND

MARKET REPORTS.

At Burnside last week there was the largest yarding (359 head) of fat cattle for some considerable time, and in consequence prices showed a decline of from 30s to 40s per head. There were several pens of prime heavy cattle yarded, but the bulk of the entry comprised medium to unfinished sorts. Quotations: Extra prime bullocks £16 to £18 10s, prime £14 to £16, medium £11 10s to £13, light and unfinished from £7 upwards, prime heifers to £13 10s, medium £8 to £10, light and unfinished from £5 upward. Fat Sheep.—An exceedingly large yarding, numbering 3758, the bulk of which consisted of prime heavy sheep. Owing to the supply exceeding the butchers' requirements, prime sheep were 2s 6d to 3s per head and medium weights 1s to 2s per head lower than the previous week's rates. Quotations: Extra prime wethers to 25s 6d, prime 21s 6d to 23s 6d, medium 18s to 20s 6d, light and unfinished from 14s, extra prime heavy ewes to 21s 9d, prime 17s to 19s 6d, medium 14s to 16s 6d, light and unfinished sorts from 11s upwards. Spring Lambs.—A large yarding, 39 lambs being penned, which sold freely at prices ranging from 16s to 39s. Pigs.—There was a full yarding of pigs and prices opened a shade lower than those of the preceding week, but hardened considerably towards the end of the sale. There was also a fair yarding of store pigs, for which there was a keen demand.

At Addington market last week there were average yardings of beef and mutton, and an increased one of store sheep. There was a good market for both beef and mutton, but a bad one for store sheep. Spring Lambs.—A good demand, lamb being worth from 11d to 12d per lb; best lambs brought from 29s to 33s 6d, medium 24s to 27s 6d. Fat Sheep.—A slightly larger yarding, and an active sale at the previous week's prices, practically the whole penning being cleared. Extra prime wethers 28s to 30s 1d, prime 23s to 27s, medium 19s 9d to 22s 9d, light and unfinished wethers 15s 9d to 18s 9d, extra prime ewes up to 25s 9d, prime 19s 9d to 24s 9d, medium 17s to 19s 3d, inferior 13s to 16s 3d, prime hoggets 20s to 26s, light to medium 14s to 17s 6d. Fat Cattle.—262 head yarded, the bulk being medium quality. Values were up from 20s to 25s per head, prime ox beef selling at 45s to 47s 6d per 100lb, light 25s to 35s, extra prime bullocks up to £20 10s, prime £16 10s to £19 10s, medium £12 5s to £16 5s, light and unfinished £8 to £11 15s, extra prime heifers to £15 2s 6d, prime £10 10s to £13, ordinary £6 10s to £9 17s 6d, prime cows £8 17s 6d to £11 7s 6d, ordinary £5 5s to £8 12s 6d. Vealers.—A poor entry. Runners to £5 5s, medium vealers £2 12s 6d to £3 16s, small to medium calves 5s to £2 7s 6d. Fat Pigs.—A medium entry and a weaker demand. Prices were hardly as good as last sales. Choppers £4 to £7, light baconers £4 10s to £5, heavy £5 5s to £5 15s, extra heavy to £6 15s (average price per lb 8d to 8½d), light porkers £2 17s to £3 10s, heavy £3 15s to £4 5s (average price per lb 9d to 9½d).

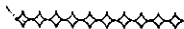
Messrs Donald Reid and Co., report as follows on their fortnightly sale of rabbitskins, held on last Monday. The sale was held before the usual attendance of buyers, when the better quality skins were back from 3d to 6d per lb. Lower grades were on a par with late sales. Prime does, from 85d to 90d, prime bucks 70d to 75d, first winter does 64d to 70d, first winter bucks 63d to 68d, second winter does 50d to 58d, second winter bucks 48d to 56d, incomings 47d to 50d, autumns 40d to 45d, early autumns 30d to 38d, prime racks 12d to 15d, light racks 8d to 11d, summers 8d to 11d, prime winter blacks 90d to 100d, first winter blacks 60d to 70d, winter fawns 42d to 50d, outgoing does 28d to 33d, outgoing bucks 24d to 30d, springs 18d to 20d.



AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE.

Recognising the necessity for making the fullest possible provision for education in agricultural science, the New Zealand University Senate has, by a gradual process, included agriculture in the list of pass subjects for the matriculation, junior University scholarship, Bachelor of Science, and Bachelor of Arts degree examinations, says Mr. J. P. Kalaugher, supervisor of the manual and technical branch of the Auckland Education Board, in a report on agricultural education. For the first time, he adds, candidates will be able to use agriculture as a subject for the B.A. degree pass examination in 1922. This extension has a deep significance, in that it is likely to influence many who have commenced studies in agriculture in the primary and secondary schools to continue this,

subject up to the degree stage. This, Mr. Kalaugher considers, should help considerably to remedy the dearth of trained teachers and experts, the absence of whom has done much to retard agricultural progress in New Zealand.

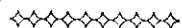


MAKING A HOT BED.

There are several gardeners in a small way who do not possess a heated greenhouse, and will find a hot-bed most useful for raising plants from seeds for flower-beds and borders, and striking cuttings of many hardy and half-hardy plants. Dahlia cuttings, for example, form roots readily on a hot-bed.

This should not be made up with fresh manure. A much better heat is obtained if the heap is turned over several times at intervals of twenty-four hours. If possible, have a fair amount of straw in the manure, and mix with it an equal quantity of freshly-gathered leaves. Thoroughly mix together, and water well, if the leaves or straw are at all dry.

Build the bed at least 18 inches longer than the frame that is to go over it, and tread firmly, and make it not less than 2ft deep—3ft would be better still. When the heap has done its duty as a hot-bed, it will make splendid manure for the garden, either to dig in the ground, or as a surface dressing.



BUILDING A HOT-BED OF LEAVES.

For making a hot-bed in an easy manner, an equal quantity of leaves and stable litter should be used, but sufficient heat for mild forcing can be got from leaves only. The only difficulty is that it is not easy to build leaves into a firm heap so that the sides do not break away. Firm sides are essential where they have to be trampled on in attending to the plants in the frames. This difficulty, however, is easily overcome by using some other support for the sides. Hurdles may be used for the purpose, and, if firmly set, no better form of support can be devised. Failing these, sheets of corrugated iron or rough wood nailed to posts will do. So also will stout wire netting tacked to stakes driven firmly into the ground and fairly close together.

The place selected for the site may be made a permanent one, and in such a case a wall of turves may be built up to enclose the leaves. The leaves should be turned at least twice before they are finally made into a hot-bed, and should then be trodden firmly, in order to produce a steady and lasting heat.



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Send a brick (5/-) to-day for St. Patrick's Church, Raetihi. All donations acknowledged in the Tablet. Address for donations—

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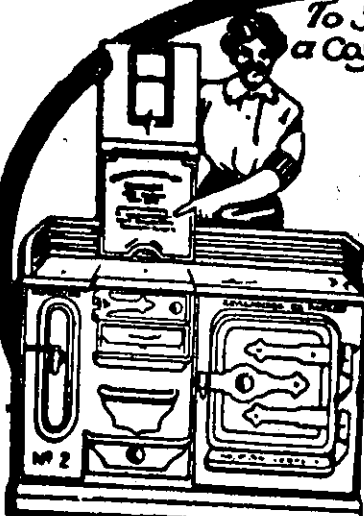
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The Family Circle

AN OLD IRISH WOMAN'S ROSARY.

I bless myself, and I kiss the cross,
And the holy Creed I tell;
And the Paters and Aves trip off my tongue,
For it's me that knows them well.

For it's many a day these same old beads
I told in the same old way—
I got them my First Communion morn,
And that's sixty years this May.

'Twas the Joyful Mysteries then I liked
(And I said them joyfully),
When Our Lord was only a Child Himself
At His Blessed Mother's knee.

Ochone! but it's many and many a year,
I've turned from the joyful deeds;
And I cry on the Sorrowful Mysteries
With tears as big as my beads.

For my beautiful boy with the fever went,
And "himself" next morning died.
Do you wonder I think of the Mysteries
That end with the Crucified?

For it's then as I'm telling each blessed bead,
A-kneeling beside my bed,
We two women, God's Mother and me,
Have many a talk of our dead.

And that's why I'm liking the beads that tell
Her pains and her darling Son's:
It's plenty of time I'll be having in heaven
To think of the Glorious ones.

POWER OF THE ROSARY.

The Sword of Goliath.—There is no sword like to it. Give it me.—1 Kings xxi, 9.

With our little Rosary we can map out the course and incidents in the history of the world.

The strength of the Rosary suffices against all our foes. We must use it not only for our own private personal needs and necessities, but also to fight against the enemies of the Church and of mankind.

Whenever any great interest is at stake, be it in important elections to office, important decisions in State affairs, the making of laws, projects of peace or war between Christian peoples, let us always and in every case hasten to make use of the Rosary. Each Rosary that we recite with devotion is an auxiliary force for the cause of God and the Church. With it we can decide elections, make laws, bring wars to a good ending, have safety in time of danger, govern the world, and even take part in the counsels of the most Holy Trinity. By means of the Rosary all fierce attacks against the Church are terminated, all troubles disappear.

In combating the Rosary our enemies meet a sure defeat, ruin and disaster.

When we have our Rosary in our hands, we have all that we can desire, and need have no fear.

MONTH OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

The month of October is consecrated by the Catholic Church to Our Blessed Lady, under the title of the Rosary. The Church teaches her faithful children this most noble devotion, than which none is more widely practiced throughout the Catholic world. The frequent use of the Rosary, particularly its family recitation, during the month of October, is the earnest desire of the Catholic Church.

The beauties of the Rosary begin with its name. This comes from the Latin word *Rosarium*, which means "plantation of rose trees"; because the pious prayers and aspirations with which it is formed ascend to heaven as the perfumes of a plantation of rose trees; because, with

the repetition of a determined number of "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys" we form like a garland or bouquet of odorous flowers, and we offer it with childlike pride to Our Blessed Lady, the Mother of God. Thence the names of "Corona" or "Chaplet," whereby this devotion is known in some Catholic countries. And, certainly, these sublime prayers may be regarded as spiritual roses; for as the rose is considered the most beautiful of earthly flowers, so also these prayers are the most suitable to adorn and crown with Mary, the Mystical Rose.

The vocal recitation of these prayers forms the first part of the Rosary devotion. The pious meditation of the Mysteries of our Redemption must accompany the repetition of the "Our Fathers" and "Hail Marys" in order to make it perfect. Reciting the Rosary we recall to our minds the joys, sorrows, and glory of our merciful Redeemer and His dearest Mother, and thus their divine love is increased in our souls. Finally, after the consideration of so many mysteries wrought for our redemption, of so many graces bestowed upon Mary, we ascend at the end of each ten to the very throne of the Almighty, and there we glorify Him, repeating in profound adoration: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost"; and thus we acknowledge that the source of every grace proceeds from Him, that to Him alone eternal praise and glory are due. This twofold element, therefore, makes up the devotion of the Holy Rosary; vocal prayer, with the thorough meditation of the life, death and glory of Christ.

If we regard this devotion as it really is, we find immediately that it constitutes pre-eminently the prayer of the people, and that it is adapted alike to the use of simple and learned. In fact, it is the most popular of devotions, the most suitable for all kinds of persons, the distinctive religious practice, after the Mass, of Catholic countries. A summary history of its origin and progress will make this evident.

Originated, perhaps, among the lay-brothers in the monasteries during the Middle Ages and preached and fostered particularly by the Dominican Order since the days of its foundation, the Rosary spread in a few years all over Europe, and was immediately found wonderful in its effects. By its devout recitation heretics were converted, the power of the Turks was crushed, Austria and Poland delivered from their enemies. The Rosary soon became the daily devotion of every Catholic country. The Popes enriched it with almost numberless indulgences, and instituted a special feast to venerate the Mother of God under this beautiful title. Religious Orders made use of it in their conventual exercises. Missionaries taught their new congregations to recite it; so that from the 16th century till our own days the devotion of the Rosary has gone side by side with the growth or decline of Catholicism, both in the Old and New World. Pope Leo XIII., in a series of Encyclical Letters, beginning in 1883, commended in the most earnest terms to the whole Catholic world the devotion of the Rosary, especially the family Rosary, during the month of October.

The countries which stand foremost in Catholicism—Ireland and Spain—are prominent also in the devotion of the Rosary. Spain, in fact, is called by many writers "the nation of the Rosary" and it is well-known how the Rosary has always constituted the prayer of every Catholic family in the Green Isle. Canon Sheehan has given us some beautiful pages on *The Rosary in Ireland*. And all remember how, in the penal times, when all kinds of "Romish superstition" were forbidden and punished with death, and relatively few priests were able to comfort the Irish people with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the ministration of the other Sacraments, the Rosary practically was the devotion with which the Irish nation kept and increased their attachment to the Catholic dogmas. All recited the Rosary; all were consoled invoking the help of the Mother of God by the repeated "Hail Marys" counted on the Rosary beads.

We see the great O'Connell," says a writer of our own days, "wincing under the fiery eloquence of his opponent, but preparing himself by reciting the Rosary for that grand effort of his, which procured hope for the country he loved full well, and freedom for the Church he loved better still."

It is a well-known fact that Marshal Foch, the great general who led the allied forces on to victory, was often

seen during those days of stress and trial, saying his beads with the same devotion as the simple, illiterate peasant.

The assistance to the Rosary in Church, and its daily recitation at home, shall be the garland of mystical flowers wherewith we—rich and poor, learned and ignorant—will entwine the throne of Mary during the beautiful spring days of October.—*Truth*, N.Y.

WITH A DIFFERENCE.

A groom was giving his master's son some lessons in riding, and teaching him how to handle a hunter when taking a fence.

The young man was a very apt pupil, and the obstacles he encountered were so easily surmounted that the groom became lavish in his praise of the fine horsemanship displayed.

Fired with ambition, the novice essayed a very difficult fence, with the result that horse and rider parted company.

The groom, wishing to soothe wounded pride, remarked in tones of admiration, "That was a very fine jump, sir, and just the way I do it myself, sir." Then, after a pause, he added: "Only I always manage to take the horse with me!"

HOW HE FELT.

One summer afternoon a man was seated in the rear of an open tram car quietly smoking his pipe.

An elderly lady, sour-faced and sharp-featured, boarded the car. Taking a seat beside him, she noticed he was smoking and requested him to stop.

"Indeed, I'll not. These last few seats are reserved for smokers."

"Well, you're no gentleman to smoke in the presence of a lady, and if I were your wife I would give you a dose of poison."

"Sure, and if I were unlucky enough to be your husband—I'd take it," he retorted.

SMILE RAISERS.

A teacher in a school asked the other day: "How many kinds of flowers are there?"

Three pupils held up their hands. She chose one to reply.

"Well, Jack, how many kinds of flowers are there?"

"Three, teacher."

"Indeed? And what are they?"

"Wild, tame, and collie."

Irate Visitor: "I call this a downright fraud. You advertise on your bills, 'The Most Remarkable Dwarf in the World,' and he turns out to be 5ft 5in high.

Showman: "Exactly so, sir. That's just what's so remarkable about him. He is the tallest dwarf on record."

A Sunday-school teacher asked a small girl why Ananias was so severely punished.

The little one thought a minute, then answered: "Please, teacher, they weren't so used to lying in those days!"

"Now, Professor," said the ambitious young man, "you have tried my voice, and I want you to tell me frankly to what it is best adapted."

Without a moment's hesitation the eminent musician replied, "Coals."

Young James was disturbed by the almost incessant yells of his baby brother.

"What is the baby crying for?" asked a kind-faced, motherly woman, bending over the perambulator.

"Oh, I dunno; he's always cryin'." "I never knew any one wot looks upon the dark side of things as he does," rejoined James, bitterly.

PILES

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SCIENCE SIFTINGS

By "VOLT"

BENEFIT OF WALKING ON TIPTOE.

Walking on tiptoe a few minutes daily is the form of exercise prescribed by Dr. Gautiez, a French physician. It brings into action little used muscles of back and abdomen as well as those of calf and thigh, stiffens the spinal column and neck, and promotes chest breathing in place of the abdominal breathing common from constant walking on the heels. It gives the benefit of gymnastic running without the useless heart fatigue and loss of breath. It is pronounced the most convenient form of physical culture and is easily tested. But it must not be assumed that the deforming practice of wearing high-heeled shoes has the advantage of the few-minutes-a-day-exercise.

NATURE'S PLAN OF PERPETUATING FORESTS.

An old-time Arizona (U.S.A.) woodchopper says the bluejays have planted thousands of the trees now growing all over Arizona. He says these birds have a habit of burying small seeds in the ground with their beaks, and that they frequent pine trees and bury large numbers of the small pine nuts in the ground, many of which sprout and grow. He was walking through the pines with a companion, when one of the birds flew to the ground, stuck his bill into the earth, and quickly fled away. When told what had happened his companion was sceptical, but the two went to the spot and with a knife blade dug out the sound pine nut from a depth of about an inch and a half. Thus it will be seen that Nature has her own plan for forest perpetuation.

A FOREST OF GEMS.

Among the many wonders of the far South-west of America, the Petrified Forest of Arizona must ever take high rank. On the maps it is called Chalcedony Park, but the people of Arizona always speak of it as the "Petrified Forest," says *Popular Science Siftings*. Neither name is very descriptive. It is not a forest, and it is not a park; nor are the trees petrified, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Almost everyone has seen specimens of common petrified wood. The wood of Chalcedony Park bears very little resemblance to this; for, instead of having been changed into ordinary stone, it has been agatised. The Petrified Forest—if a wilderness of prostrate tree-trunks may be any allowable figure of speech be called a forest—lies in a region of desolation, of sage-brush, drifting sand, alkali wastes, and lava. All about bare rocks blister under the fierce Arizona sun. The lake-like illusions of a desert country are to be seen, and mirage expanses, in which distant hills and stony buttes seem to waver and swim as if upborne on a misty, restless sea. It is probable that the forest once covered hundreds of square miles, for agatised trunks, logs, and bits of wood are found throughout a great radius of country. It occupies now about a thousand acres. None of the trees is standing. Very few remain intact. They have been broken into log-like lengths, broken short off, so that the forest resembles a vast logging camp with the logs scattered about ready for hauling. The lengths vary from discs like cart-wheels to logs 20ft and 30ft long. Many of the trees, when standing, were fully 200ft in height. Trunks may be seen that are 10ft in diameter, and there are also little twigs no thicker than one's thumb. They lie in every position, and at every conceivable angle. Some are in groups, and others alone. They are on the tops of the ridges and down in the hollows—in fact, everywhere throughout the forest's whole extent. And the strangest thing about them is that every one is composed of semi-precious stones. There are literally millions of amethysts; and there is chalcedony of every hue, red and yellow, jasper, topaz, carnelian, onyx, and every imaginable variety of agate. Singular as it may seem, no log is limited to a single kind of stone. There may be in it all of the above; in fact, every log is a mosaic of brilliant gems more beautiful than any mosaic ever formed by human hands. There are no true precious stones to be found in Chalcedony Park—no diamonds, rubies, or sapphires, but the chips and bits of wood covering the ground are as brilliant and shining as if they were really precious gems, and the specimen hunter is bewildered by the rich display.

THE MOST OBSTINATE

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