

IRISH CATHOLIC BENEVOLENT UNION.

TENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, HELD AT WORCESTER, MASS.

The tenth annual convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of the United States was held on Wednesday, Sept. 25th, and Thursday, Sept. 26th, 1878, at Horticultural Hall, Worcester, Mass.

On the morning of Wednesday a parade of the societies of Worcester, forming an escort to the delegates, took place in the following order of procession:

First Division.
Platoon of Police Officers.
Chief Marshall and Staff.
Father Mathew Temperance Band.
Sarsfield Guards.
Montgomery Guards.
The Father Mathew T. A. Society.

Second Division.
M. P. Miley, Marshall.
The French Band.
Hibernian Guards.
Lafayette Guards.

Delegates.
The Irish Catholic Benevolent Society, No. 114 I. C. B. U. of Worcester.

The procession moved promptly at 9 o'clock a. m. through the following streets: Front street to Main, thence through Foster to Waldo street, stopping at the Waldo House to receive the visiting delegates; then to Exchange street, then through Main street to Lincoln square, countermarching through Main street to Myrtle, thence to South-bridge, returning through Main, Park, Green and Temple streets to St. John's Church, where St. John's High Mass was celebrated.

The celebrant was the Rev. James Henry, delegate of No. 38, of St. Louis, Mo.; Deacon, Rev. Thomas Ambrose Butler, President of the National Colonization Committee of the I. C. B. U.; Sub-deacon, Rev. B. J. Kelley, delegate of No. 124, of New Castle, Del., and brother of the President of the I. C. B. U.

Rev. T. J. Conaty, Spiritual Director of No. 114 I. C. B. U. of Worcester, Mass., addressed the delegates substantially as follows:

It is my pleasure and honor to-day to say to the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union the first words of welcome to Worcester. You have left your homes clothed with the authority of your respective societies. You bring sympathy, encouragement and advice to one another. You are to counsel together upon the best methods of attaining the object of your association, the union of Catholic societies in benevolence and in aid of every Catholic enterprise. What words can I say to encourage you, to advise you, to cement more firmly the bonds of Union? Another had been desired for this work who would have given words of strong fatherly instruction. One who would have given you the benefit of years of experience among men.

I ask myself, what does an organization like yours need? If I look around me I find a world full of worldly maxims. I find men drifting into secret

OATH-BOUND ORGANIZATIONS.

I find on every side theorists proclaiming new schemes to better man's conditions: making new laws, and amid all this confusion of place and babble of tongues I see the old Church, the Church of our fathers, distinctly, fearlessly teaching the only doctrine that can save man and society, and I hear the words of wisdom and the character of Christian baptism upon their souls, seeking at Her, striving to excite suspicion, hatred of Her. Heed them not, dearly beloved brethren. You boast of your Catholic name and you do well to have your Catholicity enter your organization. Love for Her is your life; united with Her you will succeed; separated from Her you fail.

SOCIETY IS LIKE A SICK MAN.

Here are evils and grievances and quacks with their nostrums. To tell men of the Catholic Church offering a remedy is to excite laughter—it is to merit the title of traitor to society. For she is regarded as the enemy of civilization, the stumbling block to progress, the fossil venerable for its antiquity but useless in this age of advancement. But she would be reformed, not re-cast. There we read the truth alone. The Catholic Church exists from the beginning, the witness of all times. Alone she stood at the birth of society, watched over its tender years, protected it from the heathen, cared for the aged and infirm, the weak and the multitude and authority in bonds of love. Alone it has proclaimed that

POLICY IS NOT PATRIOTISM.

that self-advancement is not principle. Alone it has taught the barbarian who threatened the fair fields of Europe. Her voice was heard bidding masters remember that their slaves were men and had inalienable rights. She took the laborer and told him that labor was honorable, that poverty was no crime, but a distinctive feature of Christianity. She raised woman from degradation and gave her a place by the side of man. She ever defended truth and virtue against the ambition and bloodthirstiness of feudal lords, she ever fought the battle of the poor and weak against the rich and strong, and yet men can stand before the world and sneer at her.

ANGER TO FREE INSTITUTIONS.

A danger to society. Danger from what? Her principles? They are the principles of the Gospel. To her was said by Jesus Christ, "Go, teach all nations." Here was laid her foundation upon authority. This is despised today, and society is drifting from its moorings. Authority has been, is, and will be, the basis of all that is good and true, and where it exists it is difficult to know how Revolution can arise; where it does not exist, what is to prevent anarchy and ruin? Superior strength alone. Government is based upon authority, and she alone can give strength to govern. Where are the anarchy? When the world sought to destroy knowledge who preserved and fostered it? Her monasteries were vast universities; her monks were faithful guardians. She alone kept aglow the torch of learning. No, the danger to our institutions is not in the Catholic Church. It is

IN THE RAMPANT DEMAGOGUE.

whose wild theories would destroy the fabric of society. The danger is from the reformer of the hour who seems enraged because the Almighty had not consulted him in the creation of society. It is from those men whose lives are in sad contrast with virtue, yet who, like quacks and charlatans, have come to the poor patient disgusted with all remedies. They would secularize everything—Church, Education and Benevolence. They put class against class; they drive God out of His creation; they enter the family circle, and with violence destroy its happiness; they regard men as machines, capable of so much prosperity, and government, popular will and authority. Fame is money and money is power. The Catholic Church stands

WITH WARNING FINGER.

They call her a tyrant. They forget the slaves of the Magna Charta—Maryland. Yes, she stands against them and tells them that civilization

tion without God is slavery; that freedom consists in truth and justice; that society can only be saved by a return to the Ten Commandments; she tells these men that for three centuries such ideas have prevailed, and what have been the results?—the intellectual tramp, who wanders from truth to error, the mortal leper who has no responsibility but his honesty; the political atheist who strives to rule by ignoring God; the seed of French Communism and German Socialism.

Shall we hesitate in our choice of a guide? Shall we not gladly embrace that old teaching that has been heard from the beginning? Eighteen centuries have passed, and to-day, as at the beginning, she echoes the words of Jesus Christ: "Go, teach all nations, teach all truths, teach morality, teach society. Hear her. She has the food that sustains and nourishes. Cling to her as your only safety. She will bid you have God in your homes, in your schools, in your politics, in your lives. Be united with your clergy and it will be said of you: 'In every nation which shall hear thy name the God of Israel shall be magnified.'"

THE BANQUET.

On Thursday evening, September 26th, the delegates became the guests of No. 114 I. C. B. U. at a banquet given at the Bay State Hotel. The sumptuous table was spread to tempt the delegates, the members of No. 114, the citizens and invited guests. Very many ladies were present.

In answer to the toast of "Our Country" President Kelley said:

Mr. President—It would be an easy and pleasant office to answer this sentiment in the customary and merited phrases of patriotic pride with which it is commonly received. No land upon earth, measured by its freedom, its advantages, its history or its future has claims so commanding on the imagination of its citizens as this land of ours. Yet more pleasant, would it be for me, a Southern, standing in the midst of New England, and face to face with men, the vast majority of whom were, but a few years ago, my foes, as I was theirs, to spend my time in congratulations that the strife is ended, and an era of peace and brotherhood is begun, and that ending our labor with kindly nature to effect every lingering evidence of its existence.

But such response, however appropriate elsewhere, does not seem strictly befitting such an assemblage as ours, and I prefer to say a word on the theme of this toast as it appeals to us in our position as Catholics.

Among the many misrepresentations of which the Church has been the victim, one of the most serious, and perhaps the most indefensible, is that which depicts her as the foe of civil liberty. The very contrary has been her character in all the ages. There is no fact of the early history of the Church more important than another theory save her love of liberty, than the persecutions of which she was the victim, at the hands of the Roman emperors. For never in the earth was there a more tolerant creed than that of Pagan Rome. Within her hospitable walls every faith of the world reared its head, and offered its sacrifice, un molested, save our faith; and the superficial student discerns as a paradox, incapable of solution, the circumstance that this empire which welcomed with the calm indifference of a weak conviction of its own creed, the religious systems of all the earth, should have exhausted every appliance of cruelty for the extermination of the Christian faith.

Our Church alone of all the faiths that knocked at Rome's proud gates, proclaimed that corner stone of all liberty, the essential equality of men. Hence, from the first, she resolutely denied to the Emperors these divine or semi-divine honors, which all others freely conceded, and loved their long and gallant fight for the disestablishment of Paganism. It was one of Her bishops who wrote England's immortal Charter, the alphabet of freedom for two—nay, three—centuries. It was she who smote empires with the blight of intemperance when their sovereigns refused justice to their subject. "Till the nobles came from their ramparts," she great prelate, "let the Mass cease, solemnize no marriage, perform no service over the dead, strip the churches of all ornament and proclaim a universal Lent."

Freedom is the air in which she has ever flourished—despotism that in which she has ever withered.

And as it has ever heretofore been, so it is to-day. Point to the country where the hand of power lies heaviest on the people, and there the Church is in affliction now. Point to the land in which the people are freest, and there the Church is most flourishing. Nor need I surprise that she has ever been the firmest guardian of a true patriotism. What is that subtle spirit which men call patriotism? What was it that nerved the immortal three hundred of their heroic bodies made a mighty barrier to Persia's advance? What was it that inspired the hosts that fought under the heavenly given Labarum, and Constantine stayed the flood of Rome's decline? What was it that bore aloft that simple square of crimson silk which floated under the imperial eagles from the Ganges to the Tiber? What was it that in so many immortal fields advanced to glorious heights the stark banner of our heavenly country in the fight for freedom on land and sea?

May I not speak even here in the heart of Massachusetts of that other standard, forever furled, which flashed across the pathway of the nations like a red meteor amidst the tranquil courses of the stars—the flag that floated over Stuart's knightly plume, which fell in folds of woe on Stonewall Jackson's bier, and whose last furling bore the heart of Lee?

What of this and of all was the sustaining inspiration? Love of country—not because it is fertile, because sterile Sparta gave it a more luxurious growth than teeming Egypt; not because it is powerful, for mighty Rome never exhibited more glorious examples of its might than the brave and brave tribes it easily destroyed; not because it is beautiful, for the flat and weary plains of Holland witnessed as superb devotion as ever hallowed lowly Attica or the fair fields of France; not even because it is free, for where has patriotism been sealed with nobler libations of generous blood than within the borders of the enslaved land of your forefathers?

No, the patriotism which has inspired all this heroic achievement and more heroic sacrifice is the love of country, BECAUSE IT IS OUR HOME. It is our country, the site of our hearths, our altars, and our fathers' graves—it is the home of our Republic, and our duty is to love it as our Fatherland, and to defend it as our Fatherland.

And which of all the institutions of earth has contributed a title of what the Church has given to deepen and intensify and sanctify the love of Home? To its own. She has assigned one of Her sacred mandates, and she alone to its fruits another. She stands by it as a guardian angel, watching over its purity, smoothing its paths, lightning its burdens, blessing its toils, consecrating its pleasures.

Philosophers construct their social theories on the hypothesis that the unit of society is an individual;

the wise Church knows that the true unit is the family, and around its home she has thrown her sheltering arms.

Therefore it is that we have a right to claim, as we confidently do, that neither in peace or war can any citizen respond with more prompt alacrity to the call of "our country" than the Catholic citizen, for in no heart has home-love, that tap root of patriotism, so secure a hold.

Nor can I omit to mention, in conclusion, a pertinent incident illustrating the hold which "our country" welfare had upon the august Catholic heart. In the midst of the horror of our civil strife when the ghastly tragedy of the first family became the history of a continent, and brother's hand was everywhere raised against brother's life—when Christendom looked coldly on, or urged the combat—when the English Tories cheered the Confederates, and English Whigs the Federals—when Louis Napoleon raised the hopes of the South, by his Mexican *fiesta*, and truckled to the North by refusing any recognition in which England would not share—when the greed of gain, the culture lust for a carnage which brought them profit made all the great powers of Europe fomenters of strife—one voice of Christian appeal alone fell from the lips of a European Sovereign—one hand alone was raised to still the tempest, a voice and hand weak with the passing of one and seventy winters, but strong with the might of a divine authority and appointment. That saintly soul, whose kindly eyes since our last assembling, have closed forever, Pius, the intrepid, as Peter was the gentle, as was John, forgot the multiplying cares of his own state, and turned his gaze from the interest of 200,000,000 of his faithful to send across the Atlantic a passionate appeal for peace to the people of both the sections and an admonition strong and unmistakable to the foremost consider the heart of their country, and in the hour of our agony it yearned for us in the day of our returning peace it rejoiced with us, and in both expressing the love we Catholics should ever bear "Our Country."

THE PROSPERITY OF IRELAND.

Bishop Hendricken, on a recent Sunday, when he was giving an account to his people of his trip to Europe, said:

"The papers I see from time to time speak of the prosperity of Ireland, the growing prosperity, a very fond word with them. If you consider the condition of the people immediately after the year '47 or '48, then you would say that they are prosperous. Or if you would consider them as a country containing eight or nine millions of people before '47 or '48, then you would say that they are prosperous at the present moment. I could never see anything of that boasted prosperity. The people speak of themselves as contented when they are able to make both ends meet; but the English people are very apt to speak of the Irish as prosperous when they are not fighting with them. That is wonderful contentment."

"Thirty-three per cent. of the Irish people live upon small holdings, valued at ten pounds or under—very small farms. And with these small holdings, after paying rent, they can with the greatest ease support themselves. I visited many of these small farms and those who rented them. After paying their heavy rents they were very happy if they were free from debt, but as for living in comfort and able to clothe their children neatly or supply their houses with necessary articles of furniture, the thing was entirely impossible. They might be able to make more use of land about their little holdings, but their fear was always that the rent would be raised if they made improvements; their houses might be better perhaps, if they didn't think that a new valuation would take place on their little properties, as soon as the properties would become more valuable to them."

"They differ entirely from the same class of people in France, Belgium and other countries where the holdings belong to the people. Farms in France and Belgium are not much larger, but the difference is that the people own them; they are the proprietors of the soil, as they own their acres, and in Ireland they do not own them, but simply lease them."

"In France and Belgium there is not a single foot of land that will bring money that there is not something planted on it. They take the deepest interest in cultivating their lands and farms, because they own them. There is no danger that anybody will take their farms from them. They are theirs in fee simple. In Ireland you will find one third, sometimes I have seen myself or calculated one fifth of the land in heavy ditches, bogs, furze, etc.; the ratio is one-third of waste land. I said to one young man, 'Why don't you knock down the ditches and eradicate the furze?' 'Well,' said he, 'if I did, there would be a new valuation over here next week, and I would have to pay three or four pounds an acre more.'"

"And so the people take no interest, or very little, in the holdings, as they do not own them, but they rent them from year to year, and, secondly, they are satisfied to get along the best way they can. They are looked upon as prosperous, because they are apparently contented."

WHO LOST THE RUBBER.

When the streets are as muddy as yesterday the cars are full of ladies coming and going, and the trick played by a man yesterday on the ladies on a Dundas street car should be frowned upon by every true citizen. If again attempted he may get himself into trouble. He boarded the car with a rubber shoe in his pocket big enough to fit over a No. eight cowhide boot, and at a proper moment, when all eyes were turned upon the car switching past, he dropped the rubber on the floor and then suddenly pretended to see it. Bending over and picking it up, he called:

"Which of you ladies lost this rubber?"

Every face turned pale at the size of it, and each lady gave the other a shy glance.

"Some one of you car lost this rubber!" continued the human hyena as he waved it around.

Not a lady would own it, one wondered if one of the rubbers had dropped off, but her mind was made up to waste in mud two feet deep before claiming that one.

"The owner can have it—I charge nothing for my services," calmly observed the fiend as he looked down one side of the car and up the other.

"Not a hand was raised, but all feet were drawn under the seat, as if by machinery."

"Very well," said the man, as he rose up to leave the car. "I'm a rubber shoe ahead. It won't do the loser any good to call at my office, or to send a boy and a basket after this shoe, for I won't give it up."—*Advertiser.*

RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER.

A Massachusetts tramp, when caught stealing watermelons, said that he was in favor of green-backs.

A barefooted little boy stepped on a bee, and soon after said to his mother, "Ma, I didn't know that bees had splinters in their tails."

Men may come and men may go, but we want to see the man who will come to town in a two-horse wagon, and not go to a crossing to stop his team.

Another sulphur spring has been found—this time at Herkimer, N. Y. And yet Bob Ingersoll says there is no well—well, never mind what Bob says.

Go west, young man. It is a charming place. Those who don't freeze to death in winter get sun-struck in summer. The others get killed by a tornado.

Said a lady to the famous actor, Garrick, "I wish you were taller." "Madam," replied the wit, "how happy I should be to stand higher in your estimation."

There is probably not a woman in all this broad, sunny land of ours, who doesn't think that the carrying-fork was made for the express purpose of pulling corks out of blue bottles and lifting stove-his.

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone, absence will conquer love." "Oh, never fear, dear husband, the longer you stay away, the better I shall like you."

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a young farmer to his sweetheart. "No, indeed, you're not, John; you have never hugged me yet; you are more sheep than bear."

In a severe case a lady asked her neighbor if he was not afraid his house would be blown away. "Oh, no," said the neighbor, "the mortgage on it is so heavy as to make that impossible."

A mother, admonishing her son, told him he should never defer till to-morrow what could be done to-day. The little urchin replied: "Then, mother, let's eat the rest of the plum pudding to-night."

"What is this?" asked Kearney, in a Boston restaurant the other day, where he had ordered pudding and milk. "Chinese mush," replied the waiter.

"All right," said Kearney, too hungry to be particular, "the Chinese mush go." And down it went.

"It seems to me," said a customer to his barber, "that in these hard times you ought to lower your prices for shaving." "Can't do it," replied the barber. "Now-a-days everybody wears such a long face that we have a great deal more surface to shave over."

Boston *Transcriber*: About this time Prince Bismarck was around to his tailor's, and remarks, "Say Schneider, just put a copper lining in dem coat and bants, will you? I think we have another Socialist schutzenfest pooty sudden maybe."

"Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, "is there anything you wish to say before the sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "good evening." If it would be agreeable to the company. But they wouldn't let him.

Sometimes people are too smart, as follows:—Stranger—"Can you tell me where Ford street is?" Smart young man—"Yes, sir, I can." S.—"Oh, thank you." S. Y. M.—"Do you want to know where it is?" S.—"Oh, no. I simply wanted to know if you knew."

An agent who had sold a Dutchman some goods, was to deliver them in the afternoon at the residence of the purchaser. The Dutchman gave him the following directions: "You shoot goes behind the church, den you turns up de right for a while till you see a house mit a big hog in de yard. Dot's me."

Johnny, who goes to a crack school, went a fishing the other day. "What did you catch, Johnny?" said his mother when he returned. "I captured an Anguilla bostonensis, mother, a fine specimen of the Malacopterygious fish," answered Johnny, promptly. Of course his mother knew he had caught an eel.—*Boston Transcript.*

There are different idioms in different places. In New York the man who pounds on your door at the midnight hour is called a "breakfast." In Chicago "breakfast," while in Boston the waiter will inform you that the "matutinal repast" is now waiting to be consumed.—*Kodak Constitution.*

A crack-brained young man, who was slighted by the females, very modestly asked a young lady if she would let him spend the evening with her. "No," she angrily replied, "that's what I won't do." "Why," he replied, "you couldn't be so fussy; I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one, when I can't go anywhere else."

A Georgia farmer bought a grand piano for his daughter. His house is small, and to economize room the lower part of the partition between the kitchen and parlor, was cut out, and the long end of the piano stuck through. Priscilla now sits at the key-board, singing "Who will care for mother now?" and the mother rolls out doughnuts on the other end of the piano in the kitchen.

We like to sit and listen to a church organ. In fact, we generally become so interested in the performance of the organist, and so anxious about the blow-boy, that we generally overlook the little crowd of piano-stuck-throughs. Priscilla now sits at the key-board, singing "Who will care for mother now?" and the mother rolls out doughnuts on the other end of the piano in the kitchen.

A gentleman being threatened with an infectious fever, said to his little son, who in an affectionate mood wished to embrace him, "You mustn't hug me; you'll catch the fever." Willie, standing back, looked in amusement upon his papa, who, by the way, is a pattern of propriety, and quickly asked, "Why, papa, who do you hug?"

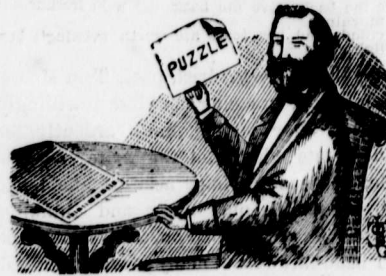
Some Nautical Information.—Whenever you see a sign, "This house for sale," you can at once make up your mind that the cellar is full of water and no lateral sewer in the alley.—*Detroit Free Press.* Such a supposition might be correct, but we should immediately conclude that the owner of the property for sale was waiting for some one to "raise the wind."—*Norfolk Herald.*

The patent almanacs, mortified for the publisher's name, have begun raining down upon us for 1879. The designs are all new and very different from those of last year, the picture of the boy skating in his bare feet, with one little brother on his back and six more on the sled, being put on the January instead of December page; then the picture of Christmas eve comes along about the end of December, instead of the middle of August, as was the case last year. In fact, the almanac is entirely rearranged, the trunks have been moved back and the hats put off by the door, and the ceiling painted, so it looks just as good as new.

Why are dinner covers made of bright tin or silver? Because light-colored and highly-polished metal is a bad radiator of heat; and, therefore, bright tin or silver will not allow the heat of the cooked food to escape through the cover by radiation.

Why should a meat-cover be very brightly polished? If the cover be dull or scratched, it will absorb heat from the food, and instead of keeping it hot, will make it cold.

PUZZLER'S CORNER.



We cordially invite contributions to this corner, with the name and address of each contributor, and solutions of original problems. Answers will appear two weeks after each set of problems. Address "PUZZLER," CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, 388 Richmond St., London, Ont.

PRIZES TO PUZZLERS.

To be awarded on St. Patrick's Day, 1879.

1st. Prize, a handsome Bible; value, \$10.
2nd. The life of the Blessed Virgin; value, \$5.
3rd. The CATHOLIC RECORD for one year, and any book from Sadler's list of value \$2. Total value \$4.

4th. The CATHOLIC RECORD for one year; value \$2. If preferred, any book of the same value from Sadler's list will be sent instead of prizes 1, 2 and 4. To encourage our young friends, we allow them to compete for all the prizes, while more than two will be awarded to competitors over 15 years of age.

We hope our youthful readers will, for their own improvement, take a special interest in the "Corner."

29. DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A vowel forming a word. 2. A numeral. 3. A part of the dress worn by a dignitary of the Church. 4. An Indian name familiar to our readers. 5. Portions of a land. 6. An animal or vegetable substance. 7. A word.

My whole: The central letters of this diamond read downwards and across tell of a charming portion of the Western Continent.

30. ORIGINAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I have letters enough to make a rosary chain; in words not so rich, of a decade, I only partake. My forty-two, six, twenty-six, nine, will form a queen's name. Who among the best Christians ranks high on the list of fame.

My eighteen, thirteen, thirty-six, sixteen, keep out cold. And with the only clothing used by men in days of old. To my eight, fourteen, forty-six, twenty-five, thirty-eight.

And thirty-four is truly due of very high rate. My twenty-three, two, nineteen, four, indeed means not a few. Which, when you shall have found me, you will declare most true.

My twenty-one, thirty-seven, twenty-nine, forty-four, forty, ten, one, four, six, and two, from (1) of (14) 1-4-2. My one, two, nine, twenty, twenty-six, a city ruler is sometimes found to be the thoughtless citizens' foolery.

My forty-nine, fifteen, thirty-five, forty-seven is a load. Though its orthography, I admit, is of foreign mode. Now, my forty-one, thirty-four, forty-two, twenty-two, two.

An abode which I hope is possessed by all of you; My forty-five, thirty-three, thirty-nine, thirty-two, forty-seven. And twenty-three being below, you'll too soon guess, I woe.

My forty-eight, six, seven, fifty, forty-six, twenty-nine, forty-one, forty-seven, sixteen, I hope is yours and mine. My twenty-four, eleven, three, twelve, the shape of a bow.

My often be said of you when you stoop too low. My twenty-seven, five, twenty-eight, forty-three, fifteen, forty-four, I vow. And with all sorry to acknowledge, 've come to now. My whole, a wish to His Lordship, I know you'll soon divine.

First having carefully perused and puzzled out each line.

31. CHARADE.

My first is not all of me; so you'll suppose. That it surely, is less than you. It is also less, as every one knows. Than any complete thing you try.

The top of a roof, and the end of a beam, or a long elevation of hill; The total, by epigrams much esteemed, is a bird with long, broad, but short bill.

32. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

I measure a rectangular field for the purpose of mapping it, and I find that the diagonal is 176 feet, and the sum of two adjacent sides 220 feet. Required the sides.

33.

In a circular field of radius 150 feet, it is required to find the 14 points at which posts must be placed so that the clothes line stretched from post to post to form three sides of a rectangle, is as long as possible.

SOLUTIONS, 21 TO 25.

22. JAPAN. 23. Endor, Dorking, King Bay, A. L. G. O. A. 24. Yungtong, Hailton, Tonkin, Kin, P. G. T. 25. A. O. S. T. A. 26. A. O. S. T. A. 27. Red, black, red, etc., etc.

28. 15-10-5. The product of the numbers will be the number of lbs. 15x5x10=750 lbs=165 tons.

29. Let $a, ar, ar^2, ar^3, ar^4, ar^5, ar^6, ar^7, ar^8, ar^9$ be the nos in G. P. $\therefore a, ar, ar^2, ar^3, ar^4, ar^5, ar^6, ar^7, ar^8, ar^9$ are in A. P. $\therefore a, ar, ar^2, ar^3, ar^4, ar^5, ar^6, ar^7, ar^8, ar^9$ are in A. P. $\therefore a, ar, ar^2, ar^3, ar^4, ar^5, ar^6, ar^7, ar^8, ar^9$ are in A. P.

(1) $ar^2 - ar = 16$ (2) $ar^3 - ar^2 = 40$ (3) $ar^4 - ar^3 = 80$ (4) $ar^5 - ar^4 = 160$ (5) $ar^6 - ar^5 = 320$ (6) $ar^7 - ar^6 = 640$ (7) $ar^8 - ar^7 = 1280$ (8) $ar^9 - ar^8 = 2560$

Puzzler returns thanks to all the contributors to the corner. J. C. solves 25 in a very elegant way and like the contributors a fine problem, and the elegant article used give our solution; but we would have given her solution, only that our mathematical type even it has not arrived.

We should have credited *Elia* with an additional point net worth for No. 14, which was not accompanied by the mathematical solution. Her other answers were correct.

Geometrical answers 21, 23, 24, 3 points. Arithmetical beginning. B. says to try again. Arith answers 21, 23, 24, 25, 4 points. You were not late; send us to Monday next time.

Buffalo Catholic Union.