

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

On Irish Comedians

SOME weeks ago I had occasion to attend a "character lecture;" the lecturer imitated various well known orators, such as Gladstone, Chamberlain, Blake, and others who had figured in the Imperial House of Commons. In fact, he gave us a rich treat, and his faculty of imitation, both as manifested in voice and attitude was marvellous. He gave two samples of Irish oratory, one was Sexton, and the other an unknown ordinary Irishman in a rural district, who delivered an election speech. The effect was fine, there was no putting on of an impossible brogue, no insane attempts at bringing the Irishman into ridicule, no exaggeration, no false coloring; all was natural, from life, as it were. What was the result? He made one feel proud of being an Irishman, and yet his delivery was calculated to bring out almost all the real characteristics of Irish expression, manner and language. It was so real that the listener was obliged to acknowledge both the talent of the lecturer and the native ability of the Irish examples that he selected. There was real wit in parts of it; and the serious portions were as they should be true to nature. This made me reflect upon the immense difference there would be if, instead of the vile and false caricaturing of the Irish, we were treated to a little more of that which is really and truly Irish.

A STRANGE ARTICLE.—It was with no small degree of indignation—which in turn gave way to pity—that I read the article referred to in your last issue, which appeared in the New York "Sun" of the 11th May, instant. It is one of the most contradictory of compositions that I have, for a long time read, and, at the same time, one of the most unreasonable. I will, with your permission, analyze that covert attack upon a race that should not be typified by that which is an exaggeration. Here is the very characteristic introduction to this piece of gratuitous insult:—"The Governing Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians is grieved by the comic or supposedly comic Hibernians of the variety stage. Those feigned Hibernians with Judas-colored hair and brilliantly illuminated 'Galloway sluggers,' sometimes painted green, and impossible garments make the ancient Hibernians weep or swear, not laugh."

MR. KEATING'S VIEW.—The article then quoted from Mr. John T. Keating, President of the A.O.H., who speaks of the Chicago "Tribune" on the subject. It would seem to us that Mr. Keating's remark should, of itself, suffice to check the flow of illogical and undignified comments of the "Sun," for what Mr. Keating said was this:—"We don't object to our people being shown on the stage, but we do object to those things which they call 'Irish comedians,' which are dressed as no Irishman ever dressed and are painted up so that they look far more like monkeys than men."

certain individual finds a solution to every problem and situation, by asking "is it possible?" I cannot refrain from asking myself if it is possible that a public journal can have the unblinking audacity to oppose the "reform of the variety stage" and the substituting of "delicacy and distinction (meaning decency) for broad, rough caricature?" The crowd that throngs the variety theatre must have its say. I will not deal with the question of the managers—their pecuniary interests preclude them from the possibility of any other considerations actuating them. So Mr. Keating and the Hibernians are to be lowered to the level of the variety stage advocates and placed on a par with the crowd of sensation-seeking, giddy, thoughtless, section of the population who are hungry to glut their unnatural appetite for the debasing, the rough, and incidentally the immoral. It would, therefore, seem that the "Sun" is opposed to reformation in the variety stage which is the doom, physical, mental and spiritual of a vast proportion of our rising generation. English does not contain language sufficiently strong and emphatic to condemn such principles, nor to expose, in all its hideousness, the moral menace hidden beneath the open declaration just quoted.

SOMETHING STILL WORSE.—"There is something the matter with the heart or the liver of the man who goes to a variety show and escapes the contagion of the laughter that roars around him. He is a man to be pitied. Something is wrong with him. Often there is but too much reason to suspect that he is an ass. He should go to the theatre with an open mind. He should feel reviving in him a fresh boyish delight in the glories of the show. He is not there to criticize, but to enjoy. He is in a magic world where transformations are the rule and the extraordinary is natural. Let him take the people in that world as he finds them and make no kick. Grant that no such Yankees, no such Irishmen, no such Germans, no such Jews, no such negroes were ever seen in the world outside. He has paid his money to get away from that for an hour or two. The farther away he gets, the better for him."

If anything this is still worse. In the first place the man has no business to go there, nor to pay his money for that which is admitted to be unreal. If it were only the lack of reality in what he sees and hears that was in question there would be no objection. The same would apply to any of Shakespeare's plays, or to any other high drama. But he comes away, unfortunately, and carries into real life the falseness that he has seen and heard in the variety show. He goes forth into actual life with the evil effects of his day-dream of an hour upon him. He comes out prepared and anxious to carry into actual practice that which he beheld on the stage. He goes home with heart bounding to emulate the passions that he has seen exemplified before his eyes, to perpetrate in private life that which the actor perpetrated in mockery, to treat the Yankee, the German, the Irishman, the Englishman, the negro, and the man of any other race, just as he were exactly what the variety actor had depicted him to be. The boy commits suicide, or goes on the highway to rob, as an effect of reading dime novels; the man, and more so the woman, who frequents the variety show, has passions stirred into flame that are destined to consume body and soul. And it is in the name of and for the benefit of this throng of misguided people that the "Sun" would have the Hibernians sacrifice their national pride and ignore their duty to their race!

ONE MORE BLUNDER.—I am not going to follow the writer of the editorial in question through all his vagaries, as foolish and as poorly strung together as are the parts in a variety show, nor will I ask space for the reproduction of such a series of insults both to the Irish people, and to the Christian sentiment of the community. But I will have to quote one more passage, which runs thus:—"The variety stage can't get along without the Irish comedian. In spite of the highly accented costumes and 'make-up' of some of them, as a class they earn their money and give good hearty amusement in return."

Almost all of them are of Irish birth or descent. Something of wit, humor, lightheartedness and devil-may-careness comes naturally to the very worst of them. Whether they cut their brogue thick or thin, it is a good relish for their performance. They pick up stories not all of which are old, and tell them with grace for the most part. They have ears which it seems impossible to restrain from jigs. They have the gift of blarney and make friends of the audience at once. It would be invincible to mention any of the admirable artists in the comic Irish line whom everybody who is not too haughty to be familiar with the variety stage must recall with pleasure. It is enough to say that take the whole batch of them, good, bad, and indifferent, they are clever folks and know how to tickle the public; and part of it is more thoroughly tickled than the persons of Irish origin are."

BRIGHT BABIES

Are a Joy to Mothers and a Treasure in the House. All babies should be bright, good natured and well. If you have a child that is sickly, fretful, nervous, restless at night, or suffers from stomach or bowel troubles of any sort, gave it Baby's Own Tablets and it will soon be well. There is no other medicine in the world will so safely and speedily cure indigestion, diarrhoea, and teething troubles. Thousands of grateful mothers speak of this medicine in words of warmest praise. Mrs. Fred Power, 18 Scollard street, Toronto, says:—"My baby suffered greatly from indigestion. She was pale and very thin and would cry with pain in the stomach, and sometimes would not sleep either day or night. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they have made a great change in my little one. She now digests her food readily; is not troubled with the pain in the stomach, and has grown quite plump. I do not know of any medicine that can equal Baby's Own Tablets for little ones."

LATE MISS KATIE McARAN.

This week it is our sad duty to record the death of one of the young hopes of our Irish Catholic community. In the premature departure of Catherine Monica (Katie) Mcaran, a family of loving relatives has been sorely bereaved, and the good Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame have lost one of their brightest and most lovable pupils. On Thursday, 22nd May, at the early age of sixteen years and eleven days, this bright young girl gave up her pure soul, and succumbed to an illness that had only commenced in the first week of March. She died at her parents' residence, the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Mcaran; and on Saturday, May 24th, the largely-attended funeral took place. The interment was in the Catholic cemetery of Cote des Neiges. The deceased was a pupil of St. Patrick's Academy. She last attended school on the 7th of March. The parents of the departed pupil feel exceedingly grateful to the Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame, and to the young pupils of the Academy—their daughter's fond companions—for all the deep interest they manifested in her welfare during her illness, and for the kindly visits paid to her during those last weeks of life. Their presence and their prayers were a source of great comfort and consolation, both to the dying child and to her bereaved par-

City Destroyed By Earthquake

Following up the terrible catastrophe in the West Indies now comes a report by way of San Francisco, Cal., through advices brought by the steamer City of Para, that in ninety seconds a thousand persons were killed and more than four thousand were crippled in Guatemala, and nearly all of Quetzaltenango's forty thousand residents were left homeless by the earthquake on the night of April 18. Only fragmentary accounts of the disaster had been received up to the present time owing to the interrupted telegraphic communication. But there arrived on the City of Para a man who was in Guatemala at the

tine of the disturbance. His coffee plantation is only a few miles out from Quetzaltenango. In speaking of the earthquake he said:—"The great disturbance took place about a quarter after eight o'clock in the evening. I was out on open ground at the time, and had great difficulty in keeping my feet. The motion resembled nothing so much as standing in a small boat that is being rocked by the waves. I saw the ground rise and fall with wave like motion, and everywhere the earth was splitting and cracking. "Crevasse" fully three feet across appeared. The greatest damage was at Quetzaltenango, and the city was practically destroyed. All the buildings that were left standing are cracked and they will have to be pulled down. "My brother had just completed a business block at a cost of \$300,000, and it is a total ruin. Many others suffered in a similar manner, and in addition suffered a greater loss. "There were three distinct shocks, each more severe than the one preceding, but the damage was all done within a minute and a half. Among the wealthier class the loss of life was comparatively slight, probably less than one hundred, though many were injured. "Those who fled from their houses into the patios or courts fared the best, though even many who ran into the street were either killed or suffered broken limbs. The streets are not half the width of the residence streets of San Francisco, so that escape from a falling building was impossible. "The loss of life was greatest in the quarter occupied by the Indians, or natives. They are accustomed to retire early, and nearly all were asleep when the disturbances came. Their houses are built of adobe, and when they collapsed entire families were buried in the ruins. It is practically impossible to give a strictly accurate estimate of the dead. "That night the entire population of the city camped out on a plain in the suburbs. The night was cold, and many of the women and children suffered severely. "To add to the horror of the situation on overturned lamps and candles set fire to some of the buildings. Many persons suffered much from thirst, owing to the fact that the water mains were broken. For five days the residents drank only the water that remained in the fountains and the rainwater they could catch in basins. "The surrounding towns of San Pedro, San Marco, San Juan Amittion and Solola were also destroyed. The total dead will number nearly one thousand. "Before I left it was given out that no attempt would be made to rebuild the city of Quetzaltenango on its present site, but a new town of that name will arise on the plain of Olintepeque, three miles north. The present site of Quetzaltenango is in a valley, which is about five or six miles across, and there is a grave fear that it is really the crater of an ancient volcano. "This impression is created by the fact that the city lies almost in the shadow of the volcano Corraquecand, that is known to have been in a state of eruption about one hundred years ago. "Quetzaltenango was a ghastly sight the day following the earthquake. Bodies were lying everywhere in the streets and in the ruins."

Various Notes.

BURNING ALCOHOL.—The French Minister of Agriculture is doing everything possible to boom the movement to substitute native alcohol for American petroleum. After patronizing alcoholic motor and automobile races he has organized an international exhibition of alcohol power machinery, such as engines for motors, lighting and heating apparatus, which opened in the Gallerie des Machines, Paris, the other day. The immense salle des fetes is now entirely illuminated by alcoholic lamps.

SEASIDE AND SPORTSMEN'S STORES.

Camping and Yachting Season of 1902. We are daily filling orders for the various Salmon and Trout Streams, and respectfully urge upon intending purchasers the advisability of handing us in their lists at the earliest possible moment. Everything of the very best at reasonable prices. Careful and experienced packers. "THE KING OF BOTTLED BEERS," THE ORIGINAL BUDWEISER BREWED AND BOTTLED BY THE ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASSOCIATION, SAINT LOUIS, MO. \$1.60 per dozen pints. \$14.75 per cask of 10 dozen pints. The Western Meat Preserving Co.'s Australian BOILED RABBITS, PLAIN. A perfect delicacy. Tender as chicken. 10 cases, each 4 dozen 2 lb. tins BOILED RABBITS, just received, 30 cents per tin, \$3.25 per dozen tins. BY EXPRESS THIS MORNING, 10 CASES, EACH 64, CHOICE FLORIDA GRAPE FRUIT. The last of the season, "Florida Shaddocks," the Golden Eagle Brand, 25 cents per shaddock, \$2.75 per dozen, \$13.75 per case of 64 shaddocks. FRASER, VIGER & CO., ITALIAN WAREHOUSE.

How Protestant Colleges Secure Donations.

Under the caption "Ready Wit, Ready Money," the Philadelphia "Times" relates this incident:—"The University of Pennsylvania has not a large endowment, and that it finds the means to pay its current expenses and put up new buildings is due in great measure to its provost, Charles C. Harrison. His little black subscription book is well known in many a downtown office—too well known, a prominent broker told him not long ago. Mr. Harrison was pleading persistently with him for a subscription, but in vain. Finally the broker said: "See here, Mr. Harrison, I will give you something on one condition. "Very well, Mr. T—," said the provost, "name it." "The condition is that you promise never to come into my office again until I ask you to do so." "Certainly, Mr. T—, I agree to that," said the provost promptly, and walked out smiling with a check for \$1,000. A month or so later the broker heard a knock at his door. "Come in," he called, and in walked Mr. Harrison. He had the black book under his arm. "Good morning, Mr. T—," he said; "I want you to help me with a little university matter I am—" "Look here, Mr. Harrison," the broker continued, "when I gave that last thousand dollars, wasn't it on the express condition that you wouldn't come into my office again until I invited you?" "Why, yes," returned the provost, "I believe that was the understanding. But didn't you say 'Come in' just now when I knocked?" They say the check this time was for five thousand.

CHICAGO'S RAIN STORM.

Damage that will probably amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars was done in Chicago on Saturday evening by a cloudburst. It flooded basements, stopped many power plants, put out electric lights and caused many restaurants to close. The fall of water was something unprecedented in the records of the weather office.

MORE WAGES.

Money is king with a large class at present. The John A. Roebing Company, of Trenton, N.J., has announced a voluntary increase in the wages of its employees averaging nearly 10 per cent. President Charles G. Roebing said the increase was given on account of the higher prices of all articles. He thought it fair that the wage-earners should receive a corresponding increase.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE.

The Chicago daily press mentions the name of Archbishop Ireland for the vacant See of New York.

THE DOCTORS' FEE.

By a legal decision the Paris courts have just settled that 10f. (\$2) is an ordinary fee for the visit of a doctor in Paris. A man and his wife called in a doctor, whose bill was afterward made out at a rate of 20f. (\$4) for the first visit and 10f. (\$2) for the others. A lawsuit followed and the court gave judgment in favor of the patients, saying that 10f. (\$2) is the customary fee in Paris for people in medium station of life.

opponent four sets to three. The game was one of the prettiest exhibitions of its kind ever seen in this country. Egan started off well and captured the first two sets. After the Irish champion got warmed up he made some remarkable stops and succeeded in adding three straight sets to his credit. Egan won the sixth, and the final set was captured by Drew with 21 to 13. Drew's strong point was his puzzling service, and being a left-handed player, his tactics had the American all at sea. The concluding eight games of the series which are to take place in the same court on Decoration Day, May 30, will attract widespread interest.

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not the end. The crown immortal glory which faithful then, awaits the, and shall surely be at- all who love His appear-

"IS IT POSSIBLE?"—In a French drama of the eighteenth century, a