

## TO MY WISHING-CAP.

The following poem by Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the distinguished Canadian orator, statesman and poet, is characteristic of his lighter moods.

Wishing-cap, Wishing-cap, I would be  
Far away, far away o'er the sea  
Where the red birch roots  
Down the ribbed rock shoots,  
In Donegal the brave,  
And white-suited skiffs  
Speckle the cliffs,  
And the gannet dr. lks the wave.

Wishing-cap, Wishing-cap, I would lie  
On a Wicklow hill, and stare the sky,  
Or count the human atoms that pass  
The thread-like road through Glenmacnass,  
Where once the clans of O'Byrne were;  
Or talk to the breeze  
Under sycamore trees,  
In Glenart's forests fair.

Wishing-cap, Wishing cap, let us away  
To walk in the cloisters, at close of day,  
Once trod by triars or orders gray  
In Norman Selkirk's renowned abaye,  
And Carmen's ancient town;  
For I would kneel at my mother's grave,  
Where the plummy churchyard elms wave,  
And the old war-walls look down.

## COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

## TWO LITTLE HOME RULERS.

Some of Her Plans—The Irish Village at the World's Fair—The Real, Original Blarney Stone May Be Exhibited.

The Irish papers of the past few weeks have been filled with accounts of the tour through Ireland of the Countess of Aberdeen and her husband, in the interest of the Irish Home Industries Association. It has been in every sense a triumphal tour and fittingly so, for Lady Aberdeen comes to Ireland, not as an alien or a stranger, but as a well-beloved friend and happily remembered ruler. Everywhere arches have been erected in her honor, the cities and towns have been decorated, presentation speeches have been made by the mayor or town council and the warm hearted Irish people have greeted her with huzzas and blessings. In Dublin no hall was large enough to hold the thousands assembled to greet her.

The Irish people may be divided on all questions, but they are not divided in their devotion to the Countess of Aberdeen. On that issue they are unanimous. At the meeting in Dublin Lady Aberdeen spoke at length on the part the Irish were to take in the Chicago exposition. She gave a short history of the Irish Home Industries Association, its purpose and plan of work. Founded in 1886, it started in a comparatively quiet manner and had gradually grown to its present flourishing condition. Its purpose was to foster the cottage industries of Ireland—spinning, weaving, lace-making, embroidery, wood-carving, etc. It has always kept three main principles in view—first, that it should be free from any political leaning; second, that it should be thoroughly comprehensive, and though intended primarily for the encouragement of the cottage industries of Ireland, it should take a friendly interest in every industry; third, and it should be practical and based on strict business methods. These three principles had never been deviated from, and it needed no words of hers to show the people that the Irish Industries Association was a success.

## WHERE IRELAND'S FIRST POTATO GREW.

From Dublin Lady Aberdeen proceeded to the historic town of Youghal—the spot where the first potato was grown in Ireland and where Sir Walter Raleigh's house still stands. A large crowd was waiting for her at the station, and when she stepped upon the platform she was loudly cheered. She visited the Presentation Convent, inspected the lace works, witnessed a drill of the children and later was presented with an address by the town commissioners. The scene was repeated at New Ross, where she visited the Carmelite Convent.

Her reception in Cork is vividly described: It was a genuine ovation. The Irish Times devoted five columns (equally to twelve columns in an American paper) to an account of it. The most influential gentleman of Cork were upon the stage. The hall was crowded, and when the proceedings commenced the scene was one of great animation. Everything that was possible was done to add eclat to the gathering. The long corridors leading to the hall were draped with

bright materials and a striking effect was produced by the firemen in their uniforms and brass helmets lining the way and forming an avenue through which the visitors passed. Inside the hall the scene was even gayer. Every window was draped with a flag; flags graced the golden fluted pillars, flags were the background for the platform and were skillfully selected so as to represent in an allagorical way the Irish village, the Chicago exposition and the English friends of Irish industries.

At the appointed hour the town sergeants and sword bearer entered, followed by the alderman and the mayor in his official robes. Immediately therefore came the countess of Aberdeen. Her dress is described as blue and drab, made of Tyrone tweed, trimmed with blue Irish poplin with Clones crocheted cuffs; at her side, also dress in Irish tweed, was her little daughter, Lady Margorie Gordon. Lady Margorie is well known not only in Ireland, but through England and Scotland, for, though only a small damsel of 12 summers, she is already the editor of a magazine. It is called Wee Willie Winkie.

When the mayor and honorable gentlemen had finished their addresses of welcome and Lady Aberdeen rose to speak she was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm. The audience rose en masse and waved their handkerchiefs and hats and the cheering did not subside for several minutes. Taking advantage of a storm, Lady Aberdeen began. After thanking the people for their flattering reception of her and of her husband she said: "I can only ask you to believe once more that anything that Lord Aberdeen and I can ever do for the welfare of Ireland will be a pride and a pleasure to us. The sons and daughters of Ireland are not wont to think of the labor which they may be able to do for their country; and I must again remain you, ladies and gentlemen, of that which is not always recognized and it is that although I am three-quarters a Scotchwoman and proud to be so, I am also one quarter an Irishwoman. I thank you for your recognition of me, but surely the blood of the O'Neills would qualify anyone to work for Ireland without any thanks being due to them."

## THE IRISH VILLAGE.

Lady Aberdeen then went on to explain what the Irish Industries Association had started out to do and what it was now doing to bring the various centers of industry into communication with one another, to place good designs within the reach of workers in all parts of Ireland, to establish local centers for the exhibition and sale of work, and in every way to promote the industrial instruction and training of the people. She then proceeded to give the latest particulars about the Irish village now in process of construction at the World's Fair in Chicago. The village is to be quadrangular in form, to be entered by a doorway taken from Cashel, through the cloisters to Muckross.

"In all we shall have some seventeen cottages," said Lady Aberdeen. "We shall have woolen weaving from Donegal and spinning from the North, and we shall have a dairy with some of the Kerry cows—and better still, some of the pretty Munster dairy maids to milk them. We shall not only show the process of butter making, but we hope to sell milk as a drink, and drinks made from milk which will reflect credit on our Irish dairy maids. We shall have a cottage devoted to bog oak carving, and the bog oak articles will be very attractive. Then we shall have a large number of blackthorns, but I am almost afraid to tell you the number of the first consignment. Another cottage is to be devoted to wood-carving, another to the making of small articles of jewelry, and in another we intend to do a large business in Irish turf. We are taking over some tons of Irish turf which we mean to cut up in small pieces and tie with ribbons for our friends to take away with them as a remembrance. And need I tell you that the Irish shamrock will not be forgotten? We hope to make one cottage a thoroughly home cottage, and by the fireside an old woman knitting. For this purpose we want to find the prettiest old woman in Ireland. We shall have an Irish piper and an Irish songstress, Irish jigs will be danced and Irish entertainments of all sorts given every night. At one end of the village there will be an object of great interest, namely, a representation on an exact scale of Blarney

Castle. In Blarney Castle our girls will be lodged so as to make them more Irish than they were when they went out. And I may mention the hope, the great hope, that Sir George Colthurst may be prevailed upon to lend us the Blarney stone."

If Lady Aberdeen is to do the coaxing it is quite needless to say that the Blarney stone will undoubtedly be here. No man can resist her—least of all an Irishman. Among the other things to be exhibited in the Irish village is a set of very elaborate lace vestments made for Cardinal Gibbons, another for Archbishop Feehan, another for Archbishop Ryan, and another for the ever popular Archbishop Ireland. Also the picture which will be seen in the art galleries of the exposition, "The Home Rulers," or as she elsewhere calls them, "Two Little Paddies"—two of her own little sons as painted two years ago by Mme. Carziani. The two little "scaramouches," as their mother lovingly calls them, in their bright, fancy costumes, make indeed a very charming picture, and that they are native born Democrats—not scions of an effete aristocracy at all—may be evinced from the fact stated by the editor of the magazine, Lady Aberdeen herself, that they are often employed as messenger boys in the office. The scene of the picture is in reality not far from Haddo House and the little boys are supposed to have been playing at digging up potatoes during their father's dinner hour and are now resting from their so-called work to give him "a surprise."—Mary Josephine Onahan in The Chicago Herald.

## Important Correction.

We regret to observe an error in an article last month on "The Catholic Population of Our Indian Empire." In our calculations, p. 146, we stated that the Catholics of Ceylon according to the census of 1861, amounted to 302,127. As a matter of fact, that is the total of all Christians in Ceylon, and by a slip of the pen, was substituted for the exclusively Catholic Christians, whose numbers, as correctly recorded by us in our issue for November, (p. 110), are 246,214. This will make the total of Catholics in care of the Indian Hierarchy 1,315,078.—*Illustrated Catholic Missions.*

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## NEW PREMIUM PUZZLE.



With this HANDSOME LADY the faces of two others are shown. Can you find them? If so, mark faces and send to us as directed. **LADIES AT HOME** is the Home Magazine of Canada. Its reading matter and illustrations are all of the best. Nothing like it at the price—only 50 cents per year—has ever before been published in this country. It and its sister publications will soon lead all other Canadian periodicals in point of circulation. To ensure this a fair and legitimate premium system has been adopted at much outlay. During 1893 we purpose giving away **Four Elegant Upright Pianos**. W. Willison, ex-Reeve of Ayr, Ont., was awarded the splendid **Rosewood Piano** which was viewed by admiring thousands passing by our showroom during the past two weeks.

We publish **Ladies' Companion**, \$1.00 a year. Also **Ladies at Home**, 50 cents a year. Do not mistake any other—with the word "Ladies" or "Home" in the name—for either of these fine magazines. We also publish **Our Boys and Girls**, at 25 cents a year. **OUR BOYS AND GIRLS** has no connection with a young people's paper published on King st., west, which advertises for subscribers but gives no street number in its address.

## PREMIUM LIST.

To the first person solving puzzle we will award \$100 in Cash; the next will receive **Gold Watch**; the third a **Silver Water Service**; the fourth a **Silk Dress Pattern**; the fifth a **BANQUET LAMP**; the sixth a **DRESSMAKER'S MAGIC SCALE** with instructions; the seventh a **SILVER FIVE O'CLOCK TEA SET**; the eighth a **CRAYON PORTRAIT**; the ninth a **TOILET SET**; the tenth a **GOLD BROOCH**; the eleventh a **SILVER WATCH**; the twelfth **PLUSH WORK CASE**; to the next nine each a **HANDSOME BROOCH**. To the middle sender will be awarded an **Upright Piano**, valued at \$375. To the ten following, each a crayon portrait of sender or any friend. The sender of letter bearing latest postmark, previous to July 15th next, will receive a **Sewing Machine**, valued at \$40. The sender next to last will receive a **Silver Watch**; ten preceding, each a beautiful **Gold Brooch**.

**CONDITIONS:**—Each contestant must mark faces in puzzle in ink or pencil, cut advertisement out and forward to us with fifty cents for a year's subscription to **LADIES AT HOME**. Address plainly,

"2" **LADIES' COMPANION PUB. CO.**, 166 King St., West, Toronto, Can.