

## Notes of Irish News.

### From Our Exchanges.

**TARMONBARRY CHURCH.**—The beautiful new church of the Sacred Heart, Tarmonbarry, was solemnly consecrated by the Most Rev. Dr. Clancy, Bishop of the Diocese, two weeks ago. The site of the church is a couple of miles from the town itself, and about seven miles from Longford. It occupies the ground made sacred by the old church.

**NO ROYAL VISITOR.**—It appears that there is no foundation for the report that the Prince of Wales will visit Ireland in August. The Lord Lieutenant received intimation from the Prince of Wales that his Royal Highness's engagements would prevent his paying a visit to Ireland this year, as he had hoped to do.

**CROSSGAR CHURCH.**—The Most Rev. Dr. Henry died recently the new Church of the Holy Family, Tyconnet, Crossgar, in the presence of an immense congregation, which included a large proportion of the principal clergy and laity of the diocese of Down and Connor. The Church which was dedicated on Sunday, was very urgently required. The older edifices at the Rocks and in Kilmore had for a considerable time ceased to provide proper accommodation at Tyconnet.

**DIOCESE OF KILLALOE.**—Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, Lord Bishop of Killaloe, has made the following changes in his diocese:—

Rev. D. Garry, C.C., Kilrush, to be Adm. Crusheen; Rev. J. Hannan, C.C., Birr., to be C.C., Kilrush; Rev. B. O'Donovan, C.C., Dunkerrin, to be C.C., Birr.; Rev. W. Grace, C.C., Quin, to be C.C., Dunkerrin; Rev. P. J. Hogan, C.C., Doonbeg, to be C.C., Quin; Rev. M. Hogan, C.C., Nenagh, to be C.C., Doonbeg; Rev. M. Hehir, C.C., Roscrea, to be C.C., Nenagh; Rev. Dennis O'Dea, C.C., Birr., to be C.C., Roscrea; Rev. J. Darcy, C.C., Kilarboy, to be C.C., Birr.; Rev. M. Gleeson, C.C., Clondragh, to be C.C., Kilarboy; Rev. M. Foley, C.C., Inagh, to be C.C., Clondragh; Rev. James Carey, C.C., Kildysart, to be C.C., Inagh; Rev. M. Corcoran, C.C., Newmarket-on-Fergus, to be C.C., Kildysart; Rev. James Connelley, C.C., Shinnone, to be C.C., Newmarket-on-Fergus; Rev. P. Kenner, C.C., Terryglass, to be C.C., Shinnone; Rev. D. Day, C.C., Monsea, to be C.C., Terryglass; Rev. M. McRedmond, C.C., Portroe, to be C.C., Monsea; Rev. J. Smyth, Dumfries, Scotland, to be C.C., Portroe.

**DEATH OF REV. M. MCCARTHY.**—The Freeman's Tribune correspondent writes—I deeply regret to have to announce the death of Rev. Michael McCarthy, P.P., which sad event occurred at the Parochial House, Causeway, at the opening hour of Ascension Day. The deceased pastor was only in his fifth year, and up to a couple of months ago was apparently in the best of health. A cold caught at the time unfortunately developed into an illness which culminated in his death despite all that medical aid could render.

**PEOPLE'S BANK OF WEXFORD.**—A public meeting of the supporters of the People's Bank, which was started in Eniscorthy about five months ago, was held in the market House, Mr. G. French presided, and there was

a large attendance. Mr. M. J. Hickey, honorable secretary of the Local Co-operative Organization, read the report of the meeting, which disclosed the fact that the position of the bank was satisfactory, and that a number of loans had been granted for productive and economical purposes.

**LORD DILLON'S ESTATES.**—The Central News correspondent at Ballaghaderin telegraphs that great rejoicing has been caused in the Counties of Mayo and Roscommon by the announcement that the Congested Districts Board has purchased the whole of Lord Dillon's estates, which comprise about ninety-thousand acres with about four thousand tenants paying a rental of nearly twenty thousand pounds per annum. This is the largest transaction yet completed by the Board.

**WEXFORD RESOLUTIONS.**—Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., in forwarding to the Chairman of each County Council in Ireland, for the consideration of their respective councils, copies of the resolutions passed by the Wexford County Council at their first meeting on April 22nd, after setting forth the reasons which encourage him to hope that the scheme which the resolutions embody will be supported, says—I have, I trust, sufficiently indicated what a useful and patriotic task awaits the deliberations of the assembly whose creation I advocate. We, Irishmen—all of us—whether we live north or south of the Boyne, have for good or ill, to make the most of the country we live in. What we require now more than anything else is to know one another better and to take counsel together for the National well-being. The many problems of Irish social life must be studied and solved by Irishmen themselves; it is idle to hope for any satisfactory or permanent treatment of such problems unless it emanates from the common sense and patriotism of men living in the country, bearing the burden of the country's administration, practically acquainted with our peculiar conditions, and to whom the treatment of these problems is a matter of vital and intimate daily concern. Our country has suffered much from the want of understanding between the various sections of her people in the past, and it is surely time for all of us who love Ireland to seize this practical opportunity of coming together and promoting the good of our common country. To this end I respectfully urge the enclosed resolutions upon the favorable consideration of your Council.

**FATHER WALSH HONORED.**—Rev. J. Walsh, the popular P.P. of Oylegate, Wexford, who recently took over the pastoral charge of his new parish, was made the recipient of a handsome presentation from the representatives of his old friends at Taghmon. For many years there had not been a more popular priest in Taghmon than Father Walsh. The presentation consisted of a well-filled purse of sovereigns.

It is announced that His Holiness the Pope has approved of the selection of Right Rev. Mgr. Gaffney, D.D., V. G., Clara for elevation to the vacant See of Meath.

Irish subjects is reflecting Irish ideas and sentiments." The drama in which he claims to have satisfied at least one of these alternatives, "The Countess Cathleen," has acquired some notoriety. Two criticisms supported by extracts have been generally circulated, that of Mr. O'Donnell and that of your Saturday issue. In replying to these criticisms, Mr. Yeats has wisely confined himself to abstract platitudes, and sheltered himself behind an objection which is in general valid, that a work cannot be fairly judged from mere quotations of words used by personages who figure in that work. Your readers may test the validity of this objection in this particular instance, and the truth of our interpretation of the play, by studying in the Kildare Street Library (without expense).

"Let us sum briefly the results of our examination. The subject is not Irish. It has been shown that the plot is founded on a German legend. The characters are ludicrous travesties of the Irish Catholic Celt. The purpose of the drama is apparently to show the sublimity of self-sacrifice. The questionable nature of that self-sacrifice forces Mr. Yeats to adopt an occasion for it. He represents the Irish peasant as a crooning barbarian, crazed with the morbid superstition, who, having added the Catholic faith to his store of superstitions, sells that faith for gold or bread in the proving of famine.

"Is Mr. Yeats prepared to justify this view of our national character by putting his finger on historical families in the 16th century, in which the Irish peasants generally exchanged life eternal for a full maw? Has he read, or heard from living lips, the story of the famine of this century? Has Mr. Yeats thoroughly considered the probable effect of presenting this slanderous caricature of the Irish peasant to an average English or Continental audience unread in Irish history? We do not seek the good-will of England, but we object to be made the butt of her bitter contempt.

"Have the Irish public and the Irish press thoroughly considered what their approval of Mr. Yeats's picture means from a national and historical standpoint? Why, if this is a true portrait of Irish Catholic character, every effort of England to stamp out our religion and incidentally our nationality is not merely to be justified, but to be applauded. If this be a true portrait, the despoiling of our monasteries, the banning of our priests, the oppression of our people, fire, sword, the rope become instruments of Christian indignation, the Penal Laws are a salutary code. Carrow is a saint, and Castlereagh a martyr.

"Do the Irish people intend to accept the picture as true? Is it too much to expect some pronouncement from each of the Nationalist and Catholic leaders whose names have been lent to support this drama? If they are not prepared to repudiate this distortion of the character of their countrymen, this negation of the most cherished Irish ideas and sentiments let them confess themselves hypocrites, fighting for a contemptible cause.

"We are not opposed to a movement for the reform of the stage in Ireland. We should be most ardent supporters of a healthy, genuine movement in that direction. But we object to be compromised by plays such as "The Countess Cathleen."

"We have no personal quarrel with Mr. Yeats. We know him only from his books. We recognize him as a fine literary artist. We recognize him, further, as one endowed with the rare gift of extending an infinitesimal quantity of the gold of thought in a seemingly infinite area of the tinsel of melodiously meaningless verse. As long as the reading public treated Mr. William Butler Yeats as Mr. William Butler Yeats, and was content to accompany him through the clouds with occasional descents and ascents, we were not concerned in the matter. But when Mr. William Butler Yeats is apparently treated as the leader, the pattern, and the despair of the modern Irish intelligent movement, despite the "sober follies of the wise and great," who countenance his work in these aspects, we feel it our duty, in the name and for the honor of Dublin Catholic students of the Royal University, to protest against an art, even a dispassionate art, which offers as a type of our people a loathsome brood of apostates."

The above was signed by all the Catholic students—and it reflects great credit, apart from the immediate case under consideration, upon their sense of patriotism and national honor.

England is keenly exercised about the prevention of pauperism among the working classes in old age.

It is stated that 344,000 men over sixty-five years old are in receipt of poor relief in England to-day, and that two out of every five of the wage-earning classes over sixty-five become paupers.

## Eating With an Artificial Jaw.

John Die, of Royal Oak, is eating beefsteak again for the first time in a year. The inference should not be made that John Die has been a vegetarian. In reality, he has suffered from a most terrible affliction. According to the medical books, he has no reason to be alive. He should have died long ago.

As the result of a gunshot wound, Die's lower jaw was blown almost completely out. All that remained was the stump, in which were two back teeth.

John Die belongs to the well-known Die family, a farmer folk in Oakland county. Young Die, who is about 25 years old, had always been a robust hearty fellow, doing outdoor work. Perhaps it was his splendid physique that pulled him through.

On the day of the accident he was coming into the dooryard of the house of William Bidfield, his sister's husband. A family disturbance was in progress. Die heard high words spoken. He made a dash for the inside of the house. He did this thoughtlessly, on the spur of the moment. He had no idea of coming between husband and wife; but for all that, carried away by his feelings, he decided to protect his sister.

When he was about eight feet from the door out came the brother-in-law says Die. The maddened relative carried a shotgun. It was all done so quickly that young Die has no connected account of how it happened. He remembers that his brother-in-law fired at him point blank, the charge directed at his eyes and face.

Bidfield was sent to Jackson for three years.

For months John Die hovered between life and death. Gradually his wound began to heal. But when he tried to eat, the two soft portions of his jaw bent on their own weight. In reality he was chewing his own jaws. It was horrible.

He lived on soft boiled eggs, mush and milk and moistened bread. And as his weight ran down he craved the good things he used to eat. He would have given a year of his life, he says, to be able to eat a piece of beefsteak again. He lost forty pounds in a few weeks.

His tongue too, had been lacerated, so that he could speak only with difficulty. Even his best friends could scarcely understand him. He made signs and wrote on pieces of paper: "I am dying of hunger. Give me something to eat."

Again he would write: "Am I ever to speak again? This agony is killing me."

It was one of the saddest cases of personal affliction within the memory of several doctors. Die would raise himself in his bed and try to speak, and as he did so he would make violent gestures. He was all the while trying to say, as he weaved to and fro in frightful mental anguish:

"I am bound to die! I will not die! I must live! I am bound to live!"

And there was another horrible thing about the case. The awful accident had left Die's face pulpy and soft like rubber, especially where his chin had fallen away. It gave him a gruesome ghastly look. People turned from him instinctively, as in pain.

John Die finally grew well enough to sit up and be about the house. One day he was told that he could have a rubber jaw. The suggestion came from a friend who had been reading in the paper about a wonderful surgical operation in which a celluloid skull was made for someone. From that moment he began to take hope. He finally grew well enough to travel a few miles from home. But all the while his weight ran down. His craving for good nutritious, solid foods never left him.

His weight continued to run down. His body was being slowly starved to

death. How long he might live was a question. Die's only chance was to get a jaw.

He made the tour of the Detroit dental shops, his face wrapped in a big bundle of soft cloths. A small boy went with him and partially led him, as one leads a blind man. Sometimes Die leaned on the small boy's arm for strength. People puzzled, turned and involuntarily gazed at the figure of the young man, shrunk to a mere skeleton. They did not know what was his affliction, for his face was swathed in great folds of cloth.

But where was hope to spring?

Thin, ghostly, John Die toilsomely clambered dentists' stairs unnumbered, always accompanied by his boy and his cane. The problem seemed to be a new one for the profession. Some said they would think it over; others, that they would not be able to read up on the case at present; still others frankly declared that they did not know what to do—that no artificial jaw would ever fill the awful gap left by the gunshot wound.

The doctors sent him to the dentists, the dentists sent him to the doctors; and between them both Die merely wandered around in an aimless, hopeless, heartless, dispirited way.

Die was now rapidly passing into a condition of deep melancholy. He brooded over his case night and day. He grew more and more sensitive. He avoided people. He was ashamed of his appearance. He finally became so despondent that he decided not to see any more dentists or doctors.

Dr. Osus, the dentist, never agreed to help young Die. The experiment for making a new jaw for the afflicted man was made purely on conditional grounds.

First, the doctor satisfied himself that by means of fine wires he could fasten the artificial jaw to the two back teeth, after they had been raised slightly with gold caps over the crowns, giving a starting point for the attachment. The rest was a delicate problem in dentistry, to manufacture a jaw containing twelve teeth and to fit it in place where the jaw ought to be—in reality, to construct a jaw, a work differing vastly from making a dental plate rest on gums and jaw.

The experiment took five weeks to complete. When finished the jaw was not a pretty object, but it was planned to do work. It fitted Die's mouth to a nicety. After a few days the young man became used to the new harness and carefully began experimenting with it as a food crusher. His expectations were realized, and in a few weeks he ate heartily for the first time in a year. Die declared that he believed that he might crack hickory nuts with his new jaw. He was very happy.

His health, too, has improved since the jaw was inserted, which was about four months ago. He has been gaining about ten pounds a month, and in all has gained 43 pounds, now tipping the beam at 155, or within 24 pounds of his normal weight.

The artificial jaw has built out his face, so that its former repulsive look has disappeared. While there is a great mark on his chin where the stitches were made, an indentation and a slight retreating, to all intents and purposes his new jaw does its work with almost the same facility as did the one provided by nature, but lost to him forever through the unfortunate accident in which he tried to interfere between husband and wife.

The lacerations of Die's tongue have healed. He talks more fluently every day. As yet there is a noticeable thickness to his effort at talking, but in time even this may pass away.

Then the new Die with the new jaw will again become a normal man.—Detroit News Tribune.

silver-tongued orator is far and away the strongest Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1900. Of course the fusion party in Colorado will not work in the next election as it did in the last, for many of the silver Republicans are returning to their former allegiance."

"Do you think that Bryan is talking too much?"

"Well, some of the Americans think so, but they are chiefly Republicans. Bryan is a clear-headed man, honest, fearless, brilliant. His eloquence and courage will do much to carry him through the next Presidential campaign. I think the greatest plank in the Democratic platform for 1900 will be the anti-monopoly plank—perhaps greater than the silver plank. It will be a contest between wealth and the masses."

"Then, again, it must be remembered that a war party in the United States is never popular with the people. It was the Democratic party that brought on the war with Mexico in 1846, and when the Presidential election followed the Democrats were defeated."

Excitement was caused at Fall River, Mass., on May 29, when fifteen cases of small pox, were reported to the Board of Health from the North End. For two days the cases have been withheld by half a dozen physicians and it was not until a formal report was made. The persons afflicted are in twelve families occupying adjoining tenement houses. Two patients are in a precarious condition and others are serious. The Health Committee immediately quarantined the houses and prepared to remove some of the sick ones to an isolated place. Most of the families are French Canadians. An old man is believed to have contracted it first in handling cotton from the South. It is said that the disease existed in a mild form in one of the families several weeks ago and that no notice was given because it was thought it would be overcome without trouble.

## THE DOCTORS PUZZLED.

### THE PECULIAR CASE OF A NOVA SCOTIAN LADY.

The Trouble Began in a Swelling of the Big Toe Which Spread to All Parts of the Body—Doctors Could Not Account for the Trouble, and Their Treatment Did Her No Good.

From the New Glasgow Enterprise.

Loch Broom is a picturesque farming hamlet situated about three miles from the town of Pictou, N.S. In this hamlet, in a cosy farmhouse live Mr. and Mrs. Hector McKinnon. A few years ago Mrs. McKinnon was taken with a disease that puzzled several doctors who attended her. It was generally known that Mrs. McKinnon owed her ultimate recovery to good health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and a reporter of the Enterprise being in the neighborhood called upon the lady, and asked her if she had any objections to relating the particulars of her illness and cure.

"Indeed I have not," replied Mrs. McKinnon, "I think that those who are cured owe it to the medicine that brings them back to health, always to say a good word for it. My trouble apparently had an insignificant starting point. It came on with a swelling in the big toe, accompanied by intense pain. Gradually the swelling extended to my limbs then to my whole body, accompanied by pain which made my life a burden. A doctor was called in but he did not help me. Then another and another until I had four different medical men to see me, one of them the most skilled physicians in the province. Yet my case seemed to puzzle every one of them, and none of them gave me more than the merest temporary relief. One doctor said the trouble was inflammation of the bone. Another said it was aggravated sciatica and gout. The other two called it by other names, but whatever it was none of them helped me. By this time I had got so low and weak that I could not lift hand or foot if it would save my life, and no one expected to see me get better. In fact the doctor said if I sank any lower I could not live. And yet here I am to-day as well as ever I was in my life. While I was at the lowest a minister called to see me and asked why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had tried so many remedies and had spent so many dollars in medicine that I hardly thought it worth while to experiment any more. However, I was persuaded to try them and after using a few boxes there was some improvement. By the time I had used a dozen boxes I had left my bed and was able to move around, and after a few more boxes I was again perfectly well, and able to do all the work that falls to the lot of a farmer's wife. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I think after what they have done for me I am justified in recommending them to others."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new life and richness to the blood and rebuild shattered nerves, thus driving out disease due to either of these two causes, and this means that they effect a cure in a large percentage of the troubles which afflict mankind. Some unscrupulous dealers impose on the public imitations of this great medicine. The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the hundred or ounce, or in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper round which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." No matter what the color of any pill offered in any other shape, it is bogus. These pills cure when other medicines fail.

## The Stage Irishman Again.

Times numberless have we sought to combat the evil and unpatriotic system of misrepresenting Irish character upon the stage. We are pleased to find that a section of the Irish people have risen to the level of the occasion and have exposed the false coloring of Mr. W. B. Yeats' new drama, "The Countess Cathleen." Apparently Mr. Yeats—who is an able critic and a most talented Irishman—imposed upon himself the task of "regenerating the Irish stage." His intentions may have been of the best; but certainly, his first effort—the play above mentioned—has fallen far short of the object he had in view. The "Daily Nation," invited the opinion of Cardinal Logue upon the new drama, and His Eminence wrote as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—You invite my opinion on the play of Mr. Yeats's "The Countess Cathleen." All I know of this play is what I could gather from the extracts given in Mr. O'Donnell's pamphlet and your paper. Judging by these extracts, I have no hesitation in saying that an Irish Catholic audience that could patiently sit out such a play must have sadly degenerated both in religion and patriotism. As to the opinions said to have been given by Catholic divines, no doubt the authors of these opinions will undertake to justify them, but I

should not like the task were it mine.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

Michael Cardinal Logue."

Despite the fact that several of the Irish newspapers praised the production and defended Mr. Yeats against the attacks made upon him and his play, still we feel that a grand step has been taken by those who refused to sanction the misrepresentation of Irish character—even when done with an ulterior and laudable aim. The following protest, from the Catholic students of the Royal University, should serve as an example for all Irishmen under like circumstances. If such falsifying of Irish character be not at once exposed and resented, it becomes tacitly admitted and agreed with, and soon the evil would grow and spread until no power, in our time, could check it. This is the protest and every line of it is worthy of careful perusal:—

"To the Editor of the Daily Nation.

"Sir,—Mr. William Butler Yeats, as the most prominent of the founders of the Irish Literary Theatre, has at length fulfilled, to his own satisfaction, the contract concluded with Irish public some months ago. By the terms of that contract Mr. Yeats promised, if sufficiently supported, to 'put on the stage plays dealing with