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VOL. IV. FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1888. No. 134

Professional Cards

D. H. D. CURRIE,
Surgeon Dentist,
164 QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

WILLIAM WILSON,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &C.
OFFICE: QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

GEO. F. GREGORY,
(OF LATE FIRM OF GREGORY & BLAIR,)
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law
NOTARY PUBLIC.
OFFICE: NEXT BELOW QUEEN HOTEL, LATELY OCCUPIED BY GREGORY & BLAIR.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

B. H. TORRENS, D. M. D.
Dentist,
FISHER'S BUILDING,
Queen Street, Fredericton.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

DR. CROCKET,
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
CARLETON STREET.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887.

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF EDINBURGH;
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF EDINBURGH;
LICENTIATE OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW.
SPECIAL CERTIFICATE IN MIDWIFERY.
OFFICE: FISHER'S BUILDING, COR. PHŒNIX SQUARE.
RESIDENCE, 109 BRUNSWICK STREET.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

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Barristers and Notaries.
OFFICES: CARLETON ST., FREDERICTON
ALBERT J. GREGORY, FRANK B. GREGORY, Registrar of Probates.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

G. E. DUFFY,
Barriters and Attorney-at-Law,
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SECY-TREASURER OF SUNBURY.
ACCOUNTS COLLECTED, AND MONEY TO LOAN ON REAL ESTATE SECURITY.
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Fredericton, Nov 1st, 1887

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BARKER HOUSE STABLES.
COACHES AND CARRIAGES
Furnished with all Possible Despatch.
HORSES BOARDED AT MODERATE TERMS
JOHN B. ORR, - Proprietor.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

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HACK AND LIVERY STABLE,
Queen Street,
OPPOSITE CITY HALL.
COACH ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Telephone Communication.
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BARKER HOUSE,
QUEEN STREET, - - - FREDERICTON.
NEWLY REFITTED, AND NOW ONE OF THE LEADING HOTELS OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
SAMPLE ROOM AND LIVERY STABLE.
Modern Improvements constantly being made.
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J. A. EDWARDS, - Proprietor.
FINE SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO,—
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
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Goods of all descriptions received and Sold on Commission. Quick Sales and Prompt Returns Guaranteed.
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H. G. C. WETMORE
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Has taken a Store on the Upper Side of
PHŒNIX SQUARE,
Next to L. P. LeForest, Tin Smith, where he is prepared to receive Furniture and Goods of all kinds for Auction or Private Sale. He will also give attention to Auction Sales of every description.
Terms moderate. Returns prompt. All business confidential.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

New Advertisements

WEST END
SAWMILL AND LUMBER YARD
SEASON 1887.
THE Subscriber, intending to pay greater attention to the RETAIL LUMBER BUSINESS than for the last few seasons, begs to inform the public generally that besides the usual stocks of SPRUCE, PINE, and HEMLOCK LUMBER on hand or sawn to order, will keep constantly on hand
DRY SPRUCE FLOORING AND SHEATHING, PINE SHEATHING, DRY HEMLOCK SPRUCE AND PINE BOARDS, AND PLANK PLANED ON ONE SIDE.
Also intends to keep LATHS and PICKETS constantly on hand,
and all sorts of CEDAR SHINGLES well and Smoothly Sawn and Very Carefully Assorted.
Office on QUEEN STREET, directly opposite mill.
R. A. ESTEY.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

Insurance

The North American
LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y
OF TORONTO
HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE PRES'T.
Guaranteed Capital, - - $300,000.00
Full Government Deposit.
New business for 1886 over - $2,500,000.00
THE various popular plans of the "NORTH AMERICAN" embracing Life, Return Premium, Endowment, Tontine, Semi-Tontine, and Commercial Plan, have proved so acceptable to the insuring public, that the Company can to-day present a showing unequalled by any other home Company at the same period of its existence, and is a record of unexampled success and financial standing, coupled with its prompt and satisfactory settlement of death claims are the recommendations which this Company offers for public patronage.
The Company's rates are according to their various plans so arranged as to suit the convenience of all as by the commercial plan insurance is given at the actual cost, while by the endowment and tontine the attractive investment feature is combined with insurance.
All information given and applications received by
O. E. DUFFY,
Oct. 19, 1887—w 1w—1yr. Agent, Fredericton

THE ATLAS
FIRE
ASSURANCE CO'Y,
Of London, Eng.
Established in the Year 1808.
CAPITAL, - - $6,000,000.00
Risks against loss or damage or by fire taken on all kinds of insurable property in both town and country at the lowest rates and losses adjusted in the most prompt and liberal manner. Undisputed security given to policy holders by this Old and Reliable English Company.
C. E. DUFFY, Agent.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

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JACKSON ADAMS,
Principal Undertaker,
COUNTY COURT HOUSE SQUARE
(OPP. QUEEN HOTEL)
FREDERICTON, - - - - N. B.
Fredericton, Oct 6th, 1887

DO
Not be Deceived, but Call at J. D Fowler's if
YOU
Would like to see the Finest Stock of Rich English Jewelry in Sets, Necklets, Rings, Lockets, Lace Pins, Scarf Pins, Gents Signet Rings, Buttons, etc. If you should
WANT
A Good Watch, we have them in Gold, Silver, Gold-Filled and Nickle Cases, at prices
TO
Suit all. In Silverware, our stock is now full in all lines, consisting of Tea Sets, Ice Pitchers, Cake Baskets, Fruit Dishes, Card Receivers, Castors, Vases, Napkin Rings, Jewel Cases. In looking for a Xmas Present you cannot
MAKE
Any mistake in examining my stock before purchasing elsewhere. We have a full line of Clocks, French, English and American, all styles and prices, ranging from $1.25 to
$100?
REMEMBER THE PLACE.
JAS. D. FOWLER
Directly opposite Post Office
Fredericton, Dec 17th, 1887

1 CAR
995 BUSH.
OATS,
For the People
Unloading at the Station to-day.
FOR SALE BY
ELY PERKINS
Fredericton, March 13th, 1888.

DEEP Sea Wonders exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, full information how either sex of all ages can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at his work. All succeed.

New Advertisements

1887. 1888.
HOLIDAY SEASON
OPENING DAILY:
FULL LINE OF
Fancy Goods and Novelties, &c.
SUITABLE FOR
CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR AND WEDDING PRESENTS.
Our Stock this Season is one of the largest and best selected to be found in the city. An inspection of our goods and prices solicited.
W. T. H. FENETY,
BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER,
286 QUEEN STREET, - FREDERICTON, N. B.
Fredericton, Dec. 10th, 1887.

R. COLWELL,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs and Pungs built to order in the latest and most durable styles. Material and workmanship of the best. Particular attention given to painting, trimming and repairing Carriages, etc. Terms, etc., to give satisfaction.
FACTORY:
KING STREET, FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Oct 6th

SALMON AND SMELT
JUST RECEIVED:
10 Boxes Smelts, and 1 Case Frozen Salmon, at
W. R. LOGAN'S
Fredericton, Jan. 17th, 1888.

6 Chimnies FOR 20 CTS. 6 Chimnies FOR 20 CTS. 6 Chimnies FOR 20 CTS.
6 CHIMNIES FOR 20 CENTS.
Buy your Chimnies, Burners and Wicks from us and Save Money.
LEMONT & SONS
Fredericton, Feb. 28, 1888.

FEBRUARY 1.
NEW GOODS
—AT—
JOHN J. WEDDALL'S.
Prints, White Cottons, White Sheetings, Pillow Cottons, Grey Cottons, Grey Sheetings, Feather Tickings, New Embroideries, Morse & Kaley Manufacturing Co.'s
Knitting Cotton, 16 oz. to the lb.
JOHN J. WEDDALL,
204 QUEEN STREET.

FEED STORE.
I beg to inform my numerous customers and patrons that I have opened a FEED STORE in the Barker House Alley, where I hope to keep constantly on hand, all kinds of feed.
JUST RECEIVED:
12 Tons Bran, Shorts & Middlings.
—AND—
LANDING THIS DAY: 1 CAR LOAD
OATS,
All of which will be sold as Low as any in the Market.
G. T. WHELPLEY,
310 QUEEN ST., - FREDERICTON.
Fredericton, Feb. 28th, 1888.

Absconding Wife
Whereas my wife, Alvretta, has left my home and protection against my wish and of her own will and refuses to return, I do therefore give notice to all persons not to furnish her with any goods or credit on my account as I will not be responsible for any debts of her contracting.
JOHN P. WHITE,
Lower Haynesville,
York County
March 10th, 1888.

Erueka Sap Spouts
JUST RECEIVED, and For Sale at Lowest Rates. Send in your orders early.
Z. R. EVERETT

BREADMAKER'S YEAST.
BREAD MAKER 5 CENT
BREAD made of this Yeast won 1st Prize at Ontario Fall Shows in 1887.
Over seven ladies have written to say their it surpasses any yeast ever used by them.
It makes the lightest, whitest, sweetest bread, rolls, buns and yeast cakes.
Grocers in every town in Canada are using it.
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PUTY-POMADE.
JUST RECEIVED, GROSS PUTY-POMADE. The very best article made for polishing metals, brass, tin, copper or nickle. Does the polishing business most effectually. It is a wonderful article. Get a box and try it. For sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

IRELAND'S PATRON SAINT.

A Brief Sketch of His Birth, His Life and His Works.

History Based Upon Legend --Conflicting Statements.

St. Patrick's Youth and Captivity --Return Home.

Seven cities claimed to be the birthplace of Homer. Nearly that many nations lay claim to the honor of giving St. Patrick to the world. England, Scotland, Wales and France all present an abundance of legendary evidence to substantiate their claims, and one ancient writer even ascribes his origin to the Jewish exiles, driven from the Holy City by the Roman conquerors, who settled in Armoric Gaul. Some historians have even gone so far as to point out the very spot where he was born. The years of his birth and death are also points of wide difference among the historians—the former ranging from 372 to 388; the latter is quite generally conceded to be 493.

Coglan's writings, which are based upon well authenticated traditions of Armoric Gaul, are probably the most truthful and reliable. He states positively that St. Patrick was born at Holy Tours, in Armoric Gaul, in 373. There he spent his early youth until the arrival of the fleets and armies of Niall Neallach in pursuit of the Roman legions, which had invaded Ireland and met with ignominious defeat. Having disposed of the Romans, the Celts proceeded to ravage the country. The wise monarch Niall was assassinated by an Irish vassal on the bank of the Loire. His naval armament returned to Ireland in 389. Among the spoils taken back with them were 200 children for slaves, among them the boy Patrick. Thus, while the loss of Niall was a great one to Ireland, she received an inestimable blessing in this holy personage, who was then 16 years of age. His father's name was Calphurnius and his mother's Conceia, which indicates that they were of Roman extraction. They were both killed by the Irish invaders. His baptismal name was not Patrick, but Succeth, meaning valiant in war. None of the historians have attempted to record anything of his youthful history.

In 389 he was sold to the petty prince, Milcho Eigenan, and his three brothers, in the province of Dalaradia, in the north of Ireland, and served them six years. This was the occasion of his name being changed to Patrick, because he served four masters. Milcho, observing how careful and diligent he was, purchased the church of his native township in the hopes that proprietor of the boy. He sent him to feed the hogs on Slive Cua, and St. Patrick himself describes the part of his life as follows:

"My constant business was to feed the hogs, and I was frequent in prayer; the love and fear of God more and more inflamed my heart; my faith was enlarged; my spirit augmented; so that I said an hundred prayers in a day and almost as many by night. I arose before day to my prayers, in the snow, in the frost, in the rain; nor was I affected by sluggishness, for then the spirit of God was warm within me."

It was here that he perfected himself in the Irish language. He completed his six years of servitude, and then, according to the law which seems to have been in force, he was released. He tells us he was then warned in advance to prepare to return to his native land. Upon arriving there he was again seized and taken into captivity, but regained his freedom again in two months—history does not say how.

Then he enjoyed two years with his relatives, after which he was warned through a vision that there was work for him to do in Ireland, and that he should return there.

He resolved then to carry out his long cherished wish to attempt the work of converting Ireland. To fit himself for this work he spent many years in travel and study. Then, having been clothed with authority from the pope, he sailed for Ireland with twenty colaborers, all men of great piety and wisdom. He landed first in Britain and preached for several days with great success. Here he increased his following to thirty-four and proceeded to Ireland, landing on the coast of Wicklow, where he at once began his labors. His first convert was Sinell, a great man in that country, and he soon added the king, queen and many of the nobility.

His innovation was strongly opposed by the Druidical priests, who naturally wished to preserve the great power they held over the people through their supposed magical and mystifying acts. But legend says that St. Patrick's miraculous powers soon put the magicians to shame. The antagonism of the Druids was so bitter that, in spite of his benevolence and gentleness, St. Patrick was compelled to curse their fertile lands so that they became dreary bogs; to curse their rivers so that they produced no fish, and their kettles so that no fire could make them boil, and finally to curse the Druids themselves so that the earth opened and swallowed them up.

Many other miracles are ascribed to St. Patrick, prominent among which was the setting on fire, by blowing upon it, of a pile of snowballs and chunks of ice, which he had told his companions to gather when they complained of the bitter cold one morning.

All the world knows that to St. Patrick is ascribed the credit of the freedom of Ireland from snakes. Colgan solemnly states that St. Patrick accomplished the feat of banishing the reptiles through the instrumentality of a drum, which he beat with such fervor that he burst the head, and that an angel at once came to the rescue and mended it.

The work of St. Patrick in Ireland will live as long as the island continues to hold its verdant fields and valleys. In every part are flourishing churches and grand cathedrals organized and established by him, monuments to his fame in this world and gems for his diadem in the Beautiful City, where he is with the Master he so earnestly and efficiently served.

In the year 461 St. Patrick journeyed to Rome, where he was received with joy by the pope, and confirmed in his apostolate of Ireland. He returned to Ireland in 463. He lived for thirty years after this, mostly in retirement, although he did not neglect the concerns of the church, but, through synods and ecclesiastical councils, he exercised a general supervision. The number of churches said to have been established by him is 700.

These last thirty years of his eventful and holy life were spent, for the most part, between the monasteries of Saballum and Armagh. He concluded his ministry and his life in the Abbey of Saul, on the 17th of March, 493, in the 130th year of his age, as is supposed. He was buried at Down. The English invaded Ulster in 1185, and in 1186 the remains of St. Patrick, St. Columb and St. Brigid, on the 9th of June, were, by the pope's nuncio, transferred to a place prepared for them in the cathedral of Down, afterward called St. Patrick's. It was enacted that the anniversary of the finding of the relics should be regularly celebrated throughout Ireland forever.

The church of Down and the saint's shrine were profaned by Leonard, Lord Gray, lord deputy of Ireland, in 1538. Three years later he was beheaded on a scaffold on Tower hill, London, for treason, and his ignominious end was looked upon by Catholics as a judgment from God for his sacrilege.

IN OTHER CLIMES.

Wherever the Irishman Is, There He Celebrates St. Patrick's Day.

Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

In these words of Tom Moore are expressed the deepest feeling of the native of Ireland. In a guise of a lover's address to his adored one, the poet portrays the undying attachment of Irishmen to their native land. Though they become the most patriotic of

ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN AUSTRALIA.

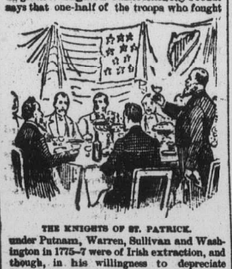
Americans, it does not interfere with their first love; in Australia they are the most active [illegible] of the colony, and have given many [illegible] to the public service, yet are Irishmen still; and so in Canada, India and all lands where they may settle or travel. Let them be where they may, the 17th of March is a day that unites their hearts, and wherever there are Irishmen enough to form a marching squad the day is celebrated.

In Winnipeg, Man., the Irish have turned out when the mercury was coquetting around 30 degs. below zero, and in Havana, as one amusing writer tells us, they have marched within uniform of palm leaf hat and heavy fan; in Australia, where they form as large a percentage of the population as in any part of the United States, they make the day specially hilarious; while in the British army, wherever a detachment with Irish soldiers in it is stationed, the day is made a holiday. The green ribbons and ties, the flag with the harp and the shamrock, are universal, of course; but, aside from these, each place and clime has its local variations, and certainly a most amusing volume could be compiled illustrating the many methods of celebrating. In Australia, a kangaroo run—a captive turned loose for the purpose—or a hunt for the wild dog, or a grand sham battle, may diversify the day; in Ireland there is a dance and a parade, and sometimes, it must be confessed, a battle that is not all "sham," for they have their little differences over there, and when the "potheen" is in and the wit out they often reopen the judgment and try the old case over again. "When shillalahs are flying and heads cracking," says Father Tom Burke, "it is not in the Irishman's nature to see his friends pushed without coming to the rescue."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY WEATHER.

The old feud of Celt and Saxon, and the somewhat newer but more bitter feud of Orange and Ribbonmen, are, heaven be praised, fast losing their ancient virulence, for "Londonderry's ours, my boys!" is political cry, referring to the fact that Londonderry, the old Orange stronghold, has elected home rule and tenant right Parnellites). But there are still plenty of minor feuds—little ones for a penny—feuds between families that only date back 300 or 400 years—quite modern, in fact. None of these can compare, of course, with the old feuds like that of the O'Haggartys and McSwynes, for instance, which began about 1500 B. C., on the occasion of the landing of the Gedalians in Ireland, when the ancestor of the O'Haggartys so far forgot himself as to pull the nose of the ancestor of the McSwynes.

In the United States, of course, the great event of the day is the procession, and next to that the speeches. A celebration without procession or speech would be a startling novelty in America, and no other people fall into the national custom so readily as the Irish, who have natural gifts for marching and oratory. At the date of the last census the United States contained 6,000,000 people of pure Irish blood, and about 8,000,000 with a dash of the same—a total of 14,000,000 who have native or hereditary rights to celebrate St. Patrick; and since the day the Irish laborers in Boston joined in that little procession to Bunker Hill, they have been in no wise backward, especially where a slap could be given to England. James Anthony Froude says that one-half of the troops who fought



THE KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

under Putnam, Warren, Sullivan and Washington in 1775–7 were of Irish extraction, and though, in his willingness to depreciate English-Americans, he exaggerates greatly, yet the names and records show a very large Irish percentage. George Washington was an honorary member of the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," and always attended their annual banquet when it was possible; and the long record of Irish-American soldiers, from Montgomery to Gen. James Shields, does not show one dishonored name. So where should the lovers of St. Patrick feel more free to celebrate than in the land that Montgomery of Raphoe died to make free?

The Seventeenth of March.

The 17th of March is the anniversary not only of St. Patrick's death, but of some other notable events; among them, according to a tradition of the middle ages, was the beginning of Noah's voyage in the ark, with his strictly limited and exclusive party of passengers, though why this date was chosen is not apparent. The Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus died on March 17, A. D. 180. Other events recorded on March 17 are the birth of Samuel Patterson, the first book auctioneer, London, 1728, and the death of David Dale, the English philanthropist and manufacturer, grandfather of Robert Dale Owen. The day is also dedicated to St. Joseph of Arimathea, the patron of Glastonbury. St. Gertrude, virgin abbess, was martyred in Brabant March 17, 659.

Don't

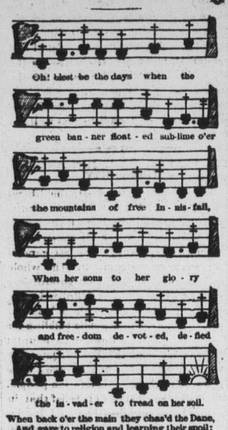
let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is, themselves." Sold only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

St. Patrick's Day



When back o'er the main they chas'd the Dane,
And gave to religion and learning their spoil;
When valor and mind, together combined,
But wherefore lament o'er the glories departed?
Her star shall shine out with as vivid array,
For ne'er had she children more brave and true hearted
Than those she now sees on St. Patrick's day.

Her scepter, alas! passed away to the stranger,
And treason surrendered what valor had held;
But true hearts remained amid darkness and danger,
Which, spite of her tyrants, would not be quelled.
Oft, oft, through the night flashed gleams of light,
Which almost the darkness of bondage dispelled;
But a star now is near, her heaven to cheer,
Not like the wild gleams which so fitfully darted,
But long to shine down with its hallowing ray,
On daughters as fair, and sons as true hearted,
As Erin beholds on St. Patrick's day.

Oh! blest be the hour when begirt by her cannon,
And hail'd as it rose by a nation's applause,
That flag waved aloft o'er the spire of Dungannon,
Asserting for Irishmen, Irish laws.
Once more shall it wave, o'er hearts as brave,
Despite of the dastards who mock at her cause,
And like brothers agreed, whatever their creed,
Her children, inspired by those glories departed,
No longer in darkness despairing will stay,
But join in her cause like the brave and true hearted,
Who rise for their rights on St. Patrick's day.

ONE ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MICKEY FINN SKETCHES.

LUSTERING March had come. Broken masses of clouds drifted across the sky. Shutters were complaining rustily on their hinges and banging to and fro. A few ambitious blades of grass were beginning to show themselves in exposed spots, from which the snow had melted, only to be nipped off closely by Mickey Finn's goat.

Society on Cooney Island was greatly disturbed. A serious question had arisen which caused much comment in the hamlet: Whether St. Patrick's day should be celebrated with a procession and accompanying blare of brazen instruments or be solemnized by a banquet. The banquet would be a breach of precedent; therefore it was not countenanced by the conservative element. On the other hand, it was claimed by those devoted to gastronomic pleasures that this was an age of progress; brass bands were a relic of an effete civilization, and a departure therefrom would be a step in the right direction.

Mr. Finn favored the banquet.

"Sure, fwat do a man want to be galavantin' around on Patrick's Day for, when he has no rubber boots on his fate, no oilskin coat to his back an' no umbrella like a tint over his head? Who," said he, "iver heard iv a foine Patrick's Day, shin th' sun was shinin'? Fair, th' rain is always fallin', the fogs are drivin,' the puddles is in th' strate, th' mud is on th' walk, so it is, bad luck to it, whin it ought to be in th' gaardens." Here Mr. Finn took his cutty pipe from his mouth, knocked the ashes into the stove, rose to his feet and stretched out his arms so that he resembled a cross. Then he concluded his argument.

"Mrs. Murphy, your man Mike an' your b'y Jamesy may go out in th' wet on Patrick's Day an' tramp around behind the Dutchmen wid th' horns an' catch the newmonia if they likes; but I'll stay jist here forninst th' fire an' toast me shins, so I will, an' smoke me pipe, bedad, an' look at the wet lads goin' by th' windy, so I will, Mrs. Murphy, an' small fear t' me; an' let them as likes go stravagin' around. That's th' how iv it."

"But," said Mrs. Murphy, "will yes not go t' th' meetin' on Monday night at th' little red school house in th' holler? McGuinness 'll be there; McFadden is goin'; Coogan an' his cordian has promised to come. Ah, faith, th' b'ys 'll all be there, so they will. Thim as wants th' percession, and thim as wants

"THE QUEEN'S YA—CHT."

th' banquit; ye'd better go an' settle it wanst for all."

Mike said he would, and he did. There were forty men present. They sat in the seats used by the scholars, and their positions were necessarily cramped. Mr. Coogan, the accordion player, opened the proceedings with "The Rakes o' Mallow." When the schoolmaster, a dignified man, who was filled with the importance of his position as an instructor, arrived, the music stopped. His coming was just in time to preserve the dignities of the occasion, for the music had started forty pairs of feet into shuffling on the floor, which caused the dust to rise in a cloud. The schoolmaster, being the highest person in authority present, took the chair and stated the object of the meeting. Said he:

"Ye all know the object of the present meetin' without my tellin ye; so there's no use o' my sayin' anything about it. But I may as well say, so ye'll know fwat ye are here for—Pat Coogan, will ye kape yer hans off that squakin' win' blower, so I can hear meself think!—that ye are come, gintilmin, to discuss the grate question, gintilmin, shall we honor th' late St. Patrick—rest his sowl—with a percession or with a banquit, where there'll be aitin an' drinkin—that's th' question, gintilmin. Now ye have it before ye. Fwat will ye do wid it?"

Paddy Quinlan, who worked on the coal docks, sat on the front seat. He was short and stout and had a great opinion of his own ability as a debater. So he arose and addressed the chair:

"Mr. Prisidint: In 1847, in th' smilin' month o' May, I was in Ireland. Bad luck t' me, I wish I was there now! Well, as I was sayin', I was in Ireland thin. Fair, I had plinty iv aitin' an' not too much work. Well, I was standin' on th' dock in Cork harbor, so I was, jist fer divarshun, when fwat should I see comin' up th' harbor wid her sails all swellin' like balloons but th' quane's ya—cht! Shure she was loaded t' th' gaards wid wimmin an' childre, I'avin' thare native land behint thim. That was a sight t' make tears come in th' eyes iv an Irish potato, so 'twas, Mr. Prisidint, an'——"

Here Mr. Quinlan's address was interrupted by a man who had no sense of humor. He wanted to know what the queen's yacht had to do with the subject under discussion. Mr. Quinlan resented this interference, and said if he was left alone he would soon come to the point at issue. Cries of "Go on, Quinlan, finish your story!" "Tell us about th' queen's ya—cht!" Quinlan resumed:

"Had I th' eloquince o' Socrates, Mr. Prisidint; had I th' musical v'ice o' Jerrymyer, Mr. Prisidint an' gintilmin; had I th' winnin' ways o' Dan'l O'Connell, who c'uld talk a man out iv his house an' lot, I c'udn't be tellin' th' haartaches on that occasion, so I c'udn't. If I had my way I'd blow up th' quane wid nitro".

Here even the dignified gentleman in the chair was shocked. He rose and called Mr. Quinlan to order. He wanted Mr. Quinlan to understand that no such inflammable substance as nitro-glycerine could be introduced into that meeting. He had no fault to find with the queen. He thought the cabinet and the houses of lords and commons were responsible for the troubles in Ireland. "I'm a p'aceable, quiet, dacint Irishman, an' if anyone is goin' t' be blown up wid nitro-glycerine, blow up th' landlords, say I! Blow thim up higher than Gilderoy's kite! Blow thim t' smithereens! An' may the cowld frog crouch in th' ruins iv thare houses!"

By this time half the men in the schoolhouse were on their feet. A confused babel arose, and walking sticks were flourished in the air. In the midst of the confusion the chairman motioned to Coogan, the accordion player, and shouted above the din:

"Play thim somethin' soothin', Coogan." Coogan mounted a bench and began to pull out of his instrument the musical notes of "Dublin Bay." It acted like oil upon troubled waters, and one by one the angry men resumed their seats.

In the meantime the secretary had made out a list of committemen, and of those present who were supposed to be willing to help along the celebration; and now at the suggestion of the chairman he read the names, each man answering as his name was called. But when he came to the name of Patsey Farrell there was no response.

"Read it louder, Mr. Secretary, it might be th' gintilmin is here and didn't hear ye."

"Patsey Farrell!" shouted the secretary, in trumpet tones. There was no answer.

"Ye may as will go wan. He's not here," said the president.

"WHAT MEANS THIS DISGRACEFUL ROW?"

Before the official could resume, however, Mr. Quinlan arose and pointing to Patsey said:

"Thare's th' blaggard sittin' in th' corner!"

Patsey sprang to his feet, saying as he did so:

"Yer a liar! I'm not here, yeranner. And if I am, I'm not wid yez!"

"Wid who!" said the president. Wid th' purcession or wid th' banquit?"

"Nayther. Fwat I wants t' know is, how many o' you min 'll shand by Phelim Darcy for tax collector?"

"Musha, luk a' that now!" cried Coogan. "Ye can bet th' sales on yer fate that he'll not get my vote. I hav' me own idees iv that chap. Faith, he's owin' me since last November fur a weeny pig wid black sphots on his back an' a curly tail, so he is. I'll brake his head in wid me fisht th' nixt tolme I make him in th' strate!"

Cries of "Order!" "Sit down, Coogan!" "Yer right, Coogan; giv' it to him, he's no good," arose, and the house divided itself for and against the candidate for tax collector. A heated argument between Quinlan and Farrell resulted in blows, and Quinlan was knocked beneath the seat. A general melee had just begun, when the door suddenly opened, and Father O'Connell, the parish priest, entered.

"What means this disgraceful row?" said his reverence, plunging into the crowd and separating the men with his powerful arms.

"Do you want to disgrace the parish? In the name of the church, I call on you to stop."

"Faith, I'm not t' blame, yer rivirence," said Cogan, struggling to his feet from the floor, where he had been laid by the stick of the schoolmaster, and holding his wrecked accordion in his hand. The priest took the chair vacated by the chairman, who shamefacedly acknowledged his fault and explained the situation to the priest, and the object of the meeting. After order had been restored the priest said:

"Now, gentlemen, I have a proposition to make to you. In my rounds today among the poor of the parish, I called on the Widow O'Houlahan. You all remember that her husband died last week and left her with four little children to take care of, one of whom is a baby twelve months old."

"God be good t' th' widdy," said Mr. Finn.

"He will, my man; but He wants your help," said the priest. "Now, instead of spending your hard earned money for a brass band or a banquet, why not give it to the widow?"

A murmur of approval arose. The meeting, which but a few minutes before had been a scene of strife and confusion, now became quiet and orderly, and sympathy with the widow's forlorn condition was freely expressed. The priest continued:

"But, for fear of another outbreak, I think you had better adjourn for to-night, and hold a meeting between this time and St. Patrick's day, to settle definitely what action had best be taken under the circumstances."

This proposition met with general approval, and the meeting broke up. But the secretary forgot to notify the men of the date of the next meeting, and before they realized it the coming St. Patrick's day was upon them.

At 6 o'clock in the morning the Widow O'Houlahan was giving the children their scanty breakfast of goats' milk and bread, when the door opened and Mr. Quinlan saluted her with:

"God save all here!"

"God save you kindly!" was the widow's reply.

Then Mr. Quinlan took a chair, from which Mrs. O'Houlahan had wiped the bread crumbs with her apron. Concealed under Mr. Quinlan's coat was a long object, wrapped in a brown paper. He took little Johnny upon his knee. While busy talking to the child he slyly slipped the parcel under the chair. Rising to his feet, he excused himself to the widow on the score of pressing business, and went out. The object under the chair was found to be a salt codfish, which caused general rejoicing among the children and made the widow cry. While she was wiping her eyes another member of the community arrived. He carried a huge basket containing coal, which was piled in a

VARIOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

corner of the room. Sunlight came in the window and made the dusky diamonds glisten. Rivulets of tears were running down the widow's cheeks when Mr. Finn arrived with a chicken, which caused a very lively dispute among the O'Houlahan children as to who should have the wish bone. At short