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Desecration of the Historic Killarney Lakes.

Every Irishman, no matter where he happens to abide, is proud of Killarney, says a writer in the Dublin Freeman. It is one of the great beauty spots of the world—and it possesses a variety of forms and attractions within a limited area unequalled elsewhere on the face of the globe. But in a short space of time, if the well-informed correspondent whose astonishing communication we publish this week has discovered the exact truth, no one can sing Boucicault's splendid song without sacrificing his (or her) reputation for veracity. Because Killarney will be "Beauty's Home" no more.

That huge scheme for the exploitation and desecration of the glorious mountains, forests, glades, and lakes of Killarney is impracticable will be the first thought of some readers. But we ask them to remember the fate of one of Scotland's best "show" places, the beautiful Falls of Fyres, which have been utilized by a syndicate after the fashion designed for the world-famous Torc Waterfall. And when the people of the North fought against the "syndicate" of speculators who railed in the Giant's Causeway defeat in the Law Courts met the efforts of the advocates of popular rights.

So it is necessary to view with all seriousness the hideous scheme outlined by the correspondent in all its native savagery of detail. Killarney must not be sacrificed. If it is the shame will rest with the generation of Irishmen who will allow the sacrilege. Much might be written on the topic. For the present we need only direct public attention to the following remarkable article, and allow national indignation to take its course.

Thursday's "Evening Telegraph" says:—
A highly valued correspondent sends us the following important communication:—

In a few weeks the Muckross Estate, which includes the greater part of the land and water making up the beautiful scenes of Killarney, will be offered for sale. I have the strongest reason for believing that a syndicate has been formed for the purpose of buying the Muckross Estate and working the Lakes at a profit.

The syndicate believe that by cutting down the fine woods on Torc Mountain a large immediate return would be obtained. Valuable wood also exists in other parts of the demesne.

It is proposed to utilise the water power of Torc Waterfall by converting it by a turbine into electrical energy and conveying the same to Muckross House which is to be used as a factory for extracting the valuable chemical compound, carbide of calcium, from the lime stone with which the estate and the country round abounds. There is a large sale of the calcium carbide for the manufacture of acetylene gas. It is believed that further electrical energy can be obtained from the flow of the waters from the Upper Lake.

Efforts will be made to acquire Innisfallen Island for the purpose of laying it out as a tea garden (probably with negro minstrels, merry-go-rounds, and other amusements, such as prevail in similar places on the English coasts, Dinis Island will be similarly treated.

Steam launches will be placed on the Lower Lake, and will make the rounds of the Lake every half hour.

It is believed that a large additional revenue can be obtained by the company from a substantial increase in the tolls. It is proposed to charge two shillings for passing from the Gap to the Lakes, one shilling for admission to the Torc Waterfall, two shillings for admission to Muckross

Abbey—thus doubling the present charges—and 2s for every boat passing under Bricken Bridge, the return journey to be free.

As the whole of Muckross Lake will pass to the syndicate, one idea which is at present under consideration is to fit out a flotilla of boats and allow no others to pass through the Lake. It is also proposed to fit out a small electric tramway to make the round of the Muckross Demesne, to which no ordinary cars will be admitted. A funicular railway will be erected to the summit of Torc, and frequent firework displays will be given at Muckross Abbey.

The glorious beauty of the Killarney Lakes does not belong to Ireland alone. From all parts of the world visitors come thronging to this shrine of Nature's loveliness. There is, perhaps, no spot on earth's surface more famous. But beauty is no safeguard against profit-making vandalism. In this utilitarian age of ours everything is judged by the money it will bring, and the use that is the most profitably financially is regarded as the most proper. There is nothing, therefore, intrinsically improbable about the statement that a syndicate has cast greedy eyes, and is trying to lay greedy hands, upon the Muckross Estate in the heart of Killarney. A syndicate has already succeeded, to some extent, at least, in capturing the Giant's Causeway. In the days of Mr. Hooley's financial splendor we have no doubt that he would have been delighted to bring Killarney out as a jointstock concern, with a capital running into seven figures, and have the front page of the prospectus crammed with the names of titled guinea pigs.

The syndicate seem determined, if rumor runs right, to work the Lakes and the district generally, to use an expressive Americanism, "for all that it is worth." The woods which clothe mountain and island in robes of varying green will be profitably disposed of to the lumber merchant. The Torc Waterfall will be harnessed to a turbine wheel, and will be compelled to provide electric energy for the manufacture of carbide of calcium and Muckross House, possibly Muckross Abbey, may be converted into a factory for chemicals, for which the materials abound in the district. But the worst desecration of all will be the attempt which is anticipated by the syndicate to convert the Lakes into a vacation resort, according to Cockney notions, a rival, say, of Margate. The tariff for entrance on grounds or Lakes would, of course, be increased. The islands will be laid out as tea gardens, with inevitable minstrels and roundabouts and a fleet of steam launches will puff and snort round the Lakes. It is not easy to contemplate the prospect patiently. It would be a perpetual disgrace to this country if such a sacrilege were allowed. This exquisite gem of scenic beauty is the heritage of the whole people of Ireland. It has inspired painter and poet, and filled the soul of a host of visitors with the vague, abounding delight, which only the peaceful contemplation of Nature's loveliness can afford. Its beauty is a sermon that appeals to all souls, telling of the power of God, and the wonder of this work of his hands.

Bounteous Nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Footprints leaves on many strands,
But its home is surely here.

Who that has partaken of that beauty, whose boat's prow has rippled the rich tapestry of the waters, variegated with the glories of the skies and the shadows of the still trees,

who has wandered through the wooded island, where at every turn a new vista of loveliness opens to the eyes, or climbed the rugged heights that look wide over the fair landscape, but is outraged at the very thought of this vile invasion. The tax that already exists on Killarney's beauties is a grievance and hard to bear, not, perhaps, so much on account of the amount as on account of the sordid suggestiveness of the greed that sells the privileges of looking on the fair face of Nature. But the conversion of the Lakes into a junketing grounds would be intolerable.

It is one of the many disadvantages of the system of Government under which we live that such a thing can be regarded as even remotely possible. In any other country in the world the Lakes and the surrounding grounds would be taken over by the Government in trust for the people. They would become for Ireland what Yellowstone Park is for America. It is curious to think that sufficient Irish money will be lavished in London in securing for the city a simple Bill to extend its boundaries, to purchase this property. Many millions of public money, to which Ireland contributes nearly double her fair share, are lavished on the public buildings of London. A very small portion of the money so spent would buy Killarney. In the House of Commons on Tuesday,

Mr. Daly asked whether the Chief Secretary was aware that the Muckross Estate, on which the Lakes of Killarney were situated, was now for sale, and if he would take steps to secure this property for the people of Ireland.

The Chief Secretary—I understand that the estate referred to is for sale by private treaty. I do not propose to take the steps suggested in the latter part of the question.

Captain Donelan—Could not a slice of the hundred millions due to Ireland be applied to the purpose, or might there not be still some undiscovered remnant of the Irish Church Fund?

The Speaker—Order, order. That question does not arise.

Mr. Lough asked whether there were no funds for the preservation of ancient Irish monuments which could be devoted to this object.

The Chief Secretary—Yes, but this could hardly be described as a national historical monument.

DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT

At St. Laurent College.

BY OUR OWN REPORTER.

Paul the Cripple is the title of a new drama, specially written for the students of St. Laurent College, and presented for the first time on the stage, at that institution, on the evening of the 22nd ultimo. The author of the play is, we believe, the Rev. Father McNamee. The plot is simple but effective. Paul, the young cripple, has been provided for by his father, as his brother Anthony thinks to the detriment of the latter. Anthony is disowned by envy. He has, moreover, become involved in debt, and is fast going to destruction principally through the evil counsels of his cousin Philip, a designing rascal, who has made up his mind to ruin both brothers, so that he may reap the spoils. Anthony is finally driven to confess the death of his brother, so that he may inherit his estate. The plot is, apparently, carried out by hired ruffians, who undertake the nefarious job for a money consideration. In the meantime Paul has been rescued from his perilous position, by a venerable monk. Whilst he is under this protector, things go from bad to worse with Anthony. His guilt is finally discovered, and he and Philip are tried and convicted of having caused the murder of Paul. Philip commits suicide, to avoid a public execution. Anthony is rescued from the death penalty by the reappearance of Paul, in charge of the venerable Monk, who has had him with him in his retreat. The following was the cast of characters:—

Paul, the cripple, M. P. Reid; Anthony, his brother, J. V. Hussein; Philip, his cousin, D. J. Griffin; Count Felix, E. P. Murphy; Nicholas, the beggar, T. C. Laughlin; Linus, T. J. Lemmo; Urban, bandit, J. J. O'Brien; Sebastian, bandit, J. P. Murphy; Cornelius, bandit, P. B. Murphy; Father Fidelis, J. W. Broderick; Basil, J. L. McCann; Manes, J. J. Dwyer; Arminius, R. F. Sweeney; Adolph, W. C. Humphrey.

Guards, attendants, etc.
All the parts were played with considerable ability. The interest of the audience was manifest until the closing scene, which was one of exceptional beauty and of magnificent scenic effect. No pains or expense seem to have been spared, to make the representation a grand one, and both Rev. Fathers and students have reason to feel proud of their success. The audience was large and many of the

elite of the city were present. Rev. Father McGarry, president of the College occupied the chair; he was supported on his right by Mr. Justice Curran, and on his left by the Rev. Father O'Donnell, of St. Mary's. Amongst the clergy present we noticed, Rev. J. E. Donnelly, P. P., St. Anthony's; and Rev. Fathers Shea and Casey. Every one present

was delighted with the performance, as well as with the vocal selections by Messrs. Myles and O'Brien. The music by the College orchestra under the direction of Prof. Louis Baubault was of a high order. On the next dramatic occasion, we predict, that the auditorium of the college will not be large enough for the attendance.

ORDINATIONS AT ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL.

The usual Trinity ordinations took place at the St. James Cathedral last Saturday morning and over one hundred ecclesiastical students received the various Minor and Holy Orders. There was a large congregation present. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi was assisted by the Rev. Father Leacock, Superior of the Grand Seminary, and Rev. Father Darveau, Professor of Dogmatic Theology. Following is a complete list of those ordained and the various dioceses to which they belong:—

TONSURE.—SEMINARY OF THEOLOGY.

Montreal.—J. S. Bilodeau, J. C. Geoffrion, G. H. Martin, M. Paiement, E. A. Boileau, D. J. Chaumont, E. J. Dutoit, J. J. Lesage, F. E. L'Heureux, M. A. Morin, E. A. Oliver, A. J. Gauthier, A. J. Hanley, G. A. Kinnel, D. J. Levesque, M. Hebert, H. McElmott.

Burlington.—N. J. Lachance.
Dunbar.—A. F. Brinkman, R. P. Murphy, H. B. Rohmann, A. R. Thier, A. B. Triz.
Kingston.—J. T. Hanley.
Pembroke.—H. T. Gaboury.
Springfield.—P. W. Morrissey.
Congregation of the Clerics of the Holy Cross.—Bro. J. Chauvin.

SEMINARY OF PHILOSOPHY.

Montreal.—M. Bourdeau, T. Charbonneau, V. Geoffrion, E. Lafleur, O. Morin.

Alexandria.—A. McMillan, J. Dulin.

Albany.—H. Baillargeon.
Burlington.—E. Gray.
Detroit.—F. Beavrais.
Hartford.—J. Fay, J. McDonald.
Manchester.—A. Leclerc, M. Moher.
Natchez.—N. Vandegear.
Nesqually.—J. Malley.
Ogdensburg.—C. Desrosiers, M. Mullen.

Peterborough.—P. Kelly.
Portland.—M. Curran.
Providence.—J. Little, W. Phelan.
St. Hyacinthe.—A. Cartier.
Springfield.—D. Devine, M. Earls, J. Roberts.

MINOR ORDERS.

Montreal.—F. Fautoux, J. M. McLancon, A. J. Lefebvre, D. J. Lalonde, A. J. Ouellette, A. J. Bastien, P. L. Choquette, U. J. Demers, A. J. Derome.
Burlington.—M. J. Hardy.

PROFESSION AT CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME.

Mgr. Racicot, Prothonotary Apostolic and Vicar-General, presided on Tuesday morning, May 23, at a religious profession in the mother-house of the Rev. Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame. High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father A. Granger, parish priest of Kankeke, Ill., and brother of one of the Rev. ladies who took the habit. Mgr. Racicot delivered a most eloquent sermon. The attendance was very numerous, and among the members of the clergy who were present, the following were noticed:—

Rev. Father A. Tranchemontagne, P. S. S., Almoner; Rev. Father J. L. Lamoignon, C. S. S. R., Provincial of Redemptorist Order; Rev. Father L. T. Adam; Rev. Father Sylvester, P. S. S.; Rev. Father St. George, Rev. Father Bellemare, Rev. Father Plamondon, S. J.; Rev. Father Ouhet, and Rev. Father Thos. McElmott.

AN IRISH CENTENARIAN.

Joseph McGrath is one hundred and one years. He has just passed the birthday which marks the beginning of his second century. His eyes are as keen and bright, his step as firm, his hand as steady and his prospects as cheerful as any young man starting out in life.

Mr. McGrath resides with his daughter, Mrs. Catherine Ruddy, at No. 444 East Eighty-second street, New York. He is a landmark of the district. On pleasant days when there is no pressing business on hand he strolls over to the park at Eighty-fourth street overlooking the East River, and there, surrounded by admiring followers who range from seventy to ninety years of age, he

Chatham, N. B.—H. J. O'Leary.
Grand Rapids.—J. J. Walsh.
Hartford.—J. A. Dooley, J. F. Quinn.
Kingston.—W. T. Kingsley.
Manchester.—W. H. Sweeney.
Nesqually.—A. S. Fisher.
Nicolet.—R. J. Bourbeau.
Ogdensburg.—G. J. Savage, A. F. Hervieux, J. St. Jacques.
Pembroke.—M. J. Ryan.
Portland.—J. A. Carey.
Providence.—H. Archambault.
St. Hyacinthe.—A. E. Giroux, C. H. Ledoux.
Springfield.—P. J. Bourassa, P. A. Kennedy, J. A. O'Connell, A. Potvin.
Congregation of Clerics of the Holy Cross.—Bro. J. Chauvin.

SUB-DEACONS.

Montreal.—A. J. Berthiaume, C. Berthiaume, A. J. Lapalme, Z. Lippe, I. Lachapelle, J. S. Barrette, G. A. Racette.
Alexandria.—A. A. McRae.
Antigonish.—J. M. Kiely, J. G. Melsaue.
Chatham.—L. J. O'Leary.
Charlottetown.—A. A. Simoff.
Manchester.—J. A. Casey.
Portland.—A. M. Desrosiers, M. Deane, M. F. Foley, J. A. Hayes.
Springfield.—J. F. McGillicuddy.
Santa Fe.—M. L. Dumarest.
Valleyfield.—T. Z. Simon, G. J. Pettit.
Order Priests Minor.—Rev. Bro. Michael.

DEACONS.

Montreal.—E. A. Aubertin, A. E. Deschamps, J. O. Godin, E. J. Labelle, A. J. Pionte, J. R. Granger, M. Desrosiers, A. A. Elmer.
Antigonish.—M. A. McAdam.
Dunbar.—H. J. Lushbrook, J. Martign, A. S. Peikert.
Grand Rapids.—A. A. Studer.
Hartford.—B. M. Donnelly, H. E. Quinn.
Springfield.—G. H. Gagnon, J. J. Hussey.
St. Hyacinthe.—W. J. Gullet.
Toronto.—Thos. J. O'Donnell, A. O'Leary.

PRIESTS.

Montreal.—S. J. Cote, J. J. B. Mignault.
Syracuse, N. Y.—Thos. S. Flynn.
Brother Archangelus Marie and Brother Eugenius, Montreal.

The following reverend Sisters pronounced their final vows:—

Sisters St. Alderic, St. Paul of Nice, St. Romuald, St. Mary-Ambrose, St. Mary-Armand, St. Donald, St. Andrew of Crete, St. Anastasia, and Sisters Townson and Jean.

Those who received the habit were as follows:—

Sister St. Berchmans, nee E. Plamondon; Sister St. Simon, nee E. Climpars; Sister St. Margaret of Foligno, nee G. Fortin; Sister St. Francis Regis nee L. Jouvin; Sister St. Mary-Euphémie, nee A. Fortin; Sister St. Mary-Aloysius, nee R. Quirek; Sister St. Phillip de Neri, nee E. Gogreau; Sister St. Gerard, nee B. Alary; Sister St. Augustine, nee C. MacDonald; Sister St. Marcella, nee M. Rinfour, together with Sisters Remillard, Lafreniere, Beauchesne and Naud.

the clinched fist, with which no tremor interfered.

"Isn't that a steady hand? It shaves me every Sunday morning, if it is a hundred and one years old, and a good, clean shave it gives, too; doesn't it, boys?"

The "boys" nodded hearty assent, and Mr. McGrath ran his fingers through his hair which is not yet gray.

"No, it hasn't changed yet," he added proudly, "but times are not like they were in the good old days, when the old woman and I left Newry, County Down, and followed the children to the new country. I was 66 when we came, and the old woman she was seventy. We just took our wedding trip all over again, and got a pretty little cottage, and went to housekeeping. I was a stonemason, one of the kind that kept working. Pretty soon we owned the house. Then we owned another and another. That's because I worked, and the old woman she saved."

"The girls of to-day want balls and beaux and finery, and they don't think of laying aside an umbrella for the rainy day. I like them sweet, and fresh, and wholesome, like my old woman was, and no airs."

"Why, I'll never forget calling on one of my daughters one day when I first came over. They were settled nice and comfortable, like in a neighborhood you call 'swell.' The old woman and I had come to town that day to buy a cow—a beauty, she was too, and then we went to call on the daughter and not knowing just what to do with the cow (they lived in a flat and we couldn't very well take it in—we tied it to the post of the stoop. Well, such a time as the junior made, and such a reception as we got! The old woman and I didn't stay to tea. We untied our cow and took her home. And when we sat in our cosy little cottage that night, she with her knitting and I with my pipe, I just said to myself, 'Well, old woman! I said, 'you come of the good old style, that's fast wearing out, and after your gone there'll never be any other.' And there wasn't."

"We kept house in the little cottage till ten years ago. She was ninety-six and I was ninety-two. She did her own housework, and neat she did it, too. And I worked at the stonemasonry, and the lady of twenty put in no better day's work."

"Then the old woman went up to get a rest, and I came over to live with Katie."

"No, I don't work now. I just go over to Whitestone and collect the rents and keep the houses in repair, most of which I do myself. I guess I'll just stay retired now. When a man works hard for one century he deserves to be gentleman for the next."

"I take what comes. I've smoked pipes and cornucops, and I never denied myself a smoke for the sake of becoming a centenarian."

"And I didn't go in for physical culture or athletics to build my system up, and keep on living like the young folks of to-day. I just worked when I had to, and played when I could, and say boys?"

Five gray heads bent closer to the dark locks of Mr. McGrath.

"I played hard when I did play, and no mistake about that."

The centenarian joined in the laugh that followed and concluded:

"I don't want any one to think I'm an old boy because I was a good boy, either. I'm just here, and I'll be here because the good God sees fit to let me live, and I hope He will see things in the same light a good while longer." Then Joseph McGrath, centenarian, rose majestically to his full height, made several remarks about the dangers of children being out in these troublous times, when kidnapping was in vogue, and walked home with a confessed good appetite to his noonday meal.—*Lavinia Hart in the New York World.*

EMBALMED BUTTER

A despatch from St. Paul, Minn., says the State Dairy and Food Department has collected in St. Paul and Minneapolis a choice assortment of samples of "embalmed butter," which are labelled "superior quality of renovated butter, improved creamery process." Chemist Eberman of the Dairy Department has found that the improved process consists of the use of boric acid, which is a constituent of embalming fluid.

Assistant Commissioner Gates says that the stuff from which this butter is made is shipped to the cities by the ton. The merchants, in the course of their business, gather together a great variety of stuff called butter, and such of it as is absolutely unsalable at home they pack in barrels and send to city dealers, who turn it over to the renovators.

The department will confiscate all of this butter the inspectors can find, and where possible will prosecute the dealers under the pure-food law.