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WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTES BY

DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, MONTREAL.

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Here and there, in the great mass of Irish literature, will occasionally occur one line, one passage, or even an entire verse; simple, perhaps, in thought and language, but so "true to type," and racy of the soil, or people, that it will at once arrest attention, and command the admiration of every student and lover of Irish character. To illustrate my meaning, I may be pardoned if I quote from Davis in the "Lament for Eoghan Ruadh":

"Sure we never won a battle; 'twas Owen won them all!"

And Duffy in "The Rapparees":

"O never fear for Ireland, for she has soldiers still;
While Rory's boys are in the wood, and Remy's on the hill;
And never had poor Ireland more loyal hearts than these—
May God be good and kind to them, the faithful Rapparees!"

The fearless Rapparees!

The jewel were you Rory, with your Irish Rapparees!

Note how deliciously Irish is the terminal line. Again: McGee, when he says:

"Where'er I turned, some emblem still
Roused consciousness upon my track;
Some hill was like an Irish hill;
Some wild bird's whistle called me back."

Lavelle also shows the Celtic master hand in "The County of Mayo," when he exclaims:

"Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl of Irrul still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as lord upon the hill,
And that Colonel Hugh MacGrady should be lying dead and low,
And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the County of Mayo!"

Boyle O'Reilly, too, in "My Native Land," when he utters with all the fervor of his strong soul these words:

"My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
My land that has no peer in all the sea
For verdure, vale, or river, flower, or leaf—
If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me."

But for an absolutely perfect study of the Irishman, transplanted to the United States, I have never yet seen anything to surpass the verses entitled "Kelly, Burke and Shea," written by Joseph I. C. Clarke, an Irish American journalist, and which poem first appeared in the New York Sun. We can imagine the scene. Three Irishmen, Kelly, Burke and Shea, have met for the purpose of having a drink and smoke together, and Shea, who is known as "the scholar," has begun to read from a newspaper the account of the Maine disaster, which has just occurred in the harbor of Havana. Shea is evidently an Irishman of the calm, studious and careful type, and apparently begins at the beginning, namely, the head-lines, but, with true Irish anxiety, his companions wish at once to ascertain whether any of their friends, or countrymen have suffered death or injury by the explosion, for both men cry aloud with one voice—"Read out the names," and when Shea has gone over the list, they learn that discovery leads to many interesting reminiscences of the "fighting race."

Every incident and recollection is intensely Irish. Witness, for instance, in the second verse—"Wherever there's Kelly's there's trouble," said Burke; the former gentleman accepts the implied compliment, and adds a little more on his own account and that of the Kelly family in question, which, Hibernian-like, offends Burke, who exclaims, "and do we fall short?" Then Shea, unwilling to allow the Kellys and Burkes the entire monopoly of the subject, takes a hand in the game, and recalls memories of the American civil war and the charge up Mary's heights. The scene is then changed to Vinegar Hill, where the poet very delicately dyes the insurgents' pike with Hessian instead of Saxon or yeoman blood. And soon the effect of three or four good "stiff" toasts become apparent, for now Shea, who is well versed in the history of "The Brigade," sees passing before his mental vision, as in a haze, the fields of Fontenoy, Ramilies, Cremona, Lille and Ghent, where Celtic steel hewed down the ranks of many a brave array, but his voice sinks as he tells of Waterloo and Dargai. However, Irish-Americans tho' they be, they cannot refuse a tribute of admiration for the gallant soldiers of their race, no matter upon what field, or for what cause their blood is spilt. "Well, here's to good, honest fighting blood,"

"O! the fighting' races don't die out,
For love is first in their hearts no doubt."

Primarily they fall in love, this being the *first* instinct; get married; another generation; then "off to the wars," leaving the young Kellys *et al* to grow up and follow in the footsteps of their fathers. The name of the Archangel is Michael, and he wears a sword; the two good proofs of his nationality, and proud he must be when the battle-dead are mustered from every land, for there they stand, the Kellys, Burkes and Sheas, three deep, extending from Jehosaphat, and all headed, of course, in the right direction (*thigun thu*), namely, the Golden Gate, and the final toast is a general paean of rejoicing, which is most fervently Celtic, and characteristic to an Irish degree—"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod," said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

COMMERCE AND INDUSTRY.

Gold is always sold at \$20.67 a fine ounce.

In Massachusetts the average farm is 63.4 acres.

The hens of New Jersey produce more than \$2,000,000 per annum.

Tea is the principal item of through freight on the Trans-Siberian railway.

Louisiana sells seven to eight million dollars of cotton seed products from each crop.

An electrical bedwarmer is now made. The current is run through a coil of asbestos-covered wire placed in the bed.

Elihu Thompson, the well-known inventor, has devised an apparatus for welding of the edges of metal sheets, under pressure, by electrical heating.

The railway interest employs more men and distributes more money than any other interest except agriculture. One from each 15 able-bodied men is employed directly or indirectly by the railways.

A shower bath, with facilities for bathing 200 boys per day, which was placed in one of the New York city public school buildings, is very popular. A boy is given 15 min-

utes in which to undress, wash and dress.

The experimental underground electric railway of Paris, which, although but eight and three-fourths miles in length, handles 140,000 fares a day, has been so satisfactory that two important branches will be added to it during the current year.

The chief feature of the apparatus is that it will cut through a drift of crusted and packed snow about as easily as an ordinary plow removes a light drift. This is accomplished by first disintegrating the ice and snow with the revolving

KELLY, BURKE AND SHEA.

By JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE.

"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back, And Kelly drooped his head, While Shea they call him scholar Jack—
Wet down the list of dead,
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crew of the gig and the yawl,
The bearded man, and the lad in his teens,
Carpenters, coal-passers, all
Then shaking the ashes from out of his pipe,
Said Burke in an off-hand way,
"We're all in the dead-man's list, by cripes!
Kelly and Burke and Shea!"
"Well, here's to the Maine,
And I'm sorry for Spain,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kellys, there's trouble," said Burke,
"Wherever fighting's the game,"
"Or a spice of danger in grown-man's work,"
Said Kelly, "You'll find my name,"
"And do we fall short?" said Burke, getting mad,
"When it's touch and go for life?"
"It's thirty odd years," said Shea, "bedad,
"Since I charged to drum and fife
Up Mary's heights, and my ould canteen
Stopt a rebel ball on its way!
There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green,
Kelly and Burke and Shea,
But the dead didn't brag. Well, here's to the flag,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place,"
Said Burke, "that we'd die by right
In the cradle of our soldier race,
After one good stand up fight,
My grandfather fell at Vinegar Hill,
And fighting' was not his trade,
But his rusty pike's in the cabin still,
With Hessian blood on the blade."
"Aye! Aye!" said Kelly, "the pikes were great
When the word was clear the way.
We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the pike, and the sword, and the like,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,
Said, "We were at Ramilies,
We left our bones at Fontenoy,
And up in the Pyrenees,
Before Dunkirk, on Landen's Plain,
Cremona, Lille, and Ghent,
We're all over Austria, France and Spain,
We've died for England from Waterloo
To Egypt and Dargai,
And still there's enough of a corps or crew,
Of Kelly and Burke and Shea,
Well, 'Here's to good honest fighting' blood,"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh! the fighting' races don't die out,
If they seldom die in bed,
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"
Said Burke; then Kelly said:
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands—
The Angel with the sword,
And the battle dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will! stretch three deep that day,
From Jehosaphat to the golden gates,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
Well! "Here's thank God for the race and the sod!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

Humours of Life!

AN ARTIFICIAL EYE.—A few days since a traveller for an optical instrument house called at a local optician's place, and, while exhibiting his samples, produced a box of imitation eyes, and began to descant upon their superiority. While enlarging pompously upon the beauty of his goods, a little man broke in with: "You may talk about your goods being the finest in the market, but can you prove your assertions? No, sir, you cannot. Just look at this left eye of mine if you would see perfection." The optical man examined it closely, and, with a half sneer in his voice, asked: "Where did you get that eye?" "Got it in Birmingham." "Well, sir, I can assure you that you didn't get it from our house." "No, I got it at another place." "Exactly, such botchwork as that is never allowed to leave our factory. The least defect of an eye condemns it, and yours is full of blemishes. In the first place, it is too light a shade to match the other one, and anyone can see that it is of a size too small for you. Again, it is not natural in its appearance. It will deceive no one. Its artificial points creep out on every side, and it has not one single aspect of the natural eye. How long have you worn it?" "Ever since I can remember. You see I was born in Birmingham, and this eye was born with me. It's a natural one, and a mighty good one too." The eye man picked up his samples and quietly faded from view.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—A laborer who one morning lately started work with a local builder, and he had been getting some very heavy lifts, went to the foreman and asked if he had told him his name. "Yes," said the foreman; "you said your name was Tamson." "Oh," exclaimed the laborer; "I thought may be you imagined I said Samson."

EDITORIAL RESPONSIBILITY.—The troubles of the literary man are seldom better exemplified than in the case of the seedy-looking poet who wandered into a newspaper office venturing to hope that the editor would accept his offering. "Give me your address," said the editor. "That, sir," was the frank reply, "depends entirely on yourself." "On myself?" said the astonished editor. "How so?" "Well, you see," went on the unabashed poet, "it's this way: if you take the poem my address will remain 77, King Street; if you don't take it I shall have no address. My landlady is a woman of her word."

TIT FOR TAT.—Tess: I told Miss Sharpe what you said about her sewing society—that you would not join because it was too full of stupid nobodies. Jess: Did you? What did she think of it? Tess: She said you were mistaken—that there was always room for one more.

CLOSE THE SCHOOL.—Papa: Is the teacher satisfied with you? Toby: Oh, quite. Papa: Did he tell you so? Toby: Yes; after a close examination he said to me the other day, "If all my scholars were like you I would shut up my school this very day!" That shows that I know enough.

JOHNNIE'S ANSWER.—"What is the plural of man, Johnny?" asked the teacher of a small pupil. "Men," answered Johnny. "Correct," said the teacher. "And what is the plural of child?" "Twins," was the unexpected answer.

THE LAST STRAW.—A gentleman who went to reside with some relatives outlived his welcome, but continued to stay on. Too polite to openly remonstrate, his host threw out a gentle hint. "Don't you think, my dear fellow," he said, "that your wife and children will be missing you?" "Ah, they will, no doubt; thanks for the suggestion. I'll send for them," was the astounding reply.

FAST TRAINS.—Mark Twain is in town with a sad tale of woe; incidentally, with a badly cut hand. It is a new tale, he says, and "it's not so very funny, either."

He arrived from Elmira yesterday, where he says he had a hair-breadth adventure with an express train, which nearly put an end to his "perpetual existence."

Mr. Clemens boarded a Madison avenue car soon after his arrival from the Erie railroad station in Jersey City. He was looking at his right hand, which showed evidence of rough usage. He held it in his left hand.

"It is for being over strenuous," he was heard to say, "but I'm glad I caught the train."

"What's the trouble, Mr. Clemens?" asked a friend who happened to be on the car.

"Trouble? There's lots of trouble in my family at this moment," the humorist answered, giving his bruised hand at gentle squeeze with his left. "I have just come down from Elmira. It's a great place to keep away from in winter! Well, just to show the kind of a place it is express trains passing through it never stop long enough to see whether a fellow gets on or not."

"Yesterday an express train was passing through the village—I don't know just how fast it was going—but it was going fast enough to kick up the dust."

"The driver of the carriage which I had hired when I first reached town and had not been able to lose, try as I would, said it was my train, and we had just a minute to drive to the station to get it."

"Whoop her up!" I said, and with a queer kind of smile the driver whooped her up, and we went sailing. It was the fleetest animal I had ever sat behind, and by far the worst. She didn't trot. She didn't run. She whizzed. We made the station just as the train was pulling out.

"I was going to catch that train if I had to lose a leg, or an eye or an ear. I was determined to lose something and catch the train. I made a leap from the carriage and a hop for the train, and before I knew it my right foot got mixed up with my left, and a second later my face touched the rail the train had just passed over. I was up in another second, running down the tracks yelling for the brakeman to wait a minute. He must have thought I was Prince Henry or Grover Cleveland, for he immediately pulled the bell and the train stopped."

"I had caught the train and still had the leg. I lost my hat and lost my coat, and I came out on top save for the cuts in my hand."

And here the humorist squeezed his right hand with his left, said he had reached his destination, and left the car.—New York Journal.

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