

The Highwayman and the Fool.

[MANCHESTER CHRONICLER.]

At the point where the range of mountains which divide the northern from the southern half of Donegal approaches nearest to the innermost extremity of Donegal Bay there is a wild and rocky pass, which from a distance shows as a saddle-shaped hollow in the sky-line, giving the impression of a bite taken by the mouth of a giant etc. out of the mouth of the mountain. This gorge is still, as it always has been in the past, the main artery of communication between the level and fertile plains of Tyrone and Londonderry, and the tract of country south of the mountains, extending as far as Lough Erne. It is called Barmesmore Gap, and the following is the legend current upon the country-side as to the origin of the name.

At the beginning of this century, when Mr. Balfour's light railways were not thought of, and even the Finn Valley Railway was yet to be, its place was taken in the internal economy of the country by the high-road running through the Gap, which forms the basin of the River Finn. Great then was the congestion of traffic, and the indignation of traders far and wide against the highwaymen selected the part of this road which lay amidst the mountains for the scene of his depredations, and loved to upon all comers. Men of peaceloving disposition, or with time to spare, diverted their course round the southern extremity of the range; and as time is the least valuable commodity in Ireland, and usually the least considered, the general stream of commerce followed this direction. But there were cases where urgency or impatience led to the use of the old route, and of these the highwayman made his profit.

When this state of siege had continued for some time, a gentleman of Enniskillen, of the name of O'Connor, had need of two hundred pounds within a certain time. This money he had to get from Derry. But he could not trust the mail, which was generally robbed, and it would not reach him in time by any route but the shortest, that through the Gap. None of the servants would run the risk of a halting with the highwayman, and he had determined to take the journey himself when a half-witted hangar about the house, named Blazing Barney, from the color of his hair volunteered for the service.

"The man was a 'natural,' or a 'bit daff,' as they say in Scotland, but his master knew that he could be sharp enough upon occasion, and no one would dream that such a half-witted creature would be trusted with such an important commission. Altogether this was the best chance of deceiving the highwayman, so he decided to risk it.

He offered Barney the pick of his weapons and his best hunter, but the omnidawn preferred to go unarmed and mounted upon the worst-looking horse in the stable, an old grey, that was blind of one eye and lame of one leg, but could still do a good day's traveling. As he abruptly remarked: "Fwath 'ud I be doin' on a gran, uplandin' baste the likes of ye on; that thes' beaynt wud rise to the thriek in no time.

For Barney's silliness only came on in fits at the season of the moon. The present was a lull interval, so he could be trusted to take care of himself. So Barney jogged along on his way towards Derry, through Fernagh and Donegal, without fear of any ill, and only had to seek for what he wanted in the way of food and shelter in order to get it. The simple-hearted peasant never grudge 'bit or sup' to the poor of their own order, and those afflicted as he was they regard as being under the special protection of heaven.

With the help of an early start, in spite of the soreness of his nag, he managed the fifty miles between Enniskillen and the town of Donegal on the first day, and early on the second reached the Gap. It was a mist, drizzling morning, and as he rode in amongst the mountains a damp mist closed down upon him, almost hiding the ground beneath him from his sight. The road passed upwards along the mountain until it became a mere ledge jutting from its side, and forming a break in the sheer descent of the cliff. On the one hand was a precipice, from the bottom of which came the rippling of rushing water, to warn the traveler from its brink; on the other rose the steep hills, whence he could hear above him the muffled crowing of the grouse among the heather.

"Now you're jokin', sir," said the natural, anxiously. "Shure ye wouldn't for to play a trick that road on a poor boy?"

"Don't stand jabberin' there. Give me the hard stuff."

"Ah, now I've makin' game, yer honor. A fine jintleman like yerself, an' a splendiferous baste, the likes av ye, is it that 'ud be a dirty robber. I'm not such a fule as to think that."

"Well, will you be coming back this way?"

"Two days afterwards Barney was once more passing through the Gap, this time on his return journey. It was evening, and the scene was very different from the first occasion of his visit to the place. Instead of damp sunlight, which flooded the valley and the far hill-sides with purple light, and glittered upon the surface of the brook with the slanting rays of eventide, Barney could now see that the side of the precipice leading downwards from the road was not absolutely perpendicular, but was diversified with rocky ledges and huge boulders, which lent a wild and rugged aspect to the scenery, intensified by the great mountains which towered steeply upon either hand. The glint of the sea in the background added to the loneliness of the scene.

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SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

Senator Miller Tells How the Late Premier Entered Public Life.

The pamphlet entitled "Incidents in the Public Life of Sir John Thompson" furnishes a most interesting chapter in Canadian history. The author is Senator Miller, and the object of the little book is to make known the actual circumstances under which Sir John Thompson entered public life; additional light is thrown upon those questions which so quickly raised him to the prominence.

On the receipt of the foregoing letter, continues Senator Miller, I concluded to edit the book. The late Premier, Mr. Arlclat, and without showing him Sir J. Thompson's return. It has been a local election this fall, I need not tell you, is most important, if not essential to success next summer that we shall get a majority of the members of the House of Commons from our party and obligate, Yours Truly, (Sgd) J. S. McDONALD.

When the highwayman was about half way down the descent, Barney mounted the other's fine black horse, and began to ride off, leaving his own old sorrel behind.

"Stop, d—your eyes!" cried the highwayman, starting to climb up again. "What are you doin', ye jape ye? Stop, or I'll shoot you."

"No other medicine or treatment in the world has ever been known to cure diabetes except Dodd's Kidney Pills.

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run, so as to bluff rather than be bluffed, I do not really see the propriety of running—incurring the cost of labor and money of a contest without any gain either personally or for the party. I fear that the clergy will be asked to use their influence on the issue, and that we shall thus lose the best hold we have on the country.

The letter enclosed for the Bishop says the Senator, was a strong plea to allow the writer to retire from a hopeless contest. I decidedly disapproved of his tenor, and did not therefore, deliver it. I now realize that it was indeed in a dangerous crisis that Thompson wanted to retire; that the Bishop as well as Father McDonald had become "fainthearted"; and that he evidently feared to run Thompson against McGillivray.

I immediately wrote the Bishop pretty much on the same lines I had used in my letter to Father McDonald, and called on him during the day, when we fully discussed the situation. I told his lordship that with Mr. Thompson causing the county, there was no way of honorable retreat, but suggested a way by which victory, I thought, could be easily achieved. I played my last card, which all along I had held in reserve. I advised a change of tactics, and my advice was taken, but not without some hesitation on the part of Bishop Cameron and Father McDonald.

"McGillivray has retired from the contest."

"It is highly probable," says Senator Miller, commenting on all the circumstances of the case, "that Sir John Thompson had been driven out of Antigonish at that time, he would never afterwards have got a foothold in the county; his chances of election elsewhere then were more hopeless still; he would have become disgraced in the public eye; he would never have known his subsequent brilliant public career, which owes so much to my fidelity and firmness at that critical moment."

The pamphlet proceeds to tell how Sir John entered the Dominion Cabinet and how he became Premier. On the death of Sir John McDonald, says the Senator, was one of those who thought Sir John Thompson acted wisely, when asked to form a government, in recommending the late Mr. Abbott (afterwards Premier) to the position of Prime Minister, who was sure to be the object of much intolerant and bitter hostility, on account of the change in his religious views; and when the vacancy occurred in the Chief Justiceship of Canada by the death of Sir William Ritchie, I then thought it would have been better for both his party and himself, had he taken the vacant seat on the Bench of the Supreme Court, for which he was admirably qualified. I knew too that this was his own conviction, but he said he felt it his duty to stand by his party friends so long as they desired him to do so, no matter what personal sacrifice it might entail. He discussed the question with me more than once in anything but a cheerful mood, and I clearly discerned on one occasion from an expression that dropped from him that he feared to leave himself upon a second time to the charge of abandoning his party in an emergency for a safe refuge on the Bench.

The Bordeaux Claret Company established at Montreal in view of the French Treaty are now offering the Canadian crusoeur brand of red wine at 23 and 25 per cent large quart bottles. These are equal to \$2.00 and \$3.00 wines sold in their label. Every well bottled and club is now handling the Bordeaux Claret Company's wine. Physicians are being perfectly pure and highly adapted for invalids use. Address for price list and particulars, Bordeaux Claret Company, 30 Hospital Street, Montreal.

MR. JUSTICE CURRAN.

MONTHLY OCT. 29.—A very pleasant gathering took place in Glenora hall, last night the occasion being an entertainment given by Branch No. 26 of the O.M.B.A. to members and guests. The entertainment consisted of a musical and literary programme, with speeches mentioned below. Hon. J. Curran, his Lordship Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield; Rev. Father Marro, Notre Dame; Rev. Father M. Callaghan, St. Patrick's; Rev. J. O'Meara, St. Gabriel's, and Dr. G. H. Merrill occupied seats on the platform.

The most interesting event of the evening was the presentation of an address, accompanied with a handsome portrait, to the Hon. J. Curran. The address was tendered by the president, G. J. Costigan, and reads as follows:

To the Hon. J. J. Curran, LL.D., on the occasion of his elevation to the Superior Court of the province of Quebec.

In closing, we beg to express the hope that in the future, as in the past, that officers and members of Branch 26, O.M.B.A., may accept of you as our friends and the pleasure of your presence and the aid of your active co-operation."

Subscribed to on behalf of the branch by the president, G. J. Costigan and other officers of the society.

OBITUARY.

MRS. NEEL HARRIS, CORN HILL. The death is announced, from heart disease, of Mary Harkin, beloved wife of Neel Harkin, who passed away on Monday evening, Sept. 23rd, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, after a long and painful illness. The deceased was a native of Queen's County, Ireland, from which place she came to Canada in 1832, accompanied by her parents. After brief residence in Barrie and Nottawasaga, she settled in Sunnidale. She was highly esteemed by all who knew her; ever mindful of others and always forgetful of herself. She excelled in charity and was a devout Catholic, being a member of various religious societies, namely, Altar Society, League of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph's Union and Sacred Heart Union. The funeral took place from her late residence to St. Patrick's church, Stayner, Sept. 23rd, which Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Meehan, assisted by Rev. Father Kiernan, Collingwood, after which Father Meehan delivered a most appropriate discourse dwelling on the uncertainty of human life, and referring to the beautiful saintly life and happy death of her who had gone. The corpse then veeded its way to the R. C. Cemetery, Nottawasaga, where the remains were interred in the presence of a large number of sorrowing relatives, friends and acquaintances. Pall-bearers were: Messrs. Mauden, Coyle, Malone, Coffey, Cornhill; and Messrs. Lyons and Brownlee, Barrie. She leaves behind a devoted husband and nine sorrowing children, four sons and five daughters, to mourn her demise. Requiescat in pace.

BUSY BUT GRATEFUL.

Too Many Messages and Letters to Answer His Telegraphs

Duncan McKenzie, of Kirkfield, Wired His Respectful Reply to all Correspondents, and Acknowledges His Complete Cure of Diabetes After Using Only Eight Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Kirkfield, Nov. 4.—A letter appearing in a Toronto paper from Mr. Duncan McKenzie, a well-known mill owner and lumberman here, also a brother of the president of the Toronto Street Railway Company, stating that he had been cured of diabetes by using Dodd's Kidney Pills after the best medical skill procurable had failed.—The publication of his letter by the proprietors of the medicine to which he alludes, owes his life, was authorized, but with no idea that he would be embarrassed by such a flood of inquiries.

In order to relieve himself of the pressure of so much correspondence, your correspondent has been requested to wire the facts to the public press, his statement being as follows:— "That having diabetes and failing of medical help, and that being advised of his probable early death, he was putting his affairs in his hands, when he was induced to try Dodd's Kidney Pills as a last resort, and which he did with the success stated in the letter. That he thus publicly endorses the statements made in that letter, and that he gratefully acknowledges the means of his recovery; also that this dispatch is intended as his respectful reply to all correspondents."

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Wine of the French Treaty.

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