

## Notes of Irish News.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

**KILLARNEY NOT SOLD.**—No event of a similar nature has aroused so much interest in these countries as the sale by auction of the famous Lakes of Killarney, says the "Irish People." The sale was fixed for Tuesday last, and so numerous were the applications for admission that the auctioneer, Mr. James H. North, had to secure the Antient Concert Rooms. It was a strange turn of fortune that brought the loveliest, fairest place on the earth under the hammer of an auctioneer. The uniqueness of the occasion, and the extraordinary interest aroused by the protracted controversy regarding the sale that has been waged ever since the Muckross Estate was known to be about to change hands, invested Tuesday's proceedings with something in the light of an entertainment for the fashionable throng that crowded the Antient Concert Rooms. With a more than customary display of the auctioneer's skill, as befitted the occasion, Mr. North unfolded the attractions of the "Beauty's Home." Bidding started at £35,000, and being confined to three collectors, ran after a time to £50,000. The latter sum was received with loud applause. No one was inclined to go higher than this amount, which the auctioneer declared altogether too low for the property. The collector for the vendor thereupon bid £51,000 the auction proving abortive. Killarney's new owner is still to be found.

**A RELIC OF PENAL DAYS.**—At the meeting of the Finance and Works Committee of the Sligo Corporation, the Mayor, Mr. E. J. Tighe, presiding, Alderman McCaffrey, gave notice to move the following resolution at the next special meeting of that Council:

"That this Council call upon all the Irish members of Parliament to use their best endeavors to have a clause in the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, dealing with Jesuits, friars and monks, revoked as soon as possible, as that clause holds every Jesuit, friar and monk in the kingdom criminals in the eye of the law of England. That copies of this resolution be sent to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and to Mr. John Dillon, M. P."

**A PITIFUL IN OLD AGE.**—Our sympathy is with Mrs. Julia Leary of Tralee, remarks the "Irish People." She is destitute in her old age—quite destitute. She applied for relief to the local guardians and they granted her a shilling a week. Now, Mrs. Leary has two sons in the army. They are at present in South Africa, fighting the Boers; therefore we may safely assume that they are strong, healthy young men. We are all proud of the fact that filled affection and generosity are distinguishing traits of the Irish race. In tens of thousands of cases throughout Ireland young men toil from daybreak to dusk all the year round, summer and winter, in the open fields beneath the burning summer sun and the winter's frost and rain, or in crowded factories or noisy city streets, that the loved ones at home may not see the face of hunger. We have known of many a brave, earnest fellow who, to keep a widowed mother and his little brothers and sisters from the workhouse or the relief list, spent the best days of his youth in unremitting wearying toil, and never for a moment deemed he had done more than his duty. Thank God, the love for parents and brothers and sisters in Ireland is no mere profession. It is an ineradicable instinct of the Irish heart. It displays itself in the case of the young agricultural laborer who, on a pittance shilling a day earned by honest work, keeps a humble homestead for the widowed mother and the little ones without ever thinking that his was a life of heroic self-sacrifice of which the English workers, two-thirds of whose aged people die in the walls of workhouses, as are incapable as they are of appreciating the Irish character. And it displays itself in the case of the poor girls from valley and mountain side who

leave their quiet valleys and cross the Atlantic's foam, to board their hard-won earnings for the helpless ones at home.

**A WEXFORD FAIR.**—The Emancipation Fair was attended by dealers and agents from England and Scotland, and business was very active. The reason is assigned to the demand for horses created by the war in the Transvaal. Messrs. Widger, Waterford, bought a large number of troopers at £50, £55, and £60. Mr. Maguire, of Clonah, bought eight troopers at figures varying from £30 to £40. Mr. Nugent, of Dublin, bought four hunters at £40 to £60, as well as a big number of animals which would serve as cavalry remounts. Mr. Thomas Doyle, Dublin, bought 20 cobs at from £20 to £30. Mr. Melady, Dublin, secured a large assortment of troopers at from £26 to £40. Mr. Bentley, of London, bought 60 cob horses at from £20 to £25.

**AN EXILE'S PLACE.**—One of the interesting personalities of Cork County Council is Mr. Michael Barry, the genial representative of Newmarket. A returned Irish-American, shrewd, level-headed, and practical, with the go-ahead ideas of the Yankee grafted on the finer qualities of the Celt, the Irish-American element adds the writer, is certain to play an important part in the Ireland of the future.

**A MEMORIAL.**—In recognition of his services rendered to religion by the late Right Rev. Monsignor Maguire, and his life-long labors for the advancement of the best interests of

all classes of the community, a public meeting of the citizens of Cork, decided to open a fund for the erection of a suitable memorial to the distinguished ecclesiastic.

**THE CROPS.**—Reports from all parts show that the Irish potato crop of this year has been an excellent one. The "Farmers' Gazette" states that notwithstanding the very general prevalence of the blight throughout the country during the late summer and autumn months, the potato crop is at present reaching the market in uniformly prime condition and selling at extremely moderate rates, while but few complaints are heard from any quarter, and these only from poor and remote mountainous districts principally in Connaught, regarding injury from disease. The crop almost entirely over the country has "dug out" considerably better than was at one time anticipated, and it is added that both in the matter of quantity and quality the season's yield of tubers bears very favorable comparison with the best for a number of years.

**THE UNITED LEAGUE.**—It is well to recur again, and even yet again, to underlying principles of the United League, says the "Irish People." For it is these principles that largely account for the hold it has taken of the popular imagination and popular affection. In these roots lie its strength, its hopes of enduring, its prospect of saving the country by restoring its unity.

First root principle: The reunion of themselves.

Second root principle: That the new organization must be independent of every question as to individuals, and, above all, as to what are supposed to be personal rivalries for leadership.

Third root principle: That the controversies of the past are to be regarded as belonging to the past.

**SISTERS OF MERCY.**—At a recent meeting of the Strabane Board of Guardians, says the Belfast "Irish News"—Mr. James Stewart, J.P., presiding—Mr. D. McCaffrey moved the following resolution:

"That the board ask the Mother Superior of the Convent of Mercy, Strabane, to be good enough to allow the Sisters to visit the workhouse hospital, and that there be a committee appointed to arrange with the superior and the doctor as to the days and times of the visits."

At the outset before Mr. McCaffrey had read his motion, Mr. David Craig made some remark to him about letting the Salvation Army visit the workhouse. Mr. McCaffrey resented the remark, and said, although it might not have been altogether meant, it was, nevertheless, an improper remark to make. Preceding he said he did not wish to refer to the motion at length, because he considered it of little importance, but because he believed every member of the board had had ample time to consider the matter. If each of them had considered it he thought they would be willing to pass the motion at once, not by a majority of the board but unanimously. By doing so they would be conferring a boon on the sick inmates of the hospital. In his opinion the poor inmates confined to sick beds would derive more benefit from one visit from the nuns than from all the medicine sold in chemists' shops.

The chairman said there was no objection to the nuns visiting the workhouse at any time.

Mr. McCaffrey. We have had enough of that indefinite rule in the past. We don't want to have more friction in the future, and must have a specific understanding arrived at. Mr. P. O'Kane seconded the motion.

Mr. D. Craig here explained his observation about "including the Salvation Army." He said he did not intend to insult Mr. McCaffrey. Neither did he intend to insult the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. James Lapsley opposed the motion. He said he had been credibly informed there was a resolution on the books of long standing prohibiting these very ladies (the Sisters of Mercy) from visiting this house.

Mr. Burns. Why do you oppose the motion? Look at the work these ladies are doing at the present time in the Transvaal. There is no use in talking ridiculous nonsense.

Mr. Lapsley—I move that things remain as they were. I don't believe it would tend to the harmony of the house or to this board to pass the motion.

Mr. Henderson seconded the amendment.

Mr. W. J. A. Wray, J.P., said the proposer of the motion should not ask the Protestant side of the house to invite the nuns to visit the house.

Mr. Toorish. The amendment is to prevent them altogether from coming here. We, the Roman Catholics of this board ask, and insist upon asking the Sisters to come here. If we are defeated we will bring up the matter again and again.

Ultimately, Mr. McCaffrey agreed to the motion being amended by eliminating the words "ask the Mother Superior of the Convent of Mercy, Strabane, to be good enough," so that the motion would read: "The Board allow the Sisters of Mercy to visit the workhouse hospital, etc."

**FLOW OF EMIGRATION.**—Disheartening to the last degree, says an exchange, are the Irish population returns for the three months from the end of June to the end of September. The excess of births over deaths for the quarter was 8,120.

But no less than 11,275 people left the country during the period, showing a net decrease of 3,145 in the population. Thousands of soldiers and army reserve men have been sent away to South Africa since September 30th, and many of them will never return. But far more serious from the point of view of those who are striving to win Ireland for the Irish

race is the never-ending drain by emigration. The wonder is where do the young people come from year after year, when we remember that for half a century generation after generation have grown up to early manhood and womanhood only to fill the emigrant ships and give all their energies and talents to the building up other nations.

## FATE OF FATHER WHELAN IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

It has been the privilege of the "True Witness," from time to time, during the course of half a century, to bring into public notice writers whose verse or prose has become later on, part of our Irish Canadian literature. It is with pleasure that we place before our readers the following poem and explanatory letter, both from the old colony of Newfoundland.

"To the Editor of the 'True Witness,' Sir,—The accompanying narrative poem claims space in your widely circulating journal. It is the production of a highly gifted priest, of the diocese of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, who has quite recently attracted public attention by the charming effusions of his pen. He bids fair to be 'The Poet Priest of the North.' The poem is historically true, though no printed page records the facts; unfortunately, the historian of the Church in Newfoundland is yet to come.

Father Whelan was an Irish priest whose mission extended from the parallel of Harbor Grace to the ice-bound regions of the North. During the summer months it was customary to proceed to the Northern Settlements, and on the approach of winter, to return to headquarters. South. In the fall of the year 1799, just one hundred years ago, the 'Fate of Father Whelan' was enacted near the storm-swept cliffs of Baccalieu. The body was carried to Harbor Grace a distance of forty miles, and now lies buried in the 'Old Irish Cemetery' back of the gas house, where a monument marks the spot.

The poem will be a welcome Christmas guest in the homes of your many Newfoundland readers.

I remain yours truly,

X.

Just one hundred years ago,  
I look back into other years,  
And lo! thro' my unbidden tears,  
I see in sight of old-folk lore,  
A fishing smack leave Foxe's shore,  
And southward steering for many a mile,  
The wind abate the beam the while,  
Rattle of cordage, clank of chain,  
"Ready?" "Aye, aye," and loud refrain,  
"Heave away lads" and "yo heave ho,"  
Just one hundred years ago.

And on its deck with vision bright  
Stands one of middle age and height—  
A man in garb of cleric dressed,  
Returning from his mission blessed—  
Who ere that morn had decked the sky,  
Did sacrifice to Him Most High,  
In lowly hut with turf cloes laid,  
While women, men and children  
prayed,  
Whispering, weeping, bending low,  
Just one hundred years ago.

He knew that when bright spring returned  
He might feed again the light that  
burned;  
Might see once more, if God so willed,  
The vineyard rich that he had tilled,  
The flock that he had daily fed,  
The people whom his voice had led,  
To worship God and do the right,  
So his thoughts till fell the night,  
Dark and dreary, threatening snow,  
Just one hundred years ago.

The scene is changed, so too the wind,  
Lo! folklore brings before the mind  
A fishing smack, like frightened steed,  
Hastening South at wondrous speed.

With sails thrice reefed and him  
lashed,  
As o'er the waves she madly dashed,  
Each man on deck was at his post,  
Silent like a sphynx or ghost.  
Across the sky the lightning sped,  
In angry flashes pale, now red,  
While fierce North wind a gale did blow.

That night one hundred years ago,  
Crash! Boom!! the mighty thunder roars.

Hark! from sea to heaven nowsoars  
A cry: "O God, we're doomed, we're doomed!"

As high above in air there loomed  
The frowning heights exposed to view.

The towering cliffs of Baccalieu,  
Crash! crash! she strikes the flinty rock,  
She plunges—reefs—sinks from the shock.

Loud screams, low gurgles—all is o'er,  
And the night wind shrieked as it  
shrieked before,  
One hundred years ago.

The scene is changed. At break of day,  
One morn lo! in Conception Bay,  
At Grate's Cove wild, down by the sea,  
As fisher lads came o'er the lea,  
They espied an object floating by,  
Unto the shore, deserted nigh.

With hurried steps, each questioning each,  
They hie them towards the shingly beach,  
Where skiff they launch and seaward row,  
That morn one hundred years ago.

The flotsam reached, their oars he still,  
And o'er their hearts doth pass a thrill.

Thrill, not of pleasure but of awe,  
For there each eye in wonder saw  
A priestly form, breast high thro' drowned,  
As asking place in holy ground,  
Reverently they bare it to the shore,  
Those Irish lads in days of yore,  
And women's tears and men's did flow,  
That day one hundred years ago.

The consecrated hands they join—  
As others do the Lord's Divine—  
Place at his head a crucifix,  
But touch they not the sacred pyx,  
Wherein the Ruler of the waves,  
Reposed while gentle hand now laces.

The cold white brow, the placid face,  
That gleam in death reflects God's grace,  
Then waked they there God's power here,  
One hundred fleeting years ago.

But yet another day appeared,  
Ere that cold form in death encased,  
Enclosed in coffin of the poor,  
Was carried from the fisher's door.

Then o'er the waves again 'tis borne,  
And soon another people mourn,  
Ye ancient men of Irish race,  
The pioneers of Harbor Grace,  
There Father Whelan was buried low,  
Just one hundred years ago.

There lies he now amid the dead,  
While round the spot the town has spread,  
Unknown to wealth and worldly fame,  
He lived, known only in his name,  
And the sad fate that him befall—  
His age and birth-place—who can tell?

In eighteen hundred and eighty-three  
Old John of Bellevue told to me,  
This tale that's ended now, of woe  
Of just one hundred years ago.

## IF YOU ARE

Making up your mind to give some Xmas Presents, why don't you decide on giving some useful pieces of Furniture. There is nothing more appreciated, and there is no place where you can buy better goods, or at such low prices, than from

## RENAUD, KING &amp; PATTERSON

DOWNTOWN, 652 Craig Street.

UPTOWN, 2442 S. CATHERINE STREET.

## A DIVORCE REMEDY.

An American exchange says in regard to the divorce evil:

"That the evil exists, that it is demoralizing, that it ought to be abolished, is true enough, but there is only one remedy possible under our institutions, and that is education and public sentiment."

This is good advice, and sound, very well; but it is not practical, or practicable. There is only one system of education that can pretend to struggle at all successfully with divorce—it is the Catholic system. Every other one tends directly to the encouragement of divorce. It is the Protestant denial of the sacramental character of marriage that has opened the avenue which has subsequently led to the divorce courts. In all systems, other than that of Rome, the union of husband and wife, is reduced to a mere human contract. Social standing, the conventionalities of life, the respect of the good, have all no influence to check the current of divorce. Even in the middle circles of society, the higher education of the day tends to the same end. In fact the more educated the non-Catholic the less restraint is there upon his conscience in regard to the marriage state.

It is the Catholic Church alone that preserves the sanctity of marriage, and therefore presents a barrier to the rising tide of divorce. It is only of the Catholic sacrament of matrimony that it may be said: "It is the joy of the present, the promise of the future, the innocence of enjoyment, the sanctity of passion, the sacrament of love. The slender chain which binds us, its sanctity, has for its purity, the whiteness of the mountain snow and for its protection, the bosom of the mountain adamant."

It is within the order of things that this desecration, called divorce, must eventually cease, but that time will only be when the solid Christ-inspired principles of Catholicity once more sway the world.

Children will go shivering. They return covered with snow, their tea-spoonful of Pains-Killer in hot water will prevent all effects. A cold substance, there's but one Pains-Killer, Perry Davis', 25 cents, and 50 cents.

## EPISCOPAL ARBITRATION.

"La Semaine Religieuse" of last week gives a very interesting account of a peculiar trial which has just taken place in Montreal. It says:

"Our readers have not forgotten the general sensation caused some months ago by the news of the falling of the Nicolet Cathedral. That church, which promised to be one of the most beautiful religious monuments in Canada, was not quite completed, when one of the pillars gave away, carrying down with it a portion of the edifice. Every effort was made, in vain, to discover the cause of this accident. Everyone was questioned, but there appeared no means of coming to a satisfactory conclusion. The matter was about to be brought before the courts, when Mgr. Meunier, the venerable bishop of Saint Hyacinthe intervened and suggested an arbitration tribunal composed of the Archbishops of Ottawa, Quebec, and Montreal. The proposition was accepted by the both parties—the episcopal corporation of Nicolet and the contractors, Messrs. Papet and Godbout. They bound themselves by notarial act to abide by the decision of the arbitrators.

Legal assistance was secured by both parties, and it was agreed that should any one of the parties pretend to contest the judgment of the arbitrators it would forfeit \$10,000. During two weeks, with two sessions of three hours each per day, the arbitrators listened to the witnesses and the arguments on either side. The facts and evidence of the case are now in the hands of the Archbishops and they will communicate in writing their judgment to the parties.

This singular proceeding marks a new epoch in the ecclesiastical history of our Province. It is a fresh proof of the union and mutual confidence which exists in this country, between the clergy and the various classes of the laity, even the most select. It indicates a spirit which we trust to see propagated.

General Debility and a "run down" state call for a general tonic to the system. Such is the D. and L. Emulsion. Builds you up, increases your weight, gives health. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum is sold by all druggists, 10 cts a bottle.

## W. G. KENNEDY

Dentist,

756 PALACE STREET.

Hours: 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. Corner Beaver Hall Hill.

## EVERY CATHOLIC YOUNG MAN

should possess a copy of

"The Catholic Student's Manual of Instructions and Prayers."

For all seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year. Compiled by a Religious, under the immediate supervision of Rev. H. Rouxel, P.S.S., Professor of Moral Theology, Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada.

It contains Liturgical Prayers, Indulgences, Devotions and Pious Exercises for every occasion, and for all seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year.

718 pages, a full page illustrations, flexible cloth, rounded corners, price 75 cents.

Published by

D. & J. SADLER & CO., 1065 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

## REFRIGERATORS.

The Public are taking advantage of our Great Clearing Sale and Discount of 30 per cent. off Catalogue List. Buy while this chance offers.

Several sizes already sold out.

## GEORGE W. REED &amp; CO.

MANUFACTURERS.

783 and 785 Craig Street.

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH

**Pain-Killer.**

A Medicine Chast in Itself.

Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for

CRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS,

COLDS, RHEUMATISM,

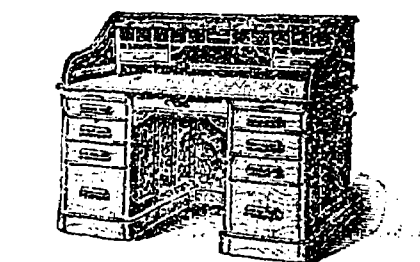
NEURALGIA.

25 and 50 cent Bottles.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

BUY ONLY THE GENUINE

PERRY DAVIS'



## WM. P. STANTON &amp; CO.

7, 9, 11, St. John Street.

Joiners, Cabinet Makers, Upholsterers.

Church Pews and School Desks a Specialty.

Also Store and Office Fittings, Counters, Shelving, Partitions, Tables, Desks, Office Stools and Used, Counters, Partitions, Tables, Desks, etc. Bought, sold and exchanged. New and Second Hand Desks always on hand. Terms: Cash. Telephone 2406.

## SAVE

YOUR EMPTY BAGS. Users of BRODIE'S XXX Self-Raising Flour who preserve the empty bags and return them to us will receive the following premiums: For 12 six pound bags a beautiful colored picture in splendid gilt frame, 12 inches x 16 inches. For 24 six pound bags a larger picture in fine gilt frame 18 inches x 24 inches. Two three pound bags may be sent in place of one six pound bag. BRODIE & HARVEY, 10 & 12 Steury St., Montreal.

## Toilet Articles.

## SPECIALTIES OF

## GRAY'S PHARMACY.

FOR THE HALL:

CASTOR FLUID..... 25 cents

FOR THE TEETH:

SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE, 25 cents

FOR THE SKIN:

WHITEROSELANOLIN CREAM, 25 cts

HENRY R. GRAY,

Pharmaceutical Chemist

122 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal.

N.B.—Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with care and promptly forwarded to all parts of the city.

Established 1852.

## LORGE &amp; CO.,

Manufacturing Furriers,

21, ST. LAWRENCE STREET.

## SPECIAL SALE OF FURS,

COMPRISING EXCLUSIVE NOVELTIES IN

.. SEAL-SKIN COATS ..

Persian and Baby Lamb Jackets,

Neck Pieces, Scarfs, Collarettes,

And Muffs in all Furs.

AT PRICES FULLY 25 Per Cent LOWER THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE

: REMEMBER THE ADDRESS :

No. 21, St. Lawrence Street.