

## CASE OF DISTRESS IN IRISH SEAPORT TOWN

(By Sassenach, in the Morning Post, London.)

I heard it from the gardener, who had it from the Sanitary Inspector, that the Fitzgeralds were in trouble so I went there. Mrs. Fitzgerald was sitting before an empty grate, and I stood in the doorway watching her. A woman of forty, who had at first sight looked sixty, thin veined hands and angular body, and a face that told an up-hill story of self-sacrifice, anxiety and starvation. She had started life as a lady's maid up at the Castle, and married the coachman; then the land troubles had come and the Castle had been shut up. For some years Fitzgerald had driven a sidecar and handed over to his wife the tips he received—Irish car-drivers receive as a rule, no pay from their employers—but as "the gentry" left the country the demand for cars became less; only the commercial travellers needed them, and their tips were few and far between. The Saturday night's remittance became smaller as the family increased, and the price of coal went up. Then Fitzgerald took to drink!

I knocked on the door and Mrs. Fitzgerald opened her eyes, jumped up, and said she was ashamed to have been caught idle, but that she had been about since five that morning. At her invitation I stepped down off the pavement into her living room. It was bareer than when last I saw it, but just as clean and tidy as ever. I noticed the absence of the china dogs and the Waterford glass, which in better times had graced the dresser; the colored plaster cast of the Virgin, however, smiled down from the wall as before.

"I am sorry to hear that your husband is out of work again, Mrs. Fitzgerald," I began.

"That is so," she said.

"Are any of your sons working?" I asked.

"Jimmy's fetchin' parcels for the grocer at 2s 6d a week, and Mike has the loan of Tom O'Driscoll's boat, and catches dabs at slack tide when the weather's fine."

"And is that all?"

"That is all," she said simply.

"Have you heard from your eldest son in America?"

"Tis ten months next Friday since he wrote, and the word was spoken that he was dead, but I do not know."

"And how many children have you at home now?"

"Ten, including 'himself'—God bless them."

Nine children and a husband to feed on half a crown a week, and a few dabs!

"Has the parish priest given you no money?"

"Tis against the rules," she said.

"Nor the Protestant clergyman?"

"Tis Mrs. Jones that has the kind heart," she replied. "Twas only last month she was after giving me a pound, but I couldn't accept it."

"Why not?" I asked.

"She'd be wantin' it all for her own children."

This was about the worst of the many bad cases I had struck.

"If you will excuse my question, Mrs. Fitzgerald," I said, "what have you had to eat to-day?"

"Tis plenty I've had."

"What do you mean by plenty?"

"Twas a nice cup of tea before Mass."

"And?"

"An' I was not wanting anything further."

It was then 6 p.m.; so I hurried home, and returned with a jar of soup, and the remains of a tinned tongue. Mrs. Fitzgerald rewarded me with a smile.

"I want to see you eat it," I said.

She fetched a plate, and a knife and fork, spread a cloth, sat down at the table, and ate a small slice of tongue.

"Now the soup."

"The soup will do nicely for baby when he wakens," she replied, glancing at the fish box on the edge of which I was sitting.

I looked down. Good heavens! There was a baby in it, and awake, too!

"What do you feed it on," I asked.

"Potatoes," she answered, "and when there is any."

"And how old is it?"

"Little Patrick will be seven months old on St. Patrick's Day, should God spare him."

I ran home and got Patrick some milk, which he drank from a castor oil bottle; then he went to sleep, and I sat down on a chair this time—and induced Mrs. Fitzgerald to do likewise.

"Now, Mrs. Fitzgerald," I said, "we've got to pull up our socks. If

there's work in this town for which your two boys and your husband are fitted, I'm going to see that they get it, even if I have to appeal to the Nationalist Member or the parish priest."

Mrs. Fitzgerald shook her head.

"There'll be no more work south of Shannon for 'himself,' she said. "It was Father O'Dowd that gave him good wages—11s. a week—for minding a horse close on a year, and him keeping sober all the time. It was on St. Patrick's Day, the day baby was born, that he won gold at the races and had drink taken, and 'twas himself and none other that broke the chapel window with a stone!"

"Couldn't we manage to square that?" I asked.

"The repairing of the glass was paid for, but to wash away the sin would cost more than Fitzgerald will ever be making."

"Well, perhaps if we get a new system of government and things settle down there will be people coming back to the land and work for all who wish it."

Mrs. Fitzgerald smiled sadly.

"Twill not come in my day," she said. "Tis platform speeches an' promises an' drink, with children coming all the time. If there's Home Rule passed 'twill be crowds of wild lads coming home from America with dollars to buy back the land from which their grandfathers were evicted twenty-five and thirty years ago; there'll be boycottings and murder done in vain, for the dollars will all be gone to drink. 'Twill not be the likes of them that will be giving work to honest men."

"Do you think Fitzgerald and the boys would take to farming work?"

"And would they not, if there was any to be had?" Tis said, she continued, "that the Purchase Act has done good, and so it has to some, but there's little work to be had from the purchasers, an' it's all grazing now, as the small farmers can't afford to till. As the farmer has gained, so the farm hand has suffered. The tradesmen are only waiting to get their bills paid before going to America, an' they won't get it, as 'tis gone on Tenant Right—that which was all in the bank before."

"It doesn't seem very bright," I said, "not the immediate future of Ireland, I mean. But to return to everyday affairs—have you no money at all in the house?"

"There's seventeen pounds in the tobacco jar," she said, "but that is for funerals and Masses for the dead, an' 'himself' would die from shame if 'twere touched."

### A COW FOR HIM.

An Irish farmer went into an ironmonger's shop to buy a scythe. After serving him, the shopman asked him if he would like to buy a bicycle.

"What is that," queried the Irishman.

"It's a machine to ride about the town on."

"And shure, what might the price of it be?"

"Fifteen pounds."

"I'd rather put fifteen pounds in a cow."

"But what a fool you would look riding round town on the back of a cow."

"Shure, now," replied the Irishman "not half such a fool as I'd look trying to milk a bicycle!"

### BOY WANTED.

The Revelstoke Review, a paper just started and edited by Mr. W. H. Bohannon, wants a boy and this is the way they advertise for him.

"We want a boy and we want him bad. Not too bad, you know, but not too good either."

That is to say, there is an elegant opportunity at the Revelstoke Review office for a young man to learn the gentle and unobtrusive art of moulding public opinion. We want to take him into the front office and put him wise to the fine points of the game right at the start. Ordinarily a new hand in a print shop is required to connect with the business end of a broom and start learning the A. B. C's. of the trade via the italic space, type lice and left-handed shooting stick route. But we have a devil, and a good one. What we want is a young blade who feels within his blood the desire to write a history of his time—to put his heart and soul into the work, to mould, to create.

So far as looks are concerned we are not particular. We are handsome enough to make up for any deficiency on the part of our understudy. But we want him to have a good opinion

of himself. We want him to feel any of the busy booze bazaars or in the guilded lobby of the Revelstoke Club; to be able to maintain the same degree of ease and comfort at a banquet of highbrows in the spacious dining room of Sandy Macdonell's Hotel Revelstoke as he would feel in a stew gang down in the jungles; to "swing under" on the rods of a "rattler" with as much nonchance as he would accept a stateroom on board the Imperial Limited.

In fact we want an all-round fellow. A high school boy would about fill the bill, and there is no limit to his opportunities if he has the mak-

in's. Sir John A. McDonald, Sir Charles Tupper, Lord Strathcona, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Richard McBride were only sixteen years old and full of prunes and vinegar at a certain period of their careers. So, who knows?"

### POLICING THE OCEAN.

San Francisco, April 7.—Radio Inspector R. B. Wolverton, in charge of the government wireless in this city, to-day announced the adoption of a plan for policing the ocean by wireless. An operator is to be kept on duty every moment of the day and night at the customs house keeping in touch with stations at Bremerton, Point Loma and elsewhere as well as with ships at sea. It is expected that the system will prove of value to the treasury and labor departments in checking the smuggling of opium and Chinese. Stations are to be installed at New York and Boston.

—A man of good taste will appreciate a Morena cigar.



### SYNOPSIS OF COAL MINING REGULATIONS

COAL mining rights of the Dominion, in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the Yukon Territory, the Northwest Territories and in a portion of the Province of British Columbia, may be leased for a term of twenty-one years at an annual rental of \$1 an acre. No more than 2,560 acres will be leased to one applicant.

Application for a lease must be made by the applicant in person to the Agent or Sub-Agent of the district in which the rights applied for are situated.

In surveyed territory the land must be described by sections, or legal subdivisions of sections, and in unsurveyed territory the tract applied for shall be staked out by the applicant himself.

Each application must be accompanied by a fee of \$5 which will be refunded if the rights applied for are not available but not otherwise. A royalty shall be paid on the merchantable output of the mine at the rate of five cents per ton.

The person operating the mine shall furnish the Agent with sworn returns accounting for the full quantity of merchantable coal mined and pay the royalty thereon. If the coal mining rights are not being operated, such returns should be furnished at least once a year.

The lease will include the coal mining rights only, but the lessee may be permitted to purchase whatever available surface rights may be considered necessary for the working of the mine at the rate of \$10.00 per acre.

For full information application should be made to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to any Agent or Sub-Agent of Dominion Lands.

W. W. CORY,  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.  
N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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