

RAMBLER'S TROUBLES.

Trials in an Unpromising Hotel.

FURTHER HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

What strange characters a man will come across, as he journeys along the highway of life, providing always that he keeps his eyes and his ears wide open about him. In the course of my migrations recently through the County of Peterborough, I encountered a phenomenon in the line of "strange characters." This man presided over the fate and fortunes of an establishment which has a strong resemblance to a hotel; and indeed there were many strange points of similarity between the two. Over his door, on a slip of tin-plate, or sheet iron, were traced the words "Licensed to sell wine, beer, and other spirituous and fermented liquors" whilst inside was an old deal counter with a background of dusty bottles, and decanters. Without further parley I may as well say that my friend was engaged in the philanthropic task of catering to the needs of man and beast, whilst in the distribution of spiritual comforts, to those around him, he was prodigal although the insteady gait of his patrons, satisfied me at once that physical strength did not follow on the heels of his "spiritual comforts."

It was as the shades of night were falling around me, that I sought the hospitality of this place, and it is due to the landlord to say that although he did not receive me with open arms, he received me with open mouth—a thing which he scarcely closed during the long night that followed. In that blissful state of inebriation we were wont to characterize in Ireland, as 'Mha Galore' he drew me to a seat, and told me to make myself at home. "Travelling far Sir?" I said he, after a while. I answered by saying that I had no intention of going any further than where I was that night. "You are heartily welcome sir" he exclaimed "and I pity the man that says a word to you, or lays a hand on you to-night." "Will you have supper sir?" he asked after a brief interval. I nodded affirmatively, and he stumbled off to have my order executed. Just as the meal was about ready he hobbled back again, and asked "What would you like for supper sir?" "Oh anything, anything!" said I in despair. I was escorted to the table, the loquacious landlord taking a seat by my side. "I want you to make your mind easy sir" he went on "you are safe here, and so is every stranger that stops with me." "For Heaven's sake will you stop and let the gentlemen take his supper?" exclaimed his wife. "Certainly I will but I always wish to be polite to the stranger. Will you take a little more of the hash, sir? Do, it'll do you good after your day." Thus did he rain a fire of questions on me, until I implored him to show me to my bed-room. He escorted me up the narrow creaking stairs, and showed me into a room without bolt or bar, lock or key, the sacredness of which was guarded from outside intrusion, by a door suspended on one hinge. Here he started afresh with his silly questions. "What do you think of the next election, sir? Do you think the Grits will get there? Do you want to be called in the morning, sir? What time will you go away? What do you want for breakfast, sir?" Thus did he hurl his questions in rapid succession until, in sheer desperation, I piteously begged of him to go away, and let me sleep. "All right, sir. Good night. I like to be polite to strangers." And he made his way down stairs. Disconsolately I laid down on a very disconsolate bed, and

propping myself up with certain things that were first intended for pillows, commenced to read the Mail and Empire. This state of comparative peace I did not long enjoy, the sound of the landlord's footstaps being again discernible on the stairway. "Excuse me, excuse me, sir;" he cried, "this man next room to you snores so awful loud, that I am afraid you cannot sleep a wink to-night. If you like I'll throw him downstairs. I'll have no stranger annoyed in my house" I assured him that I was not annoyed by it, and that a good healthy snore, more especially when pitched in a high key, was to my ears the most enchanting kind of music. And again I implored of him to give me a rest. He rejoined his confreres, and again I am poring over the newspaper, at which I continue uninterrupted until about 1 o'clock, when my tormentor appears once more and in tones to which I had now become familiarized opened with "Excuse me, sir, what did you say you wanted for breakfast in the morning? Maybe you haven't enough of oil in your lamp!" Thus did I put in the greater part of the night until his wife, who seemed to be a "home ruler," dragged him to his room, and kept him there; and with this imperfect description of an event, which will live long as a "reminiscence," I now turn to other subjects.

Writing of Norwood and the country around it, last week, I made allusion to certain very worthy Irishmen whose acquaintances I had made many years ago, and who, since my regular visits to this section ceased, have passed off the stage of life. To Messrs. Timothy Murphy and Wm. McCarthy, brothers-in-law, I made a passing reference. Natives of the County of Cork, their fathers left their native homes by "the pleasant waters of the River Lee" nearly seventy years ago, at a time when emigration from Ireland was surrounded with all the pains and sorrows of perpetual banishment; and shortly after their arrival in Canada, settled in the township of Asphodel, when all that country and on every side of it was but a trackless forest, vast and seemingly interminable. Here they embarked in farming at which, in subsequent years, they became highly prosperous. Of Timothy Murphy and Wm. McCarthy, it can with truth be said, that, whether regarded as members of the Catholic community, as neighbors or as law-abiding citizens of the country, it would indeed be difficult to find two finer men.

Of the survivors of Mr. Murphy, I find a son, Jeremiah, on the old homestead, another son, J. B., although comparatively a young man, has already won fame and wealth as a medical practitioner, and now fills the responsible position of Superintendent of the "Hospital for the Insane" at Brockville; a daughter is married and resides in Norwood; another is the wife of a wealthy farmer, a little north of Brockville; whilst another, having chosen the "better part," has consecrated her life to the service of God.

Of Mr. McCarthy's survivors, I find the two youngest—a son and a daughter—residing in Norwood, and fully inheriting the fine qualities of their excellent father. They are extensive property-owners. Another daughter is the wife of Mr. Wm. O'Shea, a progressive farmer who lives a short distance west of the village of Norwood. Another fine old Corkonian, whose warm friendship it was also my happiness to secure, was Richard Coughlin. He, too, after reaching an age far beyond that allotted by the Psalmist, has gone to his reward since the date of my last visit to this section. Another fine old Irishman whom I knew to respect in early days, and one of the old pioneers of settlement was Mr. Michael Landri-gan, a native of the County of Tipperary. He also has passed to the mysterious world beyond the grave. A son, Lawrence, is honorably and successful-



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ly tilling the soil on the old homestead. Another son has, I regret to say, embarked as a retailer of whiskey in an adjoining county; whilst a grandson well and wisely rules over that well-known seat of learning—the "Asphodel School." Daniel Healy, a native of Cork, Richard Walsh and Mart Lynch, both natives of Limerick, were amongst my intimate friends in this section in days gone by. They as well, widely and deservedly mourned, have passed to their reward.

Writing altogether from memory, I will not, of course, lay claim to historical accuracy; but I cannot be far wrong when saying that about twenty years have elapsed, since the present handsome Catholic Church on the western confines of the village of Norwood, shot its tall spire in the direction of the Heavens. It was built by the Rev. John Quirk of Hastings, a heroic and zealous missionary whose name will forever be linked with the struggles of the Church in this section for the last 30 or 35 years. Father Quirk is, I believe, a native of the county of Tipperary, Ireland, and was appointed to this mission in the early 60's, having succeeded the present Monsignor Farrelly of Belleville. Some idea of the arduous nature of the duties assigned to Father Quirk, may be gathered from the fact that the territory over which he exercised spiritual jurisdiction embraced the missions of Campbellford, Warkworth, Barnley, Hastings and Norwood, in all of which wide area there are now four priests and five Catholic Churches. Want of space admonishes me to close. I will resume the subject next week.

RAMBLER

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EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of the late Very Reverend Edward Cassidy, Dean of Toronto, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. 87 cap. 110 and amending Acts, that all persons having claims against the estate of the above name deceased, who died on or about the 3rd day of March 1895, at Toronto, are required to deliver or send by post pre paid to the undersigned, solicitors for the Reverend John M. Cruick and James W. Mallon, his executors, a statement in writing containing their names, addresses and full particulars of their claims, and the nature of the securities if any held by them, duly verified by Statutory declaration, on or before the first day of May 1895, after which date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and they will not be liable for any claim of which they shall not then have had notice as aforesaid.

Dated at Toronto, this 14th day of March 1895.

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