OUR IRISH LETTER.

Identicessamource of the Carnest Reserva.

Identices Service of the Carnest Anniversary, but to me there is something ineffably sad, incongruous, I had almost said pagan, in this yearly beating of drums around that little mound in Glassnevin. "Lot the dead slumber softly," is almost the first conscious sontiment we incide in the related A reverence for God's acre, a tradition that not one soid of it must be profuned, an inhorant respect for the silence sacred to the dead, is a vital part of our nationality, and yet within the last fow years an over increasing series of blatant funeral management of the same of the same increased in the last fow years an over increasing series of blatant funeral management of the same increased in the last fow years an over increasing series of blatant funeral management of the same increased in the last fow years and over increasing series of blatant funeral management of the same in the same of the same in the same in

co name and re-munic the flame of base uses do we come."

Glasnevin cometry is situated on the northera outskirts of Dublin. It is still almost in the open country. On one side the city is creeping towards it, but on the other there are miles of fresh green fields between it and Finglass. It is surrounded by very high turreted walls, and the entrance gates are most imposing. The broad gravelled sweep leading to the mortuary chapel is bord ered by the softest and gravelled sweep leading to the mortuary chapel is bord rawns, artistically planted with shrubs and studded with shower beds, which all the year round are brilliant bouquets of beautiful blooms. To the right as yet onto; is the Commel the control tower which market the last control tower which market the last control to the control. Around him sleeped to make history in the Victorian crown and the control to the control to the control. Around him sleeped to make history in the Victorian crown that the control to the control of Parnell. Ho lies about. This side of the cemetary is far less crowded than the other. The base of the little knoll is protected by a slight from railing and there are narrow walks cut through its green sward. A simple painted cross stands at Parnell's lead, or rather it would be simple if the ladies who devote their time to arranging flowers on the grave would allow it; but these ardont florists persist with the control of the c

Parall's funeral was a never-to-beforgotten sight. At the news of his
death is transgressions were forgotten,
the nonce there was a truce to controversy, and on the day of his burial so
thronged was the city that it seemed as
if the ontire population of the country
had poured into Dublin to show him a
past mark of respect. The domostration had all the pathetic dignity of a
national sorrow. Its solomnity impressand me so the chill of death seemed in
the very air. "A man is here to-day,
and to-morrow he is vanished" confronted me on every side, the poisoned
arrow o' decay had already plerced the
hearts of the beautiful extoits, the
priceless wreaths which covered his
bior, already their faint fragrance seem
ed tainted with the old or fresh turne
clay. It was an experience to make
oven the most frivolous realite for cothat. "Death is the end call; and
man's life passeth suddenly like a
shadow!"

shadow?

The anniversary processions are nothing more than a burlesque of that majestic funeral. They are slavays held on a Sunday, the Sunday nearest to October 6th. The railway companies run excursion trains from every part of the country; the working class have the Sabbath free both in city and country; and naturally the streets are country; and naturally the streets are country and interest of the working class have a sunday hears covered with recording the reverse of impressive. First comes an empty hearse covered with vecathe, then a straggling line of hired carriagos, as interval a band the drums unfilled, the whole, despite the prominent display the funeral structure of the funeral and the default notes of the

"Dead March," wearing an unmistaka bly holiday air. The crowd make no secret of having come out to see the show, and the occupants of the nourning coaches beguile the tedium of the route with pipes and cigars, and nod and laugh as if they wore employing a discussion over the fascinations of Dan Lowrey's neovest variety star. It is a work of the comment of the comm

its success. Ayol "Tis "a mad world my masters."

For five or six weeks beforehand all the Redmondite papers—and there are four of them—devote their leading columns to beoming the procession. It crops up in every imaginatio form, leaders, paragraphs, reports of countities meetings, announcements that this or that prominent person has already sont awreath, details of railway arrangements, &c., &c. The shrill appeal to the people to rally around the "dead chief," "the only possible leader, "grows more and more frenzied as the oventful day approaches, until in the end it reads as if the whole staff, from the edito: to the printer's devil, were ready to go for any Philistine who might be profuse enough to suggest that there are a few good men and true above ground yet.

men and true above ground yet.

Twice I had the privilege of seeing Parnell start on his roturn journey after addressing public meetings, Periaps it would be more correct to say that on the first occasion I had the pleasure of coming face to face with him, while the last time I saw only the ship which been him away. In 18th the trote the smill leights, hie was at the smill of older of the smill leights, hie was at the smill of older of the smill leights, hie was at the smill of older of the smill leights, hie was at the smill of older of the smill leights, hie was at the smill of older of the smill leights, hie was at the smill of older of the smill leights, hie was at the smill of older of the smill leights, hie was at the smill of older of the smill leights, hie was at the smill of older of the smill leights, hie was a proble hauper terminated each meeting and at sightfall every window fashed with garlands of overgeous, a public hauper terminated each meeting and at sightfall every window fashed with twinkling lights. His arrival and departure were announced with ringing cheers. It seems but yes terrlay that I stood saids in a brilliamy illuminated street to see him escorted to list train. He was the centre of a line of some half dozen men, and his lack coat was no greater contrast to their light tweeds than his proud, reserved bearing to their vactical faces. How calm and cool he looked, marching along with head throw back, his dark whiskers and mustache accentuating the paleness of his stee, a half anused half cynical smile lurking in the depths of his clear eyes, and relaxing a little the rigid lines of mouth and chin. He carried a wrap thrown loosely over one arm, and a tiny bouquet of white flower gleaned in his butten hole? A wildly enthusiastic crowd followed him—young and old vide with one another to do homago to the "uncrowned king."

Ten years later on a Sunday evening, sometime about the September equinx

gleanned in his button-hole A wildly enthusiastic crowf followed him—young and old vied with one another to do homage to the "uncrowned king."

Ten years later on a Sunday evening, sometime about the September equinox I want down to Kingstown to see off a lady by the mail boat. We went on board early in order to secure a comfortable couch. When my friend had made arrangements with the stewardess, she came on dock again in a flutter of excitement to tell me that she would have Mr. and Mrs. Parnoll as her follow passengers. How eagerly we awaited their arrival, how anxiously we scanned each passenger as they crossed the gangway. The night was dark and blustrous. Great sombre clouds chased one another across the sky, so that the few stars that peeped out now and again shed no light. The sea was black and forbidding, splashing sullenly against the landing stage. The steamers lights and the lamps on the pier prevalled little against the all-pervading doom, as best they only threw out grotesque shadows of men and bagage. A time passed and we failed to identify Parnell, we made inquiries from the policeman on duty. He assured us Mr. and Mrs. Parnoll were dising at the Royal Marine Hotel, that they had made all arrangements to cross by that boat, and they were bound to arrive presently. Although we watched and waited patiently, they got on beard without our recognizing them. There had been a meeting somewhere near Dublin that day, at which the founder of the Irish. Party had made the last subtile appearance—in truth this was his last visit to "loved Ireland." We ingered on the pier to watch the mail boat dip gracefully around the lighthouse a mount of the flex shades. The as at the fall of the last shades. The as at the fall of the last shades. The as at the fall of the last shades. The as at the fall of the flex shades. The as at the fall of the flex shades. The as at the fall of the flex shades. The as at the fall of the flex shades. The as at the fall of the flex shades. The as at the fall of the flex shades. The as

The other evening I opened the Neptember number of the New Ireland Review at The Trunyi of Sorrow. It is the first poem I have seen by Stephen Feroman. Though not very criginal the theme sea. By permits originality it is sweetly, micholorisly written. The following extracts from it, seem to me to epitomise the said story of Parnell's latter years. Then tripping lightly through the term Locales and with her shane.

flut as they ran the race
With strainfin. ey:
In ocate,
And when they thought the prize was their's at lat
The cition passed,
And Shame with mocking laughter rook its place.

In cate y.

And Shame with morking leaghter took to place.

The Lord Mayor cleet of Lubbin for 1803. Mr. Hichard F. McCoy, is a county Limcrick man. He was High Sherift for the city in 1801. He is the soworth son of Timethy P. McCoy Esq. Clare Honse. Kilcolman, Ardagh, a gentleman who, during his lifetime was an anunal subscriber to the Catholic University, Dublin. Three of his sons took out thoir M.Ds. there. One of them, Dr. Daniel McCoy, was for years medical officer in the P. and O. service, afterwards he was appointed to Rathkeal edispensary, where he centra-ted typhus fover in the discharge of his duties and died in the prime of 19te. The other two Drs. Thomas and Michael McCoy aretyractising in Austra lia and London. For generations the family has given many zealous and holy priests to the Catholic Church. The late Very Rev. Daniel McCoy, 19t., Ardagh, was an uncle of the Lord Mayor elect, as also was the well-known solicitor, Morthure McCoy, whose career in connection with the O'Connell movement was famous. Two of his cousins Rev. Dr. Fritzgerald and Rev. Daniel McCoy, 19t., Ardagh, was an inclied the proper of the Catholic Church. The late Very Rev. Daniel McCoy, 18t. C., Jamis McCoy, 19t. Aniel Netton McCoy, 19t. P., Bulgaden, was for twenty years administrator of St. John's, Limerick, vet another brother, Rev. Morthmer McCoy, 18t. C., Hallingarry.

Mr. Richard McCoy married the daughter of the late Mr. John Raynolds, one of the wealthiest and most respected salt merchants in Dublin. Mr. Reynold's name was associated with a period of Dublin commorce when trade lourished, and we could boast of a few merchant princes. The old firm still holdsits own as Roynolds & McCoy, 1st. Rev. McCoy, is Cr. Challingarry.

Mr. Richard McCoy married the daughter of the late Mr. Has to constant many prescrictal good works. His torn of office is sure to be popular with all parties.

"I nover swear, but when I think of Tim Healy," said a big Tipperary man

"I nover swear, but when I think of Tim Healy," said a big Tipporary man—he stands six feet in his stockings—to me the other Asy. He was one of the "anspects" in the old Land Loague days, when so many Irish Nationalists did their six menths under Mr. Gladstone's Coercion Act. Verily the recording angel must be working overtime, if he is keeping anything like a correct account of the strong language Mr. T. Healy inspires. Over the late Kerry election he surpassed himself. His vile tongue sent a shudder through the country. People who are not strong minded enough to find swearing a safety valve for their indigunation, speak of him with bated breath. They ask you in an awasore undertone' what next? A question which ten to one Tim Healy limself country. People who have the unifortune to be his immediate political conferes generally come in for the hardest blows. A member of the Irish party told me lately that from the very first his animosity of the history of the history and healy a stiff of the history and him a general favourite with his colleagues rendered Mr. Healy's brusquerie towards him the more remarkable. No one could account for Mr. Healy's attitude, as Mr. Blake is to thoroughly a gentleman to be personally offensive to any one. Perhaps the keynote to the whole difficulty is that the one man is a gentleman, while his opponent—well, Tim Healy's awarmest admirer could searcely claim that distinction for him. If you met this flexinction for him. If you met this flexing this flexing him him and him

the Christian schools. In the recent coaminations there were many Protest ants amongst their successful pupils, and the Brothers have been presented with congratulatory addresses, signed by prominent local men of overy creed. There is a faint hope springing up in the country that the present Government will recognize their claim to be admitted to the benefit of the education of the constant of t

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