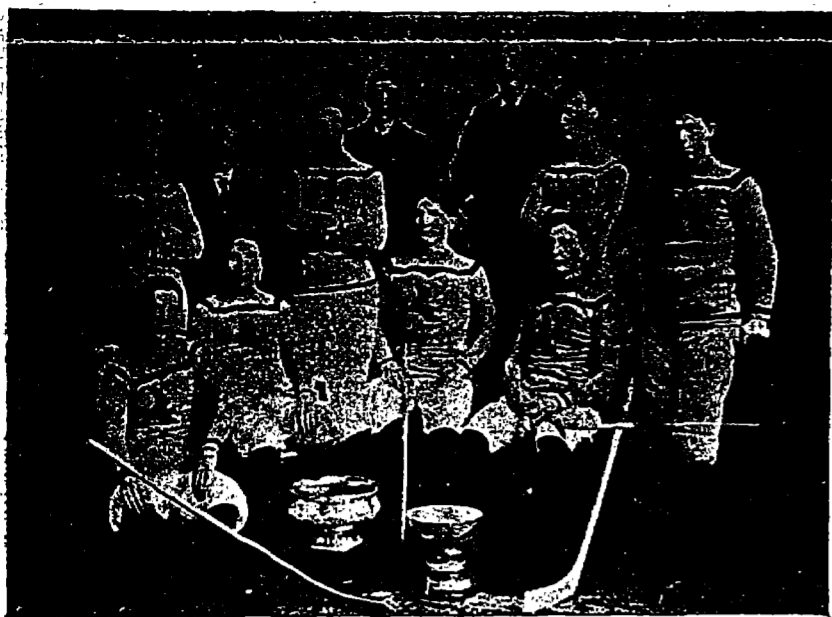


# MR. FARRELL'S NEW BOOK.



SHAMROCK HOCKEY TEAM (CHAMPIONS.)

We present our readers with a couple of cuts which appear in a most interesting little book, entitled "Hockey," the author of which is Mr. Arthur Farrell, member of the Shamrock (champion) Hockey Team, and son of ex-Ald. William Farrell. That young Mr. Farrell is capable of writing such a book, and of being considered an authority on this subject of such widespread interest, was fully demonstrated during the recent series of games between the Shamrocks and the Victorias of Winnipeg, for the Stanley Cup. All who were present will recall Mr. Farrell's famous run, from goal to goal, eluding all his opponents and scoring a game for the green colors, amidst thunderous applause.

The illustrations are pen and ink sketches by Mr. C. Farrell, brother of the author, and an artist who has done some very important sketching.

in colors, for the C.P.R. Company. We have here an evidence of the many-sided talents and capacities of the Farrell family. While various essays have been written on the subject of "Hockey," this book is the first volume dealing with the science of the game. The book is an honor to the writer and to the athletic association of which he is a distinguished member.

The contents of the volume are very ample, including a history of the game; its development; the rules; hints on training, practice and scientific plays; with sketches and cuts of the leading teams, and opinions of expert players. The book is a most presentable one, with a handsome lithographed cover in blue, on which is a picture of a hockey player. We trust that Mr. Farrell may have great success in his literary undertakings.

duty bound to be there—started for the shore. A piper and fiddler led the procession, half a dozen of his friends carried jugs of whiskey and glasses to treat every one whom they met and to treat the company as they went, and some other friends brought up the rear, carrying between them his little luggage. All who could not come to the convoy appeared at the wayside to say a last word to Conal and pray a last prayer on him, and when the convoy swept past they looked after it with tear-dimmed eyes. When the shore was reached other convoys had already come and still more were coming, and no matter what the hurry of the skipper might be—though generally he knew no hurry—hours were spent in merrymaking and carousing here. Finally, after a deal of swearing and threatening and bulldozing by the skipper, the emigrants, attended by boatloads of their friends, roved off to climb aboard the schooner.

"When all were aboard the skipper, waiting upon wind or weather, or often upon something of far less importance, delayed a day, a week, three weeks, or even actually a month before he lifted anchor. During this period of delay the emigrant's friends roved off daily to see him and to carouse with him. The boat's officers could not think of interfering with this, and as there were from 100 to 200 passengers aboard, all receiving their friends, the state of things upon that ship's deck, fiddling, dancing, crying and carousing, may be conceived. Finally, when the command was given to weigh anchor all the emigrant's friends were ordered off the ship. They got into their boats, fastened them to the ship and were towed after it down the bay, the fiddlers fiddling for all they were worth, and all of the remainder who were not crying shouting cheerily to their departing friend, who now leaned over the ship's side. When the mouth of the bay was reached and the row boats could not venture any further the skipper put them all loose and they lay upon the water, cheering and waving their hats and kerchiefs till the departing ones disappeared from their sight. Also, while the schooner was sailing down the bay, the hill-tops along the shore were crowded with thousands who could not accompany in boats, and as the ship passed each hill wild cheers, mingled with cries, were raised for those who were going, perhaps forever."

ly when he drifts into the political sphere that we fully recognize the man, his style, his ideals, and his all-absorbing patriotism. It seems, to the ordinary observer a "long call" from the Basque country to Ireland; yet the space is not only leaped by the writer, but, in the lapse of a few seconds, he makes half a dozen leaps back and forth, from the one to the other. In this we cannot fail to perceive his spirit of Irish patriotism dominating even his few days of recreation.

Here is a novel way of contrasting country with country, and race with race:

"Does it strike you, as it struck me, that in the condition of the ox in the Basque country and in the Irish country we have the whole secret of the difference between the France that her children cling to and the Ireland that her children fly from? In southern France it is the Basque peasant who is king and the ox that is his slave. In western Ireland it is the peasant who carries the yoke and it is the ox that owns the country and can have his peasant slaves hypnotized in his interest and driven whither he will."

This is William O'Brien, and no mistake about it! What a speech, or lecture, or volume could he not fabricate upon the basis of this one paragraph! And what rich sarcasm in the concluding lines of that sketch! He fires this arrow, as a parting shot:

"Wherever there is question of a yoke it is on the bullock's neck it rests and not on the peasant's. And shocking as it will seem to Lord Clonbrock, a revolutionary French government understands so little of its business that there seems to be no question of sending down an extra police force to restore the sovereignty of the bullock and to sweep the busy peasantry of Gascony from their bright villages into the jails and emigrant ships!"

## FROM THE ISLAND BY THE SEA.

The weather at St. John's this winter is a surprising surprise of a surprising kind. Scarcely two days are alike, and the usual severe, stormy and frosty weather have not visited the capital so far. A few days ago flowers were picked from several graves in the cemetery, and the grass is to be seen in the neighboring fields.

On Feb. 2nd, His Lordship, Right

deeply impressed, and carried away with them to their homes, greater love and admiration for the beauties of the Catholic Church. The assembled clergy were entertained at the parochial residence by Rev. Fr. McCarthy.

Grim reaper death has been busy of late, and has deprived the community a respected and exemplary citizen in the person of Mr. Laurence J. Geran, who had been suffering from heart trouble and dropsy, and about three months ago visited Canada and the United States, returning somewhat recovered, only to be again attacked by the illness which resulted in his death, despite the efforts of the best medical talent in the city. He had been for years closely identified with the business of the country, and in 1899 was elected to the Legislature for the district of St. John's west, which he ably represented for four years. He up to his death was also a member of the T. A. Society, in the affairs of which he took a deep interest, identifying himself also with the juvenile body and the advancement of the Cadet Corps. Every philanthropic and charitable movement had his earnest support, the St. Vincent de Paul Society, of which he was treasurer for a lengthy period, and one of its founders. Always a devout Catholic and good Christian, Mr. Geran's well-spent life gained for him the reward of a happy death, attended as he was regularly by Rev. Dean Ryan and other clergymen.—R.I.P.

Mr. Joseph Courtenay, a young man of a very retiring disposition, also passed over to the majority a few days ago. The deceased was suffering for some time, and bore his sufferings with Christian resignation and fortitude, receiving all the consolations of our Holy Religion. He was the son of the late Richard Courtenay, a well-known, and highly respected citizen of the West End.—R.I.P.

The Catholic Cadet Corps, a splendid organization, is making rapid strides in every particular. Lately there has been added to the corps a fine brass band, and probably a bugle band will be the next move. Their church parade took place lately, and was witnessed by a large concourse of people who were loud in their praises of the boys. His Lordship, Dr. Howley, addressed the body in

spring apparently leave no stone unturned to bring them up properly, in body, mind and soul, enforced by good example, religious schooling and church discipline,—yet the boy turns out a rogue or worse, and the girl wayward or worse. May not mothers or fathers, while satisfied with their performance of parental duty, find, on close scrutiny of themselves, that the boys or girls, far from being taught detachment from the world, were thrown into the fashionable vortex, especially where the family had money, and that these children or young men or women yielded little by little to the blandishments of a society that seeks in a round of sensuous pleasures the supreme good? Husbands, watch your wives. Wives, watch your husbands. Many a poor, well-meaning man has been desolated by the foolish folly of his wife. Many a God-fearing woman has been made miserable by the indulgent theories and practices of her husband. Examine your consciences searchingly, you fathers and mothers, and see if the tares in your domestic field be not after all of your own sowing.—Randall's Letter, Catholic Columbian.

## MR. CROKER'S NEW SCHEME.

Mr. Richard Croker has invested in a new Irish scheme, which promises handsome results. The Tammany chieftain has become the American director of the Granite Industries of Donegal, Limited, and as a result, the monument to Parnell, in the extensive estate known as the "Russos of Donegal," near Dunloe, in the northwestern part of Ireland.

Associated with Mr. Croker on the board of directors of the company are the Duke of Abercorn, who is Chairman; the Hon. John Herdman, Strabane, County Tyrone; Col. Berenson, of Earlsfort Mansions, Dublin, and the Hon. Frederick J. Abbott, of Liverpool. The company has just been incorporated, with a capital stock of £100,000, which will be increased as soon as occasion warrants it.

The quarries are situated in one of the poorest and most congested districts of Ireland, and the working of the quarries on a large scale will give support to hundreds of families who are now practically existing under conditions of semi-starvation. With Mr. Croker's name on the board of directors, it is believed these granite, which it is said have been pronounced by experts the most enduring and beautiful at present known, will attain great popularity in the United States.

Mr. Croker's leg is mending slowly, and he expects it will not be long before he can walk without assistance. Mr. Croker is still making crutches. He is anxious to get back to New York to look after his political interests, and will return as soon as he can make the voyage in comfort.—Irish American.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till to-morrow; if you intend to do a noble thing, do it now.

Sometimes will endure a great amount of misery before they feel compelled to look there for help whence all help and healing comes.



It has been wittily said of the martyrs that they were people who were canonized while they lived and were canonized when they were dead. The same thing might be said of many a woman, who has been canonized by censures and criticisms while she lived and canonized as a saint after death.

Husbands don't mean to be small and selfish. But they can't understand the sufferings which come with debilitating drains, irregularity, inflammation, or ulceration of the sensitive female organs. Thousands of happy women pay tribute to the wonderful change in their lives effected by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is not a cure-all. It has a specific purpose, in the curing of diseases peculiar to women. It cures these diseases perfectly.

Sick women can consult Dr. Pierce free by letter. Each letter is treated as a sacred confidence, privately read and promptly answered. All answers are in plain envelopes. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"My health is much better since I have been using Dr. Pierce's medicine," writes Mrs. C. After having a miscarriage I suffered with a pain in my left side and a lingering cough which grew worse and worse. I used Wine of Col. Cod-ol but it only gave me temporary relief. Last spring I got just doing anything and my husband went to the drug store and called for what he thought would be the best. I bought one bottle. I began to take it as directed in the pamphlet wrapped around the bottle. The book said if the disease was complicated with cough to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription' alternately. Mr. Brooks got the Golden Medical Discovery and I took it as directed. The cough left me at once and I got better so rapidly my husband was astonished at my improvement. I took six bottles of the two medicines. I am now able to work and do the washing for two families."



## A STORY OF IRISH EXILE.

On more than one occasion we made reference to the Irish storyteller, Seumas MacManus, whose tales characteristic of the Irish race have been appearing in the New York "Herald." We cannot heartily approve of all this writer's output of literary matter; much of it is very good, a considerable portion of it is far-fetched and evidently strained, and too much of it is absolutely flat and unwholesome. We even do not know whether the writer of these stories signs his own name, or a nom-de-plume. Unless a piece of work is positively injurious to either the Irish character, or the Irish cause, we do not feel justified in paying any attention to it; generally it can do less harm when allowed to pass unnoticed. But when a literary production—no matter in what form—is calculated to benefit, to encourage, to elevate, to assist, or to please our people, we always seek to give it as much publicity as our circumstances will allow.

In a recent issue of the New York "Herald" Seumas MacManus has a very lengthy and very clever as well as interesting article descriptive of the Irish emigrant of the past, and the one of the present. Leaving aside the long story of the sufferings endured by those "Irish Exiles," we will simply reproduce that part of the article which deals with old time emigrants. It is a genuine piece of honest and graphic description; it runs thus:

"I come from the one county of Ireland, which perhaps more than any other has for generations been sending into exile its sons and its daughters—the county of Donegal. Month after month and week after week for many years I have seen the human stream flow outward and over the ocean to the great land of our hopes and longings. I remember well the feeling of sadness that oppressed me when, leaving Ireland, I stood on the forecastle of the tender that steamed away from Derry quay and looked down upon the thousand boys and girls who, with their little bundles and bags, crowded the main deck. Many of them were openly weeping; almost all of them crying in their hearts as through misty eyes they gazed yearningly at the headland hills which were sinking away from their vision.

"I said to the comrade who stood by me, 'What a crying pity it is to see the flower of youth of our country, its blood and its brawn, borne away week by week like this.'

"'It is,' he said, 'yet you go yourself?' And I could not reply to this."

"For our Irish boys and girls to leave their homes now is a trial, but fifty years ago it was in its dire importance perhaps only second to death."

"In the Irish famine times of 1846-47-48, and for half a dozen years after, my country men and women swarmed across the Atlantic by hun-

dreds of thousands. From countless bays on the west coast in every week in every summer of those years hundreds of little boats of 100, 200 and 300 tons were constantly putting out, laden down with human cargoes, destined to flounder about for any space of time between seven and seventeen weeks before they reached America, portions of their cargoes still alive and portions of them lying at the bottom of the ocean. No wonder that "going to America" was then a great undertaking.

"Three weeks before the date of his proposed sailing the intending emigrant started out over the countryside to say good-bye. He must call at every house within a radius of many miles from home. Even if families to whom he was not known lived within that radius he must shake the hand of every one of them also and get their 'God send you safe and prosper you where you're going.' If, when he came to sail, he had omitted one child within a wide area he would leave with a troubled conscience, and his friends would be ashamed for his neglect."

"His more immediate neighbors and his friends from far and near a week before his sailing began baking and hardening oat bread (for it took a full week to harden to the extent necessary), making their calculations, as they did, for a probable four months' voyage. As every one had to provision himself, a barrel was provided with a hinged lid and a lock, and in it were packed everything suitable that he should need—oat bread, potatoes, bacon, hard-boiled eggs and butter. The provisions needed were all, or more than all, provided as tokens from his neighbors and friends. The very poorest—and in those days the poorest were poor indeed, have from their scanty store or borrowed from a more fortunate neighbor that they might give, far they could not bear that one day the departing Canal might reflect, 'Every soul of my neighbors minded me, unless Shan Mor's people.' At my native place the passenger schooner code in the centre of a group of islands in the bay—Donegal bay—awaiting its consignment. A certain day was named for the passengers to be aboard, after which, as soon as the weather would permit, all sail would be set for America. We believe in drowning grief by merriment, so for several nights and days before the emigrant crossed his father's threshold for the last time his friends and the neighboring fiddlers and pipers came in and held high revelry by day and by night. This revelry did not jar upon the breaking-hearted mother nor the downcast father, but, instead, prevented their brooding too much, as they otherwise would, upon their coming sorrow."

"On the morning on which he must board the boat the passenger, his father and mother and all his neighbors—every one of whom was in

## PEASANT LIFE IN FRANCE.

William O'Brien in his new paper "The People," has been writing some interesting sketches of a semi-political nature. Having spent some weeks, recently, in the South of France, the gifted Irish writer draws some graphic pictures of life and its conditions in that section of the world. As, for example, the following account of the Basque peasants and their beasts of burden:

"One of the characteristic sights of the Basque country is the ox team. The Basque oxen are of a peculiar soft fawn color, like vastly overgrown deer. They are bound together in twos by a heavy wooden yoke which presses down upon their neck with a weight which there is no resisting. Bent under this yoke, you see their ferreted horns and great melancholy eyes writhing and twisting, as though the brutes were dimly meditating a revolt some day under their slavery. In front of them marches a Basque peasant, one of the mysterious race, whose solves and whose mysterious tongue—not at all improbably some remnant left behind by the Iberian adventurers who set sail from these coasts for Ireland before Romulus built the mud walls of Rome—remain the puzzle of biologist congresses. The Basque carries a long wand which he from time to time waves over the heads of the oxen when he would have them obey. The wand is not used by way of wattle, but is passed over their heads as in some mysterious hypnotic rite by some Basque Svengali bending his bovine Trilbys to his will."

While, from a literary standpoint, we must always admire the charm of Mr. O'Brien's compositions, it is on-

Rev. Dr. McDonald, raised to the priesthood, Rev. Mr. Whehan. The Rev. Father Whehan made his studies at the Quebec Seminary, and was a model student in every respect. The ordination took place at his native town, Carbonar, and was attended by a large number of priests, as well as a large congregation.

After the first Gospel, His Lordship preached an instructive and eloquent sermon on the Feast Day, very ably and clearly setting forth the meaning of the day. The Right Rev. preacher vividly portrayed the holy joy of the aged Simeon when he folded the Divine Child in his arms, exclaiming: "Now," while tears of joy rolled down his venerable cheeks, "Now thou dost dismiss Thy servant, O Lord, according to Thy word, in peace; because my eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples; a light to the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people Israel." After which he added that this child born for the ruin and resurrection of many in Israel, would be a sign of contradiction to men and that sorrow should pierce the soul of his mother like the sharp point of a sword. Similarly, continued the preacher, this young priest, this child of the people, reared in your midst, is to be the guide, the never-failing friend, the visible angel, guardian of his flock, who will open the gates of Paradise to his people, when their earthly journey is o'er. After exhorting the priest to weary never in his Holy Office and eulogising him for the offering of himself to his Creator, the bishop, followed by the priests, on bended knees, received the young priest's blessing. After mass, numbers remained to receive from the young holy man of God a blessing from his anointed hands. All were

the Episcopal Library, and wished them every success for the future.

Even now preparations are being made for the shipment of iron ore from Bell Isle during the summer of 1906. The Nova Scotia Steel Co. purpose having 17 steamers on the route, as almost as much again as the '99 output is required to fill present orders. Only one steamer, the S.S. "Otto," of the fleet that ran last season could be obtained; the others are all Norwegians. The Whitney people will also do an immense business. Over 20 steamers up to the present have been chartered, and they want more; owing to the demand for ships caused by the Transatlantic war, freights looked ahead are at steep figures. Bell Island will boom the coming summer, and employment will be given to an enormous number of men.

## THE SOWING OF TARES.

I heard a sermon last Sunday week on what is one of the saddest things in this life, the misconduct of boys and girls who have been sedulously trained by Catholic parents, with conscientious anxiety and dutiful fervor. It is, said the preacher, not only sorrowful but puzzling. Let us see if there be no solution. The question of heredity may play a part in this paradox or what appears to be such. Some remote ancestor may have thrown baleful shadows upon such children or young men and women. But this is psychologic hypothesis. Sacramental grace can check the poison of heredity, and transform it into soundness and beauty. Given good, pious, practical Catholic parents who, from the birth of their par-