

THE HERALD

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Editor & Proprietor

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and many happy returns of the day.

Solemn Pontifical mid-night Mass is celebrated in St. Dunstan's Cathedral this Christmas Eve. His Lordship Bishop McDonald is celebrant, and Rev. Father Johnston is the preacher.

West Queen's Election.

It has been authoritatively stated from Ottawa that ten by-elections for the House of Commons will be held on Wednesday January the 15th; nominations on the 11th.

on the 11th.

five ridings in Ontario, as follows:

West Durham, West Hastings,

Kingston, West York and Ad-

dington; four in the Province of

Quebec, viz.; Beauve, L'Islet, La-

val and one in Montreal and

West Queen's in this Province.

The election in Lisgar, Manitoba

will not be held till new lists are

prepared and Beauharnois, Quebec,

and Victoria B. C. have not been

reported to the Speaker, as vac-

ant. West Queen's is the consti-

tency, among all those named, in

which the electors of this Pro-

vince are most interested. As our

readers are aware, Hon. Donald

Farquharson, Leader of the Pro-

vincial Government, some time

ago secured the Grit nomination

for this riding. It will also be

remembered that a wing of the

Liberal party were trying to ob-

tain the nomination for an other

man. For some time after the

convention, the Government organ

in this city had little to say re-

garding the situation in West

Queen's. This course was, no

doubt, pursued in order that old

sores might not be aggravated and

to afford time and opportunity

for the settlement of such squab-

bles in the Grit camp as the con-

vention may have originated. Last

week, however, the Patriot broke

silence and announced that the

Grit party, in West Queen's was

thoroughly united once more and

quite solid for Mr. Farquharson.

When this information was vouch-

safed by our contemporary, it was

not unlikely aware of the date of

the elections, later given to the

public; for it took occasion, in

tones most childlike and bland, to

lecture the Conservative party as

to the course it should pursue re-

garding the election in this rid-

ing. The Patriot starts out by

boastfully anticipating the elec-

tion of Mr. Farquharson by an

overwhelming majority. Mr. Far-

quharson's services to his party

and the Grit traditions of the rid-

ing are put forward as reasons

sufficient to bring about such a

result. It, therefore, pleads that

Mr. Farquharson be allowed to go

in by acclamation, and not place

A Beautiful Monument.

On the eastern slope of the cem-

etery attached to St. George's

Parish Church, Grand River East,

stands a beautiful artistic monu-

ment, in the form of a Calvary

Group. This monument is erect-

ed in loving memory of the late

lamented venerable "Father Fran-

cis," who spent the greater part of

his sacerdotal life in ministering

to the spiritualities of the people

of St. George's and neighboring

sections of eastern King's County.

The monument also includes the

memory of the late lamented

Father Peter McPhee, who pre-

deceased Father Francis and who

was his dear friend and spiritual

son. The love and affection exist-

ing between Father Francis and

Father Peter was as that between

St. Paul and Timothy. The

mortal remains of these two saintly

priests here sleep side by side,

awaiting the sound of the angel's

trumpet at the final resurrection;

and it is most fitting that the

monument which expresses the

love and devotion of the good

people of St. George's and neigh-

boring parishes to their dear

friend and spiritual guide, Father

Francis, should also commemorate

the virtues of his dear brother

priest, Father Peter. After the

death of Father Francis, it was

decided that a collection should be

taken up in the different parishes

in which he had labored, to pur-

chase a monument, and the result

is the beautiful memorial referred

to above. The monument took

the form of a Calvary Group, im-

ported by Mr. Gauthier, of Mon-

treuil, from Lyons, France. The

group comprises four figures about

life size, viz.: The dead Christ,

the Blessed Virgin, and St. John,

standing on the right and left of

the Cross, and St. Mary Magdal-

ene kneeling on the foot of the Cross.

The figures are of cast iron, and

are most artistic and life-like in

design. The cross is of cedar and

was made on the spot. The founda-

tion is of solid masonry, and

is the work of Mr. W. A. Lewis,

of Cardigan Bridge, and are

well done. The monument in

place cost about (\$525.00) five

hundred and twenty-five dollars.

It is a fitting memorial of the

lives and virtues of those it com-

memorates, and is at the same

time a substantial testimony of

the love and generosity of the

donors. The inauguration of the

Calvary Group took place on

Wednesday, November 6th, within

the octave of All Souls. His Lord-

ship Bishop McDonald, being un-

expectedly called to Halifax to at-

tend the funeral of Mgr. Murphy,

could not be present at St. George's

to officiate at the ceremony. He

The Herald's Scoop-No!

CONDUCTED BY TOM A. HAWKE.

Every dog, they say,
Has his day.
That leaves the night, you see,
For me.
For me!
And there's going to be a fight,
Tonight!
Wow!
Meow!

There's going to be a row
Right now!
Me-a-ow! Spt! Spt! Me-a-ow!
Co-o-o-ome on! Spt! Spt! Me-a-ow-ow
Spt! Take that!

Whose old cat
Are you, anyhow-ow-ow? Me-a-ow!
Me-a-ow! Spt! Spt! Me-a-ow!
Wow-ow-ow-ow!
Ow-ow-ow!
Ow-ow!
Ow!

(Window opens)

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

WHEN PAW WAS A BOY.

I wish 'at I'd been here when
My paw was a boy.

They must have been excited then
When my paw was a boy.

In school he always took the prize;
He used to lick boys twice his size.

I bet folks all had bright eyes
When my paw was a boy.

They was a lot of wonders done
When my paw was a boy.

How grandpa must of loved his son
When my paw was a boy.

He'd get the coal an' chop the wood,
An' think up every way he could

To always be jist sweet an' good,
When my paw was a boy.

Then everything was in its place
When my paw was a boy.

How he could rattle, jump an' race
When my paw was a boy!

He never, never disobeyed;
He beat in every game he played—

Ge! what a record they was made
When my paw was a boy.

I wish 'at I'd been here when
My paw was a boy!

They'd never be his like again—
'Twas the motto of the old man.

But still last night I heard my paw
Raise up her voice and call my paw

The worst fool that she ever saw—
He ought of stayed a boy.

Hi!
I am
Xmas Tree
I've seen!

The boys and
girls, all like me,
am the only
Christmas Tree
You bet! That ever
was caught in a
COOP
NET

I COULD TELL THOSE FEET-DEES ANYWHERE

Some more Boers have just arrived

at Bermuda and some of them are

down with measles. This is an old

hog disease.

The Charlottetown Mounted Infantry

are a body of men who ought to feel

proud of themselves. Not to see

those men strutting around the city a

few months ago with their rifles slung

across their backs, with ferocious big

spurs projecting from the heels of their

boots and dressed in knacky and war-

like khaki uniforms was indeed an in-

spiring sight. To see them a person

would naturally be led to suppose that

the only thing they needed to satisfy

their military ardor would be a taste of

real warfare and that they were pin-

gling for a chance to do their country's

work. But when word came that 12

men would be accepted from Prince

Edward Island to do service in South

Africa—the Mounted Infantry men felt

short of expectations. None of them

offered and as a consequence they came

in for considerable geying. Then word

came that five more men would be ac-

cepted. Surely one out of that body of

60 gay gallants will volunteer this time,

thought everyone. But, no! These

warriors are men of peace and were

only intended as ornaments. And

don't they look cute? The old fable of

the daw in borrowed feathers is

reality in this case. The "Dandy

Fifth" of New York who refused to go

to war a few years ago should come

here and congratulate our "infantry

in arms."

HE WENT DOWN—AND
T'WAS ALL UP
WITH HIM.

He was an excise agent,
And his trade was gung-
ing wine.

And when he went to Syd-
ney,
He asked to see the mines.

He got into the basket
And as they lowered
him down

Somehow the cable parted
Now he's missing from
the town.

A jury sat upon him—
And the verdict given
was such:

"We give as our opinion
He took a drop too
much!"

The season for skating is here,

which brings joy to the hearts of the boys and

girls. There is probably no sport in

the world which brings so much pleasure

to the average Canadian small boy, or

boy of an older growth, as skating,

unless perhaps it is when he is jam-

ming his head into the middle of a foot-

ball scrimmage, without giving the least

thought as to whether he will ever draw

it out again. Luckily, they generally

do, however. But this is the kind of

stuff of which the general run of P. E.

Island boys are made and which

makes them capable of holding their

own in all walks of life. The average

boy, not mentioning these nice little

social points, as we see him, is peculiar

in many respects. As soon as the first

snow makes its appearance he is all on

the qui vive for skating. When the

ice does come the first thing he does is

to test the thickness. This feat is gen-

erally accomplished with the heel of

the boot and has got to be performed in

a good many places to satisfy him.

When the ice is too strong to be broken

with the boot a stout "hurry" is gen-

erally used, or a piece of plank. Then

when a hole is made a large number

will crowd around it to "flood" the ice,

so that it will freeze the next day and

the water shag will be frozen. This is

one of the most idiotical ideas that ever

entered the thinking tank of an orphan.

Sometimes the ice is very thin in

places and the boys are very careless

in their running. This spot of course

is singled out for special recognition and

is soon a network of holes. Then fol-

lows the ceremony known as "stump-

ing." One boy goes over the weak spot

and another follows, and so on, till the

ice goes every weak. The idea is to see

who will be the last to skate over the

weak spot. The last boy to skate over

it, however, doesn't skate over it at all.

(Excuse the bull.) He skates under it.

As he goes down a cheer goes up—a

cheer from the throats of the other com-