

# UNITED IRISH LEAGUE IN SLIGO AND MAYO.

A monster meeting was held in Buncrana, the centre of a cleared district in the County of Sligo, under the auspices of the local branch of the United Irish League. Thousands of men came from all the surrounding districts, and the Dublin Freeman, from which we take the report of the proceedings, says that much credit is due to Rev. Father O'Grady, the pastor of the district for the success of the gathering.

Rev. Father Scully, P.P., Kesh, in the course of a spirited address said: The very Rev. Father Scully, P.P., who was loudly cheered, said that magnificent demonstration brought back to his mind old recollections. They were assembled there that day for a noble object. There might be different Leagues in the past; but no one could object to a league that had for its programme "the land for the people." He might say he was not a Dillonite nor an O'Brienite nor any other sort of an "ite," except an Irishite. He had come there, for he had a sad story to tell. He did not believe there was a priest in Ireland had as sad a story to tell as the parish priest of Kesh. What was the story he had to tell, and Father James O'Hara and Father John McDonnell before him? See the condition to which a large portion of his parish was reduced, depopulated to make room for the bullocks and for nothing else. In '44 they had in one village thirty-two families. Now they had one herd. In another townland in '44 they had thirty-seven families. Now they had one herd. In a third townland in '44 they had forty-seven families. Now they had one herd. These statistics could be produced. Father John McDonnell baptized in the parish of Kesh in the year '44 172 children. Now there were only forty-six to be baptized in the year. These were sad statistics. What were they assembled there for? To get back the people to their homes again, to get the land for the people. How was that to be done? It was only to be done by united and determined action on the part of the people themselves. The priests would be with the people in that movement, but they would only be with them if everything was done over and above board. The people should act openly, unitedly, determinedly, if they would see the broad grass farms back again in the hands of the children of the people who owned them. Surely this was work for which the people ought to make some little sacrifice. Were they prepared to do it? They had a noble-souled man at the bottom of this new agitation, William O'Brien, and if he was prepared to make the sacrifice why should not the people make sacrifices. But if they were to succeed everything should be done within the laws and the constitution.

Mr. William O'Brien was then introduced and he received a most enthusiastic reception. He said:—

The county of Sligo has always gone solid in every national movement. It could not well be otherwise with priests such as you have here to-day and with men leading you like my friend the Mayor of Sligo. Why is this movement of the League taking such a grip of the country? Simply and solely because the people they wanted it, whether leaders liked or no. God knows if apathy and quarrelling among brother Irishmen could do any good, we have had enough of it in the last eight years, and what is the result? The result is that Ireland is the only country in Europe where the population is every year flying and diminishing in numbers, while the number of paupers is increasing among those who remain. The result of the disorganization of the country is that instead of advancing towards the abolition of landlordism, which all can ever give permanent peace to the country, we have actually been going backwards. The Land Commission Courts have degenerated into mere asylums of broken down land agents who have seen better days. There is still a sprinkling of well meaning, practical farmers, but with one splendid exception they are frightened out of their wits by the Fry Commission Report, which served a sort of eviction made easy notice upon the unfortunate Land Commissioners themselves. The judges of the Appeal Courts are actually discussing at the present moment the same question of Adam v. Dunseath, which they were discussing eighteen years ago, as to how far a tenant ought to be rented on his own improvements. The lawyers could go on arguing this question till judgment day, if a higher court of appeal, that of the people, do not take the question out of their hands, and decide for the sake of landlord and tenant alike that the only way out of this Serboan bog of blundering legislation is to make the tenant the owner, not only of his own improvements, but of every rod and sod of his holding, with no feud to come between him and the fruits of his industry except the Lord who rules above the cedars and the stars. I don't know whether the conditions in this part of Sligo are the

same as prevail in Galway and Mayo. I do know that there is no part of Ireland in which there is more misery than in certain places along the coast of Tír na nÓg ("True"). But this is not a question of doing nothing for the people until they are actually in the pangs of starvation. It's a question of providing the people with what the Bishop of Raphoe called liveable holdings.

Continuing, Mr. O'Brien said:— Now, Father Scully has given some remarkable statistics. Well, I will give you even more frightful figures. What are the broad facts—that out of 111,000 holdings in this Province of Connaught, 88,000—or more than four-fifths—are under £10 valuation. And in this county of Sligo, out of 14,000 holdings 9,600 are under £10 valuation. That is to say, that in this county of Sligo, which you hear spoken of as comparatively well off, 10,000 families, more than half the population, have holdings utterly inadequate to yield them a decent living. That is a really frightful fact; and what has all the elaborate chain of Land Acts done to remedy it? We all know what happens upon these poor Western estates. If a tenant fees a lawyer the costs of the litigation swallow up the amount of the reduction for years and the tenant brings down on his head the vengeance of the rent office, and is turned into a future tenant the first year he falls in arrears. The consequence is that these poor tenants except whatever little trumpery abatement is dictated to them in the rent office, and the result of all these boasted Land Acts for the tenant of four or five pound valuation is a reduction of 15s or 18s a year, which would scarcely keep him in tobacco. But the case is worse than that; because to earn that rent twenty thousand of the small farmers of Mayo and Roscommon and Sligo have to exile themselves from their own firesides for half their lives, and go slaving away as outcast laborers, living like dogs in the kennels of the farmers of England. That is the sad fact, which makes this agitation absolutely irresistible, that the rents on the small holdings of Connaught are not rents at all, but highway robbery. No English economist would dare deny it. Rent is the profit made out of land after deducting the support of the man who cultivates it. There is no such profit on three-fourths of the small holdings of Connaught. What is called rent is simply money earned in England or sent home to America, to which the landlord has no more right in the sight of God than he would have to seize your children, and sell them in the slave market. This elaborate process of fixing judicial rents on such places is simply the legalized robbery of the poorest of the poor, and the concentration of a system which gives perpetuity of tenure not to the people, but to famine and misery and oppression. Now, we mean to go on by slow and cautious degrees in this movement. But unless the Government grapple with this question on a broad and statesmanlike scale before the next year of famine comes round, I say, we will have the sympathies of the civilized world if these 80,000 small holders of Connaught decline to pay another stiver of rent, and let the landlord bring down the loyal minority from Ulster to see what kind of a living they will make among the bogs and rocks of Connaught.

Dwelling upon other features of the objects of the League, Mr. O'Brien said:—

But the programme of the United Irish League is not confined to this question of the land for the people. It has often been remarked that the strength of the British Constitution is that it has not been made, but grows. We have taken the hint in the constitution of the United Irish League. Our constitution is not made but grows. It is wholly a matter for the people themselves in every division to decide in what way this combination can be made most useful for the protection of the people and for the advancement of the National cause. I notice from your resolutions that the question of the new County Councils is a burning question in Sligo, and quite rightly, because it is not too much to say that the future of the Irish cause will in a very large measure depend upon whether the Irish people mean to make these County Councils strongholds of Irish nationality or strongholds of Balfour and Chamberlain for the destruction of our cause. We hear a great deal about toleration, a great deal of humbug about how nice and how forgiving it would be if we were to hand the country back to these sweet spoken landlords, who have darkened every square mile of this country with deeds that cry for vengeance to heaven against Irish landlordism. Toleration! Why do we hear nothing of toleration for the evicted tenants, whom these men have sworn to make examples of and to destroy? Why don't we hear anything of toleration from the clericalists who broke the people's heads in Ballinrobe and Castlebar the other day for as-

...the interests of all other classes in the country. And what we preach is that these gentlemen must be taught to conduct themselves like good citizens, like good Irishmen, before they can ever again hope to get back the power which they used for pauperisation and for the extermination of our race. I read the other day in the "Cork Examiner" a candid avowal by one of these gentlemen whom we are asked to tolerate by placing on the County Councils as elected representatives of the people in the place of sound Nationalists. He is a Mr. Sanders, the son of the most rigorous of land agents; but he is himself, I understand, one of those honey-mouthed, recess-committee kind of gentlemen who wear the sheep's clothing of the more modern landlord wolves. Mr. Sanders says frankly that if he is elected to the County Council his programme will be no politics, and that the time of the County Council must not be expended in discussing what he calls resolutions affecting party politics. By party politics, of course, he means that Irish Nationality must not be mentioned by the elected representatives of the people, but that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain are to be at full liberty to go about England bragging that it is by the votes of the Irish people, men like Mr. Sanders are elected to make it impossible for any County Council in Ireland to raise its voice for the protection of the people, even if coercion and extermination were again scourging the country. I have no individual quarrel with these men; it would be only too easy, and perhaps it would be as agreeable to me as to others to live at peace with them, and exchange courtesies with them.

The cardinal fact for Irish Nationalists, said Mr. O'Brien, in all these matters is that it is, and must be, a choice for Ireland or England. The relations between these two countries are the relations of civil war, modified by the fact that this country is too weak and too disarmed to have the question fought out in the open field, but it is war all the same, and every fresh weapon put into our hands is a sacred trust, which it would be treason to the past and to the future of our race to hand over to our enemy. Goodness knows England has taken sufficiently good care of her garrison in this Act. She has given them an additional income of five hundred thousand a year as a bribe for accepting it, and she has given them on every county council and district council a representation of grand jurors and ex-officials, which will most amply represent any public usefulness or capacity in that body. The danger is rather that these county councils may be swamped by these non-elected members and by these namby-pamby Nationalists, who are always melting with tenderness for the feelings of the enemy, and who never think of striking a stout blow for their own cause and their own race. By all means let us elect the best men and the most capable and upright to be found in our ranks. I don't think we need be particularly ashamed of any comparison between men of the stamp of the Mayor of Sligo and the average Sligo grand juror. We should have sunk very low indeed if every county cannot produce twenty men able to hold their own for honesty and capacity and good sense against the grand jury jobbers and ex-officials, who are, perhaps, the most incapable and the most corrupt crew that ever governed a country. Once a man is a true Irish Nationalist by all means let us not question him as to what is his class or creed or what particular section of Nationalists he may have belonged to. On the contrary, let us be ten times more tolerant and generous, and eager to support the Nationalist who may have differed from us in the past; but for heaven's sake, if there is a spark of sincerity in our Nationality, let our toleration begin at home; let England and the English garrison take care of themselves, and let us never forget that these elections next March will give us the greatest opportunity that ever befel our race of constituting what will be practically a popular government, which can never be resisted or put down, and under whose influence gradually the landlords will cease to be landlords, and our young men, freed from the nightmare of landlordism and famine, and grazing and grabbing, will find room enough here at home for lives of peaceful happiness and usefulness and freedom.

## A LATE GRAND MASTER OF BELFAST ORANGEMEN.

Of Rev. Dr. Kane, the Grand Master of Belfast Orangemen, whose death occurred some weeks ago the Irish Weekly, of Belfast, gives the following little sketch:—

Dr. Kane was about sixty years of age, and for thirteen years or more he was one of the most prominent figures in Belfast political life. He commenced his career in the Protestant ministry as a curate in Dundonald about the year '66, afterwards being transferred to Tullymah, where he was curate for a time, subsequently being appointed rector from Tully-

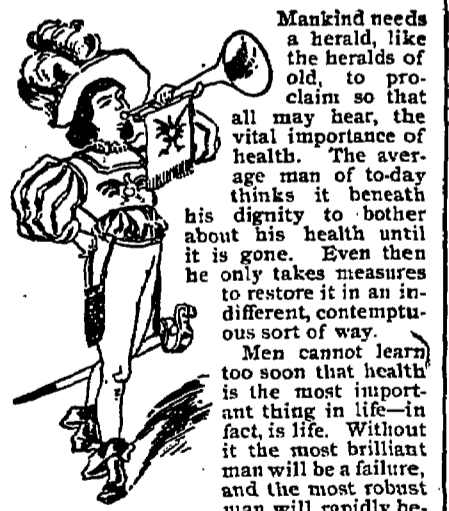
...the stirring days of the Land League. A speech was attributed to him in which, it is stated, he expressed his opinions that "for every landlord shot there should be a priest shot." He denied having made use of these words, but, if the speech was not his, at any rate it was this fatal utterance which gave him his political baptism; and from that day to the last on which his voice echoed from a platform he remained an extremist in all things. No controversial subject touching Irish or British political or religious life escaped his voice or pen, and when he once took up a position it was one of his proudest boasts that he never backed down from it. Although he opposed the Catholic University he posed as a great friend of education, and did succeed in raising a very fine set of buildings adjoining Christ Church, called Queen Victoria Schools. In private life he was a polished gentleman; but in his public affairs he never stood on ceremony. It was said that he had carved out in his mind a path towards a high place in the Church to which he belonged, that he was turned aside from that path, and that the conviction forced upon him that his life's dream would be unfulfilled embittered him. Of such things it is not easy to speak in relation to one on whom the hand of death has just been laid and over whom the seal of the tomb has not yet closed; yet it is sometimes kinder to bear testimony to things which, though viewed separately, seem to show the persons responsible for them in the worst light, but when taken together place him in a clearer light. Dr. Kane, although he spoke so hard of Catholic teaching recently, and wrote so hard against Catholics when in 1885 he was taken to task by "S.J." (after the Wickliffe lecture), could always say a kind word in their regard, as he demonstrated a couple of years ago. A Protestant—a member of his own congregation—had died in a house occupied by Catholic people. Before his death the poor man wished to have the comforting words of a clergyman of his own creed, and the Catholic family sent for Dr. Kane. He came, and was with his co-religionist when death came upon the latter. Two days afterwards at the graveside the Protestant divine who, on Sunday night passed to his eternal home, spoke in tones of the warmest praise of this act of Christian charity in a short address, which showed the nobler side of his character. He was the last of the three great leaders of Protestant thought in Belfast during the latter half of this century. He came into prominence just as the Rev. Hugh Hanna was going down towards the grave, just in the same way as the late Dr. Hanna followed in the footsteps of Dr. Cooke.

That we may be able to practice patience with advantage in all our tribulations, we must be fully persuaded that every trial comes from the hand of God, either directly, or indirectly through men; we must therefore render God thanks whenever we are beset with sorrows, and accept with gladness of heart of every event, prosperous or adverse, that proceeds from Him; knowing that all happens by His disposition for our welfare.—St. Alphonsus Rodriguez.

Mankind needs a herald, like the heralds of old, to proclaim so that all may hear, the vital importance of health. The average man of to-day thinks it beneath his dignity to bother about his health until it is gone. Even then he only takes measures to restore it in a different, contemptuous sort of way. Men cannot learn too soon that health is the most important thing in life—in fact is life. Without it the most brilliant man will be a failure, and the most robust man will rapidly become a physical wreck. The man who neglects the little headaches, the loss of appetite and sleep, nervousness, the fainting cold chills, heavy head, lax muscles, and the multitude of bad feelings that are the heralds of approaching sickness and disease, must pay a tremendous penalty. For men who suffer in this way there is no medicine equal to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It sharpens the appetite, corrects all disorders of the digestion, invigorates the liver, makes the assimilation of the food perfect, purifies the blood and enriches it with the life-giving elements that build new, healthy flesh. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of constipation and is the best of all known remedies for nervous troubles. Thousands have told, over their own signatures, the stories of the wonders it has performed. Honest dealers will not urge a substitute for the sake of a little extra profit.

Thomas Fletcher, of Clifton Station, Fairfax Co., Va., writes: "I suffered terrible tortures from cold chills, heavy head, lax muscles, and the multitude of bad feelings that are the heralds of approaching sickness and disease, must pay a tremendous penalty. For men who suffer in this way there is no medicine equal to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It sharpens the appetite, corrects all disorders of the digestion, invigorates the liver, makes the assimilation of the food perfect, purifies the blood and enriches it with the life-giving elements that build new, healthy flesh. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of constipation and is the best of all known remedies for nervous troubles. Thousands have told, over their own signatures, the stories of the wonders it has performed. Honest dealers will not urge a substitute for the sake of a little extra profit."

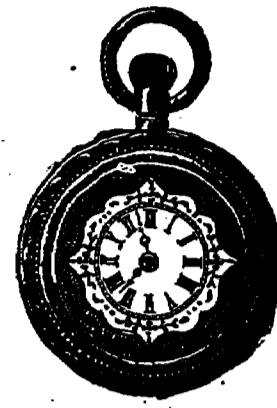
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Rolled Gold Chains, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 to \$10.00.  
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## SOME FORTUNATE IRISH BOYS

The experience of James Doyle, the millionaire mayor of Victor, Colorado, may be cited to illustrate the element of chance which seems to be a potent factor in gold mining. It is a fact that the richest mines have mainly been located by poor men without any education in mineralogy outside of that which comes from experience, instead of by the scientist, who enters the field fully equipped.

Doyle was born in Portland, Maine, in 1868, but in 1891 was at work for wages in Manitou. With hundreds of others he hurried to Cripple Creek during the great excitement. Battle Mountain, near Victor, was then covered with locust stakes, almost as close as the holes in a mosquito netting. There was a fraction, however, comprising about one-sixth of an acre that had no owner because considered worthless. Doyle took it on the belief that something was better than nothing. He had no money, but he got James Burns, another Portland boy, and John Harman, both poor men, to give their labor for an interest in the prospective mine, and the trio sank a shaft. Months of hard work followed with no profitable results, and most men would have been tempted to throw up the job. They stuck to it, however, and were rewarded by striking a vein that made all three of them millionaires. This was the famous Portland mine.

To-day Burns is estimated to be worth \$9,000,000, Harman \$4,000,000 and Doyle \$2,000,000. Frank Peck, a brother-in-law of Burns, and the secretary of the Portland mine, is said to be worth over \$1,000,000. Do not long ago sold out his interest in the famous mine, he discovered but is interested in others.

While the names of Doyle and Burns are well known as lucky millionaire miners, but little has ever been printed about the third partner in the Portland, John Harman. He is a very modest man and the public has heard little about him. Harman, it appears, was a poor Irish lad brought up in Wilkesbarre, Penn., where in later years he worked in the coal mines as a common laborer. When a very young man, for he is only about thirty-five years of age now, he went to Colorado and worked as a miner. At the time of the Cripple Creek excitement he was driving a scraper in Colorado Springs, a job that Doyle had got for him. Without a bit of hesitation he dropped everything and joined Doyle on Battle Mountain. He had what was known as a "natural nose for ore," and he was the one who really found the mineral after getting to work in the shaft they sunk. By judicious investments in other mining properties

he has amassed a fortune of fully \$1,000,000. This is a handsome sum for an unmarried man of 35, but it has not changed him a bit. He is industriously seeking knowledge he did not have a chance to gather as a boy. He has the finest library in camp, valued at \$10,000. He is general manager of the Portland property, works every day, and mingles freely with the men in rough miner's clothes.

Back in 1876, Dennis Sullivan was a conductor on the New York Central railroad, but had to come to Colorado on account of weak lungs. He gradually drifted into mining at Leadville, and helped to locate the May Queen, a silver mine. He sold out, and with the proceeds of his interest he came to Cripple Creek and bought into the Dead Pine mine, which adjoins the Portland. The mine is highly profitable, although the owners form such a close corporation that very little can be found out about it. By judicious investments Sullivan has accumulated between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000.

Michael Finty came to Colorado from Iowa with but a few dollars in his pocket to cover his daily necessities until he should find employment. He helped to locate the famous Little Chief silver mine at Leadville, which has produced over \$6,000,000. The property was sold for \$350,000. Finty's share being in the vicinity of \$87,000. He then came to Cripple Creek, and with Richard and Patrick Dillon invested in mines. Finty is reputed to be worth \$250,000 to-day, with a prospect of doubling it. Richard Dillon reached the \$150,000 point, and lost it all in mining speculations. Today he is working as a miner in Victor for \$3 a day for eight hours' work, and appears to be as happy and contented as when he was rich, and says he is. Patrick Dillon, the principal owner of the Dillon mine, is worth \$150,000, and lives on a fine ranch in California.

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