

FAMINE STRICKEN DISTRICTS OF IRELAND.

Some Pictorial Features of the Terrible Condition of Families.

A Memorial Address to President McKinley.

Two Hundred Thousand People on the West Coast Verging on Starvation—A Sad Picture of the Congested Districts.

For some time past we have been publishing heartrending reports of the famine now doing its ravages in Ireland. We take the following extract from the last issue of the Dublin Freeman, and reproduce the cuts which appeared in connection with the article. The Freeman says:

Nothing could show more graphically the state of misery into which the unfortunate people of the West have been plunged than the accompanying pictures, taken at random from a series of photographs illustrating the distress of the peasantry of the South and South West of Ireland. The repeated denials of the necessities of the starving people count for little in view of the sad story that the sketches plainly but most eloquently tell. We need not go to Cuba for vivid representations of misery and starvation that should appeal to all who have bowels of compassion for the sufferings of the poor. Old and young alike have been truthfully described as being on the brink of famine, and yet the only attempt made by the authorities to cope with the situation is paltry, grudging, and totally inadequate to the needs of the famine-stricken people. Even the cry of the helpless little children has failed to induce Mr. Chamberlain and his advisers to take measures that would mitigate their woes. As we have said, the pictures with which we present our readers tell their own tale. It would indeed be difficult, as it surely is unnecessary, to exaggerate the conditions under which the family depicted in the picture are condemned to live. No sketch of a Cuban reconcentrado is more pitiful than that of the child whose face and general appearance betoken the awful ravages which have been made by hunger and want, and we may guess the nature of Mr. Balfour's schemes when we learn that an old and helpless widow is refused for some reason or another any share in the relief to which her circumstances should apparently entitle her at once.

In accordance with the resolution adopted at the great open air demonstration held at Islandeady, near Castlebar, under the auspices of the United Irish League, says the Dublin Freeman, a national memorial to the United States was yesterday signed by the people of

the Islandeady district. It is expected that a similar memorial will be signed in the other districts of Mayo, and it is rumored that all such memorials will be presented to the President of the United States at Washington by Mr. Michael Davitt, M.P., during his visit to America in the early autumn.

The following is a copy of the memorial referred to:—

"To the President of the United States of America:

"We, the people of the parish of Islandeady, in the county of Mayo, Ireland, mindful of the noble love of liberty and hatred of oppression which have ever actuated the American Commonwealth, and of the ties of blood and tradition which unite us with many millions of its citizens, are moved to bring to the knowledge of the President and Congress of the United States the following facts concerning our present suffering condition, and the neglect of our English rulers to provide a remedy for that misery created by their own misgovernment.

"1. That more than two hundred thousand of the population on the western coast of Ireland are at the present moment in a condition of destitution, in which they are only preserved from death by starvation by grants of Indian meal provided by the Dublin Mansion House Fund and other charitable organizations.

"2. That although the English Government in Ireland were many months ago warned of the imminence of this calamity by the Archbishop and Bishops of the Western Province, and have been repeatedly urged in Parliament by the representatives of Ireland to come to the starving people's assistance, the only measure of relief they have proposed is one by which one-fourth of the total costs of the relief works must be paid by the boards of guardians of the distressed districts, the great majority of whose ratepayers are themselves in a condition bordering on starvation, and are already obliged to pay at the rate of £100 a week in outdoor relief to their famishing neighbors.

"3. That every attempt to awaken the English Government in Ireland to a sense of their duty has been met by insults to the suffering people, and attacks upon the charitable organization by which alone thousands of deaths by famine have hitherto been averted, and by renewed coercion for the purpose of enabling the landlords to wring from their starving serfs the charitable funds subscribed for their relief and the remittances of their relatives in the United States.

"4. That the chronic destitution of the West of Ireland is not a consequence of the natural infertility of the soil or of over population, but is the direct result of the system of consolidation of holdings, by which, in this County of Mayo alone, in the famine clearances of the early part of the present generation, 400,000 acres of fertile lands were swept bare of their whole population, and handed over to a few score of foreign graziers, while the remnants of the evicted population who did not perish of famine or had no means of emigration were huddled together upon miserable patches of bog and mountain which were never intended by nature to raise food for human subsistence.

"5. That although the Congress Districts Board, nominated by the Government for the improvement of these districts, have, by a unanimous resolution, declared that the only genuine remedy for these recurring famines in the West is the compulsory purchase of these vast grazing tracts and their redistribution among the disinherited people, the Government have steadily refused to give effect to the demand of their own board, and have this winter met the agitation in Mayo for the enforcement of the Congress districts Board's remedy by quar-

tering an extra force of armed policemen upon the starving people, and suppressing with an armed hand the right of public meeting.

"That under these circumstances, our poverty and misery cannot be attributed to any Providential design or to any fault of our own, but must be laid at the door of the alien rulers of Ireland who, instead of contributing anything towards the relief of Irish poverty, are now incontestably proved, by the admission of their own Treasury experts, to be exacting an overplus of at least £2,750,000 per annum from this unfortunate country in excessive taxation.

"In consideration of all which we as a last resource invoke the intervention of the President and Congress of the United States in the name of that Ireland whose Parliament voted their sympathies to the authors of the Declaration of Independence in the very crisis of their struggle for liberty, and whose sons have freely given their energies and their blood to the building up of your great Republic, to aid us in putting an end to that blighting foreign rule which



A LONE WIDOW REFUSED RELIEF.

within living memory has deprived Ireland of five millions of her children by famine, emigration and eviction, and has kept her the reproach of the civilized world; and we respectfully entreat the Government of your great country, before entertaining any question of the alliance which England professes herself so eager to contract with your Republic, to consent to no terms which will not include the abandonment of the present hateful system of misgovernment and organized famine in Ireland, and the establishment of that national self government which the people of Scotland, Wales and the North of England have by their votes acknowledged to be inevitable, and which the insolence of the aristocrats, landlords and Jingoes of England alone persists in withholding, to the misery, spoliation and depopulation of our country."

CENSORSHIP OF THE PRESS.

An American Catholic Journal of Opinion That It is Much Needed at Present.

The Outrageous Attempts of Non-Catholic Newspapers to Spread Religious Prejudice—A Timely Rebuke to Over-Generous Catholics.

We are proud, and justly so, because the press in America has full liberty. At the same time we regret that it frequently mistakes license for liberty, and in consequence a censorship of the press is very much needed just now. In the haste to obtain news the truth is sacrificed, and in place of aiding in the prosecution of the war, the press is giving aid to the enemy by chronicling the movements of our army and navy.

In addition to this injury the press is systematically engaged in the infamous effort to persuade the American people that this is a religious war. This effort is so outrageous that no language can be found strong enough to express the enormity of the crime of those engaged in it. An editorial denouncing the Church and Catholics would bring upon the writer the condemnation of every lover of truth, but it is ten times worse to give publicity to despatches that bear the lie on their face, and which are designed to show that the question of religion enters into the war with Spain.

The war has been in progress but a very short time, and yet the press has succeeded in publishing quite a number of anti-Catholic items, which every intelligent man knew at the time to be false.

When the Holy Father labored so hard, but so unsuccessfully, for peace, simply in the interest of humanity, he was held up as the special friend of Spain and the enemy of America. Again, after the glorious victory at Manila, we were told that he was prosecuted because the Spanish navy was de-

feated. Then we were informed that the monks and Sisters of Manila tried to deceive Admiral Dewey and induce him to place his vessels so they could be easily destroyed by mines. The absurdity of this statement should have deterred even the editors of yellow journals from publishing it. How could the monks and Sisters know the location of submarine mines? How many people in Washington know anything about the mines in the Potomac? These anti-Catholic lies are seldom, if ever, corrected. A few weeks since the announcement was made in nearly all the dailies that the Archbishops had prepared a letter relative to the war to be read on a certain Sunday in every church. Had this announcement alone been made there would have been some excuse for the blunder. When the announcement was followed by the text of a letter which they were said to have written, we have positive proof of a design to misrepresent the hierarchy.

It is not uncommon to hear Catholics speak of the generosity of the secular press because it publishes news of Catholic celebrations, Catholic fairs, and Catholic societies, as though the crime of misrepresentation could be wiped out by printing local Catholic news. The press will publish anything that is or appears to be news, whether it relates to God or the devil. It will publish items that are shocking to the taste of a refined reader by the side of the notice of some solemn celebration. However, we notice that while but little space is given to a sermon by a Catholic priest, and a few lines to Catholic notes, the secular newspapers do not week after week print Catholic sermons in full or give pages from a Sunday school catechism. This favor is reserved for Protestants.

This is surely no time to create a false impression regarding the war. We must in the interest of humanity, as well as for our own reputation, end the

war speedily. It was waged to save the poor reconcentrados from starvation, and our object will be defeated unless we soon send an army to Cuba, and save those that are still living from starvation. At present no tongue can describe the misery the Cubans are suffering, and each day their sufferings increase. What is needed is a sharp, decisive campaign that will place our flag over Havana, and make it possible to organize a stable government in Cuba. Give the army a chance, and it will soon end the war. In the meantime something should be done to protect the public from the falsehoods so industriously circulated by the press.—Church News.

It is one of the misfortunes of our age that we have so little leisure. The haste of life brings many disadvantages; it hinders thoroughness of work, it destroys largely our reverence for life, since we hardly cherish much respect for what we do hurriedly. The result is that the world is full of hasty judgments; men are driven to decide almost before they have had leisure to deliberate. The spirit of this haste is infectious; people ask for rapid conclusions; they become impatient of a wise hesitation. The demand brings the supply. On all sides dogmatic utterances are heard; a swift survey is made. A few facts are gathered; an immature conclusion is reached and immediately announced; oracle succeeds oracle, contradicting or confirming; those who counsel deliberation are elbowed out of the way.

I submit that duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence; it is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.—W. E. Gladstone.

An American journal says: Prince Bismarck laughs at the thin platitudes of Joe Chamberlain about the Anglo-Saxon myth. Why, says the Prince, America is not Anglo-Saxon, but a composite nation made of English, Irish, German, French, Spanish, Scandinavian, Bohemian, Polish, Italian, etc., stock.

AT REST IN WESTMINSTER.

The Funeral of England's Grand Old Man.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor's Pen Picture of the Last Tribute to the Prince of Statesmen.

The body of England's greatest man, William E. Gladstone, was to day laid in the Valhalla of his race, says Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in a special despatch from London to the New York Herald on Saturday last. Military pomp and the outward trappings of pageantry were absent, but the ceremony was glorified by the homage of his greatest surviving contemporaries and by the sentiment of universal reverence expressed in the outspoken gratitude of a free people. Whatever meagreness in grandeur there was during the lying-in-state,

frequently bestowed upon political supporters whom the Government find it impossible to otherwise reward.

The Irishmen had resolved to walk by themselves, so as to distinguish their group from the rest. Mr. Dillon was to give them the signal, and just as the other members were leaving the House he rose from his place, and the Irish members followed his lead.

The procession slowly wended its way to Westminster Hall, where the coffin lay, still giving that impression of smallness, remoteness and loneliness in the vast hall. There was a look for a second as the members passed the coffin, but no pause, and slowly but regularly the procession passed on until it got into open air again.

Then the great majority of the members put on their hats, but some of the Irishmen, especially those who walked in the first four with Mr. Dillon, that is, Blake, Swift, McNeill and myself, kept uncovered throughout as more in accord with the sense of pathos and the solemnity of the occasion. Some few of the English members did the same thing.

The crowd pressed close to see the procession as it passed, but whatever he felt, the Londoner held his tongue. The same impressive, solemn, unbroken silence continued as the procession wound its way onward. The ceremony in the case of the House of Lords was practically the same. The Lord Chancellor, who is the Speaker of that assembly, unlike the Speaker of the Commons, was not in full dress. He wore his great wig, and the Sergeant-at-Arms carried the brazen mace, the emblem of royal authority, and there was the usual retinue of purebearer and trainbearer and other officials that form his little court.

Noted Men in the Throng.

The attendance of peers was on as great a scale as that of the Commons. This was wonderful testimony to the universality of grief over Mr. Gladstone's death, as he was not a favorite with that body, and his very last speech in the House of Commons was delivered in opposition to their claims.

The pall-bearers who walked on each side of the coffin were perhaps the personages who attracted the most attention during the day.

The sight of the Prince of Wales and his son, and heir doing honor to the leader of the great popular liberal forces was sufficient to excite comment and curiosity, but in addition, the leaders of the Tory party in both houses of Parliament were joined in the same homage.

Lord Salisbury was a picturesque figure in his way. Massive in height, still more massive in weight and heavily stooped, he added to the impressiveness of his massiveness and to the curiousness of his appearance by wearing a small black velvet skull cap.

Arthur Balfour, just as thin as his uncle is stout, bore on his face the mark of the somewhat painful return he recently had of the universal plague through which he had passed last year.

Sir Harcourt is also a massive figure, some 6 feet 4 inches tall and built on gigantic proportions.

Finally came Mr. Armistead, the faithful friend who looked after the comfort of Mr. Gladstone for many years and his companion in nearly all his travels. He is a gigantic man with a long white beard, with the mien and bearing of a viking of old.

Relief in Bits of Colors.

A country with such a vast system of class distinction and old institutions as England cannot be without picturesque and difference in color on even so studiously simple an occasion as this. Several times the eye was caught by the sight of a beautiful patch of color; chair boys dressed in scarlet tunics; gorgeous footmen with powdered hair and other indications of this land of opulence, magnificence and caste. But the prevalent color was sombre.

The Abbey was filled in most parts, though there was no overcrowding, and there was something almost oppressive in those tremendous rows of women all dressed in the same deep universal black—black gowns, black jackets, black hats, black feathers, black gloves. There was something almost like relief in the white surplises of the ecclesiastics.

Through the dimly lighted nave the different processions took their slow, solemn way.

In due order the two houses of Parliament faced each other in the galleries erected for the occasion, and in the space left between them was the open grave in the floor of the Abbey, waiting to receive its illustrious occupant. There was something that resembled a great theatrical performance in this arrangement of the two houses, and the spectators in their long tiers of galleries around the grave.

But the sombreness of colors, the dim light that came in through the windows and the hosts of ecclesiastics soon banished this idea, and the whole ceremony was solemn, beautiful.

In the centre of each gallery was a presiding officer with the mace beside him. Each speaker seemed to be a sort of core to the gallery, its central, most prominent figure.

Scene from the Gallery.

Down below one caught a sight of the pallbearers as they stood around the small and simple coffin.

Looking a little closer, you saw a number of people that you began slowly to recognize as members of the bereaved family. There was a thrill and a hush, though no spoken exclamation as the devoted wife walked to her place leaning on the arms of her two sons—one Stephen, the rector of his ancestral home, Hawarden; the other, Henry, an East Indian merchant. Behind them came Herbert Gladstone, the only son who has adopted a political career, and in his charge were a number of young people, boys and girls, who looked sweet and touching in their mourning, and with their innocent interest in all that was going on.

The choir of Westminster Abbey is fine at any time, but for this occasion special preparations had been made and there was a recruiting of the best voices from several other voices of the metropolis. The result was to win general praise for the beauty, harmony and perfection of the music.

The selection of hymns for the occasion was according to the tastes of the Grand Old Man himself. It is known

that Newman's hymn, "Praise the Holiest in the Height" was his favorite, and this hymn found a prominent place in the music of the day.

"Book of Ages" was also one of Gladstone's favorites, so much so that he made a Latin translation of it, which was printed in the programme beside the English words.

The musical selections were typical of all such ceremonies, that is to say, there was a mixture of inevitable sadness, death and parting and the joy founded on hopes of a blessed immortality.

Beauty in the Music.

At one time the music fell to a low, solemn, tender whisper, then again you heard the trombones resound through the vast building, giving a sense of joy and exaltation, of final victory over death and corruption, that had a most thrilling and at the same time a most startling effect upon the imagination.

There was no sermon. It would have been too small in the great proportions of the ceremony and surroundings. The great epistle of Paul with its final psalm of victory over death was read, but the voice of the reader was partially lost in the vast space, and those always impressive words sounded almost weak and intrusive. When the lesson had been read and the last hymn, "Oh God, Our Help in Ages Past," had been sung, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in his loud, almost harsh voice, pronounced the final benediction.

Then came one of the saddest moments of the day. The widow was supported to the edge of the grave, and there took a last long look and was then conducted away, still leaning on the arms of her two sons. The other relatives followed her, and then most of the members of the two houses of Parliament passed to the side of the grave and looked at the coffin, which lay deep down so to be covered from sight until another grave is built for the surviving partner of that beautiful household.

The "Dead March in Saul," the "Messe Solennelle" of Schubert, were played as the congregation slowly wended its way out. The crowds were there, and the sunshine and the already impatient throb of the great metropolis to resume its feverish hurried life, and so the great legislature in which Gladstone had reigned as a foremost figure for nearly sixty years paid its last farewell.

A LARGE PEACH CROP.

In the peach orchards of south western Georgia there is just now maturing one of the most magnificent crops of the fruit that has been known in the history of the state. The probability is that, barring accident, it will surpass any Georgia fruit crop heretofore known. The railroads have been figuring on arrangements for the transportation and distribution of this immense amount of peaches. The lowest estimate made is that it will require 1,400 cars to move it, while other estimates go all the way up to 2,000 cars, and many of the fruit-growers and railroad men believe the latter figure is nearer correct.—Savannah News.

The only reason why the names of some of the converts that join the Catholic Church are printed, is to encourage other persons—persecuted but hesitating for lack of human sympathy—to seek admission. The Church receives too many converts to "crow" the reception of any one, and it has too little respect for temporary distinctions to think more of one soul than of another on account of the accidents of race or rank.—Catholic Columbian.



The Story Teller.

In eastern counties, writers, they have professional story-tellers. It is their art to interest their listeners with tales of love, and marvelous adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, and magic cures. There is a story of a wonderful medicine that has made thousands of cures that seemed almost magical, which every woman should read or hear. To have heard it or to read it, may save a woman her own life or that of her husband. The medicine is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes the appetite hearty, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich, the nerves steady, the brain clear and the body strong. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 95 per cent. of all cases of consumption and diseases of the air-passages. It cures nervous diseases and is the best medicine for overworked men and women. A woman may save her husband's life by keeping a bottle in the house, and getting him to resort to it when he feels out-of-sorts. All men are heedless about their health. Medicines stores sell it. Doctor Pierce's Repetition is world-wide, and his fellow townsmen of Buffalo, N. Y., think so highly of him that they made him their representative in Congress, but his great love for his profession caused him to resign that honorable position that he might devote the remainder of his life to the relief and cure of the sick.

Another good thing to have in the house is a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They cure biliousness and constipation and never gripe.

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