

# DR. BRANDT'S MALTED FOOD

Is a **PURE UNMEDICATED CEREAL PREPARATION**—immensely superior to Arrowroot or Cornflour, and is specially prepared and adapted for **INVALIDS** and those of **Weak Digestion**. The prominent features of this **MALTED FOOD** are its **Strength-giving Qualities**. It is highly nutritious, and is Easily Digested by the most delicate Infants and Invalids. Put up in 1 lb. tins, net weight, and can be obtained from most of the leading Chemists and Grocers at 1/- per tin.

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Guardians was to get her into the workhouse. The chairman said the Court could only make an order prohibiting the place from being used as a human habitation unless put into a state of repair. Should the defendant fail to comply, it would then be for the sanitary authority to proceed against her for the penalty.

**Kilkenny.**—**PROPOSED AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.**—An important meeting has been held in the Town Hall, Kilkenny, in furtherance of a proposed local agricultural society. The meeting was most representative and influential. A letter approving of the proposed society was read from the Right Rev Mgr Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory. In the course of his letter, after referring to the advantage of such a society, his lordship said: "The sooner we make up our minds that the prosperity of Ireland can no longer be secured by the mere products of the soil or by numerous flocks and herds the better, and hence every one who has the welfare of our country at heart should do what lies in them to revive the industries and crafts which made the Ireland of 100 years ago so prosperous. I consider that if the proposed show be well and skillfully managed, it would in a very few years result in reviving and giving vigour to many of our lost trades and industries, and thus diffusing wealth and the means of an honest and honourable livelihood throughout all classes of our people."

**Leitrim.**—**DISAPPEARANCE OF THE "MUMMERS."** The "mummers" made no appearance in Drumsoar this year on St Stephen's Day. The old and good customs are dying. Old residents often tell enthusiastically of the great fun and amusement created in times gone by, when McGeeosy, Linty, Patsy Val and other well-remembered characters used to take part in the performances which were kept up during the twelve days of Christmas.

**Longford.**—**A TERRIBLE DEATH.**—Patrick Cunningham, 86 years of age, Lettergullen, near Ballinamuck, met with a horrible death by burning on last Saturday night or Sunday morning. The only person living with him was his son John, who is an imbecile, but who was able to assist him in the tilling of a small patch of ground, and his is the only evidence obtained regarding the circumstances. From the rambling and incoherent statement he makes it would appear that he was awakened early on Sunday morning by the smell of smoke, which he found to proceed from the kitchen. He started up and saw that the kitchen was a mass of flames, and that his father's body was lying in the midst. Darting in, despite the suffocating smoke and scorching flames, he succeeded in carrying out the charred remains of his aged parent. Leaving them outside the house, he went to arouse the neighbours, who answered his call immediately. On arriving at the scene of the occurrence they found that they could render no assistance, the spirit had fled. The Coroner, Dr Gray, and a jury of thirteen held an inquest on the body, and a verdict that death was caused by burns occasioned by the accidental firing of the house was returned.

**Monaghan.**—The remains of William Miller, who lived near Monaghan and who had attained the age of 100 years, were interred in the family burying ground on January 8. Mr Miller, up to within a few days of his death, was in possession of all his faculties, and could relate many an interesting event of the stirring times.

**Roscommon.**—**WHITE GLOVES AGAIN.**—O'Connor Morris, County Court Judge, commenced the Quarter Sessions in Roscommon on January 7. The grand jury he discharged without having them sworn, as there was no criminal business. George James, Sub-Sheriff, gave Judge Morris white gloves. White gloves were also presented to him at the Boyle Quarter Sessions the week following.

**Sligo.**—**UNION OF SOGGARTH AND FLOCK.**—Right Rev Bishop Clancy, alluding to his reception and to a demonstration which showed the unity which existed between the priests and people of the country said: "Why should it not be so? For ages had not the priests and the people marched shoulder to shoulder together? Had they not gone through wars and pestilences, through persecutions and through blood side by side? And he could not think that in the end of this nineteenth century it was possible for them to be separated."

**THE MOTHER OF FIVE NUNS.**—We learn from an exchange of the death of Mrs Mary Ann, wife of D. A. O'Brien, of Woodburn, Ore., and mother of five nuns. The husband and four of her surviving six daughters, Sister Mary Rose, O.S.B., directress of Mount Angel Academy; Sister Alfred, of the Sisters of Charity, and druggist at St Vincent's Hospital, Portland; Sister Genevieve, O.S.B., teacher at the Sacred Heart School, Milwaukee Street, Portland;

and Lillian, the only child residing at home, were at her death bed. The two other daughters are Sister Margaret, O.S.B., teacher at the Grande Ronde reservation; and Sister Gertrude, of the Sisters of Charity, teacher at North Yakima, Washington. Mrs O'Brien was born in Touney, County Sligo, fifty-seven years ago. While a child, she moved with her parents to Australia, where she married D. A. O'Brien. In 1867, they moved to California. From there they went to Oregon, and settled at Woodburn in 1869, which was at that time a wilderness.

## GENERAL.

### A MIDNIGHT MASS IN THE PENAL DAYS OF ERIN.

The candles are lit in the lonely glen;  
The priest is vested, the clerk is there;  
A stone for an altar, the women and men  
Are gathering round in the midnight air.  
Gathering up from the spreading vale,  
Gathering down from the mountain pass;  
'Tis Christmas Eve, none must fail  
To tell their beads at the Midnight Mass.

Silently falls the drifting snow—  
Falls as the feet of angels light;  
Still through the thickening gloom they go—  
Go like spectres across the night,  
Stealthily, watchfully over the moor,  
Wary of tarn and deep morass,  
Till they stand by the soggarth's side secure,  
In the Glen of the Gorse at Midnight Mass.

Grouped together the young and old,  
Maiden, matron, sire and son;  
Grouped together the brave and bold,  
Banned in the valleys their fathers won.  
Kneel they there on the muffled sod,  
Sighful and tearful, alas! alas!  
Bending low in their prayer to God  
For succour and help at the Midnight Mass.

Slowly, solemnly tinkles the bell,  
Raises the priest the Host on high;  
Rises upward with surging swell  
A sorrowful people's prayerful cry—  
"Save us, O God! from the bloodhound's tooth,  
The bigot's wrath and the scaffold's doom;  
Keep us, O God! in the paths of truth  
In our woeful journey towards the tomb.

"Ruined altar and rifled fane,  
Scattered homestead and blighted hearth,  
Brethren banished, and kindred slain—  
These are our trials, Lord, on earth!  
O let our wail in Thy sight ascend,  
Poor and forlorn we turn to Thee!  
Turn to Thee as the sufferer's friend  
For pity, O Lord, in our misery!"

The rite is over, the Mass is said,  
The blessing is given, the chant is sung,  
The Litany told for the living and dead,  
And scattered again the old and the young.  
Timid and sad on their homeward way,  
Praying to God for a better day  
For themselves and their faith in the Midnight Mass

Ceases the white snow's silent fall,  
The sickly moon through a pile of clouds  
Shines on the glen where a fleecy pall  
Clasps the cold earth in a frozen shroud,  
Was that a shriek on the piercing wind?  
And that the glint of a steel cuirass!  
O God! the wolf is again in the fold,  
And the lamb is slain at the Midnight Mass!

Down in the glen of the Golden Gorse—  
His altar stone for a rigid bier—  
A saintly soggarth lies a corpse,  
His bosom pierced with a trooper's spear.  
But the angel who bears his soul away

COMPARE SIZE AND WEIGHT OF STICKS.  
Smoke T. R. Williams' JUNO. Smoke.