

W A I T A H U N A .

(From an occasional correspondent.)

THE cold, wet weather of the past two months has greatly retarded the crops. The prospects for the next harvest are not at all promising. This week the weather is very much improved, but cold winds are still prevailing.

An old resident, sixty-seven years of age, Mr. James Jenkins, was found dead in his hut last Monday morning. He lived alone and had no friends in the district. The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon.

A live weight guessing competition and a shooting gallery are to be added to the Agricultural Show programme this year. A few minor changes have also been made in the programme.

The opening of Miller's Flat Bazaar took place on last Friday night. The bazaar has been got up to assist in raising funds for the building of a church in Miller's Flat, a want much felt by residents in the district.

The annual breaking-up concert by the pupils of the Dominican Convent School, Lawrence, takes place next week and promises to be very successful.

"CROM-A-BOO."

(By MARGARET M. HALVEY, in *Catholic Home Journal*.)

How bravely it broke thro' the oak and the fern !
What echo it woke in the breast of the kern !
O ! sweet is the song that his native bard sang,
And sharp as the sword of Fitzgerald it rang.
Crom-a-boo ! Crom-a-boo !
A Fitzgerald is true !
By his faith and his land
A Fitzgerald will stand ;
Let their enemies rue !
Crom-a-boo ! Crom-a-boo !

How softly it rang in a fair Colleen's ear,
When the Lord of Kildare as a lover drew near ;
From castle to cot he hath stooped for his bride,
And where his heart calls will Fitzgerald abide.
Crom-a-boo ! Crom-a-boo !
A Fitzgerald is true !
His sword and his life,
Guard his fair Irish wife ;
'Tis a chief come to woo !
Crom-a-boo ! Crom-a-boo !

O ! to live when it sounded in love and in war,
To friend and to foeman anear and afar ;
Bidding hero to quicken and coward to quail,
'Neath frieze of vassal and steel of the Pale.

Crom-a-boo ! Crom-a-boo !
A Fitzgerald is true !
Hist ! the fierce eagle call,
Waking the hamlet and hall !
Hark, the homing dove's coo !
Crom-a-boo ! Crom-a-boo !

"Crom-a-boo," from the name of their Castle of Crom, was the war-cry of one branch of the famous Geraldine family, celebrated in Irish song and story. Coming to Ireland in the train of the Conqueror, they became, by association and intermarriage, to be known as "truly Irish of the Irish," for many centuries clinging to the old faith, and for fully five hundred years the foremost figures in Anglo-Irish history.

Lord Thomas, the sixth Earl of the Geraldine line, relinquished land and titles rather than part with his peasant wife, the beautiful Catherine McCormick, whom his kindred and clansmen refused to acknowledge. With her he emigrated to France, where he died in 1420.

THE "UNFORTUNATE" YOUNG MAN.

IT is quite probable that nine-tenths of those whose eyes meet these lines have at some time or other been accosted by that questionable member of society whose only excuse for the intrusion is that "he wants the price of a meal, and perhaps a bed, too. He says he is "unfortunate," and can't obtain any work. He is generally an impostor, and the deserving cases are so far between as to defy discrimination.

The unfortunates are, alas ! not confined to able-bodied beggars, but may be found in all stations and pursuits of life. Who, indeed, may justly be considered more deserving of pity the young athlete who, 12 months ago, when in the zenith of his fame as Victoria's largest scratch crack of the cycle track, came to grief on the grounds of the Scotch College, Melbourne ? We refer to Dave Kirk, of 471 Elizabeth street North, a popular young fellow with all lovers of the wheel. When training, the tire of his leader broke, and he was thrown [with frightful violence to the ground. The force of the impact was so great that not a limb or member of the unfortunate cyclist's frame escaped serious injury, and he who was but a minute earlier flying round the grounds in full possession of health and vigor, had to be removed to the Melbourne Hospital more dead than alive, and quite unconscious from shock and hemorrhage. All the resources that that fully-replenished hospital could command were brought into play for the relief of the patient, but the grave looks of the surgeons in attendance plainly indicated that they entertained but slight hopes of the young man's ultimate recovery. An eminent

member of the profession expressed it as his opinion that Kirk would never again rise from his sick-bed. For seven trying months of pain and suffering poor Dave lay 'twixt life and death—unable to stir hand or foot, unable even to move, a victim of spinal disease, pleurisy, dysentery, complete paralysis of the body, and last, but by no means least, locomotor ataxia, a terrible complaint which utterly prostrates the human frame and destroys the power of the will ; so much so that the common functions of nature are performed by a power extraneous to the will. An idea of the dreadful injuries sustained by the patient may be gathered from the following details gleaned from Kirk by our representative. His left heel had to be removed, and 32 stitches were inserted in that part of his foot, 18 being placed in his right leg. The kneecap was smashed, and had to be lifted. Altogether, seven surgeons had to do with the sufferer, who was reduced to a very weak and comatose state after nine operations had been performed on him. Mortification set in in parts of the lower limbs, and artificial means had to be employed to draw off the urine. The system was washed internally four times every day with water and carbolic acid, the stomach being cleaned out by means of a tube. Injections were also largely employed. This was a most singular case, and one which must have afforded ample play for the physicians' skill and experiment, yet it remained for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to effect a radical and complete cure.

After seven months of bed-ridden existence in the Melbourne Hospital, Dave Kirk left that institution with faint hopes of ever being able to get about without the aid of crutches, and with all hopes vanished as to his being again able to enter the cycle arena, where prior to his accident, he had been a prominent form. In May last Kirk's friends, being impressed by the numerous and authentic cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills under all conditions, induced him to give them a trial as a last resource. We will give in his own words his account of the change resulting from their use. He says :—"Gradually the sense of numbness began to disappear, and the extremities acquired by degrees their wonted healthy glow and warmth. While under treatment in the hospital the sense of feeling entirely disappeared, so much so that when the surgeons would put a needle into any part of my body I was absolutely insensible to the fact. To be sure of the absence of the sense of touch, the doctors would conceal my vision, and then question me as to the part they were piercing ; but my answers clearly proved to them that I was absolutely bereft of all sensibility ! As a final test to my sense of feeling, I received a shock from a powerful galvanic battery—a shock so strong that the operator declared it to be half a volt more than had been given to anyone in the institution for 40 years—but I was unable to feel its effect. After a month's trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I was able to throw aside my crutches. But one of the most powerful effects of the pills was the restoration of functional health. Bowel troubles had been a terrible trial to me ever since the day I met with the accident. Regularity in this direction was perfectly set up, and I am now, after four months' taking of these pills, in the enjoyment of perfect health." It wanted no assurance of this, as those who had seen the subject of this narrative are not slow to express their surprise at the picture of health and almost completely resuscitated power of body and mind presented in the person of David Kirk.

A few days ago Dave gave a practical illustration of his restored vitality by pluckily capturing a young fellow (who had stolen one of his bicycles) of heavier build than himself, and after vanquishing him in a willing encounter lodged him in the lock-up. An account of the capture appeared in the *Argus* of 23rd September. He (Kirk) is able to trench his large garden, and walks daily two miles to and from his business place.

Extract from the Melbourne *Argus* :—"Every one has heard of Kirk, the crack racer. About a month ago he met with an accident whilst training, and has been in the Melbourne Hospital ever since. The medical authorities say that he will never ride again, as his spine has been so badly hurt that he will likely be paralysed for life."

Extract from the *Herald* :—"Dave Kirk, residing at the Coffee Palace, Victoria street, North Melbourne, sustained severe injuries this afternoon through falling from his bicycle while training on the track at the Scotch College ground. The tire of his bicycle burst, and Kirk was thrown violently to the ground. He was removed to the Melbourne Hospital."

The latter extract appeared in the *Herald* on the afternoon of the accident, October 9, 1896. The former appeared in the *Argus* about a month later, after the physicians and authorities had placed him under treatment, and discovered that his injuries had resulted in paralysis, spinal disease, and locomotor ataxia, and that he was entirely beyond their aid. His case was accordingly, by the physicians who examined him, pronounced incurable, and they told poor Kirk that he would never rise from his bed again.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or an impairment of the nervous system, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feelings therefrom. They are genuine only with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and are sold in boxes, encircling which is a blue warning label. The outside wrapper is of white paper, and is printed in red ink. Our repeated warnings may seem a trifle superfluous in the eyes of the reading public, but they were never more needed than now, and the frequency with which they appear is attributable to our desire to afford our customers every protection. Imitators are in every corner of Australasia, and many vendors are endeavoring to pass off a hurtful substitute, as it means a larger profit to them. The public would, therefore, do well to avoid them, for they would just as readily dispense impure drugs. Sold by chemists and storekeepers generally, or the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Wellington, N.Z., will forward, on receipt of stamps or post order, one box for 3s., or half-dozen for 15s. 9d. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.