

of Abbeyleix, and the blessing of a new organ, took place recently. The previous day the altar was dedicated by Bishop Foley to Our Lady of the Rosary. Three new altars have been completed, and they harmonise with the architecture of the church, which is Romanesque.

ROSCOMMON.—Coercion.—A regular coercion campaign seems to have been commenced at Drummin, near Elphin, in reference to an evicted farm 'taken, but not worked' by Constable Egan, of Templemore. A little boy named Michael McGrath, of Kilean, was recently summoned on a charge of injuring, at Cloonculiane School, a shawl belonging to a cousin of Egan. Bridget Costello, a mere child, was also summoned for assaulting the girl. Other school children, it is rumoured, are to be prosecuted for quitting the school where the Egan children attended.

SLIGO.—Gift of an Altar.—The new church at Kilmactigue, which was dedicated recently, has a handsome stained-glass window of three lights, containing a representation of the Crucifixion, with figures of the Blessed Virgin, St. John the Evangelist and Mary Magdalen, the gift of some of the clergy of the diocese. The marble altar was presented by Bishop McGoldrick, of Duluth, Minn., who is a native of the parish of Kilmactigue.

TYRONE.—Disastrous Floods.—Great floods have swept Clogher Valley and South Tyrone. The inundations have ruined the crops—principally potatoes and hay, and oats have been practically destroyed and rendered valueless. Several narrow escapes have been reported, and the rural post-men had much difficulty in getting to their destinations.

A New Church.—The foundation-stone of St. Patrick's Church, Gortin, was laid recently by Bishop O'Doherty of Derry. In the new building there will be seating accommodation for 300. The nave will terminate in the east side with octagonal apse. The transepts will be constructed to permit of side chapels. The principal entrance will be from the west front, approached by a broad flight of steps. To the north side will be placed a tower and belfry, with provision for a spire. Sandstone in random ashlar will be used, the groins, jambs, porches, etc., being in chiselled stone. The roof will be finished in pitch pine. The building will be in the early English Gothic style. The windows will be filled with tinted cathedral glass in leaded lights.

WEXFORD.—New Convent Premises.—The community of Loreto Convent, Wexford, have purchased the magnificent and spacious mansion known as Summerhill House, from Mr. John E. Barry, M.P. They will remove their convent and schools to the new premises in a short time, when some necessary alterations have been made.

Papal Honours.—The people of County Wexford, and indeed every patriotic Irishman, will be gratified to learn that his Holiness the Pope has been pleased at the recent consistory to confer the high honour upon Sir Thomas H. Grattan-Desmond, Bart., M.P., of appointing him chamberlain in his household. This is a fitting tribute to Sir Thomas Desmond, who so worthily represents one of the oldest Norman Catholic families in the country—a family that through the vicissitudes and persecutions of the 16th and 17th centuries, firmly adhered to the old faith, and gave to the Church some of the most distinguished ornaments in the sacred ministry. In the roll of Wexford martyr priests during that era of persecution, the name of Desmond frequently occurs. In the roll of Wexford's patriots it occurs too. Even so recently as '93 two brave members of this family sacrificed their lives fighting in the cause of the down-trodden and tortured peasantry of Kildare and Wexford. The late Sir Thomas Desmond, too, was chairman of the Catholic Association of Ireland. A great deal of the family possessions which were among the most extensive in the country were confiscated two centuries ago, because they belonged to 'Irish Papists,' but the Desmonds were the only Norman Catholics who succeeded in retaining even a portion of their estates, and at the same time remaining Catholics. This happened more through accident than otherwise.

A Record Train.—The longest stock train, and, in fact, the longest and heaviest train of any kind which ever left New Ross was that despatched to Dublin on the evening of a recent fair. It consisted of two engines, thirty-seven boxes of stock, and two vans. Of course it is usual for longer trains than that to pass along the main line, but not up such stiff gradients as that of Ballintubber.

GENERAL.

Disfranchisement.—In nearly every county in Ireland the Revision Courts found out that the short and easy way of disfranchising voters was for the landlord to abstain from paying his rates. On holdings under £4 yearly value, of which there is an enormous number, the rates are paid by the landlord.

The Irish 'Bull.'—There have been several attempts from time to time to trace the origin of the Irish 'bull.' According to a letter addressed to the *Daily Telegraph* we have to thank a certain Obadiah Bull, an Irish lawyer, who went to London and flourished in the reign of Henry VII., for the word. He had a strong brogue, and his entertaining blunders were circulated as 'another "Irish Bull."'

Death of a Patriot.—John Edmond Moyle Mohoney, a staunch Irish patriot, died in Liverpool recently, at the age of 43 years. He was a civil engineer and building surveyor by profession, and like many another gifted Irishman, he could get no encouragement in his own land, and was eventually driven to seek a livelihood in the land of the stranger. In the stirring days of the Land League agitation he took a prominent part in furthering the National cause, and suffered imprisonment as a 'suspect.' He had the distinction of making the acquaintance of the inside of four gaols—

Omagh, Enniskillen, Grangegorman, and Kilmainham. He was released from Kilmainham in May, 1862, simultaneously with Charles Stewart Parnell. When he entered Omagh Gaol it was a hotbed of typhoid fever, and while a prisoner he forced Chief Secretary Forster to remove the whole body of 'suspects,' numbering 90, to Enniskillen Prison, thereby saving their lives. His health suffered under the severe prison treatment, and it left a permanent mark on his naturally delicate constitution. He took an active part in forming branches of the Irish National League, and assisted in starting the Young Ireland Society in Dublin. In 1884, he, in conjunction with Patrick Cahill, of Wellington Quay, Dublin, inaugurated a movement for the bringing home of the remains of the late Dr. Cahill, and it was in a great measure due to his untiring exertions, both in Dublin and Cork, that the movement had such a successful termination.

FAIRLY WELL ISN'T WELL ENOUGH.

LET us say that your wages are twenty shillings a week. You have worked hard, done your best, and feel that you have earned your money. Very good. Now imagine that when Saturday night comes your employer hems and haws, and wants to put you off with fifteen. 'I'll be bound you won't think yourself hardly treated. What are the great strikes in this country commonly about? Why, in some fashion they are about wages or hours; it comes to the same thing. Be it understood that the writer uses this fact as an illustration of another fact—that is all. What is that other fact? We will work it out of the following personal statement.

'Nearly all my life,' says Mrs Sarah Dalby, 'I have been subject to attacks of biliousness, accompanied with sickness, but got on fairly well up to the early part of 1882. At this time I began to feel heavy, dull, and tired, with an all-gone, sinking sensation. My skin was sallow, and the whites of my eyes of a yellow tinge.'

As everybody knows, or ought to know, the colouring matter was bile. The liver being torpid, and, therefore, failing to remove the bile from the blood, it entered the skin, and showed itself on the surface. But the discolouration isn't the worst mischief done by the vagabond bile, containing many poisonous waste elements; it disorders the whole system and sets up troublesome and dangerous symptoms, some of which the lady names.

'I had a bad taste in the mouth,' she goes on to say; 'and, in the morning particularly, was often very sick, retching so violently that I dreaded to see the dawn of day.'

'My appetite was poor, and after eating I had pain at my chest and side. Frequently I couldn't bring myself to touch food at all; my stomach seemed to rebel at the very thought of it.'

[This was bad, but the stomach was right, nevertheless. More food would have made more pain, more indigested matter to ferment and turn sour, more of a load for the sleepy liver, more poison for the nerves, kidneys, and skin. And yet, *without the food*, how was she to live? It was like being ground between the upper and the nether millstones.]

'After this,' runs the letter, 'I had great pain and fluttering at the heart. Sometimes I would have fits of dizziness and go off into a faint, which left me quite prostrated. Then my nerves became so upset and excitable that I got no proper sleep at night, and on account of loss of strength I was obliged to lie in bed all day for days together. I went to one doctor after another, and attended at Bartholomew's and the University Hospitals, but was none the better for it all.'

'In September, 1883, my husband read in *Reynolds' Newspaper* about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got me a bottle of it. After taking it for three days I felt relieved. Encouraged and cheered by this I kept on taking the Syrup, and in a short time all the pain and distress abated, and I was well—better than I had ever been. That is ten years ago, and since then I have never ailed anything. With sincere thanks, I am, yours truly (Signed) Mrs. Sarah Dalby, 93, Tottenham Road, Kingsland, London, N., January 2nd, 1894.'

Now run your eye back to the first sentence of Mrs. Dalby's letter, and you will come upon these words, '*I got on fairly well*,' &c. This is the sad thought. Her life has always been at a discount; she has always got less than her due; she lost part of her health—wages. Do you take my meaning? Of course. Whatever may be our differences of opinion as to the rights of capital and the value of labour, it is certain that every human being is entitled to perfect health—without reduction, without drawback. All the more, as nobody else loses what one person thus gains. No, no. On the contrary, a perfectly healthy person is a benefit and a blessing to all who are brought into relations with him.

But do all have such health? God help us, no; very, very few. Why not? Ah, the answer is too big; I can't give it to-day. To the vast crowd who only get on 'fairly well' I tender my sympathy, and advise a trial of the remedy mentioned by Mrs. Dalby.

He that pleases nobody is not so much to be pitied as he whom nobody can please.

MYERS AND CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George street. They guarantee highest class work at moderate fees. Their artificial teeth give general satisfaction, and the fact of them supplying a temporary denture while the gums are healing does away with the inconvenience of being mouths without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillin's, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous-oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth. Read advertisement —.