

vast majority of the responsible citizens of Belfast to the Carsonite campaign. The only feeling amongst Belfast Home Rulers, Protestant and Catholic, is that the Home Rule Bill should be pushed through, and they are confident that nothing need be feared from any section of responsible Ulstermen as a result. The Protestant Home Rulers in Belfast know exactly what the situation is. They would be the first victims of the Carsonites. But they are no more afraid than are the Catholics. Their only fear is that any concession whatever may be made to the Carsonites, the object of whose bluffing is to levy blackmail on Irish Nationality. Their organ, the *Ulster Guardian*, says: 'We are alarmed lest the blackmail levied may not only weaken respect for law and order generally, but also impair the future success of Home Rule, and ruin the prospect of a united Ireland.'

A REMARKABLE CURE.

It is announced that Miss Grace Moloney, of Co. Clare, who was recently cured of a tubercular knee at Lourdes, has gone back to complete her studies at the Dominican Convent, Taylor's Hill, Galway. Our representative (says the *Universe*) has learned of the remarkable cure of a little crippled boy—the twelve-year-old son of James Barnes, a general labourer, living at 19 Sanderson street (off the Oldpark road), Belfast. From the information available it appears that the boy's mother, on reading of the Irish pilgrimage to Lourdes and its results, went to one of the nurses who had accompanied the pilgrims and procured from her—on Monday, September 22—a bottle of the water taken from the Grotto. This she applied nightly, and on the following Friday morning the boy caused a sensation by suddenly discarding his crutches and walking with apparent ease. The boy had been an invalid for five years, a blow on the knee developing into hip disease and rendering him powerless to move about without the aid of crutches. In relating to his father the story of his cure the boy said: 'I was sitting on the kerbstone watching the workman passing, when all of a sudden I thought I heard someone whisper to me to rise and walk. I just then jumped up and ran away, leaving my crutches behind me.' The incident was witnessed by a large number of people who were in the street at the time, and they all expressed amazement at such a marvellous occurrence. As a result of leaning on his crutches for five years young Barnes still stoops, but he has certainly recovered the use of his limbs.

THE CONFERENCE PROPOSALS.

Mr. W. A. Redmond, one of Ulster's Nationalist representatives in the Imperial Parliament, addressed a meeting of the East Tyrone Executive of the United Irish League in St. Patrick's Hall, Coalisland, on October 5. After returning thanks for a generous contribution, amounting to almost £300, to the Home Rule fund, he said it was gratifying to know that the citadel of East Tyrone, which they had held for Ireland despite all the attacks of Toryism, was now rendered impregnable. Dealing with the Loreburn suggestion, he said the Nationalists were never opposed to a conference that would in any way further the Irish cause. They were perfectly willing to go into a conference on one condition, that the Irish question must be settled by establishment of an Irish Parliament, with an Irish Executive. What has happened to weaken their cause within the last few months that they should go into a conference with their opponents, and not get credit for what they had achieved? If their opponents agreed to an Irish Parliament, they were willing to go into a conference, and there and then determine the Bill that would be acceptable. There was no need for fear, but if safeguards were wanting, they were willing to grant them in order that their Protestant fellow countrymen might take part with their Catholic neighbors in the conduct of an Irish Parliament.

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People We Hear About

At the age of 29 (says an exchange) the late Canon Sheehan began his literary career with some short stories. In the early nineties he wrote his first book, *Geoffrey Austin, Student*. This work made no deep impression at the time, although it showed a marked individuality and suggested latent power. In 1898 appeared *The Triumph of Failure*, a sequel to the first work. It showed a large advance in depth of thought, character drawing, dramatic fervor, and power of expression. Some fifteen years ago *My New Curate* began as an anonymous serial story in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. The work differed so greatly in scope and treatment from the first two named books that for some time no one suspected the identity of the author. Month by month its interest grew more absorbing; it was more and more widely quoted and praised in the press, and the certainty of its success in book form predicted: When *My New Curate* appeared in book form it became immediately a pronounced success. It had twenty editions in the United States. Dealers who never before had handled Catholic works were compelled to lay in a large stock in order to meet the demand. The secular press reviewed it in laudatory terms and Father Sheehan's fame was established in America. A welcome not less hearty met the book in Ireland and England, and on the continent of Europe it was also widely circulated. In a little more than two years nearly 30,000 copies were sold. In 1900 Canon Sheehan's poems were published under the title of *Cithara Mea*. *Luke Delmege* followed in book form shortly after. Within three months 10,000 copies were sold.

Chief Justice White, of the United States, like the Chief Justice of Canada, is a Catholic. In Washington Mrs. White is noted for the interest she takes in Church work and charities. With regard to the home life of the Chief Justice and Mrs. White, the *Catholic Record*, of London, Ontario, says:—An evening in their home reveals such dignity and humility, such elegance and simplicity, and withal such kindly hospitality, such gracious courtesy as is only to be found among the old aristocratic families of the South. Their attitude to their servants—all Irish Catholic girls—may be summed up in one word, kindness, while the deferential manner in which Jacob, the negro coachman, is addressed is a matter of favorable comment. The Judge possesses a keen sense of humor and is an accomplished storyteller. To listen to him, as he sits in reminiscent mood before the cheerful grate with his Irish terrier crouched at his feet, and recalls interesting personages and events met with in his eventful career, is a pleasure not soon to be forgotten. The Judge is above all a devout Catholic. His expression of reliance upon Divine Providence to not unworthily perform the duties of his new office as set forth in his letter of acceptance to the President, was not prompted by conventionality, but by a deep-seated conviction that he is the representative in the temporal order of the Supreme Judge whose grace and light he needs to labor perseveringly, to judge rightly. On Sunday morning the entire family walk to the parish church, a mile distant from their home. The carriage is never called into requisition on that day. We remember one exception, however. During Mass there came up a severe thunderstorm, and the conveyance arrived to take the family home. The Judge insisted upon an elderly lady, who lived in their neighborhood, taking his place in the carriage, and giving his umbrella to a young girl who he said was worrying because her new hat would be destroyed, remained himself at the church until Jacob's return. These little incidents serve to throw a side-light upon the personality of a man who, with his co-religionists, the late Lord Russell of Killowen and Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, has added lustre to the Judiciary of the chief English-speaking countries.

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