

order by May, next. The prime mover all through has been the Rev. John Cunningham and the clergy of the surrounding parishes, who acted as trustees and gave their practical sympathy and support.

WATERFORD—The Emigration Evil

At a meeting held in Lismore to establish a branch of the Irish Industrial Development Association, the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan delivered an address which was replete with sound, practical advice to those who wish to put a stop to the emigration evil. They would never keep the people at home, he said, until they made Ireland a country worth living in, and they would never make Ireland a country worth living in until they provided for every young man and every young woman in the country the means of earning an honest livelihood. His Lordship appealed to all classes for support of the Irish Industrial Movement, which was as universal as it was practical. It appealed to every man and every woman in the land. It appealed to rich and poor, Protestant and Catholic. Dr. Sheehan's remedy is the true antidote to emigration. It is useless advising hungry people to stay at home, as they believe they cannot be much worse off elsewhere. Support of existing industries and their extension, for which there is ample room, is the great cure for emigration.

WESTMEATH—A Sad Fatality

At Ballinghort, seven miles from Mullingar, on the night of November 19, a servant named Mary Anne Smith and two children, aged 4 and 6, daughters of Michael Kearney, farmer, were burnt to death. The servant took a lighted candle to put the children to bed, and falling asleep herself, the candle ignited the bed clothes.

GENERAL

Left for the West Indies

After having visited several parts of Ireland, the Most Rev. Dr. Flood, accompanied by three Irish Dominicans, sailed for Trinidad early in November.

Flour-milling

A circular issued by the Irish Flour Millers' Association gives information as to the different milling centres and a list of mills. It estimates the annual output of the Irish mills as seven million hundred-weights of flour, value £3,500,000, and three million hundred-weights of bran and pollard value £1,500,000, the total value of the output being five million sterling.

The Origin of 'Boycott'

The 'Westminster Gazette' draws attention to the fact that the word 'boycott' is just a quarter of a century old. Captain Boycott, in October, 1880, wrote his famous letter to the 'Times,' detailing his experiences in the West of Ireland, out of which the substantive 'boycotting' and the verb 'to boycott' entered the English language. According to Dr. Murray's dictionary, the first instances of the use of the word are taken from the 'Times' of November 19 and 20, 1880, and, as he shows, it very quickly passed into nearly every European language.

A Strong Indictment

In the course of a letter to the London 'Standard' Lord Dunraven, who is a strong opponent of Home Rule, writes: 'After over one hundred years the fact is undoubted that the union of Ireland with great Britain has not justified itself in the prosperity of Ireland. At the present day, while in every other part of the United Kingdom, as of the whole Empire, population is growing, in Ireland it is steadily falling. Since 1841 the population has diminished by nearly 50 per cent. Year by year the emigrant ships are taking away from Ireland the best of the population, both physically and mentally. Every year the cloud of mental gloom settles down upon the people of Ireland with deeper intensity. Since 1851 the ratio of lunatics and imbeciles has increased from one in 657 of the population to one in 178. Ireland's birth-rate is the lowest in the world, and pauperism is increasing. Ireland is steadily and persistently slipping back. According to their relative capacity to bear it, the burden of taxation falls far more heavily upon the people of Ireland than upon the people of any other portion of the United Kingdom, and, at the same time, Ireland contributes relatively more than any other portion to the Imperial Exchequer. Her administration is so wasteful as to leave only a small balance, as it is, and before long, if her downward career is not checked, she will become a burden, a pauper in receipt of out-door relief, for the amount of taxation derived from her will not cover her administrative expenses.'

People We Hear About

By the retirement of Sir William Butler (says the London 'Daily News') the British Army loses the services of one of the most honest and able soldiers of this generation—a soldier, too, who never became a mere professional parrot, but had the eye of the statesman and the point of view of the citizen to correct the military tendency of his training.

Sir Joseph Ward, Postmaster-General, leaves about the middle of next month for the Postal Conference, which opens at Rome on April 21. Every country in the Postal Union will be represented. The Minister will be accompanied by Lady Ward and daughter, Mr. W. Gray (Secretary to the Post Office), and Mr. B. M. Wilson (private secretary). They will return via America, arriving in the Colony about the middle of July.

Mr. Victor Daley, the popular and well known poet and journalist of Sydney, passed away the other day at the age of forty years. He had been in poor health for a considerable time. Mr. Daley was born in Ireland, but spent nearly the whole of his life in Australia, and was a writer by instinct. As a writer of verse he stands amongst the first flight of Australian composers, and his prose work was always interesting.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward, who is announced as the new editor of the 'Dublin Review,' is the son of a former editor, Dr. W. G. Ward, the proto-martyr of the Oxford Movement, being 'degraded' at the University sixty or seventy years ago for the beliefs that have since become commonly held among Anglicans. Mr. Wilfrid Ward, who has made a name as the biographer of Cardinal Wiseman, and has in hand the authorised Life of Cardinal Newman, has almost hereditary honors, and is a notable addition to that very select company, the editors of quarterlies.

Denmark has played an important part in filling the thrones of Europe in the last half-century, and the aged King Christian must feel proud of the way in which his descendants have acquitted themselves. He himself came to sovereignty in an unexpected fashion. He was the fourth son of the Duke of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, a sufficiently remote relationship to make high distinction very uncertain. But by a protocol the succession to the Danish throne was vested in him when he was thirty-four years old, and on the death of the King in 1863 he ascended the throne amid troublous events which threatened his security. However, he has lived through the storms, and now, at the age of eighty-seven, can regard his country's position with much satisfaction and hope.

Mr. Swift MacNeill, in a lecture on 'The Irish Parliament from Within,' delivered at Manchester, unearthed from the Irish Parliament debates the incredible story of a member for a rotten borough in the Irish House of Commons who actually forgot the name of his constituency. Mr. Thomas Sheridan, in a Reform debate in the Irish House of Commons, told the story of a friend of his, then a member of the Irish House of Commons, who wished to avail himself of the privilege offered to Irish members of admission to the English House of Commons to listen to the debates. The doorkeeper desired to know what place he represented. 'What place? Why, I am an Irish member.' 'Oh, dear, sir, we are obliged to be very particular, for a few days ago Barrington, the pickpocket, passed as an Irish member.' 'Why then, upon my soul, I forget the borough I represent; but if you will get me "Watson's Almanack" I will show it to you.'

Viscount Massereene is descended from John Foster, Lord Oriel, last Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, of whom he has unique memorials. It fell to him to put the motion for the dissolution of the Parliament, and he was almost overpowered with emotion. As many as are of opinion that this Bill do pass say "Aye," the contrary say "No." The affirmative was indisputable. A momentary pause ensued. His lips seemed to decline their office. At length, with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed with a subdued voice, 'The Ayes have it.' The fatal sentence was now pronounced—for an instant he stood statue-like, then indignantly, and with disgust, flung the Bill upon the table, and sank into his chair with an exhausted spirit. But he did not surrender his insignia of office. When the mace was demanded of him, 'No,' he said, 'until the body that entrusted it to my keeping demand it, I will preserve it for them.' And he took it home to Antrim Castle. With it went the Speaker's chair, and there they have ever since been kept.

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