

medal has been won by an Irishman, Colonel Milner, with a magnificent score of 98 out of a possible 100. Another Irishman, Mr. K. Casey, from the United States, won the silver medal with 95, and an Irishman tied with a Scotchman for third place with 92. Of the first six competitors who headed the list four were Irishmen.

### Good Payers

There is no topic (says the *Catholic Times*) so lovingly dilated on not only by the Parliamentary representatives of the Belfast Orangemen, whose prejudices against their countrymen are ineradicable, but by the British Unionists who know nothing whatever about Ireland than the unwillingness of the Irish farmers to meet their financial obligations. The gentlemen who entertain this distrust of such a large proportion of the Irish people are never anxious to submit their assertions to tests. They prefer the creations of lively imaginations to sober facts. But facts are stubborn and cannot be disposed of by fancy's arts. Some few of them to which Mr. William O'Brien calls attention in a letter that he has addressed to the *Daily News* prove that so far from being untrustworthy or dishonest the Irish farmer may be confidently counted on to pay what he owes. Of £1,448,991 collectable in annuities under all the Irish Purchase Acts, the arrears on the 1st of July did not exceed £9132, and at the same date not more than 1013 out of 116,992 payers of annuity were backward in their payments. Mr. O'Brien points out that the figures are even more gratifying as to the Wyndham Act of 1903 than as to the previous Ashbourne and Balfour Acts, the success of which was so notable. Of the 44,773 annuitants under the Wyndham Act only 305 were in arrear on July 1, and the sum total of their indebtedness was only £2312 out of £561,858. Surely an unimpeachable testimony to the Irish farmer's sense of honor and duty.

### Bound to the Unionist Chariot

Mr. Lindsay Crawford, Past Grand Master, speaking at a monster meeting of Orangemen in Birkenhead on July 13, said:—For the first 50 years of its existence the Orange Institution, as he had pointed out, was not a Unionist organisation, and every Orangeman was as free to reject the doctrine of Unionism as he was to oppose Free Trade or vivisection. Not only was that so, but in its early stages—when the first principles of Orangism were better understood—the Orangemen were opposed to the Act of Union, and in favor of the Constitution of 1782—the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland. The formal recognition of Unionism in 1849 was, as he (Mr. Crawford) would show, a crafty device to bind the unthinking Orangeman by a solemn vow, whose true import he did not fully grasp, to vote on all occasions for the Unionist party. That was Orangism in the twentieth century. Its members were not free-agents, and they had presented to them the spectacle of a body of men on whose banners were emblazoned the watchwords of Protestants, bound themselves hand and foot to the Unionist chariot, and led to the poll like dumb-driven cattle. Not so their forefathers: They, too, labored under the disability of Grand Lodge government, but, like the Independents, they allowed no squeamish consideration for order and discipline to stand between them and their consciences. In 1800, when the arch-traitor Castlereagh had succeeded in bribing the Grand Lodge to issue an appeal to the Orangemen not to take any part in opposing the Act of Union, on the ground that the Institution had nothing to do with such political matters, the Orangemen saw in this plea an attempt to deprive them of their rights as Irishmen and citizens, and refused to be bound by such paltry considerations. Lodge after lodge all over the country published resolutions denouncing the Act of Union.

### Migratory Laborers

From the evidence obtained from various sources it appears that the number of migratory laborers from Ireland to England and Scotland in 1907 was about 1000 less than that of the preceding year, and may be estimated at approximately 24,000.

MYERS & CO., Dentists, Octagon, corner of George Street. They guarantee the highest class of 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 months without teeth. They manufacture a single artificial tooth for Ten Shillings, and sets equally moderate. The administration of nitrous oxide gas is also a great boon to those needing the extraction of a tooth...

## People We Hear About

Lord Charles Beresford, whose actions recently were much criticised by Parliament and the press, says: 'I am now sixty-two years old, and since I have entirely given up wine, spirits, and beer I find I can do as much work, or more, physically and mentally, than I could do when I was thirty. I am always well, always cheery, laugh at the downs of life equally with the ups, and always feel fit and in condition. If only some of the young men would try going without liquor for three months, I do not believe they would think liquor at all necessary again.'

Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., who entertained Mr. Kidston, Premier of Queensland, on his visit to Belfast last week, began his political career at a particularly early age. He was only thirteen or fourteen years of age when he astonished Mr. Sexton, as chairman of a meeting of the Sexton Debating Society in West Belfast, with the ability and capacity for public speaking he displayed when he welcomed him to that juvenile assembly. Since then he has developed marvellously as a public man. He is, above all things, a great organiser, and his tact and judgment are remarkable in so young a man. Not only has he helped to defeat the Tory Party of Belfast, but he has become the representative of the constituency in which he was born, and the one above all others in Ireland which he would like to be able to speak for in the House of Commons. To add to his triumph, he was returned unopposed for North Kilkenny.

Since his marriage four years ago we have not heard quite so many stories concerning the shabbiness of the clothes often worn by the Duke of Norfolk. Prior to his marriage, however, someone said he was the worst-dressed man in London. This was probably an exaggeration, although his Grace's disregard for dress has placed him in one or two embarrassing situations. A lady once accosted him in Rome with the question, 'You are one of Cook's men, aren't you? Please help me with my luggage,' while on another occasion a butcher's boy at Arundel, not recognising the Duke, shouted, 'Hi, mister, give us a hand with this bicycle.' Another story comes from Portsmouth to the effect that the Duke went to a shop to order something where the shopkeeper, having advertised for an assistant, had been sending away applicants all morning. 'Too late, my man,' he said to the Duke, as the latter entered the door; 'the post is filled.'

As resolute a fighter as ever drew breath, the late Sir Redvers Buller was a soldier whom Tommy Atkins loved. Stern but just, he would not use fifteen words when ten would suffice. One war correspondent described him as 'a silent, saturnine, bloodthirsty man'; but he was chagrined because Sir Redvers would not talk—a characteristic naturally regarded as little less than a crime by members of the press. Sir Redvers's conception of duty may be gathered from what was, perhaps, the most sensational incident of his career—namely, the death of the Prince Imperial, in 1879. The Prince was attached to the division of which Sir Redvers had command, and when the late Captain Carry, who was with the Prince at the time of his death, arrived in camp and told the story of how the Prince had been killed by the Zulus, the General made no comment until the finish, and then, in quiet but incisive tones, remarked, 'And why are you alive, Captain Carry?'

One of the most prominent characteristics of Sir Robert Hart, who has retired after 54 years' administrative work in China, is his extreme punctuality. He has always lived by the clock, for he says that was the only way in which he could get through his work. To his guests he would say: 'Your early tea will be brought to you when you ring. Please ring once only, holding the button pressed while you count three. Then, will it be convenient to you to tiffin at 12 sharp? If not, I will tiffin myself at 12, and order for you at any time you like. I ride from 3 to 5; there is always a mount for you if you wish it. Dinner at 7.30 sharp, and I must ask you to always excuse me at 11.' Needless to say, everything in his office went like clockwork. At 10 a.m. a line was drawn across the books, and late-coming clerks had to sign their names below, while at 4 p.m. the books were again opened and every clerk had to sign again. No chance of slipping away before the proper time. For 30 years, it is interesting to notice, Sir Robert drank his tea sitting in the same big dining-room chair, which was always covered with a rug so that no one else should use it.