

house lions have been sent forth to all parts of Europe, and even Australia, North America, and India. As many as 217 lion cubs have been born in the old house, and close upon £5000 have been realised by the sale of them during the last 45 years the net annual profit arising from this industry has been about £110. One lioness, which had lived for 16 years in the old house, had contributed as much as £1400 to the society's funds during her long and useful career.

#### LIMERICK.—Obituary.

The death occurred early in June at Limerick of Father Jeremiah J. O'Grady, a native of Kilmallock, who, after studying at Maynooth, became Professor of the Diocesan College, Limerick, and afterwards pastor of Stonehall. Failing health caused him to relinquish his pastorate to become chaplain to the Christian Brothers.

#### WESTMEATH.

The Athlone Woollen Mills have inaugurated a scheme of old age pensions for the benefit of the workers of the company, by which those who join the scheme—and it is quite optional—by paying 6d per week for each 10s of their wages, will receive the same amount from the firm, who in addition will allow three per cent per annum, at compound interest on both sums, computed from the end of each year in which the contributions are made. A worker, on reaching the age of 65, will be entitled to receive the full amount standing to his or her credit, either in weekly sums or in the purchase of a business, or in the purchase of an annuity. The same terms will hold good in the case of a contributor who may have become incapacitated from work and retire from the service of the firm. In case of death the sum standing to the credit of the deceased will be handed over to the legal representative.

#### WEXFORD.—Death of a Priest.

On June 7 a quiet funeral took place at the ancient parish church of St. Nicholas, Clonmines, County Wexford. A holy and learned priest of the diocese of Ferns, Rev. John Allen, D.D., was interred, at his own request, in the old churchyard, where as a boy he played, and around which many happy memories of his family are encircled. Dr. Allen (says the 'Freeman's Journal') was educated at St. Peter's College, Wexford, where he was ordained in 1874, and was for some years a professor. Fired with the Celtic zeal for missionary work, he relinquished his professorship and went out with his fellow-countryman, Right Rev. Dr. Rickards, Vicar Apostolic of South-Eastern Africa, as a laborer in that far-off field. Even when working in South Africa he did not neglect his literary work, and found time to publish an excellent translation of Humbolt's sermons, which ultimately extended to 10 volumes. Returning seven years ago to his native diocese of Ferns, he was given the quiet country curacy of St. Leonard's, Foulksmill, the former site of a Carmelite friary, and there he labored till a few months ago, when his resignation was unwillingly accepted by the Bishop. A master of classical and modern languages, he lived and died comparatively unknown.

#### GENERAL.

##### Council Elections.

The County Council elections (says a Dublin paper) have resulted on the whole in a strengthening of the National position. Here and there a few regrettable reverses have to be chronicled, but in the mass the results are all right. Mr. Murnaghan, M.P., was defeated in Tyrone, and in the West one or two United League candidates suffered defeat. But it is as well that it should be known that if League candidates in

Connaught have come to grief the disaster is largely attributed to non-political reasons. In Ballycastle, County Antrim, a Catholic councillor is returned for the first time by Protestant votes solely because he favored compulsory sale—a triumph for T. W. Russell, which may well make the landlords of Ulster shake in their shoes.

#### A Combine.

The Irish tobacco manufacturers who are outside both the American and Imperial combines have formed an alliance to protect their own interests and ensure that they shall not be squeezed out. Their first militant act will be the inauguration of wholesale prosecutions, chiefly in England, against retailers who sell English-made tobacco as genuine Irish roll.

#### Absence of Crime.

Advocates of Coercion (writes a Dublin correspondent) should have their attention drawn to the following facts:—At Mullingar (Westmeath), Kilmoney (Kerry), Macroom (Mid-Cork), and Nenagh (Tipperary), the County Cork Judges, on opening proceedings of the June sessions found that there were no cases for disposal. Mr. Wyndham thinks that a brutal Coercion Act and an army of police are necessary to keep the peace in Ireland, while the country is in reality practically crimeless.

## People

A brother of Mr. Arthur Lynch, M.P. for Galway, is a medical practitioner resident in Melbourne.

According to a despatch from Stockholm, Sweden, Sigurd Ibsen, son of Henrik Ibsen, the Norwegian poet and dramatist, has accepted the portfolio of state in M. Blehr's new Cabinet.

Mr. Henry Clarke, M.P., 'Father of the New South Wales Assembly,' celebrated the 80th anniversary of his birth the other day. His representation in the Assembly extends over more than thirty years.

At a special meeting of the committee of the Irish Association District of the Institute of Journalists held recently at College Green, Mr. P. A. M'Hugh, M.P., was unanimously elected chairman for the ensuing year.

The policeman artist, A. T. Jones, of Leeds, England, has been informed by the Royal Academy authorities that they had retained his painting entitled 'Summer,' which represents a moorland scene with sheep. He has been similarly successful at the Academy on three previous occasions.

Mr. James Phelan, who has been three times Mayor of San Francisco, visited the House of Commons the other day, and had a conference of some duration with Mr. J. Redmond, Mr. Dillon, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and other members of the Irish Party.

Says a London daily paper of Mr. T. Healy's speech in the House of Commons:—The speech went on, holding the attention of a full House—now blazing out into scorching scorn, and then forcing a laugh even from the bitterest opponent by rich and irresistible humor. He left the impression that he always leaves—that there is no one like him in the House and no one equal to him in his own line.

A volume of the poetry of the late Mrs. Seumas MacManus (better known to her friends in Belfast and the Nationalist public generally as Miss Anna Johnston, and who wrote under the pen-name of Ethna Carberry) is on the eve of publication. The title of the book is 'The Four Winds of Erin,' and it will contain poems which she had in recent years

contributed to such high-class periodicals as 'Huxley's Monthly,' the 'Atlantic Monthly,' 'Lippincott's Magazine,' the 'Bookman,' and the 'Criterion,' as well as many which have become popular, and others written in the few months of her married life. Mrs. MacManus was a Catholic. Her father, the well-known Orange leader, Mr. William Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, died a few weeks ago.

When Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, and Brougham founded the 'Edinburgh Review,' just a hundred years ago, Jeffrey was afraid it would injure him in his profession as an advocate, because to be a paid contributor to the press was considered derogatory to a gentleman. Six years later the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn adopted a by-law excluding all persons who had written for the daily press from being called to the Bar. Upwards of 20 years afterwards the then Lord Chancellor offended his supporters and provoked their reprehension by inviting the editor of the 'Times' to dinner; while to-day the King of Sweden feels himself complimented by the acceptance of an article from his pen on the part of the editor of the 'National Review'; Mr. James Knowles has half the peerage and baronetage of the United Kingdom inscribing their names on the list of contributors to the 'Nineteenth Century'; the Queen of Roumania solicits Pierre Loti to furnish her with an introductory chapter to a volume of short stories she has just published; and our late Queen was a diligent worker in the fields of literature. Of course, (writes the London correspondent of the 'Age') there have been many Royal authors from the days of King Albert—without going back to those of Solomon—down to the time of Napoleon III.; and of these Horace Walpole took the trouble to compile a catalogue; but they were supposed to confer an honor upon literature by writing songs and ballads, like Richard II.; a treatise on the Seven Sins, like Henry VIII.; a comedy, like Edward VI.; a comment on Plato, like Elizabeth; or French ballads, like the great, great grandfather of our present Sovereign. To-day royalties, as a rule, are more inclined to feel themselves honored by associating themselves with the profession of literature than to imagine they can confer any lustre upon it by the mere fact of its admitting them to participate in its labors and rewards. And the change is sufficiently noteworthy to justify this passing remark.

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