

would enjoy it also, for she is my own daughter," he added.

As the happy and careless girl galloped along, she hardly dreamt of the result her little display of filial coquetry had brought about. She had only wanted to amuse him a little—that poor father who during the last months had looked so sad and so full of care. What could be weighing upon him, she wondered. But then again happy remembrances of the past and bright dreams of the future chased away all other thoughts. How quickly the time had gone by, how rapidly months would roll away; and then she would be Curt's! How pleasant that sounded! She went on repeating to herself each one of the words he had spoken, and her mind's eye saw him standing before her so true, so noble, and so pure! Last, not least, her woman's heart told her with a delicious throbbing that she was loved, nay, passionately loved by him. Unconsciously her hand pulled at the reins, so that the fiery animal snorted as if in sheer surprise.

And then her thoughts travelled on into years to come—years that seemed so far, far away. She would belong to him, she would bear his noble and stainless name, and would gain through him that solid footing which failed her in her present position. Her mind and heart rose as she thought of living at his side, and of aiming at great ends in the circle in which God would thus place her.

She was not indifferent to a great position, nor to the charms of living in good society, and she admitted it to herself. Great happiness has its principal source in the heart's satisfaction, but there are other sources, too, which tend to make the stream a clearer and stronger one.

Hours slip by quickly when one dreams of love, and ponders over life's sweet secrets, particularly if one be riding alone, as Nora was, on a sunny morning, under the shadow of green trees.

The sun was already high in the heavens when she remembered it was getting late, and she turned her horse's head towards home. The shortest road lay across a small stream which formed the boundary of the wood; there, on the other side of a narrow bridge, lay the road to the town. The soil was slippery on the edge of the stream, so that her horse made a false step, and it was only her firm hold of the reins which prevented his falling.

"How dangerous that place looks," she thought to herself, turning her head back, and the bent and broken bushes, the slippery edge, and the little bridge impressed itself upon her memory.

(To be continued.)

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The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By William O'Brien)

CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued.)

"For a' that, an' a' that" the Bishop's unseemly intervention, an' a' that—the votes actually cast for All-for-Ireland were 2120 as against 1868 for the candidate of the Board of Erin, being an All-for-Ireland majority of 252. But 370 of the All-for-Ireland votes having been thrown away upon the candidate of the Birmingham Mental Hospital, the Hibernian was enabled to succeed, as a minority member, by a majority of 118. Mr. Redmond (who had deprecated the contest in West Cork) was so transported by this sorry triumph as to brag in England that "there was no longer any alternative policy before the country, nor even an alternative leader"; Mr. Dillon, with the perspicacity that never failed him, saw in the return of the minority member the first flush of a second spring of popularity for "The Party." My own reading of the event, in my remarks at the declaration of the poll in Bantry, if less poetic, was to be more tragically justified:

"They (All-for-Irelanders) had done their part by Ireland so long as even the stump of a sword was left in their hands against a combination of influences from the Extreme Right to the Extreme Left such as might well have discouraged the stoutest hearts.

... It would be idle to minimise the gravity of the decision of yesterday, although, as the figures proved it was only come to by a minority of the electors who voted, and although it was due to influences which they all understood in Ireland but which would be fatally misunderstood in England. All he could hope was that the result would not mark the end of any honest constitutional movement for our time, and that those electors of West Cork who had done the mischief would not have reason to lament their work for many a bitter year to come."

The West Cork election turned out to be, truly, the death-blow of the Parliamentary movement. It was the last time the chaste war-cry of the Hibernians: "Up, the Mollies!" was ever heard in triumph in the South. A week or two afterwards, Mr. Asquith after long fumbling threw down the reins of power. That extraordinary *ménage à trois*—Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Bonar Law, and Sir E. Carson—were installed in his room without a protesting voice from the Hibernian benches. The Home Rule of the Gladstone tradition was at an end for ever. It will always be open to debate, whether, had the result in West Cork gone the other way, it might not have been still possible to regenerate what was loosely called "the constitutional movement" by a combination of the principles of Conciliation as between creeds and classes, which was before long to carry all before it in the minds of all enlightened Irishmen, with the young energy and purity of purpose represented by Sinn Féin. The Irish Republic was still unheard of, save for its meteor flight in Easter Week. While the Sinn Féin internees in the English prisons sternly resented any aid from the Parliamentarians whose leader had "expressed his horror and detestation" of the

rebels awaiting their doom at the hands of Sir John Maxwell's Courts-martial, I received, while the West Cork campaign was still in progress, two letters signed by the leaders of the 600 internees at Frongoch (among the signatories being those of Mr. Richard J. Mulcahy, the subsequent Minister of Defence in the Republican Cabinet and of the "Head Campleader," Mr. Michael Staines, afterwards one of the members for Dublin in *Dail Eireann*) invoking my aid in the exposure of their prison treatment. When one of two Republican madcaps in Cork secretly confederated with the Hibernians in wrecking the candidature of their brother-internee, Mr. Frank Healy, one of the earliest pioneers of Sinn Féin, I received a message from Mr. Arthur Griffith, the future President of the Irish Provisional Government, dated from Reading Gaol, where a large body of Sinn Féin prisoners were detained, expressing on behalf of all his brother-prisoners, with one exception, their reprobation of these unholy intrigues.

"Re our friend Frank Healy," Mr. Griffith said, "I think the whole business has been hideously mismanaged by our friends Pim,* Tom Curtin, and others. Tom Curtin's pronouncement was an entirely unauthorised statement and has caused considerable annoyance among us. I think Sinn Féin should have remained absolutely aloof and I fear that not doing so will be the cause of lamentable confusion and mischief. What I have said concerning Tom Curtin's pronouncement you may convey to all whom it may concern."

Even the hotheads who were ready for any combination against Parliamentaryism were so far from being animated by any personal hostility to myself, that they defended their wrecking morals upon the queer ground that I was the only man of the old school sufficiently respected to give Parliamentaryism another chance with honest Irishmen. As a matter of fact, the young men of the West Cork Division paid no heed to their whispers and remained pathetically true to our beaten side. But looking back more coolly now upon the chaos and distraction of the public mind against which we were contending, one is forced to recognise that the canker had eaten too deeply into Irish public life to be cured except by some sharper surgery than it was any longer in our power to apply. Everywhere the most level-headed of the old believers in Conciliation began to report to us that nothing could prevent their sons from becoming Sinn Féiners, adding as often as not: "And, to tell you the truth, we are becoming a sort of Sinn Féiners ourselves." And so it was everywhere. The youth of the country felt the sap of a glorious springtime fermenting with them. West Cork, which even at that late date would have stood fast by a policy of peaceful con-

*The Orange Sinn Féiner who was in a few weeks to relapse into the faith of an Orange Anti-Sinn Féiner, more virulent than ever.

W. E. Evans

TAILOR and COSTUME MAKER

IF YOU APPRECIATE BEING WELL
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