

the open secret of her unrequited passion for Ken Rohan.

"Oh, yes," Georgey would say, in one of their school-girl coenacula, "I love him oceans wide and mountains high, and I would tell him so, too, only he wouldn't in the least believe me. I do believe he's nearly as fond of me as he is of his dog Snipe; but that's just it—he's fond of me in precisely the same manner, and how *could* he ever suspect that Snipe should have matrimonial designs on him?"

"If he is conceited enough to be capable of making such a comparison, I want to hear no more of him," said Miss Westropp energetically.

"He compare a woman with a terrier! Why, the truth is, he will insist on thinking all women are angels, or ought to be. And, indeed, they're not—at least, I know *I'm* not; and," with a saucy pout, "I'm not so much worse than that provoking little vessel of perfection, Lily Darguin, whom he used to adore under the name of St. Cecilia, and who has got married to little Mr. Flibbert, the policeman."

"Dear, dear, what a misery it must be for you, child!"

"Oh, no, it isn't. I don't mean at all to die of love—especially as long as you lend me Captain Neville to flirt with," laughed Miss Georgey. "I have no more notion of crying my eyes out for Ken Rohan than for a Prince of the blood royal—though, indeed, I'd die for him ten times over if 'twould be of any use to him," she burst out impetuously. "I'd be with him in this conspiracy or rebellion, or whatever it's going to be, only they object to our petticoats and are afraid we'd faint. And as I'm no use myself, I've given him Tom."

"And who is Tom?" asked Miss Westropp, with much interest.

"Tom is my brother—we call him the Doctor, because he has no more chance of becoming a doctor than I have of becoming Brigadier-General. I told him the other day, 'Tom, you must be sworn in a Fenian.' 'And what is that?' said he, for the boy thinks of nothing but his tobacco-pipe and bottled stout, and he does ask such puzzling questions. 'Oh, bother,' I said, 'ask Ken Rohan, and, wherever he goes, follow him.' 'All right, Georgey,' said Tom—and, though he's not much at his books, Tom will follow, you may be sure, if it was to death, or to the gates of—the English headquarters, you know."

"But do you think there is really, *really* any danger of—of things of that sort?" asked Mabel, shuddering.

"I have no head for politics—not much head for anything else, either; but I don't see why Irish boys should not try a change under their own flag as well as Captain Neville would go out to-morrow and risk his life against some miserable swarm of Abyssinians or Ashantees. I like men to risk their lives. It is the only proof of sincerity you can get from them. And then it is a woman's duty to weep as she can't fight, and there must be such a pride in weeping for the brave."

Mabel looked very white and trembled. "I'm such a coward," she said faintly. "Don't, dear!—I know I should die of terror to think of—poor Harry, now, for instance. —It is too horrible! And, ah! what a different thing for our poor boys from going out clad with all the glory of an irresistible Empire!"

"Upon my word, Miss Westropp, you have only yourself to blame if I count Captain Neville among *our* poor boys, and object wholly to his being eaten by African cannibals for the glory of the Empire," said irrepressible Georgey.

(To be continued.)

AN APPEAL FROM THE BACKBLOCKS

At Tuatapere—a bush township in Southland—Mass is celebrated in the most westerly part of New Zealand. The few scattered Catholics are making a bold endeavor to raise funds for a much-needed church but realise their difficulties without assistance from outside. They therefore appeal to the generously disposed readers of the *Tablet* to help them in their enterprise.

Subscriptions may be sent to the undersigned—Presbytery, Riverton—and will be acknowledged in the *Tablet*.

(Rev.) D. P. BUCKLEY.

THE AMERICAN COMMISSION ON CONDITIONS IN IRELAND

INTERIM REPORT

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER IV—(Continued.)

"Sinn Fein Extremists"

In the campaign of murder and arson in Ireland, "shot trying to escape," "refusal to halt," and "reprisal" have appeared to us as *termes justificatifs* employed by the Imperial British authority. An exculpatory term, "Sinn Fein Extremist," was also presented to us in the course of the evidence. We first noted the term "Sinn Fein Extremist" in the testimony of the assassination of Lord Mayor MacCurtain, and so far as we could discover the term first received its British connotation in connection with that crime.

Lord Mayor MacCurtain.—The Misses Walsh, sisters-in-law of the Lord Mayor, and members of his household when he was assassinated, appeared before us. The story of the murder was told as follows by Miss Susanna Walsh:

"There was a slight knock at the door about one o'clock or quarter past one. Mrs. MacCurtain heard it, and she put her head out of the window and called to find out what they wanted. They said: 'Open the house quickly or we will break the door in.' Mrs. MacCurtain wanted to go down. He said: 'I will go, Mary.' She said: 'No; you mustn't. I will go down.' But before she could get down to the door, it was burst in. Eight or nine men rushed in, with blackened faces and long coats, and caught her. Several of them held her, and the rest rushed upstairs. At the same time—I had a little red coat I used to throw over me, and I went out to the top of the landing. I heard the noise downstairs, and I heard the baby cry, and I ran downstairs to take the baby, for I knew that my brother-in-law would be in a terrible way. I arrived at the first landing just as two big men with blackened faces and big coats on them got to his door. And I heard the first man say, 'Come out, Curtain!' And my brother-in-law said: 'Give me time to dress. I am not yet ready.' When my brother-in-law said 'Give me time to dress,' I said: 'Give me the baby, please.' And they pushed me back. And I ran back to the bathroom, and I heard my sister shout: 'Murder, murder, the police are murdering us all.' And a neighbor woman who lives next door said: 'Who is shot?' And I said: 'My brother-in-law, MacCurtain.' I rushed upstairs. I thought I would die with all of them. And as I went upstairs I heard heavy moaning in the corner, and I looked, and my brother-in-law lay just outside his bedroom door with blood coming from the region of his heart."

Mrs. MacCurtain called for help from the windows and immediately the house was fired on from the street. The disguised raiders then disappeared. Shortly afterwards, armed British soldiers, uniformed and undisguised, made a supplementary raid on the house, but the Lord Mayor was already dead and laid out for burial.

Thomas MacCurtain, Lord Mayor of the City of Cork, was a successful young business man. He had five children, the oldest ten years, and he supported three orphan nieces and an aged father. Several witnesses have testified to the high personal regard for him among people of all classes in Cork. In his funeral procession marched the local Protestant Episcopal Bishop, the Jewish rabbi, and clergymen representing the other local religious organisations, as well as thousands representing every phase of the Republican movement in Cork. A few days before his death, the Lord Mayor had protested in the City Council against the terrorisation of women and children by the British military and police, and declared that the Irish Volunteers would preserve order.

In the months preceding his death his home and business premises had been raided by the military or police several times. On one of these occasions the raiders made a thorough search of Mrs. MacCurtain's room, three days before one of her children was born and a few days after the burial of another. It was alleged before us that rumors

E. S. Robson

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