

"POOR EXILES OF ERIN."

HOW IRISH EMIGRANTS TAKE
LEAVE OF THE OLD SOIL.

Heroic Struggles of the Simple Folk in
Tearing Themselves Away from the Things
Dear to Their Hearts—Pathetic Scenes in
Cabin and by Wayside.

LONDON, May 8, 1893.—It may well be imagined that when from 100 to 200 souls leave Ireland for foreign shores every working-day in the year, there are heart and hand wringings innumerable, and dolorous mist from the region of tears. Few families are fortunate enough to get away all together. If help has come from America or the colonies; if the passage money had been saved in secret through years of deprivation by a single person; if an Irish family has after every manner of sacrifice provided for one who is to go to blessed foreign lands that the remainder may, one by one, eventually follow; however the going of all these people may have come about; in every instance there is a struggle in tearing away from the things to which the heart is rooted which we of better fortune and conditions literally know nothing.

If it be a family which is to go, or some elderly man or woman, for days previous to the departure the whole countryside swarms to the cabin: and every man, woman or child of the townland at some time or another has come to mourn at the leaving and bid God-speed at the going. If it be a youth or lass, or young man or woman, as it often is, for few but the very old and very young are left, then on the evening previous to the departure, every companion, friend or acquaintance is certain to appear; and the whole night is passed in what is called "rising the heart" of the departing one.

The custom springs from the same kindly quality of extending cheer to those who mourn, that originally established the custom of the Irish "wake," which many good people choose to persistently misunderstand and condemn. At this gathering for "rising the heart" of the emigrant the Irish peasant's character is in a most tenderly interesting state for study. Every one arrives in a hushed embarrassed mood; and every one brings some little token of affection and regard. The poverty of these folk alone prevents outlandish generosity.

One stealthily appears with yards of seed-cake; many with thimbleful of tea; some with gewgaws and trifles of jewelry; the coat-tail pockets of another will bulge with heartsome potatoes; housewives arrive with great merrers of milk, others with schowders, or oaten-cakes, crisp and toothsome, still others with schraghabs of shilk, a hearty mixture of potatoes, beans and butter, and some with apronsful of peat; for the slender resources of the family must never under these trying circumstances be drained. And the lads and lasses who come with pressed Irish flowers and ferns, and sprigs of hawthorn and bunches of the dear shamrock; with gifts of ribbons, and bits of this or that prized possession; are not to be counted at all.

So, too, come those with looks of triumph and secreted bottles of poteen, that "never go a touch," that is, are guiltless of the exciseman's desecrating seal; for "grief is ever droothy" surely. Then the night is passed in eating, feasting and drinking. Loads of humble fare are there; oceans of tea; and timely drops of the "rale mountain dew." Tales are told; songs are sung; sometimes they dance to the music of an old tramp fiddler who has been impressed into service. But the chords of mirth are minor enough the night long; and smiles, laughter and brave prophecies are all touched and chastened by honest Irish tears.

When morning comes, and those whose imperative duties call them to their homes have said good-bye with almost the same dread, reverence and pathetic forlornness as when lowering the dead into the grave, the rustic ceremony of "convoing" is begun. The subject of all this attention becomes for the once, it not for only this once in a lifetime, the hero or heroine of the hour. The chests, or plethoric bags, or whatever constitutes the luggage of the emigrant is sent on ahead in some neighbor's proffered cart, friendly riots for the honor of the mournful privilege often occurring, or are slung over the backs of shaggy donkeys, a score more than necessary always being in readiness for this friendly mission.

If a whole family are to go, the farewells to the wretched old hut which has housed them is something pitiable beyond description. It is but a single member of the household, the good-byes to the old, old folk too feeble for the journey of "convoing" are more pitiable still. These separations are often too great a load for such, and many a withered branch of the impoverished family tree breaks and falls into the earth from the keen, sharp sorrow. But if girlish or boyish, the pride of the loved home, are departing, the maelstrom of emotion as the "convoing," or accompanying procession, sets forth, is beyond the power of man to reveal.

I have many times fallen in with these cavalades winding down from the Derryveagh and Glendowan mountains, or from the Bontypatrick, Gatigan, or Agla hills, and have walked and halted, and parleyed and soothed in common with the honest souls for miles on their way towards the railway, a Stranlar. On one occasion the "convoing" party was from the far west, from away over by the howling cliffs of Maghera Bay, where life is very dull and dreary, at best. It was a crowd whose faces

and strange attire bespoke great poverty. Two children, a lad of seventeen and a girl of perhaps fourteen were going away. The mother was to remain behind until these wails could send for her. For the whole company it was the event of their lives, this few miles' mountain journey; and the care for the brave young emigrants, the consideration for the wailing mother, and the latter's grief were touching to behold.

Half the time the lad's companions had their arms about his neck. The girls would carry the sisters on their shoulders, and in seats made by interlacing their fingers; while the mother and the children's luggage had been piled in an old squeaking mountain-but, or cart, which was tenderly drawn by hand. The women crowded about the cart with all manner of endearing and reassuring words of comfort; but the poor woman could not be comforted. As she lay prostrate upon the bundles, there only came from her white lips the endless moan, "Crosch orrin!—crosch orrin! My past-chee boght!—my past-chee boght!" (May the cross encompass me! My poor children!)

Once when wandering in county Galway, down by old Cloghmore I saw a stranger "convoing" party than could be found in any other portion of Ireland. I had been sauntering among the Connemara "knitters," "fullers," "poteen-makers" and antiquities of the ancient Celts with which this region abounds, and my mind was full of the pagan and early barbaic life whose rude stone monuments were on every hand. Suddenly looking down upon the sea, I beheld a scene in keeping with the times of which I dreamed. A fleet of rotten dories, ragged snags and curraghs, or skin-keeled craft precisely the same as used in these islands 2,000 years ago, was approaching the shore.

The occupants were skinnier and whiter. They were dressed in rags and with little of these. The men wore skin shoes from which the hair had not been removed, which the natives call "pampootas." The women were barefooted and barelegged to their knees, and their bonnetless heads were covered with great shocks of coarse black hair. It was a Dantean picture of hunger and want, framed in a setting of ancient, barbaric times. They were a party of nearly 100 God-forsaken Arran Islanders, accompanying a family of emigrants to Cloghmore, whence the latter would walk to the train at Galway. They all stood upright as they neared the mainland and were chanting the wildest, most dolorous Celtic strain human ears ever heard.

What a host of shuddering reflections this sea-pageant of poverty-stricken peasantry crowds upon you! Your eye follows the dark shore-line. Behind are the mountains. There are the peasantry and the ruins. Two thousand years ago, there stood the watch-towers, the raths, the places of pagan pyrology. In the valleys were the herds and the helots. The signal flashed from crag to crag. Some savage chief with his thousands of serfs has come to give battle perhaps to old Beola himself. The bellowing herds are boulded in the glen. The shrieking women are herded within the raths. On come the fierce invaders by land. Here, skulking along the bays and bights, come the invaders by sea. Their shields are of rawhide. Their navy, aloft upon rawhide. Then, slaughter by land and by sea, while the day lasts. Fire and sword, rapine and pillage, while lasts the night. The grass grows richer in the valleys for the blood left there that day.

They set the departing ones upon shore in silence and tenderness. No words could depict the agony of that separation. These went forth to unknown dangers in untried lands; those went back to hopeless starvation upon the barren Arran Isles. But not at once. Past old Cloghmore, past Ballymen, yes, past far Caher, the curraghs and the dories and their motley crews followed those that went, wailing farewell, fiercely shrieking *grahs*, and straining their eyes until the last fluttering rays disappeared beyond the Connemara hills over against ancient Galway. Not until then did they, still waiting, turn towards the hovels among the howling Arran rocks.

I can never forget a "convoing" incident and its strange outcome which I witnessed, and indeed in which I participated. I had been visiting the battlefield of Aughrim, where, on that awful Sunday of 1691 was a battle such as we who have been in battles know; where Ginkel's hosts, in that mad charge upon leaderless heroes, ruined the fortunes of the Stuart dynasty; and where the whirlwind of death which swept over Aughrim's morass and bog set the final seal of servitude, but never of servility, upon the people of Ireland; and, turning into the old Dublin and Galway road, towards Ballinasloe, was at once one of a singular "convoing" party from the rural districts of Kilrekill. The strangest feature of this, so invariably a friendly procession, was its double character, and its remarkably contentious nature.

Some tremendous excitement seemed to wildly influence both lines of march. On one side of the way, was a bright Irish maiden surrounded and protected, as it were, by parents, relatives and at least two score aggressively-defensive followers. On the other, was a smart-looking Irish youth in a state approaching frenzy, surrounded and restrained from some violent purpose by a like retinue of family, friends and loyal followers. Dropping quietly into line behind, among the nimble-footed, least partisan, and one might say commiseratingly-blended followers, I speedily learned the cause of the otherwise, inexplicable spectacle. Nora, the daughter of a Kilrekill father disliked the match, and bent on irrevocably breaking it off, had got Nora started thus far towards America.

Dennis, wild with grief, had scoured Longford barony for friends, for a rescue; and all the way from Kilrekill the factions had attacked each other, retreated, parleyed, blarneyed, scorned, trusted; and so it went on again to Garbally hamlet, when a cheer of hope arose in the ranks of Dennis' followers; for down the hill from behind, a sight to do Cupid's sorry eyes good, came a host of "the byes" from about Oghil and Keltomer. These rushing down and reinforcing our side—and I say "our side," for in some way I found myself giving an elbow to the cause of Dennis—was made as fine a rally and rally as any one would joy to see; captured the blushing and willing Nora; bore her triumphantly into Ballinasloe; and had her safely and securely married to Dennis by an obliging priest within a glorious half-hour thereafter.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A MONTREAL MIRACLE.

FACTS PROVED TO BE STRANGER
THAN FICTION.

The Remarkable Cure of a Long-Time
Sufferer, Rheumatism of Ten Years'
Standing Permanently Cured—A Story
Full of Interest to all Other Sufferers.

(Sunday Morning News, Montreal)

Impressed with the persistency with which the most astonishing accounts of cures effected through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in almost all the newspapers of Canada and the United States, a reporter for the Sunday Morning News, to satisfy himself generally of the genuineness of these cures, determined to investigate a case for himself, which had recently been brought to his notice, where the cure was claimed to be due entirely to the efficacy of this medicine. Aware that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had been tried in the case of a gentleman residing at 709 Sherbrooke street, in the city of Montreal, who had for years been afflicted periodically with rheumatism, the reporter set out on a journey of enquiry to ascertain what the result had been. Arriving at the home of Mr. Granville, the gentleman referred to, he found him apparently enjoying perfect health.

"You don't look as though you had been suffering a great deal lately, Mr. Granville," said the reporter, accepting the invitation of his host to be seated.

"Well, no, you would scarcely suppose from my present appearance and activity that I had just recovered from a most acute attack of chronic rheumatism, which kept me in bed for two weeks. You see," continued Mr. Granville, "I am an habitual sufferer from rheumatism, or at least I have been for ten years past, and although I have tried almost every remedy, it has only been recently that I have found anything to do me good. It is not about ten years since I first became afflicted with this painful disease, and when it began to come on, having never experienced it before, I was at a complete loss to understand what it was. It was in Chicago that I had my first attack, and I remember the circumstances very well. While walking on the street I was suddenly seized with a violent pain in my left knee, which continued to grow worse until I could walk no longer, and was compelled to call a cab and be driven home. Once there I took to my bed and did not leave it for ten days, being totally unable to move my leg without experiencing the most excruciating pain, which nothing I could get seemed to relieve."

"Did you not have a doctor?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, yes; but it didn't seem to do me any good. He wrapped the limb in flannels and gave me some decoction of salicylic acid to swallow. But it was of no avail. Each year as winter passes into spring I have been seized with this painful disease and laid out for some weeks, nor have I been able until lately to obtain anything which would even help me a little. You would not believe it if I were to recount the various patent remedies which I have taken both externally and internally during that time in an endeavor to obtain relief. I must have experienced any beneficial results until I came across Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I must frankly confess that at the outset I had no great faith in the pills. I had tried so many medicines, all to no purpose, but I was willing to give them a trial anyway, so I set out to the drug store on the corner and got a supply. I followed the directions carefully and soon experienced relief, and before I had been taking the Pink Pills long I was able to get out of bed, and although I was a little stiff the pain had almost completely disappeared. I am still taking the pills, and shall keep on taking them for some time, and furthermore I don't intend to be without them in future."

"Then you ascribe your relief entirely to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," suggested the reporter.

"I most certainly do, and Mr. Curtis, the druggist on Bleury street, will verify what I have said."

The reporter next visited Mr. H. H. Curtis, the druggist referred to, whose place of business at 291 Bleury street, and interrogated him with reference to the case. Mr. Curtis stated that he knew of Mr. Granville's ailment and that he had suffered for years, and he had no doubt Pink Pills did all Mr. Granville said. He further said that Pink Pills had a very large sale, and gave universal satisfaction. The reporter then withdrew; quite satisfied with the result of his investigation.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties show that these pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, chlorosis, or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, and after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressing and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties and nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying its life-giving qualities by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way the blood, becoming "built up" and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions and thus eliminate disease from the system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also

cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics put up in similar form intended to deceive. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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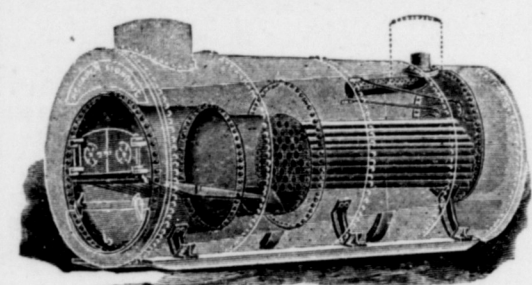
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Board of Health.

TO THE CITIZENS OF SAINT JOHN AND VICINITY:

THE Board of Health has this day issued its Annual Notices to Owners and Tenants of Houses to Cleanse and Purify their Premises.

The Board further requests that in the interest of the health of the city, all citizens will assist the Board, by the personal inspection of their premises, the condition of sinks, drains, traps, vents, etc.

Such supervision on the part of individual citizens will do much to preserve the public health and prevent the spread of any epidemic that may unfortunately come to our city.

T. M. BURNS, Secretary. JAMES REYNOLDS, Chairman.

Office of the Board of Health, Saint John, N. B., April 29th, 1893.

Tuesday,
The Thirtieth Day of May, A. D. 1893,
at 11 o'clock in the forenoon,

at the County Court House in the said Town of Bathurst, as the time and place for holding the said investigation and enquiry, and that I will then and there enter upon and thereafter from day to day until the termination thereof continue to enquire into and investigate all matters of complaint coming within the purview of my said Commission. And for the more convenient and orderly pursuing of the said investigation, I do hereby require that all the matters of complaint which I am so empowered to enquire into be presented to me in writing not later than FRIDAY, the 26th day of May, instant, and that a copy thereof be filed in the office of the Honorable The Provincial Secretary, at Fredericton, not later than the same day, of which all persons are required to take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

Dated at Fredericton this Ninth day of May, A. D. 1893.

JNO. JAS. FRASER,
Judge of the Supreme Court