



It Certainly Did Wonders. Our 14 year old boy was afflicted with St. Vitus Dance most seriously since about 2 years ago. The doctor would get him out of bed and then he would seem to be pretty well, but never without shaking, and was hardly able to feed himself and then would become worse again. I know that he would not have been able to stand another such hard struggle. Then my brother recommended Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The effect of which after the 2nd bottle was so good, that I could hardly believe that it was our boy and that the doctor had been completely cured. It is now working, had to move from out of the kind. Sufferers and friends can all prove the truth of it.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Disorders and a Sample Bottle of the Tonic. Four patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. 62 W. Lake Street, near Dearborn. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per bottle, 6 for \$5.

News From Ireland

Admiral. The death has occurred at Larne of Joseph Martin, a popular Ulster railway official. Forty-one years he was associated with the Midland Railway (Northern Counties committee) and retired from active duty eight months ago on account of ill health.

The Belfast building trade dispute has been settled, the men accepting a war bonus of 3s. a week.

Died - November 11 at his residence, English, Annaghmore, Portadown, James Hughes, aged 64.

His many friends in Carlow made a handsome presentation to J. McConkey, late local agent, Bank of Ireland.

P. F. Sullivan, accountant, has been appointed town clerk of Baginbally in room of the late Mr. Brady.

Died - November 12, Mother M. Brigit Hackett, Presentation Convent, Carlow, in the sixty-third year of her age and the forty-sixth of her religious life. No. 15, at his residence, Steady Cottage, Carlow, William, eldest son of the late James Bolger.

The death of Mrs. Kate Martin, wife of A. Martin, merchant, Bailieborough, which took place at an early age, caused deep regret to a wide circle of friends.

There was a very large attendance at the funeral of Edward Guilan, Arva, who died in his seventy-fifth year.

Died - At Bailieborough, Mrs. Cooney, interment in Moybogue cemetery.

The Lisdoonvarna Improvement Committee, on the motion of Very Rev. M. D. Conrol, P.P., chairman, passed votes of condolence with J. J. Callanan, a colleague, on the death of his sister, and with J. Turney, their secretary, on the death of his son.

Married - November 7, at the Cathedral, Ennis (with nuptial Mass), by the Very Rev. Canon McNerney, P.P., V.G., Kilrush, assisted by Rev. Father Pius Cleary, O.P., Kilkenny, and Rev. Father Carey, P.P., Coolmeen, Patrick Francis, Turbidy, M.R.C.V.S., Kilrush, to Miss Bridget Brew, Kilrush.

Charles McCarthy has been sworn a J. P. for Cork county borough.

The Very Rev. Canon O'Connell, P.P., V.F. Kanturk, who has completely recovered from the effects of his recent accident, has instituted a Ladies' Association of Charity for the relief of the poor.

Joseph Tuthill, gunsmith, North Main street, Yougal, has died suddenly.

Coleraine U. C. has protested against the present unsatisfactory rail and mail services, and has asked Government intervention, with the view of having the trains restored to old time.

Solemn office and requiem Mass were said in Newry Cathedral for the Catholic victims of the Carlisle Lough disaster, the Bishop and a large number of priests officiating. Holyhead was also in mourning, when the funerals of eleven victims took place there.

Canon Mackey, P.P., V.F., presided at the office and high Mass at the Mercy Convent, Athy, for the repose of the soul of the late Sister Mary Paul Slevin.

Prohibition Question Must Be Considered

Movement Against Alcohol Cannot Be Ignored

What Russia's Experience Seems to Show

The movement against the sale and manufacture of alcoholic beverages has made great progress in the United States. There are but two states, in fact, which are absolutely "wet," that is, which have neither prohibition nor local option legislation. These are New Jersey and Nevada. And there is but very little territory left in the local option states which is not "dry" by the vote of the community. National Prohibition is being urged upon Congress, to make more universal and effective the suppression of alcohol, and a more or less distinguished leader of the people has announced his intention to make it the paramount issue of the presidential campaign of 1920.

All of these facts show the importance of the question. It is something which the people of this country must study closely and consider well. Catholics have likewise some responsibility in this respect. As a rule, they have been rather indifferent to the proposition, or have treated it in a superficial manner. The great question is as to whether prohibition is really effective in reducing to an appreciable minimum the evils of excessive alcoholism and whether as a consequence it will work for the good of the community. If it will, it deserves to succeed. There is no doubt as to the destructive result of alcoholism. The Committee of Fifty, some years ago reported that 25 per cent of the poverty in this country was due to this evil. This may be true or it may not, but it points to a deplorable situation, which shows much worse when the pain and misery and sin which results, have been considered. Some men argue against prohibition as if the right to consume alcohol were as sacred as the right to life or marriage, which is as absurd as the statements of those who see in drink of this nature something inherently and absolutely evil. The question which we must principally answer is simply this: Will prohibition stamp out the ill effects of alcohol, really prohibiting it in a desirable sense or will it not? Will it improve the condition of the people as a whole or will it not? Our attitude must depend upon the answer which we can find to give in this case.

Russia has had some experience of late on this prohibition proposition. What has resulted there should be helpful to us in deciding our point of view. Mr. Robert Blake in the December Atlantic Monthly gives us a picture of the Russian situation, which is very interesting. Vodka, the popular alcoholic drink in Russia, prior to the war seemed to be an integral part of that country's life. The oldest historian of the Russian people declares that the chief joy of his nation is to drink. This statement will receive the unqualified assent of any one who has ever visited the Muscovite realms. In every settlement, from the great capitals down to the most remote villages, the green sign of the kazyonka (vodka shop) is a prominent feature of the landscape. The widespread extent of the habit was made manifest by the cheapness of the beverage. Its strong intoxicating nature made it a danger to social order, particularly in the dreary life of the peasants.

What has been the effect of the suppression of vodka in Russia? Substitutes have sprung up, of course, of a dangerous character. Eau de cologne, furniture polish and denatured alcohols showing themselves particularly in the larger towns. But the effect on the whole, Mr. Blake thinks, has been good and for the wholesome benefit of the people. "Personal observation," he says, "has led me to believe that on the whole the measure has been of great benefit to Russia. The peasant has been the gainer rather than the townsman. The latter has too many opportunities to get hold of the various substitutes, but the peasant's condition is vastly improved. Even the city dweller has been benefited. While the steady drinker has continued to obtain his stimulant in one form or another, the occasional drinker has far less temptation now. The situation was better in the writer's opinion, when the beverages with a low percentage of alcohol were allowed to be

sold. Such is evidently the belief of the Duma, which has recently (July, 1916) passed a bill forbidding the sale of liquors containing more than twelve per cent of alcohol. This will give the steady drinker an opportunity to satisfy his thirst. Vodka, however, has drifted back to the woman among disappeared, and the next generation stands a good chance of growing up without its corroding influence.

Here is a situation which certainly is instructive to see a law against vodka, according to the well known Englishman, Fortescue, has abolished drunkenness among the clergy. "Indeed," he says, "one cannot conceal one's admiration for a nation that has the courage to bear such a self denying ordinance as that." As to whether this points to a gradual development of an entire prohibition policy is yet to be seen, but it shows quite clearly at least that the matter of suppressing the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages is deserving of consideration that it cannot be merely shoved aside or ignored. Mr. John Koran, the ex-act formerly in the employ of the Committee of Fifty, in a series of articles recently expressed his opinion against Prohibition. That side of the question must also be studied: "morals," says Mr. James Russell Lowell, "can be safely embodied in the word 'probable,'" and that seems the objection to such a drastic proposal, but such study should be carried on only with the basic recognition, which some men unfortunately lack, that if a remedy could be devised to reduce the evils of excessive alcoholism to a reasonable minimum, it would be a great boon to the whole nation.

At the Eleventh Hour

Visitors to the little town of Brakely always paused to see the flowers that clustered about Mrs. Anna Dunn's home. The sun shone warmer there than it did into hundreds of other yards in the village. The soil there was no more fertile, yet in no other place did crimson ramblers lift such rich and delicate growth so large and hardy. The bushes raise more multicolored stalks. From the time when the first roscus opened its eye to the spring until the frosts nipped the last blossom of golden glow, Anna Dunn's dooryard was a bloom. "Seems kind of sinful to me spending so much time over flowers," commented Mrs. Brownell. Mrs. Brownell was one of those tall angular women whose clothes hang loosely on their spare shoulders. She suggested neither repose nor energy; a sort of negatively good personality, common in small towns. It would have been hard to imagine her as having been pretty or young. Near by was her daughter Ella. Youth betrayed itself with her only by a brighter color in her face; her figure was as severe as the mother's. Ella put down a frame of embroidery she was working and looked across the way.

There she saw Anna Dunn, a light shawl thrown over her good shoulders, watering her flowers. The waning light was made it a danger to social order, particularly in the dreary life of the peasants. She touched her flowers lovingly, tying a rose-bush into place, or clipping away a faded blossom to make room for a bud.

"Mrs. Dunn is failing, I notice and denatured alcohols showing themselves particularly in the larger towns. But the effect on the whole, Mr. Blake thinks, has been good and for the wholesome benefit of the people.

"She was good looking when she first came here," Mrs. Brownell said. "The Irish are often fine appearing when they are young. I used to watch her and her husband going down the street to church with the other Catholics from up the hill and think she was the prettiest woman in town. You wouldn't know her for the same person."

"She doesn't go to the Catholic church now, does she?" "I guess its twenty years since she went last." For that time and longer Mrs. Brownell and her daughter had sat on their porch and watched the little world of Brakely pass their door.

A rattling farm wagon lumbered by and lost itself in a cloud of dust further up the road. Mrs. Brownell's eye followed it and rested on a church spire, crowned by a weather cock that sprang out above the trees. Her glance followed it, but she did not see the woman among the flowers.

"Of course we ought to be thankful that she's left the Catholics and their superstitious ways. She did that after her husband was taken away. They said that she and the priest had trouble about a cemetery lot. I don't think she ought to go back to the Catholics, but it is too sad for her not to have some church connection and our meeting-house so others witness than one must near."

"We should make a special effort to have her join with us." "She's been invited often enough, goodness knows," said Mrs. Brownell. "Mr. Thompson, our minister before Mr. Miller came, used to call on her and urge her to become a member of our Church, but she just smiled and said she guessed she was through with religion now."

"I've noticed that when Catholics quit their Church they don't generally go to any other." "But there was Mrs. Bates," the daughter put in. "she that was Mrs. Burns. She always went down to her church, and we used to wonder how a lady with so much money could associate with the mere Irish. When Mr. Bates became acquainted with her and proposed marriage, we found out that her first husband wasn't really dead and that she wouldn't allow a divorce, so she left her Church and our minister married them, after the courts gave her permission."

"The funny part of that was, you know," Mrs. Brownell put in, "two months after they were married his uncle died and left him plenty of money, so he needn't have married a rich woman at all. They say he was so mad he wouldn't speak to her for a month. But he brings her to church and the ladies say she is very nice."

"Mrs. Dunn has a better education. If she had any good clothes to go out in she would look real refined and genteel, even now."

"I guess the little that her husband left went much more than keep the roof over head, particularly now when she isn't able to make anything by sewing." Mrs. Dunn, the subject of their discourse, went into the house and the two watching women settled back in their chairs and plainly observed the twilight settle over the village. Very little happened in Brakely. Days slipped into weeks and weeks into months and years were hardly a visible change. Time furrows the city with its rasp; buildings rise or disappear in a twelve month; a skyline may change in a decade. But time smooths a little town with a silken sleeve; a returning spring shows a few cracks in the ceiling of the town hall; a familiar figure or two is no longer seen in the streets; a few chairs are vacant where young men have left to go to a bigger town - nothing that an outsider would notice.

In the city a man may escape his mistakes. In the village he must live up to them. Thrown upon themselves, their world confined almost within the limit of their vision, townspeople never forget. When Anna Dunn, on that bitter morning, years before, had been opened never to "darken the doors" of a church, the town and the parish priest had quarrelled, and that Mrs. Dunn had told him "to his face" she would not go to his church again, formed the topic of interest at sewing-circle and reading club meetings for a fortnight.

To be continued.

Married - At Westland Row, John, third son of the late John Brennan, Ballyharmon, Carlow, and Mrs. Brennan, Dublin, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Thomas Hinch, Hacketstown, and Mrs. Hinch, Dublin.

Died - At Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, in the fiftieth year of her profession, Mother Mary Alacoque, daughter of the late John Joseph Clarke, of Frankfort, Blackrock.

At Zamboango, P. I., the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul are opening a hospital.

In Japan are 671 Catholic nuns and 76,000 Catholic laics.

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