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IN MEMORIAM

JOSEPH P. McALEER

hear of the death of Joseph P. McAleer, whose sudden death occurred at his old home at Hope River, on Thursday, Aug. 1st. Deceased, though never of a very robust con-

For The Cook

MOCK DUCK

Mix the following ingredients for the dressing: 2 cups toasted bread crumbs; 2 onions, diced; 2 slices bacon, diced and fried out; 1/2 teaspoon sugar; 1/2 teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon sage; 1/2 teaspoon pepper; juice of 1/2 lemon, if desired; 1 egg, slightly beaten, and 1/2 cup cold water. Stuff 2 pounds steak, 2 inches thick and split for dressing with the above dressing, and sear until brown on all sides in hot fat. Place scraped carrots around the mock duck, cover, and cook over a low flame for one hour. Uncover, salt and pepper the meat and add potatoes, if desired. Cover and continue cooking, 1 to 1 1/2 hours, depending on the toughness of the meat. Serve very hot. The strings used to hold the meat together after it has been stuffed should be removed before serving.

stitution enjoyed his usual health, up till Tuesday night, when he was able to attend the services of the Mission being preached in the parish during that week.

A very serious trouble set in, and medical aid was of no avail, and fortified by the last rites of Holy Mother Church, received from the hands of his parish priest Rev. W. V. MacDonald and consoled by the Mission Fathers, he calmly breathed his last in the presence of friends and his most kind and loving neighbors.

The funeral took place on Friday afternoon from St. Ann's Church, to the adjoining cemetery, where the remains were laid to rest in its final resting place, there to await the trumpet of the resurrection morn. The pall-bearers were: Theo Blanchard, John Redmond, Harry Coles, John Walsh, Jas. McIsaac, John O'Connor. May his soul rest in peace.

The Gloucester Carillon

(By Beth Barton)

In Gloucester, a little fishing village on the northern coast of Massachusetts, the bells of a carillon sounded for the first time in the New World. The Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage installed its carillon in the summer of 1922, until then this kind of Old World music was unknown in the United States. The church has a congregation of Portuguese descent, for the most part fishing folk from the Azores. They are both musical and pious, and they realized a long cherished dream when they were at last able to install in their church the bells of the carillon. Before the bells were put into the tower they were blessed by His Eminence Cardinal O'Connell, in an impressive ceremony, and then they were played for the first time before a vast throng that filled all the twisted, hilly streets of the little town. Within the seven years that have followed the first carillon concert at Gloucester, people have come from all over the United States to hear the bells, and they have returned to their own communities imbued with the idea of encouraging the congregations of their churches to install carillon too. Mr. John Rockefeller, Jr., returning from a trip to Gloucester, ordered made for the Park Avenue Baptist church in New York City the largest carillon ever built in the history of the world.

Certainly there are few things that can do more good for a community than free music. And the lovely wild music of bells is the most thrilling sort of concert.

I went to Gloucester specially to hear the carillon; I had never heard one in my life. I walked up the steep narrow street that led to the Church of Our Lady of the Good Voyage. On every porch people sat expectant, looking toward the hill where a cross was blazoned on the summer sky. Children sat silent on the curb stones; automobiles were parked everywhere, and people sat inside them, reading, or just waiting for the concert to begin. An urchin dashed up to me; he was selling program books. I sat down on the top of the hill, near the church, and looked out toward the silvery sea. The shining little cove was silent too, as if waiting for the bells. There was not a murmur of breeze, nor the faintest sound of surf. Many boats lay at harbor, and black trees stretched out gaunt arms above the sea. The twilight was fast falling. With the first star came the first notes of the bells. They pealed out with a loud clangor, sweet and terrifying, shattering all the soft stillness with wild sounds. Tremendous tones rent the air, carrying with them a great number of overtones, so that the ears of the listeners are confused at first. Then, the sounds seem to organize themselves into the system of tone we are used to... but though it all the confusion of overtones persists, like a strange dream that thrusts on us a mood that cannot be spent, even when we know we are awake. One hears the tune of Adeste Fideles tolled out on the great bells, but through it all is that sweet clangor of strange sounds... that seems to come from all the sky, from heaven. The overtones play round the tune and fill it with an ecstatic mysterious meaning. Angel music must be like this. Deep bells, like dirges, shaking even the rocks with their mighty resonance; sweet high bells that pierce the ears with gloden sounds and silvery sounds; mellow bells that sing out, carrying the song miles away, to another village. The tower is singing! "Wild cascades, foaming, and rapping, soaring, pouring the spray of music into the air."

Some of the bells of the Gloucester carillon have inscriptions of them... Santa Joan de Arce Canto Francisco Xavier, Santo Joao Baptista, Nossa Senhora do Perpetuo... many others. One bell weighs over 2000 pounds. It takes strength to play the carillon! The carillonneur Kamiel Lefevere, is a great artist. He is the main assistant of the great carillonneur Denyn at Cardinal Mercier's Cathedral Church at Malines, Belgium, but every summer finds him startling to life the sweet bells of Gloucester.

One time Lefevere told of his early boyhood in Malines. He lived and

played round St. Rombold's church... the church made famous by Cardinal Mercier. The great Denyn, probably the greatest carillonneur who ever lived, saw the little boy, drunk with the music of the bells, looking with adoration at the great bell-player. He took the little fellow into the tower to watch him play. Convinced that the lad was genuinely musical he taught him the secrets of his difficult art.

I listened long to the bells... they boomed out hymns, old Christmas songs, southern plantation songs, Italian folk songs, a few classical airs of gentle and dignified character. Nowhere a sound, save the stars powdered the sky. I went away, leaving the bells behind me. I slid swiftly and silently over the smooth road by the sea in a muffled automobile. All round me still rang the bells. As far as half a mile away they could be heard. I knew that in the little booth beneath the tower Kamiel Lefevere was tolling at the keyboard, perspiring, weary, dragging heavenly voices from those great, heavy, iron bells.

The concert stopped. The silence of the sea, swept coast closed down, just as the black night closed around the land. But the air was still trembling with sweetness, where the great tones had rushed by; my ears still rang with that loud golden music. The Portuguese folk in their chairs from their porches; they call in the children. The bells have sung, and they have said goodnight. There will be another concert tomorrow.

WELL KNOWN LADY DEAD

The death occurred at Georgetown on Monday, August 18th, of Mrs. William Martell. Unfortunately her health became impaired but it was hoped that a needed rest would aid recuperation and possibly effect a cure. At first there seemed to be some improvement but all too soon it became apparent that for her the chapter of this earthly existence was drawing to a close. Though life seemed sweet and her desire to remain for the sake of others some times found expression on her lips, as time passed on and the malady made deeper inroads on her waning strength, no murmur of discontent was ever heard, but calm resignation and a benign exemplification of the patient attitude, always attentive to her religious duties. The priest

administered regularly the Sacraments which she desired and then as the shadows of the valley gathered and the light of life burned low the Holy Viaticum was her consolation and her strength as her spotless soul breathed calmly forth to be at rest. She was cared for by her loving husband and daughter Mary and all that medical skill and kind nursing could do. God willed otherwise. She leaves to mourn five sons: Peter, Patrick, William, Malcolm and Mickey, also her sorrowing husband and one daughter Mary, also two sisters and two brothers, to whom sincere sympathy is extended. The many beautiful mass cards, letters of sympathy and spiritual bouquets show the high esteem in which she was held. May her soul rest in peace amen.—A.

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