

Former Islander Describes Visit To Old Erin

(Hannah L. Keefe, formerly of Morell, writes in the Oakland Maple Leaf on a recent trip she took to Ireland)

We arrived on the U. S. American at about seven o'clock in the evening, and were met by the tender on which we went in to the harbor. It was raining heavily, but that did not dampen our ardor any on seeing the "Green Isle." I stood out on the deck all the way into the harbor and did not mind the rain, as I did not want to miss anything. The harbor at Cobh is beautiful and resembles somewhat the Golden Gate. Outside one can only see a narrow passage-way but when you pass through you find a large harbour surrounded by green hills and cultivated fields. We took the train into Cork, where we remained for the night. After dinner we rode in a Jaunting Car up to the Shandon Church where the old sexton played the chimes for us, "The Bells of Shandon." He has played the chimes for twenty-eight years. He played all the tunes he knew, and was very gracious and courteous. Cork City is built on the River Lea. Next morning we left Cork at 9.30 a.m. for Killarney, train to Bantry and then automobile trip all through Cork and Kerry to Killarney. It was a scenic trip all the way. Drove around Bantry Bay, which is beautiful, and stopped at Clengarriff for lunch. After a couple of hours rest we resumed our journey to Killarney. Mountainous country all through Kerry, high grades and wonderful scenery. We stopped for 4 o'clock tea at Kenmare and arrived at Killarney at 7.00 p.m., in time for dinner. The last few hours of the trip from Kenmare to Killarney, is indeed beautiful. Next morning we drove around the lakes and visited Muckross Abbey. The keeper in charge of the Abbey gave us a very interesting history of the place. First built in 1340, a new wing being built in 1440, and destroyed and burned by Cromwell in 1652. Only the shell of it now remains, and the grounds surrounding have been used for a cemetery, the ancient Irish nobility being buried inside the Abbey and the common people on the outside. The O'Donoghues of the Glen, the old-time Chieftains of the Lake, and the McCarthy-Mor family, the Prince of Desmond, who were Kings of Munster before the era of St. Patrick and who were the founders of the Abbey, are buried inside the Abbey. Through intermarriage with the O'Donoghues of the Glen, the latter took possession of the tomb when McCarthy-Mor family became extinct. The keeper told us some interesting stories about the O'Donoghues of the Glen, one of the descendants of whom still lives here and insists upon his title, "The O'Donoghues," and anyone having the temerity to address him as "Mr. O'Donoghues," would be "knocked senseless." He told the story of "The O'Donoghues," who visited Paris during the third empire and who drove a coach and ten horses around the boulevards of Paris. It was conveyed to him by Napoleon III that no one could drive a coach and ten horses but himself, whereupon the O'Donoghue fumed and swore at the nerve of Napoleon sending such a message to him and drove out the next day with a coach and nine horses and one mule! The last of the O'Donoghues to be buried in the Abbey—about five years ago, lived up to the eccentricities of the family. He was built on such enormous proportions that his body would not fit in the tomb and he had to be buried on the outside; he was seven feet tall, seven feet around the shoulders and seven feet around the "equator."

Ireland is the most beautiful of all the countries we have visited, and our only regret is that we did not have more time to spend there. A rolling country, somewhat like France, with beautiful cultivated fields, trees and wild flowers; what impressed me most was the green hedges separating the fields, instead of the fences we have at home. The hedges are built of stone and are entirely covered with hawthorne, ivy and wild flowers; they look so beautiful all over the country, separating fields of grain, potatoes, etc. All that we have heard and read and sung about the beauty of Ireland has not at all been exaggerated. The trip from Killarney to Dublin is through a beautiful, rich-looking country. Arrived in Dublin Saturday evening, in time for dinner at the Hibernia Hotel.

Chesterton On Modernism In Sunday School

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, English author, who is touring America, comments scathingly on the modern idea as embodied in the curricula of a Sunday School in Wisconsin, of substituting for the old-fashioned religious training, a course of study in "Comparative Religion." His comment on this subject is contained in one of a series of letters sent by the author to G. K.'s Weekly and makes refreshing reading. Mr. Chesterton says, in part:

"The notion of the schoolmasters in question seems to be, not that the child should learn no religion, but that he should learn all religions. In other words, he must specially learn what is called Comparative Religion; presumably with the moderate intention of making him only comparatively religious. Here I must certainly confess to disagreeing with the Wisconsin educators. I think the child, as a child, has nowadays far too much not only of comparative religion, but of comparison.

"I think he has far too much of comparative aesthetics and comparative athletics and above all of comparative criticism. The whole fun of being a child was that one could fix one's whole mind on a particular enjoyment; and enjoy it positively and not relatively. The child does not think that the first lawn he sees is the best lawn he ever saw; and he is therefore saved from that dreary progress, at the end of which he will say it was the worst lawn he ever saw.

"I, for one, therefore, would not have children taught to compare religions, for the simple reason that I would not have them taught to compare rabbits out of conjurers' hats, or sausages out of pantomime sausage-machines. Eden was the place where every stick and stone was enjoyed for its own intrinsic qualities; and the serpent of Relativity, of comparison, appropriately made of curves, only brought sin and death into the world.

All-knowing Teachers

"But they do not feel like this in Wisconsin; because, as they explain to the children (many of them apparently aged four), 'the biblical account of Creation and the Flood is paralleled by writing found on prehistoric Babylonian tablets.' The schoolmasters in questions, fortunately, can correct these prehistoric accounts by the precise account of the real process of evolution, still so much disputed among evolutionists. "Having accounted for the formation of the earth," they go on to explain everything on it, in a manner that must be the envy of mere men of science. The story of the social and religious life of the American Indian is told next, then follows Norse mythology, the religions of ancient Egypt and Babylon, Buddhism in India, the covenant of pastoral Judea, Plato in Greece, the beginning of Christianity, Mohammedanism and finally modern Christianity. After which the child of four ought to have an interval for playing with bricks; possibly with prehistoric Babylonian bricks.

"But it is not because of this huge burden of goods and temples, carried by the toddling and perhaps tottering infant, that I take this text here. It is because of the awful, the mortal, the deathly words with which the article concludes. It says children are interested and attentive; 'This last despite the fact that this is probably the only American Sunday School that has neither a Christmas tree nor a Santa Claus.'

"There you have it. There you have the whole horror of it; the whole inhuman, cold, if the Red Indian had a Mid-Winter Tree, you would know all about that. If the Cherokees had a joblin god who came down the chimney, you would learn all about him. If any howling heathens anywhere threw presents at each other, at the new moon, the facts would be thrown at you as a part of Comparative Religion. But you must not have any presents given you as a part of your own religion. You must not get any fun out of the faith of your own fathers; or even the folk-lore of your own fathers."

Announcing...

MARCONI'S latest

contribution to radio enjoyment

The NEW MARCONI Junior Combination

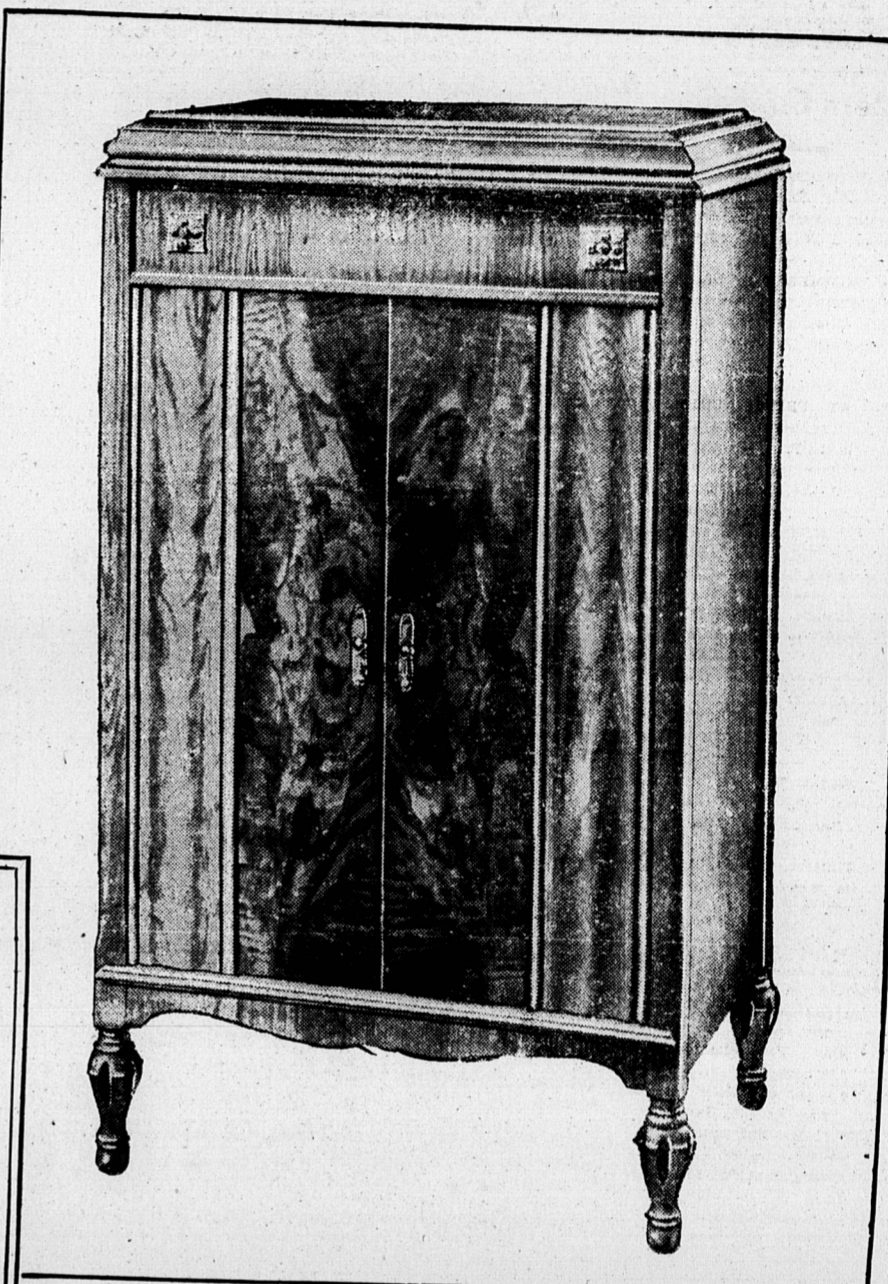
exceptional value at \$295 complete

This newest achievement of Marconi Radio skill is on display at your dealer's this week for the first time.

In the New Marconi Junior Combination you get a radio whose performance is the finest Marconi engineers can give you... You possess a phonograph which plays recordings electrically as they are recorded. You own, too, an instrument whose correct design el-

ways reflects your good taste and judgment...

Read the interesting facts about this remarkable new radio... Realize why Marconi's latest contribution to radio enjoyment is just the Radio you need.



Canadian MARCONI Company MONTREAL

Branches: Vancouver, Toronto, Halifax and St. John's Nfld.

Facts about the NEW MARCONI Junior Combination

The New Marconi Junior Combination is a low-priced efficient instrument of exceptional value providing the ultimate in radio and phonograph entertainment. It has a heavy duty Auditorium Dynamic Speaker which provides realistic tone quality... A four-stage balanced tuned radio frequency amplifier, straight line power detection, sensitivity compensator and eight Marconi Radiotrons... The Phonograph plays recordings with a tone fidelity equalled only by the New Marconi Senior Combination. Electric Magnetic Pick-up and full automatic stop insure the ultimate from recordings... The correct and artistic cabinet is an authentic product of master craftsmen. It adapts itself to any scheme of Interior Decoration.

Height from the floor 43" ... Price \$295 with tubes.

Licensed under Canadian Radio Patents, Ltd.

J. A. GESNER, Distributor for Prince Edward Island

Operating Radio Station C. H. C. K.

Dr. Wood's Terrible, Ticking Cough Could Not Sleep For It Norway Pine Syrup

NICE SMALL JAIL PUT ON MARKET AT PRICE OF \$750

LONDON, Eng., Jan. 7.—Does anybody want a goal? The Metropolitan Police have one going cheap, self-contained, with basement cell and bars in good condition. Cold and very cold water laid on. Chance of a lifetime.

"I will go all in!" replied a most un-Edgar Wallace voice. Then—"We want 750 pounds freehold for the goal!" "Five hundred." "Seven fifty." "No deal." The old watch house stands in Denmark street, Stepney. It is a pathetic little prison and was last used in the eighties. It appears to have been forgotten by the antiquaries, and is a few yards off the beat of a modern policeman who does not know it is there!

windows are heavily barred and the basement cell is pitch dark save for the dim light filtering through a grating. When you peep through the windows you can almost see the old 'Charleys' huddled over the fire, tending their lanterns. Rough times for those early 'toppers' when the universal idea in all classes, was 'Here's a watchman, cock him!'

They are trying to sell one of the old watch houses, those grim little prisons of a long dead London. I approached New Scotland Yard. "How much do you want for the goal?" "I want to buy a goal," I replied politely. "Come with me," said the policeman, "and I will get you one for nothing." "This is an old goal," I replied. "No," said the policeman. I told this supercharged 100 per cent young officer something of the old days when young bucks would come to the watch house towing a watchman, and stating to his colleagues, "give us another, we've broken this one."

"You don't say!" said the young policeman. "I do!" I insisted, "and the watch once put a Prince of Wales in just such a cell as that, and he had to show the star under his jacket to get off."

"Fancy" gasped the young policeman. "But you couldn't keep more than a couple of drunks in here with comfort."

"The old 'Charleys' never caught a couple of drunks," I explained. "Prisoners were few and far between. They had to catch a drunk three times, and then he became the goal's property." "Are you pulling my leg?" said the young policeman. MR. MURDOCK McLEOD MONCTON, Jan. 6.—Death claimed one of Moncton's most prominent citizens shortly after noon today when Murdock MacLeod, active for years in the business life of the city, died suddenly at his home, 148 Church street, after an illness that had confined him to his bed since Monday, a week ago, when he complained of not feeling in the best of health. Mr. MacLeod had been in good health until that time and had spent

Christmas with friends in New Glasgow. Mr. MacLeod had been a resident of Moncton for many years and had taken an active interest in all matters pertaining to the affairs of the city. He had conducted a leading tailoring business here for years and for the last few years had been in business with his son as a partner.

Born near Charlottetown, he was sixty-seven years of age, and came to Moncton as a young man, 47 years ago. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Lucy Wran, who died about fifteen years ago. His second wife was Miss Harriet DeMing, who survives. In addition to Mrs. MacLeod there are two brothers, Alexander of Charlottetown, and Neil of Moncton, and two daughters, Mrs. T. H. Howard, of Moncton, and Mrs. E. C. Chapman, of LaCombe, Alta. Two sons, Robert and Murdock are dead. Mr. MacLeod was an ardent Presbyterian and remained a staunch supporter of the continuing Church to the end. He had also taken a deep interest in politics, and in 1915, 1916 and 1918, served the city as alderman. While in business in Main street, he erected the building where the Maritime Press is now. Later he

sold out his business to F. W. S. Colpitts. After that he was for a time in business near the subway in Main street, but later removed to St. Georges street. He had considerable interests in real estate in the city. He had a large number of friends who will be shocked to read of his passing.

PICKLED PEERS GIVE SOCIETY CROOKS THEIR CUE

The polished society crook follows the court to Balmoral and so do Scotland Yard detectives. Some of these highly trained manhunters arrive in Decided before the arrival of the King and Queen. Incoming trains are met and passengers are closely scrutinized. Many of the white-gloved thieves police say, receive invitations to functions from sons of peers after a chance acquaintance while the latter are limbing freely. "It is wonderful how much trouble an invitation given by a peer's son when he is in his cups, can do," a retired detective observed. Because of the notoriety attached to a few thefts, police say, the losses often take the loss without informing authorities.

CHALLENGE EFFICACY OF B.C.G.

The efficacy of "B.C.G." prophylactic vaccination against bovine tuberculosis is seriously challenged by the Pathological Division of the Animal Diseases Research Institute in a statement appearing in the annual report of the Federal Department of Agriculture for the fiscal year 1929-30. International significance attaches to the statement owing to the fact that the system of "B.C.G." vaccination was introduced by the Pasteur Institute of France. Experimental work in Canada has been carried on as a major study since 1924 and while it is not possible as yet to make a final report the statement adds, "the experimental evidence so far obtained is distinctly unfavourable. The majority of the animals killed at different stages of the investigation have shown evidence of tuberculosis infection to a varying degree; and the animals which appeared to enjoy a temporary resistance to progressive infection are proving, for the most part, to be carriers and spreaders of virulent infection. With the knowledge at present available "B.C.G." vaccination of cattle could not be justified in Canada and, in fact, is distinctly contra-indicated."