

A BOUQUET FROM BRAMPTON CLIENT

Your services have been greatly appreciated, results extremely gratifying. Can't stress my thanks too highly—June 10, 1932.

KELLY & AIKEN The Collectors Orangeville, Ont.

Men never object to being over-rated, except by a tax assessor.

To reduce the heavy overhead, it is proposed to reduce the number of these plants in Ontario, and make fewer but bigger and better plants.

Sir Henry Thornton in resigning as the head of the Canadian National Railway, feels that while there, he did not carry the confidence of the people of Canada.

If it has done nothing else the depression has done much to cut down the hostility to work.

When the wife told the maid to put her money where it would draw the most interest, she promptly put it in her stocking.—St. Thomas Times Journal.

It makes amusing reading to see some of the Conservative papers loyal to Hon. Richard Bennett and why he did the right thing in not receiving the farmers at Ottawa on the 16th.

Senator Couzens says that some railroad presidents get as much as \$125,000 a year. That's cheering news: we didn't know the railroads were taking in that much.—Guelph Mercury.

How could you Agnes! (Toronto Daily Star)

Sir: As one of the Frontenac farmers who went to Ottawa, may I say that many a self-satisfied bachelor has been tricked by a designing damsel into doing something he never intended to do.

How could you treat poor Dickie so?

THE REAL ISSUE LOST

Beneath a political accident, the real significance, the real success of the recent farm gathering to Ottawa, lies buried, thinks the Farmers' Sun.

CRAWFORD

Mr and Mrs Wm Disney and family of Habernahl, Mr and Mrs J. Birr, Hanover, were visitors Sunday with Mr and Mrs John White.

Mrs Robt Canning and son Reginald, of Bell Ewart, Mr Robt Grose and daughter, Miss Vivian, R. N. of Belleville, were guests of Mr and Mrs Arch McDougall over the week end.

Mr and Mrs Harry McDougall and children, Durham, are also spending a few days at same home.

We regret to say that Mrs McRae is not improving from her illness, as rapidly as we would like.

A very severe thunder storm passed over this district Friday morning. During the storm, Mr George Fisher's fine home was struck by lightning which did considerable damage.

Mrs Geo Mighton, Jr and children, spent a day at the parental home.

Miss Tena Livingstone, Miss Mary McGillivray and Mrs Mary Brown, attended the funeral of the late Rev. G. S. Steele at Caledon Friday last.

One of the worst electric storms passed over our burg Friday between 1 and 2 a.m. that has been in a long time.

ROCKY SAUGEEN

The continued wet weather has made it hard to finish up the haying season.

Mr Jack Lawson accompanied by his friend, Arnold King, from the Northland, is holidaying at his home here.

Miss Margaret McLean was a recent guest with Miss Olga Bierman, Owen Sound.

The storm last week did quite a lot of damage in this community. Thirteen trees were uprooted in Mrs Arch. Thompson's orchard, while fences were laid low everywhere.

Mr and Mrs Jaa Crutchley were recent visitors with Meaford friends.

Mr and Mrs Wm Markie spent a day recently with Mr and Mrs Roy Braun.

Mr and Mrs Bartley Thompson, Toronto, are spending a few days with the former's mother, Mrs Arch. Thompson.

Mr and Mrs Fred Kelsey have made a wonderful improvement on their house, having the outside boarded and windows added, which adds much to its appearance.

Miss Elda Moore, Meaford, is holidaying at home of her uncle, Mr Jim Crutchley.

DORNOCH

One of the worst electric storms passed over our burg Friday between 1 and 2 a.m. that has been in a long time.

Many have hay out which will not be of much account.

Mr and Mrs Halton and family of Mooresburg, spent Friday evening with Mr and Mrs. Dargavel.

Mr and Mrs. Dargavel, visited friends in Dornoch Saturday.

Miss Susie McIntosh, Toronto, is holidaying with her sister and brother for a month or two.

Mrs T. O'Neill spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs E. Dargavel.

Miss Margaret Heift, Toronto, is visiting her parents a few days.

Sorry to hear of Billy O'Neill's accident while playing ball, he breaking two small bones in his elbow.

HAMPDEN

Not for many moons have we had such a deluge of rain as which fell in the early hours of Friday morning last.

The English money was rather confusing at first, as I had forgotten all about pounds, shillings and pence.

Upon arriving at our hotel, I decided to wire my people and let them know I arrived safely.

As on one time limit was very short, we started right to see things.

Our first trip was to Trinity College, where we saw the famous Book of Kells and numerous other interesting things.

Next we saw the pipe organ on which Handel first played the "Messiah." A guide took us through the vaults underneath the church and showed us several caskets containing the bodies of famous people who had been deposited there hundreds of years ago.

Nothing in these vaults decomposes and the coffins are still intact. Some of them with the skin off, contained the bodies in a fair state of preservation—the skin on them like tanned leather. These were rather gruesome so we didn't stay any longer than possible.

The crowds in Dublin were immense—people walking on the pavement and all over the streets as well. Cars, pedestrians etc, keep in danger of being knocked down, being used to keeping to the right in Canada. They say "When you're left you're right, and when you're right you're wrong."

Every morning we attended Mass at St. Joseph's Church and on one occasion we went to St. Kevin's Church, on Harrington St., where the Canadians were supposed to attend. Rev. J. P. Treacy, of Toronto, preached the sermon and I had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Fr. McAuliffe, pastor of St. Kevin's. We were invited to his house and had a chat with him concerning our ancestors.

His people came from Limerick, as did my grandfather McAuliffe. So we rather supposed there might be a relationship.

My chief object in visiting Ireland was to attend the Eucharistic Congress and it was certainly worth going to see. The city and practically the whole of Southern Ireland was decorated for the occasion.

Streams and pennants and emblems of all sorts, were strung along the streets and made a brilliant spectacle.

There is so much to tell about the Congress that I'm afraid space won't permit me to tell all so I'll just try to tell you about the closing stages, which to me were the most important.

(Signed) Emma Bailey Wilcox: H. D. Scott, chief constable Dated at Benloch, this 26th day of July A. D. 1932

Visits the Land of Her Ancestors - Ireland

Miss Katherine R. McAuliffe has Many Varied Experiences

Eucharistic Congress a Wonderfully Imposing Sight.—Kissed the Blarney Stone in Southern Ireland.

Miss McAuliffe states she had a million dollars' worth of Fun and Education.

Having been requested by the "Review" to write an account of my recent trip overseas, I will endeavor to give you a mental picture of my experiences.

Leaving Montreal on Monday, June 13, at 10 a.m. (D.S.T.) aboard the S. S. Ansonia, a Cunard steamer, we proceeded on down the St. Lawrence to Quebec.

Two friends of mine from Toronto accompanied me, Helen MacMillan and Mary Barrett. After leaving Quebec we were two days sailing before we reached the ocean.

We passed through the Straits of Belle Isle and past the Anticosti Islands. Shortly after this we encountered several ice bergs, and the weather was very cold as we were getting the icy breezes from the Labrador coast.

Owing to a dense fog at this point, about 10:30 p.m., we were compelled to stop the ship and wait for daylight in order to proceed.

Two orchestras were on board from St. Louis, Mo. and one from London, England, so we forgot about icebergs, fog, etc. and danced to our heart's content.

At least 90 per cent of the passengers were American from St. Louis, Kansas City, and other southern points.

Everybody was exceptionally friendly and the time passed before we were aware of it. Several priests were on board, so we had Mass every morning.

On Sunday, there was also an Anglican service conducted by the Captain of our ship.—H. A. L. Bond. So we had the religious service as well as the social activities.

Then there were the deck sports which consisted of shuffleboard, table and deck tennis, and last but not least, horse races. These were run by wooden horses and the proceeds used for the benefit of disabled seamen.

One phase of the trip I must not neglect to mention—I was indisposed for a day or two, owing to sea-sickness. The less said about that the better.

Each night we had to advance our watches 50 minutes for six nights. They are five hours ahead of us in the Old Land.

We arrived at Dun Longhair, formerly known as Kingstown, on June 20th, and were met by a girl friend of mine, Helen Cronin, also from Toronto, who had sailed from Boston a month before and who had made reservations for us in Dublin.

After passing through the customs at Dun Longhair, we proceeded by bus to Dublin, a distance of five miles.

The English money was rather confusing at first, as I had forgotten all about pounds, shillings and pence. However, rather than be yipped, we soon learned how to dole it out.

Upon arriving at our hotel, I decided to wire my people and let them know I arrived safely. This I did for the small sum of 65c.

As on one time limit was very short, we started right to see things. Our first trip was to Trinity College, where we saw the famous Book of Kells and numerous other interesting things.

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ing. There is a high wall all round this walk so you can't fall over and you lie on your back on the top of this wall, with an old coat wrapped around you. Two guides take hold of your ankles and you reach back and grip two iron bars. Your body is partially spanning a hole, 60 or 70 feet from the ground and the guides shove you out and with your head hanging back you kiss a piece of stone under the upper wall. This piece of stone is the illustrious "Blarney Stone." I'm not sure whether I've made the picture clear to you, but it's the best I can do under the circumstances. I'd hate to have this exercise included in my "daily dose." You'd either reduce or die of heart failure.

I forgot to mention before leaving Dublin, we made a tour through (Kilgobbin, in Wicklow Co. We were all day on this tour and the country here is also very picturesque. We climbed rocks with the aid of guides and this also required a bit of courage. St. Kevin's bed, which is a cavern in the rock, was our objective, also his chair, which is a groove in the rock. One who sits in the chair, is never again supposed to suffer from backache or tooth ache and whoever sits on the bed is supposed to be married within six weeks. Climbing down the rocks again, I thought I'd never live to tell the tale, let alone six weeks.

So much for fairy stories. After leaving Blarney Castle, we drove to Cork. That is where my mother's parents came from. It was raining heavily by the time we arrived, so our sight-seeing was cut short. Nothing daunted, we went to a theatre, and saw George Arliss in "The Million Man", known over here as "The Man who played God." Their theatres are better than ours and the seats are upholstered in plush. I also enjoyed their pipe organ. Restaurants are operated in connection with the theatre.

We left Cork about 6:30 one evening—went aboard the Innisfallen and crossed St. George's Channel to Fishguard on the east coast of England. The channel was very rough and, well I didn't enjoy it at all. Sea-sickness isn't the nicest of maladies, although you feel like a million dollars afterwards. (whatever that feels like)

We docked at Fishguard at 4:30 a.m. but remained on the boat to finish our beauty sleep and eat breakfast. At 7:45 we got off the boat and boarded the train for London. This ride took us from the extreme east to the western coast. We passed some beautiful country on that trip, but by train is not so nice.

We arrived in London about 3 p.m., and stayed at the Strand Palace Hotel. That evening we attended the Alhambra theatre and saw Hassard Short's production "Walkies from Vienna." Music by Johann Strauss.

Next day we took a tour sponsored by Cook's Tours Agency. We went to St. Paul's cathedral, Buckingham and St. James' Palaces, International Art Gallery, British Museum and other points of interest. Of particular interest were the crown jewels.

Also the wedding gowns and coronation robes of prehistoric days. I saw Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, the Duke of York's two children and just missed seeing Her Majesty, Queen Mary, who had driven out of the palace a short time before. We had only two days in London and I'm sure one would require weeks to see the many interesting things with which it abounds.

Our next move was to Southampton and from here we boarded the S. S. Ansonia, a sister boat to the Ansonia and went across the English channel to Havre, France. Here we were 2 1/2 hours from Paris but time did not permit us to see it. Very sad indeed, but as the saying goes, "Much wants more."

We sailed from Havre July 2nd, and our journey back was delightful. The ship doctor took us through the hospital, could accommodate 24 patients. There was everything in the line of instruments you could possibly need and the dispensary wasn't lacking a thing. Next the chief engineer took us all through the engine rooms, 24 ft below the water. This was also very interesting. Time and space prevent its description.

On our return voyage, I met a Mr. H. W. Luce from H. M. Patent Office, London, Eng. coming over to attend the Imperial Conference at Ottawa. I also met two great writers, one Padre O'Donnell of Dublin and Dr O'Hagen, of Toronto. Another interesting acquaintance was Mary McSweeney, who conducts a school for girls in Cork and a sister of Terence McSweeney who went on a hunger strike some time ago.

As we neared Quebec, we came under the famous Quebec bridge, 2 1/2 miles long, which collapsed a couple of times, killing several people, before it was finally completed. We could easily see Montmorency Falls from the ship, and I thought as we neared our destination, that Canada's scenery could compete with other places any day.

I have tried to make this as short as possible, and it's difficult to describe things just as you've seen them but I hope some of my readers, at least, will have the opportunity of seeing these places themselves some day in the not too distant future. Those of you who have seen these places can check me up where I've made the mistakes, and thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the invitation to write up my trip in your valuable paper. I am, Sincerely,

Katherine McAuliffe

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