

# THE STORY OF THE WEEK.

## THE REFORMATION OF KILGLOWNEY.

BY WINIFRED PATTON.

The Prize of Two Guineas has been Awarded Miss Winifred Patton.  
5 Wembury Road, Highgate, London, for the following:—

**F**ATHER Ned Maginnis got a great welcome when he came as parish priest to Kilglowney. His parishioners assembled in force to give him a hearty "cead mile failte." He would make a fine parish priest and no mistake about it, they said—why the very sight of the wee man was an encouragement to come to Mass or Confession. A babe in the cradle could not look milder than Father Ned.

Father Ned set about his duties in Kilglowney with great good-humour. His pleasant smile and kindly word were ready for all comers. The children found his tail pocket a region of limitless possibilities in the confectionery line. He was a patient and sympathetic listener to the sorrowful tales of all the old humbugs in the neighbourhood. To crown his abundant merits he had a keen sense of humour. There was no

cinating in his personality. The parish he had entered had never been really vicious or criminal; lawless and indifferent to religion it had always been. The ascendancy that Father Ned was strangely gaining over the hearts of his people seemed to promise a great and far-reaching change. His earnestness and zeal, his unselfish and loving kindness, his fun and good humour, united with his fearless spirit and even temper, making him a combination fatal to the devil.

Father Ned's popularity was still an undetermined factor when the mountain boys arranged their great dance at the parochial hall. This hall had been built by a misguided philanthropist, with a vague idea of its becoming in some way a centre of light and learning. The attempted concerts and penny readings had never been successful. The situation of the hall had probably much to do with this result. With a view to holding the balance even, and conferring undue honour on no part of the parish,

oceans o' whiskey for everybody, an' eatables an' drinkables o' all kinds, an' two fiddles the whole night. We're goin' to have a great night altogether. An' ye know we could easily tie you up an' get the kays, but we want to thrate ye fairly. So what d'ye say now?"

"I'm willin' enough to let ye have yer fun," said Teddy, magnanimously, "an' if some o' ye slips in an' stales the kays unbeknownst to me I won't say a word. The whiskey an' sich like might be left to wi' me here in a quiet manner. But I know nothin' of it—mind ye that! I'll be no way mixed up wi' you or yer mad doings."

"That'll do fine," said Joe, "an' mind ye, not a word to Father Ned! We don't want the wee sowl bothered wi' such nonsense. He has far too much to do already, an' the late hours wudn't suit him at all. So don't let a cheep out o' yer head to man or mortal about what we're thinkin' of. If ye do, it'll be mille murder!"

"All right, then," said Joe, and so the matter was settled.

Now Joe Boylan was quite content to keep the affair as quiet as possible, and let things take their chance. But Jim Sweeney said this would never do. The hall was in a lonely enough place, to be sure, but Father Ned must be got safely away that night. He must be far enough to prevent the possibility of his bothering them in the midst of the fun, as it was more than likely he would somehow manage to do if left to himself. So Jim arranged a long sick call for Father Ned on the great evening, an urgent summons that would take him to the other side of the mountains, and detain him there until the small hours of the morning.

Never was such a night seen at the old hall. The architect of the place was startlingly original in design and execution. The ground floor was fitted up as stables for the convenience of the gentry who might wish to put up their horses when attending the projected entertainments. Here also was a small room where anyone who felt so inclined could retire for refreshments. The stables had never been used, and were infested by rats. In the little room Joe Boylan had stored the various commodities which were to delight the dancers in due time. The dancing-room or hall proper was reached by a steep, crooked stairway, which wound its way upward at an angle of the building. Here the privileged boys and their lady friends were assembled in full force, and the fiddles were scraping merrily.

Joe Boylan opened the proceedings with a little speech of welcome, for Joe did things in proper form, and liked to hear himself talk. His words were indeed eloquent, if one might take unbounded applause as an index of merit. The ringing cheer which followed his remarks must have waked the mountain echoes miles away.

The fun grew fast and furious, and the fiddles drowned the unbolts-for sound as Father Ned drove up and mounted the creaking stair. Outside the door he paused. The key was still in the lock. He softly turned it, making the great door secure, and went quietly downstairs again with the key in his pocket. Here he encountered the person in charge of the refreshments, who blushed and stammered in response to Father Ned's inquiries.

The little priest soon made up his mind. "Carry these things out, and put them in the bottom of my trap," he ordered. "Don't leave a single thing. I'll account for them to-morrow."

The youth did as he was told, and Father Ned

"Why aren't yez dancin', boys?" Joe said briskly, and made the fiddlers strike up a lively measure. "We may as well get what good we can out o' the night, even if it is spoiled. Standin' about like this won't make the time pass quicker."

So the dancing began again, in a half-hearted way. Some of the party held aloof in moody silence, and declined to put a cheerful face on the matter. Others tried hard to see the joke of it, and partially succeeded.

Dancing night into morning of your own choice is one thing, dancing when you must is quite another. Never before had such a long night been known in Kilglowney, never had the pale glory of dawn been awaited with greater longing. It was a very dismal, disheartened collection of merry-makers that Father Ned released when morning marked the ending of their penance. They were too limp and dispirited to be actively ill-humoured. They even felt a passive gratitude for his unexpectedly early arrival.

Drawn up outside were two large waggons. "Get in all of you," said Father Ned cheerily. "I'm bringing you all home with me for a pick of breakfast. I'm sure you'll want something after all your exertions."

The twinkle in Father Ned's eye was answered by one in Joe Boylan's.

"Get in, boys an' girls," said Joe, "ye may just as well see it out. We're as great fools now as iver we'll be."

So in they accordingly got, and were driven to Father Ned's house. Here a sumptuous breakfast awaited them, and the housekeeper bustled about with a great show of welcome. They might have been the most honoured guests that had ever set foot in the place. The ridiculous element of the situation was entirely ignored by their hosts. No trace of amusement appeared on the housekeeper's kindly face. The reluctant guests began to feel more comfortable, and on better terms with themselves and the world.

Not until breakfast was finished did Father Ned refer to their night's experience. Then he stood up and faced them.

"Now boys, I put it to yourselves, was that a nice trick to play on your old priest, sending him off in the clouds of the night with a lying story? Only that the Lord made him less of a fool than he looks, he might have believed it!"

Joe Boylan rose to his feet.

"I'm the only wan to blame for it, Father Ned, an' before all here I ask yer pardon. It was a mane, scurvy thrick an' no mistake. But sure, Father dear, we're all proud to find ye even less of a fool than we tuk ye for—an' that's sayin' much."

Father Ned smiled. "Why did you do it?" he asked.

"Och, why indeed?" said Joe. "We might as well have left it alone for all the good it did us. We didn't want ye to be spoilin' our wee bit o' fun—that was the only reason."

"Why should I spoil your fun," said Father Ned, "I see nothing wrong in harmless amusement. It is yourselves make dancing and such like an evil, with your secrecy and deceit. You might have conducted it properly, and have had my blessing. Why can't you trust me a little more—have I given you reason to hate me?"

"Indeed then ye have not," said Joe, "though maybe we thought ye were too busy whiles. But I suppose you have got yer own notions, like the rest of us, an' small blame to ye. An' maybe the nixt dance we get up we'd have you invited, though I'm thinkin' that we will be some little time yet. We've had our fill of dancin' the night—we'll want no more for a



man in the parish quicker to see or more ready to appreciate a joke.

Father Ned was very small and thin, but his activity seemed tireless. He was certainly not young, but he would be a brave man who called the little priest old to his face. His hair might be white, but his eyes were undimmed, and his step was as light as the best of them. For quite three weeks the Kilglowney gossips were satisfied that Providence had sent them the ideal soggarth.

Kilglowney was a large, straggling parish, taking in every variety of bad and good land, and almost as varied an assortment of souls. More or less ambitious examples of every known form of scenery might be found within its limits. Between its wild sea coast and its farthest stretch of barren mountain there was something to gratify every taste. Natural beauty and ugliness, grandeur and commonplace, were impartially exemplified. The character of the scattered inhabitants was as varied as their surroundings. There was but one point on which they all and always agreed. This was the desirability of not being interfered with by priest or police.

The police had learned by this time that their existence in Kilglowney could be made much pleasanter by the exercise of a judicious blindness. The priest was usually a more difficult factor, being oppressed with a conscience. His meddling was often annoying, but after all his power was limited by human capacity. The parish was, or professed to be, too poor to support more than one priest. It also covered a very large area, and he could not be everywhere at once, so that the Kilglowney men, harassed though they were, could often enjoy a fight in peace and get drunk in comfort.

The first three weeks of his stay in Kilglowney were spent by Father Ned in dispensing civilities, and in acquiring more or less useful information. At the end of that time he had armed himself with sufficient facts to justify the opening of his plan of campaign. So one fine Sunday morning the eyes of Kilglowney were opened, and the priest assumed a more important, if less amiable, character in the estimation of his parishioners.

An event of the preceding Friday was the cause of this revelation. That day had been signalled by a successful and numerously attended prize fight in a remote corner of the parish. There had never been a better fight—the spectators declared—both men had stood till the life was nearly out of them. While this was taking place Father Ned was supposed to be miles away, relieving his kindly heart by giving sweets to the children, or doctoring some of the ailing old women. But behold, on Sunday morning, after Mass, Father Ned launched forth in stern denunciation of the combatants and their abettors. By some mysterious means he had obtained knowledge of the affair, his information even extending to a complete list of the spectators. Kilglowney was bewildered and indignant. It felt that Father Ned was a delusion, and gentleness a snare.

This was only the beginning of Kilglowney's dread awakening. Doleful days were at hand for that deluded parish. Father Ned was everywhere, and got to know of everything that went on. He seemed to have a miraculous faculty of always turning up at a time and place when his presence was most necessary and least welcome. Before his mild insistence and unyielding will the greatest bullies quailed, the most hardened sinners were persuaded to bend the knee in confession. The strangest thing about it was that after a time Father Ned's popularity seemed to increase in proportion to his obnoxious interference with the liberty of his charges. There was undeniably something fas-

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Now the mountain boys were particularly fond of dancing, and in the early days of Father Ned's reign a bold idea seized upon their leaders. This was no less than to take possession of the parochial hall for an all-night dance. The idea caught on immediately, and no pains were spared to make the carrying out of the idea worthy of its great conception. Of course the greatest caution had to be observed, as the project might become impossible if Father Ned got wind of it.

Joe Boylan and Jim Sweeney were the ring-leaders in this enterprise. They were both well under thirty, and always ready for fun or a fight. They were prime favourites with everyone in the parish save the representatives of religion and law. They were lawless by nature and training. To defy or hoodwink the civil authorities afforded them the greatest pleasure in life. They neglected their religious duties from no animosity to priest or doctrine, but merely as an assertion of independence. With all their faults, which were not few, they were the idols of Kilglowney, the uncrowned rulers of the parish. Why this should be so no one quite understood. To be sure Joe Boylan was handsome enough to win any Irish heart—a tall, strapping fellow with the bluest eyes and the sweetest temper in the land. Most of Joe's mad pranks were dictated by sheer high spirits, a wild exuberance of nature that swept away his saner instincts. Jim Sweeney, on the other hand, was a little, wizened creature, with a sharp, sarcastic tongue, and a touchy temper. He worshipped Joe Boylan, and vented his sarcasm and ill-humour on everyone else. It would be difficult to account for the influence wielded over a wide neighbourhood by this strangely assorted pair. It may be that their foolish exploits appealed to the romanticism ever present in the Celtic character. At any rate, whatever the reason, their sway was wide and undisputed. Woe betide the misguided police officer who would venture into the lonely mountains in search of either culprit.

From the beginning Jim Sweeney insisted that the dance must, above all things, be select. This gave him an opportunity of bestowing sarcastic and contemptuous remarks on the boys who pleaded vainly for permission to attend. The suitability of candidates for admission was determined by their position in the good graces of Jim and Joe. No other consideration was allowed to prevail, and the rejected consoled themselves by hoping for better luck another time. To question the decision of the autocratic pair was never thought of.

When the matter of attendance had been settled, it remained to square the keeper of the hall. This old man, Teddy Groarty by name, at first refused to listen to the proposal, but was won over by some coaxing and a promise of liberal refreshments.

"What are ye goin' to have?" he inquired, dubiously. "I want none o' yer lemonade an' gimcracks. A plain, honest drink's the thing for me."

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"The cute wee devil!" Joe exclaimed in resentful admiration when he found his voice, "th' wee thief o' the world! Waxes, he must be the ould boy himself, for who else wud have the cliver ness o' thon wee man? Did iver yez meet the match of him in all yer born days—there's not a mouse squeaks in the parish but Father Ned hears it! I doubt he's the ould boy sure enough, an' he's done us fairly this time. After all, it was a mane trick we tried for to play on the wee sowl, sendin' him all that length on a fool's erran'!"

"He's a mane, low, common thief!—no more, an' no less!" said Jim Sweeney with concentrated wrath. Then he changed to a feeble attempt at sarcasm.

"Which o' yez wants a good example set yez, boys?" he asked, his tone placing a great distance between himself and those he addressed—"Because there's wan before yez now—the priest o' yer parish too! Pegs, yez have a right to be proud of him!"

"He's ours no more nor yours," said one of the boys sullenly—"wan wud think to hear ye talk ye wor' not o' the parish at all. Maybe it's yersel' we'll see wan o' these fine days marchin' down to Mass, an' Father Ned wi' a houbt o' your ear. Don't be too fly, Jim Sweeney."

Jim's wizened face flamed with anger. He turned towards the speaker with fury in his eye, but Joe Boylan interposed.

"Is it the loss o' the whisky vexed ye, Pether, my son?" said Joe with a great laugh. "We may all shake hands over that, for I'm feart it's little more sight o' the same stuff we'll see the night."

"Much good may it do them that gets it!" said Peter savagely.

"Aye, ye may well say that," Joe rejoined. "Thon's a powerful lot o' whisky for wan wee man, an' he may be not so well used till it, either. It might be a wake we'll be givin' the wee body ere Sunday."

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It was certainly a very awkward fix. The unfortunate organisers of the dance felt, and were made to feel that the whole responsibility for the disastrous occurrence rested on their shoulders. It was past helping now, but they should have made better arrangements, have taken greater precautions against surprise. But in answer to these grumblings Joe only laughed, and said with rueful amusement—"Lord love yez, waxes dear, who would iver have thought o' the like o' that happenin'? Sure it niver come into my head at all to think of such a thing."

Not even Joe's popularity and good humour could relieve the situation. Some of the boys tried to force the door, but its massive strength resisted their combined efforts. No one felt inclined to risk his neck in the descent from the window. Clearly there was nothing to be done but wait for morning, and make the best of things. Father Ned would surely relent with the dawn of day.

"It is my turn now to apologise," said Father Ned, "and that I do most heartily. But you will admit that I had some provocation, and as things have turned out so well, we may shake hands and be friends. The stolen property awaits your disposal outside."

"We're proud to forgive ye, Father Ned," said Joe, still acting as spokesman, "an' the wheen things ye tuk are niver worth mentionin'. Just keep them, an' do as ye like wi' them—ye'll maybe know some poor crathers wants them more nor us. Now, boys, is that right I'm sayin'?"

A chorus of approval replied. "Three cheers for Father Ned!" said Joe, and very lusty cheers responded. Then with much handshaking, and few words, the party separated, and went their various ways.

Father Ned's position in Kilglowney was established from that hour. No priest had ever been so popular in that benighted region. Never had the old chapel seen such a throng on Sundays and holidays. Joe Boylan's big form was always conspicuous, and with Joe came his shadow, Jim Sweeney. The reformation of Kilglowney was achieved. That Herculean task, the aim of priests and the despair of the police for generations, had been suddenly accomplished by one little man.

As Joe Boylan remarked, long afterwards, "Father Ned was the greatest wee devil of a saint that iver said Mass. There was no houldin' out against him."

### Brakelless Cycling.

Once again, a coroner's jury urges that something should be done to prevent reckless cyclists from endangering, not only their own lives, but those of other people, by dispensing with brakes. In this instance, the expression of this opinion is a sequel to a case of the common law, a sentence in all its details. A deep desire for brakelless safety, a rider who has no control, and a collision with fatal consequences; these are the usual circumstances whether the "accident" happens in any part of the country or another. Lives must have been lost in precisely the same way solely through the remissness of the Legislature in not rendering it a punishable offence to ride in public without Motor-cars have to be so furnished, yet they are not nearly so dangerous, noiseless safety, while drivers and of horses take very good care to the power of checking speed almost instant. Where would be the same rule to cycling would be no increase of expense, do not charge extra for ordinary while the additional weight would more than a couple of pounds.

### A Strange Food.

According to the "Scientific American," a species of moth is greatly esteemed and relished in the Philippine Islands as an article of food. In the mountainous districts these moths exist in enormous numbers, and are scraped from rocky fissures into buckets. The heads, wings, and legs of the insects are rejected, and in order to get rid of these heat is employed. Holes are scooped in the earth, and fires kept burning in them until the ground is quite hot, then the fuel is removed, and the moths are placed in the pits, where the wings, etc., become shrivelled up and very brittle. The moths are next sifted through netting, so that the rejected parts fall in the form of powder, leaving only the bodies behind.

The forests of Great Britain are valued at £2,000,000, those of the United States at £112,000,000.

The House of Peers is 91 by 45 feet; the House of Commons a trifle smaller.

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A chorus of approval replied.

"Three cheers for Father Ned!" said Joe, and very lusty cheers responded. Then with much handshaking, and few words, the party separated, and went their various ways.

Father Ned's position in Kilglowney was established from that hour. No priest had ever been so popular in that benighted region. Never had the old chapel seen such a throng on Sundays and holidays. Joe Boylan's big form was always conspicuous, and with Joe came his shadow, Jim Sweeney. The reformation of Kilglowney was achieved. That Herculean task, the aim of priests and the despair of the police for generations, had been suddenly accomplished by one little man.

As Joe Boylan remarked, long afterwards, "Father Ned was the greatest wee divil of a saint that ivir said Mass. There was no houldin' out against him."

oceans o' whiskey for everybody, an' eatables an' drinkables o' all kinds, an' two fiddles the whole night. We're goin' to have a great night althegither. An' ye know we could aisily tie you up an' get the kays, but we want to thrate ye fairly. So what d'ye say now?"

"I'm willin' enough to let ye have yer fun," said Teddy, magnanimously, "an' if some o' ye slips in an' stales the kays unknownst to me I won't say a word. The whisky an' sich like might be left in wi' me here in a quite manner. But I know nothin' of it—mind ye that! I'll be no way mixed up wi' you or yer mad doins."

"That'll do fine," said Joe, "an' mind ye, not a word to Father Ned! We don't want the wee sowl bothered wi' such nonsense. He has far too much to do already, an' the late hours wudn't suit him at all. So don't let a cheep out o' yer head to man or mortal about what we're thinkin' of. If ye do, it'll be mille murdher!"

"All right, then," said Joe, and so the matter was settled.

Now Joe Boylan was quite content to keep the affair as quiet as possible, and let things take their chance. But Jim Sweeney said this would never do. The hall was in a lonely enough place, to be sure, but Father Ned must be got safely away that night. He must be far enough to prevent the possibility of his bothering them in the midst of the fun, as it was more than likely he would somehow manage to do if left to himself. So Jim arranged a long sick call for Father Ned on the great evening, an urgent summons that would take him to the other side of the mountains, and detain him there until the small hours of the morning.

Never was such a night seen at the old hall. The architecture of the place was startlingly original in design and execution. The ground floor was fitted up as stables for the convenience of the gentry who might wish to put up their horses when attending the projected entertainments. Here also was a small room where anyone who felt so inclined could retire for refreshments. The stables had never been used, and were infested by rats. In the little room Joe Boylan had stored the various commodities which were to delight the dancers in due time. The dancing-room or hall proper was reached by a steep, crooked stairway, which wound its way upward at an angle of the building. Here the privileged boys and their lady friends were assembled in full force, and the fiddles were scraping merrily.

Joe Boylan opened the proceedings with a little speech of welcome, for Joe did things in proper form, and liked to hear himself talk. His words were indeed eloquent, if one might take unbounded applause as an index of merit. The ringing cheer which followed his remarks must have waked the mountain echoes miles away.

The fun grew fast and furious, and the fiddles drowned the unlooked-for sound as Father Ned drove up and mounted the creaking stair. Outside the door he paused. The key was still in the lock. He softly turned it, making the great door secure, and went quietly downstairs again with the key in his pocket. Here he encountered the person in charge of the refreshments, who blushed and stammered in response to Father Ned's inquiries.

The little priest soon made up his mind. "Carry these things out, and put them in the bottom of my trap," he ordered. "Don't leave a single thing. I'll account for them to-morrow."

The youth did as he was told, and Father Ned

"Why aren't yez dancin', boys?" Joe said briskly, and made the fiddlers strike up a lively measure. "We may as well get what good we can out o' the night, even if it is spoiled. Standin' about like this won't make the time pass quicker."

So the dancing began again, in a half-hearted way. Some of the party held aloof in moody silence, and declined to put a cheerful face on the matter. Others tried hard to see the joke of it, and partially succeeded.

Dancing night into morning of your own choice is one thing, dancing when you must is quite another. Never before had such a long night been known in Kilglowney, never had the pale glory of dawn been awaited with greater longing. It was a very dismal, disheartened collection of merry-makers that Father Ned released when morning marked the ending of their penance. They were too limp and dispirited to be actively ill-humoured. They even felt a passive gratitude for his unexpectedly early arrival.

Drawn up outside were two large waggons. "Get in all of you," said Father Ned cheerily. "I'm bringing you all home with me for a pick of breakfast. I'm sure you'll want something after all your exertions."

The twinkle in Father Ned's eye was answered by one in Joe Boylan's.

"Get in, boys an' girls," said Joe, "ye may just as well see it out. We're as great fools now as iver we'll be."

So in they accordingly got, and were driven to Father Ned's house. Here a sumptuous breakfast awaited them, and the housekeeper bustled about with a great show of welcome. They might have been the most honoured guests that had ever set foot in the place. The ridiculous element of the situation was entirely ignored by the housekeeper. Not a trace of amusement appeared on the housekeeper's kindly face. The reluctant guests began to feel more comfortable, and on better terms with themselves and the world.

Not until breakfast was finished did Father Ned refer to their night's experience. Then he stood up and faced them.

"Now boys, I put it to yourselves, was that a nice trick to play on your old priest, sending him off in the clouds of the night with a lying story? Only that the Lord made him less of a fool than he looks, he might have believed it!"

Joe Boylan rose to his feet.

"I'm the only wan to blame for it, Father Ned, an' before all here I ask yer pardon. It was a mane, scurvy thrick an' no mistake. But sure, Father dear, we're all proud to find ye even less of a fool than we tuk ye for—an' that's sayin' much."

Father Ned smiled. "Why did you do it?" he asked.

"Och, why indeed?" said Joe. "We might as well have left it alone for all the good it did us. We didn't want ye to be spoilin' our wee bit o' fun—that was the only reason."

"Why should I spoil your fun," said Father Ned, "I see nothing wrong in harmless amusement. It is yourselves make dancing and such like an evil, with your secrecy and deceit. You might have conducted it properly, and have had my blessing. Why can't you trust me a little more—have I given you reason to hate me?"

"Indeed then ye have not," said Joe, "though maybe we thought ye were too busy whiles. But I suppose you have got yer own notions, like the rest of us, an' small blame to ye. An' maybe the nixt dance we get up we'd have you invited, though I'm thinkin' that ~~some~~ will be some little time yet. We've had our fill of dancin' the night—we'll want no more for a

cinating in his personalty. The parish he had entered had never been really vicious or criminal; lawless and indifferent to religion it had always been. The ascendancy that Father Ned was strangely gaining over the hearts of his people seemed to promise a great and far-reaching change. His earnestness and zeal, his unselfish and loving kindness, his fun and good humour, united with his fearless spirit and even temper, making him a combination fatal to the devil.

Father Ned's popularity was still an undetermined factor when the mountain boys arranged their great dance at the parochial hall. This hall had been built by a misguided philanthropist, with a vague idea of its becoming in some way a centre of light and learning. The attempted concerts and penny readings had never been successful. The situation of the hall had probably much to do with this result. With a view to holding the balance even, and conferring undue honour on no part of the parish,



ATHER Ned Maginnis got a great welcome when he came as parish priest to Kilglowney. His parishioners assembled in force to give him a hearty "cead mile failte." He would make a fine parish priest and no mistake about it, they said—why the very sight of the wee man was an encouragement to come to Mass or Confession. A babe in the cradle could not look milder than Father Ned.

Father Ned set about his duties in Kilglowney with great good-humour. His pleasant smile and kindly word were ready for all comers. The children found his tail pocket a region of limitless possibilities in the confectionery line. He was a patient and sympathetic listener to the sorrowful tales of all the old humbugs in the neighbourhood. To crown his abundant merits he had a keen sense of humour. There was no

# THE STORY OF THE WEEK.

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## THE REFORMATION OF KILGLOWNEY.

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BY WINIFRED PATTON.

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The Prize of Two Guineas has been Awarded Miss Winifred Patton,  
56 Wembury Road, Highgate, London, for the following:—

