

MR. W. J. BRYAN IN DUBLIN

Mr. William J. Bryan, who was twice Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States, arrived in Dublin, and was entertained to luncheon at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor.

It was Mr. Bryan's first visit to Ireland, and as such it naturally evoked very great interest in the city.

GREAT PLEASURE TO MAKE THIS VISIT TO IRELAND

and to meet those who have been kind enough to respond to the invitation to-day. I ought in the first place to acknowledge the indebtedness to the Lord Mayor for the distinguished courtesy he has paid to one of the citizens of the United States, and to express the gratification I feel that I happen to be the representative of the United States to whom the tribute has been paid.

MY NAME, AS YOU RECOGNIZE, IS AN IRISH NAME.

(Cheers.) If I were compelled to state exactly how much Irish blood I have in me, I am afraid it would be difficult to calculate it, because while the name is an Irish name, it is so long ago since the original Bryens came to America that I have not been able to locate either the persons, the time, or the place from where they came (laughter).

THE O'S AND MAC'S.

than I find in this room. It may be that the United States is the really Irish country after all (laughter). Our country is so large and has received so many contributions from the various nations of Europe that you can go into any of our great cities and find more people there of different nationalities than you could find of their own particular nationality in any city of the home country (hear, hear).

OUR GREATNESS IS GOING TO BE DUE LARGELY

to the composite character of our people. We have the best blood of all the races, and we are going for a development and civilization that will be in advance of any that the Old World has known (applause). And that new civilization will be all the more useful because those who come to us are linked by ties of blood to those across the sea, and they will communicate to their own peoples what they may learn in the science of Government and the art of administration. It seems to me, therefore, that while we are gathering from the world we are also in a position to contribute to the world.

ACCORDING TO MY THEORY OF GOVERNMENT.

those things that can pass freely from country to country are really great things. The material things of life are not always the most important. We have to have food and clothing, but these minister to our bodies, and I have been taught to believe that the mind is greater than the body and that the heart is greater than the mind. In studying the subject of civilization I was surprised to find how little has been spoken and learned on this familiar theme. I was surprised to find how few have attempted to give a definition of civilization. In fact, when I began to search for one, I cannot find one that seems to me to be apt and correct. Buckle, in his "History of Civilization,"

MEASURED CIVILIZATION BY

the mastery of the human mind over the forces of nature. That at first seems to be a very plausible definition, but on examining it you will find it left entirely out of consideration the material element. If you measured your civilization merely by the mastery of the human mind over the forces of nature, it applies merely to intellectual progress. I find that Buckle left the material element out intentionally, because the great moral principles that underlie the social order have been neglected by people in all ages, and, therefore, their ad-

vance must be measured by intellectual progress. I am, however, compelled to dissent from this distinguished man. My investigation of history has convinced me that the moral element is not only important, but predominant. This moral element, in my opinion, is

THE PREDOMINANT ELEMENT IN CIVILIZATION.

I have studied the question, and I have found in the last analysis that every economic question is at bottom a great moral one, and that no question is ever settled until it is settled right, and that it is never settled right until the moral principles involved upon it are ascertained and passed upon. I am not going to discuss any particular questions here, because in the first place I don't want to discuss American politics outside of the United States, and still less your politics or the politics of any other land. But in discussing those questions in our own country we have been helped by what has been said by people who live in other lands. And there is this about every real question of every great truth—it does not change in passing from land to land and from nation to nation (applause). Neither does it change from age to age. Truth is eternal, it is universal, and when circumstances require the application of any truth it is the same everywhere. In discussing the Silver question in 1896 I found that one of the most useful pamphlets we had to present for the consideration of our readers was a pamphlet that emanated from this city, and it was in that way I became acquainted with the name and

LEARNED TO RESPECT AND REVERE ARCHBISHOP WALSH

(loud applause). I remember that that pamphlet grew out of the facts of the existing situation. As I recall it, his Grace was called on to testify in regard to the fall of rental, and took up the position that with falling rents no rent was just to-day would be just a few years hence, because while the amount of the rent was fixed in dollars, pounds or shillings, the ability of the tenant to pay, while prices were decreasing, decreased also (hear, hear). Therefore, with a principle of justice there was associated the moral element, and through all this pamphlet have referred to runs the moral bond. Take any of those questions that have been dealt with by statesmen whose names we have learned to know—take the question on which they have struck blows that have resounded through the world—and it will be found their fame is due to the fact that they have been pleading for what they believe to be just (applause). The response that has come to them is the response that comes from those who entertain the same views, and who also are seeking for justice. So that justice is, after all, the thing on which we must build, and my friends, justice is not a national virtue. It is not a truth confined to any land.

JUSTICE IS THE UNIVERSAL FOUNDATION OF GOVERNMENT.

(Applause). And just as in proportion as a government is built on justice, it is strong, and in proportion as it rests on injustice, it is weak (hear, hear). Wendell Phillips once said something like this: "You can build your Capitol until it reaches the skies, but if it rests on injustice, the pulse of a woman will beat it down." It is gratifying to those who strive for what they believe to be right and who desire to know the right if they are in the wrong—it is consoling to them to know that there is omnipotence in justice (applause). It is consoling to know that if they are fighting for what is right, it will ultimately prevail, and that upon no other foundation can man fight boldly and continuously. Take away from man the belief in the triumph of that which is just, and what courage has he to go into battle? I had occasion some time ago to use the phrase, "The Prince of Peace," and then I thought I would go back and look at the chapter in Isaiah to be sure of the quotation, and I found, after the prophecy that the coming Messiah would be called the Prince of Peace, a phrase like this: "Of the increase of peace and government there will be no end; for He shall judge His people with justice and with judgment." Now,

SOME BELIEVE THAT NATIONS MUST DIE,

like individuals, and that civilizations must pass away like men. Some people argue that there is in nations and in civilizations the seed of death, as in the human frame. I deny that. There is no analogy between individuals and nations that makes it necessary for a nation to die. Individuals must die; it is part of the law of their being. But a nation, while composed of individuals to-day, is in its national life composed of generations (applause). And as one generation passes from the stage and another comes on, and unless there is some reason why a future generation will be weaker or worse than this, there is no reason why any age or civilization will be worse than the present. The more therefore does it seem to me to be with our power to give the assurance or progress or the proof of decay, and we can give the assurance of progress only as we try to build up this idea of justice. That recognizes the moral element, and it seems to me that I can see not only in my own land, but from what I read, a tendency in other lands also, to apply more and more the principles of justice (hear, hear). I saw the old armour and weapons in the Tower of London the other day, and the impression it created was that in former times they relied largely on force. We have passed beyond all that to-day. We are recognizing that

THOUGHT IS STRONGER THAN FORCE,

and I believe we shall come to the time when we will recognize that the characteristics of the heart are

greater than the characteristics of the mind. We talk about the progress of the intellect. We are amazed at the inventions of genius, and well we may. We are amazed that a man can send by a telegraphic instrument a message to people ten thousand miles away. That is a wonderful achievement; but the achievements of the heart are more wonderful, achievement; but the instrument of operation some movement for the benefit of the human race will speak to hearts that beat ten thousand years after all of us have passed away (applause). It seems to me that it is why we are appreciating the superiority of moral force over mere physical force. There are very few of any generation who can become conspicuous, and often the conspicuousness of men may depend on circumstances. It is not always that we are able to detect the greatest man of his generation, but while that is true, we know that nothing that is done well is done in vain, and that no good word spoken is spoken without avail. If we believe that, then we know that what is done will be finally made known and that he whose work is best will enjoy the rewards

IN THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF A VICTORY

and also in the consciousness that the overflow from his life has been greater than the income. And so it is with individuals as it must be with nations. The individual that is short-sighted and selfish—who will do nothing except he thinks he will make money by it—is not likely to leave an indelible impression upon the age in which he lives. Therefore I believe that nations composed of individuals must build from things higher than the mere pecuniary reward (hear, hear). And in proportion as we can get our nations to recognize those higher ideals, we shall have increasing peace between nations (applause). There is no reason why two families in our land should come into conflict. They can have their separate family affairs and interests and yet have no reason to clash. Nations also have no reason why they should clash. I am glad that my life is cast upon a time when there is less of hostility between nations than there was in former years. We sometimes say how much better it would be if we could have lived a few centuries ago. I have read history and if I had my choice of all the ages there recorded I would rather live in this age than in any other, because we have the advantage of the light that has come from those who have gone before us. We have advantages that I believe were never opened up before in this generation. I do not mean to say that any who are agitating and talking and laboring at this time will do a work as great as that

ACCOMPLISHED BY THE GREAT IRISH AGITATOR

as we knew him—O'Connell (loud applause). But while no two kinds of grievances are just the same, and while two great factors cannot easily be compared, I believe that to-day furnishes the largest opportunity for energy and labour for anyone who really desires to be helpful to his fellow-men that in any age was ever through the courtesy of the Lord Mayor. I am glad to-day, Mr. Mayor, to have representatives of the greatest city of Ireland—to meet and shake hands with the men whose achievements have been such as to make their names known across the Atlantic (applause). I need not tell you that over there we know not only his Grace the Archbishop (cheers), and your Lord Mayor, not only Mr. Dillon, Mr. Redmond, and Mr. Davitt (renewed cheers) and those who are working with them, but we know—and we are glad to know it—the progress of the nation is not to be measured by the fame of its great men. It is to be measured by

THE HAPPINESS AND PROGRESS OF THE GREAT MASSES OF PEOPLE

(cheers). As one who has received more distinction in the political line than he deserves, I can speak of those who are really more important than the leaders. In the battle the Generals die the glory, while the soldiers die. So it is in society. The leaders who are conspicuous often get the praise, while the work they do is small compared to the toil and work of the people who are marching in the same direction (applause). I have always insisted on dividing what fame I get with those who fight in the same cause to which I am attached (hear, hear). So when I come to Ireland I am glad to meet you people and to know of the fame of your leaders (cheers). But yet more glad am I to know that the average of your people is improving, that your education facilities are increasing, that you are widening the foundations of your land, that you are trying to bring more comfort within reach of your people, and

STUDYING EVERY MEANS OF IMPROVING

the condition and brightening the hopes of those who compose the great body of your civilization (applause). I want to learn everything I can on this side for the advancement of the toiling millions who make up the American citizens (cheers), and I shall do it in no selfish thought. I shall not do it merely to make America great, but with the feeling that if we in America can solve a problem right we not only help ourselves but all the world (hear, hear). If we are engaged in the work in which our hearts are set, where we believe we are doing that which is right, we do demand that we shall have leave to use the results of our labors. We have a poet on the other side, William Cullen Bryant, and in his "Ode to the Battlefield," he says:

Yes, though they lie upon the dust, / Died full of hope and manly trust, / Like those who fell in battle here.

Another hand the sword will wield, / Another hand the flag will wave, / Until from trumpet-month is pealed / The blast of triumph o'er their grave.

And so those that labor for what they believe to be just, if they die before the victory comes, they die in the confident faith that the victory will yet come, and that its victory blast will sound above their resting places (loud and prolonged applause). The Lord Mayor then introduced his guests one by one to Mr. Bryan, at the latter's request, and soon after the proceedings came to an end.

An American Letter

(By Nora Hession).

The wind was howling dimly down the wide chimney, and many a large drop of rain fell, hissing loudly, on the glowing turf fire, which was piled in plentiful profusion on the open hearth. And, the brightness of the flaming peats was rivalled only by the faces of the merry-makers, who clustered round them for it was Christmas Eve, and as well as the usual rejoicings there was another very special one—"American Letter" had been received that morning from Denis Flynn, with a very welcome enclosure of £10. The news had spread like wildfire over the district, and all day long Mr. and Mrs. Flynn had been receiving visits of congratulation from their friends and neighbors, and even still at this late hour there was a goodly company present to help them over Christmas Eve, although it is an unwritten law in the country parts of Ireland that no one leaves his own fireside on Christmas Eve or Christmas Night.

Once more the latch of the door is lifted—and no dreams of such a life-time proceeding as knocking in County Mayo—and Jim O'Toole's wife, bringing with him a gust of wind and rain which make the group round the fire shiver, and involuntarily draw closer to its genial warmth. "God save all here," said Jim heartily.

"God save you kindly, Jim," is the kindly response. "But it's the wild night entirely, Glory be to God," vigorously shaking his slouch hat and heavy frieze coat free from their burden of raindrops.

"Tis that, thank God, and sure what's worse it's a green Christmas we'll have."

"Och! 'tisn't Christmas yet, Mrs. Flynn, ma'am, and God is good. Maybe, 'tis snow we'll have before morning. But 'tis great news entirely you have, 'hear. I was in Westport all day, or I'd be over earlier."

"Well yes, indeed, Jim, 'tis good news."

"And Martin is going on splendid, they tell me. Coming, I believe. Sure, I think I'll go out myself—in Spring."

At that rate there'll be no one at all left in Cumma, for we're all going, said Bridget Flanagan, a bright-faced girl of twenty. "What! Bridget, are you going too, and what will Barney Brady say?" "Barney Brady, indeed! Arrah, what's Barney to me with his shabby little hole of a shebeen when a girl might be earning her good money out there."

"Maybe Barney'd go too," said Mike O'Reilly. "It's no job to be able to spare £10 to send home every six months or less, and say there's more where that came from if it's wanted."

"The creature," said Mrs. Flynn wiping her eyes. "The creature, sure 'tis always too generous he was and it's starving entirely we'd be when we'd ask him for a penny. God bless him every day he rises, 'tis he deserves the nick for a better son never walked, though we were bitterly against his going at all. All them Leaguers do be saying frightened us, I suppose."

"Sure no one would mind them much. What do they know of America? They were never there."

"No, Mike, but after all they are educated men, and a lot of them know what they are saying. Paddy Flynn," said his wife sharply, "sure 'tis thanking God night and morning you ought to be that your boy did not stick at home all the days of his life and never have a copper to bless himself with. If he never sent us a brass farthing isn't it good to know he's happy and content doing for himself out there, beside working his nick for a better old farm all his life just to pay the landlord and get a bit to eat."

Patsighed deeply as he drew his hand reflectively over his shining bald head. "I don't know about his being happy or content, Kate Agra. There's something in the boy's letter—"

"Oh, bother you and your croaking, you are always at it. If the money wasn't there to prove different you'd say he was starving."

"May be so, but anyhow I can't help having my doubts."

"Arrah, Mr. Flynn, why would you look at the black side, when 'tis not there at all. Sure 'tis seriously I'm thinking of sending over my Tommy. He's a good lad, and he's just lost working for twelve shillings a week at home here."

"Take my advice, Mrs. Breen, and keep Tommy at home. You'll never have a day's ease if he leaves you."

"Arrah, now, hold your tongue with you Paddy, and don't be discouraging

the recent woman. I suppose 'tis to see Martin toiling and moiling for the crust he'd eat you'd like."

"Well, I doubt, but he'd be better body and soul, Kate."

"Arrah, what ails his body or soul either? Is it raising you are, man?"

"Begor, his body can't be had any way, Mr. Flynn. 'Tisn't dying of hunger a man when he sends home £10, and Martin was always a fine cut of a boy," said Jim O'Flaherty.

"Don't mind him at all, Jim, sure 'tis only he likes to be talking about something or another. Come, shove over to the table all of ye, and we'll have a little game of cards till the supper is boiled; and maybe 'tis a drop of something good I'll give ye to drink Martin's health and may the next lot of ye that go out do as well."

Martin Flynn dropped his letter into the post office, and turned wearily away. The snow was coming down in great silent flakes only to be trodden into mire under the restless feet of the myriads of men and horses who in an unceasing procession passed and repassed through the busy streets. The bustle and roar of a great city were round him, a city which never seemed to sleep and which accorded to the poor human units who make up its sum a time of rest barely sufficient to keep the tired brain from utter collapse.

A few years ago how different it had all been; then he had been at home in "holy Ireland," where all was rest and peace, no hurry and no din. Ah, if he had but realized his happiness then, he never would have left his quiet home. Home! How the word stirred up the memories in his poor aching brain, and a great lump rose in his throat only to be forced back again for ever the sad relief of tears was denied him.

It was almost eleven o'clock, and until a short time ago he had been toiling in the great factory, which, if it paid him well, expected him also to work well. And he was not the hearty, strong-limbed boy who had left Cumma a year ago. City life with its confinement, rush, and excitement had wrought many changes in the country-bred lad, and none of them for the better. He was too proud and too obstinate to acknowledge this, for his poor old father had been bitterly opposed to his leaving Ireland, and it would never do now to own that he had been right. So when he wrote home he said nothing of the way in which he was worked, nor of the privations he suffered, the necessities almost which he denied himself in order to send home that little quarterly cheque which was such a welcome addition to the precarious income at Cumma. It was no use worrying them at home about what they could not mend, so his letters were always cheery and hopeful as he could make them, and it was only the loving anxious old father, would could read between the lines and detect the false note of a non-existent happiness.

He walked on quickly, thinking of many things. What would they be doing now in Cumma? Asleep and peacefully dreaming. God bless him; perhaps dreaming of him; they would get his letter before Christmas he hoped, in time for his mother to wear to Westport to her Christmas buy a good warm cloak when she was marketing. What a world of a place he had once thought Westport, with its sleepy streets which scarce wake up even on market days. He laughed now as he remembered his simplicity. How the shops with their little attempts at Christmas decoration had delighted and fascinated him. Ah! how would he spend his Christmas this year. As he had spent the last two he supposed, trying to lay the ghosts of happier days. Well, for the sake of old times and traditions he would get up and go to Mass, although it was many a long month since he had bent his knee before God's altar. Sunday was all too short for rest, and who thought of holidays here, save as times of dissipation? Then he supposed he would come home and have a cheerless dinner in his cheerless lodgings, and afterwards smoke and think until old memories became too much for him and drove him forth, as they had driven him on many a night before, to wander aimlessly over miles and miles of dreary streets, where, at every turn, he was only reminded more forcibly of his own loneliness, until the sound of childish voices shouting in joy, or even the melody of the flickering of the dancing flames of a fire on a window-blind roused a passion of wild regret for the days that had been, and could be no more and the hot tears which his manliness refused to shed scorched his eyelids. And at home they would be thinking of him with envy as one for whom life held wonderful adventures. Ah, God, the iron of it all—New Ireland.

Christmas

The Christmas chimes are pealing, softly pealing; the joyous sounds are ringing, ever louder and clearer, ever nearer and nearer, like a sweet-toned benediction falling on the ear. Glad fingers are pulling the ropes, and in one grand swell of melody Christmas, with its old yet ever new and marvellous mysteries, bursts triumphantly upon the world once more.

The cattle have turned their heads to the east and knelt down to worship the king cradled in the manger; the houses are decked with holly; the yule-log burns brightly; the gray shadows sweep away; the sun is up and the bright-eyed children, who have lain awake all night listening for the patter of old Saint Nick's tiny steeds on the roof, only to fall asleep at the eventful moment, wake hurriedly to find the stockings running over with toys and sweetmeats.

Beautiful and right it is that gifts and good wishes should fill the air like snowflakes at Christmas-tide. And beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always the Year of Our Lord.

I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony—Washington Irving.

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