

## The History of Erin's Music Tells the Story of Ireland.

Into the texture of the fabric of Irish history is woven with colors as once bright and dun. It symbolizes Erin's power, it typifies her misery. Its proud music echoes exultingly and majestically in the halls of Al-lech and Tara, its hoarse-like strains told in saddest numbers the ruin of castle and cabin, of chieftain and clansman, of country and prosperity. Whenever the arteries of the nation were quickened into new life, after the destruction of independent Ireland, the harp was crowned with a measure of public favor, when Irish Ireland slept the sleep of indifference, the harp's sweet voice was all but mute. The fluctuation of national endeavor may be read in the story of the fortunes of the harp of Erin.

The harp was evolved by primitive man from the tightly-strung bow, "when by accident the stretched string emitted a musical sound on being plucked by the hunter. From one string to three strings was an easy transition, and the form of the hunter's bow was retained." There is no means of knowing the exact epoch when this discovery was made. Even as early as B.C. 1260, in the time of Ramesses III., the harp was already a highly-developed instrument among the Egyptians. Bruce declares that the Theban harps afford "incontestable proof that every art necessary to the construction, ornament, and use of this instrument was in the highest perfection." Babylonians and Persians likewise valued this fine instrument.

Foreign writers have constantly shown that the highly-developed arts of Pagan Ireland bear a wonderful similarity to those of Egypt. Whether the Egyptians came direct to Ireland, or the Irish to Egypt, or whether the Phoenician colony on the western coast line of Ireland were the bearers of this skill and culture there is no certain means of knowing. The ancient Irish harps were apparently modelled on those of the Egyptians—"that is, having no forepillar." Yet the earliest historical records make the Milesians the importers of the harp. Fully four hundred years before Christ there is mention of an Irish poet and harper, Hecataeus, the Egyptian historian (B.C. 500) tells of a city in Pagan Ireland which was consecrated to Apollo, "whose citizens are most of them harpers, who, playing upon the harp, chant sacred hymns to this god in the temple."

When a truth is expressed in beautiful words, its repetition seldom palls. Reciting of the words of Montalembert will be no act of garbure: "There is nothing in his legend more poetic than the meeting between St. Patrick and the Irish bards, who formed a hereditary and sacerdotal class. Among them he found his most faithful disciples. O'sian himself, the blind Homer of Ireland, allowed himself to be converted by him, and Patrick listened in his turn as he sang the long epic of Celtic kings and heroes. Harmony was not established between the two without being preceded by some storm. Patrick threatened with hell the profane warriors whose glory O'sian vaunted, and the bard replied to the apostles: "If thy God were in hell, my heroes would draw him from it." But triumphant truth made peace between poetry and faith. The monasteries founded by Patrick became the asylum and centre of Celtic poetry.

"When once blessed and transformed," says an old author, "the songs of the bards became so sweet that the angels of God leant down from heaven to listen to them; and this explains the reason why the harp of the bards has continued the symbol and emblazonry of Catholic Ireland."

"Giraldus Cambrensis (as late as 1190) tells of the bishops and abbots "who travelled about with their harps," utilizing their instrumental powers as means of gaining converts. During the seventeenth century, as many entries in the Annals of Ulster prove, the cruit, the clarsach, the timpan, as also the fiddle were very popular.

An Irish saga of the same date gives a very interesting account of the dress of these important minstrels, the harpers: "Gray winding cloaks, with brooches of gold, circles of pearls round their heads, rings of gold around their thumbs, torques of gold around their ears, torques of silver around their throats.

The Irish harp was known throughout broad Europe from the sixth century far into the heart of medieval days, for wherever the Gaelic scholars, teachers, monks and warriors went there also went their harps

and harpers. Wales received its musical instruments and not a little of its musical culture from Ireland and Irishmen, and the Scottish kings honored Irish bards and harpers in their courts and palaces. Nor were they unknown in European courts. For Charlemagne, at least, had his Irish harpers. There is mention of them in French, German and Flemish records from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. When the first crusade was preached by Peter the Hermit the Irish Gaels and Sean Ghaills, chiefs and clansmen went in large numbers to aid in winning back the Holy Land from the Saracens.

Quaint old Fuller, the English writer, says, "the consort of Christendom could have made no music if the Irish harp had been wanting." Lion service to the cause of French freedom was done by Philip the Irish harper, and his harp was faithfully honored at the annual requiem mass sung in his memory for over 500 years in the churches of Cherbourg. This talismanic revolutionists, in their mad fury, destroyed in the year 1789.

Vincenzo Galilei, the renowned Italian author, who gives Dante as his authority, declares: "This most ancient instrument was brought to us from Ireland, as Dante says, where they are excellently made and in great numbers, the inhabitants of that island having practiced on it for many and many a century. Nay, they place it in the arms of the kingdom, and paint it on their public buildings, and stamp it on their coinage, giving as a reason their being descendants from the royal prophet, David. The harps which these people use are considerably larger than the Irish harps and have generally the strings of brass, and a few of steel for the highest notes, as in the clavicord. The musicians who perform on it keep the nails of their fingers long, forming them with care in the shape of the quills which strike the strings of the spinet."

The harp entered very largely into the social life of Ireland. "The soft lay of love and the light note of gladness" found its chords subtle exponents. The most famous story of Mediaeval Europe, "Tristram and Isolt," was often chanted to the strains of the harp. It was met that it should be so. Tristram, whilst visiting the King of Dublin, recreated himself, delighted the house (for great was his skill upon the harp), and fell in love with La Belle Isolt, the King's daughter, and she with him. "In process of time," says the old romance, "the Queen arranged a marriage for her with Mark, King of Cornwall, and Tristram lauded the virtues and great beauty of La Belle Isolt to his royal master. He brought her to Mark, who celebrated his marriage with great joy and solemnity. But the old secret between Tristram and her had taken such impression in both, and so inflamed their hearts, that it could not easily be quenched; so in process of time Mark espied it, and in his furious jealousy slew him as he played upon the harp to recreate La Belle Isolt; and thus, as his, love began with the harp, so it ended with the harp."

The love story of Eileen O'Cavanagh and Carrol O'Daly, a famous Irish harper of the fourteenth century, had a happier ending. On the eve of her intended wedding to a rival lover, Carrol O'Daly, disguised as a minstrel, so captivated Eileen with his skill that she eloped with him the same night. The song, "Eibhlin a Ruin," preserves the memory of his passionate love. Until the fall of the Clan Ireland the harp was often employed to capture the mysterious elusive thing known as a woman's heart. No gathering of Gaels, whether for business, war, or pleasure, was complete without the harper's presence. So potent was the harper's power in rousing the patriotism of the clan that England massacred them without mercy.—New York Daily News.

A Pill for Generous Eaters.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who after a hearty meal, are subject to much suffering. The food of which they have partaken lies like lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smothering feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business or work of any kind. In this condition Par-melee's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the aliment, and used according to directions will restore healthy digestion.

From a recent examination paper on religious instructions at a boys' school: "Holy matrimony is a divine institution for the procreation of man and woman."—Punch.

## MARTIN LUTHER

Taught and Defended the Doctrine of Immaculate Conception 100 Years After His Apostasy.

(From The Messenger.)

Some of our Protestant contemporaries may feel surprised when they learn that Martin Luther taught and defended the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In 1627 Luther published at Wittenberg a book of sermons entitled "Explanation of the Gospels for the Principal Feasts of the Whole Year." In order not to have the text tampered with he himself took care of the editing. The collection contains a sermon preached by the reformer on the "Day of the Conception of the Mother of God." But this is not all; there are passages in the sermon which not merely state the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, but defend it, too, with some of the arguments used to-day by our Catholic theologians.

"We celebrate to-day," he says, "the Feast of the Virgin Mary, how she was conceived without original sin. . . . We believe justly and happily that it (Mary's conception) occurred without original sin. . . . At the first moment, when she began to live, she was sinless and adorned with God's grace, full of grace; and this is not unbecoming. . . . This is implied in the words spoken to her by the angel: 'Blessed art thou among women.' For she could not have been addressed, 'Blessed art thou' if she had lain under the malediction. Again, it was right and befitting that she should be preserved without sin from whom Christ was to take the flesh that was to overcome all sins. For that is properly blessed which is adorned with grace, i. e., what is without sin. Many others have written much about this, and have pointed out the beautiful reasons, which are too lengthy to be enumerated here."

These sentiments were penned by Luther ten years after his apostasy from the Church, at the time of his most active campaign against her.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extingisher.

## FRANCE'S LAST MILITARY CHAPLAIN.

A noble and venerable son of France has passed away. Mgr. Lanausse, the chaplain of the military college of St. Cyr, has died, at the age of 87. He was of the type of the fighting priests of the middle ages, this white-haired, upright old man, upon whose soutane were half a dozen military medals. In 1865 he had, without leave from his Bishop, gone out to Mexico with the French army. Five years later he was with the army in the Franco-German war, was wounded at Sedan, and had the enamel of his Cross of the Legion of Honor broken by a spent bullet. When all the military chaplains of France were dismissed by law, Gambetta retained the Abbe Lanausse, and each succeeding government of France has confirmed his position. As Gambetta said: "The lads who are to be officers of the French army can never hope to find a better mentor."

During the last thirty years of his life Mgr. Lanausse compiled what is, perhaps, the most extraordinary manuscript history of his life and times written in a small, neat hand and illustrated with pictures of battles in which he took part, and with portraits of famous men he has met, all drawn and painted by himself. The initial letters in the paragraphs are beautifully illuminated. This book, a triumph of patience, is in 220 great folio volumes. Mgr. Lanausse has given it to the French National Library.

## Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

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Mt. Brydges, Ont., Jan. 15.—(Special.)—Among the many people in this neighborhood who tell of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing, none is more emphatic than that old and respected citizen, Mr. Robert Bond.

"I believe I owe my life to Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mr. Bond says. "My attending physician said I was in the last stages of Bright's Disease and that there was no hope for me. Then I commenced to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and used in all twenty boxes. Now I eat well, sleep well, and my doctor says I am well. Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else cured me. Do you wonder I am always ready to say a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills?"

What will cure Bright's Disease will easily cure any other form of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills will always cure Bright's Disease. They are the only remedy that will cure Bright's Disease. Be sure you get Dodd's.

## A SHAMEFUL WAY OF CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS

The way Christmas is celebrated by some people is certainly shameful, says the Sacred Heart Review. Instead of making it a time of holy and peaceful joy, Christmas is turned by too many so-called Christians into a period of drunkenness and strife. It is indeed deplorable that the anniversary of the birth of Christ the Savior should be made an excuse for all kinds of intemperate excesses; and that in all too many homes, Christmas, which should be a day of special joy for children, is only for them a day of sorrow and suffering and deprivations.

If there is one day in the year which should be celebrated temperately and happily it is the day when the Christian world remembers and celebrates the birth of Him Who came to suffer and die for us. If there is any one day when drink and all the devilishness it leads should be shunned it is this day. If there is any one day when the father should spend his time in sobriety, making, by his presence, his wife and children happy, it is on Christmas. Yet what do we too often see? We see this sacred season of Christmas turned into a time of drunkenness and dissipation, of sad and unhappiness. We see the peace of the household destroyed. We see quarreling and fighting among those who should be united. We see, sometimes, alas, murder resulting from Christmas dissipation. Is not this shameful?

The cause of it all is the foolish tradition or custom which makes of this beautiful holiday a time for "treating," and which seizes upon a great religious festival as a time for unlimited drinking. No Catholic worthy of the name ought to do anything to perpetuate the foolish and deplorable custom which has done so much to make Christmas Day a day of horror to so many unhappy wives and children.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

Self-development is, after all, the very greatest achievement in life. You may compel a bitter disappointment to serve you as a means to such development.—Angela Morgan.

## MONUMENT TO BISHOP MACDONNELL.

(Glengarry.)

The proposal to place a fitting monument over the grave of the late revered Bishop Macdonnell should meet with the hearty approval and co-operation, not only of the members of the Roman Catholic community, but we feel assured that Glengarry men abroad as well as at home, no matter at what altar they may worship or what dogma they believe, will enter energetically into a proposition to place an appropriate memorial over the tomb of one who for half a hundred years went out and in among us, as pastor, counsellor, neighbor and friend.

## WATER FLOWING UPHILL.

One of the few instances of a stream running uphill can be found in White County, Ga. Near the top of a mountain is a spring evidently a siphon, and the water rushes from it with sufficient force to carry it up the side of a very steep hill for nearly half a mile. Reaching the crest, the water flows on to the east and eventually finds its way to the Atlantic ocean. Of course it is of the same nature as a geyser, but the spectacle of a stream of water flowing up a steep incline can probably be found nowhere else in the country and appears even more remarkable than the geysers of the Yellowstone.

Externally or Internally, it is Good—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

The more life we have, the more we feel that to be alive is a good and happy thing. Pessimism is born of waning vitality, of lack of faith, hope and love.—Bishop Spalding.

The world seeks to buy from us our immortal souls, and the price it offers is summed up in these brief words: Riches, honors, pleasures. Are you bargaining?

## PUBLIC NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, to incorporate "The Antonian Daughters of Our Lady of Good Hope," as a charitable and religious institution.

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24c. Foulant's Syrup	1.25	50c
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## SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba and the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

W. W. CORY,  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

## SOLIT

By REV.

## CHAPTER II.—(Contd.)

"I see—I understand," "I wish to do everything you will not blame me for. You will not occur contrary wishes."

"Certainly not. I am obliged by your candor, as he bowed him out, take good care that nothing contrary to those wishes, when his visitor was gone, faint scent of the perfume the air."

"By George, but this is his first word when a few thought had revealed the plan. 'If there were any letters to call I might as well render at once.'"

But for the serious story he might have laughed. Buck's romance. Sara was shallow a creature as over and that any man of education attracted by her was absurdity in itself. She was not-looking, tasteful, and, glib, however, and Mr. Bu have been taken by the compliments which she made. No doubt she had encouraged and this made Florian a doubt, too, she intended to him, and opposition would do what was possible to the unpreventable.

"Anyway," said Florian, strode homeward, "a few end this wretched business or the other, and there is bothering the brain with it."

## CHAPTER III.

Supper that evening in the dining-room was a dull and threatening affair. The family as they sat face another at the table presented a depressing appearance, since individual bore the slight blame to any other. Mr. W. a mite of a man, whose face was so wrinkled, whose no special color, and who too, even spitefully, winning or finishing his sentence was dark-skinned and mannered, and evidently keep the waters around him as oil richly poured out of them. Linda was a dark, lively, sharp, and fond of Florian himself was of a just of mind and of a sober brow. Sara showed the irritable temper by a continual snarl, and when he came in her when her eye rested on some ed bit of jewelry did a pleasant light up her face. Florian watched her and saw that his glance was uneasy. She must know, her reverend lover had said him that day. It made her, and he scarcely answered questions which his mother him.

"It's going away that said Mr. Wallace suddenly, up a thinking spell which upon him. 'Won't have it away indeed! Let me hear of it. What does it amount to?'"

"Seemingly, dear," said whom long experience had the deviousness of Mr. Wallace's methods, "it amounts to most of us imagine."

"Oh, of course," blazed always with the boys, with the boys always, wrong with the boys, right boys. Wrong, right, and "Isn't that natural," said with a smile, which at on the old gentleman. "Wasn't cause of siding with a boy was young that she left and went with you?"

"Right, Flor, always right, that to Pere Rougevin with right and wrong all the life."

"You are putting ideas in my head," said Linda, "fuse him. And they are sure in his arguments with in the funniest way."

Sara started at the mention of minister and blushed when all eyes turned upon her wretched looks.

"I wonder," said Florian, "ver thinks of marrying?"

"So very few think of him," said Linda.

"I am not so sure of it. He is a desirable husband of a tedious village girl who m