

DAVITT IN RUSSIA.

(Michael Davitt, in the New York Journal.)

"The Government has nothing whatever to fear from the laboring classes," said Governor General Treppoff to me this evening. "Please bear in mind that the United States as well as England, Germany and France, have themselves had serious trouble with the organized workers. All civilized nations experience these conflicts between organized labor and the authorities of the State, and they frequently result in bloodshed. Our experience with the same discontent is not singular. It means no more in St. Petersburg than in Home- stead, or Berlin, or Paris."

Governor-General Treppoff received me to-day in his apartment in the Winter Palace. I had written to him for an audience, describing myself as an Irishman. His response was to send an orderly to my hotel requesting me to call. He received me smilingly, saying: "I see you are Irish."

I was naturally curious to meet this man, who has been so widely described as a monster of absolutism. I found him a man of striking personality, with intelligence expressed in every feature and a manner that was faultlessly courteous. He is about 5 feet 10 inches in height, with closely cropped dark hair, dark eyes and the entire expression of his face and figure that of a man of strength, alertness and resource.

MASSACRE STORIES EXAGGERATED.

I informed him of the statements of the London and Continental press of Monday and Tuesday on the shooting of the strikers to the effect that thousands were killed and 20,000 wounded, and that the same press declared that the workmen's demonstration had a revolutionary motive. He listened gravely to the recital, and when I requested the Governor-General to make any comment he might wish to convey to the American people he instantly responded in French—he speaks no English—as follows:

"The English and other journals wilfully misrepresent the situation. I assure you the figures of the killed and wounded as published officially represent the truth as nearly as it was possible to ascertain it. Some of the wounded may have died after these statistics were gathered and their names were not given to the authorities. On the other feature of which you speak—the political atmosphere with which the foreign press has enveloped the situation—it is entirely without foundation. The workmen's movement is entirely economic and in no sense political. They are striving to better themselves, naturally enough; to procure better conditions for labor."

"Does Your Excellency," I asked, "apprehend any violence to-morrow?" "No, certainly not," replied the Governor-General. "I am convinced the workmen have learned that designing men, comparatively few in number, used the workmen's grievances for an ulterior purpose, thus leading to the deplorable events of Sunday. Russian workmen have no sympathy whatever with the revolutionary propaganda or the revolutionary leaders. I am emphatically convinced of this."

ALL NATIONS HAVE LABOR TROUBLES.

"All civilized nations experience these conflicts between organized labor and the authorities of State, bloodshed often resulting. Our own experience with the same discontent is not singular. I am convinced that the workmen have learned for what purposes they were exploited last Sunday, and will not again allow themselves to be duped by the plotters of mischief. They are returning to work quietly, and the city is now free from all disturbances. Of course all precautions necessary to the preservation of law and order have been taken."

In the course of further conversation the Governor-General, answering my inquiry, said: "I have no information about the alleged distribution of Anglo-Japanese money in the industrial centres of Russia with the object of creating disturbances and embarrassing the Government in the Far East and the money markets of Europe."

Governor-General Treppoff added grimly: "You know I do not know much about finance; my duty lies in the spheres of activity."

When leaving, the Governor-General requested me to see him at any time, and, he added, he would give me any news required. He had, he said, always entertained a friendly feeling for journalists so long as

they did not misrepresent his words and actions.

ANARCHISTS ISSUING MANIFESTOS.

Up to the time of writing there has been no disturbance in any part of the city, verifying my forecast of Friday that there would be a peaceful Sunday. I have driven in a sleigh several times to-day through the quarters where trouble was predicted—the Newsky Prospect, the Winter Palace, the Island of Vassili and the Narva Gate—without seeing or learning of any disorder. The military is not much in evidence anywhere. I followed the only sotnia of Cossacks that I met on my drive through Vassili Island. The officer halted his men opposite the university, but it was only to order the preparations of the soldiers for their dinner. There were no students visible anywhere, and no traces of hostility towards the Cossacks as they entered by. Early this morning an inflammatory anarchist manifesto was brought me. It was issued at a secret meeting last night of the same group that had threatened an uprising of the workers to-day. It is a wild, incoherent appeal for revenge and destruction of property. It bears evidence of being composed for the benefit of foreign correspondents.

WILL BE NO OVERTHROW OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Official society is laughing at the English correspondents' predictions of an uprising yesterday. If the people of the other cities of Russia are as unprepared as the capital you may expect the overthrow of the government about a month after there is a successful revolution in Colorado or Florida. No organization capable of producing revolution exists. Ninety-eight per cent of the Russian people are peasants, attached to the soil, and unable to read or write. Any proposal to dethrone the Czar would be as unpopular among the stolid masses as a suggestion to abolish the Papacy would be to the world of Catholicism.

Deeds of terrorism will probably continue as heretofore, but any actual revolution is out of the question for the present. It is rumored that most of the English and French correspondents will be politely asked to withdraw after the successful flotation of the next Russian loan. I am informed that six of the nine journalists arrested recently are Jews.

Most of the mills and workshops of the capital have resumed operations to-day. In a few factories the workmen demanded their wages for the week they had been on strike, and, being refused by the employers, they declined to work. It is believed this difficulty will be amicably settled in a few days.

Roosevelt's Irish Pedigree.

The annual meeting and banquet of the American-Irish Historical Society was held last week at the Hotel Manhattan. President Roosevelt, a member of the society, sent his regrets, adding that he expected to attend the dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick at Delmonico's on March 17.

The letter from the President was as follows:

"Washington, D.C.

"My dear Mr. Sweeney: "Replying to your letter of the 14th inst., I would say that my Irish ancestors came to Pennsylvania early in the seventeenth century. They included John Potts and his wife, Elizabeth McVaugh (so set down in the records—I do not know what the real name was), John Barnhill, whose wife was Sarah Craig, and a man named Lukens, who may have been a German from the Palatinate. They were all of them humble people, farmers, mechanics, etc., although Sarah Craig is put down in the book as being descended on her mother's side, through the Barnhills from various well-known Irish families, both of the Pale and outside the Pale, the Butlers, the Fitzgeralds, O'Neills and O'Briens. But about this more illustrious descent I fear I cannot give you any specific particulars."

"Sincerely yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Then the assembled guests shouted: "Roosevelt and Brian Boru."

Police Commissioner McAdoo arrived late, and took the toastmaster's place. He said, in an apologetic way: "I owe an apology for being late, but you know a 'cop' leads a strenuous life nowadays." Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann, during his speech, said: "We are not fighting with pike and gun, but with ideas and talent. If we cannot succeed in establishing an Irish nationality by intelligence and ideas, we must succeed at the point of the gun."

DISSOLVING PREJUDICE IN SCOTLAND.

Among the sad news that the sin of drunkenness in Scotland is still on the increase with its usual train of poverty, crime and immorality, says the London Tablet, it is refreshing to record a paragraph in a Scottish evening paper, of distinctly Presbyterian sympathies, containing the following remarkable and appreciative notice of the noble work the Jesuits are doing in the slums of Edinburgh. A writer in the Edinburgh Evening Dispatch writes thus: "The Church (Catholic) is, without doubt, reaping the fruits of the talent and perseverance displayed by the energetic little band of priests in Edinburgh. There has been a stream of converts, both men and women, in the city."

Speaking in glowing and eloquent terms of Father Power, S.J., he goes on to say:

"There was some ridicule at the first at the idea of a Catholic priest proselytizing in this form (Father Power preaches in the open air in the Grassmarket on Fridays and in the Lothian road, nearly at the door of the Lyceum Theatre, on Sundays), as it seemed at variance with all traditions, but Father Power has distanced all ridicule, and a Protestant association has even been created to combat him. He is recognized as a most redoubtable champion of his Church, and just the type of man who would succeed in making proselytes and gaining adherents where others would fail."

He goes on further to describe the efforts in these remarkable words, full of the appreciation of its author:

"He is an excellent judge of the human heart, and no man knows better how to hold the attention of a chance crowd. Even in controversy he possesses an admirable serenity, and only on rare occasions has he allowed anything like bitterness to mar the force of his logic. Yet he is no mealy-mouthed partisan, and once his imagination is heated he may indulge in a fine burst of eloquence or some pungent sarcasm. Then, again, he will drop into a vein of real Irish drollery, and the eyes twinkle with humor and there is a dash of smart repartee to the apparent relish of the crowd."

When one remembers, as the writer does, that only thirty years ago a Jesuit priest hardly dared walk down Leith street, it is a marvel to see Father Power often addressing from two to three thousand people Sunday after Sunday, with no unseemly disturbance. True his personality has something to do with it, but he had to make his personality liked and respected, and the following remarks of the same writer give indications of the cause:

"The name of Father Power will be fragrant in the dark purlieus of Edinburgh slums for a long time to come. His young proteges are legion; ever the firm friend of the distressed, he spends hours daily consoling and advising the poor. Whenever possible he sees his boy friends put to a trade, and otherwise concerns himself in their welfare. Many neglected children owe their first steps on their way to becoming good members of society to Father Power."

He is a great believer in saving the children from their environment while they are still bright and pure and before they are old enough to have been seriously tainted by their surroundings, which only tend to their growing up savages in the streets. He is listened to with the utmost respect, and though sundry skirmishes do occur among the drunken and riotously inclined on the outskirts of the crowd, the preacher never invokes the aid of the police, but is invariably successful in passing it off with a kind word or a jest. Every Friday evening Father Power walks hatless, and ringing a bell, from the handsome Church of

the Sacred Heart, Lauriston, to the Grassmarket, and a chair is soon brought from an adjoining house. Were there a dozen clerics of the same personal force and energy as Father Power working in that smitten field, the problem of the regeneration of the slums would be in a fair way to be solved."

The above extracts will show how a change, and a real change, has come over Scotland. All classes of Presbyterians now speak of Catholics and their religion with respect if not with love (some do even that). A lady remarked to us, when she noticed the large crowds of Catholics going and returning from the churches, where they had been keeping their Jubilee obligations: "Ah! you Catholics are real, you believe in your religion; I wish I could do so in mine." Scotland is passing through religious throes at present. The old belief in the Shorter Catechism, once so tenaciously and fervently held as though it was an inspired document, is gone. But what is to take its place? God only knows. But surely all Catholics might say a prayer that the real and true faith may be restored to Scotland, and greater blessings yet showered down on the efforts of our noble and brave Jesuit Fathers.

AMERICA AND IRELAND.

The trustees of the Irish Parliamentary fund have received the following letter accompanying a remittance of £1,000:

Boston, 10th January, 1905.

Gentlemen: It affords me much pleasure on behalf of the United Irish League of America to forward you another remittance of £1,000 (making seven thousand pounds in all) of the amount pledged for the Irish General Election Fund at the second National Convention of the United Irish League held in New York a few months since.

The active interest of all our citizens in the Presidential election which has since taken place, and the amount of other business falling to the lot of our members during the Christmas holidays, have, to some extent, interfered with a more active propaganda in behalf of the fund for the past month or two. Now, however, with the advent of the New Year, active steps are being taken to raise the balance of the amount pledged, which will be provided as an evidence of good faith and sympathy with the Irish movement by the United Irish League of America.

In forwarding this remittance, I may be permitted on behalf of my colleagues of the National Committee and the organization generally, to express the pleasure we in America feel at the united, determined, and statesmanlike policy being pursued by the chairman and members of the Irish Parliamentary Party, in whose combined wisdom and judgment we have absolute and complete confidence. We admire, too, the unswerving devotion and allegiance of the Irish people to the National movement, and feel sanguine that in the not distant future their confidence, as well as ours, will be amply repaid by the triumph of the Irish National cause.

We look forward with confidence to the near approach of a general election, believing that its outcome can only be of benefit to the Irish cause, satisfied that, whatever its result, Ireland has in her present guides men amply able to secure for her whatever benefits are possible under any conditions that may arise. The confidence and hope of our people in America in the leaders of the movement at home never were greater than they are to-day, and, without expecting the impossible, the members of our organization in America feel satisfied that, "come what may," the future of the Irish cause is safe in the hands of the chosen leaders of the Irish nation.



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JOHN P. KIERNAN, P.P.
JOHN DILLON,
THOMAS FLOOD.

Wishing you, and through you the people of Ireland, all the blessings of this festive season, and a bright and prosperous New Year for the old land—I remain, yours respectfully,

T. B. FITZPATRICK,
Treasurer.

"Did you ever laugh until you cried, Tommy?"
"Yes, only this morning."
"What at?"
"Well, pa stepped on a tack, and I laughed; then pa caught me laughing, and I cried."

"Do you know," said the Sunday-school teacher addressing a new pupil in the infant class, "that you have a soul?"
"Course I do," replied the little fellow, placing his hand over his heart. "I can feel it tick."

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863, revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—Organized 13th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. C. McDonagh, 139 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urbain street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

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THE O

I was irritated that even I sat down to dinner, and the waiter that his man low, that the roast peludo and that the wine was as the tallow face of the s "patrona" who was sitting of the tables picking snails from the shells with a tooth. "Pero, señor —" he comes the save way that waiter but I cut him short angrily. "Señor, me no senoras, Vaya al diablo, and tell the gusting divinity of yours—old Juno—to eat her slimy her private boudoir."

I suppose I must tell you of my ill-humor. I was deeply, desperately in love handsomest girl in the world was jealous, outrageously, jealous, of a miserable, sneaky who was good for nothing, I but titivating himself, twirling stick and twisting his mustache. Amalia was my girl's name. A vexing little beauty she was with saucy tongue, blue eyes, piquant little face. She was a little lass, too, knew Spanish and had actually learned English in the long interval during I had been favoring "Los vos" with my distinguished age—for my Amalia was the trona's" daughter. At first she who attended my table graceful little femininities, and, I must add, her heart, won me over to her willing slave. She was one of those who love to make a fellow in the you-tease-me-please-me style. I conquered with Charlotte Bronte, went so utterly mad over Charlotte's shallow novels that she n teach her English to read the original. For me the literally a labor of love. And no pride. She was naughty, self-willed, and could stretch flirtation almost to breaking but her soul was as white as snow of her throat.

By dexterous twisting and I got Amalia's name down and Mily I always called her a delightful "paseo" we had. I took her out to coaches and motor-cars. Her how to row on the lake go on horse-back. I would taught her how to cycle. Known the trick myself, but one glorious evening in I one of the early warm days, boating on a picturesque Bay. It was a week day and—dear little Mily and I—with a discreet old oarsman easily and dreamily along t

We inhaled the perfume of the gazed languidly on the white cina-cina (queen of hedonist, mysterious ombu nature has imposed so many conditions, the beautiful which I love, and the unclean and immodest eucalyptus which test. The acacia, as usual protecting the parasitic "biastro," and the eucalyptus, was shedding its bark. The tore in the fragrant air and luxuriant banks whose green drooped into the water, and very stillness of the environment broken only by the musical oars. Mily was lying dolefully in the end of the boat a foot peeping out from beneath white skirt, her coquettish thrown on the seat and four fingers of a tiny white hand childishly in the water.

"Mily," said I, "we have enough!"

"No, no," she said. "Let on; it is beautiful, delectable, mant."

Mily, I want to speak to you."

"Oh! Mon Dieu! What a stooped mean, entences?" she mixing up the three languages reading my thoughts as she had been great friends so long, and had "fraternized" comradely, with innocent comradeship had deepened warm friendship based upon confidence; and now events budding, blossoming and were on the threshold of The movement was heavy solemnity of destiny.

But even as those thoughts through my brain my hand ward to my breast and clasp certain golden token that to me an amulet for many a little explanation and a little sion are necessary before further.

I had met Kitty at a dance camp town, and at the so learned what love was for