

## OUR ILLUSTRATED COVER.

To presenting the readers of THE TRUE WITNESS with a special St. Patrick's Day number, we have sought to make it as thorough an Irish literary edition as has been ever published in Canada. Whether we have succeeded or not remains for our friends to judge. In designing our cover we looked more to simplicity and appropriateness than to complication or profusion of subject. In the centre is the figure of a Celtic Bard, seated as Ossian is pictured by Barry, with the national harp upon his knee, and a garland of shamrocks around him. In the upper left hand corner is a faithful picture of St. Patrick's Church, Montreal; the good old temple that for long years has held so many Irish Catholic worshippers upon the anniversaries of Ireland's Patron Saint. On either side, at the bottom, are allegorical scenes. In one we present a Gaelic Tower, a relic of Celtic greatness, an emblem of the stability and antiquity of the race; in the distance, the "Sunburst" of Ireland's glory, the orb of day rising from out the mists of centuries and flashing its morning beams of glory upon the monument-crowned land of our forefathers. In the other we behold the Celtic Cross and Faith clinging to it—just as the spirit of Ireland's nationhood twined itself around the emblem of Redemption. Near at hand is the "weeping willow," token of the torrents of tears shed by the children of the "Ancient Race." Finally, along the horizon, in the background, appear the ruins of Cashel—that "Cashel of the Kings," where Ireland's monarchs held court in the days of her greatness—that Cashel, in the crozier of whose Archbishop today is the episcopal staff that St. Patrick held as he traversed the land, spreading the Gospel of Christ and chasing, like toads and snakes—the evil spirits of paganism from the shores of Erin.

In this illustrated cover alone there is subject matter for deep reflection. Thoughts of Ireland's vanished greatness, of her glorious traditions, of her antiquity, of her ruined shrines and shattered monuments, of her music and song, of her learning and genius, of her future hopes—thoughts of our own dear shrine, the aisles of which, each St. Patrick's Day, are thronged with a thousand memories of the good and the faithful who have "fought the good fight" and are now enjoying their eternal reward; thoughts worthy of the occasion are suggested by these few green tracings which we present to our readers and which we beg of them to study and meditate upon.

## RELIGION A NECESSITY.

A Man Must Have Christian Faith to be Happy Says Father Doyle.

In the course of a most interesting lecture by the Rev. A. P. Doyle, the eloquent Father, delivered in the Church of Our Lady of Victory, New York City, he said:

"Man has been so constituted by his Creator that he must have religion. He was called into this world that he might learn to know God here and be happy with Him forever hereafter. It is in the human heart that all the great schemes of wickedness or good arise, and the thought of a God who will punish or reward beyond the grave is a most salutary one. Education may, indeed, polish, as it were, a man's heart, but something more is wanted. Without religion man may be likened to the ship which goes to sea, splendid in all her appointments, but breaks her rudder, and so tossed hither and thither upon the great deep, she at last goes down a helpless wreck, or is dashed to pieces against the rocks. Again, education in the hands of an unscrupulous man is simply a means of further evil. Religion then is a positive necessity.

"As I wander in the old world through the magnificent temples of devotion reared to the worship of the great God, and coming back pass through this City of Churches, I cannot help feeling that religion is an absolute essential in our existence. All thoughtful men will ask themselves: 'Where did I come from? Whither am I going? What is to be my destiny?' Man feels within him an instinctive knowledge that he is something better than a cluck or a watch, which may be wound up until it stops, something better than a mere brute beast. How then shall he obtain a greater fund of information in this matter. Only by God's revealed truth, as it is unfolded for our instruction in His Holy Word and taught by the Catholic Church. Religion is a reasonable thing. God would not ask a man to fly like a bird, because we chain the directory in the drug store that it may not be taken away. A copy of God's Word was too valuable to be lost in those days when all books had to be written by hand, and there was no such thing as printing. So a law was made that a copy of the Scriptures should be fastened to a desk in the church in order that the people might come and read for themselves the Word of Life. Therefore, it is untrue that Martin Luther ever gave the Scriptures to the people. Why, I can show you right here in the City of New York a copy of the Scripture in the German language published on the very day on which Martin Luther was born."

## A Glowing Tribute.

[From the Richmond Guardian.]

"The best meeting of the campaign was that held at Windsor Mills on Saturday night. It was called by Mr. Denison's friends, but being in the Conservative stronghold they took nothing whatever by it. Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P. for Montreal Centre, was there, and gave a magnificent speech; it was literally a rousing

of the Mercier party, and so delighted the Windsor folk that the audience got almost wild with the excitement. The large McCabe Hall was filled, so that every person present was in a sweltering state before the meeting came to a close. The great Irish tribune met with such a flattering reception, and his speeches—both in English and in French—were so applauded, as must have told heavily in the augmentation of the Conservative votes. There was a large number of electors from Brompton, St. Francis Xavier, St. George, Melbourne, and Richmond present, who came chiefly to hear Mr. Curran. The hon. gentleman came at great personal inconvenience, and the thanks of the electors are due to him for responding to the invitation addressed to him. He is a magnetic man, and made troops of friends."

It is pleasant for us to find that Irish talent is appreciated and that in the political, as well as the social, legal, commercial and ecclesiastical spheres, our nationality is coming to the front.

## THOSE INDECENT POSTERS.

What the Archbishop's Paper Says Concerning These Immoral Representations.

The current issue of *Le Semaine Religieuse* contains the following article, entitled "Montreal's Shame: An outrage upon Morals": "There is not a father of a family, to whatever religion he may belong,—provided he has a feeling of his duties and of the protective role entrusted to him by Providence,—who does not carefully forbid improper pictures and immoral books from entering his house. He does not want the eyes of his children and his own to be offended and soiled by this unwholesome contact. He wants their modesty, that delicate flower which a simple breath can wither, to be respected. Nevertheless, what do we see in passing through the streets of Montreal? Everywhere are displayed on the walls, in places where most people pass, impure placards in high colors, representing in full size persons scantily clad, with insinuating smiles and in postures condemned by the most elementary propriety; and in front of those placards stand young men and children, attracted by the seduction of evil and the temptation of vice. A little further on, in the windows of bar-rooms, the same pictures, or others still more risqué offend the eyes. Honest women and well-bred young girls cast down their eyes, but the multiplicity of those sad pictures imposes itself upon them, and little by little, the eye, without complacently resting upon them, does not avoid them as it should. Modesty has been hurt, and there is a first stain on that virtue which has been so justly called the brightest ornament of youth. Is there a remedy for such a state of things? Assuredly. The municipal laws provide for the removal of the dirt in the streets with a view to public health. The moral health, which is much more important, requires the removal of that filth which can soil the eyes. *Pueri debent recedant*, said a Latin poet, before the coming of the Saviour. Will the municipal authorities lack the respect due to childhood and to youth? We trust the contrary; they would be failing in their mission if they remain inactive in face of the already too great evil resulting from the scandalous placarding of those sad invitations to more shameful disorders.

## OBITUARY.

Darragh.

At River Beaudette, on Friday of last week, there passed over to the silent majority a noble soul in the person of Julia O'Reilly, wife of James Darragh. The deceased, a daughter of Mr. Hugh O'Reilly, of that place, was born in Crown Point, N.Y., on February 10, 1851, removed there with her parents in 1871, was married to James Darragh, on February 9, 1880, and died on March 4, 1892. She was the mother of seven children, six girls and one boy, of whom the boy and two girls preceded her to the grave. Of the four surviving daughters, the eldest is ten, while the youngest is but two years of age. Since it was God's will to remove the wife and mother at such an early age, friends have a great consolation in knowing that He took her in the holy season of Lent, when the faithful, instead of being occupied with dissipation and amusement, will be engaged in prayer, penance and the receiving of the sacraments, thereby gaining innumerable indulgences, all of which can be applied to the benefit of our departed friends. A death under such circumstances can only be regretted as a momentary separation. The large concourse of people, upwards of sixty vehicles, in attendance at the funeral, was a testimonial of the esteem in which Mrs. Darragh was held by all in the community. Her remains were, on Monday, March 7, confined to their last resting place at St. Telesphore, to await a glorious resurrection. We cordially extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved relatives in their sad affliction.—*R.I.P.*

## Young Irishmen's L. &amp; B. Society.

Mr. R. Lennen, the popular ex-president of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society, has been presented by the members of the society, prior to his departure for Colorado, with a gold chain and locket, accompanied by an address. After the presentation "Our guest" and a number of other complimentary toasts were proposed and responded to, the proceedings being enlivened with songs, dances, etc.

## St. Peter's Cathedral.

A short time ago the Rev. Cure Piche, of Lachine, announced to his parishioners that a collection would be taken up, the proceeds to be devoted to the completion of St. Peter's Cathedral. The reverend cure added that he would personally double whatever amount his congregation would subscribe. The result of this was that the collection netted \$140.50, and the Rev. Cure Piche has consequently forwarded \$281 to the archiepiscopal palace. A large number of quarry-owners as building contractors are presenting loads of stone to be used in furtherance of the same pious purpose.

## RICHARD BRINDSLEY SHERIDAN

## A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

A Great Irishman—Orator, Actor, Dramatic Author and Littérateur.

IN every branch of literature Irishmen have filled prominent parts since the days of Charles I., and the English language would be shorn of an enormous part of its wealth were the works of Irishmen stricken from it. It would be worthy of note, too, that in any classification of prominent men in almost every branch of culture Irish names will be found in abundance near the heads of each list. Look through the names of the so-called English orators, or dramatists, or satirists, or poets, or historians, or novelists, and among the foremost the names of men of Irish birth or race are sure to be found. Burke, Grattan, O'Connell, Sheridan, Congreve, Swift, Francis, Moore, Usher, Lamigan, Lecky, Goldsmith, Maria Edgeworth, are among the greatest names in their various classes during the times whose lists are closed, and where the prizes have been awarded by the judgment of posterity. Let us seek of Richard Brindsley Sheridan the most brilliant member of a family which brilliant talent has continued uninterrupted to display itself for at least seven generations, and which is, perhaps, the most conspicuous instance of hereditary genius in modern times.

To the average reader of English history the Sheridan who swayed the House of Commons at a time when that body

tained a place on the stage and in literature, and may safely be called one of the brightest comedies in the English language. Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Sir Anthony Absolute have since become as familiar as Falstaff or Othello, yet the play, through some defects of stage adaptation, was coldly received at first. Sheridan saw its defects and recast it into the shape it now has, and in its altered condition it at once became a success and secured its author a handsome profit. A farce, "The Scheming Lieutenant," was his next production, after which Sheridan applied himself to writing a comic opera. The "Duenna," which was the result, is unquestionably the best of its class that had yet appeared in English, and it ran for ninety-five nights on the stage at Covent Garden. Sheridan's career was now assured, and he was enabled to become manager of the greatest theatre in London, Drury Lane, on the retirement of Garrick. Sheridan was only twenty-four at the time, and his business capacity or training was not such as to insure him success in his new capacity. He made money rapidly, but spent it faster, and he was never able to escape the embarrassments of debt during his future life. The burthen, however, hung lightly on him for many years, and his management was helped by the production of the "School for Scandal," which, like it all in all, is probably the best comedy in the English language since Shakespeare.

The "Critic or Rehearsal" was written shortly after the "School for Scandal," and in its line is scarcely inferior to it. Sheridan's recklessness and negligence in money matters, however, only increased with every fresh success. The

tings towards the Dowager Princesses or Begums of Oudk, was generally pronounced to be the noblest oratorical effort of the prosecution. It was in great part spoken extempore, and has been so imperfectly reported that it is practically lost to us, but the effect which it produced on those who heard it was such as had never been known in England before. Sheridan was offered a thousand pounds for the copyright of the speech within twenty-four hours after its delivery, if he would only correct its report for the press. But fatigue and the unfortunate habit of procrastination were too much for the brilliant orator, and thus the record of his greatest speech, which Byron declared the finest in the English language, has been lost forever.

The impeachment of Hastings was the culmination of Sheridan's career as an orator, though he still continued to hold a foremost place among the Parliamentary speakers to the end of his life. Official posts were showered thick upon him. He was made Under Secretary of State in 1782, when but little over thirty, and subsequently he became Secretary of the Treasury and Treasurer of the Navy. He might have become Chancellor of the Exchequer or Prime Minister but for his indifference to personal ambition and his distaste for business application. It is to his honor, however, that in the House of Commons, through a friend of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., and a member of the Ministry, he became invariably supported the cause of political liberty. His speech in Parliament in defence of the liberty of the press is a striking proof of his personal independence. Though not as devoted a patriot as Burke, he also supported the right of Ireland to self-government and the emancipation of the Catholic population. The Sheridans, though they had conformed to the State Church in the seventeenth century, and though several had been engaged in its ministry, never showed any of the bigotry intolerance that was so common among Irish Protestants of the last century. They may have lacked the high faith of martyrs, but they had none of the malice of persecutors, and the foes of the Catholic Church and the Irish nation were alike distasteful to all of them.

While Sheridan was devoting himself to public affairs, his private fortunes, as might be expected, suffered. His father died the year of the Hastings impeachment and the affairs at the theatre, Sheridan's sole property, fell into hopeless embarrassments. Ten years later he wrote two new plays, "Pizarro" and "The Stranger," which helped him to stay off debtors for a while. Michael Kelly tells us that the first was actually unfinished when the play was presented on the stage, and that the last act was only written by snatches in the prompter's room while Mrs. Siddons and Charles Kemble were actually playing the earlier ones. Sheridan's fascinating manners helped to tide affairs along even under such circumstances, but the end was inevitable in a business point. A fire broke out and destroyed the theatre, and Sheridan was unable to rebuild it, and had to sell out all his rights for a sum which was promptly absorbed by his creditors. From that time his official employments and the royalties on his plays were his only dependence and they proved inadequate to relieve him from the load of debt which his own carelessness had allowed to accumulate around him. Sheridan, in fact, lived at the same rate as the wealthy peers with whom he associated, but without the means of meeting such expense as they possessed. That the embarrassments consequent on this course of life affected him deeply, despite all the careless wit which he never ceased to display, is certain. "I am like that old clock," he once remarked to a friend in Parliament; "I am only good to mark the passage of time." His wife died in 1792, leaving him several children, and he married again, but his latter years added nothing to the real work which had given such brilliant promise in his early life. The years subsequent to 1798, when his play of "Pizarro" appeared, were marked by no new literary work. He continued to maintain his reputation as a Parliamentary orator but his influence in politics even had passed away, and in 1807 he lost his seat in Parliament. His death took place in 1816, and a public funeral and a grave in Westminster Abbey testified that his former services were still remembered. His speeches, which were published in 1798, and his dramatic works are, however, the most lasting monument to Thomas Brindsley Sheridan, and they will preserve his name as long as the language exists. His life was subsequently written by Thomas Moore, who knew Sheridan well, and has rendered ample justice to the brilliant genius of his friend. It has been preserved among his descendants, who still continue to display them in widely separate fields.

See his shattered forces flying,  
A broken routed line—  
See England, what brave laurels  
For your brow to-day we twine.  
Oh! thrice blessed the hour that witnessed  
The Briton turn to flee  
From the chivalry of Erin,  
And France's "Heur de l'is."

As we lay beside our camp fires,  
When the sun had passed away,  
And thought upon our brethren,  
Who had perished in the fray—  
We prayed to God to grant us,  
And then we'd die with joy,  
One day upon our own dear land  
Like this at Fontenoy.

## "THE BRIGADE" AT FONTENOY.

11th May, 1746.

(By BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.)

By our camp fires rose a murmur,  
At the dawning of the day,  
And the tread of many footsteps  
Spoke the advent of the fray;  
And as we took our places,  
Few and stern were our words,  
While some were tightening horse-girths,  
And some were grinding swords.

The trumpet blast was sounded  
Our footmen to array—  
The willing steel has bounded,  
Empatient for the fray—  
The green flag is unfolded,  
While rose the cry of joy—  
"Heaven speed dear Ireland's banner  
To-day at Fontenoy."

We looked upon that banner,  
And the memory arose  
Of our homes and perished kindred,  
Where the Lee or Shannon flows;  
We looked upon that banner,  
And we swore to God on high  
To smite to-day the Saxons' night—  
To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet—  
'Tis a voice from our own land—  
God of battles—God of vengeance,  
Guide to-day the patriot's brand;  
There are stains to wash away—  
There are memories to destroy,  
In the best blood of the Briton,  
To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels  
In a thousand reeking flanks—  
Down, chivalry of Ireland,  
Down on the British ranks—  
Now shall their serried columns  
Beneath our sabres reel—  
Through their ranks, then, with the war-horse—  
Through their bosoms with the steel!

With one shout for good King Louis,  
And the fair land of the vine,  
Like the wrathful Alpine tempest,  
We swept upon their line,  
Then rang along the battle-field  
Triumphant our hurrah,  
And as we smote them down, still cheering—  
"Erin Slanthalgo go bragh."

As prized as is the blessing  
From an aged father's lips—  
As welcome as the haven  
To the tempest-driven ship—  
As dear as to the lover  
The smile of gentle maid—  
Is this day of long-sought vengeance  
To the swords of the Brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,  
A broken routed line—  
See England, what brave laurels  
For your brow to-day we twine.  
Oh! thrice blessed the hour that witnessed  
The Briton turn to flee  
From the chivalry of Erin,  
And France's "Heur de l'is."

As we lay beside our camp fires,  
When the sun had passed away,  
And thought upon our brethren,  
Who had perished in the fray—  
We prayed to God to grant us,  
And then we'd die with joy,  
One day upon our own dear land  
Like this at Fontenoy.

## IRISH NATIONAL HYMN.

(By JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O, Ireland! Ancient Ireland!  
Ancient! yet forever young!  
Thou art mother, home and stronghold  
Thou art length and breadth and tongue,  
Proudly thou art Ireland's strength,  
Thy flag of freedom floats unfurled;  
And as that nation God created,  
Who giveth victory when and where He listeth,  
Thou art that nation's glory and its pride.

For this dull world still slumbers  
Weightless of its wants or loves,  
Though, like a giant, Ireland  
Cries aloud, "It moves! it moves!"  
In a midnight dream,  
Drifts it down time's wrecked stream,  
All march, but few desire the goal,  
O, Ireland! be thy high duty  
To teach the world the might of Moral Beauty,  
And stamp God's image truly on the struggling soul.

Strong in thy self-reliance,  
Not in idle brag and boast,  
Hast thou but thy three deities:  
At the mighty Saxon host—  
Thou hast claimed, in sight  
Of Hugh Roe, thy gallant knight,  
Upon thy hills—along thy plains—  
In the green bosom of thy valleys,  
The new-born soul of thy freedom rallies,  
And calls on thee to trample down in dust thy chains!

Deep, with the Eastern story,  
Burns in Iran's eastern gem,  
For its dazzling hues and glory  
Worth a Sultan's diadem.  
But from his palace  
Hidden there never lies  
The awe-inspiring Gnomes alone,  
Who toil to form the mountain's treasure,  
May gaze and glow with pleasure without measure  
Upon the lustrous beauty of that wonder-stone.

So is it with a nation  
Which would win for its rich dower  
The bright pearl, self-liberation—  
It must labor hard and true,  
Strangers who travel  
To lay bare the gem, shall fall;  
Within itself, must grow, must glow  
Within the depths of its own bosom,  
Must flower in living might, must broadly blossom,  
The hopes that shall be born ere Freedom's Tree can blow.

Go on, then, all rejoiceful!  
March on thy career onward!  
Ireland! let thy noble, vocal  
Spirit cry to God aloud!  
Man will but this speed  
God will add thee in thy need—  
The Time, the Hour, the Power are near—  
Be sure thou soon shalt form the vanguard  
Of that illustrious band whom Heaven and  
Man guard.  
And these words come from one whom some  
Have called a Seer.

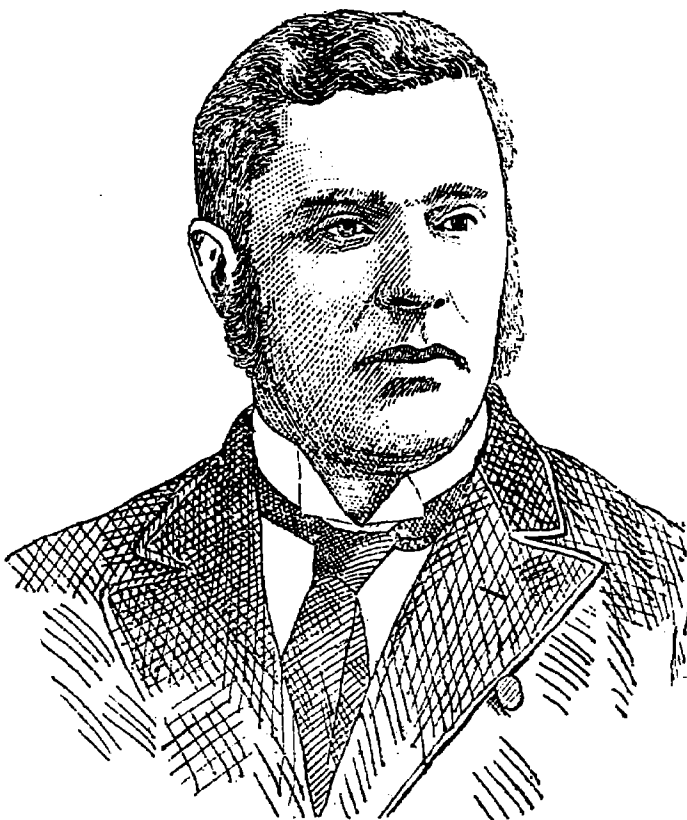
## For His Name's Sake.

Four sisters of the community of St. Anne de Lachine, Sisters Vincent, Rogation, M. Jeune, Damascene and Antonia, left last week for the far away missions of Victoria and Alaska. All four are young sisters, the youngest being only eighteen.

## Archiepiscopal Appointments.

His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal has made the following appointments of vicars:—Mr. O. Lachapelle, to St. Charles, A. Mignan, to Mile End, G. Clairoux, to St. Louis de Montreal, and V. Deshaies to St. Paul de Joliette.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Pills. Very nice, very easy to take, no pain, no griping, no purging. Try them.



HON. SIR JOHN THOMPSON, K.C.M.G., Q.C.

THE HON. SIR JOHN SPARROW DAVID THOMPSON, Minister of Justice and leader of the Government in the House of Commons, is a son of the late John Sparrow Thompson, of Waterford, Ireland. Sir John was born in Halifax, N.S., on the 10th November, 1841, and is consequently in his forty-eighth year. He was educated at the Common Scotch and Free Church Academy in his native town. He was called to the Bar in 1865 and appointed Q.C. in 1879. In 1870 he married Miss Allick, daughter of Captain Allick, of Halifax. He has been an Alderman, and Chairman of the School Commissioners in Halifax. He occupied the positions of Attorney-General, and later on of Premier of Nova Scotia. In 1882 he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of his Province. That high position he resigned in 1885 to enter the political arena, and to assume the office of Minister of Justice. Since that day he has been marked as "the coming man" in Canada. He has been the inspiring spirit in all our great moves, political and national, since that day. He was offered the Premiership of the Dominion, on the death of Sir John A. Macdonald, but he magnanimously declined the honor, while accepting the burden of the work. He is a practical and exemplary Catholic and a glory to his creed and nationality.

was an oligarchy of wealthy men, almost as completely as Ward McAllister's Four Hundred of New York—the Sheridan on terms of easy familiarity with the Regent of England and his nobles, who picked his own post among the various ministries offered to him, appears as a wealthy aristocrat of distinguished talents, who had no cares of private business to distract him from the highest departments of political life. The man whose denunciation of a Governor-General of India, or defence of the liberty of Ireland against Pitt, were among the historic events of England, is hardly thought as one who had to earn his livelihood by his pen, and whose ancestral influence in those days of pocket boroughs and close corporations was simply nothing. Yet so it was. Sheridan's only inheritance was his native talent, and influential connections he had absolutely none at his start in life. His family since has never lacked the last of these worldly advantages, but it is to the reputation won by him that they owe them alone.

Sheridan's father, Thomas Sheridan, had been an actor and teacher of elocution both in London and Dublin. He was one of the cronies of Dr. Johnson at the Turk's Head, as his grandfather, a talented but poverty-stricken schoolmaster, had been of the greater genius, Swift, a generation earlier. At the time of Richard's birth, in 1751, he was manager of the Dublin Theatre Royal, and his son was born in the Irish metropolis. His mother, who, before her marriage had been a Miss Chamberlayne, was a writer of plays and novels of considerable merit, and thus talent was the boy's inheritance from either parent. His first schooling he received from a private schoolmaster, Sam Whyte, who also numbered at a later date Tom Moore among his pupils. The Sheridans however, soon removed to England where Richard got the rest of his schooling at Harrow, but was not able to enter either of the universities through lack of fortune. Richard, after leaving Harrow, led for a time a life of amusement in his father's house and entered the Middle Temple to study law. He made a romantic marriage at an early age, however, with a professional singer, Miss Linley, and finding himself under the necessity of making a living he took to play writing as the most available source of income.

The first essay was a masterpiece, "The Rivals," which has ever since re-

father took the management of Drury Lane for a couple of years but gave it up in despair. Sheridan only laughed at his growing embarrassment. Michael Kelly, another Irish play-writer, was associated with him in the management, and various were his efforts to keep his brilliant employer to the straight track of business. The latter paid off his remonstrances with wit instead of reforms. When Kelly, who had a trick of adapting foreign airs to English words in his dramas, proposed to use the cellars under the theatre for warehousing wines Sheridan suggested as a sign, "Michael Kelly, Composer of Wines and Importer of Music," and left the indignant author to worry out other sources of income unhindered.

Sheridan, however, though negligent of his business affairs, found time for trying his hand in politics. His reputation as a man of talent was well known, and some of his noble friends offered him a seat in Parliament. In the eighteenth century the majority of the English, and for that matter, the Irish, boroughs were regarded as being the property of a few wealthy magnates as absolutely as their houses or cattle. The electors were only a handful, and they invariably voted as their landlord directed. Sheridan was offered the seat for Stafford, in the English county of that name, and he entered Parliament in 1780.

Though Thomas Sheridan had been a teacher of elocution of national repute, it seems he had never given such attention to his brilliant son's training in that line. His first speech in Parliament was a flat failure, and he was urged by many of his friends to retire from a field for which he was evidently unfitted by nature. Sheridan himself knew better what was in him, and he set himself to cure his defects as a speaker with an industry which was in striking contrast with his negligence in financial affairs. It was not long before the young Irish theatre manager began to be recognized as one of the first speakers in Parliament. When the celebrated impeachment of Warren Hastings, Governor General of British India, for high crimes in office, was resolved upon, Sheridan, was chosen one of the managers of the prosecution, along with Burke and Charles James Fox. Burke's opening speech is known to every student of the English language, and yet Sheridan's, which followed it after an adjournment, and which dealt with the rapacity and cruelty of Has-

## Useful Hints and Suggestions.

Take a sunbath for rheumatism.

Never set coal oil near butter or lard.

Try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless.

To make cold liver oil palatable take it in tomato catsup.

A hot, strong lemonade taking at bedtime will break up a cold.

If camphor gum is placed with silver it will prevent the ware from tarnishing.

The juice of half a lemon in half a glass of water is a safe remedy for headache.

Try a hot, dry flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain and renew it frequently.

Half a cupful of butter weighs about a quarter of a pound, two cupfuls a pound.

To freshen leather chair seats, rub them over with the well-beaten white of an egg.

Madagascar people work twenty-five days in a year, and make enough then to support them in idleness the rest of the time.

By a recent appliance to kitchen ranges the refuse from the kitchen in thoroughly dried, covered with charcoal and used.

The fibrous covering of coconuts is used extensively in making ropes and mats.

A national association has been organized in New York to extend the industrial scheme of profit-sharing.