



IRELAND'S SAINT.

HONOR TO THE MEMORY OF ST. PATRICK.

CATHOLIC CLUB HOLDS A SUCCESSFUL CONCERT IN SELKIRK HALL — FATHER DRUMMOND ON THE "IRISHMAN AS A SOLDIER"—VOCAL AND LITERARY SELECTIONS.

Morning Telegram, March 17.

The excellent programme advertised by the Catholic Club in commemoration of St. Patrick drew a very large audience to Selkirk hall last evening. The platform was elegantly arranged in drawing room style and was draped with patriotic emblems, including several Irish flags. In the centre, at the back of the platform encircled by Union Jacks, nestled a large picture of the Queen, and above that a banner bearing a picture of St. Patrick. Members of the club wearing badges and sprigs of green officiated as ushers throughout the evening and the president, T. D. Deegan, filled the position of chairman. At the outset he explained the aims and objects of the Catholic club, which was then conducting its first entertainment. He said the organization was similar in its workings to that useful society the Y.M.C.A., and had for its object the advancement and betterment of mankind.

Evans' orchestra gave the initial number, "St. Patrick's Day" and "Mavourneen." J. J. Moncrieff then sang in his usual good style "I'm off to Philadelphia in the Morning" and Jas. Stack followed with a well rendered cornet solo, "Killarney."

The next selection was without doubt, the vocal gem of the evening, "Kathleen Mavourneen," which Miss Madge Burrett sang in her own inimitable and sympathetic style, the sweet plaintive melody touching a tender chord in many hearts. In response to an encore she rendered "Believe me of all these Endearing Young Charms." In the second part of the programme Miss Barrett sang "Her Majesty," a simple patriotic song which pleased her hearers far more than a florid classical selection would have done.

H. J. Lamb rendered "Dear Little Shamrock" very nicely and was followed by Miss Perkins, whose number, "You'll soon forget Kathleen," won a well deserved recall.

The chairman then introduced Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., who gave an interesting address on "The Irishman as a Soldier." The Rev. Father said at the outset that the organizers of the entertainment had been wonderfully well inspired when they suggested to him as his subject "The Irishman as a Soldier." One of the most striking features in the war now in progress in South Africa was the prominent part being taken by Irishmen, and they had without doubt borne the brunt of the battle. He would not depreciate the grand service done by Canadian boys, to whom was due to a large extent the surrender of Cronje, nor would he forget the death of that noble soldier and courteous gentleman whose untimely end all Winnipeg mourn-

ed, Major Arnold. There were, however, those terrible three months before their arrival, when the weight of the battle fell upon the Dublin Fusiliers, and other Irish regiments who had left their dead upon the battlefield in defense of their country's cause. The lecturer then read extracts from the London Daily Mail and the Midland Review, and the words of Richard Harding Davis and Winston Churchill, all of which paid eloquent tribute to the bravery and dash of the Irishmen at the front. Bugler Dunn at the battle of Colenso was not forgotten and the story of his interview with the Queen was read in company with the story of the Irish widow who boasts of having seven stalwart sons at the front.

Among the officers in command whom Ireland claims were Lord Wolseley, Generals French and Kelly-Kenny and also "Little Bobs" and Lord Kitchener, the latter of whom though of English parentage, was born on Irish soil.

The demonstration which will take place in London to-day when the city will be decorated with the green, and the Irish National flag will wave above the Mansion house was not overlooked by the reverend lecturer and brought from his audience a perfect storm of applause.

In looking over the 161 names of the surviving recipients of the Victoria cross thirty-three were unmistakably Irish. The speaker then recounted a large number of instances of Irish bravery and dash from accounts of different great battles, and said it was a common thing to caricature an Irishman as a wild harum-scarum, and only brave when under the influence of excitement, but he showed that time and history had long since given the lie to that, and there were no more obedient, cheerful or patient men in the field than the sons of old Erin. The lecturer closed with the stories of the lives of Field Marshall Peter Lacey of Russian fame and Patrick Ronayne Cleburne who distinguished himself in the Confederate army.

After Father Drummond had resumed his seat he was tendered a vote of thanks, which was moved by his honor the lieutenant-governor and seconded by Mayor Wilson, and three cheers were given for the Irishmen and Canadians at the front.

A violin solo followed by Fred. Alderson, whose beautiful rendition of Irish airs and the unusual tone of his violin caused the audience to give him an ovation seldom accorded so young a musician, they broke out into cheers once or twice during his selection and at the conclusion demanded an encore.

Messrs. O. H. Day and Joe Hall were unable, through ill health, to attend and the audience were disappointed in missing them. Mrs. Pitblado recited "Kate Malony" with her usual good taste and responded to a recall with "Not Guilty." The concluding numbers on the programme were two solos and choruses, the first "Old Ireland Boys, Hurrah," by H. Brownrigg, and "Soldiers of the Queen" by H. J. Lamb, and the audience dispersed with "God Save the Queen."

Monseigneur Pascal, O. M. I., and Very Rev. Father Leduc, O. M. I., return westward to-day.

INCIDENTS OF MISSIONARY TRAVEL IN WINTER.

St. Laurent, Manitoba, March 15th, 1900.

To the Editor of the NORTHWEST REVIEW.

Sir,—On the 12th inst. the parish of St. Laurent had a narrow escape from witnessing a very sad accident.

Rev. Father Joseph Chaumont and Brother Mulvihill, O. M. I., started from here about nine in the morning for Clandeboye Bay, a distance of fourteen miles, to inspect the building material of a chapel proposed to be built there.

On their departure the weather was pretty calm but did not last very long so. When they reached a distance of about three miles on Lake Manitoba, a terrible blizzard or hurricane arose, one of the severest which could possibly be expected at this season of the year, so much so that it was impossible to see at a distance of six feet ahead of them. Hence, they completely lost their way but were not yet too much discouraged. They knew they could not be more than half a mile from the beach, the question now arose between them as to whether it was to the right or to the left; this gave rise for discussion, each one holding for a few moments to his opinion, for to reach the beach seemed to be the only chance of saving their lives. As luck would have it, and it was indeed very fortunate, they now struck a trail of some kind, which they followed, and which, as may be expected, cheered their spirits a little; but which direction to take was now the solemn question. It was finally decided to turn to the left and follow the trail no matter where it would lead them, whether to a fisherman's tent, out on the lake or to the beach.

After a few minutes' travel the horses sank deep into the snow which indicated that the beach was not far distant, and this turned out to be the case. One of the travellers got out of the little sleigh and went a few paces ahead, and to his consolation found they were close to the beach.

Another difficulty now arose as to how they could possibly reach the inland part of it with the horses, as there were fully ten feet of snow drifted thereon in some parts, from which appeared the tops of small trees sticking out their heads.

They now approached towards the end of a little point of wood believing that the snow was not so deep there, which was the case, still it was too deep to get over it with horses and sleigh. Here there were four feet or more of snow; the horses fell and refused to advance.

The only chance was now to unhitch them from the sleigh, which was done; one led them whilst the other hauled the sleigh. By this means the horses were (though with much difficulty) enabled to get over the snow drift.

All now reached the inland part of the beach where there were high reeds and a considerable depth of snow; but fortunately there was an icy swamp surrounded by reeds and shrubs. The blankets were now put on

the horses, but in less than an hour the latter commenced to tremble as if freezing, so it was absolutely necessary to give them some walking exercise which was done during four long hours, while the blizzard lasted at full strength.

It being now about three o'clock in the afternoon, it was necessary to make some preparations as to how the night could be spent in this pleasing locality without food for man or beast. The only way to pass the night here was to be in patrol all night, lest the sleep of death should come on by surprise.

An effort was now made to beat down the snow, so that the horses could if possible approach a high snow drift, where they would be more sheltered; but this was a failure.

The only thing now to be done was to wait and pray, with empty stomachs for man and beast; especially with the former who had not partaken of a heavy breakfast in the morning, thinking they would have a timely dinner, but the question now was as to whether they would get supper, or even breakfast next morning; this was yet far from being certain.

Should the travellers and horses pass the night in this state, which of them would run the chance of being frozen next morning? Undoubtedly the horses; still the travellers would be also in danger owing to wet clothing which could not possibly be dried for want of fire, no fuel to be had in the vicinity; besides, no axe with which it could be cut. Thank God, the great storm now commenced to subside, and hopes of home were entertained.

An attempt was now made, but the horses would not move towards the Lake from which there was still high wind, but the sleigh had to be brought first on the ice, against and over the snow drifts, which was not an easy matter for travellers with empty stomachs and wet clothes.

As soon as the blankets were taken off the horses, the poor beasts commenced to tremble more and more, as they were now as wet as they could be from the snow which had thawed on them.

Anyhow, they were hitched up and headed for St. Laurent. After a few minutes on the road the horses did not feel very cold, though the drivers did, yet it did not take an hour to reach their destination; but on their arrival the Rev. Father had at least three pounds of ice attached to his beard and eyelids, which could only be got rid of by warm water. I may also add that his nose felt the effects of the blizzard. Hurricanes change the colour of people's features at times; especially on such occasions as this, which are not soon forgotten.

Rev. Father Chaumont and Brother Mulvihill, may well return thanks to God Almighty for having protected them from great peril; but, they now speak of it as an amusing adventure, which should not prevent another trip to Clandeboye Bay or elsewhere. In fact the Rev. Father went there two days later. This time, it was not a blizzard of much account, but a terrible cold day on the ice, especially at a late hour in the afternoon.

Zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls overcome many difficulties and privations.

Rev. Father Camper, the zealous superior of this Mission has known what privations are during his thirty-three years of missionary life in Manitoba, travelling as he now does from one Indian Reserve to another, preaching retreats etc. At present, he can travel at least sometimes a part of the route by rail, which was not the case formerly when he had to travel some six hundred miles on the same journey on foot after a dog sleigh. Though this exercise now tells on him as age advances, still, he seems to be as courageous as ever.

Rev. Fathers Chaumont and Comeau have now taken a part of the burden from off his shoulders, but more than enough still remains to be done by him; especially on account of his ability in the Indian language of which he is a thorough master; and in which he can express himself with more than ordinary facility.

Yours faithfully,
A RESIDENT.

Pains In The Back.

FREQUENTLY DUE TO SLUGGISH LIVER OR KIDNEY TROUBLES.

MR. FRANK WALTERS, OF EXETER, TELLS OF SUFFERING AND HOW DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CURED HIM AFTER OTHER MEDICINES FAILED.

From the Advocate, Exeter.

Mr. Frank Walters is a young man personally known to most of the residents of Exeter, where he has lived nearly all his life. Talking with the editor of the Advocate recently Mr. Walters said:—"In justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I think it my duty, in view of what they have done for me, to add my testimonial to the thousands of others that have been printed. For some months I suffered most severely from pains coursing up and down my back. It was thought that these pains were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause they frequently left me in terrible agony. The pains were not always confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result I got little rest, my appetite became impaired, and I fell off greatly in weight. I tried different remedies suggested by friends, which having no effect almost disgusted me with medicine. Then a personal friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded because I had about concluded that medicine would not relieve me, but he insisted and finally I decided to try them. I purchased one box at first, and to my astonishment before it was finished I was greatly relieved. Then I got a couple more boxes and these restored me to my former good health. I do not hesitate recommending this medicine that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer tortures as I did."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.