

## EDITORIAL

## St. Patrick

St. George, St. Andrew and St. David are remote and even nebulous compared with the brilliant and intimate figure that Ireland presents to the world in St. Patrick. It is true St. George conquered the Dragon. But St. Patrick banished the snakes. Even if both stories are myths relief from snakes appeals more closely to the ordinary man than escape from a Dragon. Very few have experienced Dragons, even domestically. Almost anybody is liable to see Snakes. So that St. Patrick attracts universal sympathy as a general and practical benefactor. St. Andrew and St. David suffer by comparison for lack of a popular exploit. St. Patrick excels in other ways. He has left considerable literature behind him, and associated with him, and the national imagination has been fired by the missionary heroism of his character and the magnanimity with which, a native of Gaul, he was able to give himself up to being an Irishman. He has always been associated in Ireland with a heroic period of her history. Naturally the English suppressed the facts. St. Patrick himself says: "My father was Calpornius, a deacon, son of Potitus, a priest of the town Bonavem Taberniae. He had near the town a small villa Enon, where I became a captive." Bonavem was in Armorica Gaul, the present site of Boulogne-sur-Mer in Picardy, and was later known as Bononia. Taberniae marked it as belonging to the district of Tarvanna or Tarabanna, a celebrated city not far from Boulogne, the ruins of which are known as Terouanne. When Patrick was enslaved he was sent to the North of Ireland near Slernish, within sight of Scotland to which he could easily have escaped had that been his home. When he did escape he made his way south and passed thru England to France. His Celtic character as a French Briton or Breton placed him easily in touch with the Irish by whom he had been captured in one of the raids of Niall the Great. During the reign of Crimthann, A. D. 365, this Irish king swept over Britain, and he and his guards occupied London. He and Niall and Dathi had great navies for those days. In A. D. 388 Niall invaded and plundered Brittany and carried away captive into Ireland, Patrick, then a youth of sixteen, and his two sisters, Lupida and Darerca, with a host of others. Niall the Great never did anything so wonderful for Ireland, little as he may have dreamed it, than in bestowing upon her her patron saint.

Succoth as the American captive was called was named Patricius on account of his noble birth, and Patrick he remains, noble in birth, noble in nature, noble in toil, typical of the best in Ireland, and a pattern for the Kelt in all times and places. The literature and learning of Ireland, its civilization, its government and laws, the military skill of its kings and generals, and the intelligence of the people must have appealed to a man of Patrick's temperament. They had everything but Christianity and he thought it well worth the sacrifice of his life if he could give them that. The extraordinary ability of the Irish has not ceased since the time of Patrick. It has frequently been the cause of anathemas in the sister nation. Time after time it has seemed to England that ruthless suppression and even extinction was the only remedy for such racial brilliance. Many English and some Irish even yet do not realize that such brilliance cannot be utilized in any kind of bondage. Such a race must be free to exhibit its best energies. And for 800 years Ireland has been made subject to another power. That the subjection is voluntary in some cases does not alter the fact that the best qualities are not developed in those even voluntarily subject. Like Patrick, the most brilliant have sought to escape from bondage and no country in the world but testifies to their brilliance in exile, whether forced or voluntary.

Ireland is nearer the ideal of an equal freedom with her sister nation than she has been for centuries. The cup has so often been dashed from her lips that no one will dare to say the sacramental draught of Freedom has been taken until it has actually been drained. England has had ample revenge for the subjugation which Niall accomplished fifteen centuries ago, and perhaps now the cycle has run its course, and the old unrest will be allowed to sink to peace. There is only one element of discord. We all know the advice St. Patrick would give the brothers of discord. And we all know also how the advice would be taken. Ulster's minority is a vexing problem, which arises largely out of the political party system. Had the Conservatives introduced home rule instead of the Liberals there would have been no discord. Rev. C. Silvester Horne, the well-known English nonconformist, has pointed out that when the Scottish Temperance Bill required the support of the Ulster Presbyterian north of Ireland members, only David Hogg, the Presbyterian Nationalist member for Derry, voted for it. Not a single Unionist vote from the Presbyterian north was recorded for the bill at any stage. The "stalwarts," H. T. Barrie, Captain Craig, C. C. Craig, Sir John Lonsdale, R. Thompson (Belfast), Mitchell Thomson and Arthur O'Neill voted "against the government." As long as Ulster is partisan before she is Irish there will be a little rift within the lute. But party exigencies have sometimes undergone swift metamorphosis.

Ireland has never shown more ability in all departments of human activity than in the present generation. Could Patrick return today he might well be proud of the race he had chosen to lead. In literature Irishmen lead the way. No English writer excels Shaw. The Keltic revival with Russell and Yeats and Moore, Standish O'Grady and Lady Gregory, and those so lately passed like Lionel Johnson and J. M. Synge, has marked new bounds. In law, oratory, music, politics, the army, the navy, the church, the schools, in science, art, philosophy, history, drama, commerce, journalism, Irishmen are nowhere in the second place. Nor have they failed to show their ability to regenerate and revitalize Ireland. The great co-operative movements, the new farming methods, the improved economic system growing up have wrought wonders already. And the old brilliance of the days of Patrick is apparent in other lands than England and other cities than London. America especially shows evidences of the Irish ability and character. But Irishmen abroad have yet to learn to follow the example of the Great Saint Patrick and make themselves at home, as cosmopolitan in Canada or in California as in London, as full of the unhampered spirit of humanity as Patrick when he turned once more from his native land to convert his captors. He warred and won with the sword of the spirit.

## TOO STRONG FOR HIM



## Spring Literature

We are in the mood already to welcome spring, despite the mildness of the winter. But as to the garden seeds, indeed it is none too early to think about them, and to purchase if you can come to a decision. The seed catalogs are so alluring! It is hard to select. Read a page and there is another page and another. And each is so convincing. One needs a large plantation to give the spring catalog scope, and to satisfy the eager hunger of the winter-satiated man and woman.

As we buy garden seeds we let the imagination revel in that which the seeds mean to us. We work the ground, plant, water, weed, watch, and finally see the tiny breaks in the earth, then the bit of green, then from day to day the stalk, the bud, and finally the lovely and sweet flower. And all the while we prove to ourselves that it is the man who is willing to delve that can really get most happiness from the blossom.

## Real Fighting Ships

The Honorable Mackenzie King before the Canadian Club the other day deprecated the purpose of the Borden Government to build the "most powerful fighting machines afloat," i. e. Dreadnoughts. Being a supporter of the Laurier policy he, of course, thinks we should have battleships but he is horror-stricken at the idea of them being great and effective ones.

The Laurier program calls for two Dreadnoughts, Mr. Borden's three. We fancy, however, that Canadian people will not seriously object to having ships that can fight, now that the country has almost unanimously endorsed the idea of getting into the navy business. Mr. Mackenzie King's preference probably would be for ships like the "Rainbow" and the "Niobe," not strong enough to do battle and not fast enough to get away from it. The purpose of the Borden plan has been, of course, to defend the empire against attack. While we know that Britain employs smaller ships for scouting it is going to be the powerful Dreadnoughts that will do the real execution in the event of war. Is Canada to be in the front of the battle or under the bed?

## Stand By the Hydro

The railway committee of the legislature has refused to release the City of Stratford from its agreement to use Hydro Electric power exclusively. The city wanted the advantages of the provincial system and became a member of a group of municipalities which contracted for a supply at a certain rate.

But the Canadian Northern Railway appeared. It wanted to go into Stratford but insisted upon the right to sell power. Under the agreement with the Hydro Commission the city was prevented from accepting the terms. Stratford wants both the railway and cheap power. It ought to have both, but if it must throw away one boon as the price of securing another then surely the price is too much to pay.

The Hydro Electric means too much for the municipalities of Western Ontario for the legislature to lightly regard the Stratford agreement and it is gratifying to know that only one voice was raised in the committee in favor of the amendment asked for by Stratford.

The same tendency to be blind to their own interests which led Stratford to propose to break away from the cheap power proposal seems to be moving the council men of Aurora and Newmarket to tie up the residents of those places to a private corporation and deprive not only themselves but all those in the surrounding district of the benefit of cheap power. There is no doubt in the case of Aurora and Newmarket that the councils have deliberately deprived the people of the opportunity of hearing the facts in the case.

## Municipal Enterprises

There are few districts which are doing more for their citizens than the Borough of Battersea in London. This borough, which lies on the south side of the Thames entered into the business of Landlord, Milkman, Electric Light Company and numerous other enterprises with great profit.

About twelve years ago the Battersea Borough Council obtained possession of a plot of land in the heart of the district and built a number of small fireproof houses of five rooms each; other houses were built containing two flats of three and four rooms each. Each flat has its own street door, bathroom and back garden and is fitted with electric light. A small prettily decorated park is situated in the centre of the colony. The water for the flats is obtained from a spring on the estate. In connection with the gardens an inspection is held every year and money prizes are given for the prettiest and best kept gardens. The weekly rents for these flats are \$1.80 for the three-room flats and \$2.40 for four rooms, while the houses are let at \$2.75 per week. Nobody but people who have lived in the district for a certain number of years are permitted to occupy them.

This district can also claim to be the first to supply milk for children, an enterprise which has decreased the infant death rate. For the small sum of 36c enough milk is supplied to feed a child a week. The milk, which has undergone a special treatment of sterilization is supplied in six bottles daily, each bottle containing enough milk for a feeding and the quantity is increased with the age of the child. Each infant is weighed by official nurses every two weeks.

Battersea owns and operates three wash-houses, where women can do their laundry work away from their homes, more quickly, more effectively and under conditions of much greater comfort. The wringing is done by a centrifugal machine, and, for drying, the articles are ranged on one of the many "horses" which slide into a hot air chamber. A charge of 3 cents an hour is made.

The borough also owns six swimming tanks, one of which is the largest indoor tank in England. In the winter two of these are converted into public meeting halls, one into a gymnasium and one into the largest dance room in London.

Billiard tables are also supplied by the council for the use of the citizens. In this hall two cents an hour is charged for the use of the table.

One of the largest enterprises, however, is the electric light. The council has an enormous plant and is able to supply electricity to its customers at 7c a unit, which is much below that charged by private companies in and around London. This enterprise alone is the source of a large revenue to the district.

## Extravagance

Our first impulse is to rule out of court the person who denies the high cost of living. Dr. George K. Holmes, U. S. government expert, has figures to prove that the prices of many things are not unprecedented, but are high by reason of comparison with an era of low prices in the later years of the '80s and thruout the '90s. He shows for example, that the farm price of beef was higher from 1881 to 1885 and from 1896 to 1900 than in any subsequent year except 1911 and 1912. Other factors to which this government expert refers as being responsible for high living cost are the luxuries and pleasures now demanded as a matter of course by every one. During the last decade the scale of extravagance on which we live has risen equally with the increased cost of living. Dr. Holmes mentions the motion picture show, the card party prize, the automobile, tipping, buying on credit and in small packages, buying by telephone and demanding free delivery as some of the changes in general habits, all of which have helped to swell the cost of living.

## Crusts - &amp; - Crumbs

ALBERT ERNEST STAFFORD

St. Patrick's Day always brings an Irishman's heart home again. The little boxes of real shamrock that come along, or used to come, before the old folks passed away, or the younger folks began to forget, were not necessary to remind a real Irishman that the year was at the spring in the White Island. A letter came the other day with the word: "the hedges are in bud." No Canadian born could understand what that means, for the thorns do not grow to hedges in these bitter winters; and it would be too slow a process, anyway, growing a hedge round a farm, on which the owner makes a fortune in agriculture in the first ten years, and cuts it up into building lots and sells for three fortunes in the second ten years. The hedge would only be beginning to thicken out and be ready for heading off in that time. But what a lovely border for a field a thorn hedge is! In the spring the delicate green buds begin to tinge the dark brown rows, and gradually the leaves unfold and the twigs lengthen out into the delightful shoots which the goats love to eat, and which the cottagers pull for their stock. Nor does the human palate object to the chewing of one of those fresh aromatic leaf buds. And then, a little later, the fragrant sprays branch out with their bursting pearls; and of an April evening there will fall the sweetest, gentlest, kindest shower, and all the little hedgerow leaves and buds will glisten with diamonds, and the happiest sense of freshness will rise up out of the dusty road at the touch of the crystal drops, and one's cheek will flush as the dewy fall touches it with the tenderest twilight caress. And, after these refreshings, the little pearls buds will open up into the hawthorn blossoms, and for days and days Ireland will be an altar of incense to Angus Oge. At the faraway thought one's heart cries out, with Moira O'Neill, for Corrymeela and the same soft rain.

St. Patrick's Day is but a week ahead of Easter Monday this year. I wonder where all the boys are now, who used to go out on Easter Monday with the Richmond Bicycle Club up the Glenormley Hill and down the long, smooth slope to Templepatrick, and then along the pleasant five miles, past the endless fields with their flat, whitewashed masonry gate-posts, thru Muckamore into Antrim, and thence, leaving the Masseneene Castle and the straggling town behind, with its tragic memories of '98, over the five miles more to Randalstown, and the great gates of the Shane's Castle demesne. Lord O'Neill was patron of the bicycle club, and was very gracious about allowing us into the demesne on Easter Monday, which was a closed day for the general public, tho the beautiful park was easily accessible at other times to non-destructive parties. Those Easter Monday visits to "Lough Neagh's banks, where the fishermen strays, when the clear, cold eve's declining," were chiefly memorable to me for the wonderful daffodil bloom. These were, and probably are still, especially luxuriant about the old burial place of the O'Neills, where the tablet on the moss-grown vault recorded the innumerable generations of Shane O'Brien O'Shane O'Brien O'Shane, like a repeating decimal carried to the nth place. And in these lovely forest glades, with their huge, wide-spreading, full-branched trees, the primroses, and the violets were as shyly multitudinous as you might expect the fairies to be in a haunted wood. It was part of our blessed pact with Lord O'Neill that we were to pick no flowers, and it has helped me to form a habit which I am never impelled to break, when I see the shy flowers trying to make the world lovely, not for me only, but for all who come after me. We were all faithful to our trust, and we rambled about freely, and climbed about the esplanade of the old castle, burned a century ago, on the banks of the Lough. And we went down into the dungeons and underground passages, and wandered by the waterside, where the wood petrelles, and the sticks become stones.

There is an old Irish air to which the following words are sung— It's pretty to be in Ballinderry; It's pretty to be in Aghalee; It's prettier to be in bonny Ram's Island. Sitting under an Ivy tree. Oh! that I was in little Ram's Island; Oh! that I was with Pheliny Diamond. He would whistle and I would sing 'Till we would make the whole island ring. The tune is a very ancient one, and there is a pathetic, wailing refrain, "Och hone, och hone," which might well be familiar to exiles from Erin. But one must not be led away to the fascinating topic of ancient Irish music. It was Ram's Island I was

thinking of, for we used to sit on the castellated wall of the old Shane's Castle and look over the waters of the biggest lake in the three kingdoms, and the fourth largest in Europe, and see all round its 153 square miles of surface. Around it are the counties of Antrim, Tyrone, Armagh, Derry and Down. Lots of little streams run into it besides the Bann (which is the only one that runs out), the Crumlin, the Blackwater, the Main, the Six-Mile Water, and the Ballinderry. And you would be surprised how many people in Toronto came from within hall of it. A Lough Neagh Society would be a big crowd if they could all agree to get together. It was at a picnic at Shane's Castle, sitting in one of the embrasures of the esplanade, that I first saw a new aunt who was afterwards to play a most important part in my life. She was very young then in 1871, and a bride of a few weeks, and she wore a red cloak like a veritable witch. She sang divinely, and had good literary tastes. At her table I met Dr. W. F. Collier and Frankfort Moore, and Dr. T. C. S. Corry and other notabilities, literary and musical, and I always see her in her red cloak at Shane's Castle as charming as the genius of Ireland herself. She had the second sight, too, and had heard the banshee at Tulkeel in County Louth, and the day her cousin died in India she saw him in Belfast, and she was like many who have "the sight," full of quaint and curious tales, altho I knew nothing of this in the days of the red cloak nor for years afterwards.

Everybody who goes to Shane's Castle hears the story of the room in the modern castle which no mortal uses, but in which the bed is made up every day, and shows evidence of being used in the morning. And the servant who neglected to make the bed is told about, and he troubles that came upon her in consequence. And then weird stories are told of the beings who are met in those underground passages, and the scottish scott, but the men of experience are content to abide in their knowledge. These are not things to be established by argument. You see them, and you need no further convincing, and if you don't see them it matters not in the least to anyone else. But I have wandered far away from St. Patrick in memories of Shane's Castle, when I meant to recall some of the things about Patrick we used to think about. And was there anything better worth telling than his argument with Olaf when he took in hand to convert the old Pagan. He had already had a taste of Olaf's mettle when Patrick had challenged his word, and he proved to Patrick his good faith. "And you know now, Patrick of the Bella," he said, "that I told no lie; and it is what kept us all thru our lifetime," he said, "truth that was in our hearts, and strength in our armies, and fulfilment in our tongues." "You told no lie, indeed," said Patrick. "There is nothing in existence elsewhere, just like the dialog that ensues between 'Patrick of the closed-up mind.' "Olaf calls him, and the old warrior: 'Rise up and listen to the Psalm,' says Patrick. 'You never heard music so good from the beginning of the world to this day.' And Olaf replies, 'I have heard music as sweeter than your music, however much you are praising your clarks: the song of the blackbird in Letter Lool, and the sound of the Dord Plann; the very sweet thrush of the Valley of the Shadow, or the sound of the bees striking the strand. The cry of the hounds was better to me than the noise of your schools, Patrick.' Olaf had long survived Finn according to the tale. 'I have a little story about the tale,' he tells Patrick: 'We were but fifteen men; we took the King of the Saxons of the feast, King of Grace. My grief! I to be stopping after him, and without delight in games or music, to be withering away after my comrades; my grief it is to be living! I and the clerks of the Mass books are two that can never agree. Ask Heaven of God, Patrick, for Finn of the Fianna and his race; make prayers for the great man; you never heard of his life. If there was a place above or below better than the Heaven of God, it is there Finn would go, and all that are with him of his people. Ask of God, Patrick, does He remember when the Fianna were alive, or has He seen East or West any man better than themselves in fighting. The Fianna used not to be saying treachery; we never had the name of telling lies. By truth and the strength of our hands we came out of every battle.' The kindly spirit and toleration of Patrick for the old warrior, as related by the bard, is one of the finest tributes of Pagan to Christian. But the whole story should be read in Lady Gregory's translation, 'Gods and Fighting Men.' 'Go on with your story,' said Patrick, 'and you will get the same good treatment from me you got from Finn, for the sound of your voice is pleasing to me.' And it should be pleasant to Irishmen.

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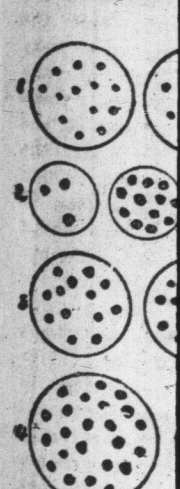
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