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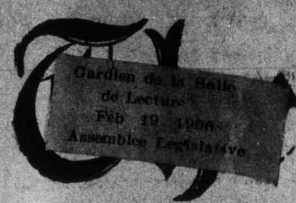
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# GAELIC REVIVAL A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

The people of Lisdoonvarna, County Clare, tendered a magnificent reception to Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, during the latter's visit to that place. An address signed by Bishop Hoare, Rev. T. H. Kinnane, Dean of Cashel; Canon Kearney, Ardagh; Canon Ryan, Galbally, Cashel, and the priests of the diocese, was presented to the distinguished visitor. Rev. William J. Walsh, D.D., Waterford, read the following address:

As a great churchman you have shed lustre on the vigorous young Church of America by the splendor of your administrative abilities, your commanding eloquence; while as an honored citizen of the great Republic of the West you have inculcated lessons of true patriotism and enforced them by your lofty and dignified example. Yet, though the scene of your life's labor has been the country of your adoption, never have you for a moment forgotten your heart allegiance to this ancient land. You claim with the right of a mother; and never has that claim been disallowed or unheeded by you whom she prides among her truest and most loyal of her scattered children. When for inscrutable reasons the hand of God came heavy on our country and the cry of famished thousands went up from every corner of our land, whose was the ready help and the word of hope and encouragement, who more promptly and filially gave into the mother's bosom "the full measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over?"

When renewing the strife of centuries and buoyed up by the never-dying hope of nationhood, the old land braced herself for the recovery of her legislative independence, with eloquent voice, with ready pen and unstinted purse, you have unflinchingly aided her in the struggle. Is it then wonderful that we, as priests, and especially as priests of Ireland, should rejoice at your presence in our midst, and that the prayer should go up from our heart of hearts that God may long spare you to be a prop and a bulwark to the American Church and a glory to the scattered children of the Gael, whose proud privilege it is to honor you and to claim you for their own.

## ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S RESPONSE

Archbishop Ryan, in the course of his reply, said he was delighted to see the faith and the old love manifested when, after years of absence, he came back in the autumn of his days, or should say, winter. As to the claims that were mentioned in the address which might have earned their affection, he was sure that they felt it in their hearts, though he did not deserve such recognition. But with regard to the gratitude toward America it was another matter. That claim had been due ever since the days of the famine. The great, noble democratic heart of America was touched by the sufferings of Ireland in those days. It needed no Irish eloquence to touch the heart of America. The American people gave generously of their means; while a man loves the land of his adoption, he will not forsake the land of his birth. President Roosevelt stated recently that he was half Irish and half Dutch, and I am sure that he would not say that the inferior part was the Irish, for he has very warm, honest sympathies for the Irish people and for Catholics. I know that, for when he honored me with the appointment as one of the Indian Commissioners, and when some of the non-Catholic papers objected to having a Catholic Archbishop put on the commission, on which there was never a Catholic member before, he was not afraid; the mingling of the Dutch and Irish blood gave him strength against those who would oppose me, and though they were objecting to his having appointed a Catholic, the very next vacancy that occurred he appointed another Catholic, a most practical man, though the world does not yet know him, and that Catholic is Charles J. Bonaparte. He is a man who has the entire confidence of the President, a man whom I have met in those

counsels for the protection of the Indians, and I have conceived the highest possible opinion of his head and heart. To him and such as him an appeal never has to be made a second time, when the dollars were needed for the relief of the Irish people.

Now, with regard to any help that I may have given to the Home Rule movement, of course, that was but the paying of the debt I owed to Ireland. The strongest argument, as it seems to me, though it is not often brought forward, the strongest extrinsic argument for Home Rule is the fact that the British House of Commons granted it, opposed as those Englishmen were to Ireland. It was only the House of Lords that obstructed and defeated it. It was passed by the House of Commons, led by Gladstone. Now, if the House of Commons with Gladstone at its head be in favor of Home Rule, why should not the exiled sons from old Ireland feel that she is capable of governing herself, and that she can never be truly prosperous until she has that authority to rule over her own people. These English statesmen at present are legislating for a people whom they don't know, for a people with whom they have nothing in common, for a country of whose wants they are ignorant.

The British character is a character darkened by many prejudices, as Cardinal Newman, himself an Englishman, confesses and deplores. I should not, therefore, feel that I could claim any honor for having done any little service I may have been able to do for the cause of Home Rule. I have always advocated it, and I have always recommended my clergy to do all that they could in various ways for the advancement of the old land. And it may be said that the Church in America is indebted to the Irish race which has built so many churches and raised so many institutions. We should always remember that in America our first in talent, in power, and influence, our greatest first bishops, were the sons of Ireland. Therefore, we in America owe a great deal to Ireland, and while we love the land of our adoption, we cannot forget the land of our birth, or the land of our fathers and mothers. Hence that observation in the latter part of your address, that while I love the land of my adoption, I love, as a child should love its mother, the land of my birth.

Some one has said "I love the land of my adoption as I love my wife, and I love the land of my birth as I love my mother." Well, of course, I cannot make that comparison. But you can all very well understand that the loves are not antagonistic, that a man may love the land of his birth and may love the land of his adoption, and be prepared to die for it, and he will not love the land of his adoption and be ready to die for it if he does not love the land of his nativity. A man must love the country whose air he first breathed, whose hills and streams he first gazed on, whose shades first elevated his soul and heart to God; the memory of that land must remain impressed on his heart, and the older he grows the more will the impression deepen.

At a luncheon, at which Bishop Hoare presided, the toast "Pope Pius X" being duly honored, Archbishop Ryan gave the following address:

After half a century or more I return to my native country, and I find the characteristics of the Celtic race the same, the same warm hearts, the coterie the same, and the race remaining the same. Many, no doubt, are leaving you, but they are only going over to the greater Ireland. They do not lose their love for the old land. You know it in their generosity when collections were made for churches, or for political purposes. They love the old country, the first impressions made upon them, the chapel in which they kneel, the valley and the hills, and their early life's stories. All those things have made an impression. That impression is there, deeply seated. It is not as if it had passed away entirely.

I can see, perhaps, what those always here cannot see. I can see evidence of progress since I was here before, many years ago. Persons complain, and I have heard it said in the United States, that the people of Ireland are not industrious, they say, look at their homes, they are not clean. They say their lands are not well kept. I have heard those complaints, but they had not the key to the situation, for if the farmer improved his land the next thing done by the landlord, was under the old system to increase the rent. I say he would be a fool if he were to increase the value of property belonging to another man, and that he should pay for the improvements that he himself had made, pay well, and according to the price to be appointed by the landlord. Therefore, as it was a premium upon neglect, it was a most outrageous state of things.

HOME RULE THE ONLY REMEDY.

The American people could not understand it, or how it was permitted for years, that when a man improves his house and property his rent should be increased. Why, therefore, be blaming the Irishman for neglecting it now? Where I just came from, from the North—I have been in Donegal where the tenants have tenure rights—see how their properties are well kept and everything in order. Wherever they had similar privileges their houses are well kept. In America the Irish people are very industrious, advancing every day in wealth and intelligence. It is the same race, the same blood, and the same genius, but the circumstances are different, and it was here as it was, because, as the Chairman had said, of misrule—because of the want of Home Rule.

I have said on many occasions there was no Irish orator, no man more enthusiastic, there was no man who said anything stronger than was said in Gladstone's speech when the House of Commons voted for Home Rule. There can be no question whatever but this is the case and until Home Rule is obtained it will be impossible for Ireland to advance. When you consider the patriotism of the Irish race, I cannot at all despair of the future. We have in our race, as Cardinal Newman said, all the elements of future greatness. We have that deep faith which underlies all morality. As regards blessing we have the joyous hope God has given. We have the element of success in the future, and indeed I can see here evidences of advanced education amongst the people, though there are drawbacks, but I trust these will disappear.

## THE GAELIC REVIVAL A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

Our people are becoming more educated, they are showing evidences of what is in the race. Look at the remarkable phenomenon—the revival of the Gaelic language. There is more in that than one thinks. It produces a love for the old land. When a nation wastes completely to subjugate another nation it endeavors to destroy the language of that nation amongst those who speak it. If the language is wiped out people cease to be as patriotic as before. Indeed a wave that is wonderful has come over the country with a love for the old language. Even since I came here I heard the old songs sung most beautifully, most tenderly. They will keep alive the spirit, the poetry of the country and will keep alive the national faith and the tenderness of the Irish character. Of course the language didn't die out as some persons have imagined.

I shall tell you an incident that occurred a few years ago in Philadelphia. There are a great many Donegal people in my city devoted to the faith of their country. There is a society amongst them, which they call the Benevolent Society of Donegal, and they have annual meetings at which Irish songs are sung and speeches delivered and so forth. I was induced to go to one of those meetings, and I was delighted with all the exercises. A man came out to deliver a speech in Irish and I looked at the large audience, and I

saw the young people laughing. I said to myself "what a pity they were brought up in that manner, the young American children of the men of Donegal. What caused them to laugh at the language of their fathers and mothers?" I looked at the old people and they were laughing, too. Then I looked at the lecturer. He was one of these serious people who can make other people laugh without themselves knowing why. I found out that all those young American children of the people of Donegal all knew the Irish language.

Their parents had taught them the language of their forefathers, and what they were laughing at was jokes given in the course of the lecture in Irish. I had to make a public confession from the platform, that I probably was the only person in the hall that did not know the language of my forefathers. So this directly transmitted gave me a very high opinion of the people of Donegal. At a meeting they elected me "Chieftain of Donegal." I was handed the sceptre of the empire. On my visit to Ireland on this occasion, not wishing to be an absentee chieftain, I went up to Donegal and I met the people there in the presence of the other "Chieftain of Donegal," the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell—O'Donnell Aboo. Now, in many other places there is more of the language remaining than they imagined. This was a striking incident of how the people were deeply imbued with patriotism, how they transmitted to their children the language of their forefathers, and a love of their country.

But the music, there is a revolution in that—the music through the country and the singing in Irish. I heard it also in Philadelphia, where two or three young girls came playing a harp, accompanied by songs in Irish. That gave me great hopes for the old spirit of the country. Some might say that it is mere sentiment, but what is life without sentiment? We are not creatures built merely with heads. We have hearts which often get nearer the truth than the heads. So that I am glad that the old Gaelic language is again in the head and in the hearts of the race. If I am rightly informed it is extending itself more and more, so that the people are becoming Gaelic from top to toe.

I do not think there are any emigrants in the world that are so truly attached to the mother country as are the Irish emigrants. It is seen in the amount of money sent home to Ireland from them in America. It is seen in their generosity towards collectors from Ireland. I may say in passing with regard to the young girls living out in America, most of them respectable farmers' daughters, whose fathers ought to be proprietors of properties on which they are only tenants, that those young girls are examples to those among whom they live, examples of Irish purity, Irish honesty, Irish loyalty to God, Irish patriotism, and they have been the means, as I know after fifty years experience, used by Almighty God for some of those valuable conversions to Catholicity which have taken place throughout the entire American continent.

Their example has had deep and effective results. Often have I heard people who were sceptics about religion, people who did not know particularly well what their minds were, often have I heard such people say, "How much would I not give for that certainty of faith that those Irish girls have—absolute certainty and conviction." They are beginning to recognize in America the great conservative influence and elements in the Catholic Church. They acknowledge now that we are right on the subject of matrimonial divorces. There was no less than sixty thousand divorces in the United States within the past year, and the fact is appalling to the minds of intelligent people.

## A LOURDES CURE.

### English Peer's Remarkable Story

One of the most remarkable of the many cures wrought by the famous waters of Lourdes is that of the wife of a well-known English peer.

Lord N—, the peer in question, who is a descendant of the celebrated Minister of Georgian times, vouches for the facts, and has placed the names of the doctors concerned in the possession of the London Express.

Until now the case has only been known to the relatives and friends of the lady, but in view of the great public interest that is now being taken in the happenings at Lourdes, Lord and Lady N— have decided to publish the facts and leave readers to place their own interpretation upon them.

"Sometimes," said Lord N— to an Express representative, "it is stated that the cures at Lourdes are not permanent. My wife's cure was accomplished 33 years ago, and there has never been a relapse.

"In the year 1872 Lady N—, or, as she was then, the Hon. Mrs. N—, suffered great agony in her left foot. Our family doctor was called in, and put her on a knee crutch, but at the end of five months, in spite of his skilful treatment, the foot was no better.

"At his request we called in an eminent surgeon, whose name I will give you, who proposed to put the foot into splints. The evil being inflammation of the bone, he told her the cure would of necessity be very long, and possibly very painful.

"Lady N— therefore had recourse to a 'novena,' or nine days' prayer, in which a great number of her relatives and friends joined, each making the sign of the cross each morning with a few drops of the water of Lourdes on the injured foot. This water, which is pure and clear, and without a trace of mineral matter, was sent to London, where we then were, from Lourdes.

"At the end of the nine days the pain entirely left the foot, and my wife was able to walk about as usual. From that day to this she has never suffered the slightest inconvenience nor pain whatever in the foot.

"Of course, the doctors were astonished when they came to see the patient, and the surgeon had nothing more to say than: 'Well, I need do nothing for you. You are quite out of the wood.'

"The remarkable point about this cure, as you will notice, is that it took place not in Lourdes at all, but here in London."

The following year Lord and Lady N— made a pilgrimage to Lourdes, and hung up the discarded crutch in the famous grotto.

Four years later they were in Lourdes again, and Lord N— relates an interesting experience in connection with this visit.

"At the time," he said, "a very intimate friend of ours, Miss H—, was desirous of entering a certain religious order; but as she was suffering from a painful disease of the knee, which resisted medical treatment, the authorities in London considered that she could not be received, as she would be quite unable to perform her duties as a nun.

"We were going to Paris at the time, and she proposed to accompany us. But the Mother-General of the Order in Paris, having consulted the doctor also declined to accept our friend.

"Miss H— was so grievously disappointed that we determined to go to Lourdes. The day after we arrived, she entered the bath at the grotto. We all prayed and prayed hard for her, but she came out uncured.

This was on July 15. We left Lourdes, and arrived at the Hotel de France at Pau on the 20th. On the morning of the 21st I was writing in our sitting-room, when to my great surprise Miss H— came running into the room, and exclaimed: 'I am cured!'

"The wound had entirely healed and the doctor in Paris who had refused to pass her, pronounced her fit for the Order."

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terwards as a postulant, went through her novitiate, and has been a full nun for many years, and has never suffered any recurrence of the disease.

## A Non-Catholic Writer on Catholic Missions.

The well-known Dutch historian, Madame Lohmann, a rationalist writer, gives in the Knechtsteden Echo the following high commendation of the Catholic Missions: "At the sight of the immense blessings derived from the Catholic Orders and missionaries it is impossible not to be filled with genuine and frank respect and esteem. The Roman Catholic creed continues to possess a power which, sooner or later, must carry off a decisive victory over Protestantism. I know this assertion will bring upon me a hurricane of indignation from my compatriots; still, I do not fear to say it again; modern Protestantism will end in a mere hollow sound. I have had opportunities of coming to know in the West Indies and in the East Indies, and in various countries of Europe, the exemplary life of the religious and missionaries of the Catholic Church, and of witnessing the unsparring charity of the nuns in the schoolrooms and the hospital wards. Many of our people were in the habit, before visiting those countries, of calumniating the Catholics either through ignorance or through human respect. But, after seeing the wonders of the Catholic apostleship amongst the lepers and the poor despised blacks, those same people, in my hearing, avowed with shame that Catholic charity and self-sacrifice surpassed in heroism everything imaginable in that respect, holding a unique place in the world and in history."

## As to Catholic Boys in Non-Catholic Colleges.

We often see it offered as an excuse for Catholic young men going to non-Catholic colleges, that if their religion is worth anything they will not lose it. Such an argument was once presented to Henry Parry Liddon, when he was pleading that the religious character of Oxford should be maintained. "Is not this manifestly a confession," he was asked, "that religious truth needs a special protection for its existence?" To which question he replied: "Speaking absolutely, we know that religious truth can take good care of itself, or rather that, in history, in the long run, God will take very good care of it because it is His Truth. But in the concrete and particular case of young men living together, tempted to every sort of moral mischief, and eager to get rid in their worst moments of the sanctions and control of religion, it is no disparagement to religious truth to say that it does need protection. . . . To treat Oxford undergraduates as in all respects men, appears to me the greatest possible mistake." The patrons of the other idea are, consciously or unconsciously, believers in "the survival of the fittest." If they see a Catholic young man make shipwreck of faith and morals in a non-Catholic university, they conclude that he was a wretched weakling who would never have done the Church credit anyhow. But what about his individual soul? Christ Our Lord thought it worth saving at an infinite cost, and shall we look on its loss as a matter of small account?—Casket.

## COMPRESSED AIR CHIMES.

The chimes of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Fifth avenue, in New York, are rung by compressed air. Nineteen bells are in the spire. The heaviest weighs six thousand pounds, the lightest three hundred pounds. The keyboard of the chimes is in the sacristy. The operator presses a key corresponding to a bell in the spire. This establishes an electric connection, which opens a valve in the steeple, conducting compressed air to a piston with a clapper that strikes the bell. Electricity is the trigger and compressed air the motive power in playing the chimes. St. Patrick's was the first church to adopt the new system.

(Continued on Page 8.)