

CATHOLIC EDITORS On Many Themes . . .

THE BEST SERMONS.—We have recently read much nonsense about the best sermons and extempore preaching, says the "Sunday Democrat." Now, as far as our experience goes, the best sermons are neither read from a book nor repeated, parrot-like, by rote, nor preached extempore; they are carefully prepared and studied, so that, without excluding those happy inspirations which may be compared to the sunlight, the speaker can at any moment, by a glance at his notes or manuscript, recover not only the train of ideas he intended to follow, but also the words which he had selected as most appropriate to convey his meaning. The faculty of preaching extempore is one of the rarest and most enviable of gifts. To extemporize is, to a theologian, what to improvise is to a musician. Ask the musician for an impromptu once a week, at a fixed hour; how many of his productions would be worth preservation? An occasional impromptu speech is one thing, a periodical extempore sermon another. Few preachers have this rare faculty, and yet too many act as if they had it. The breakdown comes, and being inevitable, it is a relief when it comes early.

LENTEN READING.—On this subject the "Catholic Columbian" remarks:—

A little extra spiritual reading would not hurt any of us during this Lenten season. We are afraid that the number of business men who amid the anxieties and perplexities of their various avocations, find time to devote to spiritual reading is not large. Indeed, if we all take time to say our prayers in a serious and becoming manner we are disappointing the devil more than we fear most of us do. Now, think for a moment, how can we expect to have our minds and hearts attuned to the society and employment of heaven if we are so stingy of our time in spiritual exercises here? Do we really believe in heaven and hell after all? One implies the other—no hell, no heaven. Oh, yes, we have a vague faith in these great verities of our holy religion. We expect or hope to go to heaven of course, but somehow we do not bring the same good sense and logical principles into our spiritual interests that we adopt in our ordinary worldly business. If we expect to gain a great worldly prize we labor and prepare ourselves diligently to secure it. Let us do the same for the prize of heaven.

THE IRISH PARTY.—Discussing the magnificent endeavor of the Irish Parliamentary Party in the British House of Commons, the London "Universe" says:—

Men of all parties in the House of Commons are wondering at the present moment at the marked capacity for Parliamentary work displayed by even the youngest recruit in the reunited Irish party. Night after night during the last week or ten days the Government found the task of voting away millions of the money of the British taxpayer anything but an easy one. Each separate vote was carefully scrutinized, and whenever the amount demanded seemed to be excessive, this fact

six feet high, lowering like a giantess, she had regular, beautiful features and one of the most highly cultivated human lips. Her knowledge of live stock was so thorough that she was said to be the best judge of the weight of a live beef animal of any one in the New York market. It was told of her, too, that in her youth there was not a colt in all Ireland she could not break and ride. A lady of distinguished family and the highest culture, she chose for reasons of her own, which she never explained, to come to the United States and accept the unique place of cattle market reporter.

An Irish-American woman journalist no less distinguished is Miss Ellen A. Ford, of the editorial staff of the "Irish World" and the "New York Freeman's Journal." Louise Guiney, the poet, is of pure Irish descent, and Kate Field's father was a Dublin Irishman, from whom she inherited her trenchant power of tongue and pen. That Irish element which gives life and sparkle to American journalism is as manifest among our women writers as among the men.

Over the water sweet Ellen Terry, the Irish woman, stands at the head of the dramatic art in England. Edna Lyall, the novelist, is Irish, loving her native land passionately. So is Katherine Tynan, as well known as Mrs. Lyall. Miss Redmond, the sculptress, of Dublin, modeled the most acceptable bust of Gladstone, the one now in the British House of Commons.

Finally, if you would behold with your own eyes a gathering of as beautiful women and lovely girls as adorn this fair earth to-day, cross the Irish sea in the season and attend the yacht races in Dublin bay.—Eliza Archard Comer, in the Vermont Catholic.

PATRICK DONAHOE.

Death of the Veteran Irish Catholic Journalist.

The oldest Irish Catholic journalist and publisher on this continent—Mr. Patrick Donahoe, proprietor of "The Pilot"—passed to his eternal reward one hour after the close of St. Patrick's Day, the ninetieth anniversary of his birthday, in Boston, where he had resided for a period of seventy-five years.

Grouped about his bed-side were his wife, his three sons, J. Frank Donahoe, Patrick M. Donahoe and Joseph V. Donahoe, his daughter, Mrs. N. D. Drumme, and her husband, Father Muller of the Cathedral and Dr. Ryder, the family physician.

The end came most peacefully. Without a tremor or sigh, he closed his eyes and passed away.

Mr. Donahoe had been unconscious nearly all day. At 5.30 o'clock he rallied slightly and spoke a few encouraging words to the saddened members of his household who so tenderly watched at his side.

He then relapsed into his former condition from which he did not rally.

Patrick Donahoe was born March 17, 1817, in the parish of Kilmore, County Cavan, Ireland. When a lad of 14, in 1832, he came to Boston with his parents. His family was among the first of the Irish families to settle in that city.

In the printing office, where he laid the foundation of his newspaper career, he had to withstand persecution because he was Irish. Race feeling ran high, but young Donahoe held his own, and soon mastered the men who sneered at him.

He continued in the printing business until he saw the opportunity for establishing a purely Irish paper was a ripe one, and with the earnings he had saved he started "The Pilot." This was in 1836.

He made a personal canvass, not only of the New England and the Middle States, but of the then far West and the South. Before very long, he had secured a national circulation, and had expanded his paper from a small four-page affair to a large and handsomely printed eight-page weekly. One of its most effective features was the department of Irish news from Ireland, each week, covering many columns.

Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, editor of the "Pilot," in an interview with a representative of the Boston "Post" in referring to the death of the grand old patriot, said:—

"I suppose Mr. Donahoe was the best known living Irish-American, not only to the people of his own race, but to all others."

"He had been before the public for nearly three-quarters of a century, conspicuously identified with the Irish race and Catholic faith, yet I do not believe that there is a human being, whatever his prejudices, who, having known Patrick Donahoe, was capable of saying an unkind word about that most kind and gentle and good old man."

"I know that he himself has never cherished hatred or ill-will toward any of God's creatures, notwithstanding the fact that he has lived through three periods of proscription and persecution directed against his own people."

"He founded the 'Pilot' sixty-five years ago, when its readers were few and far between. He travelled throughout the country getting patrons for it and making friends everywhere, so that to this day the children and grandchildren of those early subscribers still take it and read it from one end of the country to the other, and the roll of fifty years' subscribers and some even older makes a very respectable roster, from Maine to Texas and from New York to San Francisco."

"It will give a better idea, perhaps, if I say that one of those States, Texas, where it has hun-

dreds of subscribers, is almost of the same age as the 'Pilot,' yet in its lifetime it has been under five flags—the Mexican, the Texan, the United States, the Confederate and the 'Old Gridiron' again."

"Mr. Donahoe's memory went back of all those events to the time of Andrew Jackson in America and Daniel O'Connell in Ireland, and he had known the leading Americans and Irishmen for much more than half a century past."

"His life has been long and useful. His religion, which has been the ruling influence always, was evidenced in countless deeds and words of charity to all mankind, and the cheerful, sunny disposition with which he was blessed was as much the outward sign of a happy conscience within as it was the Irishman's inheritance to console him for all the ills of life."

"Seldom is it given to any man to attain such a remarkable old age, and of the few who do there are very few indeed who can look back upon such a blameless, upright, honorable life as that with which God blessed Patrick Donahoe."

May his soul rest in peace.

WHY IS THE SHAMROCK SO LOVINGLY CHERISHED.

The following lines, so patriotic and so full of religious sentiment, are from the pen of a lady who now counts seventy-five years of life. It is with exceeding pleasure that we publish them, not only on account of the anniversary of Ireland's Festival, but also because they illustrate the depth of sentiment and the unchangeable attachment to faith and fatherland that the surviving members of the older generation possess.

Why is the shamrock so lovingly cherished,
By Ireland's true-hearted wherever
Our glorious St. Patrick saw in it
An emblem,
Of the Three Divine Persons in the Trinity.

That is the reason we ever shall cherish
This neat little shamrock wherever we be;
May the true Faith thus taught us
Never perish
From the hearts of Erin's children,
Be they bond, or free!

It matters not in what clime or what nation
A stem of the shamrock there ever shall be;
"There can't be a change in the color or nature,
Of this little emblem of the Blessed Trinity!

And is the reason we ever shall cherish
This neat little shamrock while on earth we be;
From the heart of Erin's children
The Faith cannot perish,
Although we be far now beyond the deep sea.

—HONORA HOLMES.

A FATHER'S STORY.

HE TELLS HOW HIS SON REGAINED HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Had His Spine Injured and for Two Years Was Unable to do Any Work. And for Most of the Time Was Confined to the House.

Mr. D. D'Entremont, a well known farmer living at West Pubnico, N. S., writes:—"I believe it is only right that I should let you know the benefit your medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—have been to my son, Constant, sixteen years of age. For several years he was almost a constant invalid, the result of an injury to his spine while working with his brothers on the farm. He grew weak and listless, had no appetite, and for two years was unable to work and was for the most of the time confined to the house, and for a part of the time to his bed. He suffered considerably from pains in the back; his legs were weak; and he had frequent headaches. At different times he was attended by two doctors, but got no benefit from the treatment. Then I procured an electric belt for him, but it was simply money wasted as it did not do him a particle of good. One day while my son was reading a newspaper he came across an article telling of a cure in a somewhat similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he then decided to give them a trial. After the second box was taken there was a marked improvement in his condition. He continued the use of the pills until he had taken eight boxes, and they have restored him to health. His appetite has returned, the pain has left his back; he has gained flesh; is able to ride a bicycle, enjoy his life and is able to do a day's work as well as any one of his age. This letter is given gladly so that others may learn the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and find a cure if ailing."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as the one noted above because they create new rich, red blood, thus strengthening weak and shattered nerves. They do not purge and weaken like other medicines, but strengthen from the first dose to the last. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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IRISH WOMEN IN MANY LANDS.

Were there saintly women who bore their share along with St. Patrick in the conversion of their fair island to Christianity? There were indeed, and of those not a few. One was St. Bridget, the most beautiful woman in all the world, the legend says. She was so zealous and devout that St. Patrick himself gave her a veil, and so wise that he invited her to become a member of his council. Irresistible was St. Bridget. An attempt was made to defraud her of her inheritance. She contended for her rights and won, as always. "How much land do you want?" the judges asked her. "So much as my cloak will cover," modestly replied the gentle woman saint. This was granted to her, when lo, a miracle! The cloak spread out a vast area like a rubber cloud till it covered the whole county of Kildare, which became her property forthwith, she thenceforward being known as St. Bridget of Kildare. Thus was woman, though a saint, rewarded for standing up for her rights.

When St. Bridget of Kildare departed this life, she bequeathed to her fair countrywomen of all time her grace, good looks and high spirit. If you wish to see the most beautiful complexions in the United States go, not to the fashionable drives where the wives and daughters of American millionaires roll by in their carriages, but to Battery Park, New York, where the Irish immigrant girls who have crossed the Atlantic in the first steerage cabin of a great liner are paired out upon the not-always tender mercies of this new world. They are so pretty, many of these maidens, with their dazzling skin, large, bright eyes and animated expression,

that when it is known a considerable batch of them is to arrive Battery Park is thronged with spectators to see them land. So they have been coming to us for a century, the ladies of Ireland. If American women are more sprightly and peaceful, with more dash and spontaneity than the women of England or Germany, they owe it to the admixture of the blood of Irish grandmothers and great-grandmothers in their Yankee veins.

Physically the women of Ireland have rounder figures and smaller hands and feet, with higher instep, than English women. Cultivated Irish women are noted even in England for their sweet voices. In London itself the saying is common that if you want to hear the best English in the world spoken go and listen to the talk of the ladies of Dublin. Not only have Irish women sweet voices; they have also, whether for love or for hate, the most effective power of tongue of anything in the shape of woman on the planet. From Nell Gwynne down to Maud Gonne. To-day among the very cream of the cream of the American "swell" set are two fashionable leaders that owe their success, after their dollars, to the rare social qualities inherited from a jolly old soul of an Irish woman ancestor who was fond of both her joke and her tea and who never appeared in society circles.

Upon every plane in American life the Irish woman has impressed herself. One whose memory should be kept green by American journalists is the late Middy Morgan, for twenty years live stock market reporter on the "New York Tribune and Times." She was so striking a figure that persons who knew her and those who did not know her alike turned to look after her upon the street. Over

A slight, girlish and fro to the top an old-fashioned was a pretty pl made from the n curls crowning he tiny feet pacing a sweep floor of the But, the sunny st looked out of the eyes, and lurked the delicately-cut there. In its place of sadness, out of winsome young fa with an impatient ed away a tear w hung, like a drop long, shadowy las But, suddenly, e emotion was mering feeling of asto vision had come t was, purely upon i zling to belong t birth. It was the tall and stately, face. She was d shimmering, pale-m med with shining l wavy, yellow hair the same color, d gleaming spots of the drooping white ed over its wide b After one sta glance at the ap made her escape f scattering, in her p snow piles of car near the wheel.

The intruder look a moment, with a r ight in her brig entered and quiet and, soon, Eileen, sound, stole softl peeped in, meeti may, a glance fron of the respin which beckoned t Much as the girl's this evidently sup -probably, she th of the fairy real -disobey the call; so forward, and stg head, awaiting her "Why did you run -sweet, ringing voi Eileen dropped a -asy as she stammer "I'm not used to ladyship, and— With an amused d of the girl's made clear to her, "How do you kno 'good people?' With an awed, a into the lovely s down over her rich -answered "Sure it is easy t but on that of so kirtle sprangled over a feather on her ha seemed coated with s -I thought before of them was no h thumb; and you ar am."

"Why were you c calle in?" "Everything has s -answered Eileen with in her voice, "Patt bitten to death by c-cows took sick and O'Connell says Bri Kathleen, the rich m -and Brian was m why I was crying m "If a lover is fals of him."

"But Brian's not me to run away wit -I'll not br him; I'll disobedi a dead!" sin, I'll ne again unless his mo do so."

"That is the right can only carry it o -y'll take up with -I'll take so punish making the same u Eileen turned o -nant look upon her she recollected her ed, humbly: "I'd not have th that I'd sooner liv than have Brian thi a dead!" sin, I'll ne again unless his mo do so."

"How rich is the y you tell me?" "Oh, he's as rich a Let me see," paus on her fingers, untl herself that she was are six cows and n no end of hens and patch of land. Oh I "And you—what h "I've just my two -and Eileen h spised members wit gesture, the rosy, di wards.

"Well, if your han wouldn't you give a them back again?" "Yes," said Eileen fully.

"So, then, you don't you have them; don't Then, with a glanc room, the inquisitiv -nued: "Do you live cuttings from the b the winter's firing." Then the lady said "I think you are a I will give you a so dress with."

Eileen watched her eyes, as she drew a from a dainty purs goodly number of co as she could see thr meshes.

"Dense," she said "if you're no object take it for a cow; t milk for the father's "But, one gold pie a cow."

The eager face clo to brighten again at "Still, as a fairy's