

NATIONAL FESTIVAL AT QUEBEC.

How Irishmen of the Ancient Capital Honored the Day.

Rev. Father Maguire's Patriotic Address at the Academy of Music.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

QUEBEC, March 21.

For generations past St. Patrick's Day in each recurring year has always been fittingly observed in Quebec; but this year it was determined by the Irishmen of the city and district, and by the Rev. Redemptorist Fathers of St. Patrick's Church, that the Festival of Ireland's glorious Apostle should be celebrated in a manner that would cause Catholic men and women of Irish birth and descent to be proud of their religion, their country and their race. In this patriotic and religious sentiment there were no lack of example and encouragement, for the veteran Irishmen of Quebec, who are old enough to remember fifty years ago and more, can recall with thrilling emotion how Celtic Irish souls rejoiced on each recurring 17th of March in those remote days. A step or two backwards, and we fall on the time when the late beloved and lamented Rev. Patrick McMahon, founder of St. Patrick's Church and pastor for five and twenty years, used to speak burning words from the pulpit to his devoted people concerning the priceless inheritance of the faith they had received from their great patron Saint. Religious truths thus delivered with such pastoral force and zeal burned themselves into the minds of his faithful parishioners, who in turn transmitted them to their children, so that

DOWN THROUGH THE SUCCEEDING YEARS the fervent celebration of the glorious anniversary has been a marked feature with the priests and people of St. Patrick's in Quebec. For some time past the usual street processions have been omitted or were restricted to a solemn walk around the church block, and then, of course, the holding of the annual grand soiree in one of the largest public halls in the evening. At this popular function it has ever been the rule to hear an address from some distinguished Irish orator on some chosen subject suitable in the occasion, and such as would stir the Irish heart and mind. In this notable year, 1898, it seemed good to Rev. Rector Father Rosbach and all the priests of St. Patrick's and to the organized society and congregation at large, that the good old practice of a representative procession through the principal streets of the city should be revived, and that the religious solemnity of the occasion should be held on a scale of uncommon grandeur and impressive ness. This determination was announced weeks ago from the pulpit, because it meant much extra labor and responsibility for the Rev. Clergy and the officers of St. Patrick's Literary Institute, Ancient Order of Hibernians, C.M.B.A., T.A.S., C.B.L., C.O.F., etc., all of these societies took active fraternal interest in the affair and put forward their picked men to push it on to success. The procession, conducted by Mr. T. Delaney, chief marshal, through the chief thoroughfares, was large, respectable and enthusiastic, and it made plain the fact that the Irish Catholic element in Quebec are a powerful force in the community, and that they are staunch and true to the faith planted by St. Patrick and defended by the blood of their ancestors. The solemn religious side of the celebration was simply magnificent.

Grand Pontifical High Mass

was celebrated by His Grace Archbishop Begin, supported by his train of Rev. assistants from the Seminary. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Woods, C.S.S.R., and it was one of the Rev. gentleman's very ablest pulpit efforts. The occasion was a memorable and inspiring one. The presence of the Archbishop and a number of able clergymen, an expectant congregation of fervent Irish Catholics, the memories and traditions of the day, and the glory of Ireland's Saint and Apostle, whose sublime virtues had to be depicted all this was before the mind of the preacher in the pulpit, and right nobly did he acquit himself of the task he assumed. He spoke for about an hour. It was a discourse powerful and well sustained, and its peroration was soul-stirring and impressive.

The St. Patrick's Choir, under the able leadership of Mr. Edward Batterson, did its part to perfection. The veteran organist and composer, Mr. Jos. Veziua, was in his usual place, and the voices of such well-known soloists and artists as Misses A. Mullins, Lizzie Maguire, E. Mullins, L. Veziua, M. Martin, E. Bradley and Miss Hughes; Messrs. Richard Timmons, J. Timmons, F. Duggan and P. Shields. The orchestra was composed of 30 picked performers and was led by some of the city's ablest artists. Taken as a whole, the musical feature was first class. Those who rendered sweet music, whether instrumentally or by the power of the human voice, were heard to the best advantage. All of them had good training and practice; for scarcely had the echoes of the Christmas Midnight Mass and that used at Father Scully's first Mass died away, than the musical service for St. Patrick's Day was up for consideration, and its preparation persisted in until thoroughly mastered. By the execution of its task yesterday, the choir did itself great credit, and established its reputation as one of the ablest musical organizations in this city.

To prove how zealous are the Rev. Rector and the staff of priests in the fulfilment of their spiritual duties to their congregation, it may be mentioned that

the married and single men of the parish were on retreat from 7:30 o'clock on Sunday evening until the morning of St. Patrick's Day, when they approached the altar railing as a solid body of communicants. It was a touching Christian spectacle to see veterans mingling with the younger men and all of them inheriting and practising the sacred duties of religion, and even in a strange land upholding by their example how precious is the trust of passing from generation to generation the fruits of the true faith planted by St. Patrick. This is of course the purpose the Church has in mind in encouraging her faithful Irish Celtic subjects in all lands to perpetuate St. Patrick's Festival. The mere parade on the public streets would lose its real value if it did not have a sound and virtuous motive behind it.

The Evening's Festivities.

The crowning act of the day's entertainment was the splendid soiree held in the Academy of Music. This large building was packed to the very doors with a veritable St. Patrick's Night audience. I mean by that an assemblage of enthusiastic, handsome and beautiful looking Irish ladies, whose very countenances indicated gladness, and a due proportion of good-looking Irishmen to match them. Of course there were strong attractions to draw them to the hall, for the Rev. Father Maguire, the eloquent and popular Pastor of St. Columba de Sillery, was to deliver the address of the evening (which will be found in another column) and that taking item of the programme was to be followed by Falconer's grand Irish drama in five acts, "Eileen Oge," or "Dark's the Hour Before the Dawn." The splendid band of the 3rd Battalion, under the leadership of Mr. Jos. Veziua, was to occupy the orchestra, and the several parts of the drama were assigned to the most talented lady and gentlemen amateurs that could be procured. All under the able management of Mr. W. T. Lannen. This was enough to convince the congregation there was a rare treat in store for many people as the Academy would hold on that night, and such proved to be the case, and to a degree beyond what was expected, because the acting of clever young men like Messrs. Richard Timmons, J. J. Griffiths, P. F. Timmons, P. H. Graham, W. T. Lannen and John J. Timmons, far exceeds what you look for in non-professionals. While that of Miss Agnes G. Kelly, formerly a Quebecer, but residing in Montreal, Miss Brennan and Miss Mause Roe, deserved high praise. All of those talented players have proved themselves expert and popular artists on many former occasions here, but their best efforts were reserved for last night's performance. Of course the real intellectual treat of the evening was the fervid and eloquent address by Father Maguire. The gifted speaker treated his subject in a manner that went direct to the hearts of his audience. He was moved by the inspiration of the occasion and the scene around him, and having a splendid command of choice language, he delivered himself with a fluency and fire that fell pleasantly upon the ear and which marked him as an orator of a high order.

The Procession.

The various organized societies of the parish walked in compact form with banners, etc., and each had its own marshal. Preparatory meetings resolved that all the men outside the already existing associations should march under organization too; hence the new Irish National Association, which promises to become a strong body in the city and district. The '98 badges were a striking emblem upon the breasts of many processionists who trod Quebec streets yesterday. Artistic and willing hands spent weeks in decorating the venerable church. The Sanctuary looked charming in its rich adornment, and every post and pillar had its quota of green banners, etc., and the "Green Immortal Shamrock" was typified in profusion. Gorgeous banners, Dominion and American flags were hung around the church, and the beautiful statue of St. Patrick right over the main altar was a prominent item in the decorations.

The procession left Tara Hall at 9:30 o'clock, and paraded Anne street, D'Auteuil, Louis, by way of Chateau Frontenac, Da Port, Buade, Fabrique, John, Stanislas and McMahon streets. This was the order observed in the line of march: Marshal-in-chief, Mr. T. J. Delaney—his aides were Messrs. J. W. McDermott, D. McClory, J. Cheevers—bears of St. Patrick's School, the young men of the Sodality, St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society, members of the congregation, Irish National Association [a new creation or a revival of an old one], Catholic Benevolent Legion, St. Patrick's Branch, C.M.B.A., St. Patrick's Court, C. O. F., Ancient Order of Hibernians, trustees and body of invited guests. Among the latter were many prominent citizens, including Mayor Parent, etc. These were the living instruments of the huge parade, and of course between their ranks were conceivable kind of banners and flags were interspersed. And as I look now from the windows of my study-room I can see the flags waving from the Laval University in honor of the day, while on here are doing a like courtesy from the public buildings.

Incidents of the Day.

There are some incidents connected with the St. Patrick's Day celebration this year which make it unique. The mystic words '98 tingle in the heart of every true-hearted Irishman when he thinks of what sacrifices his forefathers made a hundred years ago on behalf of their faith and fatherland. This patriotic feeling cannot be smothered or muffled, for it is an inherent sentiment in the life and blood of the Celtic race, and it is to give it fit and prudent expression that new vigor is being infused into celebrations everywhere this present 17th of March. Quebec Irishmen could not be behind in this movement, hence it was that they gathered yesterday in thous-

ands to show their united strength and undying attachment first to the faith of St. Patrick, and second to the sacred cause of their country's freedom.

To grace the occasion, as already said, the Most Rev. Archbishop Begin and his clerical attendants officiated in the church and viewed the procession from the balcony of St. Patrick's presbytery. His Honor Lieutenant Governor Jette was a worshipper at the Pontifical Grand Mass. His Worship Mayor Parent walked in the procession, as did many other sympathizing French Canadians and generous-hearted Protestants.

On the preceding Monday the Morning Chronicle published "Reminiscences," from the pen of Mr. J. M. O'Leary, Ottawa, showing how in former years, away back as far as '36, St. George's and St. Andrew's Societies joined in with St. Patrick's in the annual reunion and heard Mass and sermon, in a body, in St. Patrick's Church. It was a timely publication and it contained the suggestion by implication, that all English speaking peoples in Quebec should fraternize to foster their rights and interests, or in a broader sense, that brethren of all races should dwell together in harmony.

Mr. Frank Carrel, printer and publisher of The Daily Telegraph and Weekly Budget, had his premises adorned with little Erin-go-Bragh flags and a full line of large flags hung across the street, while his bulletin boards contained dainty green-tinted sheets. L'Evenement had out its flags, as had all the newspaper offices here, although I had not time to see all of them.

It may be repeated that never before, either religiously or nationally, was St. Patrick's Day more enthusiastically celebrated. The reflective mind it is a superhuman mystery how the faith of St. Patrick has remained unbroken through all the past centuries in the Irish Catholic heart, and is to day as fresh and ardent as ever.

Rev. Father Maguire's Patriotic Address.

Another anniversary of a great day has been added to the annals of Irish history. Today the echo of martial music is heard in almost every land. The chords of the Celtic heart, in unison with the harp of Tara, swell with joy to harmonize with the heroism of the nation, and the Irishmen of Quebec, ever loyal to the fatherland, with voices that thrill with enthusiastic fervor, join in the national anthem, "God Save Ireland."

Today, like the dove from the ark seeking its rest, our thoughts have flown away across the waters; it is as though the murky veil that conceals the far-off were lifted, as though distance were spanned and we were brought within the endearing bonds of religion and nationality.

Patriotism, which on this festive day waves to the breeze the green banner of Ireland, and places near our hearts. The chosen leaf of Bard and Chief, the Green Immortal Shamrock, patriotism is love of Fatherland. But, properly understood as we to day should understand it, what is Fatherland? Is it the soil—that soil that was sanctified with the blood of our martyred sires, its lakes and rivers and babbling brooks, its glens and mountains, its bogs and brakes? Aye, Fatherland means all this, but, something more; it is also those clustering memories, those common aspirations, those united hopes of the nation; it is the successes and the reverses, it is the achievements of human prowess linked to exalted daring that throw a lustre over the annals of our country; it is the gallant and long successful efforts to maintain national rights, those banded energies to repel the invader of sacred liberty, it is the sowing of the Gospel seed, by St. Patrick, in the land, and its dissemination; by his spiritual children abroad. Fatherland is Ireland in her rise and fall and her firmest hope to rise; fatherland is history, flag and country. Thus the old exile, in the land of his adoption, to which he has promised fealty, carries his nationality with him. After many years he lovingly recalls his motherland, her poetry and story. Coming up to

THE QUESTION OF THE REBELLION

he said:—We have come to another chapter, but it is the previous chapter continued, persecution, always the same persecution; but I must speak of it, as this is the centennial, I wish to speak of the gallant patriots of '98.

And I would preface my remarks on this period of sobbing widows and affrighted orphans, this night of awful darkness only lit up by the patriotic flash of sword and eloquence. I would preface by quoting a few words of a nationalist historian. He points out that the insurrection of '98 was the first rebellion of the Irish people against the established Government of England. He says: "It is only after 1005 that the English Government could by any code of moral obligations be held entitled to the obedience of Irish people whose struggles previous to that date were lawful efforts in defence of their native legitimate rulers, and never, subsequent to 1005, down to the period at which we are now arrived 1798, never did the Irish people revolt or rebel against the new Sovereignty; on the contrary, in 1041 they fought for the king and lost heavily for their loyalty; in 1090, once more they fought for the king and again they lost heavily." In plain truth, the Irish are of all peoples the most disposed to respect constituted authority where it is entitled to respect, the most ready to repay even the smallest measure of justice on the part of the Sovereign by generous, faithful and during self-sacrificing loyalty. We are a law-abiding people, or rather a justice-loving people, for our contempt for law becomes intense when it is made the antithesis of justice. Nothing but terrible provocation could have driven such a people to revolt. Teach this to some people, and perhaps they will acknowledge that they have had most fallacious ideas respecting things Irish, that the terms rebel and Irish do not convey correlative ideas, and that "a little learning is a dangerous thing."

Rebellion against just and lawful government is a great crime. Rebellion against constituted government of any

character is a terrible responsibility. None more readily acknowledge this than the Irish. Awful is the accountability of him who undertakes to judge that the measure of justification is full, that the moral duty of physical resistance is established by circumstances, and that, not merely in figure of speech, but in solemn reality, no other resort remains. But there are circumstances under which resistance is a duty, and where it may be said the crime would be in slaying and cowardly kissing the hand of him who smites.

"Art thou he who troublest Israel?" was the question asked by Achab. "Nay," answered the prophet, "I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house." The answer of the prophet is also ours.

IRELAND DID NOT CAUSE THE TROUBLE.

It was Pitt who drove the Irish into the field. An army of eighty thousand, composed of Hessians and other foreigners, with free quarters, was let loose upon the country. "The excesses of the soldiery," says Lord Holland, "were such as are not permitted even in an enemy's country." Disgusted and roused to indignation at what he saw, the good and brave Sir John Moore exclaims: "If I were Irish I would be a rebel."

And so forced they revolted, and a country in which no one on either side had apprehended a revolt, showed the world what Irish peasants driven to desperation in defence of their homes and altars could do. Heroic and glorious Wexford soon proved that even one country out of thirty-two could engage more than half the available army of England. Well and bravely Wexford fought that fight. No braver ever faced an enemy than those steadfast men of the sister counties Wexford and Wicklow. Well and bravely done you priests and pastors who, having restrained your people when conflict might be avoided, have sealed with death a noble cause and perished with your flocks.

This is not even a nomenclature of what happened, and still I fear that I cannot keep you longer. But, can we dismiss this subject without bearing explicit testimony to the heroic qualities of those great patriots "who rose in dark and evil days to right their native land." The Tones, the Fitzgeralds, the Emmets, the Shears, Fathers Murphy, Shea, Roche, the Rowans, Munroes, Burns, Hacketts, Harveys, Holts and the brave O'Dwyers. In these are typified an endless host of others less conspicuous but not less true.

All, all are gone—but still lives on The fame of those who died; All true men, like you men, Remember them with pride.

Then here's their memory—may it be For us a guiding light, To cheer our strife for liberty And teach us to unite.

Through good and ill be Ireland's still, Though sad as their's your fate; And true men, be you men, Like those of Ninety-Eight.

HONOR THE MEN

who nobly died for their country, and say not their efforts failed. No, their spirit still lives, their cause is still on, and for victory. Soft be the turf upon their ashes, and revered be the mention of their names on Irish lips. I have looked backward from the happier present to the intolerable past in no spirit of perpetuating discord. Be it said, to their honor, that throughout these long years, when facts come to light, we have ever seen honest Englishmen espouse our cause and stand by the weak. Tonight I have quoted some. They blush at the injustice of their country's administration, and its utter failure to rule Ireland; we extend to them the hand of good-fellowship. All we ask is justice, and we are wearied praying.

In one of the many historic churches of London there is held every year a curious and interesting service of which not many, possibly are aware. Yet it was held lately for the 251st time. Colloquially known as the occasion for the delivery of

THE 'LION'S' SERMON.

it was instituted in commemoration of an incident which occurred in the life of Sir John Gayer, an old time Mayor of London town. While travelling with a party in a desolate place in Asia, as the story goes, he found himself one day confronted by a lion. Being separated from his friends, he recognized his helplessness, and sank on his knees, asking that God might deliver him. He was soon relieved to see the animal walking away unheeding. So grateful was Sir John for what he believed to be a divine intervention that on returning to London, he set aside a certain sum of money that the anniversary of his escape might every year be celebrated.

This lion of the desert was perhaps no relation of the British Lion; he certainly had better hearing faculties and was more merciful. However be it, we have not in Ireland any such anniversary. The British Lion has always been most ferocious towards its helpless victims. Yes, and we have come to a period when Ireland, standing before the jury of the nations, prays no longer but demands Grattan's free Parliament on College Green.

In conclusion he said: And now another word. We are told of that those brave brothers, John and Henry Shears, one of the poor fellows had been deprived but it came too late. We are told that as they stood blindfolded on the gallows in the brief moment before the bolt was drawn, by an instinct of holy affection strong in death each one reached out as if he could his pinioned hand and grasped that of his brother. Fellow countrymen, we too are brothers, let us then, casting away what ever may have stood between, let us extend to one another the unfettered hand of friendship. Those martyred brothers were blindfolded. Well let us be blind to one another's faults. Make it a duty as Irishmen to join those good and benevolent societies wherein members become as brothers bound by the ties of religion, nationality and friendship. Join the St. Patrick's Literary Institute which to-day, for the 42nd time, so nobly and successfully performs the patriotic task of solemnizing the nation's Feast, and

True men, be you men, Like those of '98.

WM. ELLISON.

IRISH NATIONAL FORESTERS

Hold a '98 Centenary Banquet at Canning Town.

Mr. Michael Davitt's Advice to Irish Workingmen -- Patriotic Speeches by Rev. Fathers Ring and Dooley.

The members of the Ireland United branch of the Irish National Foresters assembled in large numbers on Saturday evening, the 26th Feb., at the Clarendon Hotel, Tidal Basin, when a dinner was held to commemorate the memorable rising of '98. Mr. Michael Davitt, M.P., who was invited to preside, arrived at Canning Town Station in the afternoon, and was met by the reception committee. The party drove in a handsome brake, gaily decorated with green, to the hotel. At the dinner the chair was occupied by Mr. Davitt, who was supported by the Rev. Fathers Dooley and Ring, and officers of the branch. After the tables had been cleared,

Mr. Davitt (who was received with loud cheers) said his first duty was to thank the officers of that branch for having conferred upon him the compliment of asking him to preside on that very interesting occasion. He was all the more pleased to be there with them that night because he had had the privilege—which few of them enjoyed—of meeting the social board National Foresters in almost all parts of the world (cheers). He was bound to say that wherever he had found them—whether in America or in the Antipodes—they had always upheld the character and reputation of the body to which they belonged by being willing and ready to support any cause which was calculated to uplift the Irish race (cheers). While he must congratulate that branch upon its splendid appearance there that night—while he could not but feel proud, as an Irishman, of the physique and stature of many of the members—he was bound to express his astonishment that the number of members was so few. When they took into account the established reputation of the Irish National Foresters, and the many advantages that accrue to members of the order, he was surprised to find so few branches in England. They knew, from their knowledge of English workingmen, that they took advantage of similar benevolent institutions, and he (the speaker) felt sure that, as Irish fellow working men, were glad to find the English working men taking these steps to secure themselves from want during time of sickness (hear, hear). He strongly advised

The Irish Workingmen of London to follow the example of English working men, and provide for times of necessity by enrolling themselves in the ranks of the Irish National Foresters (cheers). Irish working men had in that organization advantages equal to those offered by others, and, although the Irish National Foresters was comparatively young compared with the Oddfellows or Foresters, still, its established reputation, its soundness of finance, and the security it offered to members, should make all Irishmen feel proud of it (cheers). For this reason, and especially for the fact that every working man—whether married or single—was called upon by every appeal to common sense and manhood to make provision for sickness and old age—in view of that fact he (the speaker) said Irish working men were wanting in regard for self-interest by remaining outside that organization (cheers). Not only would they find advantages equal to those obtained in older and larger societies of the kind, but they would also find that when they met together on occasions such as that they were in a congenial atmosphere of Irish sentiment and Irish spirit (cheers). He hoped that as a result of that meeting he would in a short time learn that their membership had increased, and the number of branches had multiplied (applause).

The First Toast. "Ireland a Nation."

The first toast on the list was "Ireland a Nation," proposed by the Rev. Father Dooley, who was loudly applauded. The rev. speaker, after bidding Mr. Davitt and the visitors a hearty welcome, said the toast of "Ireland a Nation" was one peculiar to Irish gatherings. He had never heard of a gathering of Frenchmen, Spaniards, or Italians toasting their country a nation, nor had he ever heard of Scotchmen or Welshmen doing so. That made him begin to ask himself why it was that at gatherings of Irishmen they always found the toast of "Ireland a Nation" on the list. It seemed to him that in the case of France, Spain and Italy their nationhood had never been attacked, or if it had, the attack had not lasted long. The nationhood of Scotland and Wales did not object to be called British. Ireland did not claim to be British or English; they did not want the title. They wanted to be Irishmen, and it was because of that they always had the toast of "Ireland a Nation" on the toast list. It was true Ireland had not fleets or armies, but such externals were not necessary for a nation. Nationhood sprang from feelings in the heart (hear, hear). There was no other country in the world that had a greater claim to nationality than Ireland, for her people possessed a faculty not possessed by any other people—the faculty of absorbing others. It was said that people of other nations who went to Ireland became more Irish than the Irish themselves, and it was a fact that the leaders of the men of '98 were mostly of English blood. To the faculty of absorbing others, he (the rev. speaker) might add another possessed by the Irish race—the faculty of not being absorbed. (Cheers.) They might go all over the world and they

Would Not Find Irishmen That Would Be Absorbed

—they would always remain separate and distinct. (Cheers.) There were a large number of Irishmen in England who had never seen Ireland, yet they had as great a love for their country as

those who resided there. (Cheers.) They would never become French, English or anything else—they would always remain Irishmen. (Applause.) The toast was drunk with enthusiasm. In responding, Mr. Davitt said he felt it an honor to be asked anywhere—either at a gathering of that kind or before a more hostile audience—to uphold the proposition so eloquently made by Father Dooley, that Ireland was virtually a nation, and must sooner or later be recognized with all the rights of nationhood. (Cheers.) No argument was necessary to convince them that Irish Nationalists were justified in every way in maintaining Ireland's inalienable right to be the mistress of her own destinies. (Renewed applause.) Though Ireland had been subjected for 700 years to alien misrule, she had never, even for a single generation, ceased to struggle for the restoration to her of her liberty (cheers). Wherever they might go, any part of the globe they found Irishmen upholding the same claim for liberty on behalf of other races, and sympathizing with the same struggle as their countrymen were making at home in their demand for "Ireland a nation" (renewed cheers). He believed, that instead of the supporters of the Irish cause falling off our allies and friends in every part of the civilized world would increase when the Irish question came to be better and more generally understood. In this year of '98 he (the chairman) felt confident that a great and powerful impetus would be given to the National cause. Irishmen would not fear to speak of 1798—(loud applause)—and they would declare, whether in Parliament or out of it, that the one mistake and the only mistake made by Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen was that they did not succeed. But that was not their fault, and, though they are no longer with us, their struggles and their sacrifices are with us to inspire us to carry on the same fight, even if it should be by different methods (loud applause).

The Irish National Foresters was proposed in a neat little speech, brief and to the point, by Mr. James Tighe. This was responded to by Mr. A. J. Lavin, who showed the progress made by the organization since its foundation.

The Toast of the Evening—"The Men of '98."

was proposed by Rev. Father Ring, who said: Mr. Chairman, this toast may be looked on as the toast of the year for Irishmen. At gatherings, large or small, of our kin the toast of "The Men of '98," their spirit, and the aims they had in view, are sure to be honored, and nowhere more enthusiastically than amongst Irish National Foresters (hear, hear). Indeed, I hope that the toast of "The Men of '98," which I give the honor to propose to-night, will be received as we receive it everywhere by the friends of freedom. There are Englishmen, not a few who love liberty and who advocate it for all, and I speak for them. Honor to the men of '98" (cheers). It is clearly established that an attempt was made by the British Government on the life of Grattan's Parliament. Interference in all local affairs was encouraged. Violation of most sacred private rights became a policy with Lord Castlereagh, spoliation and massacre were the daily exercises of British officials in Ireland at the time, and the country would have been left the traditions of its sons if it did not rise up to strike this infamous violation of elementary personal right. What would have been said of the men of '98 if they made no stand against the base plunderers of a corrupt political party?

(Concluded on page 3.)



It is warm and weary work that the woman has to undergo who cares for the year "round for a big family. Thousands of women whose husbands are only in moderate circumstances, have to bear this hardship uncomplainingly. If a woman is in thoroughly good health it does not come so hard, but when, as is frequently the case, the poor woman is suffering from the pains, nervousness, debility and ill-health that are a result of weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism, the task is too much.

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