

THE DEAD WHO DIED FOR IRELAND.

BY JOHN ROYLE O'REILLY.

The dead who died for Ireland! O! these are living words To nerve the heart of patriots—to steel avenging swords...

The dead who died for Ireland—the noble ones—the best. Who gave their lives for motherland, who poured upon her breast...

The dead who died for Ireland!—how hallowed are their graves! With all their memories fresh and green...

Ye dare not, men of Ireland. Ye dare not thus disgrace The dead who died for Ireland!—the guardians of your race...

The dead who died for Ireland! Ah! what a sea of woes, What depths of foul oppression do those sacred wounds disclose...

The dead who died for Ireland! Oh! were they still alive, They would trample on the fetters—they would tread the accursed yoke!

Be proud, ye men of Ireland! Be proud of those who died; Never men o'er all the earth had nobler cause for pride...

The dead who died for Ireland are beacons in our night, From the halo round their sacred graves we'll catch the holy light...

THE AMERICAN FARMER.

Rev. Father Nugent Discusses His Position.

The Financial Features of the Agricultural Question—A Declaration That There is No Basis of Prosperity.

Rev. Father Joseph F. Nugent, at a meeting of the farmers of Grattan, Kent Co., Mich., addressed an audience of fully two thousand people. His speech was; one which appealed directly to the community in the midst of whom he was...

The best minds had to-day come to realize that the people were not receiving what they should. They had said that when man shall deal with man according to the doctrine of St. Paul no man would do his neighbor wrong...

THE SAME QUESTION WHICH AGITATED IRELAND

when it asked for representation is now upon the people of this country. Poets had sung of the beauties of the country, but none had ever sung of a four-story brick block or a railroad. In coming from Grand Rapids he had found the country did not look much better than the battle-scorched land of the South...

"THERE MUST BE A CAUSE FOR THIS." The cause is that the monetary laws have turned the wealth into the hands

of a few. In 1860, 46 per cent of the wealth belonged to the people. In 1890 83 per cent was in the hands of capitalists and the people had but 17 per cent of the \$61,000,000,000 of wealth of the country...

ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE GOLD OPPOSE.

No one opposes it except those who have gold. They say silver is good for the man who has debts, but not for the man who has money to loan. That is true and the reason the money lenders were able to throw several millions into the Republican campaign fund last year...

THERE IS NO PROSPERITY.

Prosperity is not here. It is worked today on the principle of the faith cure. They claim disease is only in your mind. Gold and silver prosperity is here. Try to pay a mortgage by faith. The trust company will not be long in convincing you...

If you ask any business man how times are now, he will say they are better now than a year ago. This is so. Just a year ago every bank was locked tight until McKinley should be elected. Keep your eye on this fallacy, it will be worked. The gold man says now that wheat is going up and silver going down and claim that ends silver...

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE SILVER QUESTION.

The talk of a bimetallic conference is fraud. The administration does not want to try the silver question now. They put it off for years by the Bland-Allison and Sherman acts. The scheme now is to put it off for four years more by the talk of a bimetallic congress. This was the scheme to make the common people say we will seek first the Republic and all other things shall be added to us...

A Medieval Policy.

[Trade Review.]

That the better class of American bankers and business men were not in sympathy with the hostile attitude of the McKinley administration with its dealings with this country has long been known. Indeed there is no reason why they should be; while there are plenty of good reasons why the commercial relations between our neighbors and ourselves should be fostered...

ground are in favor of annexation which would wipe out the frontier line and admit our products entirely free of duty. If Canadian competition could not injure them then, how does it do so now?

Here is what the leading commercial paper in the United States, the Daily Commercial Bulletin, has to say on the subject:

"Our attitude toward Canada would be unwise were it nothing more than an application to the Dominion of the general theory of restricting importations. But it is more than that. The politicians who are now carrying on national affairs desire to injure our trade with Canada as compared with other countries. We are willing to make reciprocal trade concessions with all other American countries, but not with Canada, and yet in spite of trade obstructions Canada is as good a customer as all the rest of the American continent...

It is a pity that the requirements of politics prevent these remarks from being printed in every newspaper in the United States. They would open the eyes of the American voter to the fallacy of the belief that in the effort to injure Canada he is in any way improving his own position, and they would show him the light in which that policy is regarded by the more enlightened leaders in the commercial world.

FLAGS TABOODED.

Not to Be Carried into Action Hereafter.

Whatever romance there may be in the grim tragedy of war has received a severe blow through the announcement by the Commander in Chief of the British Army that from henceforth no colors will be carried into action, and that in thus abandoning one of the most picturesque features of military life the English War Department is only following the example of the German and other Continental armies, all of which have decided that, under the existing conditions of warfare, it would be rank folly to order any soldier to carry the regimental colors into an engagement...

In the course of a public speech he remarked: "It is suggested that they are cumbersome and are the cause of sacrifices. After all, they are what? A colored rag on a stick, and it is worth while to risk men's lives for a piece of tawdry silk? You might as well say that because honor is invisible and faith impalpable they do not exist as loadstays for the human mind. Colors are potent to check disaster, to rally fugitives, to inspire attack. Whatever continental armies may do, I hope that we will not give up this strong incentive for men to hang together. It is to my mind a moral question interesting to all Britons, and involving some of the brightest aspects of the gloom of warfare."

Sentiment, however, has no place in the modern battlefield; the pomp of war must be sacrificed to the panoply in the shape of quick-firing rifles and Maxim guns, which deal death to an enemy whose face cannot even be seen. Bayonets and sword blades seldom if ever cross and slash. The days when, as at Inkerman, the Cold Stream Guards crossed bayonets with their Russian foes eleven times in a single day, hurling stones at the enemy when their ammunition failed, and clubbing with their rifles when they came near enough, are passed and gone. The conflict is reduced to a mechanical interchange of volleys and salvos, whose point of departure, what with the use of smokeless powder and the absence of noise, it is difficult, nay sometimes impossible, to determine. Indeed, war bids fair to be still further transformed, if the trials now in progress at Versailles result in the adoption by the French army of a new rifle which discharges vitriol instead of bullets. Heroes do not fear death, but naturally shrink from disfigurement, and men who face rifle bullets without hesitation can hardly be expected to display the same

indifference to rifles squirting the burning, searing vitriol. No decent looking soldier will be got to face them. They will have to be approached backward. If both forces are possessed of this novel weapon, the spectacle will be, to say the least, peculiar, and wounds received in front will no longer be considered as an indication of valor, but quite the reverse. In fact the more damage a soldier receives to his back the greater will be his heroism.

But even without the vitriol rifle, there is no room for the regimental flag. To-day, the infantryman no longer stands erect when attacking the enemy, but approaches the latter crawling upon his stomach, his one object being to conceal his whereabouts and to prevent the foe from getting his aim. This being the case, where would the regimental colors come in? The best that could be done for them under the circumstances would be to trail them on the ground. But that, in itself, constitutes an indication of ignominy and defeat.

Thus disappears a feature of warfare that in the present shape has been in use since the days of William the Conqueror, nine centuries ago, the Bayeux tapestry portraying the battle of Hastings containing abundant representations of the flags of the period. Its abandonment marks in a particularly fitting manner the close of what has unquestionably been the most iconoclastic century of the entire Christian era.—N. Y. Tribune.

Lax Catholics.

A lax Catholic is the favorite of the world. There is nothing the world loves so much as a bad Catholic, with one exception only. A good Catholic is loved to the world because his life is founded on a high standard. But a lax Catholic, whose life falls below that standard, gives a consolation and a relief to the lax conscience by which the world lives. There is something, however, worse than this. A bad priest is the world's saint. When the world finds a bad priest, it cuddles him with all manner of indulgences. Can anything be more in the spirit of the world than this? There is only one thing worse than a bad priest, and that is a bad angel who fell from the presence of God Himself. And the world in receiving a bad priest with so much love and favor, is acting in accordance with the spirit of the bad angel, who is the god of this world.—Cardinal Manning.

THE END OF THE P.P.A.

The P.P.A., which, some three or so years ago caused a commotion in political circles, and stirred up some apprehension among Catholics, is dead in Canada, and is dying in the States. A Hamilton printer sued the high officers of the order for work he had done, which they refused to pay, claiming it was done for the order, and not for them personally. The judge found for the printer on the ground that the P.P.A. had not been incorporated, and was, therefore, not a legal body to do business. The P.P.A., in its day, was proof of what secrecy and impudence can do in giving a new order importance. The society never had any standing, and it was preposterous to suppose that any order with such designs could exist in an intelligent community.—Huntingdon Gleaner.

COL. GEORGE BLISS.

A LEADING AMERICAN CATHOLIC LEADER.

Colonel George Bliss, of New York, who ever since his conversion to the faith, thirteen years ago, has been most devoted in practice, and most vigilant and serviceable in the interests of Catholicity in America and elsewhere, died at his summer home, Wakefield, R. I., on the morning of September 2nd. He had suffered a long illness, but the end was sudden. His devoted wife, the Rev. John Prendergast, S. J., and Dr. Quimby, the family physician, were at the dying bed.

Colonel Bliss was a native of Springfield, Mass., and of old Puritan stock. He graduated from Harvard in 1851, and after his law course came to New York to practise his profession.

In June, 1881, not long before his wife's death, Col. Bliss became a Ca-



The man may be able to whip the lion single-handed, but he is not taking chances, and is not going to disdain the assistance of helpers with hot irons. The same is true of a wise man who is having a tussle with ill-health. It is barely possible that he may have the natural inherent resisting power that will enable him to conquer disease without the assistance of medicine, but he is not willing to take the chances and will not disdain the help of the right remedy.

When a man feels out-of-sorts, when his head is aching, dull and heavy, his body lazy, his nerves jerky, his sleep broken, his appetite flimsy, his skin sallow, his breath foul and his mouth bad-tasting, he is having a struggle with ill-health. If he is wise he will take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It gives edge to the appetite and wakes the digestion perfect. It invigorates the liver. It makes rich, red, pure blood. It puts vim into every organ and fiber of the body. It drives out all impurities and disease germs. It imparts the glow of health to the skin and the vigor of youth to the muscles. It tones the nerves and gives refreshing sleep. It builds firm flesh, but does not raise the weight above Nature's normal. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. All medicine stores sell it. An honest dealer will not suggest a worthless substitute for the sake of a little extra profit.

The most valuable book for both men and women is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. A splendid thousand-page volume, with over three hundred engravings and colored plates. A copy, paper-covered, will be sent to anyone sending 3¢ cents in one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of mailing and customs only, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth-bound 50 cents.

Montreal School of Elocution.

Y. M. C. A. Building, Dominion Sq.

MR. STEPHEN is now at the rooms daily, to enroll new pupils and give information. Pupils may hereafter have MR. STEPHEN'S personal instruction exclusively or combined with MISS SIMPKIN'S. Telephone 3418. Y. M. C. A. Building.

tholic. It was not a sentimental conversion, but a conquest of the mind as well as the heart.

Later, in 1884, the Italian Government converted all the real estate of the Propaganda in Italy into national bonds, and the American College at Rome was threatened. Col. Bliss urged upon and persuaded President Arthur to protect against including this institution in the execution of the decree, and under the instructions of President Arthur, our Minister, Mr. Astor, succeeded in having it exempted upon the ground that it was used exclusively for the benefit of American citizens.

In the State Constitutional Convention of 1894, Mr. Bliss joined with Mr. Couderc in a vigorous defence of the Catholic charities of the State which were threatened, and prevented any adverse action. In recognition of these services, the Pope received Col. Bliss at a personal conference early in 1895, and a little later in that year conferred upon him the title of Commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

IS THE RARE TREASURE OF PERFECT HEALTH.

A NOVA SCOTIA LADY SAYS "I CONSIDER DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS A PRICELESS BOON TO SUFFERING HUMANITY."

From the Amherst, N. S., Sentinel.

The rugged and the strong do not appreciate to its full extent the blessing of perfect health. It is only those who have passed through a trying illness who feel that health is a treasure to be prized more than silver or gold. Among those who have experienced the truth of this is Miss Sabra Rector, West River, Hebert, N. S. This lady has passed through a trying and wearisome illness from which happily relief was found through the medium of a medicine that has brought health and strength to thousands of others, and whose medicinal virtues will work equally good results in all cases where it is given a fair trial. Miss Rector says:—"I feel it is my duty to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they have done wonders for me. About two years ago I became very ill with a complication of diseases. I was suffering with indigestion, biliousness, and the resulting nervous disorders, such as sick headache, loss of appetite, and flashes of heat and cold. I began doctoring, and although I had the best of care I seemed to grow worse every day. I slept but little, and when lying down would grow so hot and suffer from a sensation of smothering that I would find it necessary to arise. Then the other extreme would come and I would shiver with cold. Time wore on and there was no improvement in my condition. I was not able to do any work about the house and even the exertion of moving about would tire me out. If I attempted to walk any distance or hurried in the least I would gasp for breath and could scarcely speak. I had a very poor appetite, and what food I ate did not seem to agree with me or furnish needed nourishment, and I also suffered with a severe pain in my side and back. During this time I tried many remedies, but they gave me no relief whatever. I had become so weak, and my system was so run down that life was a burden to me. At this stage my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I determined to give them a trial. After using four boxes I felt so much better that hope and encouragement came to me once more. I continued the use of the Pink Pills and found myself steadily gaining health and strength. By the time I had used four boxes more I had fully regained health and strength and I am not only able to do my full share of household work, but also attend to my Sabbath school class and other church duties. I look upon Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a priceless boon to suffering humanity."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid, at 50¢ a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

The Crop Estimates.

Some ridiculous estimates are being put forward in the daily press of the amount of money the farmers of the United States and Canada will make by the advance in wheat. From \$200,000,000 to \$250,000,000 are the figures given by papers that will not or cannot cipher. They might as well make it billions as it would be equally true and much more sensational. If the farmers get 550,000,000 bushels of wheat and sell it all at an advance over last year of 30 cents, their gain would be \$165,000,000. But thirty cents is a pretty liberal estimate of the gain in price, for only a small part of the crop has yet been sold, and prices were pretty high last fall. The crop figures named above are near the maximum, and last week's news tended to reduce the estimates. On the other hand, the world's shortage may still be underestimated and prices go higher than they are now, but that is guesswork rather than estimate.

We may depend upon it that the farmers of the country are entirely aware of the European shortage; they have about as good means of guessing at their own crop as any one has, and they all know what the price of wheat in Chicago and New York is. They made money last year, and few of them are forced to sell now against their judgment. Some are selling freely because prices are high; others are holding their wheat back, confident that prices will be higher. Most of them know the facts, and are,

with very moderate compulsion of necessity, following their own judgment. It is a fair inference that where farmers are selling wheat as fast as they can thresh it there are no signs of a small crop.—Trade Review.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

A gentleman was endeavoring to impress upon his hearers the benefits to be derived from attending a literary society, and in pointing out the special advantages of the society to which he belonged he said: "This society differs from many others of its kind, in that we not only embrace gentlemen, but we also embrace ladies." The announcement elicited loud applause, during which the speaker sat down, evidently thinking he had better say no more.

"Here's a mighty good book," said the persistent train boy. "How to Win a Woman." "Say, look here," said the bald headed passenger. "If you've got one how to lose 'em, I'll buy it of you at your own price."

Doctor: Are you wealthy enough, madame, to spend the summer in the upper lake regions?—Madame: We have a very small income, sir.—Doctor: On closer examination, I find that yours is not a case of hay fever, but only a bad cold in the head.

"Did you tell that young man to call here any more?" asked Mabel's father, severely. "No." "Why not?" "I didn't think that it was necessary. I don't see how he could call any more now. He calls seven times a week."

Arctic Explorer (recounting adventures of his last expedition): We certainly could have reached the Pole had not our dogs given out at a critical moment.—Fair Listener (breathlessly): Why, I thought that the Eskimo dogs were perfectly tireless creatures.—Arctic Explorer (gloomily): I—er—spoke in a culinary sense, miss.

Professor of English Literature (to modern young man): "How would you punctuate this sentence, 'The beautiful girl for such she was rode out in the night on her bicycle?' Student: 'I think, professor, I would make a dash after the beautiful girl!'"

"What is an average?" asked the teacher. The class seemed to be puzzled, but a little girl held out her hand eagerly: "Please, it's what a hen lays her eggs on." B—wonderment followed, but the mite was justified by the lesson book, in which was written: "The hen lays 300 eggs a year on an average."

The Modern Novel—"Has that book any good characters?" asked the literary critic.

"Well," replied the casual reader, "a few of the people had good characters in the first chapter. But they're all hopelessly lost before the middle of the story."

Eagan (at a Jersey resort)—Quick, give me a gun.

Host—Great Scott! what's the matter?

Eagan—I've got one of these mosquitoes cornered, and I want to despatch him before he escapes.

An excellent story was told at a London charity dinner the other night. Sydney Holland, the chairman of the Popular Hospital for Accidents, is reported as follows:—"One day a man was brought who was thought to be dead. His wife was with him. One of the doctors said: 'He is dead,' but the man raised his head and said: 'No, I am not dead yet,' whereupon his wife admonished him, saying: 'Be quiet, the doctor ought to know best.'

Patient—Vot? Two dollars for takin' out dem teeth?

Dentist—Two dollars if you take 'em.

Patient—Young man, I thought you vos a dentist. I didn't know you vos a gas gambany.—Puck.

Mrs. Swellington—Are you sure this is the fashion?

Modiste—Oui, madame! Ze ver' latest.

Mrs. Swellington (still doubtful)—Queer! It looks and feels comfortable.—Judge.

"Just look at that kitten, will you?" said Mr. Lushforth. "What satisfaction do you suppose it gets in chasing imaginary mice?"

"I don't see why you should ask me," said his wife. "You know more about that sort of thing than I do."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Cramo—Your husband dresses very quietly.

Mrs. Cawker—Does he? You ought to hear him when he can't find his collar, or his cuff buttons become mislaid.—Harper's Bazar.

"Girls are queer; often before a young woman falls in love she thinks more of a dog than of anything else on earth."

"Yes?"

"And after she has been married a while she goes back to the dog."—New York Truth.

Boils, pimples and eruptions, scrofula, salt rheum and all other manifestations of impure blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

We are always doing each other injuries, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate words and actions. We do not see each other's whole nature.