

GEORGE KNOWLING.

Best
American
Granulated
SUGAR,

3 1/2 cents
per lb.

GEORGE KNOWLING.

THE CASINO THEATRE!

Owing to fire at Nickel the above named Theatre will be open for remainder of week, showing the following pictures:

Regular week-end change to-day.
Extra Bill in place of Song.
Big Matinee for the Children Saturday.

5c.—ADMISSION.—10c.
AFTERNOON, 2.30. NIGHT, 7.15.

(Under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency the Governor and His Grace the Archbishop)

In Aid of St. Bonaventure's College.

IRISH NIGHT,
Methodist College Hall, Monday,
St. Patrick's Night, 8.30.

PROGRAMME:

Trilo—Let Erin remember the days of old—Misses Jean Strang, E. Herder, Mr. M. McCarthy.
Solo—The Irish Emigrant—Mr. Gus Summers.
Solo—Miss D'Alberdi.
Solo—The Young May Moon—Mr. Cecil Clift.
Recitation—Mr. T. H. O'Neill.
Solo—The Wearin' of the Green—Miss Louise Anderson.
French Horn Solo—Mr. Arthur Bailey.
Home-Made Candy for sale. TICKETS: 50 and 25 cents at Atlantic Bookstore. mar14,21



"Clan Mackenzie"
SCOTCH WHISKY,
OLD and MELLOW
In Bottles or on
Draught.
HAYWARD & CO.

FIRST ARRIVAL!

We have just opened our first shipment of New Dress Stuffs, Blouses, Ladines' Straw Hats, Flowers, Ribbons, Laces, etc., etc. All very newest and most up-to-date goods.

Special Prices to Wholesale Buyers.

WILLIAM FREW.

Job Printing Executed.

Irish Music!

P. J. KINSELLA.

Every Poet from Chaucer down to Austin has sung of Music and given immemorial tributes to divine harmony, but I think Keats' offering in his glorious "Eve of St. Agnes" is one of the most magnificent periods in our language.

"Music, thou glorious Spirit, Hail, thou of God's inspiration, Music, Minister of the golden tongue, Flatter to tears they who have suffered, they who have loved, they who now regret. Weave anew, joys amidst their sorrows, Make the poor and aged Forget, make them Forget."

A very celebrated Irish Judge once asked a friend "If he remembered any period in his later years when a spirit of daring and (perhaps) utter boyish pugilism appealed to him?" replied, that "one St. Patrick's Day when he heard 'Garry Owen' and 'Father O'Flynn' played in a Mayo town he experienced all the recklessness of youth, but when the band struck up 'St. Patrick's Day' he felt (with all due respect to the Saint) like going through a regiment." he was right. Music in general has strange and varied powers. One moment it can cause to weep, and the next, move on to martial daring; but I think there is no national melody known, can affect and move the soul so rapidly as Irish music.

It has often been remarked, and often felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency, a burst of turbulence dying away into softness, the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next, and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament. Such is Irish music. It is in one strain worthy of the honors as were won on the Field of Fontenoy, or with the plaintive melodies of Carillon tell us of peace and hope, of mingling regrets for the ties that once we knew, and for the days that once were ours. To speak of Irish music, one must simultaneously be reminded of Moore's Irish Melodies, the terms are identical, synonymous. The Irish Melodies were written by Thomas Moore in the year 1807-10, and were arranged and set to their present beautiful airs by Sir John Stevenson, an Irish gentleman of repute, and who brought to the task a national feeling that is expressed in every note of those magnificent compositions. The late Sir Henry Irving was asked once what he thought of the Irish Melodies, and made this delightful answer: "The loveliest words in the language are worthy surely of the grandest airs." Truly no more genuine and happy tribute could be paid to those splendid Irish songs.

In looking over a collection of the Irish Melodies, there are so many beautiful lines to quote that one hardly knows which to praise most. In that tender melody "Has sorrow your young days shaded?" the concluding stanza is indeed an epigram and a delight:

"If thus the young hours have fled
When sorrow itself looked bright,
If thus the fair hope hath cheated
That led thee along so light,
If thus the cold world now wither
Each feeling that once was dear,
Come, child of misfortune, come hither
I'll weep with thee—tear for tear."

The immortal and beautiful melody "Tis the last Rose of Summer" is said to have been a favorite recitation and song with our lamented late King Edward, and its words are surely worthy of the remembrance of everybody. But perhaps the grandest air in the whole of the Irish Melodies is given to the composition "The Meeting of the Waters," and the beautiful words are certainly deserving of it.

"There is not in the wide world
A valley so sweet

As the vale in whose bosom
The bright waters meet;
Oh—the last rays of feeling
And life thus depart
Ere the bloom of that valley
Shall fade from my heart.

Sweet vale of Avoca
How calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade
With the friends I love best.
When the storms that we feel
In this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters,
Be mingled in peace."

Irish music is known and played the world over, and in the most celebrated musical circles is often requested as a prelude to the heavier, but not more charming Operatic Cantatas. Warner in his history of Ireland mentions the story of a soldier named O'Halloran who heard the "Song of O'Rourke" played in the temple of "Medeenot Haboo" in Egypt, and the simple Irish melody was so touching and so plaintive that the heart of the soldier was moved to tears. It is most striking, too, that the air set to those melodies seem most suited, the very spirit and thought of the poetry are most truly expressed in the sad and plaintive harmony which gives expression, and the power of the music is so great over the minds of the ardent and susceptible that it becomes a stimulus which quickens taste and feeling into enthusiasm.

Another one of the beautiful Irish Melodies is the well known "Oft in the still night"

Oft in the still night
Ere slumbers' chains has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Moore wrote many brilliant things, but we love and honor him best because of his gift to us of the Irish Melodies. His "Lalla Rookh" is imperishable, whilst connoisseurs declare that his "humorous and satirical" poems are masterpieces of epigram; but Irishmen will always know him best when they hear the good old Irish airs on St. Patrick's Day. When the blood is fired and the brow flushes with the enthusiasm of memory's power, when a single melody most aptly expresses the language of feeling and of passion, and when experiencing this as we do, we more knowingly trace a vein of Irish sentiment which points us out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of our country's music.

Moore again most truly speaks here—
"Music, oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell—
Why should feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul
So well?"

Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are even more false than they,
Oh—"tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray."

Let us hope that now the shadow which has so long been around the Old Land is soon to be removed by just legislature, these words of the poet may be a pessimism:

"The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glories thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Shall feel that pulse no more."

Instead let us pray heaven that soon it may be, when—
"The harp once more in Tara's hall
Makes tuneful music sway,
And bid the mournful shadows fall
'Neath glorious freedom's day;
Once more the pride of former hours
With glory's pean entice
That peace once known midst Mor-na's bowers
And Irish hearts rejoice."

Steel Fleet
All Jammed.

Last evening, Mr. R. B. Job had the following wireless message from the captain of the Nascope:

"Bellaventure, Bonaventure, Diana, Erik, Bloodhound and Eagle, all here jammed together, trying to force to westward; took two families of hoods this morning; Florizel and Stephano twelve miles to eastward also jammed; Diana took whitecoat yesterday 50 miles E.N.E. of the Barracks; our position 60 miles N.E. 1/2 E. of the Funks; no seals cut yet; Sagona and Ranger east of us; Raymond Tiller and Augustus Carter who escaped from the Beothic, via the Bonaventure, in the collision, on board."

This is the first time that the larger of the steel ships have been reported jammed and, no doubt, the ice is exceptionally heavy this spring.

Marine Notes.

The s.s. Tobasco is due on Monday from Liverpool.

The scho. Mildred is now awaiting a favorable chance to sail for Brazil. The brig. Rosina has reached Pernambuco after a 41 days' passage.

CREW SENT HOME.—It has been definitely decided that the s.s. Beothic will not go to the ice-fields, and Mr. R. B. Job has effected arrangements for the transportation of the crew, to their homes in Bonavista Bay. The most of the Beothic's crew left by last evening's train. The remainder will go home to-day.

Steamer Notes.

RED CROSS LINE.—The s.s. Helen, which has been chartered by the Red Cross Company, sails from New York direct for this port on Monday. The s.s. City of Sydney will get away for Halifax and New York, on Monday night.

FURNESS LINE.—The steamer East Point and s.s. Durango, sailed to-day, the former for Philadelphia and the latter for Halifax.

ALLAN LINE.—The R.M.S. Mongolian will leave Liverpool direct for St. John's on April 5th.

Naval Stoker Killed

While on her voyage from Bermuda to Gibraltar, on January 26th, H.M.S. Cornwall, the big cruiser which visited St. John's with a number of cadets last summer, had a bad time of it. Stoker, Sydney Cutbert, well known here, fell in the engine room, from the ship's rolling, and sustained such terrible injuries, that he died in an hour. He was buried at sea with naval honors. Some of the cadets and crew also received cuts and bruises.

SELF CURE NO FICTIO!
NO SUPERFICIAL NEED NOW DESPAIR!
THE NEW FIRM REMEDY
THERAPION No. 1
in a remarkably short time, often a few days only,
Cures rheumatism, whether acute or chronic, sciatica,
THERAPION No. 2
Cures blood poisons, and keeps the system free from
THERAPION No. 3
Cures skin diseases, such as eczema, and itchy
Kilmer & Co. The Therapion Sales and Treatment
directions, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119,
The Lee, New York, C. B. H. & Co., 111, 113, 115, 117,
London, Eng. Tr. N. & D. 111, 113, 115, 117,
Paris, France, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123,
Trade Mark and "THERAPION"
Kilmer & Co. Sole Importers for the British Isles
* THERAPION *
CURES TO STAY CURED



SUNRISE FOR MACEDONIA

So handy to use
—so quick to shine
—so much better
than any other
polish.

Black Knight

10c. STOVE POLISH 10c.

Get a can and learn
the quick, clean,
easy way of shining
Stoves, Grates,
Ironwork.

HARDWARE
DEPT.

SPRING
—AND—
PAINT.

HARDWARE
DEPT.

The sealers are gone—Spring is opening upon us; now is the time to think about a general clean up. The doors and windows need a coat of paint, skirtings and stairs need varnishing, in fact you require a tin of paint or varnish to get the real Spring feeling.

[We carry a full stock of Brandram & Henderson's Liquid Paints, etc., in all sizes. Use Brandram & Henderson's Paints and Varnish, they give you just the finish you want—and satisfaction.

Varnish Stain.	Furniture Varnish.	Hat Enamel.
Oil Stain.	Carriage Varnish.	Black Japan.
Floor Varnish.	Damar Varnish.	White & Orange
Copal Varnish.	Enamel Paint.	Shellac.
		Oil Finishes.

MARBLEINE FRESCOTA for Walls,
PAINT BRUSHES of every description.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Ltd.

Specials for This Week

A Special Lot of EMBROIDERIES and INSERTIONS, in 6 yd. lengths, 30c. length.

Choice Lot of PRINTS, suitable for Ladies' Blouses, House Dresses, also Children's Dresses, only 12c. per yard.

A Lot of FLANNELETTE EMBROIDERY, in Pink and White.

Reg. Price 12c. Now 5c. per yard

LADIES' SIDE COMBS. Reg. 20c. Now 10c.

LADIES' BARRETTES. Reg. 18c. Now 9c.

MISSSES' JERSEY VESTS, high neck, long sleeves.

Reg. 37c. Now 25c.

MEN'S SUMMER SINGLETS. Reg. 45c. Now 25c.

WHITE DAMASK TABLE LINEN. Reg. 55c. Now 39c. yard

BLAY TABLE LINEN. Reg. 50c. Now 35c.

Above prices are extremely low. Patrons should take advantage of same.

C. L. March Co., Ltd.,

Corner Water and Springdale Streets.