

MR. BLAKE'S SPEECH

The Name of Freedom Prostituted for the Subjugation of Ireland.

The following is a report of the speech of Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., at the St. Patrick's Day dinner in the Hotel Cecil, London.

The Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., who was received with loud applause, said: I will say for the Irish Party that having lived through some stormy times as a member of that Party, having entered their Party at a time when the majority of the Party was not representative of the whole political National sentiment of Ireland, and when apart from that the Party was itself torn by dissensions, I have seen the happy days when union and accord was restored, and after all the twelve years of my experience I can say with absolute sincerity I have never seen a party so loyal, so united, so cordial, so absolutely one in its relations, man to man, and all men to the cause, as the present Party (applause). We are under a striking discipline—a discipline to agree to the views of the majority (applause)—but that discipline has tempered our right and duty to debate in our private assemblies as to what the decisions shall be (hear, hear). And these debates, which are the essentials of liberty, are models of good temper, of good feeling, of acuteness, of perception, of reasonable persistence in the views held by individuals, with absolute adhesion in the wisdom of the greater number (applause). My friend Mr. O'Connor has spoken of the peculiar position of the Irish Party, and he spoke what is truth and soberness with reference to their position. We occupy an exceptional position. Not for us is what is mocked by the name of power sometimes, but which sometimes is a beneficent right to plan, to construct, and to carry measures beneficial to the country. Not for us are the emoluments of place, not for us is the consideration which power gives. But we have two things to the full. The first and the highest is the consciousness of duty done (cheers), and the next to that is the reward even now, in the incentive even now, in the marks such as has been given effect to in the instance and the recognition by our fellow-countrymen and women of our labors in the cause to which we are devoted (applause). And, therefore, in the name of my colleagues of the Irish Party, as in my own, I thank you most heartily for that reward—the only and the all-sufficient reward for such labors as we are to carry through (cheers). Ladies and gentlemen, our duties are to protest constantly and most effectually against the subjugation of a nation and it is all the more bitter because it is effected by the prostitution of the sacred name of freedom (applause). Our duty is to present our case in an unbecoming atmosphere, and before men who know not much of, and care very little for, our sufferings. You know that after one hundred years of Union there remain capital grievances with reference to education, grievances with reference to taxation, and even with reference to the question of the land, though a measure which might have been wholly beneficial has been largely marred, and must be seriously amended before it can be, as I trust it will soon be, a helpful measure for Ireland, and we have before us always the dreadful culminating proof—the saddest proof of all—of this Government's failure, the sad depletion of the population of Ireland. This population now is only half what it was fifty years ago. It has been bleeding year by year, the country losing its vigor and its strength until those who are sometimes despondent and sometimes are dejected fear that before Ireland shall be free she shall cease to be a nation. I rejoice with our friends that we are at the dawn of a better day. The general election draws nigh. For us in Ireland it is not a very exciting operation. We Irish wish all our vivacity and heat and high spirit, might be supposed to change a bit, we have never changed for 30 years, or six general elections, while English parties have risen and fallen, and while great majorities have become trivial minorities, Ireland has returned four-fifths of the members to sustain the National cause, and we know, and our enemies know, that if there is going to be a change at the next general election it will be a change a little for the better rather than for the worse (applause). It is and will be the centre of interest, because it is here the good work for Ireland can be done by you and such as you throughout this island (applause). We are agreed in our policy; we want to return, by your assistance, as many genuine Home Rulers to the British Parliament as we can return, and that we want to use such force as we have as may produce a more reasonable tendency to equality in numbers in the two great parties who sometimes ignore us and to teach them that the Irish vote can count again as before, and can do good work for Ireland (applause). These are our plans, and my belief is that the solution of the great question will be made all the nearer as soon, and not before, the operation of land purchase shall be settled down. I never much believed in any great reconciliation as long as the landlords were striving for higher prices, and the tenants were only willing to give lower prices. I say that the result is eminently calculated in any society, not even to maintain great bonds of unity, but once the thing is done the great obstacle to union in Ireland ends. Once the thing is done it concerns the direct interest of the landlords to see eye to eye with their fellow-countrymen, and, therefore, I hope from the operation of land purchase a very huge step will be taken towards the solution of the Irish question by a still more united feeling with reference to that question than even now subsists, although that which now subsists in any modern country in the world will be quite adequate for the result (hear, hear) for, for those who may sometimes despond this is to be said. We will be worse than even our enemies count us if we lose heart for one moment. The first necessity of maintaining, and still more of acquiring, liberty is that men should be determined to have it, and not to be frightened by any circumstances of the pursuit. We, I believe, will so continue. We must remember that our resolution to do and dare, our resolution to continue in

IRISH FAIRY TALES

The Lazy Beauty and Her Aunts. (Patrick Kennedy's "Fireside Stories of Ireland.")

There was once a poor widow woman, who had a daughter that was as handsome as the day, and as lazy as a pig, saving your presence. The poor mother was the most industrious person in the townland, and was a particularly good hand at the spinning-wheel. It was the wish of her heart that her daughter should be as handy as herself, but she'd get up late, eat her breakfast before she'd finish her prayers, and then go about dawdling, and anything she handled seemed to be burning her fingers. She drew her words as if it was a great trouble to her to speak, as if her tongue was as heavy as her body. Many a heart-scald her poor mother got with her, and still she was only improving like dead fowl in August. Well, one morning that things were as bad as they could be, and the poor woman was giving tongue at the rate of a mill-clapper, who should be riding by but the King's son. "Oh dear, oh dear, good woman!" said he, "you must have a very bad child to make you scold so terribly. Sure it can't be this handsome girl that vexed you!" "Oh, please your majesty, not at all," says the old dissembler. "I was only checking her for working herself too much. Would your majesty believe it? She spins three pounds of flax in a day, weaves it into linen the next, and makes it all into shirts the day after." "My gracious," says the prince, "she's the very lady that will just all my mother's eye, and herself the greatest spinner in the kingdom. Will you put on your daughter's bonnet and cloak, if you please, ma'am, and set her behind me? Why, my mother will be so delighted with her that perhaps she'll make her her daughter-in-law in a week, that is, if the young woman herself is agreeable." Well, between the confusion, and the joy, and the fear of being found out, the woman didn't know what to do; and before they could make up their minds, young Anty (Anastasia) was set behind the prince, and away he and his attendants went, and a good heavy purse was left behind with the mother. She pulled over a long time after all was gone, in dread of something bad happening to the poor girl. The prince couldn't judge of the girl's breeding or wit from the few answers he pulled out of her. The queen was struck in a heap when she saw a young country girl sitting behind her son, but when she saw her handsome face, and heard all she could do, she didn't think she could make too much of her. The prince took an opportunity of whispering to her that if she didn't object to be his wife she must strive to please his mother. Well, the evening went by and the prince and Anty were getting fonder of one another, but the thought of spinning used to send the cold to her heart every moment. When bed-time came, the old queen went along with her to a beautiful room, and when she was bidding her good-night, she pointed to a heap of fine flax, and said: "You may begin as soon as you like to-morrow morning, and I'll expect to see these three pounds in nice thread the morning after." Little did the poor girl sleep that night. She kept crying and lamenting that she didn't mind her mother's advice better. When she was left alone next morning, she began with a heavy heart, and though she had a nice mahogany wheel and the finest flax you ever saw, the thread was breaking every moment. One while it was as fine as a cobweb, and the next as coarse as a little boy's whipcord. At last she pushed her chair back, let her hands fall in her lap, and burst out crying. A small, old woman with surprising big feet appeared before her at the same moment, and said: "What ails you, you handsome colleen?" "Ah! haven't I all that flax to spin before to-morrow morning, and I'll never be able to have even five yards of fine thread of it put together." "An' would you think bad to ask poor Colliach Cushman (Old Woman Big-foot) to your wedding with the young prince? If you promise me that, all your pounds will be made into the finest thread while you're taking your sleep to-night." "Indeed, you must be there, and welcome, and I'll honor you all the days of your life." "Very well, stay in your room till tea-time, and tell the queen she may come in for her thread to-morrow morning as early as she likes." It was all as she said; and the thread was finer and even than the gut you see with fly-fishers. "My brave girl you were!" says the queen. "I'll get my mahogany loom brought in to you, but you needn't do anything more to-day. Work and rest, work and rest, is my motto. To-morrow you'll weave all this thread, and who knows what may happen?" The poor girl was more frightened this time than the last, and she was so afraid to lose the prince. She didn't even know how to put the warp in the gears, nor how to use the shuttle, and she was sitting in the greatest grief, when a little woman, who was mighty well-shouldered about the hips, all at once appeared to her, told her her name was Colliach Cushman, and made the same bargain with her as Colliach Cushman. A Great was the queen's pleasure when she found early in the morning a web as fine and white as the finest paper you ever saw. "The darling you were!" says she. "Take your ease with the ladies, and gentleman to-day, and if you have all

this made into nice shirts to-morrow you may present one of them to my son, and be married to him out of hand.

Oh, wouldn't you pity poor Anty the next day? She was now so near the prince, and, maybe, would be soon so far from him. But she waited as patiently as she could with scissors, needle and thread in hand till a minute after noon. Then she was rejoiced to see the third old woman appear. She had a big red nose, and informed Anty that people called her Shron Mor Rua on that account. She was up to her ears as good as the others, for a dozen fine shirts were lying on the table when the queen paid her an early visit. Now there was nothing talked of but the wedding, and I needn't tell you it was grand. The poor mother was there along with the rest, and at the dinner the old queen could talk of nothing but the lovely shirts, and how happy herself and the bride would be after the honeymoon, spinning and weaving and sewing shirts and shifts without end. The bridegroom didn't like the discourse, and the bride liked it less, and he was going to say something, when the footman came up to the head of the table and said to the bride: "Your ladyship's aunt, Colliach Cushman, is asking you might she come in." The bride blushed and wished she was seven miles under the floor, but well became the prince. "Tell Mrs. Cushman," said he, "that any relation of my bride's will be always welcome wherever she and I are." In came the woman with the big foot, and got a seat near the prince. The old queen didn't like it much, and, after a few words, she asked, rather spitefully: "Dear ma'am, what's the reason your foot is so big?" "Musha, faith, your majesty, I was standing almost all my life at the spinning wheel, and that's the reason." "I declare to you, my darling," said the prince, "I'll never allow you to spend one hour at the same spinning-wheel." The same footman said again: "Your ladyship's aunt, Colliach Cushman, wishes to come in, if the gentlemen and yourself have no objection." Very sharp (displeased) was the Princess Anty, but the prince said she welcome, and she took her seat, and drank healths apiece to the company. "May I ask you, ma'am," says the old queen, "why you're so wide half-way between the head and the feet?" "That, your majesty, is owing to sitting all my life at the loom." "By my sceptre," says the prince, "my wife shall never sit there an hour." The footman again came up. "Your ladyship's aunt, Colliach Shron Mor Rua, is asking leave to come into the banquet." More blushing on the bride's face, but the bridegroom spoke out cordially: "Tell Mrs. Shron Mor Rua she's doing us an honor." In came the old woman, and great respect she got near the top of the table, but the people down low put up their tumblers and glasses to their noses to hide the grins. "Ma'am," says the old queen, "will you tell us, if you please, why your nose is so big and red?" "Troth, your majesty, my head was bent down over stitching all my life, and all the blood in my body ran into my nose." "My darling," said the prince to Anty, "if ever I see a needle in your hand, I'll run a hundred miles from you." "And in troth, girls and boys, though it's a diverting story, I don't think the moral is good; and if any of you thuekens go about imitating Anty in her laziness, you'll find it won't thrive with you as it did with her. She was beautiful beyond compare, which one of you are, and she had three powerful fairies to help her besides. There's no fairies now, and no prince or lord to ride by, and catch you idling or working; and, maybe, after all, the prince and herself were not so very happy when the cares of the world or old age came on them." This was the tale ended by poor old Shebale (Sylvia), Father Murphy's housekeeper, in Coolbawn, Barony of Bantry, about half a century since.

The New Archbishop of Westminster

Archbishop Bourne presided last night at a great Irish demonstration held at Shoreditch Town Hall, London, in connection with the League of the Cross, to commemorate the Feast of St. Patrick. Fully four thousand people were present, including most of the Irish priests resident in London. The Archbishop, who met with a most enthusiastic reception, said he came there with great gladness, because he wished by every means in his power to help on good works, and among all good works there were certainly few which had a higher place than the League of the Cross. It seemed to him that the time chosen for that meeting had been very happy indeed. On Saturday they were keeping the festival of St. Gregory, and on Thursday next they would keep the feast of the patron and apostle of the great Western nation—Ireland—which had never lost the faith of St. Patrick. What better work could be accomplished than to band themselves together as Catholics—English and Irish alike—in the great cause of temperance? He was glad also to be present because, in spite of the inability to emulate the efforts of his great predecessor, Cardinal Manning, he wished to show his willingness to follow in the footsteps, as he wanted them all to feel to the extent of his power he would be leader in the great cause of the League of the Cross. He appealed to all present to use their best endeavors to spread the cause of temperance.

Robinson Crusoe's Island

A few months ago some officers from a Chilean war-ship dropped anchor off the island of Juan Fernandez, carefully explored Robinson Crusoe's world-famous kingdom, and took a number of photographs. The April St. Nicholas will use several of these pictures—their first publication in the United States and Europe—to illustrate Francis Arnold Collier's "Robinson Crusoe's Island." As the island is just as it was when Alexander Selkirk landed upon it two centuries ago, these pictures will be delightfully familiar to young and old. We attain Heaven by using this world well, though it is to pass away; we perpetuate our nature, not by undoing it, but by adding to it what is more than nature, and directing it towards aims higher than its own.

A Great Catholic Composer

Dr. Edward Elgar should be a proud and happy man, says the London Daily Chronicle, for never before was there even heard a musical festival in honor and in exposition of the work of an Englishman. Long recognized on the Continent and in the province, Dr. Elgar has only just come into his own in London. Most interest, to the expert, will centre in the new overture dealing with Italy, which is to be heard on Wednesday, but the Londoner is specially interested in the "Apostles," the new oratorio which made such a profound impression on its production in Birmingham. There exists as yet no post-Wagnerian setting of the words of the Mass—or, at any rate, none worthy of mention. Many of Dr. Elgar's co-religionists hope that some day—since he is known to despair of finding suitable libretti—he may write a great Mass, worthy of his words and of his reputation. It is worth noting, by the way, that Dr. Elgar will not conduct at this festival. He is indeed a very poor conductor, and his works will fare much better under Dr. Richter's baton.

The Irish at St. Louis

It is expected that an outcome of the Irish exhibition at St. Louis will be the formation of an Irish Historical Society and permanent museum in the Southern States. The nucleus of this museum will be the collection of portrait prints of distinguished Irishmen and Irishwomen which has been got together for the exhibition by Mr. W. G. Strickland, of the National Gallery of Ireland, and which has been purchased outright by the American committee, and a collection of the facsimiles of Irish MSS. published by the Royal Irish Academy. Another contribution to this museum will be the large raised map of Ireland, similar to that in the Kildare street Museum, which is being prepared for the exhibition, and in the manufacture of which earth from the four provinces will be used.

Boston's 400

I can remember the time when it was jokingly said of some families of Massachusetts that they claimed to have had, in the time of Noah's deluge, a boat to themselves; and I can recall, on the other hand, when a social aspirant in Boston asked, "Who belong to the really old families, grandmamma?" and when that relative shook her weary head and said, "Mostly no one, my dear."—T. W. Higginson, in the April Atlantic.

Roseen Dhu

In the gray light when moths are flying
And the weary feet go home,
There's a wild voice calling and crying
Over the cold salt foam.
Is it the voice of the sea that's wailing,
Or the wind in the clover dew?
'Tis my heart that makes lament unavailing
For you, for you, for you!
O, Roseen Dhu! O, the darkness of your eyes,
And your honey-dropping smiles,
And your blossom-breathing sighs!
All the day I sorrow, in a lonely place apart,
For the sweet rose, the dark rose,
The red rose of my heart!
—Pall Mall Gazette.

Russia Will Stand No Nonsense

The civil administrator at Neuchang on March 27th notified all the foreign consuls and residents of Viceroy Alexei's order placing the city under martial law, explaining that it had been ordered to safeguard commercial interests.

The frontispiece of the April St. Nicholas is a half-tone reproduction from a Copley print of "Dorothy," as winsome a little lass as ever sat for her picture. The original portrait was by Lydia Field Emmett. Temple Bailey's stories always please young readers, and "The General's Easter Box" is a seasonal and cheery, well worth the second reading it is sure to have. Anne McQueen's "A Work of Art" is a quaint story of a quaint little maiden of long ago, a tale good enough to be true. Every girl and boy, of whatever age, will be interested in the two Robinson Crusoe articles: "The Author of 'Robinson Crusoe,'" by W. B. Northrop, and "Robinson Crusoe's Island Two Hundred Years Later," by Francis Arnold Collins. April 27th will be the one hundred and seventy-third anniversary of Daniel Defoe's death, a fact which gives especial interest to the likeness of the author reproduced from a copperplate portrait in the British Museum.

Have we never felt our lips sealed towards another, fallen into trouble through past neglect of him when he was doing as usual? Has the word of comfort or reproach never stuck in your throat, when the moment for saying it came, because your heart has not been opened before as it ought to have been? Interest is sadly lacking that begins so late, that awakens only when the city of anguish has arisen, or when the more difficult dumb stupor has set in. There is no more precious gift to get than human trust, no gift more holy. But it is a plant as tender as it is rare. It is not a thing which springs up in a night; and where it springs it needs watering and watching. There is no real affection without self-sacrifice. There is no true love that is not "watered, eye, with tears."

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About Riddles The conundrum is the sort of riddle which is in favor with young wits. It is a verbal puzzle, and the answer turns upon a pun, and, as Charles Lamb has said of puns in general, its excellence is in proportion to its absurdity. A prevalent form of the conundrum is that which demands a resemblance or dissimilarity between two things that are incapable of comparison; the answer must therefore be based upon a play of words.

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An added piquancy is given to a forthcoming breach of promise of marriage case in County Kilkenny by reason of the fact that nearly all the correspondence on both sides was written in Irish. It is well known that no language in the world has such a wealthy terminology in the matter of love as the Irish. The plaintiff is a prominent Gaelic singer, the winner of the contra prize at the Oireachtas of 1902; whilst the defendant is the local Inland Revenue officer in the Marble Cliffs. The case will be a good opening for a strong Irish-speaking counsel. This riddle was a novelty about the year 1845, and it soon provoked this counterpart, by no means equal in quality: Among the literal sort are these: "Why do ducks go under water?" Answer: "For divers reasons." "Why do they come up again?" Answer: "For sundry reasons." "When does a man sneeze thrice?" Answer: "When he can't help it." The mind ought sometimes to be amused that it may the better return to thought and to itself.