

In
and

Around Toronto

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

The distinguished Irishman, Dr. Douglas Hyde, accompanied by his wife, arrived in Toronto on the afternoon of Thursday, the 17th inst., and were met at the station by a committee consisting of Messrs. A. T. Henson, F. Walsh, D'Arcy Hinds, E. J. Hearn, Mrs. Hearn, Mrs. F. Walsh and Miss Hart. Dr. Hyde and his wife were immediately recognized, the pictures of the former being familiar to those who awaited him, and a cordial exchange of greetings took place. Carriages were in waiting and the party at once drove to the Queen's Hotel, and afterwards through the city, the streets and buildings being much admired by the widely travelled visitors. Dr. and Mrs. Hyde were enthusiastic in their praise of the reception generally given them throughout America—the hierarchy almost without exception receiving them personally, and the priests and people everywhere giving them the kindest welcome and support. Mrs. Hyde, who is a dear little lady with the simplest of manner, is partly German and partly English so far as birth is concerned, but altogether Irish in sympathy with the great work and projects of her now famous husband. Of their admiration for the hospitality of San Francisco, the visitors could not speak too loudly, and for its great calamity their grief was still keen. Speaking of Father Yorke of that city, the organizer of so much that tends for good, no adjective could be found but great, "Great Father Yorke." During the drive a call was made on Col. O'Brien of Rosedale, a connection of Smith O'Brien, and in this way Dr. and Mrs. Hyde were introduced to Toronto.

In the evening at Massey Hall an audience gathered to hear Dr. Hyde, an audience which, though not as large as might have been, was still large, about fifteen hundred being present, and what was lacking in numbers was made up for in intellectual status and enthusiasm of spirit. A number of representative gentlemen surrounded the lecturer, and Mr. F. Walsh was in the chair. The meeting was under the auspices of the United Irish Societies of the city and their members turned out in large numbers. A mistake was made in the preparation of the musical programme, which was unfortunately too long to admit of full justice being done to those who took part. However, Dr. Hyde, though waiting his turn, fully enjoyed the numbers and when Miss Agnes Curran sang the "Wearing of the Green," he applauded vociferously. Master Glynn, too, drew forth his admiration, and indeed every singer claimed his smiling attention.

The chairman, Mr. Walsh, in a speech which was just the right length, introduced the speaker of the evening. He referred to the great work that Dr. Hyde was doing, illustrating this by the statement that within the last five years three thousand schools for the teaching of Irish had been opened in Ireland through the instrumentality of the Gaelic League.

When Dr. Hyde rose to speak he was welcomed with applause loud and genuine. His first words were in Irish, accompanied by many expressive gestures, and as the unknown sounds flowed forth, unknown to the majority at least, how important and ignorant many felt themselves to be, and there is no doubt but that those with any claim to Celtic blood must at that moment have appreciated the fact, that the tongue rightly was to them a something foreign and unfamiliar. But all were not ignorant of the import of the fast-flowing sounds, and at the back of the hall an old man arose, and punctuated by word and exclamation the statements of the speaker while on the platform the faces and applauding hands of several gentlemen showed that they, too, were in the secret of the to others unknown tongue. After a few sentences expressive of pleasure at being present, and at the audience, greater even than he had expected in Toronto, Dr. Hyde spoke as follows:

"I am here to-day to explain to you the life and death struggle upon which we are engaged in Ireland. I see that the papers say that this is the last grand struggle of the Irish race to preserve their language. Oh, ladies and gentlemen, it is ten times, it is a thousand times more far-reaching than that! It is the last possible life and death struggle of the Irish race to preserve, not their own language, but their national identity."

"We have now opened the eyes of the Irish race to the awful yawning chasm which gaped beneath us, over which a single false footstep would have taken us—the awful chasm of Anglicization, which, believe me, is only another name for national extinction, and when you in America understand that—and I shall fail in my mission to-day if I don't make you understand it—then I know you will join us in saying to the devouring demon of Anglicization, whose foul and glutinous jaws have swallowed everything that was hereditary, natural, instructive, ancient, intellectual and noble in our Irish people—our language, our songs, our industries, our music, our dances and our pastimes—I know and say that you will plant your feet firmly and you will say with us: 'Back, demon, back! Not one other mouthful of the heritage of Irish nationhood shall you swallow again forever!'"

AIMS OF THE GAELIC LEAGUE.

"The movement on which we are engaged to-day is not the movement of a few faddists. It was thought to be so. That time has long since gone by. So far is our movement from being a movement of insignificant faddists that papers in Dublin, which are at daggers drawn among themselves, are as one in championing our cause. Churchmen like the Archbishop of Dublin and the Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh are at one with us; even the organ of the independent Orangemen, who seceded from the main body, said the other day, before I left Ireland, that it was a movement which no Orangeman or Protestant need be ashamed to join. The Protestant Bishop of Clougher at a church conference spoke to the Northern Protestants most sympathetically about us, only lately. The leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party has himself on many occasions spoken of the importance of our work if even a shred of our nationality is to be preserved, and, what is better, his own children are learning Irish."

"The Gaelic League is founded not upon hatred of England, but upon love of Ireland. Hatred is a negative passion; it is powerful—oh! so powerful—for tearing down, for destroying; but upon hatred you cannot build up even the size of a thraeneen—a very powerful destroyer, but it is useless for building up. Love, on the other hand, is like faith; it can remove mountains; and, faith, we have mountains to remove, and we have removed them. In one word, the philosophy of the Gaelic League is this: the de-Anglicization of Ireland."

"DE-ANGLICIZATION."

"Now, it has been objected to me that that word, which I coined long ago for want of a better—de-Anglicization—contained in it something harsh, something virulent, something rebellious, something anti-English, and that it was calculated to alienate the good will of many people who would otherwise be our supporters; and as that may possibly be so, I desire to say, to set myself right before I go any further, to any ladies and gentlemen of English sympathies who may be here to-night—I desire to say that I honor and respect everything that is good in the great English race. I yield to no man in my appreciation of their perseverance, their business faculties, their practical qualities."

"And yet, and yet, there exists there at her very doors an ancient nation whose half-deserted streets resound ever less and less in the roar of traffic; whose mills are silent; whose factories are fallen; whose priceless harbors are deserted; whose very fields are studded only with ruined gables, memories of the past, and yet, around that nation, morality of life, purity of sentiment, unswerving devotion to faith, and to fatherland, have shed a halo in the eyes of Europe that is all its own. It is a halo too, that is unstained by oppression of any man, untarnished by avarice of anything, and undimmed by murder."

THE ANGLICIZED IRISH.

"I cannot understand for the life of me how it is that Irish sentiment sticks in a kind of half-way house. Why does it continue to say it hates the English and at the same time continue to imitate them? Why does it clamor for recognition, noisily clamor for recognition as a separate nationality, when at the same time it throws away with both hands the only things that would make it so? Why, if Irishmen only went a little further, they would become very good Englishmen in sentiment also. And yet, whether we regret it or not—some of us regret it, others don't—but whether we regret it or not, the fact remains that the very people that adopt English habits and copy the English in every way—the people who would blush if overheard talking a word of Irish, who send their boys to English schools and their girls to English convents to learn to talk with a nice English accent, don't you know, who call their sons Ferdinand and their daughters Victoria, and who have not an Irish book in their house—nevertheless still continue to talk of their oppressed country and to sing 'Paddy's Evermore' and 'The Green Above the Red,' and if I were to plant a Union Jack over their houses they would brain me with a lump of stone."

"And, strange as it may appear, I see no signs at all of their thinking any way differently, and that is why I say, since they won't become proper Englishmen, then let them become proper Irishmen; and that since they won't become the one thing, Englishmen in sentiment, then, in God's name, let them become the other thing—let them come in with us and build up an Irish Ireland!"

O'CONNELL AND MAYNOOTH.

The speaker referred to the "old race" as the men who should have Mac's and O's before their names, and declared that these men, crushed at the battle of the Boyne, have once more been appealed to by the Gaelic League to preserve their national character.

"When the Gaelic League started up we found that these men were losing everything that connected them with the Christianizers of Europe, that connected them with the era of Cuchullain and Oisín; that connected them with Brian Borishe and the heroes of Clontarf; that connected them with the O'Neills and the O'Donnells; that connected them with Rory O'Moore and the Wild Geese; and that connected them even with the men of '98. They had lost all that those others had, language,



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traditions, music, genius, and ideas, and now, just at the moment when we are becoming masters again of our own land, we find ourselves despoiled and robbed of the old bricks of our nationality, and we must set to work to make new bricks out of new clay, in a new brick kiln, to build a new nation with."

"Do you believe in burning new bricks of new clay for the old Irish house? I do not believe in it. I believe in going here and there throughout the entire island and gathering together carefully, every relic and atom of the past upon which we can lay our hands, and gathering them together into one great whole, and tier after tier into the temple that shall be raised to the godhead of Irish nationhood."

"The rise of O'Connell and the establishment of Maynooth—Maynooth is now, you will be glad to hear, the most Irish spot in Ireland—the rise of O'Connell and the establishment of Maynooth synchronized with the decay of Irish Ireland. The Irish race, the fathers of the present race, the Irish-Canadians, really lived in the closest contact with the traditions of the past and the national life of nearly 1,800 years, until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Not only so, but during the whole of the dark penal times they produced among themselves a most vigorous literary development."

LOSS OF THE GAELIC TONGUE.

Thomas Davis, said Dr. Hyde, had, with the young Irelanders, endeavored to produce a new literature throughout Ireland, but his efforts produced no lasting effect because he overlooked the restoration of the Irish language.

"The greatest misfortune that ever befell Ireland has been the loss of her language. I often heard people thank God that if England gave us nothing else, she gave us at least her language. Well, in that way people put a happy face upon it, and have pretended that the Irish language is worth nothing, and that Ireland has no literature. If the Irish language is worth nothing, why have I met professor after professor from Denmark, from France, from Germany, studying in the mountains of Connacht in order to learn the language that is there banned by the people themselves? And it does possess a literature, or why should a German have calculated that books produced in Irish from the tenth to the seventeenth century and still extant, would fill a thousand octavo volumes?"

"Now, look what you gain by snuffing out the Irish language. I passed through the County Galway a few months ago and I came across a man who could neither read nor write nor speak English. An ordinary English tourist would put that man down as a mere brute. But what a mind that man had! What a memory! What a wealth of song! What a fund of story! What a variety of information! I wrote down from him at one sitting an Ossianic poem of four hundred lines never before printed or heard of! He had a marvelous fund of folktales, remainders of Ossianic lays, of religious poems, of songs, aphorisms, proverbs—in a word, he had everything that could go to enrich the mind and the moral nature; and all that was going to be replaced by his son? We were going to replace it with the Third Reading Book of the national schools, and I would as soon have a lump of sand choked down my

throat as the Third Reading Book of the national schools.

THE IRISH NAMES.

"Look at our Christian names. I would have thought the names that were good enough for my grandfather and great grandfather before me should be good enough for me. Where are our magnificent names of men and boys, Cathair and Domhnall and Angus and Fetgar and Cormac and Diarmuid and so forth? Where do you meet those names now? The man that you call Diarmuid when you speak Irish, an anti-Irish degrading custom and fostered by flunkeyism, forces you to call Jeremiah, Jeramiah. Where are our beautiful feminine names, Nora and Una and Eibhlin and Moirin, Mere, Sheela, Eily and the rest? Where are they? A woman said to me not long ago, 'God forbid,' said she, poor thing, 'God forbid that I should handicap my child in life by calling her Bridget!' She was wrong! She did handicap the child in life, but it was when she taught her to be ashamed of the patron saint of her own country. There are ten, twenty thousand honest Irish girls whose mothers christened them Bridget at home, who, the moment they touch American soil will tell you that their names are Bride and Bridie and Della and Bedelia. The Irish are to-day wealthy enough, powerful enough and respectable enough to restore the name Bridget and make it creditable again if they wish to. It only conveys a stigma because the wealthy Irish boycott it. The spirit of Irish nationality will never be appeased so long as our boys are called Daniel and Jeremiah instead of Domhnall and Diarmuid, and our girls Helen and Julia instead of Eibhlin and Sidhle."

NECESSITY OF GAELIC.

"Six years ago, if you spoke Irish as well as Owen Roe, and wrote it as well as Geoffrey Keating, it would not be worth a thraeneen to you. Now you cannot obtain a place under the Corporation of Dublin, under the Corporation of Limerick, under the County Councils of Cork or Mayo, and a dozen other places, unless you know the language of your country. Six years ago if the products of Irish hands and Irish brains were to find a market they had to come back with the hall mark of London or Paris upon them. To-day we are rearing and raising a race of men whose one object will be that the article they buy shall bear the hall mark of 'Made in Ireland'; and the results have been amazing."

"We have enormously increased the output of our weaving mills. We have doubled the output of our woolen and cloth factories. Other industries in Ireland have been helped immensely. Nothing will do us now but Irish maces, starch, soap, blacking, and the like. In every big town in Ireland there is an exhibition of our local industries. We have two training schools, one in Munster and one in Connacht, to teach the school-masters how to teach Irish. We have a school of higher Irish learning which Kuno Meyer and Professor Strachan, the greatest masters of the old Irish and the phonetics in the world, are teaching, and in which they are doing what Trinity College with all of its wealth refused to do, training up a race of Irish scholars that we hope will take rank among the foremost scholars of the world. We have a fine place of our own in Dublin. We have over twenty paid officers. We have a weekly paper and a monthly magazine. We

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have organizers who work night and day, Sunday and Monday, at their hard task of persuading the people to be Irish again, and who work and sweat themselves to death at a miserable wage that here you would not offer to a fifth-rate stenographer. And they have a corps of nearly 200 teachers with them, half paid by the local people themselves. Wherever they go they bring with them a whiff of ancient Ireland. They teach not the language and the music alone, but the traditions, the dances, and the history of the race.

SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

"To my mind the existence of Ireland, a nation, depends upon this—whether we can keep those men doing the work or whether we cannot keep them."

"We are working together in a common cause, in a spirit of good fellowship. Mr. Chairman, that word is not strong enough; in a spirit of loving brotherhood which has, of recent years, been unexampled in Ireland; and we are not engaged in doing anything that is impossible. It is perfectly possible, and we know it, and we see it."

"But I tell you that there is no royal road to the recovery of our nationality. It is a difficult, it is an arduous task, and it demands self-sacrifice. If we are in earnest and have behind us the moral support and the good wishes of America, we must succeed. If we are only playing a being in earnest—and that is a game Irishmen are very good at—then we shall fail, and the whole world will deride us and the historian will take his tablet and write the words: 'Finis Hiberniae'—the end of Ireland."

"I do not want to speak any more, but I have a little more to say to you. Well, just remember this—the Irish language, thank God, is neither Protestant nor Catholic. It is neither landlord nor a tenant; it is neither a Unionist nor a Separatist, in taking it for our platform we have achieved what is to my mind the supreme and crowning glory of the Gaelic League, because for the first time in Ireland within my recollection Catholic and Protestant, Unionist and Nationalist, landlord and tenant, priest and parson, came together, all working hand in hand in the interest of Ireland's life and intellectual life and we are realizing for the first time the glorious dream of Thomas Davis: How every race and every trade should be by love combined."

The lecture was interrupted by much appreciative applause and its close was the signal for a burst so hearty and continuous that it left no doubt as to the impression made upon the audience. The address was a lucid and luminous presentation of its subject, and the speaker was perhaps the most forceful and the most thoroughly in earnest man that ever stood upon a Toronto platform. The seriousness of the subject was lightened by many anecdotes and much of what one of our

papers termed "audacious humor" and the gestures and imitations of the scholarly and humorous Irishman, were graphic and elicited much laughter. A vote of thanks and an appeal for financial assistance were given by Mr. A. T. Henson, President of the A.O.H.

From a Catholic point of view it was evident that Dr. Hyde, a non-Catholic, had achieved what to many had before seemed an impossibility, that is he had entered almost entirely not alone into the general, but also into the religious life of the Irish people.

After the lecture a collection was taken up for the cause and about \$800 were realized.

A branch of the Gaelic League was organized with Mr. D'Arcy Hinds as President. Many names were handed in, amongst them being those of prominent citizens. The next day Dr. and Mrs. Hyde were again driven about the city and otherwise entertained by the Societies. They expressed themselves as delighted with the reception tendered them in Toronto. At 5 p.m. a number gathered at the Union Station to say farewell to the distinguished visitors who on leaving took with them the good will and gratitude of every Irishman and of every Celt in the city of Toronto.

AT ST. HELEN'S

Sunday was a busy day at St. Helen's. At the 9 o'clock Mass about seventy boys and girls received their First Communion. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock they renewed their baptismal vows, were enrolled in the Scapular, and attended Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. In the evening one of the largest and most beautiful processions ever held in the parish took place, the Sodality and children of the First Communion Class taking part, the ceremony of the Crowning of Mary being also enacted. Rev. Father Walsh, P.P., officiated and Rev. Father McGrath preached eloquently on the virtues of the Blessed Virgin—Humility, Obedience, Purity and Charity—and on the objects and aims of the Sodality formed in her honor. Twenty young ladies were received into the Society of the Children of Mary.

MR. J. J. RYAN VERY ILL.

Many have learned with regret of the dangerous illness at Kenora of Mr. J. J. Ryan, bailiff of the Central Prison and very well known as an orator. Mr. Ryan had left to bring down some prisoners, and on Friday or Saturday suffered a stroke of paralysis. Dr. Bruce Smith, Inspector of Prisons, has gone to Kenora to look after Mr. Ryan, whose condition is quite serious.

New Church for Orillia.

A new church is in prospect for Orillia, both Pastor and people thinking it better to provide a new edifice rather than to spend money on the old one. Collections are already made and it is anticipated that a sufficient sum will soon be in hand to warrant a beginning in the near future.

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