AN ABLE LECTURE.

REV. FATHER SLEVIN, S.J., AT ST. MARY'S CONCERT.

Owing to a sudden pressure of space in our St. Patrick's Day Souvenir number, we were obliged to omit, from the report of St. Mary's concert, the following brilliant lecture on St. Patrick :-

The learned lecturer pointed out, in opening, that each great country has its apostle. Germany has a St. Boniface, England a St. Augustine, and Ireland a St. Patrick. God's wonderful providence in Erin's conversion was made manifest through the ministrations of two slaves who were to endow the future Isle of Saints with that light and liberty which | Faith, and the establishment of a proof

heaven alone can give.

Exceptional are God's ways at times.
St. Paul was hurled from his horse on the road to Damascus; St. Ignatius was knocked down under the walls of Pampelana; and St. Patrick was seized and carried into slavery. All three of these great saints were destined to perform wonders in the Church.

The land that St. Prosper termed burbarous because it never had formed any portion of the Roman Empire, was soon to become the means of enlighten ing many lands of more ancient civilization. The Island that never felt the pressure of Roman exaction or orgies, whose virgin soil was never trod by Roman proconsul, would merit in time that Rome should say of her. "Ireland, letter of ever fai hful to her tiod." All through the troublous times of the ninth and Theo. tenth centuries, when Ireland was overrun by the Danes and so many of her sanctuaries were given to the flames she still clung to the faith and to her treasures of science and sanctity. When Armagh-in 1020-was laid waste by the ruthless hands of the Norsemen, her temples and monasteries reduced to ashes, she still clung closer than ever to her faith divine. With in a century of St. Patrick's death, the Irish seminaries had so increased that most parts of Europe sent their children to be educated there-Ireland was then the nursery for foreign bishops and teachers.

It is a mistaken idea that Ireland's glory is any whit the less because the first plantings of Divine Faith were watered in the blood of the nation. It was perhaps the only European country in which Christianity was firmly established without the faithful having to pass through the crucible of persecution; for the faith gained ground so rapidly "that with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer it at once covered Agituff, Officers of the Visigoths a whole land.'

The triumph was so complete that Ireland's kings and princes, in the words of Tom Moore, when not themselves among the ranks of the converted, saw their sons and daughters joining the train without a murmur.

Chiefs at variance in all else agreed in meeting beneath the Christian ban-ner, and the proud Bard and Druid (aid) their superstitions at the foot of the

Let these who disesteem Ireland's providential easy acceptance of the faith consult he annals, for the past 600 years. Tell him to count on every shore and inevery land the exites from the lonely homes who may and do suffer themselves; but will never afflict or impose pain or annoyance on their Soggerth Aroon They may travel in quest of life's necessities to the end of the world-from the frost bleached skies of Canadian snow wastes down to the soft luxuriant climes of perpetual spring tide—through Asia's swamps, by Africa's tainted coast; but they will do anything most hard rather than yield an inch or iota of the faith which Patrick taught them. The sublimest martyrdom of soul is to be found in undiminished steadastness under trials and afflictions.

Since the white robed army of martyrs with the faith burning brightly in their souls sends its thousands to people the deserts and the rocky cliffs of the west, while it filled the newly raised monas teries with a countless throng who gave themselves to the slower martyrdom of penance and love, for as Gerald Griffin has it,— "Remote from that distracted world.

Where sin has reared his glaring throne.

With passion's ensign sweetly furled, They live and breath for heaven

The mountain wild, the islet fair. The corrig bleak and lonely vale. The bawn that feels the summer air The peak that splits the wintry gale.

From hill to hill, from plain to plain Wherever falls this fostering ray. Still swells the same aspiring strain

From angel souls in shapes of claythe Faith which Patrick bequeathed to the Irish race is a practical one, as the history of Ireland and Irishmen, at bome and abroad, fully testines. The true frishman "dares do all a man may do, who dares do more is none." Will Faith goes hand in hand practical re ligion, fidelity, loyal patriotism, unde ing love for hearts and homes. Th generous and chivalric Spaniard is ai. the panegyrist of the Irish soldier and of the self-sacrificing devotion which he showed in the just cause of a for ign but sympathetic nation, and today in Madrid and Barcelona we meet Irish names in the drawing rooms of

Spain's nobility. The gallant land of France, that home of Saints and heroes, welcomed the Irish volunteer to her sunny shore, and saw with wonder, the stranger dispute with her the glory of loyalty to her Kings She gladly opened to them a generous bosom, persuaded that men so devoted to their princes would not be less so to their benefactors, and felt a pleasure in seeing them march under her banners while the greatest of Monarchs honored them with the flattering title of "his

brave Irish men." The Dillons, the Lees and the O'Donnells, opened to them on the borders of the Muse, the classic tower-walled Rhine, while the MacDonnells, O'Carrols and Crostons crowned themselves with glory on the banks of the Tagus.

Naples called for the sons of Erin. Germany entrusted her eagles to their

tenants, while Peter the Great, the creator of a nation, intrusted the essential part of war to the Field Marshal de Lacy, who defended his daughter on the august throne when injustice and tyranny hoped and did their utmost to dethrone her.

We have no time to record the martial prowers of our boys on the fields of Sardinia or the plains of Fontency with the valliant Count Thomond at their head-Turin, Ypres and Tournay, and the glorious triumph of the Irish arms, while the feats of valor displayed at the Campo Santo and at Valetri are inscribed on the brightest pages of military prowess.

The lecture closed with a recital of all that Irishmen have done, in every quarter of the world, for the glory of their race, the perpetuation of their that they are worthy of political autonomy.

BOURGET COLLEGE.

ST, PATRICK'S DAY RIGHT ROYALLY CELEBRATED.

As is the custom, the professors and and students of Bourget College, Rigand, P.Q., celebrated St. Patrick's Day by anneipation. The programme, which was a dramatic, literary and musical one, was the very finest ever presented in that institution. The orchestra and College band were in attendance and nothing was omitted to render the occasion a red letter day in the annals of the establish

The drama, entitled "The Two Crowns." is a Spanish tragedy in five acts representing events in the sixth century. New scenery was prepared; magnificent tableaux were presented; and the costumes. acting and delivery deserve the highest praise. We will not be considered partial in our estimate when we furnish simply the cast of characters. To do full justice to each actor would be impossible, for truly the whole representation was worthy of professional actors. The following was the cast:

Leovig, King of the Visigoths Charles Durocher. Hermigild, son of Leovig

Christoper McKay. Recared, son of Leovig ... Chas Thivierge. Goswin, High Chancellor, Louis Lauzon. Argimund, Duke Allen Fortin. Sisbert.

Ambassadors of the King.. Agilan, Pullip Quesnel and George Fairfield. Roderick, son of Goswin.... Arthur Boyer Boso, tutor of Hermigild John Ramsay Utolf, friend of Hermigild... John Leehy

Emm'l St. Denis and Raoul Leclerc.

Sevillian officers...... Commissius, i Heeter traboury and Alexis Marion. Fredegisel Peddler and traitor...... Philip Robillard.

Beoulf, Blacksmith in Seville

Octave Perron. Lieutenant Patrick Leduc. allerJohn McIntyre. Ulilas, a Sevillian......Philip Deguire, Mulfas, Sevillian......Eugene Boileau. Ambassador from Greece, Chas. A. Wilson Alexis, a servant.......Edward Murray. Pages: G. Fille, A. Desjardins, J. Madden, F. Renaud, L. McGreevy, C. Wallace,

L. Rowen. Officers and soldiers: J. Burns, W. Mc-Greevy, D. Lalonde, E. Laviolette,

L. Lapointe, A. Pilon. tizens : Eloi Lalonde, E. Brodent, O. Courteau, F. Bissonnette, M. Dicaire, A. Michaud, E. Chevrier.

Pilgrims: A. O'Gleman, J. Gladu, S. Thivierge, U. Paquin, L. Archam-bault, J. M. Phaneuf, A. Hebert, W. Chatelain, R. Peloquin, J. Farrell.

The whole evening's entertainment closed with a roaring comedy, in one Act, entitled "Check will Win." The characters were: "Mr. John Smith," by Mr. Allen Fortin; "Fred, Freely," by Mr. Louis Louzon; and "Snoozy," a ser-



Women are notoriously careless of their health-even more so than men. Much of their trouble comes from chronic constipation. That makes poor appetite, biliousness, dyspepsia, causes distress after eating, dizziness, coated tongue

and sallow complexion. It's such a common thing that people are careless about it-so careless that more serious sickness ensues and frequent visits to the doctor become necessary.

It really seems strange, when the remedy is so easy, that so many people will allow themselves to remain subject to such troubles. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets core constipation. That means that they are good for biliousness, sick and bilious headaches, indigestion, sour stomach, liver troubles, windy belchings, "heart-burn," flatulence and dyspepsia. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules that the merest child will take readily. They are mild, gentle, quick and efficient. They are of purely vegetable composition and work in strict accord with nature. They cause no griping and are as pleasant in their action as they are pleasant to take. Their help lasts. Therefore you don't become a slave to their use as with other pills. Once used they are always in favor. One little Pellet is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. One Pellet taken after dinner will promote digestion and to relieve distress from over eating they are unequaled.

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Finlayson's Linen Thread

... IT IS THE BEST.

vant, by Wm. Arthur Matte. So funny was this piece and so well acted that we can imagine what a time the three comedians must have had to prepare their parts and not to laugh themselves sick.

Between the acts of the drama, the musical portion of the programme was rendered. The overture, by the College Band, was Ripley's "Pride of Ireland." The orchestra, through the evening, played various selections; "In the Ring," a waltz, by Southwell, "Miss Helyett," (fantaisie) by Andran; and "Peccodille." one of G. Marie's polkas. Apart from the "Paragon" waltz by Herndon, the College Band rendered all its pieces from Ripley's compositions; the overture, a screnade, Gavotte, and St. Patrick's Day. The members of the English choir sang "The Vacant Chair," (Moore), and "The Harp that once," by the same author of "Irish Melodies." The French choir sang, in splendid style, Hon, Judge Rou-thier's "O Canada!"

That such an entertainment was a success we scarcely think it necessary to assert. It was a credit to the College, professors and pupils

OUTPUT OF QUICK WITS.

Happy Answers Worthy of a Place in Literature-old Witticisms Which Are as Good To-day as Wh n First Put Forth.

Mr. Samuel Weller's memorable evidence on a certain breach of promise trial is probably a "record" for the greatest number of happy answers in the shortest time, but there are authenticated instances of actual utterances which certainly rival them in brilliancy and appropriateness. The law courts, as may be imagined, furnish their full quota, but many are, perforce, unappreciable by those unacquainted with the technicalities or the "argot" of the forms. Still, Lamb's chatling description of a friend's maiden brief as the "First Great Cause, least understood," is comprehensible enough, as is the quiet, acquescent, "That is so, my Lord," of the barrister to whom an irate judge had just observed, I can't give you brains, Mr. So and So. "I, myself, have two small manors, my Lord," said a very ill-bred, pompous counsel, to illustrate a question of property law. We all know that, Mr. Kewsey," observed the judge, with snave courtesy, and a smile of delight ran round the assembled bar. "Look at me. sir, and attend to what I shall ask you." thundered a learned counsel whose unfortunate 'homelines' of features, had gained him the sobriquet of the "Veiled Prophet." "This is an English court," rejoined the witness, quietly, 'and you have no right to impose torture before putting the question." Prisoners, too. have a fair proportion of "happy answers" credited to them. Of these, perhaps the best known are that of a man who, when asked if he pleaded "guilty or not guilty," replied that he couldn't say till he heard the evidence; and the naive response of the prisoner to the usual question before sentence, "Have you anything to say, prisoner, before sentence is pronounced upon you?" "It's very kind of your Honor, and if it's quite agreeable to the court, I should like to say 'Good evening." On one occasion counsel in a certain drainage case submitted that the plaintiffs, the Sewage Localization company, had "no 'locus standi' in this court." "Heaven forbid!" was the fervent ejaculation of the learned judge. Something akin to this was the answer of the judge when complaint was made that a luckless process-server had been compelled to swidlow the writ he had endeavored to serve. "I hope," said his Lordship, gravely, "that the writ was not made returnable in this court."

JOKES ON COURTSHIP. Courtship and marriage are recognized

targets for witticisms, of which, says the English writer, Mr. Panch's tamous Don't' is undoubtedly the most brilliant example of a harpy answer. Most of them are of the same cynical character. A careworn divine is reported to have said, in reply to the cestatic de-ciaration of an intending Benedict that nothing in the world heats a good wite," "O, yes, a bad husband often does, and-'vice versa!' One would like to have known the schoolgirl who, in reply to her brother's jeers and inquiry, "Why girls should be always kissing each other and men not?' said that of course it was because girls had nothing better to kiss and men had-but perhaps she studied the question too deeply and developed into the hir cynic who, after a season or two of conquests, gave it as her opinion that men were like colds, very easy to catch and very hard to get rid of. Few better things are recorded than the answer of Beaconsfield to the question how he felt after the change from the stormy scenes of the Commons to the serene atmosphere of the Lords. 'Feel!" answered the statesman, 'I feel as though I were deal and buried;" and then, noticing for the first time that his questioner was a peer, he added, with a charming smile and bow, "and amongst the blest spirits of the great and good." This adroit recovery from an unfortunate slip recalls the familiar story of the Prince Regent and the specifications mentioned in the oath to officer of marines. In those brave old days of free drinking the empty bottles which gathered apace were styled "marines," for what reason it is hard to say. The Prince called to a servant and hade him "clear away those marines." An officer of that distinguished corps resented the observation as being-to adopt the phraseology of Mr Weller's mottle faced friend—"personal to the cloth," and requested an explanation.
"My dear Colonel," said his royal highness, with winning courtesy, "I called I do it again." The apt replies in the

language of compliment claim literature of their own, but one must serve "pour indiquer less autres."
"We shall never forget you," said a queen of society to one of her subjects who was making his adieux. "Your I dyship has now given me the only inducement not to return."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A few examples of the retort courteous must conclude our list. "I see," said an old cavalier, on being shown a medal of Cromwell's, with a religious inscription on one side and the arms of the republic on the other, "I see, you put God and the Commonwealth on opposite sides.' Akin to this was Swift's remark on see ing a medal of William of Orange with his motto, "Non rapui sed recepi "-the receiver is as bad as the thicf—quoth the Dean. "Waterloo is avenged," shricked a jubilant Gaul, when the French horse won the Derby. "Yes" growled a Briton who had faid against him, "you ran well in both cases." "I'm going to astonish you, my dear sir," said a young French "roue" to a money-lender. " don't know you, and yet I want you to lend me £500" "I'm going to astonish you a great deal more," was the unex-pected reply. "I do not know you, and yet I'm going to lend it to you." gentle passage of literary arms, with its dinty thrusts and courtly riposts on both sides, the Oxford vs. Cambridge squibs of the revolution period rank high. It was thought advisable to send a troop of horse to Oxford, whose legitimist lean ings were well known. Thereupon an Oxonian published the following:

Our Royal master saw with heedful eyes The wants of his two Universities; Troops he to Oxford sent, as knowing

That learned body wanted loyalty; But books to Cambridge gave, as well

discerning
That that right loyal body wanted

learning. The "happy answer" of Sir William Brown on behalf of Cambridge was prompt and apt, and well worthy of

being quoted here: The King to Oxford sent a troop of

For Tories own no argument but force; With equal care to Cambridge books he

For Whigs allow no force but argument.

ST. PATRICK'S C. Y. M S.

A Long Talk on O'Connell, His Wit and

Hamor. St. Palrick's Irish Catholic Young Men's Society gave a first class entertainment last week, in their hall, St. Alexander street, before a very large and enthusiastic andience. It was made up of vocal and instrumental music, recitalowing were those who contributed to the programme :- Miss G. Murphy, Mr. J. J. Patterson, Mr. J. J. Feron, Mr. Thos. Kent, Mr. Thos. Hogan, Mr. John Ken midy, Mr. Fag. Finn, Misses Lyon and Mahoney, Mr. P. J. O'Donohue, Misses Kerry and E. Vaillancourt, Miss Nora Coghlan, Miss Hildred Coghlan, and the musical quartette, the Schneider family. The lecture on "O'Connell, His Wit and Humor," by Rev. Father James Callaghan, was a brilliant one in conception, eloquence and elocation. It was as follows:-

Daniel O'Connell was born August

6th, 1775, at Cahirciveen, County Kerry. Ireland. After his preliminary studies at a parochial school he began his classics at Louvain, at the age of thir teen, and terminated them at St. Ouen. He sailed from France January the 21st, 1793, the day Louis XVI, ascended the scaffold, and nurtured ever atterwards in his patriotic breast the deepest hatred and rancor for all revolutionary and anarchical principles or ideas. At 23 he was admitted to the Bir No barristerat-law throughout the British Kingdom, rose to his level or possessed his standard of legal jurisprudence. He was consulted by the highest judiciaries of the Bench, and his interpretation of English legislation accepted as an oracle. At 25 a most eventful circum stance opened out to the eye of the youth, a smiling landscape above the horizon of ordinary pleading, and forced him out of the Court room into the more elevated platform of his country. The question at issue was whether freland was to lose her National Pardament at Dublin and be only a figurehead at Westminster, or maintain it in the interests of the Irish people? The British | hostile to peace and tranquility, and Government, in 1800, answered yes; O'Connell, no. Time solved the important question. To cope with the financial engagements, which a prodigious undertaking of the kind necessarily presupposed, a cosmopolitan effort alone could suffice. He tounded the Catholic Association in 1823. Each member paid 10 cept or even provoke a duel again. In cents per month. In one year after it was founded it numbered 2,000,000.

The British Parliament was closed to every honest minded Catholic, for he could not accept, without a flagrant violation of duty to his faith, the three | talk that he advocated in social matters be taken upon admission, namely, the the watch tower of his political achievedenial of the sacritice of the Mass, the rejection of the Intercession of the Virgin Mary and the invocation of the Saints, O'Connell said to his constituents: Voters of County Clare: If you send me

A Wholesome Tonic Horsford's Acid Phosphate Strengthens the brain and nerves.

Marray was was was a wall

Activity of the Market State of

to Parliament, I pledge myself to have the sacrilegious oath quickly abolished. An Irish priest cried out from a political platform: "Irishmen, a renegade of our holy religion had the misfortune to vote for Fitzgerald!" "Shame, and our curse upon him!" "Stop." O'Connell replied "he is dead! A stroke of replied, "he is dead! A stroke of apoplexy finished him! Let us all pray for his soul!" The whole assembly threw themselves upon their knees to implore the Divine mercy.

A farmer, who was in jail for his debts, was promised his release on condition of his voting for Fitzgerald. Yielding to the bribe, he resolved to purchase his freedom at the cost of conscience. He was on the point of depositing his electoral card in the urn, when the uplifted arm of his heroic wife kept back his hand from doing the deed, as the angel of old did with Abraham, just as the sacrificial knife was about to fall on the youthful Isaac. "Unfortunate man," she exclaimed, "remember your soul and your liberty." Such eloquent appeals as the foregoing cast the voting in favor of

Elected for a first time at Ennis, the military usher at the Parliament door ordered him to retreat, unless he conformed on oath to the tenets of he Anglican Communion, the 15th May, 1828. "I swear," he replied, "allegiance to my King, and to all the fair and equitable laws of Parliament, but I swear neither to heresy or blasphemy. I ask the House the privilege to substantiate my rights." He pleaded his case before the Parliament in session, but his argumentation and eloquence were unavailing, owing to the conditions of the law being yet written upon the statutes. Undaunted, he went back to his constituents, who returned him by acclamation to Parlia-

Lord Wellington and Robert Peel could not withstand any longer the loud protestations of popular feeling. They approved the Bill of Emancipation, and had it signed and scaled by George the Fourth, the 13th April, 1829. O'Connell was 54 years old then. Fame decked his brow with a wreath of immortelles. The praises of the Liberator were echoed from land to land, and his name became a household word in every country as the type of the Christian philanthropist. His eminent qualifications won him the respect and confidence of his compatriots. His reverence for law, his hostility to arms, his love for the poor, his word of sympathy to the distressed, his shrewdness in detecting the wiles of his politi cal foes, his generous contributions towards the building of churches, or the supplying of vestments and other religious ware for chapels, and, later on, when influential in the state, his success in getting schools, asylums, retuges, hospitals and workshops endowed with Govrnment grants, his innocence proved triumphantly before the civic courts of the realm, and, above all, his profound religious convictions, drew from every the loudest encomiums in favor of O'Connell, whose heart pulsated with theirs in every noble sentiment and feeling, and attracted to his eloquent and witty discourses as many as five hundred thousand at a time. His private and public morality was edifying. His obligations towards Mother Church he fultilled with accurate care, and all London knew that on one occasion, in the winter months, after having spent in the House of Commons, till late on Saturday night, in debating an important question, he was seen approaching the Holy Communion table Sunday morning, at 6 o'clock Mass, in the Church of the tions, sketches, a literary address, and a Italians, where he loved to pay his daily visit to the Most Blessed Sacrament and recite the Rosary. In all his royal triumphal marches throughout Ireland, the uncrowned monarch first visited the church or chapel, and never passed before one without raising his hat in deference for the Divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle. The next eighteen years of his political career, after the Emancipation, were devoted to the question of Anglo-Irish Equal Rights. The objects

Now I intend a letter to send To the gallant brave friends of our people, Concerning these times and our enemies' crimes, Which make me quite eager to mention.

It was as follows:--

in contemplation were three in number:

The doing away with the tax for the

support of the Anglican clergy, and the

cutting down of the number of Anglican

Bishopries and Anglican Parishes in Ireland. The Irish revolutionary party

offered him the benefits of their muskets

and rifles, but he rejected their proposal

with unfeigned scorn and disdain, on

the ground that liberty was too dearly

bought when purchased by the spilling

of one drop of innocent blood. A ballad printed at the time, and circulated through every spot in Ireland, offers us

an instance, among many others, reveal-

ing the kind of opponents that disagreed

with O'Connell in his conciliatory policy.

Now. I'm going to relate the strength of us here, And how we re prepared in this very year, Each County can r ise a Battalion Of five Grenadiers to exceed mony millions. With guards to relieve them, free, able and willing, Anastear out our shamrock Green Island.

The peremptery refusal to accede to any scheme of disloyalty to the British Government kept the Irish people, generally, from all reactionary measures, but it generated too in the minds of the turbulent a counter-spirit of agitation detrimental to subject and to ruler. The deplorable shooting affray of his younger days inspired him with holy indignation against violence. The pistol shot that brought low the infamous D'Esterre was the last O'Connell fired. He vowed solemnly to God never to acthe maintenance of his honor and respeciability he trusted no longer in a keen eye or a strong arm but in the overwhelming force of logical evidence. The principle of a quiet common sense and concerns became ever afterwards ments and prestige. Only one flower was wanting in the crown to keep it from fading and dying. God dropped it in among the others that a grateful country had entwined for their hero. It was the scarlet rose of adversity, misjudged by his own countrymen, whose best interests be ever consulted and upheld, deserted by a portion of his followers, who exchanged their constitutional views for others, which his conscientious policy refrained from unflinchingly; with the horror of grim famine laying waste countless Irish homesteads, he resolved

of Christendom. At Genoa, on the shores of the Mediterranean, in a neat cottage near the imposing Cathedral. wherein lie enshrined in a costly reliquary the incorruptible remains of St. Catherine, only a few miles from the cupola of St. Peter's in Rome, lay the immortal Emuncipator, in the threes of an agonizing illness, brought on by the continual physical and moral trials of forty seven years' political campaign. His youngest son, a Roman Catholic clergyman of high standing in learning and picty, watched by his loving father bedside, and when the end was drawing near, ministered to him the helps and aids of holy religion. He departed this life the 10th may, 1847. In his will he bequeathed his soul to God, his body to Ireland, and his heart to Rome.

O'Connell's heart, bequeathed to the City of the Popes, now reposes in the Church of St. Agath, close to the Irish College. Pius the Ninth was deeply grieved at the news of O'Connell's death, and exclaimed, as he laid his hand on the head of O'Connell's son :- "As I can. not hope any longer for what I have been looking forward to for years, to see the hero of Christendom and press him to my heart, let me at least have the consolation of embracing his son in my arms." All nations owed him their tribute, for his principles were not merely local, but ecumenical, and if responded to generously by responsible governments cannot fail to produce the most salutary results Ireland, above all, wept like a child over the grave of her hero, for he lived and died in her service. National differences were set aside, momentarily, to be replaced by the team and sighings of the whole people in the garb of mourning.

The church bells were tolled, Masses offered in every cathedral, church and chapel, every business firm was closed, every municipal meeting adjourned, in a word, every mark of condolence lavished upon the memory of the dead Tribune. Ireland crected over his grave at Glasneven Cemetery, in Dublin, a colessal monument that rears its majestic frame to the skies, as the nation's expression of the lofty mind, big heart and glorious achievements of the one who lies beneath.

In 1883 Canon Brosman, P.P. of Cahircirveen, erected a memorial church to the noble defender of Catholic rights in Ireland, with the cordial approbation of Pope Leo the Thirteenth. Posterity, the most impartial critic and judge of past events, cannot fail to enhance and embellish, even in brighter colorings, the name of O'Connell, who sacrificed all for country and for Church.

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CHOLLY: Yass, I twied to play golf last summer but I gave it up when I was hit on the head and knocked silly. Mand: Indeed, that's too bad, and can the docupon a pilgrimage to Rome, the capital tors do nothing for you?