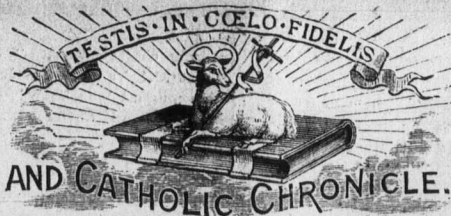


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MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

IN AN IRISH IRELAND.

The Annual Gaelic League Festival in Dublin.

BIG FAIR IN LIMERICK.

The following article, which is sure to prove very interesting to our readers, is from the pen of Elizabeth Angela Henry, correspondent for the Cleveland Catholic Universe:

At last it is fashionable to be Irish, and this week in Dublin we live and move in an Irish Ireland. The great annual meeting of the Gaelic League, Oireachtas, is in progress; everywhere I hear scraps of conversation carried on in the Irish language. The Gaelic League's quarters in Sackville street wear a different air, I am told, than they did some ten years ago when the movement was first under way. Then one small back room accommodated the members, now the league's assembly rooms and offices occupy two flats.

Last evening the formal opening of the convention was held in the rotunda in Rutland square, and large as is the famous "round room," many had to stand—and admission was by a fair-priced ticket. It was an audience of which every Irishman the world over might be vastly proud; and it was there for the furtherance of an educational project, thereby adding culture to patriotism, a combination which makes the ideal Celt. And what an enthusiastic audience! It stirred at one's heart-strings to hear the applause which greeted every tired worker in the resuscitation of a language in which sages wrote and poets sang centuries ago. Above the deafening hand-claps that welcomed Douglas Hyde rang out the national greeting "Cead Mille Failte." Almost as great an outburst was accorded a Chicago priest, Father J. Fielding, who had ably seconded Dr. Hyde's efforts when in America. But most pleasing, showing as it did the strength of the Gaelic bond, was the cordial reception given a Scotch Protestant clergyman. Priests clapped their hands over in applauding the reverend gentleman's speech delivered in the Scotch Gaelic, which, by the way, is not so musical as the Irish.

A Spanish-Irish delegate was present from Bolivia. He brought over three hundred pounds to the league with a message of fellow sympathy to the small nation struggling for its inheritance. A delegate from Wales, handsome and interesting, wore the ancient Gaelic costume of light brown and black, while a bonnie laird in Stuart plaid sang an old folk ballad. The entire programme was conducted in Irish, including an ode, an oration which showed the grace and fluency with which many of the Gaelic students write and speak.

Dr. Hyde spoke only once in English, when he bade those welcome who had not yet mastered the mother tongue as the "rough stuff out of which the league made the finished article." Green growing plants decorated the stage above which was an illuminated motto in Gaelic: "We shall win victory by the grace of God." The only instrumental numbers on the programme were recitations on the harp. An exhibition is held in connection with the convention, but the fair now going on in Limerick is on a much larger scale.

The Munster-Connaught exhibition can dress a man, build and furnish his house, supply him with food and provide him with musical instruments for his entertainment. It is divided into two sections, one industrial and commercial, the other having a distinctly educational aim. Viewing the variety, excellence and attractiveness of every department, one has to rub his eyes and ask if this is the country where it is thought nothing is done but cutting turf and raising potatoes? There is scarcely an industry in which Ireland has not made considerable headway. What she needs to bring her to the crest of prosperity is ca-

pital; then will come the period of the Irish renaissance.

A splendid Fine Arts and Archaeological section is a feature of the exhibition; a grandson of William Smith O'Brien conducted me through the extemporized gallery. The paintings represent the work of Irish artists of the past and present, old Irish families stripping their drawing-rooms to contribute to the exhibit. Among the various articles are Emmet's sword and a crozier and miter used by the Limerick bishops of the fourteenth century. Because of the sacredness of the vessel, the great treasure of the city is not on exhibition. This is a chalice used by the papal delegate at the Mass celebrated in honor of a great victory won by Owen Rowe O'Neil in the battle of Benburb, 1646, when the Irish captured thirty-two standards. I was shown the chalice by the Rev. J. M. Cregan.

Father Cregan is the most popular man in Limerick, and has the Protestant citizens of the historic city at his beck and call. I learned of his noble qualities and extensive philanthropic work from the Protestant members of the exhibition committee, who would make the esteemed priest mayor of Limerick because of his charity, zeal, and wonderful executive ability. All his energies are bent towards making his congregation temperate, ambitious, industrious. He started a shirt factory for girls on almost nothing, but the people of Limerick soon rallied to his side and now thirty-five young women are employed in a bright, airy shop equipped with sewing machines operated by electric power. The business is managed by a company, of which Father Cregan is a director.

He also leased a club-house for young women. It is called St. Ita's House, and evening classes in cookery, laundry, sewing and scientific dressmaking, typewriting and shorthand are taught there by teachers furnished by the local technical committee, while extra classes in reading, writing and arithmetic, fancy sewing, Irish and Irish history, are taught by voluntary instructors. Attached to the house is a hall. On the stage stands a piano, and in this hall are given many a fine lecture and delightful concert. Another of Father Cregan's good works is improving the home life of the poor by giving prizes for the most neatly kept cottages. His judging committee is composed of Catholic and Protestant women. And the man who has done all this, and more, for Limerick, is as modest and unassuming as the smallest urchin who doffs his cap to that much-beloved pastor.

It is owing to such men as Father Cregan that Limerick has again presented the judge of the Criminal Court with a pair of white gloves. "I shall soon be able to open a white glove shop if this continues," said the judge at the last presentation.

"You may walk the city of Cork from one end to the other day or night, and not a rude word will be said to you," was the remark a Cork policeman made to me. "Sure, we have nothing to do to earn our salary, unless it be to help women and children over the crossing," the good-natured six-footer laughingly added. The city by the "Pleasant Waters of the River Lee" is more busy than formerly owing to the reduced harbor rates. Now the number of freighters anchoring daily provide work for a large contingent of laboring men and trade prospers generally.

The country is all delightful, especially when seen through Irish-American eyes. No matter what troubles Ireland has, she has the lovely

Lakes of Killarney as a compensation. She is like a poor cousin with a beautiful face whose rich, homely, girl-cousins would willingly barter half their fortune in exchange for her native grace. And Killarney's face is her fortune, for she is a constant attraction to the wealthy tourist to visit her lakes and fells and spend money lavishly while basking in her smiles. During the summer season no man or horse is idle, while the lace-making schools of the convents and congested districts boards receive sufficient orders to keep them busy for months.

At the entrance to Killarney stands a handsome Celtic cross of white marble. Like the ancient Round Towers these crosses dot the country, an evidence that it would be as easy to trample out the shamrock as the faith of Ireland.

TRULY CATHOLIC AND TRULY IRISH

The late Michael Davitt was conspicuously a typical Irishman in that he was devoted to the ancient Irish religious faith as well as to the genuine National political faith of his race. One of the earliest noteworthy incidents of his life was connected with the defence of a Catholic church from attack and probably wreck by a fanatical Orange mob. This was over forty years ago in Haslingden, Lancashire, England, where Davitt lived with his mother after their cruel eviction from their home in Ireland. At that time there was an anti-Catholic firebrand named Murphy going through the country delivering "lectures" against "popes and popery" in the usual style of such persons, with the result that there was much rioting and not infrequently much damage to Catholic Church property. In one of these disturbances the church at Haslingden would in all likelihood have been destroyed had it not been for the brave and prompt action of Michael Davitt as thus described in a sketch of his life:

"It is recorded of young Davitt that he took a sturdy part in resisting the anti-Catholic bigotry which blazed fiercely in Lancashire in his early days. At that time there was an outbreak known as the 'Murphy Riots,' occasioned by the peregrinations of an anti-Catholic lecturer of the Slatery type. Catholic churches were threatened with attack, and Catholics in Lancashire had to stand to arms to defend their fanes. In Haslingden, Davitt organized his companions, provided them with revolvers, and, with their aid, met the onset on a mob bent on wrecking the Catholic Church of Haslingden. With their revolvers Davitt and his companions faced the fray. They purposely fired high, and so avoided bloodshed, but their courageous attitude sufficed to terrify the mob and turn it from its purpose, so that the Catholic church was saved. In the neighboring towns, when any Catholic church was known to be in danger from attack, Davitt and his comrades were promptly on the spot to save the sacred edifice from desecration."

Thus did Michael Davitt when little more than a boy prove his devotion to Faith. How he proved his devotion to Fatherland all the world knows.—New York Freeman's Journal.

THE CARDINAL'S NEW TITLE

Cardinal Gibbons has a keen sense of humor. Recently he was a guest of a layman friend, Frank Murphy, in Roland Park, Baltimore's most beautiful residence suburb. In the Murphy home is a butler of Mrs. Partingtonian proclivities, and on the church dignitary's former informal visits to the Murphy home its mistress had been under the necessity of reminding the obtuse servant that the distinguished guest was to be addressed always as "your eminence."

On the present occasion, when the Cardinal rang the bell, the man of impassive countenance answered, received the card, and, turning, announced to Mrs. Murphy, "Please, mum, your remnants has come."

No one enjoyed the joke more thoroughly or laughed more heartily at it than did the genial Cardinal himself.

'ADVENTURES OF A BIBLE'

A story illustrating Protestant "Church Mission" methods in Ireland comes from Mr. Samuel Young, M.P., of Belfast, who in a letter to an Irish paper thus tells of an interesting pamphlet he received recently:

"Among the many trashy anonymous letters and leaflets sent me by post there came a pamphlet entitled 'The Adventures of a Bible,' by Rev. I. H. Townsend, D.D., Vicar of St. Mark's, Tunbridge Wells (England), which gives an account of a Mrs. Blake, Dublin, who had been in low spirits, and was recommended by her confessor to visit a place of amusement. Somehow, on her way, Mrs. Blake got into a (Protestant) Mission Hall by mistake, where she got a Bible, which she had never seen before. This book rendered her very uncomfortable for a time, but ultimately converted her. Whereupon the priest called and took the Bible from her in anger. Mrs. Blake soon wanted her Bible returned, and called upon the priest, where she saw a nun who refused her admission, but conveyed a curse from the young priest, who had been ill. However, Mrs. Blake, after some time, called again for her Bible, and was told by the nun that on her last visit she (the nun) had told her a lie; that the young priest had since died, and that before his death, he, by reading this Bible, had found forgiveness, and blessed her for the book, and that she herself had left the convent and found peace by the reading of this same Bible."

Such was the tale of the pamphlet, but Mr. Young (a Protestant himself) was anxious to know more about the extraordinary and interesting "conversions" of Mrs. Blake, priest and nun, and so he wrote to Rev. Mr. Townsend asking him as follows for further particulars:

"Someone unknown has sent me a pamphlet, of which you are the author, entitled 'The Adventures of a Bible.' I feel interested in these documents. Will you give me particulars. 1st. Where did Mrs. Blake live in Dublin. 2nd. What is the name of the young priest who took the Bible from Mrs. Blake, which Bible had the effect of enabling him to find forgiveness before his death? 3rd. What is the name of the nun who told the lie to Mrs. Blake and afterwards made confession and escaped from the convent? The pathetic story would have great force if I could but know the particulars."

Did Mr. Young get the particulars thus asked for? Did Rev. Mr. Townsend confirm his "pathetic story" by giving the names? "Not on your life." Instead, he sent Mr. Young this characteristic "Irish Church Mission" explanation:

"I am glad that you are interested in 'The Adventures of a Bible.' Anything which illustrates the power of the Bible without human teaching is helpful to us. Many wish to know the particulars in this case; some, like you, from sympathetic interest, others for a different reason. On this account, to save some from relentless persecution, I am obliged to keep in strict secrecy the particulars which have been confided to me. This is a bitter disappointment to you; you, as a Protestant, residing in Ireland, will both understand and appreciate the need of silence."

Truly there was need of silence on the Townsend side as to names, but Mr. Young failed to "understand and appreciate" it. On the contrary he wrote another letter to the Rev. "Adventurer" in which he shattered the case for "silence" in the following style:

"It is curious that this magical Bible of your story should have converted Mrs. Blake, the priest and the nun when Bibles, large and small, which are to be found in every Catholic family, and are sold by all Catholic booksellers, and read, too, under the care of the Church, fail to produce a similar effect. It is really very curious how these three, two of whom notable persons, could be converted, and the whole matter kept secret. It is difficult to conceive of any danger to a convert in Ireland. All such are eagerly taken up and provided for, notably two or three well known converts to Protestantism have made, and are making a good thing of it. Could there be any danger

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

IF YOU DO

feel bad in the morning, tongue coated, stomach wrong, no appetite, from over-indulgence, eating or drinking, take a dessert spoonful—you will enjoy the invigorating draught, and by the time breakfast is over you will feel like another person, Stomach all right, blood proper temperature, and brain clear. Try it, and you will try it again.

25c. and 50c. bottle.

to your converts if I give a guarantee in the shape of a deposit of money, which amount you can mention, to secure safety; or you can send particulars in a letter marked 'confidential,' which should be treated as such if the story be true. May I point out, there being an appetite for this sort of thing, that large sums of money are raised from silly people on the faith of the truth of these secret stories, hence your responsibility. Your refusal to give any explanation leads one to suspect a swindle somewhere. There was in the commercial world a firm which had bogus houses in England, Scotland and Ireland, which drew bills on each other. No one would accuse you of aiding in a pious fraud. However, it is better to clear out in time, for I intend when Parliament meets, in October, to bring these proselytizing frauds before the House, unless, in the meantime, I can get more light on the subject."

Exit Townsend. At least Mr. Young has not heard further from him. The liar has probably taken the advice to "clear out in time." Mr. Samuel Young deserves much credit for exposing and hunting down "pious frauds" of this kind.

Why red is the color of the Irish College

(Rev. J. P. Conry, in September Donahoe's.)

As we have mentioned their colors, we may say that upon the same red trimming hangs a tale. As the students of every nationality have distinctive costumes, so have the Irish. Whatever way it came about, the distinguishing color that fell to them was, if you please, red. Years passed by; but no one seemed to notice the incongruity of the combination, until a young fellow from County Cork, just from beside the Blarney Stone, the day after his arrival from Ireland, asked the others the reason why they wore the colors of "the Sassenach!" And then the question passed from man to man, and a meeting to deliberate what course should be taken was decided upon, with all the solemnity inseparable from the ages of seventeen to twenty-four.

Needless to say, the abolition of their present trimming, and the substitution of another of a green color were unanimously voted at the formal meeting; and no time was lost in laying a statement of the grievance before their own local superiors.

The latter were powerless to dissuade the young men, and accordingly referred them to the authorities of the Propaganda de Fide. Undaunted by the cold water thrown on the agitation, a deputation made its way to that august body, and after explaining the circumstances of the case, firmly demanded a change of colors.

The Propaganda was inexorable, but so were the Irishmen. "Had not red been worn by their predecessors for many years?" "Yes, of course, but then we do not mean to continue doing so." "But the Polish College has green already appropriated!" "Yes, it has, but it has not as good a right as we have to that color!"

At length a happy thought entered the wise old brain of a white-haired prelate. If it failed, the last trump was played. "Was not red the color of the martyrs?" "Yes, it was." "Has not Ireland been for centuries a martyred land?" "Yes, she has." "Is not the color of the martyrs good enough?"

No answer was given to this, for the solemn deputation did not wait until the end of the sentence. They saw the drift of the old priest's argument and beat a hasty retreat; and ever since the Irish students in Rome wear "the color of the martyrs."

Irish Are Thrifty.

Eloquent testimony to the honesty and industry of the Irish tenants is contained in the report just issued by the Irish Land Commissioners, showing the payments made under the various acts by which the tenants have, with state assistance, become the owners of their holdings.

The total amount payable in November last in respect of advances under the purchase act of '85 for the half year's installments which had then become due was \$924,000, payable by about 25,380 tenants. On July 1 last all this had been paid with the exception of \$14,445, which was still outstanding from 313 purchasers.

With regard to the payment of installments under the purchase act of '91, the amount due on Nov. 1, from 46,954 tenants, was \$1,775,955. Of this big sum there remained to be paid on July 1, only \$11,055, which was owing by 273 tenants. Coming to the land act of 1903, it appears that of the installments payable under the act the amount falling due from 19,065 purchasers was \$995,475. All this had been paid on July 1, with the exception of the trifling outstanding balance of \$4,070 owing by seventy-four tenants. These figures show that of an aggregate of \$3,694,830 owing by 91,095 new tenant proprietors, the comparatively small sum of \$29,270 only was owing on July 1—less than 1 per cent.

There is no misunderstanding the tremendous significance of these figures. Here we have a people who some years ago were enduring eviction by wholesale, misery and starvation, rather than pay the exorbitant rents demanded by landlords now cheerfully and promptly paying the installments of purchase money which enables them to become the owners of the soil they till. It justifies to the full the no rent campaign conducted through long and bitter years. It shows that the only way to get people back to the land—to make them stick to it—is to make it possible for them to become landowners—free holders in the good old Saxon phrase—not servile slaves of landlords. It will not be long before English tenants will be clamoring for similar opportunities to be emancipated from landlordism—to become their own landlords.

Having received the royal assent, the laborers' bill, the only Irish measure which parliament has passed this session, is now the law of the land. For this relief much thanks. Not without reason its sanguine promoters predict that it will have far-reaching effects on the future well-being of Ireland. It will greatly improve the condition of the rural toilers of Ireland. The increase of the existing half acre plots to the size of one acre would in itself be a considerable boon. But the erection of twenty-five or thirty thousand neat and commodious cottages throughout the country must mean a great quickening of local activity, the implanting of hope and confidence in the breasts of the heretofore neglected Irish laborers, and an increased standard of comfort for them which will free them from the reproach of being the worst clothed and worst fed class in Europe. With such results, it must of necessity exercise a beneficent influence in checking the drain of emigration which takes from Ireland the best of her young manhood and womanhood. And under the terms of the act it will impose no serious burden on the ratepayers.

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman's Brace, "as easy as none."