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The Rev. Father Eugene L. Gervais, Notre Dame de Grace, writes in an unsolicited letter to the Abbey Effer-vescent Salt Company, to the following effect:—"I take your Salt every morning before breakfast, it regulates my bowels and I could find nothing to do me good until I came across your Salts. They are wonderful. You may publish this letter, and any person who writes me, enclosing a stamp, I promise to reply telling them all your Salts have done for me."

Wit and Eloquence in Many Speeches.

(Continued from Page 1.)

people, and whatever his failings may be he never runs away from a good meal or anything else. (Laughter.)

Ireland needs no defence from me, who can defend herself. I have not studied Home Rule to any great extent, but I am convinced that what ever man can do, the Irish woman is a home ruler and makes a suc- cess of the job, as you all know. In the United States to-day there are

cupied sacred spots, which in their pride they had deemed inviolable for all time.

Called by what name you please—Satrap, Emperor, King, Dictator, Consul—the lot of them who had learned to subjugate his fellow-man seemed glorious in olden time; and even as the world grew older she did not forget to kiss the hand of him who smote her, bloody though it might be.

THE CONQUERORS OF OLD.

But what of the conquerors of old? What of the elect who in their time held in the hollow of their hands the destiny of millions, and could by a word bestow sorrow or joy, prosperity or misery? How many are there, before whose awful presence in abject fear, whole na- tions bowed, whose names or lives to-day arouse a spark of human love or human sympathy? Their mighty tombs are not less surely crumbled into dust than are the hands that once swayed the world: Gone are temple, pillar, arch and monument. Feared when alive, hat- ed when dead, forgotten after a gen- eration or two—the fate of the great would be pitiful, did it not convey a lesson of consolation.

Alone among the people of the earth, in this as in so many other sad but glorious privileges, the Irish people, world-scattered but single- hearted, cherish with warmest love the memory, not of conquerors or usurpers, but of the saints who evangelized their country and of the heroes who died for it in an un- successful contest; of those who cast aside comfort, riches and power, that they might carry the message of sal- vation to their fellows, and of those who gave their lives that their country might live, and who faced loss of fortune, sneer of foe and re- proach of friend, counting no sacri- fice too great if she could flourish.

Love of God, love of country, love of neighbor—in this triune rule may be epitomized a course of life that will accomplish much that is true and noble. And after the devotion we owe to that Supreme Being who heeds the sparrow's fall, and with- out whom all things earthly are but Dead Sea fruit, what nobler aspira- tion can a man cherish than those which lead him to give his labors and his life to the land which for him contains so many foretastes of Heaven's joys? His fatherland—the country of his parents whose loving care watched over his tender years—whose traditions and legends delig-hted his boyhood—whose history and poetry moulded his mature years—whose hills, however bare, whose shores, however bleak, express for him all the rapture of that bless- ed word, "Home."

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

And it is because the day we cele- brate is one which evokes memories, alike mournful and proud, of that land which is the original home either of ourselves or of our an- cestors, that we continue in an age of ease and power, amid surroundings that speak of luxury and wealth, to honor the anniversary of him whose life was spent in labor and poverty, but whose name is synonymous not only with religious fervor, but with patriotic aspiration. History offers no other instance of a love and a veneration which have so persisted as have those of the Irish people for St. Patrick. He was not the first Bishop to labor in the Irish vineyard for Palladius had earnestly and devotedly sought to fulfil the mission entrusted to him by Pope St. Celestine. Others had accomplished re- sults so nearly akin to this, that

they are ranked with him as Masters of the Monks—Kiernan, Columbkille, Comgall, Adamnan. He had worthy successors—Benignus, Jarlath, Cor- mac, Duach, Ailid. But while their names survive in hallowed memory in the ecclesiastical records, they do not stir the heart or mind as does his name. And why?

The answer must be found in the character of the man himself. Sim- ple and single of purpose, he mould- ed the Irish character and stamped his indelible mark upon the spiritu- al life of that marvellous race. Read his "Confession" and you will real- ize the overpowering sincerity and love for his fellow-men which made his appeal irresistible. Radiating from the Valley of the Boyne, his missionary labors filled the fifth century, and gave the Irish Church such an impetus that for four cen- turies it was the foremost in Western Christendom. "The abiding altar that he raised to God was the heart of the people."

In his wake followed learning and the arts. He introduced the Roman alphabet; he popularized the Latin tongue; he caused reading and writ- ing and doctrine to be freely taught in all the monasteries which he founded; he sent the young to be educated abroad at Tours and other seats of learning, until later his successors repaid the favor a hun- dred fold; he reformed the ancient laws and gave them a Christian spirit which vivified them; he en- couraged scribes, architects, gold- smiths and artists.

While this generous race threw everything which it had and hoped to be at the feet of Christianity, its wonderful intellectual powers were so developed that within two cen- turies after St. Patrick's coming, Ireland was a centre of learning. Students came to Armagh from every part of the Continent. Clonmacnoise and scores of other schools were equally famous. The Island of Saints, as Benedict XIV approvingly called it, where no less than three orders of Saints had followed Pat- rick, was now as well the Island of Scholars. Who now thinks of Slane as a seat of learning? And yet to the middle of the seventh century, he was sent to be educated who af- terwards was Dagobert II., King of the Franks. Within hallowed walls were produced the wondrous tri- umphs of illumination and penman- ship, of which the Books of Kells and of Armagh are but examples.

What wonder, then, that St. Pat- rick's name is still a living inspira- tion? As a recent writer has said: "St. Patrick more than any figure stands for what is common between Irishman and Irishman, beyond party and creed. More than Niall of the Nine Hostages, more even than Brian of the Tributes, he is the com- mon father of us all, although a foreigner and a Roman." And in the beautiful words of Dr. Shahan: "It is a holy name, like a banner in- scribed all over with dates and places of victory—only not the battle fields of blood and rapine, but the battlefields of spiritual conflict. Their roll-call begins at Iona and Lindisfarne, Ripon and Malmesbury, and goes on to the far Southern lands of Europe,—to Luxeuil and Annegray and Fontaines in the Vos- ges; to Bobbio, splendor of mediæ- val scholarship in the rugged Apen- nines; to the fair meadows of Riche- nau in the lovely Elbe-land; to St. Gall, that Swiss stronghold of Irish clerics, whence swarmed forth coun- less missionaries into every part of the wild Alesian land. To them all, the names of SS. Patrick, Bridg and Columba were a kind of human trinity of saints, whose spirit and precepts were the sublimest fruits of the Christian religion."

THE LEGACIES OF ST. PAT- RICK.

Among the legacies of St. Patrick was respect for woman, which soon gave her an enviable and almost unique position in the Emerald Isle. And how nobly she repaid the recognition! Proud as the world is of the devotion and order of the Irishman, it is doubly so of the Irish woman. Who can estimate how much of singleness of purpose of the men is due to the devotion of the women, descended from a race of martyrs, who have instilled into their children devotion to country, hatred for tyranny, love for their faith? What of the mothers of Ire- land, giving their husbands and sons without complaint to die for their country, while they themselves, starving and suffering, died a pau- per's death, happy only in their hope of a reunion beyond the tyrant's reach? What of the daugh- ters of Ireland, seeing the fate of father, brother, lover—giving their heart's blood to that beloved land? And through it all, the keener the sacrifice, the harsher the suffering, the greater the anguish, its sole re- sult has been to knit their hearts closer to faith and country. What other race can show so proud a picture of its women in hunger, po- verty and persecution, keeping alive the fire of devotion and of patriot- ism, and making the name of Erin's daughters synonymous throughout the world with piety, domesticity and purity? Land of heroes and of saints! Well did Columbkille say, "Death is better in reproachless Erin than perpetual life in Alba."

The spirit of loyalty and devotion which St. Patrick infused into the national character has inspired many of the most glorious pages of history, as well as many of the saddest, because of unselfish sacri- fices vainly made. It has sent the race forth to plough every sea, to climb every mountain, to cross every plain. It has caused the race to water with its blood and to hillock with its graves every field where hu- man liberty was gloriously strug- gled for and either won or tempo- rarily lost. What a labor of love would it be to trace the strain of Irish blood, and in the odd, fantas- tic forms into which foreign tongues had tortured them, to recognize Irish

names honored and revered abroad because of noble deeds which exiles had performed in gratitude for free- dom from oppression under a strange flag! Of how many men can it not be said in other lands, as it was said of John Doyle O'Reilly in his epitaph: "Ireland gave him birth, England gave him exile, Amer- ica gave him fame!"

And what a commentary on the shortsightedness of human rule is it that a race so gifted should be driven to seek abroad a field for the display of those powers which might so well adorn their native land! Here is a people whose parent blood to-day flows in most of the races of Europe and whose national char- acteristics and natural advantages were such that with decent ad- ministration their island would have been the garden spot of Europe and the chief source of its educational light; and yet by the intollerable and despotic selfishness of alien rule it has become a Dead Sea of inac- tion. Where once scholars flocked from every part of Europe, whence hardy, brave navigators like Cor- mac and Brendan, set sail for un-

So we, who sit by the other shore of the Western Sea, hope for the day when once again he shall in spir- it work among the people who have given so much in sacrifice to preserve the sacred heritage of faith and patriotism which he left them. But that day cannot arrive until the sun of liberty illumines his path through his loved Erin. And so we can picture him as King Cormac was figured by the poet:

"And life and time rejoicing run From age to age their wonted way; But still he waits the risen sun, For still 'tis only dawning day."

HON. C. J. DOHERTY.

Hon. C. J. Doherty, M.P., also answered, and said in part: "We must be all impressed that Ireland, the land of our fathers, which we are assembled to honor to-night, has a history well worth knowing. That great Irishman who, though he does not see eye to eye with us on the problems of Ireland, is doing good work, Sir Horace Plunkett, has said that Irish history was in great part something for Englishmen to remember and Irish- men to forget. I am not prepared altogether to agree with him in that, but I do agree with him in so far as what he says implies that Irish history is something for both Irishmen and Englishmen to know, for no man ever forgot as no man ever remembered what he had not begun by knowing. For us men of Irish race at all events, it seems to me that Irish history is something we should know, and I am not quite certain that many of us performed that duty. We should all know it, not that we would find in it material to nurture bitterness of feeling—if that were the purpose of our knowledge, then I would agree with Plunkett that it was our duty to forget. But we should know in order that we should for ourselves, in the first place, possess and be able to give a reason for the devo- tion that is with us to the old land and the old race—a devotion which we could not get away from if we would, nor would it be our duty.

MR. JUSTICE CURRAN.

The toast of "Canada" was pro- posed by Mr. Justice Curran, who said in part: "I am happy indeed to be here to- night and especially to be able to address the joint presidents of St. Patrick's and the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, which proves be- yond all doubt that the spirit of the Irish nation is neither dead nor dying. I am proud to see the heads of these two societies sitting side by side to-night. These two societies are working hand in hand in a brotherly spirit. Their objects of charity are the same, and there is a genuine spirit of brotherhood ex- isting between Irish Protestants and Irish Catholics that gives solidity to our people and reflects glory on the old land, whose glory would be no



MR. HENRI BOURASSA, M.P.

known lands on pious or warlike ex- peditions, whence monks and sages went forth to educate and evangel- ize; where manufacture, commerce, husbandry flourished; there on the desolate shores of a country depriv- ed of everything save that beauty nature gave her, and that faith Pat- rick taught to her children (the sole possession which tyrants cannot reach) stands the saddest, most pathetic and still most glorious fig- ure in history. It is that of Erin, mourning for her past glories, but still hopeful of her future.

THE FOREIGN INVADER.

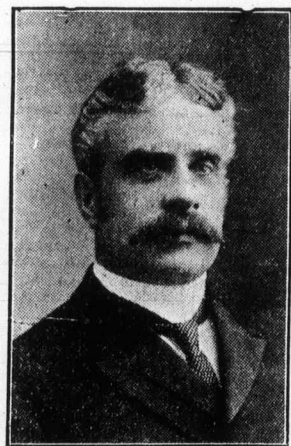
Since internal dissension first gave the foreign invader the chance to gain by stealth what he never could openly obtain, seven hundred years have been devoted to a policy of ex- termination, whose only effect has been to prove how immortal is the love her children bear her, and how vain the hope is of destroying her nationality. The unquenchable spir- it of Irish liberty has withstood every onslaught. The lessons of na- tional fortitude, suffering and cour- age have won the applause of the world. The struggle of an enthusi- astic and chivalrous people against penal laws, statutes of confiscation, oppressive tyranny and bigoted at- titude, have been a continued com- bat to the death, from which every temporary defeat has left Ireland unconquered, and every breathing space has given time for the new generation to take up the battles of the old.

And so we patiently but expectant- ly await the day when Iris Fail, the "Island of Destiny," will come to her own, and when Providence will, in the words of George Washington, "restore to a brave and generous people their ancient rights and free- dom." Nor can this be accomplished without the concerted and united efforts of Erin's sons throughout the world. For she herself has been weakened by the strength she has so lavishly given to the rest of the world.

Too long has the proverb been true, extant ever since the days of the Danes: "Linen shirts on the men of Ireland, and armor of proof on her assailants." Let the unity and enthusiasm of her children fur- nish her with a living armor which shall withstand attack. Through- out the world, ever in the vanguard of civilization, wherever hardy, wil- ling pioneers and honest, courageous leaders are required, there will be found the representatives of Erin's exiled sons. As statesmen, her chil- dren have shaped the destinies of more than half the Christian world; as orators and litterateurs, they have moulded its thoughts; as priests and clergymen they have guided its conscience.

Whether to soothe the dying or comfort the living, to circumvent by wit or save by courage, the Irish- man's son is equally ready. May these qualities all be exerted in the cause of his Motherland, and may personal difference and factional dis- pute be buried in the grave of his country's sorrow. Tradition has it that a King of Thomond sent from Gratiot to William Rufus the oak which roofed Westminster Hall. May the oak now be growing in Ireland, from which Irishmen and their sons shall hew the timbers to roof the capitol of a free Ireland in Dublin!

We are told in the life of St. Pat- rick that he was induced to return to Ireland after his escape from cap- tivity there by a vision which he had. Therein he saw one Victori- cus, who came to him with num- berless letters in his hands, one of which he read, commencing: "The voice of the Irish." While reading it he heard the voices of a multitude issuing from the wood of Foeluth, which adjoins the Western Sea, say- ing in unison: "We entreat thee, O holy youth, to come and walk still amongst us."



MR. R. L. BORDEN, M.P.

glory if we were to take from her history the names of those who have done honor to Ireland in every branch of history on the battlefield and everywhere where honor and manhood have associated themselves (applause).

My task is very simple. When you think of the distinguished gentlemen who have honored us with their presence here to-night, when you think of the noble work of the Je- suit Fathers in early Canadian his- tory, and the eulogies called forth by every one who has written on the history of Canada, I say there is something there so noble, so majes- tic, that it will require an evening of itself to speak in terms worthy of this occasion. But I would go fur- ther, and speak of subsequent events, after the French regime, and show how it is universally recognized that if we have constitutional government to-day, and if a body of Irishmen here to-night is patriotic and loving and standing as they did to-night to sing God Save the King, that we owe it to the gallant little band of patriots who shed their blood on St. Denis and St. Eustache, who brought to this country Lord Durham, whose famous report brought to Canada constitutional government after the patriotic efforts of Lafontaine and Baldwin. We can go back to the Confederation and look at the names of those there, Frenchmen like Car- tier, Scotchmen like Macdonald and George Brown, and feel as Irishmen to-night that if we have a confeder- ation to-day, it is that story, that story was told by the lips of Thomas D'Arcy McGee (loud applause).

MR. R. L. BORDEN.

Mr. R. L. Borden, M.P., on rising to reply, was greeted with loud cheers. In opening he remarked that he was always glad to attend St. Patrick's dinners, where he was al- ways given a genuine Irish welcome. It would be a long story to dwell upon the growth first in the British Islands, then in the United States

and Canada, of the free institutions which constitute government by the people and for the people. It is enough for us to know in Canada to-day we believe we enjoy the greatest and highest example of self- government, and home rule that is pious of the world (applause.) And for me to say that whatever an Englishman may be in the British Islands in Canada, he is one of the strongest home rulers in the world. In Canada we have solved many problems in the past, we have other problems for future solution. That of our own self-government will Canada in all the years to come. Yet there is connected with that the necessity of co-operation in larger matters of Imperial concern. There are men who imagine the solution of this problem to be easy. So it may be on paper or for those who do not have to come in close grips with actual conditions where these prob- lems have to be solved. I would not deny that there are serious prob- lems before the people of Canada, but our people are descended from races, Scotch, Irish, French, and English, who in the past have not been slow to accept the responsibil- ities of the solution of great prob- lems, and I believe that we shall be equal to the needs of the future.

SOME GREAT PROBLEMS.

The problems of self-government has been solved here already, and in the history of this country you will find the initiative of the solution of these problems has come from the people of this country first, and has been imposed by the people who deal with matters of Imperial concern. The true essence of the solution of these problems is to-day that this closer bonds to the Empire as a whole than it has ever been during the past hundred years (loud ap- plause.) There is not a single race in Canada whose blood has not stained the soil of Canada in defence of this, our country. And of all others that French race which brings into our life so important a part, has, in its pioneers and missionaries, and soldiers, achieved, as has been well said, the independence of Can- ada, and wrought the possession of Canada by the Irish, Scotch and English races to-day. Is there a man to-day, English or French-speak- ing, whose heart does not thrill at the names of Mlle. Vercheres or Dol- lard.

So all these great races have wrought much for Canada as it is to-day, and while looking back to their ancestry—and no man is worthy of his name who would not re- cognize the greatness of our heritage, and is a better Canadian because of his pride in his descent (applause.) What would be the history of Can- ada to-day if the British Government had undertaken to dictate the control of the public lands or fiscal system of Canada; if Canada had re- mained attached to the Empire un- der those conditions, which I very much doubt, you would have found here an Ireland ten times greater so far as its wrongs were concerned (applause.) The granting of ab- solute self-government to the people of this country was a measure of wise statesmanship and has bound the people of this country to the em- pire under whose flag we enjoy that freedom, and which flag we hope will always fly above us.

IF CANADA WERE SEPARATE.

We have other policies to work out, and we shall work them out in such a way as to conduce to the advancement of the empire as a whole, and the people of Canada have the right to look forward to taking a very high place in the world by the very reason that we are to remain within that empire. If Canada were separate I fancy the very first move would be to form an alliance with the British em- pire. Let me say once more that we should realize we have on this con- tinent a great English-speaking na- tion, the American Republic. We have talked in the past of the su- periority of our institutions to those in the States. Perhaps we are not sure of that now, because during the past ten or fifteen years, I think, I have discerned in the genius of that people a tendency to realize the necessity of service to the State to a greater extent than is perhaps ap- preciated in Canada to-day. I have seen men there, men of wealth and culture, devoting themselves to the service of the State and accomplish- ing great work for their country, and if there is one thing more in another we should insist on in our country, it is the increasing amity of our relations as far as possible with the people of the United States (applause). We acknowledge we have much to learn from them.

In conclusion, let me express my thanks for your kindness and wish for your society and all those so- cieties throughout Canada every pos- sible success in the good work you are engaged in, which tends not only to form in your minds a mea- sure of the splendid work done to which your ancestors owed their birth, but in every member a belief in the greatness of his country and a patriotism which is absolutely es- sential to every loyal Canadian. (Loud applause.)

MR. HENRI BOURASSA.

Mr. Henri Bourassa, on rising to respond to the toast, was greeted with loud cheers. He said: "We have heard much to-night of the glorious past of that land from which most of you have come, and the great men bearing noble names in history who have sprung from it. May I be allowed to speak a few words of our future—because it is easier to be a prophet than a his- torian, for, to relate facts, you must be accurate, while in speaking of the future, especially if you are

(Continued on Page 8.)