

CARDINAL LOQUE IN DUNDALK.

The Pope and Ireland.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh was the recipient of a most enthusiastic ovation on Thursday, March 28, in Dundalk, which was *en fete* for the occasion, every house being decorated and triumphal arches spanning the streets.

On rising to reply to an address which had been presented his Eminence was received with loud and prolonged cheering. Having thanked the people for the magnificent welcome they had given him, a public display which has seldom, if ever, been equalled since the days of St. Patrick, he said—It was simply a manifestation on the part of the good people of Dundalk of their attachment to the Church, and their reverence and respect for the Head of the Church, and their gratitude for any favour it may please him to show them (cheers). I was delighted with what your good Administrator tells me, that this display was participated in not merely by the Catholics of the town, but that others also showed their sympathy, and were prepared to join in our rejoicing (applause). That is a feeling for which I am deeply grateful. It is a feeling that I would wish to see extended and propagated in Ireland (applause). It is a feeling which I, according to my humble means of action, have always endeavoured to encourage, and I can say truly that I do not remember in my whole public life a single occasion on which I wilfully said a word offensive to those who differed from me in matters of religion or matters of political opinion. Of course I was prepared to hold my own views, and hold them very strongly, but I was prepared at the same time to make allowance for others. I never could see any reason why all the children of Ireland, no matter how they may differ in opinion on religious or secular subjects, should not be all inspired with one feeling of patriotism, prepared to unite together to act to the best of their abilities for the welfare of their common country (loud applause). And if I had the power, if I could gratify my own desires and my own wishes, I would band together every Irishman, and also every Irishwoman (cheers), and every Irish boy and girl, from Cork to Malin Head, into one united phalanx, having but one desire and one view, and that the welfare of their common country (applause). Though I stand here to-day wearing those robes which I have lately received from the sacred hands of the Pontiff, that does not arise from any wish on the part of the Holy Father to bestow a mere personal compliment on me or indeed on any member of the Irish hierarchy. It arises from the ardent desire the Pope had to manifest in some striking way and to bring prominently to the minds of the Irish people the depth and the sincerity of that love which he has for them—to make them feel as it were that he, the common Father of all, having the whole Catholic world to care for, nevertheless, finds in the people of Ireland reasons which induce him to have a special care over them, and when the opportunity arises to give them, as he has given them in my humble person, a clear proof and pledge of this great affection. Take my word for it, my dear brethren, that whoever else may be against you, either in your struggle to secure that which should be our chief object in this life—sanctification, or in your struggle to attain to national prosperity, that there is not one man in the whole world more thoroughly with you than Christ's Vicar on earth (cheers). There is one thing that struck me on the few occasions that I had an opportunity of speaking to the Holy Father lately, and it is this—that I believe that apart from the Irish colony in Rome, there is not one man, ecclesiastic or lay, in Rome

understands the Irish question thoroughly except the Pope himself (cheers). He understands it and appreciates all our difficulties and sympathizes with us in all our aspirations, of course keeping still in reserve that which, as Christ's Vicar and Head of the Church, he must keep in reserve always making the reservation that our aspirations be pursued and our efforts be directed within the bounds laid down by the law of God, which is given us to direct all our actions. I feel perfectly certain that there is not one of you, no matter how deeply you are attached to our country, and no matter how ardently you may desire our welfare, would seek to elevate the country by means not in accordance with God's law and the teaching of the Church. Hence the Holy Father is prepared to go with you as far as you wish to go; he only wants to know what is for the spiritual and temporal prosperity of Ireland and he is prepared by words and acts, and every proof of sympathy, to join with the people—as, indeed, he has joined with the people in various parts of the world at present—in enabling them to better their condition. I think it is due to the Holy Father, of whom you have all spoken so frequently in your beautiful addresses to-day, to say this much in his behalf; and remember, my dear friends, I am not doing so of my own mere motion, because one of the commissions he gave me, when deputed me as it were to carry a message of affection and love to the Irish people, was to let the Irish people know that he has the greatest affection for them, to make the Irish people feel that he sympathizes with them, and to impress upon them that as long as they go on quietly within the bounds of God's law there is no temporal welfare or temporal prosperity they can aim at that he does not wish them with all his heart (cheers). Now, my dear friends, having said so much on behalf of the Holy Father, whose representative I am among you, I have very little to say on my own behalf. I feel that in promoting me to the dignity which he has been pleased to confer upon me the Pope selected a very poor and a very weak and unworthy instrument (cries of "No, no"), for representing his views, and giving a pledge of his affection to the people of Ireland. I can assure you that if my own objections had been consulted, and if I had—short of disobedience which I could not think of—any opportunity of escaping from this present position and all the excitement and display that have been connected with it for some weeks past, I would rather far have got into some quiet corner and escaped the whole thing. I have had only one object in life since I became a priest—and the same object continued after I became a bishop, and then archbishop—and that object was, and is, to do all I could for the people entrusted to me by Almighty God, and, so far as I could, to keep out of the way of honours and distinctions. But I contend, my dear friends, that there is nothing in the position and its obligations, great as they are, which will in the least prevent me from going among the people, having the same sympathy with them, endeavouring to stand on the same footing with them as I have stood in the past (cheers). There is nothing certainly which will rob me of that desire which I have felt from my youth upwards of promoting, as far as I could by my poor individual efforts, two great causes, in the first place, the cause of religion, and in the second place the cause of fatherland (cheers). I would not think that I was doing my duty even as a Bishop, or even as some of you in your addresses have been kind enough to style me—a Prince of the Church—a name I do not like, though it appears I have some right to it—I don't think I would be doing my duty in either capacity if, according to the

measure of my opportunities and my abilities, I did not only unite with the people in promoting the interests of religion, but also unite with them in promoting the temporal prosperity of the country (cheers). If you point out to me clearly what are the real interests of Ireland, no matter whether it may be thought Home Rule or any other rule, I am prepared to stand side by side with the people and to use every effort and to make any sacrifice consistent with conscience and duty which may be necessary to promote the temporal welfare of our common country (loud cheers). That is my political creed, my dear friends,

The Home Rule Speech.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor thus describes the great leader entering on his task of unfolding the details of the Irish Home Rule Bill:

"I looked on Mr. Gladstone. There was that in his face to suggest sleepless vigils, hard-fought fights—perhaps small and irritating worries. There was a deadlier pallor than usual even on that face, which always has all the beautiful pallor, as well as fine texture of smooth ivory. There was a drawn, wearied look about the usually large, open, brilliant eyes; there was that rapt and far-off look which is always Mr. Gladstone's expression when his mind and heart are full.

"Pallid, heavy-eyed, in a far-off dream—with all the world gazing upon him with painful concentration of attention and fixed stare—the great old man sat, keeper still of the greatest and momentous secret of his time, and about to make an appearance more historic, far reaching, immortal than any yet in his career. So, doubtless, he would have liked to remain for a long time still, but, with a start; he woke up, put his hand to his ear, as is his wont in these latter days, when his hearing is not what it used to be, looked to the Speaker, and then to Mr. John Morley, and found that all at once, without one moment's preparation, he had been called upon by the Speaker to enter on his great and perilous task.

"The first notes of the old man suggested he was in excellent form. It is always easy for those who are well acquainted with him to know when he is going to make a great and when he will deliver only a moderately good speech. If he is going to do splendidly the tone at the start is very calm, the delivery is measured, the sentences are long and break on the ear with something of the long drawn out slowness of the Alexandrine. So it was on Monday. Sentence followed sentence in measured and perfect cadence; there was absolute self-possession; and the voice was not unduly pitched. And yet there were those traces of fatigue to which I have alluded, and since I wrote the opening of this description I have heard that one of the few occasions in his life when Mr. Gladstone had a sleepless night was on the night before he introduced his second great home rule bill."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Price 25c. and 50c. at all druggists.

Magistrate. "I am told that you have already been convicted fourteen times on this charge. Aren't you ashamed to have to acknowledge that?" Prisoner: "No, yer worship. I don't think no man oughter be ashamed of 'is convictions." Magistrate: "Two months without option of a fine."

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

How Gladstone Lives.

Mr. Gladstone is in the best of health, sleeps remarkably well, and, so far from having shown signs of decreasing vitality through an inability to maintain an appetite for food, the right honorable gentleman enjoys his meals with the zest of a young man. When he rises he invariably takes a tepid bath, and every morning before breakfast while at Biarritz he attended church, and since his return to London has frequently taken a little walk in the grounds of Downing street. His first meal usually consists of a hard-boiled egg, a slice of tongue, with tea and toast. After breakfast he devotes himself to his correspondence, and for several hours is busy with his private secretary and receiving such political callers as may arrive.

For luncheon Mr. Gladstone takes cold meat, milk pudding and cheese. He drinks a couple of glasses of light wine and sometimes finishes with a glass of port. At 5 o'clock, if disengaged, he has afternoon tea. His dinners are selected to his taste. He takes soup, fish (if it is to his fancy), but usually dines off one dish, which he selects and does not depart from. He is very fond of rice pudding and prunes and rice, and upon either of these, but more especially the former, he would, if the etiquette of the dinner table permitted it, make an entire meal. He drinks claret and to his cheese has a liberal glass of port wine. Half of this he takes with his cheese, and sips the remainder in conversation over dessert. When dining out Mr. Gladstone takes two or three glasses of champagne, concluding, as usual, with port. He does not drink coffee because it is seldom made to his liking, and, being astringent, keeps him awake.

While at Biarritz a rule was made that Mr. Gladstone should be left alone at 10 o'clock every night. This rule is likely to be adhered to still, and the other evening, while the guest of a friend, he left at a quarter past 10 and was in bed fifteen minutes later. Mr. Gladstone has, with very rare exceptions, always slept well, and for some time was in the habit of remaining in bed until noon. This was when he felt fatigued or desired to think out some matter which specially engaged him. But at Biarritz he never lay in bed but once, and that was two days before the time fixed for his departure, when he was attacked by a cold in the head, and reverted to his old rule, kept his bed for twenty-four hours and thus regained his usual health. Since the right honorable gentleman returned to London he has arisen early, and is as vigorous and hearty as his friends could wish. Mr. Gladstone lives very plainly, his regimen being guided by authority, but his appetite in London is good. On one occasion at Biarritz he was asked how he slept, to which he replied gaily: "Well, I have done my nine hours."

His memory is as keen as ever and at the Biarritz dinner table, as when he dines at home or with friends at London, he was the life of the party. On one occasion, when Mr. Tolle-mache was present, there was a discussion about classics, and Mr. Gladstone quoted, not single lines of Greek, but whole passages. On the voyage from Calais the channel was very stormy and Mr. Gladstone lay down, but did not suffer from seasickness. The reports of his ill health and lessened vitality have caused the Downing street post bag to be unusually heavy, and a great deal of ill-afforded time has, consequently, been expended in refuting these idle inventions.—*St. James Gazette.*

The Best Remedy.

DEAR SIRS—I was greatly troubled with weakness, loss of appetite, restlessness and sleeplessness, and found B. B. B. the most strengthening and beneficial medicine I have taken.

MISS HEALING.

24 Huntley St., Toronto, Ont.