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Graphic Description of Irish Tour.

Reminiscences of Grattan's Parliament and Pleasing Glimpses into the Past.

I stood by the old House of Commons and in the old House of Lords in College Green, and the feelings inspired by the occasion were of a very composite character, says John L. Ford, in the Melbourne Advocate. The place, for the two make up a unit that cannot be broken up—is full of interest as a merely historic relic, and is also invested with the deepest interest as the depository of Irish National regrets and hopes. The House of Lords is to-day, as I saw it, the monument of a dead past, in which political oppression and religious intolerance prevailed and on the detestable principle that might is right. The old Parliament Houses are to-day strongly suggestive to the visitor, who, like myself, comes fresh from another land, where the essence of liberty is possessed by the people, and returns, after a long absence, with the "open mind" of a stranger.

THE MECCA OF ERIN'S CHILDREN.

College Green and the Bank of Ireland—the old Houses of Parliament—are of profound interest to Irishmen in all parts of the world. The hearts of some exiles may turn to Munster, and the hearts of others to Ulster; some warm memories may revert to Limerick, and others to Connacht; but College Green belongs to all—it is the Mecca of the Irishman, wherever Fortune may have cast his lot. Let me say a word about College Green itself as it is now. It is called a "green" because there is no green there. The ground is covered with large paving stones, and as the place is a tram station, and traffic of all kinds of vehicles is great, the noise is considerable and ceaseless. College Green is a noble thoroughfare extending from Trinity College to Dame street, which is a continuation of it, and leads to the entrance to Dublin Castle. It contains splendid statues of two men of totally different personalities—William III. and Henry Grattan! I stood before the equestrian statue of William, Prince of Orange, with crowded memory. The other day I visited his tomb in Westminster Abbey; I crossed the Boyne water (as he did more than two centuries ago); I sat in the very chair in St. Patrick's Cathedral which he occupied when he attended a "thanksgiving" service for the victory at Drogheda; and I stood beneath his statue.

THE STATUE OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

This old statue has seen many vicissitudes. A post-card which I bought had this inscription: "It has survived much rough usage, and on one occasion was actually blown up." To-day one reads how well it was treated in our own time by a Catholic Mayor and Catholic Corporation of Dublin. A slab on the west side of the base bears this inscription: "This historic monument, having fallen into decay, was restored, at the cost of the city, Anno Domini, 1890, under authority of a resolution moved by Councillor W. J. Doherty, C.E., J.P., and unanimously adopted by the Municipal Council at its meeting of November 1, 1889, Thomas Sexton, M.P., Mayor, in the chair."

Slabs with Latin inscriptions on the north and south sides of the base record the date and circumstances of erection, and contain a eulogy of William. Nearer the University is a statue of Grattan in an oratorical attitude, and there is some significance in the fact that William and Grattan have their backs to one another! O'Connell used to mention that "Justice," in the Hall of the Four Courts, had her back to the Queen's Bench, but the great Parliamentarian faces three congenial spirits—Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith, in front of the University of which they were alumni, and Thomas Moore, at the entrance to College street. As I gazed at the black old building where Burke and Goldsmith and Moore passed their early years, I could not help thinking what a change had come over the spirit of even that grim old place since Moore, the latest, was there—a short while ago they made a Benedictine monk a Doctor of Letters.

College Green is largely made up of insurance offices and banks. On the north side we have the big Jury's Hotel, the office of the Royal Exchange Assurance Association, the stately home of the Yorkshire Insurance Company, and the huge pile of the London and Liverpool and Globe Company. After these come the Bank of Ireland, with its magnificent south front, familiar to most of us at least by pictures. On the south side of College Green at the west end there are three palatial offices of insurance companies; then the banking house of Guinness, Ma-hon & Co., the ancient plate and

jewelry house of West & Son, the leading house of the trade in Ireland; the Belfast Banking Company's house, the Hibernian Bank—a splendid structure—the Branch Post and Telegraph Office, another insurance company, the house of Atkinson, poplin and cabinet manufacturers, which has stood there for the best part of a century; the Ulster Bank, the National Bank; Boyle, Low, Murray & Co.'s Bank, the Scottish Provident Institute, the Commercial Union Association. And up above all these huge buildings swarmed solicitors, stock brokers, costumers, tailors, and all sorts and conditions of men and women working away daily for gold and bread.

WEALTH AND POVERTY SIDE BY SIDE.

In the long ago there used to be, close up to the Bank of Ireland, on the south side, in a short street, an humble institution called by some the "poor man's bank." Three gilt balls hung over the door, and if a man said he had business, not in the Bank of Ireland, but at "the back of the bank," you know that he had no account at the front. To-day I passed through the narrow passage leading from Foster place to "the back of the bank," and there still hung the three gilt balls as of yore! Wealth and poverty side by side! A porter acted as guide to the old House of Lords, which is now the only House that remains intact. It is almost in the same state as the night in 1800 that the Irish peers met in it for the last time. If each man had put on paper in detail his recent personal experiences, what interesting reading it would make at this time! How many of them kept diaries, and where are these papers now?

The porter ushered my wife and myself into the deserted House of Peers, closed the door, and left us there alone. It was not a large hall perhaps not more than a third of the House of Lords at Westminster in size—but elegant in its proportions and fittings and decorations. The House is in the eastern wing, which faces College street and the Moore statue. At the east end of the Chamber, within a raised enclosure, was a fine marble statue of George II., in whose reign the "union" with England took place. It was executed by Waker, of London. In this enclosure was formerly the woolsack on which the Lord Chancellor sat when the House was in session. On either side of the statue of George II. is a strong-box with the lid thrown open. These were used for the reception of valuable papers, and now have lain in the House for over a century. At this end of the room are busts of George II. and George IV. Three of the four Georges dealt with by Thackeray are represented here. At the west end of the Chamber are busts of Nelson and Wellington.

TWO MAGNIFICENT TAPESTRIES

Two great tapestries of beautiful design and execution and in an excellent state of preservation adorn the north and south walls. That on the north wall, over the great mantelpiece, is about twenty-four by eighteen feet. A medallion portrait of William III. is at the top, and round it is inscribed the title of the picture, "The Glorious Battle of the Boyne." The picture represents the battle in full swing, with William wading his horse through the water, and Schomberg falling from his charger and dropping into the stream. The picture is bordered by five medallions. The portrait of William at the top has been already mentioned. There, on your left, is a portrait of Schomberg, and a view of Drogheda, inscribed "Drogheda Surrendered." On your left is a portrait of the Earl of Athlone and a picture entitled "King William Heads Ye Immiskilliners."

On the opposite wall is a tapestry of the same dimensions, the subject of which is "Ye Glorious Defence of Londonderry." The title surrounds a medallion portrait of "Major Baker, Governor," of the city during the siege by James II. This tapestry is also bordered by five medallions. On your left is a portrait of the fighting parson, Dr. Walker, and a picture of "Ye Breaking of Ye Boom." On your right is a likeness of "Ye Captain of ye Dartmouth," and a picture of the killing of the French general by Col. Murray in single combat.

Those tapestries are beautiful works of art, and were executed in Dublin by French Huguenots, who came hither after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The work was hand-made, and occupied twenty years in execution. What the original cost was may be guessed from the fact that the mere cleaning of

the tapestries in after years cost \$3,000. They are said to be the finest in existence. A large number of Huguenot refugees settled in Dublin and many of their descendants are now to be found among the opulent merchants of the city.

MEMORIES OF GRATTAN'S PARLIAMENT.

The great fireplace, on the north side of the room, is notable in its capacity, and within the fender is a ponderous poker, the use of which needs two strong arms. The heavy fender's pattern is a tiny brass railing. The massive mantelpiece is composed of black and white marble and hand-carved oak, and is elaborately decorated with heads and masks and foliage. Many an old peer, now cold in his clay, has stood here to warm his limbs when debate flagged or the House waited for bills to arrive from "another place." The fender and poker are "modern,"—that is to say, were introduced after the Parliament had been "burst up"—the same is to be said of the carpet that covers the floor. The chairs have been newly covered since the Lords sat upon them; but otherwise the House is just as it was on the night that the peers met for the last time, and the bribe had been fixed up, and everything had been made "straight" for the crooked job undertaken by Castlereagh.

The great mahogany table in the centre of the Chamber, in front of the woolsack, with the "Inlaid-Sheridan" chairs around it, have reposed thus for more than half a century. The upholstered seats around the walls have lain unoccupied for the same long period. Would it not be a queer freak of Fate if the Irish peers, in the early years of the twentieth century, were called upon to occupy them once more? And the Chairman of Committees were to take his seat again at the head of the old mahogany table and lords again eagerly grouped about it, and resumed their "revision" of bills sent up from "below"!

THE HISTORIC CHAMBER.

The Chamber is highly paneled all round with fine oak-work, and the decorations of wall and ceiling are ornate. We had had undisturbed a thorough examination of this old historic Chamber, redolent of associations noble and nefarious, when our meditations were disturbed by the entrance of another porter, and at the head of a large party of American tourists. Presently the hither-to silent Chamber rang with voices in the American twang. One evidently strong-minded lady held in her hand a large notebook, in which she made entries. She asked numerous questions of the porter, and often required him to repeat his answers while she committed them to paper, and altogether this lady from the West Atlantic was the most prominent member of the group that now crowded around the red-vested man.

All this time the money-changers were busily at work outside. The House of Lords is the only part of the old Irish Parliament House that has not been utilized by the governors of the Bank of Ireland. Our guide took us down corridors and "division" lobbies which bounded the ancient House of Commons, but the Chamber has been adapted for banking purposes, and the tourist has no longer access to it. It is occupied by the accountant-general and other officers of the bank. In the corridors and lobbies we passed eight old chests, which were used in the old legislative days for the reception and preservation of papers. BUILT A CENTAURY BEFORE CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

Besides the two Houses of Parliament, this building also contained the Court of Requests. This Chamber is now used as the public banking chamber of the Bank of Ireland, and as we passed through it the tellers and ledger-keepers and customers were diligently transacting their business with all proper solemnity. Outside, two tall Grenadiers, with musket and fixed bayonet, patrolled the space under the great portico and colonades. This splendid pile was erected in 1729—exactly a century before Catholic Emancipation. In 1929 will it still be used for its present purposes?

History of the Church.

(Continued.)

There is no known life in minerals and stones, but we remark a certain something which resembles it, a mysterious attraction that unites all the particles, that in some cases even, attract other bodies; without knowing what it really is, we call it the principle of cohesion or attractive force.

With regard to plants, every one knows that they have life, we know that they feed, grow and breathe, that they generate and die. The principle of this vegetation was called the vegetative soul by the ancients; to-day it is called vegetable force. The words are not the same, but we do not know any more about the nature of this life than the ancients did.

In animals a more developed life is seen; not only do they feed, breathe and reproduce, but besides they move and feel, they have organs of sensation, some of them as many as five. This principle, which gives the animals the faculty of feeling, was called by the ancients the sensitive soul, and by modern scientists sensitive powers, animal faculties or other names which all fall short of explaining what it really is. Another thing that we know is that God produces from the earth plants and animals, with their special sort of life, but not so with our soul, it is the breath of His



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mouth. He produced it, in a way, from Himself; not because it is part of His substance, but because made to His own image.

What God is for the world, our soul is in some respects for the body. God is not the world, but He caused it to exist, all that the world is or has that is true, real, beautiful and good, comes from God, without Him it would fall back again into nothingness. In the same way our soul is not the body, but the cause of its life; it is the soul which keeps together the different members—the soul it is which gives it the faculty of breathing, feeding, growing, moving and feeling. Without the soul the body would cease to live and drop back into non-existence as a body.

All that the world possesses, real and perfect, God, who communicates it, possesses it Himself eminently and infinitely more so. All the beauty of life that the body possesses, the soul, which communicates it, possesses eminently and infinitely more. Placed, as it is, at the boundary line of the two worlds, that of bodies and that of spirits, it has not only the power of animating the body to which it is united, of using the organs to know exterior objects, it has furthermore the desire and the faculty of knowing the reason, the first cause, which is God, and of communicating with its equals by speech. For this reason it belongs to the spirit world.

With this desire and this faculty man becomes a sort of creator, an earthly god. He creates in a way, not substances, but new forms. He is always inventing and perfecting the animals, even the most cunning, neither invent nor perfect anything. The birds build their nests always in the same manner. Cats and beavers are not more cunning in our days than they were centuries ago. Since between five and six thousand years animals are killed in every way, and in all that time they have not found a way of defending themselves, they have not

learned a shadow of more sagacity. As they are circumscribed within the bounds of a mechanical intelligence or instinct given to them by God, they do now, without apprenticeship or progress, what they always did and always will do. And this does not depend on the brain or any other organ of the body; calves have in proportion to their size larger brains than man, nevertheless they grow into oxen; the brain of the orang-outang is of absolutely the same form and proportion as that of man; his tongue and vocal organs are the same; instead of two hands he has four, for his feet have the form and suppleness of hands. Nevertheless the monkey is never any more than a monkey; he never speaks, never thinks, never becomes better. With all the organs of the voice, he not only does not speak, but furthermore cannot be taught to speak, and for this reason he is below the parrot, the magpie and the thrush, which can be taught without much trouble to speak a few words, but a monkey, never. From their familiarity with man, the dog and the elephant participate in a way in his intelligence and affections; not only do they sometimes guess his thoughts and execute them with grace and docility, but they even become attached to him, show themselves grateful for favors done to them, defend them at the risk of their life, and are afflicted at his death. Nothing of this is found in the monkey; he may be broken in, subjugated, but never tamed or domesticated; they remain captives. In this state they are always found to be rebellious, deceitful, cunning, gluttonous, spiteful and brutal. They only understand chastisement and give only when they see they are weaker than man.

(To be continued.)

Vatican and its Press.

Comparing the files of the Papal organ, the Osservatore Romano, of the present day with those of ten

years ago, it is seen that a great advance has been made in journalism, says an American exchange. For many years the Vatican ignored the influence that the press might exert in Italy, and its principal paper was made up of official Vatican news, of essays and sermons, which, for personal reasons, their creators wished to have published. Now all this is changed, and while the Court News is more authoritative than ever correspondents from all over the world contribute letters and despatches which have an immense interest for the Roman world.

Still, it was defensive journalism, and now, through the Correspondenza Romana, under the directorship of Mgr. Benigni, the Vatican has inspired an offensive journalism which will carry the war against modernism into the enemy's camp—Germany. According to the new propaganda, the Correspondenza will reproduce the attacks made upon the church administration from irresponsible sources, will answer them, and will invite debate from its readers upon all subjects, except these concerning matters of faith.

Another scheme of the Correspondenza Romana is to furnish foreign correspondents in Rome with official news and opinion on church subjects, concerning which inquiries may be made. For example, if the opinion of the Vatican is sought on a subject even remotely touching church interests, such opinion will be made with the official seal, or not at all. Moreover, the Pope will not hold himself responsible in the future for any opinion expressed in conversation, unless such opinion be authorized.

Wicklow Co. Council has granted a pension of £30 per year to Mr. Erbsa who occupied the position of sate collector of No. 18 district in Shilleagh Union for a period of twenty years.

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