

The Catholic Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
THE CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO.
PATRICK F. CRONIN
Business Manager and Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION:
In City, including delivery ... \$1.50
To all outside points ... \$2.00

Offices—9 Jordan St., Toronto

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops, Bishops and Clergy.

Advertising Rates

Transient advertisements 10 cents a line.
A liberal discount on contracts.
Remittances should be made by Post Office Order, Postal Order, Express Money or by Registered Letter.
When changing address the name of former Post Office should be given.

Telephone, Main 489.

MONTREAL AGENCY

R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY,

336 St. Antoine St.

JOSEPH COOLAHAN

Is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 7, 1905.

CATHOLIC OFFICE-HOLDERS AND THE WHITNEY GOVERNMENT.

The Register is pleased that the Whitney Government has at last encountered one man whose sense of right and wrong is so robust that he will not submit to be branded by hypocrites with the name of partisan. As a rule civil servants are of two classes, those who play the Vicar of Bray whenever the political weather changes, and those who, esteeming their positions not worth holding by truckling and duplicity, walk away and leave their desks to the patronage committee to fight over.

It is unfortunate that the spoils system in Canada has thrown the color of partisanship upon the public service to a certain extent, that is to say, none but partisans can hope for the favor of cabinets and patronage boards. But to the credit of the average employee of the Province or Dominion it can be said that the man drops his politics upon the day of his appointment. Therefore the Government that would brand as an active partisan a public servant who has been in office for eight or ten years isn't and isn't libelous. This is no doubt the view taken by Mr. Thomas Dawson, Sheriff of Frontenac, for whose resignation the Whitney Government has asked on the grounds that they consider him a partisan. A man capable of being influenced by partisanship would certainly deserve dismissal from such an office as that of sheriff.

Mr. Dawson knows that the charge in his case is conceived in hypocrisy and sectarian bigotry as similar charges against other Catholic office-holders have been not only conceived, but carried out. The real and only reason for asking Mr. Dawson's resignation is that a friend of the party wants it, or as the News despatch puts it:

"Mr. Dawson is a Roman Catholic. He denies having had anything to do with politics since his appointment, beyond acting as returning officer in several Frontenac elections. Dr. J. W. Edwards is the man who covets the Sheriff's position; in fact he has been recommended for it by the Frontenac Conservative Association."

ART AND VULGARITY.

The English and French pictures loaned to the Fair, which closes this week, are the finest that the Canadian people have ever seen on public exhibition. They have given character and distinction heretofore unattained to the artistic side of our great annual collection of Canadian industries, crafts and resources, and they represent a continuous march of progress in the attractiveness of the exhibition for strangers from far and near.

All this the people of Toronto freely and proudly acknowledge. Is it not, then, a pity that the vulgarity of the fair should show anything like a corresponding development? The Midway this year has reached farther down into the depths of degradation and depravity. The fault to some extent rests at the door of the Toronto press that exploits the Fair for revenue purposes solely. Everything is praised without discrimination; and virtue and beauty are made to appear even in the bark of the Barker. Thus we read in The Globe of pious professions:

"Come in and see this show, ladies and gentlemen," cries a Barker on the Midway, "and when you come out you will be glad." When the scores of thousands "came out" of the tremendous crush, which was no different on Midway, in grand stand, in buildings, and in every nook and corner of the Exhibition grounds last night, they undoubtedly were glad. It was a joyous and satisfied gladness, however, etc., etc."

Anyone who was in the Midway on Labor Day night heard nothing joyous in the bark of the Barker. Some of these brutes talked unbridled lasciviousness to the mixed throng of men and women, old and young, and if any decency had prevailed in face of the supposed right of every man to make all the money he can

by whatever means, several of the booths would have been raided by the police and their attractions cleared out of the city, to which their presence is a disgrace.

BEGGING OF THE RICH.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay, the wife of an American millionaire, heretofore unknown to fame outside the Four Hundred of the Republic's plutocracy, has made a bid for notoriety and has secured the prize. There is a class of well-meaning but short-sighted folk who like more than anything else in the world to provide opportunities for the rich to separate themselves from their money for the advancement of religion. One of these simple folk wrote to Mrs. Clarence Mackay asking for a subscription for a new parochial school. It must be said in defence of the begging letter-writer that she believed Mrs. Mackay to be a Catholic, though in truth such a defence does not go very far, since the ordinary person versed in the experience of this world of contrasts knows that it is not the rich, whether Catholics or Protestants, who contribute as a rule to any good cause. However, the letter was written and Mrs. Mackay proved herself to be a thoroughly ignorant and ill-bred woman, by the terms of her reply. She wrote:

"Madam—Yours of the 15th has been forwarded me here. In reply, I wish to tell you that I absolutely disapprove of parochial schools of the Romanist faith, and consider them a grave menace to our country. Needless to say, I am not a Romanist, and will not help you."

"Yours truly,

"KATHARINE MACKAY.

"August 17."

Mrs. Mackay not only refused to give the alms, but reviled the beggar and called all her kind a name intended to insult them. Aside from her offensive conduct in this regard she showed her ignorance of the interests of the country whose welfare she professes to have at heart. The intelligent and educated leaders of America from President Roosevelt down know and acknowledge the national benefit of the American parochial and Indian schools to which the government refuses any share of school taxes or provision; and in the very paper that published Mrs. Mackay's letter as a matter of news there was also an expression of opinion from Mr. Charles F. Lummis, the distinguished journalist, in which he said:

"These (meaning the Catholic Indian schools) are the only schools I know of that are doing the Indians lasting good. I am judging by the long results. I have not known any of the girls that have gone wrong in the Indian towns to have come from a Catholic school. Not one. But I have known a good many from Carlisle and other government schools. If there is anything in the world, (though not a Catholic), that I believe, it is a Sister of Charity, and I have felt their tender mercy myself, and when a man comes to me and says that a child had better be taught by a politician who is rewarded by a place in a government Indian school than by a Sister of Charity, he wants to bring his fire-escape with him; that's all. And it seems to me that any American, not to say any Catholic American, could not better employ part of his money than in aiding the support of the Indian schools, conducted by these noble and unselfish persons."

RICHARD'S HIMSELF AGAIN.

The Register and The Globe have not of late been able to see eye to eye on some matters of public concern. The Register, however, can appreciate independent and robust opinion wherever it may be discerned. The Globe's leader of Wednesday morning on "The Roman Catholic in Politics," is charged with the true spirit of the Liberal party, the spirit that has never failed to win the admiration of a majority of the people of Ontario, Protestant and Catholic.

OBITUARY

MR. TIMOTHY PICKETT.

The death of Mr. Timothy Pickett, a much respected and popular resident of Arthur Township, occurred at his residence on Aug. 24th, at the age of 35 years. The deceased was an active member of the C.M.B.A., under whose auspices the funeral, which was one of the largest ever seen in Wellington County, was conducted. Mr. Pickett was only married a little over a year and much sympathy is expressed for his widow by a large circle of acquaintances. R.I.P.

DR. THOS. W. POOLE.

The death is announced at Lindsay of Dr. Thos. W. Poole, at an advanced age, he having been a resident of that town for the past thirty-five years. Dr. Poole was at one time editor of the Peterborough Review and had engaged in varied literary work.

Dr. Poole was for many years a member of the Methodist church, but became a convert to the Catholic faith and was an earnest and devoted member of the Church.

PATRICK DAWDY.

Patrick Dawdy, whose home is at 632 East Barton street, died at the hospital, Hamilton, on Saturday after an illness of several weeks. He was 17 years old. The funeral took place to St. Patrick's church. R.I.P.

MRS. JAS. CALLAGHAN.

Mrs. James Callaghan, a respected resident of Hamilton, died on Saturday morning to St. Joseph's church from her home, at the corner of Aberdeen avenue and Garth street. R.I.P.

The London Pride and Shamrock

(The Press, October 21, 1797.)

"This little piece, far above the average effusions of this kind in the publications of the United Irishmen, bearing the signature of 'Trebtor,' struck me as being the composition of a man of genius and refinement, and of a youthful writer. Finding the word to be Robert, written backwards, it occurred to me that the piece was the production of Robert Emmet; and subsequently, on comparing the style and diction with those of some other pieces in his handwriting, little doubt remained on my mind as to his being the author of it. DR. R. R. MADDEN."

Full many a year, close side by side A Shamrock green, and London Pride, Together how they came to grow I do not care, nor do I know; But this I know, that overhead A laurel cast a wholesome shade. The Shamrock was a lovely green In early days as e'er was seen, And she had many a hardy son, In days of old, but they are gone, For soon the other's creeping shoots Did steal themselves round Shamrock's roots.

Then thick-like fastened in her soil, And sucked the sap of poor Trefoil, Until in time pert London Pride Got up so high as quite to hide Poor Shamrock, who could seldom see The sun's bright face, nor seen was she.

Save when an adverse blast did blow, And laid her neighbor's honor low. Then in the angry lady's spite, She drank the showers and saw the light.

She bathed her sickled charms in dew, And gathered health and strength anew. She saw those joys had come from heaven And ne'er were by her neighbor given. Yet her good nature aye to prove, She paid her jealous hate with love. But when once more rude zephyrs came, And raised the overgrown storm-bent dame,

The ingrate strove her all to take, And forced poor Shamrock thus to speak: "Neighbor, we're born with equal right, To feel you sun and see his light."

To enjoy the blessings of this earth; Or, if right follows prior birth, In this still stronger is my claim, Long was I known and great my fame. Before the world e'er heard thy name. But, letting all those strong claims lie, Pray tell me is it policy To thwart my offspring as they rise, To break my heart, to blind my eyes; Sure, if they spread the earth along, Grow handsome, healthy, stout and strong;

They will as usual happy be To lend that useful strength to thee; Thus would we keep each other warm And guard us from all coming harm; We'll steady stand when wild winds blow

And laugh in spite of frost and snow; And guard the root of our loved laurel. Grown sick and pale to see us quarrel."

"No more"—the vex'd virago cries; Wild fury flashing from her eyes; "I'll hear no more—your bounds I'll mark. And keep you ever in the dark. Here in a circle, look you here, One step beyond it if you dare, And if I hear you more complain, I'll tear thy rising heart in twain; I've made thy sons kill one another, And soon they shall destroy their mother."

I'll thus—a flash of heavenly fire, Full fraught with Jove's most deadly ire, Scattered the London Pride around. The black clouds roared with horrid sound.

The vivid lightning flashed again, And laid the laurel on the plain; But soon succeeds a heavenly calm, Soft dews descend and showers of balm;

The sun shoots forth its kindest ray, And Shamrock strengthens every day, And raised by heaven's assistance bland, Bids fair to spread o'er all the land; The guards, tho' blasted laurel's roots, The nurtured laurel upward shoots, And graceful wreathes its dark green boughs,

To grace great Shamrock's aged brows.

MORAL.

Take heed, learn wisdom hence, weak man, And keep a good friend while you can;

If to your friend you are unkind E'en love will be against you join'd. Reflect that every act you do To strengthen him doth strengthen you.

To serve you he is willing—able— Two twists will make the strongest cable. To find a friend and keep him steady, To have him e'er in reach ready."

—Trebtor.

Mgr. Sbarretti in St. John

Monsieur Sbarretti in the course of a visitation tour, last week visited St. John, N.B., and Digby. His Excellency is accompanied by his secretary, Rev. Dr. Sinnott, formerly of Morrell, P.E.I.

Appreciation of the Japanese

Since the war began people are learning to appreciate the qualities peculiar to the Japanese nation. Just previous to the war there were a few, now there are many thousands, of people who appreciate the fact that there are more good qualities and fewer bad ones than in any other, in the "Japanese" inks, muck-lage, and typewriter supplies. These are made in Canada, and are in a class above all competitors.

Pieces of sponge packed into a mouse-hole will induce the rodents to permanently vacate a house.

A cloth dipped in the white of an egg will brighten leather chairs and bindings.

Solitary meditation is for the soul a breath of air from the heights.

MONARCH BANK PLANS

"I did not see your exhibit on the Fair grounds," said our reporter doing the National Exhibition, to Mr. T. Marshall Ostrom, manager of the Monarch Bank, yesterday morning. "No," was Mr. Ostrom's laughing response. "We could not get sufficient space for our exhibit, but when we go into business we will get there."

"Then the prospects for the Monarch Bank are satisfactory from your point of view?"

"It is perfectly satisfactory," said Mr. Ostrom, "and could not possibly be more so."

"You have then had a good response to your prospectus, and you have made such progress as has satisfied you in all details?"

"We are more than satisfied. The subscriptions for our stock are from all parts of Canada, and include all classes of the community, for the business people, as well as the private citizen, seem to realize that the new ideas in banking which we will introduce are such as the public requirements demand."

"Then the Monarch Bank will strike out on new lines, Mr. Ostrom?"

"Certainly. A bank to-day must be different to what it was fifty years ago. The conditions of business have changed and the conditions of every-day life are vastly different to what they were, but banks maintain the same hours, and all has been done to meet the new conditions has been the opening of a few branch banks and the keeping open one or two nights a week of the savings branches of an odd branch bank. The great businesses which have grown into such magnitude of late years and largely transacted after the regular banking hours have no banking accommodation so to speak. Walk along any of the streets where people congregate at night, see the business done in ice cream parlors and lunch rooms, look then at the amounts paid in at places of amusement, and add to all this the big amounts of cash taken in stores between 3 and 8 p.m. any day, and one can form some idea of the value to the community of a bank with branches in all parts of the city ready to receive deposits from or pay out cash to its customers during the whole evening."

"Then you hold that it is as much the business of a bank to remain open for the benefit of its customers as it is for any other class of business which can and should be successfully conducted at night?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Ostrom. "The masses of the people are gradually learning that banking might be to them a great advantage if it could be done at night. Nine-tenths or perhaps more of the salaries and wages of the city are paid long after the ordinary banking hours. In Toronto particularly thousands of these people are laying aside weekly or monthly small sums to enable them to pay for their homes. There is no good reason why these people should not have the chance to deposit their savings in a bank any evening or why they should not have facilities for withdrawing these deposits any night after their day's work is over."

"Then you think these stores and other places of business, as well as many others, would be customers of a bank which opened its doors all day or all night if necessary to accommodate them?"

Mr. Ostrom: "I certainly do. Then just imagine how many people in such as large and rapidly growing city as this are suddenly called on to pay money or to leave the city early in the morning or after the banks have closed, and who have plenty of money on deposit but cannot get it at the time they require it. They have to borrow money or get some merchant or saloonkeeper to cash a check for them before they can start on their journey. The Monarch Bank will be open early and late, and its customers will not have to seek favors from anyone under such circumstances."

"Then your bank will be an accommodation bank, so to speak?"

"Only in the sense that it will accommodate itself to the growing needs of that community. It will be run on the strictest business principles, but its doors will not be closed at a certain hour daily simply because such has been the general banking custom for generations. Banking institutions are properly guarded carefully, so far as financial affairs are concerned, but the hours during which a bank does business are no more sacred than the hours of any other business house, and the bank which recognizes this first will meet with popular favor. The idea of the Monarch Bank is to guard its customers' interests and to meet its customers' requirements regarding business hours. If a customer has all his business through at noon he will not stay round longer, but if a customer cannot conclude his business till midnight and then desires to make sure that his cash will be safe through the night the doors of the Monarch Bank will be open and he can deposit his cash and go home having no fear of being robbed on the way or of his premises being burglarized during the night."

"Then you look forward with confidence and satisfaction to the future of the Monarch Bank?"

"Most certainly," said Mr. Ostrom, "and we are daily in receipt of assurances of most extensive business connections in all parts of Canada. The reports from Winnipeg, Montreal and other centres are of the most encouraging nature. Business people assure us that the new departure will insure a great volume of custom from the outset and that there is practically no limit to the usefulness of a bank run on up-to-date ideas."

"Are you nearly ready to start business?" was the final question. Mr. Ostrom stated that every preparation was steadily advancing that no details were overlooked and that a splendid site was practically secured.

The temporary offices of the bank are at 32 Church street, this city.

Branch 298 of the C.M.B.A. intend holding a picnic at Colgan on Wednesday, the 13th inst. It is expected that a large number from Toronto and other outside districts will be in attendance. Amongst the speakers will be Dr. Ryan of Kingston and Mr. M. J. Quinn of Toronto, both of whom will speak on matters pertaining to the Association.

POLITICAL SITUATION

(Continued from page 1.)

of the Irish Party. And in pursuit of this object he had recourse to means which, to put it in the mildest form, ought never to have been used by a man in the position of Chief Secretary (hear, hear). And I agree with Mr. Redmond that if all the details of the intrigue of the autumn of 1904 are ever made public they will prove in the highest degree discreditable to Mr. Wyndham and to those who were associated with him in these operations (hear, hear). In fact of all these things we are told that Mr. Wyndham did not get fair play from us, and that the Nationalist Party co-operated with the Orangemen in driving him out of Ireland. There never were more absurd or baseless charges made against a Party (cheers). In the first place Mr. Wyndham was not driven out of Ireland. He ran away instead of standing to his guns like a man (hear, hear)—betrayed all who put their trust in him—and to this day no plausible reason for his resignation has been made public (hear, hear). The only causes which the public can conjecture to have led to his resignation are the attacks of the Orange Party and the publication by Lord Dunraven of the programme of the Reform Association (applause), unless, indeed, we are to be told that the true cause of Mr. Wyndham's disappearance was the failure of his

PLOT TO BREAK UP THE IRISH PARTY

(hear, hear). But what are we to think of the courage of a man who allows himself to be driven from his position by the howls of William Moore, John Atkinson and Co.? No doubt the publication of Lord Dunraven's programme brought the crisis to a head. Lord Dunraven's Devolution scheme was a very poor business—something certainly very far removed from Home Rule (hear, hear)—a plan which, in my judgment, could not be truthfully described as a step towards Home Rule (hear, hear), and one which could not be acquiesced in by any genuine Nationalist (hear, hear), even as a temporary expedient. But it was welcomed by some prominent Nationalists in Ireland as the equivalent of Home Rule—as Home Rule in disguise—and this injudicious welcome of the Dunraven scheme unquestionably gave the Orangemen immediate aid in their campaign against Wyndham (hear, hear). So that if causes are to be sought out for the disappearance of Mr. Wyndham beyond the Orange campaign and his own weakness, they are to be found in the publication of Lord Dunraven's programme and the welcome given to that programme as Home Rule in disguise by Mr. William O'Brien (hear, hear). I do not consider that Lord Dunraven and Mr. O'Brien have inflicted any injury on Ireland by driving Mr. Wyndham out of the country (applause), for I confess I am one of those who think that it is quite as satisfactory to deal with an open enemy like Mr. Long as with a professing friend on whom no one can rely, like Mr. Wyndham. Be that as it may, I trust we shall hear no more of this humbug of driving Mr. Wyndham out of the country (cheers).

Mr. Wyndham got not only fair play, but far more than fair play, and the use he made of his opportunity was to resort to secret and not very reputable means to disrupt the Irish Party and set up a new loyal party in Ireland (hear, hear). And what, in my judgment, is really of interest to the country to know is not why Mr. Wyndham resigned, but what were the details of this plot against the existence of the Nationalist Party; what was it proposed should be the constituent element of the new Party; what was its programme, and who was to be its leader? (cheers). Various proposals have recently been made by Mr. William O'Brien to rescue the country and the National cause from the condition of despair and chaos into which, according to him, it has fallen in the hands of Mr. John Redmond and the National Party. I pass over all personal attacks on Mr. Davitt, Mr. Sexton and myself and others, and I shall ask you to briefly consider these proposals; and first of all I would ask you to consider that they are one and all based upon and owe the sole reason of their existence to the assumption that Mr. Redmond's leadership is a total failure (cried of "No, no") and that the Parliamentary Party has for two years been going wrong and doing nothing but mischief. The first thing involved in these

PROPOSALS OF MR. O'BRIEN

is a vote of censure on Mr. Redmond and the Party and the admission that it is necessary to call in outsiders to rescue the country and the National cause from the position of despair and chaos into which it has been brought by the Irish Party. I absolutely deny the truth of this assumption. I do not believe there is any deadlock or ground for despair. I do not believe Mr. Redmond's leadership has been a failure, and I do not believe that there is any need to rescue the country from the National Party. I believe Mr. Redmond and the National Party have deserved, and do enjoy, the confidence of the country (loud cheers), and that the country wants no rescue (renewed cheers), but when we come to examine the nature of the scheme for rescue proposed by Mr. O'Brien, the matter assumes a more sinister aspect. Who are to be the rescuers? Lord Rossmore, Lord Castletown, Mr. Talbot-Crosbie, Mr. McMurrough Kavanagh, Mr. Tim Healy, and Mr. Sloan (loud laughter). These men are to be called into conference to rescue the country from Mr. John Redmond and the National Party (laughter), and for the purpose, as we are told in Mr. O'Brien's last speech, of "strengthening the hands of the Government to complete the abolition of landlordism and the reinstatement of the evicted tenants." In considering these proposals it is impossible to divorce them from the text of the speeches in which they have been made—and these speeches are from beginning to end bitter attacks upon the Party which Mr. O'Brien has left and which he has again and again declared is ruining the country, and which in every speech he makes he seeks to cover with contempt and ridicule (hear, hear). Let us read the terms in which his last proposal is made. Here is

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED

In business as a Savings Bank and Loan Company since 1854.

HEAD OFFICE:

78 Church St., Toronto

BRANCH "A"

522 Queen St. W.

Cor. Hackney

Assets \$3,000,000

Interest allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents upwards.

Withdrawable by Cheques.

Office Hours:

9 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Saturdays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

OPEN EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

7 to 9 O'Clock.

JAMES MASON, Managing Director

THE TEXT OF MR. O'BRIEN'S PROPOSAL FOR A CONVENTION

on a new basis:

"There is no reason why Mr. Sloan and the Orange democracy of the North, who have recently declared themselves to be Irishmen first of all, and who are perfectly sound on the question of Redistribution, should not be cordially welcomed by the fellow-countrymen. There is no reason why we should not have Lord Dunraven and his reform Association, who have taken up a perfectly satisfactory position on the Redistribution question, as well as on the land question. There is no reason why we should not have Mr. T. W. Russell and his Presbyterian farmers, who represent a population of half a million. There are three bodies of men representing every class and creed of the so-called loyal minority would speak for that minority, with an authority in the eyes of England that would reduce to insignificance the protests of the Ardarauns and Clonbrocks, and of the Ulster deadheads. Then, of course, I need not say there is no reason why Mr. Redmond and his friends, and Mr. Dillon and his friends, and Mr. Healy and his friends, should not join."

There is no mention of the National Party. Mr. Redmond and his friends are placed on the same level as Mr. Dillon and his friends, and Mr. Healy and his friends are to be kindly admitted at the tail (laughter). The insinuation that I am nursing a faction of friends apart from the Party to which I belong, is of course meant to be offensive, but is too absurd and childish to need comment. The really important thing in this passage is the proof which it affords that

THE REAL PURPOSE OF THIS PROPOSAL IS TO BREAK UP THE IRISH PARTY.

and to set up in its place some miserable reproduction of the All-Ireland Committee, without unity, without discipline, without a genuine National purpose (hear, hear). And then we are told that if we do all these things—if we admit our sins, call in the rescuers, abandon our absurd agitation in deference to the pledge, and open our ranks to the Talbot-Crosbies, Captain Shaw-Taylor, etc., who cannot see their way to join a party encumbered as such narrowing restrictions as a faith in Nationalist Self-Government and a pledge to sit, act and vote together—Mr. Wm. O'Brien will have no objection to join such a re-constituted joint party. But if all these things were done there would be no Irish Party left worth joining (loud cheers). To me it is a most melancholy spectacle to see a man of Mr. O'Brien's brilliant gifts and splendid record of National service devoting all his energies to a policy of disruption (hear, hear), working with feverish energy to tear in pieces the Party which he did so much to reunite (hear, hear), abusing his oldest comrades and friends in the National movement, and attributing to them the meanest and most unworthy motives (hear, hear) while he covers with praise the new friends who now enjoy all his confidence, and surrendering himself a willing victim to the amazing delusion that he is being hunted down like a "noxious wild animal," and that he is the object of that furious hostility of his old comrades when as a matter of fact there never was in the history of Irish politics a man who was allowed such an enormous licence of attack with so great a freedom from reply or criticism—never a case in which that strong personal affection so long prevented public men from replying to such torrents of invective as we have been subjected to by Mr. William O'Brien during the last two years (cheers). I do not know what Mr. O'Brien's future course will be—whether he will reconsider his position and come to realize that the true path of duty for him is to join the National Party and work for the views he holds inside the ranks of the Party or whether he will continue to assail the Party from outside and invite the country to condemn it. But of one thing I am absolutely clear, that his latest proposal is not a proposal tending towards National unity, but a proposal for disruption, and for the final disruption of the United Party (hear, hear). And whatever may be Mr. O'Brien's future course, we have all cause for hope and congratulation in the fact that in spite of his secession and in spite of the fierce attacks which he has directed against the Party for the last two years, the United Party, the national organization, occupies to-day a stronger position than they did when Mr. William O'Brien was still working in their ranks (loud and prolonged cheers).